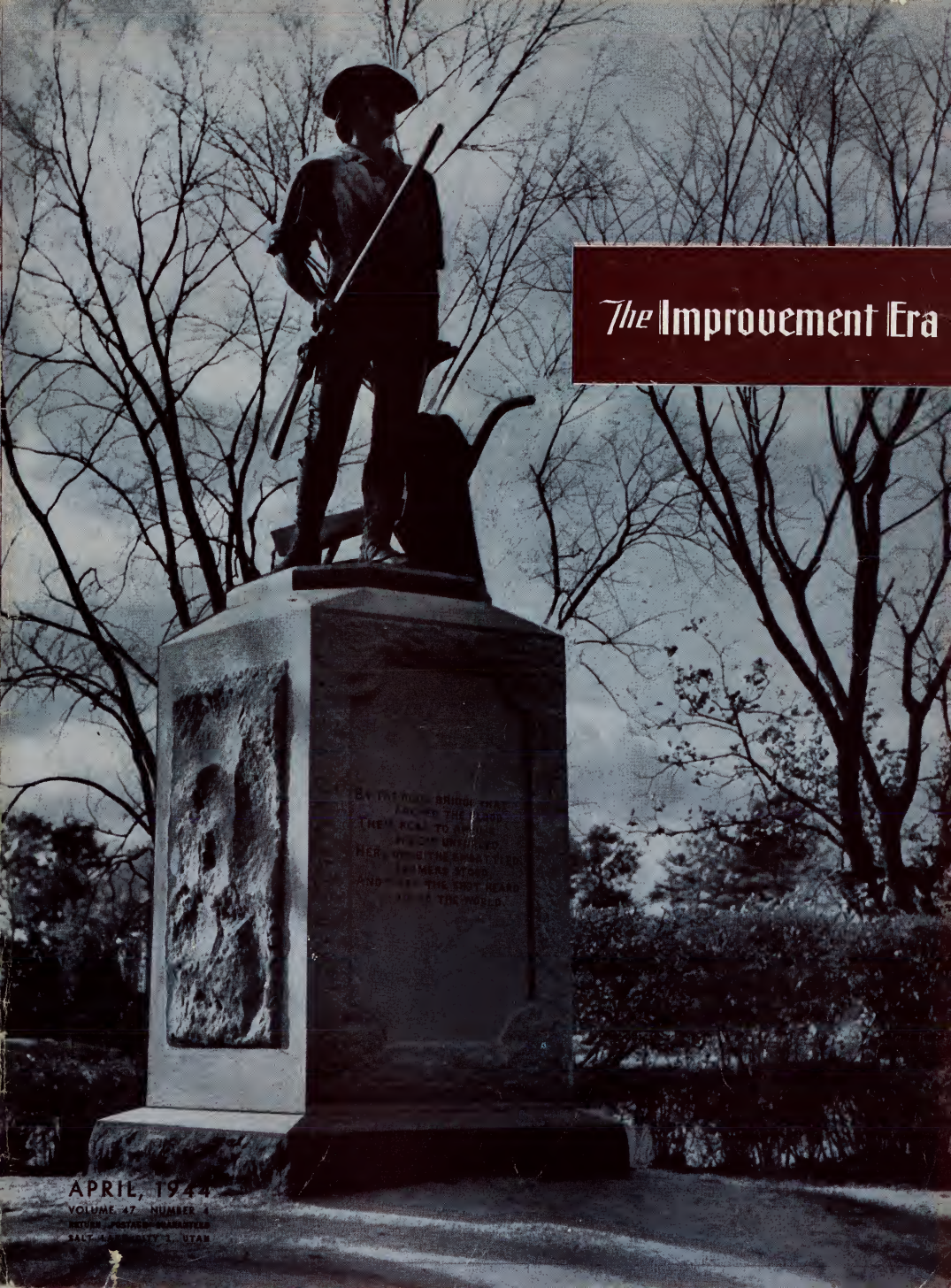




The Improvement Era

BY THE ROAD BRIDGE THAT
CROSSED THE PLAINS
THEY WENT TO BRIDGE
AND ON THE BRIDGE
HER, WHOSE NAME WAS
THEY WENT TO BRIDGE
AND ON THE BRIDGE
AND ON THE BRIDGE

APRIL, 1944

VOLUME 47 NUMBER 4

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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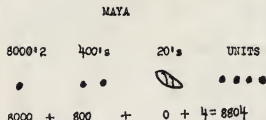
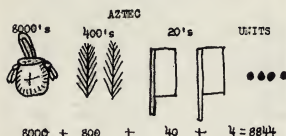
IN WAR AND PEACE

LET'S ALL KEEP BACKING THE ATTACK

Indian MATHEMATICS

By Dr. Charles E. Dibble

HISTORIANS are prone to minimize the achievements of Indian America, forgetful of their many signal contributions to the sum of human knowledge. During the centuries following the birth of Christ, when European mathematicians were using the cumbersome Roman numerals, the Maya of Yucatan and Guatemala was familiar with a system comparable in



efficiency with the Arabic system. The Maya system was vigesimal; they knew the value of the zero and had a sign for it. The mechanics of multiplication, addition, subtraction, and division were familiar to them.

The Aztecs were familiar with a simplified vigesimal system similar in its essential features to the Maya method. Units from one to nineteen were expressed by lines, dots, or fingers. A flag represented twenty, but it could be quartered and shaded to indicate five, ten, or fifteen. The symbol for 400 was a feather or a tuft of hair. This glyph could also be partially shaded to express a part of 400.

The next step in the vigesimal system was the symbol for 8,000, which took the form of an incense pouch carried by the priests. By the combining of these four symbols a sizeable number could be expressed. The Aztecs had a different symbol for each position and expressed a cumulative figure by juxtaposition. The Maya, using the same symbol in each position, found the use of the zero necessary.

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The Cover



THE deep-seated desire for liberty has been a persistent cry from earliest recorded history. Yet in the eighteenth century autocracy had secured so firm a hold that when the minutemen of Lexington and Concord maintained their stand, they "... fired the shot heard round the world," and as a result of their indomitable courage, people elsewhere asserted themselves to win greater freedom.

This study of the minuteman stands in Concord, Massachusetts, and is the work of D. C. French, photographed by H. Armstrong Roberts.

★

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The Improvement Era

"THE GLORY OF GOD IS INTELLIGENCE"

APRIL, 1944

VOLUME 47, NO. 4

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

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

★

The Editor's Page

Some Paragraphs from Life.....President Heber J. Grant 203

Church Features

Jacob Hamblin, "Apostle to the Indians".....	Juanita Brooks 210
"The Philadelphia Story"—New Style.....	L. Marsden Durham, Chaplain, U.S.A. 212
An Overview of Mormon Recreation.....	Joseph J. Cannon 220
Evidences and Reconciliations: LXXXVII—Are There Guardian Angels?.....	John A. Widtsoe 225
The Church Moves On.....	222
Assignments for Auxiliaries.....	222
Priesthood: Melchizedek.....	232
No-Liquor-Tobacco.....	219, 233
Aaronic.....	234
Ward Teaching.....	235
Mutual Messages.....	220
Music Page.....	236
Genealogy: Old California.....	237
Mission Records.....	237
Tithing and Spirituality, Leonard H. Monson.....	237

Special Features

Rigdon's Folly.....	George L. Zundel 204
Apostate Factions, Following the Martyrdom of Joseph Smith.....	E. Cecil McGavin 205
Thoughts for the Service Man's Quiet Hour.....	Hugh B. Brown 207
Man Looked to God in Ancient Days.....	Levi Edgar Young 208
The Spoken Word from Temple Square.....	Richard L. Evans 214
Pioneer Diary of Eliza R. Snow—Part XIV—Conclusion.....	218
Indian Mathematics, Charles E. Dibble.....	193
Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr.....	195
Telefacts.....	196
Aids to Gardening, Robert H. Daines.....	197
Books.....	200, 238
Optimism, The Great Physician, John Harvey Kellogg.....	202
Alcohol on Wheels, Harry H. Porter.....	219
Homing: Grandma's Ten-Year Test, Laura Morrison.....	226
Handy Hints.....	227
Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nichols.....	228
Put Your Best Frames Forward, Peter Hunt.....	230
News from the Camps.....	231
Index to Advertisers.....	241
Scriptural Crossword Puzzle.....	250
Your Page and Ours.....	256

Editorials

Conference Notice.....	224
The Known Way.....	William Mulder 224
Suppliants.....	William Mulder 224

Stories, Poetry

Temple Rock.....	James P. Sharp 206
Blessed Are They That Mourn.....	Hortense S. Andersen 216
Poem, My Rose, My Vine, Mrs. J. A. Swigart.....	194
Poetry Page.....	198, 199
Frontispiece: Woodpile, Lalia Mitchell Thornton.....	201
Remember the Day, Kate Wagstaff.....	219
Dreaming, Lilith Shell.....	230
Freedom, J. Orval Ellsworth.....	236
To a Small Son, Edith Lovell.....	255

CIRCULATION FOR THIS ISSUE: 92,000

My Rose,
My Vine



By Jessie A. Swigart

LEAVES gleaming silver in the laurel hedge—
A frog's hoarse chuckle at the farther edge
Of a lily pool—how sweet the garden is!
How fair the day!
How keen the wind, and this
Remembered leafy smell of seasoned loam!
In other days a milder wind will roam
Where pale buds open in a wondrous way.
Now, with the spring, dead blossoms, faded, gray,
The ghosts of summer's bloom, are gone—and here
Beneath my hand a miracle I share
The fruitfulness of mellowed soil—not mine.
But for a season, Lord, my rose, my vine.

★

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

Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

GEOLOGISTS have at last been able to watch a volcano during all stages of its existence. El Paricutin, 200 miles west of Mexico City, became 550 feet high in one week, and in ten weeks 1100 feet high with a cone made from fragments blown into the air, lava not appearing until the volcano was four weeks old. The volcano, now almost a year old, was 1500 feet high in the first eight months.

ASINGLE drop of moisture divided and distributed inside a half million incandescent electric lamps will cause early blackening in all of them.

SOME grains which could not germinate for years have germinated very soon when exposed to the action of frost. With many seeds a temporary lowering of the temperature is necessary for germination, and with many others such a treatment favors germination. It seems that frost itself is not necessary, but a sufficiently wide change in temperature. Some seeds have their germinating qualities improved by heat treatment, and some by alternately warming and cooling them.

AMONG the Bushmen of South Africa, Fritsch found that the women are, on the average, about an inch and a half taller than the men.

THE air from the lungs of a flute player travels out at the velocity of an average hurricane, even when he plays low notes. The range of air pressure is about the same as that for singers. It has not been established that players of flutes, trumpets, and other wind instruments run greater risk of lung diseases than the ordinary person.

SIX of the planets in the solar system have an atmosphere, but of the thirty moons in the solar system the only moon having an atmosphere is Titan, a satellite of Saturn, which has an atmosphere of methane and perhaps some ammonia.

IN the Sahara Desert the flea does not exist. Malaria is unknown except at the oases, and bacterial life is so scarce that even severe wounds heal easily without antiseptic treatment.

A STUDY of persons going to higher altitudes, allowing three days to get acclimatized, found that the number of red cells and the amount of hemoglobin in the blood increases with altitude.

(Concluded on page 196)

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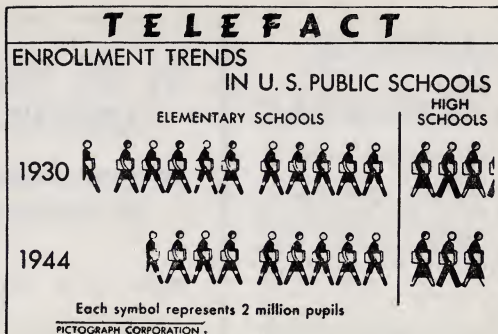
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REMEMBER when you could phone for a lower berth on tonight's train, and when you arrived a taxi took you to your favorite hotel, and you told the room clerk "I want a room with windows on two sides" — and you got it? And remember that big, sizzling steak, those three servings of butter in the hotel's dining room?

Ah, yes — those were the days. War has changed many hotel services, but please understand that every hotel in America is doing its best to serve you well. You can still get a comfortable room at the Hotel Utah when you take the precaution of reserving it well in advance of your trip. And in the Utah's Empire Room and Coffee Shop there's still a tempting and varied menu to choose from, at prices well below your expectations.

And please remember — your visits are always welcomed!



EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

(Concluded from page 195)

THE Parthenon was completed in Athens in 438 B.C. To construct and maintain it for two decades following, cost about five hundred times as much as the Library of Congress. W. A. Oldfather made this estimate on the basis of the value of money, the size of the population, and their relative ability to pay.

THE wood pewee sings in two quite different styles. Its more elaborate song is given before sunrise and sunset, beginning about 17 minutes before, from a perch not used for song during the day.

THERE are about 30,000 craters on the moon which are visible.

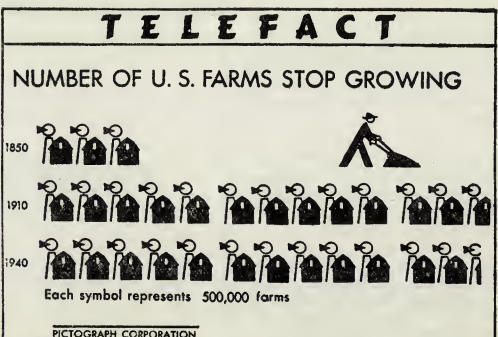
THE atolls, such as Bermuda, the Carolines, the Marshalls and Truk, are volcanic mountains reaching up from the bottom of the sea to within three hundred feet of the surface, with a cap of coral, usually with the living

reefs wall-like around the outer edge of lagoons of constant depth.

GEMS have been found with animals and birds engraved on them as early as the eighth century B.C. Lions, which were found in Greece as late as the sixth century B.C., were the favorite, followed in popularity by the horse, then the bull. Also illustrated were the wild boar, deer, the eagle, and the heron.

HICKORY leaves have been found to collect rare-earth elements in considerable quantity in a strange example of the accumulation of chemical elements by living organisms. Cerium, one of the rare-earths, is used in incandescent gas mantles.

THE sea level at the deepest part of the Pacific Ocean in the Ramapo Depth just east of Japan would be about eight hundred feet higher if the water were not compressed by pressure of the water above it.



Aids to GARDENING

By Dr. Robert H. Daines
Associate Plant Pathologist,
New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station

As more and more people are freed from enemy oppression, increased quantities of food will be required for shipment abroad. Perhaps this is one reason why the forecasts are for a reduction in civilian food supplies for 1944. With such a curtailment in prospect, the well cared for home garden becomes not just a saving to the family budget, or a means of insuring nutritious, appetizing, well-balanced diets, but a patriotic duty.

RELIABLE GARDENING INFORMATION

The first step in the creation of a good garden is to secure good, reliable information on all phases of gardening. Such information is available, free for the asking, from your state agricultural advisory committee, your local victory garden committee, or your county agricultural agent. Take advantage of this free information. It may prove to be most helpful in planning and raising a successful garden. For example, in buying seed for your garden, you will do well to buy varieties adapted to, and that are resistant to diseases common to your area. Information on the best varieties to plant, planting dates, etc., are yours for the asking.

In addition to the sources of informa-

tion mentioned above, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, (Washington, D. C.), publishes some excellent literature on gardening. Such a publication entitled "Victory Gardens," listed as Miscellaneous Publication No. 483, is well worth writing for.

GARDEN SITE

In planning a garden, attention should be given to the selection of a suitable garden site. A vegetable garden should be located on a well-drained soil that has grown vegetables, flowers, grass or weeds well. The location should receive at least six hours, preferably more, of direct sunlight each day. Con-



petition of vegetable plants with tree roots for soil moisture and nutrients cause many garden failures.

PLAN YOUR GARDEN

Plan your garden to insure the best utilization of available space, and an adequate and continuous supply of a wide variety of nutritious vegetables for table use. Where the garden space is adequate the plans should also provide a supply of vegetables for canning and home storage.

Valuable garden space can be saved by placing early plantings of lettuce, radishes, spinach, and other short-seasoned crops in the row and between the rows of larger, slow growing plants, such as tomatoes, cabbage, etc. This is especially true where the main crop plant is set a few weeks after the garden is started. Another method of increasing the productivity of your garden is to follow short-seasoned crops, such as peas, beets, lettuce, etc., with planting of beans, carrots, turnips, beets, cabbage, etc., for fall and winter use. It is also wise to make a succession of plantings of many vegetables so that a continuous supply may be available throughout most of the growing season. Many housewives, however, like to have one or two plantings large enough to take care of their canning requirements, so as to avoid an unduly long, drawn out canning season.

The crops to be grown in the garden
(Continued on page 229)

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3. Institute on Inter-American Affairs (Featuring John Tate Lanning)—June 22 and 23.
4. Institute on Professional Relations—June 27.
5. Institute on Social Security (Featuring Dr. Karl de Schweinitz)—July 10 to 14.

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Poetry

OF THAT FIRST EASTER

By Dott J. Sartori

WHAT did the gospels say of that first
Easter—
Matthew, Mark, the writer Luke, and John?
Open wide the black morocco cover
And know again the glory of that dawn.

PORTRAIT OF SPRING

By Thelma Ireland

APRIL invaded the valley
With footsteps so airy and light,
But March still hides in the hillsides;
The canyons of snow streak them white.
These etchings of snow in the canyons
Make green vie with white, half and half.
It is a gay portrait of April
On which March signed her autograph.

MORNING AFTER

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

NO one stayed to clear the table.
See the shining damask cloth
Patterned by the wind with snowflakes
Lighter than a silver moth.
See the stately candelabra,
Glistening in the crystal dawn,
Which so lately were the grapevines
Bordering a sunny lawn.
But we need not stop to question
Who ate dinner here. I know.
See. The starlings left the answer
Featherstitched across the snow.

HOUSE AFTER YOUR OWN HEART

By Lucretia Penny

AS darkness comes, on moving day,
A house that's new and small
Sets its kettle singing
And makes a light in all
Its lamps and draws its curtains close
To shut the world outside
While it awaits your frown of doubt,
Your smile of pride—
The sign by which you show it
Its cause is lost or won.
A little house must win your heart—
All little houses know it—
In little ways, or none.

SUNSET KISSES

By Genevieve J. Van Wagenen

HAVE you wondered where the colors go
When flowers fade and die?
Last night I found the answer
In a sunset, in the sky.
The flowers loved your garden,
Your gracious manner, too,
And wanted just another chance
To throw a kiss to you.

GOOD PLANTINGS

By Anne Pendleton

I PLANT my garden now, in beets,
In lettuce and in corn;
All well approved; but O, I miss
The fragrance in the morn—
Where flowers flourished, essences
Of hyacinth were born.
Now, when I cannot have the blooms,
And feel a soul apart,
I plant the gentle seedlings
Deep, deep within my heart.

SPRING CONQUEST

Helen Maring

HUES of colors are recruited
By the armies of the sun:
Training in the fields of springtime
Watch their mighty legions run!
Sweeping victories of beauty
That the heart of man may thrill—
April is the time of conquest . . .
See the sentry daffodil!



—Photograph by Wayne B. Hales

DAFFODIL PARADE

By Vera White

YELLOW helmets gleam
In trumpet-silent stream:
Smooth and close in line
The daffodils parade,
Above their lance-straight shade
In precision of design.

In length of yellow march,
And tall with new green starch,
The candle daffodils
Hold their color high,
And from a spring-new sky
A matching gold light spills.

RELEASE

By Jean Anderson

TODAY the lark released his song
With an April, liquid note,
And I put winter from my heart,
As he, from out his throat.

THE MAGIC CURTAIN

By Gertrude Perry Stanton

A DAYDREAM is a lovely, fragile thing
Woven of silken threads so fine and sheer,

Fibers of longing, hope, and rays of cheer,
Echoes of birdsong, and a scent of spring.
Sometimes when life is harsh, and hearts are sore,

A daydream drops its shimmering curtain down

To shut out chilling fear, or unkind frown—

Tinting with rosy hues some opened door.
Rough strokes may often crudely sketch the real,

No grace or beauty in its form outlined;
And only daydreams help us hold in mind
The cherished pattern of a high ideal.

Tread softly and speak gently, lest you rend
Some dream that helps a broken heart to mend.

SPRING WASHING

By Norma Wrathall

How clean the sky has washed her face
In rain that lasted through the night—
And on the mountain peaks to dry
Has pinned her laundry, snowy white;
But clothes of dainty pastel shade
She draped on loops the rainbow made.

BREAD

By Mary C. Shaw

A FRAGRANT loaf of bread just baked . . .
But how much more than that!
Plump seed broadcast into the ground,
A sprouting, rich-green mat,
Spears reaching toward the springtime sun,
A verdant field of grain.
All wind-blown into countless waves
Refreshed by gentle rain.

At last, filled heads stand golden-ripe
And harvesters are there;
With sacks of wheat now threshed and clean
The miller does his share.

That luscious scent of loaf fresh-baked
Calls youngsters in from play . . .
"Come on! Let's have our bread and jam!
It's mother's baking day!"

EASTER LILY

By Zelda Davis Howard

"T'is dead," I said, "The bulb is dead,
Dried and brown and dead,
It's wasted time to place it here
In so choice a bed.

"To look for life in such a thing—
Leaves and bud and bloom,
For fragrance rare to scent again
Hours within my room."

I wondered doubting as I kept
Watch of it each day—
One morn I looked and there was life,
Green above the clay.

A bud white as the robe he wore,
Bloomed for Easter Day,
"There is no death," my soul cried out,
"Christ has crossed its way."

APRIL, 1944



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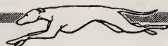
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PETER'S STORY GOES TO PRESS
(Olive W. Burt. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Company, New York. 1943. 112 pages. \$2.00.)

PETER became interested in the paper because his uncle earned the right to a by-line. With his uncle, on his day off, Peter went through the institution—and learned to his amazement that it took more than a reporter to get the news. Such things as teletype machines, radios, telephones, letters, and carrier pigeons play an important part in bringing the news to the press. But the real thrill came when he was permitted to accompany his uncle on a real assignment, write up a bit for himself, and follow it right through all the processes until it turned out a full-fledged story by Kid, not Cub, Reporter.—M. C. J.

THERE'S NO FRONT LIKE HOME
(Robert M. Yoder. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. 1944. 115 pages. \$2.00.)

THE preface to the slender volume will give some idea as to the treat in store for the reader in need of relaxation: "This is a partial account of a side of the war that has not been heroic, but has a certain confusing charm all its own—the civilian side. It is dedicated to all cash customers who are Rationed and Frozen; who are or have been Overage, Non-essential, or Non-deferrable; who have found themselves 1-A, 2-B, or 3-A, going on 4-F; whose Victory Gardens didn't grow much, and who don't rate anything more than an A card."

The author takes the reader through the maze of Drop that Raise, Come Live with Me, and Be My Maid, We Must Cut Down, When Life Comes in the Door, Taxes Will Beat the Axis, or, I'm a Little Beat Myself, right down to Great Day in the Morning. And the reader will enjoy every breezy minute of the book.—M. C. J.

GOD'S FRONT PORCH
(Ketti Frings. William Morrow and Company, New York. 1944. 121 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS amazingly different kind of novel will find a receptive audience among people who today are reevaluating their beliefs. The author takes people from the battlefield and moves them into a way station on their road to heaven. The feature that will amaze and delight Latter-day Saints is that the author depicts this region as a continuation of earth-life, in activities and interests and even in prejudices. And another feature that is worthy of note is that God performs another miracle, proving his persistent interest in earth. That the book is fiction will not act as a deterrent to the fact that the story is conducive to the development of faith.—M. C. J.

RUSSIA AND POSTWAR EUROPE
(David J. Dallin. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. 1943. 230 pages. \$2.75.)

THE author, a Russian by birth, has had occasion to study Russia both as exile and as patriot. His careful study of the Russian system has borne fruit in an earlier volume, *Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy, 1939-1942*, to which volume this latter is a sequel. He limits himself in his analysis to the European situation and Russia's relation to it, and states: "The conclusions formulated in this book may appear to many as none too optimistic. They may especially upset the rosy hopes of those who expect the present war in an era of uni-

(Concluded on page 238)



Wherever They Go...

the ERA will follow them and keep them close to the church.

12 issues

\$2.00



Photograph—Keystone View Co.

WOODPILE

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

*F*ROM year to year it seasoned in the sun,
Wood that was left when days of spring grew warm,
Wood cut and piled against the time of storm
And left unused, the need for grate fires done.
Some logs in miniature, of sturdy oak,
And some of elm, they burn so long a time,
And maple cut when it was in its prime,
And cedar giving off a fragrant smoke.
Apple from trees a windstorm brought to grief,
And pine that fell, no one remembers how,
And beech and birch and hemlock, neighbors now,
Known by their bark, though long devoid of leaf.
The speckled hen once brooded here by stealth,
And brought her chickens out, proud of the trick.
Sometime, perhaps, I'll burn the last dry stick—
And yet a woodpile gives a sense of wealth.



Is there a Doctor in the House?

Dear Reader, don't be alarmed . . . it's not that serious. The young man with the pained expression is just our Permanent Pin-Up Boy . . . for the present emergency.

We keep his picture as a constant reminder that millions of mothers and housekeepers are getting along on limited supplies of Fels-Naptha Soap. Sometimes even doing without. And being pretty patient about it.

You have our assurance that we are making as much of this famous soap as we can. That we're making it as fast as we can. That we're trying to give every grocer his fair share.

If you use Fels-Naptha Soap carefully—and shop persistently—we believe you'll get your share, too.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP_banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Optimism

Look upward and outward and cheer up.

Fear kills. Hope makes alive.

Fear is paralyzing poison. Hope, the best of tonics.

Fear is darkness, death, despair. Hope is sunshine, life, and energy. Fear never saved anybody. Hope has rescued multitudes whose cases seemed beyond help.

But what is this monster, Fear?

Absolutely nothing but a mental fancy—a shadow—a psychologic disease. Fear is not a person nor a force. It has no power to harm anyone without his assistance and cooperation in yielding to its blighting influence.

Fear is a creature of the mind. It does not really exist. "Fear-thought" is a destructive force. It builds only obstacles, produces only scarecrows, ghosts, and bugaboos.

Fear is the ugly offspring of pessimism and cowardice—an enemy—a mischief-maker—a sneak-thief and a false prophet.

"Fear-thought" wastes energy, creates disease, robs you of peace, and predicts failure when success is just at hand.

Cease to look at the black ghosts of despair. Fix your eyes on the bright-hued blossoms of hope. Cease introspection. Look forward. Look no longer downward, but turn your face toward the eternal sky.

The Infinite Power that made you is hovering about you with healing in his wings. Cheer up!—Dr. John Harvey Kellogg.



The Great Physician

God works through agencies, but it is he that works. The physician does not heal us; the treatments do not heal us; it is the divine Power working through all the agencies employed that heals. Let us all lay hold of this great source of comfort and cheer; and if we feel disheartened and gloomy, look up, for there is a great power who is able to do for us all that we need to have done.

I wish this thought would find its way into everyone's mind—the Power that made us is a father, a brother, and a friend, not an angry deity who arbitrarily chastises us for our sins by causing us sorrow and pain. Our sufferings are in general the consequence of our own wrongdoing, and our Maker is doing all he can to heal us of the results, converting and restoring us as far as we will let him, and will cooperate with him.—Dr. John Harvey Kellogg.

(Reprinted by permission of Good Health)

Some Paragraphs from Life

● ————— By President Heber J. Grant

If you and I were never to speak or write because others possessed greater literary or oratorical ability than we did, I am afraid that our lights would always be hidden under a bushel. The only way to do is to put one talent to usury if we ever hope to catch up with the fellow who has two.

* * *

Referring to agitation and opposition, I will say that it has been my experience on more than one occasion that agitation, unless one is exceedingly careful as to the manner and the spirit prompting such agitation and opposition, oftentimes finds the agitator coming out second best, and, in the providences of the Lord, receiving his just deserts.

* * *

I realize that God's ways are not as man's. I endorse this with all my heart, and somehow or other it is very seldom that I have been able to fix things for the Lord to do, and have him do it my way. For example, some years after I became an apostle, I looked down the list of those in the quorum below me, and there was but one man that I had decided the Lord ought to choose, but I am willing to admit that as the years came and went, I discovered that each man whom the Lord chose developed under the inspiration of the Lord so that I was thoroughly convinced that he was a far better man for the position, almost without exception, than the individual whom I would like to have seen occupying the position.

* * *

There are some who are forever asking to know what the Lord wants of them, and who seem to be hesitating on that account. I am thoroughly convinced that all the Lord wants of you and me or of any other man or woman in the church is for us to perform our full duty and keep the commandments of the Lord.

* * *

There are those who make themselves unnecessarily unhappy by taking offense where none was intended, and by feeling that there is lack of appreciation of their efforts where there was not the slightest intention on the part of those whom they thought unappreciative to slight them or to fail in being appreciative.

* * *

The longer I live the more thoroughly I become convinced that a great many of our cares and troubles in life are imaginary, and that we spend much of our time worrying about things which *may* happen, but which never do. For example, for seven or eight years I fretted myself nearly to death over my financial condition, but, in the providences of the Lord I finally got out of debt, and I would no doubt have got out quicker and been in a better state of health had I done less worrying.

* * *

It is not the food we look at and think is delicious which is of benefit to us, but only such as we eat and digest. Neither is it the grand feast that adds most to our strength and comfort and aids us to perform well in the battle of life, but on the contrary oftentimes the most simple food gives the only good and lasting benefits to those who partake of it. So, also, it is not always the feast prepared by the learned that adds to our strength to do nobly and manfully our duty in the battle of life, but oftentimes the teachings from the most humble find a response in our hearts and very souls which add to our strength to press on and do our duty in the daily struggle for improvement.

* * *

Let us in thought, word, and deed give the best that is in us for the Lord's work, and then shall our eternal and everlasting reward be beyond the power of man or angels to tell.

The Editor's Page

Rigdon's FOLLY

By George L. Zundel

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, STATE COLLEGE
PENNSYLVANIA

ONE bright day in September 1845, two strangers on horseback appeared riding along the Mercersburg-Greencastle pike in Antrim township, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. From their actions it was evident that they were searching for something very important. They frequently stopped, looked over the country, and engaged in earnest conversation. As they reached the top of the bridge spanning the Conococheague Creek, about one and a half miles west of Greencastle, they brought their horses to a halt and for some time minutely surveyed the country to the north. The object of their search had evidently been found. They were viewing the four hundred-acre farm of Andrew G. McLanahan, Esq. Before them was the meandering Conococheague Creek with its willowed banks and its sparkling waters on their way to join the waters of the mighty Potomac. They were looking on some of the richest farm land in the famous Cumberland Valley of Pennsylvania. It was a peaceful scene.

Presently one of them said, "This is the place the Lord has shown us in visions to be the site of the city of the new Jerusalem." Not long afterward these two strangers were on their way back to Pittsburgh to report their findings. . . .

FOLLOWING the martyrdom of Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, with about three hundred followers came east and tried to establish a church in or near Pittsburgh. They did much preaching, established a paper, but their efforts only brought opposition from older in-



BARN USED BY SIDNEY RIGDON AS AN AUDITORIUM

—Photograph by George L. Zundel

also numbered many excellent tradesmen among his adherents. What more could any man want to attain success? But they failed, and accordingly they decided to find a more rural area. They had sent out the scouts that appeared in Antrim township in September 1845. They were looking for a location for the new home.

VIEW OF CONOCOCHEAQUE CREEK NEAR McLANAHAN FARM

—Photograph by George L. Zundel



habitants. From all points of view, Rigdon should have succeeded. He had had much previous experience in church organization and the handling of men. He was an eloquent speaker and had touched men's souls with his preaching. Numbered among his followers were men of talent and men of wealth. He

Shortly after the McLanahan farm had been chosen as the site of the New Jerusalem, Peter Boyer, a wealthy farmer of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, came to Greencastle, Pennsylvania, and arranged with Andrew G. McLanahan to buy his farm of four hundred acres for \$14,700. Six hundred dollars was paid

in cash and on April 3, 1846, Mr. McLanahan was paid an additional \$5,400. He gave a deed and took a judgment for the balance of money due—\$8,700—payable April 1, 1847.

The purchasers at once took possession of the farm and soon there were from one hundred fifty to two hundred members of the organization living in the farm buildings and in nearby Greencastle. Rigdon and some of his associates occupied a house on the corner of Carlisle and Madison streets in Greencastle. This is the present home of G. Fred Zeigler, editor of the local Greencastle paper, *The Echo-Pilot*.

AVAILABLE reports indicate that there was not much activity in building the New Jerusalem or even the proposed magnificent temple. There was a church organization consisting of Sidney Rigdon as president, and Samuel James and Ebenezer Robinson as the two counselors. Elder Robinson was also church printer. The first newspaper in this part of the state was also published by Ebenezer Robinson and J. Kilbourn as editors, *The Conococheague Herald*, a weekly newspaper. Although this paper has changed names several times it is still published weekly as *The Echo-Pilot*. Elder Robinson was a well-trained man and his publications were of a high quality. It is strange, however, to note that he makes no mention of any religion in the thirteen numbers of *The Conococheague Herald* that he published.

As soon as Rigdon and his co-religionists took possession of the farm they equipped its large barn as an auditorium. Here the people of the neigh-

(Continued on page 245)

APOSTATE FACTIONS

I
SIDNEY RIGDON

FOLLOWING the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith in Carthage on June 27, 1844, it seems there were a few who took advantage of the crisis in furthering their own interests.

One of the first to advance his selfish scheme was Sidney Rigdon, the only surviving member of the first presidency. For months he had not been interested enough in the church to remain in Nauvoo and give the cause his full time and support, but had made his home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

When Sidney Rigdon learned of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, he hastened to Nauvoo to assume the leadership of the church, claiming to

In a revelation given to Joseph Smith in 1841 it was said of Sidney Rigdon, "and he shall lift up his voice again on the mountains, and be a spokesman before my face."¹ When questioned why he did not go to the Rocky Mountains, he replied that the Lord had reference to the mountains in Pennsylvania, not the Rockies in the far west. He also argued that all references in the Bible to the tops of the mountains and the Saints gathering to the mountains meant the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania.

SIDNEY RIGDON's success was not commensurate with his conceit. His converts were largely limited to the disgruntled who were jealous of the influence of Brigham Young and the Twelve.

The Prophet Joseph Smith had read Rigdon's heart as an open book, for which reason he was in favor of releasing him from the first presidency. The day before the martyrdom he had said of this conniving man, "Could my brother, Hyrum, but be liberated, it would not matter so much about me. Poor Rigdon, I am glad he is gone to Pittsburgh out of the way; were he to preside he would lead the church to destruction in less than five years."²

Elder Wilford Woodruff wrote of Rigdon's enterprise at the time his imposture began:

As to the career of Mr. Sidney Rigdon—I would say that his late views, opinions, and course have been so foreign and diverse from that of the late prophet, and the faith of the Saints, or any idea that ever entered their minds in connection with the Kingdom of God, or even his own until of late, that he has had very little influence, except with a few uneasy spirits who were aspiring after something else than doing the will of God; and if we have been rightly informed, even that influence is dying away; and I have no doubt but that when Mr. Rigdon comes to reflect upon the course he has taken, he will deeply regret having entered upon those measures which will end like airy castles, in disappointment.³

In 1845 President Brigham Young wrote of him:

We have just heard from Kirtland. Mr. Rigdon has lately been there; he was sent for by his followers, saying that he would baptize many; but when he arrived, there was no one ready for him to administer to, and he returned to Pittsfield[sic] rather disappointed.⁴

Elder Jedediah M. Grant revealed the spirit of Sidney Rigdon in these words:

¹D. & C. 124:104

²History of the Church, VI:492

³Millennial Star, V:139

have been divinely called to the position and insisting that he should be the "guardian" of the church since he was the man the ancient prophets had spoken of. Yet he manifested such a contrary and sinister spirit that most of the Saints did not consider his claims very seriously.

His conduct in Nauvoo and his rejection by the Saints are too well known to justify retelling here. Let us present the subsequent events that are not so generally known.

Returning to Pittsburgh, the city he had proclaimed as the place of gathering, he began in earnest to push his selfish claims. On October 15, 1844, he commenced a publication known as the *Messenger and Advocate*, named after a previously issued official church publication. The following April he completed his organization, naming it "The Church of Christ." It consisted of a first presidency, a presiding patriarch, and a quorum of twelve apostles. A stake organization was made and an additional quorum consisting of seventy-three members, men belonging to various quorums, was effected. Of all apostate factions this is the only one providing for such a quorum.

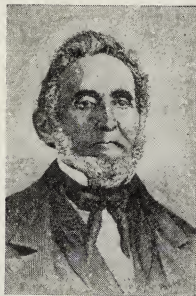
APRIL, 1944

Following the Martyrdom of Joseph Smith

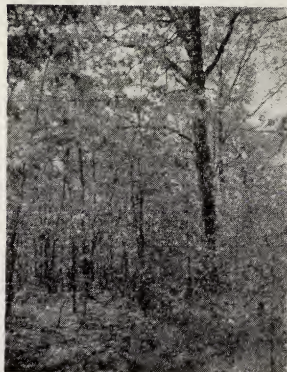
By
E. CECIL MCGAVIN
of the Church Historian's
Office

Some persons think they have already suffered enough to obtain heaven. Such persons put me in mind of Sidney Rigdon, who said that he had suffered enough to obtain salvation. . . .

Within a few years Rigdon's lost cause was abandoned by his few followers, most of whom united with James J. Strang or other self-appointed leaders. Rigdon himself deserted the stricken cause and returned to the community where he had spent his youth. Here he lived until 1876, one year before President Brigham Young died—yet how different were their paths.



SIDNEY RIGDON
—Photograph, courtesy Historian's Office



THE GROVE WHERE RIGDONITE DEAD ARE
SAID TO BE BURIED

—Photograph by George L. Zandel

Disillusionment and disappointment followed Rigdon to his grave. His utter failure, like that of other apostate leaders, fulfilled the prediction of President Brigham Young at the time Sidney Rigdon was excommunicated from the church, that any selfish person who sought to build up a faction in opposition to the true church would not prosper.

(Next month: *The Bickertonites*)

⁴Ibid., VII:157

TEMPLE ROCK

By
James P. Sharp

IN about 1888 my father and I visited Salt Lake, to us "the city," and went to the old tithing and *Deseret News* office and were standing on the corner (where the Hotel Utah now stands) looking at the men working on the temple when a rather large, pleasant-spoken man came along, grasped Father's hand, patted him on the back, and said, "How is everything, Bishop?"

Father replied, "Mighty fine, John Henry, mighty fine." (I believe his last name was Smith.)

We three stood there looking at the temple and the workmen for a short time and then John Henry said, "Bishop, you will never know what a boost the Sharp brothers gave that building when they took their freight outfits down to Cottonwood and began hauling those heavy rocks. After that, everyone seemed to want to help finish the building of the temple."

That got me to thinking, and for many years after I pestered Father with questions regarding freighting, hauling of the temple rock, the method used in moving and loading the big rocks, about Pony Express and stagecoach stories and kindred subjects.

Here is a bit of Sharp history. The Sharp brothers, John (first bishop of the Twentieth Ward), Adam, and Joseph, took over the freighting business of their father when he died in 1852 and continued as Sharp Brothers. Joseph handled the river freight while Adam did the local work, and John acted as a kind of executive.

Joseph would leave for the Missouri River as soon as the grass was good in the spring, taking about twenty wagons and two hundred and fifty loose oxen. When he reached the river he would purchase enough wagons to make up sixty to his train, load freight and head west, arriving here usually just before October conference.

Here let me insert a note from my little black book written many years ago while Father recounted events of the past:

... 60 wagons in the train. Considerable trouble. Oxen kept getting lost. Poor teamsters. Mormon converts. One wagon loaded with whiskey for oxen when they drank alkali water.

Now, President Brigham Young was having considerable trouble getting the large rocks hauled for the temple. James Livingston, who was in charge of getting the rock out in the rough state, complained to him that those large stones so badly needed at the temple were in his way and he had to have them moved. Temple Architect Truman Angell was also after Brigham, and according to the best information

available, Brigham called the Sharp brothers in and prevailed upon them to haul the large rocks. Some claim they had a contract to do this work, but so far I have not found any one who really knew whether they took a contract or whether they just went to hauling as did the other outfits who did not have large enough wagons or ox power to move them. However, it is generally believed they did have a contract to haul the rock from Red Butte until such time as the wooden-railed railroad was completed, which was never finished and Brigham changed from Red Butte rock to Little Cottonwood granite.

It took Sharp Brothers a few days, with their wagonmasters, to figure out a way whereby those rocks could be loaded with the least effort and hauled in the shortest possible time. They rigged up two red pine logs on a wagon and arranged it so that the rocks could be chained to the under part of the logs. The model was satisfactory and soon others were made.

Now, how many wagons Sharp Brothers put to hauling the rock is not known but it is generally believed that Joseph took his entire train of sixty. This being the case, without doubt he split his train into units as they did when they hauled telegraph poles. If he did, and if he used his entire train, then he must have had four units, for it took four days to make the trip. Beginning the fourth day, and every day after, there would be fifteen Sharp Brothers' wagons load at the quarry and fifteen unload at the temple yard exclusive of other freighters' wagons.

Adam went to the quarry with a crew of men a few days before the teams started out. That was to get some of the rocks into position where they

could be loaded. They stayed there and got the rocks out and loaded the wagons. Joseph was made supervisor of transportation and kept two saddle animals. He made the return trip to the quarry every day and kept things moving. He also had one unit repairing the roads and bridges and with another unit would repair a wagon wherever it broke down, just as he did when on the river trips. But he had to discontinue this, for he found out that some of the men overloaded their wagons just to break down so as to have them put in first class shape.

Not all of the men who owned broken-down wagons did it intentionally. Many did it unknowingly for those rocks looked small but weighed considerable. Says the record:

In 1872 the Utah Southern was built through Salt Lake County and those engaged in hauling rock no longer followed the route which was strewn with the wreckage of wagons unable to bear the load placed upon them. The rock was conveyed to Sandy Station and from there hauled into the city by rail.

The Contributor for April 1893 reminds us:

The hauling of the rocks was done mainly by ox teams, though in later years a few mule teams were employed.

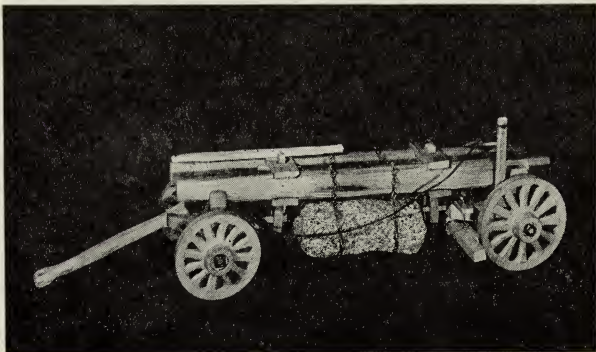
It was no unusual sight to the people in the sixties to witness the spectacle of four or six tolling oxen drawing a heavy wagon which was loaded with a monster block of granite or two of medium size from the quarry....

Some who have seen in the city one or two yoke of oxen drawing a heavy cart, underneath which was suspended a huge granite block, have thought this was the manner in which the stone was brought from the mountains; but this arrangement was only used in moving stones about the temple block and in hauling them from the railway depot before a track was laid to the temple yard.

So much for a bit of history as we think about the Salt Lake Temple in April, its anniversary month.

MODEL MADE TO SCALE BY JAMES P. SHARP TO SHOW HOW THE LARGE ROCKS WERE CARRIED TO THE TEMPLE FROM COTTONWOOD CANYON.

—Photograph by D. F. Davis

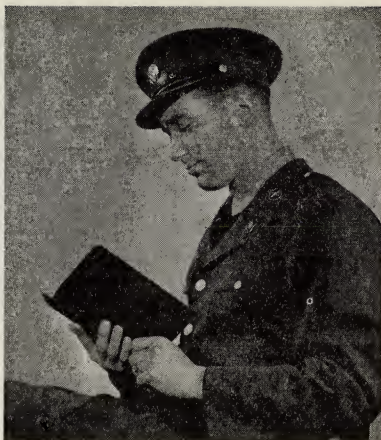


THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THOUGHTS for the *Service Man's* QUIET HOUR

By *Hugh B. Brown*

COORDINATOR, LATTER-DAY SAINT
MEN IN THE SERVICE



Photography—H. Armstrong Roberts

MEN and women in training for service with the armed forces, focus attention vividly upon material processes, techniques, and physical efficiency. This emphasis should not exclude consideration of spiritual values. The impact and dislocation of war must not be allowed to dampen our interest in those spiritual values which were esteemed in pre-war experiences, or cause us to lose our sense of direction, or make life's meaning vague. All service men should re-examine their concepts concerning the worth-while things of life, and place proper emphasis upon social and personal idealism, and upon the moral and spiritual ends of living.

The conflict in which we are now engaged has made us all conscious of modern methods, eager for new truth, anxious to employ it properly. Men everywhere are in search of better techniques and a more efficient way of doing things. Contemplation of personal efficiency and usefulness coupled, as inevitably it must be, with the consciousness that death may end it all at any moment, leads the sane man to examine his thoughts regarding his beliefs, his philosophy, his religion, to think of the meaning of life and try to understand its purpose, to consider seriously the subject of immortality and eternal life, to know something of God. The scriptures tell us, "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

An officer in command of a landing party in Italy said to his men as they were about to storm a beachhead, "This is an experience which will separate the men from the boys." The intensive and vigorous training which is necessary to prepare a man for combat duty weeds out the unfit, physically, but it is also a test of the *man*, a test of character and stamina. It makes for physical and mental maturity. This maturity should result in sober thinking, in an analysis of one's life, one's thoughts, one's ambitions and desires, in a desire to know oneself.

The ordinary man, when he thinks

clearly, knows that the spiritual is not only as real as the material, but is more enduring and vital. His serious thinking reveals the fact that instinctively he is religious, and he comes to feel that religion is very important, and is of deep concern for all intelligent people. Whoever says he is not religious is probably a stranger to himself. He may discover his real self when suddenly confronted with a situation where all seems lost, where hope flickers, where intangible reserves are relied upon, and faith is born.

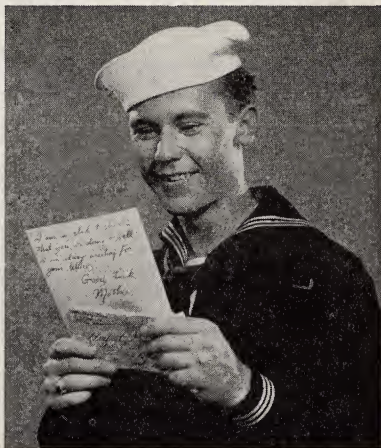
EVERY human being is guided in his actions by a set of beliefs. He may not be able to express them in words; but, if he will honestly search his consciousness, he will find they do exist. They motivate his actions, color his life, and determine his quality. Goethe tells us, "The struggle between belief and unbelief is the only thing in the memoirs of humanity worth considering." As he seeks for truth and attempts to put it into action, man responds to an inner urge and seeks to be his better self. He realizes that he must be true to himself if he would be true to any cause he represents.

Man's religion should be such as to satisfy his needs, to sustain him in a crisis. It should color his intellectual, mental, and spiritual life. It should be a supporting power, giving meaning and direction to his ambitions and desires. His beliefs, his philosophy, his religion, should be a compass or chart for life's voyage. How fortunate is the young man

who is possessed of such a compass to give him an assuring sense of direction, to keep him on his course, to lead him to a safe and happy landing.

Religion confirms his innate conviction that he is an immortal spirit temporarily tabernacled in a mortal body, but destined to live eternally. This longer view will make him anxious to live efficiently, to have a sound body, enjoy physical health, maintain a stimulating mental outlook, and be spiritually responsive and alert. He will come to know that health and growth are results of proper living, effects of causes incompatible with immortality, and that lax morals result in disease and degradation and are a bar to happiness. Religion teaches him that there is no

(Continued on page 248)



Photography
Harold M. Lambert



THE
TOMB
OF
DARIUS
THE
GREAT

Courtesy
of
Art
and
Archaeology

light, and like the sun which eclipses the shining of the lamp, so the true gold-like beauty of Bodhisattva (Buddha) shone forth, and was diffused everywhere. Upright and firm and unconfused in mind, he deliberately took seven steps, the soles of his feet resting evenly upon the ground as he went. His footmarks remained bright as seven stars. Looking like the lion, king of beasts, and looking earnestly at the four quarters, penetrating to the center the principles of truth, he spake thus with the fullest assurance: "This birth is in the condition of Buddha; after this I have done with renewed birth; now only I am born this once, for the purpose of saving all the world."

The Vedas taught that the gods are unaging and ever young. Their life is described as being spent in heaven, or the third or highest heaven, where they had a joyous existence. In the five funeral hymns of the *Rig-Veda*, the dead were taken to the fathers and the gods in the other world, and mortals were given the highest immortality. The highest heaven was the world of the righteous. Heaven was regarded as the reward of those who practiced rigorous penance, of heroes who risked their lives in battle, and above all, those who bestow liberal sacrificial gifts. In heaven, the deceased was united with a glorified body and saw again father, mother, and sons, wife, and children. Complete in body and limbs, he was free from all ailments. His life beyond, therefore, was a corporeal life, like that left behind on earth, but a glorified one subject to no defects.

ZARATHUSTRA

The ancient land of Iran or Persia lay east of the Persian Gulf and south of the Caspian Sea. Their sacred writings are grouped under the term *Avesta* and may have been as old as the *Rig-Veda*. They had their prophets, and one Zarathustra (also called Zoroaster) expressed fundamental truths of religion which became the spirit and principles of the *Avesta* religion. It was a religious dualism which looked forward to the triumph of good over evil, life over death. The truths of Zarathustra are known by revelation and the enlightenment of God to his prophet. Ahura Mazda is God who will bring to pass retribution for the wicked, and reward for the good at the world's last change. Zarathustra's conviction of the truth of what he taught and the lordship of Ahura was so intense that he could not but hold other religions as false. Militancy lay in its dogma of the conflict between good and evil, but good finally triumphs. Zarathustra therefore adjoins his disciples to keep themselves from unbelievers and shut their ears "against the lying ignorance of such as would bring death and ruin to house and village."

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

FROM the beginning of human history, mankind has had faith in a Supreme Being. This is attested by the oldest literature dating possibly 4,000 B.C. Man has always been a self-conscious moral being, which makes him kin with God. He has felt himself a part of the physical world in which he works out the purposes of God as a free agent, though within the limits of a finite being. Man has always felt himself a part of the spiritual, and the spirit of man and the spirit of God have revelations of dependency and of obligation.

In all ancient religions we have the question: "If men die, shall they cease to live?" No other question has stirred human hearts so deeply. More than six thousand years ago it was asked by the ancient Egyptians. Babylon, India, China, and Persia asked the same question. Quite naturally, our minds turn to India, where the people have been religious from earliest times. While it was the wealth of India which found its way into the Mediterranean countries long before the Christian era, the land of the Ganges offered the West high ideals of life. There was a time when the great Brahma lived. He was the creator, the supreme intelligence, dwelling in deep contemplation. The sacred books of ancient India were called the Vedas. They consisted of poems sung and recited for centuries before they were written down. Expressing the Brahman's love for nature, they were rich in beauty and color. Pure thought and pure life made one a Brahman.

THE VEDIC SCRIPTURES

OF the holy books of the Brahmins, the *Rig-Veda* is the most ancient. It contains 1028 hymns each of an average length of ten lines. Even today, the Brahmins all know the *Rig-Veda* developed before the tenth century B.C. One of the Vedas, the *Chandias*, goes back to two or three thousand years B.C. "One thing is certain," says Max Mueller, "there is nothing more ancient than the hymns of the *Rig-Veda*, whether in India or the whole Aryan world." (Max Mueller, *Origin and Development of Religion*.)

To summarize the spirit of the Vedic hymns, we quote the words of the eminent scholar Ephanias Wilson, who says:

They deal with the most elemental religious conceptions and are full of the imagery of nature. The scenery of the Himalayas, ice and snow, storm and tempest, lend their majesty to the strains of the Vedic poet. One of the most remarkable of the hymns is addressed to the Unknown God. "In the beginning there arose the Golden Child. As soon as he was born he alone was the lord of all that is. He established the earth and heaven." The hymn consists of ten stanzas, in which the deity is celebrated as the maker of the snowy mountains, the sea and the distant river, who made fast the awful heaven. He alone is God above all Gods. Each stanza concludes with the refrain, "Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?" We have in this hymn a sublime conception of the Supreme Being. It is as purely monotheistic as a psalm of David, and shows a spirit of religious awe as profound as any we find in the Hebrew scriptures.

BUDDHA

It was in the latter half of the sixth century before Christ that Siddhartha, the prince, who came to be known as Buddha, was born. He became a great teacher of religion and when he died at the age of eighty years, Buddhism was an established rule of life, which in time extended over India and was accepted by a third of the people of the world. The most reliable biography of Buddha was written by the Buddhist patriarch Asvaghosha during the first century of our era. He traveled about through India and patiently collected the stories and traditions which related to the life of his master. These he wove into a Sanskrit poem, which three hundred years later was translated into Chinese, from which version we have an English translation by the celebrated scholar Samuel Beal. Speaking of the birth of Buddha, Asvaghosha says:

Men indeed regarded his exceeding great glory, yet their sight remained uninjured: he allowed them to gaze, the brightness of his person was concealed for a time, as when we look upon the moon in the heavens. His body, nevertheless, was effulgent with

LOOKED TO GOD

in Ancient Days

By PRESIDENT LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

of the First Council of the Seventy

The prophet has his battle with sin, and unbelievers try to overthrow his work. In his anguish he asks:

To what land shall I turn, whither carry my prayer? Followers and kinsmen forsake me, and my neighbors wish me ill, and the wicked tyrants of the land. How can I advance thy cause, Ahura? I cry to thee. Thy counsel, Lord, I choose. Then in addressing me, he says: "He who does not move to aid the righteous, works for the evil one; he shall go to perdition. That one is wicked, who succors the wicked; that one is righteous who befriends the righteous. . . . This is thy law, Ahura."

Maurice Maeterlinck in his book entitled, *The Great Secret*, says that the ethical system of the Zend-Avesta is one of the purest and most nobly human that we know of.

The Zend-Avesta is the religious book of the Persians who professed the creed of Zoroaster. It cannot be dated earlier than the first century before our era. It consists of four books, of which the chief one is the *Vendidad*, which contains the account of creation, after which is a history of the beginnings of civilization. The revelation is described as being made directly to Zoroaster, who like Moses, talked with God. The rest of the *Vendidad* is taken up with the praises of agriculture. It includes an elaborate code of ceremonial purification, resembling on this point the Book of Leviticus of the Bible. The Zend-Avesta was preserved by the Persian Zoroastrians who fled to India in the seventh century A.D., where they are still known as Parsis. They live on the west coast of Hindostan. Far back in the days of the

ancient Greeks, Aristotle and Herodotus wrote about the Zend-Avesta, and through the centuries, scholars have been doing all they could to preserve the thought and teachings of these scriptures of the Persians of the long ago.

CONFUCIUS

THE Chinese people from the beginning of their history had a mighty power for industry and a high sense of government. Henry Osborn Taylor says in his *Ancient Ideals* that their most marked superiority over Babylon and Egypt was "the faculty of ethical formation." No people ever constructed a system of ethics which expressed itself in conduct as they did. Under the inspiration of this ideal, the history of China was written. It was this same ideal that Confucius and his school had who stand for China's very self. At the dawn of China's history is Tao, a righteous emperor who is described as reverent, accomplished, thoughtful, and courteous. He regulated agriculture, and brought his people into a united and harmonized government. Then came Shun, the successor of Tao, a great organizer and a "just man in all things." Shun's right hand man was

Yu, who was told that "the determinate appointment of heaven rests on your person." All the early rulers had "heaven's high commission," and throughout their reigns the virtue of reverence was inculcated, reverence for heaven, reverence for the people, reverence for ancestors and their customs. It meant the due performance of every duty and the fitting observance of every ceremony and propriety.

When Confucius lived about 500 B.C., he represented the best elements of China's past. His teachings held to the ideal of the perfecting of character in modes of conduct in accordance with the nature of man conferred by heaven. Man must fulfil all relationships and duties ordained by heaven. Man's character is a matter of his inner nature, and the fruit of character is unfailing propriety of conduct. All men in speaking and in quiet hours should have the feeling of truthfulness. All things should present the ways of heaven and regulate humanity. They are the bond holding the multitude together. To hold office under the government is the goal and highest excellence of human careers and filial piety is the root of all virtue. The ancient Chinese conception of poetry was beyond what most people have today. Says Confucius: "It is by the odes that the mind is aroused; it is from music that the finish is received."

Confucius said:

When the father has gathered and prepared the firewood, if the son cannot carry the bundle, he is to be pronounced degenerate and unworthy.

* * *

I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out anyone who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat the lesson.

* * *

Is he not a man of complete virtue who feels no discomposure, though men take no note of him?

* * *

It was the philosopher Tsang who said: "I daily examine myself on three points—whether, in transacting business for others, I may have been unfaithful; whether in intercourse with friends, I may have been insincere; whether I may have failed to

(Concluded on page 238)



SIVA'S
ROCK-CUT
KAILASA
AT
ELLORA

Courtesy
The
Macmillan
Company

JACOB HAMBLIN

"Apostle to the Indians"

By JUANITA BROOKS

From *Arizona Highways*,
April 1943

THE little rock fort on the Santa Clara was alive with excitement.

From the rooms that lined its walls women hurried back and forth, bringing sacks of biscuits or loaves of salt-risin' bread, dried peaches, dried beans, jerky, and the dozen or so other items which must go to fill the *alforjas*. Then there was bedding to roll and a change of clothes to crowd in, along with many admonitions. The men, twelve of them, bearded, moccasined, their broad hats pulled low, checked the horseshoes, discussed matters of guns and ammunition and whether to take along more than one Bible and Book of Mormon.

This fort, with its one-hundred-foot-square enclosure, its rock walls twelve feet high and two feet thick, and its line of single rooms along two of the sides, represented the last outpost in Southern Utah. It marked the outer edge of the white man's domain. Clinging to the edge of the desert, the thin streak of cottonwoods which lined the creek was the only bit of green in an infinity of parched desolation. The nearest town was fifty miles to the north; there were no others for—well, it took all the elasticity out of the imagination even to try to think how far.

This morning, October 28, 1858, most of the men of the fort were leaving to penetrate one section of that unknown land. A little apart from the group, but directing in a quiet way, was the leader, Jacob Hamblin. A slender man with a serious face, he never wasted words, but when he did speak, his men paid attention. As president of the Indian Mission, he could speak with authority, but that was not what gave his words weight so much as the knowledge of the unerring insight with which he had handled the Indians.

FROM the time when the Mormons, under Brigham Young, arrived in Utah, they had a deep interest in the Indians. "It is cheaper to feed them than to fight them," Brigham said. In part this grew out of his practical knowledge that if his people were to make permanent homes here it would be safer to have the good will of the natives, and in part to the teachings of the Book of Mormon, which says that the Ameri-

can Indians, or Lamanites, are a part of the House of Israel, and that they shall yet become "a white and delightful some people." Missionaries were sent out with definite instructions to learn their language, cultivate their friendship, and teach them the arts of civilized life. Jacob Hamblin had been one of the first called to the Southern Indian Mission.

But work among the Indians was not new to Jacob even then. When he first came to Utah, he settled in the little town of Tooele, thirty-five miles west of Salt Lake City. The Indians had made such a business of driving off the horses and cattle from this town that a posse was organized and sent to punish them. Jacob Hamblin was the leader in one of these groups.

Using some of the native's own tactics, he traveled at night, located their camp, surrounded it, and made the at-

tack just before dawn. As his men rushed toward the tepees, yelling at the top of their voices, the Indians were thrown into utter confusion, women running and screaming, children crying, braves trying to find their places for defense. The sight filled Jacob with such pity that he called for his men to stop. Not for all the cattle in Tooele County could he have led in a slaughter of these people. He went forward to meet the chief. Though neither knew a word of the other's language, they managed to make themselves understood.

Jacob persuaded the chief and three of his men to go back with him to the settlements, promising, by way of signs and gestures, that they should return in safety. Something about Jacob inspired their confidence—his simplicity, his quietness, his so-evident honesty. They went with him.

Back in town it was a different story. The leaders, remembering all the losses they had sustained at the hands of these Indians, were glad to have them brought in! They would kill them without delay.

In the Mormon church at that time it was a serious thing to defy the man in authority over you. It might mean to forfeit your membership in the organization. To one who valued his standing in the church as dearer than life itself, this situation offered a real challenge, but Jacob did not falter.

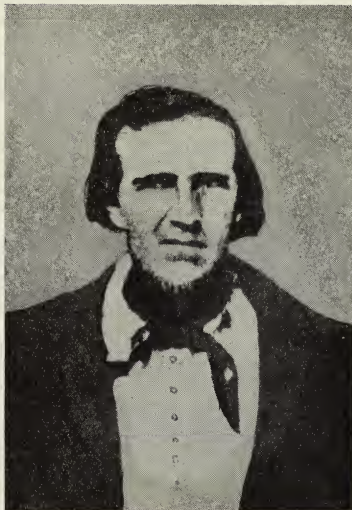
"I promised these men protection if they would come with me," he said, "If we kill them, it will be over my dead body."

That settled it. The Indians were allowed to return to their people, but there were some of Jacob's neighbors who thought he was over-zealous.

JACOB was first and last and all the time a praying man. Every morning before he set out for his day's labor, he knelt to ask God's guidance; every night before he lay down he asked his approval and protection. And in between, if ever a problem presented itself, he took it to his Father in heaven, almost as man to man. The incident of freeing the Indian prisoners contrary to the wishes of his leaders lay heavily on his mind. He prayed about it.

JACOB HAMBLIN

—Photographs Courtesy Dudley Hamblin



Then while he was in the mountains alone, his answer came. Whether it was the long day, from the miracle of the dawn to the splendor of the sunset, or the twilight hours over his small fire, or the nights under the friendly stars—when it came, he never said. In fact, he never talked much about it, for it was not a thing to put into words. It came as a great spiritual illumination, bringing consecration and peace. Into his soul was borne the message as clearly as though he had heard the words spoken, "Inasmuch as you do not thirst for the blood of the Indians, they shall not have the power to take your life."

Whatever it was, to him it was reality. One of the eternal verities. A promise from Him whose promises fail not. On the strength of it, he was to move unafraid among the Indians until the belief grew up, even among them, that he bore a charmed life.

This assurance that he was to be a messenger of peace to the Lamanites came to him in 1853. The next year he was officially called to the Southern Indian Mission and settled at Santa Clara, and in the four years following he had gained such influence with the natives that they trusted him implicitly, taking his word as law.

Now, in October, 1858, he had organized this group to visit the tribes across the Colorado River, in what later became Arizona. From those who lived on his side of the Grand Canyon he had learned of the great gorge which slashes its way along, impassable even to this day for more than two hundred miles. To reach the tribes almost due south of him he must travel far to the southeast to cross the stream and then back again toward the southwest, like the point of a triangle. He had heard that these Indians were peaceable and that they practiced the arts of agriculture, weaving, and pottery making. He would visit them to carry his gospel of Christianity to them.

THE pack horses were finally loaded and driven ahead by the Indian boy, Naraguts, while the men followed horseback, single file or by twos. They traveled over broken country, across lava flows, through swales filled with mesquite brush and arrow-weeds, up onto a broad tableland where there was no sign of water or grass, but only flat-topped buttes rising to form a second elevation, the base of each flaring out in stripes of vermilion and salmon and gray with many a rise and fall, like the billowing, striped skirts of a dancing gypsy. They camped one night at a fine spring surrounded by cottonwoods, which they named Pipe Spring, and which became a familiar base from which they could take off and a haven to which they could return. On beyond this, past what is now Kanab, over Buckskin Mountain with its pine tree sentinels, and down into desert country again, trying to find a way to the river without too many abrupt plunges and impassable cliff walls. They picked their way around the head of arroyos



THE OLD JACOB HAMBLIN HOME AT SANTA CLARA, UTAH, ERECTED ABOUT 1863.

whose sudden banks dropped straight down, across gullies, over rocks, down and down along narrow clinging-on-paths at the base of sheer cliffs, and tortuous, twisting trails. Ten days after leaving home they came to the water's edge. This was the "crossing of the Fathers," or *El Vado de los Padres*.

Twelve men on a river bank, behind them a faint trail, before them a stream dark and deep, menacing in its very silence. Across on the other side banks stark and barren, more difficult of ascent than the ones over which they had come. Did it occur to them that they were making history? They were the first white men to cross this stream since Father Escalante had braved it back in 1776.

They improvised a raft of poles and began transporting their saddles and supplies across, taking also an extra man or two at each trip. When they had the men about equally divided on each bank, they drove the horses into the stream, with much encouragement by whip and voice. The Indian boy rode the lead horse, and when it got into the deep water he slipped easily back over it and hung to its tail, all the while calling out encouragement to the animals around him.

On the opposite bank they re-packed and set themselves about getting up out of the canyon. The rocks, washed slick by the rains of ages—petrified sand dunes, one man called them—gave poor footing for the horses. Up and up they struggled in a thin line, a few specks in an eternity of waste. If there is any place on the whole earth designed to make men conscious of the fleeting na-

ture of his existence, it is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Here man is at hand's grip with the elements, and the elements always set to win. In proof, here were the niches cut by Escalante nearly a hundred years before as clear as if it had been only yesterday.

Once out of the canyon, they turned to the southwest, into the desert country again, with the same colorful buttes with the same fluted, flaring skirts to the north and east. Then they came to clay land dotted with knolls, rounded off as though earth giants had dropped balls that flattened as they fell and stood yet as barren as when they were formed, numberless, without character. There was no sign of life, hardly a snake or lizard even, not even the swarms of little grasshoppers that so often inhabit the scrub brush of the desert.

FOR days they traveled. They passed the dun-colored sands of the Moencopi, dry at this season, on to country that stretched its arid lengths in every direction. Their supplies were getting low, so they tried to content themselves with a little jerky, sliced paper-thin and chewed to a liquid, a bit of parched corn, some dried peaches. Without water there was nothing to cook and no reason for making a fire. Besides, they were in Navajo country, and not sure of the disposition of the natives.

Finally they came upon signs of human beings, a place where some sheep had been bedded down for the night, the moccasin track of a man who had evidently had charge of them. A little spring farther on brought eager cups under its drip before they noticed that it had been husbanded and turned to a tiny garden terraced against the hill.

(Continued on page 249)



I.D.S. chapel at 316 South 46th Street in Philadelphia, dedicated in the spring of 1938, token of the substantial growth of the church in the "City of Brotherly Love."

Photographs by
Imri Hutchings

swaying audiences with libelous attacks; yet, in the first seven months of 1943, Philadelphia missionaries made over one hundred twenty-five public appearances in the Philadelphia area as a singing-lecturing unit.

Obviously, progress in Philadelphia must be measured in terms of the Philadelphia mind. It is a mind shrouded in tradition, endowed with a noble heritage from the past and an accompanying faith in the judgments of the past. Moreover, in skepticism, it is a first cousin to its New England neighbor. A mission anecdote, now legendary, is illustrative. Informed that the restoration of the priesthood occurred in his native state, a Pennsylvania farmer muttered to himself, over and again: "Well! John the Baptist in Pennsylvania. Here, in Pennsylvania." Then, skeptically, almost

"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"—

... A TALE OF CHANGE IN MISSIONARY APPROACH, AND
OF ITS RESULTS IN THE "CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE"

By *L. Marsden Durham*

CHAPLAIN, U.S.A.

Recently of the Eastern States Mission

THE corner of Seventh and Callowhill streets in Philadelphia is not pretty. To some it might be repulsive. Its features, now cheapened and dirty, are those which appeal to the writer of violent literature, whose keynote is degeneracy. Within earshot on Sunday mornings is a colored Baptist choir, which sets the tempo for the local scene, prescribing the times and seasons for the barkeeper and tobacconist at the corner, and provoking cheerless thoughts in the minds of late sleepers who rent the second floor apartments overhead.

But there remains visible evidence that Seventh and Callowhill knew better days. A few homes of severe architectural lines, sandwiched in between factories and warehouses which mushroomed up during Philadelphia's industrial development, indicate the district once to have been a middle class colonial settlement. Two minutes away is Franklin Square, a rendezvous for Philadelphia's derelict souls; but where, in days gone by, the creator of Poor Richard took his daily early-morning constitutional. Close at hand are the printing houses which produced America's early periodicals, and almost within stone's throw are the docks of the Port of Philadelphia, pointing to Seventh and Callowhill in the youthful years of the nineteenth century as a most respectable location. There, in a hall now destroyed by the ravages of time and a local salvage company, the Prophet Joseph Smith preached his first Philadelphia sermon, on December 21, 1839.

Were the Prophet to return to Philadelphia today, he would board one of the city's subways, where his keen eye might be attracted to this item in the *PTC Traveler*, publication of the Philadelphia Transportation Company, which each week lists events of civic interest:

Recorded music from the Salt Lake City Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Latter-day Saint Chapel, 316 South 46th Street, July 25, 7:45 p.m. Free. Take Route 42 Car.

That, or an announcement of a film lecture based upon church history and doctrine should cause him to echo the sentiment of a grandson of Brigham Young, who, on a recent military assignment to Philadelphia, exclaimed: "They used to persecute us here. Now, they advertise us!"

The case history of Philadelphia, so far as the church is concerned, may resemble that of a dozen other metropolitan centers in the United States. But Philadelphia affords extreme symptoms. Philadelphia has oscillated between two poles. As late as 1930, anti-Mormon lecturers were still stamping the circuit from Philadelphia to the Jersey shore,

derisively, "Pennsylvania, indeed!" If a favorable change in attitude toward the church can be noted in this mind, it must be admitted that progress is being made.

It is to be remembered, also, that Philadelphia is a metropolitan city of over three million people, and despite the Quaker reputation for friendliness and the name of the city itself which betokens "brotherly love," Philadelphia today has fallen heir to the inevitable big-city complex, described in the vernacular as the "cold shoulder."

Philadelphia's Mormon Male Chorus, which, in the best tradition of the missionary singing groups formed throughout the church, preached the gospel in song. Elders of the Eastern States Mission who participated in the group, are front row, left to right: George MacMillan, Rulon Gregory, Crawford W. Gates (director), Rodney Alsop, Ashton Smith; second row, left to right: Roy M. Darley, L. Marsden Durham, Spencer W. Toone, Kenner C. Karchner, and Vaughn Hunter.



ACTIVITY of the church in Philadelphia dates back to 1839 when suburban Germantown, originally a redcoat outpost, had laid aside its frontier kneepants for the more dignified long trousers of "civilization." According to the church historian's office, "there was a branch of the church in Philadelphia as early as 1839, presided over by Elder Benjamin Winchester, who hired a good hall in which the elders preached to crowded audiences." Orson Pratt, on his way to missionary labors in England, reported that "forty-five persons had recently been baptized in Philadelphia by Benjamin Winchester." Nor did the newly baptized members go without visits from others of the early leaders. At a general conference of the church in Commerce, October 1839, a delegation which included the Prophet,

Latter-day Saint meetings in south Jersey were interrupted by barrages of rotten eggs and over-ripe tomatoes. A practicing physician in Philadelphia, and loyal member of the church, recalls with some fondness the days of his student career in one of Philadelphia's medical schools, when the name "Mormon" was signal for an argument, and the appearance of a Latter-day Saint on the scene sufficient cause for a near riot. That feeling of unfriendliness and suspicion has prevailed until very recent years.

Now a change has come. Causes are many, Philadelphia may merely be observing a trend which is general throughout the nation. Music and the arts have played a significant role in the awakening of the city to Mormon

Philadelphia's leading NBC station. But the war took its toll in missionary numbers, and September 1942 found the chorus reduced to a quartet.

Under the able direction of Elder Roy M. Darley, the "Mormon Male Quartet" began its assault of Philadelphia battlements, and in six months' time met over one hundred engagements to sing and lecture in halls hallowed by famous names and before luncheon groups including such figures as Connie Mack, owner of the Philadelphia Athletics; Rear Admiral James Duncan MacNair, ranking chaplain in the United States armed services; Mother Moore, national godmother to sailors and soldiers; and Anice Ives, prominent national radio figure. The closely-guarded gates of the Philadelphia Navy Yard have swung open to the music of the quartet, which sang aboard the battleship *New Jersey*, manned by a crew of three thousand—the largest battleship ever built in all the world. The singing of Mormon hymns has led to speaking engagements before the Philadelphia Round Table, the Ethical Society of Phila-

NEW STYLE

Judge Elias Higbee, and Sidney Rigdon was appointed to present a petition to the federal government in Washington, seeking redress under the Constitution for injuries sustained by the Saints in Missouri. While awaiting committee action upon the petition—Congress, it seems, was already cursed with an abundance of red-tape—the Prophet, Judge Higbee, and the ubiquitous Porter Rockwell visited Philadelphia, where, according to the record, "President Smith addressed large audiences at the hall on the corner of Seventh and Calowhill streets." Under the direction of the Prophet, the Philadelphia Branch was organized December 23, 1839. Again in January, the Prophet, Rigdon, and the Pratt brothers visited Philadelphia for a branch conference. This was before the leaders returned to the West, disappointed in their efforts to obtain aid through federal intervention.

But there was no reason for disappointment in missionary activity in Philadelphia. Visible progress was evident. In 1841 there were seventy-two baptisms. In 1845 Jedediah M. Grant succeeded to the presidency of the branch, and tradition has it that the entire membership moved west. From 1855 to 1857, Philadelphia served as a port of entry for immigrating Saints from Europe, receiving seven ships which brought approximately 2700 members of the church. However, during the Civil War, evil days beset the branch, and it ceased to exist.

Lean years followed. Bitter criticism and persecution were leveled against the church for its practice of plural marriage. Through the 1910's and into the "roaring 'twenties" the flames of bitterness were fanned anew by apostates, who, on lecture platform and in public meeting, castigated the Mormons. Missions to the "heathen Mormons" were organized from Philadelphia and have left their roots there.

At Philadelphia's National Folk Festival living models reenact a scene from Mormon history based on Torleif Knaphus' statue, "The Handcart Pioneer."



ideologies. The influence for good of Tabernacle Choir broadcasts cannot be measured. Too, the dedication in 1938 of the chapel in West Philadelphia gave the church a more substantial footing; and an influx of Latter-day Saint business and professional men into the area augmented the leavening influence of members already established there.

Then, in April 1941, it was determined to organize a missionary chorus to bring "the song of the righteous" to the City of Brotherly Love. As promised in the Doctrine and Covenants (Sec. 18), that song has been answered with a blessing.¹

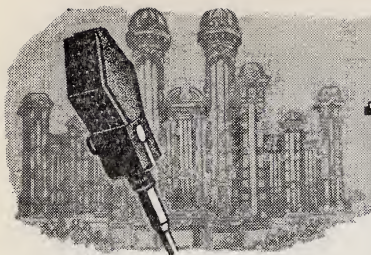
The mellifluously designated "Mormon Melodiers" under the direction of Elder Nolan Taylor sang from April until July, when, after some personnel changes, it emerged as the "Mormon Male Chorus of Philadelphia," under the leadership of Elder Crawford Gates. In a year's time the chorus sang before audiences totaling 40,000 and broadcast a weekly radio program over Phila-

delphia, and a sociology group at Temple University; and a dozen Protestant churches, to say nothing of one Catholic Institute, have played host to the Mormons, curious to learn why they believe and act as they do.

Baptisms have not increased phenomenally as a result of this increased activity; but this fact is important: opportunities for preaching the gospel and demonstrating its influence are legion, whereas a few years ago they were at a premium.

A busy season had a possible climax when, on May 6, the Mormons entered the precincts of Philadelphia's *sanctum sanctorum*, the Academy of Music, to participate in the Tenth Annual National Folk Festival. Mormon contributions to national folklore have long been recognized by the Association, and Director Sarah Gertrude Knott invited the Philadelphia missionaries and local branch members to present a cross-section of early Mormon life and culture. In years past, in cities other than Philadelphia, this has been done by re-enacting the handcart trek across the plains. Here was ample opportunity to dramatize bits of church history, sing

(Concluded on page 237)



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 12:00 NOON EASTERN WAR TIME, 11:00 A.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME, 10:00 A.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME, AND 9:00 A.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME.

"Times Have Changed"

IN this day and age, whenever anyone speaks of the social precautions which were formerly observed for the safeguarding of womanhood in general, and of young girls in particular, one is likely to be accused of being Victorian—which is another way of saying that the idea is thought to be stuffy and old-fashioned. But when safeguarding the most precious things in life becomes old-fashioned, civilization will be on its way out, together with the finest things that the finest people of all ages have stood for. Notwithstanding this, there are many sincere and devoted parents, who, like their children, are going to remind us that "times have changed," who are going to remind us that women, old or young, are no longer confined to the home—that oft-times girls go out to make their own way at a relatively early age, just as boys do, and that there is virtually no profession, or occupation, or activity closed to them—that there is virtually no place on the face of the earth, or no kind of company, or no social situation in which, under present conditions, women, old and young, may not find themselves. All this is true. *Times have changed.* In our day women go to war, as well as men; women do much of the world's work; women are people in their own right, and any man who forgets it may expect to be quickly reminded of it. The so-called emancipation of women is irrevocable, for which we are all grateful—but it would be surprising indeed if a movement that had brought with it so much good had not also brought with it some things which are not altogether good—and because some bad things have been ushered in with some good things doesn't mean that we have to accept them both. We still have the right and the obligation to discriminate between the two and to accept what is good and to reject what isn't—even if times have changed. And if, perchance, there are conditions or practices or places in society where young women who desire to maintain their principles and their ideals, are induced or coerced to do otherwise, then it is up to us, as members of society, to see that such conditions and places and practices are eradicated. Where modern emancipation has given women a desirable freedom, we may be grateful for it; and where evils and abuses have accompanied that freedom, it doesn't necessarily mean that we have to take the abuses in order to have the freedom. Just because times have changed is no excuse for gullibly swallowing everything that men call "modern" whether it be good or bad. To accept a new thing which is good is progress; to accept a new thing which is bad is false, and foolish, and stupid. *Times may have changed, but good and evil have not—and neither has the obligation to discriminate between them.*

—February 13, 1944.

Unfeigned Champions of Freedom

WE pause again, as we do each recurring year at this season, between the birthdays of two American patriots whom time has given the mark of greatness—two men who have outlived all of the pettiness and prejudices, all of the misunderstandings and misrepresentations of their own generations—who have outlived all partisanship, to find permanent place in the minds and hearts of Americans and of freedom-loving peoples everywhere. Time has burned out the underbrush and cleared away the smoke, to make the real issues of their day stand out sharply, and despite their differences of birth, circumstances, and personality, each of these men has lived in honored remembrance because each was an unfeigned champion of liberty. It is a comparatively easy matter to look back now and to see why the names of Washington and Lincoln have become symbols of freedom, but to many who lived in their day the issues were just as confused as the issues of the present struggle are to many who live now. In their day there were contentions for the powers and privileges of leadership, for the loyalties of men, and for dominion over them, even as there are now. And now again, as we find ourselves engaged in a struggle so intense, so complex, so involved, oftentimes our vision is diverted from the over-all issues by the immediate and necessary details of war. Because our sons and our brothers are fighting across the face of the globe, our attention sometimes becomes focused more on principalities than on principles, more on the territories than on the truths at stake, and we are sometimes given to suppose that if we could only sweep clean certain sections of the earth's surface, we could thereby sweep clean all the difficulties that face our generation—in other words, that our problems are wholly geographical—that our enemies are to be found only in well-defined areas or on well-marked fronts, and that everything outside these danger zones is safe for us—but the problem is yet more difficult than this—as far-seeing men have always known. Territories must be won, and armies must be conquered. Than this there is no greater immediate task. But beyond this, it must ever be remembered that the enemies of freedom are not confined to any geographical area nor to any color or creed or class. Neither freedom nor truth is a matter of geography—nor of terminology. And this, Lincoln and Washington and the other champions of liberty from time immemorial have learned—that an enemy of freedom is an enemy of mankind no matter who he is or where he lives or under what banner he travels or by what name he calls his cause.

—February 20, 1944.

from Temple Square

Concerning "Chaperonage"

LIKE fashions and customs in a good many other things, the words of our language come and go. Many times within our generation we have seen words suddenly come into daily usage, and we have seen words gradually fall into disuse, almost without our being aware of it. One such word that was once used more often and with much meaning, and which more recently seems to be on the wane, is the word "chaperonage." To those who have lived through earlier decades, it stirs memories. But to many of today's youth it has little or no meaning outside the dictionary. But old-fashioned as it is, the word still has a meaning, and old-fashioned as it may seem to say so, that meaning has a fundamental significance. In bringing up this subject there is no thought of yearning for the past—no thought of going back. Our less restricted social ways, in many particulars at least, are likely to remain. But nevertheless, we are reminded of a time when parents knew, or attempted to know, every hour of the day and night, where their young daughters were, and with whom, and for what purpose, and when they would be expected to return, and how. This, of course, in some circumstances was not always possible then any more than it would be always possible now. But the practice recognized a need pertaining to the well-being of the community in general and of young womanhood in particular—and certainly that need has not grown less great in so-called modern times, and especially not in war times. And parents who have used easy modern ways as a reason or as an excuse for shaking off responsibility, or ignoring it, have been and are due for some rude shocks. The supposition that some good fortune is somehow going to take care of our young girls no matter where they go or with whom is a fallacy that has long since been blasted out of the realm of truth and into the realm of disappointment and sorrow. There is an obligation in the home that no social agency can take over, that no free and easy ways can justifiably ignore—an obligation that runs contrary to the false supposition that the youngsters should be allowed to run "free as the wind" without reporting to anyone or being accountable to anything. Social companions are more respectful of those who come from homes where it is known that mother and father wait, and expect to know what and when and where and with whom. Accountability and parental responsibility are words that must not lose their meaning, even if the word "chaperonage" has tended to do so.

—February 6, 1944.

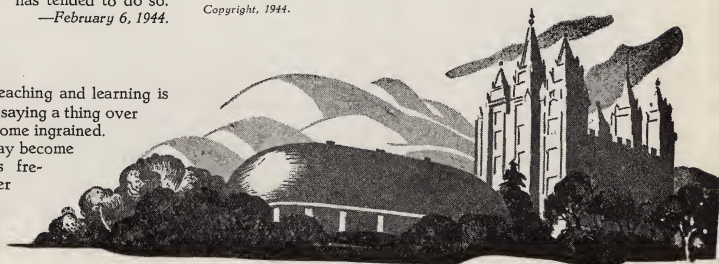
Repetition

ONE of the accepted methods of teaching and learning is by the process of repetition. By saying a thing over and over again, eventually it may become ingrained. But, effective as it is, this process may become very tiresome. Perplexed parents frequently become weary of the number of times they have to remind their children of even the simplest

rules of conduct, with little apparent carry-over effect—and frequently from children comes the impatient reply: "O we know! We've heard that before!" After having gone through such repeat performances times without number, exhausted mothers and fathers have often despaired. No doubt we could save our children many heartaches if they would only listen and learn. And beginning with this common experience of parenthood, we may well begin to appreciate something of the problems and the patience of the Father of all men, from whom has come a tireless repetition of fundamental truths all down through the centuries, notwithstanding which, men continue to go their own way and continue to get into trouble. In virtually every generation prophets of the living God, men to whom it has been given to see beyond their time and place, have stated and restated the rules of life, and the consequences for disregarding them, and their words have been recorded for us to read and remember. But notwithstanding the times without number that these truths have been written and spoken and read and heard, and notwithstanding the distressing results that have followed the disregarding of them, in every generation the children of men, like their parents, insist upon learning many things for themselves, the hard way. With this in mind perhaps we can come to be more understanding of our own children and the children of others when they don't, upon repeated hearings, remember to put all good advice immediately into practice. If all the generations had done so, if parents themselves had done so, perhaps we could expect more from our children. But sooner or later, if our teaching has been sincere and understanding and patient and wise, as these, our children, take their places in the world, they begin to remember our teachings, and they become concerned to pass them on to their own growing sons and daughters—and they begin to know what it is that we have been trying so hard to say to them, and they begin to appreciate why. There are no new laws of morality or of safe conduct in life. They have all been revealed and known, and proved long since. But still the process of repetition goes on with much tiresome teaching and many threadbare words and with impatient children and weary parents—and with many needlessly paying a high price for costly lessons, most of which might have been learned without personal anguish, if we had been wise enough to believe what has happened in the past, and not so stupid as to believe it wouldn't happen again under the same conditions.

—February 27, 1944.

Copyright, 1944.



T

HE moment Mary Wainwright looked at the messenger boy's troubled face she knew something was wrong. He couldn't have been more than thirteen, for he was slightly bigger than Buddy, her youngest son. Mary's lips had parted to greet him gayly, when she saw the quivering of his chin, and his moistened blue eyes.

"What can the matter be here?" Mary wondered, wiping her hands on her kitchen apron.

It was a bit difficult for her to get the mood of the boy's sadness, for when the doorbell rang she had been measuring out ingredients for what was to be peanut-brittle for Jerry's birthday package. Jerry was her other son, a sailor, away on a destroyer in the South Pacific. . . .

"A message for you, Mrs. Wainwright. From the War Department." His blue eyes spoke a message of sympathy, but his lips said no more.

Dazed, Mary Wainwright took the yellow envelope from his extended hand. In her mind one phrase kept repeating itself, "No matter what the message says, smile for this child's sake."

Inside, Mary sat in the nearest chair and opened the telegram. A nervous trembling seized her and her fingers shook.

Unfolding the yellow sheet, she read: "We regret to inform you—" she paused, stunned. After a moment she glanced again. Yes, there it was, ". . . missing in action."

Mary couldn't believe what she read. This could not have happened to Jerry. Why, Jerry was only a boy, who had looked on going to war as a great adventure. She saw his grinning face as he had tried to hide his tears at parting, heard the last words he had spoken as he and his father had driven away in the car from the front door.

"Keep everything the same, Mom, especially your smile," he had said. "I want it all the same when I come back. Promise? . . ."

She had nodded amid her own tears, and he had blown her a kiss. He had been very sure he would come back.

Mary broke into uncontrollable weeping.

After a bit she paused in thought. Come to think of it she, also, had been sure he would come back. . . . Until this very minute she had never doubted it. . . . She had made herself look upon his going as though he were only away to college, soon to be back. . . . She had made him cookies, talked to him over the telephone, and heard of his fine doings as long as he'd stayed in the United States. Everything had been fine up to this very minute.

Why did this news, now, have the power to shake her assurance, that assurance which had sustained her through all these many months, that he was all right?

Burying her head again in her arms, she cried unrestrainedly.

"Missing! Missing! My Jerry missing!" The words went round and round

"Blessed

ARE THEY

in her head. Suddenly the conviction completely overwhelmed her that the words really were true, that Jerry could never come home again.

WITHOUT conscious feeling, for now she was numb, she walked to the telephone, dialed her husband, and requested him to come home. She was not surprised that he guessed the telegram was about Jerry.

"Everyone, now, must know that Jerry will not come back," she thought. The reality was so big and monstrous that there was no escaping it.

Mary blindly sought her bedroom. There she sank upon her bed, the very bed by which Jerry, his father, and she had knelt to pray that last night before Jerry went away—that night after he had received that wonderful blessing from the patriarch promising that guiding angels should guard his footsteps; that night after he had been ordained an elder. She and his father had wept as they prayed that night, but Jerry had only hugged them closer and remained silent.

Now, lying back on her bed, she remembered what she had asked of the Lord that night. She remembered the assurance she had felt inside her that he would protect her boy. She had felt that assurance completely. . . . Until today. . . .

JERRY's father was very gentle. Mary could see as he came into their bedroom how hard the news had hit him. She arose to meet him. He gathered her into his arms and they wept together. As a terrific trembling overcame her, he aided her to lie down again. He knelt by the bedside. She locked her fingers in his thinning brown hair. He caressed her gently.

"Don't cry, darling," he said getting a firm hold on himself. "There are other things that could have been worse."

She shook her head. Turning her face away, she gripped a fold of her dress with her teeth.

"If it had to be," he continued softly, "it had to be. The Lord knows best. Many of our boys may not come back. Some of us must give our lives."

She sobbed bitterly, unable to speak. "We can be very proud of Jerry," he said. "He always played a heroic part. There was never a better boy. . . . Nor a better cause he could have died for."

"Don't say that," Mary cried clutching him. "Don't say, 'Died for.' Don't you remember the promises?"

Her husband looked at her with great concern. He wished he could spare her from this awful thing which had befallen them, but he said, "Don't

count on them too much, honey. Some of the boys certainly won't come back. It won't pay to make definite plans."

She looked at him a long time. He had so seldom been wrong. Yet. . . . Oh, she knew not what to believe. With a sob, she turned away and wept again.

AFTER an hour or more of fitful weeping Mary arose. She was vaguely conscious that her husband moved about the house; that Buddy came home from school for his lunch; that he could not eat after hearing the news; that her husband talked to people on the telephone, but her thoughts were in the past, remembering. . . .

She thought of the time, not much more than a year ago, when she had visited Jerry at his base.

He had said, "You take care of things at home, Mom, particularly yourself and Dad, and I'll see to it that you have nothing to worry about at this end."

"Yes, I'm sure of it, Son," Mary had answered. "You've tried all your life to do as we asked, and to live according to the Lord's commandments; therefore the Lord will protect and guide you. Always remember the last verses in the section of the Word of Wisdom in the Doctrine and Covenants, Son, where the Lord says if you remember to keep his commandments the destroying angel will pass by and not slay you. Then you'll be all right, Son."

"The rules are mighty hard sometimes, Mom," he had said modestly, "but I'm doing my best."

Mary knew Jerry had done his best. . . .

She remembered, though, after returning home, telling Amy Kendall, one of her friends, about that conversation, and Amy's reaction.

Mary and Amy had stood on the grass in front of the ward chapel in the early fall sunshine. Amy had said: "I think it perfectly ridiculous to bring a boy up on such false notions—telling him if he lives according to God's commandments, God will bring him home. You can't depend on it."

"You don't understand—" Mary began.

But Amy continued, "Look at Ellen Thorndike. Didn't her Barney get killed in action? That promise was no comfort to her. Ellen's boy was as good as anyone's, yet he's dead."

"But," said Mary patiently, "the Lord says, there is a time appointed for every man, according as his works shall be."

"Where does he say that?" Amy objected.

"In the hundred and twenty-first section of the Doctrine and Covenants,"

THAT MOURN"

By
Hortense Spencer
Andersen



—Illustrated by
John Henry Evans, Jr.

THE WORDS WENT 'ROUND
AND 'ROUND IN HER HEAD:
'IT CAN'T BE TRUE THAT MY
JERRY MAY NEVER COME
HOME. . . .'

Mary answered. "I read it just the other night."

"Oh, you must have read it wrong," Amy said. "You can't tell me it was Barney's time any more than it's time for your Jerry and all the other boys that joined when he did."

AFTER Buddy and his father had had her attention, Mary went back to her bedroom. There she rested her head against the pillow where the afternoon sun came through. She was still remembering. . . .

She thought of what had happened on the train on her way home from visiting Jerry. She had sat with a young sailor in the diner.

"Are you going home on furlough?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "This is my first sight of the good old U.S.A. in two years. I've been fighting in the South Seas ever since just after Pearl Harbor."

"My son may go there soon," Mary said, hardly able to believe her eyes. "Is it possible?" she thought. "Why, this young man shows no sign of war. He looks as fresh, young, clean, and unharmed as Jerry does now."

"I have just read *Guadalcanal Diary*," she said. "There have been some awful battles in the South Seas."

"Yes," the sailor said. "Do you remember that destroyer the book tells about that was shelling the shore when the first marines landed on the island?" he asked. "Well, I was on its deck firing one of the big guns. Our ship was sunk later. Our second ship was sunk not long ago. I'm home now while they get us a new one."

He said it off-handedly. Certainly he was not bragging.

As he continued eating his dinner, Mary looked him over. She was beginning to believe certain things about him.

"Were you ever injured?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "nothing but a little seasickness and fever ever bothered me." He grinned, filling his mouth with roast turkey.

Mary regarded him carefully. Here was a youngster who was certainly not more than twenty-one, who had been in the very thick of the war ever since the first shot was fired. He was calm, at peace with himself. He was not bitter, hard, disillusioned, or even injured. *He had come back.*

Again sweet peace crept into Mary's soul. Why shouldn't she still believe Jerry would come home, she asked herself. "The War Department lists him as missing, but he may be back," she thought.

FRIENDS and neighbors soon began to call. Mary could hear their voices. "The word about Jerry must have traveled quickly," she thought. She arose, straightened her hair and went into the living-room. There were the bishop and his wife, the Conrads from next door, and Sister Brown, the Relief Society president. It was painful meeting them, for the tears started afresh. She couldn't control herself. Her husband, too, was having difficulty, she could see. These people were so very kind, though, and it did help to know your friends were interested in what happened to you.

Friends and neighbors continued calling by telephone and in person all the rest of the afternoon and evening. Flowers were sent in, and Jane Bailey from up the street brought hot rolls. Buddy and his playmate, Johnny Hendricks,

ate them with jam and milk for their supper. Neither Mary nor her husband was hungry. They were beginning to feel very weary. Mary's heart was so heavy it seemed scarcely to beat, so it was good to be finally alone.

As she sank back into the comforting softness of a deep chair, she wondered why she hadn't enjoyed a surcease by the kind felicitations of these friends whom she and her husband loved so much. As she analyzed all that had happened since their friends began to call, she realized that not one had said, "Jerry will be back." And that was the one thing she wished to hear. She had hoped that among all these loved ones, these members of the church, there would be those who would openly dare to say, "He will be back." Could it be that in the face of this seemingly complete reality all hesitated to raise false hopes? That must be it. They all had vague whispering doubts when put to the final test.

The thought started Mary crying again. A deep agonizing grief gripped her. She went back to her bedroom again. Her thoughts became a great maddening whirl: "Maybe it was Jerry's time to die? But then why was his life spared that time he had pneumonia when he was two years old, when Doctor Hunt said he couldn't live? Was he saved to be sacrificed now? . . . No, no, it isn't Jerry's time to die. . . . Yet no one . . . no one of all my friends, of all those who have said they believe in God's promises, told me Jerry would come back. . . . Amy Kendall said it was a false notion. . . . But the sailor came back! . . . The War Department says he's missing. . . . But the sailor came back! . . ."

(Continued on page 242)

PIONEER DIARY

of Eliza R. Snow

PART XIV—CONCLUSION

1848—LIFE IN THE VALLEY

Thursday, February 24. Din'd at Sis. Shockley's, meet[ing] in the eve[n]ing. Fath[er] Pettigrew & Hancock pres[ent].

Sunday, February 27. A little boy by the name of Oakley killed by a log rolling from a sawpit—put in motion by Indians—Attended meet[ing] at Br. Smoot's. Spent the eve[n]ing in com[pany] with Fath[er] & Moth[er] Abbott, Sess[ions], Pettigrew, &c.—very interesting indeed. The weath[er] a little moderated.

Wrote the following:

ON THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN K. SHED

The angel of death with a sudden blow
In the season of youth has laid him low.
In a time when the heart's warm springs
were ripe
With the hopes & the prospects of future
life.

[Eight four-line stanzas follow]

Tuesday, March 7. Brethren started for Winter Quarters.

Tuesday, March 14. The breth[ren] restart yest[erday] or today, having return'd in consequence of the road being impassible. They calculate to take the Weber Canyon route.

Friday, March 17. Heard that 3 of the 6 who started for W[inter] Q[uiet] were met by a man from Ft. Johns [Ft. Laramie]—they were in sad condition, having kill'd one of their horses & eaten it—their feet badly frozen—the other 3 had gone on.

Saturday, March 18. Made the 4th cap for Sis. Sess[ions] for this month. The weather is colder, having chang'd from warm spring. Some gardens put in, get a little frosted.

Sunday, March 19. Snows—wrote the following to Mrs. Eleanor B. Bringhurst:

My heart is full of friendship—but for thee
It has a holier feeling than that name
Identifies. The recollection of
Thy countenance from the first time
My eyes beheld thee—whispers something to
My thought and feeling which I never can
Describe. 'Tis undecidable so long
As mind or understanding shall remain
As circumscrib'd as now. But when I think
Of thee, a thrill of near affinity
O'er spreads my senses & I truly feel
Within my bosom a strong kindred tie
As tho' we'd been associated in
Existence, ere we condescended to
Our present state of being. Lady, yes,
When our small understandings shall expand
And with the recollection of the past
Some knowledge of the future be inspir'd
We'll find a thousand kindred ties that form
Amalgamation's wreath, & which are twin'd
And interwiev'd, combining & combin'd
Connecting noble spirits here & there
O'er all the face of earth—from earth to heav'n's
And still extending on from world to world
Until creation's undefin'd extent.

Thus let our hearts expand & let our minds
And acts approximate towards the point
Of true perfection, that we may attain
To an association gloriou'
On planets more exalted & refin'd—
Among intelligences long since dear,
And let us cultivate the sacred ties
Of love & friendship here that will abide
Time's rugged changes & eternally
Endure.



"LOG ROW," SALT LAKE CITY, 1849
(left, center) (See note June 28, 1849)

Wednesday, March 22. Very, very windy.

Thursday, March 23. Att[ended] the funeral of Lorenzo D., son of L[orenzo] & H. Young.

Friday, March 24. This mor[n]ing the ground is cover'd with quite a deep snow.

Tuesday, March 28. The storm continues, sometimes rain & then snow, most of the houses are leaking profusely. Ours kept dry till this eve[n]ing, but pour'd down thro[ugh] the night without intermission.

Wednesday, March 29. Continues to storm till nearly night. C[lar]a is at her mother's—Charles & W. breakfast with me while the rain drops in our dishes.

Thursday, March 30. Ch[ar]les & W. breakfast and sup with me.

Friday, March 31. Sis. Scofield washes & I get supper. We feel thankful for the storm, altho it causes a deal of work.

Saturday, April 1. The day is fine, I iron'd most of the day.

Wednesday, April 5. Att[ended] meet[ing] at Fath[er] Chase's—Clara came home last night—she is gone today. Does not att[end] meet[ing].

Thursday, April 6. A number of the sisters celebrated the anniversary of the church at Adaline Benson's in prayer for the Saints in Winter Quarters & elsewhere. When I return'd, C[lar]a was absent.

Friday, April 7. Spent the aft[er]noon at Susan H.'s in com[pany] with Sis. P. S. T. H. Br. T. H. & P. spent the eve with us.

Saturday, April 8. Rains & snows all day.

Sunday, April 23. I rode out with Br. & Sis. Higbee, call'd at P[ar]ley P. P[ar]ley's—he seem'd to be in a very uncomfortable frame of mind.

Thursday, May 4. Has rained successively for 12 days which terminated this mor[n]ing in a hard freeze, unfavorable to vegetation which has been growing finely.

Wednesday, May 10. The day beautiful—growing warmer, after several days of frost & cold. Saw Sis. H. at Fath[er] Sess[ions]. He thinks a com[pany] of horsemen, one of whom is J. Redden is on this side of Laramie. Br. P[ar]ley with Sis. P[ar]ley & Ellen call'd for me to join them in a carriage ride. When at the distance of perhaps 5 m[ile]s, to our unspeakable joy, we met the California boys, 7 of them, part of the com[pany] having gone to the Bay & part being back with their cattle, which are expected in 3 or 4 weeks. Last Sat[urday] was a Council which excited some feeling. P[ar]ley P. P[ar]ley was chief spokesman.

Monday, May 15. The farmers are getting most of their planting done. Buckwheat, beans, &c., sow'd in April, is kill'd by the frost.

Tuesday, May 16. Last Friday Sister Taylor, Hunter, P. & G. vis[it]ed us.

Wednesday, May 17. Quite an Indian alarm in consequence of Jim Wanship being kill'd by a Ewtaw [Utah] Indian.

(Continued on page 239)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

ALCOHOL

on Wheels



By HON. HARRY H. PORTER
Chief Justice, Municipal Court of
Evanston

STRANGELY enough, the really dangerous driver is not the "horizontal drunk," who cannot get up and take one more drink. It is the man who has had a few drinks and is absolutely sure of his sobriety and of his driving perfection—the type who insists that he is a better driver while drinking than when completely sober. Those of us who have had some experience in traffic safety work take him for the fool he is, not the expert he thinks he is.

The drinking driver is not recognized as "under the influence" by the average police officer or layman, because he does not show the outward symptoms of drunkenness. But he is a killer.

The problem before enforcing authorities is to recognize, apprehend, and jail this type of driver with utmost expedition. To do this, it is obvious that methods of handling the alcoholic driver must be strengthened and made more efficient.

We must understand first what legislatures mean by the phrase "under the influence of intoxicating liquors" in penal statutes. Some states impose a penalty for "driving while intoxicated"; others for "driving while under the influence." Undoubtedly the trend is to repeal the former type of statute in favor of the latter.

The definition, from the Arizona Supreme Court, reads:

The phrase "under the influence of intoxicating liquor" covers not only all the well-known and easily recognized conditions and degrees of intoxication, but also any abnormal mental or physical condition which is the result of indulging in any degree in intoxicating liquors and which tends to deprive the driver of that clearness of intellect and control over himself which he would otherwise possess.

A short definition for "under the influence" might be "sub-intoxication."

When is a man under the influence so that his driving ability is lessened?

I suppose it is a well-known fact that alcohol affects the lower extremities before it does the hands and arms; thus, we may notice the toxic state of a pedestrian more readily than that of the man behind the wheel. But his feet seem to get mixed up on the pedals; they do not readily obey the impulses from the brain, or perhaps the brain is none too clear about what impulses to send. His throttle foot becomes "heavy." He "doesn't feel" like shifting gears or slowing down. He tries to pass other cars and usually succeeds; sober drivers give way. But nothing

can change the position of road curves, telephone poles, fences, and railway crossings often or quickly enough to meet the changing intentions of the "under the influence" driver.

We who have long handled the case of the drunken driver know where the trouble lies in ridding the streets of this menace. A typical jury trial of a drunken driver goes off about this way: Five or six witnesses for the state (chiefly police officers) will take the stand and testify that at the time of the accident or shortly afterward they saw the defendant and observed his condition. He tried to walk and his gait was rolling and staggering; his breath reeked of alcohol; his tongue was thick; speech, incoherent; eyes, dilated and glassy; countenance, flushed; clothing, disheveled. In general, he presented the appearance of a man under the influence and, therefore, "Gentlemen of the jury, it is my opinion that this man was, at that time and place, under the influence of intoxicating liquor."

The state is ordinarily deprived of

REMEMBER THE DAY

By Kate Wagstaff
A Young Writer

REMEMBER the days we spent together
On that dear old farm out west,
Riding through the canyon and climbing
hills

To the spots that we loved best?

Remember the leaky old granary
Where we used to put on plays
For the family and the neighbor kids
To watch on rainy days?

Remember the rosebuds we strung for beads,
And our catalogue paper dolls?
And remember the day the mouse ran up
The leg of my coveralls?

Remember the hills we trudged together
In dear old Indian Hollow,
Jumping over sagebrush here and there
Where the trails were hard to follow?

Remember the dear little cabin
We made from old rusty tin,
With the little rock paths and the tiny
graveyard
We buried our animals in.

Remember the tiny crocuses
And the bluebells along the creek
And remember the gillies which smelled so
sweet
That we couldn't wait to pick?

Remember the good old swimming hole
And our lunch on the green pasture grass
And remember the dandelions all over the
fields
That grew in a bright yellow mass?

I want to go back to those dear old days
When I knew no cares at all,
Where there never was a dull moment
From winter around to fall.

the force and effect of the injured or damaged person's testimony for he has been amply compensated before trial and is, therefore, more or less kindly disposed toward the defendant. Often he does not testify at all. If he does, he "would not say that the defendant was under the influence." Then the defendant takes the stand and unfolds his life history, laying particular emphasis upon his family condition: he has five or six children, he has never lost a day from work, he is not a drinking man. He had only a "couple of beers" (this defense is standard—no one ever has had more than a "shot" or a "couple of beers" when charged with this offense), and that amount "wouldn't make a canary drunk." Five or six friends, each of whom was with him thirty minutes before the accident, testify that all he had was a "shot" or a "couple of beers" and that when he left them he was cold sober. They have seen him take much more on occasion and it didn't affect him, and they are positive that he was not "under the influence" when he left them.

Finally, this mass of opinion and counter-opinion, expressed by lay-witnesses, is tossed into the lap of twelve men of average ignorance, each with a different idea of what is meant by the phrase "under the influence"; in other words, each of them is trying a different law-suit. Then the trial judge, following the duty imposed upon him by law, adds to the confusion by telling the jury, "This is a criminal case. You must be satisfied of the guilt of the defendant of the offense charged beyond a reasonable doubt before you are justified in returning a verdict of guilty."

The jury, with this instruction ringing in its ears, departs, and promptly returns with a verdict of not guilty. And who can blame it?

Yet this type of verdict is daily causing disrespect for law enforcement and law-enforcing institutions. . . . A jury needs something definite upon which to decide a case.

Knowing what legislatures had in mind when they used the phrase "under the influence," medical men and toxicologists have worked out a solution of our problem in terms of the alcoholic content of various body fluids. The work in this connection of Dr. Herman A. Heise of Milwaukee, Dr. Theodore E. Friedman of the University of Chicago, and Dr. Rollo N. Harger of the University of Indiana is today widely known, and their testing methods used by an increasing number of states.

We have seen science ably coping with this major problem of life saving, and therein lies our hope for a safer America. When the "major menace of the road," namely, the drunken driver, has been educated to the fact that driving after drinking is most anti-social, a very substantial reduction in the number of deaths and injury accidents will have been accomplished, and greater courtesy will rule the road.

—From *Allied Youth*

• An Overview of MORMON RECREATION

SOME months ago, Mr. G. W. Reed, an attorney of Uhrichsville, Ohio, came to Salt Lake City and spent several days visiting old friends. Among these were former students from the days when he taught in the Salt Lake High School nearly half a century ago. Mr. Reed is an active member of a Protestant church, but he took special occasion to learn what the Mutual Improvement Association is doing for its young people. Recently we received a letter, part of which we quote below:

When I talked with you last summer something was said about the possibility of your being induced to come here and tell us what the Latter-day Saints have done for their young folks in the way of directed cultural recreation. Later you very kindly sent me considerable of your printed material which I believe is being used somewhat effectively.

Just now the city is buying a building to be used, at least in part, for such recreational purposes as we are discussing. I believe that now the people of the different churches and the citizens of Uhrichsville and Dennison generally are in a mood to give very interested attention to what you would tell us about your remarkably successful and well organized work. Last evening a group of the officials of our largest church authorized me to write to you.

Please let me know if and when you can come to address a public meeting here and on what financial terms.

Travel conditions prevent going to Ohio on this interesting errand, but it suggests a line of thought that might have been developed.

THE two men who gave direction to our way of living more than any others were Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, the first and second presidents of the church. There were a number of reasons for their attitude toward recreation in a time when it seemed in some

of its aspects so sinful to many Protestants.

In the case of Joseph Smith, who as founder, more deeply influenced the group than any other man, there was a natural background besides the philosophical one for his liberal attitude. Because of his declaration of having had heavenly visitations at the age of fourteen, he was shunned by many church people and considered an outcast by them. This led him into the company of the less pious where fun and the natural pleasures were appreciated. He, feeling that the religious were mixing a good deal of hypocrisy with their forms and attitudes, came to look upon these very critically.

Brigham Young, brought up in a strict home where it was a sin, for example, to play the violin on the Sabbath day, and rebelling in his heart against puritanical rules, was prepared when he came into the association of Joseph Smith and his associates to join wholeheartedly in fostering wholesome recreation, relaxing fun, and the cultural activities.

More than the social background of these men is the Latter-day Saints' conception of present living and of the future life. They accept the words from the Book of Mormon, "Men are that they might have joy." That belief went along very harmoniously with years of persecution, where drivings and bloodshed were their constant lot. They took no short range view of joy. It was worth waiting for. But their outlook on living was a happy one. Life might be a vale of tears and should be endured with fortitude, but normally life should be pleasant and the years filled with enjoyable and broadening experiences.

EAST JORDAN M.I.A. CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
PRESENTING THE EASTER CANTATA, TITLED
"VICTORY" BY HENRY WILDERMERE, APRIL 9,
1944, WITH 12 SOLOISTS FROM THE GROUP.

Moreover, the hereafter assumed definite outlines in harmony with the same conception. Heaven is a place of progress, eternal growth, associations with the great and wise, a place where we are trained to the ultimate purpose of ourselves creating and peopling earths. Below the level of heaven, the delinquent children of God, not to be punished more than justly for their wrongdoing, will also progress within their spheres and will find (with a very few exceptions) ultimate happiness.

The Mormon people, whatever their previous beliefs and inhibitions, came to give value to all experience that did not contravene divine laws. They had a passion for education. Out in the desert they built a theater comparable to anything in America. Their construction of the organ in the great tabernacle at Salt Lake City is one of the romances of art. At their parties, where people paid for entrance with products of their farms or homes, the president and the apostles of the church mingled and danced with zest and skill equal to any.

WITH this friendly approach to recreation the Mormon people have created an unusually intimate association between leisure-time activities and church functions. They have built recreation halls as a part of their meetinghouse structures. In some of these, stages have been provided with cycloramas or box sets or both, and with lighting systems. The chairs can be removed and the hardwood floors are accommodated to dancing. This is the common combination. More recent structures have flat walls, protected windows and equipment for basketball games.

These provisions for recreation have cost many millions of dollars. We are not entirely satisfied with them, because





By Joseph J. Cannon

FIRST ASSISTANT GENERAL
SUPERINTENDENT, Y.M.M.I.A.

there is a growing need for athletic accommodations that were not thought of or at least provided when many of the halls were built. There is a strong movement in the church for such alterations.

During his later years Brigham Young set up the Mutual Improvement Associations for the young people. These two auxiliary organizations work together in many relationships, but are officered by men in the one and women in the other, and some of their activities are distinct. They are part of the structure of each ward. Their work is definitely religious, but they have the general recreation work of the church also for all over twelve years of age. Those younger are cared for by the Primary Association with a fine imaginative and handicraft program which, too, is definitely religious.

The Mutual divides its members into age groups. Boys from twelve to fourteen are Boy Scouts and registered with the B.S.A. Girls of the same age have Bee Hive work, which corresponds with similar girl programs such as that of Girl Scouts. The young men, fifteen to seventeen, are Senior Scouts and the girls, fifteen and sixteen, are Juniors. Above these to twenty-four the young men are M Men and the young women are Gleaners. Above this age are the Special Interest groups.

Some of the features of the Mutual work are for example:

The *Treasures of Truth* and *My Story* by the Gleaner and Junior Girls. These are intimate compilations of the personal history of the owners with all that they desire to record of family background, spiritual experiences, important current events, and cultural situations that touch their lives.

The development for Senior Scouts of the program of the Rounded-Out Man, with the purpose of preparing a youth to walk into adulthood, able to hold his own and maintain poise and respect in polite or rough society.

The M Men and Gleaner banquets and dances, where the young people meet under the finest cultural conditions and establish lasting friendships and even closer ties.

The freedom of the Special Interest groups to take up subjects that meet the needs or desires of the members for a short or a long course. More than a hundred different books or subjects were chosen by these groups during the current year. More than one can be

organized in the same Mutual, so that people of similar tastes can pursue the study or discussion course together. These may be religious or cultural as the members desire.

The annual Gold and Green Ball, with its characteristic floor show, is a lovely feature. The floor show has done much to keep dancing as one of the esthetic arts in the midst of modern dancing with modern music.

The annual basketball tournament of the M Men, when sixteen teams, after competition in wards, stakes, and divisions, come to play for the championship and sportsmanship cups at Salt Lake City. The latter trophy is awarded by vote of all the players themselves.

The young men who participate must be non-users of alcoholic drinks and tobacco and of good moral character.

The June conference held at Salt Lake City each year during normal times, when for three days or more the officers outline the work for the coming year, and participate in great recreational events. One of these has been in times past a great choral group, some 1500, under the direction of Mr. Noble Cain or other director of similar standing. An annual feature is the great dance festival at Saltair, when young people chosen from all parts of the country come to participate. Many of them bring original group dances.

A RESUME of the cultural work of the M.I.A. in the stakes of the church (736,544 members) for the season of 1940-41, the last normal year, shows:

Number of choruses organized in the wards of the church	973
Participations that occurred in our outlined assembly program	126,168
Performances of three-act plays	706
Performances of one-act plays from our annual <i>Book of Plays</i>	1,918
Performances of other plays	1,355
Persons participating in these plays ..	23,209
Public presentations of stories made ..	10,231
Speeches	30,205
Dance instruction periods	9,312
Music festivals	80
Dance festivals	55
Drama festivals	57

Leadership is almost entirely volunteer and in many cases is not trained well enough, though of course the very attempt at leadership is a training for the person called. If given the position of speech director, drama director, dance instructor, or music director, he or she must seriously prepare to lead others. The resulting performance may be lacking in desirable artistic qualities, but if talent exists, it has some opportunity to be discovered.

Broad and large there are a great amount of enthusiasm and an amazing willingness to do hard work to make the world better and a more beautiful place in which to live.



SALT AIR
DANCE
FESTIVAL

The Church Moves On

Welfare Objective

SINCE the United States will be called upon in the period ahead to supply devastated areas of the world with food, church members should continue their program of food production and conservation to alleviate any shortage which might develop, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the first presidency told two thousand welfare workers from the twenty-four stakes comprising the Salt Lake region as they met in a welfare conference February 7.

Other speakers at the meeting were Elder Harold B. Lee of the council of the twelve and managing director of the welfare program; Elder Marion G. Romney, assistant to the twelve and assistant managing director of the welfare program; Ezra C. Knowlton, regional chairman of the welfare program, and Bishop Fred W. Schwendiman, chairman of the regional bishop's executive council.

"Stratford News"

THE *Stratford News*, official monthly publication of the Stratford Ward, Highland Stake, has been launched. In its columns are the news of the ward and of meetings to come. A handy way for ward members at home and in the armed services to keep abreast with ward happenings, it is one of many such bulletins being published by wards in the church.

Dee Hospital Annex

THE east wing of the Thomas D. Dee Memorial Hospital, L.D.S. institution at Ogden, Utah, was dedicated February 11, by President David O. McKay of the first presidency. The addition, costing \$375,000, and consisting of three operating rooms, a lounge for nurses and several surgery rooms, is equipped to care for eighty maternity cases.

Sunday School Board

APPOINTMENT of Eva May Green and Melba Glade to the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union has been announced by Milton Bennion, general superintendent.

Miss Green, kindergarten and primary supervisor for Salt Lake City schools, is the daughter of the late Alfred Ray Green and Mary Adams Green. Miss Glade, a teacher in the Salt Lake City schools, is the daughter of Mayor Earl J. Glade, also a Sunday School board member.

Fire Losses

LOSSES of church property from fire have been reduced from \$42,868.66 in 1941 to \$6,135.82 in 1943, a recent report from the presiding bishopric shows.

222

CHURCH OF THE AIR

THE Church of the Air address will be delivered by Elder Albert E. Bowen of the council of the twelve, Sunday, April 9, at 11 o'clock, M.W.T., as part of the 114th annual general conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

M Men Basketball Tournament

THE traditional M Men basketball tournament was held from March 8 to 11, in the Deseret Gymnasium at Salt Lake City, and afforded countless onlookers a real joy in watching the clean-cut playing and the upstanding young men who participated in the series. Grantsville Second Ward won the championship, with Plain City the runner-up. Other teams finished in the order listed: Cokeville, Wyoming; North Hollywood, California; Twenty-fifth; Harvard; Manila; and Wellsville, Utah.

A more complete report with pictures will be run in a subsequent issue of the *Era*.

"Fulness of Times" in Washington, D.C.

"THE FULNESS OF TIMES," the series of radio transcriptions dealing with the history of the church is now being presented each Saturday evening over the facilities of WWDC, Washington, D.C. The radio time was obtained through the efforts of twenty-five Washington Stake missionaries.

Ward Anniversaries

MID-FEBRUARY saw reunions marking the ninety-fifth anniversary of many wards in Salt Lake City. It was on February 14, 1849, that Salt Lake City was divided into original wards, numbered from one to nineteen. In the near century that has followed, shifting populations have changed the boundaries of the wards, causing some wards to be combined and many new wards to be formed.

Post War Tolerance

LEVI EDGAR YOUNG of the first council of the seventy declared that the only way the world can counteract the forces of evil is to embrace the doctrines of religious fidelity and tolerance, as he spoke in late February at the annual mass meeting of Salt Lake churches, sponsored by the Salt Lake Council of Religious Groups.

Welfare Gardens

NEED for welfare gardens to supply fresh vegetables for table use and

for canning is being stressed this year even more than last.

Elder Marion G. Romney, assistant to the twelve and assistant managing director of the welfare program, said recently:

A special effort is being made this year to have church members grow all the produce which is to be processed in home canning plants or to work on farms of others to do their full part toward producing all the food to be canned on a cooperative basis.

Wards Organized

SPRINGVILLE FIFTH WARD, Kolob Stake, has been organized by a division of the Springville First and Fourth Wards. John Y. Bearson was sustained as bishop of the new ward.

Springville Sixth Ward, Kolob Stake, has been created from parts of the Springville First and Fourth Wards, with Erwin L. Sheffield as bishop.

Downey Ward, South Los Angeles Stake, has been organized from the Downey Branch.

Stake Presidents

PRESIDENT H. RAY POND and counselors, Saul E. Hyer and Manuel C. Naegle, have been released in the Benson Stake. Merle G. Hyer has been sustained as stake president with David O. Hendricks and Casper W. Merrill as counselors.

President J. Frank Kilian and counselors Nephi L. Williams and Leon P. Ralphs have been released in the Emery Stake. Eldon G. Luke was sustained as president with Merle E. Cook and Lavar M. Black as counselors.

President Henry A. Gardner and counselors Wells T. Brockbank and Quayle Dixon have been released in the Palmyra Stake. W. J. O'Bryant was sustained as president with J. Angus Christensen and Wallace Gardner as counselors.

Branch Changes

PEGRAM BRANCH, Montpelier Stake, has been disorganized and the membership annexed to Wardboro Ward. R. Earl Sorenson was honorably released as branch president.

Allison Branch has been transferred from the Western States Mission to the Young Stake. Ed Behrman has been sustained as branch president.

Armed Forces

THE presiding bishopric reminds that special efforts should be made to make the men and women of the services feel at home whenever and wherever they attend church meetings.

A. E. Cranney

DELBERT E. CRANNEY, 73, first counselor to Temple President El Ray L. Christiansen died at Logan, Utah, February 27. He had served in the Logan Temple presidency for twenty years.

Schreiner Organ Recitals

ALEXANDER SCHREINER, assistant Salt Lake Tabernacle organist plays a series of recitals during March, April,

and May in twenty-seven cities from coast-to-coast. He pauses halfway in his tour to return to Salt Lake City to provide music at the one hundred fourteenth general conference of the church.

Bishops, Presiding Elders

ABERDEEN WARD, Blackfoot Stake, Karl T. Duffin succeeds William Kendall.

North Ogden Ward, Ben Lomond Stake, Heber J. Heiner, Jr., succeeds Harold S. Campbell.

Sterling Ward, Blackfoot Stake, Paul J. Nielson succeeds Charles E. Humphreys.

Canal Zone Branch, Wilbur G. Webb succeeds Otto L. Hunsaker.

Springville Fourth Ward, Kolob Stake, Glen A. Christensen succeeds Leo G. Robertson.

Boulder City Ward, Moapa Stake, Robert Owen Gibson succeeds Dudley M. Leavitt.

Nampa Second Ward, Nampa Stake, Warren R. Erickson succeeds Eldon J. Yorgason.

Caldwell Ward, Nampa Stake, Joseph Richmond Ison succeeds William Lee Johnson.

Lanakila Ward, Oahu Stake, Fred Ellis succeeds Samuel Aupua.

First Ward, Park Stake, J. Alvin Butler succeeds William F. Bromley.

Pocatello Eighth Ward, Pocatello Stake, Alton M. Alexander succeeds Jared O. Anderson.

Yost Ward, Raft River Stake, Don C. Loveland succeeds Morris A. Smith.

Reno Ward, Reno Stake, Eldon E. Wittwer succeeds E. Vaughn Abbott.

Basalt Ward, Shelley Stake, Austin G. Brown succeeds Frank V. Christensen.

Nutriso Ward, St. Johns Stake, J. Grant Burk succeeds Ernest Wilkins.

Queen Anne Ward, Seattle Stake, Clark Marden Wood succeeds James H. Clawson.

Lewiston First Ward, Benson Stake, Victor Waddoups succeeds Dow Lewis.

Brigham City Third Ward, Box Elder Stake, Eberhart Zundel succeeds William H. Stayner.

Spring Glen Ward, Carbon Stake, Stanley R. Judd succeeds Silas Rowley.

Wellington Ward, Carbon Stake, Grant M. Gerber succeeds Asa L. Draper.

Hinckley Ward, Deseret Stake, Verdell R. Bishop succeeds Benjamin H. Robinson.

Marion Ward, Cassia Stake, Martin W. Cranney succeeds Samuel B. Crane.

Delta Third Ward, Deseret Stake, J. Lathel Callister succeeds Lorenzo H. Christensen.

Assignments for Auxiliaries

ACCORDING to a schedule adopted by the Church Union Board (comprised of representatives of the auxiliary organizations of the church), the Primary Association was assigned the first quarter of 1944 to present the stake program on the evening of quarterly conference Sunday in stakes where the stake presidency invites an auxiliary organization to conduct the exercises. The Sunday School was given the second quarter, the Genealogical Society, the third quarter, and the Relief Society, the fourth quarter. The M.I.A. was assigned the first quarter of 1945. Under the arrangement, the auxiliaries rotate. For example, the organization having the first quarter in 1944 will be given the second quarter in 1945.

Bridgeglend Ward, Duchesne Stake, Alworth Anson Clark succeeds Lyle L. Young.

Utah Branch, Duchesne Stake, George Herbert Lang succeeds Wells Wright.

Emery Ward, Emery Stake, Byron C. Peacock succeeds Gerald L. Olsen.

Plain City Ward, Farr West Stake, Elvin H. Maw succeeds Charles L. Heslop.

Torrence Ward, Inglewood Stake, Raymond A. Larson succeeds Wilford H. Newland.

Springville First Ward, Kolob Stake, Howard C. Maycock succeeds Andrew G. Peterson.

Mononi West Ward, Mononi Stake, Fenton T. Draper succeeds A. Morris Jensen.

Idaho Falls First Ward, North Idaho Falls Stake, Harold James Bishop succeeds William L. Killpack.

Ogden Sixteenth Ward, North Weber Stake, Rudell T. Willey succeeds Curtis H. Marshall.

Alameda Ward, Oakland Stake, John G. Rooks succeeds Wendell M. Jensen.

Ogden Sixth Ward, Ogden Stake, Johnny F. Young succeeds Lawrence H. Evans.

Ogden Twentieth Ward, Ogden Stake, Volney B. Belnap succeeds Arias G. Belnap.

Enoch Ward, Parowan Stake, Stanley A. Smith succeeds Franklin W. Armstrong.

Fallon Ward, Reno Stake, Royal D. Crook succeeds George G. Miller.

Garvanza Ward, San Fernando Stake, R. Eldon Overlade succeeds Harold Gunn.

Bountiful Second Ward, South Davis Stake, Samuel Lloyd Riley succeeds Wil-

liam B. Smith.

Etna Ward, Star Valley Stake, Wilford A. Clark succeeds Calvin A. Bateman.

Walnut Park Ward, South Los Angeles Stake, Clifford Benjamin Wright succeeds Erin D. Bigler.

Manilla Ward, Timpanogos Stake, Merrill N. Warnick succeeds Helge V. Swenson.

Midway First Ward, Wasatch Stake, Albert F. Kohler succeeds George W. Johnson.

Missionaries Released

THE following were released during January 1944, and others not previously reported:

Brazilian: Benjamin Richard Platt, Salt Lake City.

California: Johanna Helgager Bruin, Ogden, Utah; Johannes Bruin, Ogden, Utah; Arlan Lewis Anderson, Shelley, Idaho; Mart Joseph Petersen, Springville, Utah; Don Thomsen Sperry, Salt Lake City; Rose Jeannette Varsia, Kirilund, New Mexico; William Howard Crandall, Salt Lake City.

Central: John Rider Holman, Sugar City, Idaho; Hance LeRoy Merrill, Jr., Tridell, Utah; Wayne Larsen Brinkerhoff, Bicknell, Utah; Floyd J. Woodfield, Ogden, Utah.

Eastern: Wayne Randall Ward, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Joseph Edward Phillips, Idaho Falls, Idaho; John Sterling Rose, Morgan, Utah; Richard Lyman Noyes, Hollywood, California; Clarence Budd Johnson, Ogden, Utah; Donald Elmo Jones, Duncan, Arizona.

East Central: Harvey Henry Field, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Floyd Harley Black, Harper, Oregon; Richard Jackson Coulam, Salt Lake City; Wayne Penrose Kent, Malad, Idaho; Louis Eugene Harvey, Pleasant Grove, Utah; Clyde Garth Barton, Tropic, Utah.

Mexican: Leland Claude Robinson, Colonia Dublin, Chihuahua, Mexico.

New England: Blaine Wilford Dunkley, Preston, Idaho; Clifford Diane Crooks, Shelley, Idaho; Donald George Stenquist, Tremonton, Utah.

North Central: Clair Howell Lundberg, Malad, Idaho; Clyde Jensen Hilton, Rexburg, Idaho; William Franklin Butler, Phoenix, Arizona.

Northern: Wayne Clapor Booth, Provo, Utah; Glen Goddard McBride, Grantsville, Utah; Kenneth Parley Ellis, Rigby, Idaho; Ida Pelice Swain, Phoenix, Arizona.

Northwestern: Que Bradshaw, Hurricane, Utah.

Southern: Asael Lumsden, Rexburg, Idaho; Bryce Whitham Mennott, Scipio, Utah; Arvel Blair Peterson, Spring City, Utah; Darrow Dean McCarthy, Oakland, California; Robert L. Archibald, Rexburg, Idaho; John Richard Ehler, Magrath, Alta, Canada; Charles Lawrence Zufeldt, Redmesa, Colorado; Bryan West Belnap, Ogden, Utah; James Farrell Bell, Richmond, Utah; Gerald Harris Sagers, St. John, Utah.

Spanish-American: Grant Camp Moon, Malad, Idaho; Arnold James Irvine, Salt Lake City; Marsden Alford Larson, Taylor, Arizona; Grant Eldridge Mann, Salt Lake City; John Reed Poulton, Salt Lake City; Wendell Lewis Thompson, Clarkson, Utah; Phyllis Marcella Bowen, Salt Lake City.

Texas: Jay Williamson Jeffers, Salt Lake City; Gerald Arthur Mendenhall, Salt Lake City; Albert Leo Krebs, Logan, Utah; Willard Jay Guymon, Blanding, Utah; Hite Vernon Moss, Rockland, Idaho; Floyd R. Prince, San Diego, California.

Western States: Nellie Smith White, Clearfield, Utah.

Western Canadian: Emerson Dale Kirkham, Salt Lake City; Wayne Keller Tuttle, Mantt, Utah; Robert Hanna, Windsor, Alta, Canada; Jack Egbert Hendricks, Parker, Idaho; Worth Harding Jensen, Mantt, Utah; Leon Franklin Jenkins, Freedom, Wyoming.



NEW CALEDONIA—L.D.S. boys who met in New Caledonia to have this picture taken are, first row: Joseph E. Tippetts, Salt Lake City; David R. Cherney, Ephraim, Utah; Keith Oben, Ephraim, Utah; Morris B. Levy, Spring City, Utah; Paul M. Hansen, Ephraim, Utah; Orin R. Bates, Driggs, Idaho; Lloyd W. Haven, Ogden, Utah; Daniel Wassencroft, Pocatello, Idaho. Second row: Jack B. Price, Pocatello, Idaho; Rolle Fullmer, Clearville, Utah; Gordon C. Dean, Ephraim, Utah; Roger T. Rasmussen, Ephraim, Utah; Lloyd Christensen, Ephraim, Utah; Gerald Myrup, Centerfield, Utah; Ballard Christianson, Fountain Green, Utah; Rudolph Stockstill, Salt Lake City, Utah; Louis P. Roundy, Boise, Idaho; Chaplain Howard C. Evans, Lehi, Utah. Third row: Ralph Cannon (American Red Cross), Ephraim, Utah; T. C. Blake, Safford, Arizona; Sneri R. Erickson, Mt. Pleasant, Utah; Ellis W. Layne, Portland, Oregon; Phil G. Squire, Mt. Pleasant, Utah; Don Christensen, Ephraim, Utah; Carlting H. Collins, Springfield, Utah; Herman L. Brigham, Mantt, Utah; Ray M. Horrocks, Vernal, Utah; William D. Luke, Kingston, Utah; Carlene D. Allen, Kingston, Utah; James O. Thirist, Las Vegas, Nevada; Ernest M. Thomas, Wales, Utah; Milton L. Perkins, Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITORIALS

Conference Notice

THE One Hundred Fourteenth Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on April 6, 7, and 9, 1944.

The attendance at the conference because of increasing difficulty in transportation, both by automobile and by railroad train, will be limited to the following:

General Authorities of the Church, Presidencies of Stakes and Stake Clerks, Former Presidencies of Stakes, Patriarchs, High Councilmen, Presidencies of High Priests Quorums, Presidencies of Seventies Quorums, Presidencies of Elders Quorums, Temple Presidencies, Bishoprics of Wards, Presidencies of Independent Branches in organized Stakes, Presidents of Dependent Branches in organized Stakes, Presidents of Missions on mainland of U.S., Canada and Mexico, Presidents of Stake Missions, Superintendency and Priesthood members of Deseret Sunday School Union Board, Superintendency and members of General Board of the Y.M.M.I.A., Commissioner, Seminary Supervisors, and members of the Church Board of Education.

The sessions of the Conference will be held as follows:

Thursday, April 6, 10:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m.

Friday, April 7, 10:00 a.m., 2:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, April 9, 10:00 a.m., 2 p.m.

Instructions will be issued through the Presidencies of Stakes regarding admission to the Temple Square grounds.

Heber J. Grant

John H. Bank

David O. McKay

The First Presidency

The Known Way

WE know a man who has made Sunday School such a part of his life that even when he is away from home on Sunday—as he often is, on business trips—he holds Sunday School all by himself, no matter where he is or under what circumstances.

He always carries with him a song book and a pocket-size edition of the New Testament and the Book of Mormon. Settling himself in his seat aboard train, boat, or plane, he offers a silent prayer and thumbs through the song book to select a hymn which he reads through verse by verse, thoughtfully, the melody running through his head. That is his opening. He cannot partake of the sacrament, of course, but he selects another song and follows it with a brief scriptural quotation as a memory gem. That done, he quietly proceeds to his "lesson"—a chapter or two from New Testament or Book of Mormon which he studies and thinks about, carrying on a mental question-and-answer discussion with himself. Still adhering to habitual Sunday School procedure, he concludes his Sabbath reveries with a silent hymn and benediction.

That routine, followed for years, may seem nonsense to some people, but for this man it has been a source of strength. Falling into this familiar Sunday pattern has been a steady influence in his life. It has been his rod and his staff, a firm foothold on known paths even while he moved in unfamiliar places.

We are not suggesting that everyone should immediately conduct Sunday School in the first person singular wherever he finds himself on the Sabbath. That would have little meaning. But we are suggesting that for everyone there are similar holdfasts on familiar things which, by recalling old associations and ideals, become sure guides in time of need. More powerful than any talisman, they are the keepers of the house of the spirit.

Admiral Byrd at one time ventured out from his hut into the Antarctic darkness too far beyond his marked course. Out where even the stars were unfamiliar, he suffered the agonies of a man lost beyond all hope of rescue. Until he stumbled upon one of the markers and found his way back to things known, he felt as completely and forebodingly alone as any man has perhaps ever felt. Spiritually, it is possible to feel as lost as that. It is an experience that we and our boys and girls away from home can spare ourselves by the simple exercise of faith and conformity to what in our lives we have come to recognize as the known way.—W. M.

Supplants

SPRING, the time of miracles, is here again and makes its advance all unaware that men at home and in distant parts of the world are at odds with each other—the grass grows green in camp as in the meadow.

As we follow in its wake with our plows and tractors and rakes and seed drills and our high hopes, we may remember the abundant harvests of last year and pause to seek the blessings of sun, wind, and rain upon another year's plantings.

We may remember, too, that only the meek shall inherit the earth. Though there are places where the arrogant possess it for a time, they know only how to destroy it. The meek, aware that they are themselves creatures in a divinely planned creation, are the true husbandmen of its resources. Dependent on their Creator and understanding his laws, when adversity comes they are like grass that bends and flattens before the wind, but does not break. As long as life endures and as surely as there is a spring, the earth is theirs again to yield them a rightful inheritance.

The man with the hoe is not necessarily a simple fellow because he is meek. Whether amateur gardeners or life-long farmers, we are suppliants all. May we be wise and worthy stewards of our little plot of earth in the season that is upon us.—W. M.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

lxvii. Are There Guardian Angels?

THERE are hosts of personages in the unseen world. Among these, many are used by the Lord as messengers to accomplish his purposes. This doctrine is substantiated by numerous statements in the standard church works and in sermons by church leaders.

Brigham Young said:

The Lord is here with us, not in person, but his angels are around us. . . . He is here ready by his agents, the angels, and by the power of His Holy Spirit and Priesthood. . . . There is much in my presence besides those who sit here, if we had eyes to see the heavenly beings that are in our presence. (*Discourses*, pp. 41, 42.)

John Taylor confirmed this view.

The angels that have gone forth at sundry times to execute the decrees of God, fully substantiate this fact: Abraham, Hagar, Jacob, Balaam, Joshua, Gideon, together with the enemies of the Lord are the witnesses who knew the power and offices of angels on earth.

The action of the angels, or messengers of God, upon our minds, so that the heart can conceive things past, present, and to come, and revelations from the eternal world, is, among a majority of mankind, a greater mystery than all the secrets of philosophy, literature, superstition, and bigotry, put together. Though some men try to deny it, and some try to explain away the meaning, still there is so much testimony in the Bible, and among a respectable portion of the world, that one might as well undertake to throw the water out of this world into the moon with a teaspoon, as to do away with the supervision of angels upon the human mind. . . .

But, without going into a particular detail of the offices and duties of the different grades of angels, let us close by saying that angels gather the elect, and pluck out all that offend. They are the police of heaven and report whatever transpires on earth, and carry the petitions and supplications of men, women, and children to the mansions of remembrance. . . . (*The Gospel Kingdom*, p. 31.)

There are at least three classes of angels: spirits who have not yet attained to the earth estate, and do not possess celestialized earthly bodies; personages who have lived on earth, but have not yet been resurrected; and, those who have gone through the earth experience and have been resurrected. Occasionally, also, holy men, yet living, are spoken of in the scriptures, as angels.

It is generally believed that angels who come on earth for any purpose whatsoever are beings who have lived on it. This is confirmed by the Prophet Joseph Smith, who said, "There are no angels who minister to this earth but those who do belong or have belonged to it." (*D. & C.* 130:5.)

President Joseph F. Smith said:

Therefore, when messengers are sent to minister to the inhabitants of this earth, they are not strangers, but from the ranks of our kindred, friends, and fellow-beings, and fellow-servants. The ancient prophets who died were those who came to visit their fellow creatures upon the earth. They came to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob; it was such beings—holy beings if you please—who waited upon the Savior and administered to him on the Mount. The angel that visited John, when an exile, . . . was one who had been here, who had toiled and suffered in common with the people of God; for you remember that John . . . was about to fall down and worship him, but was peremptorily forbidden to do so. "See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets. . . ." (*Rev.* 22:9.) (*Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 435, 436.)

President Joseph F. Smith suggested that it is possible that our departed loved ones may be sent to help us who yet live on earth.

Our fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and friends who have passed away from this earth, having been faithful, and worthy to enjoy these rights and privileges, may have a mission given them to visit their friends and relatives upon the earth again, bringing from the divine presence messages of love, of warning, of reproof or instruction, to those whom they had learned to love in the flesh. (*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 436.)

The purposes of angelic visitors are many. An angel was set to guard the way of the tree of life (*Gen.* 3:24); to remonstrate with Balaam (*Num.* 22:22-27); to announce the birth of Samson (*Judges* 13), of John the Baptist (*Luke* 1:11-20), and of Jesus (*Matt.* 1:20-21); to warn Joseph to escape with Jesus into Egypt (*Matt.* 2:13); to teach Peter the universality of the gospel (*Acts* 10:3). Angels were means of revelation in ancient days. They guided Nephi and other Book of Mormon characters. In our day Moroni visited Joseph Smith; and he had other angelic visitors, who instructed him in the gospel and in his work.

It would appear also from numerous statements that angels have often been sent out to execute judgments upon the wicked. David sang, "Let them be as chaff before the wind: and let the angel of the Lord chase them. Let their way be dark and slippery: and let the angel of the Lord persecute them." (*Psalms* 35:5, 6.) Angels were sent to destroy Sodom (*Gen.* 19:1-25); and to smite the Assyrians (*II Kings* 19:35). The Savior himself said, "The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity." (*Matt.* 13:41.)

However, the main service of angels on earth is clearly to be helpers to humankind. They are watchmen, protecting and ministering to us in hours of need. John Taylor says, "The angels are our watchmen, for Satan said to Jesus: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.'" (*Matt.* 4:6.) It would seem from a careful perusal of the scriptures, that the angels, while God has Saints upon the earth, stay in this lower world to ward off evil." (*The Gospel Kingdom*, p. 31.) The scriptures are replete with evidence, that these heavenly visitors are ministering angels for the righteous. Thus an angel brought courage to Hagar (*Gen.* 16:7); food to Elijah (*I Kings* 19:5-8); protected Daniel against the lions (*Dan.* 6:22); and secured the release of Peter from prison. (*Acts* 12:17.)

Undoubtedly angels often guard us from accidents and harm, from temptation and sin. They may properly be spoken of as guardian angels. Many people have borne and may bear testimony to the guidance and protection that they have received from sources beyond their natural vision. Without the help that we receive from the constant presence of the Holy Spirit, and from possible holy angels, the difficulties of life would be greatly multiplied.

The common belief, however, that to every person born into the world is assigned a guardian angel to be with that person constantly, is not supported by available evidence. It is a very comforting thought, but at present without proof of its correctness. An angel may be a guardian angel though he come only as assigned to give us special help. In fact, the constant presence of the Holy Spirit would seem to make such a constant, angelic companionship unnecessary.

So, until further knowledge is obtained, we may say that angels may be sent to guard us according to our need; but we cannot say with certainty that there is a special guardian angel, to be with every person constantly.

(See also, "What Is An Angel?" *The Improvement Era*, Vol. 46, p. 97 (February 1943); also in *Evidences and Reconciliations*, p. 90.)—J. A. W.

Homing

Grandma's TEN-YEAR TEST

By Laura Morrison

MY Welsh grandmother was little and dainty and lively in both mind and body. She lived next door to us for two years when I was twelve and thirteen. Every day just after lunch, I made it a point to call on Grandma, knowing I should find her "washing up." Her hair hung down her back in a slender, dark pigtail, and around her face it curled from the warm wash water. Grandma scrubbed her face until it was pink, then unbraided her hair, brushed it many times to the very tip. While this was going on I sat on her wonderfully soft feather bed, watching, talking. Between us was a closeness we didn't feel after Grandma put on a black dress with a snow white ruching at the neck, and pinned up her long hair. We talked of shows, and books, and people, of squabbles among neighborhood children, of world events. Grandma, never in a hurry to dress, often sat beside me on the squashy bed.

"I'm reading the most exciting book now," I told her one day. "It's about a boy named Tom and his airplane."

Grandma questioned me about the book, then asked, "In ten years from now, will you be any better off for having read that book?"

"Well, no," I admitted, thinking how very old I should be in ten years, "but I wouldn't remember any book that long."

Grandma spoke softly. "If you would read *Little Women*, you would remember it the rest of your life."

And so I read *Little Women*, discussed it with Grandma, took it to her house where she read certain parts aloud while I stretched out on her feather bed.

A moving picture show opened in our town. Every Saturday night it presented an episode of a blood-curdling adventure that no one wanted to miss. Each

ended with a gnarled hand clutching out at the audience. We screamed, then laughed. All the kids on our block went together. We didn't tell our parents the nature of the pictures, but I did tell Grandma.

"Ten years from now, will you be proud of having seen such pictures?" Grandma asked.

"But all the kids go," I argued.

"If you would save your money you could see something really fine," Grandma said. "You know *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is coming soon."

I don't know how Grandma won this argument, but I did stop attending our Saturday night shows, and I told my mother about them. When an excellent production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came to our town, I attended with Grandma.



—Illustrated by
John Henry Evans, Jr.

FAULTLESS TOWN FUNNIES...UNCLE ZEKE'S MONDAY MORNING HOEDOWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER



GRANDMA has been gone over twenty years. I remember clearly the books she persuaded me to read, the shows she persuaded me to see. I find myself applying her ten-year test even today. I know now the period of time was not important. Grandma might have said six months, or twenty years. She believed in having good memories, rich memories, memories to be proud of for a long time to come.

A group of girls asked to use my rose arbor as a meeting place while the church was being renovated. My first thought was to refuse. They could break down my shrubs or flowers. But I did not refuse. I thought of Grandma. A few flowers were broken off, but ten years from now I shall be glad a fine bunch of girls enjoyed my garden, and the group, which might have lost members during summer, grew to twice its size.

In my limited leisure I decided to read a shockingly frank best-seller. Before I took the book from the library shelf I thought of Grandma, and chose a story of a pioneer mother's splendid courage.

I had to drive to Mount Hamilton. Whom should I ask to go along—the lonesome, talkative old lady next door, or my interesting little niece who rides until she is tired of it? I thought of Grandma, asked the old lady, and gave her an experience that will make her happier for days. I must admit the old lady's pleasure gives me satisfaction.

Yes, I am thankful to Grandma for the lesson she taught me long ago when I was a little girl sitting on the edge of a wonderfully soft feather bed.

Handy Hints

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

To keep dishes, especially plates, standing secure at the back of any shelf, screw flat curtain rod, groove side up, to the shelf.—S. H., Mattoon, Ill.

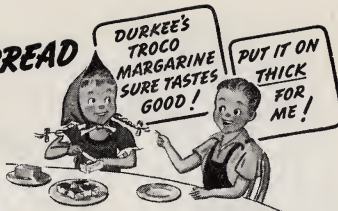
Save all your sweet pickle vinegar. It is full of rich spices which are so hard to get now and also has an abundance of sugar. It is delicious on salads and adds a zest to spinach, chard, and beet greens. It is good on beets, too.—Mrs. R. W. S., Denver, Colorado.

Strips of old rayon hose are excellent for tying tomato plants to stakes.

To mend or darn a nice dress, use threads pulled from the seams of the dress.—Mrs. J. E. W., Burley, Idaho.

When windows are left open, breezes blow the curtains in and out and soon they become soiled and untidy. To avoid this, sew small white snaps on the two bottom corners of the curtains and about a third of the way up. It takes only a jiffy to snap or unsnap them.—Mrs. M. H., Salt Lake City.

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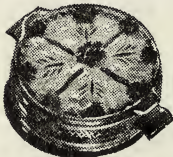
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Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

SPRING SPECIALS WITH NO-POINT
OR LOW-POINT FOODS

Hot Ham Mold

- 3 cups cooked ground ham
- 2 1/4 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 t. pepper
- 3 tb. grated onion
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 tb. chopped parsley

Combine all ingredients with the well beaten eggs. Pour into a well greased ring mold. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven 350° F. for one hour. Turn on to a hot platter and fill center with hot cooked potatoes, carrots, turnips, and green peas.

Easter Egg Nests

Slice bread one-inch thick, trim off crusts, and cut a one and one-half inch hole in the center, leaving 1/4-inch wall on the bottom. Dot inside of hole with softened butter. Drop an egg in the center of each slice. Season with salt and pepper and dot top with butter.

Bake on cookie sheet in a moderate oven 350° F. for 25 minutes or until eggs are set and slices browned. Serve hot, with bacon or sausage.

Spring Salad

- 1 head lettuce
- 1/2 pound spinach
- 1 bunch spring onions
- 1 bunch radishes

Chill and chop the raw spinach and lettuce. Slice onions and radishes thin and toss through the spinach and lettuce. Serve with evaporated milk dressing.

Evaporated Milk Dressing

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 t. salt

Add sugar to vinegar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Beat in milk until mixture thickens.

Hot Cross Buns

- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- 2 tb. sugar
- 2 cups, milk, scalded and cooled
- 7 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 t. salt
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tb. orange rind, grated
- 1/2 cup raisins or currants

Make a sponge of yeast, milk, 2 table-spoons sugar, fat, and half the flour. When light add rest of sugar, orange rind, salt, eggs, and raisins or currants. Add enough flour to make a moderately stiff dough. Knead well. Let rise until double in bulk, roll out 1/2-inch thick and cut rounds 3 inches in diameter. Place in well greased pan. Cover and let rise again until light (about one hour). Brush tops with beaten egg. With a sharp knife cut a cross on the top of each bun. Bake in a hot oven at 425° F. about 20 minutes. While hot fill cross with plain icing.

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Plain Icing

Add 4 teaspoons milk or warm water slowly to 1 cup sifted confectioner's sugar to make a smooth thick paste. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Lemon Gelatin Dessert

- 1 package lemon, quick-setting, gelatin
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ t. grated lemon rind
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tall can evaporated milk, chilled
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 4 tb. butter

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon juice, grated lemon rind, and sugar. Let cool to syrup stage. Beat until light. Beat chilled evaporated milk until stiff. Fold in gelatin mixture. Melt butter and mix well into cracker crumbs. Place layer of buttered crumbs in cake pan then layer of gelatin mixture. Top with crumbs. Chill.

Serve with whipped cream or garnish with pineapple orange marmalade.

Aids to Gardening

(Continued from page 197)

should be selected from among those that are enjoyed by the family members. However, such crops as tomatoes, snap beans; greens, such as lettuce, spinach, or swiss chard; and root crops, such as carrots or yellow rutabagas should, because of their high nutritive value, be given preference. Most of these crops also lend themselves to interplantings, thus thoroughly utilizing the land available.

PREPARING THE SEED BED

Prepare the soil by deep plowing or spading and careful harrowing or raking for fine tilth and freedom from clods. Deep preparation should also encourage deep rooting of the crops. Care should be taken to avoid plowing while the ground is too wet, as such soil tends to form clods and becomes unnecessarily hard.

Well-rotted barnyard manure, or the material from the compost heap provides a good source of organic matter for mixing with the garden soil. Organic matter helps to hold moisture, and tends to prevent baking or cracking of heavy soils. In addition, it serves as a source of nutrients for plant growth.

Since fertilizer requirements are so varied throughout the country, information on needs should be secured from local authorities. However, when a commercial fertilizer is used, a good method of applying it is to broadcast about one-half with the manure to the surface of the soil before it is plowed. The remaining fertilizer can be mixed thoroughly with the surface soil before the plants are set or the seed is sown.

BUY SEED EARLY

Be assured of sufficient seed for your garden at planting time by buying your seeds early. Do not overplant and waste seed.

DON'T PLANT TOO DEEP

Seed should not be covered too deep.
(Concluded on page 230)

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LISTEN TO: James Abbe Observes daily on the Blue Network 7:30 A.M., P.W.T.



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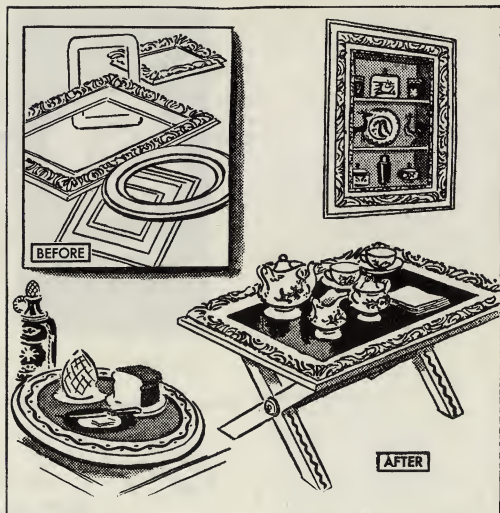
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A "NO POINT" FOOD

PUT YOUR BEST FRAMES FORWARD

By Peter Hunt



WHO would believe that old frames such as these could ever become the handsome objects pictured here? You, too, undoubtedly have a discarded frame that can be thus transformed.

Build a wooden box with shelves evenly spaced in it and fasten it in an old frame. Paint white, and antique it if you wish. The result will be a handsome shadow-box wall shelf.

A weighty frame is ideal to make into a low table. Just cut a plywood piece to fit the opening, secure it as you would a picture. For legs, use old chair legs, or cut down useless table legs to the proper heights, or make some cross-legs as in the illustration.

You'll need four pieces of sturdy wood of the same length, one piece the length you want the stretcher to be.

Make an X with the legs on the floor, the top and bottom of the X measuring the same as the width of your frame. Mark the crossing point of each leg while it is in position, and saw half-way through so that they'll fit together jigsaw puzzle fashion. Glue them and put a long screw through to secure them to the stretcher. Attach the top to the frame and there you are. This table is beautiful in white and Bermuda blue enamel.

Perhaps it's an oval frame you're thinking of throwing away. Don't do it! Cut a piece of plywood to fit the entire back and fasten securely. Then paint it coral, made by mixing Chinese red and white in equal parts. Decorate the edge with a black, wavy stripe and white dots, and then it's a clever cheese tray.—A Dupont Service.

Aids to Gardening

(Concluded from page 229)

ly. A good rule is to plant seed at a depth of about four times its smallest diameter. Thus a small seed is sown at a depth of about one-eighth of an inch, while a bean seed would be planted about three-fourths of an inch deep. They may be planted deeper in a loose, sandy soil than in a heavy soil.

DISEASE CONTROL

Throughout the growing season, caution should be used in controlling any and all disease and insect infestation when and as such may appear. The publications above referred to give directions for control.

DREAMING

By Lilith Shell

WHEN I come home, when war is done,
My life must be a simple one. . .

Star dust at night, soft wind at morn,
Fragrance of hayfields newly shorn. . .

Rain on the slopes, brooks running over,
Buds bursting out, bees in red clover. . .

Our little house, you with a song,
These make my dreams . . . long, oh, so
long. . .

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

News from the Camps.

c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco

Dear Dr. Widtsoe:

It is amazing to me that a man as busy as you are could find time to do something individually for a group of men who merely got together to give you the common courtesy of a birthday greeting. However, I intend to keep the bread cast on the waters by giving this booklet, "What Is Mormonism?" to as many others as I can, after I review it myself. It is one of the best pamphlets the church has, I believe, to introduce the gospel to those interested.

We continue to find the *Era* a most welcome friend, and read practically everything in every issue. It is about the only regular word we receive of church activities and the official word of the leaders. We are looking for the arrival of the conference edition any day now.

Thanks again for your kindness.

Sincerely,
Thornton Y. Booth, T/5

Burnwood, Louisiana

Dear *Era*:

I WANT to take this chance to thank and congratulate the *Era* on the wonderful job they are doing of bringing the church a little closer to us boys in the service.

I have been receiving the *Era* since the first of the year and wait for each new issue and receive it with open arms, for it is a source of comfort and joy in those blue moments.

Again may I compliment you on the wonderful job you are doing for the church and gospel and for bringing the church a little closer to another soldier in the service.

Pvt. Lyman E. Smith

Norman, Oklahoma

Dear Friends:

I AM writing to you to express my deep appreciation for the work you are doing in editing and publishing our church magazine. I receive more enjoyment and satisfaction from the reading between its covers than from any other modern-day church publication. Its pages contain a variety of reading and could be enjoyed by almost any person of normal intelligence.

Even youngsters could gain a lot of practical knowledge from the science articles you publish and from the stories they could get interesting and entertaining literature without the swelling of their young imaginations, as so many of the cheap publications on the newsstands do.

One great thing I believe it can do and is doing in a great many cases is keeping all us Mormon fellows in touch with our leaders and the messages they give to us.

In my personal case, I am grateful for my religion and also for the efforts put forth to keep in contact with the fellows in the service, both through radio broadcasts, and more important, the establishing and maintenance of the many branches of the church. I wish to thank you, the editorial staff of this wonderful guiding light—the *Era*, and I hope to, continue receiving it and gaining the pleasurable information contained in it.

Sincerely, a faithful reader,

Harvard N. Jensen, S 2/c



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Melchizedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, EZRA T. BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, NICHOLAS G. SMITH, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RUFUS K. HARDY

Church Service

MAINTEINING the sound principles, the high standards and the worthy ideals of the church is an obligation devolving upon the quorums of the priesthood. This can be done only by constant effort and right living. Those who are active in the church usually strengthen themselves and exert a powerful influence on others with whom they come in contact.

In many of the wards and stakes ward teachers and stake missionaries are needed to meet the conditions brought about by the war. The doctrines and teachings of the church need to be emphasized and taught in many homes which are surrounded by influences detrimental to progress and happiness. Every bishop would welcome a list of prospective workers in these important activities. A survey in each quorum should be undertaken to find those who are available and qualified for service in the church. Every bearer of the priesthood should be a laborer in the Lord's vineyard.

Temple-Priesthood Project

THE Genealogical chairman of Pocatello Stake, Brother Peter H. Jensen, sends the following creditable report which should be an inspiration to many others engaged in this important work:

Tuesday, March 7th, will be our third Melchizedek priesthood excursion this year to the Logan Temple, at which time we expect to have present the stake presidency, high council, and many members of the bishoprics and the Melchizedek priesthood in excess of one hundred persons. This excursion has been arranged through the organized efforts in stake priesthood meeting and quorum meetings. One of our ward genealogical committees has recently collected \$40 for temple proxy work and another ward \$197; much of this has come

QUORUM QUIZ

A LETTER from Idaho asks: *What time should be devoted to reports from the committees and what time should be used for class instruction in the weekly quorum or group meeting?*

The time devoted to the recommended course of study should be flexible, depending entirely on the time needed for quorum business. The priesthood quorum is a service fraternity, not primarily a gospel study group. Time and opportunity are provided in Sunday School for gospel scholarship, but priesthood members need once a week to report on current activities and plan new ones. *The Gospel Kingdom* is prescribed for group study only when time is available, but it is a genuine priesthood assignment to be followed diligently by members in their own time, for John Taylor's writings and sermons are eminently worth studying.

from members of the priesthood quorums as well as members of the wards. In fact, our stake is making splendid progress in all other phases of genealogical work. Approximately three hundred endowments

SOUTH EIGHTEENTH WARD HIGH PRIESTS

In this unusual group of high priests, most of whom have been missionaries, are found lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, mechanics; two general officers of the church; six former mission presidents; four former stake presidents; seven bishops; three members of the high council. Among them they speak fourteen different languages. Oldest member is ninety years, the youngest thirty.

Seated, left to right: Nicholas F. Wilson, Charles C. Richards, Joseph B. Robins, John J. Toronto, Alfred Swenson, Jacob F. Shulton, Lewis E. Iverson, Charles W. Jackson, Joseph Kraus, Joshua Midgley, Edward A. Beckstrom, James Duckworth, Selden F. Clawson, Edwin J. Longhurst, George O. Morris.

Standing, left to right: Alma O. Taylor, Espsey T. Cannon, John E. Cottam, James M. Kirkham, Amasa Rasmussen, Franklin J. Foulger, William R. Horne, Ezra P. Jensen, Albert L. Simons, Ezra T. Streunson, Rulon S. Howells, George A. Wellington, Harootum Vezarian, Walter O. Lundgreen, Arthur E. Snow, John F. Harris, Elijah M. Weiler, Elias Nielsen, G. Fred Jensen, David R. Lauglois, W. Frank Atkin, Arthur J. Willes.—Submitted by William R. Horne.

have been performed in the Logan Temple this year.

Personal Welfare

In the Sweat of Thy Face

"IN the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." (Gen. 3:19.) Thus did the Lord declare unto our first parents the law governing the temporal existence of the human family who were to dwell upon the earth. Like all principles of the gospel, this law is a law of growth. He who has ceased to toil, has ceased to climb.

There is abroad in the world today a spirit which would persuade men that an ever increasing number of them have a right to "eat bread" in idleness, in direct opposition to the Lord's law. In the councils of heaven, before the foundations of this earth were laid and when the gospel plan was proposed, there stood one who advocated this doctrine. He projected a plan to have all mankind saved without any effort on their part, but his false doctrine was rejected. One of the saddest decisions a person can make is to determine to try to live without working. All true Latter-day Saints will reject the doctrine that any members of society who are capable of working should live in idleness, or that any members of society who are capable of living upon their own resources should live at the expense of the public.

Every Melchizedek priesthood quorum in the church should endeavor to teach all its members this vital truth. Priesthood quorum personal welfare committees should go further. They should induce the members of the quorum to comply with this principle. Any priesthood bearer who, after having given consideration to the foregoing principle, would voluntarily cease working or refuse to work for his liv-

(Concluded on page 235)



NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

The Baby Alligator Grows Up

THE American Business Men's Research Foundation artist here contributed a bit of fantasy to the "It's Hard to Believe" series. It tells its own story, but the artist adds a comment that may make the facts in the case more vivid still. He writes:

So much was expected of little Repeal, before he was born, and that was the name selected for him, for nobody was to think of his father, Booze Business, at all.

Instead, the society ladies and the rich men and the politicians who were sponsoring him were to shape his destiny.

Let's see now, what was expected. Right away, little Repeal was to reduce taxes; end the depression; increase employment; reduce crime; promote respect for the constitution; and save our children. Yes, he was to do all that, for the whole maternal family of little Repeal promised it, time and time again.

When little Repeal came, he looked like his father, and when he was christened by his chief sponsor with a bottle of absolutely non-intoxicating beer, although the other sponsors present got drunk on it, everybody in the family was delighted. But he began to act like papa, right away.

The ladies of the association against prohibition who had promised all their friends that they wouldn't permit him to look like Papa Booze Business just left in dudgeon, very high dudgeon, whatever that is, and snapped their aristocratic fingers at their high-sounding promises. So Papa Booze Business had the bartender, who had now stopped bootlegging, put on a nurse's costume and wheel little Repeal out for public approval.

And in a year or two you couldn't tell Repeal from Papa Booze Business at all. He may have been a little more streamlined and deadly, but that was all.

How quiet his sponsors keep. The men who expected him to reduce taxes, their taxes, found themselves paying four and five times more, long before Pearl Harbor; the depression settled down for a long stay; employment was relieved only by huge doles from Washington; crime still plagued the nation, increasing in Repeal's backyard as much as one hundred percent. And respect for the constitution—well, let's not go into that just now when Papa Booze Business and his son are facing all those nasty charges in Congress.

A Failure

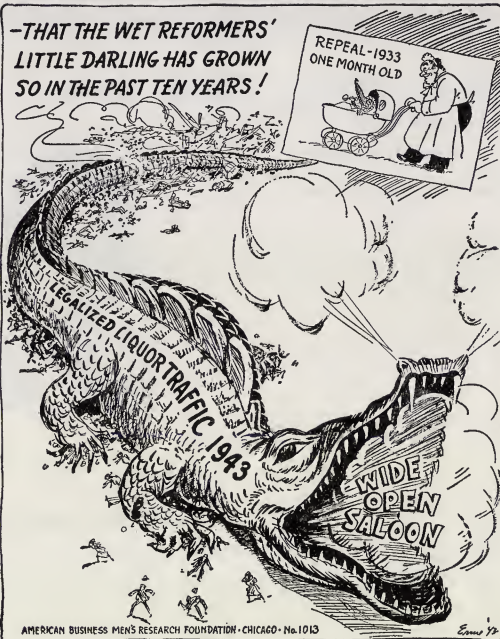
The honest drinking citizen who wanted to drink and who voted for Repeal so that liquor would improve in quality, be reduced in price, be openly arrived at and sold under pleasant and sanitary conditions is grumbling, for he claims that prices are exorbitant, brands are largely "rot-gut" as characterized by wet senators, and pleads for the abolition of the modern saloon, and the return to the sawdust covered floor of the he-man drinking place when a man could drink in peace, without percentage girls sprawled on each side of him and the street women were kept in the back room.

—*Amer. Business Men's Foundation.*

APRIL, 1944

"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE"

**-THAT THE WET REFORMERS'
LITTLE DARLING HAS GROWN
SO IN THE PAST TEN YEARS!**



Melchizedek Priesthood Outline of Study, June, 1944

Text: *The Gospel Kingdom: Selections from the Writings and Discourses of John Taylor*

LESSON 21 THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE

Text: pp. 65-69. Topics: God and Nature. The Principle of Life in the Universe. A Universe of Law.

Discuss: How does Mormonism explain the order of the universe as evidenced in nature? As evidenced in the organization of man? Is the universe orderly, or, do we merely say it is? What evidence can the class offer towards visualizing the universe as being orderly or disorderly? What is the meaning of "eternal law" in Mormon doctrine? Is it a static concept? Or, does "eternal" imply growth and development? Is "eternal law" a "developing" or "growing" type of law? Does eternal law change? If so, how? What is the value of a doctrine of eternal law?

LESSON 22 THE APPLICATION OF UNIVERSAL LAW

Text: pp. 69-72. Topics: Application of the Concept of Universal Law. Applied Science. Unity of Man with Nature. Mormon "Social Science." The Task of the Saints.

Discuss: How may we account for the development of modern technology in view of the doctrine that the principles underlying recent developments always existed? If nature is governed, or may be controlled, by proper use of underlying principles, what

of men and social processes? On p. 71 President Taylor says: "There are certain eternal laws that have existed from before the foundation of the world . . . for the building up of . . . Zion." The "gospel," of course, is the Mormon "social science," which, we believe, if accepted and applied will not only benefit the individual, but produce a good society, a "Zion," the kingdom of God on earth. Priesthood is the organizational factor in such society. What limitations are placed on priesthood in applying the Mormon "social science"? What is the ultimate task?

LESSONS 23-24 PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, RELIGION: THE SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE

Text: pp. 73-80. Topics: The Search for Knowledge. The Limitations of Secular Hypotheses and of Deduction. Fact, Theory, and Inference. The Religious Nature of Mankind. Approach to Deity. The Absurdity of Some Religious Notions. The Necessity of Subjecting Belief to Tests and Criticism. Christianity Will Bear Honest Investigation, etc. The Myth of Modernity. Intelligence and the World's Philosophy. Mormon Philosophy.

Suggestion: In some groups, the class may desire to spend two or more lessons (Concluded on page 235)

Aaronic Priesthood

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

WARD BOY LEADERSHIP COMMITTEE OUTLINE OF STUDY MAY, 1944

Text: HOW TO WIN BOYS

Chapter XVII: Use and Abuse of Novelty

Quotations from the Text:

1. The psychology of a boy in regard to the novelty slant is not unlike that of any other person.
2. We are all selling something! We . . . are selling boys the greatest thing in the world—Christianity.
3. Novelty means any added features . . . created to bring out more easily a full attendance and to build up the class.
4. Now for abuses in this feature. Bringing in a boy or boys by means of a well-directed campaign means nothing unless a major portion of the new members are won permanently. The right welcome, the friendly conversation that completes the tie-up, the introduction to all who are strangers,—these are all as necessary as the drive itself.
5. There is also a better novelty slant in the added feature of a special program. I'll tell you frankly, no two Sundays of mine were ever alike. The young people came knowing that we'd have the same Bible, the same spirit of open confession, the same joy and often merriment, the same spirit of prayer and thanksgiving for God's benefits. That is the meat and the bread. They alone satisfy spiritual hunger! But my classes wondered just what sort of pie or cake or place card or appetizer we'd have. And that means thought and care in special programs.
6. I've named the element I want boys' classes to have, the *Law of Surprise*. Now, we can not live on surprises. No class can be in a jumble of decorations, extra speakers, and novelty all the time. And a class that thinks so is not feeding starving hearts and minds on "the bread of life." But add the surprise often. The boy's day school has yell practices, school rallies, parades, band assemblies all the time. And he comes to you, . . . and finds the old routine without a change of any kind and with no new and better approach—and he slips away from the church.
7. Use novelty but do not abuse it. And just you watch how a new life springs up and a new and keen alertness and a miraculous new interest that you thought the class never could possess.

Helps for the Class Leader:

1. Review the author's suggested "Abuses" of novelty.
2. Direct attention to the dangers of relying entirely, or even too much, on the use of novelty. In the final analysis, our classes should be spiritual banquets. "Added features" or "novelties" should never become the "feature" in class routine.

Youth Speaks



MELVIN
M.
FARR

(Melvin is a teacher in the Washington Ward, Washington Stake. The following address was delivered before a recent sacrament meeting.)

HOME FRONT SABOTEURS

SINCE the beginning of this war, we have heard much about sabotage, and the effort which our government has put forth to stop it. In spite of these efforts there are two enemies that have continued to sabotage our war effort on the home front as well as elsewhere. These two enemies are alcohol and tobacco.

The American Business Men's Research Foundation in its Bulletin No. 1 says the liquor traffic "is revealed as a saboteur socially, commercially and politically; a menace to public morale; an increasing breeder of inefficiency wherever found." Dr. Edward A. Strecher of Philadelphia said, "Alcohol is sapping both the moral sense and the working capacity of Americans; it is definitely weakening the solid front of our national defense." Dr. Thomas Parran, the surgeon general of the United States said, "Alcohol is a major cause of insanity. Poisoning from alcohol is the cause of more deaths than many dreaded infectious diseases." But in spite of this, we find that the great American tragedy is that while alcohol is known to reduce efficiency, boost our crime record, menace our highways, wreck our homes, and pauperize our people, we simply smile while the liquor interests continue to push the sale for increased profits.

The *Brewer's Digest* of May 1943 said, "one of the finest things that could

have happened to the brewing industry was the insistence of high-ranking officers to make beer available at army camps. Here is a chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer consuming section of our population."

What a contrast this is to the reported attitude of Russia in this matter. A naturalized Ukranian lecturer, a former Russian, Valentina Roy Mitz, in an address given in Arcadia, Florida, said, "In Russia, if a woman offers a soldier liquor, she has to serve six months in prison. If she gives it to him, she is shot. There can be no drinking by the soldiers while the war is on, for the men must be strong, healthy, and fully possessed of every whit of their strength and ability. This is quite a contrast with what we have in America. Our army camps are surrounded with hundreds of saloons. The call is 'Wake up, America.'"

Tobacco is the other enemy which is undermining the health of our soldiers as well as those on the home front. It also is poisonous whether it is used in small or large quantities. It is a well known fact that it shortens the wind of a person and undermines his health. Yet our men and women in the services are not protected against it but rather encouraged to use it.

Good Health magazine in a 1943 issue said, "The army authorities not only afford the soldiers an opportunity for smoking but actually supply the materials. The emergency one-day ration contains a dozen cigarettes. Thus the boys are virtually told that when they are in a most trying situation, tobacco is on a par with food."

We have all known of the campaigns that have been put on for "Smokes for the Soldiers." Our soldiers would be far better soldiers if they used neither alcohol nor tobacco. It is not difficult for one to understand now why the Lord warned his people when he gave them the Word of Wisdom. He said, "In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you and forewarn you by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation—that inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good. . . . And, again, strong drinks are not for the body, neither for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man."

Truly with all the millions of dollars being spent in attractive advertising and propaganda to get not only our men but also our women and our boys

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Ward Teaching

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

Youth Speaks

and girls to use these poisons "evils and designs do exist in the hearts of conspiring men."

Let each of us, whether at home or in the armed forces, resolve to heed the warnings and advice of the Lord and escape the consequences of these "evils and designs" and by an example of clean living do his part to eliminate these dangerous saboteurs of our nation's health, efficiency, and moral fiber.

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Concluded from page 232)

ing, or who would divest himself of the means of sustaining himself, and accept gratuities as a means of sustenance, should be diligently labored with. Many personal welfare committees will find in this field fruitful projects for activity.

Class Instruction

It is evident that there is still some question as to the duties of the four standing committees of the quorums, and the question is often asked as to what instructions should be given and what presented in the various groups of the monthly leadership meeting. In each stake a monthly leadership meeting should be held, and time should be provided in that meeting for each committee to meet by itself where suggested plans may be presented that will assist those in charge of the quorums or groups in their class work.

In order to make clear in the minds of those in charge of this work just what is expected we suggest that in the April meeting the time be devoted to the reading of the instructions given in Dr. Widtsoe's *Priesthood and Church Government*, pages 160 and 161 under the title "Class Instruction Committee." A careful study of these instructions should clear up any misunderstanding that might exist as to the specific duties of the class instruction committee.

Melchizedek Priesthood Outline of Study

(Concluded from page 233)

on these topics. In others one may suffice. The material may be treated in this flexible fashion in accordance with past instructions.

Discuss: In view of President Taylor's over-all distinction between secular approaches to truth and the Mormon philos-

WARD TEACHERS

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

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

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

Ward Teachers' Message for May, 1944

TITHING

A FARMER, anxious to obey the law of tithing in every detail, once remarked: "Paying an honest tithing is easy for me. Whenever I sell anything from my farm, I simply take one-tenth of the net profit and place it in a jar until I can turn it over to the bishop as my tithing." Some one asked, "That's fine for what you sell, but what about that which you consume, your meats, vegetables, milk, eggs, grains, and other produce? What about the increase in the number of cows, hogs, chickens, and other livestock?"

This was a new thought to him. Yes, what about it? An honest tithing requires the farmer to pay, in kind or its cash equivalent, after the deduction of legitimate expenses incident to production, one-tenth of everything he produces whether sold on the open market or consumed on the farm, plus one tenth of any increase in physical assets.

The wage earner pays one tenth of his income as tithing. Out of the remaining nine tenths he purchases the necessities of life, which the farmer generally takes from his farm, garden, or grain bin. The wage earner thus tithes everything he consumes. The farmer is equally obligated though he is allowed to deduct the actual costs of production.

This principle holds true in merchandising or any other business enterprise. All business builds from the ground up. It is not inconceivable that a business, whether small or large, could be developed with not one dollar tithing having been paid except on the salary income of those promoting and building it. This would mean that the net value of the business assets would not have been tithed as they should have been. In this instance, those building the business, be it farming, stockraising, merchandising, brokerage, or any other business, could hardly be termed "full tithe payers."

Boys and girls should be taught to pay tithing while in the parental home. True they are generally furnished clothing, food, shelter, and education out of the family budget which, presumably, has been tithed by the head of the family. But this procedure alone does not teach young people to pay tithing. The setting up of a cash allowance for personal needs beyond those furnished out of the family income, the setting aside of a piece of ground, the raising of a calf or other livestock for the purpose of providing income to young people provide excellent opportunities for teaching tithing. Appreciation for the principle of tithing is most effectively developed during youth,—it is hazardous to delay this teaching. Many faithful Latter-day Saints have never missed paying tithing since they were baptized at eight years of age. Their parents taught them and made it possible.

The wife's tithing is properly paid in the husband's name unless she has a separate income. In this case, her tithing should be paid in her own (given) name.

When computing tithing let us remember it is God's law. We are dealing with our Heavenly Father. He knows the amount we should pay. Does that which we actually pay agree with that which the Lord knows we should pay?

ophy, how may we criticize John Dewey's statement that the function of philosophy is to "criticize beliefs"? Why are some religious notions absurd, according to President Taylor? Answer his question, p. 75: "Is there a way of arriving at a knowledge

of the things pertaining to man's eternal welfare?" What is "the myth of modernity"? Is all nature under law? Is man under law? If it is true that man exists under law, what is man's basic problem, or, what are his basic problems?

Music

The Functions of the Ward Chorister

By J. Spencer Cornwall
Director, Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir,
and Member, Church Music
Committee

THE functions of any presiding officer have to be determined by two considerations—one, what must he do to carry out his assignment efficiently, and two, what are the limitations of his activities. This second consideration is all important if he is to avoid trouble by not overstepping his bounds.

The functions of the ward chorister, or the obligations which he must assume, are fourfold:

1. He must select the singers for his choir. This function, of course, assumes that the chorister knows what types of singers are satisfactory for the kind of choir he desires. If this function is simulated by anyone other than the chorister, he is undermined to start with, unless chance steps in to save the situation by bringing together a workable group. If the chorister, on the other hand, selects his own singers, he automatically generates a sense of loyalty to himself, as the leader, in those whom he chooses. The chorister can save himself much anguish by assuming complete control of the selection of the singers.

2. He must select the music to be sung. Much of the obligation of this function is obvious. A chorister can only direct music for which he has a definite liking and which he can master. He is severely handicapped by having to perform music of another's choosing if this music happens not to fit his situation.

3. He must determine the seating arrangement. The arrangement of the singers as to parts, voices, and individual capacities must be worked out by the chorister, based on the particular effects he desires to obtain. The actual seating orders may be delegated to someone else to carry out, but they must come from the chorister and he must settle any dissatisfactions.

FREEDOM

By J. Orval Ellsworth

FREEDOM to come,
Freedom to go,
Freedom to think,
Freedom to know.

Freedom to work,
Freedom to lend,
Freedom to rest,
Freedom to spend.

Freedom to speak,
Freedom to hear,
Freedom to read,
Freedom to fear.

Freedom to meet,
Freedom of press,
Freedom to eat,
Freedom of dress.

Freedom to love,
Freedom to live,
Freedom to have,
Freedom to give.

Freedom to leave,
Freedom to stay,
Freedom to doubt,
Freedom to pray.

Thank God for Freedom.

4. He must assume complete charge of all rehearsals. The most serious breakdown in the rightful authority of a chorister is the point at which he loses control of his rehearsal. He should allow no person or circumstance to interfere or rob him of this control, even momentarily. The rehearsal period is his sacred domain which he must protect against all intruders. The excellence of performance is directly related to the success attained in rehearsal.

The functions of choir presidents or managers must be found outside the above-named functions of choristers. It is evident that many more things need to be done to make a successful choir than those listed as the special duties of the conductor. It is in these important matters that the president or manager finds his work. He may look after the finances, be the contact man between the choir and bishopric, assume the

management of social functions, make all arrangements for choir exchanges or trips, boost for the choir on all occasions, and see to it that all working conditions are made the best possible. It must be remembered that whenever the choir president or manager has anything to say to the choir or any work to do during the choir rehearsal with the membership, he must do it by arrangement with the chorister.

If the above suggestions are followed out closely, we feel confident that harmony and efficiency will result in our choir organizations.

Berkeley Ward Choir

THE choir of Berkeley Ward, Oakland Stake, has had a continuous existence since its organization in 1934, soon after the ward was created. W. King Driggs, composer and director of unusual ability, called the singers together to build a choir of some fifty voices. When the chapel was dedicated in May 1935, the singing of the choir, among other things, received flattering comments by the press.

The following innovation originated by Brother Driggs has been completely successful in Berkeley Ward: As the organist finishes the organ prelude, the choir joins in, first humming quietly, then singing the final measures with full choir. The congregation is quiet, and the services begin in a reverent attitude.

The membership of this ward is very transient. Students who go to Berkeley to continue their education, and men in the armed forces stationed there, ask to become associated with the choir, and are made welcome members.

The choir is now under the efficient direction of Paul Summerhays, with rehearsals at 5:30 p.m. on Sundays preceding the sacrament service. Mary Russell, former organist at the church booth at the San Francisco World's Fair, is organist for the choir. She enjoys playing one of the best musical instruments in any ward of the church. Jesse E. Smith is choir president, and Denzel C. Allen, bishop.—Alexander Schreiner.

BERKELEY WARD CHOIR



Genealogy

OLD CALIFORNIA MISSION *Records*

BROTHER NOEL C. STEVENSON of Los Angeles, California, had occasion recently to search for information in the old records of the San Gabriel Mission, founded about 1769. He reports:

The California mission system was founded by Catholic priests. I only wish it were possible to tell you my complete conversation with Father Nuevo. He was very courteous. I produced my cards from the National Archives, Huntington Library, and the Library of Congress, which satisfied him. I had heard rumors about fees for examining the records, so inquired about that. He said none were charged, that they were only too glad to assist anyone who was interested in the California families. However, he agreed to accept a contribution for the restoration of the mission, but as he firmly said, "Not as a fee." He was very helpful in bringing out the parish registers, and even told me about a Spanish encyclopedia that will prove very valuable.

The registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths or burials date from 1771, and of course are written in Spanish. I am amazed at the genealogical information that is to be found in these records. I observed that the registers are much more complete in giving information as to parents, place of birth, etc., of the individual whom the record concerns—much more so than the Anglo-Saxon records it has been my privilege to examine.

The following item is about Juan Diego Berdugo del Fuerte (del Fuerte is not a part of his name, but the place where he was born). He is entry No. 102 in the *Libro Primero Defunciones Del 6 Agosto 1774 al 13 Noviembre 1804* (the first book of deaths from 6 August 1774 to 13 November 1804):

On the 24th day of January 1780 in the church of this Mission of San Gabriel Archangel I gave ecclesiastical burial to the body of Senor Juan Diego Berdugo, who was a native of the Villa de Fuerte (Sonora) and was married to Dona Maria Ygnacia Carrillo, native of the Royal Presidio of Loreto in Californias. He received before death saint's Sacraments of penitence, Eucharist, and extreme unction. I sign the truth.

Fr. Miguel Sanchez

(Translated from the Spanish)

I learned that Thomas Temple, a descendant of one of the early California Spanish families on his mother's side, has spent considerable time in the records of the various missions, and has translated and compiled considerable material on some of the prominent families. In fact I can thank him for helping me find the above item. He arranged for publication in the little mag-

azine published weekly by the parish a series called "From Mission Archives," which ran for about six issues. Part of the record on Don Juan Diego was found in one of the series, with the number of the register, and as the early registers are not indexed, it is a lengthy search to try to find anything by page by page examination.

Speaking about the records being complete, I recall seeing entries regarding the baptism of Indians. This brings to mind the first census made in this area, *Padron de la Ciudad de Los Angeles y su Jurisdiccion Ano 1836* (Census of the City of Los Angeles and its Jurisdiction for the Year 1836.)

This census enumerated the names, ages, occupations, place of birth, and sex of all inhabitants, including children and Indians. All in all it is more complete than our 1850 census made by the federal government.

"The Philadelphia Story" —New Style

(Concluded from page 213)

typical favorites such as "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and portray an evening's recreation about the campfire. All well and good. But the Mormon pioneer had reasons for making his sacrifices. Stirring, powerful ideas lay at the roots of his folk song and dance. How much more compelling those songs would be if the underlying ideas, of which they were but an inadequate expression, could be given fit presentation.

While members of the Philadelphia Branch dramatized an evening's encampment of the Martin handcart company, a powerful commentary was spoken over a public address system. In harmony with the action on stage, the Mormon Male Quartet sang a series of songs written during, and descriptive of the period. At the same time, on two smaller stages, elevated above and behind the pioneer figures around the campfire, plastic model groups, brilliantly illuminated, depicted significant events and stressed the ideas behind the restoration of the gospel. Never, in the words of Miss Knott, has the meaning of Mormon folklore been depicted with such beautiful, telling effect. . . .

Music is not a new missionary tool. Latter-day Saint hymns have ever made friends for the church. But music is now making more friends and providing more opportunities for the missionary than ever before. At least, this has proved true in Philadelphia, which once again, where Mormons are concerned, is the "City of Brotherly Love."

TITHING AND *Spirituality*

By LELAND H. MONSON

PAYING tithes and offerings will aid in the development of spiritual qualities which will be of everlasting benefit to the tithing payer. These spiritual qualities are attributes of character which promote our eternal welfare in the celestial kingdom of God. Specifically, they are altruism, honesty, justice, and trust in a divine power.

The payment of tithes and offerings assists in eradicating cupidity or greed from our characters. And we must remember that cupidity is one of the besetting sins of our day. It is responsible for the turmoil and convulsions we see in our war-torn world.

Ruling the empire of ourselves in this respect creates within us a finer appreciation and application of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. He who will sacrifice financially to aid the poor, to build churches and temples, to assist in spreading the message of peace on earth and good will toward men is creating a genuine spirit of love of God and man within himself. And this attitude is altruism supreme.

The second spiritual quality which is developed by paying tithes and offerings is an antidote for the duplicity and dishonesty which honeycomb modern civilization. Centuries ago Malachi, for the purpose of encouraging his people to pay their tithing, asked, "Will a man rob God?"

Undoubtedly, he recognized that if he could promote loyalty and devotion to God in his people, he would provoke the likelihood that they would deal honestly with their fellow men.

Justice or equity is a third spiritual quality developed in us by the payment of tithes and offerings. He who pays his tithes and offerings knows that he contributes his share of the operating costs of the church. He says to himself, "I am not willing to partake of the blessings of the church without assuming my share of the expenses." Moreover, when we pay our tithes and offerings, we become participants in spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ to the nations of the world, and in building temples for the purpose of bringing exaltation to the living and to the dead. Learning to shoulder our part of the burden, we develop consideration for others, which is a basic quality of justice.

Finally, an honest tithing payer learns to place implicit confidence in God. The widow who gives of her mite knows that God will provide of his abundance, of his wisdom, and of his power. And this assurance develops in her a closer relationship with God. Such a relationship makes it possible for her to pray with greater earnestness and sincerity. Surely this reliance upon God, this genuine faith, develops a spiritual buoyancy that is elevating.

Man Looked to God

(Concluded from page 209)

master and practice the lessons of life that have come to me."

* * *

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.

* * *

True bravery is when you have faults and do not fear to abandon them.

* * *

A ruler who governs by means of his

virtue may be compared with the Polar Star, which keeps its place, and around which all the other stars revolve.

* * *

In all ancient writings, we find that man belongs to a higher order of reality, and bears witness to something superhuman and divine. Life is essentially exalted, and this thought is brought out in the words of Jesus: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is an ennobling and binding love which transcends all natural impulse.

Books

(Concluded from page 200)

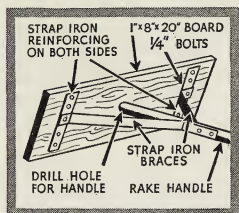
versal peace, harmony, and happiness. But it is better to foresee the difficulties lying ahead than to entertain wishful illusions which in the days to come may once again be shattered."

The book makes a careful, painstaking analysis of conditions and situations which have prevailed throughout the past few years in Europe, with a view to Russia's entrance into the postwar settlements. No thinking person can afford to miss reading and studying this book.—M. C. J.



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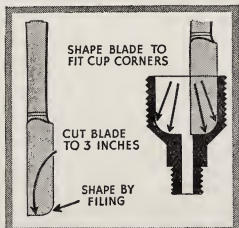
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Free Chart Shows Tractor Lubrication Procedure

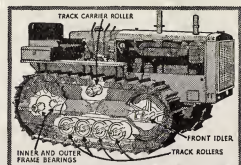
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Grease left in cups on stored implements often gathers dust. Don't chance pushing this grit onto bearings when you first lubricate this spring. Remove and scrape out cups with a dinner knife cut and filed to the right shape. Wash cups in Pearl Oil and replace.



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STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

PIONEER DIARY

(Continued from page 218)

Thursday, May 18. Hancock, Ellsworth & others start with teams to meet the immigrants. Yest[erday] Ellsworth & wife, Scofield & wife, Charles & wife, & J. Green din'd with us. Radishes, lettuce, &c., begin to grace the table.

Sunday, May 21. I breakfasted on bread & butter, radishes, lettuce & pepper-grass. Att[ended] a Bishop's Court—case between Peirce & Higgins.

Tuesday, May 23. Another com[pany] start with 35 wagons to meet the immigrants.

Sunday, May 28. This morning's frost in unison with the ravages of the crickets for a few days past, produces many sighs & occasionally some long faces with those that for the moment forget that they are Saints.

Saturday, June 10. The crickets continue their destructiveness. Rosacrans, Hunt & others start on horseback to meet the brethren.

Thursday, June 15. Frost in some places injures vegetation. Yes[terday] mor[ning] & this mor[ning] I am sick. Sis. Gates ministers to me with kindness. Sis. Taylor spent the afternoon with us—said she supp'd on green peas last eve[ning].

Sunday, June 18. Att[ended] meet[ing]. Elder Taylor presided very interestingly.

Saturday, July 29. Att[ended] a genteel party at Br. Peirce's on the occasion of Harvey being 21.

Monday, July 31. Started with Sis. Holmes for the mountains.

Saturday, August 5. The mail carriers met us on the Weber River & favor'd me with a letter from Lorenzo & intelligence from the Camp in general. We cross'd the river & went on, occasionally stopping to pick currants until within 4 m[iles] of Cave Rock, when some of our party, (which consisted of Br. Howd, W. Sperry, 3 of Capt. Miller's daughters, D. Miller, Br. Fellers, Br. Wolfe & son, Sis. H. & myself), visited an Indian camp about a m[ile] & ½ distant, purchas'd some dried meat, & we started our way back to pick currants until the serviceberries should ripen.

After the company had supplied themselves with currants, we came to the Weber where we found 2 families encamp'd and picking service[berries]. Our party stop'd from Mon[day] till Wed[nesday] noon, & started for home in com[pany] with Ellsworth & Hancock who came up with us on Mon[day] from the Platte, & arriv'd in the valley on Fr[iday] the 18th.

Wednesday, August 23. Spent the afternoon with Sis. Gates—taken sick in the ev[ening].

Wednesday, September 20. Prest. Young & family arriv'd in the Valley—they supp'd at E. Ellsworth's. I had the

pleasure of joining them at the table, tho' scarcely able to sit up—having been sick from the 23rd of Aug[ust].

Monday, October 23. I took up my residence with Br. & Sis. Holmes, Clara having previously gone to live with Lucy, Margaret Peirce having taken the place.

Tuesday, October 24. The ground is whiten'd with snow for the first time.

Saturday, October 28. Att[ended] the blessing of E. Bainbridge's child by Prest. Y[oung]. Present: Mrs. Y[oung], Br. & Sis. Kimball & others.

Tuesday, October 31. Call'd to administer to Sis. Ritter's sick child—spent the eve at Margaret's with Sis.

Taylor & Smoot—Br. T[aylor] supp'd with us.

Wednesday, November 1. Prest. Y[oung] invited me to a carriage ride with him—we din'd at his house after conversing on some particulars.

Thursday, November 2. Spent the eve very pleasantly at Prest. Young's with most of his wives. The weather cold.

Thursday, November 9. An eve party for the new room.

Sunday, November 12. It has been very pleasant till this mor[ning] which is rainy & snowy a little—the mountains white.

Friday, December 1. The mail arriv'd from Winter Quarters.

Sunday, December 3. Quite cold—letters read publicly—Lyman Wight.

(Continued on page 240)

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Pioneer Diary

(Continued from page 239)

Hawes, Miller & others disfellowship'd B[righam] call'd after meeting—I went to L[orenzo's]. Snow'd fast in the eve[ning].

Monday, December 4. Rode to Br. Neff's—the wind blew a gale before we arriv'd. I stayed till Wed[nesday]. The cold intense.

Friday, December 22. Visited at Br. Gibbs.

Saturday, December 23. Commemorated the birth of Joseph Smith. The weather continues cold, with the exception of 2 or 3 pleasant days since the first of the month.

Monday, December 25. Christmas. I stayed at home & read newspapers which Prest. Y[oung] sent me, he having call'd last eve[ning]. Br. F. Richards at that time presented me with a copy of an address written by Lyon.

1849

Sunday, January 7. I gave Prest. Y[oung] copy of address I had written for Br. R.

Wednesday, January 17. I am quite sick—had a chill last eve[ning].

Thursday, January 18. Rode to L[orenzo's]. Had an interesting time in celebration of their wedding day. The party was yest[erday].

Friday, January 19. Vis[it] with Sis. Whitney at Mary Ann K[imball's]. The weather fine, but continues very cold.

Sunday, January 21. Prest. [Brigham Young] call'd to return the Address.

Saturday, February 17. B[righam] call'd in the mor[ning]. Meet[ing] out of doors—has been 2 Sundays previous.

Tuesday, February 20. Went to L[orenzo's] yest[erday], [his wife] Adaline's son [Oliver Goddard Snow] b[orn] this mor[ning].

Thursday, February 22. Had an interesting vis[it] with H[eber] C. K[imball].

Sunday, February 25. Very sick yest[erday] & today—B[righam] administer'd to me—felt reliev'd for which I thank the Lord.

Monday, February 26. Had been thawing for several days. The mud drying some—cattle have hard times—B[righam] propos'd a carriage ride to his house in a few days.

Tuesday, February 27. Very snowy.

Thursday, March 1. The storm over—expedition sent against the Eutaws—B[righam's] folks move out of Fort.

Friday, March 2. B[righam] call'd to see me—the trial of Ira Watt in H[igh] Council.

Monday, March 12. The election of civil officers for territorial government.

Friday, March 16. Sunny, like the breaking of winter—storms a little almost every day. Gave B[righam] 30 dollars per month. A colony is getting up for Eutaw [Utah] Valley.

Sunday, March 18. Sis. Rosacrans bade me farewell for California. [She] starts tomorrow.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

PIONEER DIARY

Tuesday, March 20. The ground cov[er]ed with snow again.

Sunday, March 25. Fine weather the last 2 days. The breth[ren] very busy sowing wheat—the meet[ing] remov'd to the Council House in a bower. [First public meeting held on Temple Block.]

Friday, April 13. Anassa [M. Lyman] & Porter R[ockwell] start for California—see them at Bishop W[oolley's]. Rode home with Sis. Kimball last Tuesday. Wed[nesday], B[ri]gham Y[oung] came for me to visit his family, which he commenc'd organizing for living together. I spent the night & he took me to Br. K[imball's] the next day—told me to go home from there & he should soon come & move me up. He call'd this eve[n]ing with Louisa, Margaret & Clara.

Saturday, April 14. The eastern mail starts today. Spent the eve[n]ing with Christine, accompan[ie]d with Sis. P. W. & Ellen.

Sunday, April 15. The day fine—had an interesting preach from Br. K. in the aft[er]noon. Return'd to the Fort in the eve[n]ing.

Sunday, April 22. Yes[terday] we had a little shower, a little cooler, but the weather has been quite warm. Wednesday the thermometer was at 80—Th[ursday] at 83—the crickets very thick in places—have done some injury to vegetation during the week. Bridge down over Canyon Creek.

Monday, April 23. I went to Warm Springs with Sis. Noble. Heard of the death of Sarah Ann's child; it died this mor[n]ing.

Tuesday, April 24. Received a few lines from Helen.

Thursday, April 26. The first general Fast meeting at one o'clock.

Saturday, April 28. Meet[ing] to organize the "Legion." Heard of an assault on Wanship by a party of Indians.

Friday, May 4. Dr. Bernhisel & others start for the States. Wednesday the 2nd, we had a fine soaking rain. Yes[terday] fast, which is to be at[tended] every first Thursday in the month. Write letter to S[arah] M. K[imball]. Frost this mor[n]ing.

Sunday, May 6. Beautiful day—rain'd a little last night. All things prospering.

Sunday, May 13. Last Mon[day] I walk'd to Lorenzo's [Snow] & Wed. vis[ited] at Sess[ion's] with Mrs. Kimball, Helen &c., & rode home with them. Ira married.

Sunday, May 20. A heavy rain last Wed[nesday], cloudy & cold since. This mor[n]ing frost in places, rains in the afternoon.

Wednesday, May 23. Commenc'd raining yes[terday], a snow today covers the ground—it looks like winter.

Friday, May 25. Yes[terday] the ground was considerably frozen but the mor[n]ing being cold & cloudy. The freeze did but little injury to veg[etation]. Cornelia came for me & I rode to Cottonwood today.

Monday, June 4. Return'd from Cottonwood and stop'd at Lorenzo's.

Monday, June 11. Last Tu[esday] night had a fine rain. Today return'd to Br. Holmes.

Tuesday, June 12. The funeral of Br. Baldwin attended. Some frost this mor[n]ing.

Saturday, June 16. A trial against Perrigrine Sess[ions] yes[terday] & today—adjourn'd till tomorrow.

Tuesday, June 19. People with pack animals arrive from the States going to California. They expect wagons in 2 or 3 days. This eve[n]ing I rode to Prest. Y[oung]'s in carriage.

Thursday, June 21. Return'd home.

Sunday, June 24. Convers'd with a man from Indiana who arriv'd yes[terday], in 2 months from St. Joseph with ox teams. The weather is now hot. Some green peas.

Wednesday, June 27. This day is 5 years since Joseph's death. I rode in the forenoon with Br. & Sis. Lott. In the afternoon read Joseph's letters to a circle of ladies.

Thursday, June 28. Mov'd to Prest. Y[oung]'s log-row.¹

Sunday, July 1. Babbitt arriv'd with U.S. Mail.

Wednesday, July 4. Vis[ited], in company with B[ri]gham & wife & Sis. Call, at Br. Crosby's.

Friday, July 6. Vis[ited] at Heber's—read introductory letter of Charles H. Miller to Br. K. by J[acob] B. Backenstos. The description Mr. M[iller] gave of the panic for the gold mines is truly astonishing.

Tuesday, July 24. Celebration of arrival of Pioneers.

Thursday, July 26. Br. Babbitt starts back with mail. I wrote to Lucina, Sis. Hyde & Kimball.

Sunday, July 29. Last eve[n]ing vis[ited] Bish[op] Higbee's. Prest. Y[oung], H[eber] C. K[imball] & many others present. This mor[n]ing Br. Egan arriv'd with mail.

Wednesday, August 8. Br. Egan's company arrived.

Thursday, August 16. Vis[ited] with several emigrants at Br. Peirce's. Merchant shops are open in every direction. (The End)

¹Up to this time, since her arrival in the valley, Aunt Eliza had been living in President Young's log house in the pioneer fort. I never had heard of President Young's "Log Row," and could not find anyone else who knew anything about it until A. Wm. Lund, assistant church historian and general church recorder, told me that Willard Young said that he had been born in the Log Row, April 30, 1852.

Since reading this reference in the diary, I have found the following statements: "Some ten rods northwest of the White House stood a row of log cabins where dwelt President Young's other wives, with their children."

"Women of Mormondom," Vol. 9, p. 131. "After President Young's arrival the city began to be built up and he made arrangements for his family to have suitable homes though, of course, they were primitive in all their appointments. These cottages are yet [1880] referred to as the 'Log Row,' and were situated just above what is known as the Eagle Gate."

"Woman's Exponent," Vol. 9, p. 131. In Brigham Young's "Deed of Consecration," we find listed in block 89, the "White House," barn, one "row of log houses," etc.

"The Improvement Era," Feb. 1944, p. 81. With this information I began studying early pictures and have found at least half a dozen which show the "Log Row," one of the best of which appears on page 218. LeRoy C. Snow

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"Blessed Are They That Mourn"

(Continued from page 217)

MARY cried herself into a fitful sleep. Hours later she awoke. It was very late. The house was quiet. She could hear Buddy and his father comforting each other in the living-room.

She arose, went in to them, talked a bit about commonplace things. "Did you close the garage doors, Buddy? Are either of you hungry? Have you turned off the furnace?"

"Everything's fine, Mary," her husband answered.

Buddy and his father arose, went with her through the house, then retired to their rooms. Buddy was called back by his father who said, "Let's have prayer together."

Together they knelt again beside Mary's bed for prayer. "Right where we knelt with Jerry," Mary thought.

It was Mary's turn to pray. Her husband looked tenderly toward her, and asked, "Are you up to it tonight, dear, or shall I?"

Mary was almost to say, "You, dear," but suddenly she wanted to pray.

Without tears she talked to her Father in heaven: "Please, oh Lord, let us know in our hearts the truth about Jerry. Let us know that all is right with him."

She was surprised at her complete faith that God would give her an answer, for hadn't she alternately doubted and believed all the afternoon and evening? She felt deep shame within her.

"Perhaps," she thought, "the reason the bishop or anyone else couldn't give me any assurance Jerry will come home is that each individual has to gain that assurance for himself."

They arose. Buddy kissed his father and mother and went to his room. His father busied himself opening windows and getting his slippers ready for the morning as Mary rested quietly.

After some restless turning and brief conversation, her husband was asleep, but Mary lay awake for a long time.

SUDDENLY a clear-cut picture came to her mind, a vivid scene from her girlhood which had made a deep impression. She saw her mother lying blind and seemingly dying on her bed in their lovely old home. All her brothers and sisters stood around the bed weeping.

Her mother smiled at them and said: "Come closer. I wish to say something to you."

They had moved closer as she put out her hands to them saying: "Don't cry. I shall soon be well, if we all keep faith. Where is yours? Come! Let's have no crying."

"But, Mother," small Tom said through convulsive sobs. "Doctor Samuels says you will die very soon."

"Rubbish!" her mother said impatiently.

(Continued on page 244)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



THE year that this war started, twice as many American lives were lost by accident as were lost in all of World War I. Many times more were injured. Farms and farm homes had their full share of these accidents.

Wherever you are, whatever you do, that is where your danger lurks. Those who work with livestock have animal accidents, and those who work with machinery have machine accidents. There is no such thing as complete safety, not even in the house. There are almost as many fatal accidents in city and farm homes as on highways.

Accidents do not happen. They are caused. Most accidents are caused by people, few by things. Studies of accident records indicate that over 90 percent of all accidents . . . at least the accidents to farm people . . . are

due to carelessness, ignorance, or deliberate disregard of well-known safety rules. Contributing factors are fatigue, for tired people are less alert, and unfamiliarity with a task or with equipment being used.

War has doubled the danger of farm accidents, mainly because so many young or otherwise inexperienced people are helping to take the place of regular farm manpower. They do not know the principles of safety which are . . . or should be . . . second-nature to experienced farmers. Only by training them in safe ways can you do your part in preventing accidents.

This company and other builders of farm machinery have gone to great

lengths to provide safety features: such as shields around power take-off shafts and other moving parts. But only human care can fully guard against the dangers of power-driven knives and rolls, or wheels and disks pulled by tractor or animal power. Only caution can avoid dangers from poisons for pest control, of falls from ladders or lofts, from the heels of horses and from the special risks of fire on the farm.

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"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN"

(Continued from page 242)

tiently. "What does Doctor Samuels know about the workings of the Lord? Has he ever been put to the test?"

"But, Mother, your eyesight?" Tall Henry questioned.

"My eyesight!" she said. "Now, listen, all of you, to me. . . . Better still, Mary, bring me the Doctrine and Covenants that lies there on the table."

Mary remembered having obeyed.

"Now turn to section one hundred five, verse nineteen. Have you found it, Mary? Now read it to me."

Mary was slow finding the page, for tears blinded her. She found it and read: "It is expedient that they should be brought thus far for a trial of their faith."

"Now turn to section eleven, verse seventeen," said her mother. "Read it to me."

Mary read: "And then, behold, according to your desires, yea, even according to your faith shall it be done unto you."

"Do you understand what you have read, Mary?" her mother asked. "Do you all understand? That is what God said, through the Prophet, to your grandparents and others in the early days of the church, when mobs threatened their destruction. It means that our Father in heaven must be sure of his children. He must know what they are able to stand. Our faith must be

tried. I have faith I will get well, that my sight will come back. Can't you believe, too?"

As Mary lay there quietly beside her husband she saw again, in her mother's face, that calm, sure, conviction. Her mother had not even a shadow of doubt. She smiled, and her whole expression begged her children, also, to trust implicitly in the Lord.

The picture faded from Mary's sleepless eyes, and another took its place. She saw her mother a year later directing the quilting in her ward Relief Society. She saw her stoop and examine the stitches. Yes, surely her mother's sight was normal. She had been restored to health. According to her faith it had been. There was no doubting that. Mary, in her most lucid moments, knew it had been so. Her mother still lived, a very real example of her faith that had been tried.

A calm peace crept into Mary's heart. She resolved to have a faith that would endure.

STILL sleep did not come to Mary. As if to test her immediately, the words of a speaker in a recent sacrament meeting came to her with great force.

"This war will surely take some of our boys, for it may be their time to go," he had said. "We all must die sometime, but it is not *when* we die, but

how that counts. What matters is the life one has lived, the character one has built for himself, the good one has done."

A rebelliousness crept into Mary's heart. "Am I to believe Jerry is dead?" she thought. "Is the Lord trying to tell my spirit that?"

She seemed to hear more of the speaker's words. "Life is eternal. Time on this earth is short. When we weep for those who have gone we weep for ourselves. They have gone to something far better. We, only, are left on further probation."

Mary's will struggled with these compelling words.

They would not go.

She remembered the peaceful spirit she had had that night at sacrament meeting when she had heard those same words spoken. She had thought, "What a comfort they should be to those who have lost their sons." But now her rebellious spirit refused to accept any comfort in them. "Jerry can't be dead! He isn't dead!" her spirit cried in anguish.

Her husband awoke now and then and tried to comfort her, but her unrest was so great that she finally arose from the bed, put on a robe, went into the living room and walked back and forth. Never before had Mary's spirit known

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July 15—August 11 intersession

WORKSHOP

The school of education will conduct for the second summer a workshop and laboratory demonstration school in elementary education. The workshop provides a full-time summer program characterized by the following features: opportunity for participants to observe modern elementary school practices in a laboratory demonstration school and to observe and evaluate the day by day growth of children in an ungraded group; opportunity to meet in discussion groups each afternoon to evaluate current school practices; and opportunities provided for creative expression through emphasis on art, music and recreation. Parents registering in the workshop may enroll children in the demonstration school.

MUSIC

Special emphasis is being given to music education this year. Glen Gildersleeve, state music supervisor in Delaware, will instruct classes during the first three weeks. Mabelle Glenn, music supervisor of the Kansas city public schools, will teach during the second three week period. W. H. Manning of Branch Agricultural College and for many years summer faculty member of the University of Wisconsin will teach for the entire season.

VISITING FACULTY

Several other distinguished men and women have already accepted appointment for varying periods of time. Among them are Dr. Harold E. Jones, director of the Institute of Child Welfare at the University of California; Henry Simon, professor of literature at Columbia University and music critic of "PM"; Hubert Herring, eminent authority on Latin America; and Frank Leahy, famous Notre Dame football coach. Write for a catalogue for further information.

UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

LOGAN, UTAH

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN"

such conflict. She felt she could stand no more.

She fell to her knees against the living room couch. With face uplifted tears streaming down her cheeks, she cried out to the Lord again: "Please, Father, take this awful pain away, and let me know peace again. Let me accept thy will regarding Jerry. If thou hast taken him, Father, teach my heart to accept it. Teach my spirit to be patient. . . . If he is yet to come home, I shall be grateful."

She arose unsteadily. To her mind came the words from the Doctrine and Covenants: "And whoso layeth down his life in my cause, for my name's sake, shall find it again, even life eternal."

A quietness came over Mary's spirit and body. Something evil seemed to have left it.

She went back to bed.

Then, as if heaven-sent, the firm melody of that old hymn, "Come, Come Ye Saints," floated softly into Mary's mind. Its confident, sure words came to her with great force. "Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard? 'Tis not so; all is right!" The melody floated on: "And should we die before our journey's through, happy day! All is well!"

Without further spiritual conflict, Mary fell asleep.

RIGDON'S FOLLY

(Continued from page 204)

borhood came in large numbers to hear Sidney Rigdon preach, for it is said that he rarely allowed any of his associates to do any of the preaching. It is very evident that the large number that attended the preaching came out of mere curiosity. Contrary to Rigdon's expectations, it is said that hardly more than a half dozen converts were made during the short life of this adventure.

There seems to be evidence that the preaching often took on a rather frenzied atmosphere. Often in the evening Sidney Rigdon would lead his adherents to a certain grove on the farm to await and welcome the Savior in his second advent on earth, when they expected to be caught up to meet him.

There is a hillside on the farm where it is said that in their religious frenzy the members would roll down. It is unfortunate that the name "Mormon" is affixed to this movement, but all local histories speak of this venture as an effort to establish "Mormonism" in Franklin County, Pennsylvania.

Rigdon's sect left no records to speak for them. There appears to be no existing record giving the names of Rigdon's followers or of their aims and accomplishments. However, it is known that some of the most prominent members as given in available writings were Sidney Rigdon, Samuel James, Elders Hyde and Heber, Judge William Richards,

THROUGHOUT the following days, weeks, and months, Mary's heart was at peace. Her days were sober, but she felt no inner conflict. She had learned the meaning of "the peace that surpasseth understanding." She had arrived at the point where she could accept Jerry's death or his life as God's will.

Therefore, eleven months later, it was with an overwhelming gratitude and a new understanding that she greeted the same red-haired messenger boy at her front door. Grinning from ear to ear, and standing first on one foot and then on the other, he said, "I have a message for you, Mrs. Wainwright. It's from the War Department, too." But this time, as before, his young face gave it away. It was good news.

This time Mary opened the yellow envelope while the boy, now grown taller, waited. She read aloud: "We wire to inform you that your son, Gerald Wainwright, Jr., is now reported found and safe." It was signed by the War Department.

Inside her own room Mary knelt again in prayer. With her heart full of thanksgiving and new understanding she said: "Thank thee, Heavenly Father, for Jerry's life. And even though I faltered in my faith, I thank thee for teaching me to accept thy will."

William E. McLellan, Jeremiah Hatch, Col. George M. Hinkle.

THE building of the New Jerusalem was never actually started. In fact, it is doubtful if the Rigdonites ever turned a plow furrow. Some of them were employed on neighboring farms, but most are said to have lived a rather idle life. Soon death took some of them; others became disappointed and left the colony. On top of "Mormon Roller Hill" in the forest is the "Mormon Graveyard" where their dead are buried. The graves were marked only by blazed trees—no headstones were ever erected. In the summer of 1943 the writer and a companion, the assistant county agricultural agent, after talking with the present owners of "Mormon Farm" to get direction where to search, tried to locate some of the graves but could find no sign now that graves ever existed there. Even the blazed trees could not be found.

The time for the final payment of \$8,700 on the farm arrived on the first of April 1847, but no money was available to meet it. What money the members had possessed had been spent for living expenses or wasted. It is claimed that they did not even put much effort toward harvesting any of the available crops. After a year there, there was still no sign of any city or temple or any of the many proposed industries. In

(Continued on page 246)

3

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From a boy in the service . . .

One thing I always find in "The Improvement Era" in some form or another is an article on the Word of Wisdom. It certainly helps a fellow's convictions. I have found that your fellow soldiers really envy your seeming indifference to such things as tobacco, coffee, liquor, and etc. And I've had several tell me they really look up to a fellow who lives up to his religion. I don't want to sound egotistical but I have tried to live up to the teachings of the gospel to the best of my ability. I hope that some day I'll be able to serve as a missionary for our church.

Thanks again for the "Era."

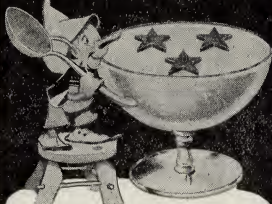
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READY ABOUT APRIL 5TH

RIGDON'S FOLLY

(Continued from page 245)

August 1847, Mr. McLanahan foreclosed the mortgage and the farm was sold at sheriff's sale. Mr. McLanahan was the successful bidder, thus regaining possession of the farm.

Sidney Rigdon and his close associates were extremely disappointed men. They had failed completely. It is said that Rigdon remarked, "There was not enough religion in the churches of the town to feed a nest of woodpeckers." It is further claimed that Sidney boasted "that the conflict would rage till the streets flowed with blood." When the Confederate army invaded the North, Greencastle was the first village taken. The entire area was searched by bands of Confederate soldiers and part of Lee's army passed through Greencastle on its way to Gettysburg. Only skirmishes occurred in the area. On the northern limits of the borough of Greencastle is a monument marking the spot where the first southern soldier fell on northern soil, but the streets have never "run with blood."

After the farm was sold, the Rigdons scattered. It is claimed that most of them went to Utah; some began life over independently, while others joined various groups in Iowa and Texas.

In 1886 a Mr. J. Fraise Richard, Esq., of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, wrote a letter to Ebenezer Robinson, the church printer and counselor to Sidney Rigdon, asking certain questions about the organization. Following is the reply to the letter, as printed in the Franklin County School Annual and Program of the Seventy-sixth Annual Session of the Teachers Institute, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, November 17-21, 1930:

Davis City, Iowa, April 24, 1886

J. Fraise Richard, Esq.,
Chambersburg, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of recent date is at hand (having been forwarded from Pleasanton), in which you submit certain questions with regard to the Mormon settlement made on the McLanahan farm near Greencastle, Pa., in 1846, with the request that "they be answered as fully as possible."

"1. Did you, as printer for the institution, ever publish a paper on the farm? If so, what was its name?"

Answer—No. Not on the farm. Published a few numbers of the *Messenger and Advocate of the Church of Christ*, monthly, in the summer and fall of 1846, in the borough of Greencastle.

"2. Did you publish any tracts for distribution among the people? If so, can you send me a copy, or a copy of paper issued?"

Answer—No. In publishing the *Messenger and Advocate* we printed 2000 copies of each issue, which was greatly in excess of our subscribers. A large number of the extra copies were distributed among the people. I have not preserved a copy of any of these printed in Greencastle. Have a copy of each of the first 22 numbers printed in Pittsburgh, before we moved to Greencastle, bound in a book.

"3. Did Sidney Rigdon advocate polygamy while connected with the enterprise?"

Answer—No, he did not. He was a firm

believer in the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, which positively forbids it.

"4. Who were the leaders of the organization, and what has become of them?"

Answer—Among the prominent members of the organization who moved to Franklin County I will name Sidney Rigdon, Samuel James, William Richards, Dr. George M. Hinkle, Jeremiah Hatch, Jr., Edward B. Wingate, Joseph N. Newton, Leonard Soby [Zody is the spelling given in the county history], Amos B. Tomlinson, and your correspondent.

Sidney Rigdon was the first president of the church, and leader of the organization. He moved from Pittsburgh to the McLanahan farm in May, 1846, and left there April, 1849, and settled in Friendship, Allegheny County, New York, where he died some years since. He had two counselors in the organization.

Samuel James moved from Illinois to Greencastle in 1846, and left there in the spring of 1847. The last I heard, he was living some place in southern Missouri. He was one of Mr. Rigdon's counselors.

William Richards moved to Greencastle in May 1846, and left there in 1847, and settled in or near Mt. Holly, N.J., where he formerly resided. He was bishop of the church. He died a few years since.

Dr. George M. Hinkle moved to Greencastle in 1846, and remained there two or more years, when he removed back to Illinois from whence he came. He was a widower and married in Greencastle a widow by the name of Hartman. He finally settled in New Buda, Decatur County, Iowa, where he died some years since.

Jeremiah Hatch, Jr., moved to Greencastle in 1846, married one of Elder Rigdon's daughters, Lucy Ann, and moved from the McLanahan farm to Friendship, N.Y., in August or September, 1847. He attained considerable notoriety as a temperance lecturer, and organizer of Good Templar Lodges in New York and Ohio. When the war broke out, he was commissioned and served as captain in the Union Army. Died soon after his return from the war.

Edward B. Wingate came to Greencastle in 1846; he also married one of Elder Rigdon's daughters, Sarah, and moved from the McLanahan farm to Friendship, N.Y., in company with Mr. Hatch. The last I heard he was foreman of the bridge carpenters on the N.Y. and Erie R.R.

Joseph N. Newton moved to Greencastle, and left there in the fall of 1847 and went to Philadelphia, where he formerly resided. He died a few years since.

Leonard Soby [Zody] moved to Greencastle from Pittsburgh in 1846, and in 1847 or 1848 settled upon the east side of the North Mountain about eight miles northwest of Chambersburg, where he lived nearly thirty years, when he moved to Kendall County, Illinois, where he died some years since. (Note: Mr. Tomlinson was a Yankee. His home was in the gap now called Yankee Gap.)

The last six named were all members of the Grand Council of the organization. Your correspondent, E. Robinson, was one of Elder Rigdon's counselors, and moved to Greencastle in company with him in May 1846, and remained in Greencastle (with the exception of a few months in 1847 that he lived on the McLanahan farm) until April 1855, when he moved to Iowa and settled on a farm near Pleasanton, Decatur County, where he resided until 1883, when he removed to Davis City, Decatur County, his present place of residence.

While in Greencastle he compiled and
(Concluded on page 248)

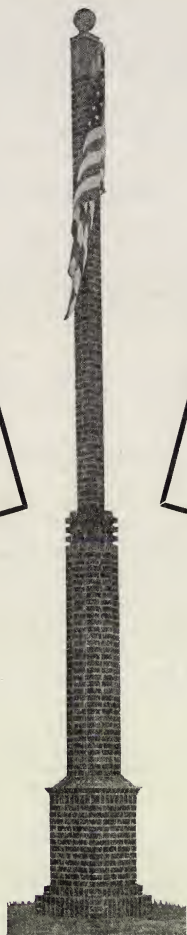
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That's why Tribune readers are assured an ever-improving newspaper.

Salt Lake Tribune

RIGDON'S FOLLY

(Concluded from page 246)
printed several editions of a small work entitled, "Legal Forms for Transactions and Business and a Set of Tax and Interest Tables together with a Short System of Bookkeeping," of which some 4,000 copies were sold. Also, a "Modern Letter Writer" and a "Child's Book," a primer; also some thirteen numbers of the *Conococheague Herald*, a weekly newspaper.

He has been for many years and is a member of the Reorganized Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints, and a firm believer in the gospel of Christ, as revealed in the New Testament scriptures and Book of Mormon, but always strongly opposed to polygamy, as is also the church to which he belongs.

Respectfully yours,

Ebenezer Robinson

THOUGHTS FOR THE SERVICE MAN

(Continued from page 207)
double standard of morality, that he must be as clean as he expects his sister, sweetheart, wife to be. The truly religious man holds a high opinion of himself as a child of God and seeks to be worthy of his heritage.

THE thoughtful young man, in the quiet of his own tent, on the hillside, in the trench, in the airplane, on the battleship, will recognize a directing Power behind the law and order which are everywhere apparent despite the din and clangor of man-made war. From the very depths of his consciousness he will wish to be in harmony with that Power. This inborn certainty that there is an over-ruling Power is common to all humanity, is rooted in the truth, and has persisted through the ages. As he notes the operation of the law of cause and effect, as he finds there is no effect without a cause, and that every cause is the effect of a greater cause, his reason supports his native faith and he sees that behind all causes there is God, the Creator of all that is.

Throughout the ages God has spoken to man. The prophets have so testified. Their vision and prophetic power is evidence of such divine direction. But he who searches his own spiritual out-reachings finds a more personal evidence of God's existence. Through earnest prayer he will find comfort, courage, and assurance. Millions of intelligent, honest men have had faith and have been guided by the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer, while "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

Jesus the Christ who was born in Bethlehem of the Virgin Mary is the central figure of Christianity. His mission was divine. His influence is worldwide. His simple, clear doctrine transcends all the teachings of men. The enduring greatness of his teachings, and the invincible power of his life are admitted by friend and foe alike. He lived before the earth was, in the spirit world with his Father. He, having passed through mortality, knows its problems and can understand and help you with yours.

Jesus Christ is the Son of God the Father. He is a member of the Godhead, and was present at the creation of the world. In the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John we are told that he was in the beginning with God and that he was God, that all things were made by him and without him was not any-

thing made that was made. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men. . . . He was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father full of grace and truth."

THIS truth concerning the spirit existence of Jesus of Nazareth before his body was born in the stable in Bethlehem poses the challenging question to every thinking man, "If Christ lived before birth, what of me? Was birth my beginning?" And this leads to the further searching question, "Why was I born? What is the purpose of my life? If death is not to be my end, then where do I go from here?"

God our Father devised an eternal plan for the salvation of his children. It involved the coming to earth of deathless spirits, to be clothed in bodies which are subject to death. Forgetful for the time of their previous existence, they are charged with the responsibilities which life entails, to resist evil, to earn worth-while things by sacrifice and effort, to choose wisely, to develop power, to learn to do things the right way, or in other words, to become obedient to the laws of God and gain greater fitness for future eternal progress. Life then, is to test the temper of this eternal spirit. It is a school room, a period of learning. It is a training camp where men are prepared for service over there. But, the training is not the end; it is a means to an end, a part of the larger plan. It conditions the trainee for future activity.

Man is deathless. Birth is not his beginning and death is not his end. He passes from earth-life to a world of spirit which is matter more refined. He recovers his body, purified and immortal, through the resurrection made possible by Jesus Christ who is the key figure of the whole plan of salvation. Man retains his power of thought, learning, action, faith, and obedience. He retains his free agency and is ever responsible for the consequences of his choice. He will persist throughout eternity as a separate identity, a person, a child of God.

By example Jesus taught us how to live. He desires that all men shall have joy, and teaches that eternal joy depends upon definite conditions, upon controlling desire, and resisting the temptation to act in opposition to eternal truth. He teaches us that joy is an

THOUGHTS FOR THE SERVICE MAN

effect of causes over which we can exercise conscious control. He suffered the hardships of life, rejected the gifts of earth, and made the supreme sacrifice that all may be put in the way of eternal happiness. He suffered and died for men because he thought they were worth dying for, and in this lesson on sacrifice he has shown us the way to salvation. He has shown us the power and glory of self-mastery. If we are to follow him, we must be willing to sacrifice temporary pleasures for enduring joy.

The plain tendency of religion today is toward an emphasis upon the dignity and worth of the individual human soul, whose value is regarded as such that it would not profit a man to exchange it for the whole world. Sometimes men serving in the army come to feel that they, individually, are of little importance, that the part they play is so minor that they are of little consequence. But, if each one does his part well, he fits in with the larger scheme. It is the aggregate of individual effort, properly directed, that makes an effective army.

So in life, the individual pattern is of great importance because, if properly fashioned, it fits in with the divine plan. Though your role may seem to you infinitesimal, remember that the great plan of the Master would be marred without it. You, having left home in response to your country's call, have moved out into the frontier regions of responsible choice. This is a tremendous responsibility, for the consequences of deliberate choosing carry over into eternity.

Life in the armed forces puts each

man to the test. It calls upon him to prove his manhood, to resist the "down-drag" of his environment, and to overcome the impulse to act contrary to what he knows is right.

As you think of these things on the battlefield, in the air, or on the ocean, trying to orient yourself, searching your soul with these questions of life and its meaning and purpose, you may feel like a pilot over a strange country searching the map and the landscape for evidences of location and direction. Sometimes you may feel that you are just a dot on that map, but being a child of God you must remember that there is a divine purpose in life, and that your Heavenly Father is mindful of you. Yours is the priceless privilege to contact God through prayer. You are his son. He is your Father. He invites you to talk daily with him. He is all-wise, all-powerful, everywhere present by his Holy Spirit. He will hear you when you call, will guide you as you strive to serve him, and will be your companion wherever you may go. Cling to these eternal truths and there will come into your being a quiet courage which is borne of faith, which will transcend all the confusion, doubt, and danger that may assail you, and make of you the kind of man you want to be, an unconquerable free agent, an immortal soul. May He bless you in your prayerful meditation and enable you to translate your convictions into action, and to know if you live worthily, you, with his help, can meet unflinchingly and triumphantly any situation that may arise.

JACOB HAMBLIN

(Continued from page 211)

The crops had all been gathered, but one squash below the terrace had escaped notice. How hungrily the men snatched it up! How hastily they made a fire to cook it. How greedily they ate—one small squash for twelve men. They all declared that it must be a new variety, it was so much sweeter than the ones they raised on the Santa Clara, another proof of the old adage that "hunger is the best sauce."

A few miles further on they came to one of the Hopi villages, a community of cliff houses on top of rugged mesa. From afar the Indian guards had sighted their approaching dust, the alarm had gone out, and the natives were prepared to give battle. But when the missionaries rode up, dusty and travel-stained, when all but Jacob remained back and he came forward without the sign of a weapon, their fear gave way to curiosity. Jacob was taken to the chief, where his friendly attitude and complete simplicity won confidence at once. The natives, reassured, decided to take the white visitor to their homes for supper.

Jacob climbed the high ladder to the top of the wall and down another to

the reception room of the chief. In the dim, cool interior he found himself taking mental notes of the cement-like substance that covered the floors, of the rugs and blankets, of the fine pottery. Then his hostess brought his supper, a dish of stewed meat and beans, peaches, and some thin corn cakes arranged in groups of seven—seven cakes of white meal, seven of blue, seven of red.

In writing of the supper he said, "The hostess, apparently surmising that I would not know how to partake of the bean soup without a spoon, dexterously thrust her fingers, closed tightly together, into the dish containing it, and with a very rapid motion carried the soup to her mouth. Then she motioned for me to eat. Hunger was pressing and a hint was sufficient."

After the meal, the hostess brushed up any bits of crumbs with a feather duster and then retired that Jacob and the chief might talk. Though neither knew a word of the other's language, they had many signs and motions, and the Indian boy whom Jacob had brought along acted as interpreter.

(Continued on page 251)

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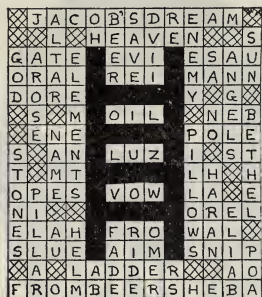
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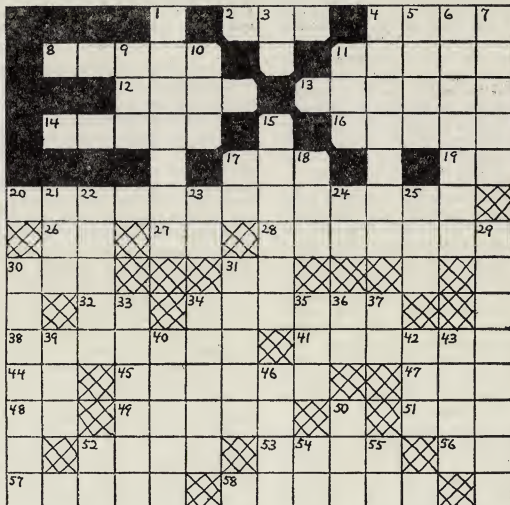
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The Deseret News Press

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Scriptural Crossword-Puzzle—The Exodus from Egypt

"And Moses said unto the people, Remember this day, in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the house of bondage."—Exodus 13:3.



ACROSS

- 2 "But . . . led the people about"
4 "And the . . . spake unto Moses"
8 "And . . . said unto the people"
11 Volcano mountain
12 The second station where the Israelites encamped after crossing the Red sea Ex. 15: 27
13 Two-footed animals
14 Brother of 8 across
16 Part of a glove
17 "Why do we . . . still?"
19 Plural suffix
20 Pharaoh's penalties (3 words)
26 King killed by the Israelites
27 "It is not meet so to . . ."
28 Freest
30 Peep
31 Salvation Army
32 Afternoon
34 Sister of 8 across
38 Mechanic
41 "his chosen captains also are drowned in the . . ."
44 Artificial language
45 "the land of their pilgrimage"
47 "and the . . . his master's crib"
48 Public notice
49 Pertaining to the Norsemen
51 City of King Hadar Gen. 36: 39
52 Ecclesiastical court
53 "as a . . . that is told"
56 Home of Abraham Gen. 11: 31
57 "the . . . and his rider hath he thrown into the sea"
58 "So Moses brought . . . from the Red sea, and they went out into the wilderness of Shur"

DOWN

- 1 "he giveth his . . . sleep"
3 Exodus is in this
4 "his hand was . . . as snow"
5 Genus of trees
6 "who hath . . . of eyes?"
7 Pulpits
9 Weight of India
10 Where manna was first gathered
11 Joseph was cast into this
15 "And the Lord went before them by day in a . . . of a cloud"
17 Country of Europe
18 Philippine peasant
21 Mount on which Aaron died
22 Land that the Israelites left
23 City of Egypt Jer. 46: 25
24 "Depart, and . . . up hence"
25 Fish
29 "ye shall be a peculiar . . ."
30 King of 22 down
31 Mount from which the law was given
33 Microscope user (abbr.)
34 "the taste of it was like wafers made with honey"
35 The soil of the land of Canaan contained much . . . (Scot. var.)
36 One (Scot.)
37 Middle Atlantic state
39 "Take thy . . . , and cast it before Pharaoh"
40 Style of cooking
42 "The trees of the Lord are full of . . ." Ps. 104: 16
43 Eldest son of Isaac
46 New Testament book
50 Southeastern state
52 Means of transportation
54 Place passed on the way to Canaan Num. 21: 28
55 A Scotch eye

Jacob Hamblin

(Continued from page 249)

"Are you not afraid we will kill you?" the chief asked.

"Do you kill your friends?"

"No."

"Then you will not kill us, for we are your friends."

"Americans have bad hearts," the chief said. "You look like Americans. Mebbe your heart is good. No Americans can come to our village."

THE Mormon missionaries visited all seven of the villages which comprised the Hopi nation, though each village in turn was named and had a government by itself, such as the Oraibis, the Moquis, and the Zunis. They were very different from the Plutes and Pledes with whom the Mormons had been working, and the missionaries were much interested in their way of life. They noted the economy in the use of wood, the methods of storing rain water; they watched the men and women at their looms and saw their flocks and farns.

When they were ready to leave, Jacob told them that he would visit them again the next year, and asked what he should bring to trade. They told him that they would like machines to help with their work, and he resolved to bring wool cards and sheep shears, spades and hoes, and perhaps some of the dyes which his own people had learned how to use.

Four of the missionaries were appointed to stay among these people to learn their language and further the friendly relations thus begun—William Hamblin, Jacob's younger brother, Thomas Leavitt, his brother-in-law, Andrew Gibbons, and Benjamin Knell. The others prepared to return home.

They tried at each of the villages to buy food for the return journey, but though the natives were kind and gave them small presents of corn and peaches, they would sell none. These desert Indians knew too well what it meant to go hungry, since they had suffered through several drouth years, and they did not dare part with their small store. So the Mormon missionaries started home with insufficient food for themselves and none for their horses. After a few days with nothing but the dry bunch grass that grew among the rocks, the animals became so jaded they could hardly travel. Troubles came in battalions. A run-away scattered their few remaining provisions; they dared not light a fire for fear of revealing their whereabouts to the roving, hostile Navajo.

After crossing the river, where they expected conditions to be better, they were overtaken by a heavy snowstorm. Thus was cold added to the inconvenience of a three-day fast. They walled through the snow, until when they arrived at Pipe Spring they were all at the breaking point. Where on their way out they had bantered and

(Continued on page 252)

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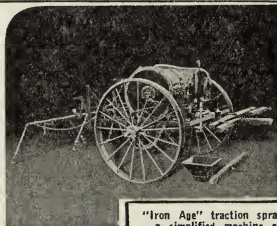
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JACOB HAMBLIN

(Continued from page 251)

contested, they now huddled in rude shelters, the snow up to their knees.

As they wrestled with the problem of starting a fire, Dudley Leavitt and Lucius Fuller got up, went outside, and began to saddle their horses. All day long Jacob had ridden in silence, and the men, following his example, had said little. There was no inclination to joke or sing; certainly they did not want to complain. Jacob rose and followed the men outside.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"We are going home or die in the attempt," Dudley answered.

"Chances are, you can't make it with your tired horses," Jacob told him, "and if you could, you couldn't get help back to us in time. It looks to me like the only thing to do is to shoot a horse for food and wait here till the storm passes."

"Why didn't you say that before?" Dudley said, and pulling the saddle from his horse, he motioned for his companion to shoot it.

"It was the sweetest meat I ever tasted," he used to say years later. "Some of the men had steaks cut out of the hind quarter almost before it stopped kicking."

Jacob had turned and walked into the tent, tears running down his cheeks. All day he had dreaded the thought of killing a horse, partly for the loss of the animal and partly because he was afraid the men would argue and object and have to draw lots to see whose horse would be sacrificed. For two days their sole diet was horse meat without salt, but it saved their lives and enabled them to reach their homes.

THIS marked Jacob's first trip into Arizona; thereafter for many years he went almost annually, usually leaving in the fall when the harvest was over, the river was at its lowest, and the winter storms had not set in.

He came to know the desert intimately; he could read its moods. He knew its wastes and its occasional water pockets. He drank in the wonder of the spring's brief blooming, though he was inarticulate when it came to putting it down on paper. Then the palm leaf cactus opened its brilliant cerise bloom, larger than the tin cup from which he drank, gaudier yet more delicately translucent than any rose. The barrel cactus wore a coronet of golden bloom, and the yucca lifted a tall stem of creamy, waxen bells. When the lengthening shadows stretched across the hills and the reflection of the sunset dyed them with a film of rose over the gray, he lighted his small fire and made his bed where it would be fragrant with the sweetness of the sand flowers, whose pink umbels exhaled a perfume sweeter than its civilized cousin, the verbena. He knew the late summer, too, when all the green of the spring was a parched and brittle brown when, his body coated

with layer upon layer of dust, his blood-shot eyes saw lakes and trees in the mirages that mocked his thirst, when the only movement would be the little whirlwind spirals that careened across the country or the scurrying of an occasional lizard. And he knew the cruel intensity of the brief winter storms—how well he knew them all!

This first trip was by no means his most difficult or dramatic. It was significant chiefly as being first, and because it marked the route which was most often followed. Later he explored another, going due south from St. George to what was later named Pearce's Ferry, and south from there to the San Francisco Mountain and on to the Little Colorado country, thus marking out the route which was later to be used in the establishment of settlements in that section.

Not one trip but what had its share of hardship. There was the time when they were thirteen days between springs, and would have died of thirst but for the fall of snow. At another time they had ten of their eighteen horses stolen, which meant that they must walk most of the remaining way, an eight-day trek. Five of the horses were loaded with the camp equipage, which left three to be ridden by nine men, and as a result they worked out a novel system of "ride and tie" by which each man had his horse at riding and then would tie the horse so that the one following on foot might take his turn. At another time, nearly dead from thirst, they came to Cataract Canyon and saw, three thousand feet below, a stream of water. The precipitant walls were combed down with numberless gullies, the trail they took was so narrow in many places that a horse could not have turned around had it wanted to. A six-hour hike to get a drink!

THERE was not a trip that would not make its own history, and in all of them, but one life was lost, that of young George A. Smith, Jr. This was in 1860 in their third trip to the Moqui Indians. They had left Santa Clara, according to the regular pattern, in the fall, this time taking two wagons and a twenty-foot boat. Once in the Navajoland they were met by a group that was decidedly hostile. Jacob, determined to maintain an attitude of friendliness and peace, stopped to trade with them. In the midst of the negotiations, young George A. noticed that his little mare was running off with a band of Indian ponies, so he jumped on another horse and started after her.

Suddenly Jacob heard three shots ring out. Checking quickly, he sent four men in search of the boy. They found him propped against a rock with three bullets, fired at close range, in his body, and four arrows buried above the arrow heads. They pulled out the arrows, lifted the boy onto a blanket, and carried him to camp.

By this time the Indians were gather-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

JACOB HAMBLIN

ing in from every direction, evidently bent on attack. Jacob sent his interpreter to see what he could learn of their intent, and he returned as pale as it was possible for an Indian to be.

"They say that white men have killed three of their number," he said. "They say if you will give them two more they will let you go in peace. I think it is better that two should die than all."

"You go back and tell them that though we are few, we are well armed, and we will fight to the last man before we give anybody up. They may kill all of us, but we will kill many of them first. I would rather die like a man than live like a dog."

While his companions made haste to pack their animals in preparation for leaving, Jacob took time to retire for a brief prayer. He returned reassured.

"There will be no more lives lost," he told his men. "Let us get away."

The problem was what to do with the wounded boy. To leave him behind was unthinkable, for they knew that the Navajo would not only scalp him but would torture him as well. To take him along would be pain as exquisite as any the Indians could inflict, and yet a man can take it better from a friend. They lifted him onto a horse with a man behind to support him and hold him on. Again and again the boy begged them to stop and let him down, to leave him and save their own lives. When Jacob explained that they must go on and that they could not leave him, he groaned.

"All right," he said at last. "Only I do wish I could die in peace."

Word passed among the group that the Navajo were coming. Sure enough, there was a cloud of dust surrounding horsemen coming at a gallop lying low along their horses' necks. A shiver of excitement ran through the crowd, but Jacob was undisturbed.

"There will be no more lives lost," he repeated quietly.

Then, just as they were nearly within gun range, the Navajo turned their horses and galloped off across the country. Had the Mormons started to run, they would surely have pursued them, but when they did not change their pace, the natives decided against open battle.

Their tension eased, the group saw that the wounded boy was dead. They did not feel safe to stop for a burial, so they wrapped the body in a blanket and left it beside the road, full of sorrow for his sufferings and the grief of his parents.

As soon as he arrived at the fort, Jacob sent word to the father and to Brigham Young. Instructions came back for him to take another group of men and go back for the body.

On this trip, the danger lay more in the trails than from the Indians, for the winter snows had come, doubling the risks. Some mornings they had to wait for the sun to soften the slick surface of the ice; sometimes they hacked at it with their hatchets or butcher-knives, a

man on his knees moving ahead of the train, inching out a path. They found the bones scattered, but Jacob gathered all he could find, put them in a box which he had brought along for the purpose, and started back.

ONE day they met some of the Indians who had been in the group when the boy was killed, and Jacob talked with them without anger or desire for revenge. He had a fundamental admiration for these stately men with their long hair tied back and their silver ornaments; he also saw their courage and fearlessness. They told him that they were sorry that the young man had been killed; if they had known Jacob better it would not have happened.

At Salt Lake City Jacob delivered the remains into the hands of the father. When Brigham Young offered to pay him for the trip, he shook his head.

"No," he said. "It is not the sort of thing one does for pay. I'll take my settlement with George A., Jr., when I meet him."

To follow Jacob Hamblin's different trips is the work of a volume. He was the first white man to explore northern Arizona; he was the first to go down the Colorado River through the Black and Boulder canyons in a boat. A few years later Major J. W. Powell followed the same route, but he had Jacob's account in his hands. In fact, Jacob Hamblin was guide on many of Major Powell's trips, being valuable not only for his knowledge of the land, but for his prestige with the Indians.

This is shown when Major Powell met the Indians in the vicinity of Mt. Trumbull in an effort to learn what had happened to three of his men who had climbed out of the canyon near there a year before. He gives a vivid account of the meeting, of the conversations repeated by the interpreter, of the Indians' story of their hardships in this land. "The gravity of the Mormon missionary helped much," Powell admitted. Because Jacob sponsored him, the Indians accepted him, yet after several hours of talk he knew no more about what he had come to learn than he had at the beginning. As the meeting was breaking up, Jacob put a detaining hand on the arm of an Indian and drawing him quietly to one side, talked in low tones. In a few minutes he came back with all the details.

One story, often re-told, shows why the Indians had gained such confidence in him. When the Navajo came to Kanab to trade, they would stop on a knoll just outside of town, build a smoke, and with a blanket signal that they were there. Then Jacob would go out and invite them in or arrange to trade with them there.

One day he sent his son, Jacob, Jr., out with a pony to exchange for blankets. The boy, eager to make a good bargain, kept demanding more and more, and the Indian gave what he

(Continued on page 254)

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JACOB HAMBLIN

(Continued from page 253)

asked without much protest. When he arrived home, pleased with himself as a good trader, his father looked at the blankets and without comment counted out one pile.

"You take these back," he told the boy. "You charged too much for the pony; this is all he was worth."

At the camp, the Indian was evidently expecting him.

"I know you come back," the native said. "Jacob your father? He my father, too."

THE one time when Jacob's life was most in peril, when the promise which came to him more than twenty years earlier was put to its severest test, was in 1874, when against all the advice of his friends, he went to the Navajo country to avert an Indian war. The trouble began when four Navajo who had come into the Mormon country to trade had been trapped by a snowstorm in Grass Valley, on the Sevier River, near the present town of Richfield. Being hungry, they killed a calf. The owner, not a Mormon, discovered it, gathered a posse, and attacked the Indians, killing three and wounding the fourth. How this last man ever succeeded in dragging himself over all the hard miles between there and his home across the river will always be one of the mysteries. The sight of him worked the natives to a fever heat. To maintain their honor they must have revenge.

Knowing full well the danger of his mission, Jacob set out alone. Twice Bishop Levi Stewart of Kanab sent a messenger telling him to come back, and twice Jacob refused.

"I have been appointed to this mission by the highest authority of God on the earth," he said. "My life is of small moment when compared to the lives of the Saints and the interests of the kingdom of God. I am determined to trust in the Lord and go on."

At Moencopi he met a Mr. J. E. Smith and his brother, two men who had lived among the Indians and who were intrigued by Jacob's determination.

At the camp, Jacob was met by coldness and hostility; the one chief whom he had counted on to befriend him was not there. Instead, young warriors stalked about, their feathered war-bonnets bright in the sun, their faces streaked with vivid blue and red paint, put on to emphasize the hardness of their features.

The council was held in a lodge some twelve feet wide by twenty feet long, with a fire in the center. Jacob and his two white friends were seated at the back with twenty-four warriors between them and the only way of escape. The meeting began with a burst of oratory from one of the young chiefs, who brought in the wounded man and with many gestures told of his sufferings and of the companions whose bodies lay for the wolves to devour.

One after another of the braves arose

to speak, the fire-light on their bare brown skin, the silver ornaments, and the colorful headdress, and the painted faces making the scene even more terrifying. With many gestures they told of how this man had told them to come to the Mormon country to trade, how they had gone in peace, and then had been betrayed. Here was Jacob who was responsible for it all. What could they devise that would be punishment enough for such treachery?

The Piute boy, sweating with fear, told Jacob the decision—to lay his naked body over the coals or to tie him to a tree and build a fire around him. The Americans must witness the torture and then carry word back to the Mormons. Without the quiver of a muscle, Jacob repeated the decision to his white companions. They would help him fight his way out, they told him, if he wanted to try to escape.

"No," he said. "Sit still and say nothing."

He had one of those sudden flashes which told him that if he did not make the first move, there would be no move made. "Inasmuch as you do not thirst for the blood of the Indians, they shall not have power to take your life, the promise had said. He would accept it at face value.

Now it was his turn to speak. In tones so low that they had to lean forward to hear him, he began. "You know that I am your friend. You know that I have never lied to you. I come now to tell you that my people, the Mormons, did not kill your warriors—"

Again the council went on. Some of the Indians held out for torture, others wanted to turn Jacob loose and then run him down, still others thought they should demand cattle and horses in payment. Whenever it was Jacob's turn to speak, he insisted on the same things—that he was their friend; that his people did not kill their warriors. Why should they pay for that which they had not done?

Finally the Indians agreed that if the Mormons would give them four hundred head of cattle, if Jacob would give them a paper promising this, he should have his freedom; otherwise he should be killed. Still he refused. They might kill him, he said, but he would not burden his people with an unjust debt.

After eleven hours, they set him free. He was to take their chief and some of their men back to his country to prove the truth of his words. Thus again was bloodshed averted; thus again was their regard for Jacob Hamblin strengthened.

ONE interesting story comes from his son, Walter, who lives in Kanab.

"I was only a little boy," he says, "eight or nine years old, maybe, and we were traveling down near the line of New Mexico. We had two wagons. Father was driving one ahead, and mother was driving the second one. I was in with mother.

"It was at the time when the Apaches

Jacob Hamblin

were a terror throughout the country. We passed through a Mexican village where all the people had been killed and the houses were only charred posts and piles of ashes. Then we saw a lot of Indians coming toward us on horseback. To my childish eyes it looked like hundreds and hundreds, but as I think of it now, I imagine there were sixty or seventy, maybe. I looked at my mother. She was pale as death. I thought my last day had come, and huddled against her whimpering.

"Father stopped his wagon, so we stopped, too. The two ends of the long line began to encircle the wagon. Father stepped down from the spring-seat to the ground. One Indian rode forward alone, and I heard him cry, 'Jacob!' It was the happiest sound I ever heard. Then they ran toward each other, and were locked in a tight embrace, with their cheeks pressed together, like two brothers that had been separated a long time. It was a band of Navajo on their way back from driving the Apache over the Mexican border, and the chief was the one of whom Jacob was so fond."

So one might go on and on. Jacob Hamblin, with his ideal of friendliness, of fair-dealing and peace, stood between the two ways of life, the Indians and the whites, and did more singlehandedly to bring about a mutual understanding than all the soldiers that ever marched into Arizona. Always on the frontier, he was weakened by exposure and hardship until he died prematurely at the age of sixty-six, as much a martyr to the cause of peace as though he had been killed by a bullet or a poisoned arrow. He was so faithful to his calling that he truly deserved the title of "Apostle to the Lamanites" which Brigham Young gave him on December 15, 1876.

TO A SMALL SON

By Edith Lovell

THERE was a time I thought that you
Could do the things I wanted to;
I had a notion you could be
A better, finer, wiser me.
Ah that was folly; now I know
You have your own long road to go.
You have your share of good and ill;
You have your cup of life to fill.
You must be free, must not be saddled
With my dreams—they're failure-added.
Be clean and true, son; these for me.
Be clean and true and I'll not care whatever
else you choose to be.

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Your Page and Ours

V for Victory!

IF V stands for Victory the Vell Washburn family of Blanding, Utah, is really patriotic besides having two sons in the army.



The six girls are named Verde, Vela, Valgene, Velyn, Velay, Virginia. The oldest girl, Verde, has a tiny new daughter and you would hardly guess so but her name is Verlee.

Editors:

In Australia

A few days ago I wrote you stating that I hadn't received the November number of the *Era*. At that time a thought flashed into my mind—"Wait a bit, it may be on the way. The mail has been very slow lately." But no, I reasoned, I've changed APO's and may never get it, so sent the letter off. Today our unit mail clerk handed me the large brown envelope containing the November issue. I'm mighty glad to get it, too. I've been attending conference the past day or two by reading the inspired reports given by our leaders. . . .

Best wishes.

Clarence G. Carlisle

Complicated Age

Visitor: "How old are you, sonny?"

School Lad: "That's hard to say, sir. According to my latest school tests, I have a psychological age of 11 and a moral age of 10. Anatomically, I'm 7; mentally, I'm 9. But I suppose you refer to my chronological age. That's 8—but nobody pays any attention to that these days!"

No Doubt the Right One

"See here, young fellow," growled the man at the office railing. "I want to see somebody with a little authority."

"Then maybe I can help you, sir," replied the affable clerk. "I have as little authority as anybody round here."

Dear Brethren:

WE elders of the West South Carolina District feel proud of this record. Every home on the Catawba Indian Reservation is subscribing to the *Era*. There is an L.D.S. chapel on the reservation and nearly all of approximately two hundred twenty-five people there are members of the church. This is the first time that every family has had the *Era*.

Elder E. Cannon Winder



WILLIAM
PERCY
JOHNSON

WILLIAM PERCY JOHNSON, *Era* director of the Phoenix Third Ward, Phoenix Stake, is responsible for perhaps some of the most outstanding *Era* work ever accomplished within any ward of the church up to the present time.

During the past year the Phoenix Third Ward under his able supervision subscribed to over 400% of its quota and aided the Phoenix Stake very materially in securing a citation for outstanding achievement.

Brother Johnson is the father of eleven children. Three of his sons and two of his sons-in-law are in the armed forces and another son is in the mission field. Brother Johnson's work with the Maricopa Highway Department requires long hours of labor and yet in spite of this he has found time to devote to *The Improvement Era*, and we are proud of him.

Dear Editors:

Camp Blanding, Florida

SINCERELY appreciate receiving *The Improvement Era*, which is really a source of great inspiration and joy to me while here serving as assistant to the chaplain. . . .

Have occasion to use a number of the hymns of our church during our services and evening vesper and songfest and the men all enjoy them tremendously. My choir director was formerly director of Henry Ford's Glee Club at the Trade School in Detroit, Michigan, and really enjoys making use of the Mormon services.

Was formerly organist at the North Idaho Falls Stake First Ward before coming into the army. The experience I gained there has come in awfully handy down here. . . .

Cpl. Joe L. Marker

Dear Editors:

Amarillo, Texas

FOR the last five months the *Era* has served almost alone as my source of religious teachings, as I am on Sunday duty and haven't a chance to go to church. The wonderful articles on church history have helped me in several instances in discussions with other fellows.

Sincerely yours,

Ervin L. Merrill

It pays to know the folks you sell to



Now is the time to make selling connections that will stand you in good stead not only today but also after it's over. And that is why we want you to know about us and our policies

YEAR IN, YEAR OUT...

SAFeway CONSISTENTLY PAYS THE PRODUCER AS MUCH OR MORE FOR HIS FARM PRODUCTS THAN HE CAN GET ANYWHERE ELSE.

SAFeway BUYS REGULARLY FOR ITS DAILY REQUIREMENTS. SAFeway NEVER SPECULATES IN FARM PRODUCTS OR "STAYS OFF THE MARKET" IN AN EFFORT TO GET BETTER PRICES.



THE REASON we can pay the producer top prices always is due to the Safeway method. For 27 years

we've been improving methods of distributing foods—cutting out needless steps and unnecessary expenses in getting foods from producer to consumer. *This greater efficiency has saved money to benefit grower and consumer alike.*

In war or peace everybody benefits by the straightest possible road to market. Today the Safeway method of food distribution is a great national asset.



NEW BUYING SET-UP

It is Safeway's policy to *keep on improving* our ways of working with farmers. We've recently separated the job of buying from the job of distributing by setting up specialized buying divisions. The regional offices of these new Safeway buying divisions are being spread out over the country. This will give farmers closer contact with our buyers. In

many cases our divisions operate local receiving and packing sheds—so you can deliver in less than carlot quantities.

All these divisions buy exclusively for Safeway retail stores. All follow our buying policies. They do not collect or accept commissions, allowances, or brokerage.

SAFeway The Neighborhood Grocery Stores



You buy foods as well as produce them—so you'll be interested to know that close to a third of all Safeway retail store customers are farm folks.

We invite you to shop at your Safeway for one full month . . . and compare what you save!

★ Plant your extra dollars into War Bonds! ★

ABOVE ALL ELSE

Beyond wealth, power, position, and the daily wants of life... there are many things of priceless value. The security and welfare of one's own family, for example.

Those who appreciate fully the importance of this matter own life insurance.

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Salt Lake City, Utah