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OCTOBER 1947

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EXPLORING The UNIVERSE

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

THE United States uses over a billion electric lamp bulbs a year, equal to that used by all the rest of the world.

THERE are 370 different proofs of the Pythagorean theorem that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, according to E. S. Loomis.

A STRIP of magnesium buried near iron pipe will keep the pipe from rusting.

IF dill pickles are pasteurized shortly after the curing period, the crispness of flavor is preserved long after unpasteurized pickles have become unsalable due to softness, the North Carolina Experiment Station has reported.

GENUINE diamonds fluoresce different colors in ultraviolet light depending on the impurities present. Blue-glowing diamonds have been found to contain chromium and titanium as principal impurities and aluminium gives a yellow glow. Non-fluorescing stones are almost pure carbon.

NOT long before Dr. Albert Francis Blakeslee retired as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he stated: "I know of no adequate evidence that man today is a better animal physically or mentally than at the dawn of history."

A NEW German variable condenser for radio and other electrical and electronic equipment promises to be very useful. Made of concentric aluminium cylinders instead of the conventional flat parallel plates it is smaller and easier to manufacture. The new condenser is so well made that when the concentric cylinders are slipped together there is no free play between them.

ROBERT M. SALTER, chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Soils and Agriculture Engineering, recently estimated that if by 1960 everyone in the world is to have an adequate diet the consumption of phosphate fertilizer would have to be about eight times that at present, and potash about eighteen times.

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The Cover

THE growth of the Church into a worldwide religion and the distribution of *The Improvement Era* on a worldwide scale (see page 653) have been simultaneous for the fifty years of *Era* publication. What could be more natural than that wherever the gospel reached, the lifeline of the Church should be extended through the magazine that includes current messages from Church leaders together with provocative articles that will promote faith among member and nonmember alike.

Widely acclaimed for its attractive appearance, the *Era* during this centennial year of the Church has lived up to its reputation. The eleven covers that have been integrated into the unusual October cover epitomize the one hundred years of Church development and the fifty years of *Era* achievement.

The cover was prepared by Charles Jacobsen.

✱

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The Improvement Era

OCTOBER 1947

VOLUME 50, NO. 10

"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

"Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God"—George Albert Smith 638

Church Features

The Ideals of True Womanhood.....David O. McKay 640
The Mormon Point of View in Education.....B. H. Roberts 642
Evidences and Reconciliations: CXVI—Are We Progressing?.....John A. Widtsoe 661

Organization of the Salt Lake Stake, Albert L. Zobell, Jr.....631
The Church Moves On.....632
Dear Gleaner, Werner Kiepe.....633
October in Church History.....658

Melchizedek Priesthood.....666
No-Liquor-Tobacco Column.....667
The Presiding Bishopric's Page.....668

Special Features

The Centennial Trek—Part II—Conclusion.....Wendell J. Ashton 646

Let's Talk It Over.....Mary Brentnall 648

The Improvement Era—Worldwide Missionary.....Harold Lundstrom 653

The Spoken Word from Temple Square.....Richard L. Evans 654

The Meaning of the Mormon Migration in American History.....Albert D. Thomas 657

What of the Future of America?.....Arthur V. Watkins 658

Exploring the Universe, Franklin L. Harris, Jr.....629
These Times, G. Homer Durham.....634
On the Bookrack.....659
Patterns of Progress, Frederick C. Wolters, Jr.....659

Homing: Postage Stamps and Our Friends, Ted McDonald.....662
Cook's Corner, Josephine B. Nichols.....662
Handy Hints.....663
Your Page and Ours.....692

Editorials

We Are Half a Century Old This Month.....John A. Widtsoe 660

The Matter of Learning.....Marba C. Josephson 660

Stories, Poetry

"All Is Well! All Is Well!".....Susa Young Gates 644

Hole in the Rock—Chapter X.....Anna Prince Redd 650

Harvest, Myrna Jacoby.....630
Frontispiece: Utah, the Beautiful, John Sherman Walker.....636

Recompense, Helen B. Adams.....649
Poetry.....656
Immigrant's Child, Dale Sutherland.....658



HARVEST

By Myrna Jacoby

TODAY I garnered sheaves of ripened grain
Against the time of need that lies ahead.
While storing up for earthly winter needs
I must reap faith against a time of dread.

✱

Change of Address:

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

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Organization of SALT LAKE STAKE

By ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

THERE had been stakes of Zion in the East—eleven of them, beginning with the Kirtland Stake—and as the exodus from Nauvoo moved forward, the stake organization plan moved with the Saints. There was a high council functioning the winter of 1846-47 in Winter Quarters, and that city was divided into twenty-two bishops' wards.

At a special conference held in the Bowery on Salt Lake City's Temple Square, August 22, 1847, it was decided that if John Smith, an uncle of the Prophet Joseph Smith, came to the valley that fall, he should preside over the Saints in the new settlement.

Four days later, August 26, President Brigham Young and many others started east to join their families at Winter Quarters. President Young's group met several companies of the westward-moving Saints and meetings—spiritual feasts—were held with them. One of the most important of these meetings was held at Pacific Springs, September 6, 1847, with Abraham Smoot's hundred and Brother Robinson's fifty, where John Smith was appointed to preside over the Saints in the Great Salt Lake Valley after his arrival there. A high council was also appointed at this meeting.

On October 3, 1847, soon after the arrival of several immigrant companies in the valley, another conference was held, and there John Smith was sustained as the president of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion comprising the Saints in the Great Basin. President Smith's counselors were Charles C. Rich and John Young.

There were four wards in the stake at first, all located in the Old Fort. The high council immediately became the lawmaking body of the community, because there was no other, and legislated in everyday as well as secular matters. For instance, the high council passed the following ordinance on January 25, 1848:

Be it ordained, that no person is entitled to more fuel than will last him to the first day of October 1848, or to more poles or timber than will answer for his present fencing or building, unless by permission of the Council, under penalty of a sum not less than five or exceeding five hundred dollars, at the discretion of the judge or judges.

That same day, laws were passed prohibiting cattle to graze on a neighbor's field. (Concluded on page 656)

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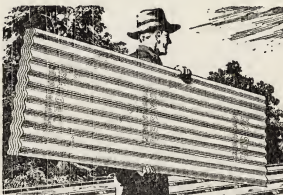
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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

Church Radio Series

ELDER HUGH B. BROWN, associate professor of political science and of religion at Brigham Young University, began, September 7, a series of radio discussions on KSL at nine o'clock Sunday evening, M.S.T.

Elder Brown, former serviceman's co-ordinator and two-time president of the British Mission, has selected "Rational Faith" as the general title of his series.

Canadian Mission

FLOYD G. EYRE has been appointed by the First Presidency as president of the Canadian Mission, with headquarters at Toronto. He succeeds President Octave W. Urnsbach, who will return to his home in Lethbridge, Alberta. President Urnsbach was recently sustained as president of the Lethbridge Stake.



OCTAVE W. URNSBACH



FLOYD G. EYRE

President Eyre has been principal of the Weber Seminary at Ogden for the past nineteen years. Prior to that he aided in the establishment of seminaries at both Hinckley and Delta, Utah, and was principal of the San Luis Academy at Manassa, Colorado. For the past twelve years he has been a member of the Y.M.M.I.A. general board and is at present, chairman of the speech-arts committee of that board.

President Eyre filled a mission to California beginning in 1926. Going to Toronto to reside with him will be his wife. The couple will also take their youngest daughter, Lael.

Church Office Building

PLANs for the remodeling of part of the Church Office Building, 47 East South Temple, have been announced. The changes, when completed in 1948, will enable the Presiding Bishopric and their staff to move to the fourth and fifth floors of the Church Office Building.

The remodeling contemplates the flooring-over of the spacious light wells on the third, fourth, and fifth floors. A

missionary assembly room, now located on the fourth floor will occupy the space of the light well on the third floor.

New Missions of the Church

As was promised in the season's greetings from the First Presidency, the year 1947 has brought the organization of two new fields of missionary activity for the Church. They are the Finnish Mission, the organization of which was announced May 16, and the Uruguayan Mission, announced May 17.

Henry A. Matis, second counselor in the Chicago Stake presidency, was called as president of the Finnish Mission.



PRESIDENT
HENRY
A.
MATIS

Frederick S. Williams of South Gate, California, former president of the Argentine Mission, was named as president of the Uruguayan Mission.

President Matis, a native of Colorado, is of Finnish descent. He was converted to the Church in 1933. Since that time he has been active in the Mutual Improvement Association, in genealogical work, and in priesthood quorums. He is a former bishop of the University Ward, Chicago Stake, and a member of the high council of that stake.

President Matis will be installed, and the new mission established under the

(Concluded on page 659)

PRESIDENT
FREDERICK
S.
WILLIAMS



Dear Gleaner:

IT is certainly a privilege and an honor for me, an M Men leader, to write you this month. It may surprise you at first that a man should intrude into what has been exclusively a feminine activity, but be assured M Men have also enjoyed the fine spirit of preceding letters with their friendly counsel and timely suggestions. You are so vital to the all-around program of the M Men that we know much depends upon you for happy associations in the future.

As you follow your Gleaner program through the coming year, there is much joy in store for you if you will but realize that the prayerful planning which has gone into the lessons, the separate comraderies and Golden Gleaner work and joint activities, are for your helpful benefit and happiness.

Speaking of M Men—would you like to know what M Men think and say about the ideal Gleaner, their dream girl, that each is seeking to find? Out of many personal contacts and from many M Men class discussions I have found certain outstanding points that these fine fellows have said are of first importance to them. In this letter I will touch upon two:

First, M Men approve Gleaners who

hold to the ideals of the Church. Of course, they like girls who are good company; a girl who is friendly—one who can laugh, not too loud and not too often, not at him but with him; one who finds joy in living and who sees the good in life and makes the most of every situation; one who neither tempts nor is tempted by things which are evil. Surely this is a time when we all benefit by counteracting the temptations which are bound to come to us.

Any M Man is entirely wrong who tempts a Gleaner to try a glass of beer, or to smoke one cigaret, or to insist upon familiarities unbecoming of our standards; but so is it wrong for a Gleaner to give encouragement to the M Man to do these things on the assumption that this would be fun and it doesn't mean anything to try it once or do it occasionally. Some young people have been tempted to do these things because of the impression they hoped they would make upon a companion. Usually the impression is the opposite from the one desired. Young men have been guilty of making young women dates uncomfortable by belittling the teachings of parents, of their teachers in school and in church in the matter of the clean life and moral standards. However, fellows tell me that they are afraid not to make advances because they think that the girls will think them a poor date, and girls

tell me that they are afraid that a boy won't call on them again if they are unwilling to compromise with the ideals which they have been taught to hold most important.

Second, M Men like girls who are natural; who are pretty, but not those whose beauty is all put on. They like girls who are appropriately dressed, but not girls who place a heavy burden upon those who now or hereafter support her; one who is courteous and polite but who does not overdo, not one who is too pleasant, or one who smirks and scrapes; one who does not look bored or is supercilious; a girl who is democratic in her manner and in her thinking, one who shows respect to parents, and older people, who reflects a love of children and who is genuinely interested in the world about her, and who can express a considered opinion about important issues in life.

These are the things an M Man leader hears from M Men. Perhaps you have heard them too. Each Gleaner, solving her own life problems, can improve her personality, make herself more popular with young worth-while Latter-day Saint men, if she will but apply them prayerfully to her own life.

I wish you much success.

Cordially yours,

Wernert Kiepe

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Handy Guide to Correct Wrapping



STEP 1: Use sheet large enough to wrap around TWICE. Place meat close to end of paper and roll over once. BE SURE THAT WAXED SIDE IS NEXT TO MEAT.

STEP 2: Tuck in one side of paper. Be sure to crease tightly and tuck securely, insuring airtight seal. Sealing air out is essential to protection of flavor.



STEP 3: Roll meat half over again and tuck in other side of wrapper.



STEP 4: Seal tightly with tape or string. Label with soft pencil or crayon.



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THESE TIMES

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

DURING 1938 Clarence K. Streit was invited to deliver the Cooper Foundation lectures at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. Streit, ace correspondent for the *New York Times*, had spent the period between the two world wars covering League of Nations affairs. Combining a keen interest in the juridical aspects of world order with a love of peace inspired by a Quaker heritage, a proposal for a federal union of certain national states was embodied in his Cooper lectures. The results were subsequently published by Harper and Brothers Company in 1939 as the book *Union Now*.

IN *Union Now* Streit argued from the American experience in creating a federal constitution, that the nations of the world face a similar problem in our day. The League idea had proved insufficient. Law and order did not result from voluntary state agreements in Europe after 1919 any more than they resulted from the voluntary state agreements of an earlier American league called the "Articles of Confederation." Streit, therefore, proposed the framing of a constitution and the entering of the North Atlantic democracies into a federal union, as an approach to solving the problems of individual freedom, democracy, peace, and prosperity in our times.

IN July 1939, two months before Hitler invaded Poland, a membership association, Federal Union, Incorporated, was formed to further the basic proposals for federal union. Thus was given expression in a primary way the proposals for "world federalism." The war has witnessed an amazing growth of this concept.

As the outlines of the United Nations emerged from the Moscow Conference (October 1943), the Dumbarton Oaks Conference at Washington, D.C. (August-October 1944), and was finally given substance in the Charter framed at San Francisco, April-June 1945, "world federalism" did not attract unusual attention. A sense of satisfaction with the U.N. appeared to dominate popular thought until August 6, 1945. On that date, the news of the atomic bomb became public.

IN an editorial entitled "Modern Man Is Obsolete" dated August 18, 1945, Norman Cousins, editor of the *Satur-*

day Review of Literature, declared: "There is one way, and only one way, to achieve control of destructive atomic energy, and that is through centralized world government."

THE doctrine of world government immediately leaped forth in important discussions and shortly thereafter many groups of world federalists came into being. The world federalists argued that they had a more satisfactory answer than "centralized world government," and at the same time, a more satisfactory answer than the U. N., which, in the light of the atomic bomb, seemed pale and merely another League. Federalism, argue the federalists, provides the unique method and political doctrine whereby diverse groups, cultures, languages, even economic systems organized in separate states, may co-operate effectively to attain a jurat order of the world. Albert Einstein, Republican Supreme Court Justice Roberts, Grenville Clark, and other distinguished Americans, announced themselves during autumn, 1945, as favoring some form of world authority.

DURING 1946 the movement spread until it now becomes one of the interesting political phenomena of the mid-twentieth century. Colleges and universities have held conferences on the subject. Responsible British cabinet officers have declared themselves for the principle. The French Constitution of October 1946 provides a clause enabling the nation to enter a world federation and to "surrender" its sovereignty for such a purpose. In the November election, Massachusetts voters approved a resolution favoring a world federal government by a majority of nine to one. During 1947 the movement has continued to grow and attract attention.

THE unique and fundamental political doctrine of the American constitution is federalism. The dream of man has been given real experience on a national scale under the American Constitution. World federalism will not be achieved in a day nor a year. World law and order cannot be attained by the fiat of a world constitutional convention any more than federal law and order was attained in the United States in 1787. It required three generations of toil and diligent labor followed by the fires of a "Whiskey Rebellion" and a bloody civil war to attain that solution. World federalists hope that a world federal order similar to the American model might be achieved without civil war. But

(Concluded on page 676)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

*All the Harrisons say
a good word for Chevron Supreme*

Jane Harrison

Chevron Supreme is wonderful for week-end jaunts because it's climate-tailored to fit driving conditions wherever I go... besides, the Chevron National Credit Card helps hoard my allowance!



Mr. Harrison

Every time I wanted the car, the gas tank was empty. Funny thing... since we switched to Chevron Supreme, I seem to go farther between refills. (That's Chevron Supreme's long mileage.)



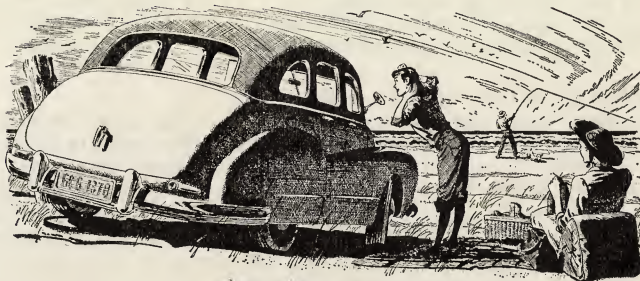
Mrs. Harrison

Carburetors and things are so bewildering! I felt futile when the car balked. Now, Chevron Supreme starts it in a flash. (Its vaporizing ability is controlled to suit the seasons, Mrs. Harrison.)



The Harrison Car

I blossom on Chevron Supreme Gasoline—it's actually a number of gasolines blended to give premium performance in smoothness, power and driving ease under every road condition.



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UTAH,

The Beautiful

By JOHN SHERMAN WALKER

EARTH's reliquary holds an old romance
Illumed with jewels in bold intaglio—
Writ by the rain . . . and wind . . . and avalanche,
Deep carven into ageless curio;
Here left upon the tapestry, time-wove,
In nature's antiquated treasure trove.

The fingers pause at this primordial page,
Of high Uintah's snow-incrested scene—
Where pine-lanced King's Peak cavaliers converge
In royal regalia of evergreen;

While from their stately summits queen peaks
gaze
Into the million mirror lake arrays.

Turn then a page, to canyons of the north,
To sylvan streams with mossy verdigris
Engrailing spray-filled waters gushing forth
Below the labyrinth of ancient trees;
To topaz lakes and sparkling sapphire pools
With silver flashing trout in sportive schools.

Senescent lies the Great Salt Lake, in dreams
Of its magnificence when earth was young;
When Bonneville's great waters shaped the
schemes
Of terraced mountain slopes, where sea-weed
clung;
Now, all remaining, is a seagull's cry
From white-winged phantom in the flaming
sky.

Across the valley, Emigration Peaks,
In reminiscence of the pioneer,
Re-echo words a prophet leader speaks;
And down the trails of time one still may hear
An ox-drawn Conestoga, as it moves,
Through passing history's rataplan of hooves.

"This is the place"—the heavens acquiesce,
As shadows silhouette the valley here—
And, one by one, the sequin stars lend their finesse
To night's montage upon the evening sphere—
Until the western stage is set . . . and now
The moon above the Wasatch makes a bow.

The Sleeping Woman mountain, it was called,
By Indians, at their campfires, as they told
The legend to an audience enthralled,
While patiently they heard the myth unfold.
There Timpanogos still in slumber lies,
With glacial robe . . . where Utah Lake streams
rise.

Turn toward the south . . . there is a land of trees
That tower to the ultimate of space—
Tall ponderosa pines . . . blue spruce . . . and firs
Whose variegated branches interlace
To shade secluded pool and forest lane
The deer and elk herds claim as their domain.



The vast, intriguing stretches of San Juan
 Leave spellbound those who look upon its face,
 Which, Colorado waters, surging on
 Through centuries, have sculptured in grimace.

Traverse, in thought, this cactus-cluttered sand
 With Father Escalante's valiant band

Where foaming rapids swiftly catapult—
 And rivers wind in goosenecks crazily;
 Where hills leap down in dizzy somersault—
 And ruins rim horizons hazily,

Where dwelled the cavemen for an ancient
 span,
 Who left but mystery to modern man.

A country where the Indian still roams
 On shaggy mustang pony, as before,
 And through barbaric nights, from mesa domes
 The drone of tom-tom carries, as of yore.

Where wind-reamed rocks form bridges for
 the gods—
 And states' four corners blend their common
 sods.

Look to the west . . . upon a blue expanse
 Of heavens strung with golden cumuli—
 On sun-enamored pinnacles that glance
 Into reflecting lakes, which tranquil lie,
 Remotely peaceful, in a world of haste—
 Inviting wild things . . . and proud man . . . to
 taste.

Another sun will rise on Cedar Breaks,
 But none more lovely, till the world shall cease,
 Than here, unveiling, as the Artist takes
 The drapes of night from this, his masterpiece;
 Vermilion, white, deep rose and coral glow
 From tinted cliffs of towering cameo.

Bewitching Bryce, in color unsurpassed,
 Bewilders with its kaleidoscope of hues,
 And figures out of fantasy, quaint cast
 In flaming stone, with mundane names men use—

The Silent City . . . Fairyland . . . and on—
 Queen's Garden—with inadequate aplomb.

Mukuntuweap, the marvelous, here stands—
 Celestial Zion, classic cynosure
 Of all the earth's predominating lands—
 Renowned in story of the red man's lore;

Where looms enshrined in monumental stone
 The crowning glory of the Great White Throne.

The book is ended . . . close it carefully
 And leave unmarred, for others to enjoy—
 Where western winds will burnish airily,
 Nor any element its worth destroy;
 Each view conjuring up a reverie—
 Each chapter an enduring memory.



"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD"

From An M.I.A. June Conference Message

By President George Albert Smith

THIS responsibility fills me with anxiety, addressing myself as I do to the men and women whose lives are devoted to saving civilization and preparing the sons and daughters of the living God for eternal happiness in the Celestial Kingdom.

"Seek ye first"—not last—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness" and all other things are promised us that are worth while.

When I think of the blessings that our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon us during the little more than a hundred years since the gospel was restored in these last days, they are almost unbelievable. Our people left so-called civilization, although it was not a very good brand of civilization, and it was called Christianity, but it was not the very best. But the Saints came out, leaving the comforts and blessings of what would have been delightful homes if they had been permitted to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, but repeatedly they had been driven from their homes as though they were outlaws. The fact was they were being driven by those who were outlaws.

They landed out here in this, at that time desert country, but they came because they had faith in God. They believed he would fulfill his promise, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33.)

Each one of us is a child of our Heavenly Father. He is the Father of our spirits. We all belong to the royal family and may continue to be members of it if we will. When I think of what has been accomplished in these valleys, in this western part of America, in a hundred years, it seems almost unbelievable.

I may illustrate it by an incident that happened after the people had been here a short time. A prominent man who was familiar with the homes of our people in the east came and looked over this sagebrush country, and seeing how desolate it was, how

few opportunities and privileges there were, having had to abandon what was looked upon in the east as the most desirable of all to come out here to live with the savage red man and the wild beasts, said to my grandfather, "I am surprised to find your people in a place like this. Why did you come here?"

Grandfather looked at him, smiled, and said: "We came here willingly because we had to."

That was the way people looked upon that migration. It was a terrible thing to be driven out, but if we were to be driven again, there is no place in all the world that we could go to that would be as delightful for us to live in as the place we are in now. That was because your forebears and mine sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

I wonder sometimes if our young people appreciate what we have. I have had in my office recently strangers of importance from different parts of the United States. They say only beautiful, complimentary things about what they see here. They marvel at what we enjoy. I could tell you dozens of experiences that I have had with some of the most prominent people of the United States who express themselves in the same manner.

I was riding in the private car of the president of a great railroad in the east. He saw me coming into the railway station. His private car was on the end of the train, and he was standing on the platform of the car. He knew I was coming out that evening, but I had intended to come on a later train. I was in the city of New York, that one-time village back there that has outgrown itself, and he said: "Come this way. This is where you are to ride."

And I said, "All right. Thank you." I knew how much better it was than a chair car.

He reached down and took my hand and had his porter come and take my luggage and put it in the car. When I went in, I found a very prominent man and woman. This was at the beginning of the World War II, and

The EDITOR'S PAGE

The Editor's Page

the man was over here looking after the interests of Great Britain. He was a guest of the president of the railroad.

I was amazed when I got in. First of all, we had a fine dinner as the train pulled out. Then we went out into the parlor end of the car, and the president said to these people: "Mr. Smith, here, is my Mormon friend. I wish you could know some of the things that he could tell you."

That is why he had invited me to get on his car. He wanted them to know what he knew about us, and thinking he could not tell it, he asked me. We talked, and I answered their questions and explained what we believe, what the Lord had done for us, what our hopes and aspirations are. If I left anything out, my friend would say, "Now, what about this?" He was just like a first class attorney holding a brief while I was pleading my case.

Finally, Sir David Meek (for that was the Britisher's name) said, addressing my railroad president friend, "Are you a member of the Mormon Church?"

And he said: "No."

"Well, I am amazed after what you say about it and what you think about these people. I want to know why you don't belong to that Church."

My friend looked him in the eye, and he said: "Because I am not good enough."

Because of his experience and his acquaintanceship with our people his standards had been lifted, and he looked upon us as better than the ordinary group.

Now, that is only one person. I could tell you many such experiences. I have had men invite groups to their homes and give dinners in order that we might have a good time. Before we finished, I found out that the purpose was to give me a chance to preach Mormonism. One case was very amusing. The group had been gathered by one of the most prominent men in the United States at that time. He had a lovely home, and we had dinner there—it was his birthday, and there were several people from other states; he had invited some particular friends,

and I was counted among that number.

I happened to be his associate in the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was the president-general, and I was the vice president-general. So we traveled together throughout the country. This was his first opportunity to let me know how he had been affected, and so we had our dinner, his birthday dinner. He had the postmaster; he had the mayor; he had his own minister, and a number of other people.

He passed cigars around to all the people. After he had given them all a chance to light up, he said: "Now, I want to tell you something. Mr. Smith represents the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as the Mormon Church. I wanted you folks tonight to hear from one of the members of that Church what they stand for and what they are doing."

And then he started in. He said: "I have traveled with him; I have slept in the same room with him; we have eaten at the same table; we have been banqueted by the same groups. I have had a chance to watch him." He said: "He doesn't swear; he honors the Sabbath day; he doesn't drink; he doesn't smoke." He continued: "He is the most consistent Christian that I have ever known."

Imagine being put in a place like that without any warning! Well, of course I was expected to tell these people what they might not have wanted to know at all. For about half an hour I explained to them that we believe in God the Eternal Father and in his Son Jesus Christ and in the Holy Ghost, and so on, taking our Articles of Faith. I have thought of that experience many times. When I finished, that group knew something about what we believe, and they also knew something about the standards of living of the Church. Tonight I am asking myself the question: "How many of us are living up to those standards as we should?"

How many of us are doing what we know we ought to do? The people of the world know little or nothing about the gospel of Jesus Christ. God has given to us a mar-

velous fund of information about it, and it is explained to us that the very height of joy and happiness in this life and in the life to come will be the result of honoring him and keeping his commandments, in other words, in observing the rules that he gave to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

We have everything to gain. We lose nothing by keeping the commandments of God.

This great Tabernacle (there is nothing else like it in all the world) was built by our forebears in the midst of their poverty. Even to this day, as the architects and builders examine this great roof and realize that it had to be measured and cut and fitted on the ground before it was put up here, they marvel that it could be done, because they had supposed that our people when they came out here were an ignorant people. They do not tell us that any more.

This is only one of the blessings we have enjoyed all these years. The music of the great organ which along with the voices of the Tabernacle Choir has been broadcast to the world is another blessing. You cannot think of anything that we do not have in this country that is worth while. All that the world has, we have, plus the gospel of Jesus Christ. What does that mean? It means it is the only system, it is the rule of conduct laid down by our Heavenly Father, not to make us rich in this world's goods but to prepare us for eternal happiness in the Celestial Kingdom when this world that we are in becomes that kingdom.

And so I am asking: Are we prepared for that kingdom? Is there anything that we have left undone? If there is, we ought to be doing it because we do not know when the opportunity to do it will have passed away.

Think of what happened over there in Japan when a bomb was dropped on a community. Thousands of people were destroyed instantaneously. That is the kind of world we are living in, and nothing but the power of our Heavenly Father can preserve us from destruction, and the destruction of the phys-

(Continued on page 688)

HOW APTLY are the words written thousands of years ago in tribute to another woman, women in general, but I now apply them to Sister Ruth May Fox:

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. . . .

or, in the modern translation, so he shall have gain.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom: and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. (Proverbs 31:10-12, 25-28.)

I join with all Israel in saying to Sister Fox, "God bless you for what you have done, for what you are, and what your influence will continue to be throughout all Israel."

Perhaps some of you think that the impressive drama presented* is not based on facts. It is. I do not know the instance, but as I understood it, I said in my heart that Esther might have been a young girl in England ninety years ago, and Ronald, her sweetheart to whom she was engaged. Ronald was down in Australia seeking to make his fortune before he would return to England to take his sweetheart as bride, and while he was away she heard the message of Mormonism and with her adopted parents accepted the gospel. While, let us call him Ronald, was in Australia, he heard the terrible stories about the Mountain Meadow Massacre and the Danites and polygamy with which he associated these other terrible things. He returned, however, to England and in high anticipation hastened to his sweetheart's home to have her name the wedding day. But she said: "I have something to tell you first. I have joined the Church."

"Well, that is all right. I will join it with you."

"No, you do not understand. I have joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"Well, that is all right. One church is just as good as another. Name the day."

"You do not understand. I have joined the Mormon Church."

"What?" he said, "I cannot un-

derstand how you have been so deceived."

Well, I need not tell you the story. He finally said: "You choose between the Mormons and me."

But the light shone also in her soul, and she said: "If that is your decision, I choose the Church."



WHEN that light gets into the soul it is as a guide, the most precious thing in all one's life. Ronald left England. Back to Australia he went, but stopped on his way in Salt Lake City to see for himself, then continued on and returned a year or so later and investigated for himself. He observed as best as he could the great leader, Brigham Young. He sat in the old tabernacle that was built before the present edifice, and he found out that he had been deceived, that it was he who was in error and not Esther. So he returned to England, asked her forgiveness, and they were married.

The adopted parents endowed them richly, comparatively speaking, for those times. And so they prepared to come to Utah. When they got to Liverpool, they learned of an Emigration Fund, which meant that if they would travel in handcars and not in luxury as they could, seven other families could come for the same price that the voyage would cost them. He turned to Esther and said: "What shall we do?"

She said: "We will deposit our funds and take other families with us."

Unfortunately they were delayed

The IDEALS of

in the East and came with that unfortunate handcart company that was caught in the storms on the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, and they saw some of those who had been helped by their means placed in temporarily marked graves in the morning before the journey was continued. And out on the plains, sometime in September, a little baby girl was born to Esther, and members of the company held a blanket over mother and babe when the little one was washed and dressed.

I think it was about 1907 that I sat at the table as a guest of that little baby girl born on the plains, and around her, crowning her with glory, were nine children, and it was from her own lips that I received in detail the story of her mother and her father as I have briefly sketched it to you. She was Mrs. Leigh of Cedar City.

These two are but typical of many others, illustrating the heroism and faith of the Mormon women.

LOOKING among my treasures recently, I picked up a piece of old homespun cloth. It was woven by my grandmother. My grandfather clipped the wool from the sheep out of which the cloth was made. There were no factories in Utah then. The nearest factory was over a thousand miles from this city. It was carded and spun into thread by my grandmother who had walked across the plains. It was old and threadbare, but genuine, not a shoddy thread in it.

Recently I saw my daughter and her husband examining a sample of a modern piece of cloth which they wished to use for a special purpose. As Lou Jean picked the threads apart and examined them closely, she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, this is nothing but paper." Outwardly it outshone in newness and attractiveness the old piece of homespun, but in reality it was shoddy.

What that piece of homespun is to a modern substitute for genuineness, fundamental, unchanging virtues that have stood the test of ages are to promises of pleasure, indulgence, and false ideals of modern

*Lamps of Glory, Blanche K. McKey

TRUE WOMANHOOD

By President David O. McKay

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

FROM AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT A GENERAL
SESSION OF THE JUNE M.I.A. CONFERENCE, 1947

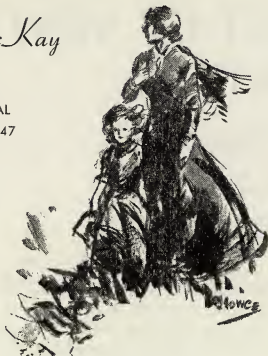
society. Those old fundamental ideals are genuine. Some of them which appeal to you today are attractive but false. Outwardly the latter seem glamorous and glorious, but when tested and tried in the scrutiny of experience, there is nothing which remains but the dust of disappointment.

This week I presented the following question to each of ten daughters, "Will you please name for me the outstanding virtues that you admire in your mother?" I did that because I can think of no higher ideal that a daughter should have than her mother, no one whom she should love more. In the words of Tennyson:

Happy he with such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay.

When each daughter says in her heart:

The holiest words my tongue can frame
The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
Unworthy are to praise the name
More precious than all other.
An infant, when her love first came,



A girl, I find it still the same,
Reverently I breathe her name,
The blessed name of mother.

—George Griffith Fether

The ideals mentioned by these girls are genuine, everlasting, in an ever-changing world. Summarized they are as follow: "Some of the qualities I appreciate in my mother," writes one, "first, her willing-

ness to inconvenience herself for others." Note the second: "Her faith and trust in me. Third, her faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Fourth, cheerfulness; her cheerful attitude in face of difficulties. Fifth, sympathy with what I do, and understanding of my problems." And, sixth, "ability to make a lovely home."

Just one other sample:

Mother has always had complete faith in me. She has a strong testimony, great faith, and has always been active in Church organizations. She has always been kind, gentle, thoughtful, understanding, one to whom I can always turn, and one whom I can always trust, willing to sacrifice all for her children. She has set me the perfect example of clean living, never having touched alcohol, tobacco, or stimulating drinks. She taught me a love, appreciation, and understanding of the gospel while very young. She has always given me encouragement, inspiration, and a desire to live life in its fullness through love and service to my fellow men.

Note the summary: Unselfishness, honesty, patience, congenial-

ity, neatness and cleanliness, faith, love of the beautiful, trust and faith in her children, a perfect lady.

To each daughter, then, her mother seems:

As pure as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artist; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the
white

Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves —
—Tennyson

Not one of them even imagined, not one visualized her mother with teeth and breath stained with nicotine, nor her clothes impregnated with the vile fumes of tobacco smoke. It is beyond the imagination of any one of these girls, as I hope it is beyond yours, even to associate with mother, indulgence in views held by modern society regarding sexual promiscuity. "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come." Mother is worthy of the confidence, love, and admiration of her daughter because in her youth she ever wore the crown of virtue.

THE highest ideal for our young girls today, as for our mothers who crossed the plains, is love as it may be expressed in marriage and homebuilding.

HOME is the center from which woman rules the world. It is there she teaches her child self-restraint, develops in him the confidence and strength that spring from self-control. It is there the child learns respect for the rights of others. It is in a well-directed home that men and women first develop a consciousness that true happiness lies in conforming one's life to the laws of nature and to the rules of social conduct.

A married woman who refuses to have children, or who having them neglects them for pleasure or social prestige, is recreant to the highest calling and privilege of womankind. The home is the best place in the world to teach the highest ideals in the social and political life of man; namely, perfect liberty of action so long as you do not trespass upon the rights and privileges of another.

Home is the best place to inculcate true religious ideals. The great

(Continued on page 686)

The MORMON POINT OF VIEW IN EDUCATION

By B. H. Roberts

A Fifty Year Feature

FROM THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
PART 1, VOLUME 2, PAGE 119, DECEMBER 1898

THE title of the subject implies that Mormons hold a different point of view as to education from that which is received in the world. This cannot be as to education itself. The whole world agrees that education is not reading, writing, or arithmetic—or even higher mathematics, chemistry and languages added. Everybody concedes that it is the proper training and full development of the whole—man physically, mentally, and spiritually, the latter including moral development or education.

If there is anything distinct in the Mormon point of view in education, it must be in respect of which of the three great departments of man's education is placed first or emphasized. And when it is taken into account that the Mormon people are connected with the greatest religious movement of this or any other age—a movement which claims for itself nothing less than being the dispensation of the fulness of times, in which all things in Christ will be gathered into one—it will not be difficult to forecast what department of education Mormonism makes of first importance.

Essentially a religious people and charged with the evangelization of the world to their faith, it can not be otherwise than that the words of the psalmist will be the key to their point of view in education—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; (Psalm 111:10) and they might not object to the marginal rendering of the passage—"The fear of the Lord is the principal part of knowledge." Or in the words of Job, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." (Job 28:28.)

Moreover, the conception which

Mormonism teaches of man—the fact that it regards man's spirit as verily the offspring of Deity, and that that spirit had an existence before it tabernacled in the flesh; that man's spirit is by nature immortal, a spark struck from the blaze of Deity himself—would further incline Mormons to regard the proper spiritual development or spiritual education of man as being of first importance.

It should further be observed that as it is taught in Mormon theology that the spirit of man is by nature immortal and had an existence before this present one, so is it taught that this life is a probation—one of the departments, in fact, of God's great university, through which men are destined to pass in the course of their eternal and progressive existence. In which, though I would not disparage the value of book lore, and what commonly passes in the world for polite education, there are more important matters than book learning and a mastery of the curricula of our academies and univer-

WHATEVER principle of intelligence we attain unto this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come. (D. & C. 130:18, 19.)

sities. Even these more weighty matters, however, are nevertheless, in the way of education, but relate more especially to the spiritual and moral development of man than to his mental training.

In other words, it is of first importance, from the Mormon point of view in education, that the student be taught the truth about himself,

his own origin, nature, and destiny; his relationship to the past, to the present, to the future; his relationship to Deity, to his fellow men and to the universe. And then from this vantage ground of ascertained relationships he is in a position to go forth conquering and to conquer until all things are subdued under his feet—except, as it is said of Christ,

... he is expected, which did all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him; that God may be all in all, (1 Cor. 15:27, 28.)

Think for a moment what effect these doctrines must have upon a people's views of education: Man's spirit, the offspring of Deity not in any mystical sense, but actually as much so as any child on earth is the offspring of his parents!

IN a pre-existent state, as a spirit, man lived through long ages—how long we do not know. But in that pre-existent state he lived and doubtless learned much of the universe.

Then there came a time, when, in order for further development, the spirit must tabernacle in flesh and learn the lessons that a probation in a world of sorrow, trial, pain, sin, sickness, and death has to teach; that man might learn to love truth, by seeing it in contrast and in conflict with error; that he might learn to love virtue, by seeing it in contrast and conflict with vice; that he might learn to appreciate everlasting life, by coming in contact with and submitting for a moment to

death; that he might learn to walk by faith through the midst of doubt; make probability the basis of action, rather than absolute knowledge; and learn to trust the wisdom and goodness of God, where the Divine Providence cannot be followed in absolute certainty, and by the light of reason, and, above all, to demonstrate his fidelity to God in all the

The Mormon Point of View in Education

variety of trying circumstances in which he may be placed in this life; that he may prove himself worthy of that eternal and exceeding weight of glory that is prepared of God for all those who by patience and well-doing shall fill the measure of their creation in this life.

View also the Mormon doctrine of man's future existence as well as of his past existence, and the purposes of his present life. In Mormon doctrine the resurrection of man, that is, the resurrection of his body, and its union with the spirit, is no myth; the future life is to be no land of shadows and unreality. But it is to be an existence where we shall live in all the warmth and fullness of life; where we shall eat and drink, even as the risen Redeemer did; where we shall see and hear and feel and make use of all the faculties and senses of the mind, and experience and enjoy all the sentiments of the heart; where we shall stand each in his own identity—knowing and being known; where we shall build and inhabit; visit with our friends and be visited by them in return; where we shall travel from sphere to sphere—from one planetary system to another—from one universe to another (if you will pardon the apparent error of speech); where we shall learn something of the beginningless past, and something of an eternal future; something of worlds that have been, and worlds yet to be; where we shall look upon matter organized into innumerable suns and planetary systems; and where we shall see it rolling and tumbling in reckless, heaving, shapeless chaos, covered with blackness, waiting to be spoken, some day, into order, and organized into worlds to be inhabited by the children of the Gods. Man's future existence, according to Mormon doctrine, contemplates all this, and more. It teaches that man in his future life will associate in councils with exalted men who have long since passed over the pathway that now may be new to his feet; he will learn by association with them the wisdom of the ages; and acquire and learn to exercise creative powers and the mighty science of government as it exists with the Gods. He will not only learn but in his turn

will also teach those less advanced than himself; and thus, learning on the one hand from those more experienced and wiser than himself and on the other teaching those not so far advanced as himself, man stands, according to Mormon doctrine, in the midst of eternal progression—a son of God, mingling with the Gods, and conjoint-heir with them in all that is, whether past or present or that which is to come.

Look upon man then in this light, as Mormon doctrine reveals him, and what is likely to be the Mormon point of view in education? Unquestionably the very broadest view possible. It will lift all thoughts of education far above the mere utili-



A SKETCH OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SCHOOL-HOUSE BY JOSEPH A. F. EVERETT

tarian notion of education. It will not insist on reading, merely because it may be a prevention against being taken in; on writing, that one may sign checks and bonds and write business letters; on arithmetic, that one may cast up accounts and compute interest; or chemistry, that one may keep a drugstore. Education to the Mormon must ever mean more than this severely commercial or utilitarian view of it.

THE Mormon point of view in education will regard man's past and man's future and will arrange its curriculum of instruction with reference to both that past and future. And it will and does emphasize the spiritual—which also includes the moral—education of man. Hence, it is that the Church provides academies and colleges where theology, that is to say, the science which teaches the relationship of Deity and man, and the science of right-living, is made a prominent feature in the course of studies.

And yet I would not have my readers think that the Mormon point

of view in education emphasizes the spiritual education of man to the neglect of his intellectual and physical education. Nor do Mormons regard intellectual and physical education in less esteem than other people do. It is not a case of esteeming intellectual and physical education less, but of esteeming spiritual education more. I think no other people are more impressed with the importance of mental and physical development than are the Latter-day Saints. It was their great prophet Joseph Smith who was the first to teach that "a man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge, and if he does not get knowledge, he will be brought into captivity by some evil power in the other world, as evil spirits will have more knowledge, and consequently more power, than many men who are on earth." (*Millennial Star*, Vol. xix, p. 321.)

He was the first to say:

It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance. (D. & C. 131:6.)

The first to say, so far at least as I know:

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come. (D. & C. 130: 18, 19.)

This is said of knowledge in general, and evidently applies, not only to knowledge of facts either moral or intellectual, but also to an application of this knowledge of facts to conduct, that is, to applied knowledge, either of an intellectual or moral character.

LOOKING at the scope of knowledge in the field to which Mormonism invites—nay, commands—its devotees to enter, one must be struck with the comprehensiveness of it; for it seems to me that it covers every possible source from which knowledge can be obtained. You will find warrant for what I say in a revelation given on the 27th of December 1832. It is true this revelation was given to a number of elders about to engage in the ministry, but they were only commanded to learn that which they were expected to teach to the world and to the Saints, hence indirectly we may say that it is an admonition

(Continued on page 672)

IT WAS in the early fifties. The heated breath of the August sun pressed hotly upon the parched surface of the unnamed western plains. The baked earth stretched away from the distant, sluggish waters of the Platte River. Not even the stubble of grass rose up from the earth's crust, for summer and drouth had buried, without requiem, every tiny blade and spear.

The long train of smoke-draped wagons had been moving slowly since long before the eastern sun had risen above the flat horizon. Two by two they shambled along, the wagons lolling to and fro under the strain of the lumbering feet of the oxen. The beasts were thin-flanked, and hollow with sparse food and scant water. But on they trudged; not one step faster nor slower for the whistle of the lithe and long-lashed whip which occasionally flicked their toughened hides. "Haw" they knew, and "gee" they knew, as the stinging lash flew to right or left of ear; but speed was to their strong and steady muscles a callous mystery.

As the train gradually rose on the undulating crest of another swale, the eye of the leader saw in the clear distance a faint promise of a stream of water, silhouetted against the horizon by scraggy "cottonwoods," themselves little more than a fringe in the line where gray sky met gray earth. But it was surely water; and from his throat there sprang a cry of joy, which vibrated swiftly from point to point until the hindmost vehicle had received the cheering news. And then, as hope flooded both eye and heart of all in the dusty train, a woman sent forth the notes of a song. A hundred voices caught up the melody, and the undulating music floated back, reaching the last poor wagon with its two lonely occupants:

Come, come, ye Saints; no toil nor labor fear,

But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you, this journey may appear,

Grace shall be as your day.

Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive:
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! All is well!

THE toiling feet of the man behind the rear wagon, tingled faintly in response to the rhythmic suggestion of the broken music. But his throat was too dry, the strength

"ALL IS WELL! ALL

By Susa Young Gates

A
Fifty Year
Feature

of his limbs too far spent for his voice to rise above his heart. Yet even his fevered eyes misted with sudden springs of hope renewed as the boy beside him sang out the refrain lustily:

All is well! All is well!

"I jest b'lieve our old oxen know that song, Daddy, for when it's sung, they pick up their old feet and try to keep up with the other wagons."

The man smiled faintly in response to the boy's enthusiasm, and said quietly, "Ay, ay, lad. So 'tis, I'm sure. More'n one poor dying soul has kept spirit in body by the cord that song fastens between them. 'Tis a good song, lad, a good song. But they should sing it all. Sing it all."

Only the three verses floated back to them fitfully, as the wagons turned a long curve in the faintly marked road.

"I love the last verse best," said the man feebly, as he struggled to keep pace with the quicker step of the boy.

"Why do you like that verse so well, Daddy? It makes me cry. It jest brings up my mammy's face to me, and I see her buried beside that muddy Missouri River, and the choir a-singing that last verse, until I can't stand it no longer. I jest can't."

The boy dropped his whip while trying to rub the flowing tears with his rough sleeve.

The man beside him whispered huskily, "Never mind, Tommy, lad; don't 'ee mind. Mammy was glad to lay down and rest. But there, lad, sometimes pappy gets tired, too, and then I loves to hear someone tune up thet song; it mellows me to the bone, it does."

The faint, quavering voice of the invalid began its own interpretation of the hymn, but the tone was far more lively than it would otherwise have been, because of the tiny mourner beside him; and although the first three verses were sung out pretty bravely, the fourth was left unsung.

FROM THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
VOLUME 11, PAGE 696, JULY, 1908

The boy joined in the hymn with his father, and together they so inspired the weary feet of their animals, as well as their own weaker bodies, that the green cottonwoods of the tiny stream on the horizon was reached by the foremost wagons before the song was ended.

THE merry company were all anxious to help each other, and a dozen sprang towards the stream with cups eager to offer each other a drink of the insipid, but gratefully accepted water, flowing by the cottonwoods. The oxen also drank thirstily and long.

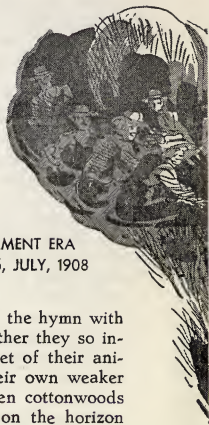
"When do we reach the tops of the Rocky Mountains?" queried a brown-eyed, dimple-cheeked lassie, for the hundredth time that morning.

"Ah, girl, ye have plagued me enough wi' that question," responded her father. "It may be a week; it may be two; it depends altogether upon teams and weather."

The girl turned swiftly away, the eagerness in her face giving slow pace to quiet resignation.

The large company of emigrants looked very tired, and some ill-fitted to bear the long and arduous journey. The leader also detected the growing spirit of discouragement in his half-nourished party. But he was a born leader, and he knew the one sure and innocent remedy for their ills:

"Maggie," he called to the girl, "we are going to have a dancing party tonight, for we will camp beside a better stream than this, and there's grass there, enough to be used as a carpet to dance upon, for we shall reach the Sweetwater to-



IS WELL!"



night. So I engage you, Miss Maggie, to dance the first quadrille. Shall it be Dan Tucker?"

"Indeed, and it's me you can have for your first partner, Elder Snow," she said, gaily flinging the leader a short curtsy.

The boy driving the rear wagon, just then came up with grateful eyes fastened upon the somewhat sluggish stream, which trickled its muddy way between the cottonwoods.

"Here, Tommy," called Maggie, hurrying to them with her cup, "here's a drink of water for your father; it's wet, and 'deed, that's about all ye may say for it."

The man drank eagerly, but the warm liquid did not cool nor satisfy the fevered thirst.

"Daddy," called the boy from the wagon, "I'm bringing ye the big quilt; and ye shall lay down a bit, and rest ye while I get the oxen tended."

The sick man slid along the grateful comfort of the improvised couch and lay beneath the shelter of the scanty cottonwoods.

About him surged the chatter and counsel of the camp; and then presently, at the word from the leader, these travelers quickly gathered and

lumbered as swiftly as might be into the regular order of march, soon winding out upon the dry and burning plain once more.

"Tommy," said the sick man, as the wagons were leaving, "you yoke right up, and foller along wi' the train. Let Daddy lie here and rest a bit. 'Twill do me good, lad; and I will get into camp tonight all right. So don't worry about me, lad, but jest be glad Daddy can have so joyful a place to rest in. Eh, lad?"

"Ah, but, Daddy, ye must have yer dinner."

"Ye can leave a bite and a cup to drink the water. But I am not much in the way o' eatin', lad."

"Oh, Daddy, I wish ye'd jest let me tell Elder Snow that we have nought left to put i' our mouths save a bit of corn," whimpered the boy.

"Now, Tommy, after you've been the brave lad to drive the oxen, and to learn all these new American ways, and now ye give up in the very sight o' the hills o' Zion? Do ye not know that very few i' the company hev any more nor we to eat. Give me the last drink before ye go, and hurry on, lad, lest ye get too far behind the train. Ye know the oxen be very slow, lad, very slow."

The boy looked the uneasiness he felt, but his father assured him, and reassured him.

"I can walk the ten or twelve miles of yer day's journey in a very short time, Tommy; ye mind how good on the walkin' Daddy always was, Tommy. Go on, lad, now go."

THE sun burned the boy's flesh through his coarse shirt; and the parched air soon drank up the moisture he had imbibed so eagerly at the halting place. He was very lonely, and he was also farther behind than usual. But he told himself again and again that he was very glad that Daddy was resting beside the shady stream.

The night was almost as sultry as the day had been. But when the wagons at the Sweetwater drew slowly around the circular space for their camp, the evening star was already bright in the west. The tents were soon up, surrounding the wagon-circle, and the scant supper was not long in preparing nor in being disposed of.

Then out came the fiddle belonging to the slender little man with the dark eyes; and, hugging it lovingly, he climbed up on the central wagon. Holding it to his knee, he softly tried the vibrant strings. The small, red-brown instrument had been to this English artist a singing violin, with sigh and laughter hidden in its rotund body; but now, out on the long untrodden plains of America, surrounded with a band of heart-weary, body-weak religious pilgrims, who required the occasional refreshment of innocent pleasure, he made of his darling instrument a common fiddle. His fingers twanged and swirled, in and out, the notes dancing on the ear with such sympathetic inspiration that feet were tingling and bodies were swaying: "Choose your partners for the first quadrille!"

And hearts forgot to sigh; hunger was lost in merriment; and around that grassy ring there flew three scores of happy, pounding feet.

SUDDENLY a young voice called out of the darkness, "Miss Maggie! Miss Maggie!"

"That is Tommy," she breathed, with half frightened accent. "I wonder if there's anything wrong at his wagon."

The girl reached out and drew the

(Concluded on page 670)

The CENTENNIAL TREK—Conclusion

PART II

THE caravan wended southward from Nauvoo along the Mississippi for about fifteen miles, and then crossed the river to Keokuk, where the mayor welcomed us to his city and to the soil of Iowa.

The rolling Iowa countryside was lush and green. Here and there along side the road were patches of wild tiger lilies and brilliant yellow black-eyed susans. One could easily ask why President Young had not stopped with the Saints in this land of tall corn. But he had said that the Saints would settle, after their bitter persecutions, in a region no others wanted.

The first pause on the journey was at Montrose, across the Mississippi from Nauvoo. There some of the homeless Saints had settled when Nauvoo was founded. From Montrose, Brigham Young, ill at the time, had left for a mission to Britain, and there the Prophet Joseph Smith had uttered the remarkable prediction regarding the future of the Saints in the Rocky Mountains.

In a shaded park along the river, the caravan stopped, and with song and speech paid tribute to stalwarts of the past.

With our caravan now were three interesting Iowans: Dr. Marcus Bach, noted author and associate director of Iowa University's school of religion; George Mills, ace reporter for Iowa's largest newspaper, the *Des Moines Register*, and a *Register* photographer. Dr. Bach, starting with us at Nauvoo, remained with the caravan until it reached Salt Lake City. He recorded it with movie camera and talkie machine. Mr. Mills, who knew Mormon history in Iowa better than anyone in our group, remained with us across the state. His newspaper, like some of the other large ones in the land, gave the trek front-page treatment. The Associated Press released a daily trek article, and in western states at least, a wirephoto to accompany each.

WE were behind schedule. Our speed was stepped up beyond forty miles an hour. Our next pause was to be at Centerville, near Rich-

ardson's Point, one-time headquarters of the Church, and also near Locust Creek, where "Come, Come, Ye Saints" was written.

Near Corydon, Iowa, we found John W. Boud gathering up the wreckage caused when his companion fell asleep at the wheel. His wagon box had been destroyed, but no one had been hurt. Not long

contest, ladies' husband calling contest, ladies' nail driving contest, and a pony potato race.

Garden Grove's generous citizens had given us their best for a campground: the shaded lawn of the town park. Such kindness pulled at our heart strings.

Before our program, attended by an even larger crowd than Nau-



TREKKERS PAUSE FOR PROGRAM AT ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

thereafter, Brother Boud's car appeared in the procession, with a flag flying in front and the word "Scout" painted on the side. His scout car proved invaluable for the remainder of the trek in getting supplies and carrying messages.

Our caravan reached our campsite, Garden Grove, well before dark.

Garden Grove, a little town with only about six hundred population, had an Egyptian air when we entered. Along the main street were the brown tents of carnival concessions. In store windows were large orange posters announcing "Mormon Day." The crank-type telephones in Garden Grove, founded and named by the Saints 101 years before, had no doubt been abuzz all day. The "Day" earlier had included foot races for children, men's potato peeling contest, hog calling

voo's, Mayor C. G. Comegys and President P. D. Nolan of the Garden Grove Commercial Club participated in the planting in the park of a Utah blue spruce, our state tree, as a reminder of the original and also of the commemorative pioneer trek.

NEXT MORNING shortly after reveille, the customary meeting of captains was held. Suggestions were made, decisions were reached, and all reported their men in good health.

Not many miles out of Garden Grove, we swerved off the main highway onto a dusty country road that led to Mount Pisgah, once a supply station for migrating Saints.

Mount Pisgah as we found it was nothing more than a mute granite shaft in a sylvan Iowa setting atop a small hill. It was erected to Mor-

mon heroes of a century ago. About 150 of them had died there during Mount Pisgah's first six months.

All hats were removed as the group gathered under a large tree. There was a sublimity that only silence can bring when one of the three trek women, Dorothy Kimball Keddington, wearing a beautiful blue cotton hooped dress, finished her solo, "The Lord's Prayer." At Mount Pisgah, Ed Bray of the Creston Chamber of Commerce presented us with a walnut segment of a Mormon fence that once stood there. We, in turn presented him with a copper serving tray from the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

We were two hours late at Red Oak, where a band had been gathered to greet us. The band had

Council Bluffs is still talking about your visit. I am sure it will long be remembered as an outstanding, though brief, incident in our history. And certainly in behalf of our city I wish to thank you all for the inspiration left here and for so vividly refreshing our minds of the rich heritage that has been ours as a result of the original company's sojourn here a century ago. . . .

THE commissary department had gone ahead to Omaha, and when the caravan arrived at our campsite, Miller Park, hundreds of people were gathered around the huge chunks of buffalo meat cooking over the open fire. Three radio stations, one from Sioux City, Iowa, about a hundred miles away, recorded comments on the pioneers from some of us.

Estimates of the crowd which

which took President Young's company 111 days.

The bugle sounded at 4 a.m.—an hour early—on Thursday morning. There had been little sleep. In addition to the mosquitoes, a flurry of rain had bothered trekkers without tents.

Describing our night at Omaha, one of the trekkers averred, "The mosquitoes did not carry stingers; they toted bayonets."

We held a special prayer meeting at Omaha that morning. We had the longest leg of the journey to travel that day. We feared sleeping at the wheel. Some of the men were without relief drivers. About twenty of the group were over seventy years of age.

The sky was overcast, and the atmosphere was cooler as we left Omaha. This meant that our motors could stand a little more speed without overheating.

As we sped along Nebraska's flat landscape, with its corn fields, pigs, and windmills, the state highway patrol car leading our group braked to a sudden halt. The officer had his inter-car communication receiver at his ear. His face was grim.

"Anything doing?" we called.

"Our rear car just phoned," he replied somberly. "There's been an accident involving a trek car."

"Serious?"

"He didn't say."

"Please, will you try to call him back and find out more?"

He tried. But to no avail. We waited, anxiously.

After some time, word was received. One car had bumped into the rear wagon box of another. Little damage. All had been fixed.

The first company of pioneers under Brigham Young caught their first glimpse of buffaloes near Grand Island, and so did we. We saw them in a corral on the outskirts of the city.

The cool weather had permitted good time, and we reached Grand Island at noon, ten minutes ahead of schedule. But it was raining.

The rain tempered to a few scattered drops as our caravan slowed

(Continued on page 682)

TREKKERS ENJOY AN EVENING MEAL



—Photographs by W. Claudell Johnson, Rumel Studio

gone, but Mayor H. S. Cloud and an assemblage of citizens were there to give their welcome.

It was late afternoon when we reached Council Bluffs, so rich in Latter-day Saint history. There, the Mormon Battalion had been mustered.

Our program at Council Bluffs was broadcast by a local radio station. After we returned to Salt Lake City, Council Bluff's Mayor Phil Minner, wrote:

witnessed the trek program on Miller Park's golf fairway ranged from 3,000 to 15,000 people. Introduced to the audience was a Latter-day Saint pilot from California, Lieutenant John Robert Rawson, who, in the morning, was to fly a jet-propelled army plane, "Mormon Trail Blazer," over the pioneer route to Hill Field, near Salt Lake City.

Next day, the plane flew in two hours and three minutes the distance

LET'S TALK IT OVER?

"I WAS a youth of many problems, but one of my greatest was the keeping of the Sabbath. I started by going skating in the winter and swimming in the summer—that was when I was younger. In high school I went on picnics or driving—some skiing also. My first year in college brought dancing Sunday afternoon or evening. . . .

"I had a certain amount of energy that drove me to action. I was told by my parents that I was wrong. I was told by my bishops, my girl friends' mothers—by many. Most of all my conscience told me I was wrong. This may sound strange—perhaps it is only a half truth. I was doing the best I could. I did what was before me to do.

"I believe the church young people should receive some guidance on *what to do* on Sunday afternoons. In most wards there are six or seven beautiful hours between Sunday School and sacrament meeting that are a temptation to some sort of action. In most wards sacrament meeting is over by eight o'clock. The night is young. True, in many wards they have firesides—but it isn't churchwide—hence Sunday evening dances or shows. . . . Please, give our younger brothers and sisters an insight on how to use their energies in a joyful and holy way on Sundays. . . . It is probably the only one of the ten commandments that most people that are really trying to be faithful Latter-day Saints have much trouble understanding and living.

"Please remember the energies of youth."

This is quoted from a challenging letter recently received from a young man. It was a letter so thought-provoking and stimulating that it makes me unhappy that I am not able to give him exactly what he wants in the way he wants it. But I am going to talk about it a little anyway.

THE observance of the Sabbath is hard for many. I know younger women and older women who work six days a week outside of their homes and keep house evenings and

SOME TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT CURRENT PROBLEMS

By MARY BRENTNALL

Sundays. They clean, wash, iron, mend, and get a little extra cooking done on Sunday. I know men who say, "Well, Sunday is the only day I can go fishing. After all, I work for a living the other six." I know boys who in deference to the wishes of their parents do not play tennis on Sundays, except in tournaments. "But if you play tournament tennis, you must be prepared to play on Sunday." I know girls who figure that since Friday and Saturday evenings are "date nights," and Saturday itself, is taken up with "helping Mom," or with dentist appointments, or shopping, Sunday is their very best time for studying over the week end. I, myself, can remember vividly the year in which, for the first time in my life, I had money for music lessons and since my time week days was taken up earning that money and my evenings with teaching Mutual and other needful things, I practised regularly two or three hours every Sunday. At the risk of being misunderstood, let me point out that a good many of our Church work meetings—the committee and planning meetings of various of our auxiliaries are called on the Sabbath because that seems to be the "open" day when everyone can come.

In other words, Sundays are treated as "overflow" days and whether that overflow consists of social activities, sports, physical or mental work, or just something we are so interested in that we can't let it alone—depends upon the person himself, his environment, and his generation. I have been told that in the early days of the Church, it was hard for the pioneers to refrain from working on the Sabbath because there was so much to be done and they were so imbued with the spirit of work.

TODAY, it is hard to refrain from play, because there is so much play to be accomplished, and we are



so imbued with the spirit of play. How we foster and build up activities! "Good clean sports!" "Let's have everyone re-created by play!" Let's see that every girl and boy learns how to dance, golf, play tennis, swim, ski, bicycle, ride a horse and rope a cow! In all seriousness, that is, largely, our point of view. It is very much my own. But sometimes I wonder if we're overdoing it a little? If the answer is yes, then all this has direct bearing on the difficulties of Sabbath observance.

Most people's objections to the way we treat the Sunday problem is that it is negative. We must *not* do this, and we must *not* do that. "Tell us *what to do*" is a constant cry. "Sunday is preached as a day of cessation, and we can't just cease living." It seems to me that we are overlooking several important factors when we talk thus. Let me try to point to one or two of them.

In the first place, why should we be so opposed to negatives? There is nothing so important and effective as a good strong "no" when the situation calls for it. I like negatives. You can't get good positives without them. Consult a photographer or an electrical expert if you want the facts. I sympathize with an English professor I had once. Standing with chin jutting a bit, he would shout down the old axiom that "two negatives make an affirmative."

"That is ridiculous," he would insist. "Two negatives make a

Let's Talk It Over

double negative, and a good thing they do! We need negatives!"

In the second place, we overlook the fact that there is exceedingly positive instruction in the first part of the commandment. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." And maybe for today we should add—"and all thy play." We are enjoined against "overflows." All of us plan too much. We fill our lives too full and forget that the element of choice and selection enters into every phase of life. The process of choice is often a wearing one. It is exhausting to decide just how much and what we can and should do. It takes self-denial and judgment to trim our lives down to the simple compass of six days, when, in the back of our minds rests the continual thought that "if I can't quite make it, I can finish on Sunday." Just as there is no better cure for insomnia than to be normally, healthily weary at night, so there is no better cure for Sunday restlessness—even among the young—than to be normally, healthily tired,—"finished" on Saturday night—ready for Sunday's own particular form of refreshment and rest. Perhaps we could cut our activities down to the six days that are our own to use and then cease—cease the processes of choosing and deciding and weighing and turn our lives over to Him who made the heavens and the earth, and let him pour out on us his counsel and guidance and benediction on this his hallowed day.

"You'll think me sacrilegious," said a young mother, "but it seems to me that I *move* heaven and earth to get through by Saturday night, and I can't. Neither the chickens nor the baby seems to know it's Sunday."

I wondered as I looked at her tired face and swollen feet whether it wouldn't be a genuinely good use of the Sabbath day if some restless, energetic, young girl should take over the small family for a couple of hours on Sunday and give that mother a chance to sleep. For, although a great many people can, if they will, arrange their days to be through on Saturday night, there are always those who because of family illness, or little children, can neither rest nor attend church on the

Sabbath. Perhaps we can visit those who are lonely or housebound, or we can get acquainted with those who love us best and whom we take for granted—our parents and our grandparents. How I wish that I had listened more carefully—and taken notes—to the stories told me by my pioneer grandmother and to the counsel of my rugged grandfather! And what joy it gave them when any of us was willing to sit with them a while and talk with them! Perhaps this is a Sunday afternoon suggestion for young people. There are others. I know one young man who has built up a library of fine musical recordings to which he listens on Sunday afternoon, and another who does very selective reading—including scripture. But he says he never studies on that day—not even his Sunday School lesson.

"But these are activities which you have to do alone. I like to be with my friends." This objection was raised.

One can certainly listen to music or even reading with a few friends, but the problem of friends en masse is that these gatherings almost always become social occasions. Even firesides, if not handled with care, can turn into "Boogie Woogie" or "Jam" sessions.

"Well, what's wrong with that?" demanded a young friend of mine when that possibility was suggested.

Perhaps nothing. Nearly everything that young people contemplate doing on the Sabbath has nothing wrong with it when scrutinized by itself. As far as I know, most Sunday activities are moral, ethical, wholesome—even circumspect. But when you think of them in relation

to the Sabbath, you wonder if they in any way fulfill the purposes of the day. Not long ago, I saw what seemed to me an extraordinary sight—two girls clad only in bathing suits riding motorcycles along a main highway on Sunday. Take away the day. Make it Monday, or Tuesday, or Saturday—and there were still elements of impropriety—as well as chill—in the spectacle. There seemed to be a lack of sensitivity to the feelings and ideas of others—a desire to startle and shock. I see none of this in the plans of many of our young people for Sunday fun and gaiety. Let me repeat just for emphasis that I am not questioning the wholesomeness of sports and pleasures practised on the Sabbath by many of our own young people. But in these activities, there is little evidence of the spirit and high purposes of the day itself.

SOME of our people hide behind the quotation that "the Sabbath is made for man—not man for the Sabbath." As a matter of fact, *every* commandment of our Heavenly Father is made for the good of man. Try to find one that is just a whim, with no relation to our ultimate well-being. God sets us the perfect example in unselfish planning. The stating of the Sunday purpose in this particular way is our consolation if circumstances give us unavoidable work on that day. A doctor who visits a patient—a mother who cares for her child—innumerable occasions as needful as the one which brought forth the words from the Savior, make it live for us.

Deeper than these emergencies is the truth that the more perfectly we understand and abide by the principles laid down in the law, the more surely we are benefited and the more clearly we see our gains. A young man of my acquaintance once said ruefully, "When I work overtime, my pay goes to the doctor; and when I work on Sundays, my pay goes to the devil." I laughed, and then his statement lodged in my mind. Perhaps it will in yours.

Perhaps the Savior himself gave us the clue to activities on the Sabbath by his own unselfish deeds. Perhaps almost anything we might do on the Sabbath could be justified if we were in no way pampering or

(Concluded on page 664)

RECOMPENSE

By Helen Baker Adams

WHEN starry crowns are handed out one day
And some receive reward as is their due
For talents used or great deeds carried through,
I shall not grumble if none comes my way.
I shall be thinking of a daisy spray
That baby fingers gathered in the dew.
I shall remember every gift from you
Beribboned with your love and laughter gay:
The china ducklings, and the rose teapot,
The tiny pearl-and-silver pocket knife,
The Indian charm, and handwrought lover's knot,
The little rug I dreamed of all my life,
And so, if heaven's gifts be not my lot,
As dear had I—as mother and as wife!

SYNOPSIS

IN 1879, President John Taylor called Silas Smith, Kumen Jones, and George Brigham Hobbs, as president, Indian interpreter, and chief scout for a new mission into southern Utah, together with settlers from Cedar City, Parowan, and Paragonah. The way had been charted when the advent of Bishop Andrew Schow and James Collett of Escalante made a new route seem advisable to many of the group. Reaching Forty Mile Spring, a rude encampment was established and scouts selected to push ahead and seek the best route. Scouts penetrated into the desolate region only to find that the river was hemmed in by towering, perpendicular cliffs that defied descent. The plight was desperate for the little group, since food and water were at a minimum—with little chance of getting more until they could win through the intervening desolation. Most of the company remained at Forty and Fifty Mile camps, but a small party had been moved to the Hole in the Rock. From this point four men were appointed to scout a way through to the river. The rest set to work to widen the crack—with little equipment other than their will to achieve. The scouts set out with misgivings but with determination. Nothing short of a miracle prompted Mr. Hobbs to follow the mountain sheep which led him devoutly until he reached the base of the ledge. The scouts found the way to the river and returning bought flour from Peter Shurtz who called himself the Daniel Boone of the West. While they slept on the trail on the return journey, the snow fell and froze making it possible to lead the horses over a snow dugway which the men made. After intolerable hardships the scouts realized they were nearing the Hole in the Rock. Lem and Hobbs went on ahead following the river road since Sory was too ill to hurry. Then, suddenly they both sat erect on their animals, "Food!" they cried, and hurried on. The lookouts led Lem into the circle of firelight, and signaled the others that help was coming.

CHAPTER X

GEORGE HOBBS rode west into the desert, the bitterness of aloes in his heart, disillusionment in his eyes. Let the drills and the hammers echo through the Hole in the Rock! Let them clamor! They could pound no louder than his own heart. And they were no more insistent than the force that drove him on—away from the mission, away from the people he loved. Since that never-to-be-forgotten night when he and the other three scouts had fallen into camp more dead than alive, he had seen nothing but trouble. First, there was the urgency of getting back to Montezuma with food for the starving families there, the little children. One of Harriet's children had already died. Could he sit by and see that happen again? Yet there was no food to spare in any of the camps at the Hole in the Rock—and no one seemed to worry about Montezuma. Their obsession was

HOLE IN THE

to get the road finished through the crack and start rolling down it. Even the leaders turned a deaf ear, assigning him to work on the road, urging the necessity of an early start down.

He struck out, straight west, toward the town of Escalante. No use hunting for his mules any longer. They wouldn't stay in a stripped country. Either they'd died or been driven off by the Indians. He doubted if even his wagon would be left. But at that, without teams he couldn't move it, even if he found it. Let the whole kit and kaboodle rot, for all he cared. He'd walk back home. And when he got there, he'd start all over again. Without his outfit he couldn't go on—even if he wanted to. And if he didn't go on, he'd never see Sarah Williams again. And why should he?

A LOOK of hatred distorted his face, so violent in its intensity that he could no longer stand. He sank to his knees. He shook his fists at the unperturbed world around him; it was as if he were an ant, lost in its vastness.

Let them dance on the rocks. Let them scatter his stock! Let them use his last ounce of strength! He was free. Yes, free to go anywhere he chose! He was out of the mission now. Free to rustle food for his sister and get it through to her! All he had to do was to get up and get on with his own business.

He staggered to his feet. He brushed his eyes with the sleeve of his ragged shirt. He tried to go on again. But his feet seemed rooted. The pounding of his heart was now a dull, unsatisfied ache. And he knew that he was not free to go his way. He had not been released, honorably, from the San Juan Mission. He was running away! Then suddenly he was lonely, as lonely as the desert itself! And he wanted to pray out his troubles.

He closed his eyes and poured out his soul to the God he had been taught to love and serve. He prayed that he would be shown where his lost animals were. He prayed for forgiveness for his bitter misconduct



in leaving the mission. He prayed for humbleness.

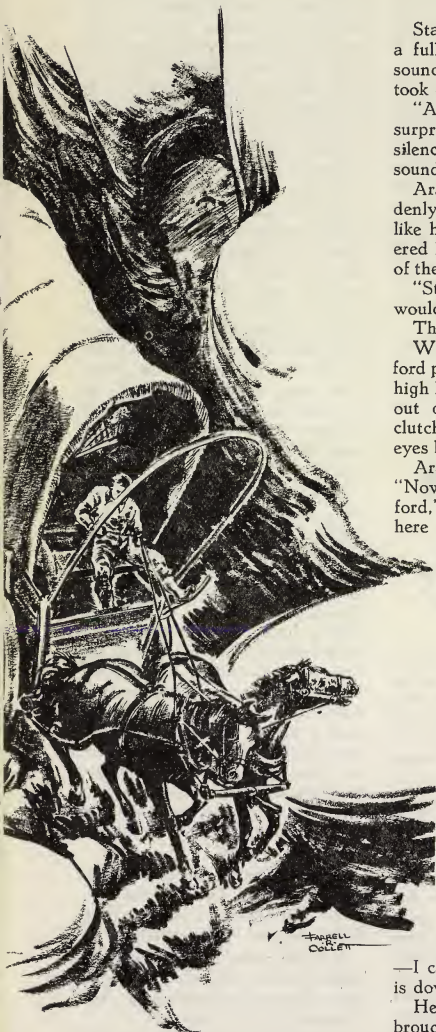
And as he did so, his heart quieted to peace. He opened his eyes, and felt that he was being physically propelled toward a small, unlikely canyon that he had searched once before. Unable to resist the strong force he felt was guiding him, he began to run. And at the bottom of the canyon he found his mules, rimmed in, except for a steep draw, fatter than any animal he'd seen in six months.

"Maybe they were here when I looked the first time," he mused. "But if they were, my senses were ailing." He took off his hat and said humbly, "Thanks, Lord. My strength and all I have are yours!"

STANFORD SMITH poked his head up from the dark recesses

ROCK

By Anna Prince Redd



THE EFFORT BROKE HER BALANCE AND SENT HER FLYING AFTER THE PROSTRATE HORSE.

of the crack. Not a team was in sight, not a wagon; trampled, dirty snow lay everywhere! Where there had been a scattered village of tents and wagons was now no sign of human habitation—nothing in all the disordered loneliness except one little heap of blankets, emphatic and stubborn.

Stanford stared at them. And for a full minute he was incapable of sound or motion. Then the blankets took on meaning, contour.

"Arabella!" he cried in shocked surprise, and felt his voice split the silence into thin, cold slivers of sound.

Arabella's head came up, suddenly, like a gopher's, from the tent-like heap of blankets that had covered her, and her voice and the cry of the baby answered him.

"Stanford! I—I thought you would *never* get here!"

The baby cried again.

Without shifting his eyes, Stanford pulled himself up the last waist-high ledge of the crack, then looked out over the desert. His fingers clutched his sand-stained hat; his eyes blazed comprehension.

Arabella gave him a wan smile. "Now don't stomp your hat, Stanford," she pleaded. "We've been here alone since early afternoon. I

—I can't bear any more. Everyone is down but us!"

Her voice ended on a sob that brought Stanford to her.

"You—Arabella—the baby—I—" His mind nagged insistently, unable to fix what was wrong.

"Stanford, stop staring!" Arabella cried. "Why don't you bring up the wagon so we can get down before dark?"

"That's it, Arabella—the wagon! I couldn't think—it's gone!"

"It was moved back so the others could—"

"Could hog in first!" Stanford shouted, his pent-up anger all but choking him. "Where in thunder is the wagon?"

Arabella was tired and discouraged. "It's right there, Stanford." She pointed, and his eyes followed her direction. There, a few rods back from the crack, barely discernible above a mound of sandstone, protruded all that could be seen of his wagon—a rusty, bent stovepipe.

Stanford kissed Arabella contemptuously. "I'm a fool!" he cried. "But what I don't understand is why they left you here alone, Belle. With me down helping to land the wagons right side up on the raft for the other fellows, looks to me like someone might have brought my outfit down with the rest!"

ARABELLA explained patiently that the last wagons to go down through the Hole in the Rock had come in from Forty Mile Camp, many of their owners strange to everyone else. "I doubt that anyone saw our wagon was back there, Stanford. When that first wagon went down, you never saw such excitement. Mary was screaming and wringing her hands, sure that Kumen would be killed. Children were crying; men were yelling like mad. I didn't say anything because I thought you'd bring someone up with you when you came to get us."

"I didn't even know the wagons were all down! I've been working for ten days on the other side of the river, hauling wagons off the raft, helping to crowd the teams up the steep dugway on the other side."

Stanford started running toward the wagon, dragging Arabella along with one hand, clutching the baby with the other. There was no time now to stand and argue about what he ought to have done; if he and Arabella didn't get down to the ferry soon, they'd be in the same fix there that they were here—alone and out of luck.

Berating himself, he figured as he ran. The crack was nude and steep; every wagon that had gone down had taken tons of rock and sand with it. Why in Sam thunder hadn't he thought of that? What a fool and a dolthead he was!

(Continued on page 652)

HOLE IN THE ROCK

(Continued from page 651)

"The horses are harnessed and everything's packed," Arabella cried, racing breathlessly after her husband as they neared the wagon.

"The kids? Where are they?"

"In bed in the wagon, they stay there most of the time to keep warm. Here, give me the baby, Stanford."

In five minutes he had the horses hooked to the wagon, two at the tongue and one tied to the rear axle. "A team and a half's not much good," he complained. "I wish we had the horse we left crippled at Fifty Mile Spring. Someone mighty brought him along, too."

From the depths of the wagon cover, making last minute preparations, Arabella said: "He died, Stanford. And don't stomp your hat for that, either! Old Nig is as good at holding back as any old team'd be."

At the first sound of Stanford's voice, the two children, Ada and LeRoy, had tumbled from their bed in the back of the wagon; but Arabella held them back, telling them they could stand behind the spring seat and surprise their father. Stanford jumped in, unlocked the brakes with one hand, hugged the children, with the same hand that clutched his lines. His whip cracked, and the team started forward with the rocking wagon. "We'll have to cross-lock the wheels," he shouted, pulling up at the crack. "Get me the chains, Belle!"

Arabella threw the chains down to him and jumped out to help. When the chains were securely fastened, crossed from front to back wheels, Stanford slowed his pace. He took Arabella to the crack and, fingers locked, they stood looking down into it. Ten feet of loose sand led out to a stair-step ledge—a ledge as steep as the roof of a house, and barely the width of a wagon. Below that, a dizzy chute slid a hundred and fifty feet down to what had once been a level landing, but which, now, was hollowed by the impact of pounding wagons and sliding hooves. Wheels, lurching from side to side in their downward rush, had carved circles in the perpendicular cliffs that hemmed them in—cliffs so high that only a noonday sun saw the bottom! Beyond that Arabella could see nothing

ing. But Stanford knew what was below—boulders and washouts; dugways that clung to cliffs that crowded menacingly inward, leading to a dangerously steep, but earth-clad grade to the river.

But that first drop! Demons devising could not have done a better job. Once down that and still alive, a man could drive with comparative safety to the bottom. In the chute, sand and rocks had been piled as steep as rock would stand. Now there were only the rocks, and many of those had been dislodged. One more tearing impact might send the whole structure, with everything on it or in its path, to the bottom in a broken mass!

Stanford looked at it soberly. "Golly!" he said.

The helpless concern of that one word left Arabella weak with fear.



Through the long, weary days in camp she had come to regard the Hole in the Rock as a friendly path that would lead her and her children from the cold, snowy desert into a warm place where there was water for baths and washdays, clean beds, and gritless food. From her safe distance behind a mound of rock, she had listened to the pounding and the blasting, as the road workers had cut their way down the crack. For two months she had listened, and every shower of rock, every noisy echo had been one more step toward comfort and security. But as she stared at it now, the crack became a monster python, dark and sinuous, ready to swallow them all. Soon she and the children and Stanford would disappear into its long black throat, perhaps to be crippled or ground to pieces in its gaping jaws. No! Not the children! There must be, there had to be some other way!

With nerves like ice points under her skin, Arabella steeled her-

self against a shudder. Stanford must not know that she was afraid. Fortunately he was so occupied with his own problems that he had little time to worry about her. He checked the harness, the iron tires, the axle, the brakes. Then he turned to his wife, the mother of his children. His eyes said, *this may be our last minute of life together*, but his lips were white and still.

We'll make it, Arabella's eyes answered steadily back.

Stanford's hands gripped hers. Never had a man and a woman a wilder chance to take, a harder choice to make. They had been called to go to San Juan with the company, and, God helping them, go they would. Letting go of her fingers, he turned, looking for something that might help him to make the deadly descent to the river. There was nothing, anywhere, to give him the slightest hope. There was none, even, in the post that had stood the others of the company in such good stead.

Stanford felt the grooves in the heavy juniper post beside him. Except for the dirt and the sudden loneliness it was the only sign that man had come and gone his way. Useless now, it stood mutely by. The combined strength of fifty men holding back on a cable wrapped around the post had not broken the force of those other 180 wagons though it was worn almost in two. How, then, could he and Arabella make it alone? Why had he been so cocksure? "I ought to throw out my chest," he thought. "I've got the whole desert universe to myself! There isn't a chance in a hundred that we can make it without mishap—maybe not at all."

He looked past Arabella's head to the unperturbed faces of his children. "I'm afraid we can't make it, Belle!" he said apologetically.

Arabella looked at him, eyes level. "Kumen Jones drove the first wagon down this crack without help! And if he can do it, we can!"

Stanford protested, but there was new hope in his eyes.

"If we only had a few men to hold back on the rope and steady the sway of the wagon, we might make it, Belle!"

"I'll do the holding back," Arabella said. "On old Nig's lines. Isn't

(Continued on page 678)



THE SPOKEN WORD

By RICHARD L. EVANS

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

*The Pattern That Underlies All Things**

THERE are disturbing times in the lives of all of us, sometimes because of personal problems, sometimes because of the problems of the world in general, and sometimes because of our perplexity as to life itself. Often questions cry out: Here am I in the midst of the universe. What part of it am I? What purpose underlies it all? In times of peace and of happiness, in times of our own personal well-being, the answer sometimes seems nearer—or perhaps the question troubles us less. But in times of sorrow or of conflict, or when our own personal problems are overpowering, many of us ask where order and purpose have gone, and sometimes seem to find no answer. And some of us are inclined to make things even more difficult by fighting irrevocable facts, and by refusing to be reconciled. Those who can find and fit into a pattern that meets the conditions and satisfies the questions of life, can endure all things with faith and fortitude. But if our philosophy fails when we need it most, if it breaks up under pressure, then indeed we have cause to be tried and troubled. But of this we may be sure: There is a pattern that underlies all things. Its Designer and Directing Force is that same God who made the heavens and the earth and all that in them is. And no matter how confused the issues sometimes seem, and no matter how depressed we sometimes become, out of the chaos, out of the confusion, out of the seeming contradiction, will come peace and order and understanding, in the Lord's own time, in that quiet which follows the storm, no matter how long or violent the storm has been. And those who grope falteringly, and those who see but dimly, and those who see far and clearly, will find in common the comfort of these words: "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. . . ." saith the Lord. "Be still, and know that I am God."²

—August 10, 1947.

*Revised

¹Isaiah 55:9

²Psalms 46:10

Motives for Fighting Freedom

IT is a puzzling paradox that often those who enjoy the fruits of freedom work against the very freedom which has given them privilege and protection. Why should it be so? There may be many answers. And one may be that some people really don't know when they are well off. They are the chronic malcontents. It wouldn't matter what way of life they were privileged to partake of, they would always be dissatisfied and against whatever is. There are people like that, and it doesn't appear that anyone has ever been able to account for them. Then there are those who are sincerely deceived, those who accept the false assumptions of others, who haven't seen the whole picture, who haven't projected the pattern to its ultimate conclusion. Then there is another class of people who advocate the abolition of freedom, and who are not to be taken lightly. When they speak of leveling and regimenting men they never see themselves as being leveled or regimented. They see themselves in preferential positions, as the leaders of movements. They see themselves not as of the mass of men, but as movers of the masses; not as being controlled, but as those who do the controlling. They may be sincere in believing that the failure of freedom would be a good thing, because, as they see it, it would not be their freedom that would be forfeited, but the freedom of others. And freedom for all prevents their purposes. Such men may reason that they have little to lose. If they win they will be masters. But if they fail in their fight against freedom, they will claim the privileges and protection of freedom. And free men in a free land will be lenient with them—or so they suppose. These are but a few of many reasons why we should scrutinize with great care the purposes of those who would use freedom to destroy freedom. And this let us never forget to remember: Whatever faults or inefficiency freedom may be charged with, whatever it may leave lacking, life with freedom offers more that makes life worth living than anyone was ever able to offer anyone in any other way.

—August 17, 1947.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE



*Concerning Our Right to Live Life As We Please**

QUITE commonly we hear the person who proclaims his right to live his life as he pleases, regardless of what anyone else thinks about it. He says that his life is his own and, bluntly, what he does with it is none of anyone else's business. Usually he recognizes, in part at least, the restraints of civil law, because he wants to keep out of the hands of those who are sworn to uphold it. But beyond that, he says that no moral law or social convention, no public opinion or private counsel, is going to have any effect on his way of living—and he doesn't care who knows it. Perhaps we could bring ourselves to leaving this type of individual to his own devices, if it weren't for the effect his life has upon others. But there is no one in all the world so inconspicuous but what the acts of his daily living influence in greater or lesser degree the lives of others. And when anyone flaunts his unbecoming conduct, his acquaintances, especially those who are young and impressionable, those who are easily led, may thereby have their own resistance lowered. Even the least of us does not fail to be observed, and the higher the place a man reaches, the greater is his responsibility in this matter. Our lives are our own to do with as we choose only up to that point where we begin to affect the lives of others. And for this reason we are admonished not only to avoid evil itself, but also to "abstain from all appearance of evil,"¹ lest others, seeing us, take license for themselves. And this is the answer—or part of it at least—to those who proclaim their right to do as they please, because they think their lives are all their own.

—August 3, 1947.

*Revised
¹Thessalonians 5:22

On Making Easy Money

MEN make money in many ways. And making money—or at least making a living—is important. Everyone has to do it one way or another, either by his own efforts or by the efforts of others. But more important than merely making a living is making an honest living. Sometimes some men aren't satisfied with an honest and ample living. Sometimes they want quick and easy affluence—and compromise themselves to get it, some-

times by means which are morally fraudulent, but which seem to be legally safe. But, as many a man has later learned, quite apart from moral issues, making money by false means is seldom legally safe, and those who benefit thereby have no quiet thoughts and no assurance of safety. While it may sound like soft idealism to say so, there are few greater hazards to happiness than money quickly and questionably acquired. Unethical acquisition, public or private pilfering, misuse of information or influence, betrayal of any trust, pursuit of any malpractice—all yield what they yield at great cost. And there is no ultimate good to those who come into possession of money to which they are not honestly entitled, by means which they would rather not mention. Of course, when we see money easily made by questionable means, we may sometimes wonder if we are missing something. But those who know they are missing what no man can afford to miss are those who lose the power to live at peace with their own thoughts and the right to be trusted by others. We quote in closing from words of the Psalmist, uttered many centuries since: "Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass . . . fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. . . . A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."¹ There isn't enough money in the world to pay for compromising principle, to pay for losing peace of mind, to pay for betrayal of trust. There isn't enough money in the world to make that kind of money worth having, no matter how much of it there is to be had.

—August 24, 1947.

¹Psalm 37:1, 2, 7, 16

Schools, Children, and Parents

WITH each time of returning to school many variations of attitude are in evidence. There are those who are eager to get back and those who are reluctant to return. There are children who wish vacations were much longer. And there are parents who wish they were much shorter. These recurring occasions of re-opening school doors constantly call before us the question as to who is responsible for what. How much should the home expect of the school, and how much should the school expect of the home?

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(Concluded on page 664)

A FIFTY YEAR FEATURE

The following poem is taken from *The Improvement Era*, Volume 44, page 472, August 1941:

IGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN

By James Hammond

A STRONG-WINGED eagle from far
wind-worn cliffs
Alights upon a white-lined buffalo-
skull
With these carved words like faded
hieroglyphs
Above the cracked eye-sockets,
meaningful:
"Camped here July the second, 'forty-
seven.
We made eight miles today." The
eagle unfurls
Its far-brown wings and skims and
soars toward heaven
In easy sweep, where the thin-
frothed cirrus curls.
The eagle labors aloft between the
clouds
Which plunge their misty walls to
the horizon;
Like bleached and billowed sails the
seawind crows,
And on the desert swift their shad-
ows run.
But those slow wagon-wheels, tight-
choked with clay,
Groaned beneath their loads—
eight miles that day.

MY HERITAGE

By Thelma Park Seegmiller

THEY left me not the miner's gold,
Nor priceless papyrus aged in mold.
No master's art was mine to keep,
No bounteous harvests mine to reap,
No treasure ship from out the deep
Was mine to hold.

Not these but greater treasures still,
Are mine by their unwritten will.
The one gave love and tender care,
A sweet word here, a blessing there.
She fed me comfort when I wept,
And o'er my soul a vigil kept;

The other, health and courage strong,
To fight for right and shun the wrong.
To live my life in such a way,
That I might lift from day to day
The load that in my pathway lay
And go along.

They left me much of wisdom's store
That they had earned through pain they
bore;

A name no man has dared to mar,
Ideals to fasten to my star,
Hope and desire to travel far
In search of more.

Yes, I have wealth few men possess,
Left by them for my treasure chest.
The only thanks that I can give,
Is teach my sons the way to live.
To put all gems through life's great sieve,
And horde the best.

UTAH, LAND OF PROMISE

(... "and the desert shall rejoice and
blossom as the rose. . .")

By Claire Stewart Boyer

RIMMED by the purple royalty of peaks,
Whose treasures flow in matching
splendor to
Its rivers, valleys show a retinue
Of golden harvests; banneted orchards
speak
The pomp of plenty, and the clovered
lanes,
Swarming with bees and flecked with hom-
ing herds,
Offer the storied "milk and honey," words
The Promised Land of every age retains.

O Sovereign State! Your bold integrity,
Wrought on the forge of faith, becomes a
crown
Like to your hills! And your security,
Sceptered by love in every wayside town,
Is firm as earth! Your dream invincible
Has brought to pass the promised miracle.



—Photograph by L. Grant Lofgren

WHEN GRANDMAMA WENT CALLING

By Maurine Jacobs

WHEN Grandmama went calling, she had
a lot of fun.
She donned her dozen petticoats, frills on
every one.
She opened up her parasol, so tiny, lacy
edged,
And stepped along the pathway, right
cleverly hedged.
She knocked on the door quite sharply,
waited, watching so—
And if no one came promptly, why, on her
way she'd go
To see another neighbor, sit on the winged
sofa there,
Or if she scanned the album, upon a rock-
ing chair.
And if at night she visited, the lamp stood
in the room,
All polished, trim, and ready to drive away
the gloom.
Grandmother's coat was dainty, trimmed
with beads and braid.
When Grandmama went calling, she was a
most attractive maid.

Salt Lake Stake

(Concluded from page 631)

There were no jails in early Salt Lake City—offenders were fined, their fellowship in the Church withdrawn until restitution was made.

President Brigham Young returned to Salt Lake City during the summer of 1848, and at a general conference, held October 8, of that year, John Smith was called as Presiding Patriarch, and Charles C. Rich succeeded him as president of the Salt Lake Stake, with John Young and Erastus Snow as counselors.

The high council was relieved from its municipal duties January 6, 1849.

In February four new members were sustained in the Council of the Twelve, among them being Charles C. Rich and Erastus Snow of the stake presidency.

In the reorganization of the stake that followed, John Young, the other counselor, was sustained as president of the high priests quorum, and Daniel Spencer was sustained as president of the Salt Lake Stake, with David Fuller and Willard Snow as counselors.

On Wednesday, February 14, 1849, as the people were preparing to move from the Old Fort to permanent homesites in the valley, President Brigham Young met with the committee, and it was decided to divide the city into nineteen wards of nine blocks each.

On February 22, many of the bishops of the city wards were ordained. (This day is remembered today throughout the valley by ward reunions.) President Young's advice was that the city should be fenced by wards, and that the bishops should gather up the poor and look after them.

As the colonization of the West expanded, other stakes were organized as soon as membership and other conditions warranted it.

In 1900, on January 21, the Jordan Stake was organized in the southern part of the county. The following week, January 28, Granite Stake was organized, having jurisdiction over the wards between the new boundaries of the Salt Lake and Jordan stakes. Twenty-four city wards and four "country" wards—Brighton, Pleasant Green, Center, and Cannon—remained in the Salt Lake Stake.

In 1904, Salt Lake Stake was again divided, forming three new stakes—Liberty, Pioneer, and Ensign. The most recent division of the Salt Lake Stake came in 1940, when Riverside Stake was organized.

Today, as Salt Lake Stake looks back on its first century of existence, it sees twenty-four stakes functioning in Salt Lake County—where it once stood alone. Truly, it has been a century of growth.

The Meaning of the MORMON MIGRATION *in American History*

By the Honorable ELBERT D. THOMAS

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

As given in the Senate of the United States

IN 1847 Utah was Mexican territory. For years the contest for the control of what is now the western part of the United States had been going on. The Spanish-Mexican control reached as far north as what is now the southern boundary of Oregon. The Russians were in Alaska and had settlements down the coast as far as the Russian River in California. French fur traders had penetrated most of the West, and traders from all nations were wandering over it. The British claimed the Pacific Coast as far down as northern California. The United States, thought of today as an expanding world power, seemed then to be checked as a controller of the Pacific coastline.

We of today, sensing our debt to our pioneer fathers, never cease honoring them for their courage, their faith, their zeal, and their persistence in carrying the American flag into foreign territory. Because these characteristics of courage and faith are so worthy of honor and so satisfying to us, we sometimes fail to recognize the real significance, in an international sense, of what they did.

AMERICA in 1845-47, and for many years after and before, was on the alert, on the move, and restless about her boundaries. There was the Texas independence and then the Mexican War. Both were repercussions of restlessly expanding cultural and political groups with economic hopes.

Four outstanding movements, however, were movements above that of mere adventure, conquest, or pursuit of wealth. One, although connected with war and therefore a part of conquest, was the march of Kearny's army with its Mormon

Battalion. This march cut the Mexican-controlled empire in two. When it is remembered that this battalion was recruited from Mormons already on the march, Mormon incentive and influence should be credited as a contributing force. Two were wholly inspired by Mormon thought; the pioneer journey, under the leadership of Brigham Young into the Salt Lake Valley, and the trip of Sam Brannan and his associates around the Horn to San Francisco. The fourth decisive journey was the movement of the devout settlers carrying the Bible and the plow into the Oregon Territory.

The Oregon journeys were for homemaking and home building. The Mormon expeditions were for the same purposes, but motivated by revelation and in fulfilment of prophecy. These purposes were high, lofty, and splendid. The two Mormon-inspired movements had above their vision, their purposefulness, their relying on the plow and the Bible, and their home-building culture, something more significant from the standpoint of nation-building. It was their international effect. Millions have made homes in foreign lands without affecting the international policies of those lands. But the two Mormon journeys and the journey of the Oregon pioneers had meaning bigger than is generally recognized. They meant a transferring of political sovereignty, a transporting of a culture and a civilization, and making certain a land dedicated to the free. The Pilgrim Fathers wanted a home where they could worship God as they saw fit. They expected it under the sanction of a king whose homeland did not let persons worship as they saw fit. This settlement with others in Amer-

ica were settlements that made the independent land of the United States a land of liberty and a land of freedom inevitable, but it did not come for nearly two centuries.

THE Mormon journeys and the journey into the Oregon Territory brought almost instantaneous success. I do not say that these journeys are the causes of the ultimate change and the overcoming of international struggle for the western part of the United States. But viewed merely as incidents in the restlessness and national striving which was the spirit of America at that time, they stand out so strongly that if they had acted entirely alone, the results would have been the same. The dividing of the Spanish-Mexican empire, the permanent settlement in San Francisco, the permanent settlement in the Salt Lake Valley, the permanent settlement in the Oregon country would have brought by themselves the same result in time, while mere adventure, mere conquest, mere seeking of wealth would not have done it. These four movements did make certain that the intermountain and Pacific Coast country would be American.

The great expansion of which this was a part did not stop with the coast. Perry with his ships was in Japan by 1853. Caleb Cushing had negotiated his treaty in China even before this in 1844. And a continuing movement of the Mormon part of this restlessness was reflected in the Gibson "conquest" in Hawaii in 1861. Mormon missionaries had circled the globe before the death of their Prophet-founder in 1844 and before the migration to the Rocky Mountains began.

The Mormon pioneer movement, whether viewed as a part of the spread of the white man over the globe, or whether viewed as a movement inspired by western United States restlessness, has left its mark on its people and in the development of American culture and traditions. It is for this reason that the thoughtful people throughout the whole earth recognize the Mormon contribution in the development of America. Every true follower of the Mormon ideal, whether he be American or foreign-born, knows the part America is to play in the ultimate destiny of the world.

October What of the FUTURE IN CHURCH HISTORY of AMERICA?

By the Honorable ARTHUR V. WATKINS

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

OLIVER COWDERY, Parley P. Pratt, Peter Whitmer, Jr., and Ziba Peterson were called by revelation in October 1830 to preach the gospel to the Lamanites. (D. & C. 32.) They left the same month, and en route to Indian country they established a large branch of the Church at Kirtland, Ohio. Among the people baptized by these missionaries at Kirtland was Sidney Rigdon.

Elder David W. Patten of the Council of the Twelve sealed his testimony with his blood during mob violence on the Crooked River, Ray County, Missouri. He was buried October 27, 1838, at Far West. The day of the funeral, Governor L. W. Boggs issued his famous extermination order, which gave the Saints the choice between banishment from the state of Missouri and death.

IN October 1844, there were eleven quorums of seventy fully organized, and twelve quorums of elders, there being forty elders in the twelfth quorum.

The camp of the poor Saints was organized at Nauvoo October 1846. This was the camp that was miraculously fed by quail.

The Salt Lake Stake was organized October 3, 1847. (See page 631.)

The Nauvoo Temple was burned by an incendiary October 9, 1848.

The Perpetual Emigration Fund was organized at general conference October 6, 1849.

The mail bringing the first information about the organization of Utah Territory was received in the Salt Lake Valley October 15, 1850.

In the "Thirteenth General Epistle to the Church," issued by the First Presidency, October 29, 1855, it was advocated that the Saints using the Perpetual Emigration Fund should cross the plains by handcart.

Captain Edward Martin's handcart company, detained by early snows, was met by a rescue party sixteen miles above the Platte bridge October 28, 1856.

The first conference held in the present Tabernacle on Temple Square was convened October 6, 1867.

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution was organized in Salt Lake City October 16, 1868. Shortly thereafter branches of this institution were organized in most of the settlements in the territory.

The Salt Lake Tabernacle was dedicated during conference October 9, 1875.

WHAT shall be the future of the world's greatest nation, born 171 years ago yesterday?

This is a question with which the whole world is deeply concerned, for in the keeping of America, as world events have shaped themselves, is the destiny of the liberty-loving peoples of the earth.

Whether we wish it or not, the fate of the world is in our hands. It is an unparalleled responsibility, and yet at the same time a great and glorious opportunity.

From my earliest infancy I have been taught that the land of America is a land choice above all other lands; that it was kept from the knowledge of the rest of the world for many centuries, to be revealed in God's own time for the establishment of a great nation by inspired men—a nation that would have the responsibilities and opportunities sometime in its history that are America's today.

THERE have been many powerful nations in the past which had opportunities for enduring greatness, but one by one they have gone down to destruction because of moral decay. They forgot God and his commandments.

Yes, the America of today has possibilities of greatness yet un-

dreamed of. She may be the savior of the liberties of mankind and lead nations into an era of peace and good will, or, she may, through the gigantic forces she, in her productive might has discovered and learned to use so destructively, send herself and other nations of the earth to the oblivion from which the nations of the past have never returned.

Whether America's rendezvous with destiny will be one of glory or destruction lies in her own hands.

To make it one of glory she must remember her beginning, her pilgrim fathers and others who came to this land that they might worship God and keep his commandments.

She has but to remember that at the founding of the Republic she adopted the great principle that "All men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

She has but to remember that in the sacred document adopted 171 years ago the patriots under God, "Mutually pledged their sacred honor to maintain those principles of human liberty."

She has but to remember that her greatness and her power today came as gifts from God and because she tried to live as a Christian nation even though she stumbled and faltered at times in her well doing.

IMMIGRANT'S CHILD

By Dale Sutherland

HEART within me beating strong and glad,
Be ever thankful to be living here
In this bright land where liberty is clad
In sweet clean robes that do not nurture fear
Nor genes of malice toward her fellow man
Who lives in wasted lands beyond the sea.
Be ever thankful that my spirit can,
Despite its pride, express humility.

I am proud, indeed, that to this place
My father brought his trusting new-made wife
To found with her a fireside, and raise
A brood of young away from Old World strife.
Proud Heart within me, strive to understand
The vast fulfillment pregnant in this land.

IN short, she has but to repent in sackcloth and ashes of her drunkenness, her licentiousness, her selfishness and hatreds and all those un-Christian vices that drag her down, and once more become active in spirit and in deed in living the gospel of the Christ.

Having done this, she will, under God, keep her rendezvous with glory.

Of this I testify. Of this I am sure.

Bookrack

HUMAN DESTINY

(LeComte du Nöty. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 1947. 289 pages. \$3.50.)

A PROMINENT scientist here presents his views of the origin and destiny of man and attempts to reconcile science and faith. He holds that man has evolved through immense time periods from simple primitive forms of life. Somewhere along the way conscience was acquired, with tradition (memory) and other marks distinguishing him from the lower animals. Man possesses two natures: the ancient physiological one and the new spiritual one. Henceforth, his battle will be for the subjection of purely animal appetites. As he conquers, he will evolve into increasing spiritual power. Man's destiny is to foster spiritual evolution so that he may rise higher and higher, by increasing mastery of the body. Reverently he accepts God, who is not defined beyond being an idea, and who is known because man seeks him. All this is set forth very lucidly by a wealth of scientific facts and theories. Excellent and sincere as the reasoning is, it leaves the reader confused. Nothing is really settled. It is an example of the human need for light. The author hunts in the dark. Any Latter-day Saint could enlighten him. Thank God for the gospel!—J. A. W.

PRELUDE TO THE KINGDOM

(Gustave O. Larson. Marshall Jones Company. 1947. 323 pages. \$3.50.)

THIS intelligent, scholarly study concerns itself primarily with one of the most intriguing phases of pioneer toil—the Perpetual Emigration Fund. The fund and its operation embodied all the hopes and aspirations, the ideals and forces which made the pioneers able to make “the desert to blossom as the rose.” Therefore, there are here laid bare the manner of using pioneer principles of action in building the kingdom of God. This makes the book a brief but comprehensive history of the whole western movement. “The enterprise succeeded out of all proportion to the promise of circumstance.” That means that it reads a lesson to us of today who are anxiously peering into the future for the peace and prosperity we would have cover the earth. This survey of co-operative experience in desert conquest, here engagingly told, is a book for this day with its many and disturbing problems. Brimful of little-known historical facts and of thought-provoking suggestions, it can be read profitably by layman and professional worker alike. It shows “what wonders may be achieved when many labor together in brotherly love.”

—J. A. W.

The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 632)

direction of Elder Alma Sonne, assistant to the Council of the Twelve and president of the European Mission.

This will be the third mission for President Williams. He served as a missionary in the South American Mission from 1927 to 1929. He was president of the Argentine Mission from 1938 to 1942. This new mission will be opened among the people of Uruguay.

Finland was dedicated for the preaching of the gospel by Elder Francis M. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve in August 1903. The missionary activity that has been carried forward in this land has been under the direction of the Swedish Mission. Finland was rededicated for the preaching of the gospel by Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve during his recent mission in Europe.

Parley P. Pratt went to South America with several others as worldwide

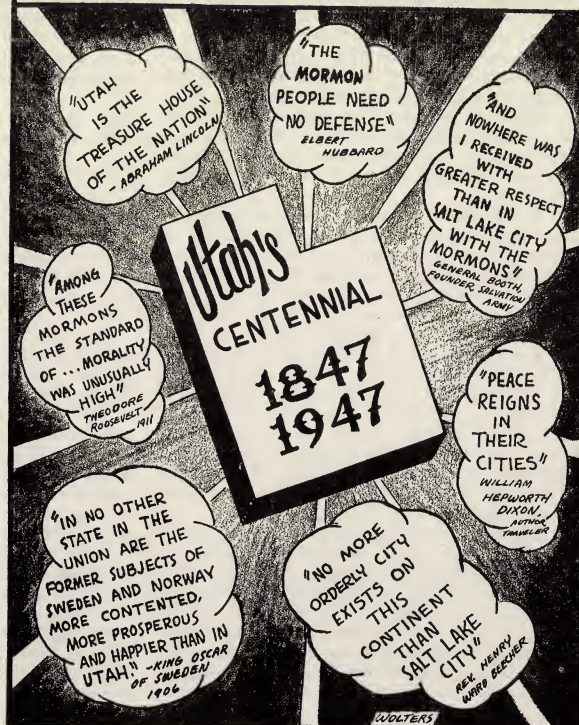
missionary activity was expanded in the early 1850's. They found their destination, Chile, torn by revolution, and returned to the states several months later.

In September 1925 Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve was called to open the South American Mission. He took with him Elders Rulon S. Wells and Rey L. Pratt of the First Council of the Seventy, the former being conversant in the German language, and the latter with the Spanish. Elder Ballard dedicated the land for the preaching of the gospel on Christmas Day, 1925, and the three General Authorities left Buenos Aires for home in July 1926, leaving the work in the hands of a corps of missionaries.

The Church now has forty missions: United States, 14; North America (other than the United States), 3; South America, 3; Europe, 11; Asia Minor, 1; Africa, 1; Australia and the Pacific Islands, 7.

PATTERNS of PROGRESS

BY FREDRICK C. WOLTERS, JR.





We Are Half A Century Old This Month

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is fifty years old!

The first number, dated November 1897, promised its readers that it would help the faithful in the Church; the indifferent and the wayward; parents who are rearing an acceptable generation to the Lord; the priesthood and officers of the Church; and truth seekers the world over, especially in the missions. It would be a voice testifying to the truth of the restored gospel, a faith-engendering challenge for saints and sinners. It was to be a builder of faith in the restored gospel.

These objectives, with others that have since been added, have remained close to the ERA heart. With a measure of pride it may be said that the magazine has given bountiful life to the plan of its founders. Its fifty volumes are treasure houses of truth—historical, educational, interpretative, and prophetic—which someday will be collected, condensed, and published for this generation.

In its young maturity, the ERA fell in love. The union with the *Young Woman's Journal* was a notable Church event which proved successful. The contracting lady, as is usually the case, has inspired the ERA to greater, finer work.

Today the magazine is in good health, with not a creaky knee, overflowing with new ideas, some startling, for the coming years. But it is determined to bind everything securely to the original purpose and plan.

As THE IMPROVEMENT ERA now takes its birthday bow, it surveys, gratefully, the hundreds of thousands of its readers, the thousands of enthusiastic workers, the battalion of thoughtful contributors, and the numerous others that have made possible this half-century of successful endeavor. The grown-up ERA is grateful today.

The ERA comes of an illustrious family. The Church has always had a printed voice or voices, from the *Messenger and Advocate* (1834-1837); the *Evening and Morning Star* (1832-1834); the *Elders' Journal* (1837-1838); the *Times and Seasons* (1839-1846); the *Journal of Discourses* (1854-1886); to *The Contributor* (1879-1896), which the ERA succeeded. Each tried to fit its own times, was actuated by the gospel spirit.

The senior editor has always been a servant of the Most High. President Joseph F. Smith was the first, followed by President Heber J. Grant, the virtual founder of the magazine, and he in turn by the present beloved President of the Church, George Albert Smith, who was instrumental in bringing about the combination of the ERA and the *Young Woman's Journal* and in adopting the present format. The many others, in lesser

positions in the editorial and business offices, have been and are devoted followers of the cause represented by the ERA.

Momentous days and events are thrusting themselves upon the world. The solution of the rising, foaming problems is found in the gospel of Jesus Christ. THE IMPROVEMENT ERA prayerfully hopes to be able to state the ancient enlivening truth in modern language, to help build the Lord's people toward perfection, and to enlighten a confused world. It desires to help prepare the nations for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In all this, as the magazine sweeps the horizons of truth and human needs, its first consideration will be as in the past the youth of Zion, M.I.A. workers, the generation of today who will reform the earth tomorrow. In addition, THE IMPROVEMENT ERA will continue to serve as the official organ of the priesthood quorums, the departments of education, ward teachers, the general Church music committee, and the other agencies of the Church.

Again we make our bow. We shall not forget President Grant's admonition: "Make the ERA faith promoting, and place it in every home of the Church." We can only express gratitude, and a promise to carry on.

So, here's to the future, the next fifty years! Let all hands give help!—J. A. W.

The Matter of Learning

ONE of the most stimulating beliefs of Latter-day

Saints is that there is no end to learning. This seems particularly fitting to recall during the season when schoolbells summon young folk back to school, for learning is not a matter of season or of place but it is rather an attitude that keeps the one who possesses it ever on the alert for continued study.

With the belief held by Latter-day Saints in eternal progression, we certainly should try to establish the habit of study in mortality so that we may continue with it throughout our lives here as well as hereafter. It is important that we preserve this open-minded attitude to learning, but it is not merely a matter of being able to learn that is important: it is choosing what to learn. Life is largely a selection, a choice, and it behooves all of us to learn to choose those things that we shall be proud to know eternally.

Naturally, we have to live in the world of our own time and so should keep abreast of the happenings of the time. But we should avoid getting lost in the day-by-day events to the exclusion of those things that have eternal value. We must learn to choose the best from all that the world has to offer—and we shall need to study diligently and endlessly to find what that best is.—M. C. J.

EVIDENCES and RECONCILIATIONS

cxvi. Are We Progressing?

THE determining law of the gospel is the possibility of eternal progression. The plan of salvation was formulated to enable those present in the pre-existent great council to progress. The meaning of any gospel principle or ordinance may be understood by reference to this law. Our own standing before the Lord, now and hereafter, is measured by our progress from time to time. It is a fundamental, and therefore a controlling law of the gospel. In the words of Brigham Young, "What are we here for? To learn to enjoy more, and to increase in knowledge and experience."¹

Progress means a moving forward from place to place, from knowledge to knowledge, from action to action. It is a process of adding to that which we now possess, by the elimination of errors, by the actual accretion of new truth, and by the development of greater self-mastery. It is a process by which increased power of every faculty is gained. It is a process of growth and development, a movement towards greater maturity. It is a steady approach to the likeness of God.

Progress is active and increasing. That which is static does not come within the province of advancement. They who are satisfied with the past, or who hesitate to toil for added knowledge, or who are unwilling to give life to their possessions by constant use, are not in a state of progress. Effort is required to lay by the errors of the past, to invade the kingdom of increasing truth, and to set every new gain into action. Such persons alone are progressing. Activity in conforming to and using truth, God's commandments, is the first condition for joining the advancing hosts.

Progress must be rounded. Some choose one corner of the field of life, and progress in it to the exclusion of all else. That is not true progress. If the seven primary colors are painted in proper proportion on a revolving disk, it appears to be white. Remove one of the colors, or change its proportion, and the result is a reddish, bluish, or yellowish disk. Or, a beam of the white light of our existence passed through a glass prism is broken into its constituent colors. In just such a manner progress in several fields is necessary for the complete progress which will win divine approval. Unhappiness, and often misery, follow the failure to recognize the necessity of complete progress in life.

All men deal with the two phases of life, the material and the spiritual; that of the body, and that of the spirit. These are closely inter-related. They touch at every point. Yet each may be known and differentiated by our inborn powers. Both

must be known, and progress in them secured if really satisfactory advancement is desired.

The spectrum or parts of rounded or complete progress has often been given by revelation. One of the most direct and inclusive is found in section four of the Doctrine and Covenants.

The primary principles of progress there given, which "qualify a person for the work" are: 1. Faith; 2. Hope; 3. Charity; and 4. Love. A person in a state of progress has faith in the existence of an unseen world in which God and other beings dwell; a faith which makes him ready to yield obedience to the requirements which issue from that world. He has the hope or certain trust that God's purpose overshadows all the acts of man. He proceeds to help his frail fellow men in their attempts to progress; thus becoming a partner with God in working out the plan of salvation. His every act is directed by the spirit of love for God, the divine gospel with its requirements, and all the creatures of the Lord. These are cornerstones in a progressive life.

These basic principles are in turn broken down into secondary propositions derived from the primary ones: 1. Virtue; 2. Knowledge; 3. Temperance; 4. Patience; 5. Brotherly Kindness; 6. Godliness; 7. Humility; 8. Diligence. That is, the person who really desires to progress, keeps himself clean morally; he is a seeker after knowledge; he is master of himself; he is able to wait until the Lord gives results; he is kind to all men, who, like himself, are children of God; he strives in all things to do God's will, to keep his commandments; he recognizes his own limitations and the limitations placed upon all children of the earth; and in all righteous endeavors he is constantly active.

Combine these in a human life, and new paths to progress will be seen, constant development will follow, and the white light of full progress will shine brightly and steadily. Those who so live are the elect of God who shall receive a fulness of glory, have eternal increase, and be as the Gods.²

There is nothing difficult about this program for progress. They who follow it, find it easy, for when they ask, they shall receive, when they knock, it shall be opened unto them.³ Besides, the test of progress is whether we do earnestly seek to comply with this program. Our actual achievements count for little compared with the efforts for progress we put forth.

Under this program the individual is of foremost importance. How the man behaves, how he uses the facts or forces at his command determines his progress. The physical gains of man—the telephone, automobile, or

(Concluded on page 688)

¹Discourses of Brigham Young, p. 87

²D. & C. 132:19, 20

³D. & C. 4:7



Postage Stamps

AND OUR FRIENDS

By Ted McDonald

A VERY busy woman was bewailing, the other day, the fact that she was evidently losing many of her friends whose acquaintance she valued highly. She just couldn't understand why. Apparently they liked her and had put her on their favored list only, later, seemingly to forget that she existed. It hurt because they were friends really worth while.

On questioning her, we learned that these social contacts had been most one-sided. Her friends had done practically all the calling and corresponding.

"I am too busy to call," she informed us, "and I just can't find the time to write."

"Then you are not deserving of their friendship," we told her, which statement she took with poor grace.

Right here we want to bring out the point that we are trying to make. We are all busy—hundreds of us—but most of us keep our friends by means of postage stamps! Personally, I never count the cost of little forwarding labels when put to that purpose. And a postage stamp, used frequently, often cements friendships for all time. That I know!

It takes only a few minutes of your time to send a cheery "hello" by the postman—across the continent or even across the street—when you are too busy to call—and it pays. For our own part, we wouldn't stop our prodigal postage stamp spending for all the world. We get too much real pleasure out of it.

The great of earth practise it, too, we notice, and what joy it gives us humble mortals to get a letter, however short, from such a one.

How the old clockmaker must have enjoyed the letter from Charles Dickens about the timepiece "with something on its works" or the humble pastor, the Reverend Peter Wood, the letter from Charles

Kingsley importuning him to come and eat his mutton, and admire his sermons "some Sunday at Eversley"; or the little miss, living in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, when Robert Louis Stevenson, in a letter, "deeded over" his birthday, the thirteenth day of November, because she had been bewailing the fact that hers fell on Christmas day rather than on some particular day, like other children's. Such letters scintillate and sparkle and warm our hearts just as the one we send out should.

Don't think for a minute, either, that the writer of today, however great or humble, does not appreciate your letters. Quite frequently he spends sleepless nights in order to make his brain children presentable to you. If something he says pleases, inspires, or helps you, drop him a line and tell him so. It will put a glow in his heart.

Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

FOOD BUDGETS may vary a great deal among families in the same income group. But food budgets may vary and still provide satisfactory nutrition and pleasing variety from day to day. A balanced, economical diet depends upon good planning and proper preparation. It's not how much you spend but how you spend it that counts.

Menus that are low in cost and high in nutrition:

MENU No. 1

Breakfast
Orange Juice
Hot Cereal

Milk or thin Cream
Scrambled Egg
Enriched Bread Toast
Butter or Margarine

Milk

Luncheon
Vegetable Soup
Crackers

Melon or Apple Sauce

Milk

Dinner

Frankfurters
Baked Beans
Cabbage Slaw
Boston Brown Bread
Butter or Margarine

Peach Cobbler

Milk

MENU No. 2

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes

Hot Cakes

Honey

Butter or Margarine
Bacon Slices
Milk
Luncheon

Cold meat sandwiches on enriched bread.
Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on wholewheat bread.

Apple

Milk

Dinner

Roast Shoulder of Lamb
Browned Potatoes
Buttered Squash
Orange Slices on Endive French Dressing
Biscuits

Butter or Margarine

Cherry Marlow

Baked Beans with Salt Pork

2 cups dried navy beans
1 onion, chopped
2 teaspoons salt
6 tablespoons catsup
1/2 pound salt pork
1 tablespoon molasses
3/4 teaspoon dry mustard
4 tablespoons brown sugar

Wash and pick over beans. Cook slowly in liquid to cover, until tender. Drain off water and save. Sear salt pork and place in bottom of baking dish or cooker. Mix remaining ingredients and bean liquid, pour over beans. Mix slightly. Cover; bake four hours, or until browned and flavors are well blended, in moderate oven 350° F. Add more water if beans dry during baking.

To cook in pressure saucepan, soak beans overnight in one and one-half quarts cold water. Place salt pork in bottom of cooker. Add remaining ingredients, close cover; cook at pressure forty minutes. Remove from heat and allow pressure to drop normally.

Creamy Cabbage Slaw

Allow 1/4 large head or 1/2 medium head of fresh tender green or red cabbage for one pint slaw. Use a long sharp knife and shred crisp cabbage very fine. Toss in large bowl with enough cream dressing to coat shreds well. Chill 15 minutes and serve.

To dress up cabbage slaw, add grated raw carrot and chopped green pepper or diced celery and cucumber or diced red apple.

Creamy Dressing for Slaw

1/2 cup sour cream
3 teaspoons vinegar
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Mix all ingredients together. To sour sweet cream add one tablespoon of lemon juice and let stand thirty minutes.

Boston Brown Bread

1 cup sifted enriched flour
1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup cornmeal
1 1/2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup raisins
3/4 cup molasses
2 cups sour milk

Mix all dry ingredients together. Combine molasses and milk and add to dry ingredients. Fill three greased one-pound baking cans $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Cover, steam for three hours, or place in pressure saucepan on rack. Add 5 cups boiling water, place cover on cooker and cook at pressure 40 minutes. Remove from heat and allow pressure to drop normally.

Cherry Marlow

- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 16 marshmallows, whole
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract
- 1 cup evaporated milk, chilled
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cups maraschino cherries

Combine one cup milk and marshmallows. Cook over boiling water until well blended. Cool; add vanilla and almond extract. Whip chilled milk until stiff and fold into marshmallow mixture, then fold in marshmallow mixture then fold in maraschino cherries that have been cut in small pieces. Pour into freezing tray. Freeze in refrigerator.

Handy Hints

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

Cover a brick with gay material and make a removable slipcover. You'll have a doorstop heavy enough for holding doors open and attractive enough to fit in with your decorative schemes.—Miss N. T., Seattle, Washington.

Ironing cords have a way of wearing six or eight inches back of their connection to the iron. When you notice the first sign of wear, wrap the cord snugly with ordinary twine, laying the twine close together and tying the ends securely. This is much more satisfactory than the usual method of wrapping with friction tape, as the black tape often comes off on the pieces you are ironing.—Mrs. F. T., Salt Lake City, Utah.

To wash small pieces of fragile lace, put in a fruit jar filled with suds, shake vigorously for a few minutes, then rinse in the same way.—Mrs. E. P., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Instead of sending that rug to the cleaner's clean it yourself with cornmeal and ammonia. Take one pint of coarse cornmeal and enough ammonia to moisten and rub in on the rug with a cloth. Let stand for fifteen minutes and sweep it off with a clean broom. Do not moisten more than a pint of cornmeal at a time because the ammonia evaporates. This treatment will make the rug bright and clean.—G. C., Lansing, Michigan.

A Word to the Wise...

The image shows a rectangular box of Fels-Naptha soap. The box is covered in a repeating pattern of the words 'Fels-Naptha' and 'MADE IN U.S.A.'. The brand name 'FELS-NAPHTHA' is prominently displayed in large, bold, white letters on a dark background on the front of the box. The top flap of the box also features the brand name and 'MADE IN U.S.A.'.

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*The Deseret News
Press*

29 Richards Street, Salt Lake City



TEA GARDEN also makes SYRUP
JELLY • MARMALADE • GRAPE JUICE

LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Concluded from page 649)

entertaining ourselves—gaining no personal ends or material benefits—just the joy of helping out where badly needed.

This all brings us back to the fact that much as I might like to say, "Do this. Don't do that. This is all right. That is not," it can't be done—either by me or anyone else. Our Father, himself, has not chosen to do it. Rather, he has chosen to give us basic principles. They are found in the fourth commandment, where it is stated that the seventh day is the Lord's day—not yours or mine—but the Lord's; that in six days we shall do our work and that the seventh is blessed and hallowed as a day of rest. How welcome that day should be! These principles are again re-iterated in the fifty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants. We are to go to church and offer up our oblations and sacraments. Just that, of itself, if done unfaithfully and with the right spirit would give us the inspiration for other fine uses of the Sabbath hours.

Why do we cheat ourselves of the refreshment and inspiration of the Sabbath day by neglecting to

apply *individually* the broad principles of Sabbath observance? I felt at the time—as most of you do who use Sundays in somewhat the same way—that I benefited greatly by my hours of Sunday piano practice. I have sometimes chosen inferior gains because in my inexperience they looked a little more alluring to me than the really superior benefits. Now I know that I missed something better in that year. I am still missing something of the full Sabbath value—and so are a great many of us—even those who try hardest. It seems to be part of our training in life that we must learn a great deal through error and hard experience, but the smarter and more teachable we are, the quicker we will learn basic principles, govern ourselves by sound choice, and listen to wise counsel.

And, speaking of wise counsel, perhaps it will help us not to want too many rules and examples in life, if we can remember the time that Elijah found that the Lord was not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the "still small voice." Listen to yours!

THE SPOKEN WORD

(Concluded from page 655)

There is no all-inclusive answer, but there are some things to be said which may indicate the direction in which the answer should be looked for. Admittedly, parents are busy, seemingly busier than they have ever been before, busy to the point where every hour of every day seems to be taken up with something. How much busier we really are than were parents of the past is a question. And what people did with their time before they had so many timesaving conveniences is another puzzling question. It would almost seem that the more timesavers we have the less of time we have. That, however, is another subject. But part of the price of all this pressure is that parents often allow other obligations to take precedence over their responsibility to children. Schools can help with many of the problems of parents—and are doing

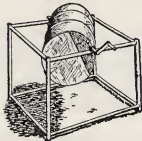
so—some schools better than others, some teachers better than others, some communities better than others. But children are a trust from God who gave them, and there isn't any institution, there isn't any agency, public or private, that can adequately replace parents. And there are some tasks we should never expect the school to take over. We may be exceedingly busy; we may have many other obligations; we may even have come to think that our children are a public rather than a personal problem. But children are a first priority responsibility with parents, and we may well ask ourselves: What more important use is there for time than talking out something with our children when something needs talking out? How better can we use time than in giving our children the attention they need when they need it, whatever time it takes?

—August 31, 1947

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

A yard full of turkey tricks

(as seen at farm of Howard R. Mercer, President of the Central Nebraska Turkey Association, near Gibbon, Nebraska)



➡ **Turkey feed mixer:** Old metal oil drum is hung in welded pipe frame by means of rod run at angle through drum. Drum is turned by crank fastened to end of rod, mixing contents thoroughly. Hinged lid is welded to top of drum.

Feed wagon with gravity- ➡ filled compartment at rear permits farmer to scoop out feed mixture with shovel or bucket wherever turkeys are feeding.



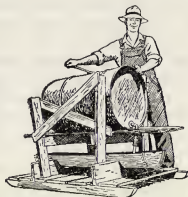
Brooder houses are built on sled base, with attachment where tractor can hook on and pull them out to open pasture when young turkeys are proper age for more sun, air and exercise.

Hook on sled base ➡



Portable water tank ➡

consists of wooden sled frame; watering trough (at bottom) made from half of old water heater; and metal drum for water storage. Arrangement prevents turkeys from roosting above trough and contaminating their drinking water. Drum is filled from top, has handle welded on bung hole for easy turning of plug.



IDEAS

from a neighbor's farm

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, almost a fourth of our customers are farm folks.

Packs 'em where they're picked



Peach grower S. C. Bingham, of Patterson, California, keeps packers working close to the pickers by means of this mechanical sorting and sizing table. It is hauled by tractor to the edge of the orchard. Idea reduces number of boxes and workers needed, also improves quality of pack that is sent to canning and drying plants.



This simple guard, bolted to side of radiator, protects air cleaner on Bingham's tractor from damage by low tree limbs in orchard.

How Safeway's buying plan reduces farmer's gamble



A LARGE PERCENTAGE of all Safeway customers are regular customers. They shop at their Safeway store day-in and day-out. And to supply this daily demand at the stores Safeway buys regularly. Take produce for example. Safeway neither speculates in farm produce nor stays "off the market" in an attempt to get better prices. Buying regularly—and almost always in sub-

stantial amounts—Safeway helps keep the farmer's selling gamble at a minimum. Because it makes for steadier prices Safeway's regular buying of farm products increases the farmer's opportunity to get a satisfactory return on every food crop he grows.

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

SAFEWAY—the neighborhood grocery stores

Supervision Details for Mission Priesthood Quorums

THE accompanying letter was sent by the Council of the Twelve to all mission presidents and counselors for the purpose of outlining in some detail, matters connected with priesthood quorum organization and supervision within the missions of the Church.

Melchizedek Priesthood Responsibility Toward Servicemen

PUBLISHED herewith, for the information of all concerned, is a letter under date of September 10, 1947, sent by the Council of the Twelve to presidents of stakes and counselors, and presidents of missions and counselors. Also reproduced is a copy of the report of Latter-day Saint servicemen to which reference is made.

Particular attention is called to the fact that Melchizedek Priesthood fact-finding and statistical committees are given special assignments under the direction of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee.

The need for adequate contact with our servicemen makes it desirable to stress the great importance of faithfully, and conscientiously accepting and fulfilling these new duties assigned.

The letter and report form appear on pages 667 and 674.

Third Quarter Reports Due

THE current report period ended Sunday, September 28. Secretaries should have completed their quarterly reports on this day and sent them to those responsible for their compilation—group secretaries to quorum secretaries, and quorum secretaries to the chairman of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee. Such co-operation would permit all reports to be audited and compiled and sent to the general priesthood committee by the fifth of October. None should arrive later than October 15.

May we remind chairmen of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee that they are directly responsible for seeing that quarterly and annual reports are promptly and accurately submitted. They cannot justifiably shirk this responsibility; neither may they place the blame for delinquency on others. The priesthood work in the stake is the direct responsibility of the

(Concluded on page 674)

47 MELCHIZEDEK

Mission Presidents
and Counselors
Dear Brethren:

September 10, 1947

In the June 20, 1947, letter of the First Presidency to presidencies of missions, regarding the organization of priesthood quorums within the missions, it is directed that "the details incident to priesthood quorum organization and supervision within the missions, under the direction of the general priesthood committee, will be worked out and further appropriate notice given."

Pursuant to this instruction, the general priesthood committee of the Council of the Twelve has given attention to the above matter, and we submit herewith the following outline, which has the approval of the First Presidency, for your guidance in the supervision and direction of elders' quorums in the missions:

1. All elders' quorums in missions are to be considered mission quorums, and mission presidents and their counselors will have the direct responsibility for the supervision of the work and activities of elders' quorums in their respective missions. In order to supervise more effectively this important Melchizedek Priesthood work, it is suggested that there may be created in each mission where elders' quorums may be organized, a mission Melchizedek Priesthood committee, with the mission president as chairman and the secretary of the mission as committee secretary. The mission president may appoint other members to this committee from his counselors, district presidents, and/or quorum presidents, as he may deem advisable.

2. All report books, forms, other supplies, and printed instructions will be provided by the general priesthood committee, upon request, through the mission president, supplemented by current instructions appearing on the Melchizedek Priesthood pages of *The Improvement Era* and the *Church News*. A copy of the Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook, when prepared, will be sent to all mission presidents. Quarterly reports will be expected from each mission, where elders' quorums are organized, and supplies will be furnished, as in the case of the stakes, by the general priesthood committee.

3. All reports will start as of January 1, 1948, and as new quorums are organized, their reports shall start as of the beginning of the first quarter following the organization.

4. Elders' groups, as units of quorums, may be organized as needed, with a group leader and secretary, and all quorums should organize the recommended three standing committees, and carry out the program recommended for quorums, as in stakes, insofar as local conditions may warrant.

5. The matter of holding priesthood leadership meetings for elders' quorum officers is left to the discretion of the mission president, with the understanding, however, that effective supervision of elders' work can only be accomplished adequately through periodic contacts with quorum officers.

6. The general priesthood committee will prepare a set of instructions which will be sent to you for inclusion in your handbook, *Instructions to Mission Presidents*.

7. All recommendations by mission presidents, requesting authorization to effect the organization of elders' quorums, should be submitted to the First Presidency, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. Each recommendation should be accompanied by a list of the number and location of priesthood members available for the elders' quorum organization, together with a simple map showing the priesthood distribution and distances between various groups.

Praying the Lord to bless you in this and all other phases of your ministry, we are

Faithfully your brethren,
THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Earl A. Richards

President.

PRIESTHOOD

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO

COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

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

A CALL TO ARMS

Presidents of Stakes and Counselors and
Presidents of Missions and Counselors

September 10, 1947

Re: L.D.S. Servicemen

Dear Brethren:

Recent extensive surveys of military installations within the various stakes and missions of the United States reveal that the present procedure for finding our servicemen, and veterans attending school, has failed to a material degree. This is primarily because the names and up-to-date addresses of these brethren have not been furnished the appropriate mission or stake presidents.

In addition to the specific duties outlined in the First Presidency's letter of March 10, 1947, we desire that you supplement and enhance your activities by:

1. Assigning to your stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee, or a military service sub-committee, in the case of stakes, and to carefully selected and appointed supervisors, in the case of missions, the specific responsibility to:

a. Use the quorum fact-finding and statistical committees (in stakes) to secure the names and current addresses referred to above of all such men holding the Melchizedek Priesthood. Have them incorporate this information on the attached cards and forward same to the chairman of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee. Insure the collection of this information for all brethren concerned who may hereafter go into the service, and for veterans who may hereafter go away to school.

b. Collect and forward, through your stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee (mission presidents in missions), the foregoing information to the general priesthood committee, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah. (The Presiding Bishopric is securing the same information through the bishops on all Aaronic Priesthood members and those without the priesthood.) This information is to be sent in quarterly with the stake Melchizedek Priesthood report.

c. Insure that the personal welfare committees of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums correspond regularly—at least once each month—with all quorum members in the service or away from home attending school; that they arrange to send appropriate literature and for the receipt of regular copies of the servicemen's edition of the *Church News*. The Latter-day Saint Servicemen's Committee, will send, upon request, to all brethren in the service a copy of the servicemen's edition of the Book of Mormon and the book, *Principles of the Gospel*.

2. Notifying the general priesthood committee, also on the cards provided, of the names and new military address of all servicemen, irrespective of priesthood affiliation, who are being transferred from installations in your area to other military installations. The Latter-day Saint servicemen's committee will act as a clearing house for all names and addresses received, and will forward them to appropriate stake and mission presidents, so that they can contact the servicemen and veterans stationed in their areas in accordance with the Presidency's letter of March 10, 1947.

This is a major responsibility, and it is felt that the foregoing suggestions will aid materially in assuring the desired results. We earnestly commend the foregoing program to your attention and urge that no time be lost in putting this plan into operation in order that it may work effectively to serve our boys who may be entering, and who are now in, or have been in the service, and are away from home.

Faithfully yours,

THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Carl F. Richards.

President.

THIS is an unusual title for an article

in this column, but its meaning is not hard to guess. For something must be done of a combative nature if we are to be "true to the faith" and loyal to our professions. Satan, the devil, is abroad in the land and is supported by a multitude of helpers. These are all very active in trying to weaken our religious faith and lead us into sinful ways. To avoid being overcome we must rouse, get on our toes, and in every feasible way, resist and oppose the efforts and influences that seek to destroy us. A do-nothing attitude on our part is extremely dangerous for us, but very satisfying to Satan.

As is well-known, Latter-day Saints cannot smoke, drink, gamble, profane the name of Deity, or do many other things sinlessly, for such indulgences are violative of their tenets. But indulgence in all of these sinful things is more or less common in every community. Also, many indulgences violate civil laws. These violations, whether of religious or civil laws, create a bad and unwholesome environment. It is to reduce or eliminate such an environment that all good people should struggle harder than they have generally heretofore done. For in the main, the environment grows worse instead of better.

With respect to liquor and tobacco, their consumption is on the increase everywhere. More people are indulging, and more misdeeds, chargeable to liquor, are occurring than ever before. Conditions demand our awakening and positive remedial action on the part of all who want a cleaner and better world.

TOBACCO:

Sufficient evidence now exists to show that no one who smokes can achieve the best of which he or she is capable, whether this be a foot race, a prize fight, a golf game, a rifle score, bombing the Reich, writing, speaking, singing, acting, performing on a violin, piano, or typewriter, attainment of health, strength, endurance, working power, beauty, glamor, or any other excellence on which men and women set their hearts. —Dr. Irving Fisher, Yale University.

The use of tobacco shortens life.—Dr. Raymond Pearl, Johns Hopkins University.

Juvenile crime, vice, and degeneracy steadily increase with the increased use of tobacco.—Dr. A. L. Warner, noted specialist.

Tobacco harms women physically more than it does men. The smoking of girls

(Continued on page 674)



The PRESIDING

Ward Teaching

Seventy-five Percent or Better

THE following stakes reported seventy-five percent or more homes visited by ward teachers for the month of July:

Stake	Percent
East Provo	84%
Granite	81%
Big Cottonwood	80%
Highland	80%
San Juan	80%
Ogden	78%
Florida	76%

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

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

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

NOTE: The above percentages are taken from the stake reports on ward teaching as submitted to this office. Reports that are not complete are not included.

Let the people see to it that they get righteous men to be their leaders . . . officers who would rather do right at a sacrifice than do wrong for a reward.

—Brigham Young

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY

NOVEMBER 1947

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

LAST MONTH we discussed the importance of marriage to the religious life. We mentioned the importance of having our young people marry persons of their own faith. To realize this goal more fully, we must help our young people to meet each other not only within ward groups but also in stake and community association as well. The Church should seek to provide a rich recreational program through which Latter-day Saints may associate in their respective age groups. This month we shall consider another important aspect of the marriage problem.

Far too many marriages end in unhappiness and divorce. This is also true among Latter-day Saints, even among those who are married in the temple. The causes and prevention of divorce is too large a theme to exhaust here, so we shall mention one or two things which youth leaders may do something about now.

A major reason for failure in marriage is that young people have the wrong idea about it. In the popular literature, movies, and the radio wise-cracking of the day, marriage is por-

trayed often either as a purely romantic relationship or as a butt of jokes. There is little encouragement to think of marriage as either a practical or a truly sacred relationship. Consequently our young people sometimes rush into marriage on a wave of emotion, neither well acquainted with each other nor prepared for the responsibilities of marriage.

What can we do to help young people appreciate the higher and finer possibilities of marriage and to make more adequate preparation for such a marriage?

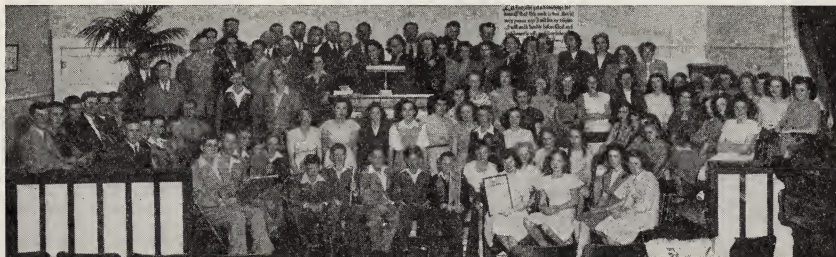
1. Talk about Marriage and Family Life

We leaders of youth should keep in mind the importance of marriage and seek opportunities to teach fine attitudes and understandings towards the subject. This can be done in classes, firesides, and in an occasional sermon on the subject. It can be done best perhaps in casual conversation with individuals and groups if we have already won their friendship and confidence.

We should avoid moralizing and the pedagogical attitude. Adolescents are trying to assert their independence and prove their maturity. In their hearts, however, they feel uncertain and seek advice from those whom they respect and can approach.

2. Create a Broad Basis of Friendship and Courtship

In marriage, people plan, work, cooperate, sacrifice, suffer, make decisions, associate with mutual friends and folks. In short, "it is the most intimate, intermittent relationship of



A Special Award Night honored these Aaronic Priesthood members and Latter-day Saint girls from the Ucon Ward, North Idaho Falls Stake. The young people themselves presented the entire program and received their awards.

Four quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood and one group of girls received awards, while twenty boys and eighteen girls received individual awards. Bishop J. Spencer Jenkins in commenting on past achievements in the Aaronic Priesthood program, wrote: "The priests quorum and the second quorum of deacons have each received six Standard Quorum Awards, with the first quorum of deacons and the teachers quorum achieving five awards each. We are aiming for another successful year."

We wish you well in your determinations and commend you on your past achievements.

BISHOPRIC'S PAGE

Edited by Lee A. Palmer



two total personalities in a total, changing situation."

Too often, in our day, courtship consists of little more than romance and recreation. No wonder youth is not well acquainted nor sufficiently prepared for the larger and more complete responsibilities of marriage.

Sometimes our boy-girl relationships in a ward are also little more than recreational in character. Could we broaden them in such a way that our boys and girls might associate with each other in a way to share more cultural interests, religious feeling, and character revealing and building experiences? Consider the following suggestions:

A. *Firesides.* These are already being held with good success throughout the Church under the direction of the M.I.A. Are we encouraging youth participation in discussion, programs, singing, planning, and leadership?

B. *Service nights.* Months ago in this column we recommended that Aaronic Priesthood quorums, with the counsel of the bishop and the supervision of their advisers, go to the homes of the widows and the afflicted and render physical help. Boys and girls from about fourteen-up could do this together and have refreshments and sociability afterwards.

One group of boys and girls organized a beautification club and went to each other's homes to dress up the premises, each in turn, celebrating with a buffet supper afterwards.

A ward or community project, as suggested in previous months, could be realized in the same way.

All such projects require careful planning and wise supervision, but should be carried by youth itself.

C. *Youth meetings.* A talent night, a musical evening, a short educational trip, or a religious service could be encouraged more often. Let youth express itself, boys and girls working together.

Questions:

1. What are some of the causes of divorce?
2. What can leaders of youth do now to prevent marriage-failures in the lives of our youth later on?
3. What associations do boys and girls now have together under ward and stake auspices?
4. In what new activities might they participate helpfully together?

Aaronic Priesthood Over 21

Visiting Adult Members of the Aaronic Priesthood

(From "The Handbook for Leaders of Adult Members of the Aaronic Priesthood")

THIS feature of the program should receive careful and specific attention. Visiting the adult brethren in their homes is the very heart of this work. We cannot merely write a card or make an announcement concerning meeting schedules and expect them to "come and get it." We must take it to them—in their homes. If we succeed in our home visits, we will have taken the largest single step on the road to success in this program.

Who will make these visits? How shall they go about it? Here are a few suggestions.

Group advisers should pair off with one or more of the group officers and visit at least two members each week. If this were done regularly, there

would be a minimum of four adult members visited each week. The group advisers should alternate their invitations to group officers so that each will receive the benefit of this experience and the blessing and growth from this activity.

With such opportunities for experience, group officers may soon feel qualified to go in pairs and perform this work. There will be many group members who might also be glad to accept such invitations from group advisers. If this work is followed up as it should be, it is not improbable that even in large wards, each adult member of the Aaronic Priesthood would be visited by group advisers, leaders, or members, at least once each month. At least one visit to each member each month—this is a challenge—let us make it our minimum goal.

These visits should not be attempted alone unless there is some special reason for so doing.

There is but little trouble in inducing people to sacrifice and suffer for their religion; but who lives for it?

—Brigham Young

REDMOND WARD, NORTH SEVIER STAKE
Latter-day Saint girls and their leaders from the Redmond Ward who presented an impressive pageant before the mothers and daughters session of a recent quarterly conference of the North Sevier Stake.



Kate Smith's



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 Offer expires at Midnight, November 1, 1947



Fisher's BISKIT MIX

Full 2 lbs. in this new thrifty package!

"All Is Well . . ."

(Concluded from page 645)

ten-year-old child into the light of the unclouded moon, and putting her arms closely about him she asked, "Now, Tommy dear, speak up, tell me all thy business."

"Me father is not come into camp yet, Miss Maggie; and I do be worryin' about 'im."

The girl called to the leader, "Elder. Snow, Tommy says his father has not yet come into camp."

The man addressed gave instant attention, and he directed a small posse of men to go back and find the missing man.

Maggie was bent on accompanying the party, and her mother and two other women joined the group. They were very quiet and subdued as they trailed their way rapidly back. When they came upon their invalid companion, not very far from camp, his own simple gratitude and trust dispelled their forebodings, and they broke once more into song and story as they trudged back to camp.

The dance was over, however, when they returned, and most of the people had disappeared within the shelter of the sagging wagon covers.

Tommy was overjoyed to see his father coming back to camp, and he joked and made merry all the while his father ate sparingly of the small portion of milk and parched corn left for his share.

Afterwards the father held the drooping body of his son against him for some moments silently, and then, as the tired head fell against his shoulder in quick slumber, he roused the child and bade him go into the wagon to his sleep.

The child sleepily obeyed; but the father sat on the wagon tongue. He looked into the silent, brilliant heavens. Then his weak voice began softly the singing of the hymn they all loved so well. And as he sang, the English musician in the distant wagon whispered to himself, "The tone, the tone is very thin and strident; but ah, the soul! He has the soul of song. Could angels give it greater meaning?"

"As the song grew, the voice strengthened, and throbbed with hidden meaning:

Why should we mourn, or think our lot is hard?

'Tis not so; all is right!

Why should we think to earn a great reward,

If we now shun the fight?

Gird up your loins, fresh courage take.

Our God will never us forsake;

And soon we'll have this tale to tell—

All is well! All is well!

THE boy in the wagon stirred uneasily, as if memory were parted between times when that song had cheered the weary hour and when it had been sounded as the knell above his mother's lonely grave. But he was very tired; and his father sang on:

We'll find the place which God for us prepared,

Far away, in the West; . . .

The leader of the company stole out of the shadows, moved by the pathos of the gentle voice, and sat down on the wagon tongue by the singer. He was inwardly stirred by some swift and prophetic emotion. Surely the invalid had known a hard and lonely day, to be so moved upon tonight; the leader resolved to exercise a more careful oversight in the future over this lonely father and son.

The father paused a moment before he began the last verse; but the dusty, long, and weary day had locked the doors of slumber for Tommy's tired eyes, and the man began the last verse, singing it very softly:

And should we die before our journey's through,

Happy day! All is well!

We then are free from toil and sorrow too;

With the just we shall dwell.

But if our lives are spared again

To see the Saints their rest obtain,

O, how we'll make this chorus swell—

All is well! All is well!

And then, with the last floating notes the shadows of the night and sleep encompassed every weary soul.

* * *

They called loudly to arouse the overtired Tommy from his boyish sleep. And when Tommy roused and looked upon the white, still features of his father, and knew that he, too, was with God, the glory of the slightly parted lips, the peace in the softly-solemn features, hushed the frightened cry which came to his throat, and he threw himself upon that quiet breast, sobbing gently, "Oh, Daddy, Daddy, all is well with you—but, oh, Daddy—Daddy!"

The Worldwide Missionary

(Continued from page 653)

than the one effected during the recent war years when nearly thirty-two thousand magazines a month were sent to the men and women in the armed forces all over the world.

Dozens of testimonial letters have been received indicating an appreciation for this "lifeline" to the Church from these men and women when they were thousands of miles from home and generally in environments not conducive to living Church standards and ideals. Dog-eared copies read legion times have been instrumental in bringing the message of the restored gospel to many who had not known or heard of it before. Some of these casual readers have become earnest investigators of the truth and have joined the Church.

In one instance an *Era* was responsible for saving a soldier's life in Europe; a bullet was partially stopped by a folded copy which was in his tunic pocket directly over his heart.

TODAY, too, the magazine is being sent to the men and women of the armed forces at their stations of assignment. Though the subscription lists do not show a distribution to certain countries of the world, *The Improvement Era* is reaching some of their shores (i.e., Japan, China, Korea, etc.) through the subscriptions to the service men and women by their Army Post Office and Fleet Post Office addresses. In its five decades of missionary service to the Church, the *Era* has perhaps never had a greater responsibility in assisting to keep close to the Church those who are on the far fronts of the world than it does at the present time. Now that the tension of combat is over and considerable leisure time is at hand, their need for the inspired message of the leaders of the Church is more than apparent.

Wherever the missionaries of the Church have labored throughout the world since 1897, the Church magazine has been sent and has been a source of encouragement to them. In many instances also, the messages and articles have been translated into the language of the land by the missionaries bringing to the

(Concluded on page 672)

BOOKS AS ALWAYS, THE WARMLY ACCEPTED GIFT!

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Delightful, true, pioneer story of a doll and a little girl. Beautifully illustrated.

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Bright, cheerful songs and music to delight the hearts of children.

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MY PICTURE BOOK OF SONGS

Brilliantly, cleverly illustrated book of songs for children. Popular at home, church and school.

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A STORY TO TELL

Incomparable story book value. 138 world's best stories.

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FOR MEN:

DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, Vol. 1

1948 Melchizedek priesthood text book.

\$1.50

PROTESTORS OF CHRISTENDOM

New, scholarly approach to an important theme—the reason for the restoration.

\$2.00

OUR BOOK OF MORMON

A thoughtful, thorough appraisal of an all-important book.

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PRELUDE TO THE KINGDOM

Illuminating description of the "school masters." Latter-day Saint experiences with social helpfulness: Perpetual Emigration, United Order, Welfare.

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MAN DOES NOT STAND ALONE

An eminent scientist hears a faith-promoting testimony about God.

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THE GOSPEL PLAN

Direct, organized presentation of the Gospel.

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FOR BOYS:

BEN THE WAGON BOY

Virtile story of a boy's pioneering.

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A boy's dramatic experiences with soldiers and pioneers.

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The famous story told in the language and spirit of youth.

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Perennial best seller.

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True story of a woman's career as a pioneer. An authentic, dramatic tribute of respect to womankind.

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I BEND TO THE WIND

An epic of Mormon pioneering.

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Beautifully expressed ideas which exalt the common things of every day.

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THE WORLDWIDE MISSIONARY

(Concluded from page 671)

local Saints the inspiration and information of its pages.

During the past half century *The Improvement Era* has rendered unique and outstanding service to the Lord's work. Fearlessly and calmly it has denounced sin and evil; courageously it has crusaded the cause of truth and right living. From its more than forty-five thousand pages, many have received in-

spiration and encouragement; some have received consolation during dark hours; some have had the first spark of their conviction for the truth kindled; and others have had their testimonies strengthened. Surely it can be recorded that an ideal of its founder, President Heber J. Grant, is being achieved—that the sun should never set on *The Improvement Era's* powerful influence for good in its worldwide distribution.

THE MORMON POINT OF VIEW IN EDUCATION

(Continued from page 643)

that applies to all the Saints, as well as to the elders of the Church. Following is the passage:

And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom. Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand: Of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and kingdoms. . . . And as all have not faith, . . . seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study, and also by faith. (D. & C. 88:77-79, 118.)

I think I may safely challenge anyone to point out a broader field of knowledge than is here indicated. It includes all spiritual truth, all scientific truth, all secular knowledge—knowledge of the past, of the present, of the future, of the heavens, and of the earth. A knowledge of all countries, their geography, languages, history, customs, laws, and governments—everything in fact that pertains to them. There is nothing in the heights above or the depths below that is not included in this field of knowledge into which the commandment of God directs his servants to enter. I may claim for it that it includes the whole realm of man's intellectual activities. And the doctrine that whatever principles of intelligence man attains unto in this life will rise with him in the morning of the resurrection—this doctrine that nothing acquired in

respect to knowledge is ever lost, must forever form the most powerful incentive to intellectual effort that possibly can be conjured up by the wit of man. So that, referring to the acquirement of knowledge, and intellectual development, Mormonism at once both indicates the broadest field and furnishes the grandest incentive to intellectual effort.

IN respect of physical development or education, we may also say that Mormonism affords the strongest incentives to its highest attainment. Teaching as it does that the body is to be the eternal tabernacle of the spirit of man; that the identical body through which the spirit has manifested itself in this life shall be raised from the dead and again be inhabited by the spirit; teaching, in fact, that the spirit and the body are the soul of man, and that the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul, it cannot but follow that where such views are held in respect to the resurrection of the body and its eternal reunion with the spirit, the most lively interest will be felt for its development or education, and for its proper preservation. In pursuance of this, God has given a revelation commonly known among us as the Word of Wisdom, that has for its direct object the preservation of the body from those ill effects which follow from the use of tobacco, wine, strong drinks, and the excessive use of meats; and gives us the unbounded assurance that if in addition to keeping the commandments of God we also observe this word of counsel or wisdom, then the body will perform to the uttermost that

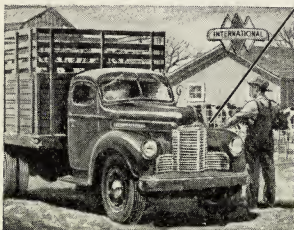
(Concluded on page 674)

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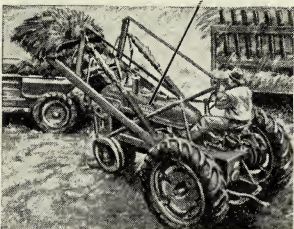
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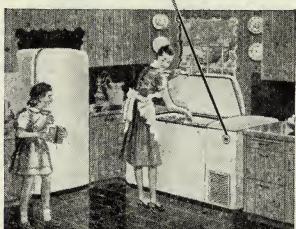
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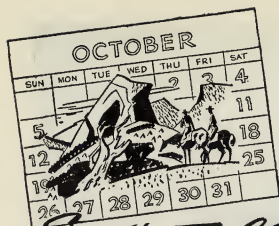
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THE MORMON POINT OF VIEW IN EDUCATION

(Concluded from page 672)

functions assigned to it. Those who fulfill these conditions, we are told, "shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint"; (D. & C. 89:20) and further, "the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them." (*Ibid.*, 20.) Nor is this all; but the mind reveling in the delight of union with a tabernacle so preserved shall, in responsive sympathy, will "find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures." (*Ibid.*, 19.) That means, as I view it, not the mass of knowledge that others have learned and written in books or that lives in traditions, but it means access to the greater mass of knowledge not yet made known to man, but waiting to be revealed for the increased blessing of our race.

And now at this point I think I am prepared to say what perhaps at first I could not have said, that while undoubtedly one of the distinctive features in the Mormon point of view in education is to regard the spiritual, including the

moral, education of man as of first importance—emphasizing that—yet another, a broader distinctive characteristic, and one that includes the first one pointed out and perhaps all others, is that in the Mormon point of view, in education, intellectual and physical alike, should be sanctified by being overshadowed by the spiritual. That is, both mental and physical education should have a dash of spiritualization in them. All educational effort should be undertaken and pursued with reference to their effect upon man, not as a being whose existence terminates with the grave, but who is to live forever and who may, if he will, become a conjoint heir with Jesus Christ to all the thrones, principalities, powers, and dominions that the Father hath. This, as I view it, is the Mormon point of view in education—it has regard not only to the preparation of man for the duties and responsibilities of the moment of time he lives in this world, but aims to prepare him for eternal life in the mansions and companionship of the Gods.

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Continued from page 666)

stake presidency, and the chairman of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee is the member of the stake presidency upon whom is placed the obligation of insuring that the Melchizedek Priesthood in the stake functions in accordance with instructions issued by the general priesthood committee of the Council of the Twelve. It is his business to take whatever steps he deems necessary in order to accomplish efficiently and promptly the duties devolving upon him.

Let's make this quarter a one hundred percent quarter for accurate and timely reports. Remember the deadline—October 15.

No-Liquor-Tobacco

(Continued from page 667)

during their ten years is nothing less than a tragedy. . . . Tobacco does more damage to the race through mothers than through fathers. Nicotine is one of the few substances that passes through the placenta to the fetus. . . . Nicotine passes to the infant in its mother's milk.—*Good Health* magazine.

No one can be at his best if he uses tobacco any more than the boxer, the runner, or the ball player can.—*Dr. Frank Leighton Wood*.

My dear freshmen, I want you to remember that tobacco in any form destroys the brain, and you have none to spare.—*President Charles W. Eliot, Harvard University*.

(Concluded on page 676)

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NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO

(Concluded from page 674)

ALCOHOL:

Alcohol is a poison inherently, absolutely, essentially; in a drop or a gallon, in all quantities, and in every quantity, it is a poison. Plainly the quantity cannot effect its chemical constitution.—*Journal, American Medical Association.*

Alcohol is the blood of the gambler, the inspiration of the burglar, the stimulus of the highway man. It suggests the lie and countenances the liar, condones the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, turns love to hate, scorns virtue and innocence.

Alcohol suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and poisons felicity, destroys peace and ruins morals, wipes out national honor, curses the world, and laughs at the ruin it has wrought. It does that and more. It murders the soul; it is the father of crime, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Drink brings cruelty into the home; it walks arm in arm with poverty; its companions are disease and plague; it puts chastity to flight; it knows neither honor nor fair dealing; it is a total stranger to truth; it drowns conscience; it is the body-guard of evil; it curses all who touch it.

Drink has brought more woe and misery, broken more hearts, wrecked more homes, committed more crimes, filled more coffins than all the wars the world has suffered.—*First Presidency, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.*

DISCUSSION:

In the light of the foregoing is it not perfectly clear that liquor and tobacco "are not good for man"?—a truth that the Church has taught for 114 years, a teaching based upon the divinely inspired Word of Wisdom.

And yet an estimated fifty million Americans are drinking more or less regularly, about three million of whom drink excessively and have acquired the disease of alcoholism, "the most painful disease known to man." According to estimates there are in the country about a half million sufferers from tuberculosis, only one-sixth of the number of alcoholics. Still public

health agencies are much concerned about tuberculosis. The problem of alcoholism is, therefore, a major problem in the United States. How can it be solved? By total abstinence, as every reader of this column knows. (See this column in the September IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

Now why do people begin to drink in view of the fact that one of every sixteen—six percent—will become an alcoholic and then suffer from "the most painful disease known to man"? There are many phases of this question and therefore many answers. One answer is that the liquor business is big business—it is financially powerful and reaches into practically every town, city, and county in the United States. Also, it reaches into the vast majority of business offices of newspapers, magazines, radio stations, and other publicity agencies in the country. More than one hundred million dollars were spent for advertising in 1946 (figures for 1947 may exceed this huge sum), and, according to the United States Department of Commerce, nearly nine billion dollars were paid during the year for alcoholic beverages. Drink promotion schemes are skilfully and ably made to educate the public to believe that social drinking is smart and helpful to attainment of popularity and success. Special efforts are successfully made to popularize cocktail and liquor drinking by society and socially ambitious women. Attractive appeals are made to young men and women in their later teens and early twenties.

Public sentiment is tolerant of smoking and drinking, even though these indulgences are harmful and demoralizing. So what can advocates of total abstinence do? One answer is, arouse and by all feasible means carry on a campaign to educate the public to accept the values of total abstinence; to urge and support civil officers in their efforts to enforce the law relative to tobacco, liquor, and morality (this term used in its comprehensive sense), thus purifying the environment; to restrict hours of liquor sales; to reduce the number of outlets for these sales; to eliminate liquor ads; and to show sincerity by totally abstaining themselves.

THESE TIMES

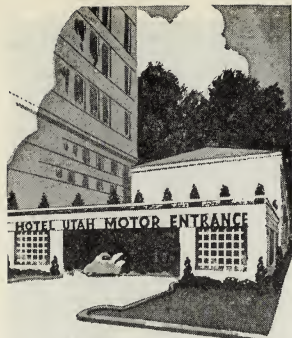
(Concluded from page 634)

men's minds and hearts, as well as institutions, must be prepared for world law and order. And it is apparent that men's minds and hearts will require as much growth and adjustment towards a higher order as is required of nation-

al sovereignty. Perhaps both may be accomplished.

THE program and doctrine of federalism on a world scale is one of the most interesting and significant developments of these times.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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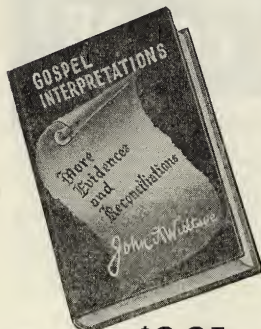
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Hole in the Rock

(Continued from page 652)
that what he was tied to the back of the wagon for?"

Stanford's jaw dropped as her words sank in. He shook his head in angry denial. "No man with sense in his head would let a woman do a thing like that!" he cried.

But Arabella was dauntless. "What else is there to do?" she countered.

"But the children, Arabella!"

"The children must stay here. We'll come back for them."

"And—if we don't?"

"We'll come back," Arabella said.

With elaborate care she set three-year-old LeRoy on a bare rock a few rods back from the crack; she spread his short little legs apart and told him to sit there because she was going to let him hold baby George. Next she took the baby from the wagon seat and told six-year-old Ada to come and sit in front of him and LeRoy. She kissed each one. Stanford watched her every move, scanning the desert for any sign of a slinking foe, every crack for a hidden danger. Sweat stood cold over his body. Arabella tucked the blankets around the three children, carefully, as one performs a ritual. "Don't move, my dears," she said slowly. "Don't even stand up until your father comes back for you. Do you understand? LeRoy, you're papa's big man; you must mind the baby."

Wide-eyed, small lips held bravely, Ada asked, "Do we stay here all alone?"

Stanford assured her with a smile that, somehow, he made convincing.

"Will you come back?" she asked. Stanford nodded surely. "Then I'm not scared," she said. "We'll stay here with God while you and Mama get the wagon down."

Arabella locked LeRoy's arms around the baby and told him to hold tight; he stared in proud wonder. Ada looked as if she wanted to run away and cry; instead, she put the problem squarely up to God. "Father in heaven," she prayed, "bless me and LeRoy and the baby till our father comes back. Amen."

While Ada's eyes were tight shut, Arabella and Stanford Smith sent up their own petitions.

STANFORD began checking the wagon and harnesses. From the looks

Hole in the Rock

of Arabella she needed something to keep her mind off the children. "Test your lines, Belle," he cried. "Put all the weight you've got on 'em. Bet you couldn't pull the legs off a flea!"

Arabella took old Nig's lines and wrapped them twice around her slim, boyish hands. Stanford climbed to his seat in the wagon. "We're darn fools, Belle," he shouted, tightening the brake to its last notch, "but, here goes! Hold tight to your lines!"

"I will!" Arabella managed to smile to the children.

"Don't be afraid, Mamma," Ada called, waving her small, pudgy, little hand. Arabella choked, but she did not waver. "We'll be right back, darling," she promised, "right back."

Stanford stiffened his legs against the dashboard. "Here we go," he warned, and down they went. The first lurch nearly tore the lines from Arabella's hands. She tensed her muscles and dug her heels into the chiseled rock steps, trying to hold her balance. Nig took to his heavy haunches. Holding back on the lines with desperate strength, Arabella tore after him and the flying wagon. Every lurch seemed to tear a new muscle loose from her limbs. Nig rolled to his side and screamed with fear. It was a blood-congealing sound. Arabella thought he was dead, but she didn't care. A dead weight was heavier than a live one. Her foot jammed between two large rocks. She kicked it free, but the effort broke her balance and sent her flying after the prostrate horse. Sand and rock tore after her; dust blinded her. A stinging, fire-hot, pain gouged her from hip to heel. She gritted her teeth. The wagon struck a boulder, bounced over it and screeched to a stop with the team wedged under the tongue. The impact jerked Arabella to her feet, then, swaying with blindness, she pitched forward into the endgate, and the next minute was hurled against the cliff.

STANFORD leaped to the ground, threw the tugs loose to free the team, and then whirled toward Arabella. There, the most gallant thing he had ever seen, eyes flashing, teeth gritted against her lips, she stood, white as salt against the red

(Continued on page 680)

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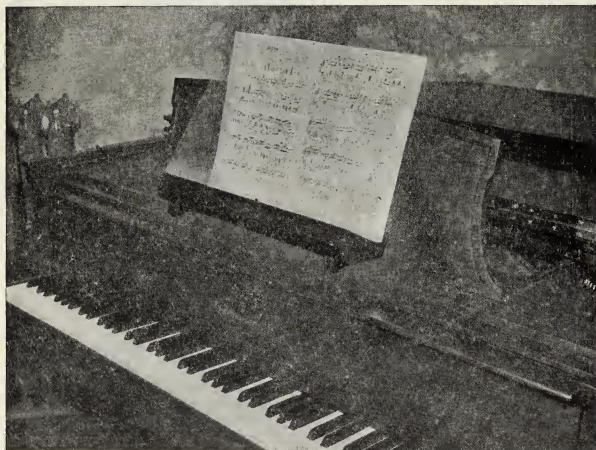
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Hole in the Rock

(Continued from page 679)

cliffs. Defiance waved from her like a flag, as smeared with blood and dirt, she dared him to sympathize. Stanford wanted to clutch her to him and push the tangled hair from her face, but more than that, he wanted her to stand alone, equal to the thing they had done together.

He let his heart slake a bit, and staged a grin. "How—how'd you make it, Belle?" he drawled.

"Oh, I crow-hopped right along!" she cried.

Stanford was helpless. Her throat was pulsing like a boiling spring, yet she could talk like that! What could he say? What could he do? He couldn't just stand and look—no man could!

With an effort he walked away. He prodded the apparently lifeless horse, then rested his foot on the sprawled thigh. It quivered slightly, and old Nig tried to raise his head, but decided against the effort. Because he didn't know what else to do, Stanford looked back up the long, black crack. There on the rocks a hundred feet above him dangled a piece of white cloth. He seized on it as an excuse to talk. "Looks like you lost your pocket handkerchief," he said, and choked on the laugh he tried to force between his stiff lips.

"Handkerchief, my eye!" Arabella's voice was shrill as it went echoing up and down the crack.

Stanford whirled toward her and saw the lines drawn from her hands. "What in Tom Walker is it?" He was hoarse with repression.

"Old Nig drug me, Stanford—all the way down!" she sobbed.

Stanford's eyes went swiftly over her body. A slow trickle of blood was running down her leg and into her torn shoe, staining the rocks a deeper red. Her teeth were beginning to chatter.

"You're hurt," he cried. "Hurt, and we are alone!" He looked at her in helpless agony. Their aloneness was emphasized by the narrow silence of the crack.

"Is—is your leg broke?" he faltered, reaching for her.

"Does that feel like a leg that's broke!" she screamed, and kicked his shin with all the fury her slim young body could unleash.

Stanford fought his own hysteria.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

HOLE IN THE ROCK

If her chin hadn't quivered, he'd have shaken the daylight out of her! But suddenly he grinned, knowing by her temper that she was all right. "If I had to take many cracks like that, I'd wish it was broke," he said, then grabbed her to him. Laughing, shaking, weeping with relief, they clung together.

"Stanford! the children!" Arabella was aghast at their forgetfulness.

Stanford lifted her to the bed in the wagon, found their primitive remedy kit and dabbed at the long gash that had slit her flesh from hip to heel. "Oh, my darling," he said tenderly, "will you be all right?"

"Of course, Stanford! Just you leave me here in bed. I'll fix myself up. You get back up that crack for the children!"

"I'll hurry," Stanford gave Arabella a last reassuring smile. "And, thank goodness, old Nig is coming around. He's almost minus a hide, but otherwise looks all right, the old possum! Keep quiet, Arabella. It's a miracle that there is no heavy bleeding from your cut. I'll get back as soon as I can."

STANFORD started back up the crack. He climbed too fast and his head began to swim. He took a sharp breath that oozed out of him as he sized up the crevice ahead. He'd driven a loaded wagon down that! Dragging his wife behind him like a log, bruised her flesh, tearing it against the rocks. Arabella, gamely saying she had crow-hopped right along! While her blood was staining the rocks, he had sat safe and high in the wagon! He struck the rocks with his fists. Then, while tears streaked his gaunt, square jaw, he lifted his hat in the only tribute he knew how to pay.

"Papa!" The faint little call came from far up the crack, galvanizing him to action again.

"Papa's coming, Ada," he called. His voice, thunderous in his own ears, was nothing but a faint rumble by the time it reached the top. He took the stair-step ledge two steps at a time, calling to the children over and over again. As he neared the top, he was forced to his hands and knees from lack of breath, and there was such a roar-

(Continued on page 682)

MOTHER, MOTHER, I'VE
BEEN THINKING WHAT
I SAW YOU DO
TODAY, YOU
MADE BISCUITS
OH, SO, TASTY!
TELL ME HOW
TO BAKE THAT
WAY.

BAKE THE
CLABBER GIRL
WAY, MY DEAR,
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HOLE IN THE ROCK

(Continued from page 681)

ing in his ears that he could no longer hear his own voice. He slipped, and, before he could catch himself, he had slid twenty feet down the rocks. When he tried climbing again, it was with deliberate care, testing the path for loose rock until he was at the top.

Seeing him emerge on hands and

knees, Ada said gleefully, "Ho, ho, Papa, you look like the monkey in Mamma's storybook!"

LeRoy, still holding the baby in a tight little grip, awoke from a doze.

"The baby's gonned to sleep," he said. "And I 'bout broke my neck, I bobbed so hard."

Stanford brushed his sleeve across his blurred eyes and took the baby tenderly in his arms. He gripped LeRoy's cold little hand and lifted him to his feet. He looked solemnly out over the Escalante desert for the last time. And then, with Ada clinging to his pockets, they went down to Arabella.

(To be continued)

THE CENTENNIAL TREK

(Continued from page 647)
down for the parade through Grand Island.

We were shown a copy of the Grand Island Independent, which, in addition to a generous news coverage of the trek, carried a large printed welcome sign, almost a full page in size. The caravan was led into the city by a special queen for the day, astride a beautiful horse which had the color of polished maple and a white mane. We later learned that the queen was Mrs. Opal Eldredge, Mormon girl from near-by Alta, Nebraska.

The clouds parted for the sunlight as our program began in the flag-festooned city park, where there was a local radio broadcast along with free orange, chocolate, and milk drinks for the trekkers. Someone said, as we left town, that Mayor B. J. Cunningham of Grand Island personally had led out in

making arrangements for the regal welcome accorded us.

THAT night we formed our circle in a field of tall wild rye near the Lincoln County fairgrounds (North Platte, Nebraska), where the program was presented before a grandstand packed with 4,000 people. Our program was late in getting started, but the crowd was entertained with community singing voluntarily led by Eilene Webb Clark, one of a number of Utahns following the trek by train.

A replica of the pioneer odometer was presented to Mayor George B. Dent, Jr., of North Platte. He explained that the program was being held on the site of the old ranch of Buffalo Bill (W. T. Cody). We recalled that Cody had been a friend to the Mormons. He had once waived irrigation rights in Wyoming to our people. North

Platte's *Telegraph-Bulletin* described the evening as "inspirational."

Scores of cameras, from small "Brownies" to modern movie machines, continued to click along the highway as the caravan rolled westward. There was a noon pause at Bridgeport, and then we moved into Gering, where nearly 40,000 people—far more than the population of the town—witnessed the motorcade. They had gathered for Gering's traditional Oregon Trail parade, which officials had transferred from morning until afternoon so as to link it with our appearance.

From Gering we crossed the meandering Platte River, which we, like the pioneers, had been paralleling almost since Winter Quarters. Then we were in Scottsbluff. There, after crossing a meadow on the city's outskirts, our company paused beside the railroad track to pay trib-



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The Centennial Trek

ute to a noble pioneer mother, Rebecca Winters. Her grave, marked by a discarded wagon tire, had been discovered by a topographer in surveying for a railroad bed. The course of the track had been altered to miss the grave. Nora Player Richardson, one of the three trek women, paid eloquent homage to her in spoken word. Another trekker, Ruth Fox Clawson Shields, similarly gave tribute to a living pioneer mother, Ruth May Fox, her ninety-three-year-old grandmother.

The circle that night was formed almost in the shadows of shells of what were once buildings at historic Fort Laramie. It had been established thirteen years before Brigham Young first visited the Fort, and in 1847 was a bustling trading center where Sioux Indians brought buffalo skins by the thousands to be waggoned away to eastern markets.

THE Torrington, Wyoming, Chamber of Commerce had a surprise for us at this program. They presented the Sons of Utah Pioneers with a five dollar note of The Kirtland Safety Society Bank, dated February 10, 1837, and signed by the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon.

Wyoming's Game and Fish Commissioner, Lester Bagley, became our guide as we left Fort Laramie the following morning. He led us over a winding, rutted road to about a quarter of a mile from a place in the hillside where we beheld a chute-like passage. About six feet deep, it had been cut through the rock-like earth by pioneer wagon wheels.

As Elder Spencer W. Kimball and I rode through the streets of Casper, Wyoming, with Mayor H. W. Noyes, he commented: "You know, Casper has a population of 30,000 and 29,999 of them are lining the streets right now. In all my years in this city, this is the biggest thing that has happened to us."

We paused for a program at old Fort Casper, just out of town. As we were about to begin in front of the log huts, replicas of the original fort buildings erected in 1857, we were surprised—by "Indians." A local riding club, its members painted and feathered, reined their horses around our group amid

(Continued on page 684)



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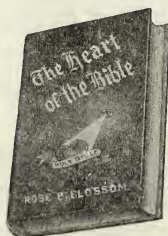
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THE CENTENNIAL TREK

(Continued from page 683)
whoops and shooting arrows. One of them harmlessly struck a trekker—Lorenzo H. Hatch.

We were beginning to worry about our caravan tops as we said farewell to Casper. Wind-whipped tears were beginning to show in many of them.

As we approached Independence Rock, it appeared to us like a huge whale, lying in a sea of sagebrush. Upon reaching the campsite we found a truck with a large tank of water. It had been hauled on the scene for us under the direction of H. A. McFarland of Casper, a member of the Church.

Among the people waiting for us at Independence Rock were Charles Washakie, his wife and granddaughter, from the near-by Shoshone Indian Reservation. He was the son of Chief Washakie, a great friend of the Mormon pioneers. Charles Washakie looked every inch an Indian, even to his black braids hanging down toward his broad shoulders. He was dressed like a country gentleman, with a tall hat. He appeared to be about seventy, and was rather quiet. His keen-witted wife, wearing ankle-high moccasins beaded with a floral design of red, green, and white, spoke beautiful English. She explained that her granddaughter, a shy girl of about twelve, was a direct descendant of Sacajawea, guide to the Lewis and Clark expedition. Charles Washakie smiled gratefully that night as we fastened an honorary Sons of Utah Pioneers membership pin on his coat and put a silver ring on his finger. The ring had been designed by one of the trekkers, Edward B. Perkins of Los Angeles.

From Independence Rock we rolled toward Martin's Cove marker. There, beside the highway, we paused for Sunday School. Martin's Cove itself, against the mountain about two miles distant, had been the scene of the Edward Martin Handcart Company tragedy in 1856.

We proceeded along the highway until noon, and then turned off onto a dirt road which was to take us to another handcart story spot, Rock Creek. It was there that thirteen members of the James G. Willey

company were buried one frigid night.

Occasionally we caught sight of the original ruts of the Mormon Pioneer Trail. Our guide, Lester Bagley, told us that in this area the first company indulged in a June snowball fight. The white and gray-brown antelope often streaked through the sage, and there were also cottontails and large fat sage hens.

We reached Rock Creek at sundown. Then we began anxiously to count the cars as they tugged into camp, as one would count miners emerging from a disaster-struck shaft.

After about fifty of the seventy-two cars had arrived, five of us set out in Brother Bagley's car to seek the remaining ones. We found that one car had lost its entire wagon box and top. Another had broken a spring. All cars, except one from Los Angeles, were accounted for. We retraced about eighteen miles of the rocky trail, and scoured the remaining distance to the crossing of the Sweetwater River with field glasses. Not a sign of Raymond L. Kirkham's Los Angeles car could be found. We retired that night somewhat concerned about the Kirkhams (Raymond and his brother Thomas F. of Lehi, Utah.) (We found the Kirkhams next day. They had retraced the route to the highway and taken another road.)

Wagon tops were removed for mending at Rock Creek on Monday morning. Much of the sewing on our car's canvas was done by James C. Jones, a Cedar City, Utah, building contractor who had completed his own repairs.

LEAVING the V-shaped meadow called Rock Creek, the motorcade passed through Atlantic City and Farson. We had been scaling the Continental Divide, in the vicinity where Brigham Young had met several scouts, such as Major Moses Harris and Jim Bridger, who gave gloomy reports about the Great Basin. Following a program pause at Rock Springs, we entered Green River, a railroad town. Its engines roared a throaty, deafening welcome, and then Primary children lining the street near the meeting-house sang "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

The Centennial Trek

There were familiar faces from home among those lining the road-sides as we dipped into the Fort. But they were not cheering or shouting. A reverent mood—almost silence—was there.

After our circle had been formed in Fort Bridger's deep grass, we were greeted by President David O. McKay of the First Presidency and chairman of Utah's Centennial commission, and Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve. There was also a mammoth truck loaded with watermelons—a surprise treat for trekkers provided by Howard J. McKean, Sterling H. Nelson, and Joseph H. Lym of Salt Lake City.

Our final encampment program was presented at Fort Bridger. As the dramatization, depicting President Young's prayerful resolution to go to the valley despite discouragements from mountaineers, reached a climax, there was a down-pour of rain. But the crowd remained.

OUR car would not start Tuesday morning, the day we were to enter Salt Lake Valley. Several trekkers gave us a push, the engine growled into motion, and we started toward the end of the trail.

We did not go far, however. Our gears were locked. We pulled out of line, motioned the caravan to continue, and we steered into a Fort Bridger service garage. The attendant pounded at the gear. But to no avail. Hopes of reaching Salt Lake City with the procession began to blur.

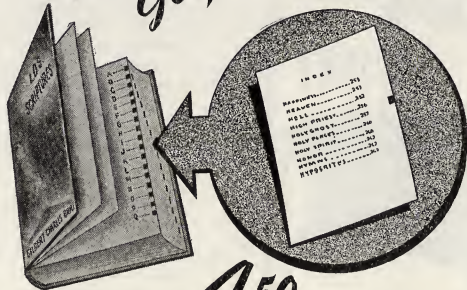
The attendant was accommodating, though. "I'll call our head mechanic on the phone, and see if he can come."

He did. About a half hour after the last car had left us, our gears had been fixed. We raced on toward Evanston, Wyoming. There we caught the others as they were fueling.

Nearing Henefer, Utah, we saw a man dressed in a Scouter's uniform standing beside the road and waving a greeting. He was President George Albert Smith. President Smith stood beside the car of Governor Herbert B. Maw of Utah, which then led us into Henefer, whose streets were lined with a cheering holiday throng.

(Concluded on page 686)

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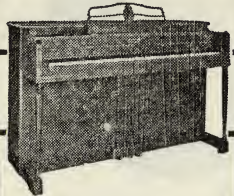
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THE CENTENNIAL TREK

(Concluded from page 685)

Near Kimball's Junction in Parley's Canyon, we paused for about an hour. Beside the road, a stick-pulling tournament was conducted among trekkers. A stick-pulling contest places two men on the ground in sitting position and facing each other, with shoe soles together. Then the two contestants grip with their hands a stick placed between them. As they pull, the loser is he who loses his grip or is pulled from the ground. Stick-pulling was a favorite Mormon pioneer sport. Our dependable automobile mechanic, Golden E. Webb, was acclaimed champion.

We had left our car motor running. The battery was still dead.

WINDING down through Emigration Canyon, our caravan reached "This Is the Place" monument in midafternoon.

Then we proceeded downward into the valley. Its panorama of tall buildings, its lawn-pedestaled homes, and its broad splashes of green trees seemed different today.

We noticed faces of a number of neighbors amid the throngs lining the streets from the monument to Sugar House, where an impressive service was conducted, including talks by President Smith and Governor Maw. The Sugar House Chamber of Commerce presented

each trekker a gold-plated souvenir medal.

We soon reached the Brigham Young monument! All members of the First Presidency, other General Authorities, and state and city officials sat on chairs arranged at the feet of the bronze portrayal of President Brigham Young.

Every trek car drove past the monument, cow bells ringing and white canvas moving triumphantly through a sea of hats.

Our hearts were light, all right. But more than that, they were grateful. They were thankful for a safe deliverance across the plains. We felt that he who had guided the first company of pioneers to the valley a hundred years ago had been with us. There had been no mishaps to our personnel. The warm greeting of Mayor Earl J. Glade was the last of a long strand of tributes from every mayor who met us along the route. Where a persecuted people had trod a hundred years ago, their descendants had been hailed, not for what they had done, but for the deeds of those who had been persecuted.

Indeed, we the Centennial trekkers, with all mankind, could well ponder the words of the poet who said: "The lesson of life is to believe what the years and the centuries say as against the hours."

THE IDEALS OF TRUE WOMANHOOD

(Continued from page 641)

need in the American home today is more religion. Parents should make it obvious, both by their actions and their conversation, that they are seriously interested, if not in outward forms, in the fruits of religion. The example of parents should emphasize the need of honesty in our dealings with our family, our neighbors, and all with whom we come in contact—kindness to our employees, fair play to our employers, a good measure to our customers. Talk about these intangibles should become common practice in our homes and offices if we want to succeed in solving family difficulties.

The ideals of true womanhood may sometimes seem as old-fashioned as that old piece of homespun cloth, but they are as unchanging and everlasting as the soul itself.

Modern indulgences and pleasures that lead girlhood away from these fundamental principles of happiness are shallow and shoddy, deceiving in their promises and ultimately disappointing.

THE highest ideal for our young girls today, as for our mothers who crossed the plains, is love as it may be expressed in marriage and homebuilding, and this virtue in which love finds true expression is based upon the spiritual and not the physical side of our being. If marriage and homebuilding be based upon physical attraction alone, girls, your love will sooner or later become famished and home life a heavy, disheartening existence.

This truth is emphasized by the following quotations taken from "Our Home":

The Ideals of True Womanhood

Spiritual love lives by its own right, but the physical lives only by the lease of the spiritual. They can live together only on one changeless and eternal condition and that condition is the supremacy of the spiritual over the physical. . . . Let woman remember that this doctrine appeals to her with doubled force. It is through you, O woman, that the world must heed it. Whatever other wrongs you may submit to, whatever rights may be denied you in the social world, remember that in this matter you should proclaim yourself the sovereign ruler. Your voice may be silenced in the roaring mart, you may be pushed aside by the mad crowd, but behind the silken folds that hide the sanctity of wedded joy you are the sovereign divinely ordained. By the necessities and consistencies of your being, by every argument from the exhaustless realm of natural history, by every law of nature and of God, you bear the badge of rightful sovereignty.

* * * *

The cords of love must be strong as death
Which hold and keep a heart,
No daisy chains, that snap in the breeze,
Or break with their weight apart;
For the pretty colors of youth's fair morn
Fade out from the noonday sky,
And blushing love in the roses born
Alas! with the roses die!

But the love, that when youth's morn is past,
Still sweet and true survives,
Is the faith we need to lean upon
In the crises of our lives;
The love that shines in the eyes grown dim,
In the voice that trembles, speaks;
And sees the roses that years ago
Withered and died in our cheeks;

That sheds a halo around us still,
Of soft immortal light,
When we change youth's golden coronal
For a crown of silver white;
A love for sickness and for health,
For rapture and for tears;
That will live for us, and bear with us
Through all our mortal years.

And such there is, there are lovers here,
On the brink of the grave that stand,
Who shall cross to the hills beyond, and
walk
Forever hand in hand!
Pray, youth and maid, that your end be
theirs
Who are joined no more to part;
For death comes not to the living soul,
Nor age to the loving heart!"

Mothers and daughters, where can be found a group made up of more precious persons, the epitome of all that is beautiful, the personification of all that is good. With all my heart I say, God bless you, and I pray that he may do so, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 567)

radio—are factors in progress only if used properly. True progress comes from within the man.

It is a wholesome exercise to test oneself, at regular times with these and other divine tests of progress. It gives courage to go on.

The frequent question, "Are we better than in the past?" really means "Have we progressed since the past?" The answer is not easily found, since it lies in the heart and actions of each individual man. Moreover "comparisons are odious," because so many things involved can not be clearly seen.

However, in the light of history, and using the preceding standards, the answer for the Church as a whole can only be "yes." The last century has been one of progress, true progress for the members of the Church.

The pioneers, in their acceptance of the principles of faith, hope, charity, love, were superb. They cannot be exceeded for they reached the heights. We of today can only claim to have secured additional evidence for the defense of these cornerstones of progress.

Likewise, all available information indicates that the Church has

progressed also in every derivative principle of progress. The standards of correct living have been raised higher and higher, for all to see. Patiently, humbly, but diligently, the Latter-day Saints over the years have held virtue in prime regard; have sought knowledge until educationally they lead the world; have spent their substance in teaching the gospel to all men; and have ever tried to bring their actions under the law of the Lord. Added to this, and as a result have come remarkable material gains, in the face of unfavorable conditions. Confirmatory statistics may not be available, but those who have observed the Church through the years, have, despite the many apparent errors, the residual conviction that the Church has been and is in a wholesome state of progress. We are "better" than we were.

Our problem is, the unending one, to keep in the path of progress, as stated by Brigham Young:

"The principle of increase, of exaltation, of adding to that we already possess, is the grand moving principle and cause of the actions of the children of men."—J. A. W.

*Discourses of Brigham Young, p. 87

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Continued from page 639)

ical body is insignificant compared to the destruction of the soul.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is to preserve souls, of which the body is the tabernacle, for eternal happiness. How foolish we are if we give way to the habits and customs of the world! Statistics have been given to you of those things that our Heavenly Father in his kindness and love a hundred years ago warned against: "In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation. . . ." (D. & C. 89: 4.)

And what does it teach us? What we should eat and drink to build our bodies, what we should not use if we do not want to destroy our bodies, thus destroying our prospect of eternal happiness in the Celestial Kingdom. Why, we have had that doctrine a hundred years. Surely there

ought to be some evidence of the benefits of it.

Notwithstanding, many of our boys and girls are not observing the rules that the Lord laid down for happiness. I am talking now to some of the older boys and girls, too, who are grandfathers and grandmothers. How many of them are failing? I hope not many, but I am sure we know of some. The purpose of the gospel of Jesus Christ is to prepare us to understand the beauty of life as the Lord has indicated it should be lived, by telling us how we may avoid the things that are destroying the world. America today is losing ground because her people refuse to keep the commandments of God. People in the world, millions of people in the United States of America, refuse to honor the Sabbath day to keep it holy; refuse to be virtuous; refuse to love one another as families, as fathers and mothers and parents and children; refuse to be

The Editor's Page

honorable in their dealings; and there is so much violation that today it would seem there is not very much hope for improvement because there are so many that have gone on the back track.

I have had the companionship of the best boys and girls and the best men and women that could be found in the world while I have been a member of the Mutual Improvement Association. I did not have to go somewhere else to find good companions. I could find them in this organization and in the Sunday School and in the other organizations the Lord has given to the Church. He has given us everything. The tabernacle is only a small part of it; the organ is only a small part of it. Think of the opportunities that are ours for education, refinement, and culture.

I would like to illustrate, if I may, by an expression again from my grandfather. You will think I am proud of my grandfather because I quote him every once in a while. He gave me his name, and I have been having a job all my life to keep it where he would have it. I can tell you that. Grandfather, in talking to his family, once said: "There is a line of demarcation well defined between the Lord's territory and the devil's territory." He said, "If you will stay on the Lord's side of the line, the devil cannot cross that line, and you are perfectly safe. You cannot have any serious difficulties if you will stay on the Lord's side of the line. But," he added, "if you go on the other side of the line, on the devil's side, one inch, you are in his territory, and you are in his power, and he will work to get you just as far from that line as he possibly can."

Now, what did he mean? I think I ought to give you the interpretation. If you honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy, you are on the Lord's side of the line. If you do not, you are on the devil's side of the line. If you are immoral, you are living in the devil's territory, and you are in his power. If you observe the Word of Wisdom given by our Heavenly Father, you are on the Lord's side of the line. On that side of the line you cannot drink the things that destroy; you cannot use the drugs that destroy, because the

(Continued on page 690)



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The Editor's Page

(Continued from page 689)

minute you start to use them you have crossed the line into the devil's territory.

And so I might go on and say all that our Heavenly Father desires us to enjoy means happiness, is on his side of the line; and all that is happiness worthy of the name is on the Lord's side of the line; and unhappiness and sorrow on this earth and eternal disappointment are on the devil's side of the line. Mutual Improvement Association work is intended to keep us on the Lord's side of the line. It is intended to encourage us to stay on that side of the line.

Every once in a while we hear somebody say, "Oh, I wouldn't be so particular. The Lord is not going to be very severe with us if we just go part way." The one who is talking that way is already on the devil's side of the line, and you do not want to listen to him because if you do, you may be misled. Nobody talks that way who has the Spirit of the Lord. The Lord himself has said that we must keep his commandments: "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated." (D. & C. 130:20.) The gospel of Jesus Christ is to teach us how to earn that blessing. Mutual Improvement is to teach us how to earn the happiness that goes with the blessing of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I would like all of us to interrogate ourselves. Let this man ask, "Are you ready if the call came tonight to go into the Celestial Kingdom?" If not, then right now, without any more delay, he had better begin to make preparation. And if we have been slipping anywhere along the line, let us make our adjustments while there is yet time.

The people in the M.I.A. ought to be the sweetest, the kindest, the most lovable, the most helpful, the most generous, the most honest, the purest in life that can be found anywhere in all the world. That is what this work is intended to do for us. And I believe there are many of those who are here tonight, the majority of them, who are trying day by day to measure up.

I have been in your homes and associated with you in my travels. I want to thank you for the blessing that you bring me, for the example

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The Editor's Page

that you have set in my presence and the encouragement I have had from you. I need that encouragement, and now I pray that we examine ourselves and find out which side of the line we are on; and if we are on the Lord's side, stay there, because that means eternal happiness in the companionship of the best men and women that have lived upon the earth.

If we have slipped in any way, if we have been careless; if we have listened to the tempter and gone across the line to partake of those things that the world thinks are so desirable and the Lord has said are not good for us, let us as quickly as possible get back on the other side, ask the Lord to forgive us our foolishness, and then with his help go on living the life that means eternal happiness.

Let us do everything we can to influence our friends, our neighbors, our own loved ones to keep all the commandments of God because in that way only can we enjoy the happiness that it is possible to enjoy throughout the ages of eternity.

God bless you, my brethren and sisters. He has blessed you, and he will bless you, and I pray that his peace and his love may be in your hearts and in your homes because of your righteous lives, that your example may be as a leaven in the communities in which you live, that will leaven the whole loaf and prepare us to be what our Heavenly Father desires us to be as the Church of Jesus Christ, the kingdom of God, the Celestial Kingdom, and I pray that it may be so, and as I have power to bless you, I bless you that you will resist temptation and live to be worthy of what our Father in heaven desires every one of us to enjoy, eternal happiness in the Celestial Kingdom, and I pray that our Heavenly Father will fulfil that blessing, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



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47 YOUR PAGE and OURS

Washington 1, D.C.

Dear Editor:

AFTER so many years of struggling to get anyone to say a kind word for my books on alcohol education and nicotine education, *Are You Awake?* and *Modern Minus Sign*, it is indeed gratifying to have them so well reviewed in your fine magazine. One who tries to teach people that the use of alcohol and also the use of tobacco takes away from the joy of living instead of adding to it, is destined to "come up against" many real discouragements, and your fine review has given me renewed courage in my battle of ridiculing rum with rhyme and reason.

Most cordially,
Florence Marshall Stellwagen

Delano, California

Dear Editors:

I HAVE just returned from six weeks in Salt Lake City—and I never dreamed my subscription would run out on me while I was away—so please don't let me miss even one number of the *Era*! It is like your beautiful city of Salt Lake—it calls out all the finest there is in one!

Very sincerely,
Juanita Brooks (Mrs. A. E.)

Menlo Park, California

Dear Sirs:

PLEASE send me four copies of *The Improvement Era*, and accept my congratulations for such a splendid contribution to this Centennial year. It will be a pleasure to present them to some of the faculty members of Stanford University. . . .

Sincerely,
A. Ted Tuttle

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors:

THANK YOU very much, and wishing still greater success for the "Voice of the Church" which seems to sound clearer as the years go by.

Sincerely yours,
Gustave W. Wurzbach

ADDRESSES OF L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S HOMES

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The "Era's" Mailing Superintendent



HERBERT HEGEMEISTER

As our genial superintendent of mails, Herbert Hegemeister directs the sending of *The Improvement Era* to the four corners of the globe (see cover and page 653). Now one of the *Era's* senior employees, he started in the circulation department in 1932 when the mailing was only part-time work. Herbert knows the railroad systems which carry *The Improvement Era* to nearly every city, town, or hamlet in the United States and Canada.

Born in Neumarkt, Silesia, Germany, he was converted to the Church, with his parents, when he was seventeen—his father is now president of the Bielefelder District in Germany. After completing his schooling, Herbert was an apprentice on a four-rigger sailing ship for two years and visited seaports in Europe, Africa, and South America. He came to the United States in 1925, and after living in New York a year, he moved to Milwaukee. In 1929 he came to Salt Lake City and married Helen Moeller. When Herbert is not giving his time to studying geography, or a method of getting your *Improvement Era* to you faster, he is working on his small fruit farm on the outskirts of Salt Lake City.

HUMOR

A certain newspaper that made a practice of answering inquiries from readers received this one:

"Please tell me what is the matter with my chickens. They go to roost apparently well. The next morning we find one or more on the floor, stiff, combs white, and feet in the air."

It was the editor's busy day, and this is the answer his reader received: "Dear Sir, your chickens are dead."

He had been fishing, but with bad luck. On his way home, he entered a fishmonger's shop and said to the dealer, "John, stand over there and throw me five of the biggest of those trout."

"Throw 'em? What for?" asked the dealer in amazement.

"I want to tell the family I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

CONCLUDING "ERA" DRIVE OF WEBER STAKE



The photograph above, of the Weber Stake officers at a special meeting of the concluding "Era" drive is a sample of what some stakes do to keep their good record. The enthusiasm of the meeting was fired by remarks of the stake presidency, all of whom were present. One hundred seventy-three and a half subscriptions were obtained. Later, refreshments were served to about sixty people.

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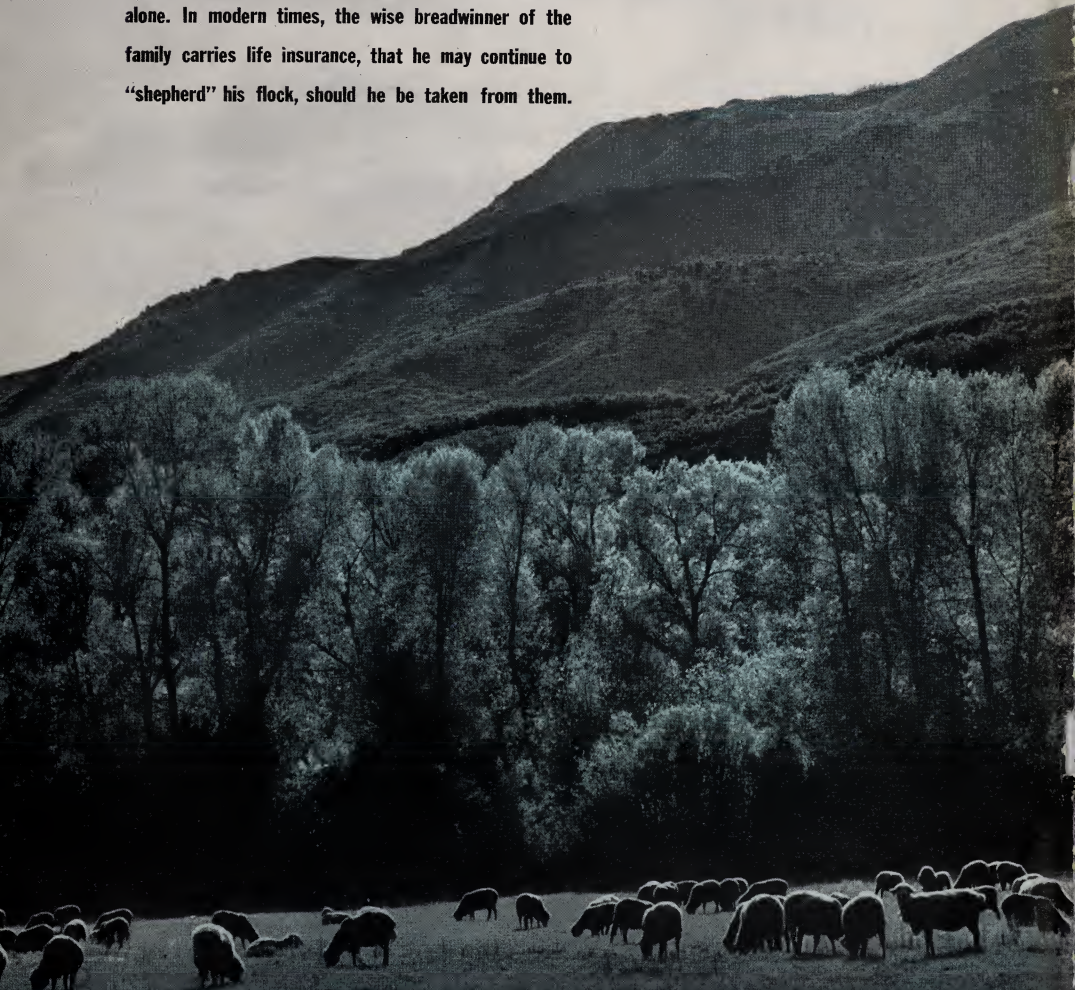
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