

The Improvement Era

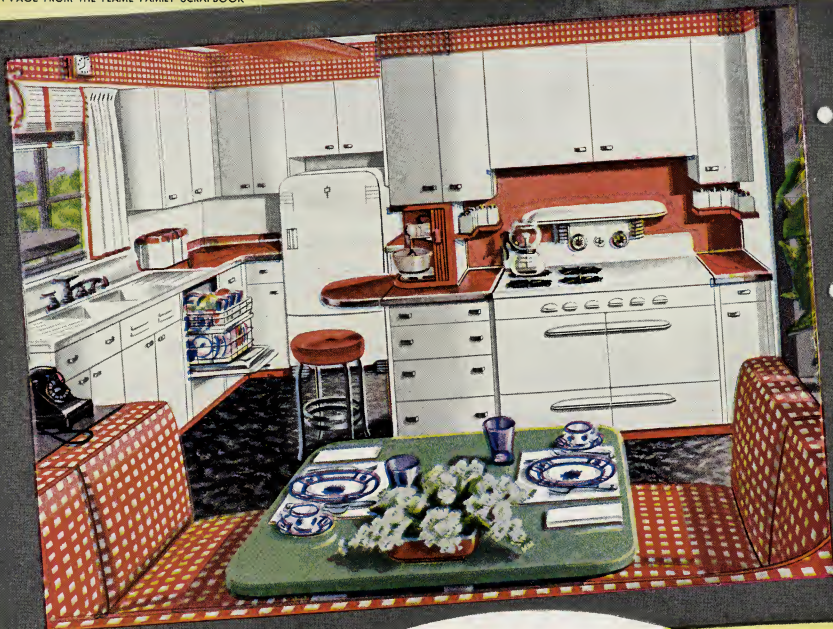
December, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-seven



December 23, 1805—Joseph Smith—June 27, 1844

Colorful. Convenient. GAS-equipped

A PAGE FROM THE FLAME FAMILY SCRAPBOOK



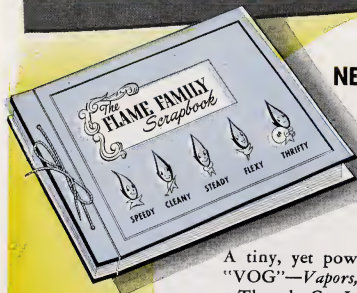
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EXPLORING The UNIVERSE

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

DR. M. H. TRYTTEN of the National Research Council has found that only one in 102 college graduates before World War II attained a Ph. D. degree in science. Dr. Trytten estimated that the deficiency of Ph. D.'s needed by universities, government, and industry may reach 13,000 by 1950.

THE FOGGING and icing of windshields is reportedly eliminated by the use of Nesa, a permanent transparent coating for glass which can conduct electricity through the glass panel.

OF THE OVER 14,000 compounds which have been examined in the anti-malaria program, about half were made synthetically especially for such tests. Many of the compounds were superior to quinine in control of malaria; 6-hydroxy-8-aminolepidine is 600 times as effective, and another compound may prove to be 1,000 times better than quinine.

SOME MOLECULES wriggle like worms when an alternating electric field is applied to them. Since many molecules such as those used in artificial silk and rubber have such properties, the force required to make the molecules wriggle leads to valuable information on their weight and structure which leads to designing new molecules to meet specific needs.

A NEW type of clothespin has a slot at each end so that the user will be able to use the pin no matter which way it is picked up. The two slots are cut at right angles so the pins won't be too long.

ABOUT 500 YEARS ago the Venetians in Italy used assembly-line methods in shipbuilding. In 1570, one hundred ships were turned out in one hundred days, and in 1574, Henry III of France while eating at a two-hour banquet saw a galley built, outfitted, armed, and launched.

IT HAS been discovered by Vincent Schaefer that snowflakes do not follow the air flow pattern around an airplane, but hit the plane, and at high speeds break into thirty to five hundred fragments, creating sufficient static electricity to interfere seriously with radio communication during a snowstorm.

They go together!

holiday menus
and
Saltines
by
PURITY



What occasions there'll be for festive entertaining... all through December and on past the New Year! And that calls for plentiful fresh-baked, flaky, delicious Saltines... to supplement the recipes and make the menus sparkle. Keep lots of Saltines around!



*Saltine
Wafers*
by

PURITY

PURITY BISCUIT COMPANY • SALT LAKE



The Improvement Era

DECEMBER 1947

VOLUME 50, NO. 12

"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

To the Latter-day Saints Everywhere. George Albert Smith 797

Church Features

Joseph Smith—Prophet.....	Levi Edgar Young 798
Christmas Comes to Lee's Creek.....	C. Frank Steele 801
Those Who Remained Behind.....	Marba C. Josephson 805
For the Security of Zion.....	R. H. Walker 810
Evidences and Reconciliations: CXVIII—Was Brigham Young Loyal to Joseph Smith?.....	John A. Widtsoe 821
The Church Moves On.....	792
Dutch Saints Ship Potatoes to Germany. Frederick W. Babel.....	824
Genealogy: Nearly Three Million Pages of Danish Films in Library.....	826
December in Church History.....	826
Melchizedek Priesthood.....	828
No-Liquor-Tobacco Column.....	829
The Presiding Bishopric's Page.....	830
Music: First Presidency Proposes Stake and Ward Musical Organizations.....	832

Special Features

International Council of Women.....	Clarissa A. Beesley 794
From Distant Lands.....	
From the Autobiography of Nishan K. Sherinian.....	802
Christmas Peace in Our Homes: Let's Talk It Over.....	
Mary Brentnall.....	808
Christmas in Antigua, Guatemala.....	Ivy Williams Stone 817
The Spoken Word from Temple Square.....	Richard L. Evans 818
Exploring the Universe. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.....	789
Needed for Europe: Dollars and Faith, G. Homer Durham.....	791
The Boy at the Parade, Eugene Hilton.....	794
Let's Make It a Reading Christmas: On the Bookrack.....	814
Homing: Merry Christmas From You, Cy Lance.....	822
Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nichols.....	822
Your Page and Ours.....	852

Editorials

Commercializing Christmas.....	Doyle L. Green 820
The Christmas Way.....	Marba C. Josephson 820

Stories, Poetry

Too Many Children.....	Christie Lund Coles 806
Hole in the Rock—Chapter XII.....	Anna Prince Redd 812
Frontispiece: Correggio's "Holy Night," Francis Marshall.....	795
Poetry Page.....	796
After the Hurried Years, Dorothy J. Sartori.....	804
The Umbrella Pine, Merling D. Clyde.....	836
Our Prayer, J. Harry Peterson.....	840
Peace, Grace S. Colton.....	846

The Cover

FOR December, the birth month of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the closing month of the centennial year, *The Improvement Era* presents in four colors a portrait of the Prophet, which is reproduced from a painting completed in 1910 by L. A. Ramsey. This canvas hangs in the Salt Lake Temple.



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NEEDED FOR EUROPE: Dollars and Faith

ON SEPTEMBER 27, 1947, the U. S. Department of State made public the report of the European Committee on Economic Co-operation. The report was signed by Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Minister, as chairman. Signatures from the following sixteen European states followed: United Kingdom, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Greece, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, and Turkey.

The report is the first concrete factor to emerge in the so-called "Marshall Plan." It is fundamental evidence of the world position occupied by the United States of America.

On June 5, 1947, George C. Marshall, the American Secretary of State, delivered the annual commencement address at Harvard University. Previously, on March 12, 1947, President Truman in a message to Congress committed the United States to the principle of supporting free governments, with particular reference to Greece and Turkey, in the declaration now known as "the Truman Doctrine." (Walter Lippman has stated, in effect, that the Truman Doctrine gave recognition to a status of "cold war" between the U. S. A. and Russia. As a result Mr. Lippman has criticized American diplomacy for bankrupting itself by such a "cold war" involvement.) The March 12, 1947, declaration placed the United States foreign policy in juxtaposition to the spread of Communism. This has its embarrassing aspects, especially in view of the strong position held by Communist parties in Italy and France. Mr. Marshall's commencement speech at Harvard, June 5, served to clear the air by centering attention on "economic recovery" in western Europe rather than on "stopping Communism." It should be realized, however, that the real intent of the "Marshall Plan" is to buttress western Europe against Soviet domination. Thus, from a few words uttered at Harvard, there sprang into motion a conference at Paris of sixteen nations. Our purpose, seen from June 5, back to March 12, in the Marshall-Truman speeches, seems clear. What motives stirred the sixteen European powers?

LET MR. BEVIN's letter to Secretary Marshall, released September 27, 1947, reply: "My Dear Mr. Secretary,

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

In your speech at Harvard University on the 5th of June you stated that, before the United States could proceed much further in its efforts to help start the European world on its way to recovery, there must be some agreement among the countries concerned as to the requirements of the situation and the part these countries themselves could play in order to give proper effect to whatever action might be undertaken by the government of the United States." The letter proceeds, followed by the report itself of eight chapters and a preamble. The eight chapters are entitled "Historical Introduction," "European Recovery Program," "Production Effort," "Internal Economic Financial and Monetary Stability," "Economic Co-operation," "Import Requirements," "Problem of Payments," and "Conclusions." The heart of the program, so far as most Americans are concerned, is chapter VI, "Import Requirements" which calls for 21.4 billion dollars from the U.S.A., 1948-51, 6 billion in the first year 1948, tapering off to 4.3 billion in 1951. Even with these credits, and other elements of the four-year program from all other nations totaling 57.3 billions, the report states "the consumption of food in Europe will still be significantly below prewar, even assuming full success of the agricultural [European] programs." The report then goes on: "This import program . . . raises most difficult financial questions." This, we realize!

THE report itself is pessimistic, at best, about Europe's ability to repay the credits requested. The American contribution has been expected. How it was to come and in what form, no one knew. When Secretary Marshall suggested that the European nations might get together and see what they could do, they jumped at the chance, met in Paris, and produced the report. It is now up to the American government. The American credits are the heart of the plan. Committees of Congress have been touring Europe. The President has touched off a food con-

servation program to make all Americans politically conscious of the problem, so, that by the time Congress makes a decision, most of us will have become acquainted with the issues. The voting of the funds is up to Congress.

CURRENT American foreign policy in Europe is definitely one of supporting non-Communist governments. We feel that war-torn chaos is breeding ground for Communism; therefore we are told we must aid European recovery in order to (1) stop Communism and (2) rebuild strong non-Communist regimes in Europe.

IN this process, towards these objectives, in what do we put our faith? To date, it seems that the answer is "dollars." Will dollars save Europe? Or will the dollars merely rebuild Europe for eventual Communist governments? These are questions of the hour.

MONEY, resources, material goods are vital at any time. When men are hungry and in need, material resources are essential elements of any program. But more is necessary. Men have wills, brains, hearts, feelings, beliefs, as well as stomachs. Men must have spirit and courage in facing any task. There was, in a sense, a "Marshall Plan" in operation when Mormon frontiersmen, literally war-refugees from Missouri, built and raised the city of Nauvoo from a swamp. "Credits" and "loans" were made available from Isaac Galland and other friends in an hour of need. Thus, a "Marshall Plan" may help. But men must work, toil, and strive; they must mix faith and belief with their bread-dough, their concrete, and their policy. Where is the spiritual power, the faith for Europe today, by means of which American aid can come to have permanent value? How can it be supplied? The Marshall Plan will help. But dollars alone will not save Europe in these times. The American people and their Congress can well consider this point, as the appropriations bills are prepared.

NINETY years ago, in the American desert, Wilford Woodruff, pioneer, declared that "to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness" was the true principle of prosperity. Can we mix something of this principle with the dollars?

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for
Everyday
Eats

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FISHER'S BISKIT MIX is an easy shortcut to tempting treats that spark up any menu: biscuits, muffins and waffles for everyday enjoyment... cakes and cookies for gifts and party-time enjoyment. Compare results in your own kitchen. Here's an easy recipe that's right in season:

QUICK FRUITCAKE COOKIES

- 2½ cups Fisher's Biskit Mix
- ½ cup Sugar
- 1 tsp. Cinnamon
- ½ tsp. Allspice
- ½ cup Shortening, melted
- 2 Eggs
- 2 tbsp. Lemon Juice
- 1 tsp. Vanilla
- 1 cup Mixed Fruitcake Fruits, Chopped
- ½ cup Raisins
- ½ cup Nuts, chopped

Measure Fisher's Biskit Mix into a bowl and mix with sugar, cinnamon, and allspice. Beat egg, melted shortening, lemon juice, and vanilla to blend well. Sprinkle chopped fruits with a small amount of the flour mixture. Add egg mixture to dry ingredients and mix. Stir in fruits, raisins, and chopped nuts. Drop in small mounds on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350° F. oven for 12 minutes or until a very light brown. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

Get Fisher's Biskit Mix today!
It's ten mixes in one!



NEW THRIFTY PACKAGE

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

Japanese Mission

The First Presidency has announced the reopening of the Japanese Mission, and the appointment of Edward L. Clissold as its president.

President Clissold, a native of Salt Lake City, has had his home in Honolulu since 1929. He also filled a mission to Hawaii from 1921 to 1924. He is a former member of the Oahu Stake presidency and a former president of the Hawaiian Temple. In 1934 he assisted in organizing a Japanese Sunday School in Honolulu. This grew until in 1937 a Japanese Mission (now the Central Pacific) was organized among those people living in the Hawaiian



EDWARD L.
CLISSOLD

Islands. President Clissold was acting president of this mission during the war years.

In Japan on a government assignment following the end of hostilities, he attended the first meeting of Latter-day Saint servicemen and Church members held in Tokyo.

It is reported that there are between 150 and two hundred members of the Church in Japan, exclusive of groups of American servicemen.

President Clissold will go to Japan alone and contact members. Other missionaries may follow as soon as clearance can be had from the occupation forces, and it is determined that missionaries will not be a burden upon the people or the government of Japan.

The Japanese Mission was opened in 1901 by President Heber J. Grant, then a member of the Council of the Twelve. It was discontinued by the Church in 1924.

Relief Society Clothing Drive

THE recent Relief Society clothing drive for the benefit of the needy Saints in Europe netted 619,904 articles which were sent in seventeen carloads. Included in the shipment were men's, women's, children's, and babies' clothing; bedclothes, needles, thread, yarn, soap powder, and miscellaneous items.

Central Atlantic States Mission

THE East Central States Mission of the Church has been divided and the Central Atlantic States Mission created from parts of that mission. The First Presidency named J. Robert Price, president of the Phoenix Stake, as president of the new mission, with headquarters at Roanoke, Virginia. The new mission was organized under Elders Albert E. Bowen and Henry D. Moyle.

The East Central States Mission under the direction of President Thomas



J.
ROBERT
PRICE

W. Richards, now consists of the Saints living in the states of Tennessee, Kentucky, and West Virginia. The mission membership is approximately 10,000.

Transferred to the Central Atlantic States Mission are approximately 7,000 Saints living in Virginia and North Carolina.

President Price filled a mission to England from 1905 to 1907. He has been a counselor in the bishopric in Heber, Utah. After moving to Phoenix about thirty-five years ago he served first as ward bishop, and then as president of the Maricopa and finally the Phoenix Stake. Sister Price will accompany him in this new assignment.

South Carolina Stake

THE South Carolina Stake, one hundred sixty-ninth in the Church, was organized October 19, by Elders Albert E. Bowen and Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve.

William Wallace McBride was sustained as stake president, with Benjamin W. Wilkerson and Earl M. Voyles as counselors.

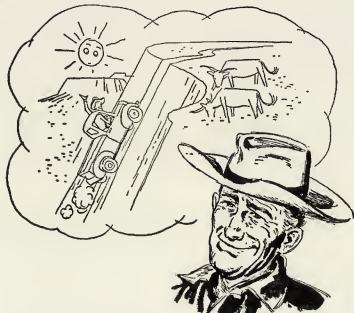
Wards of the new stake are: Columbia, Greenville, Charleston, Gaffney, Spartanburg, Hartsville, and Ridgeway, all in South Carolina. Branches are: Darlington, Sumter, Society Hill, Winnsboro, in South Carolina, and the Augusta Branch, Georgia.

Stake membership is reported to be 3,600.

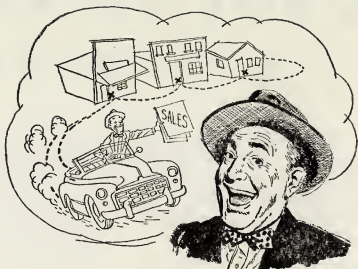
This is the second stake to be organized
(Continued on page 843)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

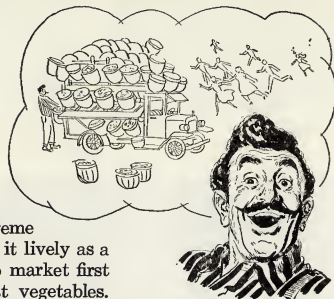
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What Angelo thinks—Chevron Supreme starts the truck in a flash, makes it lively as a bambino . . . now Angelo gets to market first . . . beats everyone to the choicest vegetables.



And all their engines agree—Chevron Supreme gasoline is a blend of a number of gasolines to provide premium performance for every job . . . and it's specially refined to burn clean, give extra power.

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CHEVRON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SUPREME GASOLINE

The BOY at the PARADE

By Eugene Hilton, Ed.D.

ON the page before me spreads the picture! Yes, I mused to myself, I was there enjoying that great parade. I saw the crowd with craning necks intent on seeing all that passed by.

But one insistent thought—poignant and disturbing—pushed all else from my intense attention as I saw that little lad who couldn't see a thing—standing there behind that close-packed throng. No one seemed to know that he was there—standing there alone—walled out by full-grown people massed before. He, too, had come to see this wondrous parade! Yes, they had told him how glorious it would be—and yet—he couldn't see a thing! He couldn't

push through all those close-packed people—if only one of them would lend a hand!

I turned the pages of the magazine, but the thought of that lone boy passed and repassed like a parade itself before my mind. The thought of him was so insistent that the keen edge of pleasure was removed from the memory of that happy hour—from that well-planned hour in which we paused to honor those who in the past had made our joyous present what it is.

And yet while still remembering what they chose for us—the thought of that neglected boy returned to taunt—to challenge—to remind me once again that the

torch which they have passed to us, we yet must hold aloft, that truth may one day reign supreme.

Is that boy, perhaps, I wonder to myself, a living symbol—one who stands for many—children—youth—people who understandingly fail to see the vital worth of that which really matters in the passing parade of life because we, who could help them see, are so intent on seeing for ourselves that we so often fail to share in full our joy with them? No, not altogether, I reassure myself, for close by in the picture is one proud daddy who holds aloft his lovely little daughter that she may see and so be seen as well.

But still there stands that little boy—how much he needs an understanding daddy! Someone to raise him aloft and help him see.

And there is no time to lose—the parade is passing by!

If he doesn't see it now, he may never again, for time moves fast, and soon the scene has changed!

Oh! How much better this wondrous world still could be if each of us would truly love his neighbor! If only more of us would serve each other like the noble few we know who daily spread abroad for man their helpful deeds and benefits much as the sun itself in yonder heaven sends forth its healing rays!

Yes! Every boy—and every person—has eyes to see and heart to understand—but he needs to stand where he can see! He needs the priceless help of some unselfish soul who himself already sees—and with yearning heart stands wisely by and seeks to help.



AN event of interest and importance to women was the Triennial Session of the International Council of Women, held in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 5-12 of this year. Since the last previous session of this council to be held in the United States was twenty-five years ago, and since because of the war, no meeting has been held since 1938, when the last one occurred at Edinburgh, Scotland, this was rather an outstanding occasion.

International COUNCIL OF WOMEN

By Clarissa A. Beesley

Philadelphia, the city of "brotherly love," was selected as a fitting place to meet, in the present distressing conditions of the world.

The National Council of Women

of the United States and the International Council of Women were both organized in the city of Washington, D.C., in 1888. From the beginning, the Relief Society and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association have been members of the former, and through that affiliation, they have been vitally interested in the larger world organization.

At this session held in Philadelphia, five representatives of Latter-

(Concluded on page 816)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Correggio's

"Holy Night"

By

FRANCES MARSHALL

—"Holy Night"
by Correggio
Dresden Gallery



OVER four hundred years ago lived the great painter known as Correggio. He took his name from the small town of Correggio in northern Italy, where he was born just two years after the discovery of America.

His real name was Antonio Allegri. As he became famous, the name of his birthplace was added, giving him the title of Antonio Allegri da Correggio. Near the town of Correggio was a somewhat larger town called Reggio; and when the artist had won renown by his frescoes in Parma and Mantua, he was asked by Alberto Pratonero to paint an oil picture to adorn the new chapel he had just built in the church of San Prospero in Reggio.

It was for this chapel of the Pratoneri family that the picture called "Holy Night" was painted in 1530, and it remained there in quiet seclusion for many years. But it was too beautiful to be lost in obscurity, so it was removed to the Gallery of Fine Arts in Dresden.

The scene is in a rude shed, quite open, where Joseph

appears with humble animals of the field. Although the first signs of dawn tinge the hills and the sky, the important light of the picture is that shining with a heavenly radiance from the Holy Child resting in his mother's arms. The face of Mary reflects the glory of her Son as she gazes fondly upon him, undazzled by the brightness from which the young woman on the opposite side screens her eyes. A sturdy old shepherd looks on in amazement, and a young shepherd looks up at him as if saying: "It is strange, but too beautiful to frighten anyone." Above are joyful angels who have just floated down on a billow of clouds to gaze upon the scene, but they do not bring with them the bright light upon the clouds; that too, is a reflection from the Christ Child.

Correggio, has sometimes been called "Ariel, the Light Bringer," because the light in his pictures is so clear and bright. Artists have never ceased to admire the wonderful glow shining from the Heavenly Child who came to this world nearly two thousand years ago.



SMALL BOY

By Anobel Armour

THE small Boy loved to touch his hand to wood,
And so he left his outdoor play and stood
By Joseph's side, smoothing an oxen-yoke.
Briefly forgetting destiny, he spoke
Young thoughts of how, when grown, he hoped to be

An humble workman, skilled in carpentry.
So he worked with wood till time to preach,
Learning the simple things that toil can teach.

He learned to build the crossbeams and the doors

For cottages, along the blue lake's shores,
That housed his dear-loved neighbors through the years,

Yet in his eyes was mist of hidden tears,
For he could see past useful, smooth-rubbed wood

To where three rough-hewn, manbuilt crosses stood!

MAY CHRISTMAS BE CHRISTMAS

By Lillias Livingston

TO some the very thoughts of Christmas bring
Such poignant yearnings for someone,
something
That's dead, such pain to hearts already sore,
They simply can't bear Christmas any more.

Beneath the glitter may they find thy gem
That Christmas may be Christmas unto them.

Lord, open now their eyes made blind by pain
That clear and true perspective they may gain,
Unstop their ears quite deafened now by grief

That they may hear thy words and through belief
Be healed—know peace that only thou canst give,
May Christmas cause a wondrous faith to live

And bring such heavenly joy to hearts once sore
That Christmas is more longed-for than before.

O Lord, as they reach out to Bethlehem,
May Christmas be true Christmas unto them!

HOME

By Ethel Peak

A home is like a Christmas wreath
Of mistletoe and holly,
And all the loved ones grouped beneath
The tree so bright and jolly.

A home is like a candle flame
That makes dark corners light;
From Christmas time to Christmas time
God keep its fires bright!

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Georgia Moore Eberling

THIS is the moment that never grows old,
Framed in frost-silver and bound with fire-gold:

Tinsel and mistletoe, holly and pine,
Lights on the Christmas tree, young eyes that shine,

Laughter that ripples from joyous young hearts. . . .

Older eyes misty from memory's darts. . . .
Stars up above us that twinkle till dawn,
God's silver candles for those who are gone.

This is the moment the heart will remember
From the May-time of life to its whitest December.



"DEAR SANTA: PLEASE BRING—"

By Marghale Woolsey

SHE is the Santa now—my eldest one;
She fills her child's small stocking;
by the tree,

Sets a bright rockinghorse, a fuzzy bear.
Her smile is luminous: "Do you think *he*
Will like them? . . . In a way, they're mine.
I guess; they're what I always wanted so
When I was little, Mom. They seemed too much

To ask—I never dared to let you know!
So—here they are, for Sonny!"

. . . Thus, I learn
Her childhood secret that I never guessed.
And in my heart there grows a wistful ache
For all such dear lost dreams that, unexpressed,
Go unfulfilled.

I had one, too,—when I
Wore pinafores and loved my china doll—
My wish, a doll's house; I remember yet
The gay imagined rooms, their windows all
Lace-curtained—floors with velvet rugs—
The tiny gilded chairs, the kitchen nest.
. . . My daughter's had a cabinet and sink
And bathroom, very modern and complete;
Even grown up, I thought it grand—and grieved
Because she seemed unthrilled by such a prize.

. . . I wonder . . . what frail wish now languishes
Behind my grandchild's Christmas-dreaming eyes!

TRIBUTE TO PIONEERS

By Ruth May Fox

A PERILOUS journey, rugged and long,
But their hearts were light, and their faith was strong;
They were free from the spoiler's ruthless hand,
And soon they would enter their promised land.

Lovely the valley but barren and bare;
"Hasten, O Israel, we've no time to spare;
We must plow and plant ere the cold winds blow;
Conserve for our use the fast melting snow."

Redeeming a desert is a toilsome task;
Strength for their day was the blessing they asked;
Hardships, privations, and arduous toil
Were the tribute they paid for a friendly soil.

The snow-mantled peaks entranced with the scene
Called to the desert, "Awake from thy dream;
In garlands of beauty be thou arrayed;
The foundations of Zion must be laid."

Answered the desert with a golden yield;
The wilderness changed to a fruitful field;
Gardens responded; soon dwellings adorned
The once arid wastes the great ones had scorned.

All honor and praise to that valiant band,
Who first pitched their tents in this chosen land;
And praise for their leader, prophet, and seer
Whose deeds we extol, whose name we revere.

They came not for wealth, position, or fame,
But to serve the God of mountain and plain;
To build a city of peace and goodwill,
Their heaven-born mission of love to fulfil.

Ten decades have passed. Since that blessed day
Millions of people have traveled this way,
Praising the beauty of earth, lake, and sky,
Bowing their heads where the pioneers lie.

WINTER SILHOUETTE

By Frances Reid

THERE is for me a beauty, haunting and rare,
In the stark and blackened bareness of these trees:

An intricacy of pattern finely etched
Against the mauve and gray of a winter sky.

An inner strength, defying time and weather,
Invests these naked trunks and branches bleak

With something of the majesty that lies
In ocean depths or lofty mountain peaks.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

To the Latter-day Saints Everywhere

By PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

AT THE approach of another glad Christmastide my heart is filled with gratitude to my Heavenly Father for the many blessings which he has bestowed upon the Latter-day Saints during the year which is now drawing to a close.

Here in this land which has been spared actual warfare, our farms and fields have yielded bounteously; our flocks and herds have multiplied. Through diligent efforts we have produced enough of the necessities of life to sustain ourselves, and to provide a surplus which we have sent to assist our impoverished brethren and sisters in other lands. Since the close of the war, eighty-seven carloads of food, clothing and bedding have been sent by the Church to the needy and destitute across the sea. In this charitable service we can behold the practical working of the welfare plan, in which so many willing hands have labored and toiled during recent years.

Our missionary effort at the present time is greater than at any previous period in the history of the Church. Today there are in full-time missionary service more than four thousand of the sons and daughters of God who have been divinely commissioned to proclaim the truth to the children of men. They are sent out to teach repentance to the inhabitants of the earth, that these people may turn from the error of their ways, that they may cleave unto that which is righteous, and thereby gain the favor of our Heavenly Father and enjoy the companionship of his Spirit, which is a safe guide along the pathway of mortal life and a sure preparation for a home in his celestial kingdom.

During the present year we have been able to complete a very successful celebration in honor of the arrival, one hundred years ago, of the first pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, under the leadership of President Brigham Young. Appropriate exercises were held by the Saints in many of the cities of the intermountain empire, celebrating the event; a modern caravan of automobiles, camouflaged as oxen-drawn covered wagons, traveled over the pioneer route from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. At the mouth of Emigration Canyon one of the most beautiful and imposing monuments in the world was constructed, marking the end of the trail and on which was written the historic declaration of the great pioneer president, "This is the Place."

While we are recounting our blessings, we must remember that great problems are yet before us. The world is still staggering from the effects of the recent war; cities are in ruins; famine stalks unchecked in many sections of the old world; rumblings of political and social upheavals cause men's hearts to tremble with fear; the dove of peace is denied admittance in the councils of the nations.

But the promises of the Lord can be relied upon in the future as they have been in the past. Each passing year brings us nearer the date of his coming in power and glory. True, the hour and the day, no man knoweth. But the duty of the Latter-day Saints is to watch and pray, being valiant for the truth and abounding in good works. Despite the discontent in the world and the apparent growth of the power of evil, those who continue to stand in holy places can discern through it all the handiwork of the Lord in the consummation of his own purposes. The Almighty reigns and will continue to reign!

Therefore, at this season of the year, let personal discords be forgotten and animosities banished. Let rejoicing be heartfelt but not boisterous. Let gift giving be as generous as circumstances will allow, but not extravagant. Let the hearts of the children be made glad, and let us live that the spirit of the Prince of Peace may dwell in our homes.

The EDITOR'S PAGE

JOSEPH SMITH—

Prophet

By *Luci Edgar Young.*

PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

THE parents of Joseph Smith were poor people, but highly self-respecting and of sturdy stock. They lived in the sparsely inhabited state of Vermont at the beginning of the last century, where they had built their rock cabin and cultivated the small tract of land which they had cleared. Descendants of old Puritan stock of Massachusetts, they clung to their moral and religious ideals and practices. There were in the old home the Holy Bible and a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, from which Joseph learned to read. When he was about ten years of age, his parents moved to the western part of New York, where he lived during his boyhood days. The life led during this period strengthened his powerful physical body, which no strain of his later years seemed to impair. Such stock became the backbone of the frontier and from them came the men and women of the advanced settlements of our country.

Itinerant preachers of the religious sects of America passed from time to time the door of the Smith home, and delivered tracts concerning the "Gospel of Jesus Christ." They were read with interest, for the missionaries who came had differences of opinion concerning the gospel. The young boy Joseph was awakened and read the first chapter, verse five, particularly, of the Epistle of James:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. (James 1:5.)

He retired to the woods one day and prayed to his Father in heaven for understanding and divine light. In the following simple and lovely words, Joseph Smith tells his own story:

After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such an astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me

for a time, as if I were doomed to sudden destruction.

But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair and abandon myself to destruction—not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being—just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me.

It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two Personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other—"This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him!"

Here was the answer to a spiritual conviction, which has been woven into the thought of a noble people of today. Joseph's message from the first rang with richness, beauty, and comfort. The young boy had reached the ultimate peace which faith brings. He knew that God lives; that Jesus Christ lives; and that faith, repentance, and baptism by one divinely called opens the way to eternal life. In that first prayer, he was given to know, and in time "the whole story was unsealed to him." This vision, for it was a visit of God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ,

meant the largest possible increase in life. He made known that men might know that life is to be found in a true relationship with their Maker.

The boy's faith in the promises of the Lord had now deepened into knowledge. The Book of Mormon translated from the gold plates was given to the world, and in the month of May 1829, Joseph and Oliver Cowdrey were visited by a heavenly messenger, John the Baptist, who laid his hands upon their heads and conferred upon them the priesthood of Aaron. This was followed by the visitation of the Apostles Peter, James, and John, the ancient apostles of our Lord and Savior, who conferred upon Joseph the apostleship to which they themselves had been ordained in the days when Jesus was on the earth. Oliver was also ordained to the same priesthood. The messages of the Prophet appealed to a few men and women of deep religious fervor. They came to know by their faith and prayers that God had spoken. The revelations of God were written by the Prophet and soon published under the title of *The Doctrine and Covenants*, which takes its place among the prophetic books of all time.

KIRTLAND, OHIO, was the first city built by the Saints on the frontier. The people were united under the Prophet in living according to the commandments of God, and they began their labor of building with profound and undying zeal to awaken within themselves a sense of the future and to prepare themselves for it. The quarrying and hauling of the stone, the making of the lumber and the nails and the shingles and all other things that entered into the building of the tem-



ple make a story of sublime faith in God. Amid their poverty and sorrows, they labored and prayed, but they finished a noble structure.

Says Daniel Tyler:

How often have I seen those humble, faithful servants of the Lord, after toiling all day in the quarry, or on the building, when the walls were in course of erection, weary and faint, yet with cheerful countenances, retiring to their homes with a few pounds of corn meal that had been donated. And in the case of those who lacked a cow to give a little milk, the corn meal was sometimes for days together, all that they and their families had to subsist upon. When a little flour, butter, or meat came in, they were luxuries.

In this holy house, February 14, 1835, the Prophet appointed and ordained the Twelve Apostles, and two weeks later, February 28, 1835, the First Council of the Seventy was called and given its place as the third great Council of the Church.

life than that of the Prophet Joseph Smith's statement:

And the spirit and the body are the soul of man. And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul. (D. & C. 88:15, 16.)

These verses recognize the fact that God created man in his own image, and that the body of man is divine. This truth gives the key to the higher moral values of life. The human body is to be held sacred at all times. Such thought produces a new mind and lies at the foundation of reform among all classes of people today. All things—"Earthly goods, earthly relations, the earthly life itself are to be consecrated to his holy purposes." This ideal of the sanctity of the human body impressed upon us that the religious spirit which we develop must express itself in the actual world, in creating institutions which shall make for righteousness.

suffered bitter trials and persecutions in their homes and settlements, in Missouri and Illinois; and their leader, the Prophet, suffered with them. In 1839, they made of Nauvoo a beautiful city, on the banks of the Mississippi River, under his leadership. It was one of the most imposing cities of the frontier at that time. Its beauty lay in its spiritual life, otherwise its history was told in figures and statistics. In the history of the world the religious spirit has moved men to great secular tasks, including discovery, colonization, and the converting of people, but it has not often directed their energies to the making of cities. One always thinks of the modern city as standing for trade, for business, for theaters, and for places of amusement. There are the noise of the street, the whistles of railroad engines, the activity of trade. It was, however, the spiritual life of Nauvoo that made the city distinct.

In time there developed a civic conscience which made it one of the most outstanding spiritual and religious cities of American history. In a study of the history of Nauvoo, we are reminded of the words of Lord Chief Justice Russell:

Civilization is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread, good though those things be. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition for human brotherhood irrespective of color or nation or religion, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, and ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice.

The priesthood of God governed Nauvoo. It lived in the midst of the material, working in and through it, and directing it to higher ends. The town had its industries; and beyond in the country, wheat farms and well-kept orchards stretched out in almost endless vision. What money the people acquired was the result of hard work and faith in their ideals and dreams. Little was spent for luxuries, and none for debasing pleasures. Again the Prophet urged the building of a temple to God; and like the one at Kirtland, the Nauvoo Temple was built for sacred purposes.

As the Saints crossed the Mississippi River on their way west-

(Continued on page 800)



The building, a beautiful creation of architecture, still stands, a tribute to the planning of Joseph Smith. There is the simple pure outline of walls and windows and doors. While it has lost its sanctity, it tells of a far-gone day when the people said: "We will build temples to our God." And this they have done. The influence of the temples on family life alone gives them a divine purpose. The covenant of marriage is for eternity, and the children born to parents will always be theirs.

No greater truth was ever uttered for man's guidance to the higher

The Lord created men of the earth. He endued them with strength by themselves.

And made them according to his image, And put the fear of man upon all flesh, And gave him dominion over beasts and fowls.

Counsel, and tongue, and eyes, Ears, and a heart, gave he them to understand.

Withal he filled them with the knowledge of understanding.

And shewed them good and evil. (Apocrypha—Ecclesiasticus 17:1, 3, 4, 6-9.)

DURING the period, 1830 to 1846, the formative period of the Church, the Latter-day Saints were always on the frontier where they

JOSEPH SMITH – PROPHET

(Continued from page 799)

ward in quest of new homes, they kept this holy house in their lingering gaze, and as they saw it in the eastward light, they had the vision of another haven of rest where they would build again a temple to their God. And they sang the words of the psalmist:

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death. (Psalm 48:13-14.)

The Lord will giveth strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace. (Psalm 29:11.)

Joseph Young of the First Council of the Seventy, who was left in Nauvoo at the time of the exodus, gave the first prayer of dedication in the temple and has left us a true and beautiful picture of how the people lived, for they were ever on errands of mercy, or watching by the bed of the sick, and relieving the suffering. They were busy with their pursuits during the week, but on the Sabbath, and every day, there was a life of faith as well as of works, a life born of penitence and forgiveness, a "life of profound and vital belief of consecration to a personal Maker and Redeemer."

There were forces that created the cultural and religious life of the city of Nauvoo. Schools were supported; a university was chartered; and courses were announced in the classics, science, and philosophy. A dramatic company was organized, and the plays of Shakespeare were enacted. There was a ceaseless iteration of the higher purposes of life which gave security to the moral order on the streets and in social groups. Meetinghouses were built as well as comfortable homes of well-made brick. There was a spiritual life to the city, a power for righteousness because the government was an example of fine civic temper.

The Prophet's concern for the welfare of his people compelled him to initiate the first great plan for the betterment of the entire membership. So clear was his foresight that he organized the women of the Church into a Relief Society, which gives aid and comfort as well as instruction in various fields to its members. And the children were not forgotten, for they played their games and

were taught the simple folklore of the people. Their recreation forms the basic plans for the Primary and Mutual Improvement Associations of today.

Every religious body of America found welcome there, for everyone was squarely behind the spirit of the charter granted to Nauvoo by the state legislature. Among the first acts passed by the city council was a resolution presented by Joseph Smith, thanking the governor and the legislature of the state of Illinois "for their unparalleled liberality," and for the powers which the charter conferred.

The Prophet Joseph Smith had large industrial projects in mind, one of which was to improve the wharves, to facilitate the landing of steamboats within the city. A charter was granted for the erection of a dam, upwards of a mile long across the Mississippi to connect with an island so as not to interfere with the main channel of the river. The work in mind was to build at Nauvoo one of the best harbors on the river, and to make possible the building of large mills for the making of flour and other articles of food, together with the manufacturing of cotton, woolen, silk, iron, and earthenware. The vision of the Prophet extended to all activities of education. We have mentioned the schools and university of Nauvoo, and in January 1845, the building of a Seventies' library was under way, for the need cognate to missionary endeavor was felt for a complete reference library. Says the *Times and Seasons*:

The concern has commenced on a footing broad enough to embrace the arts and sciences everywhere; so that the Seventies, while traveling over the face of the globe, as the Lord's Regular Soldiers, and gather all the curious things, both natural and artificial, with all the knowledge, inven-

tions, and wonderful specimens of genius that have been gracing the world for almost six thousand years . . . forming the foundation for the best library of the world.

A Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Briar, in writing about the city, said in 1843:

I found one of the most romantic places I had visited in the West. The buildings . . . bore the marks of neatness which I had not seen equalled in this country. The far spread plain at the bottom of the hill was dotted over with habitations with such majestic profusion that I was almost willing to believe myself mistaken, and instead of being in Nauvoo, Illinois, among the Mormons, that I was in Italy at the city of Leghorn.

The St. Louis *Atlas* described Nauvoo as one of the most beautiful cities in America.

The city had been scarcely three years, and by a people who came to it nearly destitute of every worldly thing, but it is impossible that a city could present a greater claim for improvement effected in the same amount of time by the industry of its own inhabitants than did Nauvoo. . . . The city presented well-built houses, and well-cultivated farms and gardens, a pattern of . . . common intelligence and everyday virtue.

THE Saints were looking forward to the day when they would go to the far West, where they could build their homes, for their Prophet and leader had declared that the Saints would some day find refuge in the vales of the Rocky Mountains where they would become a mighty people. This their neighbors could not understand, for it was a time of intense political differences; a time of terrible religious hatred. The fields of the Saints had always increased; their means of living were constantly enlarged in number and beauty; their neighbors multiplied; and hope, the sweetener of life, held out to them the dream of establishing Zion. Wherever the Saints settled, they changed the wilderness into fruitful farms. They acquired property, and the love of property is indispensable to sound morals.

Today a people of fine religious ideas and ideals are living in the vales of the Rocky Mountains—as their Prophet Joseph Smith envisioned. They have built temples and tabernacles, schools and universities. A theater became a shrine for the artists and celebrated actors of the world. It marked the progress and

(Concluded on page 837)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA





CHRISTMAS

Comes to Lee's Creek



By C. FRANK STEELE

IT WAS summer when the settlers arrived at Lee's Creek and pitched their tents along its wooded banks—the summer of 1887. The morning after the pioneers arrived, it snowed, giving this covered wagon party from Cache Valley a greeting to Canada they never forgot.

In the tents where the immigrants huddled around campfires to keep themselves warm, there was talk of home—home in the mountains.

"Mom, you said we would be home tonight," whimpered four-year-old Wilford Woolf, and there were tears in his questioning eyes.

"My dear, we are home. This will be home from now on," said the mother bravely.

But Wilford was puzzled. "But Mom, if this is home where are all the houses?"

He had looked around in wonder as had his mother and all the mothers in President Card's party who had left Logan two months before for the north—North to the Prairies—to found a new settlement for the Saints.

Wilford looked out of the tent. "Mom, it's snowing!" he cried, and not without delight added: "It'll soon be Christmas, I guess. Will we have Santa Claus here, Mom?"

Mom said there would be a Santa Claus and gifts, too, and a big Christmas dinner with all the trimmings. And Wilford was laughing as he ventured outside into this new, strange world where it snowed in June and which was to be home from now on.

And the mother pondered these things and tucked that thought of Christmas close to her heart. It remained there as the summer waned and autumn brought the first harvest and the quiet change from green to gold and yellow and brown in the brush along Lee's Creek.

THEN came the snow and at night the haunting call of the geese flying south. And the mother

thought of her old home—home in the mountains. And she wondered if someone in the colony besides herself would think of Christmas.

Someone besides herself did think of Christmas. Of course, she would think of Christmas; she thought of everything. Yes, "Aunt Zina" one day invited all the mothers to her home, no children allowed. That looked mighty suspicious with Christmas so close.

Other secret gatherings were held. "Aunt Zina," wife of the beloved President Card and daughter of President Brigham Young, called it a Sewing Club, and it was. Out of scrap bags brought with them from Utah, these mothers and their older girls extracted an amazing variety of things—bits of silk, satin, and plush, thread, beads, buttons, and what not. Sewing machines they had none, but the women did have thimbles and needles, pins and scissors, and they were all expert sewers, especially "Aunt Zina" who directed the work.

It was fun for these enthusiastic allies of Santa Claus as they fashioned clever workbags; rag dolls with bodies made of flour sacks and stuffed with wool; bright balls for the boys and other playthings all tucked neatly away for the festive season. Christmas stockings were made of mosquito netting which the Saints had also brought with them. In the summer it had been useful in the homes, now it was to serve another and more colorful purpose. Along with the toys the women soon had homemade candy, a few nuts, and one lone orange gathered to-

gether for the great day, their first Christmas in Canada.

CAME Christmas, and the towering community tree brought from the mountains by a group of the fathers was ablaze with gifts and decorations. There were even some Christmas candles twinkling in the traditional manner among the branches. The tree was in President Card's hospitable home, and around it the children danced in surprise and joy, receiving their gifts from Santa Claus.

The grown-ups came in later to enjoy the festivities with their children and to exchange Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year! "Merry Christmas!" chimed the kiddies as they kissed their mothers and fathers, and Christmas carols were sung.

Then in the individual homes Christmas feasts were served, just as Sister Woolf had assured Wilford they would be. And they were feasts indeed! Delicious, baked prairie chicken and pheasants were an appropriate substitute for turkey. The wild fowl and dressing, vegetables grown in the pioneer gardens that summer, cakes, and steamed puddings made from dried fruits—these bounties of the land were enjoyed to the full that first Christmas on Lee's Creek.

That night the immigrants held their first dance, also at the Card home. The one-man orchestra consisted of Brother La Grande Robinson with his mouth organ. But he wasn't to be denied his fun, for he danced with the belles of the ball as he played rollicking old tunes on his harmonica.

It was near midnight when Brother Robinson put his mouth organ in his pocket, and President Card closed the happy Christmas party with prayer, a prayer of thanksgiving and blessing that filled every heart with gladness as parents joined their children in little log cabins in the new village on Lee's Creek.



EDITORIAL NOTE

STRANGE things happen and odd events converge to bring about the spreading of the gospel message to peoples of all lands and climes. In this brief account of the conversion of Nishan Krikor Sherinian of Zara, Sivas, Armenia, to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, we happened on a completely fascinating story that loses nothing from the fact that it is wholly true.

In order to preserve as much as possible Brother Sherinian's style the first person is employed, although the story itself has been necessarily condensed.

MY MOTHER died when I was but eight days old, and I lived in the little village of Zara, Armenia, with my grandmother. My father, heartbroken over the death of my mother and needing to earn more money than was possible in this little village, went to Constantinople where he remained until I reached the age of nine years.

When he returned, he married a second time, a widow who had two little girls of her own, and by whom he had three daughters and a son. My father lost his money in a small business venture and found it difficult to support his family. He turned to farming, but again he was hard put to to buy clothing and maintain a home for his good-sized family. I helped him as well as I could until I was fifteen years of age. I had desired so much to go to school—and even had the opportunity when the American missionaries asked my father to allow me to come to their school where they would educate me and make me a teacher or a minister. But my father would not allow it, because I was the only boy old enough to help on the farm. Therefore, anxious as I was to get some education, my schooling was limited to a few winters when I was permitted to attend a small town school taught by very poor teachers who were spending their vacation time to teach.

Finally, when I reached fifteen years of age, I decided that I could no longer stay in this house where I felt that I was not wanted, and I left for Constantinople, where I was alone, friendless and penniless. Work was hard to get because I had learned no trade. I finally in

desperation took work as a servant in the home of a strange Armenian family who promised to pay me one *piaster* (four cents) a day. They said that they would save my money for me and pay me all at once, but after I had worked for nearly two years and had received not one *piaster* for my hard work of serving the six members of the family, I quit them and went to learn the barber trade from a distant cousin of mine who would pay me thirty *piasters* (\$1.20) a month as his apprentice. I went gladly to work, for now I could have a vocation. I had worked for only a short time when I received word of the death of my father, May 1, 1877, leaving his family in a very desperate situation with an unfinished house and a debt of around eighty dollars, which in Armenia at that time was a large sum.

EVEN though I felt I had suffered from my father's neglect, I obeyed the dictates of my conscience and assumed these obligations. I worked hard, denying myself little pleasures, sending the family money from time to time, and paying off my father's debt also.

My master saw how diligent I was and raised my wages many times in two years, until finally I was earning one hundred twenty *piasters* a month instead of the original thirty. This together with the gifts my customers gave me helped considerably. I also set up a business on the side: that of selling extra meats and breads to Turkish soldiers. Finally, my business was so good that I took my master in as partner and gave him a half interest.

During the five years following my four years of apprenticeship, I became not only master of my trade, but also paid off my father's debts and saved eighty Turkish *liras* (\$360).

After nine years in Constantinople I decided to return to my native city of Zara in spite of the pleadings of my partner and his attempt to get me to marry a fine girl in one of the English schools in Constantinople, whose picture he showed me.

Five days after I had returned to

Zara, I opened a small dry goods store with part of my savings and also purchased about fifty acres of farming land, hiring some men with teams to work with me—and proving successful in both ventures.

UNTIL my twenty-fourth year I had little training in religion. I had always felt that some day I would be a minister and even while in Constantinople had appealed to the Board of American Missions to send me to America for training as a minister. They consented to send me to a school in Turkey, but I did not want to attend school there.

When I returned to Zara, I learned of a new church which was called "Disciples of Christ." And in December 1884, during a bitter storm, I was baptized.

On May 29, 1885, I was betrothed to my fifth cousin, Rebecca, a teacher in our schools. We were married a year and a half later, November 23, 1886, when she was eighteen and I was twenty-six, and were made husband and wife by the same minister who had baptized me. We moved into a home I had completed building where we lived happily for four years. Our first child, a daughter whom we named Arick for my mother, was born here in this house, November 6, 1887.

Meanwhile, I began to consider seriously our religious situation. We had no local minister or chapel, and so used my house for our gatherings. I wrote to the headquarters of the church in Constantinople and asked for someone to come out and ordain an elder so that such ordinances as the sacrament, baptism, weddings, and funerals could be administered according to the rule of the church and the law of the Lord. We received word that we should select the man to officiate and then ask an elderly man to ordain him an elder or minister. We were very sincere in our desire to select the

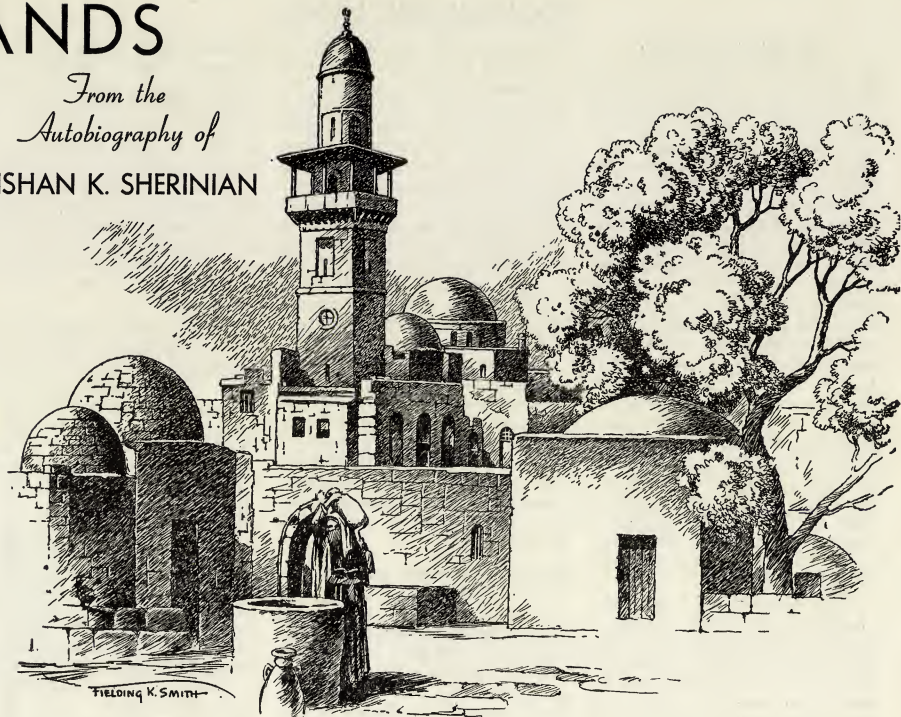


THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

LANDS

*From the
Autobiography of*

NISHAN K. SHERINIAN



right person, so we fasted for six days and gathered on the seventh day to select our minister.

While we were doing our work as well as we could and had completed our new chapel, one of the members came to me and said, "Today there came a Latter-day Saint missionary to your father-in-law's house, with Dicran Shahabian (our minister who has already joined this Church in Sivas,) and he preaches some new religion, called Mormonism. Come, let us see what he has to say."

I replied, "Do not follow after such a new thing. There are many new churches today that we do not know about. We already have one, and that is enough for us." But even as I spoke, a thought came suddenly into my mind: By what right did I forbid others to go, and why did I not go myself? If this man had something better, more nearly right, I would be held accountable for rejecting the word of God.

So that night I went with the

others and listened to the missionary, and I returned a second and a third night. We talked until midnight, asking questions and discussing important things, reluctant to take our leave of him.

The news was not long in traveling, and soon I was berated soundly for attending these meetings. Even my stepmother was called into the berating. She began to weep, saying, "Surely, you will go to Zion and leave us all here in a miserable condition."

I answered them all alike: "If the Lord reveals to me that this man is indeed sent of God and if Mormonism is true, I would accept the doctrines of this Church." Even that very night I had said one thing to Elder Hintze: "So far as I can understand, your words are all true, and your Church is better than other churches. I have been seeking truth all my life. I am willing to become a member of your Church through the door of baptism, but how do I know that you are an authorized

elder and sent of God to preach his gospel?"

Elder Hintze had answered: "Brother Sherinian, I cannot give faith to you—faith comes from God. Go home and read John, Chapter 7: 16, 17, and you will 'know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'"

When the man went away, they were very angry with me. I tried to comfort my stepmother, saying that I would do what was right, and adding, "If you will also accept Mormonism and are willing to go to Zion, I will keep you with me wherever I go." As I went to bed, I prayed long and earnestly that I might know the truth.

THE next morning, October 6,

1888, I went to my store with a heavy heart. Elder Hintze came in, and, observing my depressed state of mind, hesitated to address me. Suddenly he said, calling me by name, "I have been watching you

(Concluded on page 804)

FROM DISTANT LANDS

(Concluded from page 803)

for quite awhile and saw that your face was sad." I told him then that I had dreamed after I had gone to sleep the night before and that I wondered about the possible meaning of this dream. In the dream, my father-in-law, my two cousins, and I were seated on the floor with our Bibles in our hands and were having a gospel discussion. My father-in-law and I were defending Mormonism, and my two cousins were defending the Disciples of Christ. We could not be reconciled. Then the outer door opened, and a strange man entered the room, saying, "My friends, do not argue in vain, for these two are right," and he pointed to my father-in-law and me. Then he disappeared. Then in my dream we closed our Bibles and looked at each other in amazement. My father-in-law stood up and, pointing a finger at me, said, "Nishan, you and I will accept, but these will not accept." Then I awoke and knew that it was a dream.

Elder Hintze smiled and said, "Brother Sherinian, indeed the Lord directly and promptly answered your sincere prayer, because the strange man who testified about the two of you was right, and when your father-in-law said that you and he would accept and the other two would not, he was right again, for yesterday I baptized Nigoghos (my father-in-law) and ordained him an elder in the Church, and you will be the second one."

With a heart full of gladness I told Brother Hintze to take me into the waters of baptism. With two other elders we went to the Kezel Ermak River, and he baptized me, and then confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, on October 6, 1888.

FOR the next few years I worked hard to take care of my family, but things went from bad to worse. We finally divided all our real estate, household goods, and properties according to the custom of that land.

Finally, in May 1891, my wife was baptized with her mother. From the day of our baptism it seemed to us that the adversary rose against us in full force. Even our own families and relatives turned against us

as enemies and spread malicious stories and betrayed us. They tried to defame our good reputation before the government and to damage us financially. I went on a short mission for the Church, and some of our own kin set a snare, and upon my return I was thrown into prison. While I was there, my son became ill with pneumonia and died. My wife suffered terribly at this time, and I was unable to console her. But through all these trials we remained faithful to the gospel, and I preached for ninety days to the other prisoners.

I opened up a little business again and took time also to preach. My wife at this time finished a beautiful rug which we gave to the Salt Lake Temple to be used in the room of the Council of the Twelve. The gift was accepted through President Lorenzo Snow, who wrote to her his appreciation, with his compliments and blessings.

SERIOUS trouble now arose between the Turkish government and the Armenian people, who were massacred by the fanatic Turks and wild Kurds. But the Lord was very merciful towards us and protected us openly. Our city was not molested, and not one single soul was killed, although three times the Turks prepared their swords against

us and divided up the city of Zaza among themselves, intending to kill us and loot our property. But the Lord saved us through their own prominent man, Isah Bey, who organized an army of his own and scattered the fanatic ringleaders.

During the following six years the animosity and hatred between the Turks and Armenians became so unbearable that we could not even visit each other's homes or meet together for the purpose of worship.

Finally, after fourteen years of faithful work in the Church, we planned our departure from our native land in order to go to Zion. This was a difficult task, for we had to get our passports from the Turkish government, and we could not sell any of our goods; when we left, we must promise never to return.

When we were ready to go, we had the equivalent of \$900.00 in cash, six Turkish rugs, a few carpets, bedding, and other necessities for our future home. There were six of us, my wife, our three children, myself, and my second cousin, Nishan M. Gogian. We left behind twenty-four members of the Church and twelve children. On October 8, 1902, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the six of us started on our long journey to Zion. There were gathered together many people on the outskirts of our city—relatives, neighbors, and friends, both Armenians and Mohammedans, and even some of our city officials to bid us farewell with tears and lamentations; many of them followed us for miles as if they could not depart from us.

We arrived safely and happily in Salt Lake City, November 26, 1902. And that night we were received by the Church as new guests at the Tithing House, and in the morning, which was the American Thanksgiving, Brother F. F. Hintze came and took us to his home in Holladay and let us use a small house of his for temporary residence.

The story of our lives in America is interesting, too, but uppermost in our hearts was gratitude for the privilege of going to the Lord's house and being made a family group for time and eternity.

AFTER THE HURRIED YEARS

By Dorothy J. Sartori

WITHIN her mind she stirs a living ember.

The night is long for dreaming in December—

And memory leaps into a lucid flame

As she recalls each love-contracted name.

The falling snow has mounded path and sill

Unmarked by footprints, and the house is still.

The tinselled tree has shrunk to table size;

Unchallenged now by lights in children's eyes

Are bough-clipped candles. But from out the years

The tall fir revives in a woman's tears

To scent the silence of her empty room,

Its rainbow fruit a nimbus in the gloom.

From far in the stillness the past returns:

Here a gift glitters; there a blue star burns;

Here, too, a winsome doll is quaintly perched

With amber light pooled on a bouffant skirt;

And there a tiny table, set for two:

Wee carriages, a tufted robe as blue

As evening shadows on December snow—

Always the memory of long ago—

A child's glad cry, a starry rocket drawn

Across the mist of every Christmas dawn.

Those WHO REMAINED Behind

By

Marba C. Josephson

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THOSE who came into Salt Lake Valley with the first groups of pioneers suffered hardships that overwhelm with their starkness. The miles they covered in wagon or on foot take on a sanctity because of the tragedies those early immigrants suffered. The pitiless heat of the summer sun and the merciless cold of the winter winds twist our hearts with their recalled ferocity. And yet it is not in us to feel any lasting sorrow for them: they did that which they had to do—and, above all else, what they desired to do.

That may seem to be an unseasoned statement to make—what they desired to do! Yet it is indeed true. Naturally, they did not wish to suffer as they did, but they did desire to leave a hostile land and come west to the land that their Prophet, Joseph Smith, had envisioned; they desired to settle in a new area, free from the persecution and hatred of neighbors. The tragedy of that trek must not and could not be minimized: setting out in midwinter with inadequate supplies of food, clothing, and bedding, even though they had gathered all that they could under the direction of their inspired leader, Brigham Young; traveling weary day on weary day over desolate land, forsaken by man and beast, with shifting sands crowding out all but the sparsest vegetation; reaching mountains terrifying in their magnificence and in the difficulty of their ascent and descent; entering a valley where one lone tree testified to the doubtful fertility of the soil; and finally planting crops late in the year in a region where the growing season, at best, was short—all these things cry out the stalwart quality of the first pioneers from Nauvoo to the West.

AND SO, not desiring to rob them of their glory, we would like to turn our minds to those who could not come with the first immigrants—who in spite of their most earnest desire, must remain behind, still to face those who were unfriendly, to try to earn a meager living from those who despised them; to struggle to assemble from a hostile community those supplies which they would

need to make their own trek westward when the time should finally arrive that they too might gather with the Saints.

Many of those who remained behind could not obtain even the low prices that those who left had obtained for their land. The reasoning of those who wished the land was obvious: Why should they spend good money, little as it was, for that which would surely be theirs for nothing, within a short time, after the Mormons had been forced to leave?

Persecution they still endured—those who were left behind; privation was theirs to an even greater degree. But their faith in their religion was stronger even than it had been previously. Without the force of great numbers who could back them up when times became worse, they had to face things alone, except for the few members of their families who might have remained with them. Thus the feeling of solidarity that comes to a persecuted people who are together was denied those who remained behind. They had to remove from Nauvoo, the city of their hearts, and seek employment in areas far-distant, where they were not known. Frequently they had to leave their loved ones in another region in desperate need and send back the money they earned to help relieve the needs of those left behind. No, it was no easy life for those who could not make the trek with the main bodies of the pioneers.

EXAMPLES in legion could be mentioned of these unsung folk who remained behind in hostile lands and yet remained faithful to the gospel. In one of the letters that is preserved, sent from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Brooklyn, Long Island, and written by Mary Alice Cannon Lambert, are voiced the feelings of many who would like to gather with the Saints had circumstances per-

mitted. The letter was dated November 26, 1848, and was addressed to her uncle, aunt, and cousins:

You will, I expect, think it very unkind of me not answering your letter before this, but we have been so unsettled that I have not written to anybody. . . . I have got a very good husband. His name is Charles Lambert. He is a stone mason and cutter by trade. . . . I have Angus, David, and Leonora [her younger brothers and sister] living with me, and also I have two fine boys of my own. . . . George and Ann [her other brother and sister] went to Salt Lake with Aunt Taylor [Leonora Cannon Taylor, wife of President John Taylor]. I have had several letters from them. They like the country very well. We should have gone when they went, but the Indians killed our three yoke of oxen.

I will now give you a small history of what we passed through since we left England. We sailed on the 18 of September, and our dear mother departed this life on the 28 of October. [She was buried at sea.] We did not get to Nauvoo until April the 12, and February the 28 Father got married to a widow. Her name was Mary White. He went to St. Louis in about six months after he was married. When he had been there a week he strained his back with lifting, and the first day he went to work he took sick, and he had to leave at 2 o'clock and he died at 10 the same night. . . . Stepmother had a little girl six months after he died. Her name is Elizabeth. George [Q. Cannon] had gone to learn the printing business after Father's death. Aunt took Ann to live with her, and Charles took the rest of them. He behaves like a father to them.

I expect you heard of the battle of Nauvoo. We were there at the time waiting for our wagon to be finished. They were painting it when the battle commenced. The cannonballs fell quite thick around our house. We were driven across the river without receiving one cent for our property. We had forty acres of land on the prairie and a city lot with a brick house. We had to leave it all to a wicked and ruthless mob. We started for Council Bluffs. When we got to Soap Creek, I got run over. Both wheels went over my back. There was thirty hundred weight on the wagon at the time. They took me up for dead, but with the blessing of the Lord, I was enabled to be about

(Concluded on page 849)

LYLA MAE sat in the schoolroom listening to the familiar voice of the teacher talking about mythology. It was an interesting subject in spite of the funny names like Jupiter and Juno. Yet, today she was not interested in it; it just didn't matter whether the Greeks or Trojans won the war. It didn't matter.

She was thinking of her mother and the conversation they had had this morning. She could see the warm, clean kitchen, with Mama sitting across the table buttering the toast and not looking at her just as though she weren't going to speak while all the time Lyla Mae knew better. She knew when Mama's mouth set that certain way that there were important things going to be said, things Mama didn't want to say but felt she must.

Lyla Mae went ahead eating her wheat cereal, and after a moment Mama began softly, "Honey, you're not going to like this, I know. Neither do I. But it just can't be helped."

The girl looked out of the clean window, at the crispy, white snow, the clear blue sky, and wondered what her mother could possibly tell her that could spoil this joy-feeling inside of her. It was so near to Christmas, and she always felt like this, warm and good, and wildly happy as though she would like to break out and sing, sing Christmas carols like had been coming over the radio for days and would come almost constantly in the next week. Whatever her mother told her to do, she would do willingly. If Mother was cross about something Lyla Mae had done, she would apologize. Nothing could be very wrong today or this next week. Why, they even got out of school on Friday for nearly two whole weeks.

She looked at her mother expectantly, saying, "Yes, Mama, what is it?"

"You're a big girl now . . ."

Jeepers, maybe she'd forgotten to hang her clothes up in her room. She really wanted to be more orderly, but somehow she was always so rushed. She said, "If it's my clothes, I'll run in and hang them up now." She knew her mother couldn't stoop much in her condition; she surely didn't want her to either.

Her mother's eyes brimmed sud-

denly with tears, and she choked on the words, "No, I think your clothes are hung up. They were rather crooked on the hangers, but they were hung up. You're getting better, and I'm proud of you."

The girl looked at her inexpensive watch, she was getting impatient. Anyway, whatever it was couldn't be too important. Things just sort of got out of focus when women were going to have babies; Mama cried over the funniest things, like now for instance. And she didn't like to see her cry. She said, "Gee, I've got to hurry . . ." and began cramming the last of her toast into her mouth.



Important things were going to be said, things Mama didn't want to say, but felt she must.

"Yes, I know. Well, what I wanted to tell you was that the doctor thinks I may be in the hospital for Christmas . . ." She didn't wait for an answer but hurried on, swiftly, trying not to betray the catch in her voice, "You and Daddy can go out to Grandma's for dinner; you'll have a nice day."

LYLA MAE stopped chewing her toast; it seemed for a moment that she even stopped breathing. The bright sunlight disappeared, and it was as if a cloud lay over the whole world.

"Not for Christmas, Mother," she said seriously, with determination. "Doctors don't know everything. You'll be home for Christmas; I know you will."

TOO MANY

"I'm afraid not, Honey. But you'll have a nice time. And when I come home, we will have a new baby sister or brother."

Lyla Mae clenched her small fists on the table, "I won't have a nice time; I don't want a baby sister or brother, either one. I don't want you to have a baby. There are too many children in the world now."

Her mother just looked at her; the girl expected her to speak, to tell her to stop speaking like that, something; but she only looked at her; and her chin gave a funny little tremble.

Then Lyla Mae went and got into her coat and boots, put her scarf on, dallying a little as she did so, hoping her mother would say something, scold her, anything at all so that she could say she was sorry. But her mother just sat still at the table, staring straight ahead of her.

THE girl sitting in her seat, third row from the left, sixth seat, moved restlessly. She felt that she was sick, more so than when she had measles or whooping cough. There was a terrible lump in her throat and one in the middle of her stomach. Nothing Mama could have said would have hurt her nearly as much as that silence, that hurt, terrible silence. And she deserved it, she had said she didn't want the baby—she guessed that wasn't exactly true. She had thought she wanted it all the time, she had tried to be thrilled thinking of sharing her room with it, letting its small crib stand under her window. Maybe underneath she hadn't ever really wanted it all the time; she had tried about sharing Mama and Daddy with somebody else. After all, she had had all of their love for years. It wasn't easy to know she was just going to be pushed aside now for a fuzzy-haired baby that they could just as well have got along without.

She didn't know where she had heard the remark that there were too many children in the world, but she'd heard it somewhere. Maybe it was true; she didn't know. Surely one child less wouldn't make much difference. It was the baby's

CHILDREN

By Christie Lund Coles

A Christmas Story

fault that they had this quarrel. She guessed she really *didn't* like it though she shouldn't have said so to her mother. She would go home and apologize as soon as school was out instead of playing in the snow like the other children. She would put her arms about the beautiful lady and squeeze her until she would guess just a little bit how much she loved her.

But she wouldn't say she really wanted the baby. That would be lying and she mustn't lie. Especially not now—just before Christmas when everyone was talking about the birth of the Christ Child and how great and good he was.

As she neared the pretty little brick colonial house with its shin-

would be alone; Daddy maybe just dropped by for a few minutes.

She ran up the three cement steps, opened the door a little slowly, for all of a sudden it occurred to her that Mama might have told Daddy how bad she had been. Maybe he had come home to punish her. After all, he took awful good care of Mama now, and they both were so anxious that the baby would be all right.

She walked in, closed the door softly behind her. She didn't even dare call her usual, bright, "Hello." But her mother had heard her, and she called from the bedroom, "Is that you, Honey?"

"Yes," she answered, and then, "What's Daddy doing home?"

She went toward the bedroom, before her mother could answer, and saw from the hall that the woman was sitting on the edge of the bed, fully dressed in coat and hat and boots. A look of hurting was on her pale face. Lyla Mae asked quickly, "What is it, Mama?"

Daddy came in before she had time to answer, and his hand touched the girl's head very gently as he told her, "Mother has to go to the hospital now. When she comes home, we will have a new baby. Won't that be fine?"

"What hope would there be for the world if it weren't for children?"

said to Daddy, "We'll have to hurry."

Without waiting for anything the man picked up Mama and started out with her, telling the girl to open the door. As he went out, he told her, "Be a good girl. Aunt Cecile will be here to get you. If I am not back, you can stay there tonight."

Mama turned in his arms to throw her a kiss though her eyes still had their pain look, and all she seemed to really be thinking about was getting to the hospital. Lyla Mae watched through the window, saw Daddy having difficulty getting the



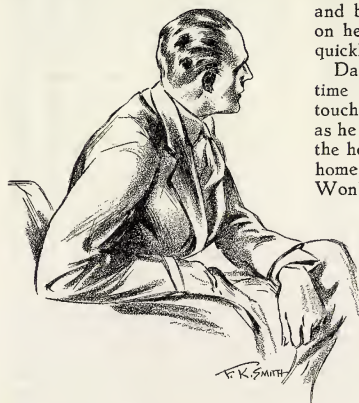
"But maybe just one child wouldn't make much difference."

door of the car open and wanted to run out and help, to let them know she was of some use, but he had it open too soon. They drove off, and she was left standing alone in the quietest house she had ever been in.

THAT night she slept in a strange bed at Aunt Cecile's, but she lay awake for a long time and looked out of the window at the clear, cold sky, and somehow kept thinking of the words she had heard again on the radio, "Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by." To her, it was the prettiest of all the Christmas songs. It was almost like a lullaby, and as it kept singing through her mind, she grew sleepier and sleepier. Just before she fell asleep she thought what a nice lullaby it would be to sing to a little new baby—their baby.

Yet, in the morning, realizing anew that Mama was gone, that Daddy didn't have time to be very interested in her and that her Christmas was spoiled, the resentment again pricked at her like a large, sharp pin. She was quiet and sad and was sure she would never be really happy again no matter how long she lived.

(Continued on page 838)



ing windows and the holly wreath already in one of them, she slowed her step for a moment as she noticed that Daddy's car was in front of the house. She wondered what he was doing home this time of the afternoon. She would be happy to see him, of course, but she had hoped that she and Mama might have the rest of the day alone, to talk and visit. So that she could help her with dinner, maybe even bake a cake. So that she could let her know how sorry she was. Well, they probably

Lyla Mae gulped, "I—I guess so," she stammered, then threw her arms about her mother and kissed her on the cheek again and again, "I love you so," she murmured, "I didn't mean what I said this morning—"

Her mother kissed her too, but it was a quick, funny kiss, and she sort of pushed her away from her and gave a little groan. Her eyes were strange, and she didn't seem to have heard the words, for she just

CHRISTMAS PEACE

in Our Homes

By MARY BRENTNALL

Let's Talk It Over

SINCE that starry night nearly two thousand years ago when the hope of peace on earth and good will towards men was quickened at the birth of the Savior, Christmas has become the brightest spot on our calendar. It is the "perfect day." It is better than birth-days—better than all other holidays put together—because its delights have, somehow, touched a large part of the world and have grown cumulatively through the generations, adding increasing joy to each individual. Christmas is celebrated in our churches, our schools, and our industries; but its greatest strength has been in our homes and families.

Fortunate it is, that Christmas has so many facets. Its songs, feasting, gaiety, gifts, stories, secrets, decorations are all a natural outgrowth of its religious significance. The baby with his new rattle feels the spirit of the day and shares its joy even though he knows nothing of the Christ Child. And all of us who have enjoyed the warmth and gaiety of a real Christmas within the family circle carry its emotional power into our later life. Christmas, in its diversity, encompasses the interests and longings of each member of the family. It re-establishes values and rededicates us to their conservation. Home is the place where Christmas is best celebrated.

HERE are some ideas on that celebration. When you are planning your gifts for Mother and Dad; for sixteen-year-old Jean and eight-year-old Ted—here are some suggestions. You have thought of them yourself, I am sure. But have you actually practised them? Try them. They are revolutionary in their power.

Along with that shirt for Dad, give a firm resolve to take over your share of the responsibilities that fall on him, if you don't! Perhaps it is the yard work—the weeding, pruning, cutting, watering—and the carrying of ashes, and shoveling of snow. Perhaps it is some of the farm work—the milking, the cleaning of stalls and corrals. Perhaps it is the office boy work—the mailing of bills, the answering of

phones, the running of errands. Perhaps your part of the work lies in the maintenance department—the small jobs of painting, plumbing, carpentering, and repairing—about the house. Or, it might be the care and responsibilities of the car or other machinery—washing, waxing, polishing—seeing that oil, gas, water, battery, and tires are regularly checked. These are not exhausting tasks when divided among the fairly grown and competent members of the family; but they are killing in aggregate if carried alone by the father of the family, who, in addition, has his own full load of family, business, church, and civic responsibilities.

YOU have your eyes on those stunning pearl earrings for Mother. She'll love them, but she'll get more lasting happiness if something else goes with them (or substitutes for them)—a real attempt to understand her innermost longings for her family, and to satisfy them. Some mothers could have no greater gift than the knowledge that their sons would be at their priesthood meetings every Sunday morning on time or that these same sons would fulfil their block-teaching assignments every month. Or that their daughters would place their M.I.A. meetings ahead of the activities of their social units; that they would attend seminary and institute as conscientiously as they go to their biology classes; that they would value learning to cook and sew equally with being able to follow a football game. These are the intangibles which mean so much to so many mothers.

There are tangibles also. Do you

keep your own personal things cleared up—off living room couches, hall tables, and bathroom floors? Or do you drop your things wherever you go—leaving a trail of nylons and curlers between bedroom, bathroom, and hall? Or if you are a boy, do you park the ward basketball teams' suits and balls on the dining room table? Do you leave the telephone book on the floor, the record album on the chair, the encyclopedias piled up by the furnace register, the new magazine on the bed, your skis ready to tumble on the nearest head, cupboard doors swinging wide, and lights on in every room? If so, can you change all that? It wouldn't seem to take too much of an effort for each to do his own small part, and if there are four or five youngsters in a family who suddenly do just that—who are full of thoughtfulness at Christmas time and then extend that thoughtfulness through the year—what a gift it would be to a busy, discouraged, mother! She would count it her best.

AND what about a gift for Jean, your sixteen-year-old sister? You think a lot of her. She's pretty and popular, but sometimes you like to tease her a little. You think she uses too much lipstick and acts a little silly around the boys. You like to "rub it in," and, occasionally, you even make cutting remarks about her to your own friends (so they'll know you have your eyes open). You were thinking of buying her that lace-trimmed blouse she's been talking about. Do it, of course, if you can—but add a little something special. Wrap it up with the determination to be a first class brother or sister to her. How? Don't stop the teasing entirely. That's part of the fun—the give and take of family life that helps smooth off the rough spots in our dispositions. But make that teasing good natured and let it stop—you know when—before she reaches the spot where she can't "take it"—where she explodes or weeps. And never, never, undermine her with your own friends or with her own friends—or with any one else! Build that little sister up. Make it your Christmas present to her.

AND then there's Ted. He's only eight, but he's full of "zip." You plan to buy him all the wind-up cars or jeeps or boats you can find—within your dollar-and-a-half limit! Let me suggest an even better gift. See that he gets a chance to tell his little story at the family dinner table. Perhaps you haven't noticed how you older members have taken over the family conversation. Ted lives a life, too. He can kick a football nearly as well as you. He's been painting his Christmas cards all afternoon. He and his little friend Jim want to learn to ski. He wants to tell you about it. Give him an opening and listen to him.

And what about Grandfather? "You sure wish the family would all go in together and get him an electric blanket." That's probably a marvelous idea, but I think he'd rather have his heart warmed a little instead of (or along with) his feet. How about an hour, or even half an hour, of your time each week? Perhaps there are a few little things he really needs someone to do for him. Go to the drugstore for those lozenges he thinks help his cough. Take him to visit his brother who is bedridden. Maybe he'd like a steady-footed young man by his side when he visits the barber this slippery weather. Perhaps he'd like just to sit and talk with you a little.

HAVE you been worrying about a present for the girl you think, maybe some day, will be a member of your family? You've just about settled on that compact and comb combination, haven't you? There's another combination that's a good gift, too. The power you have to

make your association something special. You can make her feel and be a little bit more wonderful than she actually is, just by the way you feel about her and the way you act towards her. A girl remembers the special occasions—the dress-up times, the once-in-a-while corsage—longer than the hours on the telephone or the dallying at the front door (time which can easily outrun itself). That doesn't mean there shouldn't be a lot of down-to-earth, getting acquainted in your relationship. There are times for picnic and hikes—for Levis and sweaters. There are times for working together. But if you are really beginning to think you like this girl in a special way, then make this "tie-up" as special as the comb and compact. Give her an unannounced Christmas present of good manners, good grooming, thoughtfulness, awareness. It doesn't mean extravagance. It just means care—and caring.

* * *

THOSE are suggestions for gifts.

And here are some for Christmas decorations. When you are hanging the wreaths, trimming the Christmas tree, and putting bells on the front door—think over the charming idea of decorating the house with yourself occasionally. It's good to have friends. It's fun to be active in "church and state." But, surely, there should be some time for family functions—for the family carol singing on Christmas eve as well as that of the high school *a cappella*, for reading Dickens' *Christmas Carol* around the family hearth—for having the neighbors in (all ages as a family)—for talking

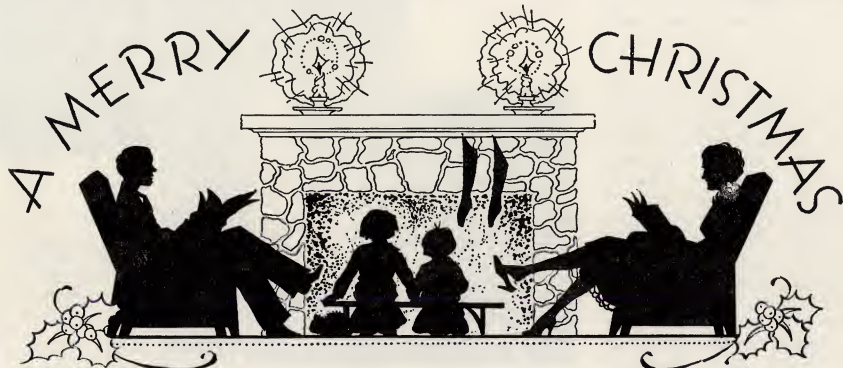
together and laughing together—time for all this and still leave plenty for your own individual celebrations with your own individual friends.

And when you are enjoying that spicy, Christmas cooking aroma, give some thought to the significant fragrance which comes from being right home in your own place for a good part of the Christmas feasting—for contributing a pleasant disposition, clean persons, and gracious manners—for helping a little with table setting, serving, and washing up—above all for the family sharing of "around the board" hospitality. Perhaps you might invite another family (one less well off than yours) to share one of the holiday meals. And you might participate as a family in fixing a community basket—a Santa Claus special—where it will be most welcomed. Sharing the joys of giving not gifts alone but family spirit means receiving far more benefit than you possibly can give.

All this special Christmas celebrating, adds up to loyalty—loyalty to family spirit, to family members, to family projects—loyalty to the making of a real home.

CHRISTMAS is a wonderful time to catch the spirit of home. There is a composite heartbeat which is accelerated and discernible at this glad season. With a little effort, it can be felt and enjoyed by each member of the family. You can contribute to that sweet spirit of faith and confidence which pulses rhythmically in the truly religious home. You can feel the love which permeates the home where mutual trust and unselfishness thrive. You can

(Concluded on page 836)





FIRST IRRIGATION BY ANGLO-SAXONS IN AMERICA

—Painting by J. B. and J. Leo Fairbanks

THE security of Zion is closely allied with the permanence of irrigated agriculture in the intermountain area. President Brigham Young decreed early that his people should direct their energies to agricultural pursuits, which always must be the basis of a permanent society. Concentration on agriculture insured food, and aloofness from mining staved off growth of speculative attitudes which not only threatened the economic stability of the Latter-day Saints, but also, in a measure, the stability of their philosophy.

One hundred years ago the Pioneers arrived in Salt Lake Valley and broke the ground for the first crops. "The same afternoon" a dam was built "to irrigate the soil." This was the beginning of modern irrigation by Anglo-Saxons in America. Crop production in Utah and the other areas of the West has been possible only with irrigation. Consequently, the entire culture of the area is based upon irrigation. While mining and other industries produce more wealth, the basic culture of Utah is fundamentally a culture based on tilling the soil and diverting water from the canyon streams into irrigation canals and then onto the land. Even the livestock and sheep industries, which utilize the vast range areas mostly inaccessible either to irrigation or to cultivation, must depend upon the irrigated areas for supplemental feed for their stock.

While manufacturing may assume an increasingly important place in Latter-day Saint culture, agriculture must continue to be basic to a stable society, and irrigation limits agriculture in an arid region. Because of

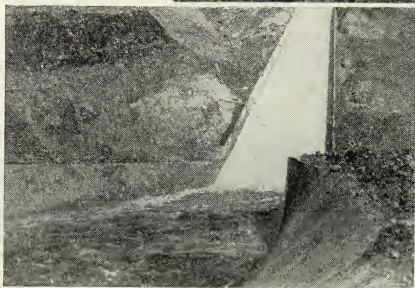
For the SECURITY of

the limited precipitation occurring in the valleys of the West, and because much of this precipitation falls during the non-growing season, if crops are to be grown, they must be supplied with additional moisture. There is much more good land in the state than there is water, hence agriculture is limited not by land, but by water.

AT FIRST, water in the creeks was diverted onto the land. If the creeks dried up early in the summer, there was no water for late season

crops. To overcome this difficulty and to conserve some of the water that was lost in the spring before the crops needed it, crude earth reservoirs were constructed. Many of these washed out, destroying crops, and were rebuilt many times. In later years, advancement in geology, soil mechanics, concrete construction, thermodynamics, and hydraulics have made possible the building of larger and safer dams whereby early runoff has been conserved. The waters stored behind these

IRRIGATING
A
POTATO
FIELD



THE LINING
OF IRRIGATION
CANALS PREVENTS
WATER LOSS
THROUGH
SEEPAGE

dams have made it possible to give the land already under irrigation a better water right, and to bring additional land under irrigation. However, as the years go by, these reservoirs are gradually being filled with silt from the lands above and their storage capacity greatly reduced. This menace is real, and unless something is done, civilization in arid regions such as Utah must decline. Intensive study and intelligent research are essential to a solution of this problem.

Since there was no accumulation of experience for Utah farmers to

developed since that time by the Utah and other western state experiment stations and the United States Department of Agriculture. It deals with the relationships of irrigation to soils, to plants, to precipitation, to stream flow, and to communities in arid regions.

Among the early problems investigated by these stations were natural water for irrigation, early versus late irrigation, amounts of water required and its relation to crop yield, percolation, and soil fertility, seepage waters, and the underflow of rivers; time and frequency of irrigation, orchard and vineyard irrigation, and water supply studies and canal capacities.

These studies demonstrated the striking possibilities of irrigation improvement. They showed that crops thrived best with moderate amounts of irrigation water, and that excessive irrigation results in losses through deep percolation and also

ZION

By R. H. Walker, Ph.D.

DEAN, SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE AND DIRECTOR, AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION, UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



—Courtesy, Daughters of Utah Pioneers

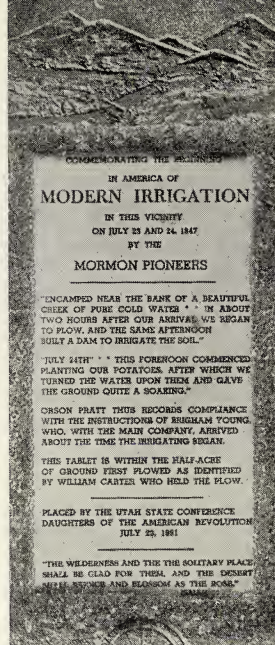
AN EARLY SCENE OF SALT LAKE CITY SHOWING CITY CREEK, THE STREAM FIRST USED FOR IRRIGATION

fall back on in irrigating their crops, they had to learn through trial and error. The fear of drought and resulting crop failures stimulated early irrigators to use water lavishly. They felt that crop production was in direct proportion to the volume of water applied, therefore they applied water far in excess of that actually needed.

Early in its history, the seriousness of these problems was realized, and the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has spent much time and resources in their solution. The body of knowledge of irrigation science available today has been de-

veloped since that time by the Utah and other western state experiment stations and the United States Department of Agriculture. It deals with the relationships of irrigation to soils, to plants, to precipitation, to stream flow, and to communities in arid regions.

Other investigations and survey work now make it possible in the spring to predict with accuracy the expected water supply during the growing season. These forecasts are



—Located in the Centre Theatre, Salt Lake City, Utah

based upon a study of the relationship between precipitation on mountain areas and the yield of river systems. They enable irrigation companies to plan their seasonal water distribution intelligently. They give farmers a sound basis for selecting and planting crops in harmony with available water supplies.

Later studies have shown the value of water conservation both in producing superior crops and conserving the soil, and in making water available to irrigate large areas. With present water supplies, irrigation efficiency can be improved by better application to the land and by lining the canals that convey the water from the source to the land to prevent seepage. Investigations have shown that at present the average farmer in Utah is getting no more than forty percent efficiency from the water available to him for his land. This means that nearly two-thirds of the irrigation water delivered to Utah farms is being lost as runoff, or is percolating through the soil to depths below any benefit to plant growth. Probably among the reasons for this are irregularity of land surface, making uniformity of

(Concluded on page 846)

THREE-YEAR-OLD LeRoy was the first awake. He slipped from his mother's bed and began combing Stanford's unshaven face with his skinny little fingers.

Stanford opened his eyes, blinked his mind to consciousness, and sat up, enfolding LeRoy in a warm embrace.

"Arabella woke and dressed quickly," Stanford," she scolded, "get that child back into bed to keep warm! Ada, dry baby George under the covers. And, Stanford, you break the lid from the clothes press and make a fire in the stove!"

Everyone obeyed her swift commands, loving the way she went about doing things for them.

"I don't like gopher to eat," LeRoy said, resigned to his stomach's demands, protesting from habit, "but I'm awful hungry."

"This time it's going to be rabbit," Stanford told him. "An honest-to-Betsy rabbit!"

"That's a bear story," LeRoy said listlessly. "Rabbits don't grow on the desert. None of the big boys ever find any."

"This one didn't grow on the desert, either, boy. I caught it right by the river when it came there to drink."

"Did you let it drink first, papa? I wouldn't want to eat him if you didn't."

Stanford choked; he looked helplessly to Arabella for the answer.

"Of course your father would let a little rabbit have its drink," Arabella assured him. "Now let's see if you can help Papa get the fire going."

LeRoy beamed. "I like rabbit!" he cried.

Arabella began stuffing the stove with paper scraps and dry bits of grass. Stanford hesitated before the clothes press, reluctant to start tearing it up.

"There isn't an inch of board left," Arabella told him. "We will have to burn the spring seat next!"

Stanford gave the lid a long twisting pull that severed it from the hinges. He split it carefully with a short-handled axe and then whittled a few fine shavings for the first lighting. He struck a match, coddled the flame with his hands, and applied it to the nest of shavings. In five minutes the stove was glowing with heat.

Arabella cut the scrawny rabbit into scrawny bits and put them on to boil. For thirty minutes the warmth and the delicious odor of the meat kept him hovering over the stove, exclaiming with pleasure. The baby kicked back the covers and cooed at his thin little legs. Stanford began to sing, enjoying everything that went on, for it was his first breakfast at home in three months. Arabella squeezed back the tears that blurred her eyes. Their very pleasure was pathetic. Hungry, inactive little children, waiting with big eyes for the small portion of nourishing food that would be gone so soon. Stanford, she knew, would eat none of the tiny rab-

HOLE IN THE ROCK

bit he had caught. Dry, coarse oat bread would be his fare.

"I've saved half a cup of dry beans for dinner, Stanford. It will be our first big meal on this side. The broth from the rabbit will season them fine," was her practical remark.

AS SOON as it was light, they were moving again. The children lay talking to each other in the bed. Arabella was buttoned to her ears in one of Stanford's sheepskin coats and sat beside him on the wagon seat drinking in the crisp new odors of frost and fresh water. The wagon lurched precariously, and she was forced to cling to Stanford for support, favoring her cut leg and gritting her teeth in discomfort. But she could still be thrilled by the promise of warmth and clean water ahead.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she cried. "See, the sun is coming up. And hear the frost crackle—it's like a crisp conversation!"

Stanford pressed her arm against him. He never ceased to marvel at the wonder that she was his wife, so lovely and young, so understanding and happy about the world around her. Surely their life together had a plan.

"Will we catch up with Mary and Kumen, do you think, Stanford?" Arabella asked. "I'm so anxious to see them."

"I doubt if we will. We're lucky to be here at all—tail-enders that we are."

"Don't keep thinking about what is past and done, Stanford. You might not have thought of anyone else but yourself, either, if you had been getting your outfit down as they were. And besides, now that it's over, it seems funny. Mary was so sure her Kumen would be killed! She kept running back and forth along the edge of the crack wringing her hands and telling Kumen to make the horses go slow!"

She laughed, remembering how desperately earnest everyone had seemed, how intent upon his own worried exit. "Slow! Down a place as steep as that? You'd laugh, too, if you'd seen them."

"Kumen got the honors—as usual," Stanford remarked.

"Stanford Smith, remarks like that are not in good standing!"

"Go on with the story, girl. You can wash my tongue with soap afterwards."

"Well, first of all, there was really quite a controversy. The Perkins brothers had done so much toward getting the Hole in the Rock road done that everyone but a few thought one of them should have the honor of driving the first wagon down. Some thought it should have been Silas Smith. But how could it be, when he is back in Parowan, sick? Ben said it ought to be Hy, and Hy said it ought

to be Ben. It was finally agreed that it should be Ben. But his team was skittish, so he suggested that, since Kumen has such a steady team, it be hooked to Ben's wagon, and that Kumen drive it down. In that way Ben's wagon would have the honor it deserved."

Stanford roared with laughter. "Maybe the wagon was the most de-



serving, at that. Ben might have been a little skittish, too!"

"Stanford, you have a persnickickity mind. Of course Ben wasn't skittish. Why, he and Hyrum worked down in that narrow crack with rocks falling like hail around them!"

"Yes, I heard about that. And they were the first to believe that there was sense in George Hobbs' trail idea, too."

"That's right. But that's another story."

"Sure. Let's take it as it comes. I can just see Mary preening over her handsome husband as he prepared to drive the famous first wagon down, using his own sober-minded team for

By Anna Prince Redd

the demonstration. Honored even as Haman!"

"There you go again! Haman got hanged if you remember. Kumen lived to justify his wife's pride in him!"

"That was a two-edged remark, woman!"

Arabella laughed a little but went on earnestly. "It really wasn't funny, I guess. It was too tense. Something that made the people act like players on a stage without having rehearsed their lines."

"Well, you just can't get ready for

her. "The river was savage, the raft unyielding, and the swimming herds added to the danger and the din."

He paused, lost in thought.

"By the first of February," he continued after a moment, "there were two big camps established east of the river, and we felt that we were getting on. Then we got stuck with a road-building job that we didn't know how to lick. To make matters worse, a storm came up that tore the camp to shreds. But fortunately help came in the form of dynamite, brought by some men from Panguitch. We got the road blasted out and could go again. Once we got a thousand pounds of dynamite, and it brought on a celebration!"

Arabella laughed. "Dancing, meet-

long, crooked string of wagons up the dugway was enough to keep a man's mind busy, especially up Cottonwood Hill. It took seven teams to get one wagon up. And sometimes, even then, one would tumble over backward and go rolling like a boulder down the hill!"

"With women and children in them?"

"No. Almost everyone walked to relieve the animals of extra weight."

"What will we do when we get there? We don't have seven teams."

"There you go again," Stanford said mischievously. "Bringing up old grudges!"

"Even!" Arabella's eyes sparkled. "I'm sure there will be just all kinds of help when we get there—alone."

"There will be a lot of wagons not up yet. We'll have help."

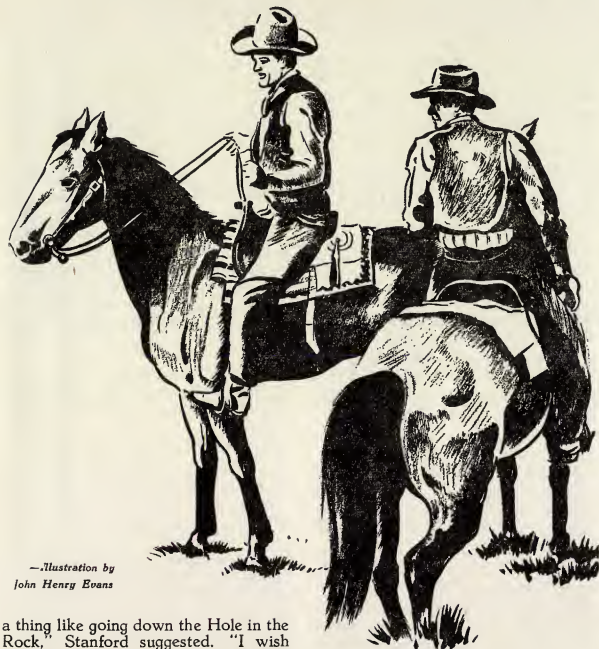
* * *

FOLLOWING the route of the four scouts, making roads where it seemed impossible even to make trails, the eighty wagons and the long line of stock moved slowly toward San Juan. For two and a half months, the people—as worn and battered as the wagons that carried them—plowed wearily eastward from the Colorado, chopping their way through giant cedar forests, fighting mud that balled the wheels to solid disks, sliding down tractionless clay hills, climbing from canyon to mesa and dropping back into canyons again. Conquering weariness, hunger, discouragement, and fear, they had crossed two hundred and fifty miles of totally uninhabitable country, in the severest of winter weather, and almost without food, to come to their last barrier—San Juan Hill.

For days they had followed the bed of Comb Wash, leading to the San Juan River, but had finally been cut off by the river's narrowing bluffs and forced to take the benchlands again. For seven days they pitted their last remaining ounce of strength against a slippery sandstone ledge, and all but lost. When the climb was finally ended, the road was strewn with broken spokes, worn-out shoes, hair, and blood, for the teams, goaded beyond endurance, sank in near convulsions, blocking the way for those that still were straining up the grade. Women fainted from fear and exhaustion; men worked doggedly to control the bawling stock and keep them moving out of the way of each other; children cried helplessly, denied their parents' care in the desolate confusion.

But somehow, order was achieved again, and the wagons that could still be moved, went on, a bedraggled, utterly spent line. Some worked oxen and mules together; some had cows and horses for a team; one had a span of mules, with a cow hooked to the tongue spike. And astride the cow, rode a young girl, geeing and hawing to keep the weaving wrack of hide and bones in the center of the uncertain road. The women, recovered from their fears,

(Continued on page 847)



—Illustration by
John Henry Evans

a thing like going down the Hole in the Rock," Stanford suggested. "I wish I'd been there! How did Kumen acquit himself?"

"He was pretty grim. He had no more than started till the road seemed to roll up and run down after him!"

"So they put in the juniper post. That was a smart idea."

"Yes. And by night the first company was all down. I don't see how. But somehow they just did it."

"And by the same somehow we did it, too."

"Yes. Yes, we did, Stanford. I hadn't thought of that."

They were silent for a while. But presently Arabella asked how it was at the river.

"Exciting enough," Stanford told

ings, and everything. I can just see it. Dancing is more potent to the Mormons than dynamite, but put them together, and there's no end to what they can do. What else happened?"

"By the tenth of February the river froze over, and we could cross the stock and outfits on the ice. It was a good sight. On moonlight nights a lot of otter appeared from some mysterious place and played on the ice like short-legged wolves!"

"I'd like to have seen that," Arabella cried. "The moon and the silver and the ice, cold and clean!"

"I suppose it was beautiful. I never thought much about it. Getting that

Let's Make It a Reading Christmas

ON THE BOOKRACK

MANY MANSIONS

(Selections from the Bible. Jessie Orton Jones. Illustrated. Viking, New York. 134 pages. \$4.50.)

THE divisions under which the author condenses the stories and includes the actual words from the Bible are indicative of the scope and the interest that this book deserves to arouse: The Word in Law, The Word in Song and Story, The Word Through Inspiration, The Word Made Flesh, The Word Interpreted, The Living Word. Beautifully illustrated, and with the excerpts printed in clear, legible type, this book should be a particularly fitting Christmas addition to the family library.—M.C.J.

NEW TESTAMENT HEROES

The Acts of the Apostles Visualized. Book Two.

Two

(Editor: Dorothy Fay Foster. Artist: Fred D. Lohman. The Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. 1947. 47 pages. 45c single copy. \$4.50 doz.)

BEAUTIFULLY illustrated and provided with clear, readable type, this visualized book on the New Testament depicts the closing years of Paul's life in a dramatic and exciting manner. Such a method of presentation meets the demands of youth for color and action, even as it holds the attention of adults.

—D. L. G.

TACKINANNY

(Lizzie O. Borgeson White - Dianne Olivia White. Lorraine Press, Salt Lake City. 28 pages. 50 cents.)

LOVA and her Indian playmate, Tackinanny, love stories as all little girls do. Mother Lee tells them about the early inhabitants of America, who the Indians really are, and how Jesus visited them. Little Tackinanny's father is a chief, therefore she is a princess. Little Lova's great-grandmother, it is discovered, was an Indian, daughter of Chief Pohatan, so Lova is also a princess. This brief story is well and interestingly told in simple language, in the spirit of childhood, along the account of the Book of Mormon. Latter-day Saint mothers and children will enjoy this little book. We should have more like it for our children.—J. A. W.

WOODROW WILSON

(Alden Hatch. Henry Holt and Co., New York. 1947. 280 pages. \$3.00.)

HERE is the first complete biography of Wilson written for young folk. In the South where he was born and reared, Tommy Wilson, as the author calls him in the early chapters, sees

the lessons of war first hand as the events of America's Civil War encircle the small tyke. Mr. Hatch has uncovered much new material about the President that makes this volume sparkling reading, as he reveals first the child, the student, the scholar, and finally America's leader in World War I.—A. L. Z., Jr.

BEHIND THE RANGES

(Stephen W. Meader. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1947. 222 pages. \$2.50.)

FOR boys who like an exciting story of a thrilling adventure with the forest rangers in their tracking down and capturing of an escaped oddity in the quiet and majestic Olympic Mountains, this tale has strong reader interest. And too, every boy will live and relive with Dick and his botanist father the high adventure of camping and stalking the rare whistling marmot on the trail in the wildest and least explored territory in the United States.

—H. L.

THE LITTLE RED FERRYBOAT (Russell Potter. Illustrated. Henry Holt and Co., New York. 1947. 50 pages. \$2.00)

THE little red ferryboat was discontent with her daily trips between Manhattan Island and Fort Lee. One day, against the advice of a sea gull, a yacht, a tugboat, and even the *Queen Mary*, she set out for sea.

The tale of her adventures on the open sea, of the storm which she weathered, and how she finally was towed back to the harbor by Woolly White Whale, will delight young readers. The humorous drawings by Marjorie Hill add much to the value of the book.

—D. L. G.

ANN JUDSON, HEROINE OF BURMA

(Basil Miller. Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan. 1947. 131 pages. \$1.50.)

IN February 1812 the American Protestant missionary movement became a reality when Ann Hasseltine Judson with her husband, Adoniram Judson, sailed for Burma to begin their missionary labors. This short, zealous life of Ann is poignantly related. The treatment of the Judsons, who were caught in the maelstrom of the British-Burma war of a century and a quarter ago, by the Burmese was so cruel and tragic, with its desperate days of illnesses and imprisonments, that in less than fourteen years Ann was dead. It is an interesting though sad biography.

—H. L.

13 DANISH TALES

(Mary C. Hatch. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1947. 169 pages. \$2.50.)

EQUALLY valuable as storytelling material as for reading of stories, this collection will prove a valuable addition to parents' and teachers' libraries. Rich with the folklore and humor of the Danish, the book is cleverly and humorously illustrated.—M.C.J.

TALES OF A KOREAN GRANDMOTHER

(Frances Carpenter. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 1947. 287 pages. \$3.00.)

DAUGHTER of the Frank Carpenter who made his name synonymous with geography, Frances traveled with him and cultivated a cosmopolitan interest in peoples and countries. Later, as wife of a diplomat, she continued her extensive travels and has contributed to the culture of her native country through her series of tales from the Basque, Russian, Chinese, Swiss, and, currently, Korean grandmothers. Thirty-two delightful tales make up this volume—and each home will benefit from the reading of them—over and over again!—M.C.J.

TRUMPETS IN THE WEST

(Geoffrey Trease. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1947. 239 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS book presents fictionalized but believable characters against a background that is real, colorful, and exciting—the England of thirty years after the Cromwell rule. Jack Norwood, a Somerset boy comes to London intent upon a music career, but is drawn into the political upheaval that belonged to that day. In this book the historical background becomes almost effortlessly taught but long remembered.—A. L. Z., Jr.

PRAIRIE COLT

(Stephen Holt. Longmans, Green and Co., New York. 1947. 178 pages. \$2.25.)

FOR the boy who loves horses (and what boy does not?) this is fascinating reading. Leif Olson has two colts: Rainboy—which he believes has chances as a racing horse—and Big Red, just a lovable clown of a horse. When Rainboy is lost to Leif by trickery, he turns his attention to Big Red. The two are inseparable companions through cliff jumps, a bear fight, and of course the big race.

—A. L. Z., Jr.

STARS IN MY CROWN

(Joe David Brown. William Morrow & Co., Inc. New York. 256 pages. \$2.75.)

"WHEN he preached you couldn't help listen . . ." is the apt description of the Parson, the central figure in this series of short stories. There are episodes about many home-folk—and through the book runs an air of reverence, humor, and simplicity—and the Parson who had just one sermon, but many ways of telling it: The Golden Rule. —A. L. Z., Jr.

RACING THE RED SAIL

(Alice Geer Kelsey. Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 140 pages. \$2.00.)

IN *Racing the Red Sail* Alice Geer Kelsey has drawn a vivid word picture of Greece and her customs. She is a gifted storyteller and each chapter is a well integrated tale, and while not true in every word and incident, the time spent by Mrs. Kelsey in Greece doing relief work during World War II has given her a knowledge of the customs and habits of the people.

Black and white ink sketches by Dorothy Bayley Morse and Robert Bayley enhance the story. —E.J.M.

ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

(Written and illustrated by Dr. Irma E. Webber. Wm. R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1947. \$1.50.)

IN language simple enough for a small child to understand and illustrated in a similar manner this book is most effective for teaching plant and animal adaptation. —E.J.M.

EAGLE OF GUATEMALA

(Justo Rufino Barrios. Alice Raine. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1947. 227 pages. \$2.50.)

THE fictionalized biography of a humble Guatemalan who devoted himself to the cause of the downtrodden in his country becomes an adventure second only to reading of the romantic rise of Abraham Lincoln in the United States. Sacrificing money, land, friends, and even family, he dedicated himself to the great ideal which in turn shaped him into one of the great liberals of the world, and a beloved idol of thousands of Central and South Americans who learned his story and revered him.—M.C.J.

MISS KELLY

(Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. Illustrated. William Morrow & Company, New York. 125 pages. \$2.00.)

THE story has all the earmarks of an allegory—and one that all need to recall frequently—that of learning to get along together. The book centers about the activities of a tiger cat that could understand and talk "human," and how through her fearlessness she made the wild animals of the zoo live companionably together.—M.C.J.

CAPS FOR SALE

(Esphyr Slobodkina. Illustrated. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1947. 39 pages. \$1.50.)

AN amusing tale of a peddler who carried all his caps on his head, of

how he went to sleep beneath a tree and awoke to find a crowd of monkeys in the tree above him—each attired in one of his hats.

Children will be amused to discover how he finally got the hats back, and with the lively illustrations.—D. L. G.

WATCH THE BIRDIE!

(Phyllis Rowand. Illustrated. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1947. 37 pages. \$1.35.)

CHILDREN from preschool age to eight or nine years of age will be delighted with the story of a proud mother's determined but unsuccessful efforts to take a picture of her baby to send to its grandmother. Then, just as the grandmother traveled all the way from Kansas City to New York to see what her grandchild looked like, the baby—but let your kiddies read the book to enjoy the cunning black and white drawings and the happy surprise ending.—D. L. G.

WINTER NOISY BOOK

(Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated. William R. Scott, Inc., New York. 1947. 40 pages. \$1.35.)

THIS is the story of a little dog, Muffin, who listened to all the noises of winter. Four to six-year olds will identify each sound with the puppy. Colorful illustrations picture each noise heard by Muffin.—D. L. G.

ROGER AND THE FOX

(Lavinia R. Davis. Illustrated. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. \$2.00.)

THIS story of a six-year-old boy who was determined to see a fox will interest all of the picture book age and those who have a desire to read. Roger had many experiences before he finally saw the fox—and all of those experiences are common to children who will find joy in reading about them in the life of another.—M.C.J.

RHYMES AND VERSES

(Collected Poems for Young People. Walter De La Mare. Illustrated. Henry Holt and Co., New York. 1947. 344 pages. \$3.00.)

POEMS by this favorite author have long deserved to be brought together in one volume for the edification and enjoyment of children and young people—likewise for those older folk who have preserved the child's sense of wonder and imagination. The wise parents will have this book handy for a bit of night reading before the children—or they themselves—are hustled off to bed.—M. C. J.

(Concluded on page 816)



ON THE BOOKRACK

(Concluded from page 815)

MASTERPIECES OF 1847

IN our modern era "of making of many books there is no end," and we sometimes forget to evaluate properly the literature that our ancestors read and loved. These were no illiterates who crossed the plains; many had been well-educated and missed the leisure that would have permitted their continued study of the books that would improve their minds. Some of the "best sellers" of their own time many of them knew; these same books have continued as masterpieces since 1847 when they attained top popularity among a discriminating reading public. And they are still considered essential for those who would be well read.

This list offers us a good check to see whether we can measure to the standards and tastes of the pioneers: *Jane Eyre*, Charlotte Brontë; *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë; *The Princess*, Alfred Lord Tennyson; *Collected Poems*, Ralph Waldo Emerson; *Evangeline*, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; *Vanity Fair*, William Makepeace Thackeray; *The Bigelow Papers*, James Russell Lowell; *Carmen*, Prosper Merimee, which is today better known as

an opera as set to music by Georges Bizet.

The pioneers not only read these books, they also memorized them and could quote for hours on end to the edification of the family and others who might happen to be within earshot. And they did not forget their Bible, either, or their Book of Mormon. There was no superficial knowledge of these books. They read them daily and could cite chapter and verse for their beliefs as well as know the supreme beauty and comfort to be found in them. They knew the all-time "best seller" the Bible, and they tried to incorporate its teachings into their lives that they might more nearly emulate the greatest exemplar of correct living, Jesus Christ.

—M. C. J.

TO MY CHILDREN

(Matthew Noall, in collaboration with Claire W. Noall. Utah Printing Co., Salt Lake City. 1947. 110 pages.)

PRIVATELY PRINTED for his nine living children, this book will prove of interest to those who are fortunate enough to get a copy, for it will encourage others to record the lives of their progenitors and to tell the stories of their own work. Of general interest to Latter-day Saints is the story of the progress of the Hawaiian Mission in which Brother Noall served first as missionary and later as head of the mission.—M. C. J.

BIOGRAPHY OF ORSON HYDE

A BIOGRAPHY of Orson Hyde is being prepared under the direction of Dr. John A. Widtsoe. Among the early writings of Orson Hyde, are "An Address to the Hebrews," in the English and Dutch languages; a pamphlet of 116 pages containing "A Synopsis of the Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," and a 120-page pamphlet, "A Cry out of the Wilderness," both addressed to the German people in their own language (with copies in English and possibly French); and also a treatise on the Latter-day Saints' belief regarding the return of the Jews to Palestine, written in English, German, and French. None of these interesting items, with the exception of the preface of one printed in the *Times and Seasons*, is available at the Church Historian's office today. If any of these items, therefore, or other material not readily available, or photos pertaining to Orson Hyde should be in your possession, or come to your notice, it would be appreciated if you would communicate the same to the writer of this biography, Weston N. Nordgren, 2625 South 3rd East, Salt Lake City, Utah, so that these vital messages and pictures could be included in the work.

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

(Continued from page 794)

day Saint women were in attendance: President Belle S. Spafford and Priscilla Evans of the Relief Society, and Counselor Verna W. Goddard and Clarissa A. Beesley of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and Alberta O. Doxey of the Eastern States Mission.

The Council has as its permanent motto the Golden Rule and chose for the theme of this conference "Power and Responsibilities of Freedom." Some of the subjects receiving attention were:

International Affairs and the Promotion of Peace
Refugees and Displaced Persons
The Status and Position of Women
Equal Pay for Work of Equal Value
Nationality of Married Women
The Deprived Child
Problems of the Home, the House and the Housewife
The Economic Crisis and Women in Industry

The meetings were held in the historic University of Pennsylvania, founded by Benjamin Franklin. Here assembled delegates from some

twenty-three countries. There were doctors, lawyers, professors—women of fine character and great ability, leading spirits in their own nations and well informed on national and world affairs. Presiding, was the Baroness Pol Boel of Belgium. She is an impressive character, elderly, large of stature. She was well-informed on all the subjects discussed at the conference and at the same time was most gracious and informal. She made every speaker feel important, and her desire seemed to be to promote peace and harmony. While speaking good English, some of her expressions differed from our American way and added much to the interest of the proceedings.

There was a delegation from India. When the president, Mrs. Keron Bose, arose to give her report, she stepped over to the president and presented her with an elegant gift—an embroidered stole or band, to be worn about the neck and extending to the knees. As she offered it, she said, "The women of free India present this to you," and, of course, she received an ovation.

The members of this delegation were dressed in their native costume throughout the conference, and those from the Scandinavian and other countries also wore their colorful national dress at evening sessions.

Other outstanding women were: Mme. Grabinska of Finland, Prof. S. Antoniadis of Greece, Mrs. Paulina Sadurni of Argentina, Dr. Renee Girod of Switzerland, and many others. Mme. Drefus-Barney of France, now a liaison officer from the International Council of the United Nations.

One impressive feature was a memorial ceremony to Senator F. F. Plaminkova of Czechoslovakia, who during the war, was interned in a concentration camp and finally executed. She was one of the vice-presidents of the International Council. Her last words to her companions in the camp had encouraged them to fight on in the cause of womanhood.

The new president of the International Council of Women is Dr. Eder-Schwyzler, American born, but now of Switzerland.



CHRISTMAS in *Antigua, Guatemala*

By IVY WILLIAMS STONE

Picturesque scene in Antigua

inciting our colonies against England. I knew that the king of Spain had ordered it evacuated and that it lay, somnolent and neglected, for over a century. But I was wholly unprepared for the feeling of peace and acceptance that marks the more than twelve thousand people who now live there, and who are not afraid of the volcano Fuego. It is now an hundred seventy years since Fuego erupted, while the capital city of Guatemala has been less fortunate. Any Antiguan will gladly tell you that, while their ruins remain intact, Guatemala City was stricken only thirty years ago, and half the town demolished.

ANTIGUA is a city of living ruins. When the order came to evacuate, the civil authorities left gladly, the clergy reluctantly, and the rich hurriedly. They took only their portable treasures. The exodus was gradual, but most of the eighty thousand survivors went over the

(Continued on page 850)

ASCANT twenty-four hours by air brought us to Christmas Eve dinner in the ancient Spanish city of Antigua, once the capital of "the kingdom of Guatemala." We had seen Popocatepetl tinted by the rising sun and Orizaba rising above blanketing clouds. After less than fourteen hours of actual flying time we landed at Guatemala City's modern airport.

This clean, orderly Guatemala city which has a population of two hundred thousand, flower vendors on every corner, and stores full of imported merchandise. It has many new American-made cars, whose owners wear out auto horns instead of brakes. It has traffic policemen and movies, neon lights and good hotels, and is the show city of Central America.

But we were not attracted by metropolitan sights. We were interested in the rural life of this little republic, so we motored to Antigua, thirty-odd miles from Guatemala City. The dusty mountain road is kept in repair by the "poll tax labor" of the Indians. It was the afternoon before Christmas, and we passed road shrines decorated with poinsettias and lilies. We overtook many Indians, descendants of that once proud race of Mayans. Each one, from father to toddling child, carried something. The burden was strapped to the back and supported by leather thongs around the forehead. Mother carried the inevitable baby upon her back and the huge,

flat basket of fruits, maize, or pottery upon her head. Each tribe wears a distinctive garb, and experienced tourist guides recognize a tribe by a casual glance at the manner a knot is tied in a colorful *huipil*. Barefooted and ragged, a dot against a towering mountainside, each man and woman moved with dignity and pride. The Spanish *conquistadores* came and seemingly conquered, but, like Rembrandt's "The Noble Slav" the natives are unconquered still.

I had read the history of Antigua. I knew it was the second capital the Spaniards built; that it was destroyed by earthquake when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were

Antigua, the city of living ruins





By RICHARD L. EVANS

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

*In "Moderation" **

THERE is an idea that has grown up among us, perhaps best expressed by the phrase: "Moderation in all things." "Moderation" is a very good word and is associated with many virtues and much wisdom. Indeed, it is so good a word that we may be led to believe that "moderation" is always a virtue, that anything "in moderation" is good. Certainly moderation is always to be preferred to "excess." And, of course, we know that both "moderation" and "excess" are usually relative terms which vary according to people and circumstances. But in determining what is moderate and what is excessive we should always remember this: That there are many things which are excessive even "in moderation." There are some things in life which even to touch is an excess; for example: What about stealing in moderation? What about lying in moderation? What about immorality in moderation? What about cruelty in moderation? What about dishonor in moderation? What about murder in moderation? In another category: What about cancer in moderation? What about any vicious or malignant or undesirable thing or act or habit—even "in moderation"? You see, we could let words mislead us if we would. Giving limited consent to something which is wholly wrong in principle is a disastrous practice. Anything which in and of itself is not good, still isn't good, even in moderation. And if we don't want to face the problem of where to stop or how far to go, the answer is to keep away from what we should keep away from, and not to tamper with what we shouldn't tamper with, not even "in moderation." If we don't take the first step, we'll never take the second. If we never take the second, we'll never form a habit. And if we never form a bad habit, we'll never have to break one. But whenever we commit ourselves to a questionable course, the problem of where to stop is constantly with us—and will be until we do something about it. There is no magic in moderation that will change a vice into a virtue.

—October 5, 1947.

Our Own and Others

ONE of the hallowed experiences of life is to look down at the close of day upon a sleeping child—especially one of your own, who is safe and sheltered, and well at peace. Few greater benedictions than this come to any of us. Blessed are we when those who belong to us are safe within the shelter of our own homes, within the circle of our love and protection. But such surpassing satisfactions are somewhat qualified if other men and other men's children are not also sheltered and safe. A commonplace illustration may emphasize this thought more fully: We may work hard to keep our own field free of weeds, but if our neighbor's field is infested with weeds, our own field will never be free from the threat of intrusion. Weeds are in part a personal problem, and in part a community problem. And so are many other things. Another example suggests itself: Communities have quarantine laws so that those who are well may not be touched by the contagion of those who are ill. But we have long since learned that we cannot quarantine ourselves from the very air in which we live and breathe. It is even more difficult to quarantine ideas and influences, and yet it is as urgent that men be protected against moral and spiritual maladies as it is that they be quarantined from physical maladies. Fortunately, we build up some immunities. But as long as there is any accessible source of contamination, as long as there is any place in any community where anyone or anyone's children are likely to be touched by what shouldn't touch them, there are hazards to everyone and everyone's children, no matter who is seemingly safe. And satisfying as it is to see our own sheltered and sound and secure, we had better be concerned about others also. We do well, exceedingly well, if we care for our own. But if a neighborhood isn't safe, if a city isn't safe, if a nation isn't safe for everyone's children, it isn't safe for anyone's children.

—October 19, 1947.

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE



*What Are We Waiting For?**

IT WOULD seem that we often live as if we wondered when life was going to begin. It isn't always clear just what we are waiting for, but some of us sometimes persist in waiting so chronically that life slips by—finding us still waiting for something that has been going on all the time. There are fathers waiting for a more opportune time to become acquainted with their sons—perhaps until other obligations are less demanding. But one of these days these sons are going to be grown and gone, and the best years for knowing them, for enjoying them, for teaching, and for understanding them, may also be gone. There are mothers, who, at their earliest convenience sincerely intend to be more attentive to the plans and problems, to the goings and the comings, of their daughters—who are going to be more companionable. But time passes, distance widens, and children grow up and away. There are old friends who are going to enjoy each other a little more—but the years move on. There are husbands and wives who are going to be more understanding more considerate. But time alone does not draw people closer. There are men who are going to give up bad habits; there are people who are going to eat more wisely; there are those who are going to live within their means. But when? There are those who are going to take more interest in their government. But there have been times and places in which people have left such things too long. There is no reason to doubt all such good intentions—but when in the world are we going to begin to live as if we understood that this is life? This is our time, our day, our generation. Heaven and the hereafter will have its own opportunities and occupations. This is the life in which the work of this life is to be done. Today is as much a part of eternity as was any day a thousand years ago or as will be any day a thousand years hence. This is what we came here for—even if we have the wrong idea about it—even if it isn't what we think it ought to be. This is it—whether we are thrilled or disappointed, busy or bored! This is life—and it is passing. What are we waiting for?

—October 12, 1947.

*The Crowd***

THERE is a persistent trait of human nature that causes most of us to seek the company of others. We are essentially social beings. We need each other, for companionship, for comfort, for counsel. We have learned to know that few if any of us can enjoy security alone. Physical protection has long since been a matter of collective concern, and civilization itself has been achieved cooperatively and must be preserved that way. But the fact that we achieve many of our aims by cooperation with others, must not make us lose sight of the fact that every crowd, every community, every country is composed of individuals, each of whom is individually responsible for his own conduct, his own thinking, his own life. Crowds sometimes do strange things to people. For example, a gangster surrounded by his own gang may acquire a false sense of bravery, when, in reality, alone he is a cringing coward. The gang spirit can become a very dangerous spirit. Crowds sometimes make a boy rush unwisely into things he wouldn't have done except for the crowd. As one of a crowd he may forget that something which he wouldn't do alone doesn't become right just because a crowd does it. A crime that is perpetrated by three people isn't just one-third as bad as if one had done it. More properly it could be described as being three times as bad—because, while there may have been only one offense, there are three offenders, each of whom is guilty. A crowd can't think; crowds don't change the basic nature of things. Crowd action doesn't convert wrong into right. A crowd may make an action seem impersonal, but we can't impersonalize anything in which we ourselves participate or to which we ourselves give consent. We cannot avoid moral responsibility by hiding behind gangs, or false fronts, or organizations—for the crowd is always composed of individuals, and our individual responsibility for our own conduct is everlastingly upon us whether we are alone or with a dozen or a million. We do not lose our identity or our responsibility or our accountability by merging ourselves with any crowd of any size or description.

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—October 26, 1947.

Commercializing Christmas

IN this modern age when one's success is generally viewed by the world at large in terms of dollars and cents, number of horsepower, length of wheel base, or number and size of rooms, the "merriness" of Christmas has come too often to be judged by the number of greeting cards on the mantle or the size and exchange value of the pile of presents under the tree.

If we have sent fifty cards and received but forty-five in return, how often do we cross off five names from next year's list? Or if the present from Aunt Mabel isn't so expensive as the one we gave her, do we make a mental note to "remember" this next time? And do we ever compare the value of gifts received and given to see if we have broken even on the exchange?

This all-too-prevalent attitude about Christmas seems to be a natural part of modern living, which has been conditioned in part at least by advertising. Legitimate advertising is recognized as a desirable and necessary part of our economy, and judiciously used can actually result in raising the standard of living, lowering the price of consumer goods, and in general contributing to the making of a better world.

But like any other good thing, advertising, when misused so as to promote the sale of undesirable or harmful goods like liquor or tobacco, or to create false desires for unnecessary or useless goods, can be turned into a demon. Advertising maintains an important place as an agent of social control according to sociologists and social psychologists who devote many pages to the subject in recent textbooks.

In combining fact dissemination with every technique of persuasion known to man in this enlightened age, some unscrupulous advertisers capitalize on every type of appeal ever discovered or developed to make us fall in line with their suggestions and buy their products. They use sentiment, love, patriotism, vanity, fear, desire for success, health, wealth, influence, and other types of appeal too numerous to mention.

We have been made to feel, for example, that we do not love our mother unless we buy her an expensive gift for Mother's day. Father's day has been recently established, and we honor him by giving him presents. Presents are now even exchanged on Easter and other days. And to too many Christmas is no longer a day on which to worship and make children happy, but a day on which to present all our friends and relatives with the high-priced gifts which they have come to expect.

Christmas is the longest-remembered day of the year for children, and we should strive to keep it so. Christmas should also be one of the longest-remembered days for adults as well—not in terms of bills that stretch throughout most of the following year, but rather in terms of good accomplished, friends greeted, services rendered, smiles distributed, and good cheer spread. An inexpensive present given in the right spirit as a token of friendship or love carries more lasting value than the most expensive gift, given because we think it may be expected.—D. L. G.

The Christmas Way

PROBABLY never in the history of the world has there been a time when the message of the Christ was more needed. The world is staggering in the aftermath of war. Because of the tragedies resulting from it, many are questioning the old values—experimenting with new theories—ignoring or discarding long-accepted ideals. In the merry-go-round of trying to find happiness, the illusive, evanescent pleasures are grasped—while the lasting happiness which would come from living according to the principles taught by our Savior is overlooked.

One of the greatest contributions which Jesus made to mankind is the concept he advanced of the true nobility of the human spirit. Until the time of Christ the individual person had not been considered of very much value. He had existed for the benefit of the most powerful, who by force of might had assumed the right to exploit the weaker. Christ throughout his teachings decried any such attitude. Those who were strong must safeguard the weak, he said. Humility, rather than physical strength, became the ideal for those who would follow in Christ's way.

If each Christian would accept even this part of Christ's teaching, he would find his life enriched, because he would attain a thorough-going respect for others. With this respect he would develop a genuine love for people. Jealousy, quarreling, selfishness would be eliminated since such negative qualities would be completely incompatible with the Christ spirit—and beneath the qualities of one who had a genuine respect for mankind.

At this Christmas season the one Christmas gift that all could resolve to give to the world would be to reassert their complete acceptance of the message of the Christ and reaffirm their faith in the true nobility of man. With a genuine respect among all men peace would be one step nearer realization—and Christmas would indeed become a Christmas of "peace on earth, good will to man."—M. C. J.

EVIDENCES and RECONCILIATIONS

cxviii. Was Brigham Young Loyal to Joseph Smith?

BRIGHAM YOUNG became famous while he lived.

For good or for evil his name was known in every civilized land. Scores of books, hundreds of magazine articles, and thousands of newspaper comments were written about him and his people, and their work in making the desert blossom as the rose. Travelers sought the opportunity to visit him; and many came from foreign lands in behalf of their own countries to learn the methods employed in conquering the barren desert. Thinking men held him in honor, for they realized that, aside from any religious considerations, he was one of the world's foremost colonizers—destined to appear in history among the world's great men. In the opinion of most people of that day, Joseph Smith was overshadowed by Brigham Young.

Brigham Young was conscious of the fame that had overtaken him. He was aware also of the greatness of the work that the Latter-day Saints had done in the desert under his leadership. When someone suggested that he should write his history, his quick rejoinder was, "I have no time; I am too busy making history." It would have been easy for him to take honor unto himself, to ignore his origins, and to forget those from whose work his own successes were drawn. History is filled with stories of successful men who have carefully hidden from human eyes the steps by which fame and honor had come to them.

Here was one of the supreme tests of President Young's greatness. Here he might easily have fallen and forfeited the measure of true manhood. Were there humility and loyalty enough in his soul to disclaim honor except as a faithful instrument through which divine purposes could be accomplished? Was he big enough to give credit to those who laid the foundations of the Church which gave him opportunity to use his natural talents? If so, he could claim place among the really great souls of humankind.

To this unspoken challenge Brigham Young rose nobly, and to us, thrillingly. In speaking of the work accomplished he gave first credit to the inspiration that came from the gospel of Jesus Christ restored through Joseph Smith. The part he and his associates had played was secondary. As for himself he humbly said, "I have never claimed to be a prophet, but I feel that I have been profitable to this people." The greatness of any man may be most easily measured by his humility and loyalty. Without them, men begin to worship themselves, a type of idolatry that corrupts the soul.

The loyalty of Brigham Young to Joseph Smith was unmeasured. It was born of a love like that of David and Jonathan. It was complete, boundless, not like the love of many who would accept the Prophet only to a certain year, or for a certain doctrine. Time and again, President Young referred to Joseph Smith in his public utterances. Let him speak to us:

Of the Prophet and the Prophet's doctrine:

I feel like shouting hallelujah, all the time, when I think that I ever knew Joseph Smith. (*Journal of Discourses* 3: 51.)

I honor and revere the name of Joseph Smith. I delight to hear it; I love it. I love his doctrine. (*Ibid.*, 13:216.)

What a delight it was to hear Brother Joseph talk upon the great principles of eternity; he would bring them down to the capacity of a child, and he would unite heaven and earth. (*Ibid.*, 4:54.)

When I first heard him [Joseph] preach, he brought heaven and earth together; and all the priests of the day could not tell me anything correct about heaven, hell, God, angels, or devils; they were as blind as Egyptian darkness. When I saw Joseph Smith, he took heaven figuratively speaking, and brought it down to earth; and he took the earth and brought it up, and opened up, in plainness and simplicity, the things of God; and that is the beauty of his mission. (*Ibid.*, 5:332.)

What I have received from the Lord, I have received by Joseph Smith; he was the instrument made use of. If I drop him, I must drop these principles; they have not been revealed, declared, or explained by any other man since the days of the Apostles. (*Ibid.*, 6:279-280.)

Of Joseph's character:

Who can justly say aught against Joseph Smith? I was as well acquainted with him, as any man. I do not believe that his father and mother knew him any better than I did. I do not think that a man lives on the earth that knew him any better than I did; and I am bold to say that Jesus Christ excepted, no better man ever lived or does live upon this earth. I am his witness. (*Ibid.*, 9:332.)

We can find no person who presents a better character to the world, when the facts are known, than Joseph Smith, Jr. (*Ibid.*, 14:203.)

For the length of time he lived he was as good a man as ever lived in the flesh. Jesus excepted. (*Ibid.*, 7:243.)

Of Brigham's trust in Joseph Smith:

Once in my life I felt a want of confidence in Brother Joseph Smith, soon after I became acquainted with him. It was not concerning religious matters—it was not about his revelations—but it was in relation to his financeering—to his managing the temporal affairs which he undertook. A feeling came over me that Joseph was not right in his financial management, though I presume the feeling did not last sixty seconds, and perhaps not thirty. But that feeling came on me once and once only, from the time I first saw him to the day of his death. It gave me sorrow of heart. (*Ibid.*, 4:297.)

Though I admitted in my feelings and knew all the time that Joseph was a human being and subject to err, still it was none of my business to look after his faults. (*Ibid.*, 4:297.)

Of his concern for Joseph's family and reputation:

What of Joseph Smith's family? What of his boys? I have prayed from the beginning for Sister Emma and for the whole family. There is not

(Concluded on page 826)



Josephine B. Nichols

Merry Christmas From You

By CY LANCE

THE other day I watched a wisely before-time friend working on her Christmas and New Years cards for this year. She was nearing completion of the number she planned to send. It totaled around two hundred cards.

Formerly I questioned the wisdom of sending Christmas cards out in such large numbers. As I watched my friend busily and happily employed at her task of love, I thought of the great amount of good will she was planting. And I realized what a good thing that was, for we can never have too much good will.

My friend kept her card sending from becoming a tiresome chore by the orderly way she went about it. She had an extensive list of names, saved from last year, and built up by keeping the list handy and adding new names whenever they occurred to her.

This list gave her an accurate estimate of the number of cards and stamps she would need. She bought her cards weeks in advance when she had time to make careful unhurried selections from plentiful supplies. She bought enough to take care of the new names she would be sure to add to the list.

Stamps my friend bought in quantity enough to cover her entire need. This saved the time, energy, and annoyance of repeated trips to the post office. Think of how many cards she was able to write, for instance, in the time it would take her to go down a post office line of only ten people.

Also I marveled at the wisdom she showed in her wide assortment of cards to suit individual personalities. The recipient would know in every case that she gave real thought to the choice of the card.

The simple straight-forward prose greeting was her choice when she was not on terms of intimacy with the receiver. The card with a verse or two of warm sentiment would go to the elderly friend. The younger names on her list came in for the lighter treatment

or the outright funny greeting which they enjoy more than their elders would.

My friend favors medium-size cards. No doubt she knows they fit post office cancelling machines better and are easier to handle than overlarge or unduly small cards.

In the writing of the cards, too, she managed to make it fun rather than a wearisome task. By starting early and doing only ten or a dozen cards at a sitting she was able to keep the whole thing fresh and lively for herself and for the friends at the other end of her good wishes. It certainly beats the do-it-all-in-one-night method and the hectic last-minute haste which defeats much of the natural beauty of the Christmas thought.



She likes to include a brief friendly hello with her greetings. Her casual carefree plan gives her plenty of time to do this. A Christmas card from this lady is really a greeting in every sense of the word.

SHE puts first-class postage on her cards. Her friends travel first-class all the way with her. And the post office probably also likes the way she puts her return address on the envelope and the proper zone number which she always includes in all her addresses. Many of her friends who may have lost her address probably appreciate it, too. And no doubt more than one fine friendship is rescued in this way from the limbo of lost things.

She checks zone numbers she's not sure of by going to the postal map. She takes no chances of having her thought and effort go for naught.

My friend handles the job of stamping in a simple, clean, businesslike way. She dampens generously and folds several times a clean cloth. She puts this on a dinner plate and presses the stamps against the wet cloth. When she has finished stamping, she moistens the envelope flaps against the wet cloth and seals them. In this way she does

MERRY gifts to eat, are very exciting and greatly appreciated, too. Make your Christmas gifts and entertaining gay with these holiday recipes.

Stuffed Turkey Slices

- 6 slices turkey
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup chopped almonds
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup fine bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup stock

Melt butter. Add almonds, celery, parsley, onion, and seasoning; cook 2 minutes; mix with bread crumbs, moisten with half of stock. Place stuffing on turkey slices; roll cornucopia fashion; skewer ends with toothpick. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., twenty minutes, basting with remaining stock.

Cranberry Sherbet

- 1 pound (4 cups) cranberries
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 pint ginger ale

Cook berries in boiling water fifteen minutes. Press through strainer. Add gelatine, softened in cold water, and sugar; stir until dissolved. Cool. Add ginger ale. Freeze in refrigerator tray to mushy consistency. Turn into chilled mixing bowl and beat. Return to tray and freeze until firm. It may be frozen in paper cups.

(Continued on page 823)

a great many in a short space of time.

This year I planned to cut my own card sending to a minimum. But after observing my friend I've made up a list that is at least twice as long as ever before. And it is still growing. I thought I didn't know that many people. Already I have my cards and my stamps, and I have started nibbling at my list in leisurely fashion. There's plenty of time yet; there's no rush. And it's no trouble at all this way; it's fun.

This way of sending out Christmas and New Year's wishes is jolly, my friend showed me. And surely some of the fun and the quiet calm and peacefulness of this method will carry over to the receivers.

CHRISTMAS card sending doesn't need to be a dull business. A little forethought can make it a real pleasure for all concerned. It is a fine labor of love paying rich unsought rewards in lasting friendship to those who go at it in the way my friend does. Try it, won't you? And a Merry Christmas to you!



Cook's Corner

(Continued from page 822)

Mint Puffs

- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 tablespoons light corn syrup
- ¼ cup water
- 1 egg white
- peppermint extract
- red food coloring

Combine sugar, syrup, and water; stir until sugar dissolves. Cook to soft ball stage. Slowly pour over beaten egg whites, beating until mixture holds shape when dropped from spoon. Add a drop of extract; color a delicate pink. Swirl from teaspoon on to waxed paper.



Sugar Plum Loaf

- ¼ cup shortening
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 cakes fresh yeast
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 4 cups enriched flour
- ¾ cup raisins
- ¼ cup candied cherries
- 1 teaspoon candied orange
- ¼ cup sliced citron peel
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cardamom seed
- 1½ cups chopped walnut meats

Combine milk, shortening, sugar, salt, and spices; cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in this mixture. Add eggs; mix well. Add two cups flour; beat well. Add fruit, nuts, and remaining flour. Mix to soft dough. Knead smooth. Let rise in warm place (82°) until double in bulk. Punch down. Let rest fifteen minutes. Form in two round loaves in nine-inch round cake pans. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake in moderate oven (350°) forty-five minutes. Spread with confectioner's frosting.

Mince Meat Tarts

- 1 recipe plain pastry
- 2 pints homemade mincemeat

Roll pastry thin. Cut in five-inch circles. Fit into large muffin pans, pressing out air bubbles. Turn under and flute edges. Fill with homemade mincemeat. Bake in hot oven 450° F., twenty minutes.

Homemade Mincemeat

- 1 pound beef neck
- ½ pound suet
- 2 pounds tart apples
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 pound currants
- 1 pound seedless raisins
- ¼ pound citron cut fine
- 1 cup fruit juice or cider

(Concluded on page 824)

"When you come back,
be sure that bag's full of
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

DUTCH SAINTS

Ship Potatoes to Germany

By Frederick W. Babbel

WORD has been received from President Cornelius Zappey of the Netherlands Mission that permission has been given by that government to permit the Dutch Saints to ship sixty-six tons (132,000 pounds) of potatoes to the Saints in Germany. These were raised on welfare projects started at the suggestion of Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve when he presided over the European Mission more than a year ago.

During the past two years, since the end of the hostilities, the Netherlands government has not exported any food to its former enemies because of the scarcity in its own country. Today it has not yet lifted the ban, although an exception was made in the case of the Dutch Saints.

In commenting upon this magnificent gesture of the some three thousand Dutch Saints, President Zappey remarked:

No one at home will ever realize, I think, the victory and the joy it has been for us. It will take about four railroad cars

to transport all these potatoes. When I think of the suffering and the privations the people of Holland, as well as our Saints, suffered at the hands of the Germans, and how our Saints have labored long and diligently to raise all this food with only one goal in view—to send it to our Saints in Germany—I thank my Heavenly Father for the spirit of the welfare work at home and in this mission.

THE spirit of this welfare work extends much further. When Elder Benson arrived in Europe shortly after V-E Day, he learned that during the war, food, clothing, and funds had been sent from one mission to another. The Swedish Saints had sent considerable aid to their brethren and sisters in Norway and Denmark; the Danish Saints assisted those in Norway and Holland; likewise the Swiss Saints had extended relief to Germany, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, France, and Holland, even accepting children to nourish them back to health. Evidence was found that the German Saints had also extended aid wherever possible, particularly during the

early war years before their country became a devastated shambles.

Conditions in Holland at the end of the war were quite critical. Thanks to the Church welfare program, packages of food and clothing were sent in large numbers, followed soon by carlot shipments. These supplies were instrumental in alleviating much distress and possibly averting near disaster in many cases. Though Holland is still much in need of many things, the Saints are quite able to care for many of their own needs. Considering their own necessities, it is a marvel and a real testimony to the world that these Saints would not only engage whole-heartedly in a welfare program, but also that they would be willing to send the fruits of their toil to their former enemies. Veritably, they have gloriously met the challenge of the Master when he admonished,

... Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. (Matthew 5:44.)

As we approach this Yuletide season it is well for those enjoying the bounties and blessings of life to offer a sincere prayer of thanksgiving. The real spirit of Christmas time may be found in greater measure by emulating the example of loving unselfishness set by our beloved Saints in the Netherlands.

Cook's Corner

(Concluded from page 823)

- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon mace
- juice and grated rind of 1 orange

Cook meat until tender. Cool and force through food chopper with suet and apples. Add remaining ingredients; mix thoroughly. Cook slowly until apples are tender. Seal in sterilized jars.

CANDIES

Turkish Delight

- 2 cups sugar
- ½ cup boiling water
- 4 tablespoons Knox gelatin
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 lemon (juice)
- 1 orange (juice)

Soak gelatin in cold water. Dissolve sugar in boiling water and bring to a boil. Add soaked gelatin; boil gently twenty min-

utes; before taking from heat add fruit juices. To one-half you may add red coloring and cinnamon extract; to the other half, green coloring and peppermint. Let set several hours; cut into star shapes or in squares; roll in granulated sugar.

FUN WITH POPCORN

Popcorn Christmas Trees

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- 2 tablespoons light corn syrup
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon butter

Combine sugar, water, vinegar, syrup, and salt. Cook to very hard ball stage

(265°). Add butter. Pour over 6 cups popped corn. Make popcorn trees or form into popcorn balls.

Christmas Trees

Christmas trees are shaped of popcorn with red and green gumdrop ornaments and red apple base. Add red food coloring to syrup, before pouring over popcorn. Pack corn into cones made of waxed paper. Dip blunt end of wooden skewer in corn syrup; push into tree, cool. Stick sharp end into paper. Dip little red and green gumdrops into corn syrup before trimming the tree.

Popcorn Ball and Cane

Make giant popcorn balls; insert candy canes in tops before they harden. Wrap in cellophane; tie with red ribbon and holly.

Pretty Pussy Cat Popcorn Balls

What long whiskers our cat has! They are made by using three full-length sippers, held at center with a red life saver nose; stuck on neatly with popcorn syrup. The green eyes are life savers. For her ears snip a sipper in half, bend each piece in its middle and stick on with syrup.



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(Concluded from page 821)

Nearly Three Million Pages of Danish Films in Library

ON November 3 another instalment of films was received from Denmark by the Church Genealogical Society in Salt Lake City.

A total of 785 record rolls, each 50 meters in length, and containing approximately 1,867,185.3 pages have lately been sent to the library for editing and cataloging.

These added to the 496 rolls previously received bring the total of films arriving from Copenhagen to date to an estimated 2,863,892 pages.

Before these films can be classified and made available to the public, a positive print of the entire lot will have to be printed and developed for library use. This alone will require close to forty miles of film (39.80), enough to stretch from Salt Lake City to Ogden.

The photographing is done under contract for the Genealogical Society by Arthur G. Hasso, archivist in the National Archive in Copenhagen. He uses a *Fotokopist* camera of German manufacture. Two operators keep this microfilm machine in continuous operation from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. each working day.

Mr. Hasso himself scrutinizes all films first; then they are again carefully inspected by qualified persons designated by President Alma Petersen of the Danish Mission. As a result the records received are of a high order of excellence.

Included among the volumes microfilmed in this collection are all the census records of Denmark from 1787 to 1860, all the military levying rolls, and all parish registers in the Copenhagen archives whose names begin with the letters between A and F.

It is expected that at least another four years will be required to complete this record project in Denmark.

a man in this Church that has entertained better feelings toward them. (*Ibid.*, 8:69.)

Joseph was doing business in Kirtland, and it seemed that all creation was upon him, to hamper him in every way, and they drove him from his business, and it left him so that some of his debts had to be settled afterwards; and I am thankful to say that they were settled up; still further we have sent East to New York to Ohio, and to every place where I had ever done business, and inquired if there was a man left to whom Joseph Smith, Jun., the Prophet, owed a dollar, or a sixpence. If there was we would pay it. But I have not been able to find one. I have advertised this through every neighborhood and place where formerly he lived, consequently I have the right to conclude that all his debts were settled. (*Ibid.*, 18:242.)

Forty-five years ago they were determined to kill the Prophet Joseph. I have lain upon the floor scores of nights ready to receive the mob who sought his life. (*Ibid.*, 18:361.)

Of the continuation of Joseph's work:

... Joseph Smith, the Prophet whom the Lord raised up and ordained, and to whom he gave keys and power to build up the kingdom of God on earth and sustain it. These keys are committed to this people, and we have power to continue the work that Joseph commenced until everything is prepared for the coming of the Son of Man. This is the business of the Latter-day Saints, and it is all the business we have on hand. (*Ibid.*, 3:51.)

Joseph Smith laid the foundation of the great fabric, and we have commenced to build upon it. (*Ibid.*, 1:110.)

Of Joseph Smith's pre-eminence:

I do not profess to be so good a man as Joseph Smith was. (*Ibid.*, 5:127.)

Even to compare me with our martyred Prophet is too much: though I expect if I am faithful, shall be as great as they [Joseph and Hyrum Smith] are now, and so can every faithful man. (*Ibid.*, 6:274.)

Of Joseph's eventual position:

When I go to where Joseph is, he will be the president of this dispensation. (*Ibid.*, 7:47.)

* * *

Such words from Brigham Young about Joseph Smith might be multiplied. They carry the spirit of friendship, loyalty, and devotion. No doubt, this attitude fitted President Young for the heavy tasks of leadership in the settlement of the West. Only loyal men can be used by the Lord!—J. A. W.

December

IN CHURCH HISTORY

OWING to persecutions, Joseph Smith removed from Manchester, New York, to Harmony township, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, in December 1827. Here also persecution awaited him. During this and the following month he translated some of the characters of the Book of Mormon plates.

The latter part of the Book of Moses (now part of the Pearl of Great Price) was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith in December 1830.

The Saints were commanded, in December 1830, to gather to Ohio.

The Prophet prophesied on Christmas day, 1832, concerning the Civil War between the North and South, which commenced some twenty-eight years later.

Joseph Smith, Sr., was ordained

Patriarch to the Church on December 18, 1833.

The first general conference of the Church in England was held in the "Cock Pit," at Preston in December 1837. At this conference the Word of Wisdom was first publicly taught in England.

The city of Nauvoo was divided into ten bishop's wards Sunday, December 4, 1842.

The First Presidency of the Church was reorganized at Winter Quarters in December 1847. Brigham Young was sustained as President of the Church with Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as counselors. John Smith was sustained as Patriarch to the Church.

The first Sunday School in the Rocky Mountains was opened, December 9, 1849, in the Salt Lake

(Concluded on page 834)



for Christmas and forever...



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Planning—The Key to Successful Monthly Quorum Meetings

MELCHIZEDEK

FREQUENTLY the monthly quorum meeting, instead of being a vital business meeting dealing with the physical and spiritual needs of the quorum, consists of one or two special musical numbers and possibly an invited speaker. Occasionally a special subject, apart from the regular weekly study course, is treated.

Busy brethren to whom life is vibrantly alive and full of meaning can hardly be blamed for feeling that such a meeting—often requiring travel over long distances and entailing considerable expense—is more or less a waste of time. Priesthood quorums have been organized to assist in the great undertaking of establishing the kingdom of God upon the earth with all its ramifications. Surely a quorum which evidences no more vision or purpose than those following the plan mentioned above could hardly be considered a vital element in this great purpose.

Almost without exception the brethren who have been called to leadership in the various quorums are anxious to perform their task acceptably before the Lord and their brethren. Perhaps the extent to which brethren fail in this achievement is due largely to not understanding what is expected or what responsibilities devolve upon the quorum. As an aid to understanding the full purposes and objectives of quorums and the task which they are expected to accomplish, a *Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook* is now being published. This handbook will be made available without cost to all brethren charged with the responsibility of priesthood leadership.

Meanwhile a few basic principles are being outlined in the hope that quorum presidencies and members may envision with greater clarity the opportunities and responsibilities placed upon the quorums of the priesthood. Unless this is accomplished, individual quorum members cannot be expected to be enthusiastic, vigorously alive, and making a vital contribution to the kingdom of God on earth.

It should be remembered that the monthly quorum meeting is the business meeting of the quorum. After customary greetings by the quorum presidency and an invocation, the major portion of the time should be used in receiving reports on assignments made, counseling on problems encountered and presenting plans and specific assignments thoughtfully and prayerfully considered. These reports and assignments should cover all of the following phases:

That Ye May Be Wise

WHEN the current priesthood study course was contemplated, a great need was felt for brethren to understand and thrill to the early beginnings of the Church in this dispensation. Perhaps no period in the history of the world, except during the personal ministry of the Savior, has been the recipient of so much divine revelation and reassurance of the divinity of God and his purposes.

No record is equal to the *Documentary History of the Church*, written by the Prophet Joseph Smith, in vividly and honestly portraying this momentous period of history. It was fitting, therefore, that this should be selected as a course of study for the Melchizedek Priesthood.

During the year 1947, the triumphs, the pathos, and heartaches of this period were brought to life by means of the forceful lesson outline supplement prepared for the general priesthood committee by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. For 1948 a companion supplement has been completed. These two supplements will cover the entire first volume of *The Documentary History of the Church*.

Numerous inquiries have been directed to Church headquarters inquiring about the availability of this documentary history and the lesson outlines. There is still an ample stock of volume one of the *Documentary History of the Church*. Copies may be secured from the Deseret Book Company at \$1.50 a copy. A number of 1947 outline supplements are also available at the same source for twenty-five cents each.

es: Standing committee work; ward teaching assignments; writing letters to members away from home, on missions or incapacitated, and reading replies received; visits to sick members or absentees; assisting with ordinances in fast meetings, at local hospitals, etc.; stake and foreign missionary work; projects and assignments for work in the temples; quorum, ward, and stake welfare assignments; plans for assisting needy members to secure necessary employment and needed rehabilitation, both temporally and spiritually; organizing social activities of various kinds; reviewing stake priesthood leadership meeting assignments. The field of activities is unlimited.

From the foregoing it is evident that reports cannot be received unless assignments have been made. Likewise, assignments, in order to be purposeful

During this present time and in the years to come the value of these supplements in conjunction with the *Documentary History* cannot be overemphasized. It would be well to bind these two lesson supplements into one volume to act as a companion reference book to volume one of the *Documentary History of the Church*. From the standpoint of research such a volume will be invaluable.

To date many brethren have purchased only the lesson supplement, thereby losing much of the value of the lessons. The history of the Church cannot be properly studied without actually reading and analyzing it firsthand. One may read numerous commentaries on the Bible, the Book of Mormon, or any similar work; yet these volumes carry their own message and the spirit of truth which leads to conviction. This will be found to be true of the present study course. Those who have devoted time actually to studying these materials have received an insight and a testimony which they highly prize. It is desired that all brethren partake of the splendid opportunity herein afforded.

As people become negligent in reading and studying the things of God, spirituality declines. This is an ever-present danger, and brethren are cautioned against it by availing themselves of the privilege which guided study and discussion affords. We urge all brethren to avail themselves of these inexpensive books and utilize them properly.

and successful, must be made as a result of prayerful and thoughtful consideration by the quorum presidency. As is evident, *regular quorum presidency council meetings are indispensable*. The business to be transacted and presented must come from a vigorous quorum presidency and rarely from the quorum membership. Here quorum members are given an opportunity to present problems encountered in fulfilling their assignments. Here suggestions and recommendations may be effected by counseling wisely together.

If such a program is conscientiously adopted, there will be little if any time for special speakers and lessons. Quorum members will thrill with such a program because they will see in it farsighted objectives and purposes, benevolent activities and a genuine spirit of brotherhood.

PRIESTHOOD

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — HAROLD B. LEE, CHAIRMAN; EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MC KAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RICHARD L. EVANS, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM, S. DILWORTH YOUNG, MILTON R. HUNTER, BRUCE R. MC CONKIE

Advice Concerning Annual Reports

THE annual confidential Melchizedek Priesthood reports should be completed by December 31 of this year. Considerable work will be entailed by some quorums in completing this task by that time. The following suggestions are restated in an effort to lend what assistance may be rendered by the general priesthood committee.

An annual report is required from each quorum of the Melchizedek Priesthood. The responsibility for obtaining the report from each quorum rests with the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee, whose duty it is to obtain and audit reports, enter them on the stake summary and mail the stake summary to the general priesthood committee as soon as possible after December 31 and before January 15.

It is evident upon examination that the annual report emphasizes the importance of each member living the standards of the Church. Brethren who bear the Holy Priesthood and who hold positions of leadership are expected to conduct their lives in keeping with the word of the Lord.

Part one of the report specifies that each quorum president and counselors, in the order of their seniority, shall sign his name and make a personal statement as to whether his life is in harmony with the questions asked. The quorum secretary is not required to make such a statement. An original *only of part one* is to be made and no copy thereof retained by the quorum.

Upon close examination of part two of the report it will also be evident that only upon the basis of a personal interview with every quorum member who is living at home, can the report be made to reflect the true status of quorum members with regards to the standards of the Church as set forth therein.

Members of the presidency of each quorum of high priests, seventies, and elders are to interview personally each quorum member who is living at home to determine his answer to the items, excepting percentage items and tithing questions, so this report may be com-

pleted and mailed to the chairman of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee not later than January 1.

It is requested that quorum presidents and counselors go individually when interviewing quorum members, not as a presidency. Confidential matters may be more freely discussed when only one quorum officer and a member are present. Care should be exercised to avoid any embarrassment to the member. The interview should not be conducted while he is in the presence of the members of his family. There is no need to ask questions, the answers to which are already known to you.

Neither quorum secretaries nor group leaders are to be asked to assist quorum presidencies in conducting these interviews.

When making this survey, avoid recording any information, except in this report, which will identify any member with the answers made. This is a confidential report, and the statements of members should be held in the strictest confidence.

The practice of sending questionnaires in any form to obtain this information is not approved.

When each member has been interviewed, the quorum presidency should take a list of quorum members to each respective bishop at the end of the year and ascertain each member's tithing record as to whether he is a full tithepayer, part tithepayer, non-tithepayer or is exempt from the payment of tithes.

It is expected that chairmen of stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees will order sufficient copies of the quorum confidential annual report for distribution to each Melchizedek Priesthood quorum of the stake. These chairmen should determine which quorums already have available report forms and then order from the general priesthood committee whatever additional number of reports are necessary. A letter dated October 30, 1947, addressed to presidents of stakes and counselors, provided an order blank for this purpose.

These annual reports provide an excellent barometer for determining the activity and devotion among the priesthood of the Church. We urge all brethren responsible to exercise extreme prudence and care in completing this task.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

AMONG the thirteen speakers who were on the Columbia Broadcasting System "You and Alcohol" radio program last winter was one representing the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc. He presented a point of view in opposition to that calling for legal elimination, stated by its proponent thus:

Since beverage alcohol causes so much damage in so many areas, freely admitted by its foes as well as by its friends, we should by fair, educational, and legal processes, move toward a real democratic settlement of this problem, remembering that education demands adequate legislation.

This speaker, Mr. Herbert H. Parish, quoted Lincoln as saying:

Liquor may have its defenders, but no defense.

On reading the radio talk presenting liquor's side of the alcohol problem, we felt that Lincoln's statement is true as to fact. Liquor had its defender on the C.B.S. program, but his lack of frankness in admitting that alcohol is a factor—and in very many cases a major factor—in a multitude of troubles, evils, wrongs, and crimes, reminds us of the phrase, "wolves in sheep's clothing." He said of those who drink in this country,

... ninety-five percent remained moderate drinkers throughout their lives and show no ill effects of any kind.

Are all the evils, wrongs, sins, and crimes in which liquor is a factor committed by the five percent who drink excessively, not being able to control their drinking? Every traffic officer knows that it is the driver who has had "only a drink or two" that is involved in the accident. This fact gives the reason why the National Safety Council recommends that traffic laws make it illegal for anyone to drive a motor car who has more than 0.05 percent of alcohol in his blood. Two drinks will not, generally, make a person drunk.

No, it is not the drunk who is guilty of the crime but instead the moderate drinker who has taken only enough to make him a "daredevil."

The C.B.S. defender of alcohol said,
(Concluded on page 834)



The PRESIDING

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP
OUTLINE OF STUDY
JANUARY 1948

L.D.S. Girls

Youth Speaks

THE lesson for January will be a review of the study material presented in this column for January and February of 1946. The helps and information presented during the past two years have been so valuable that we desire they be reviewed and re-emphasized. Each month, in this column, we will suggest the lessons to be reviewed, and they may vary in number from one to three.

Realizing that not everyone will have kept a complete file of *The Improvement Era* and the Church Section of *The Deseret News* for the past two years for reference, we will mimeograph the lessons suggested for review each month and mail this material direct to each bishop one month in advance. The bishop should immediately turn the material over to the leader who presents the lessons and thus provide him with opportunity to make adequate preparation.

Aaronic Priesthood

Increased Quorum Award Requirements

WE call attention to the increase in two of the requirements of the Standard Quorum Award for 1947 as follows: (1) Minimum attendance at sacrament meeting increased from twenty-five percent to thirty percent; (2) minimum number of priesthood assignments filled by at least seventy-five percent of quorum members increased from twelve to thirty.

These increases affect only the Standard Quorum Award and are contained in the current *Aaronic Priesthood Handbook* issued January 1, 1947.

The following is a stimulating address on the accomplishments of the L.D.S. girls program. Nancy Salisbury spoke before the mothers and daughters session of a recent Kolob Stake quarterly conference. There were 463 mothers and daughters in attendance.

IN a booklet compiled by the late President Heber J. Grant entitled *Treasures I Would Share* he quotes from a letter he received from William George Jordan, November 9, 1909, as follows:

No religion is worthy of anything unless it yields dividends—dividends of finer individual lives, of true brotherhood, of higher uplift in the affairs of everyday life.

In my preparation for this assignment, I have counted the dividends that have been paid to me as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Dividends of a finer individual life—of a truer brotherhood—of higher uplift in the affairs of everyday life.

I find that I am the recipient of these blessings or dividends because of the broad program of youth leadership sponsored by the Church. I find that my own investment is small compared to the time and effort put forth in my behalf by those who are in charge of the girl leadership work in my ward and in this stake. Through their efforts I have learned to appreciate more my membership in this great Church.

I have learned to appreciate the gospel and its message which has been impressed upon my mind, and its importance has been brought clearly to my conscience. I humbly acknowledge my gratitude for membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The girl leadership program has stim-



NANCY SALISBURY

ulated a greater desire in me to learn more of the message of the gospel. I find that I like to attend sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and M.I.A. Other girls of my age and in my group likewise are influenced to attend their meetings, and together we learn more of the gospel and its ordinances. It has created an interest in our group to participate in discussions in Sunday School and M.I.A. classes. It has taught me the meaning and importance of the sacrament. Through my interests in the girl leadership program, I have learned more of the Church welfare program, and I have been able to assist in it and to encourage others to be interested in its objectives. I have been encouraged to observe the law of tithing, and I have learned the importance of the observance of fast day and fast offerings.

Working together on welfare projects cultivates a spirit of comradeship, a desire to help one another, a willingness to make sacrifices to help others. In the words of W. D. Harwood:

No man ever gets who does not give; no man ever gains a new idea or a new and noble thought, or does some good thing for the advancement of the world who does not first give something from himself, and it is only as a man absolutely gives himself wholly and unreservedly that he can hope to do the great good. Strangely enough, the more he gives, the more is given him to do with.

I know that the gospel is true, and that if I keep the commandments of the Lord, I will receive blessings that are promised to those who are faithful.

It is my humble prayer that this work may grow and its influence for good in the world increase, that we may all strive to live to be worthy of membership in this great organization.



"THE HIGH ROAD"

These lads, four deacons, one teacher, and one priest, Sunset Ward, North Davis Stake, attended priesthood meeting and sacrament meeting one hundred percent for six months and were taken for a ride in the clouds by their leader, Keith Smith. They know what it means to travel "the high road," really.

BISHOPRIC'S PAGE

Edited by Lee A. Palmer



L.D.S. Girls:

Aaronic Priesthood

Care Urged in Applying for Awards

A special order blank for requesting application blanks for quorum, group, and individual awards for the Aaronic Priesthood and Latter-day Saint girls was sent to each bishop November 1. Only official application blanks should be used in applying for awards.

A separate application is to be made for the quorum or group award, while each application for the individual award provides for fifteen names.

We offer a few suggestions for your guidance in submitting applications for awards: (1) Do not submit an application unless all minimum requirements are met as specified; (2) do not ask for exceptions—there are none; (3) answer every question in full; (4) use only 1947 application blanks; (5) spell

all names correctly; (6) write in a legible hand—use a typewriter whenever possible; (7) have applications signed by all designated officers; (8) allow at least thirty days for the delivery of awards after the applications are approved by the Presiding Bishopric; (9) if awards are desired by a certain date, please specify.

For further details, read the instructions appearing on the application blanks and in the handbooks for both programs.

L.D.S. Girls

Questions and Answers

Question: May girls qualify for the Individual Certificate of Award and receive credit toward the Standard Group Award through participating with only their own families in sending direct relief to relatives at home or in far-off lands?

Answer: No. Such an undertaking is a family project and is not to be con-

sidered as participation in a Church welfare project. Credit may only be taken when girls assist in projects originating with the Church welfare committee and assigned to regions, stakes, and wards.

Question: May girls who buy aprons, yard goods, or other materials and who then donate them to a ward welfare project receive credit for participation in a Church welfare project?

Answer: Yes. Girls who make a personal contribution of materials, time, or money directly to the Church welfare program are to receive credit toward the Standard Group Award and the Individual Certificate of Award.

Question: Under what conditions may girls be considered exempt from the payment of tithing?

Answer: Girls who have neither earned money nor received allowances, gifts of money, or other valuable consideration worthy to be tithed, are exempt from the payment of tithing. It is well to remember, however, that parents are to observe the law of tithing and teach it to their children.

LOVELL WARD, BIG HORN STAKE, under the leadership of Bishop Fran H. Brown is strong for youth. The Latter-day Saint girls in the upper photo qualified one hundred percent for the Standard Group Award and fifty-three girls were awarded the Individual Certificate of Award for 1946. The Aaronic Priesthood members in the lower photo are now putting the finishing touches on their sixth year in qualifying one hundred percent for the Standard Quorum Award.

The bishopric, with the assistance of their Aaronic Priesthood and Latter-day Saint girl leaders, feted the combined groups to a turkey banquet. They all feel it's wonderful to live in the Lovell Ward where leadership and youth are so united to their mutual blessing.



Winter Quarter

Opens January 5 at Brigham Young University

New classes will be open in all departments for students who plan to enter college in the Winter Quarter.

An expanded offering of courses and a rich series of operas, concerts, dramas, and lecturers make attendance during this term especially profitable.

Students not previously registered at B.Y.U. should send applications immediately.

REGISTRATION DATES

Jan. 6—Freshmen and Sophomores

Jan. 5—Juniors and Seniors

(Spring Quarter begins March 22)

Brigham Young University

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FIRST PRESIDENCY PROPOSES STAKE AND WARD MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS

To Presidents of Stakes and
Bishops of Wards

Dear Brethren:

Music is a most important part of our religious services and our recreational activities. Proper supervision and direction are essential to the end that high standards in music literature as well as in musical performance be maintained. In order that the music program of the Church be made most effective, we respectfully submit the following instructions to you and ask that you give careful attention to these proposals in setting up your stake and ward musical organizations:

I. Stake music committee

That the stake music committee be composed of the following:

- Chairman, stake music director (appointed by stake presidency). His duties concern the organization and business of the music forces of the stake.
- Adviser, member of stake presidency or an appointee, preferably from the high council.
- One or two members at large, if desirable and thought necessary, including the stake organist.

DUTIES

- To receive and disseminate to wards and stake, material and instructions from the general music committee.
- To coordinate the music program of the stake.
- To arrange exchange of ward choirs, music for stake conferences, and music festivals.
- To provide music leadership and special musical numbers for stake priesthood and other meetings. This leadership may be borrowed from the wards of the stake.
- To encourage ward music committee members and others to participate in classes of instruction for conductors and organists, as provided under the direction of the general music committee.

PROCEDURE

At the beginning of each season, preferably early September, the stake music committee should call in the stake conductors and organists of all priesthood groups and auxiliary organizations. Representatives of each organization should state its music program for the coming season as completely as possible, and from this information should be worked out a thoroughly co-ordinated music program for the stake that will be helpful and practical, with no conflicts and with opportunities for all.

The decisions and recommendations of this committee should be transmitted to each ward music chairman not later than September 15, so that the information will be available for the meeting of the ward music committee to be held during the latter part of September.

II. Ward music committee

That the ward music committee be composed of the following:

- Chairman, member of ward bishopric.
- Conductors and organists of the choir, priesthood, and each auxiliary organization of the ward.

MUSIC

DUTIES

1. To co-ordinate the music program of the ward by determining times and places for the various musical groups to rehearse and appear.
2. To enroll in classes of instruction for Church conductors and organists as provided by the general music committee, and to encourage other prospective conductors and organists to do likewise.
3. To provide opportunity for musical expression by all who are qualified to participate.
4. To encourage a high standard of performance at all times.

PROCEDURE

The ward music committee should hold a meeting during the month of September and at such intervals as ward circumstances and needs may suggest, at which time a complete program of the ward's musical activities for the coming season should be discussed and coordinated.

III. Ward choirs

- A. That the ward choir be recognized as the regular singing group for the ward sacrament meeting, and that all other singing groups (youth choruses, singing mothers, priesthood choruses, etc.) participate in the sacrament meeting only with the approval of the bishopric after consultation with choir officials.
- B. That the selection of singers for the ward choir be made by the choir leader with the approval of the choir president and the ward bishopric as to worthiness.
- C. That an adequate choir organization might be as follows:
 1. Conductor
 2. Organist
 3. President
 4. Secretary-treasurer
 5. Librarian
 6. Ward music chairman, to assist in obtaining choir personnel (member of bishopric)
 7. Assistant conductor and organist (if desired)
- D. That the choir be under the direction of the ward bishopric. The stake music director will be expected to give supervision to such choir organizations, and he in turn will receive helpful instructions from the general music committee.

IV. Youth choruses

- A. That choruses for the so-called teen-age girls, under the Latter-day Saint girls program be not organized except under the direction of the Mutual Improvement Associations or as members of the ward choir.
- B. That Aaronic Priesthood choruses may be organized but should not conflict with the Scout and M Men choruses sponsored by the Mutual Improvement Association.

Trusting that these instructions will be helpful to you in giving proper attention to this important phase of our work, we are

Faithfully yours,

E. Allen Smith

Franklin D. McKay

David O. McKay

The First Presidency



Since the announcement of the President's Food Conservation Program, we have adhered 100%, serving no meat on Tuesdays, no poultry or eggs on Thursdays, and rolls only upon request.

It is our belief that if this nation-wide program results in the saving of only one life in Europe, it is well worth the small sacrifice we are asked to make.

December and January are critical months in Western Europe. Millions may die of starvation unless we all help now.

Won't you observe this conservation program at home, too? Thank you.



HOTEL UTAH GUY THOMAS
Managing Director

Greyhound Offers



Jolly Ol' St. Nick wants to hitch a ride with Greyhound this year. *He knows something!* Our newest buses are faster and more comfortable—schedules are more frequent—seats more plentiful.

Make Greyhound your choice for care-free holiday trips, too. You can leave when you like—return when you're ready. Fares? Compare—and you'll go Overland Greyhound.

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With sugar again plentiful, you'll want to make holiday candies at home this season. So Morning Milk has compiled easy-to-make, delicious recipes—waiting for you today at your grocer's. They're FREE—another Morning Milk service for your home.

Ask Your Grocer for These FREE
Recipes Made with Smooth-Rich

MORNING MILK



NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO-COLUMN

(Concluded from page 829)

The scientists say that the root of alcoholism lies in "the man" and not in "the bottle." Such a man should learn to avoid alcohol in any form.

But he failed to say that scientists, or doctors, or individuals—or anyone—can ever know in advance whether a moderate drinker will become an alcoholic—one who cannot control his drinking. The change from controlled to uncontrolled drinking occurs suddenly and without warning. And this is true whether the drinker be educated or ignorant, a manager or laborer, a doctor or a layman. And it is estimated that three million drinkers in America are alcoholics—six percent of all who begin to drink. And in the language of Mrs. Marty Mann, executive director, National Committee for Education on Alcoholism—cured of this "disease" by Alcoholics Anonymous:

I suffered physically, mentally, emotionally, financially, socially—in every department of my life. I tell you, honestly, and on behalf of those three million suffering human beings—alcoholics—that alcoholism is the most painful disease known to man.

But the defender, referred to above, says these alcoholics

... have yet to learn that even in the good things of life, moderation is the best policy.

But he fails to state, as we said above, that the change from moderation to excess occurs suddenly and without warning. Hence by far the best and only sure policy for everyone is *never to begin drinking*. No one ever falls over a precipice who does not go near one. The defender says the industry does not want the business of the excessive drinker. How long since? When did the industry stop selling to drinkers under the influence of alcohol?

Sham pretensions that the industry does not want the patronage of people who drink too much!

To quote the defender again:

The industry believes in and is promoting the principle of moderation. . . . We want people to enjoy our products and not abuse them.

And so to induce people to drink for enjoyment (for what other reason do many people get drunk?) the industry spends more than one hundred million dollars annually in advertising which,

... is one of the most fruitful means of increasing business and of promoting sales. . . . Liquor advertising negates the educational efforts of the home, the school and the church on the dangers of alcohol. . . . How foolish it is to teach youth the dangers of liquor while allowing the stuff to be advertised in the most alluring terms.

How hollow the claims of the defender when his industry by its intriguing and falsifying ads tries to induce people

... to drink alcoholic beverages as an unalloyed good that all prosperous and successful men, women, and youth are expected to use!

Yes, it is probably true that the alcoholic beverage industries would prefer there were no alcoholics, for these undoubtedly help give a "black eye" to their business. So they contribute to research work—the objective of which is to discover an inexpensive medical cure for alcoholism. This done, their efforts to get everybody to drinking would doubtless be greatly intensified. But let no sane person forget that alcohol is not good for man. The Lord has said it. Yes, an advocate of drinking is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

To the liquor beverage industry we say: Gentlemen, if you sincerely want to cure alcoholism—a result—why not be logical and try to eliminate the cause of alcoholism?

DECEMBER IN CHURCH HISTORY

(Concluded from page 826)

City Fourteenth Ward by Richard Ballantyne.

On December 1, 1851, the British Mission of the Church consisted of forty-four conferences, 679 branches, and 32,894 members.

A landing and site for a Church warehouse, afterwards known as Call's Landing, was selected by Anson Call, on the Colorado River, 125 miles from St. George, December 17, 1864. At this time it was

contemplated to send emigrants from Europe, by way of Panama, the Gulf of California, and up the Colorado River to this landing, which was the head of navigation on the Colorado.

Because of the persecution and the legal proceedings against the Church, resulting from anti-polygamy legislation, all the workmen on the Temple Square, Salt Lake City, were discharged, and work on the temple was suspended, December 31, 1887.

FARMALLS ARE 'WAY OUT AHEAD !...
FAR AND AWAY THE NATION'S FAVORITE !

HERE'S THE MILLIONTH FARMALL*



FARMALL M—biggest in the line. For large, diversified farms.

Just FARMALL Tractors alone—a million of them!

International Harvester has built many hundreds of thousands of *other* tractors, too. We're not counting them in.

Think what a million means. That's 20,833 Farmall Tractors for every state in the union (average). That's 325 Farmalls for every one of the 3,072 *counties* in the United States. And the vast majority of the 999,999 Farmalls that followed the *Original All Purpose Farmall Tractor* in 1923—nearly 9 out of every 10 of them—are on the job today.

In every row-crop farming area of the United States the great overwhelming tractor favorite is the FARMALL. Look around you, anywhere. The evidence is on the farms, for every man to see.

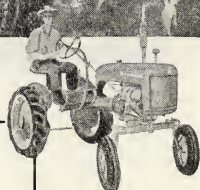
Today, with the advent of the Farmall Cub, there are *five* sizes of Farmalls and matched equipment for all—your choice at the store of your International Harvester Dealer. Rely on the FARMALL SYSTEM and the record set by a million Farmall Tractors.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

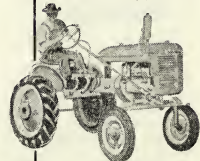
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FARMALL A, a 1-row, 1-plow tractor with "Culti-Vision."



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FARMALL B for 2-row cultivation. . . . Same peppy engine as in the Farmall A.

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Proudly We Present the New 1948

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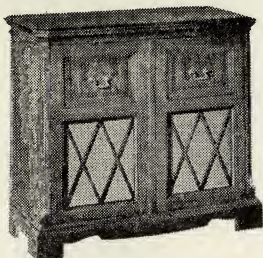


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De luxe Chippendale Mahogany cabinet. Seeburg automatic record changer which silently changes twelve 10" or ten 12" records.

Price **\$249**
(Slightly higher with FM)

You are invited to a thrilling demonstration of the new OLYMPIC which combines all the improvements of modern radio science.

Never before have you heard such wonderful music from a radio-phonograph. This new OLYMPIC will render a "CONCERT HALL" performance of these particular selections you may enjoy most, either recorded music or your choice radio programs.

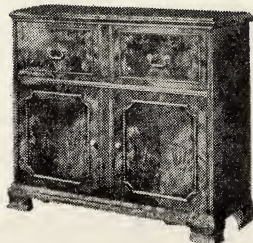
Now available on EASY TERMS at no advance in price.
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De luxe FM/AM 18th Century correct Mahogany cabinet with Webster automatic record changer, automatic stop, permanent needle.

With Frequency Modulation

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FIRST OF ALL—RELIABILITY

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Music Co.

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Christmas Peace

(Concluded from page 809)

enjoy the ease and assurance where work is shared and each member of the family responsible. You can feel the lightheartedness and fun of the family where "palship" and loyalty are dominant.

Do not think that parents can accomplish all this alone. Do not think that it is easy to reconcile the interests and temperaments of ages from eight years to eighty years—or in some cases from six months to ninety years. Do not think that the necessary work of a household can be "tossed off" in a casual hour or so each day. Do not make the mistake of believing that the listless and the energetic, the studious and the athletic, the social and the unsocial, the sick and the well, the musicians, the radio fans, and the readers—all living together within one home—have no annoyances or grievances to settle. It is hard for a normal, fair-sized family to live in peace and harmony—in love and consideration one with another. But it can be done if you will do your part. And it is of such necessity and value that it *must* be done if we are to achieve real happiness in this life or any other. It is relatively easy to get into good family habits at Christmas time. If a few families can achieve this Christmas miracle, others can. If many can, great countries can, and we will have made tremendous progress towards peace on earth. Christmas is a wonderful time to catch the spirit of home. Home is a wonderful place to nurture the spirit of Christmas. Loyalty, unselfishness, cooperation—peace! May they abide in your heart and your home this Christmas time!

THE UMBRELLA PINE

By Merling D. Clyde

ON a sheer hung ledge
High above the tortuous gorge
Stands a weather-beaten pine ages old.
From a seedling it grew and flourished,
Spreading beauty;
Sent its roots to pierce the rock for firmer hold.
Torn and buffeted it clings tenaciously
Through countless winds and winter's icy cold;
Stands a monument, undaunted and unbeaten,
A challenger of storms, defiant, bold!

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Joseph Smith – Prophet

(Concluded from page 800)

state of manners of the people. The youth were brought to hear and become familiar with the most sublime moral and beautiful sentiments that ever adorned a language. They heard the plays of Shakespeare, Racine, Moliere, Goethe, Schiller, Ibsen, and the playwrights of America. There came the peace of growing corn and wheat; the peace of cattle browsing on all the hills; the peace of streams coming down from the mountainsides; the peace of birds singing in the gardens; the peace of ruddy sunsets and stars; the peace of quiet nights and days that healed the broken hearts; the peace of towns and cities where people held to the laws of justice and right; the peace that grew out of happy homes and sacred places of worship; the peace that comes of hard work for the building of the institutions of civilization, for the kingdom of God.

Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University has written in his scientific work entitled *Civilization and Climate* this tribute to the love of the Mormons for education:

Utah is surprisingly high in educational pursuits. The proud position of Utah is presumably the result of Mormonism. The leaders of that faith have had the wisdom to insist on a thorough system of schools, and have obliged the children to attend them. . . . Utah is conspicuous [in education] because it is strongly influenced by a unique American institution which is limited to one small area.

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Isaiah 2:2-4.)



\$5.00 for Good Ideas!

Many a proud cook has turned a simple recipe into holiday fare with rich, home-style Tea Garden delicacies. And for the ones printed here, we pay \$5.00 each. Send your favorite Tea Garden idea, with your dealer's name, to Tea Garden Products Co., San Francisco, 11.

★ ★ ★

Lula West Grigsby of Coalinga, California, says it's the Tea Garden Peach Preserves that make this omelet elegant enough for holiday feasting.

Tea Garden Peach Omelet

8 salted soda crackers	½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk	1 tablespoon butter
4 eggs, separated	Tea Garden Peach Preserves

Roll the crackers to make very fine crumbs. Add to the milk and let stand. Beat the egg whites until very stiff. Beat the yolks until lemon colored. Add the yolks to the milk and crackers. Add the salt and stir well. Fold in the egg whites. Turn into hot pan containing melted butter. Let cook a moment, then slip into a hot oven (400° F.) for about 12 minutes or until the omelet is puffy and delicately browned. Cover with Tea Garden Peach Preserves, fold in the middle if desired. Serve at once on hot plates. Serves 4.

Like syrup with real down-east maple flavor? Then Tea Garden Cane and Maple is for you! It's grand on waffles, French Toast and hot cakes . . . and Sunset Readers have found more than 50 additional uses for it, too.

★ ★ ★

"It's very popular in our family," notes Mrs. John H. Ferry of Tucson about her recipe that adds new zest to red cabbage with Tea Garden Strawberry-Apple Jelly.

Tea Garden Red Cabbage

1 medium size red cabbage
2 tart apples
¼ cup water
¼ cup vinegar
½ cup Tea Garden Strawberry-Apple Jelly

Salt and pepper to taste. Shred the cabbage. Core and pare the apples and slice thinly. Place the water and vinegar in a kettle and bring to a boil. Add the cabbage and apples and turn over quickly to cover well with the hot liquid. Add the Tea Garden Strawberry-Apple Jelly and salt and pepper to taste. Cook quickly until tender, about 12 minutes, stirring often. Add water only if you must. The cabbage should cook down and be free of liquid when served. Good hot or served cold as a relish. Serves 4 or 5.

Right from the berry patch! That's the way we get the berries for Tea Garden Strawberry Jelly. And we cook them home style . . . in small batches. That's why Tea Garden Blackberry Jelly tastes so good on muffins, biscuits, cornbread.

We agree with Mrs. Carole Ann Griffith of Los Angeles that sweetening vegetables with Tea Garden Cane and Maple Syrup makes them perfect with turkey, ham or roasts.

Tea Garden Vegetable Medley

2 extra large parsnips
6 medium size carrots
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons Tea Garden Cane and Maple Syrup

Peel parsnips and slice. Scrub carrots and slice. Add salt and butter. Cook in as little water as possible. Mash when tender. Add the Tea Garden Cane and Maple Syrup and mix well. Serve very hot with any meat or with the Thanksgiving turkey. Serves 4 or 5.

One of the many things you'll like about Tea Garden Blackberry Preserves: they're seedless! Try this delicacy blended with butter and spread lavishly on waffles. Delicious!

★ ★ ★

Mrs. M. G. Cole of Stockton, California, says this recipe makes "the best ice cream I have ever made . . . quick and easy." And it's another way the family can enjoy the grand flavor of Tea Garden Syrups.

Tea Garden Mousse

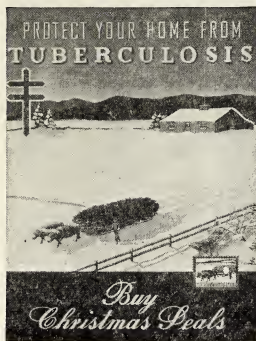
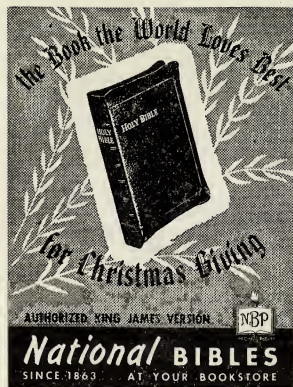
3 eggs, separated
1 cup Tea Garden Syrup (Western Style or Cane and Maple)
½ teaspoon salt
1 pint whipping cream
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup chopped walnut meats

Separate the eggs, placing the yolks in the top of a double boiler. Beat them until they are light colored. Add the syrup. Place over hot water and stir until the syrup thickens slightly, about 5 minutes. Add the salt and chill. When very cold, add slowly to the cream which has been whipped. Fold over and over to mix. Last add the cold nuts which have been fried until toasted in the butter. Pour into a mold or refrigerator tray and freeze quickly without stirring. Serves 8.

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Your Loved Ones
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Your Friends
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Your thoughtfulness will be announced on a handsome Christmas card.



The Improvement Era

12 Issues \$2.00



Too Many Children

(Continued from page 807)

Just as she was ready to start for school, Daddy drove up. He looked tired and thin, but he was smiling, and he picked her up in his arms and threw her toward the ceiling, (didn't he know she was too old for that?) saying, "Well, sweetheart, you've got a new brother. The cutest, pinkest, roundest-eyed baby since . . . well, since you were born."

That warmed her a little, and she said, "Was I really cute, Daddy?"

"You bet you were," he assured her, kissing her forehead and lowering her to the floor while he began talking to Aunt Cecile who was asking about Mama, asking how she was and everything. He said she was fine. Very tired, but resting now.

Lyla Mae pulled at his overcoat asking, anxiously, "Can't I stay home from school and go with you up to see her?"

"They don't allow children in where there are babies, afraid they'll bring in some germs. They probably won't even let me see him except through a glass wall."

"You mean, I can't go up to see her at all?" she asked, incredulously.

"I'm afraid not."

What she wanted to say was, "Not even on Christmas? Not even to take her presents?" But the words didn't come. She tied her scarf around her head and went out of the door while both of them were so interested in talking that they didn't even notice. So, it meant that neither Daddy nor Mama would be with her Christmas. That was nice. Well, let them have the baby. She didn't care if they wouldn't let her see him. She didn't care.

FOR the next day or two she kept mostly to herself and on Friday and Saturday, feeling very old, she went alone to finish up her Christmas shopping. She felt a little lost in the hurrying crowds because always before she and Mama had gone together. She had sent her mother down the aisle to look at something while she bought a gift for her. She supposed she knew what it was, but they both pretended she had no idea, and maybe, if she knew, she forgot for she always acted really surprised and awfully

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Too Many Children

glad when she saw the gifts on Christmas morning.

She had bought for everybody. She had fifty cents left besides her carfare, and she could use that all right for a double rich malted milk and a sandwich. She would go to the counter in the five and ten cent store and that would give her a chance to rest, too, and count up her money to be sure she hadn't lost any. As she walked down the crowded aisle, being jostled this way and that by the bigger people, she found herself once almost pushed up against a counter. If they were going to shove like that, she might as well stay here for a moment and let them by. She turned to the things for sale before her and was surprised to see soft, woolly baby blankets, baby bottles and bonnets and pink and blue rattles with rabbits or baby bears on them. In spite of herself she found herself looking at the baby doll dressed in baby clothes and admiring it. She wondered if their baby would look like that and how long it would be before it would be that fat. She picked up one of the prettiest rattles, made in the shape of a drum with tiny bears holding drumsticks painted on, she shook it and smiled at the sound it made.

The clerk was in front of her now asking, "Can I help you?" Lyla Mae felt the smooth fifty-cent piece in the palm of her hand. She thought of the thick creamy chocolate malted milk and the minced ham sandwich. Then she looked at the rattle again, shook it. She told the clerk, "Yes, I'll take this one." When it was all wrapped and she took it in her hand—she wouldn't put it in the sack with the other things she had—she was surprised to find that she really wasn't hungry any more . . . or tired either. And the funniest thing of all, as she walked toward her bus she didn't feel lonely either. Somehow, the little rattling noise in her hand as she walked along was company, was like having someone there beside her—her mother, or a little brother.

DADDY helped her wrap her presents and trim the tree, then as they put them under the tree she said, "Will you take mine up to Mother on Christmas?"

(Continued on page 840)



Say "Merry Christmas" to Your Missionary with an ARGOFLEX

Versatile, high-quality, 35mm camera—easy, economical to operate. Automatic range finder, actual-size view finder, shutter speeds up to 1/200. You'll be proud of your choice when his Argoflex pictures start coming back!

Other camera suggestions:

Argus C-3, 35mm, with range finder and case... \$ 74.71
 Clarus 35mm, with range finder and case... 122.75
 Movie Cameras and Projectors... \$ 65.00 and up
 Folding Cameras... 25.00 and up

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TOO MANY CHILDREN

(Continued from page 839)

"I'll see," he said, suddenly very interested in the wire on one of the Christmas ornaments that had fallen off. Ordinarily, she would have said, "You'd better," saucily but the hurt within was still too raw, too proud to be admitted. She moved the gaily colored packages around a little on the glistening cotton. Suddenly, not really knowing that she was going to say it, she asked her father, "Do you think there are too many children in the world?"

"Heavens, no," he answered, his voice very serious above the sound of Christmas carols being sung on the radio. "What hope would there be for the world if it weren't for children?"

"But maybe just one child—wouldn't make much difference."

"Ah, but who knows what any one child can be or do? Take our baby, for instance; he can become just about anything that you and I and your mother try to make of him. Allowing of course that he is in agreement." He laughed then, add-

ing, "Time to get to bed. Grandma will be here bright and early to start on that turkey."

"I'm glad she's coming here instead of us going there. It makes it seem a little more like other years. You will be here for dinner, won't you?"

"Certainly I will. I wouldn't miss it. Why, it's been years since my own mother cooked my Christmas dinner."

She looked at him, searched his face quietly. Didn't he miss Mama? Didn't he know that it couldn't possibly be the same? She found no answer, for he told her, "Hurry up now. I'll come and tuck you in."

THE next morning she woke early; other years she would have leaped from the bed, now she

OUR PRAYER

By J. Harry Peterson

IN our joy and in our sorrow,
Teach us how to humble be;
That our lives and hearts may borrow
Strength and comfort, Lord, from thee.

turned over and closed her eyes. She might just as well sleep a little longer—the day would be long enough anyway. When she awoke again, there was the smell of spicy pumpkin pies baking in the oven, of turkey being browned. For a moment it seemed that everything was all right, that Mama was singing in the bright kitchen, that her presents were waiting to be opened, to be shared. Then she remembered. She was tempted to put her head down under the covers and stay there until Grandma or Daddy took enough interest to come and wake her up. Still, curiosity got the best of her, and she slipped to the edge of the bed, put her feet into her fuzzy mules and took her white robe. As she came out, Grandma heard her and called, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," she answered not too enthusiastically yet tempted anyway by the pretty packages, the gleaming, good-smelling tree.

"Where's Daddy?" she asked, almost reconciled to the fact that the

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Too Many Children

three of them would have fun opening, seeing.

"He had an errand to run. He'll be back pretty quick."

"You mean . . . you mean, he went without even telling me, without wanting to see the presents?"

"Well, child, it's after nine o'clock. You really slept in like a good one." Grandmother was standing in the door now, smiling; Lyla Mae ran over and kissed her cheek, so that she wouldn't maybe notice the tears in her eyes, "I guess maybe I'll wait awhile before I open these —" she said, motioning rather blindly toward the tree. Then as she looked she saw the baby's rattle right on top of everything with its enormous silver and blue bow. "I-I thought Daddy would take that to the hospital," she said, torn between wanting to give it to the baby and her resentment against him.

"I'll tell you what, you come and eat your breakfast, then he may be back, and you can talk to him yourself."

As Lyla Mae sat at the table trying to eat, she kept remembering that other morning. It seemed so long ago in a way, yet it was only six days, less than a week. She remembered the conversation and her own words. She hadn't been entirely satisfied with Daddy's answer about babies. She'd see what Grandma thought. "Grandma," she began, "lots of people think there are too many children in the world."

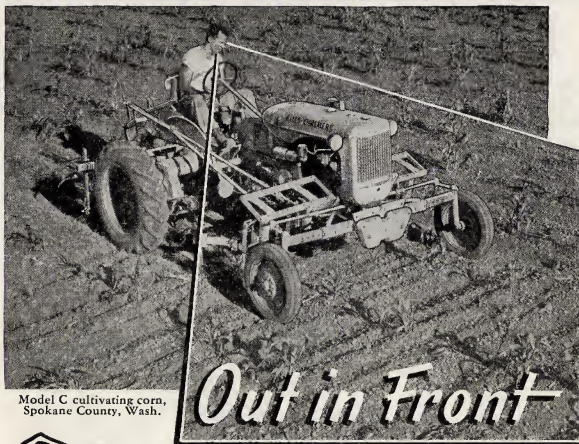
"Oh, they do, do they?" Her grandmother came back sharply, "And the Lord pity those very ones — especially come Christmas."

"But—well, say they already have a child, or maybe two, perhaps they figure that's enough. I guess one child less doesn't make much difference."

Grandma raised from basting the beautiful turkey; she stood poised with the ladle in her hand, her cheeks pink from the heat, "One child doesn't make much difference? That one child as you say has made all the difference in the world to millions of people."

Lyla Mae went to speak, then she heard a car stopping outside and looked out. It was Daddy back. He was getting out. She couldn't see

(Concluded on page 842)



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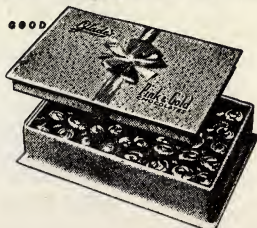
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Too Many Children

(Concluded from page 841)

him very well because a slow but very heavy curtain of snowflakes was falling between her and the car. It was the 'specially best kind of weather that could be for Christmas, not too cold but with the snow thick and soft and the sky seeming so gray and close. She loved to go taking presents on Christmas days like this. She loved to get her own presents. She would hurry in by the tree and let him think she was just up, ready to look at things.

She was bending over looking at some attractive looking boxes when the door opened and a cool breeze and snow blew into the room. She turned and saw Daddy coming in—and there—no, oh, yes, it was really, truly real—there was Mama in his arms, and in her arms was a small, pink-blanketed bundle. This was why Daddy had acted so strange about taking the presents to the hospital, why he had gone before she was awake.

Grandma rushed forward to take the baby. Daddy put Mama down in the big, blue chair and then she was reaching her arms out to Lyla Mae. She was saying, "Merry Christmas, my darling. We didn't expect to, but we made it. Oh, my darling, I've missed you so."

The girl found the good, sure security of loving arms about her, but suddenly what she was most anxious to see was the face that Grandma was uncovering, the little baby that was making such a tiny, strange cry.

She pulled away, ran to the tree, and picked up the rattle—for it was much more important in this moment than anything that was there for her—took it to him, shaking it in its wrapping as she went. It almost seemed he heard it, seemed he saw it, for he quit crying and his large, dark eyes looked straight up into hers. His precious bit of hand reached up and somehow got hold of one of her fingers. "Oh," she breathed, as though she were witnessing a miracle, "isn't he adorable? Isn't he sweet?"

Oh, yes. Grandma was right, and Daddy was right. There weren't too many children in the world, there never would be.

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 792)

ized in 1947 from area embracing the Southern States Mission. The Florida Stake was organized in January.

Oakland Temple Site Enlarged

AN additional two acres adjacent to the temple site in the East Oakland, California, foothills has been purchased by the Church. This enlarges the temple site to sixteen acres and improves the entrance approach to the site by way of Lincoln Avenue and Mountain Boulevard.

Brigham Young University Music Head Wins Award

PROFESSOR LEROY ROBERTSON, head of the department of music at the Church's Brigham Young University, won the \$25,000 first prize Henry H. Reichhold symphonic award for the western hemisphere. This is believed to

be the largest prize ever given for a musical composition.

The winning composition, "Trilogy," will be given its premiere performance by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Karl Krueger on the American Broadcasting Company's "Sunday Evening Hour" on December 14.

War Casualties

THE servicemen's committee of the Church has reported that 2,830 members of the Church, fighting on both sides, made the supreme sacrifice in the recent conflict. The report indicated that another 131 are reported missing and about 2,753 were wounded in combat.

Rigby State, Idaho, had the most service personnel killed, of the stakes, reporting a total of forty-eight. The New Zealand Mission was high among

the missions, reporting forty-eight war dead and sixty-six wounded.

The percentage of dead and missing among Latter-day Saint servicemen has been computed at 2.96. About a year ago the War Department estimated the nation's percentage of war dead and wounded to be 2.98.

Los Angeles Temple

We've got the land, but we won't build until we're sure a warehouse or similar project won't be erected next door.

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH was so quoted by the Associated Press when asked, early in November, about the construction of the Los Angeles Temple.

During this trip of President Smith to southern California, the Los Angeles Planning Commission was asked permission to erect the temple, costing one
(Concluded on page 844)

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME SEPTEMBER 8, AND DEPARTING SEPTEMBER 17

Reading from left to right, First row: James R. Tanner, John M. Gaddard, Preston D. Richards, Jr., Justin R. Eccles, Clifton R. McBride, Dale J. Hays, William M. Copener, Allen Carlson, Nelson Conder, Claude Cabbey, W. L. Macdonald, Heber C. Swainston.

Second row: William Edward Attwood, Galen A. Bigler, Leslie W. Cunningham, John Wallace Cook, T. R. Cooper, Elises R. Martinez, Bernice Pawell, Dan B. Colton, director; Mary Fulmer, Irene Freeman, Keith L. Collins, Mary McDougald, Martha Schwarz, Merrill E. Branch.

Third row: Arnell H. Welchman, Howard Waldo Bradshaw, Marjorie McIntire, Lucille E. Henson, Shirley R. Reed, Helen Kaiser, Orma Petersen, Ellen Swann, Jennie N. Baeslund, Naomi B. Jensen, Charlet Lundberg, Shirley Stevens, Edward L. White, Levi Day Atkin.

Fourth row: Joseph M. Fillerup, Harry F. Hiett, Roland D. Godfrey, Wallace S. Bingham, Clifford R. Barnes, E. L. Phillips, Robert E. Stevenson, Gladys Butterfield, John E. Butterfield, Edith D. Beckstead, Hyrum Beckstead, Joyce Atkinson, L. Vaughn Merrill, Leland Shelley.

Fifth row: Ralph H. Steenbick, Richard J. Reinsner, James B. Knighton, Robert P. Reading, Weldon B. Jolley, Homer D. Whittier, Opal Hansen, Mildred P. Smith, Leland W. Rawson, Eva Thora Rawson, Laura B. Bradshaw, George Clyde Bradshaw, D. Wayne Rose, Phileas B. Robinson, Jr., Preston G. Thompson, John Dale W. Black, Ephraim J. W. Bierman, Raco L. Passy, Thaddeus E. Shaomaker, Keith E. Duke, Rodney George Anderson, Veyr LeRoy Souders, Norrene Heslop, Nola Weber Sears, Meselle Evans, LaVeia Monsan, Richard L. Sewick, Dale M. Valentine, Kenneth L. Long.

Seventh row: Benjamin L. McIntyre, William Keith Davis, Margan B. White, Roland A. Hall, Oliver Richard, Jr., Richard E. Jensen, Darrell F. Smith, David L. Muhr, Blaine W. Whipple, Grant Evans, Grant Mitchell Vincent, Thomas Lamont Felt, Gardan L. Graves.

Eighth row: Keith H. Remington, William R. Brown, William Reed Tanner, Richard W. Hendricks, Quincy M. Jensen, D. Blair Manwaring, Paul R. Stawell, Kline O. Strong, J. Fred Bushnell, Russell C. Taylor, Dean M. Gray, Hartley B. Lundgren, Winston F. Jepson, Howard J. Ellis, Charles I. Roby, Elmer M. Hogue.

Ninth row: George Phillip Margetts, Russell Stott Williams Janson, Douglas R. Mallory, Elmer Stott Duncan, Robert C. Bennion, Gail G. Goodman, Joseph A. Tilletson, Kenneth Bills, Jr., Donald Skoggs, Cecil A. Reinsch, John Marshall, Heber R. Olson, Kenneth L. Tingey.

Tenth row: James C. Sumson, Joseph B. Taylor, John Boyd Fenn, Waldo P. Call, Robert G. Hyer, Lawrence E. Farnsworth, Emil R. Crawford, Milton Dale Ensign, D. C. Purnell, Gerald R. Hales, Harry E. Blum, Harris A. Lloyd, Neal C. Capel, Merrill E. Warnick, Max W. Malfett, Joseph W. Grant.

Eleventh row: Dean Ashton Collett, Wayne LeRoy Venable, A. Kelsey Chaffield, LeRoy Matkin, Angus H. Hyer, Ernest P. Simons, Albert L. Jones, Arthur B. Sadler, Clyde DeGraff, Clair Spencer, Robert Wast, Gerald L. Christianson, Vernon J. Walker, Donald S. Cooper.

Twelfth row: Keith L. Peterson, Dell H. Bosen, Darrell Cole Larsen, Garth G. Eames, Clair Egbert, Frank Nuffer.

Thirteenth row: Henry Rock, Robert Lynn Hales, Victor L. Choman, Lynn F. Eliason, Kent B. Tyler, Jordan Nayler, James B. Perkins, William F. Dickson, Rex Williams, Franklin D. Richards, Gordon B. Greene, Thomas L. Simmans, Eliot A. Butler.

Fourteenth row: Donald F. Allan, Stanley Schoenfeld, Orval Wallace, Vernon B. Montgomery, Sebron Ross Galding, Arthur J. Gittins, Glendon Maulton, Dean S. Stahls, Joseph M. Heath, Ray L. Smith, Arthur B. Chase, Dan Wallace McBride.

Fifteenth row: William Stebbings, Ferrin L. Allen, Carl R. Sedarholm, Leland Howard Campbell, Grant Y. Ashby, Donald George Kimball, David B. Cummings, R. Gene Allphin, W. T. Davis, Owen Duncan, Harold Beckstrand, Woodruff C. Gwynn.

Sixteenth row: Wayne S. Hunsaker, Eugene E. Clark, Boyd D. Larsen, Alan C. Jacobsen, Reed B. Harker, LaMar C. Berrett, Calvin Webb, Morris D. Gardner, Delwyn Y. Labrum.

Seventeenth row: Hyrum P. Hatch, Thomas W. Ward, Jr., John V. Tidwell, Elmer C. Gunderson, Melvin Barrett, Gordon Stout, Carl E. Hill, C. Hamer Christensen, Ernest Widtsoe Shumway, Robert H. Green.

Eighteenth row: Frank Hoffer, Paul Meester, Patrick J. Daddabba, Harold L. Farley, Afton Gann Miller, Whitney L. Johnson, Albert Charles Todd, Jr., Byron M. Thurman, Marlin Ralph Shaffer, L. Cecil Millatt, Karl M. Donaldson, Jr.

Nineteenth row: Donald G. Cummings, Lincoln I. Card, George A. Jensen, Edwin Cammack, Kenneth Mitchell, William E. Lewis, Glen Jolley Pinger.

Left wing: Stanley H. Cockrell, Frank M. Bradshaw, Alan C. Busath, Floyd L. Soren, Maynard K. Openshaw, William Kenneth Winsor, J. Fabian Giroux, Hal B. Fultz, Dan L. Jacobson, W. D. Russell.

Right wing: Jack Satterfield, Dean Hodson, Ronald Folkerson, Reid Johnson, Spencer Janson, Karl Lambert, Gordon Greene, Richard Barnes, Lynn Olive.

Twentieth row: Rex J. Sylvester, Clarke Jonas, Melvin A. Nielsen, Doyle F. Jenkins, Wayne A. Gasts, Donald S. Cook, Edwin Cook, Leland K. Wakefield, Marion E. Opie, Ronald A. Millett, Rulan Dan Hill, Duane M. Durrant.



THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Concluded from page 843)

million dollars. This action was taken to bring the zoning question to a final decision immediately.

The site of the temple is at Santa Monica Boulevard and Selby Avenue. That the Church was planning a temple in the Los Angeles area was first announced in March 1937.

There are approximately seventy-five thousand Church members in the Los Angeles area.

Fillmore Hospital

CONSTRUCTION of a Latter-day Saint hospital at Fillmore, Utah, has begun. The building is modern in every way, even to having an auxiliary power system which will begin functioning automatically when the normal supply of power fails.

The Church operates other hospitals at Idaho Falls, Idaho; Afton, Wyoming; Panguitch, Roosevelt, Ogden, and Salt Lake City, Utah, as well as the Primary Children's Hospital, Salt Lake City, and a maternity hospital at Murray, Utah.

Indian Relics Given to Church

A VALUABLE collection of Indian relics has been given to the Church and placed in the Bureau of Information museum on Temple Square.

Included in the collection, which was the gift of Elmer Owen Bair, president of the Glenwood Springs Branch of the Western States Mission, who obtained it from Henry Leonard Johnson of Marble, Colorado, is a painting of a Cheyenne Indian warrior, said to be a friend of Brigham Young as the Saints trekked west in 1847.

Wheat for Greece

ONE carload of turkey red wheat—over forty tons—was donated by the Church for Greek relief, and attached to the "Friendship Train" as it passed through Utah in mid-November for its destination overseas. The wheat was taken from storage at Kaysville, Utah, and it is expected that it will be planted early in February and be ready for harvest from the Greek fields in late June or July.

This is the eighty-eighth freight car

of Church-given supplies to go to war-ravaged Europe.

Welfare Shoe Factory

PRODUCTION of work shoes under the direction of the Bonneville Stake has begun on Welfare Square in Salt Lake City.

Hides from welfare produced or acquired animals will be utilized at the shoe factory.

The project was assigned three years ago. John O. Simonson, project chairman for the Bonneville Stake, recalled as shoe production got underway that two Polish immigrants who were forced to leave their native country in the difficult days following World War I, and who have since become wealthy shoe manufacturers, donated much of the equipment.

Another unexpected source of equipment came from a telephone call when the army was moving out of Kearns. The message was:

... I like your welfare program. I have some shoemaking equipment you might want.

He sold it at a fraction of its value.

MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME OCTOBER 13, AND DEPARTING OCTOBER 22

Reading from left to right, first row: Glade L. Burgen, Harold G. Connell, Norman Wade, Leonard D. Benson, Lell Bagley, Thomas Gunn, Eldon L. Lowder, Wilbur Steller, Donald R. LeBaron, Jack Ewing, Robert S. Whitmore, Clyde L. Pritchett.

Second row: Richard Kirby, James M. Gimer, K. Grant Hale, Lawrence D. Porter, John H. Gray, Joseph N. Skousen, Don B. Colton, director; Dee Curtis, Paul R. Jacobsen, Arthur L. Gibb, Anna Jeanne Sheppard, Erma Abel, Merrill E. Branch.

Third row: David H. McCarthy, Zina Barmun, Ruby Hill, Joseph W. Chatterton, William D. Meredith, Elsie Ann Unopulos, Douglas R. Stringfellow, Shirley Mae Stringfellow, Glenn E. Beedine, Jim E. Denos, Dee R. Christensen, Evelyn M. Applonie.

Fourth row: Lorna Steadman, Shirley Mendenhall, Lamar E. Day, Erwin Prestwich, Reed M. Glauser, Wendell S. White, Jay L. Hiatt, Martin Nielson, Lillian Nielson, David S. Porter, Frank Newman, Ivan M. VanLeuven, Gene K. Edvalson, Marilyn O. Anderson.

Fifth row: Vesta N. Beckstead, Calvin DeLoay Hansen, Beatrice Young Moore, Helen Burdett, Vera B. Stokes, Beatrice L. Uffens, Rachel E. Allens, Alpheus O. Hatch, Ella Adamson, Wanda Jones, Karen Anderson, Reva Mitchell, Pearl Wendel.

Sixth row: Arlene Bean, J. Willard Tingley, Bruce R. Curtis, Glen J. Hicklen, James C. Petersen, James M. Barben, Hyrum B. Ipson, Conway Threest, Bonnie J. Esperson, Leslie E. Litchy, Max O. Harper, Rulon J. Love, Cla Vel K. Haslam, LeRoy Cook, Wayne J. Nelson.

Seventh row: Edna Green, Vivian Johnson, Fred G. Carlile, Kenneth Harvey, Gerald J. Dalton, Orvil O. Harris, Norman M. Brimhall, Joseph R. Smith, Paul K. Wiser, J. Owen Yeates, Dean W. Thomas, Daniel C. Keller, Willis Dee Waite, E. Scott Wallley, Burl J. Bushman.

Eighth row: Roy Bowden Andrus, Jr., Edwin A. Crow, Cloe E. Bascom, Neal S. Koller, Wayne D. Ricks, Kenneth J. Brown, Calvin A. Lambert, Bryce W. Baxter, Stuart S. Zaugg, Orvel H. Hunter, Henry D. Stringham, Dick Boyce, John D. Landgren, Lyle A. Johnson, A. Wayne Arrington.

Ninth row: Lewis Kingler, Edwin P. Olsen, Wallace J. Coleman, Raymond W. Gee, LeRoy R. Henriksen, Vaughn L. Standing, Jack Cornis, Alvin S. Anderson, Byron J. Bigelow, Orin E. Baird, Fred Ivan Lambert, Melvin Joy Pitcher, Dale G. Olson.

Tenth row: John B. Burton, Lorry Horman, Alwyn D. Sessions, Carroll W. Herrin, Robert C. Witt, Blain F. Anderson, Calvin Gillen, Stanford Peter Sorensen, Homer C. Chandler, Merlin A. Payne, Bonnie Var Rosenbaum, Milton H. Norman, Richard Horne, L. David Wilson, Daryl L. McArthur.

Eleventh row: Jack Bond Goodwin, Reed R. Hawkes, Chauncey J. Lathouse, Newell Carter, John Lake, Marjorie Killpack, Lois Barlow, Glenna Thurman, Barbara Roy, Evelyn Tuttle, David Hatch Howard, David White.

Twelfth row: Ralph Carlile, Don Ripplinger, Roy Silver, Arthur Smith, Gerald W. Wilkinson, Jr., E. Dene Ogden, Rodney Turner, Melvin Brady, Elden Brown, Lloyd Gerber, Bennett F. Nielsen, Ned C. Murphy, Leland A. Williams.

Thirteenth row: Clayton N. Williams, Dean W. Hubbard, Richard C. Wood, Carlos E. Asay, Dick L. Powell, Thayne G. Buchanan, Ordon E. Lorie, James Solomon, Bud Doney, Archie I. Haskins.

Fourteenth row: James G. MacKay, Lee Earl Hilton, Kay Young, Ralph Meacham, Reid L. Wayman, Vernon C. Diew, Oscar Geertsen, Joseph P. Sablin, Calvin R. Kowallis, L. Grant Reese, Wayne L. Hirschi, Fred L. Garrett.

Fifteenth row: Dean Bertson, Bryce J. Erickson, Ellis O. Kingford, Carl Warnock, Max A. Behrman, Keith H. Neilson, Keith Ottesen.

Left wing, sitting: Harlan Eugene Nelson, H. Dorcey Clawson, Glen L. Harker.

Left wing, kneeling: Weston K. Jones, Omer Peter Larson, Henry Lee Meacham.

Right wing: Delos V. Snodgrass, Noel J. Talman, Hal W. Davis, Sanders C. Powell, LaMar Owen Dew.



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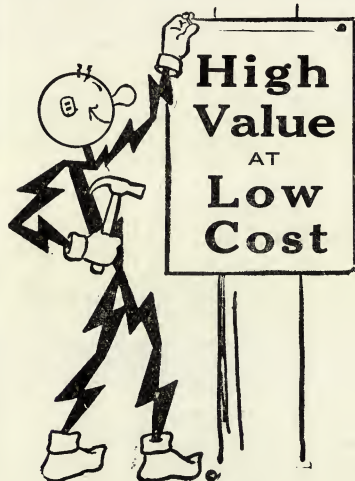
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FOR THE SECURITY OF ZION

(Concluded from page 811)

water distribution difficult; obsolete farm irrigation systems; use of very large streams on small plots having low permeability, or the use of very small streams on highly permeable soils; excessive runoff; irrigation when the soil is already moist; excessive volumes of water applied in single irrigations; and lack of personal attention by the irrigator.

The area of nonproductive land in the West has been greatly increased because of the rise of ground water and salt concentration which has resulted from low efficiencies in the conveyance and in the application of irrigation water. Excessive amounts of water, seeping from the high-line canals to the low lands of the valleys, cause the rise of the water table with resulting upward flow of salt-laden water toward the land surface. The water evaporates from the surface of the land leaving the salt deposited on the soil. This decreases the productivity of the soil, and if long continued, prevents productivity entirely. Lining of irrigation canals would do much to prevent this condition. In co-operative studies with the Soil Conservation Service the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has studied both the seepage losses from canals and low cost natural materials for lining canals. These studies have shown that practically all unlined Utah canals could be lined with low cost materials at great savings.

Drainage of waterlogged lands

would greatly extend the productive agricultural land of the state. Studies are now underway to find satisfactory and economical means of drainage of water.

The security of the Latter-day Saint culture in this arid western area depends upon our ability to maintain successful agriculture under irrigation. Other cultures in arid climates have flourished and died because of their inability to cope with the problems of irrigation. The most serious threats to the stability of an irrigation agriculture are those of waterlogging soils, alkali, and soil erosion, and the economic hazards of competition with other sections where the cost of irrigation is not a factor.

If agriculture under irrigation in Utah and the West is to maintain itself in competition with agriculture in most humid areas, the better irrigation practices already discovered at the western experiment stations must be adopted by farmers, and research must be continued to solve new problems as they arise.

If irrigation efficiency could be raised to sixty percent, and if seepage losses from canals could be controlled by lining, water could be released to increase production greatly on land now having inadequate water rights and in some areas much additional land could be brought under irrigation. The institution of irrigation efficiencies and the control of seepage give the most hope for the future of irrigation.

PEACE

By Grace S. Colton

PIONEERS, Pioneers!
On, on to the west!
The mantle of peace
On every form rests.

Peace, and the stout-hearted
Rose in their might;
Fought for it, died for it—
God-given right!

The tired oxen,
Lashed by the whip,
Rolled the wagon wheels westward,
Muscles strained by the grip.

The horse and his rider
Kept watch day and night;
Stampeding buffalo were near;
The Indian's arrow was swift in its flight.

Pioneers, pioneers—
Weary, hungry and worn—
Walking with bleeding feet,
Pulling your carts through dust and storm.

America watched
As you passed along
With your strength, your courage,
Your faith, and your song.

When she took the brave men
From your scoured band
To fight for their country
In another man's land

Did she know
You carried the flag of the free
That peace as a heritage
Ever should be?

Pioneers, Pioneers,
Out, out in the west
The journey is over;
Rest peacefully, rest.

The enfolding mountains, the salty sea
Echoed the chorus:
"Peace I leave with thee;
My peace I give unto thee."

Hole in the Rock

(Continued from page 813)

again drove the teams while the men walked wearily behind, prodding the stock, bringing up the straggling outfits from the rear.

They dropped laboriously to the river's level again, and there, between majestic, weirdly formed bluffs of multi-colored sandstone, they found a green little valley. Here they stopped—because they could go no further. Here were grass and water and good soil. Here was beauty, a fierce, untamed grandeur that claimed them. Here was a place to rest.

The river, low-banked at this point, was wider than the valley itself, but no one seemed to mind its monopoly. No one listened to the sudden roar that preceded its change of currents. No one noticed that its banks melted into the water like brown sugar when the current came against it. None could measure the tons of silt it carried on its immense gray bosom, nor cared whence it came. Here against vermilion cliffs were warmth and sunshine; here along the river's edge were cottonwoods, grass, and feathered willows. Here would be good fishing. Here would be food!

"THE END of the trail!" Kumen cried, and reached his arms up for Mary. "This is San Juan!"

Mary was dismayed. "But, Kumen, it's only a back yard. All the rest of the country has been so big."

Kumen laughed. He waved his arms, inviting her to jump into them, but she kept her seat in the wagon.

"Where is the fort? Where are the Indians? Where are our people?" she cried.

"This is not Montezuma, Mary, but here is where we are to stop. It is decided. We *can't* go on, and so we won't go on!"

Mary stood up then. "Where is Arabella? I want to know what she thinks about this!"

"They'll be along in a minute—here they are now."

Arabella pulled her team in close to Mary's wagon. A lump was in her throat and kept her from speaking, but her eyes were misty with eagerness. Mary looked long into her friend's face, gathering strength from the sureness in Arabella's eyes.

"Well," she demanded at last, "which half do you choose?"

Arabella looked around to see what other women thought. Stiff-backed and defiant, some refused to believe this parcel of land was their destination. Others leaped to the ground with eagerness, ready for what might be in store.

"I don't care which half I choose," she cried. "Every inch of the country from Escalante to here has risen on its hind legs, jaws open, to stop us—but we're here!"

Stanford looked thoughtfully down at

(Continued on page 848)

A Tip to Stop Winter Starting Troubles



Here's how to choose the right gasoline to help your car "get hot" quickly:

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HOLE IN THE ROCK

(Continued from page 847)
the small, isolated valley, and when his eyes again came back to Kumen's and Mary's and Arabella's, there was dogged defiance in them.

"It'll be no different here," he said. "We've not conquered anything—unless it be an infinitesimal distance. Take that river down there—deep and treacherous, I'll bet. A huge elephant, wrinkled of hide, and ponderously slow, yet capable of a thunderous snort and a rampageous outburst that could sweep away man's puny efforts at con-

trol, as easy as an elephant's trunk clears a path in a jungle!"

Kumen bit speculatively at the left corner of his lips, but before he could formulate his thoughts, Mary had taken up the defense.

"This is a wonderful place," she cried. "It's just like it was in Kumen's dream. We'll build rock houses of this beautiful pinkish sandstone, and we'll build them side by side, Arabella, just as we've always planned."

"It's a wonderful place for a camp, at least," Stanford said. "And right

now that's all I'm concerned about. "I want to get out and go to work."

Arabella slid from the top of the wagon wheel to Stanford's arms; Mary jumped down to join Kumen.

APRIL THE SIXTH, 1880! A soft glowing day that healed frostbitten skin and sent men's blood flowing hopefully! Songs came to the women's lips, and their children answered them, stretching their frail limbs to the warm sun. Mothers carried water from the river and gave their children their first real baths since they had left Escalante and left them to play or to sleep, while they washed their clothes.

But normal vigor was slow in returning. They had been hungry and cold and inactive too long to want to run and play. Content with the delight of warmth and cleanliness, they lay for hours in the sand of their camps and stretched and rested. Until there was more and better food to nourish them, they could do little else. One three-year-old child had even to be taught to walk again.

Eighty-five wagon homes! Seventy men to build a town! And that, it seemed, was too many. For already there was talk that some must move on to Fort Montezuma, fifteen miles up the river. But the rumor was suppressed, and before the rope survey of the townsite was completed, men went to cutting cottonwood logs in readiness for their houses, once the allotment of land was made.

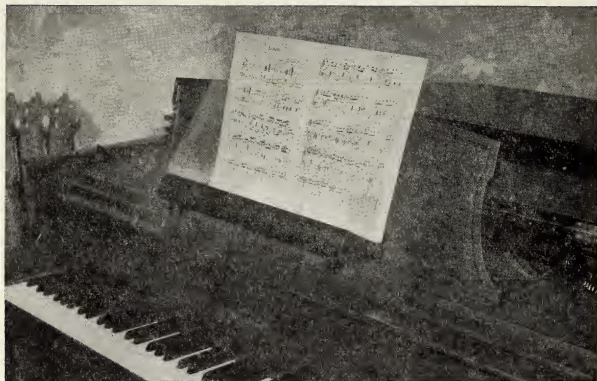
By early morning of the second day of arrival, and while the survey still continued, it became increasingly evident that the small valley could not sustain their numbers. A meeting was called to consider what was to be done, and a deathlike stillness prevailed. Platt Lyman's voice shook as he prepared his people for the lottery of land that was to come. For each head of a family, lucky enough to draw a land number, he said, there would be fifteen acres of land and a small city lot. He hoped that those drawing blanks would accept with prayerful hearts, relying upon the judgment of their leaders and the arm of their God in securing new homesites up the river. He stressed the fact that the original destination had been Montezuma; he reminded his brethren that the families up the river were expecting them; that they had waited hopefully and long for help to come to them, surrounded as they were by hostile Indians and cut off from the help of their friends.

There was a murmur of assent.

"We will meet here in this spot for the drawing, early tomorrow morning," Platt said. "Go now and prepare yourselves."

"At such times, Brother Lyman," Jens Nielsen said, "I'm sad to be the peoples' leader. Ya. It is bad to bear poor tidings!"

(To be concluded)



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(Concluded from page 805)

FROM this letter may be gleaned the heartache and the disappointment of those who could not come west. The very restraint with which this one woman, scarcely more than a child, stated that she had undertaken the rearing of her three younger brothers and sister, that they would have come to Utah except for the fact that the Indians had killed their three yoke of oxen, makes the reading all the more poignant. The letter reveals, too, the unchanged determination to come as soon as conditions permitted, for in the body of the letter she wrote, "I should like to see you all very much, but it is useless to think about it without you should come out to Salt Lake Valley."

From their unwavering faith we of today can take courage for the new world into which we are venturing. The cannon of those bygone days was terrible to those who remained behind; the atomic bomb of today is terrifying to their descendants. To both, however, the faith in their religion, in God the Father and in his Son, Jesus Christ, is a certainty that cannot be denied, and not being denied, will give purpose and direction, no matter how poorly charted the way ahead may be for the world at large.



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CHRISTMAS IN ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA

(Concluded from page 817)

mountains to build their third capital, Guatemala City. But the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the superstitious, and the bewildered stayed on. *This was home.* Untraveled, frightened, they remained among the ruins and rubble, and gradually order was restored from chaos. Indians came from the jungles to barter; the patios of the ruined cathedrals made good pasture, and the cloisters of the wrecked convents made good stables. Timidly the people opened small shops in ruined, once famous, houses. One church had been spared. Time mellowed the horrors, and the friendly jungle moved in to cast a softening aura over the ruins. Grass grew in court-yards; flowers took root in crevices; vines covered crumbling walls; and a patina of time brought freedom from fear. Gradually the citizens intermarried with the Indians, and today the town has a people taller than the Spaniards, lighter skinned than the Indians, but withal, happy and carefree, a people who pay "no mind" to the little puffs of smoke that come from Fuego. The town is quiet, sleepy, and fascinating. The autos of tourists are almost the only cars.

And are these tourists gullible! They buy souvenirs, supposedly dug from the ruins. They seldom barter. Rather, they pay the first-asked price for the knockers which once hung high on the doors of proud houses so that the mounted Spanish dons could knock without dismounting. They pay good *quetzals* (dollars) for guides, who glibly distort historical facts. They drop coins into the hands of beggars, and pay the Indians to pose. These tourists have become a source of revenue for the town. One large old church, its dangerous cracked dome removed, makes a splendid open-air market. Here the Indians spread their wares and overflow the sidewalk into the street.

WE were fortunate to secure lodgings at the Rancho Nimijay. Its management calls it a hotel, but it is more personalized. It emanates the concern of a mountain hospice. Its meals are cooked North American style, and served by Indian girls in native costume. The manager is Swiss, and the Christmas Eve din-

ner and celebration were reminiscent of the customs of the Alps. Each guest received a cellophane dish of homemade candies. The crackling fire was reflected in a huge mirror, and the delectable seven course dinner would have satisfied an epicure.

The tiled floors were covered with pine needles, redolent and springy underfoot; the smiling waitresses moved noiselessly, while a marimba band played Christmas carols in the patio. The musicians were dressed in solemn black and played by ear. At three o'clock that afternoon they had listened to "Silent Night, Holy Night" for the first time. They played it intermittently long past midnight. Our room had modern, hand-carved furniture, and a fireplace fueled with mountain wood. An Indian porter aided a waitress in entertaining us with a costumed native dance. Round and round her bare feet treaded the pine needles, while she picked up her full skirts daintily. The boy folded his arms, clapped his hands, jumped upwards and shouted occasionally. Bowing and backing, they went on, circling and whirling, but never touching each other. And out in the patio flamboyant parrots screamed, gorged, or slept, and current magazines from "the States" lay on the tables. It was a combination of the Old World and the New World, hidden behind solid rock walls, as forbidding and gray as an ancient jail.

Out in the town the natives held their Christmas celebration. Always there were the strains of marimba bands. Little boys tossed firecrackers into the street to frighten their elders. Young and old gazed in awe when sparklers flared. Shops stayed open; children exchanged *centavos* for insatiable candy; Indians camped in the streets, cooked their meals and waited patiently, stolidly, for the Christmas procession.

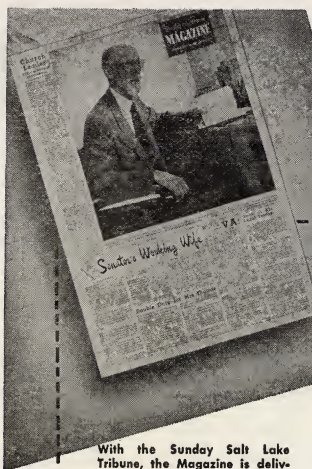
It started from the church—the one good church that was spared, when all the others were ruined. The marimba band played at the street corner ahead of the parade. When it caught up with them, willing hands picked up the instruments and rushed them to the next corner. Thus the procession had music more than half the time. Illuminated crosses and masks waved and

Christmas In Antigua, Guatemala

bobbed. Men carried statues of the Holy Family upon their shoulders; children cast paper flowers before the revered figures. Everyone sang in soft, subdued voices. Baby-laden women formed the rear of the procession, which counter-marched to the church. There the crowd dispersed to patronize the innumerable makeshift booths; the shopkeepers hung their ancient shutters, and the Indians spread their blankets in the church plaza. The ruins of the forty-eight churches looked down over the valley; Fuego continued to smoke while a cloudless Christmas night mantled the sleeping town. Tomorrow would be another day, with more tourists.

BACK in the Rancho Nimijay the guests had danced until midnight, had eaten a midnight luncheon of fruits and ices, and retired to warm, comfortable beds. I lay awake, visualizing Don Pedro Alvarado (Cortez's fearless captain), cutting his way south from Mexico City to conquer this land in his own name. More than four hundred years before he led his diminishing army through miasmatic bogs, through bridgeless ravines, and each victory was marked in blood. True, he conquered the Indian tribes around Antigua, but their volcanoes engulfed his city; he was killed by a riderless Spanish horse, and the second capital, Antigua, was razed by earthquake. Today the Indians of Guatemala still worship ancient Maya gods that stand at the summit of well-worn trails.

Christmas breakfast at the Rancho included tree-ripened bananas and pineapple, and hot cakes with *la miel de las abejas* (honey of the bees). Afterwards we climbed to the roof of the ruined church of San Francisco. There we gazed out over the valley at church ruins, white against jungle green; at cloudless skies and the smoldering volcano, that really looked benevolent and paternal. We looked at maize fields high on mountainsides, and the shaded plantations. Only the tinkle of a goat's bell and the horn of a tourist's auto broke the silence. Antigua and its proud, isolated people knew Christmas peace.



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Dear Editors:

Norwich, Norfolk, England

I HAVE just been reading *The Improvement Era*, which I had lent me by two Latter-day Saint missionaries, Sisters B. Mitchell, Bountiful, Utah, and Leah Lloyd, American Fork, Utah. These sisters call upon us often, and my wife has become quite attached to them. They are here on a great mission made very difficult by rationing and the aftermath of war.

We have seen these girls always full of faith and courage. My wife and I attend the Latter-day Saints chapel most Sundays, also my wife has joined the Relief Society. We have a lot to learn before we become Latter-day Saints, but through contact with these girls, and two elders, Blackwell and Williams, I think we shall later become members of the Church. I will now endeavor to give you some idea of the hardships which they have to endure by our rationing system, coming as they do from a land of plenty:

Meat $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. a week	1 oz. of bacon a week
1 oz. of fat a week	4 oz. of margarine a week
$4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. bread or flour	8 oz. of sugar a week
(in lieu of)	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk a day
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of jam a week	

Other goods are on a point system (28 points a month and only a certain quantity allowed); for example, syrup 16 points; 2 lbs. salmon, grade 1, 32 points a can. Now potatoes are coming on rations, but when we mention anything about it, they just smile. Faith and courage carry them through. My wife and I wish them every success in their mission.

Sincerely yours,

Walter George Cozens, Postman

Curacao, N. W. I.

Dear Editors:

I HEREWITH take the liberty to inform you that there is a sister living in Curacao, sole Mormon on the island, so far as I have discovered. I came here in September and am working with the Curacao Petroleum Industry Company.

May I present myself:

Miss A. H. Gyr—twenty-seven years of age, secretary by profession, Swiss by nationality, Mormon for two years, nearly.

I have been living in England, Holland, and Switzerland, and circumstances have now brought me to this island, where I intend staying till circumstances take me somewhere else. I came into contact with a Mormon naval officer two years ago, and after finding out about the true, restored Church, I was baptized shortly afterwards. President Zappay of the Netherlands Mission, his wife, Sister Riet, and Brother Vlam who baptized me, were my first Mormon friends. . . .

As I am reading *The Improvement Era* regularly, and this is my only direct link with Utah, I therefore take this chance to make known my whereabouts. Perhaps there would be someone, who would care to take up some correspondence with me, informing me about church life in Utah; also if it were only once in a while, it would give me great comfort to know someone on this side of the globe. *The Improvement Era* gives me a good bit of information, and I am always ever so happy to have such a rich and instructive magazine, but a personal touch is something precious, too. . . .

I shall always remember the words of Brother Ezra Taft Benson, whom I met twice during the early days of my acquaintance with the Church, about the responsibility that every member of the Church has to carry, and that he has to act accordingly, with all his power and energy and should never be afraid of anything that should seem to oppose him. I wish to carry my part of this responsibility, but if there are any helpful means within reach, I care very much to make them helpful to me, and so I hope that with this letter I may draw some attention to this little spot on the globe, in order to cooperate in some way or other.

Looking forward to an answer from your side, I am

Yours truly,

Sister A. H. Gyr

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HUMOR

Ham and—

The professor of zoology at a state university was lecturing to an afternoon class on the anatomy of a frog.

"To illustrate these points," he said to the class, "I have brought with me today a lively specimen to chloroform and dissect."

Reaching into his pocket he produced a small package which, unwrapped, turned out to be a ham sandwich.

"Well, that's strange," exclaimed the professor to his startled class. "I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

Principal vs. Principle

"It's not exactly the school that I don't like," said the mean little truant, "it's the principal of the thing."

Twice Shy

"I suppose," said the banker to the little man, "you will want a joint checking account for your wife and yourself."

"No," replied the new depositor, "this is my second wife."

Following Orders

The young boy had been told by his scoutmaster that he should carry some means of identification at all times in case of accident. A few days later he took from his pocket a small wallet and exhibited a card which read:

"In case of accident, this was Billy Mack."

A Firm Foundation

They were entertaining guests in a new, prefabricated home. Suddenly one of the guests stopped speaking and listened. At length he said:

"Surely, you're not troubled by mice already."

"That's not mice," the householder corrected. "That's the people next door eating celery."



The above picture was taken in Copenhagen, Denmark. It shows the queen of the Gold and Green Ball and her attendants chosen from the Copenhagen Branch. They are, left to right, Olga Hentzen, Erna Andersen, Queen Jytte Christensen, Lillian Jacobsen, Tore Hansen, and President Alma Petersen. Small boy in foreground is Troels Smith, son of the second counselor of the Copenhagen Branch. This was the largest L.D.S. celebration yet held in Denmark since the beginning of the war. A choir of eighty members from Norway was also present at that time.—Reported by Amy Breum, former president of the Y.W.M.I.A. from Denmark.

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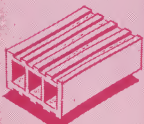
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