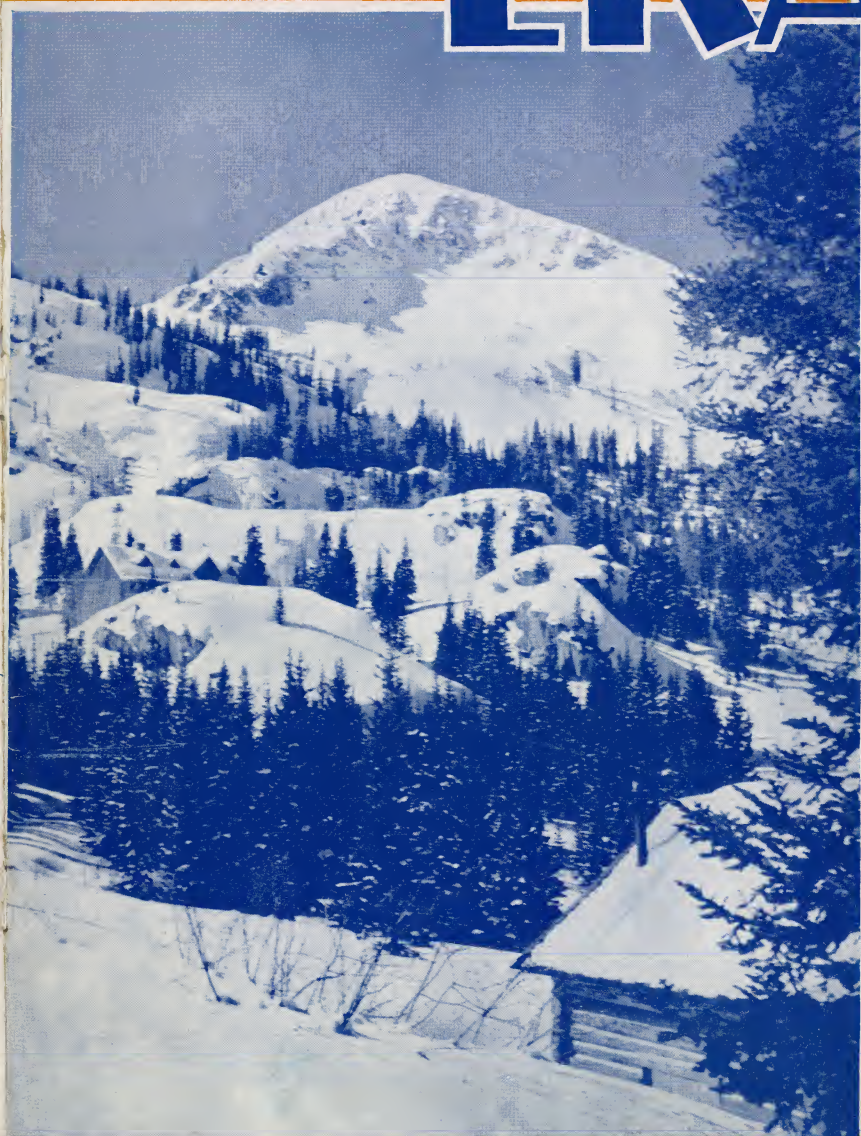


The Improvement

ERA



FEBRUARY, 1936
Volume 39 No. 2
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The Church Chronology says:

April 3, 1836.—Joseph Smith, jun., and Oliver Cowdery saw and heard the Savior in the Kirtland Temple. Moses also appeared before them and committed unto them "the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the Ten Tribes from the land of the north." Then Elias appeared and committed the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham, and finally Elijah the Prophet "stood before them" and committed to them the keys of turning "the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers." (See History of Joseph Smith and Dec. and Cov., Sec. 110.)

The Improvement Era Marks Another Notable Anniversary



THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE
Dedicated, Sunday, March 27, 1836

Historical and statistical information concerning each temple.

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ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE
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and others.

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The IMPROVEMENT

FEBRUARY, 1936
Volume 39 Number 2

ERA

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THE COVER

Brighton, Utah—Photograph by
John Talmage

BRIGHTON is one of the most pleasant and popular locations of summer homes near Salt Lake City. It is at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon about thirty miles from the city. Many citizens of Salt Lake Valley own summer homes in this delightful summer rendezvous. The M. I. A. home shows behind the knoll, really a great rock, in the center of the picture

John Talmage is a brother of the late Associate Editor of this magazine and a reporter on the staff of the *Deseret News*.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA will not hold itself responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but will exercise care in handling all contributions.

A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY



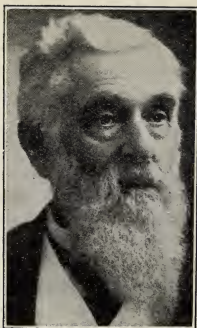
By Solon Borglum, Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

Border of White Man's Land

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

STEADY, Blackbird, whoa, boy, whoa!
 I, too, behold a strange, strange sight. . .
 Where white men's children sleep tonight
 Once hooves of Bison beat the sod—
 A million drum-sticks. The white man's God
 Seems stronger than our Manito,
 So, Blackbird, all our tribes must go.
 There once our wigwams met our eyes
 Where now strange painted tepees rise,
 And fences, where our ponies fed,
 Are everywhere. Our fires are dead.
 Sniff, Blackbird; that strange, alien scent
 Will kill us. Where the Bison went
 We soon must go. Ah, nevermore
 Shall Papoose range that valley floor. . . .

Our bows are broken and our spears
 Are carried East as souvenirs.
 I here would linger still—and yet,
 The Red Man's friendly sun has set.
 But listen, Blackbird, you and I
 Are wild. Such ones must keep the open sky
 Above them. Tepees where they are
 May stay. We'll keep the steady Star—
 That-Never-Moves—upon our right
 And journey westward day and night
 To where the Shining Mountains rise—
 Fair, snow-white stairways to the skies.
 Come, Blackbird, let us leave this vale
 And vanish—down the mist-dim trail!



President Lorenzo Snow

WHO WAS PROFESSOR JOSHUA SEIXAS?

By LEROI C. SNOW

WHILE my father, the late President Lorenzo Snow, was attending Oberlin College during the years 1835 and 1836 he was also receiving private instruction in the Hebrew language from Professor Joshua Seixas. For several years now I have done considerable research work in order to learn what I could about Professor Seixas because of this personal interest.

However, the Latter-day Saints should feel a still greater interest in this learned Hebraist.

The following entry appears in the Prophet Joseph Smith's journal under date of Saturday, January 30, 1836:

"Attended school, as usual, and waited upon several visitors, and showed them the record of Abraham. Mr. Seixas, our Hebrew teacher, examined it with deep interest, and pronounced it to be original beyond all doubt. He is a man of excellent understanding, and has a knowledge of many languages which were spoken by the ancients, and he is an honorable man, so far as I can judge yet."

Frequent reference has been made to this important comment made by Mr. Seixas in regard to the original record from which Joseph Smith translated the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price; but not knowing anything more about this Hebrew teacher, his background, who he was, or of his standing and reputation among other Hebrew scholars of his day, we have not been able to place a correct estimate on the value of his statement about those ancient records which the Prophet translated. He is referred to variously as "Professor," "Doctor," and "Mr." Seixas.

For the following information, lit-

tle of which has before appeared in print, I am indebted to these sources: Mr. George M. Jones, secretary, Oberlin College; Frederick C. Waite, Professor of Histology, Western Reserve University; Hon. Joseph L. Rubin, Semitic Division, Library of Congress; the Church Historian's Office; Joseph Smith's journal; Lorenzo Snow's journal.

N. Taylor Phillips, in Publications of American Jewish Historical Society, No. 4, p. 208, mentions a son of Gershom Mendez Seixas (1745-1816) by his second wife Hanah Manuel, "Joshua, a learned Hebraist and text-book writer, and at one time a professor at Andover."

This presumably refers to Andover Theological Seminary, Massachusetts, since 1931 Andover-Newton Theological School. A search through the Seminary's catalogue of the period fails to reveal the name of Seixas, but this, however, is not conclusive.

Rosenbach, in his American Jewish Bibliography (Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society, No. 30) lists two editions of a Hebrew grammar (Nos. 368 and 381) written by a James Seixas and published at Andover, 1833, and, 1834, respectively. The imprint reads: "Andover, Printed by Flagg, Gould and Newman." This printing establishment was closely identified with the Seminary. (See S.

H.-Paradise, A history of printing in Andover, Massachusetts, Andover, 1931.) Another publication of the same author in the possession of the Boston Public Library is entitled: "A key to the Chaldee language, designed for those who have studied Hebrew with the author. Andover, Flagg, Gould and Newman, 1833." In 1852, the author published a third and revised edition of his Hebrew grammar under a Philadelphia imprint.

Is the author of these text-books, cited by the bibliographers as James Seixas, identical with the above-mentioned Joshua Seixas? This would appear to be the case from additional evidence gathered.

In "The Story of Oberlin," by Delavan L. Leonard, Boston, 1898, p. 234, the following is quoted from "the pen of President Fairchild."

This is James H. Fairchild, President of Oberlin College, to whom the Spaulding Manuscript was sent from Honolulu by Mr. L. L. Rice after it had been lost for fifty years. The original is still at Oberlin College.

"One result from the discussion upon classical study was to awaken a temporary interest in the study of the Hebrew language which it was proposed to substitute for a portion of the course. To meet this demand, Prof. J. Seixas, a Jew, was employed the latter part of the year. He was

*Elder Orson Hyde, Presnt
To Willard Richards*

From Seixas' Heb. Grammar used by Orson Hyde in the Kirtland school in the Hebrew classes taught by Seixas

an enthusiastic and successful teacher, and stirred up such an interest that his classes numbered at one time 127 pupils . . ."

And then a footnote:

"During the same months Professor Seixas gave instruction to the Hudson students, and also to the Mormon elders in Kirtland, Ohio, in the third story of their temple just completed."

WE SHALL see later that President

Fairchild was mistaken in believing that these three courses were conducted at the same time.

The Oberlin Catalogue for 1835 does not give Seixas' name on the faculty page, but on pp. 18 and 19 occur the following two items:

"Hebrew.—Spirit of Hebrew Poetry; Gleig's History of the Bible; Biblical Antiquities; Seixas' Hebrew Grammar and Selections from the Hebrew Bible.

"In addition to the regular studies, are the usual exercises of composition, declamation, and forensic disputation. We are happy to state also that very special attention has been paid to the Hebrew language, under the able instruction of Prof. J. Seixas. One hundred and twenty-seven pupils have pursued his course with animated zeal and decided success."

The Oberlin General Catalogue, 1833-1908, Introduction, p. 172, lists Joshua Seixas as teacher of Hebrew during the years 1835-36.

Apparently the articles of incorporation of these colleges, which originally were theological in character, forbade the names of a non-Christian officially on the faculty, and some private arrangement was probably made.

This is confirmed by a letter received from Frederick C. Waite, Professor of Histology and Embryology, Western Reserve University, who is engaged upon a history of Western Reserve University, and to whom an inquiry of mine regarding Joshua Seixas had been referred.

In the course of his letter Professor Waite states: "There is no mention in our catalogue of Mr. Seixas or of his course. There is no mention of him or his course in the faculty minutes except the following under the date of December 30, 1835, showing that the course was given with the consent of the faculty. "Voted that in consequence of Professor Seixas' Hebrew lectures continuing into vacation the next term begins Tuesday following the usual time."

(Photographed from First Edition of Seixas' Hebrew Grammar)

PREFACE.

THE following pages are intended for those only who have read or may hereafter read Hebrew with the author. The lessons and rules, though comparatively few and brief, are, I know, sufficient to give an easy and rapid insight into the general formation of the language. Some years' experience in teaching, and the favorable opinions of those whom I have had the pleasure of teaching, convince me that with proper attention to the following rules *under my instruction*, (or the *instruction of any of my pupils*), any one desirous to become acquainted with this language may be enabled in a short time and with little trouble, to read with much pleasure and satisfaction; and to use advantageously a larger work on Hebrew Grammar.*

As trifling as these lessons may appear to many, they have cost me several years' labor in collecting and arranging them. From a careful and frequent reading of the Bible with Professor Stuart's Heb. Grammar (2d edition) before me, I have obtained what these sheets contain. I have adopted some of the forms and technical expressions used by Prof. S., but not without advertising him of my intention. The Tabular View of the Conjugations which accompanies this, has been made out from the Paradigms in the 4th edition of the above-named Grammar. These Paradigms are the *fullest and best* that have come under my observation.

Those who read this work will doubtless wonder at, or find fault with, the singular arrangements of the rules; but although I do not follow the order of philosophy, yet I follow, as it seems to me, the order of nature; or perhaps I should say, the order which I prefer for my pupils. Besides, the several hundreds whom I have instructed, and some conversant with Hebrew whom I have not instructed, have expressed their entire approbation of the plan which I pursue.

It has been often asked, whether my lessons are calculated to impart any good knowledge of Hebrew without an instructor. My answer to this is, that I am not aware that any individual has made the trial; and candour demands that I should state, that it is doubtful whether any one

* The best Grammar ever published in English is that of Professor Stuart, published at Andover, which has gone through four editions.

can obtain any satisfactory knowledge from these pages without some one to explain them.

As this Manual then is made for my pupils alone, I hope no one will condemn it, without witnessing an application of its rules to those whom I may instruct. Indeed, I did not intend to affix to it a Title, Preface, or Index, that it might not appear to be what in reality it is not,—a regular Grammar; but have consented to add them at the suggestion of many of my respected and dear friends; some of whom "desire to instruct those of their acquaintance who may not have an opportunity of reading with the author." And, finally, I hope the time required in accomplishing this little work, has not been spent in vain. No other motive than that of benefiting others and promoting the best of all studies—the study of the Bible, has induced me to undertake it.

MAY, 1833.

J. SEIXAS.

☞ The time required in a course of Hebrew instruction as given by me, is six weeks, one lesson of about an hour being given each day.

* I have in Manuscript, Chaldee, Syriac and Arabic Manuals, which I hope to have printed when there is a sufficient demand for them.

Professor Waite, however, has in his possession the contemporary journal and cash book of one of the students, John Buss, who later became a leading business man of Hudson. This contains a number of references to Seixas's course in Hebrew there: The entry for January 23, 1836, reads:

"I have studied half the day on Hebrew. Our course of instruction in this language ends today. That is, Mr. Seixas's six weeks and more have come to an end. I am very well satisfied that he is a man of great learning."

On January 19 in the cash book appears the entry: "Paid for Hebrew tuition to Mr. Seixas for six weeks' instruction \$7.50."

Professor Waite comments: "This last entry shows very definitely that this was a private course paid for by the students."

A resident of Kirtland, Christopher G. Cray, the author of "Pioneer and Personal Reminiscences" refers as follows to Seixas, p. 33: "Kirtland will be immortalized in history as the site of the Mormon Temple and the first stake of the followers of Joseph Smith. . . . After the building was finished they (the Mormons) started a school, principally, I believe, if not exclusively, for teaching the Hebrew language. They procured several mummies from Egypt and Smith by revelation or interpretation, found some of them to be very distinguished characters and contemporaries of either Aaron, Joseph, or Moses. They were not very pleasing objects to look upon—dried skeletons and as black as coal tar. . . . They employed a Hebrew teacher, a Jew by the name of Saixas (?). He was a man of much ability and I presume an excellent teacher of Hebrew. The Rev. Mr. Coe, wishing to visit Connecticut for several weeks, engaged Mr. Seixas to lecture at the Congregational church every Sabbath during his absence. He stipulated that he should not be asked to pray or take any part in the meeting, except to read his lectures. I think I never heard more eloquent and touching language used than in his lectures on Joseph and Moses in Egypt. . . ."

The interest taken by the early Mormon elders in acquiring a knowledge of Hebrew is evinced repeatedly in Joseph Smith's journal.

MISS BLANCHE MOSES, a granddaughter of Seixas, gives the

following facts based mostly on memory:

"The date of Joshua's birth is not certain, but it was before 1803. He married Menrietta Raphael of Richmond, Virginia. He taught at a theological seminary in New York, at a theological school in the vicinity of Boston (perhaps Andover). They resided for some time in Charlestown, Massachusetts, or that neighborhood. He also taught at Oberlin, Ohio. As best I can remember he died in New York in the

HEBREW ALPHABET.

1 N	(anpik) not sounded; if it have a vowel, sound the vowel.	
2 L	leish	Vowels.
3 G	gaf mal	
4 T	daiz leish	Long.
5 H	hi	" K'ai mets aa in enae.
6 V	vau	" Th'rae a " ale.
7 Z	zu'gin	" or " K'ho leen a " boae.
8 K	kath	" Shoor rek aa " boot.
9 T	taiz	" K'hee rek ee " meet.
10 Y	yod	Short.
11 K	kol	" Pat'sikh a " in futher.
12 M	mei meel	" Seghol e " met."
13 L	leish	" K'ai mets short a " note.
14 N	noon	" Kibboots v " full.
15 O	oav mech	" K'hee rek short i " bin.
16 P	pa	
17 F	fa	Composite (compound) Shewans.
18 D	daiz	By means of these two dots (·), called simple Shins, three compounds. Shewans are made, viz:
19 R	reish	" Shevan Pat'sikh a in hut.
20 S	seen	" Seghol e met.
21 T	taiz	" K'ai mets e not.
22 T	taiz	
23 T	taiz	Norm. Shewans, when sounded, is a very short e; as "yay, zee, or 'ee. See § 57.

* Shighat is sounded like a in ale.
1. When it stands in a simple (unmixed) syllable; as יָהִי וְהָיָה לְפָנָי.
2. Before the consonants י ו א; as יָהִי וְהָיָה לְפָנָי, יָהִי וְהָיָה לְפָנָי.
3. Before a vowel in which there is an unpaired Dagesh; as יָהִי וְהָיָה לְפָנָי (for יָהִי), יָהִי וְהָיָה לְפָנָי (for יָהִי). The gutturals and the letter ו (with a very few exceptions) do not receive a Dagesh. See § 4.
† י and Kibboots Pat'sikh, K'ai-mets Seghol, etc.

Seixas' Hebrew Grammar

early seventies. No documents are extant, so far as I know."

An inquiry addressed to Captain N. Taylor Phillips, New York, elicited this:

"Joshua Seixas was, of course, well known in the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, New York, of which I am the present president. He was for many years its chief Hebrew instructor and in fact taught my own father, the late Isaac Phillips, the portion of the law which he read at the time of his Bar Mitzvah, in 1825. He was possessed of considerable musical talent. He founded the first organized choir of that Congregation at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He subsequently left New York City and at various times located in different places in this country."

The Oberlin General Catalogue, 1833-1908, Introduction, p. 172, lists a Joshua Seixas as teacher of Hebrew during the years 1835-36.

"Western Reserve University
Cleveland, O., Oct. 19, 1933.

"Mr. Joseph L. Rubin
Library of Congress
Division of Semitic Literature
Washington, D. C.
"My dear Sir:

"Your letter of inquiry addressed to the Western Reserve Historical Society has been called to my attention because I am a member of that Society and am working upon the history of Western Reserve University.

"The curriculum of Western Reserve College at Hudson in the 30's was almost entirely Latin and Greek with a little mathematics. However, that student body responded to additional instruction and from time to time there came to the town teachers who gave courses which were approved by the college faculty and frequently given in their buildings, but were not a part of the curriculum. I have record of courses in singing, in writing, in pronunciation, and other subjects, and the work of Mr. Seixas in Hebrew was clearly of that relation, as will presently appear.

In 1833 there entered in the Preparatory School of Western Reserve College a student who kept a daily journal for the next 41 years. His purpose at entering was to prepare for the ministry, but on account of health he did not do so and stopped before his college course was completed and became a leading business man of Hudson when he was nearly 70 years of age. I knew him as a boy since my home was in that town. He also had a reputation for the greatest integrity. These points are stated because they indicate the reliability of what I am about to quote from his journal. In checking entries in his journal against known records I have found absolute agreement and no discrepancies. I think, therefore, we may rely upon the statements in his journal. He kept not a journal but a cash book which I have. The entries in chronological sequence on the subject are:

"Dec. 4, 1835. Paid for Hebrew Lexicon \$2. Bible \$4.16. Grammar \$1.31." (There is no statement that this Hebrew grammar was or was not by Seixas.)

"Dec. 5, 1835. Mr. Seixas, the teacher of Hebrew language, came today. We assembled at the Chapel to make some arrangements respecting recitations."

"Dec. 8. We commenced Hebrew today under the instruction of Mr. Seixas. We commenced, in the first place, by spelling in the Hebrew Bible. We recited twice today. I never saw any man yet who talked so much and had so much to say as Mr. Seixas in recitation in my life before."

"There follows almost every day some reference to the work in Hebrew which was continued six days a week through all of December and into January. I presume that the things that were done in the recitation are not of special interest. There was no holiday vacation then, but late in January.

"On January 23 is the following entry: 'I have studied half the day on Hebrew. Our course of instruction in this language ends today. That is, Mr. Seixas's six weeks and more have come to an end. I am very well satisfied that he is a man of great learning'

"On Jan. 19 in the cash book appears the entry: 'Paid for Hebrew tuition to Mr. Seixas for six weeks' instruction \$7.50.' This last entry shows very definitely that this was a private course paid for by the students. This young man, John Buss, was a

freshman at that time. I find no reference of Mr. Seixas's being appointed as instructor or employed by the college. In the Oberlin Alumni Catalogue issued in 1908 on p. (Introduction) 172, among the list of officers of instruction appears Joshua Seixas, teacher of Hebrew 1835-36. This would indicate that the Oberlin school employed him rather than that he was paid by the students.

"Your quotation from Leonard's Story of Oberlin saying: 'During the same months Prof. Seixas gave instruction to the Hudson students, and also to the Mormon elders in Kirtland in the third story of their temple just completed,' appears to me to be inexact. I think these three sets of courses were in sequence and not coincidental. It is evident that since Mr. Seixas was hearing daily recitations at Hudson for six weeks he could not at the same time have been giving instruction at either Kirtland or Oberlin. I believe it is probable that he first gave the course at Kirtland, then came to Hudson and then moved on to Oberlin."

No, Professor Seixas taught first in Oberlin, where my father, the late President Lorenzo Snow, received private instruction from him during the autumn of 1835, then the Professor gave his course at Hudson, and from here he rode in the Prophet Joseph Smith's sleigh to Kirtland. Here my father again joined Professor Seixas' classes. All this will be covered in detail in a series of articles in the near future which I have prepared for *The Deseret News*.

"There is no mention in our catalogue of Mr. Seixas or of his course. There is no mention of him or his course in the faculty minutes except the following under the date of December 30, 1835, showing that the course was given with the consent of the faculty. 'Voted that in consequence of Professor Seixas's Hebrew lectures continuing into vacation the next term begins Tuesday following the usual time.'

"I shall be very glad to learn something more about this man, as to where he came from, the place and date of birth, where he got his education, his career both before and after this teaching at Hudson and place and date of death.

"Very truly yours,

F. C. Waite,

Professor of Histology and Embryology, Western Reserve University."

"American Jewish Historical Society
New York City

Oct. 25, 1933.

"Mr. Joseph L. Rubin
Washington, D. C.

Replying to your letter of 24th inst.:

"Dr. Pool handed me this note on two quarto sheets, which was his paper, entitled 'J. Seixas, Hebraist,' delivered by him at our meeting of February, 1914. This I am herewith enclosing, with the request that you please return it as soon as you copy it. Attached to it is a note in Dr. Pool's hand, (the remark that he is the one buried in Trinity Church is not correct. The Seixas buried in Trinity Churchyard is one Moise Mendez Seixas, died July 11, 1817).

"Dr. Pool also handed me a letter, un-

dated, by J. Seixas to the Reverend Lyons. It consists entirely on four folio pages of remarks on points in Hebrew grammar, syntax, etc., and is supposed to be corrections of a former letter sent by Seixas on the preceding Saturday. With it were nine octavo pages of various exercises of Hebrew grammar by J. Seixas."

Apparently Seixas was a professional teacher of Hebrew in Christian circles, although he was not a graduate of Andover Seminary nor did he ever teach there; but he was personally acquainted with Professor Moses Stuart of Andover, whose large Hebrew Grammar was long the standard work used on this continent. The Seminary at Andover possesses among the papers of Moses Stuart, several original communications from Seixas to Stuart, relating to the latter's Hebrew Grammar and Chrest, pointing out omissions, typographical errors, etc. The longest of these manuscripts begins with the following note: "Utica, New York, May 7, 1835. My dear friend. Without an apology, I take the liberty of pointing out the trifling errors which I have discovered in your fifth edition Hebrew Grammar with the same frankness that your kindness had permitted me to do on former occasions. You will recollect that I give them without referring to any books. I admire the work much, particularly its correctness and the manner of printing. The copy you intended to send me I have not received. I hear that the Grammar is to be unfavorably and thoroughly reviewed, in New York; if so I pity the Reviewer; for he will certainly betray his ignorance. With my most affectionate regards for yourself and beloved family, I am your sincere friend,
J. Seixas."

CHRONOLOGICAL PRESENTATION OF INFORMATION CONCERNING PROFESSOR JOSHUA SEIXAS

THE following presentation in chronological sequence of information concerning Professor Joshua Seixas indicates the amount of data that has been gathered. I attempt, in this way, simply to follow the movements and activities of this learned gentleman, as far as I have been able to learn the facts. He was the son of a Spanish Jew who first lived in Havana, Cuba, and later came to Virginia. Joshua Seixas was probably born either in Cuba or in Virginia.

1803—Joshua Seixas was born before this date, according to a letter recently received from his granddaughter in New York City.

He lived, studied, and taught in New York City, at or near Charlestown, Massachusetts, taught Hebrew and other ancient languages at the theological seminary in New York, studied and taught at Andover, Massachusetts; was for many years the chief Hebrew instructor in the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in New York City.

1833—He published the first edition of his *Manual Hebrew Grammar*. There is, in the Church Historian's library, the copy of this grammar which was used by Orson

—Seixas' Grammar was published at Andover and Phillips says Seixas "was a professor at Andover."—L. C. S.

Hyde in Professor Seixas' classes in Kirtland. 1834—He published the second edition "Revised and enlarged." A copy of this edition, used by Newell K. Whitney, in Kirtland, is in the Brigham Young University library.

1835, May 7—Mr. Seixas wrote a letter from Utica, N. Y., to Professor Moses Stuart, of Andover, Massachusetts. I have a copy of this letter.

1835, Fri., July 3—Michael H. Chandler arrived at Kirtland to exhibit four Egyptian mummies and some rolls of papyrus, covered with hieroglyphic figures and devices. They were afterwards purchased by some of the Saints, and Joseph the Prophet translated some of the characters on the rolls. One was found to contain the writings of Abraham, subsequently published in the *Pearl of Great Price*; another the writings of Joseph in Egypt.

1835, during the autumn—Prof. Seixas taught Hebrew at Oberlin, Ohio. At this time Lorenzo Snow, then twenty-one years of age, was attending Oberlin College and also receiving private instruction in Hebrew from Prof. Seixas. Eliza R. Snow had joined the Church and was then living in Joseph Smith's household in Kirtland. Through constant correspondence with her student brother in Oberlin she learned of Prof. Seixas and his reputation as an able Hebraist, later to be engaged by the Prophet to teach in the School of the Prophets.

1835, Fri., Nov. 20—From Joseph Smith's journal. "In the evening President Oliver Cowdery returned from New York, bringing with him a quantity of Hebrew books, for the benefit of the school. He presented me with a Hebrew Bible, Lexicon, and Grammar."

"Fri., Dec. 4—John Buss, a student at Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, bought a Hebrew Lexicon, Bible, and Grammar for use in Professor Seixas' Hebrew classes, to begin the following week."

"Sat., Dec. 5—Mr. Seixas, the teacher of Hebrew language, came today (to Hudson from Oberlin). We assembled at the Chapel to make some arrangements respecting recitations. Mr. Seixas had just completed his course of instruction at Oberlin where Lorenzo Snow was attending college. Oberlin is about forty miles west of Hudson. Mr. Seixas then gave a six weeks' course at Hudson, beginning December 8 and ending January 23."

Most of the following information is from Joseph Smith's own journal:

1836, "Mon., Jan. 4—Met and organized Hebrew school. Had engaged Dr. Piepoto to teach, but he did not keep his appointment, so Wm. E. McLellan and Orson Hyde were sent to Hudson Seminary to hire a teacher." (Hudson is about twenty-eight miles south of Kirtland.)

"Wed., Jan. 6—Elder McLellan returned from Hudson, and reported to the school that he had hired a teacher to teach us the term of seven weeks, for \$320; that is forty scholars for that amount, to commence in about fifteen days. He is highly celebrated as a Hebrew scholar, and proposes to give us sufficient knowledge during the above term to start us in reading and translating the language."

"Thurs., Jan. 14—At 9 a. m. I met the Hebrew class at the school-room in the Temple, and made some arrangements about our anticipated teacher, Mr. Joshua Seixas, of Hudson, Ohio."

"Sat., Jan. 23 (From Prof. Waite's letter)—Prof. Seixas' course of Hebrew in-

struction ended at Western Reserve College at Hudson."

From Joseph Smith's journal again:

"Tues., Jan. 26—Mr. Seixas arrived from Hudson, to teach the Hebrew language, and I attended upon the organizing of the class, for the purpose of receiving lectures upon Hebrew grammar. His hours of instruction are from ten to eleven, a. m.; and from two to three p. m. His instruction pleased me much. I think he will be a help to the class in learning Hebrew." Prof. Seixas had left his family at Hudson.

"Sat., Jan. 30—Mr. Seixas examined the record of Abraham with deep interest, and pronounced it to be original beyond doubt. He is a man of excellent understanding, and has a knowledge of many languages spoken by the ancients, and he is an honorable man, so far as I can judge yet.

"Mon., Feb. 1—Organized another class of thirty to receive Mr. Seixas' lectures on the Hebrew. I had another interview with Mr. Seixas, and related to him some of the dealings of God with me, and gave him some of the evidence of the truth of the work of the latter days. He listened cordially and did not oppose.

"Mon., Feb. 8—Attended school at the usual hour. At evening, visited Mr. Seixas, in company with Presidents Rigdon and Cowdery. He conversed freely; is an interesting man.

"Sat., Feb. 13—Spent the day reading Hebrew. At noon I prepared a horse and sleigh for Professor Seixas to go to Hudson and see his family." He made a similar trip February 27. (This was a drive of about twenty-eight miles from Kirtland.)

"Mon., Feb. 15—Commenced translating Hebrew language, under the instruction of Professor Seixas, and he stated we were the most forward of any class he ever instructed for the same length of time.

"Fri., Feb. 19—I conversed with Mr. Seixas on religion. He listened with attention and appeared interested. I believe the Lord is striving with him, by his Holy Spirit, that he will eventually embrace the new and everlasting covenant, for he is a chosen vessel unto the Lord to do His people good; but I forbear lest I get to prophesying upon his head.

"Mon., Feb. 22—At four o'clock met Professor Seixas and the school committee at the printing office, to make some arrangements for the advancement of the several classes.

"Sat., Feb. 27—Cold and fine sleighing. I prepared my horse and sleigh for Mr. Seixas to ride to Hudson and visit his family, to return Monday next. Attended with my class at the printing office, both in the forenoon and afternoon, and lectured and translated Hebrew.

"Thurs., Mar. 3—Attended to my studies in the Hebrew school. Some misunderstanding took place between Prof. Seixas and some of the scholars, respecting the sale of Bibles. His feelings were much hurt, apparently. He made some remarks concerning it to each class. At noon he called on the school committee, with his feelings much depressed. We gave him all the satisfaction we could in righteousness, and his feelings were measurably allayed.

"Mon., Mar. 7—At evening met with my class at Prof. Seixas' room and translated the 17th chapter of Genesis. After the class, I was requested to tarry, with the

(Joseph Smith had been studying Hebrew for some time, had held regular classes and had done considerable translating before this time.)

rest of the committee, to make some arrangements about paying Mr. Seixas for his instruction, and to engage him for another quarter. We did not arrive at anything definite upon the point. However, Mr. Seixas has agreed to teach us three weeks longer, after having a vacation of two weeks, at the expiration of the course, and perhaps a quarter. (A quarter was evidently six weeks.)

"Tues., Mar. 8—Attended school, and translated most of the 22nd chapter of Genesis. After my class was dismissed, returned to the printing office, and translated ten verses of the 3rd of Exodus, which, with the first and second Psalms, are our next lesson.

"Thurs., Mar. 10—Attended school in the morning. Afternoon read Hebrew in the office. At evening went down to the Professor's room, to be instructed by him in the language. On account of the storm the class did not meet.

"Fri., Mar. 11—Met with the morning class at 9 o'clock. At ten went into the office and made a division of our class for private studies, for our better accommodation and advancement in the language we are pursuing. This evening our class met at Mr. Seixas' room and spent an hour in our studies. Class dismissed and retired, except the school committee, who tarried and made some arrangements with Mr. Seixas about continuing longer with us, and bringing his family to this place; this has been a very stormy day.

"Sat., Mar. 12—Engaged a team to go to Hudson after Mr. Seixas' family and goods, also a horse and carriage for himself and wife. Cold weather and fine sleighing.

"Mon., Mar. 14—Prof. Seixas returned from Hudson with his family.

"Thurs., Mar. 24—In the evening met with my class at the printing office and listened to a lecture by Professor Seixas, upon the Hebrew language."

"Tues., Mar. 29—The Prophet writes: "Attended school, which was the last day of our course of lectures in Hebrew, by Prof. Seixas." This course had continued since January 26. I have not been able to find when Mr. Seixas left Kirtland, but after this time he was for many years the chief Hebrew instructor in the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in New York City, where he died in the early 70's, according to a statement of his granddaughter.

In a very favorable review of Seixas' little grammar in the *Christian Examiner* of 1833, vol. xv, pp. 65 ff. by Professor Andrew P. Peabody, Seixas is spoken of as "a gentleman of Jewish parentage." But little doubt is left as to his deflection to Christianity, by the following Hebrew verses on the outside of one of his notes to Moses Stuart.

"Moses was true and true is his law,
And Joshua was his servant
May Jesus guard them in the future world."

For these facts concerning Seixas' rela-

(Mr. Seixas was a very eloquent speaker. It was about this time that Elder Sidney Rigdon, who also was an eloquent speaker when humble and under the influence of the Spirit of the Lord, had an embarrassing experience. It was in a large congregation and in the presence of Professor Seixas and some other learned visitors at Kirtland, with self-confidence and pride in his heart, that Elder Rigdon attempted to display his great eloquence. It is said that "he started so far above his subject that he could not get down to it," and he sat down in dismal failure.)

tionship with Professor Moses Stuart I am indebted to Professor R. Arnold Hitchcock, Professor of Hebrew Language and Literature at Andover Theological Seminary.

JUDGING from the slow progress usually made by students of foreign languages we might well wonder at the rapid advancement made by the Elders in the School of the Prophets in the Kirtland Temple. However, we should realize that these intelligent men were tremendously serious and in earnest about their work; also that they sought and were helped by the Spirit of God and enjoyed the gifts of the Holy Ghost. As proof of this rapid progress I quote the following:

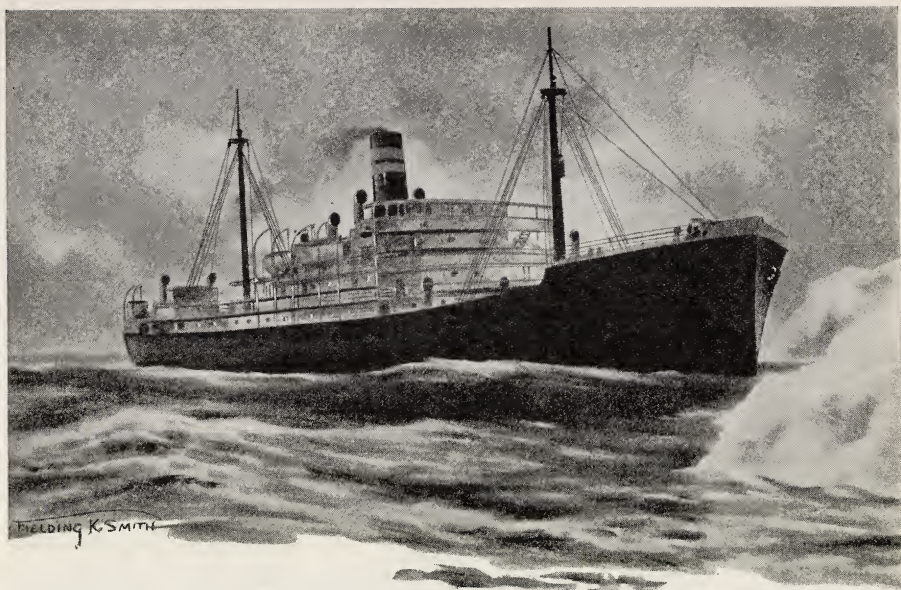
Orson Pratt wrote in his journal: "After a course of about eight weeks in Hebrew I received a certificate from Professor Seixas, testifying to my proficiency in the language, and certifying to my capabilities to teach the same."

Five years later, in July, 1841, Orson Hyde, who also had been a student in Professor Seixas' classes in Kirtland, wrote from Germany to Joseph Smith, at Nauvoo, from which I quote: "Was detained at Frankfurt, Germany, five days, so I conceived the idea of learning the German language scientifically. Have been engaged eight days in the task. Have read one book through and part of another, and translated and written considerable. I can speak and write considerable, and am told I make astonishing progress. The people will hardly believe but that I have spoken German before. I might have written this letter in German if you could have read it."

Certainly Professor Joshua Seixas was a fine, intelligent gentleman and one of the foremost Hebraists of his day. His statement to Joseph Smith regarding the genuineness of the original record from which the Prophet translated the Book of Abraham is important, coming from this noted Hebrew scholar.

This is one of the evidences that Joseph Smith sought to use every righteous means in the performance of his great mission. In addition to his spiritual guidance, divine help and keen mind his devoted application as a student, with the best human aid, contributed to his mastery of the ancient languages.

After his translation of the Book of Mormon, he translated the Book of Abraham and revised much of the Bible. Much of this he did before the Hebrew classes were organized in the School of the Prophets.



MOVING MOUNTAINS

By WALTER L. BAILEY

Did you ever have to abandon ship with nowhere to go but on an ice-berg? Bob and Dan did and they had plenty of trouble as they rode their "moving mountains." All of the boys and many of the girls among our readers will enjoy sharing hardships with these two hearty youths and their old friend, Spike. Dad and Mother, too, may find entertainment upon this voyage in the north seas. Begin with this installment and you'll be there at the end. Happy voyage.

TRAGEDY stalked in the path of the freighter *Banaza*.

Beep-beep-beep! B-e-e-p! B-e-e-p! B-e-e-p! Beep-beep-beep!

The S O S sprang again and again from the key under the flying, nervous fingers of the ship's wireless operator. Out over the trackless Arctic the message went, above icebergs, carrying the story of the *Banaza's* plight.

Between the drifting freighter and a school of gigantic icebergs only a

scant half-mile of open sea remained. Another half-mile of helpless drifting and then—destruction, complete and final. The hull of the freighter would be crushed between the moving mountains of ice like a berry-crate.

Deep down in the *Banaza's* engine-room unknowing hands worked swiftly at the huge, disabled main-engine. The great connecting rods, big-jointed, like skeleton limbs, were motionless and silent. In the deep

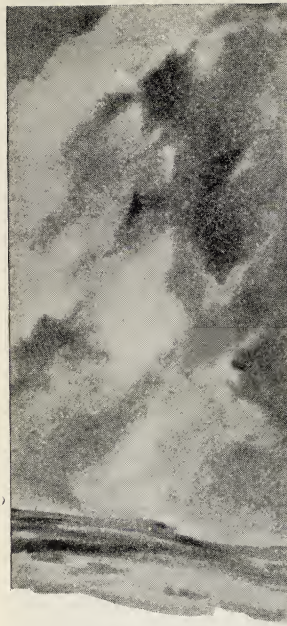
half-light the usual swift nodding of the crossheads was missing. They too, were motionless—silent.

Eighteen hours before, a crack had developed in the engine's high-pressure cylinder-head and a piston had been wrenched from a huge connecting-rod. And through the eighteen long hours the two youthful assistants, a veteran engineer, and six negroes had toiled and labored unceasingly with the huge engine.

But a thirty-hour job could not be accomplished in eighteen, despite the skill of the veteran engineer, the speed of his two youthful assistants, and the willingness of the six negroes.

Bob Hamond, oldest of the two youths, was lusty and vigorous. His swift movements about the disabled engine revealed great athletic strength and activity. And even through the coat of black grease and grime which completely covered his face, there shone that thing which cannot be hidden—character.

By his side, and no less speedy and skillful at his chosen trade, worked Dan Bolin. Dan was of slimmer build than his pal, but he possessed all the mental character-



The nearest berg was looming close, a floating mountain of solid ice. Its glistening spire was as tall as the tallest church steeple. Enormous and of irregular contour, its rough sides glinted and glistened dazzlingly.

istics of his friend. The two boys, having finished school, had taken their first jobs as assistant engineers together aboard the freighter *Banaza* a week before. It was their first trip out.

Of those working at the huge engine in the bottom of the ship none knew how close destruction had crept up on the doomed freighter. They worked on, knowing only that the ship was steadily drifting into a dangerous region, where icebergs were liable to appear at any moment. They worked with feverish haste, lest some of these mountains of ice should loom in their drifting path before the engine was finished. The faint screeching of a short-wave deck-radio high above, prevented their hearing the mad, plaintive whine of the wireless key, or they might have guessed that trouble was near at hand.

Bob paused, glanced at Dan with red, work-weary eyes. Dan, glancing back, understood. Young though they were, they could not

hold out at this strenuous work much longer without sleep.

Quiet but stern orders fell on their ears. Old Spike Ambry, the engineer, was speaking:

"You men, get that extra piston and connecting-rod over there by the hatch-ladder and bring it back here to the engine. You two boys might give them a lift; it's a heavy piece of iron."

Bob and Dan obeyed. The great iron rod came up under sixteen bending knees, and was moved slowly backward toward the engine. Then a voice bellowed suddenly, down through the open hatch far above.

"Abandoning ship! Come on! Icebergs! Icebergs directly ahead and close up!"

IN A single rush the negroes dropped the connecting-rod and made for the ladder, piling over each other toward the deck above.

Bob shook as he saw the huge connecting-rod bowl Dan over, and struggle as he would with its weight, he could not keep the terrible weight from pinning his pal's legs. Bob heard Old Spike's voice bellowing after the negroes to stop, but they were gone—vanishing through the hatch-way above like so many shadows.

Bob let out a cry for help. The next instant old Spike was at his side struggling with the giant rod. Dan's legs were pinned but not crushed; the enlarged piston had saved them.

The engine-room became suddenly as quiet as a tomb as the two bent under the weight. The silent drifting of the ship; the sudden dying of all the deck noises above, all left the place utterly void of sound, save for the faint, far-off whine of the deck-radio. Slowly, with bursting muscles, the two swung one end of the connecting-rod high enough so that Dan was able to drag his legs from under it.

The heavy rod thudded to the floor as they let go of it. Then utter silence again. The slight noise of a rat darting along behind some old boxes in a corner sounded loud.

Dan, struggling to his feet, listened for a split second with the others. Absolute silence reigned. Stark fear shone in the eyes of both youths. But they did not leap for the ladder as the negroes had done. Old Spike Ambry had not leaped for it. He was their boss. They gazed at him steadily, waiting.

ILLUSTRATED BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

"Come on; let's get out of here. You two stick with me," yelled old Spike suddenly, darting for the ladder.

With pounding hearts, the two boys followed the old seaman up the ladder and out on the already deserted deck.

Bob and Dan stopped short in wide-eyed, speechless amazement. Directly in the ship's path, and only a couple of hundred yards distant, was a gigantic mountain of ice. Following close behind and at each side of it, were three others. They were so close together that occasionally they bumped into one another with a grating, grinding noise.

AS THE nearest berg's appalling, icy grandeur grew slowly upon the senses of the youths, old Spike was busy taking in the situation. For fully a minute Bob and Dan stood speechless, almost fearless, before the overwhelming spectacle.

The nearest berg was looming close, a floating mountain of solid ice. Its glistening spire was as tall as the tallest church steeple. Enormous and of irregular contour, its rough sides glinted and glistened dazzlingly. It had no more symmetry of outline than a huge mass of rock blasted from a stone mountain. There were huge icy shelves, flat places, icy peaks as sharp as needles, with icy valleys between. This was certainly God's own handiwork. Man could not have built a thing so beautiful and yet so fearful as this.

Old Spike's voice broke in on the awe-struck boys:

"The blacks took the last lifeboat, boys! We'll have to stay aboard until she strikes!"

"Stay aboard?" exclaimed Dan. "We'll go down like the Titanic." Bob added, fear written all over his face.

"Maybe not," returned old Spike. "We're just drifting into a berg. The Titanic ran full speed into one. The only safe place around here is aboard that iceberg—with plenty of provisions, guns, and clothing. The *Bonaza* will never drift through that procession of bergs and stay on top. She'd be crushed between them. They're too close together. She might be pushed along before them

(Continued on page 99)



RICHARD L. EVANS

MANAGING EDITOR

THE First Presidency of the Church has announced the appointment of Elder Richard L. Evans to succeed Elder Harrison R. Merrill as managing editor of *The Improvement Era*. The growth of the *Era*, requiring the full time of its managing editor, has made this change necessary. Brother Evans has already assumed his new duties and is preparing the March issue, the first under his supervision. He will devote his entire time to the *Era* with the exception of his assignment as Director of Public Events and Special Features at Radio Station KSL.

Elder Harrison R. Merrill, who has served as managing editor since the death of Elder Hugh J. Cannon,

returns to the Brigham Young University to become director of the Extension Division and to continue his services as head of the Division of Journalism. Professor Merrill will remain a member of the contributing staff of the *Era* and a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The present editorial staff of *The Improvement Era* will include as editor President Heber J. Grant, who has probably done more than any other individual to bring the *Era* to its present enviable position; John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve, who will serve as joint editor with President Grant; Richard L. Evans, who as managing editor will be the executive officer of the editorial staff and associated

with the business and mechanical departments; and Marba Cannon Josephson, associate editor, who succeeded the late Elsie Talmage Brandley. This staff will develop and expand the editorial policy announced during the recent M. I. A. conferences. Steady efforts will be made to make the *Era* more than ever the official organ of the Priesthood quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations, and the Department of Education—in short to make it the “voice of the Church.”

The new managing editor, Richard L. Evans, comes to his new position with a rich background of efficient Church service and wide experience in business, education, and editorial fields. His father, John Alldridge Evans, was active in the printing and publishing business and served as business manager of the *Deseret News* for several years. His mother, Florence Neslen Evans, is a sister of C. Clarence Neslen, former Mayor of Salt Lake City, who for many years past has been bishop of the 20th Ward in Salt Lake City. When Richard was ten weeks old his father died as a result of an accident, leaving the rearing of nine children to the widowed mother. This she has done with great credit and honor. From his youth Richard was made familiar with the realities of life, and learned early, through diligent and intelligent service, how to earn his own way through life.

The educational career of Richard L. Evans gives evidence of a deep love of learning, the possession of a mind of unusual clearness, and the ability to mingle with others and to render them service. He attended the public schools of Salt Lake City, the Latter-day Saint University and the University of Utah. He was always a leading student. In the public schools he was several times given special recognition for high scholarship.

IN THE Latter-day Saint University he engaged extensively in student activities, became prominent in school clubs and social organizations, was a member of the state high school championship debating team, for which he was awarded a University of Utah scholarship, was a member next year of the district high school championship debating team, was editor of the school paper, the Gold and Blue, and upon graduation was given the Heber J. Grant award for distinguished service to the school. At the University of Utah he was manager of the freshman debating team and became a

BY

Stringham A. Stevens

member of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity.

His university studies were interrupted for three years by a call to fill a mission in Great Britain, but upon his return he continued his academic work and received his A. B. degree, with a major in English, in 1931, and his M. A. degree in 1932, with a major in Economics. Both diplomas were awarded with honors. His education has been secured entirely through his own efforts, since he has financed himself by engaging, with much success, in a wide variety of business activities.

In the Mission field Brother Evans secured a broad and valuable experience and rendered outstanding service to the Church. After having served six months in the Norwich district he was called to the mission office at Liverpool by Dr. James E. Talmage, then president of the European Mission, and was made associate editor of the *Millennial Star*. When Dr. Widtsoe succeeded Dr. Talmage as president of the European Mission in 1927 Elder Evans was continued as associate editor of the *Millennial Star*. His articles and editorials are evidences of the high quality of his editorial labors in Great Britain.

In 1928 he was appointed secretary of the European Mission, and in that capacity he visited all the missions in Europe, in company with Dr. Widtsoe, including eleven countries extending from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean. During a three-month visit of President Talmage to the Holy Land, and during numerous extended continental trips which took Dr. Widtsoe away from England, Elder Evans was in sole charge of the editing and publishing of the *Star*, and of other activities centering around the mission office.

During his service in the mission office, he began the compilation of a history of the British Mission of which more than 100 pages were published in the *Millennial Star*.

Upon returning home and while continuing his studies at the University of Utah, Elder Evans became associated with Radio Station KSL as staff announcer. His rise with the KSL organization was rapid, advancing step by step until he became production manager, supervisor of announcers and director of publicity. He organized the Con-

tinuity and Production Departments of KSL and has been closely associated with Earl J. Glade, general manager, in both business and program activities.

ELDER EVANS has written, produced and announced the coast-to-coast network program from the Salt Lake Tabernacle, for nearly six years. He has also handled many major and local assignments, including the introduction of two Presidents of the United States during nationwide broadcasts from Salt Lake City. By special arrangement he will continue with the Tabernacle broadcast and other special features. Early in 1934 he was singled out for special mention by a nationally distributed Bryan Davis radio publication of New York City, which magazine designated him for its 1933 announcer's award as one of the best radio announcers of the United States. He has received tens of thousands of appreciative letters from every state and from foreign countries for his handling of the oldest uninterrupted nationwide community-produced program in the history of American radio—the Mormon tabernacle choir program.

During the forepart of 1934, Brother Evans, under the direction of the Church radio committee, wrote and delivered a series of twenty-three Gospel discourses which were presented from the Tabernacle during the regular Sunday evening radio service, which talks were warmly and widely responded

to by the young people of the Church.

The new managing editor of the *Era* is married and has one son, Richard L., Jr. His wife, formerly Alice Ruth Thornley of Kaysville, Utah, is proving to be a wise counselor and true helpmate.

When the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. was reorganized last April Brother Evans became a member and was assigned to the Adult Committee.

Elder Evans is a devoted and active Latter-day Saint, who through earnest study and faithful practice has become familiar with the principles of the Gospel. His life has been characterized by determined efforts to prepare himself thoroughly for service to his Church and state in public and private capacities. To accomplish this purpose, since he had no financial support or independent means, he has worked at numerous occupations, and these experiences have given him a most valuable practical acquaintanceship with life.

By temperament and training, Richard L. Evans is well fitted for his new work with the *Era*. He will give to it his full strength. All who learn to know him soon learn to love and respect him. The readers of the *Era* will find him an intelligent, sympathetic fellow worker. We welcome him to the large *Era* family.

"Temple Square, the Crossroads of the West," Whence Emanates the Mormon Tabernacle Choir Program





Lebanon Cedars

WHEN THE WATERS OF THE NILE FLOWED INTO PALESTINE

By W. S. RIGBY

THERE is an old Arabian prophecy which says, "When the waters of the Nile flow into Palestine, will Jerusalem be retaken from the Turks by a Prophet of God." On January 1, 1842, Orson Hyde, an Apostle of Jesus Christ, in a communication to the Twelve wrote the following: "It was by political power and influence that the Jewish nation was broken down, and dispersed abroad; and I will here hazard the opinion: that by political power and influence, they will be gathered and built up, and, further, that England is destined, in the wisdom and economy of Heaven to stretch forth the arm of political power, and advance in the front ranks of this glorious enterprise." It is remarkable to see how both of these prophecies were fulfilled by the British army, who under the leadership of General Allenby drove the Turks from Jerusalem, only however after the waters from the Nile flowed into Palestine. In order to appreciate the fulness of the fulfillment of the Arabian prophecy, Allenby transliterated into Arabic is the equivalent of Allah en Nebi which means "the prophet of God."

There are many who believe that the British operations in Palestine during the World War were merely a side show to the main effort on the Western Front. This, however, is not a fact and the Turko-German forces there offered real resistance

to the courageous British and Ally troops in their successive efforts.

This subject could be considered from many angles but the scope of this article will be to point out some of the political and religious effects and in general the operations of the main campaigns without going too deeply into detail of those operations from a militaristic standpoint.

The historical and geographical features of the lands in which these campaigns were executed are worthy of attention, since they include the countries of Sinai, Palestine, and Syria. It was here in the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates Rivers that our present civilization was cradled. The road connecting these two great valleys passes through every conceivable type of climate and formation, through fertile valleys and deserts, over rugged mountains and into country a thousand feet below sea level, and has properly been called by the Arabs the Royal road.

Almost every city or place in the land recalls some great event or leader. Gath and Gaza were cities of the Philistines, and it was in the City of Gaza that Samson removed the pillars from the temple. Beersheba, a town on the western slope of the Judean Hills, was where Father Abraham sank the wells of the covenant. (Gen. 21:30.) The wells of Beersheba, possibly some of the original ones, played impor-

tant roles in the present campaign. On the plains of Esdraelon, Gideon and his 300 warriors overpowered the much more powerful force of the Midianites (Judges, Chap. 7) and at Tiberius, Salome danced for the head of John the Baptist. (Matt. 14:8.)

At Arsuf the fierce afternoon struggle between Richard the Lion-Hearted and Saladin was waged. Napoleon, for the first time in his career was baffled and withdrew from Acre. The town of Damascus needs little mention as it is well fixed in everyone's mind that here is one of the world's greatest trading centers noted for steels and cloths.

The Sinaitic peninsula has aptly been called the most desolate spot in all the civilized world, and may be divided into three sections. The northern section along the coast is composed of sand dunes varying in width of from five to fifteen miles. The central portion is a high, bleak, and rocky plateau. The southern part is composed of high rugged hills some of which are 10,000 feet high. A brackish water, unfit for human consumption, can be obtained along the coast but elsewhere water is extremely scarce. The summers are unbearably hot and the winters cold with frequent sand storms. The British, therefore, considered this country a sufficient barrier and hence a protection against any possible invasion from Palestine against the Suez Canal.

Palestine is a small country extending about one-hundred and fifty miles north from Beersheba and from the Mediterranean east approximately seventy-five miles. In this extremely small country, however, can be found a most variable

terrain. On the east the mountains of Moab slope down from their elevation of 3,000 to 5,000 feet to the valley of the Jordan, some 1,200 feet below sea level, only to rise again to the Judean Hills which are some 2,500 to 3,500 feet above sea level. The plains of Philistia, Sharon, and Esdraelon lie on the western slopes of the Judean Hills.

SYRIA as used here extends from Aleppo to Galilee and from the Mediterranean to the desert and is similar in its topography to Palestine but is much more fertile, being watered by many rivers and small streams.

There are no good harbors of any consequence in the entire area (Sinai, Palestine, or Syria) and the railroads and roads at the beginning of the campaign were abominable. The Turks had a railroad, however, from Aleppo to Afule but there were three different gauges used in this short section of line. (Afule is located just south of Nazareth.) Rolling stock on these lines was limited in number and was always of particular dubious character. It was, therefore, commonplace for a period of six weeks to elapse before things from Constantinople reached the terminus of the line.

The Anatolian Turk, who formed the backbone of the Turko-German forces was a fine soldier, rough and ready, and always possessing great fortitude to carry on against great odds even though he was poorly clothed and undernourished. At the end of 1914 Major-General Sir John Maxwell was given command of the British Egyptian Expeditionary Forces and the position taken by the E. E. F. was on the West side of the Suez Canal.

Germany by allying Turkey had denied the Allies the use of the Dardenelles and if she could now

close the Suez Canal to them she would greatly strengthen her strategic position as this would greatly increase the line of communication between England and India.

The Turko-German forces were under the leadership of the Turkish Minister of Marine, Djemal Pasha and a Bavarian colonel, Kress von Kressenstein. Most of the credit of all the future movements and victories of the force were due to the brilliant planning of the latter.

As has previously been stated the British considered the Sinai peninsula sufficient protection against invasion from Palestine due to its topography. However, Kress organized an army of 20,000 men at Beersheba in mid January and marched across the desert and attacked the canal.

The attack was not a surprise to the British, since they had observed the movements of the troops by airplane. It showed, however, that it was possible for an army to cross this impassable country and the oft heard flaut of, "Are the British protecting the Canal or the Canal protecting the British?" became a reality. The E. E. F. were successful in withstanding and overthrowing the attack and the Turks retreated to Beersheba after having tied up ship traffic in the canal for a day.

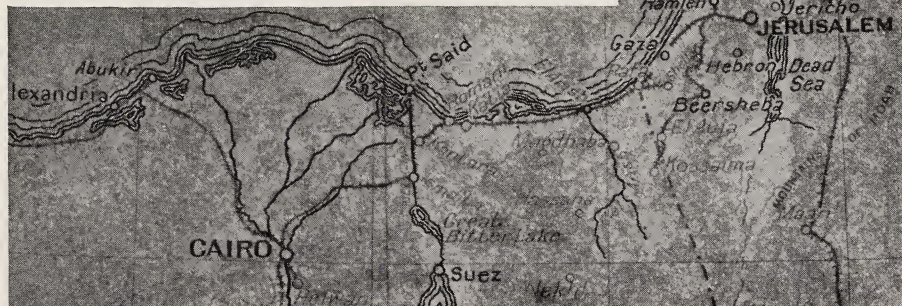
In the late part of 1915 Major-General Maxwell was replaced by Lieutenant-General Archibald Murray. General Murray's plan was to erect strongholds some twenty-five miles east of the canal. In order to do this it was necessary to construct a railroad from the Canal eastward across the desert to carry the construction materials. Work was progressing well, but early in the spring of 1916 many of the E. E. F. were to be recalled to France. The enterprising Kress, to prevent this,

staged an attack to frighten again the British and thus prevent such troop transfers. He was successful in capturing some of the outposts but was not able to hold them, or to prevent the British from the proposed troop movements. The much reduced E. E. F. made a well planned counter-attack at Romani which was the turning point in the operations in Sinai.

In early autumn, 1916, the French were victorious over the Germans at Verdun and the British had been able to hold their own at Somme. However, by December the expected break in the German line did not materialize and, therefore, the E. E. F. was called upon to resume its purely defensive policy. On December 7th Lloyd George succeeded Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister and he insisted on a more aggressive policy in Palestine.

General Murray from his headquarters at Cairo directed the extending of the standard gage railroad eastward across the Sinai desert. This was closely followed by a 12 inch pipe line carrying the waters from the Nile across the desert toward Palestine. At El Arish

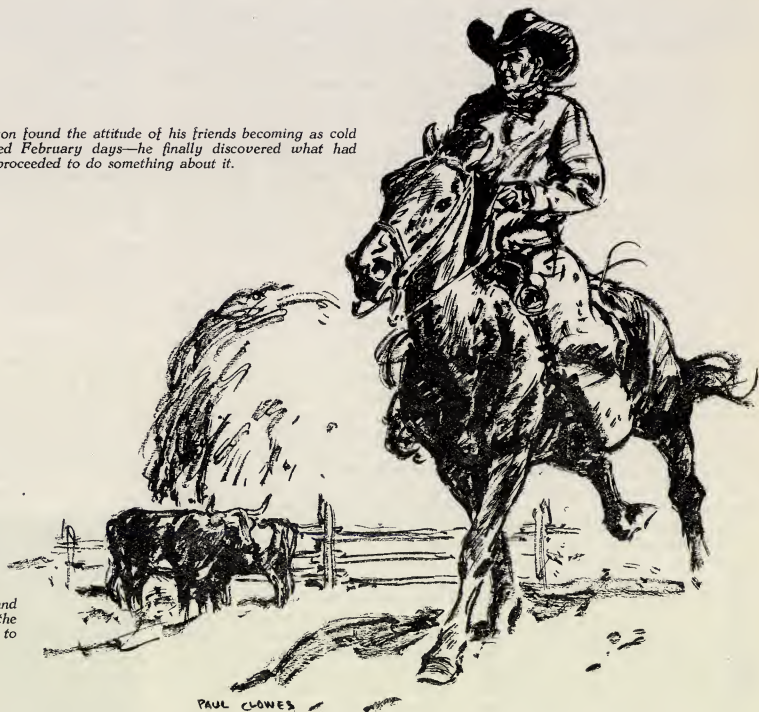
(Continued on page 100)



A LESSON in HAY

By FRANK C. ROBERTSON

Lafe Patterson found the attitude of his friends becoming as cold as the ice-rimmed February days—he finally discovered what had happened—and proceeded to do something about it.



... Lafe saddled up and rode four miles to the settlement of Morton to get the ranch mail.

THE FIRST of February, seventy more days to feed, and a hay famine upon the land! Two feet of crusted snow imprisoned the wild range cattle on the hard-packed feeding grounds, while the bundled up ranch hands ladled out smaller and even smaller loads from the diminishing stacks. There hadn't been even a January thaw, and a low-hung silvery sun gave out no warmth in its short swing from horizon to horizon.

Only the Pattersons had enough hay.

Why the others hadn't foreseen the coming calamity Lafe Patterson couldn't understand. As long ago as last summer there had been indications of a shortage. The short

creeks had petered out in the middle of July. The meadows along the Portneuf had begun to turn yellow while the grass lacked half its normal growth. But to top it all the heavy snow had fallen three weeks earlier than usual.

Lafe now recalled a picture of his father, old Henry Patterson, walking about in those hot, dry summer days with his hands behind his back in characteristic pose, chuckling grimly to himself. Lafe hadn't been able to understand it then. The Bar P had been hit by drouth as badly as anybody. Lafe himself had come in off the range and worked like a beaver cutting hay in swamps where in any other years a mower would have sunk.

Old Henry had been weather-wise. He had studied the changing seasons of his valley as another man might study books. He knew that, occasionally, hard winters were sure to come. He knew that, less often, dry summers would occur. And when they happened in continuity—

"It'll never ketch me asleep," he had said inelegantly. "It costs somethin' to carry over five hundred tons of hay every year, but it's blamed good insurance."

And that had always been his motto. Each spring found ten or a dozen molasses-colored haystacks left over on the Bar P ranch. These were the first to be fed out the next winter.

That previous winter old Henry

had warned the neighboring ranchers of an impending water shortage.

"Sure there's lot of snow," he would say, "but no wind. It's all fallin' low—none bein' piled up in the hills. An' it's dry—dry as straw—not a gallon of moisture to the acre."

They had paid scant attention. He was always a pessimist, always preaching calamity.

But this winter Henry Patterson had sat by his window, his shoeless

feet clad in heavy woolen socks, chuckling as he gazed out upon his well filled stackyards. He seldom moved abroad. When he rode a horse he was like a vast, inanimate bag lolling from side to side. He had begun his career in a saw-mill, but he possessed acquisitive fingers. He had soon owned the mill; then a ranch. He had quickly learned that the small farmers surrounding him were always needing ready cash. He bought their calves—at half their value—and let them grow into money. Finally he had become a cattleman, but not a cowman. To be the latter one had to sense the romance of growing grass, fattening cattle, and the open range.

His son, however, had been reared in the saddle. From the time he was sixteen Lafe had been the cattle boss of the Bar P. His father had never interfered with the way he did the work, and young Lafe, in turn, let the old man handle the business end as he saw fit.

Until now, or at least until the last three weeks, the arrangement had worked out well.

EVERY day, right after dinner, young Lafe saddled up and rode four miles to the settlement of Morton to get the ranch mail. The postoffice in Hall's store, was the accepted gathering place for the men of the entire community. Ordinarily Lafe loafed there with his neighbors for a couple of hours before returning to finish the day's feeding. But always he rode the short distance to the little brick schoolhouse, and knocked upon the door. It tickled him that Myra Howell's face always turned a little red when she saw who it was. The plump, blonde little "school-mam" would always come out into the little vestibule and close the door swiftly behind her. There would be an instant hulabaloo on the other side of the door.

"Please, teacher, can I come in?" he would always ask.

"May I come in," Myra would invariably correct sternly. "No; you may not come in. I'm not going to have all my children turning around in their seats to stare at a great hulk like you. And you make me ner-

Elkins handed the lines to the hired man and picked up a rifle from the bottom of the rack



avous sitting back there grinning like a—like a Cheshire cat."

"Aw, teacher, I'll be good."

"You'll not be good. I let you sit there once from noon until recess, and I'll not try the experiment again. And don't call me 'teacher.'"

"All right, teacher," humbly. Then, to her great confusion he would pick her off her feet.

"Oh, you—let me down. The children will hear."

"All right. Go on back an' teach the young how to shoot. But remember it's your last chance. You're marrying me next June."

"I am not," Myra would protest. Both knew that she would.

But lately young Lufe seemed to have encountered a frozen atmosphere everywhere; at the store—even at the schoolhouse. Myra had missed going to a Friday night dance with him. His regular Sunday night calls had been anything but satisfactory.

Lufe wasn't blind. Each day that he rode up on the low bench from which Morton dominated the valley he could see those fast dwindling haystacks. More than that, on a frosty morning he could hear the plaintive bellowing of his neighbors' cattle. They were hungry. The Bar P stuff didn't bawl, even though during that twenty below zero weather each animal was like an animated furnace demanding more and more fuel.

Overflowing with good fellowship, Lufe had been slow to note that recently there was always that embarrassing pause when he entered the store which denotes a too violent change to another topic. But when men like Dave Elkins and Chauncey Stone took to walking away from him whenever he approached it could no longer be ignored.

Something was bound to happen. It was a worthless fellow by the name of Watt Jones who dragged the thing out into the open as a mongrel dog might drag the head of a dead calf onto a neighbor's front door step.

"Well, how're your cattle standin' the winter?" the fellow insinuated. "None o' them starvin', I'll bet."

There were fifteen or twenty men in the store. Every man became rigid as he waited for an answer.

"No," Lufe answered slowly, "I ain't noticed any of 'em dyin'."

Suddenly Chauncey Stone strode angrily up to Lufe. He was about Lufe's build, and a couple of years

older. He was white with anger. "An' you won't," he hissed. "You've got plenty of hay. Oh, yes. And the more of our cattle dies the more range you'll be able to grab next summer."

"I don't know what you mean, Chauncey," Lufe protested.

"Ride around an' take a look at our cows, you hay hog, an' you'll know what I mean," Stone snarled.

Lufe recoiled a step before the other's menacing fists. Stone was a notoriously hot-headed man.

"Am I to blame for your cows being poor?" he demanded.

FRANK C. ROBERTSON is well known to the readers of *The Improvement Era* through the stories of his which the magazine has published and his biographical sketch which appeared in the July, 1935, number of the magazine. Mr. Robertson is known all over America and England for his rapid-fire Western stories. In this tale he touches on a subject that will be interesting especially to boys and men of the cattle lands. Many growers of livestock can still remember hard years during which hay soared to unheard of prices. Not long ago a pioneer of Cache Valley told me a story of real life which in some respects was a counterpart of this one.

Paul Clowes, the well-known Salt Lake artist, who has recently done the jacket-covers for a number of Western stories published in the East, and who furnished the illustrations for an entire book about a horse, illustrated this story.

DAVE ELKINS shouldered Chauncey Stone aside. He was an older man, and the biggest cowman in the country. He ran more cattle than did even Henry Patterson, and despite an even temperament he was a plunger. He always had his range crowded to capacity, and he seldom had a ton of hay left over in the spring—yet he seldom suffered a loss. Men said he was lucky.

"You may not be to blame, Patterson, but you're not above fattenin' on our misfortune," the older man charged coldly. "So far as I'm concerned I'd rather go broke than wear out my marrow bones crawlin' to your old man."

"Who's asked you to crawl, Dave?" Lufe asked.

"Crawlin' wouldn't do any good," Chauncey Stone put in. "The hog wants to break us. I'm just like you, Dave. I'd sooner take the hide off every critter I own than pay him

one cent o' tribute. An' I'd sooner associate with a yaller dog than with anybody named Patterson."

The next moment Dave Elkins was spinning upon the top of Hall's counter where a backhanded sweep of Lufe's hand had landed him. Chauncey Stone set himself, and lashed out with a fist which caught Lufe in the mouth. The blow brought blood to the rancher's lips, but didn't slow him. Before Stone could strike again Lufe had him by the collar. With a jerk Lufe brought the other man up close to him, and he struck twice with his free hand; blows which traveled less than a foot. But each time Chauncey Stone's head shot back till it seemed his neck must snap.

Those blows were enough to take the fight out of any man, but Lufe pivoted, and with a swing sent Stone crashing against the counter. It was five minutes before he could get up.

"Come on; get it off your chests," Lufe cried furiously. "Every time I've come in here lately you've acted like I had smallpox or something. Any more of you want to declare yourselves?"

"I do," Dave Elkins said thickly. "I don't want you or your hog of a dad to ever speak to me or come onto my place. If you do I'll shoot you on sight."

"You can go," Lufe choked. He turned and strode out to his horse; trembling with blind fury. As he swung into the saddle a thirteen year old lad came out on the store steps and yelled: "Hay hog! Hay hog! Hay hog!"

SO THAT WAS IT. Lack of foresight had got them into a mess where their cattle faced starvation, and they were taking their spite out on him because his father had been long-headed enough to prepare for this eventuality for years.

His horse automatically turned in at the front of the schoolhouse, and Lufe had swung half out of the saddle before he remembered that his mouth was cut and bleeding. He was in no condition to see Myra just then. But he suddenly wondered if her recent coldness had anything to do with this hay business. Well, he would see her tomorrow.

As he strode past the bunkhouse one of the punchers hailed him. "Hey, wasn't there no school today, Lufe?"

"Why?" he demanded curtly.

(Continued on page 119)

Poetry

VALENTINES

By Carmen Malone

SOME valentines are finely dressed
In ribbon bows and rare old lace;
But some are plain and homely things
With only words upon their face;
But who can tell the richness of
The thought behind the greeting sign
Of each bare Spartan-simple card,
Of each resplendent valentine?
And who can question others' gifts—
Just so are yours—just so are mine!

The greeting card without true thought
Is like a sweet without a taste,
But when behind a few short words
There is an act of kindness, haste
Must needs be made to tie the donor
To our heartstrings while we may.
Oh God of lips, and hands, and minds,
Oh God of hearts and souls, I pray,
Help me crown humble service king
In giving valentines today.

WESTERN SAGE

By Cristel Hastings

PURPLE hills stand in uneven columns
Along the western skylines, flarin'
wide—
The winds that spring from God-knows-
where keep callin'—
I see again a trail I used to ride—

A trail that winds around a world o' sage-
brush—
Seems the wind is full of it to-night!—
Blue shadows sort o' darkenin' into purple,
An' never was the evenin' star more bright!

O, sagebrush on the western slopes o'
heaven,
I'm achin' for a homesick sight o' you—
What matter towns to me an' all their tinsel
While I can have the evenin' star an' you?

I want to cinch the saddle on my broncho
An' ride the moonlit ranges with a song—
So, God, if You can grant me this I'm
happy,
An' gettin' there won't take me very long!

NOCTURNE

By Helen McMahon

MOVED by a tranquil sublimated beauty,
The shadows on the maples come and
go
Like fairy shuttles, weaving silver moon-
beams
More lovely than the dawn, or sunset's
glow.

An undefined disquietude entralls me—
A mad seductive tumult of the heart,
A strange unrest—a vibrant nameless long-
ing
That seems from all of earth a thing apart.

The myrtle and the rose exhale their fra-
grance.
Far in the copse a wooing night bird sings,
And through the gossamer mist of gleaming
silver
My soul floats out to you on music's wings.

HAPPY SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

By Lula Greene Richards

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY—glad season for
lovers.
When the young hero his own heart dis-
covers,
So utterly vanquished and tenderly laden
By charms of a lovely, adorable maiden,
He scarcely can wait for the postman to
carry
His proffer and bring her acceptance—to
marry.

He writes —————:

Dearest of maidens: Do, please understand,
When I offer you truly my heart and my
hand.

I love you and want you, oh, grant me this
boon,
Be my Valentine now and my wife very
soon!

Let our life works in virtue all goodness
combine.

Be my helpmate, my Darling, beloved Val-
entine.

Faithfully yours, —————.

She answers. Dear —————:

It would really be folly to seek to disguise
That your Valentine brought me a joyful
surprise.

There is not time to write—Take me out
for a walk—

To have a Saint Valentine's sensible talk.
We will not risk the auto, such things have
their bans;

Take our grandparents' ways for Saint
Valentine's plans.

Your own forever, —————.

AN INDIAN SPEAKS

By Lucile Pingree

I AM an Indian.

My life is spent on open plains
Among the bison and the squirrels,
And all the animals that live
The happy, carefree, natural life
That God saw fit to us give.

I am an Indian.

I am an Indian,
I glory in this sunlit world,
I love the plains; I love the hills;
I love the animals that exist
Upon the earth—I love them all.
Of all God's creatures, I am most blest—
I am an Indian.



WAR-DRUMS

By John Sherman Walker

A DRONING throb and a muffled beat
Of the war-drums
Before the fight;
The stealthy tread of moccasined feet
As the foe comes
On through the night;
A strong bow's twang and an arrow's whine
As it passes
From out the dark;
A lost soul's cry as a body sinks
To the grasses—
The archer's mark;
A warning flash and the answering crack
Of a long gun
Reverges death;
The curdling call of the gray wolf pack
On the lost run
With slaving breath.
The warrior's chant and the squaw's low
wail
In the tepees
As dawn o'ertakes;
A paleface wife hears a last death rale
Mid her weeping,
As gray morn breaks.

DESERT DAMASK

By Olive Marie Belnap

G LEAMING dune heads rise
In silver relief from the shadows.
Rich, ethereal moonlight
Filters between yucca blades
To throw strange, dappled patterns
On the wind-frayed hem of the desert.

The mighty sand mounds heave,
Treacherously shift, and sift, and seethe,
Eternally following, swallowing each other.

A light, quick breeze springs up,
Flinging glinting sand grains
In delicate spiral swirls
Over the lighted lip of a dune
Into the shadowed lap of another.

Subtle moonlight and sand
Have together wrought a rare damask,
That holds in its vibrant vastness
A potent, soul-strengthening power.

CASPER

By L. Mitchell Thornton

A LITTLE black dog with a wistful eye
Stood in the gutter as I went by;
And he wagged his tail in a friendly way,
But I told myself that I would not stay
To pet a puppy, who chanced to see
A gullible passerby in me.

I walked a block, but I couldn't find
A single thing I could keep in mind
Except the look in a wistful eye
And a tail that wagged, as I hastened by;
And all the things I had counted great
I found could, every one of them, wait.

The air was damp, and the sky was grey,
Hard to be friendless on such a day;
So I turned at the corner, just to see
If a small black puppy had followed me,
And there he was in the chill and fog—
And that's how Casper became my dog.

WHERE IS THE WHITE BROTHER OF THE HOPI INDIAN

By CHIEF DAN KOTCHONGVA

Interpreted by HARRY NASEWYTEWA

HIGH on the mesas of the Painted Desert of Northeastern Arizona almost inaccessible to the onrush of advancing civilization toward the western frontier has dwelt, for generations, a tribe of Indians called the Hopi. Their place of abode was known to the early Spanish invaders as the province of Tusayan and termed the journey of death, so unconquerable did this desert waste appear to the conquistadors of Coronado. The terrors of the treacherous Colorado River and the seeming endless depth of the chasms of the surrounding mountains and canyons proved a stronghold to the Hopis, aiding them in their seclusion from the outside world. The conquerors of the West left this desert region to the lizards, coyotes, and Indians as the only ones able to survive its parched wastes of drifting sand.

But the Hopi loves every inch of the desert. His choice of this hide-away in the desert for his home, came from his desire to live a humble, righteous life, without the contaminating interference from other people seeking gain and selfish living.

To the Hopi his desert is God's country, the holy land of his beloved Mausau, whom he found at this place. With his devotions and prayers the Indian has consecrated every nook and corner of this land of his in reverence of this spirit who dwelt among them there and taught them how they should live to gain peace and joy upon this earth, how to keep humble and to keep wickedness from among them. It was Mausau who charged them to remain faithful through whatever came, though persecutions might fall upon them and though they might even suffer death. His charge to them was to keep the faith, not to suffer violence to be caused by them, not to strike back when another strikes, nor use war weapons in any way. He told them to look ever forward till their white brother would return. Then would their ills be cured, if they remained faithful. He would have power to bring about the destruction of the wicked and usher in an era of peace. The sign

HERE is an article which we believe will be of interest to our readers, especially to those who are interested in the Indians and in their connection with the Book of Mormon.

This article was received in this manner: a year ago Harry Nasewytewa, a Hopi Indian jeweler, was working at a shop in Salt Lake City. While there he learned of the Mormon people and saw *The Improvement Era*, the one published in March three years ago featuring the Indians. He read the magazine with interest and sent word to his chief, Dan Kutchongva, of Hotevilla, that he had found a people who were interested in the Indians and a magazine in which the Hopi story might be published. The Chief immediately came to Salt Lake City.

Harry Nasewytewa, Chief Kutchongva, and another tribesman whose English name is Ralph, met a few people including President Levi Edgar Young, Dr. Milton Marshall, Mrs. Elizabeth Moffitt and her sister, Marguerite Jackson, stenographers, and me, in the office of *The Improvement Era* and there the Chief related his story, Harry doing the interpreting.

The story, however, was not ready for publication. The stenographers transcribed it and handed a copy to Harry Nasewytewa who took it back to Arizona with him. He kept it for a year working it over and finally presented it to the magazine for publication.

Chief Dan Kutchongva is an earnest, religious leader seeking his white deliverer and the deliverer of his people. Those who heard him, though they could not understand his words, were impressed with his religious feeling. Last summer he sent an invitation to Salt Lake City to all those who would care to witness the July Home Dance of the Hopis to come to Hotevilla. His one request was that they should not interfere with the religious ceremony in any way. He suggested that there would be no charge, for the Hopi Indians at Hotevilla have never in any way commercialized their ceremonies.

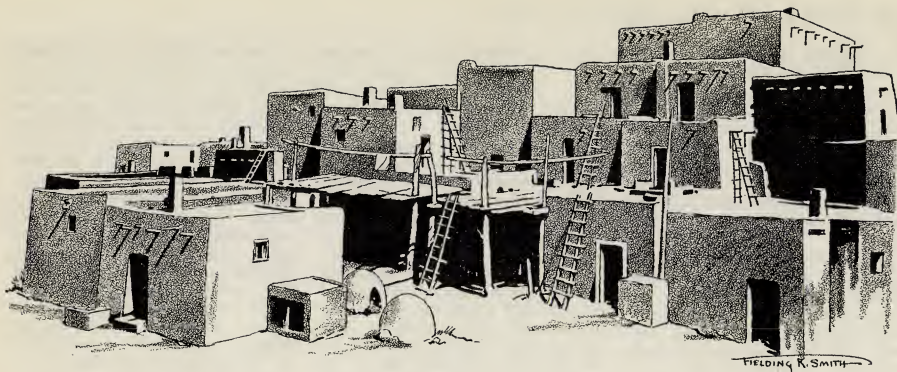
of the return of their white brother would be when a road was made in the sky.

For generations was this doctrine handed down from father to son among the Hopis. For generations the Hopis remained faithful to the perpetuation of this trust by living humble lives as examples to their children that they might be found worthy to withstand the day of destruction when their white brother would cure the ills of the world. Ever watchful was the Hopi for the sign of a road in the sky.

The Hopi is a peaceful, industrious person, congenial and honest in his dealings with a hospitable attitude towards strangers. He lives a communal life regarding the welfare of the group as paramount, and his interests as but secondary. In his social life he is happy, jovial, and playful, athletic, and skillful. Social festivals of songs, dances, games, athletic contests, and races have been developed by his genial nature. He is quick to catch the playful and the witty and enters into social fun with as much zeal as he is devout in his religion. He has been resourceful in his subduing of the desert.

For generations he has made the desert yield sufficient for his needs. From its weeds he has found food, medicines, dyes, and beverages; from its rocks he has formed implements and built houses; from its grasses he has woven baskets. The Hopi is an agriculturist, employing a system of irrigation handed down from his forefathers, with which he conserves sufficient moisture from the extremely limited annual rainfall to raise various crops. Building his home on the rocky mesas, he cultivates the sandy lowlands resisting the aggravations of having his entire crop buried in sand necessitating his having to dig it out over the entire area of his field. This may occur several times a season.

In spite of these difficulties, coupled with a scarcity of rainfall,



the Hopi raises crops of corn of various colors, squash, melons, beans, peaches, and many other products. He accredits the success of his crop to the recognition of his prayers and sacred devotions to his religion. The Hopi considers rain his greatest blessing. Showers of rain, fill the hearts of these Indians with thanksgiving to their God for the answer to their supplications, for their greatest desire, their humble devotions have been accepted.

The Hopi Indian reveals in his handicrafts an artistic and skillful nature, showing a higher degree of intelligence than displayed by cruder artisans of other tribes. His blankets are of a fine weave, often with a different design on each side. His silver and turquoise jewelry displays a dainty, artistic touch assuring the Hopi the place of the best silversmiths among the Indians. The pottery and basketry show the artistic nature of the Hopi.

THE HOPi's face is turned always toward the spiritual. He desires peace and humility above other things the world has to offer. He enjoys the achievement of his own efforts gained through honest toil and desires to be known as a self-supporting Indian. He is anxious to live in harmony with the rest of the world but wants the right to worship his God in his own way and to express himself as an individual in the kind of customs he likes, religious or otherwise. He welcomes better and easier methods of doing things which he might adapt to his way of living as long as they do not interfere with his sacred emotions. He wishes, however, to have the freedom of his own choice of what is best for him. He is open to conviction and tolerant toward the

belief of others and is liberal in his thoughts toward other people. He desires only to be allowed to retain without restraint his staunch belief in the doctrines of his religion, given to him by the Forefathers.

The Hopi has been faithful and watched long for the prophetic sign of the return of his White Brother. Eagerly yet patiently have his eyes been cast across the sky to see a road established there that would mark the time of the Day of Retribution and the Dawn of the Reign of Peace, preparatory for the return of Mausauu to be his ruler.

Lo—the time is now! The sign has come! The airplane has indeed made a road in the sky. It courses its way over well-defined routes, and beacon lights glisten all along the way lighting the highway in the sky from ocean to ocean over Mausuu's land, in whose custody the Hopi was given until the White Brother returned.

It is time that the Hopi become diligent in his search for Him. It is with this deep conviction that Chief Dan Kotchongva, who presides over the staunch defenders of their religion, the people of the village of Hotevilla has come forth from his village to give his message to the world in hopes that his White Brother will hasten to help his people. His message is also a warning to the wicked to live better lives that they may escape the day of destruction, before the time has passed which is very short. Chief Kotchongva has suffered long and much for his stalwart defense of his convictions as have also the people of the Village of Hotevilla, which was founded in defense of their religious liberty.

It is with confidence that Chief Kotchongva has come to the Mor-

mon people to tell his story. Among the Hopi people the Mormons have been regarded as people who have always treated the Indians fairly. Their friendship with the Mormons has extended over a long period of time. It was 1858, eleven years after the Mormons came to Utah, that Jacob Hamblin was sent on a Mission to the Hopi Indians. President Brigham Young was highly impressed with the sterling characteristics of these people and sent missionaries for many years among them, who braved hardships unknown to anyone except the frontiersmen of those early days in crossing over such treacherous country.

Jacob Hamblin many times tried to persuade the Hopis to move up into the land of the Mormons where they would have better chances to raise crops, but the Hopi refused, and told him that the time would come when the Mormons would move into their country. This did happen, for the Mormons established a village about two miles from the Hopi village of Moencopie which was called Tuba—a ward of Snowflake Stake. The Mormons were neighbors of the Hopis until 1902, when the government enlarged the reservation and bought them out.

The Hopis and the Mormons have always extended a spirit of goodwill toward each other. It is with this good-will of fellowship that Chief Kotchongva has come to Salt Lake City to tell his story in his search for his White Brother. This is his story:

CHIEF KOTCHONGVA'S STORY

I AM HERE from Hotevilla Village today among you people to say a few words. I am here looking for someone that will help me through

my sufferings and if you are the people who are going to listen to me, then I will tell you my story. I have tried to tell this same thing to other white people before but I have always been stopped because I have been trying to tell of my own people, the Hopis, and of their traditions, and no white man has ever tried to listen to it to the end from me.

The ruins we see all over the country, do they mean anything to you white people? Somehow we got onto this earth and there must be something to the meaning of these ruins. So I ask you again, do these ruins mean anything to you?

Since this story cannot be told in one day, I will be able only to bring out the main points today.

You are all looking at me, the kind of skin I have, as a poor looking Indian, and you wonder where I originated. I know the history of my own people, where they came from and how they got here.

There was a lot of wickedness down below this earth somewhere, where my people used to live and some of their wise leaders anxiously looked ahead for the people. These people with their wise leaders have been told way far back, for hundreds of years that there was another earth to come to, which was this earth we are now on. They knew someone was on this earth as they heard his footsteps above them, and realized that only through a marvelous performance would they be able to find some way of penetrating through from the world below.

The chief of these wise leaders had cultivated the friendship of various kinds of birds. He made the birds as messengers to the man who was already here to gain his permission to come to the earth. The man on the earth told the Bird Messenger to take back the message that he had nothing here that was very good; his life was hard; he was very poor and that they would not like to live as he had to do. The leaders of the people said they wanted to come anyway. They wanted to live here just as he had been living, as they were willing to live under any hard circumstances to get away from the wicked two-hearted people—people, who have two hearts, one for good and one for evil.

When these leaders found a way to come, they desired not to bring any wicked people to this earth, as

that was the main idea of getting away from the place where they were. Somehow one of these two-hearted deceivers came with them, unseen by anyone. He was discovered by the chief almost as soon as they got here. The people, being very disappointed, decided to throw this young boy back to the world below, but hesitated as they listened to his pleadings to be allowed to stay. Finally winning them over, he was allowed to stay upon the earth, with the understanding that he must shift for himself, and would not be taken among them or cared for by anyone, hoping that he could not survive. Allowing him to remain proved to be their first mistake, as this brought Evil and Death into the world.

Their leader had always taught them not to be greedy or to seek after gaining large amounts of food in a selfish way, but to be satisfied in humble living. One night this leader left his people unseen, seeking the owner of the earth. He was rewarded by finding the place and the man of his search. The man, extending him a hearty welcome, placed all kinds of nice things to eat before him, things that he did not have very often. As everything looked so good to him, without thinking he went ahead and ate up everything that was put before him. He then went back to his people. After he got back he felt the stomach-ache was coming upon him. He had made a mistake by grabbing at first sight. For this reason it has ever since been a Hopi's belief, that any sweet or fresh food will always give one a stomach-ache. The chief's two sons scolded their father over what he had done.

The leader feeling that his part was played, resigned his leadership in favor of his two sons, but they waited until the old chief was dead before becoming the leaders. After his death, the younger son said, "All right, it is up to us to carry on."

ACCORDING to their beliefs it is the son's place to carry on what the father has begun. The younger brother told the older brother to go ahead and in a hurry; told him to go up to where the sun rises, that he must not stop there very long. He must get there to touch his forehead to the Sun and then come back, otherwise he would be so late he would hold a lot of things back.

This older brother went along the edges of the ocean, along the edges

of the Gulf of Mexico, and probably around by California. As he was going along, he was told that he was going to be a white man and become a wonderful man and could perform any kind of great things he might wish. With this power, he made a horse to help carry his burdens. He had a lot of provisions to carry along. The rest of the people had some things to carry too, but since this brother had to go in a hurry, he needed a horse to help him along. The younger brother, leader of the people, knew where this brother was going. The rest of the people thought only of their quest to find the Man who owned the earth.

Everybody was in a big rush to get to this Person. They were all rushing to see who could get to His place first, where the Bird Messengers had found Him. This is the way they started off. They divided into small groups or clans under the leadership of the person who was the head of one of their sacred ceremonial dances, and went out in different directions. According to their beliefs, they were able to receive the blessings of raising their crops for food through their devotion to their sacred dances, which they brought with them to this earth from the world below.

Some of these people were moving along from place to place with but one thought in mind, that of living worthily enough to find this Man, and did not think much of their history or of trying to gain wealth. They went along slowly, not greedily but humbly, building their homes, raising crops, making their clothing, and filling their other needs. They were always looking forward to finding the Man at the center of this world. Therefore, they would abandon their homes and move again a little farther, always looking forward to finding the Man. They were anxious at all times to live peaceably and humbly, to be sincere in their prayers and sacred dances, and faithful always to the teachings of their prophets and high priests, that they might be acceptable to the Man, who owned the earth.

We see the track of these people right now in the ruins all over the country. These faithful people are called Hopis. They moved slowly from place to place over a long period of time until they came to the place which is called Moencopie. All the clans which

(Continued on page 116)

A NEW DAY DAWNS FOR THE INDIANS

THE LORD through his prophets promised that:

1. These children of Lehi (and others whom the Lord should bring to be numbered with them) should have this land of America for their inheritance and it was consecrated unto them forever.

2. He would bring other Gentile nations to this land of promise, and by them should Lehi's children be hated and scattered and smitten, and driven from the lands of their possessions, and there should be great bloodshed among them.

3. Yet the Lord's promise was that he would not suffer the Gentiles to utterly destroy from the land the Lamanites and the mixture of the seed of Nephi among them, but in the end they should be blessed.

4. He would soften the hearts of the Gentiles that they should be like fathers unto this afflicted people.

5. In the latter days, many generations after the Messiah should dwell upon the earth, the fulness of the Gospel should come unto the Gentiles, and from them unto the remnant of Lehi's seed. These believing Gentiles should bring them a book containing the record of their fathers.

6. Through the prophet Nephi the glorious promise was made: "And at that day shall the remnant of our seed know that they are of the house of Israel, and that they are the covenant people of the Lord: and then shall they know and come to the knowledge of their forefathers, and also to the knowledge of the gospel of their Redeemer, which was ministered unto their fathers by him; wherefore they shall come to the knowledge of their Redeemer, and the very points of his doctrine, that they may know how to come unto him and be saved.

"And then at that day, will they not rejoice and give praise unto their everlasting God, their rock and their salvation? . . . Yea, will they not come unto the true fold of God? . . .

"Yea, they shall be remembered again among the house of Israel: they shall be grafted in, being a natural branch of the olive tree, into the true olive tree." (1 Nephi 15:13-16)

7. "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." (2 Nephi 30:5-6)—From a speech by Archibald F. Bennett.

J. J. GALBREATH, author of the accompanying letter, is well known to readers of this magazine and to thousands of people in the Church who have met him and have heard him bear testimony to the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon. One such testimony was printed in this magazine in March, 1934. Mr. Galbreath has also taken part in pageants presented by the Genealogical Society of Utah. His mother was a Blackfeet Indian—he says there are no Blackfoot Indians. His Indian name is Kee-pi-po-kayo, meaning One Hundred Bears. The significance of Commissioner Collier's letter to Mr. Galbreath may be seen from the paragraph taken from his letter of March, 1934: "The Book of Mormon leaves nothing out and has taught me to realize the importance of my Lamanite parents and my fellow tribesmen. I know the Book of Mormon has loosened the bonds of the poor and lowly Indian. Too much cannot be said in its favor."

Browning, Mont.,
Nov. 23rd, 1935.

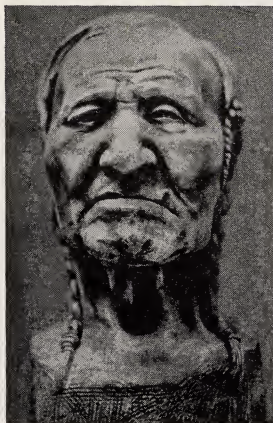
Dear Editor:

I AM TAKING the liberty of mailing you a photo of a bust of the only living Lamanite uncle I have. He is in his nineties, and is the only living hereditary Blackfeet Chief today. I am sending also a letter to this Lamanite Chief, which is from the highest official in the Indian

Bureau Department of the United States, John Collier, wherein he states in behalf of the American people how sorry they are for the past mistreatment and abuse of the Red Race, and how the American people are ready to assist the Lamanites today. This acknowledgment I feel should be published so that the world might see that the fulfillment and prophecies of the Book of Mormon are true.

Your friend and brother,

J. J. Galbreath,
A Member of the Blackfeet Nation and of the L. D. S. Church.



Bust of Mountain Chief

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS
WASHINGTON

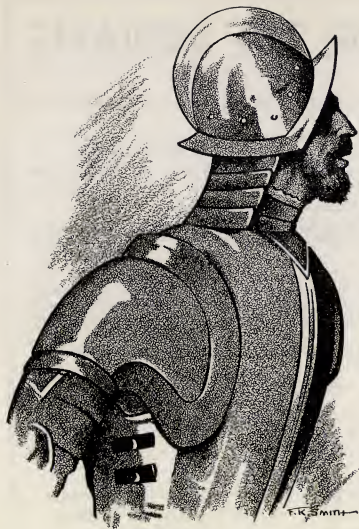
Mountain Chief,
c/o Superintendent,
Blackfeet Agency.

My dear Mountain Chief:

IN THE course of your long life as Chief of the Blackfeet you have seen your people in their glory; you have seen them go down into the valley of hunger, death, and despair; now when the sun of your life is setting in the west, you are seeing your people come out of the valley, out of the shadows into the sunshine of a better life again. You are living to see the day when the American people are sorry for what they have done to the Blackfeet and to all the other members of the red race. Now the American people are ready to help your people. Because the American people are now ready to help you, the Government and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs are able to come to the assistance of the Indians. It is the American people and their President that deserve your gratitude.

I am always glad to hear from you. I hope I shall continue to hear from you for a long time, and that whenever you write me, you will have good news to tell about the progress the Blackfeet are making.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Collier,
Commissioner.



THE CASTING OF LOTS IN THE DESERT

Based on the Diary reporting Travels of Fra Francisco Atanasio Dominguez and Fra Silvestre Velez de Escalante, to discover a route from the Presidio of Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Monterey, California in 1776.

PROLOGUE

YOU who love Utah, and are proud
To know her sons are wandering
Through many countries, radiant-browed
With happy zeal to share the thing
They value most of all—to you I bring

A tale that will not make your pride
And love burn lower . . . Long ago,
Leading the first white men this side
Green River, came a gray and slow
Old padre; old but keen to see men's woe.

*This was no hero, not a leering
Adventurer wolf-eyed for gold,
Furs, and red women; but one fearing
So strangely that fear made him bold
To brave all terrors that unknowns can hold.*

.

Padre Dominguez shivered in the wind
That clawed a hundred leagues of barren hills
With nails of ice. He wriggled in the saddle,
Trying to ease and warm his stiffened limbs.
His mule bestirred itself and trotted forward.

Behind his wrinkled leader, Escalante
Came spurring with Cisneros, the alcalde.
They overtook the captain and the six
Disgruntled soldiers. When they came abreast,
The captain spoke.

"This blizzard's like a threat
From the great Russian Bear that's creeping down
Out of the north." Dominguez did not answer.
"You know, of course," the captain went on grimly,
"That the Czar's men are pushing down the coast—
And occupying land that should be ours?"

Dominguez nodded, staring at the ground.

"Threats prick me into anger," sneered the captain.
"They only cow Franciscans, though, it seems,
And make them lift their skirts and scurry home."
The soldiers guffawed. Then as the old padre
Levelled sad eyes at them, and Escalante
Scourged them with furious looks, they dropped their
eyes,
Ashamed.

"I told you why we're turning south,"
Dominguez said. "The winter has come early;
The passes will be choked with snow. Our food
Is gone. We cannot go to Monterey."

"You loitered in the filthy villages
Of the Fisheaters overlong," accused
The Captain. "You became infatuated
With that great peak and lake and crescent vale.
There you forgot the aim our Viceroy had
In hurrying us forth to Monterey."

"My aim is the salvation of these natives."

"You prize the souls of these—these soulless beasts—
Above the glory of your king and country?"

"We ten poor wayfarers can scarcely mar
Or make the fortunes of an empire."

Then
The captain spat. "Is duty naught to you?"

By CARLTON CULMSEE

"My only duty is the glory of God.
The good of souls," Dominguez said. "I pledged
The Timpanois that we would soon return
To bring them light of God, to baptize them,
And teach them fully how to live like men.
God warns me—if we press on westward now,
Somewhere in this vast barren we shall die,
Starving upon the desert, or borne down
By crushing avalanche in some white canyon.
Then would the Timpanois believe that we
Beguiled them to secure their food and guides."

The captain shook his beard obdurately.
"This fear of death is womanish, I swear
By all the saints!" he shouted. "So I cry—
Turn sunsetward and strike for Monterey.
There's fame and good rewards for those who blaze
the trail that binds the east and west together!"

The soldiers raised a cheer that flushed a hare
Out of a snowy covert.

The padre sighed.
"Listen my comrades, this cannot go on,
This daily building of this wall of hate.
Halt and dismount, and gather round me here.

"We have been talking, Father Escalante
And I, and we have struck upon a plan;
We will cast lots to learn the will of God,
One for Cosnina, one for Monterey."

Joy flared in Captain Miera's face. He cried,
"And you will travel west if so it comes?"

"We will obey the will of God. Will you?"

"Cheerfully!" roared the captain. "Cast the lots!"
The soldiers all pushed forward eagerly,
Aggliter in this new dawn of their hopes.

"Peace!" cried Dominguez. "We must first im-
plore
His kind forbearance." And they paused abashed.

They said the third part of the rosary
And heard the padres utter fervently
The Penitential Psalms and other prayers.
And good Dominguez breathed a private plea
To save his toilers from the hungry ranges,
For there were simple-hearted savages
About the quiet lake of Timpanogos
Waiting for him to make his promise good,
And come again to free them from their long



Enslavement in the fetid swamps of minds
Where not a spark of the eternal star
Had fallen and lived. Then with clenched hands,
and eyes

That did not blink, he watched the lot-casting. . . .
He drew a full, sweet breath and blew it forth:
It was God's will that they should travel south!

EPILOGUE

Painfully back to Santa Fe
He led them, and did not return.
War flames were darting far away,
Far-darting flames that came to burn
His hopes, and leave his heart a stolid urn.

But the first white man on our soil
Was large of spirit, a fit soul
To strike a spark to goodly oil;
Another name upon the scroll
That pledges Utah to the higher goal.

*Sharp prints of boots along old paths
That had known nothing but the spoor
Of beasts, and men like beasts . . .*

*High wraths,
High aims and yearnings where before
Wild hates and hungers gnawed at the soul's
core.*

A SILVER GIRDLE

By CLAIRE W. NOALL



She looked across the field again. In utter amazement, she saw a man in a flying suit and a helmet burrowing in the ground with a sharp instrument. He wore gloves. He was digging frantically.

CONCLUSION

Synopsis: Tom Reynolds having lost his fortune, takes his family from their New York home to a dude ranch in Utah bordering the Uinta Mountains, which he had deeded to his daughter, Eileen, just before his financial crash. The title is threatened by an accusation of intent to defraud. To save the ranch, Tom must establish the fact that the deed was made in good faith. In addition to their life on the ranch, the Reynolds family establish a summer camp at the end of the motor road at Mirror Lake in the Uintas to supply pack trains and guide fishermen into the interior of the high Uintas. Eileen gets caught in a terrific storm when she is climbing alone on Mt. Agassiz. She slips and sprains her ankle just as night is closing in. She is rescued by Brent Baring, forest ranger, whom she had met before, but towards whom her feelings have been decidedly mixed. It is a question of whether she likes him or likes him not. Gradually his fine

qualities are impressed on her, especially in contrast to the behavior of her one-time sweetheart, Wayne, with whom she had been friendly in New York. The family is getting along splendidly with the camp, and feeling more enthusiastic about the ranch all the time, when Tom receives a summons to court to show why the deed should not be canceled and set aside on the ground that it had been executed and delivered with the intent to defraud. Tom sets out to find Ming Low, a Chinaman, and a trader on the Uinta Indian Reservation. But much to his consternation, he finds Ming Low absent from his trading post, and perhaps dead for all the person in charge of the post knows, it has been so long since he has heard from the Chinaman. In the meantime the family is managing the guide camp the best they can.

"No, SLIM, you stay with Mom. I can bring four horses back as easy as pie. That's no trick."

"But Miss Eileen—"

"It's all right, Slim. I won't leave Mother alone in camp. You stay—I go. Hear?"

"Squint and Jimmie ought'a be showin' up 'fore milkin'. I don't like you to be comin' back alone."

"Slim—you old woman! Who's boss around here when Dad's away! Here, help get these skillets in the carry-all. I'll throw you the stuff, you stow it away."

The packing was for a man and his wife who were going in to fish the Granddaddy basin, a phenomenon no more strange than some others seen at Reynolds that season.

It was already noon, a little late for starting, but by making the best time possible, Eileen felt sure she could get her party well located and bring the horses back by dark. Her father had not returned from the Reservation where he had gone to find Ming Low. Squint and Jim had taken a group of men over to the Daynes Lakes which are tucked away under the North rim, and Eileen was ready to start for the Granddaddies on the south trail. A ride through the forest looked infinitely more inviting to her than remaining at camp to take care of the stock in case Squint and Jimmie didn't arrive in time. No, Slim should stay, and she would go, she firmly resolved.

"Put the rifle in," she called, "I might find a stray sheep, myself." Eileen was a good shot.

Running over to the tent, she packed a sandwich for her supper, buckled the strap of the field glass case over her shoulder, and took down her lumber-jack from its hook. Reassuring her mother that she would be back by dark, and that there was absolutely nothing to worry about, she kissed her and hurried over to the horses.

"Got everything you need?" she asked her fishermen. "Lard, butter, flour for those trout you're going to catch? There's no grocery store round the corner from Granddaddy."

"How many million will two

pounds of butter fry?" queried the wife.

"How many million do you think I can catch?" answered her spouse. "Come on! I'm going for the scenery, too."

"Alley oo hoo, then," said Eileen. "We're off." She whistled to Chance to follow; and away they went to the tinkling of the horses' bells.

"Well! Fancy seeing you at Rainbow!" she said to Brent with an innocent, callow tone as he crossed her trail at the Lake.

"Well! If it isn't my little Lorelei," he answered with a touch of smiling railleury.

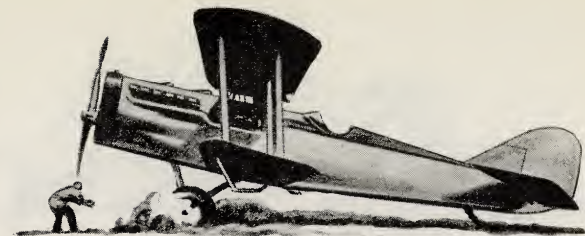
"I'm no siren," she denied. "Just an ordinary matter-of-fact fisherman's guide." Nevertheless, her next remark denied the denial. "I'll be back this way in a couple of hours or so. . . Bye," she smiled over her shoulder.

She led her party along the trail, past the most glamorous country, lakes with miniature wooded islands, densely forested shores, and never-ending green.

IT WAS past mid-afternoon when they reached the upper levels of the Granddaddy basin. Eileen's patrons helped her to unpack. She arranged to come back for them at the appointed time, and gave them the advice of the experienced. "See that little bay?" She nodded towards a small moon shore across the big Granddaddy. "The water's deep there, and your best fishing's around that cove. The trout are pretty wary in Betsy, but if you can tramp up to an overhanging cliff about four miles from here, you'll find Wall Lake hiding under its shadow. You might land a big one in that little gem. I did once." She smiled enchantingly at the memory. "Good luck and goodbye." She left them to set up house-keeping, literally on the ground-floor of Granddaddy's shores.

Eileen extended the reins of the pack horses and looped them through a saddle-ring. In turn, she gave each of the ponies a smart slap on the rump and started them on the return journey. She followed on Nitana, leading the two packs.

Hardly conscious of her choice, the song of "The Lorelei" sprang to



her lips as she dipped down the tilting trail—it was the free expression of her jubilant heart. To her, the peace, the joy, and the beauty of this mountain glen were a source of rare elation. Besides—was there not a girdle of silver lakes on the grassy floor below? And Rainbow—was it not the clasp of the girdle?

For an hour she traveled her uninterrupted way. Chance ran in and out of the long grass, weaving an intricate pattern on the shadows of the towering pines. The horses stopped to drink at a running brook. Not far away, now, was the Ranger Station. The horses' bells were silent for a moment. Only the faint murmur of the breeze in the top of the pines was audible. Suddenly the muffled throb of a pulsing motor intruded on the quietude.

Strangely familiar was the sound, but utterly foreign to the seclusion and solitude of the High Uintas. Incredulously, Eileen scanned the sky. A black speck against the blue quickly increased in size to the augmented whirr of a roaring speed plane.

"Forevermore! What in the world is that doing here!" she gasped. Closer and closer to earth it spiraled.

Heaven knew there were landing places aplenty in this region. Every here and there the forest opened abruptly to a level meadow, fairly smooth, and large enough to keep a skillfully maneuvered plane from bumping its nose on some giant pine at the edge. But whether any of the meadows had ever been used for the purpose was another matter. Although the mountains were not far distant from one of the transcontinental airways, flyers avoided them like the plague. They might be swallowed in everlasting oblivion in any one of these primeval pockets.

But down came the speed plane with evident intent to land. The low sun flashed a bright reflection from its silver wings as it turned on

its side to circle more slowly down.

Eileen could see that it was making for a spot far to one side of the trail. "How terrible! Someone must be lost! A forced landing!" she exclaimed.

WITHOUT thought of danger to herself in leaving the trail, she tied the four horses and plunged into the woods on Nitana. Eileen knew somebody might be in dire need. Chance followed, sensing adventure. Dog-like, he knew his mistress was leaving the beaten path.

The plane was down; Eileen couldn't be sure just where. From the roar of its motors and the closeness of her view before it sank into the pines, she knew it wasn't far away. She gauged the direction, but there was no bee-line forward. First, she had to round a long steep mound of lichenized black limestone, and then she fearlessly descended a little coulee. She pricked Nitana forward through a stand of virgin pines, probably hitherto untrod by man or beast. All at once, not far ahead of her, she could see where the forest opened. Its shadows gave way to the unhampered light of the mellow sun. She could discern the plane through the trees—upright, seemingly unharmed. Where was the flyer? There was no sign of distress. This noisy, vibrating machine and its pilot had become as characteristically stilled as the woods around them. Eileen reined in, led by some inner prompting to pause for a moment.

Through the trees, she witnessed a strange performance. Instinctively, she drew in the bridle as Nitana began to crop the grass. "Be still, Chance," she said, lifting her first finger. The dog pointed and froze to his position. Never had the remarkable work of his handler been shown to greater advantage.

"Don't whinny, Nitana," whispered Eileen, turning her horse's

(Continued on page 123)



By BYRON DAVIES

AGRICULTURE of the AMERICAN INDIAN

IN THE light of history, the American Indians have come to be thought of as a race of people other than savages. The contributions of these people to our present civilization is as great, if not greater, than that of any other single nationality.

Instead of speaking of the early civilizing influence of the Spaniards, it would be quite as correct to call their subjection of the Indians a de-civilizing activity.

The Red Man's triumph over nature, in the Western Hemisphere, was a slow and tedious process; he knew but little concerning our modern methods of scientific procedure in the manufacture of metals and chemicals, yet his culture was, in many respects, superior to that of the explorers who first found them on this continent.

The Indians, before the white men came here, were chiefly an agricultural people. Even in those long years ago, they had four-sevenths of our present day farm products under cultivation. In taking possession of the land in the American continents, the whites first used the clearing that had been made by the Indian farmers.

According to anthropologists, the first effort of the Indians toward agriculture consisted of protecting the plants that afforded them food. Soon they learned the necessity of weeding plants and cultivating them, and later they began to gather plants and seeds so that they could be planted in more favorable localities.

These early discoveries made possible great advances in human culture.

The flowering of the Mayan civilization was based upon the economic conquest of the humid tropics. The Indians realized that plants would grow better in wet, warm lands, and so they experimented extensively to modify old series of plants to meet new wet land conditions. All the while this was going on, they began a careful domestication of the more promising indigenous plants.

Sculptures, dated from the fifth century to modern times, show the gradual domestication of plants and the preparation of different kinds of food from their seeds.

As a result of the cultivation of maize, beans, and squash in the south, agriculture became a widely scattered activity in the Western Hemisphere.

This movement was, however, a slow process, and one in which considerable knowledge of botany had to be exercised in order to bring about its successful conclusion. For many of these plants originated in the tropical climates, and only after careful experimentation were the Indians able to make them grow in the cooler temperate zones.

Contemporaneous with the changing of the tropical plants to meet new land conditions, other plants, native to particular sections of the country, were undergoing domestication.

In South America, the most important plant was the potato. At first it was found only in a small locality high in the Andes, but the Indians carried it to far places and witness its universality today. In the Amazon Valley the pineapple, manioc, sweet-potato, and the peanut were developed as sources of food, while for North America, above Mexico, other plants were brought into cultivation such as the strawberry and the Jerusalem artichoke.

ALTHOUGH flesh was the main item of diet throughout the large Indian territories, all sections had their domesticated plants to supplement the caribou, bison and fish sources of food. Even in the Arctic zone, where it is necessary to have a diet consisting chiefly of meat, the Indians harvested berries and edible roots. Likewise in the caribou area the Indians relied on plants to a considerable extent.

In the bison localities, cherries, plums, strawberries and several species of roots were part of the food supply.

In the tropics, where usually meat was found in abundance, many kinds of nuts and berries varied the diet. In the treeless parts of Patagonia, as was also true of the more arid portions of the bison area, the prick-

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CANADA WELCOMES THE CHIEF SCOUT

By C. FRANK STEELE



Lord and Lady Baden-Powell

FIVE THOUSAND Boy Scouts and Girl Guides drawn from every nook and corner of Southern Alberta—700 or more of them were Latter-day Saints—gathered in Calgary on April 22, 1935, to greet the Chief Scout Lord Baden-Powell and Lady Baden-Powell on the occasion of their official visit to the province. Coming into the foothills province from the west coast where he had received ovations all the way north from San Francisco to Vancouver, the Chief Scout was first welcomed at Banff in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. There he rested in nature's wonderland for the strenuous gala day planned when he reached the city of Calgary.

The Calgary reception was not only a triumphant welcome but as well a moving tribute to the hero of Mafeking who today is general of the greatest "army" in the world, an "army with banners" yet an army marshalled not for war but for peace.

And it was that very thought of world peace and understanding that characterized the Calgary Jamboree. For the Alberta Boy Scout Council climaxed their program with a brilliantly performed "Pageant of Peace" depicting Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of some 95 countries

of the world bound together in that ever-expanding fellowship of Scouting.

Special trains carried the keen, smartly-uniformed boys and girls to the big rally. In Calgary they were entertained hospitably by the host organization. There were various entertainment features offered the young visitors including a sight-seeing tour of the city, and of course an abundance of good things to eat. And did those fellows eat! They consumed 2600 gallons of milk, 1500 pounds of meat, 2600 pounds of vegetables, 500 loaves of bread—and SOS calls had to be sent out for more rations.

A "Scout Special" started from Raymond, center of the Taylor Stake, and this train picked up the Lethbridge Stake Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls—the Bee-Hive Girls were invited, too, although they are

not directly affiliated with Scouting—while the Alberta Stake troops journeyed overland to Macleod to entrain. District Scout Commissioner Dr. C. M. Fletcher, of Lethbridge, was in charge of the Lethbridge Stake troops, also the whole contingent of Scouts from the city; District Commissioner Ervin Fawns, of Raymond, was in charge of the Taylor Stake troops and District Commissioner Ben H. May, of Cardston, of the Alberta Stake units.

It might be added here that Commissioner May, one of the outstand-

(Continued on page 94)

Lord Baden-Powell greets an Indian.

Lord Baden-Powell being welcomed at Calgary, Canada.





ONE INDIAN'S VENGEANCE

By JAMES P. SHARP and GLYNN BENNION

path he was usually justified in doing so.

It might well be said that the redman's doom was sealed, not because he was more savage in instincts and practice than the white man, but because he failed utterly to comprehend the workings of the white man's mind. The mind of the heathen Chinnee may have seemed inscrutable to Bret Harte, or any other Occidental, but for ways that were truly dark and tricks that were shamefully vain the white man had the poor Indian altogether baffled. The disease of avarice—the insatiable greed for gold and for land; the intense egotism radiating authority and possession; the queer hypocrisies or inconsistencies responsible for the astonishing breach between preaching and practice—these were some of the white man's mental quirks which the Indian could not understand.

It was this same quality of mind which resulted in the making of solemn, patronizingly dignified treaties with the Indians on the part of the government—treaties that the white invariably broke as soon as they were made—and in the robbing and starving of the doomed Indians by rascally agents after the former had been beaten into despairing submission and herded on to prison-like reservations.

All of this may seem like too much introduction to an Indian story, but even at this late date it may be necessary to ask the reader to look at the picture from the Indian's point of view.

This is the story of one Indian's vengeance as it used to be told by the dusty, squint-eyed, leather-skinned freighters and riders of the desert seated around the fireplace of some abandoned station along the old Overland trail, where such men were wont to camp before the old rock station-houses had all tumbled down.

side of Indian mountain, where the level desert floor rises toward the high Bonneville breaks in a savage incline of boulder drifts and gravel washes, a tiny trickle of alkaline water seeps over an outcropping of porphyry to make a few square rods of green salt grass in the midst of the boundless white sterility of the desert. This is Simpson's Springs. Parts of the walls of the old stage station located there are still standing near the spring.

In the spring of 1863 a few soldiers were quartered at this station. They were members of the California Volunteers, forces commanded by Gen. Patrick Edward Connor, stationed at Camp Douglas.

Perhaps it was the nasty water they had to drink, or the invariable, billious diet of bacon and sour-dough bread which made them evil-dispositioned. At any rate they wanted to kill somebody. They persuaded William Riley, the stationkeeper, or hostler, to direct them to a camp of Indians at Coyote Springs, six miles south of Simpson's.

Why the soldiers should want to kill those Indians, a family of friendly Pahvants from the south, no one can now tell. The only excuse that can be framed seems to be the fact that almost all native-born Americans at that time had no more compunctions about shooting Indians than a trapper now has in killing coyotes or skunks, or any other "varmints" of the wilderness. As a result of two hundred years of savage border warfare between them, Indians just weren't human beings to Yankees.

At any rate, the soldiers rode upon the unsuspecting camp at Coyote Springs and shot down every one of its occupants—bucks, squaws, and papooses.

But as the soldiers were about to turn back to Simpson's Springs they saw an Indian running toward the camp. This was Peahamp, the head man of the camp. He had escaped the slaughter of his family and friends by being away from the

A S RELENTLESS time carries our perspectives farther and farther away from the scenes of the past, the part our countrymen so enthusiastically played in licking the redman into his present state of despairing docility appears less and less commendable.

We used to say that the Indian wrote his own ticket to extinction in his incorrigible love of warfare, in his idea that thieving was an honorable occupation, and in his intense and savage vindictiveness which could find satisfaction in the indiscriminate slaughter of innocents.

But that is the white man's say-so, and smells of self-justification. Impartial history forces some pretty uncomfortable comparisons upon us which do not indicate any marked moral superiority of the whites over their red foes. On the contrary, the preponderance of evidence goes to show that as between Indians and whites it was the latter who broke faith, who did most of the cheating and robbing and who showed the most bloodthirsty ferocity in moments of revenge. Considering his handicaps, the Indian generally proved himself a more courageous and hardy fighter than the white man, and when he went on the war-

ONE HUNDRED miles southwest of Salt Lake City, on the west

camp when the soldiers arrived. He had heard the shots and the screams of the massacre and ran to see what was the matter.

The soldiers now turned their rifles on the lone survivor, for, as the story was told, they wanted none left to dispute the tale they intended to tell of having been attacked by the Indians. But in the instant of the hostile gesture the Pahvant chieftain sprang into the bushes and the soldier's bullets crashed harmlessly into the gravel where he had been.

The troops now mounted and spurred after the fleeing savage, but for ten miles or more up rocky mountainsides, over the high divide, down through brushy Lee's canyon and then out on one of the long, narrow, cedar-covered ridges that lead down toward the Orrin Porter Rockwell ranch on Government Creek, the fleet-footed Indian managed to keep too far ahead of the cavalry for accurate shooting.

Then just before the soldiers had the fugitive chased into the open country at the end of the ridge the Indian suddenly disappeared.

All that day and the next the soldiers devoted to an intensive search of the cedar patch they had seen the Indian run into, quite convinced that their quarry had not escaped from it. Then they gave it up and returned to their post at Simpson's.

On the way the soldiers repassed the scene of the killing at Coyote Springs. Here they found that someone had preceded them and had buried the dead. It was to be seen that this had been done Indian fashion. Tracks showed that but one person had worked at the burial, and those tracks bore an uncomfortable resemblance to the tracks of the Indian who had eluded them.

BACK at the station the soldiers told their story of being attacked by the Indians while out on a scouting expedition, but many nights were spent arguing darkly about the lone fugitive's escape. Hagglng rose as explanations grew more and more weird. It was a superstitious era and belief in witches and ghosts was general. There was something horribly unearthly about the Indian's disappearance. He had simply vanished in thin air.

Then Riley, the holster, and the soldiers were transferred to Canyon station, seventy-five miles west of Simpson's Springs and twelve miles east of Deep Creek. This was

a tough break for those men, for any place in the vicinity of Deep Creek was a very, very bad place for white men to be at that time.

One reason for this was the slaughter of the Shoshones at Bear river by General Connor and his C. V.'s the previous winter. In this awful butchery about four hundred Indians under Pocatello, Bear Hunter, and Lehi were attacked in their beds at daybreak in desperately cold weather, two hundred twenty-five of all ages and sexes were slain, one hundred sixty squaws and papooses were captured alive, and the remaining few escaped around the north end of Great Salt Lake to lose themselves and "sing toe-buck" among the Goshute Indians of the Deep Creek country. Some day this Bear river "battle," which brought the fire-eating Connor considerable fame at the time, will perhaps be ranked in history along with Col. Chivington's unprovoked massacre of the Cheyennes and the slaughter of Sitting Bull and his wretched, unarmed Sioux by the Seventh Cavalry after the Sioux had returned to the United States from Canada on the Government's promise of protection. The Seventh Cavalry, as the reader will remember, was the unit to which the ill-fated Custer and his men belonged.

But the circumstances of most sinister import to Riley and the soldiers at Canyon station was the fact that Peahnamp's wife had been a Goshute from Deep Creek and Peahnamp himself had gone there after the killing of his family to "sing toe-buck"—in the hating song—among her relatives.

General Connor had been given the specific responsibility by President Lincoln of policing the Overland stage route against Indian depredations, but the general's policy of stationing a few soldiers at intervals along the stage line met with the disapproval of the Mormon settlers. These pioneers held that such was Indian hatred for the soldiers that their presence excited Indians to the warpath that otherwise could have been kept peaceable. They also pointed out that it was stupid tactics to spread the protective forces out so thinly that one small band of savages could attack successfully one unit of soldiery after another, wiping out eventually a much more numerous force of defenders than that of which the attackers was composed. General Connor, however,

paid no attention to this warning, nor to the suggestion that the real marauders would invariably escape into the security of the trackless wilds and that the only Indians punitive expeditions would likely catch would be the camps of unsuspecting tribesmen who had taken no part in the raids.

One thing the Indians were not given sufficient credit for by the soldiers was the wonderful efficiency of their intelligence system. Every raid on the stage stations shows that the raiders were supplied with complete and accurate information as to the whereabouts, habits, and equipment of the soldiers.

A favorite method of getting much of this information without being suspected of spying by the whites was that of running along beside the stage coaches as those awful contraptions rolled and lumbered across the desert. The Goshutes, or Desert Utes as the name signifies, possessed the finest running legs of all the Indians. Perpetually on the verge of starvation, they could not keep horses even after the whites came bringing them, for every horse that came into their hands was soon consumed for food. The game which supplied the Goshutes with food and clothing was principally antelopes and jackrabbits, and since they had no weapons for long range use, they had to run those animals down or starve. There are yet to be found on the desert the lines of white boulders, extending for many miles and terminating at one end in strategically placed corrals which the Goshutes used long ago in the capture of the antelopes. A famous bet of the old days was made between a Goshute and a white man which involved the Indian's twenty-five mile race with the stage. The Goshute won easily.

NOT many years ago there were men still living who remembered having seen those wonderful Goshute runners, just previous to the Deep Creek Indian raids, pace the "Pitching Betsies," as the stage coaches were called, over the smooth road between Canyon and Willow stations in Snake valley, where the drivers invariably whipped into a run to make up lost time. These laughing young Indians would run beside the stages the entire ten miles, "charging" for the exhibition by holding out their hands for packages of powder and lead, which delighted passengers would thoughtlessly toss

to them. Then, nearing the station, they would put on a burst of speed and leave the galloping, swaying outfits far behind.

Not long after the killing of the Indians near Simpson's Springs, a strange Indian runner was noted by the stage driver during his Willow Canyon run. This one did not laugh or put on any stunt springs, but seemed to watch the stages more searchingly than did the other runners. This was Peahnamp. Somewhere in a safe hiding place he had a big old buffalo gun, for which he needed plenty of ammunition. It was later noted that among the victims of the station raids which soon followed, one or more of the white men killed in each raid had a hole through his body as if he had been hit by a cannonball. After Riley and the soldiers came to Canyon station this runner was seen no more.

At Canyon station the five or six soldiers quartered there slept in the canvas-roofed stable, where the four stage horses were kept. They took their meals, however, in a dugout a few yards from the stable. Indian watchers had already learned that the soldiers did not take their guns with them into the tiny dugout when they ate.

On the morning of July 8, 1863, the soldiers filed as usual into the dugout for breakfast. Riley, the hostler, did not go in with them, but stood near the door of the stable currying a horse. Suddenly a volley of shots was fired, and at the same time a stream of fire arrows streaked into the roof of the stable. Riley, one leg smashed at the ankle by a bullet, ran down the canyon on the stump, but was soon dropped by more bullets. The soldiers rushed out of the dugout at the first alarm and made a dash to reach their guns stacked in the south end of the stable. All but one were killed before they reached the stable, and that one, badly wounded, tried like Riley to escape down the canyon. He, too, was soon killed.

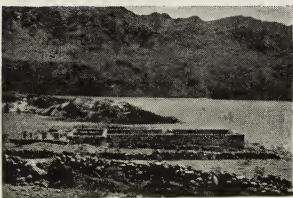
The Indians then rescued the horses from the blazing stable, taking also the guns and all the food, clothing, ammunition, and utensils they could find. The bodies of the dead were then scalped and stripped of clothing. One soldier was found scalped on the chin instead of the top of his head. He was bald but wore a heavy beard.

Riley's body was carried back to the buildings and thrown on the blazing woodpile. Then the Indians

set fire to the buildings and fled. They were never caught.

Thus was the killing of Peahnamp's family avenged. If the foregoing were fiction it would be unpardonable at this juncture to bring up the matter of Peahnamp's escape from the soldiers at Government creek, but since it is history it may be permissible to state that many years after the events here recorded two shepherders found, in the cedar patch, where the soldiers last saw Peahnamp, a cave with so small an opening that a stone, which one could easily lift aside, entirely covered the opening. By experiment it was proved that a man, not too stout, could roll away the stone, crawl into the hole, replace the stone, and when he wanted to come out, repeat the operation. Inside the hill the cave opens out to unexplored depths and extent. Unless souvenir hunters have since cleaned it out it still contains the mouldering belongings and mummified remains of long dead Indians.

Only by the merest accident did the shepherders stumble on to it. Certainly the soldiers never found it. It is probable that this cave furnished Peahnamp his means of escape.



Call's Landing, Colorado River

CALL'S LANDING

By Frank I. Kooyman

OVER rocky waste, through wash and gulch we rode
Long, weary miles; at last they stood before us,
The remnant walls of Anson Call's abode,
Warehouse and fort, and silently they bore us
Their record of the past, when vessels would unload
Their cargoes here, when labor's pleasant chorus
Did mingle with the stream's eternal ode.
High in the sky an airplane circled o'er us,
A witness, and an evidence at once,
Of man's great strides in conquering the earth,
It saw the stream, the restless, giving birth
To man-made lake, earth's largest, in response
To that same urge that prompted Call's endeavor:
Man's progress. Though submerged, Call's
Landing lives forever!

Canada Welcomes the Chief Scout

(Continued from page 91)

ing boy men of the Church, performed his last major Scout mission when he took his boys to the Calgary Jamboree. For on his return home he was stricken with pneumonia and passed away to the sorrow of Scouts and Scout executives throughout the province. Two hundred or more Scouts in a body attended the funeral at Cardston.

AN INTERNATIONAL touch was given the Jamboree by fraternal delegations of Scouts from Great Falls and other North Montana cities, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack fluttering side by side in the Victoria Park arena during the thrilling exercises witnessed by a throng of more than 10,000.

One of the important features of the Calgary celebration, and it was noted by the sharp-eyed Chief Scout, was the precision, courtesy, and orderliness of the assembled Scouts especially in the formal exercises of the day. The boys behaved magnificently. Stirring, indeed, was their welcome to the Chief as they stood massed in a formation depicting the fleur de lis, the Scout emblem. This was followed by the simple, homely, unforgettable addresses of the venerable Chief Scout and Lady Baden-Powell, head of the Girl Guides of the world.

A particular thrill for the Latter-day Saints present came when they saw the Cardston Scout troops lead the great parade past the saluting stand. And one of the boys who led the contingent was a great-grandson of President Brigham Young. This proud boy was Brigham Card, son of Bishop and Mrs. Joseph Y. Card of Cardston. The other "Mormon" contingents were also given prominent places in the parade and made a most favorable impression. Following the parade several crowded hours of stunts, demonstrations, displays of scout work, and other features were enjoyed culminating in the peace pageant. Native prairie atmosphere was furnished by a troop of Indian Scouts who gave some of their tribal dances by special permission of the chiefs.

The Jamboree proved a decided stimulus to Scouting in the province and especially in the Latter-day Saint wards where the M. I. A. executives gave thorough and practical cooperation.



The Church Moves On

CARBON STAKE

ON SUNDAY, December 15, the Carbon stake presidency was reorganized with President George E. Jorgensen being sustained as president and with Parley H. Rhead and Arvel R. Stevens as counselors.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION

ON JANUARY 8, Bryant S. Hinckley, formerly president of the Liberty Stake for eleven years and general secretary of the Deseret Gymnasium since its opening in 1910, left Salt Lake City to assume his new position as head of the Northern States Mission to succeed President George S. Romney who died unexpectedly on December 19. Accompanying President Hinckley were his wife and two youngest daughters.

President Hinckley carries with him to his new field of labor many qualifications for his new activity. Trained expertly as a teacher he labored in that profession at the Brigham Young University for several years and then became head of the Latter-day Saints Business College. He became affiliated then with the Deseret Gymnasium.

He is well-known to readers of *The Improvement Era* for which he has been a popular contributor of character sketches. He also has become a very celebrated inspirational speaker.

LIBERTY STAKE

ON JANUARY 5 the Liberty Stake was reorganized as a result of President Hinckley's new appointment. J. Percy Goddard was set apart as president of the stake with Fred M. Michelsen and Mark E. Petersen as counselors.

NEW SEMINARY DEDICATED

WHEN President Heber J. Grant dedicated the Coalville Seminary, North Summit Stake, Utah, on November 3, 1935, he increased the number of senior seminaries of the Latter-day Saint Church to eighty-eight. The seminary movement assumes tremendous importance in the light of modern trends in education. The Church has felt the need of religious education in the whole field of learning. Therefore, the Junior Seminaries were organized to care for the training of junior high school pupils. Eighty-five stakes have now organized for this activity. Senior seminaries were organized for the high school students. Within the past year, the Church has organized special studies for those pupils who are attending

college that they may have the benefit of a religious training.

In addition to the seminaries established apart from the school system, there are three colleges which are organized and operated under Church direction. They are the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah; Juarez Academy at Juarez, Mexico; and Ricks College at Rexburg, Idaho. At the present time, Dr. Widtsoe is introducing the work for the Church at the University of Southern California.

ANCIENT SNARES IN B. Y. U. MUSEUM

MRS. EVANGELINE TAPPAN of Caineville, Utah, gave to the Brigham Young University on December 27 several snares which had been used by the ancient cliff dwellers. The snares may date back as far as 1000 years after Christ and were used to capture small game such as squirrels and rabbits. The cave from which the nets were taken is three miles south of Torrey, on the face of a cliff which rises forty feet from the ground.

ALHAMBRA WARD

A NEW L. D. S. chapel for the city of Alhambra costing \$45,000 was dedicated by President Heber J. Grant on Dec. 1. The Church is completely paid for and includes an auditorium, amusement hall, 12 classrooms, and a patio for amusement purposes.

Edgehill Ward

ORGANIZED on December 1, 1935, in the Highland Stake with George L. Nelson as Bishop.

Wasatch Ward

On December 1, 1935, Douglas Wood was sustained as Bishop of Wasatch Ward, Highland Stake.

Panguitch Stake

James L. Hatch was sustained as president of the Panguitch Stake on December 1, 1935.

Baltimore Branch, Eastern States Mission

President Heber J. Grant dedicated the Chapel in this branch on Sunday, December 8, 1935.

Las Vegas Ward—Moapa Stake

President Rudger Clawson dedicated a chapel in this ward on Sunday, December 8, 1935.

Moapa Ward—Moapa Stake

On December 8, 1935, Joseph F.

Brimley was sustained as Bishop of Moapa Ward.

First Ward—Salt Lake City, Liberty Stake

William E. Bromley was sustained as Bishop of the First Ward, Liberty Stake, on December 15, 1935.

Sugar House Ward—Highland Stake

On December 15, 1935, George W. Burbidge was sustained as Bishop of this Ward.

Logan Second Ward—Logan Stake

P. A. C. Pedersen was sustained as Bishop of Logan Second Ward on December 15, 1935.

Rexburg Fourth Ward—Rexburg Stake

On Dec. 15, 1935, Ezra C. Stucki was sustained as Bishop of this ward.

Columbia, Mississippi—Southern States Mission

Elder Melvin J. Ballard dedicated a Chapel at Columbia, Mississippi.

Hawthorne Ward—Granite Stake

President Heber J. Grant dedicated the Chapel in this Ward on December 22, 1935.

Second Ward, Salt Lake City, Liberty Stake

A. Lewis Elggren was sustained as Bishop of the Second Ward—Liberty Stake, December 22, 1935.

Springville First Ward—Kolob Stake

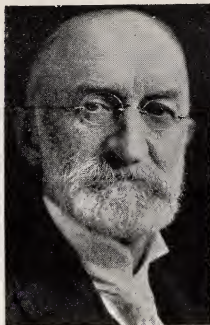
On December 22, 1935, Andrew Peterson was sustained as Bishop of this ward.

Yalecrest Ward—Bonneville Stake

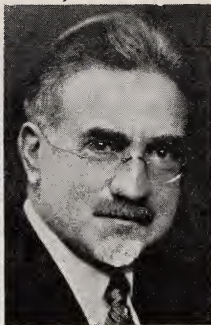
On Dec. 29, 1935, the Yalecrest Ward was organized with J. Leonard Love as Bishop.

Yale Ward—Bonneville Stake

T. Fred Hardy was sustained as Bishop of this ward December 29, 1935.



President Heber J. Grant,
Editor



Dr. John A. Widtsoe,
Editor



Richard L. Evans,
Managing Editor



Marba C. Josephson,
Associate Editor

The Editorial Staff

Editorial Changes

CHANGES are inevitable in life. Unchanging conditions and lack of progress travel together. Normal changes mean that all concerned are benefited.

This doctrine must now be applied to *The Improvement Era*. Recently, death claimed our beloved Associate Editor, Elsie Talmage Brandley. Now, our Managing Editor, Harrison R. Merrill, finds it necessary to withdraw from the work. The growth of the *Era* demands the full time of its Managing Editor, and Brother Merrill has preferred to remain with his chosen profession in the educational field. The places thus made vacant are taken by two capable, stalwart, devoted workers, Marba C. Josephson and Richard L. Evans. The work will go forward; the *Era* will continue to progress; the future will rest upon the foundations of the past.

Professor Harrison R. Merrill has served the *Era* exceedingly well. The present acceptable tone of the *Era*, in makeup and contents, reflects the earnest attention, the love of beauty as well as of substance, and the ready willingness to build a periodical characteristic of the Church, by Brother Merrill. The gratitude of all *Era* lovers—officers, contributors, and subscribers—goes out to him for the splendid manner in which he has done his work. All are also happy to know that he has received promotion in his chosen field. As head of the growing Division of Journalism and of the Extension Division of the Brigham Young University, he will be able to serve greatly the latter-day cause of the Lord. We wish him success in his future labors, and thank him for his notable contribution to the welfare of *The Improvement Era*.

The new Associate Editor, Sister Marba C. Josephson, has been featured in a recent issue of the *Era*, yet we are pleased to assure our readers again that Mrs. Josephson, in training, temperament, and experience, as well as in devotion to the Gospel, is amply fitted for the editorial labors that have come to her. We are happy to have her with

us, and welcome her warmly to the service of the many readers of the *Era*.

The new Managing Editor, Richard L. Evans, is already well known to the *Era* family and to the whole Church. From an announcer at Radio Station KSL he has risen, by sheer worth, to the responsible position of Production Manager in the organization of this important broadcasting station, covering in this assignment both business and program activities. For nearly six years he has been in charge of the nationwide Sunday morning Tabernacle broadcasts of the Church. Under his guidance this radio program has grown from a modest musical feature to an hour of music interspersed with thoughtful, spiritual sentiments which have won the favorable attention of the whole continent as of lands beyond the seas. Brother Evans has not only been the producer and announcer of the program, but the spoken messages presented have been written by him. It was no little honor for him to be named as one of the foremost announcers in the United States for 1933 by a national radio magazine. Under the direction of the Church Radio Committee, he has also written and delivered a series of twenty-three addresses, which were presented from the Tabernacle during the Church Sunday evening radio service during the winter and spring of 1934.

Brother Evans comes unusually well fitted for his duties with the *Era*. He has taken the Master's degree in a great university; he has traveled widely and knows many lands and peoples; he has edited the oldest continuously published Church magazine, the *Millennial Star*; he has gained business experience as he has fought his way upward, and as Secretary of the European Mission office, he has filled a long and successful mission; and above all, he understands and practices, with undeviating devotion, the principles of the restored Gospel. Industrious, intelligent, clear-headed, sympathetic, lover of truth and beauty, faithful to the Lord, Brother Evans will carry on the *Era* traditions and add much of value to our cherished magazine. The *Era* is fortunate to secure Brother Evans' services,

and bids him welcome to his new post. We trust that he may find joy in his labors.

Elsewhere in this issue, these matters are more fully discussed. Out of the changes advancement will come to all concerned. May the Lord bless the retiring and incoming *Era* workers!—J. A. W.

Conformity

A WISE man conforms to the ordinary usages of the land in which he lives, provided they do not violate laws of health or morality or other principles of truth. Such harmless conventions as rules of etiquette, fashions in dress or styles of speech should be viewed in the light of Pope's couplet:

"Be not the first on whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

A courageous man refuses to engage in any practice injurious to human welfare, however many may have adopted it. Those who in their anxiety to be like their neighbors, and despite their knowledge of the evil effects, smoke, drink, engage in night life, or seek to obtain something for nothing, merely display weakness of character, lack of independence, and unfitness to carry on in the world's serious work. The lasting leadership of the world is always drawn from those who courageously refuse to follow the crowd at the sacrifice of truth. Unintelligent conformity is a menace and an evil.

A loyal man who loves his country and his church and who has accepted their fundamental principles, does not quibble about the laws of the land or the regulations and ideals of the Church. He obeys them, even if they are not wholly after his own mind; and secures changes if needed, in a regular, lawful way. Competent authority is always available to explain or correct. Breaking the laws of the land leads to anarchy, the fruits of which are chaos and destruction. Disobedience to the regulations of the Church leads inevitably to unbelief, often to apostasy, and always hinders personal development. The security of any institution set up for human welfare depends upon the loyalty of its members to institutional laws, regulations, and ideals.

Intelligent conformity is necessary to establish the enlivening message of the Church to the world, which, if adopted, will transform the conditions of earth, relieve men from evil, and bring happiness to all mankind. In securing the adoption of this message, nothing can be more effective than the examples of the members of the Church. If conformity to Church regulations and ideals profits the members, it will naturally excite the interest of non-members. Latter-day Saints should be notable among nations and churches for their conformity to the regulations and ideals of their Church. Thereby hangs the success of the latter-day work.

Church members who allow themselves to chafe because they are advised against this or that popular practice, do not understand that upon careful examination every authorized Church ideal or practice is rooted in truth and devised for the welfare of the people. For example, several presidents of the Church have advised against the mania for

card playing which has swept the nation. The ideal there implied is that card playing occasions much loss of time, frequently causes bad temper, and not seldom engenders the gambling spirit, and that in a rapidly moving age when time and energy would better be used for the richer interests that modern day offers. Every Church practice, though at first sight it may seem unimportant, if scrutinized, will be found to be a means of human happiness.

Through the waters of baptism, in the partaking of the sacrament, with the blessings of the Temple, Latter-day Saints make covenants to obey the law, the whole law of the Lord. Happiness lies in the keeping of these covenants. No one can in safety pick and choose which of the Church practices he will obey. Those who are looking forward to successful lives, especially the young, should courageously stand aside from the crowd when invited to engage in harmful, forbidden activities, and should with equal courage conform, even at seeming personal sacrifice, to the practices and ideals of the Church.

We must ever be a peculiar people—peculiar in our acceptance and defense of truth. We must be a unique people, unique in standing alone if need be for that which is right. We must be wise, courageous, and loyal. We must conform to the requirements of our Church, great and small. The ideals of the Church must be woven into our lives. Then we shall conquer, though every evil force opposes.—J. A. W.

Valedictory

WHEN a person has associated for several years with a group of fine people in furthering a great cause, he cannot but feel regret at the parting. I have enjoyed beyond measure my experience in assisting in building *The Improvement Era* and my relations with the hundreds of fine people who have been contributors to its pages.

The General Authorities of the Church as well as the General Boards of all of the auxiliaries have been helpful, friendly, and kind. I am leaving the active work I have been doing in connection with *The Improvement Era* and am returning on full time to Brigham Young University where I hope I can assist in building writers who will be able to appreciate and to express the spirit of the Gospel and of the West.

To the contributors I wish to express my thanks for their cooperation, for no magazine can succeed well without conscientious and prepared writers. To the readers, that great family of *Era* folk, sitting beside their reading lamps in all states and many nations, I wish to send greeting. You have been courageous and splendid. To the *Era* workers, those who have subscribed themselves and have given hours of their time in order to place the magazine in the homes of the people, I wish to extend my love.

I shall now take my place among the great horde of interested readers of the magazine, and, upon occasion I hope, among the contributors to its pages. My best wishes are with those who are now guiding and who may in the future guide its destinies.—H. R. M.

AN ENVIABLE RECORD



Wm. L. Goldman

THERE are times and events in which one is momentarily brought to a realization, to some degree, of the dignity and responsibility of those that bear the holy priesthood.

In so doing, one is compelled to acknowledge gratefully how merciful and gracious God has been to the inhabitants of the earth, for "Righteousness has been sent from heaven," that the principles and ordinances of the Gospel may be taught and administered by those who righteously speak and act in the name of deity.

Those who are thus called to administer and seek diligently to serve and magnify their calling are made partakers of the spirit of Jesus Christ, even the power to reprove the world, that the true disciples of Christ might be known. For all who will receive such would have received Him had He been there, and all those who reject them would have rejected the Master also.

Yea, even our testimony concerning Him may truly be vindicated, according to the diligence and faithfulness exercised, that we may prove before God and all mankind the strength of our testimony of Jesus Christ, without which none shall enter the Celestial Kingdom.

In thinking of this choice endowment, I am truly thankful for the opportunity that has come to me to serve as senior member of the Council of the 235th Quorum of the Seventy. As one called as "A wit-

WM. L. GOLDMAN

Baptized March 3, 1922
Ordained a Teacher..... Dec. 30, 1923
Ordained a Priest..... April 27, 1924
Ordained an Elder..... June 25, 1924
Ordained a Seventy..... May 29, 1928
Set apart as secretary of the 218th Quorum Feb. 14, 1931
Set apart as Jr. President Aug. 28, 1932
Set apart as 5th President of the 235th Quorum May 14, 1933
Became 6th President..... Aug. 19, 1934
Became Senior President Sept. 16, 1934

In a letter to Dr. John A. Widtsoe Leo J. Muir tells about this young man who after joining the Church thirteen years ago has made so enviable a record. Part of the letter reads:

"Brother Goldman has personally baptized more than eighty persons, each of whom has been converted through the efforts of this choice and faithful young man. Brother Goldman is eloquent, well-versed in the Scriptures, and yet extremely humble. By trade he is an acetylene welder, at present the foreman of a group of men in this labor. He is, by good measure, the finest individual missionary that has been developed in the home mission work in our stake."

ness of the Lord Jesus Christ," I have been permitted to labor in a

Agriculture of the American Indian

(Continued from page 90)

ley pear was utilized. In the interior of the salmon area several species of roots were gathered, dried and pounded into a food product.

In sections of Southern California the acorn was harvested and stored in large bins. Preparing the acorn for food, the Indians displayed a certain knowledge of chemistry. The acorn contains a considerable quantity of tannic acid, and the Indian learned that this acid had to be removed or neutralized before the meat of the acorn could be used as food, in the form of bread. So they would grind the acorns into a sort of flour and neutralize its acidic

GRACE WITH TRAVEL

By Faye Cashatt Lewis

I, WHO was born on the prairie, I, who am sprung from the sod, Have mumbled a prayer in the evening And thought I was worshipping God. Today I have looked on His mountains And breathless, could find not a word; But the peace in my heart, like a melody, Tells me my prayer has been heard.

home mission in the Los Angeles Stake, to defend, preach, teach, and exhort to rich and poor this everlasting Gospel. As such I have met with many of the honest in heart, which has resulted in baptizing many converts into the Church, some of whom have already gone to their rest and sleep in the silent city of the dead awaiting the day of their glorious resurrection. Others live to honor and cherish those blessings obtained only in the House of the Lord.

Truly, those who are called into this ministry are sustained in the fulfillment of the promise of the Christ, "Behold, I am with you."—*Wm. L. Goldman.*

GOT TO BE FIT

GOT to be fit in body and soul for the work of the day,
Got to be fit and fine and clean to toil in the mightier way;
Got to be captain of self and strong in the will of a purpose high.
To lead in the labor of life's best hour 'neath the glow of a stainless sky.

Got to be true to a high ideal, and to live and to fashion your life
In a way that is fit for the grueling task of the tuned and terrible strife;
Got to be measured by standards of right as well as by those of skill,
Got to be true to the laws of God and master of soul and will.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

properties with a basic solution made from wood ashes.

In the Eastern section of the present United States rice was cultivated, in the Southern States maze, and in the New England States maple sugar. It is interesting to note that the Indians developed every essential process that is used today in the refinement of sugar.

Although the most intensive farming was carried out in the torrid zone, the Indians did much tilling of the soil in the southwest. Here they raised corn, beans, pumpkins, onions, chili-peppers, squash, melons, and sun-flowers. Here, too, turkeys were raised for their eggs and feathers as well as for their meat. But in mentioning the different kinds of plants under cultivation, we should not lose sight of the fact that corn was the principal crop. It consisted of several varieties, namely dent, flint, pop-corn, flour corn, and sweet corn.

The Indians had several methods of preparing corn for eating, and our present systems of preparing this food has been copied from them.

Artificial fertilization was practiced from Nova Scotia to Chile.

One of the most prevalent methods was to place fish in the corn hills when planting. In districts of intensive agriculture manure was also used.

Irrigation was undertaken from Wyoming to Chile, and in Peru it was carried out on a scale scarcely equaled by modern people. The remains of the aqueduct system of the Inca-empire in the Andes show genius and organization we of today may well respect.

The different kinds of medicines the Indians gave the white people soon became popular in Europe. Quinine, as an example, proved of valuable assistance in reclaiming the fever ridden tropics. Closely related to medicine, the Indians also manufactured dyes from dessicated plants—American Indigo may be mentioned.

The Indians gave much to the whites, and in return their contacts with European products only cre-

ated new wants, of which many proved undesirable. Intoxicants and diseases debased the red men until they were a vital factor in the white conquest.

Besides giving the Europeans new kinds of foods and medicines, they contributed ideas and devices for

the use of water for irrigation purposes; they taught ways of trailing and capturing game animals and how to make their flesh palatable. Finally, they have taught the white people many sports such as canoeing, snow-shoeing, and sleigh-riding.

Moving Mountains

(Continued from page 73)

for some time, but they will finally get her!"

"But how can we get aboard that slippery, icy mountain?" asked Bob incredulously.

"Come along," said old Spike; "I'll show you. We've got to work fast. We'll pile all the things that we want to take with us close up front. Then when she strikes we'll try to pitch them over on the berg and make them stick on some flat shelf of ice. If the *Banaza* doesn't

stay close long enough, we might have to swim over."

Bob and Dan hastily followed him below, and all the needed supplies for several days' stay on the berg were brought quickly up and piled on the deck as close up front as Old Spike deemed safe. There was plenty of heavy sea-clothing, blankets, canned foods in boxes, rifles, and ammunition.

Meanwhile the mountain of ice was plowing steadily closer.

"Why do we need guns and ammunition?" asked Bob, suddenly puzzled as to what they could shoot.

"Polar bears!" returned the veteran engineer. "They're found occasionally on icebergs which float Southward from the extreme Arctic regions. And if we happen to run into one, we'll sure need something to fight with, 'cause the ole boy will most likely be hungry."

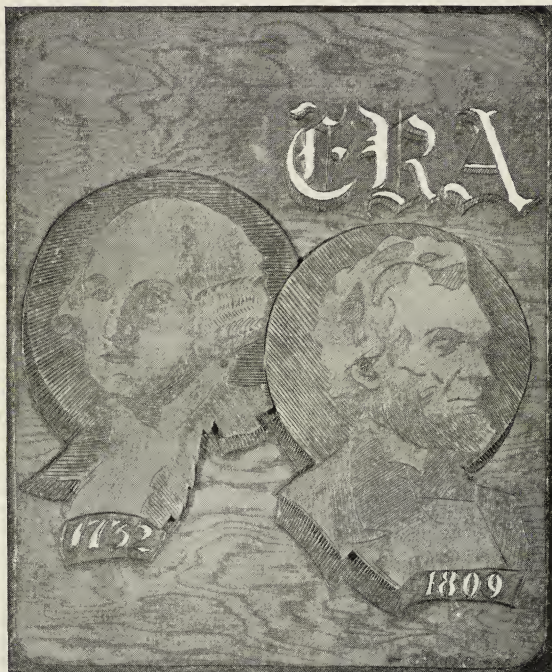
BOB STOOD watching the rapidly narrowing gap between the mountain of ice and their ship.

"What makes the thing plow through the water as if propelled by hidden machinery, and why doesn't our ship and it move in the same direction instead of toward each other?" he queried, puzzled.

"There is a deep counter undercurrent in these waters," explained old Spike. "Nearly seven-eighths of every iceberg is under water, extending far down into this undercurrent, which in this case is coming toward us, bringing the berg with it plowing against the weaker top current which is carrying our ship forward."

The distance between the ship and the berg was rapidly becoming nothing. Bob closed his eyes and waited with clenched teeth for the crash to come. The great mass of ice was looming, seemingly, directly overhead.

There was a resounding reverberation as the handiwork of man met the handiwork of God, and the *Bonaza* trembled violently from stem to stern. Then, shuddering a moment like a spent horse, the freighter slued around with the rail, where the three were standing, against the



The Father and the Savior of their Country—Etched on Wood
By Gordon "Skid" Campbell

berg. Now the iceberg was pushing the heavy freighter sidewise before it much like a tugboat would push a chip.

"Now's our chance, boys!" shouted old Spike, leaping forward. "Pitch things for that icy shelf there while she's up close!"

Bob and Dan leaped to obey. The icy shelf was enormous, wide enough for a company of soldiers to camp on, and was almost on a level with the *Bonaza's* deck. The outer edge of the shelf was so close that they could have stepped off on it without the least difficulty.

The closeness of the moving mountain caused a feeling akin to terror to take possession of Bob. Glancing about he saw that Dan's face was as white as a sheet. Bob's feet and legs cried out to run—to get as far away as possible from this appalling thing of majesty and destruction which towered above them to giddy heights. But a

stronger power held him—kept him throwing provisions and clothing across to the icy plateau with trembling hands.

"Careful with the ammunition," barked old Spike in a steady voice. "Hurl it across with a sliding motion."

The rifles and cases of canned foods skidded along the slippery plateau in all directions.

"She's moving away!" Bob shouted, suddenly noticing that the nose of the *Bonaza* was swinging slowly but surely away from the towering berg.

"Quick! Leap for it, boys!" yelled old Spike. "It's our only chance." Bob and Dan needed no urging. They were instantly upon the rail beside old Spike, leaping for the great icy shelf.

(What happened to the two lads and Spike on their "Moving Mountain" in a region of low temperatures and polar bears will be told next month.)

At 6:00 that evening when to him the battle seemed doomed to failure. Actually, however, the troops had all gained their objectives and the radio operator at Gaza had gone so far as to blow up the radio station. The E. E. F. troops obeyed the orders and withdrew, each group feeling that some other section had failed to gain its assignment. When the exact situation was ascertained, a renewed attack was ordered but the Turko-German forces had taken heart again, having received reinforcements, and the British troops were unable to retake the ground they had once held. In April the railroad and pipe line reached a point about 9 miles from Gaza and operations on its construction were held up temporarily pending troop movements.

Accordingly a second attack was ordered on Gaza. This was launched on April 17th and for the first time tanks and gas were used by the British in their Palestine Cam-

paign. Despite the well prepared attack it was doomed to failure because of the extreme fortification of Gaza and the British fell back, their morale broken while Kress Von Kressenstein and his troops were exultant over the fact that they had twice repulsed the attacks of the E. E. F.

The British War Cabinet now resolved on a change in leadership and a new more aggressive policy for their campaign. General Sir Edmund Allenby, the commander of the Third Army who had just won a series of striking victories in France, was their choice. He assumed command on June 28th. General Allenby was a real soldier and student. He was well liked by all his men and his close personal contact with them soon greatly increased their morale. It has been stated that the Bible was his constant companion as it was here he was able to obtain his most accurate information concerning the land and its characteristics. In a communication by him he gives great credit to Major-General Murray for his foresight in laying the standard gage railway and pipe line bringing the waters of the Nile into Palestine, upon which he, Allenby, later built his successful organization.

Acting under the guidance of Lloyd George, who wanted to give Jerusalem to British people as a Christmas present, General Allenby set about preparing for the third attack of the Gaza-Beersheba line. About this time it will be remembered the United States was entering the World War and the general morale of the allied troops was greatly improved.

Early in 1917, Turkey was in a bad frame of mind. Germany had called for her ally's best troops to fight battles against Russia and Rumania. The four sacred cities of Turkish rule were either in the hands of her enemies or were in danger of being taken over. (Jerusalem, Medina, Mecca, and Baghdad.) Thus Turkey stood in a position to lose not only the war but also her religious prestige (she actually lost this later). In order to counterbalance this feeling Germany sent General von Falkenburg to assist the Turks.

All this and the two previous failures of the E. E. F. were considered when Allenby planned the third attack on the Gaza-Beersheba line. To attack Gaza would be to lose the element of surprise, as this was

When the Waters of the Nile Flowed Into Palestine

(Continued from page 77)

a modern filtering plant was installed which was capable of handling 600,000 gallons of water a day. The construction of the railroad and pipe line continued uninterrupted with the exception of two minor battles at Rafa and Magdhaba in which the E. E. F. were successful and the Turkish force withdrew to concentrate its efforts along the Gaza-Beersheba lines.

A DECISION was reached by British to attack Gaza prior to the time the railroad reached that point, so that the attack would contain the vital element of surprise. Fifteen trains of camels and troops were organized and moved forward from El Arish and General Murray set up a new command post at this point.

On March 26th, 1917, the troops of the E. E. F. began their first attack on Gaza under the cover of a dense fog. It was all important that the battle be successfully concluded on the day it was launched in order to insure its success as water and supplies were the determining features since the troops were miles from the railroad. Due to the fact that General Murray was at El Arish and completely out of touch with the actual battle itself, one of his assistants issued withdrawal or-



the logical point in view of all past preparation. He, therefore, decided to attack the eastern end of the line at Beersheba. As in the battles of Gaza in order to insure the success of the venture the battle must be completed on the day in which it was launched. All preparations at Beersheba were made under the cover of darkness. British warships anchored outside of Gaza and every possible plan to deceive the enemy as to the real point of attack was used. Many reinforcements were received and on Oct. 31, 1917, the attack was launched and by the aid of a full moon, night marching of the troops was possible. On the night of the 30th, some 40,000 troops moved up to take their places.

THE TURKS were so completely surprised at Beersheba that in some of the cavalry charges by the E. E. F., there were no injuries inflicted because of the fact that Turkish infantry did not reset their rifle sights as the Cavalry came in at close range. The bombardment of the stronghold at Gaza by the British navy was one of the most deceptive means employed in the battle since bombardment had been maintained with increasing intensity since the 27th of October. The capture of Beersheba with its wells intact by the British was the deciding factor in the Turks being driven from Palestine.

The Beersheba-Gaza line was now broken and by successive battles, General Allenby drove the Turks north, having them in full retreat on Nov. 5th and 7th up the plains of Philistia.

The Turkish line at Jaffa tried to protect the junction to Jerusalem; but by following his advantage General Allenby split the Turkish force sending half of it north to the protection of the River Ajua and the other half seeking refuge in the Judean Hills. This was on Nov. 17th.

Following up Premier Lloyd George's request for the Christmas present of Jerusalem, General Allenby sought the enemy in the Judean Hills, knowing how completely disorganized his enemy's forces were. (These were the same hills where Richard the Lion-Hearted had hidden his face refusing to look at a city he could not take.) Every advantage was with the defender and not the aggressor in this hill country, and in addition the fall rainy season was setting in. It was necessary for General Allenby

to revamp his whole army, changing from camels and other desert equipment to donkeys and hill vehicles. The first attempt to take Jerusalem proved unsuccessful because of the factors mentioned, namely, the terrain and weather.

The second attack launched on December 8th in a driving rain was carried to a successful conclusion, putting this half of the Turkish Army to rout in a panic, and Turkey had lost another of her religious strongholds.

During this and subsequent operations Lawrence and the Arab mounted force were demolishing Turkish railroad centers and cities with amazing rapidity and skill. (See Lawrence's Revolt in the Desert.)

Now that Jerusalem had been taken Lloyd George set his heart on the complete annihilation of the Turkish force and after the railroad from the Nile caught up with the advances, the E. E. F. took up a position opposite the consolidated Turko-German forces at line of Deraa, Afule, Tell Kecom.

The plan of battle to be employed here was exactly opposite that of the third Gaza-Beersheba attack, being to concentrate the main effort along the coast and not at Deraa. The deception used here is extremely interesting. The forces were moved toward the west under cover of darkness to occupy tents already set up. At the Deraa end of the line extreme activity was shown—a huge camp constructed and enemy planes allowed to fly over and observe. Troops were to be seen marching northward from Jerusalem daily towards Deraa. Actually the same forces made this march every day and returned to Jerusalem by night on lorries. Before the actual attack took place some fifteen thousand dummy horses were made and placed on the picket lines and mules were used to drag sleds over the dusty plains to stimulate marching troops. The real troops and horses having been concentrated on the west end of the

line. The night before the attack was launched there was a mere handful of men at Deraa to turn on the lights and operate the dummy radio station.

THE BATTLE was won before a shot was fired and now the entire Turkish force was completely disorganized and in full retreat. The story of the march to Damascus and Aleppo can be briefly stated. The cavalry and mounted forces of the E. E. F. rode almost unhampered until they reached the northern point on October 26, when an armistice was signed.

The tremendous task of this campaign can only be appreciated when it is recalled that it was necessary to build a standard gage railroad and pipe line over nearly 200 miles of desert country; and that the battle fronts covered over 500 miles in an air line in depth from the Suez Canal to Aleppo.

Turkey as a result of losing her religious strongholds lost her prestige and on October 29, 1923, a republic was set up under the leadership of Mustafa Kemal. After the revolution was completed, he issued an edict to prohibit the wearing of the fez or the veil, both of which were religious and not merely intimate garments of civil life. Thus 14,000,000 people were released from the superstitions of Mohammedanism.

The oppressed Jews from Germany migrating to Jerusalem have caused friction with the Arabs since by a war time promise Palestine and the Arabian peninsula was to be a promised land of the Arabs. The fact, however, still remains that the Jews are returning and are governing Jerusalem under a British mandate.

The results of this campaign have thus been far reaching. Jerusalem was at least turned over to the cause for which it was dedicated by Orson Hyde in 1842 as a gathering place for the Jews. Prophecy has been fulfilled, as England was the force to stretch forth her arm of political power and advance in the front ranks of this glorious enterprise. General Allenby, (Allah en Nebi, the prophet of God), by the aid of the waters of the Nile flowing into Palestine, drove the Turks from Jerusalem.

History in the making seldom reveals its ultimate goal and it is with deep reverence that we say God moves in a natural way His wonders to perform.



EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

STUTTERING

STUTTERERS may be improved or even cured by having the stutterer speak while walking on all fours. In this all fours position the lack of rhythm and coordination in speaking decreased. A report in *Science*, Nov. 29, 1935, of a study of 24 cases of stuttering studied at the University of Michigan last summer in the laboratory of biolinguistics gives this conclusion. As yet, no explanation of this phenomenon has been discovered.

DRIVER'S OWN REFLEX ACT THROWS CAR OUT OF CONTROL

WHEN a sudden jolting occurs, the impulse that dominates the driver is to steady himself in his seat. He grasps the wheel with his whole strength, his arms stiffen and he is as likely to steer off the road as along it. At the same time the legs are forcibly extended and his feet pressed down hard, pushing a foot down hard on the accelerator. As a result the car tears along at its highest speed, out of control until it hits something or overturns.

According to Dr. Henderson of Yale University, this is a self-preserving instinct that "could not be eradicated in a million years" by any amount of training. He recommends a safety pedal located where the clutch foot normally rests which when pressed hard by the clutch foot on the reflex would shut off the gas and perhaps blow the horn. This would prevent 10 per cent of all serious automobile accidents. (*Science News Letter*, Nov. 30, 1935.)

EXPERIMENTS ON HIGH PRESSURE AT HARVARD

EXPERIMENTS with enormously high pressures, comparable to those found at the center of the earth are being performed at Harvard University. (*Science*, Nov. 29, 1935.) These experiments may help to show how crystals may be geologically formed deep in the earth.

Professor Bridgman squeezed materials at pressures up to 700,000 pounds a square inch, and twisted them at the same time, causing dangerously violent explosions in celluloid and lead and magnesium oxide. He also found that rubber could be derubberized into a translucent horn-like material, paper could be similarly transformed, and wood and cloth comparably changed.

The theory is that atoms and molecules of substances might be made to slide over one another while under high pressures to new positions creating new materials. An attempt was made to change graphite into diamond by such a change in structure. The change occurred but was not permanent.

APPROACH TO THE ABSOLUTE ZERO OF TEMPERATURE

SCIENTISTS have approached within .015 of absolute zero, a negative 273.1 degrees centigrade, or 459.7 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Dr. F. Simon of Oxford University in the December *Scientific Monthly* describes recent results. Dr. W. H. Keesom of Leyden, Netherlands, was able to get within one degree centigrade, in 1932 by reducing the pressure over liquid helium. Then Dr. Simon in Oxford, Dr. Giauque in California, and Dr. de Haas in Leiden took advantage of the fact that when a substance is magnetized it heats. A substance is cooled as low as possible with helium, then magnetized strongly which heats it. The heat is removed with liquid helium, then the substance is demagnetized and becomes colder as a result of demagnetization. At absolute zero according to theory the motion of molecules and atoms, or heat, would be zero.

ROTORS WHIRL 16,000 MILES AN HOUR

DR. J. W. BEAMS of the University of Virginia has developed a high-speed air driven rotor device which has a rim speed of 16,000 miles an hour at 21,000 revolutions a second. At this speed the centrifugal force produced is in excess of seven million times the force of gravity. (*Science News Letter*, Nov. 30, 1935.)

Working like a cream separator the device is designed to separate chemical isotopes for atom study. The isotopes are different weight atoms of the same elements and are important for the clear analysis of the results of atomic disintegration.

The limitation of the four inch rotor, spinning in a vacuum, is the strength of the material which may fly apart because of the great centrifugal force. For safety scientists using it hide behind a barricade of wood planks and sand.

VALUE OF PARALYSIS VACCINES

SCIENTISTS are divided on the value and safety of vaccines for infantile paralysis it appears from discussions at the meeting of the American Public Health Association, Southern Branch. (*Science News Letter*, Nov. 30, 1935.)

Experiments with the dead virus vaccine in last summer's epidemic of infantile paralysis in North Carolina and Virginia were disappointing because no cases developed. Further trials are contemplated, though some scientists hold that dead virus vaccine cannot produce immunity or resistance to infantile paralysis.

Another kind of vaccine, made of living virus weakened by chemical and other treatment has been given to over

10,000 children in Philadelphia. Ten of the children subsequently contracted the disease and five died. None of the ten who contracted the disease received the full three doses believed necessary for full protection. Other scientists see in these ten cases reason for believing this vaccine of Dr. Kolmer unsafe.

THE DEPRESSION AND MENTAL DISEASE

THE depression of itself has not led to any real increase in mental disease, in spite of the fact that it has undoubtedly increased mental stress and unhappiness." Dr. Carney Landis of the New York Psychiatric Institute and Hospital reports. (*Scientific Monthly*, December, 1935.)

Dr. Carney based his conclusions on the records which show that though there have been a great war and three economic crises during the past 22 years, the rate of mental disease, when corrected for factors known to directly affect it, has held remarkably constant. Insanity does not, as popularly supposed, follow, and is not the result of a generally increased mental stress and tension.

ANESTHETICS FOR THE TEETH

DR. L. L. HARTMAN of Columbia University has discovered after nearly twenty years research a "desensitizer" that does away with the painful sensations during the necessary drilling before a cavity in a tooth can be filled. (*Science*, Dec. 6, 1935.)

Instead of being injected into the nerves or the pulp of the teeth this colorless liquid is applied to the dentin, which forms the bulk of the hard part of the teeth. The pain-killing effect takes place in a minute or minute and a half, and lasts from twenty minutes to an hour, with no unpleasant after-effects.

It will soon be placed on the market by Columbia University to whom patent rights have been assigned to prevent exploitation of the public.

GLASS HOUSES WITH PRIVACY

PEOPLE who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones" will be an outworn adage when contractors popularize the latest idea for homes. The new houses of glass will be filled with soft, diffused light, will not be exposed to public gaze, and will be unbreakable. Henry P. C. Keuls and Charles G. Duffy are the inventors of a new method of fitting the glass panes into place. (*Literary Digest*, January 18, 1936.)

The glass is shaped like tiles, about six inches square and three-eighths of an inch thick. These tiles are snapped into gripper-like frames.



On the Book Rack

SONG OF THE MESSIAH

(By John G. Neihardt; The Macmillan Company, New York; pp. 110; \$1.50.)

IS THERE any reason why American men—both Indians and white men—should not loom large enough to constitute heroes for epic poems? It is true that they did not wear "coal hods" upon their backs or dress in "wash boilers" as one writer, in describing a recent movie, has put it, but they did wear the same courageous hearts and the same sinews under their shirts that were worn by heroes of old. The poet, Neihardt, answers that first question with his "Epic Cycle of the West" of which "The Song of the Messiah" is the final volume.

The poet has a lofty theme to deal with and handles it in a satisfying manner although his verse is ordinary, as it probably should be. He has chosen the rhymed couplet for his vehicle and has remained true to his pattern throughout, but his workmanship is so fine that the verse gains much in dignity and power through his handling of the rhyme and the meter.

This volume is probably a poet's book, but there are many who are not really poets who will enjoy it.

Mr. Neihardt is well known in this historical field both as a prose writer and poet. His "Song of the Indian Wars" and "Song of Hugh Glass" have both met with much favor at the hands of the public. His prose volume—"The Splendid Wayfaring," a magnificent brief biography of Jedediah Strong Smith—a splendid wayfarer who passed through Utah in 1826-27—is well known.—H. R. M.

PUBLIC SPEAKING—AS LISTENERS

(Richard C. Borden, Harper and Brothers, 1935.)

TO A Church of public speakers, this book comes with rare good hope of accomplishing more effective work in the field of public speaking. The dedication is itself a challenge: "This book is dedicated to the near-sighted gentleman in the fifth row, who leans slightly forward in his seat as you step out onto the speaker's platform. It is dedicated to your listener."

Both the freshness of the point of view and the material used recommend this book to you for your earnest study as well as purchase. For those teachers of M Men classes as well as for the M Men themselves the treatise will be of invaluable assistance. The organization of the book has made it a decidedly readable and helpful handbook.—M. C. J.

THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD PLAYHOUSE

(George D. Pyper, The Seagull Press, 1928.)

THE PLAY'S the thing," said Hamlet long ago. A modern Hamlet changes the adage to read, "The playhouse is the thing." Those of you who are fortunate enough to own the book by Mr. Pyper, who holds the position of General Superintendent of all the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will agree most heartily that *The Romance of an Old Playhouse* is a book to be prized for its very readable qualities as well as its wealth of historical material.

To Latter-day Saints this volume makes more vivid the rare qualities of the Pioneers, who in the midst of almost overpowering conditions still had the good sense to realize that there must be relaxation of a constructive sort if the strenuous days of their lives were to be endured. To those not of our faith the book will serve as a testimonial of a great people, pioneers in drama and opera even as they were pioneers in the great westward trek.

The editors of *The Improvement Era* most heartily recommend your purchase of this worthwhile, readable book.—M. C. J.

"THE RETURN OF A VICTORIOUS FLEET"

(A Lament for the Curtain of the Salt Lake Theatre)

By James Lloyd Woodruff

MORE subtle than the drama's rapt suspense,

More gripping than the lawless, borrowed strife,

More glamorous romance than the imagined loves portray,

More sentient with being than the mimic life:

Old palaces by intrigue laden waters kissed,

Gay glads exultant, gracing every war scarred mast,

Staunch galleons, proud victors in the hard won fray,

Bring in their holds the haunting, glorieid past.

Breathless I wait the opening of imagination's mart;

In hushed expectancy I watch the curtain rise;

Mirth, tragedy, the tear-provoking, studied art,

Seem alien profanations to my enamored eyes

Piercing the receding vistas shielding with their cloaks

Passions, mad love, barbaric hates, of that far time so much a part.

THE PROPHETS AND ISRAEL'S CULTURE

(By William Creighton Graham; University of Chicago Press; Chicago, Ill.; \$1.50.)

READERS of *The Improvement Era* were introduced to Dr. Graham by means of his article in the January number—"The Jewish World in which Jesus lived." This book, though small, is the sort of volume that should be on the desks of all those who really wish to understand the great prophets of the Bible and their messages to their own people of their own time.

Dr. Graham is an ardent student of the early Hebrews and understands well their philosophy of life and its relation to the philosophies of the peoples with whom they were surrounded. Carl J. Furr, a student who knows Dr. Graham and his books, says: "He (Dr. Graham) cites many passages from the Old Testament to substantiate his thesis: that the basic philosophy of life of the Hebrews was that the totality is a universe; that all of its parts are originally related; that no part may coerce the whole but may cooperate with it; that whatever is anti-personal has no abiding place in a whole which is highly personal."

This book is small in size, but it is big in importance to the Biblical student.—H. R. M.

MARY POPPINS COMES BACK

(P. L. Travers, Reynal and Hitchcock, 1935.)

GOOD news! Mary Poppins, the Great Exception, has returned to bring order out of chaos to the Banks' home and pleasure unmeasured to every home into which she is introduced. Many husbands will respond with Mr. Banks when his wife announced that Mary Poppins had come back, "Has she, indeed? . . . Then perhaps I will, too."

Mary Poppins Comes Back will bring the family back time and time again with the age-old cry of "Tell me some more." Those who read with delight the earlier book *Mary Poppins* will hail with rejoicing this new adventure into the world of this truly remarkable Great Exception.—M. C. J.

THE BIBLE IS TRUE

(Sir Charles Marston, Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1935.)

IN THESE days of skepticism and unbelief, such a book as *The Bible Is True* comes with welcome relief. Sir Charles Marston, himself an archaeologist of renown, finds comfort in the fact that each new excavation in and around countries connected with Biblical literature and history tends to prove the literal truth of the Bible.

—M. C. J.

Screenings

CAPTAIN BLOOD (Warner Bros.-First National): Thoroughgoing melodrama of the very best kind. The picture is as vivid as Sabatini's imagination. The film world is the richer for young Errol Flynn, who plays the part of the dare-devil, chivalrous Irishman, and who has behind him a remarkable heritage and a life of many types of adventure.

From a novel by Rafael Sabatini. Dir.: Michael Curtiz. Cast: Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Ross Alexander, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat. *Family*.

CEILING ZERO (Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan): Veteran air-mail pilots, "old" at thirty-five, make way for the highly trained navigators of "blind flying." An unusually well constructed play, intensely dramatic, skillfully directed and acted.

Dir.: Howard Hawks. From the stage play by Frank Wead. Cast: James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, June Travis, Isabel Jewel, Stuart Irwin. *Adult and Young People*.

THE LAST OF THE PAGANS (M. G. M.): A picture distinguished chiefly by its beautiful photographs. Presenting life among the Polynesians, it was made in the islands during seven months of painstaking work. Scenes of native life and ceremonies, lashing hurricanes, shark fishing and wild life are deftly woven into the romance of a native man and girl. Charming bits of humor, haunting music and lovely photography, blend the elements of the story into an effective mirroring of life among these simple, primitive people.

Dir.: Richard Thorpe. Original screen play by John Farrow. Cast: Mala Lotus Long (players who appeared in "Eskimo") and all native cast. *Family*.

MISTER HOB (Gaumont-British-Fox): George Arliss acts the care-free tramp who asks nothing of life except a bit of bread and the sun on his back. And, of course, one likes Arliss whether he is hobo or pseudo-banker, though the story is rather thin and improbable.

Dir.: Milton Rosmer. From the story by Paul Lafitte. Cast: George Arliss, Gene Gerrard, Frank Collier, Patrick Knowles, Viola Keats, George Hayes, Henrietta Watson, Mary Clare. *Family*.

SYLVIA SCARLETT (R. K. O.-Radio): English adventures of a French man and his daughter in a traveling show. Miss Hepburn does one of the finest pieces of acting in her already fine career—many-sided, appealing, gracious and lovable. Of course, one does not lose a chance to see such excellent actors as the leads.

Most of our readers will undoubtedly be interested in the list of the ten best pictures of 1935 as announced by *Time*. You might check against the list to see how many you attended and just how well your judgment coincides with that of these judges.

1. David Copperfield Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
2. Lives of a Bengal Lancer..... Paramount
3. The Informer RKO
4. Naughty Marietta Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
5. Les Miserables United Artists
6. Ruggles of Red Gap.....Paramount
7. Top Hat RKO
8. Broadway Melody of 1936..... Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
9. Roberta RKO
10. Anna Karenina Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Dir.: George Cokor. From the novel by Compton McKenzie. Cast: Katherine Hepburn, Brian Aherne, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, Natalie Paley. *Adults and young people*.

SCROOGE (Twickenham (English)—Paramount): A delightful English version of the Dickens classic, "A Christmas Carol," with the flavor of Victorian England and a fine human quality in its interpretation of the story which in its touch of sentimentality has yet a universal appeal.

Dir.: Henry Edwards. Cast: Sir Seymour Hicks, Donald Crisp, Robert Cochran, Mary Glynn. *Family*.

THE BRIDE COMES HOME (Paramount): This amusing piece of nonsense is presented with such guileless charm and naivete that it brings hilarious laughter through its absurdities. Idyllic romance, high comedy are interspersed with rollicking slapstick and a few sane moments, with a seasoning of satire. Credit is largely due to the whimsy with which the leading players interpret the mad, merry roles.

Dir.: Wesley Ruggles. From a story by Elizabeth Holdings. Cast: Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Robert Young, Wm. Collier, Sr. *Adults and young people*.

THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS (Lesser-Columbia): Cleaning up a vice in a city entertainment resort by a young minister. The once well-known story is modernized in setting. There is a certain artificiality to the production.

Dir.: Phil Rosen. From the novel by Harold Bell Wright. Cast: Richard Arlen, Charlotte Wynters, Douglass Dumbrille. *Adults and young people*.

CHATTERBOX (R. K. O.-Radio): A gentle comedy of romantic dreams and

disillusionment. Bits of delicious comedy and the engaging sincerity of the players give a pleasant flavor to the whole.

Dir.: George Nichols, Jr. Cast: Anne Shirley, Phillips Holmes, Gilbert Emery, Erik Rhodes. *Family*.

GENTLE JULIA (Twentieth Century-Fox): A Southern small town love story most charmingly and tenderly told. The staging has an unusual, delicate quality, partly mid-Victorian, partly just human. In short, a story with plenty of glad laughter. Little Jane Withers does a fine piece of acting as an "enfant terrible" with a genius for mixing up other people's affairs.

Dir.: John Blystone. Based on the novel by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Cast: Jane Withers, Tom Brown, Marsha Hunt, Jackie Searl, Francis Ford, George Meeker, Hattie McDaniel. *Family*.

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE (R. K. O.-Radio): Lightly played mystery in which an insufficient young author wagers he can write a novel in twenty-four hours and retires to an abandoned mountain inn to do so. Quite in contrast to the quiet he expects, he is catapulted into a deep dark plot, involving numerous strange visitors, each with a private key to the inn, who give him a lively night.

Dir.: W. Hamilton and Edward Kelly. From the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Cast: Gene Raymond, Margaret Callahan, Eric Blore, Henry Travers. *Family*.

SONG OF THE SADDLE (Warner Bros.): A good old-fashioned western of covered wagon days in which a singing cowboy is featured.

Dir.: Louis King. Cast: Dick Foran, Alma Lloyd, Charles Middleton. *Family*.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Warner Bros.): A film of unusual educational and artistic worth that merits the support of those community leaders who wish to see the best in the literary and musical world in the cinema. The production is a beautiful combination of Shakespeare and Mendelssohn. Its unbelievable fantasy, its moonbeams and fairies, its famous Shakespearean characters of Puck, of Bottom, the Weaver, Snug, the Joiner, and their fellows who rehearse their play in the forest, all of the delicious humor and delicacy of A Midsummer Night's Dream combined with Mendelssohn's immortal music, are factors which contribute to the interest of this astounding photoplay. *Family*.



Ward Teaching



Ward Teacher's Message for March, 1936

LAW OBSERVANCE

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in honoring, obeying and sustaining the law."—Twelfth Article of Faith.

IN THE Articles of Faith by Elder James E. Talmage, we read the following: "Religion, to be of service and worthy of acceptance, must be of wholesome influence in the lives and temporal affairs of its adherents. . . . The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints makes emphatic declaration of its beliefs and precepts regarding the duty of its members toward the laws of the land and sustains its position by the authority of specific revelation in ancient as in present times. . . . Our Savior's life on earth was marked throughout by His acknowledgment of the existing powers of the land, both Jewish and Roman, even though the latter had been won by cruel conquest, and were exercised unjustly. . . .

"In a letter to Timothy, Paul teaches that in the prayers of the saints, kings and all in authority should be remembered, adding that such remembrance is pleasing in the sight of God: 'I exhort you therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God, our

Savior.' . . . Book of Mormon teachings concerning the duty of the people as subjects of the law of the land are abundant throughout the volume. . . .

"Latter-day revelation requires of the saints in the present dispensation strict allegiance to the civil laws. In a revelation dated August 1, 1831, the Lord said to the Church: 'Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land.'"

Further, the divine instructions given by revelation August 6, 1833 (D. & C. 98:4-7), should be kept in mind: "Verily I say unto you concerning the laws of the land, it is my will that my people should observe all things whatsoever I command them. And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me. Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my Church, in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land; And as pertaining to law of man, whatsoever is more or less than this cometh of evil."

In the light of the teachings of the Church we are under obligation to observe the laws of the nation under which we live. Observance of just laws promotes, mutually, the welfare of all. Failure to do so brings reproach upon the Church, sorrow, tragedy and sometimes death to the innocent. To obey the law is part of our religion.

WORD OF WISDOM ANNIVERSARY

FEBRUARY 27, 1936, will mark the 103rd anniversary of the revelation known as the Word of Wisdom. It was given to Joseph Smith in 1833. After more than one hundred years it is today widely accepted and acknowledged as a model rule of health and is commended by medical and diet authorities both in and out of the Church. Its positive and negative teachings are recognized as guides to health and happiness. A striking confirmation of the Word of Wisdom has come from one of America's noted physicians.

Dr. D. H. Kress, chief physician of a large hospital at Tacoma Park, Washington, D. C., a non-Mormon, has specialized for many years in the effects of tobacco upon the human body. As a result he is strong in his denunciation of its evils and has done a great work both in prevention and cure of the tobacco habit.

Dr. Kress has developed a cure for the tobacco habit, as a result of his many years of study. Because this

cure, which has been in successful use for several years, gives striking confirmation of many other features of the Word of Wisdom by suggesting them as aids in curing the tobacco habit it is published here. Note especially the suggestions for the avoidance of tea, coffee, highly seasoned foods, stimulating drinks and the free use of meat. Note, on the other hand the recommendation of the use of grains, fruits, fruit juices, milk, cream, butter and nuts. A study of these recommendations of this noted physician should increase the testimony of any open-minded person in the divinity and value of the Word of Wisdom.

THE LANE

By Gertrude Hood McCarthy

It doesn't wind,
It cannot boast a tree,
And you will find
No graceful curve draws beauty there;
But it will lead us safely home
At any time—
From anywhere.

HOW TO CURE THE CIGARET HABIT

D. H. Kress, M. D.

"The first step in giving up the cigarette is to give it up. Many fail because they never really reach this point.

"Keep away from smokers and a tobacco-smoke-laden atmosphere as far as possible for about three weeks. After each meal, for one week rinse out the mouth with a 3% of one per cent solution of silver nitrate. This creates a distaste for tobacco smoke, and will relieve throat irritation.

"Purchase five cents' worth of gentian root (or camomile blossoms) and chew it during the day when the desire to smoke appears.

"To assist in eliminating the poison take a dose composed of a teaspoonful each of rochele salts and cream of tartar each morning before breakfast for one week. If possible take a Turkish bath, or a good sweat bath of some kind, twice during the first two weeks. Drink water, orange juice or grapefruit juice freely.

"Keep out in the open air as much as possible. Keep the mind occupied.

"The greatest aid will be found in a change of dietetic habits. Smokers are fond of highly seasoned foods and stimulating drinks.

"It is necessary to give up the use of pepper, mustard, the free use of salt and coffee and tea, and also the free use of meats.

"The following diet will be found of the greatest aid. If followed carefully, the discovery will be made, by the end of the first week, that the craving has materially lessened and by the end of the third week it is not unusual to find that the craving has almost entirely disappeared. With this assurance held out, the effort is certainly worth a trial.

"For a period of two or three weeks make use of cereal foods, as shredded wheat biscuits, bran flakes, krumbles, puffed wheat, whole wheat bread, rye or graham bread, etc., with milk and cream, buttermilk, cottage cheese, nuts (well masticated). At the close of the meal use fresh sub-acid fruits, as oranges, peaches, pears, apples, pineapples, grapefruit. Figs, dates and raisins, apple sauce and canned fruits are indicated. Highly seasoned foods and stimulating drinks should be avoided.

"A patient who had used tobacco for forty-two years, adopting this treatment for three months, wrote: 'It seems wonderful to me that I now have no craving for tobacco or drink.'

"Another writes: 'I am glad to say I have not used tobacco in any form for three weeks and have no desire for it.' Still another, after four weeks, says: 'The desire for smoking has entirely disappeared. I have increased in weight and considerably in strength. My mind is clearer, not being doped. I am exceedingly glad I quit.'

"No victory has ever been won without a conflict and fight. Divine aid is promised those who strive lawfully and victory is assured."

Melchisedek Priesthood

TEACHING GOSPEL TRUTH

"Knowledge and wisdom
Far from being one,
Have oft times no connection."
—Cowper.

THE EARLY Elders of the Church were gathered out of the world where they had been trained in the traditions and doctrines of corrupted Christianity. When they came into the Church they brought with them more or less much of this faulty training which even with the inspirational guidance of the Holy Spirit it took time to eradicate. The Lord gave to the Church line upon line and precept upon precept as the Saints were prepared to receive the truth as made manifest in the restored Gospel. Although the continuous revelation which came through the Prophet Joseph Smith was received with glad hearts, and the knowledge restored was accepted, yet tradition and the accumulated teachings of the centuries of darkness had left their stamp like habit upon the minds of many of those early members. All of this had to be overcome, and it was in time overcome by the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit.

As soon as men were baptized in those early days they were ordained and sent out to preach. Their zeal, at times, was greater than their knowledge. They meant well but were hampered by the ball and chain of tradition and accumulated doctrines of men which were still attached to them. In February, 1831, the Lord gave his law unto the Church in which he said:

"Again, I say unto you, that it shall not be given to any one to go forth to preach my gospel, or to build up my church, except he be ordained by some one who has authority, and it is known to the church that he has authority and has been regularly ordained by the heads of the church.

"And again, the elders, priests and teachers of this church shall teach the principles of my gospel, which are in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, in the which is the fulness of the gospel.

"And they shall observe the covenants and church articles to do them, and these shall be their teachings, as they shall be directed by the Spirit.

"And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith: and if ye receive not the Spirit ye shall not teach.

"And all this ye shall observe to do as I have commanded concerning your teaching, until the fulness of my scriptures is given."—D. and C. 42:11-15.

With this admonition and commandment they went out to preach the Gospel but some of them fell back upon their former teachings received before the fulness of the Gospel came. The Lord was patient with them, yet he found it necessary to rebuke them that

they might learn their lesson. In a revelation given in May, 1831, he reasoned with the Elders as one man reasons with another. To get clearly before us this reasoning let us quote a portion of the revelation:

"Now when a man reasoneth he is understood of man, because he reasoneth as a man; even so will I, the Lord, reason with you that you may understand.

"Wherefore, I the Lord ask you this question—unto what were ye ordained?

"To preach my gospel by the Spirit, even the Comforter which was sent forth to teach the truth.

"And then received ye spirits which ye could not understand, and received them to be of God; and in this are ye justified?

"Behold ye shall answer this question yourselves; nevertheless, I will be merciful unto you; he that is weak among you hereafter shall be made strong.

"Verily I say unto you, he that is ordained of me and sent forth to preach the word of truth by the Comforter, in the Spirit of truth, doth he preach it by the Spirit of truth or some other way?

"And if it be by some other way it is not of God.

"And again, he that receiveth the word of truth, doth he receive it by the Spirit of truth or some other way?

"If it be some other way it is not of God.

"Therefore, why is it that ye cannot understand and know, that he that receiveth the word by the Spirit of truth receiveth it as it is preached by the Spirit of truth?

"Wherefore, he that preacheth and he that receiveth, understand one another, and both are edified and rejoice together.

"And that which doth not edify is not of God, and is darkness."—D. and C. 50:12-23.

Now, it has come to the attention of the General Authorities that in some of the Gospel Doctrine classes and Priesthood Quorum meetings, matters foreign to these lessons have entered into the discussion. While it is expected that the class teacher and those who are assigned parts will have the free-

INDULGENCE

By Alice Facer

TONIGHT the room is dimly lit
With soft endearing lights
And all the treasures I have found
On those remembered nights

I gather close about me here
And muse and weep a bit
And fondly travel mem'ry's trail—
Tonight while lights are lit.

Tomorrow I shall close the door
And calmly turn the key;
I'll leave inside all sighs, all tears,
All smiles—all memory.

Tomorrow I shall lock the door
And throw the key away;
And may you hear the echoed sound
Across the dim, blue way.

dom to enlarge upon the text, yet such enlargement must be in keeping with the principles of the Gospel under discussion.

Today, after over one hundred years of restored truth coming from the throne of God, there is no justification for discussion of doubtful theories and false traditions and philosophy which are in conflict with the fulness of the Gospel as it has been revealed. Even good wholesome thoughts, if they are foreign to the lesson, only tend to distract attention and to weaken the points at issue when they are presented. In all these matters let us seek the guidance of the Spirit of truth, keeping in mind the commandment given in February, 1831.

In many study classes there will be found one or two members who delight in presenting doubtful argument and in bringing up mysteries. These members, it appears, desire to display their superior ability and wisdom, but it is seldom a manifestation of wisdom, but of ignorance of divine truth. All foolish discussion should be avoided. There are many questions which cannot be answered, and even if they could there would be no advantage gained if they were. To the Elders who had hearkened to some other spirit after they had been sent out to teach, the Lord continued his instruction in this beautiful soul-inspiring promise:

"That which is of God is light; and he that receiveth light, and continueth in God, receiveth more light; and that light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day."—D. and C. 50:24.

President Joseph F. Smith has given this very wise and timely counsel:

"The knowledge of truth, combined with proper regard for it and its faithful observance, constitutes true education. The mere stuffing of the mind with a knowledge of facts is not education. The mind must not only possess a knowledge of truth, but the soul must revere it, cherish it, love it as a priceless gem; and this human life must be guided and shaped by it in order to fulfill its destiny. The mind should not only be charged with intelligence, but the soul should be filled with admiration and desire for pure intelligence which comes of a knowledge of the truth.

"Educate yourself not only for time, but also for eternity. The latter of the two is the more important."

That we might so educate ourselves, every adult member of the Church should take advantage of the opportunity afforded in the instruction given in the Gospel Doctrine Class, and the brethren holding the Priesthood should avail themselves of the additional opportunity afforded in the quorum and activity meetings.

Aaronic Priesthood

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD IN 1936

A COMPLETE set of new publications, including manuals for all quorums, roll books, and reports, has been published for this year and has been distributed throughout the Church. The publications include:

Manual—The Deacon and his Priesthood.

Manual—The Teacher and his Priesthood.

Manual—The Priest and his Priesthood.

Manual—For Adult Aaronic Priesthood Instructors.

Roll Book for Deacons' Quorums.

Roll Book for Teachers' Quorums.

Roll Book for Priests' Quorums.

Roll Book for Adult Aaronic Priesthood Classes.

Reports—Monthly Reports for Ward Committees.

Reports—Monthly Reports for Stake Committees.

The manuals and reports are being distributed from the office of the Presiding Bishopric. The price of the manuals is ten cents each. The roll books are being distributed as in the past, from the Deseret Book Company. The new price is fifty cents each.

Each of the manuals contains in addition to the topics for consideration on each of the fifty-two Sundays of the year, suggestions and information for bishoprics and supervisors and a complete program for the entire year. They also contain complete texts of the Articles of Faith, Ten Commandments, Word of Wisdom, revelations covering the duties of all quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood, and an abundance of material pertaining to the duties of members.

New features of the program include:

The Standard Quorum Award.

The Quorum Calendar.

The Quorum Scrap Book.

The Personal Record of Book of Remembrance.

The Quarterly Quorum Review Meeting.

The presentation of Certificates of Ordination.

Each of these features is set forth in detail in the manuals and definite suggestions are made for the development of quorum interest in them.

Fundamentals are Stressed

In the entire program for the year, fundamentals of Priesthood are stressed. The duties of members, the duties of quorums, the principles of Priesthood as applied to the lives of members and definite training in the functions of Priesthood form the foundations of the program.

Tools for Supervisors

Just as a good workman has good tools, it is urged that supervisors secure the best tools possible for their work. The quorum manuals, roll books, monthly reports, the standard works of the Church and where available other books, such as *The Articles of Faith* by Elder James E. Talmage, *Studies in Priesthood* by Elder John A. Widtsoe and *The Lesser Priesthood and Notes on Church Government* by Joseph B. Keeler are all important in carrying on this work successfully.

STUDY OF PRIESTHOOD FEATURE

FOR 1936

THE importance of every member of the Aaronic Priesthood knowing and understanding the fundamentals of the Priesthood plan and of extending every possible help to them in developing as they progress in the Priesthood is one of the outstanding features of the Aaronic Priesthood manuals for 1936. Practically the entire month of February is to be devoted in all quorums to a study of the meaning, history and functions of Priesthood. In connection with the manual material the following will be helpful to supervisors and quorum members alike:

Deacons.—Deacons are primarily assistants to the Teachers, Priests, and those of the Melchizedek Priesthood in their duties. It is their opportunity to be learning of the duties and authority of the higher offices of the Priesthood, while assisting. They have no particular authority to perform ordinances or to carry responsibility directly; these come later. But in the performance of the duties in which they are authorized to assist, therefore, they should be very observant and willing. A quorum of Deacons, consists of twelve members, of which three form the presidency. (See *Doctrine and Covenants*, 20:57; 84:30; 84:111; 107:85.)

Teachers.—Teachers are charged with one great responsibility—that of watching over the Church always; being with and strengthening them; encouraging them to avoid evil speaking, scandal and iniquity, by teaching and setting a good example; seeing that they meet together often, and that all members do their duty. In the absence of members of higher authority, they are to take the lead of meetings. But neither Teachers nor Deacons have authority to baptize, administer the Sacrament, or lay on hands. They can, of course, assist the Priest or others of higher authority to some extent in certain of these ordinances. They, also, should carefully observe, and manifest promptness in their duties in order to qualify for higher responsibilities.

There should be twenty-four Teachers to form a complete quorum, with three of the members forming the presidency. (See *Doctrine and Covenants*, 20:56; 84:30, 111; 107:62, 86.)

Priests.—Priests receive practically the full authority of the Aaronic Priesthood. They may, under the direction of the bishopric, be appointed to perform baptisms, administer the Sacrament, and lay on hands and ordain other Priests, Teachers and Deacons. They are called to "preach, teach, expound, exhort . . . and visit the house of each member, and exhort them to pray vocally and in secret and attend to all family duties." (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 20:46, 47.)

Priests are authorized to conduct meetings in the absence of those of higher authority. With such authority and responsibility, the Priests need to approach these duties in all seriousness, humility, and prayerfulness. A complete quorum of Priests consists of forty-eight members, presided over by the bishop. (See also *Doctrine and Covenants*, 20:49; 84:107, 111; 107:61, 87, 88.)

Bishops.—The office of Bishop, like that of Elder, is a necessary appendage belonging to the High Priesthood. Bishops are ordinarily ordained High Priests also, since High Priests have the authority to officiate in all lesser offices. The firstborn among literal descendants of Aaron have a legal right to the bishopric, if they can prove their lineage, and are designated, found worthy and ordained by the First Presidency. The Bishop presides over the Aaronic Priesthood. He has to do with temporal things of the Church. He has two counselors who are High Priests. They together form the bishopric. The Bishop is called "the father of the ward." He presides over all of the members as such in his ward. He is a "judge in Israel," to sit with his counselors as a Bishop's Court in cases of transgression. (See *Doctrine and Covenants*, 41:9; 42:10, 31, 71-73; 68:14-21; 72:2-6; 84:29, 112; 107:15, 72, 74, 76, 87, 88.)

ADULT AARONIC PRIESTHOOD CLASSES TO BE URGED IN 1936

RESPONSIBILITY—All whose names are listed on the ward records as being members of the Aaronic Priesthood, regardless of age, are the responsibility of the officers of the Aaronic Priesthood in the Stakes and Wards.

Organization—Ward—It is suggested, and the experience of leading wards in this work indicate that the plan is practicable—that in each ward an additional supervisor of Aaronic Priesthood be selected and assigned to the adult group. At least one assistant

supervisor and a class teacher are also recommended. If desired, additional supervisors may be appointed, the group to form an Adult Aaronic Priesthood committee. In several wards all or part of the additional supervisors are themselves members of the Adult Aaronic Priesthood group. In some classes committees of the members are appointed for various phases of the work.

Organization—Stake—It is recommended that the supervision of this work in the stake be assigned to the regular Aaronic Priesthood Committee as one phase of its work, but that the members be urged to give it definite and regular supervision, the same as any other responsibility assigned to them.

The Plan—Many plans have been tried throughout the Church in an effort to arouse the interest of men who are still members of the Aaronic Priesthood. Missionary work among them has been carried on by Elders' quorums, by specially appointed missionaries and by definite assignment to each of the quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood of one grade of Aaronic Priesthood members—those who are Priests, Teachers or Deacons. None of these plans has succeeded to any marked degree merely because of certain conditions which have been overcome to a great extent in this new plan, which has proved its value and effectiveness in wards of various sizes and in widely scattered areas of the Church.

The plan now recommended as being the most effective approach to a solution of this problem and which has already been responsible for bringing into renewed activity a great many members of this adult group, is to organize in each ward an adult Aaronic Priesthood class. In small communities two or more wards may organize a joint class where conditions are favorable. To this class should be invited all members of the Aaronic Priesthood of the ward who are over 18 years of age and inactive. Where Priests are over 18 and still active, best results will doubtless be obtained by leaving them as they are. The adult class is intended primarily for those who are over 18 and inactive.

Preliminary Plans—Before an attempt is made to form the class, the supervisor, his assistants and the class instructor should meet and study the situation thoroughly. The names of all adults in the ward who still hold the Aaronic Priesthood should be obtained from the ward records and additional names secured, if possible, of others living in the ward. Several meetings will doubtless be necessary to consider the names of prospective members of the class, determine the best methods of approaching each and getting the procedure and plan of the class lessons in mind.

Having done this, the actual formation of the class should be preceded by a definite missionary campaign for the

purpose of reviving interest in Church work and, in some cases of older men, of bringing about a reconversion. This missionary work may require several weeks or even months to lay a foundation that will insure the success of the class. In some wards attempts to form classes have failed largely because the necessary preliminary work was not done.

Because of the conditions surrounding men who have not been active in the Church for many years, more than a phone call, a letter or even a personal invitation, is necessary to get them to attend. A rekindling of the spiritual fire is necessary in most cases. It is therefore urged that the preliminary missionary work be done carefully and thoroughly. Every person whose name is on the list should be visited. One can never tell which members will respond most readily. Where visiting is done in pairs results have been most satisfactory.

Time of Meeting. The time of meeting should be set to meet the desires and convenience of the members. In the majority of cases best results are being secured where the meeting is held separately from any other organization or group. Many prospective members of the class are backward in religious matters. These men would gladly join such a class if they were assured there would be no embarrassment, especially at the beginning. It is therefore suggested that a time be set, preferably an evening, when no other groups will be encountered going to or coming from the meeting place. When the group meets it should be permitted to select its own meeting time.

Selection of the Instructor—One of the most important steps in the plan is the selection of the instructor. A review of the lesson outline will indicate that the instructor, to be successful, must be willing to devote himself, religiously, to his work and that he must have ability to teach in an effective manner. For obvious reasons the instructor should be a man of tact and diplomacy. Such subjects as the Word of Wisdom and tithing have been purposely placed well along in the course in order to permit of the creation of interest and the development of faith before they are presented. No other group in the Church requires such skill and ingenuity on the part of the instructor to insure success.

It is urged, therefore, that the best person available for the position be selected. He should be sympathetic with those who must overcome im-

proper habits and be able to cope with problems of many types. A spirit of tolerance, patience and brotherly love is necessary on the part of those who make the visits and conduct the class. Many of these men have made mistakes and will require a great deal of help to overcome their difficulties.

Notwithstanding these requirements for success in such a class, a great many wards of the Church are now carrying on successful classes and renewing interest and activity on the part of hundreds of men.

PRESIDENT CLARK WARNS AGAINST DESTRUCTIVE DOCTRINES

THERE are abroad among us, men, and women also, who are preaching doctrines that are destructive of the very fiber of our civilization. I hear now and again, and here and there, the doctrine of "free love." There are those among you who would teach your children that the sexual desire is like any other biological desire, as hunger and thirst, and should be indulged in with as little restraint and control as we eat and drink. Nothing baser has been conceived by Satan than this doctrine.

Brothers and sisters, watch your families, your children. Teach them, honor them, lead them away from this terrible sin. I was taught by my parents that they would rather carry me to the grave than that I should lose my virtue, and I thank God for that teaching. Until we come to that teaching, until that is the feeling and the thought of the Latter-day Saints, lust will stalk among us and take his toll.

The Laws of God Immutable

There is sometimes a cry among our young people for a loosening of our standards. They tell us that our standards are too high, and the Church must abate them. My brothers and sisters, my young people, the Church cannot change the laws of God. They stand immutable. We may change the rules; we may say that a drunkard may go into the temple; we may say that a blasphemer may go into the temple; we may say that he who drinks tea and coffee may go into the temple. These rules we may change. But we cannot change the biological law that he who uses narcotics must pay the penalty somehow, somewhere, sometime—he himself or his children or his children's children. And this is the tragedy and the curse of disobeying nature's laws and God's laws. Remember what Brother Salzman said recently: in that great institution in Germany sixty-five per cent of the epileptics owe their epilepsy to the use of alcohol by some of their forefathers.

My brothers and sisters, let us awaken. Let us bring into our hearts the Gospel. Let us live it, for if we do God will surely bless us.—President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Conference Address.

**We Stand for
Spirituality and
Happiness in the Home**

Mutual Messages

General Superintendency

Y. W. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE O. MORRIS
FRANKLIN L. WEST
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARIS A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOV,
Secretary

Athletics For Girls

TO ALL those who may be directing physical activities for M. I. A. groups or who may have influence with directors of athletics for girls we recom-

mend a careful study of the Platform of the Women's Division National Amateur Athletic Federation:

Platform

The Women's Division, National Amateur Federation of America aims to:

1. Promote such programs of athletic activities for all girls and women as shall meet their needs, and as shall stimulate interest in activities that are suited to all ages and capacities.

2. Promote competition that stresses enjoyment of sport and the development of good sportsmanship and character rather than those types that emphasize the making and breaking of records and the winning of championships for the enjoyment of spectators or for the athletic reputation or commercial advantage of institutions and organizations.

3. Promote interest in awards for athletic accomplishment that have little or no intrinsic value.

4. Promote educational publicity that places the emphasis upon sport and its values rather than upon the competitors.

5. Promote the use of suitable costumes for athletic activities. (Costumes should be modest and suitable for the activity engaged in. If it is necessary to wear "shorts" they should extend nearly to the knee.)

6. Promote the provision of sanitary and adequate environment and facilities for athletic activities.

7. Promote the appointment of adequate time allotment for a physical education program such as shall meet the needs of the various age groups for growth, development and the maintenance of physical fitness.

8. Promote the training and employment of women administrators, leaders and officials who are qualified to assume full responsibility for the physical education and recreation of girls and women. (Men should not coach or officiate in girls' competitive activities.)

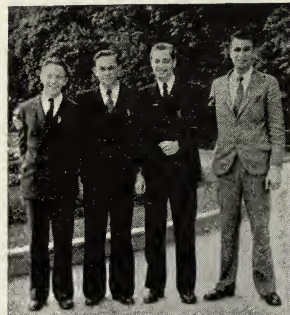
9. Protect the health of girls and women through the promotion of med-

ical examinations and medical "follow-up" as a basis for participation in athletic competition, and a system of supervision that shall assure a reasonable and sane attitude toward participation in activities at times of temporary physical unfitness.

10. Protect athletic activities for girls and women from the dangers attendant upon competition that involves travel, and from their commercialization by interest in gate receipts.

11. Promote the general adoption of approved rules for conduct of athletics and games for girls and women.

12. Promote the study of existing rules of all sports to the end that they may be changed to meet the specific needs of girls and women.—*Utah State Committee—Charlotte Stewart, Chairman, Alice O. Bronson, Katherine G. Carlisle, Bernice Moss, Wilma Jeppson, Edvenia Jeppson.*



The Hubers—Missionaries
Left to right: Lawrence E.; Rey
A.; Don W.; O. Waldo.

RARELY, if ever, has a situation presented itself when the posterity of one family has been so completely represented in the Mission Field at the same time, as in the case of the four

grandsons of John Jacob and Elizabeth (Abegg) Huber, pictured here. The boys, reading from left to right, Lawrence E., Rey A., Don W., and O. Waldo Huber met together for the first time in the Swiss-German Mission.

John Jacob and Elizabeth (Abegg) Huber, seventy-five years ago heard the gospel plan from the missionaries laboring in Switzerland, were baptized into the Church, much against the wishes of their parents, and came to Utah. After much suffering and many hardships they settled in Payson, Utah.

Lawrence and Don Huber are the sons of Emil F. and Ernest A. Huber who reside in Salt Lake City, Utah, and Rey and Waldo, the sons of Arnold C. and J. J. Huber of Mesa, Arizona.

Through the kindness of Francis Salzner, who was then President of the Mission, the four boys were given the privilege of visiting the old home of their grandparents in Elsau, Switzerland, which they found still standing. They were greeted by their fathers' uncle, who was the only descendant of their grandfather's parents bearing the name of Huber who had remained in Europe, and he was indeed happy to meet these fine young men and know that they would carry on his name.

The accompanying picture was taken when the four boys met at the Stuttgart Conference, May 5, 1935.

"OUR MISSION PARENTS"

I'LL go where you want me to go, dear Lord. . . .

Real Latter-day Saints don't only sing the above cited words, but are also ready "to go" when they are called by the Lord through His authorized servants here on earth.

President and Sister Hugo D. E. Peterson, even though they had taken several steps in the "seventies," were ready to obey the call of the First Presidency to fill another mission in Sweden as the Mission Parents. Without doubt, it was very hard for them to leave their dear children and friends at home, but still they were glad and thankful to their Heavenly Father for helping them to live so that they were healthy and strong and worthy to fill such a high and responsible calling.

In true execution of their duties, our Mission Parents have always set a

*Parentheses are comments of the General Board.

worthy and honorable example to us as missionaries, to the saints, friends and investigators. They have arisen each morning early and with thankful hearts, knelt in company with missionary companions before the Lord to thank Him for His goodness through

the night—yes, through past life—and to ask for continued guidance and blessings.

They have led in the missionary study circle, seeking earnestly to fill their minds with the life-enriching truths of Mormonism.

Sunshine and happiness, wisdom and a determination to live more efficiently in accordance with the Gospel teachings, are always radiated from these good silver-haired Latter-day Saints, in meetings, both public and private, in friendly discussions with friends and in their work at the office.

Our all-wise Father in Heaven knows and directs things here on earth for the best as far as people will accept and follow his teachings. He inspires His servants and calls different men to fill different positions as they are best suited.

President Peterson has the honor and credit of having published the third

edition of the Book of Mormon in the Swedish language while on this, his third mission. A few years before being called to be Mission President, he assisted Elder J. M. Sjodahl in its translation.

Many necessary repairs have been made in the Mission buildings during the past year, which have called for careful deliberation in order that the best job might be done for the least money. President Peterson has always handled the Church's means with as much or even more scrutiny than his own.

Perhaps the greatest and most praiseworthy characteristic these willing workers have is their devotion to each other, the Church and its leaders. During the year and a half I have been in personal contact with President Peterson, I have never seen him overstep his "bounds." He has always taken counsel with the brethren over him. Their suggestions and advice have been carefully considered and followed as closely as possible. In these men, our Church leaders, President Peterson and his wife see the great calling and divine power of the Priesthood. The spontaneous, upwelling and outpouring of their affections and reverence for the Church leaders, even though many a mile separates them, evidence their testimony that these men are indeed chosen and inspired of our Heavenly Father.

The members and missionaries of the Swedish Mission are thankful for such Mission Parents.

(Written and sent in by Elder Aaron G. Nelson, secretary of the Swedish Mission.)

Adults

THE scientist, Einstein, writing on his philosophy of life, said that were it not for the joy of cooperating with kindred minds in the pursuit of the unattainable in science and art, his life would be empty. To him, a life of self-indulgence "seemed like imprisonment." The spirit of the true scientist in our day has revived for us the reason for living which has always satisfied man at his best; to cooperate with other people to help something better become real.

"We were meant to be creative individuals, equipped to share in the creative activity which is ever unfolding the infinite possibilities of this universe. We belong in a vast procedure which is older than any of us, which utilizes all of us in a complex interrelationship, and which perpetually awakens us to the unexplored that has never entered the mind of man. Life becomes most meaningful when, in small opportunities or in high places, we are linked with others to help that which is new and true and better to become real.

"In one sense the final meaning of life can never be found, simply because



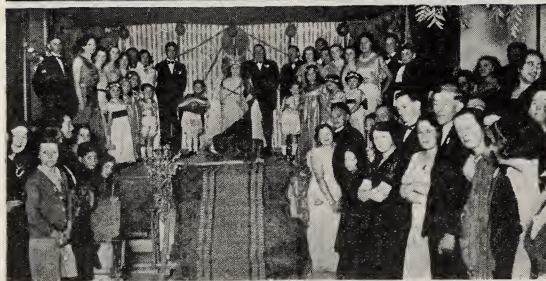
President and Sister Hugo D. E. Peterson, "Our Mission Parents." Sent in by Aaron G. Nelson, Stockholm, Sweden.



Sweden's First M Men-Gleaner Banquet, Swedish Mission.

Gold and Green Ball of Bear Lake Stake. Queens from six wards, and attendants.

M. I. A. Gold and Green Ball, Kohunui Branch, New Zealand Mission.



more meaning is created as we advance. The significance of one's life seems to be inexhaustible, as its connections increase. To a rightly developing individual, the thrill of living is the continuous discovery of more that life might mean. It is tragedy when we so conduct ourselves that our existence becomes less meaningful with the years. *A life of increasing surprise should be the aim of everyone.*"

We quote the above from a new book, "Reason For Living," by Robert Russell Wicks, which may be read with profit by a discriminating reader. Elsewhere in this volume is a pungent bit which also seems apropos:

"Time will be available for giving expression to neglected abilities in myriads of people who are living under capacity. No civilization can survive that does not take advantage of this turn of events. In cooperative movements, in place of individual leadership, there is room for everyone to assist in liberating man everywhere to discover himself. The chief danger is that man will rest content with the routine of a money-making existence and stop living, with dormant powers still unrealized. Our world is much like the little girl who fell out of bed in her sleep, and who, on being asked how it happened, replied: 'I guess I went to sleep too near the place where I got in.'

"It was Tolstoy in his Essay on Labor and Luxury who said, 'to be our complete selves, we must enjoy four employments: employment of muscle in some hard labor; employment of fingers and hands in some form of skill; employment of the mind and imagination; and employment of the faculty—of fellowship with people.'"

Statistics have shown that the majority of persons whose lives have been of significance in America have come from simple homes with moderate incomes, intellectual interests, occupation in worthwhile tasks, responsibilities that all must share, and inexpensive recreations which develop the creative interests that no one can exhaust. It is in our homes, from the very beginning of life, that we must inculcate the great principle of simplicity—that our capacities are our real possessions and our real joy is in their exercise.

Perhaps we need most to exhort each other at the beginning of a new year, to seek joy, for the pursuit of joy will inevitably lead us to completeness of life; the development of all of our God-given faculties which are but tools by which we may take from time her highest treasures and build into the eternities an ever widening and more glorious destiny.

Seniors

THE Senior Manual, "The Community Highway to Better Things," has had wide distribution among men and women who are interested in social

trends, as the accompanying letters will show. As Dr. E. G. Peterson, in a letter to Dr. Joseph A. Geddes, author of the Manual has said undoubtedly the Manual will become a "determining book."

The White House
Washington

November 13, 1935.

My dear Mr. Bowen:

As Mrs. Roosevelt is out of the city at the present time, I am writing to acknowledge your letter and to tell you that I shall bring it to her attention as soon as possible. I am sure she will be interested in the treatise you enclosed.

Very sincerely yours,
Malvina Thompson Scheider,
Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt.

Resettlement Administration
Washington

Dear Mr. Bowen:

I am deeply appreciative of your courtesy in providing me with a copy of the treatise of Dr. Joseph A. Geddes of the Utah State Agriculture College, entitled "The Community Highway to Better Things."

I anticipate studying this document and deriving a wealth of benefit from it. Thanking you for this courtesy, I am Sincerely yours,

Carl C. Taylor, Director,
Rural Resettlement Division.
Institute For Research in Social Science
The University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill

November 21, 1935.

My dear Mr. Bowen:

Your booklet, written by Dr. Geddes, has reached me. It is certainly a good piece of work, and I appreciate your sending me a copy.

Sincerely yours,
Ernest R. Groves,
Research Professor.
Utah State Agricultural College
Logan, Utah

November 21, 1935.

Dear Friend:

Thanks very much for the six copies of the Senior Manual and for your courtesy in sending the copies to the list of some of our national leaders in social thought. The copies sent will be useful to me in remembering a few personal friends.

Some favorable comments are coming in from many sources concerning the manual. You would be interested in the following from President Peterson:

"As I read more carefully your 'Community Road' I cannot refrain from saying that I believe you have written a very determining book. It has stirred me up and I feel that it will exercise a tremendous influence.

"I suggest that a number of copies be bound in cloth because it will live for a long time. I am very proud that this book came from the College."

Thanks again and good wishes to

you in your big responsibility. I am looking for a good deal of vigor and strength to show itself under your leadership.

Success to you.
Very sincerely yours,
Joseph A. Geddes,
Professor of Sociology.

November 26, 1935.

Dear Dr. Geddes:

The manual entitled "The Community Highway to Better Things" is here. I very much appreciate having this; I learned about it on my last trip to Washington and am looking forward to a chance to go through it.

There is no question about "Community" having a certain special significance there in the state and just as I told Roskelley today, I think in this study a contribution would be made in certain phases of the study which would tend to bring out the processes which are involved in making it what it is.

You will be interested to know we have three Mormon boys here this year. In addition to Roskelley, we have Howard Cottam and Ruben Hill. In good Mormon fashion they have all brought their wives so there is quite a little colony of them. We enjoy them thoroughly and they are all doing very good work.

I am always glad to hear from you at any time.

Sincerely yours,
J. H. Kolb.

University of Arizona
Tucson
College of Agriculture and
Agricultural Experiment Station
November 13, 1935

Dear Mr. Bowen:

This morning's mail brought a copy of Dr. Geddes' treatise prepared for the young people of the Latter-day Saints Church.

I thank you for sending it to me. I shall greatly appreciate your keeping my name on the list for other publications of a similar kind.

Very truly yours,
E. D. Tetreau,
Rural Sociologist.

The University of Chicago
Department of Sociology
November 11, 1935

Dear Mr. Bowen:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 8th and also a copy of Dr. Joseph A. Geddes treatise "The Community Highway to Better things." I do appreciate your sending me this. It will be a pleasure to read it. Thank you very much.

Very truly yours,
William F. Ogburn.

M Men-Gleaners

SWEDEN'S FIRST M MEN-
GLENER BANQUET

THE success of our first M Men-Gleaner Banquet held in the mission is a great joy and encouragement to us.

The M Men and Gleaners of the Stockholm branch rallied solicitously to the first explanation, the result being that twelve inactive members and six friends joined in the evening's activities December 7, 1935.

The banquet was a potent force in showing members and friends what the M. I. A. recreation and study program really embraces, in welding stronger the links of friendship and in imbuing all with the M. I. A. spirit.

Encouraging results have been observed. Several of the friends and inactive members have since attended our meetings and taken part.

The M Men's numerosity was greater than the Gleaner's, something very abnormal in such groups.

USE OF THE STORY

AS OUR course in the "Use of the Story" nears its close, it might be well for us to check on the year's work to see just how effective our teaching of these lessons has been. When the course has ended, shall we have realized all of the aims which we set up in our first lesson, "Why Study the Story?" Has the course been so presented that every M Man and every Gleaner Girl has had a chance to participate? Have the lessons been well planned, thoroughly prepared, and effectively presented? Are our M Men and Gleaners "Story-Conscious?" Do they know how properly to evaluate stories? Are they becoming more adept in the art of story telling? Are their socials and outings of a finer type because they have been made conscious of the value of a well-told story in a social situation? Have the M Men and Gleaners of your group been sufficiently impressed with the work of the story in its various aspects to want to collect, catalogue, and use them at every opportunity?

The lesson for March, "The Story and Sociability," offers an unusually fine opportunity for us to determine just how well this work has carried over in their thinking. The Manual suggests as part of the assignment that these young people bring to class various types of stories and explain at what type of social occasion they would be appropriate. Our desire, of course, is that these stories shall reflect careful thought and choosing and an appreciation of the type of humor which should characterize L. D. S. affairs. Current magazines and periodicals offer an abundance of material for this lesson. "An American Bible" and "Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook" will be helpful, and your respective libraries contain many volumes of stories for social occasions. Three library books which have come to our attention are: "Toaster's Handbook," by Peggy Edmund and Harold Workman Williams; "World's Best Humorous Anecdotes," by J. Gilchrist Lawson; "The Table in a Roar," by James Ferguson.

We are including the following

stories for use in "d" under "4. Discussion" in the lesson assignment.

Repetition, the Mother of Retention

"I wonder at your patience," said Susannah Wesley's husband to her on one occasion. "You have told that child the same thing twenty times."

The patient and wise mother of John and Charles Wesley, as well as of other children, answered with rare philosophy: "Had I satisfied myself by saying the matter only nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor."

—*Readers' Digest*, November, 1935.

Mark Twain met a friend at the races one day in England. This friend came up to him and said, "I'm broke, I wish you would buy me a ticket back to London."

"Well," Mark said, "I'm nearly broke myself, but I will tell you what I'll do. You can hide under my seat and I'll hide you with my legs."

The friend agreed to do this.

Then Mark Twain went down to the ticket office and bought two tickets. When the train pulled out his friend was safely under the seat. The inspector came around for the tickets and Mark gave him two.

The inspector said, "Where is the other one?"

Tapping his head the humorist said in a loud voice, "That is my friend's ticket! He is a little eccentric and likes to ride under the seat."—*Mark Twain Wit and Wisdom*, edited by Cyril Clemens (Stokes).

A merchant in a small town ran for office, and was overwhelmingly defeated. He polled so few votes that he appeared ridiculous in the eyes of his neighbors, and both his social and business standing were in danger. It's hard to be laughed at and still hold your ground.

But this merchant was a good sport. What is more, he knew the perils of becoming the town joke. So he beat the town to it! The morning after the election he put this sign in his window: "\$25 reward for the name of man who cast that vote for me."

Everybody saw it, and everybody laughed. But they laughed with him and not at him. People came into his store to shake hands and congratulate him on his sense of humor and sportsmanship. The story of the sign went the rounds of the county, and farmers began to drop into his store to trade. Thus the merchant turned defeat into a personal triumph by proving that he was the town's best loser.—*Edgar A. Guest in the American Magazine*.

Three Scotchmen were having a holiday in New York and were staying at a forty-five-storied hotel. They had a night out and returned to the skyscraper hostelry at 4 a. m. The night clerk greeted them with the mournful news:

"Sorry to inform you, gentlemen, that the dynamo has bust and none of the elevators are working. If you'd

rather not climb up forty-five stories to your rooms, I'll arrange cots for you in the hall."

"No, thank ye," said the spokesman for the trio, whose name was Tam, "we dinna mind walkin' up the stairs, but we'll leave oor overcoats doon here in the cloakroom." Then turning to his pals, he made this proposition.

"To mak' the time flee past and take oor minds off th' stairs, I'll tell stories for the first fifteen flights. On th' next fifteen flights you, Wullie, will sing songs. Then, for the last fifteen flights, you, Bob will tell some sad stories and afore we ken far we are, we'll be on the forty-fifth floor!"

So they started their long climb. Tam told jokes for the first fifteen flights and Wullie sang songs for the next fifteen. On the Thirtieth landing Tam cried: "Noo, Bob, this is where you start wi' your sad stories!"

And Bob moaned: "An' hinvn't I got a sad story tae tell? I've been dying tae tell it! I've—I've left the keys in ma overcoat!"—*The Table in a Roar*, James Ferguson.

It would be a bold man who would undertake to sum up the difference between Heaven and Hell in a sentence, but the great Spurgeon, who was in the habit of holding a "sermon class" for students, gave them on one occasion the following startling injunction:

"When you speak of Heaven, let your face light up, let it be irradiated by a heavenly gleam, let your eye shine with reflected glory. But when you speak of Hell" (looking around his class) "your ordinary expression will do."—*The Table in a Roar*, James Ferguson.

The members of a missionary society had assembled to turn in their money, and to relate the difficult and amusing experiences in earning each her dollar.

"Sister Lamm, how did you earn your dollar?" asked the chairman.

"I got it from my husband," replied the good sister, tendering her money.

"Oh, but that is not earning it," remonstrated another sister.

"No!" asked Mrs. Lamm. "Then you don't know my husband."

Gleaners

FROM the story told in the first lesson of this course, and on through each succeeding lesson, every Gleaner must have felt a new interest and inspiration from the life and mission of Joseph Smith. Though no definite evening has been designated for testimonies, a part of every Tuesday night on which these lessons are taken up should be set aside for this purpose, and Gleaners should be encouraged to put their thoughts into words before the group. We submit the following taken from "Gleaning in the Field of Biography," Gleaner Manual for 1933-4.

"We are accustomed to speak of Joseph Smith as 'The Prophet,' meaning the founder, under divine direction,

of the system of religious truths known as "Mormonism" and the first of a line of inspired leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. That he was a Prophet, one of the greatest who has ever moved among men, there is abundant evidence. Before his mind were opened up, through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, visions of things that were to come and as a result many wonderful prophecies fell from his lips which have been literally fulfilled.

"But a Prophet is more than a foreteller of events. Concerning this Elder H. R. Roberts writes as follows: 'Generally when you speak of a 'prophet' you have in mind a predictor of future events, one who foretells things that are to come to pass, and indeed that is, in part, the office of a prophet—in part what is expected of him. But really this is the very least of his duties. A prophet should be a 'forth-teller' rather than a fore-teller. Primarily he must be a teacher of men, an expounder of the things of God. The inspiration of the Almighty must give him understanding, and when given he must expound it to his people, to his age. He must be a Seer that can enlighten an age. This is the primary office of a prophet.'

"In this sense, then Joseph Smith becomes a great teacher; and while from the viewpoint of history and numerical following he would not, of course, be accredited a place with Buddha, Confucius, or Mohammed, yet from the standpoint of the value of the truths he taught he far excels them and stands second only to Jesus Christ."

THE PURPOSE OF THE EARTH LIFE AS TAUGHT BY JOSEPH SMITH

THE teachings of the Book of Mormon, Pearl of Great Price and Doctrine and Covenants, the first two translated by the Prophet Joseph Smith and the last, for the most part, given to him by direct revelation from God, show that man is placed upon this earth according to divine purpose. Mortality is necessary to his development. He is, as it were, on a journey away from his heavenly home—a journey along the road of experience. He must learn to work, to struggle, to overcome evil, to serve his fellow men, and to live according to the Plan of Salvation instituted by Jesus Christ. He is shut out from the actual presence of God but through faith he knows that a loving Father still watches over him and will lead him to the journey's end, back again to the heavenly kingdom. Such a concept makes the earth life a glorious event and inspires man constantly to press forward to his high destiny."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

THE Class Officers and Gleaner Leaders of Holliday Ward of Cottonwood Stake began this season with an announcement tea. Every girl of Gleaner age in the ward was invited and with hardly an exception every girl attended.

We have just received an account of another activity, and we glean from it that very few have broken their engagement with the M. I. A. announced at that first party, for sixty girls sat down to a recent luncheon given in connection with the course in "The Art of Hospitality."

M Men

IMPORTANT!

THE following letter has been mailed to all stake superintendents requesting that they bring this information to the attention of all M Men supervisors both in wards and in stakes.

It has been brought to my attention by Brother Homer Warner of the M Men Committee of the General Board that our regulation governing physical examinations of our boys before permitting them to participate in M Men basketball activities is not being adhered to. Strict adherence to it is imperative as it may easily happen that a boy may otherwise engage in this most strenuous activity without knowing that he is not physically suited to it until serious or even fatal consequences have ensued.

Rule 11—Section H—of the M Men Basketball Rules states—"All boys must present a doctor's certificate before participation in their stake, and this certificate must accompany the eligibility information for inter-stake and inter-division competition."

One most regrettable incident has already happened where a young boy dropped dead at the conclusion of a game and physicians diagnosed his death as resulting from heart trouble. It is most unfortunate that this should have happened and we, of course, are most anxious that there be no recurrence of it.

Will you, therefore, please bring it forcibly to the attention of your M Men Supervisor that all boys must be examined by a reputable physician before they be allowed to participate in this strenuous activity, either in Ward or Stake?

Sincerely your brother,

Albert E. Bowen,
General Superintendent.

Juniors

CHAPTER 11, *Looking at Some Vocations*, is scheduled for March 10. The objective for this lesson should be to enable each girl to find some vocation for which she is personally suited and can obtain the necessary preparation so that she can make a success in following her chosen profession. This needs very careful consideration and prayer on the part of you teachers. In this lesson, you must act as vocational counselors, which means that you must be ever so careful that you do not misdirect the girls. On the other hand, the opportunity which is offered for service is more apparent in this lesson

than in any other of the lessons outlined this year.

In order to prepare yourselves adequately for this chapter you must have made a careful study of the previous lesson, *Work to Do*. With your knowledge of what to look for in vocations, you can now fit that knowledge to the particular girls in your classes and can make recommendations for their benefit.

If you are up-to-the-minute teachers, you will have planned for a systematic inquiry into the vocations which are available in your own communities. The week previous to this lesson you should have each girl select the vocation to which she thinks she is adapted. Then you can analyze the characteristics of that work with the qualifications of the girl in mind. The tragedy today is that with all the opportunities and the necessity for a better choice of professions, there is too much drifting.

Some books which might prove helpful in the preparation of this lesson are: *Occupations* by Gowins and Wheatley; *Careers* published by the Institute for Research, 537 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois; *Man of Tomorrow* by our own Latter-day Saint Claude Richards; *Vocational Psychology and Character Analysis* by Hollingworth; *Vocational Guidance and Success* by Gallacher; *Survey of Occupations Open to Girls of 14 to 16* by Dodge (since this book was published several years ago it will perhaps need to be rechecked although the brochure does give helpful information).

Lesson 12, *My Little World*, should have as its objective the fixing of the responsibility of caring for the condition of the neighborhood on each member of the class. Fortunately this lesson, coming on March 24, is followed very closely by Arbor Day and what is called in most communities spring clean-up week. During this season of the year, everyone is interested in the planting of flowers, trees, and in the beautification of his yard and community.

You wide-awake teachers will have the girls find some spot which needs beautifying. You can then encourage them to get seeds, trees, shrubs, and plant them. This project will be an especially good one because it will serve to hold the girls together through all the summer when they need most of all to have someone guiding their activities. In the summer when the schools are closed, the Mutuals should increase their vigilance. You teachers of Junior girls who have their welfare at heart could start this project in March which could then give the girls some kind of wholesome activity in the summer months when they are most tempted to fall from grace—not willfully but carelessly because they have not enough work to occupy fully their time and energy.

Explorers and Scouts

RELIGIOUS, SPIRITUAL AND MORAL
PHASES OF SCOUTING TO BE
EMPHASIZED

*General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. in
Cooperation with Presiding Bishopric
Launch Far-Reaching Program for
Welfare of L. D. S. Boys*

IN HARMONY with the principles laid down by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America in one of its latest publications, "Our Religious Principles" and also announced in article three of the constitution and in the twelfth point of the Scout Law, the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., with the approval of the Presiding Bishopric, is sending the following bulletin to all M. I. A. officers and others associated with this work as a part of the plan to correlate the work of all members of the Aaronic Priesthood:

"By action of the General Board the principles contained herein have been adopted as standards for the conduct of Boy Scout and Explorer Scout troops which are sponsored by and conducted in the Y. M. M. I. A.:

"In order to promote closer cooperation between the Boy Scout and Explorer Scout departments of the Y. M. M. I. A. and other Church organizations and to take fuller advantage of the many splendid features of Scouting which have a direct bearing upon spirituality and church service, the following principles have been adopted by the General Board as standards for the conduct of Boy Scout and Explorer Scout troops which are sponsored by and conducted in the Y. M. M. I. A.

1. The following excerpts from literature published by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America are cited as a basis for this action:

(a) The Scout oath or pledge includes the promise "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God . . . and to obey the Scout Law."

(b) The 12th Point of the Scout Law—A Scout is Reverent—reads as follows:

"He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion."

(c) Article III, Sections 1 and 2 of the Boy Scouts of America reads as follows:

"The Boy Scouts of America maintain that no boy can grow into the best kind of citizenship without recognizing his obligation to God. In the first part of the Boy Scout oath or pledge the boy promises, 'On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law.' The recognition of God as the ruling and leading power in the universe, and the grateful acknowledgment of His favors and blessings are necessary to the best type of citizenship and are wholesome things in the education of the growing boy.

"No matter what the boy may be—Catholic, Protestant or Jew—this fundamental need of good citizenship should be kept before him. The Boy Scouts of America therefore recognize the religious element in the training of a boy, but it is absolutely non-sectarian in its attitude toward that religious training. Its policy is that the organization or institution with which the Boy Scout is connected shall give definite attention to his religious life."

"Only men willing to subscribe to this declaration of principle shall be entitled to certificates of leadership in carrying out the Boy Scout program."

The publication "Our Religious Principles," issued by the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America in June, 1935, and the report of the 25th Annual Meeting of the National Council, both stress in a definite way the spiritual and religious phases of Scouting and direct attention more than ever before to this phase of Scout work.

In accordance with these pronouncements and the spirit and policy of the National Council and in view of the necessities of the present hour, the following principles have been adopted as standards for Boy Scout and Explorer Scout troops in the Y. M. M. I. A.:

1. That the Scout oath or pledge, which by reference includes also the Scout Law, be given more definite application to the lives and actions of the members of L. D. S. troops and that the fact that an L. D. S. Scout's duty to God includes service to the Church and therefore service in His Priesthood and living according to His Commandments be made a regular feature of Scout training.

2. That Article III of the Constitution of the Boy Scouts of America be given additional prominence in our Scout Program and that district committeemen and commissioners, ward troop committeemen, Scoutmasters, and Explorer leaders be charged with the responsibility of promoting the spirit it embodies.

3. That participation in Church activities be made a definite part of Scouting and that members of L. D. S. troops be encouraged and urged to become active members of Priesthood Quorums, Sunday School Classes and Seminars.

4. That at the time of applying for advancement and before receiving a major recognition in Scouting including Second Class, First Class, Star, Life or Eagle, first honors, second honors, or receiving the distinction of being selected as a troop representative in any inter-council or national activity, the candidate shall bring a record of his

church activity to the presiding officers for their consideration as a basis for determining the worthiness of the candidate to receive the award in accordance with the spirit of the Oath and Law and Article Three of the Constitution.

(a) Non-L. D. S. boys in M. I. A. troops should be encouraged by Scout Leaders to be active in their church organizations and to discharge all religious obligations in the church to which they belong.

(b) The cooperation of local councils with district committeemen, commissioners, Scoutmasters, and Explorer leaders in interpreting and applying these principles is solicited.

SCOUTING AND RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES

From "Our Religious Principles."

*Published by the National Council
B. S. A.*

THE founders of the Boy Scout Movement decided that they would, in a very positive and definite way, throw all of its influence in support of the teaching of religion to the boys of America.

The policy of the Boy Scout Movement is that its program shall be carried out on a basis that will in no way detract from the opportunity of the several churches to give to their own boys religious instruction and experience, according to their respective faiths; Scouting activities shall be carried out in such a way that Scouting shall not be placed in the position of competing with the Church or Synagogue for the boy's loyalty; but on the contrary that Scout leaders shall maintain conditions such that the Church and Synagogue are supported in their efforts to help the boy lead a truly religious life.

The fact that the Mormon Church and three National Committees representing Catholic, Protestant and Jewish institutions are guiding and promoting the organization and administration of Scout units among their respective constituencies, indicates the desire of the Boy Scouts of America to cooperate with all religious bodies.

It is the genius of the Boy Scout Movement that in order to save its life, it must lose it; that is, in order to accomplish its purpose in service to the boy, it must submerge itself in the parent institutions that administer its units. It is only on this basis that Scouting can be useful to the Church in its program of religious education. Scouting recognizes the essential part that religion must play in character building.

Thus Scouting comes to the Church and humbly says: "Here is a program adapted to the needs of the boy. We have dealt with the natural side of the boy. We claim nothing supernatural for Scouting. If you find that what we offer will help you in your youth program, take it and use it. Build on it the supernatural upon the temporal

BARRED

By Alberta Huish Christensen

GUESS that we can't ever keep him, It's no use to coax or tease; Mom is sure—the way he scratches— He's plum full of fleas. Maybe she is right—and yet, It's just mosquito bites—I bet.

as a foundation for your spiritual structure. Scouting is neutral in religious matters. But it is not a negative neutrality. It leaves religion to those chosen and qualified to teach it, but declares the necessity of religion in character development and urges its practice."

The Best Parent Institution

It is for these good and sufficient reasons that the Boy Scout Movement throws all its influence with the Church and would build up the loyalty of the boy to this most permanent institution which serves each advancing period in the whole life-span from the cradle to the grave.

Acceptable to All Religious Groups

Surely Scouting established on such sure foundations, provides a platform upon which each religious group may build its own boy program with proper integration and coordination of the natural with the spiritual and the whole administered under its own appointed and supervised leadership. This is precisely the situation with the great religious faiths as it exists today.

The Catholic Church

"Scouting stresses the importance of being honest and truthful, of being kind and helpful to others, of being clean and decent and pure, of being respectful towards parents and all persons of authority.

"Combined with religious training and teaching, leavened by belief in God, a sense of responsibility to Him and dependent upon Him, the work of the Boy Scouts takes on new meaning, becomes a thing not merely related to time but to eternity, something that not only enriches and makes more pleasant and profitable this earthly life, but makes easier of realization and attainment of never-ending life with God."—*Msgr. W. P. Shannahan.*

"Thus, the sponsoring institution, if it be a Church, may take the program as a foundation and build upon it and around it its own spiritual program."—*Patrick Cardinal Hayes.*

The Mormon Church

"I hope that our Scout leaders will remember that it is our privilege and obligation in connection with the promotion of this program, to see that our boys receive proper religious training in order that they become real American citizens."—*President Heber J. Grant.*

The Jewish Groups

"The Scout Movement recognizes religion as an integral part of the character building process, and encourages boys to adhere to the tenets and practices of their own faith. . . . stimulate

the loyalty of the Jewish boy to his own faith."—*President Cyrus Adler.*

The Protestant Churches

"The whole creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the Sons of God." May God grant to you and to this great movement the privilege of assisting in their revealing."—*Dr. Paul Quilliam.*

"The genesis and unfolding story of the Boy Scout Movement in America and among the nations of the world, read, as I believe like a veritable romance of Divine Providence.

"Rugged old Carlyle told us that religion is the determining factor in any and every civilization. The Boy Scout Movement heads up in its aspiration for unwavering loyalty to God and reverence for the high, holy and sacred things of life.

"It is fortunate that this country in all of her presidents from Washington to the present day has recognized that the safeguard and assurance of any abiding social order for America heads up in its religious convictions."—*Dr. Geo. W. Truett.*

"There can be no great people without a great religion and all your talk about character is so much playing down the wind unless the regenerating and creative forces make a man obedient and the highest law reigns in his heart."—*Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.*

Bee-Hive Girls

HEALTH

EQUALLY important with believing in God is giving Him reason for believing in us by following His advice and council.

A Certain Way to Health

Positive Teaching of the Lord

1. Eat meat very sparingly.
2. Eat fresh fruit liberally.
3. Eat fresh and cooked vegetables regularly.
4. Eat grains (ground whole) in bread or porridge daily.
5. Drink water, fruit juices, grain extracts and milk in abundance.
6. Sleep regularly from early evening to early morning.
7. Labor regularly and steadily with body and mind.

I AM THE SAGE

By Grace Ingles Frost

I AM the primitive—
I am the freeborn.
Over my head no tree intrudes
To smother me or curb my moods.
I am a growth of the open space.
I thrive on the glare from a bold sun's face.
I am a growth of untilled sod.
A grey-green growth that the will of God
Let roam over an untamed West
And take its nourishment from her breast—
I am the sage.

8. Secure a correct mental attitude—have faith, hope and charity.

9. Seek and practice the truth of religion.

Negative Teachings

1. Drink no alcoholic beverages.
2. Use no tobacco.
3. Drink no tea or coffee.
4. Avoid refined foods.

Rewards

1. Mental.
2. Health of Body.
3. Immunity from disease.
4. Spiritual joy and understanding.

POSTURE

Posture Song

OH WHERE, oh where, has our posture gone?
Oh where, or where, can it be?
With our backs turned out and our chests turned in
Oh where, or where, can it be?

Taps

"Sleep and rest;
Sweetly rest,
Dreamless, rest through the dark hours of night,
And may God keep you safe 'till the light.

A splendid article called "Perfect Scientific Diet," written by Elder Joseph H. Merrill, appeared in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*, December 8th, 1934. This article would be very helpful to you Bee-Keepers in presenting your guides on health or the Word of Wisdom. Your bishop may have a copy filed away, which he would lend you.

THE FLAG

SEE Boy Scout Hand Book, Bee-Hive Hand Book, and *The Improvement Era*—January, 1935.

THE MOTIVATION PLAN

IS THE Bee-Hive Department of your Ward working for achievement, viz:

a. Have you increased your membership 10% over last year? or by enrolling 75% or more of girls of Bee-Hive age in your ward?

b. Have you had an attendance in all Swarms of 2/3 or more of your enrollment for one month? two months? three months?

c. Will you complete the work outlined for all three ranks?

Are you encouraging your girls to achieve individually, viz:

a. By attending Swarm meeting at least fifteen times during the year?

b. By completing the work of their Rank and participating in all of the Swarm activities satisfactorily? Swarm day should be a gala event. It isn't too early to begin making plans for it.

Where is the White Brother of the Hopi Indian

(Continued from page 84)

now make up the Hopi nation did not come together at one time. The three clans, Spider Clan, Snake Clan, and Spirit Clan arrived first at this place, being very careful to examine things carefully. They saw that the land was good. Deciding to put up a landmark at this place, Moencopie, they had a record written in some form of hieroglyphics on the wall of the cliff, stating that this good land would be held for the humble but poor people among them. This record was to be a landmark for their poor from generation to generation and has been held sacred by these people.

Leaving Moencopie, they traveled southeast coming to the north end of the village now known as Oraibi. At this place they were rewarded in their long search, for there was the Man for whom they had been looking. Having been expecting them for several days, he often stayed very late at this meeting place. The Spirit Clan led by the younger brother was the first to reach Him. They asked this Man where he lived to which he answered, "Just south of here on a hill."

Then they asked Him the name of the place. Hesitating at first, he finally told them it was Oraibi, which was the first place named or pronounced by this Man. Their first understanding was that He lived at this place called Oraibi, but later learned that it was only His resting-place, where He comes to rest under a big rock, later going away home to somewhere, nobody knows. It was at one of these times of rest that He was found by these Indians. He told them they might build their houses at this place and He would be with them except in the evening, when He would go home, somewhere. This Spirit was known to the Indians as Mausauu and was the Man who owned the earth.

After they had settled for awhile at the place called Oraibi, they decided to find some way of governing their people. Since this place belonged to the Mausauu they asked this spirit to be the chief of them all, but this man, Mausauu refused, telling them that their leader, who had brought them over, should be the chief among his own people.

After they counseled over the leadership for four days, Mausauu still told them he could not do it. He told the leader of the people to look over the land and whatever he could use he could put his people on and make use of it, but the Mausauu could not be their leader at this time. He told them that they had many ambitions and plans for the future in their own minds, which they would have to experience, such as the things they are doing now—days, before he could be their leader. They must work out their own ideas for themselves and after they had gone through this period under their own leadership He could return to lead them. But if he did it at this time, He would do it out of His place, as it was not the time for Him to be their leader.

MAUSAUU left the village, circled around and came back, then told the people, "All right, I have finished marking out the land for you. I have fixed it for you at this time."

He meant that all this land from ocean to ocean belongs to Him and that He was going to make them guardians over it, until He could come to be their leader. He could not give them title to it or divide it up individually into small pieces, such as so many acres, but they could live on it and make use of it. The humble, valiant Spirit Clan, who had come to him first and who had proved their faithfulness, were to be next to Him in authority and were to have charge of his sacred trusts.

In this manner Mausauu fixed the land which is held sacred by the Hopi Indians today; it is never to be forgotten by them. They are going to be faithful to the trust placed upon them by the Mausauu who will bless them at His return, if they hold this land for Him and not turn it over to any other people. When Mausauu fixed the land this way He did not make any mistake.

This Spirit Clan, who lived with Him before He disappeared and the people, who are still staunch believers, are seeing him and their leaders in the fires. While this Spirit, Mausauu, was still with them, they held a ceremony of different sacred religious dances. They began to talk over how they were going to make a plan to live together and govern all the people, what would be the best for the world, and which clan would be the one to gov-

(Continued on page 118)

Get

BOST TOOTH PASTE AND TOOTH POWDER



This formula of Dr. Wm. Dale Bost—awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of approval—is the result of many years of research. Dr. Bost's labors were justified by countless numbers of users putting their faith in Bost, which is putting new Beauty into their Smiles. Save entire carton from Tooth Paste—Top of Can from Powder. Worth one cent each.

BARBASOL FOR SHAVING



This soothing, convenient, brushless shaving cream will prove ideal for you as it has for thousands. Sold in large jars and in two sizes of tubes. Save entire cartons. Worth 1, 2 and 3 cents each, according to size. Barbasol Razor Blades are top quality steel—save 5 blade container. Worth 1 cent for two.

KREML HAIR TONIC AND SHAMPOO



This largest selling hair tonic is recognized as the quick method of checking falling hair and dandruff—not sticky or greasy. Kreml Shampoo—made from 80% Olive Oil base—keeps scalp and hair clean and healthy. Save face of carton containing Good Housekeeping Seal. Worth 1 cent to 3 cents each, according to size.



SAPOLIO SOAP AND POWDER



The Sapolio cake scouring soap, famous for years, for cleaning and polishing enamel, porcelain, painted wood-work, pans, etc. Sapolio Powder offers new kitchen cleanliness in powder form. Save entire silver wrapper of Sapolio Cake and entire metal top from Sapolio Powder. Worth ½ cent each.

ENTER THE PLAN NOW! Other Products will be Added

While the products indicated above cover a wide range of family needs and are calculated to give the average church—if the plan is properly undertaken—a monthly income of \$40.00 (with small churches earning \$20.00 and large active churches up to \$100.00 a month), other manufacturers will join the plan as soon as it is known how

Money For Your Church, Society or Other Worthy Causes by Saving these Purchase Identifications

At last the ever-present problem of getting the extra funds needed to carry on church work, missionary activity or for other worthy causes can easily be raised without Suppers, Bazaars, selling campaigns, etc., Mortgages can now be paid off, needed equipment purchased, budgets met, or support given to Missions, Orphanages, Homes and Hospitals without affecting the regular contributions of church members, or of groups that have other heavy obligations. Here is a plan whereby the help of neighbors and friends—not a part of the church membership or group—may be enlisted without affecting their other obligations.

Buy these Fine Products

FLASH PRODUCTS



Flash Deluxe cleans and recutifies your hands—any soap will scrub hands clean, but only Flash uses gentle action, cutting dirt out. Flash Silver Polish works with little effort and no surface wear. Flash Metal and Glass Polish, non-inflammable, brightens the home, requiring small effort. Save gold seal band from Bottle, Carton and Jar. Worth 1 cent each.

VAPEX CURS COLDS



VENIDA PRODUCTS



Venida, for years the largest selling hair nets, are joined by Venida Wave Set, Venida Shampoo, Venida Bob-Pins and Venida Cleaning Tissues. Fine products for fastidious women. Save envelopes of Nets, cartons of Shampoo and Wave Set, Top of box or card of Tissues. Worth varying amounts.



CURE GIRL

Chore Girl's efficiency is known to millions of women. Made of continuous pure corset ribbon. No shreds, splinters, shavings or rust. Avoids infected fingers and contaminated food. Save tag. Worth 1 cent for 3 tags.

WILBERTS NO-RUB FLOOR AND FURNITURE POLISH



Beautifully waxes floors without rubbing or polishing. Simply wipe NO-RUB into the floor—dries with a wear-resisting lustre. NO - RUB Furniture Polish is quicker, better, easier. Save cap from Floor Wax can and entire carton from Polish. Worth 1 cent each.

PARFUMS—RIGAUD'S UN AIR EMBAUME & MARY GARDEN

These two perfumes are different but both lovely. Good taste and judgment are shown by their use. Save Sales Slip with name of store, size and price clearly written. Worth 3% of price paid.



GENERAL'S INK



An ideal ink—stains of washable blue easily washed from clothing, hands, etc. A variety of colors and shades in four sizes: —10¢ —25¢ —Pint and Quart. Buy a quart—make a lamp from the bottle. Save carton top—worth 5¢ for Quart Size—Less for small sizes.

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Burnett's Extracts since 1847, famous for purity and flavor delicacy. 24 flavors cover every home need. Save box top. Worth 1 cent to 12 cents, according to size.



BURNETT'S COLOR TABS AND COLOR PASTE

Absolutely pure—add touch of decoration desired for cakes, ices, candies etc. Save top of Past box and entire Color Tab box. Worth 1 cent each on Color Paste and 1 cent for 3 Tab boxes.

BURNETT'S ICE CREAM LIQUID-MIX

Whether you use, or a hand freezer, Liquid-Mix makes the smoothest, most delicious ice cream imaginable. This is, inexpensive, healthful and most pleasing delicacy. Save label from the can. Worth 1 cent for three.



NOTHING TO SELL

Church groups have, for years, raised money for their causes by selling things. This has been grossly unfair to local merchants—many of whom have supported the church so splendidly. It has also caused extra financial outlay on the part of members and friends who may not have needed the object sold. Now, by church groups and their friends buying certain brands of things they need and are buying anyway—and saving the cartons, labels and tags, amounts of \$20.00 to \$100.00 a month may be secured from the manufacturers of these fine products. As they save these purchase identifications they simply surrender them at a place to be designated by each church or group or society participating.

ENROLL YOUR CHURCH OR GROUP NOW!

Since the amounts which these fine American manufacturers will be called on to contribute to churches and worthy causes shall not be added to the price of their products, but must be taken from their usual sales promotion appropriations or budgets, it will be necessary for churches or groups to join this plan before any such contributions can be made. It is also necessary so that folders describing the products may be sent for distribution among your members and friends telling them just what to save, and how much each Purchase Identification is worth.

HELPS LOCAL MERCHANTS AND CHURCH GROUPS

All of these products are standard nationally advertised brands. By purchasing them, your local merchant will benefit while you are contributing to your society or group. You may participate with full confidence that the advertisers represented will deal fairly in every way with groups participating in this plan.

many churches or groups will participate in this plan. Thus the amount of monthly contributions which churches or groups will get from the manufacturers will increase materially. START NOW saving the purchase identifications of the above products. Talk up the plan with leaders in your church or group. If they don't start the plan now you may send these purchase identifications to this publication who will see that they are applied to a worthy and uplifting cause.



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The undersigned group, wishing to participate in the contributions of manufacturers to uplifting causes, agree to distribute descriptive folders to their members and friends and to purchase products of these manufacturers as needed. Please send us additional detail.

Church or Group

Address

Pastor or Group Leader

Estimated number of families who will co-operate with plan

Where is the White Brother of the Hopi Indian

(Continued from page 116)

ern. They wished to find the best plan that would help them live righteously enough to fulfil the trust the Mausauu had placed upon them. The leaders of the sacred dances, counseling together looked back upon their lives to see how they were able to get to this place and to raise their crops. They knew that they had lived according to the laws of right living and that by their faith-

fulness to their prayers and ceremonials expressed in their sacred dances they could still make their living in this land.

With these thoughts in mind each clan gave a performance of its own sacred dance. In different months throughout different seasons of the year, the Hopis today put on these sacred dances in humble thanksgiving. These dances are ceremonies or dance-dramas commemorating the coming of each clan to the place of the Mausauu, Oraibi Village.

While they were counseling and dancing Mausauu looked upon their leaders in admiration. The only time they would eat was after the sun went down—in the afterglow. He considered these people as most important people, because of their sincere devotion as expressed in their sacred dances. This is the way we Hopis feel toward one another in our desire to prove true to our beliefs.

As the Mausauu watched their dances, He saw that their devotion had enabled them to go far ahead of what he had done. Intending to give them more than they now had, He showed them His ceremonial dance. He made preparation for His dance by fasting sixteen days, only eating a small portion of cornmeal soup in the middle of the night. This soup was made with a small measure of His own, of equal parts of cornmeal and soup, this measure is still in the hands of the Hopis today. When His great day came all the people watching eagerly, learned much more than they had ever known. This still proved that the Mausauu had more powers and more knowledge than they had and was still their leader. Today the Hopi Indians perform the sacred dance in memory of the Mausauu's great day and the instructions He gave them which they are never to forget.

After His performance, he told them that he could not live among them any longer at this time. He gave them instructions to remember while He was away. He said they had many things on their minds which they wanted to accomplish and that many things would happen during His absence. He chose the Spirit Clan, otherwise known as the Mausauu Clan, to be next to Him in authority. He left in their care a sacred record which was in the form of a pink marble tablet, or plate, upon which was a map of his land and they were charged to protect it until the White Brother, who

had gone to touch his forehead to the sun, would return and translate it for them. They were to fight against any people taking possession of the land. He would tell them what the map meant.

He charged them to be faithful to this sacred trust until the day of the White Brother, which was to be when a road is made in the sky. Their faithfulness to this sacred trust would cause them to go through many hardships; people would strike them; they would wipe tears out of their eyes, as they went along trying to uphold what they have been told and waiting for their White Brother to come to their relief. But they were told to hold on courageously to what they believed, not to strike back or to commit violence or bloodshed, but staunchly to defend their religious beliefs and the trust of the sacred tablet throughout whatever came. When the White Brother came, He would cure all these evil things and we would all be more brotherly. That is what the Hopi Indians are looking forward to today.

WE ARE all really brothers and sisters, but we have, up to the present time, done wrong toward one another. When the winters would be very cold and the summers very dry, when earthquakes and other signs of nature came; when men would be uneasy and restless in their minds; when a road would be made in the sky, then all men would know that they must live better for the time was then come, when the White Brother would return and all things would be made right. If men did not heed these warnings and live better and more humbly, they would be destroyed when He comes. The destruction of the wicked would be the way in which the world would be cured of evil doings.

These are the firm beliefs of the Hopi people, who are living very poorly, much more poorly than other people would care to do, in order to stand firmly to their beliefs, that they may be worthy to receive the good things to be had after the wicked are destroyed.

They were further told that after the time of the destruction, the faithful people would be rewarded for their faithfulness, that there would be a place provided for the poor people for their inheritance for the reward of their sufferings, that the righteous white people and the Indians would be as brothers; they would be taken to a place in this

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land of ours where a lot of riches are to be found. During the peaceable time these people who have been faithful will unite and share these treasures in equal parts and live as the white people do. This shall be a time of plenty when there will be nothing but happiness for everybody. There will be but one language spoken, which according to the Hopi traditions, will be the Hopi language because it is easy to learn, but it may be the white people's language. As we will all be as brothers and sisters there will be no objection to intermarriage from either side.

That is what we are all aiming for and this is known among every nationality. But we, Hopi Indians, want this never to be forgotten for this is what the Mausauu told us before He went away. That is why we are striving so hard to hold fast to our religious beliefs. This has not been recorded in a written record but has been handed down from generation to generation from mouth to mouth the way I received it from my people.

If this that I have told you is to be sent out to different places and even to the foreign countries, perhaps our White Brother will read it, for He is a person today who will come to us and will be able to translate the marble record we have with our people, which was given to us by the Mausauu. He will bring forth the destruction of the wicked and a great day of peace and happiness will follow for the good people. Then Mausauu will return to be our leader.

WHEN the people who formed the government at Washington, D. C., first came to this country, they knew that there was someone on this land before they came. They found the corn growing, someone's corn, no one else's but this great Spirit Clan. Before they erected a building for the government they asked these Indians of the Spirit Clan, who had the custody of the land for the Mausauu, if they could cultivate the land, too. They were told, yes, they could. There was nothing bad to this agreement at that time.

By this spirit of good will, they came to one another without fighting or without killing one another. To this day, the people of Oraibi, the Hopi Indians, have never shown their war weapons to a white man. The bows and arrows are gone. This has been well kept, for it is



going to be known that the Hopis have never fought the white people. The government of Washington, D. C. is therefore not for one particular people but for everyone in this country and we Hopi Indians look for the government at Washington, D. C. as head of all of us; they are the people who decide what is right for all of the people. Washington, D. C. is the head of all other cities, likewise Oraibi is the town where the Great Spirit Clan met the Spirit Mausauu, the holy city of the Hopi people, the seat of the government of the trustworthy Spirit Clan, with whom the first agreement was made with the government at Washington. These people have suffered a great deal in their attempt to prove faithful to their trust and to keep their religion from being destroyed by misunderstanding white people and from exploitation and graft.

They have appealed to Washington to help them but Washington has not listened to anything they have said. The government has

sent soldiers to these people who have forced white man's ways upon them, disregarding the Hopi traditions and beliefs, which has almost destroyed their religion, their sacred dances and ceremonials to which the Mausauu told them to remain faithful.

The Hopi Indians have appealed to the government at Washington, which is the head of all the people, to help them but if they have heard anything about it they have done nothing. In this the government at Washington has made a mistake. There has been much suffering among the Hopi Indians, because they have tried to remain faithful to their beliefs and they have been made to cry over these things.

So I, Dan Kotchongva, Chief of Hotevilla Village, am not looking at the office at Washington for help right now, but we Hopis are looking for the return of our White Brother, who will come to us and bring forth a relief of the suffering of all the people. We have looked toward Washington, Chicago, and Santa Fe, New Mexico, as places for this Word to go out in search of our White Brother, but so far nothing has been done. That is why I am here today talking to you people and if this word goes out from here, maybe He will know of our search for Him and come to us. This is the time to which we have looked for generations. We were told that his time was when a road was made in the sky. The road of the airplane is well made. If we do not find Him through this effort we will keep on searching and shall not stop looking until He returns.

A Lesson in Hay

(Continued from page 80)

"You're back so early I thought the teacher must be sick," the puncher laughed.

Lafe strode on into the house. Old Henry took his shoeless feet off a chair.

"What happened to your mouth, boy? Horse hit you with its head?"

"No. Chancey Stone hit it with his fist," Lafe replied.

Old Henry's face cracked into a grin. "Did they have to haul him home?" he queried.

"I don't know. I didn't wait to see."

"Heck, you don't mean he kicked

you? You didn't run from him?" "No; I didn't run. He was sitting on the floor when I left."

"That's better. But, heck, I thought Chancey Stone was your best friend."

"So did I. Look here, Dad, what're we going to do about this hay? We can cut down the feed an' spare anyway three hundred tons. If it's fed right it ought to save all the cattle in the valley. They won't be fat, but if it's a decent spring even the weak ones ought to live."

"That's what I figger," old Henry said. "Only I figger we kin sell more than that. Orta be able to spare four hundred tons."

"Then why didn't they come to us like men instead of jumpin' onto

me all spraddled out and callin' us hay hogs?"

"So that's what was eaten' Chauncey Stone, eh?" Henry chuckled. "Hay hogs, eh? Ain't I been tellin' 'em for years they'd orta have a carry-over of one year's crop? Heh, heh, I knowed my time was comin'."

Lafe looked at his father with sudden suspicion. "Look here, Dad, have any of 'em tried to buy hay?"

"Has any of 'em tried? They've all tried. Dang near every one of 'em has come around on the sly tryin' to get what he needs, an more, before his neighbors git wise."

"Then why ain't you sold any?"

"Because they won't pay my price. But they'll come to it, son. They'll come to it. Don't worry about that."

"How much have you asked a ton?" Lafe demanded.

"Thirty-seven dollars and a half."

"What?" Lafe gasped. "Dad, you're crazy!"

"Crazy like a fox," old Henry laughed. "Listen, son. I saw this thing comin'. This hay shortage ain't local; it's general. All the time these fellers have been sittin' around hopin' fer a soft winter I've been proceedin' on the theory that

I didn't have enough hay—figgerin' what I'd do if it was me caught short. An' I know where the stuff would have to come from. I can ship prairie hay in here from Nebraska an' lay it down in the cars for thirty-eight dollars a ton. Let 'em do what they please; they can't git it fer less. We'll sell hay half a dollar cheaper, better hay, easier fed, an' save 'em the labor o' haulin' it fourteen miles from town."

Old Henry's little eyes twinkled with his own shrewdness, and he glanced up at his tall son for approbation.

LAFE looked at his father. He was too appalled for words. He turned and blundered up to his room.

Thirty-seven dollars and a half a ton for hay, and a cow worth less than thirty! Six dollars a ton was the normal price for hay. Sometimes, toward spring, it went as high as eight, and once, for a week, it had sky-rocketed to ten.

No cowman could afford to pay it. But, on the other hand, they couldn't afford not to. No wonder they had called him hay hog. He knew that old Henry couldn't be made to change his mind. Once he

had figured out a thing it stayed figured.

To oppose his father would be useless, but he couldn't look his neighbors in the face after doing a thing like that to them. And he had manhandled his best friend. He would have crawled in the dirt to apologize to Chauncey if he could, but if he did, people would think it was because he was afraid of reprisals.

There was no defense for old Henry, and yet, according to his lights he had done the only logical thing to do.

The next morning Lafe ordered the feeders to cut down a third on the hay. The cattle were strong. They could easily get through the remainder of the winter on short rations. As he listened to the crescendo bawling of his neighbors' hungry cattle it seemed to him that they created an ungody din which would ring in his ears throughout eternity.

When he came in at noon he strode into the living room. "Dad," he said peremptorily, "you've got to set a reasonable price on your hay, say eight dollars a ton—ten at the most. And then when we sell it we've got to make sure that no one man gets more than he absolutely needs."

Henry Patterson's face hardened. "Goin' soft, are you, son—or did Chauncey Stone throw a scare into you? I never figgered you'd be yella."

"I don't think I'm yellow, Dad, but I seem to be handicapped by something that must be a conscience. If you make these men pay that outrageous price it'll break every one of 'em."

"Let it. I got money enough to buy cattle to stock the range they've been usin'."

"All right, Dad," Lafe said quietly. "I've been thinkin' this over. There's something about the cattle business that you can never feel. All you could ever see about grass or cattle was the dollars they might bring you. If we do this thing to our neighbors I can never ride the range again. If you want me to stay you'll have to be reasonable."

"So you are yella?" old Henry rasped. "You'd weaken rather than stand up for your own interests. Well, you can do as you please, but they'll pay me thirty-eight dollars a ton or they won't git a spear. An' if I can charge 'em more I will."

"You're the doctor, Dad," Lafe

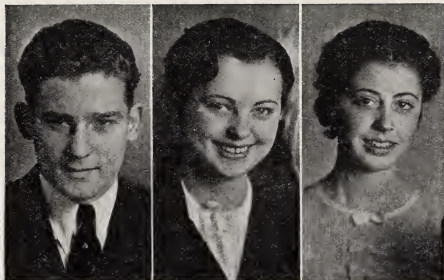
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shrugged. "But I warn you—there'll be trouble."

"They'll pay me an' like it," old Henry growled. "Hay is hay."

"Well, if you feel that way all right, but I want you to assume the blame. We've had an understandin' that I was to handle the labor end, and you the money end, but other people don't realize it. Will you sign an agreement with me, puttin' that in writin'?"

"Of course. We'd oughta have an understandin' anyway. I can plainly see that you ain't got no business head. If you had you'd appreciate the opportunity this hard winter has brought."

LAFE presented the paper he had written out. Old Henry read it casually, and there was a sneer on his face when he signed. The son read his thoughts. In Henry Patterson's estimation his son was a weakling; too much afraid of public opinion to stand up for his legal rights. But Lafe was a good cowman.

With the paper in his hand Lafe went up-stairs to his own room. Presently he stepped to the window and looked out. His fine face darkened. Just coming through the outside ranch gate, some two miles away, was a long string of bob-sleds with a hay-rack upon each sled. He hurriedly reached for his field glasses. He counted eighteen rigs in all; most of them were manned by two men. They were headed directly toward the nearest Bar P stackyard. The drivers of the two leading rigs were Dave Elkins and Chauncey Stone.

For a moment Lafe's eyes rested upon the 45. Colt's revolver hanging in its holster on a bed-post. He shook his head, and left the gun hanging there. He picked up his hat and ran toward the corrals.

The hay sleds weren't visible from the ground, and for this Lafe was thankful. He mounted his horse and headed for the stackyard at a fast lope. The men with the sleds were breaking a snow road to the stacks, instead of taking the four mile route by the ranch. Probably, Lafe thought, they didn't want to be seen. He arrived at the stackyard the men were aiming for while the lead sled was yet a hundred yards away.

Lafe dismounted at the gate, went through without opening it, and picked up the broken handle of a pitch-fork. With this in hand he

returned to the stackyard and grimly waited.

With a final wild lunge Dave Elkins' team lurched into the broken road and paused within two rods of the gate. Elkins handed the lines to a hired man and picked up a rifle from the bottom of the rack.

"We don't want no trouble, Patterson," he called, "but we are gonna have hay." There was an ominous click as the rifle was cocked.

"I don't want any trouble either, Dave, but you're not goin' to haul a load of hay off this ranch till you pay for it."

"We intend to pay for it," Elkins retorted. "We held a meetin', an'

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decided to measure the hay we take an' deposit twelve dollars in the bank for every ton we haul away. No court in the world would convict us of any crime for doin' that."

"Perhaps not. But they'll convict you of murder if you use that gun. I'm not armed," Life said coolly.

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"What about that fork-handle?"

Fully a dozen men had now tramped around and stood in the road between Life and Elkins' team. Chauncey Stone was in the lead.

"That's for use on anybody who tries to open this gate," Life stated. "There's enough of you to rush me, but it won't be easy. I'm good with a fork-handle."

There was a restless mutter among the men. All the bolder spirits had crowded forward, but they knew that the man who led the attack would be smitten by that fork-handle. Wielded by a hundred and eighty pound man it was a fearsome weapon. None of them cared for the honor of being first.

"Will you git away from that gate?" Dave Elkins repeated.

"I will not. I'll not be intimidated by any mob," Life replied quietly. "If you've got the nerve to fire that rifle, go ahead."

Elkins' face turned white, then red. He dropped the butt of the rifle to the floor of the rack with a thud. With their leader out-faced and beaten the ranchers realized that they had been defeated. Those ahead started to trail back to their own rigs.

"Wait," Life called. "You men are going to get hay for your stock. My father won't sell it to you; I can't. If you try to take it by lawless methods it'll mean lawsuits and other trouble that will last for years and break most of you. But there is a way you can get it lawfully."

"What do you mean?" Chauncey Stone demanded.

Life explained his plan in half a dozen terse sentences.

"You—you mean you'd stand for that?" Chauncey Stone asked incredulously. "Why you'll git less money that way than what we offered."

"My dad needs a lesson. I'm giving it to him," Life said grimly.

Chauncey Stone stepped forward and extended his hand. "It served us right to be showed up the way you did just now," he said frankly.

"Maybe you won't be in such a hurry to judge a man," Life smiled.

AFTER the empty sleds had departed Life loped back to the ranch.

"Roll out, boys," he called cheerily to the hay-diggers. "I want you to haul out enough hay tonight to do until tomorrow noon."

"What's the big idea?" a chorus assailed him.

"I'll have another job for you in the mornin'," he told them, and passed on into the house. He said nothing to old Henry about the attempted raid upon the stacks.

The next morning the hay-diggers hitched up at the usual time. They were big-eyed with curiosity as they waited for orders. Presently Life appeared on his saddle horse.

"I don't want you to load too heavy this mornin', boys," he said. "When you git about to the top of the basket I want you to go visitin'. One rig will go to Elkins' place; one to Stone's; one to Foster's, an' the other to Platt's. When you git there just drive around their feed-grounds an' then come home. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if all the cattle they've got don't foller you, because I don't expect they'll be fed anything this morning. If they don't foller very good you might just throw out a forkful of hay now an' then to sort o' toll 'em along."

"Holy Smoke! You mean we're gonna steal their cattle—in broad daylight?" a puncher howled.

"Don't be silly. It won't be our fault if the cattle foller us," Life laughed. "When you git through there you can take some more hay an' visit the other ranches. We're likely to have most all the range cattle in the country on our feed-grounds before night."

"But who's gonna feed 'em?"

"If we can't do it I expect I'll have to hire somebody," Life said. "In fact I wouldn't be surprised if the men that's been feedin' 'em wouldn't keep right on. Only they'll be feedin' our hay."

More mystified than ever the hay-diggers departed. And before the forenoon was half gone long, black ropes of cattle could be seen stringing into the Patterson ranch. The loud, incessant din reached even the ears of old Henry Patterson. There was an explosion of wrath when he saw what was happening. He belatedly for Life, but his son didn't seem to be present. Finally, he jerked on his boots and lumbered out to the corrals. For perhaps the first time in history there wasn't a horse on the place. Angry as he was old Henry knew better than to waste out toward those wild, hungry cattle on foot.

IT was long past noon when Life trotted up to the corrals and dismounted. Old Henry came plunging out to meet him.

"What's all this about?" Patter-

son thundered. "Whose cattle are them? What did you let 'em come here for? Why didn't you stop 'em?"

"Well, now, Dad, you don't wanta get all excited," Lafe soothed. "Nobody drove any cattle onto our feed-ground. Those are just strays that happened to follow our sleds home."

"What? Strays? Have you gone crazy? Why, I'll bet that every critter Dave Elkins owns is on our feed-ground right now," Henry roared.

"Well, we've got a means of redress," Lafe said mildly. "There's an estray law, you know."

"Stray law? What're you talkin' about? Who cares anything for a stray law?" Henry yowled. "What I want is for you to get them cows outa here. How we gonna feed our own stuff without feedin' them?"

"We just can't," Lafe shrugged.

"Well, I'll have the law on somebody for this," Henry snorted. "But you git busy an' cut them cattle out an' fire 'em home."

"Can't do it, Dad. As a matter of fact they won't take 'em back. Why should they—they haven't hay enough to feed 'em."

"Well, I'll cut 'em out then, an' I'll see that they take 'em," Henry frothed. "Gimme that horse."

"Sorry, Dad, but I happen to have control of the cattle, and I can't stand for your interference," Lafe smiled.

"What?" Henry bellowed. Surprise after surprise was leaving him no other choice of words, it seemed.

"Don't you remember signing a paper yesterday giving me full control over the feeding and ranging of the Bar P. cattle?" Lafe asked gently.

Old Henry's jaw dropped, but he made one more desperate rally. "I'll make 'em pay me forty dollars a ton for every bit of hay their stuff eats while they're here," he declared.

"I'm afraid you're wrong again, Dad," Lafe said. "You see these cattle are technically strays, and the law of this state allows you for feeding stray cattle just ten cents a

day, no more, no less. But even at that we ought to eke out between eight and ten dollars a ton."

It was a hard blow for old Henry to take. His face congested, and he half raised his hand to strike. Lafe continued to smile, and made no move to defend himself. Slowly the old man's hand dropped to his side, and a sheepish grin spread over his face.

"Anyway, it took my own flesh an' blood to fox me," he maintained. He started toward the house, but paused abruptly. "Hey, with all them cattle here our hay will be gone long before winter's over. What'll happen then?"

"Chances are they'll cut out their cattle then, an' charge us thirty-eight dollars a ton for enough hay to get our stuff on the range," Lafe replied laconically.

"I'm whipped," old Henry admitted. "What have I gotta do to git them cattle back home?"

"Well, they've agreed to cut 'em out an' take 'em home if we'll sell 'em what hay we can reasonably spare—at eight dollars a ton," Lafe said. "I might have got more, but I figger that's a fair price."

"All right, have it your own way," old Henry conceded. "But every last one of 'em will be laughin' in his sleeve right now because you're such a sucker."

"Perhaps," Lafe said grimly.

The next time he went to the store for his mail he found himself a hero. That there was real gratitude on the part of most of them he knew, but he doubted if any of them would have done the same thing in his place. He left shortly.

"I wonder if I have been a fool?" he mused, as he mounted his horse.

From habit his horse stopped in front of the old schoolhouse. "Well, I reckon I'd just as well know the worst," he murmured. "If Myra thinks—"

He knocked upon the door, and presently Myra came out. She shut the door even more swiftly than usual. Her face was radiant.

"Oh, Lafe," she cried. "I think you're wonderful."

was digging frantically, near a protruding boulder which was surrounded by a clump of "jack pine." The thick growth of the pines and their sharp needles apparently interfered with his progress, but they would effectively conceal whatever he was intending to hide.

"What's he doing away with?"

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The Silver Girdle

(Continued from page 89)

head and patting her neck. She looked across the field again. In utter amazement, she saw a man in a flying suit and a helmet burrowing in the ground with a sharp instrument. He wore gloves. He

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she asked herself with a creepy feeling as visions of the buried skeleton of Edmond Drood came into her mind.

Nitana shifted her weight. Eileen patted her neck again and softly soothed her, "Quiet, Beauty!" She gently tightened the rein.

Taking up her field glasses, she focused them on the worker across the meadow. "That's no gravel!" The hole was small and deep. At the side of it there was a tin box. Close to that Eileen discovered a black package. Oilcloth, possibly. "Good night! I'll bet he's a kidnaper! And that's the ransom money!"

The flyer took a pile of greenbacks from his pockets and a piece of cellophane paper.

"For the love of Mikel!" she whispered. "Moistureproof! This was planned. It's a trick!" She watched him wrap pile after pile of bills, first in cellophane, and then in oilcloth. "Mercy! What shall I do?" She wanted to run. She was half paralyzed with fear. "No! You cowardly-custard! There's no telling what he's done—or what he might do! It's up to you, Eileen!" she said to herself.

HER FIRST impulse was to dash across the meadow. But quick as lightning she sensed her folly. No—I'll pretend I've come to help him. He's not to suspect I know.

She watched him, fascinated, slowly gathering her courage, planning her own little scheme. Suddenly, she became grateful for having found a bandit! "Gee whizz—Richard the Lion-Hearted! I know now, I shouldn't climb mountains alone, but if I catch a crook all by myself I might make up for that mistake. If I *don't catch him* . . ." She drew a sharp breath, "Heaven help me!" She felt the handle of her rifle. Then, with the strength of a steel-spring she braced herself for the bluff.

"Okay Chance!" she snapped, "let her go!" She touched Nitana with her spur. The horse bounded forward into the clearing as the flyer crossed to his plane.

"Thank goodness you're not dead!" shouted Eileen as she dashed across the meadow. "What brought you down? I was afraid I'd find you all smashed up."

The pilot nearly jumped out of his skin. He wasn't expecting callers, and a rescue was the last thing he was looking for.

She stopped short—she had already calculated the limit of her safety zone. The steel spike had a threatening air. She had chanced against odds that there was no gun in the hip-pocket of his flying suit; naturally he wouldn't anticipate being held up in mid-air—but still.

"Quiet, Chance!" she silenced the pointer's furious barking.

The odds were with her. Not once did his hand move towards his hip.

"You're not hurt? Really?" she rattled on in a solicitous tone.

"Your sweet little tootin, I'm not! What brought you here?" (he cursed under his breath,) "Broken oil line forced me down," he said aloud. "Been tinkerin' with it; it's okay now, and I'm climbin' out o' here before dark. Say, who are you, anyway?" He became suddenly suspicious. "What are you doing in here? Strange parts fer a gal to be inhabitin'."

"Not so strange. I'm a guide from Camp Reynolds. I saw you come down and I came over to help you. Thank goodness you weren't killed." Her solicitude was touching.

"Then we'll both be moving. Thanks a lot."

"So we will. But I do need some help. I can't go back alone; it's too late. Won't you come with me? You can come back to your plane in the morning."

"I'll be a son-of-a-gun! I didn't ask fer no company, and I'm not offerin' any!"

"Even if I ask you?"

"Lady, I got an engagement. I lost myself in the fog the other side o' these mountains. My little ship's a right smart climber or I might be rollin' down one o' them stone hills right now. She cleared the hump but busted her guts. I got 'er fixed, and now I'm gettin' out o' here before dark. I reckon no guide needs guidin'."

"But I do. I ask you. . . ." Eileen parried for time as she made ready to jump.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'll have to refuse. . . ."

"Then I order!" Quick as a flash she was off her horse with her rifle pointed at the flyer. "You're game's up! You rode in here on a plane. You're riding out on a horse. I'm walking just behind you to see that you don't fall off. You've seen this wilderness from the air—the best possible view to let you know what

a mess you'd be in if you tried to bolt. You do as I say or I'll fire. . ."

"You high-handed little hussy!" "I'm pretty sure-handed, I want you to know. Get on that horse, and don't mistreat her. She won't stand contaminating! Let the reins hang loose. She needs no guiding! We're doubling back on my tracks—the mare and the dog will pick up the scent. Scram! Throw your leg over that saddle!"

"I'll be a son-of-a-."

"I know you will, but don't tell me about it again."

THE CROOK was cornered, but he couldn't believe it. This was too simple. With the speed of a rattler, up shot the pike. With the sure aim of that reptile, Eileen fired. She grazed his wrist—the steel rod dropped. He jerked off his glove. "You little imp!"

"I meant to tell you to drop that in the first place. Now, will you get in that saddle and do as I say! Fold your hands behind you and don't move 'em or I'll bark the other wrist. And don't forget to treat that horse with respect; I'll be watching every move you make!"

"Okay, you dumb-bell! It won't take me long to make a get-away with a break like that!" thought he, as he slid into the saddle.

But he hadn't reckoned on Eileen's vigilance or her walking-ability. One moment's slackening of the tension, and Eileen would most surely have crumpled. But she never faltered. She kept a short, even distance behind the man on the horse, and her rifle, heavy as it was, never lost its aim. She felt that an unseen Power gave her strength to follow this surprising criminal through the forest toward the Ranger Station. And she also felt that, just so, Brent must have drawn on super-human strength in getting her down from Agassiz. She uttered a silent prayer; and then—"This is a country!" she said half aloud.

Chance barked and yelped at Nitana's heels. He snapped at the stranger's feet in the stirrups of his mistress's beloved horse. Eileen ordered him down. She quieted Nitana by speaking calmly and soothingly to her. Beautiful, sensitive creature! She would never cease to be grateful to her for having behaved so well in this situation. She was thankful when Chance nosed ahead of the horse, making

their way that much more sure out of this unwanted region.

The shadows became very long. The sun dropped behind the tips of the pines. "Poor Mom! She's in for another scare. When she hears about this, I'm afraid it will be the end of the West for her!"

The tinkling of the horses' bells was heard. "You don't need to mind those horses," said Eileen. "We're walking right past them. That's my string. I really am a guide. And I'm fond of riding, but I'd rather walk than ride, just now. When you hit the blazed trail, turn to your right and keep on going. One move toward those horses and I'll find your heart just as I shaved

your wrist." She was horrified at her own words.

Surely this was the strangest

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cavalcade that ever treaded these peaceful woods.

"Where's Brent?" thought Eileen. He must have seen the plane drop. "Surely, he heard my shot. Why doesn't he come?" When she spied his white tent gleaming in the eve-

ning light, she thought she'd faint if he didn't show up.

SUDDENLY she heard him galloping down the trail from far beyond. "Thank heaven!" she said.

He caught sight of a stranger on Nitana. He saw Eileen pointing a rifle at the man's back. There's trouble!" he said. "This is no fishing party! That shot! That plane! What's the meaning of this. . ."

The bridle lunged as he felt Brent's sudden check. Nitana veered; her rider wobbled. He wore a sullen, vicious expression. His wrist was bleeding.

"Eileen! Who is this? Why are you walking while this man rides? Are you hurt?"

"I've brought you a present, Brent. But it's not tied up. I've left that for you. Get out your rope and take this beast off my precious horse. I caught him red-handed when I went out to save him. Saw the plane come down. Thought I'd help, but found he didn't need any. I saw him ditching a pile of money two feet under the ground. Don't tell me it was his. I'd hate to think I'd had this walk for nothing."

"Buried treasure, huh! *Whose is it?*" snapped Brent.

"He's not talking, but I'm telling. Loot, or maybe ransom for some sweet kid, I don't know. But I'll swear he's crooked!"

"What brought you in here, stranger?"

"What's that to you!"

"Quit snarling! I think the girl's right. You'd better come with me. Just for safety's sake, I'm tying your hands. Easy now. . . I'll take care of that scratch later."

"This is too easy," growled the man, "I might as well be sucking a nursing bottle."

"What did you plug him for, Eileen?"

"Because I didn't want him to crack my skull."

"Shut up! I'll get you for this!" rasped the crook.

Brent tied the bandit's hands behind him and marched him to the tent. "Watch him, Eileen—I'm calling the Forestry Chief at Hanna." Brent also kept an eye on him as he took up his ranger's telephone.

"Hello . . . Baring on the wire. . . Man dropped in here in a plane. . . I don't trust him—He looks like a tough hombre. . . Girl-guide up here saw him caching a pile of jack below the ground. . . Yeah, skads of it. . . She brought him in to me at the end of a gun. What shall I do? Hold him? You don't say! Boy! This must be your man! Sure, just like a pole-cat. . . Make it snappy!" The wire clicked; Brent looked contemptuous. "So you thought you'd get away with a pile of your Uncle Sam's dough? What do you think we're up here for? He's our boss. You don't know your Uintas."

"No, an' I don't want to; d'yu think I flew over hell's paradise of my own accord! But with every landin' field in the country baited, I'd rather take a chance on a hole like this than walk straight into a trap. What d'yu think I carry a radio for? News is as good in the air as on the ground. I got the sign to ditch and I ditched. Five minutes more back there and I wouldn't be down here. If it hadn't a ben fer that brat!" His look was poisonous.

Brent held him until the sheriff came.

Eileen went back for the four horses on the lope. She knew that if she didn't get home soon there might be a catastrophe in the Reynolds family. A full moon lighted her way. Her heart kept pace with Nitana's swift hoofs. She was more frightened for her mother's state of mind, than she was of the lonely forest in the dark.

Tom was at the stable to meet her.

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"Daddy! When did you get back?"

"Eileen! What made you so late?" They both spoke at once.

THE NEWS of Eileen's capture of the government bond thief made headlines all over the country. "Girl-Guide Uncle Sam's Number 1 'G' Man," screamed the newswires as they peddled their extras from coast to coast.

Eileen was thankful to be in the mountains. Even partial solitude was sweet in comparison to the publicity she might have received—but Tom's business doubled.

Brent having heard of Tom's quest for Ming Low, became vitally interested. "Hm! Forestry. . . Ranching . . . blooded cattle. . . What a beautiful relationship!" thought he.

He called the regional supervisor's attention to the fact that Tom needed a *character* to save his daughter's property. "Do you know," he said to Mr. Preston, the supervisor, "where that girl gets her courage? Take a look at her old man's eyes some day—and then see what you can find in hers! They're a pair o' pairs!"

When the case was heard in the county seat, Preston testified that a man like Reynolds was a God-send to the country, and that his daughter was another. Morley testified as to the integrity of the man he had known so long. But the sensation of the day was Ming Low.

Tom hadn't found him. But a young Ute brave had. Into the heart of the Reservation, after the Indian youth, went Tom, when he found Ming Low missing. Tom had faith in this young Indian. The brave possessed a quiet self-respect that Tom had perceived when he first became acquainted with him. And self-respect was the first thing Tom looked for in any Indian with whom he had dealings. Tom knew that when an Indian has this quality he might be a fine, rare person; and that without it, he might be trash.

The brave spoke English fluently, and he understood Ming Low's jargon well. Tom hadn't much to offer as a reward for the Ute's search for the Mongolian, but an Indian asks no reward when he works for love. Tom was his friend. So down the road to Current Creek went *Feather-From-the-Sky* in search of Ming Low.

The time was short—Ming Low was elusive. Less than ten days

remained in which to get him located, to have *gen* with him, and to recall to his mind that a passing greeting in two languages, Chinese and English, with a mixture of an Indian, third, and no very clear understanding of any, which took place in a remote canyon nearly a year ago, was now of momentous consequence.

Feather-From-the-Sky was deliberate by nature, slow and calculating. Maybe that's why he wouldn't give up when he failed to find the Mongolian in Park City, his trading headquarters, or in Salt

Lake City, where he went on rare occasions, but persisted in following his scent from clue to clue until he finally found him in San Francisco.

Ming Low had gone to the coast in a rickety old Ford. He insisted on coming home that way. But he arrived—he said his say in Chinese-Indian—*Feather-From-the-Sky* interpreted—and the Court believed. Adams released his claim—and Eileen turned rancher.

She agreed with Brent—forestry and ranching might be closely related.

THE END

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Begins June 15

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Your Page and Ours

LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

NAZI—the German national party is pronounced as if spelled “not se” with the accent on the first syllable. Research—the accent should fall on the “search” part of the word.

Genealogy—pronounce the first e as in the word met; the second e as in the word eve; the a as in the word cat—please note this pronunciation of the a; the o as in the word obey; the y as in the word it—watch this y sound carefully—; now say the word—paying particular attention to the a and the y. Now once again—that’s better—shall we always say it that way?

W. H. WILCOX AND SONS ACCEPT THE ALLEN CHALLENGE

Layton, Utah.

IN THE October issue of the *Era*, a brother Allen and sons, of Arizona, issue a challenge to any other one family in the Church, for a game of basketball. I would feel it an affront to my future posterity were I to allow this challenge to go unheeded. Therefore, in a spirit of good sportsmanship, we, W. H. Wilcox and sons, do challenge the aforesaid John S. Allen and sons, to a game of basketball, to determine which family should represent the Church as reigning champion.

Respectfully submitted by Your Brothers in the Gospel,
W. H. Wilcox and Sons,

FOUR HUNDRED PER CENT OF QUOTA

HERE is an achievement which will inspire as well as interest our readers:

Huntington Park, California,
December 15, 1935.

Dear Brother Orton:
Inclosed you will find cashier's check for \$58.00 and twenty-nine director's receipts for subscriptions to *The Improvement Era*.

These subscriptions come from Lomita Ward in Los Angeles Stake, of which Leland M. Stratford is Bishop and Orson W. Alfred and Horace L. Harline, counselors. Brother Harline has been the Ward *Era* Director. However, he has been ill during recent weeks and the ward members in compliance to him have cooperated in carrying the subscription campaign to a most remarkable record.

There are twenty-seven families of record in this ward and nine families not of record.

As a result of the campaign just closed, the *Era* will be found in all of these homes—thirty-six in total.

This represents 400% of the ward's quota and 133% of the families of record.

Seven subscriptions do not expire until March and these have all been guaranteed for renewal both by the parties in whose names they appear and by the ward bishopric.

We submit this achievement as the opening gun in the 1935-1936 *Era* campaign in Los Angeles Stake. We submit it also as a goal toward which the church might strive.

Very sincerely,

Leo J. Muir, President.

ERA BLESSES THIS DUCHESNE STAKE HOME

Arcadia, Utah,

Dear Editor: November 16, 1935.

IHAVE often felt that I would like to express my appreciation of the *Era* which is read from cover to cover by all members of my family, and passed out to some of the neighbors also.

I believe in the *Era* and think it should be in every home in our Church.

I appreciate very much the encouraging letters received from time to time from Business Manager Orton and note the wonderful work accomplished by the *Era* Directors in other stakes. I regret very much the condition that has existed in our stake. The April *Era* alone is worth the price of a dozen subscriptions to me and the article in the October

issue entitled “Baseball and Mormonism in England,” by Wendell J. Ashton is indeed an inspiration to me. I would like very much to be a successful *Era* Director and try to assist in putting Duchesne Stake over the top in the *Era* Drive.

Sincerely your sister,
Marion S. Shields,
Duchesne Stake *Era* Director.

THE ALLEN GAUNTLET IS TAKEN UP AGAIN

IMPROVEMENT *Era*: Panguitch, Utah.
IN THE October *Era* we notice a challenge by the Allen family from Arizona to play basketball with any other family in the Church.

The Richards family of Panguitch accept this challenge. Please notify the Allen family and tell them we will give \$75 to have the game played in Panguitch. This is being sponsored by Stake Mutual and Sunday School.

(Signed) Rudolph Church,
Superintendent of Sunday Schools.

WE HAVE notified the Allen family of this offer. Superintendent Church was once a great football end himself and has coached basketball in high school.

TEMPLE USED IN ADVERTISEMENT

Lynchburg, S. C.,
December 23, 1935.

WHILE attending a picture show a few days ago with a girl friend (a non-member) I saw flashed on the screen something that caused me to feel a little sense of pride in regards to my Church. It was in an advertisement on the screen that I saw the great Mormon Temple; I was also thrilled at the kind remarks the advertiser made about the Mormon pioneers, of their being driven from Missouri, their trials and persecutions, and how they built a beautiful city in Utah and erected their great temple.

The advertiser used the temple for only one purpose and that was to impress on the minds of the people that his business had grown and prospered under the same virtues as did the Mormons; and those virtues were faith, courage, and honesty.

Little experiences like this strengthen my faith greatly.

Sincerely,
T. Edgar Player.

PRaise AND CRITICISM

YOUR editorial qualities rose to a high manifestation of keen discernment when you selected the article, “The Poetic Quality in the Writings of Joseph Smith,” by Isaac B. Ball, which appeared in the December *Era*. I sincerely trust we may have a series of articles by the same author. The above mentioned article is worth to me, and to anyone, \$2.

I likewise read with interest your editorial, “Spirituality—Happiness.” It is inspirational but some of its advice is not wise, as I see it. You advise us to be “praiseful, not critical,” and “tolerant, not faultfinding.”

May I ask you if true humility does not depend to a marked degree upon keen criticism of oneself when he is blest with the spirit of divine self-discernment? A friend worthy of the name will “reprove” me “with sharpness.” I trust he does it graciously as the “Prophet” advises, but if he fills his office well it *must* be done.

Are we not sent out as Missionaries to “reprove the world”? Does not anyone who is inspired to see the spiritual and moral vision of the Creator's purposes feel critical of the way man has bungled his own affairs and those of society? May my “Maker” bless me with the quality of keen self-criticism, and my friends with the courage to apprise me of my ignorance and prejudices and blindness.

Very truly,
(Signed) Clinton M. Black.

HELPS and GUIDES For M. I. A. EXECUTIVES and Department Leaders

A good workman supplies himself with proper tools.—These are the tools officers of the Mutual Improvement Association need in their work:

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M. I. A. SONG BOOK	(doz. \$2.50)	.25	_____
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Y. M. AND Y. W. M. I. A. ROLL AND RECORD BOOKS	For two years—durably bound in cloth. This is the standard record book for all Mutual Improvement Associations. It is a complete revision of the old Roll and Minute Book, providing adequate space for minutes of weekly meetings, special meetings, gatherings, etc., and also a complete roll and record. It contains all the information called for in the annual report and in addition, provision for a comprehensive, historical record and a complete monthly financial statement. Its use is absolutely necessary if your organization is to keep pace with the M. I. A. program. Each association should start the new season with this new roll book. It should then be carefully preserved for the two years and filed away as a permanent record.	1.75	_____
INDIVIDUAL CLASS ROLL CARDS	These cards have been prepared for convenience of men preparing attendance of class members at regular weekly meetings. Their use in connection with the regular Roll and Record book insures accuracy and saves time and labor for the Ward Secretary. Printed on heavy, tough cardboard.	.02	_____
COMMUNITY ACTIVITY COMMITTEE			
COMMUNITY ACTIVITY COMMITTEE MANUAL for 1935-36	This manual contains the program for the Community Activity Committees for the coming season. It outlines the new plan of organization and conduct of community activities in stakes and wards. It should not be confused with the Community Activity Manual published in other years, copies of which are still available. (See below.)	.15	_____
M. I. A. BOOK OF PLAYS	This book contains for the first time, a three-act play in addition to the three one-act plays.	1.50	_____
COMMUNITY ACTIVITY MANUAL (1933 Edition)	Covers the entire field of recreation and activity. Reduced from 50c.	.25	_____
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ADULT DEPARTMENT MANUAL	"Brigham Young, the Man of the Hour," by Leah D. Watkins, including Hobbies and Reading. This is "the book of the hour." It is the life story of the great pioneer leader told in a new way at a time when interest in his life and accomplishments is probably more widespread than at any other time in the past.	.40	_____
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SENIOR DEPARTMENT MANUAL	"The Community High-Road to Better Things," by Joseph S. Geddes, including Reading and Hobbies. This is a study of community life among the Latter-day Saints and the application of gospel principles to every-day problems. Its study is highly recommended. It should be of unusual interest to Senior Class members.	.40	_____

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M MEN ROLL AND RECORD BOOK	To comply with the requirements of the M Men department it is necessary that each association be provided with the special M Men Roll Book. The information provided for is required in compiling records for Master M Men qualifications and other activities in this department.	.75	_____
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EXPLORERS AND SCOUTS			
LOG OF THE EXPLORER TRAIL, No. 5	M. I. A. Vanguards now become Explorers and join with thousands of other older Scouts throughout America in a National program founded in large part upon the Vanguard plan. Log No. 5 outlines the new features and suggests methods for the transition into the larger program. Logs Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 are still available and will be of great assistance to Explorer Leaders. Set of four—special price—56c.	.25	_____
SCOUTING IN THE L. D. S. CHURCH, and the Scoutmaster's Minute (doz. \$3.75)	Contains suggestions for spiritualizing the Scout and Explorer programs.	.35	_____
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