

Rulon S. Wells

The IMPROVEMENT ERA



IN THIS ISSUE—

RICHARD R. LYMAN
STRINGAM A. STEVENS
NICHOLAS G. SMITH

LEVI EDGAR YOUNG
RALPH B. JORDAN
ARCHER WILEY



JULY, 1936

Volume 39 Number 7

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"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

COMING IN AUGUST

A WORLDWIDE OBSERVANCE—THE STORY OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCES IN MANY LANDS OF THE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST THAT WENT OUT FROM THE TABERNACLE IN SALT LAKE CITY TO TELL THE MESSAGE OF YOUTH TO YOUTH.

DAISY ROLAPP ROMNEY—WHO TELLS THE STORY OF THE LATE JUDGE HENRY H. ROLAPP, GERMAN IMMIGRANT LAD WHO PLACED INTEGRITY AND A BELIEF IN THE WORD OF GOD FOREMOST IN HIS LIFE AND WHO ROSE TO A POSITION OF RESPECTED WEALTH AND PROFESSIONAL EMINENCE.

LEAH D. WIDTSON—YOUR BIRTHRIGHT—THE MESSAGE OF THE PIONEERS TO MODERN YOUTH—A STRONG CALL BACK TO THE SOIL AND TO THE STABILITY AND PRINCIPLES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVING THAT ARE BORN AND BRED IN THE SOIL.

COMING SOON

THE STORY OF OLD POSEY, THE LAST PAH-UTE OUTLAW, BY ALBERT R. LYMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE VOICE OF THE INTANGIBLE."

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS THAT SKIRTS THE MEETING CORNERS OF FOUR STATES—UTAH, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, AND ARIZONA—HAS COME A BOOK THAT TELLS THE STORY OF AN INDIAN RENEGADE AND OUTLAW WHO FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY—UNTIL HE WAS KILLED THIRTEEN YEARS AGO—DOMINATED AN INLAND EMPIRE AND DEFIED ALL REGULATING POWERS. FICTION PALES BEFORE THIS STORY OF CONFLICT, CONQUEST, AND ROMANCE.

WATCH FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY OF "OLD POSEY," BY A COLORFUL WRITER WHO KNEW HIM AS FRIEND AND AS ENEMY.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

The IMPROVEMENT ERA

JULY, 1936
VOLUME 39 NUMBER 7

"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.



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The Cover

THE L. D. S. Hollywood Stake House and Wilshire Ward Chapel, at the corner of Manhattan Place and Country Club Drive, Los Angeles, California, is one more edifice exemplifying the love of beauty implanted in the hearts of the descendants of the Mormon Pioneers. The building erected at a cost of \$210,000.00 was dedicated April 28, 1929. Designed by Pope, Burton, Falkenrath, architects, it is modern Gothic with one large dome which can be seen for many miles. In addition to the commodious chapel and recreation hall, there are nine class rooms, Boy Scout and Relief Society rooms, an organ and choir loft, and a baptistry. A terrace and patio afford ample room for those who wish to visit with friends without disturbing the peace of the chapel.

The building etches itself clearly against the blue of the sky and the green of the landscape to create a feeling of peaceful solidarity in the hearts of those who see it.



Photograph by Harry Elmore Hurd, see pages 444, 445.

WESTERN SILHOUETTE

By JOHN SHERMAN WALKER

OVER THE green illimitable sage-sea they slowly sail—
The round-ribbed prairie schooners with gray sails set to the West,
Pushing through high-heaved waves of amber dust—they brave the gale,
Of lashing, ripping prairie winds that crush the full-sailed quest.

Ways all unknown, alone they grope—gray sails that somber show,
Tattered against the sunset's never-ending golden West;
Gray, groaning galleons of aching hope they slowly go,
Ever with their gray sails set to the bold, forbidding West.

Into the silent leagues of sterile loam they cut a course—
The steel-bound wheels that turn the ship of state towards the West;
On—on—and ever on; no precious minutes for remorse;
West—west—and ever west; no moments even for sweet rest.

Under the scorching sun or freezing sleet the gray sails sag;
But in the blackest night a guiding star shines through the storm;
Marked with the blood of glory is the ragged Pioneer flag;
Noble this gray they use to "lay at sea" some silent form.

Trimmed to the times the scanty sails bear on by dear degrees,
With Pioneer crew and cargo over wild uncharted seas;
"West—Ho!—By West!" the captain's grim command—till voyage shall cease;
With gray sails slack; gray ships at anchor in the Port of Peace.

THE FORTY-FIRST annual conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations was held in Salt Lake City, June 11 to June 15 inclusive. Its notable success and outstanding features will be summarized in a later issue of the "Era." President Heber J. Grant addressed the first general session in the Assembly Hall on Friday morning, June 12, and this message to youth has been taken from the President's remarks made on that occasion.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS TO YOUTH

By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

"IF THERE IS ANYTHING IN A BELIEF WHICH INVOLVES AN ETERNITY OF FUTURE EXISTENCE, THERE IS EVERYTHING."

FIRST of all, I hope that in every home you have the *Era*. Notwithstanding the many duties that devolve upon me, at the suggestion of friends I have decided to spend some time in writing articles, giving personal experiences particularly, for the *Era*. In my judgment the material in our magazines is of great value in the homes of the Latter-day Saints. I feel that the support we have received is very wonderful indeed, but if there are any homes in the various wards and stakes where this splendid magazine fails to come, I hope that you young people will persuade your people—if they are not taking that magazine—to have it in the house.

The one and supreme object of all the labor that we as Latter-day Saints are performing in the Mutual Improvement Associations, the Sunday School, and the Primary Association, is the conversion of our young people to the divinity of the work in which we are engaged.

I RECEIVED a long letter years ago from the general manager of the great New York Life Insurance Company for the entire kingdom of Great Britain. It was written from London, and he concluded one of his paragraphs by saying: "If there is *anything* in a belief which involves an eternity of future existence, there is *everything*." And he underscored the words *anything* and *everything*. I hope that each and every one of you will write that sentence, get it in your minds and keep it there. I think it is one of the finest sentiments that has ever been penned.

I shall not enter into detail as to why this man wrote a long letter to me in answer to a long one that I wrote to him. He came to Utah in the early days on the Overland stage, and boarded with my mother and became my nearest and dearest friend not of our faith. He wrote me a letter asking regarding Brother Ivins and what had become of him. In answer I told him that we had expatriated him and sent him to Mex-

ico, which was the one place of all others that he did not care to go to, because he had been there on two missions. But I told my friend that we Mormons go where we are sent and Anthony Ivins would stay and live and die there unless he were called back. That caused my friend to say that the only religious people he had ever met who carried their faith into daily life and acted as if they thought there was something in it, were the Mormons.

I answered him that it was not a matter of faith with the Latter-day Saints, but we as a people have demonstrated that the statement of the Savior is true, namely, that if any man will do the will of the Father he shall know of the doctrine, and that we had a perfect and absolute knowledge; and that is why we were willing to make sacrifices for the cause of truth.

To my mind there is nothing more inspiring and nothing that we should become more familiar with than the wonderful and remarkable revelations that have been given through the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is a marvelous thing that a young man should announce to the world that his name would be known for good and evil all over the world; and that is what has happened. It is a remarkable thing that he should prophesy that this people should be driven from city to city, county to county, and state to state, and eventually be driven to the Rocky Mountains, which was then considered a worthless place.

At that particular time Daniel Webster was supposed to be and perhaps was our greatest statesman. Referring to this great western country he said: "What do we want with this vast worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or those endless mountain ranges,

impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? . . . Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is."

At that particular time, I suppose that Boston was "it," financially speaking. I know that that is where the Union Pacific Railroad was born, financially, and also the great Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.

These great mountain ranges have produced more gold, silver, copper and other precious metals than any other part of the United States.

JOSEPH SMITH prophesied that we should be driven to these mountains, and that we should become a great and mighty people here in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. We now have over one thousand wards and branches from Canada to Mexico, and have become in very deed a great and mighty people.

I feel that some of the most remarkable revelations that we have received came even before the Church was organized, telling that the field was already white, ready to harvest. Brother George Q. Cannon baptized over two thousand people in the Hawaiian Islands. Wilford Woodruff and Orson Pratt each succeeded in bringing two thousand or more into the fold. The field was indeed white, ready for harvest. Apparently this is the day of gleaming. If we baptize one, two or three converts a year for each missionary, we think we are doing very well indeed.

During the fifty-three and a fraction years that have passed since I became a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, I have never found in all my travels at home and abroad a single solitary thing that has decreased my faith in the divinity of this work in which we are engaged. During all of my lifetime since childhood I have never

known of one man or woman who was an honest, conscientious tithpayer, who observed the Word of Wisdom and who attended his or her Fast meetings and Sacrament meetings and partook of the spirit of those meetings, to lose his or her faith. I have never known a single incident in all of my travels that has in the slightest way weakened my faith in the divinity of the work in which you and I are engaged.

I am thankful for this. I am thankful that instead of finding things to weaken my faith day by day and year by year I am finding that which strengthens it. In reviewing the history of the Prophet by Brother John Henry Evans, and other books, many of which I have read time and time again, I am constantly finding items that strengthen my faith in the divinity of the work in which you and I are engaged. I rejoice in this.

I have seen men, even in high places—as high as it is possible to reach in this Church. I have seen them fall and gradually die spiritually; and in every case it has been because of neglect of duty; it has been because of failing to live up to the requirements of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no one thing that has made a more profound impression upon my mind than the statement that "Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Those who are obedient to the commandments of the Lord, those who live up to the requirements of the Gospel, grow from day to day and year to year in a testimony and a knowledge of the Gospel, and a determination to encourage others to investigate the plan of life and salvation.

We find recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants that if we labor all the days of our life and save but one person, great shall be our joy with that person in the life to come. And if that one person is only our dear selves, that is the thing that counts. There is nothing that will count so much with you officers who are directing these great Improvement Associations—every superintendent, every president of the Young Men's and Young Women's Associations, and every ward and stake board member—as living the Gospel in very deed. By so doing you will have a power and influence that will even enable you to bring some of the wayward back into that straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal.

I realize that there is a long program ahead of you people. I have no desire to make extended remarks further than to say that I have always been interested with all my heart and soul in the welfare of the young men and young women of our Church.

Twice in my life I prayed to the Lord to be appointed to a position.

The first time was when there was a disorganization of the general superintendency of the Mutual Improvement Associations because of

SPEAKING of the forty-first annual conference of the M. I. A., and of the Primary conference, President Grant said in his remarks in the Tabernacle, Sunday afternoon, June 14th:

"I rejoice exceedingly in the splendid meetings we have had during this conference of the Primary and the Mutuals. As near as I am capable of judging, I think we have had the finest convention that I recall ever having attended, and that is as it should be."

the failure of one of the men in that superintendency to retain his standing in one of the high positions in the Church. I got down on my knees and I asked the Lord to call me to be one of the superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. The *Contributor* was a very splendid magazine, one of the very finest magazines the Church has published. I am willing to make the assertion that if you will look through the volumes of the *Contributor*, you will find that they are full of good matter, worthy of the attention of any Latter-day Saint. It had died a natural death because of the lack of support on the part of the people.

We had no magazine, and there were no meetings of the general board, except that they met once in about every six months. I realized that they ought to meet every week, that they should come together and converse and work out programs. I prayed to the Lord that I might be chosen as one of the general superintendency. The very next day when I was in the president's office, President Joseph F. Smith said to President Woodruff who was then also General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.: "Brother Woodruff, I believe you ought to have two other counselors in the superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual. I suggest that Brother Grant here and Brother B. H. Roberts be counselors as well as myself."

They asked me if I was willing to work in that capacity. I told them: "Yes." But I did not tell them I had prayed to the Lord to give me the job. We immediately called a meeting and we considered the proposition of starting *The Improvement Era*. I signed my name in one year over eight thousand times to letters that were sent to people, asking them to take that magazine. I contributed \$100 a year for three years to a fund to be used in sending the *Era* to the missionaries free of charge, and *The Improvement Era* spent over \$30,000 actual cost afterwards in sending that magazine out to the missionaries to help them in their work. It has been a success ever since, and it is growing all the time. It is worthy of our support.

THE other thing that I asked of the Lord was this: When in Japan, feeling that I was not accomplishing anything, I went out into the woods and got down on my knees and told the Lord that whenever He was through with me there, where I was doing nothing, I would be very glad and thankful if He would call me home and send me to Europe to preside over the European missions. A few days after that a cable arrived: "Come home on the first boat." And I went home.

Brother Joseph F. Smith said to me: "Heber, I realize you have not accomplished anything in Japan. We sent you there for three years, and I want you to put in the other year in England, if you are willing."

I said, "I am perfectly willing."

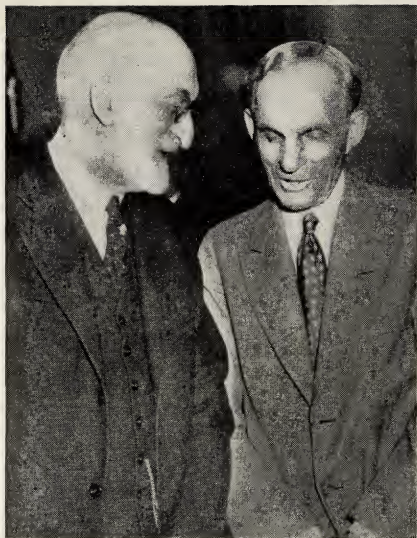
Later I went in to bid him goodbye and said: "I will see you in a little over a year."

He said, "Oh no, I have decided to make it a year and a half."

I said, "All right, multiply it by two, and do not say anything about it to me." And he did.

I want you young people to know that in all my labors I got nearer to the Lord, and accomplished more, and had more joy while in the mission field than ever before or since. Man is that he may have joy, and the joy that I had in the mission field was superior to any I have ever experienced elsewhere. Get it into your hearts, young people, to prepare yourselves to go out into the world where you can get on your knees and draw nearer to the Lord than in any other labor.

That the Lord may help you to do so is my humble prayer and I ask it in the name of our Redeemer. Amen.



Associated Press Photo reproduced by Courtesy AP and Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram.

"MR. GRANT AND MR. FORD HIT IT OFF SPLENDIDLY."—TIME, MAY 25, 1936.

THE PRESIDENT GOES TO DEARBORN

By STRINGAM A. STEVENS

AND TWICE IN AS MANY DAYS THE MORE THAN TWELVE HUNDRED DELEGATES TO THE FARM CHEMURGIC AND CHEMICAL FOUNDATION MEET, INCLUDING AMERICA'S GREATEST NAMES IN AGRICULTURE, INDUSTRY, AND SCIENCE, SPONTANEOUSLY ROSE TO THEIR FEET AND BURST INTO PROLONGED APPLAUSE IN TRIBUTE TO HEBER J. GRANT, FRIEND-MAKING PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

HENRY FORD AND THE PRESIDENT "TALK IT OVER"

STRINGAM A. STEVENS, a member of the General Committee of the newly-organized Church-wide Security Program, and a member of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, arranged for the President's appearance on the program, accompanied him to Dearborn, and was witness to one of the greatest tributes ever accorded a representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The author, whose life has been filled with intimate memories and frequent association with President Grant, here gives an eye-witness account of the thrilling scene when America's "Who's Who" acclaimed a prophet of the Lord in the vigorous eightieth year of his life.

PERHAPS no representative of the Church was ever accorded a greater ovation by an audience of non-members than that which was given President Heber J. Grant following his address to more than twelve hundred of the country's leading scientists, industrial executives, and agricultural leaders at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit on Tuesday evening, May 12. The occasion was the Second Dearborn Conference of Agriculture, Indus-

try, and Science, sponsored by the Chemical Foundation and the Farm Chemurgic Council, an organization whose objective it is "to advance the industrial use of American farm products through applied science." As an indication of the progress being made in chemical research one of the speakers stated that over two hundred thousand new chemicals, many of them derived from the products of agriculture, have been discovered in the last fifteen years.

The Conference was in session continuously for three days, May 12th to 14th inclusive, and nearly one hundred eminent men, all distinguished in their respective fields, were invited to address the various meetings. The roster of participants included such names as Mr. William J. Cameron of the Ford Motor Company; Mr. Francis P. Garvin, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States during the Wilson administration, and now President of the Chemical Foundation and the Farm Chemurgic Council; Dr. C. M. A. Stine, Vice-president, E. I. duPont de Nemours and Company; Dr. E. C. Elliott, President of Pur-

"TIME" says:

"LAST WEEK the Chemurgicians assembled for their second Dearborn Conference. More than 1,200 representatives turned up for the three-day session, about four times as many as last year. Indeed, the Conference had to be transferred from the Dearborn Inn to the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit. Next to Henry Ford, the most distinguished guest was Heber J. Grant, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. 'I am here to learn,' said that venerable Mormon leader. 'Mr. Grant and Mr. Ford hit it off splendidly. . . May 25, 1936, p. 73.

due University; Dr. E. R. Weidlein, Director, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, President-Elect, American Chemical Society; Mr. Fred W. Sargent, President, Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company; Dr. Arthur W. Hixson, Chemical Engineer, Columbia University; Mr. Floyd F. Kishline, Chief Engineer, Graham-Paige Motors Corporation; Mr. Morris Sayre, Vice-President, Corn Products Refining Company; Dr. F. N.

Peters, The Quaker Oats Company; Mr. R. E. Coleman, Manager, Plastics Department, General Electric Company; Mr. T. B. Munroe, Vice-President, The Celotex Corporation; Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, Director, Food Research Institute, Stanford University; Mr. E. E. Ware, Sherwin-Williams Company; Dr. C. C. Concannon, Chief, Chemical Division, U. S. Department of Commerce; Dr. Firman E. Bear; Director of Agricultural Research, American Cyanide Company; Dr. Edward Bartow, President, American Chemical Society; Dr. George H. Harrison, Professor of Physics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mr. Edward A. O'Neal, President, American Farm Bureau Federation.



STRINGHAM A. STEVENS

And so the list of "Who's Who" names could be prolonged throughout the entire register of more than twelve hundred participants and delegates. But these are sufficient to establish the type of gathering it was at Dearborn.

President Grant was asked to speak on "A Domestic Sugar Supply," a subject about which few men in America are so well informed. The large audience, gathered in the spacious grand ballroom of the Book-Cadillac Hotel, was composed of thoughtful, earnest, eminent men who had come from all corners of the nation for a serious purpose—to help establish a rational order for the economic independence of America. As each speaker concluded his remarks he was greeted with moderate applause.

WHEN President Grant stepped to the rostrum, his vital, dynamic personality seemed immediately to impress itself upon his audience. The official printed program merely stated that the speaker was "Mr. Heber J. Grant, President, L. D. S. Church, Salt Lake City, Utah." As the President began speaking, his remarkable voice rang out, and the great sincerity, honesty, and human kindness of the man, shone in his face. Before he had uttered a half dozen sentences a wave of friendliness seemed to hold his hearers, who listened with rapt attention.

"We believe that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man," quoted the President from the solemn declaration made by the Prophet Joseph Smith a hundred years ago at Kirtland, "and that He holds men accountable for their acts in relation to them, both in making laws and administering

them, for the good and safety of society. We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life."

The audience liked that statement and showed its hearty approval. President Grant referred briefly to the hardships through which the Mormon people had gone, and spoke of their courage and fortitude in

being driven from their homes, and in building a commonwealth in the "wilderness a thousand miles from the outposts of civilization;" of the great leadership of Brigham Young and his admonition to the people to keep out of debt. "Pay as you go," said President Grant. "I am a firm believer that this is good advice to an individual, to a city, to a county, or a state, and," he added with emphasis, "this applies with equal force to a nation." A rousing applause greeted this declaration. He pointed to the fact that "the nation that is strongest is the one that is most self-reliant" and that what is true of nations is true of individuals. He stated that "the early history of Utah is practically the history of Brigham Young."

"In my opinion," said the President, "Brigham Young was the greatest colonizer and pioneer that America has ever produced. He always gave full credit for his accomplishments, however, to the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr."

How the Pioneers in the early 50's, under the direction of their great leader, brought machinery from France to build a sugar factory, and freighted it from the Missouri River to the Salt Lake valley by ox teams, was dramatically related. The story of the financing and erection of the first beet sugar factory in the United States built with American machinery, in 1891, at Lehi, thirty miles from Salt Lake City, created great interest.

In conclusion the President told of the importance of fostering and supporting American labor, agriculture, and home industry, and of the great benefits which would accrue to the nation if this policy were maintained.

In concluding his remarks, President Grant made the following statement regarding the new Security Program of the Church: "You will pardon me for announcing that the leading officials of the Mormon Church have requested the members of the Church who are in good standing to discontinue receiving relief from the government, except in cases where wages are paid for services rendered. This announcement was made less than a month ago, and thus far the people are responding in a splendid way. In one of our counties the Church officials have arranged that every person shall have the use of at least one acre of ground on which to produce all the

The Detroit Free Press

MORMON LEADER TALKS WITH FORD

Two Young Septuagenarians
Trade Ideas on the Future

THE VISION that is the natural heritage of youth was the bond that united two men, both in the seventies, who met Tuesday noon at the pre-convention luncheon of the Second Dearborn Conference of Agriculture, Industry, and Science.

The two were Henry Ford and Heber J. Grant. Introduced to one another at Dearborn Inn, they began a conversation that continued throughout the luncheon period.

Mr. Grant is the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As such he heads eight hundred thousand adherents of the Mormon faith.

Invited here by the Farm Chemurgic Council to address the sessions of the men who are striving to solve the problem of farm surpluses by wider industrial use of field crops, he admitted that he knew little of what these men propose to do.

"I am here to learn," said the religious leader who is nearing his eightieth birthday. He added that he hopes to convey what he learns to his followers, who are vitally interested in agriculture.—From the Detroit Free Press, May 13, 1936.

vegetables that his family may need."

As the last word was spoken, that great assembly of great men, as if motivated by a single impulse, rose to their feet and applauded long and enthusiastically. Scores of eager men crowded around President Grant and shook his hand. Throughout the audience could be heard such statements as, "That was worth coming from New York to hear," and "I'd go a hundred miles any day to hear that kind of talk."

And from that moment until President Grant left Detroit for home, he was the center of attention and easily the outstanding and most talked of personality at the conference. Wherever he went, men shook his hand and congratulated him on his splendid address. In hotel lobbies, in conference rooms, at the banquet table, and on the street, he mingled with these fine, representative men in the spirit of good fellowship, and new friendships were made on every hand.

ON THE second evening of the convention, at a banquet held at the Hotel Statler, a formal program had been planned including music by the Chrysler-Plymouth male quartet, and talks by two distinguished guests. Mr. Garvin, the Council's witty Irish presiding officer, was toastmaster, and shortly before the program began, without warning or previous notice he leaned over and asked President Grant, who was sitting next to him in the place of honor, if he would respond with a few remarks.

The President agreed, and Mr. Garvin later rose to introduce him with the explanation that many who had not heard one of the Convention's distinguished guests on the previous evening, and many who had, had requested that he be presented again. Anticipating the introduction, the audience again burst into applause before the President's name had been given, and it was with difficulty that Mr. Garvin was able to finish his introduction.

President Grant spoke about ten minutes, beginning with some of his best stories which were appreciatively received by an audience in

good humor. Then he changed the mood to one of solemn thoughtfulness by telling of the monument that is being erected at Florence, Nebraska, in memory of a people who suffered persecution for their honest beliefs. He told of the exodus from

The Detroit News says:

SCIENTISTS HEAR PROPHECY

Mormon Leader Here on Their Invitation

AS MEN who believe they hold the key to the future of science, industry and agriculture gathered in high councils here today, there came among them a prophet of another kind, one whom eight hundred thousand persons look upon as privileged to hear the voice of the Almighty.

He is Heber J. Grant, Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He is here to speak before the Farm Chemurgic Council and hear how men plan to make roads of cotton, clothing from pine trees, and swift machines from cattle feed.

Nearly eighty years old and the last son of his father's sixth wife, Grant is more widely known as the president of the Mormon Church, which Brigham Young took to Salt Lake City after Joseph Smith, its father, was slain in Carthage, Illinois, in 1844.

How those Mormons, thirty thousand of whom toiled across the plains to their new home, set about providing the first machines in America which could make sugar from beets, will be the story which Grant will tell tonight.

But it is not as one of them that he will mingle with those gathered here today. He came at the bidding of the leaders of the council, as their guest, and he will take news of their great plans back with him to his people in Salt Lake City. Tonight he will speak at the Dearborn Inn, and next Thursday evening his followers will hear him in their church.

"I know little of what these men are doing," he said. "I am here to learn, and to tell something of our sugar industry in Utah."

The Mormon leader, seventh man to hold this high position, came to it eighteen years ago. Under the laws of his faith the eldest of the Twelve Apostles of the Church takes the place of a deceased president. Erect, vigorous, and bearded, Grant bellies his great age. His speech is powerful and his manner hearty—From the Detroit News, Tuesday, May 12, 1936.

Nauvoo, and of the bitter night when nine babies were born on the river ice and many perished cruelly. Tense feeling hushed his hearers.

Then, changing to a lighter vein the President left his audience in warm humor, and again, as he concluded, for the second time in as many days, that great audience of great men spontaneously arose and persistently applauded their hearty approval and respect. President Grant was given the only rising ovation during the conference and it was repeated the second time as spontaneously as the first.

Immediately preceding the opening of the Convention, a complimentary luncheon was given at Dearborn Inn to the speakers appearing on the conference program and other specially invited guests, which included President Grant and members of his party, consisting of his secretary, Joseph Anderson, Bryant S. Hinckley, President of the Northern States Mission, and the writer. Other Utahns in attendance were Brigham S. Smoot, General Superintendent of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company and Dr. Francis W. Kirkham. An address of welcome was delivered by William J. Cameron of the Ford Motor Company. At this luncheon, President Grant and Henry Ford were seated together at the head table and both enjoyed this informal visit which lasted for about an hour and a half. Mr. Ford and his son, Edsel, and all of the leading men of their great organization were exceedingly gracious to President Grant and extended him every courtesy.

One of the most enjoyable features of his trip to Detroit was the visit to Ford's historical Greenfield Village and particularly to the restored Edison Laboratory as it was originally constructed at Menlo Park, New Jersey. In this building Thomas Alva Edison invented the incandescent lamp, the phonograph, and hundreds of other marvels which have revolutionized the civ-

BELOW IS SHOWN A SMALL SECTION OF THE HOTEL STATLER BANQUET HALL IN DETROIT, TAKEN ON THE EVENING WHEN THE DELEGATES TO THE DEARBORN CONFERENCE ROSE TO THEIR FEET FOR THE SECOND TIME IN TWO DAYS TO APPLAUD AND CHEER PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT.



The Detroit Evening Times says:

THE OLDEST delegate to the second Dearborn conference of agriculture, industry, and science, is also its most entertaining speaker, although he admits he knows nothing about either agriculture, industry, or science.

He is Heber J. Grant, 79-year-old president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called the Mormon Church. He comes from Salt Lake City, Utah. "I don't know why they asked me here as a speaker," he declared, "because I can't tell you anything. But I can learn."

In a booming bass voice, and standing straight as a ramrod, the be-whiskered old man then launched into a humorous, semipolitical speech which brought nearly one thousand delegates to their feet cheering and whistling in the grand ballroom of the Book-Cadillac Hotel last night.

He philosophized for half an hour on the evils of public and private debt, the value of private initiative, the privilege of old age, and the scenic splendor of Utah. . . . The Detroit Evening Times, May 13, 1936.

ilized world. Here President Grant met Francis Jehl, one of Edison's chief assistants during those memorable days. Mr. Jehl, now seventy-seven years old, and President Grant soon became warm friends, as the story of Edison and his inventions was related.

Another pleasant experience was the visit to the home of Edgar A. Guest, whose charming poetry and homely philosophy have warmed the hearts of millions and who has long been a friend of President Grant. Visits with Harvey Firestone, another old acquaintance, and with several of the leading bankers and other prominent men of Detroit and Chicago were made. In company with Howard J. Stoddard, now a prominent banking official in Detroit, the party visited Avard Fairbanks, Utah sculptor, at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, and inspected a model of the beautiful monument to be erected this summer in honor of the six hundred Saints who perished at Florence, Nebraska, in the winter of 1846.

On the last evening of President Grant's stay in Detroit, an inspirational meeting of the Church members and missionaries in Northern Michigan and nearby Canada was held in the beautiful chapel on Sorrento Street, over three hundred fifty being in attendance. Of this number twenty-one were missionaries.

Before returning home, a call was made in Chicago on General Charles G. Dawes, former Vice-President of United States and former Ambassador to Great Britain, whose personal friendship with President Grant, President Clark, Senator Smoot, Wilson McCarthy, and other Utahns is well known.

For over fifty-five years, since he was a young man in his early twenties, President Heber J. Grant has traveled extensively and has been making friends for his Church and his people in all of the principal cities of America, as well as in many foreign countries. Since an early visit to New York in 1883, when the "show place" of that metropolis was the new six-story Equitable Life Insurance Building, then the tallest structure in America, until now, he has met and formed the friendship of many eminent men. Few self-made men in America have enjoyed so rich an experience as has this noble son of a widowed mother, whose father died when he was nine days old. He is today, at the threshold of his eightieth year, the personification of honesty, integrity, generosity, fair dealing, and all the other rugged and manly virtues of the pioneers. He is a shining example to the youth of the land and his life is a lasting monument to the value of work, persistence, and the spirit of "never-say-die." He is the friend of every man, regardless of race or creed and he can always see the good in every human being.

By his wide personal contacts, President Heber J. Grant has made more distinguished and worthy friends for his Church than can be numbered and his influence for good can never be measured. As the friend-making President of

AS A RESULT of his appearance at the Second Dearborn Conference many expressions of appreciation have come to President Grant, among them a letter written under date of May 27, 1936, from Mr. Carl E. Fritzsche, Managing Director of the Form Chemurgic Council, from which the following paragraph is quoted:—

"I am delighted that you had such a splendid time at the Dearborn Conference. Everyone agrees that you stole the show and added a fine flavor to it, which a meeting of that sort always needs."

From another letter also addressed to President Grant and from the same writer, dated May 28, 1936, we quote:

"Dr. Barnard and I have just completed the Herculean task of editing and condensing to 225,000 words, the 300,000 word stenographic record of the sessions of the Second Dearborn Conference. The proceedings in printed form including illustrations will fill a volume of about four hundred pages."

"With this task completed, allow me to express to you the appreciation of the Council for the genuine contribution you made to the success of the Second Conference."

"On the whole, I think the Conference membership was a representative cross section of the most progressive thought in America. They were all men of deep conviction with a settled purpose that must and will be accomplished."

the Church he is truly the "Ambassador of Good Will and Friendship to the World" and is beloved at home and abroad for his human kindness and noble character. The unprecedented ovation by America's "Who's Who" at the second Dearborn Conference of Agriculture, Industry, and Science is a notable tribute to the entire Church and its great prophet-leader.

PRESIDENT GRANT AND HENRY FORD
"TALK IT OVER"



"HAVILAH— WHERE THERE IS GOLD"

By NICHOLAS G. SMITH

President of the California Mission

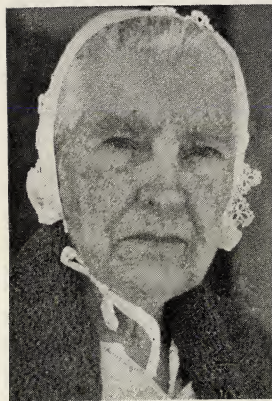


Photo by Courtesy Mr. Willard S. Wood.
HANNAH MILLER AS SHE APPEARS AT THE
AGE OF 92.

THE STORY OF HANNAH MILLER, AGE NINETY-TWO, WHO SITS ALONE IN A DESERTED VILLAGE OF KERN RIVER CANYON WHERE THOUSANDS ONCE STAMPEDED FOR YELLOW DUST. SHE SAYS, AS THE END OF HER DAYS COMES CLOSER, "IT WOULD MAKE NO MATTER WHERE I WAS . . . THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST IS TRUE AND JOSEPH SMITH IS A PROPHET OF THE LIVING GOD."

Of all the canyons of Southern California, Kern River Canyon is by long odds the mightiest.

Its uppermost reaches drain the highest land in the United States, the cold, white western slopes of Mount Whitney, and are fed by the melting of eternal snows.

For more than forty miles beyond road's end at Fairview the canyon of the Kern continues into the deep heart of the high Sierra country, wilderness as much today as when the first white man stopped to drink its icy waters.

In Southern California's history, no less than its geography, Kern River Canyon looms large. In 1853, seven years after Marshall's discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, gold was discovered in considerable quantities in Kern River Canyon.

It was a discovery hailed with joy by Los Angeles citizens, who had watched with envy the tremendous growth of San Francisco and the northern part of the state as a result of the gold rush to the central Sierra. It meant that Southern California was to share in some measure at least in the golden tide of fortune that the North was enjoying.

So in the late fifties, the sixties, and well into the seventies, the towns of Kern River country were names to conjure with in Los Angeles. Kaysville, Quartzburg, Whiskey

Flat—that now is Kernville—and Havilah and Isabella—these were the gold camps of California of the South.

INCORPORATED in the article was a picture of a sweet-faced Sister Hannah Miller, ninety-two years of age, Havilah pioneer. A half column was devoted to her and to Havilah, which at one time was a city of some thousands of people during the early mining days. Kern River Canyon is as rugged and beautiful a gorge as there is in all the Sierra Nevada.

Today Havilah is deserted. And one passing along that way would
(Concluded on page 452)

A BRONZE TABLET COMMEMORATES THE FACT THAT HAVILAH WAS THE COUNTY SEAT OF KERN COUNTY FROM THE TIME THE COUNTY WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1865 TO 1873. THE NAME COMES FROM THE SECOND CHAPTER OF GENESIS: "HAVILAH, WHERE THERE IS GOLD." A TYPICAL CABIN OF THE GOLD RUSH DAYS IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, SUCH AS THE ONE STILL OCCUPIED BY HANNAH MILLER.

Photograph Used by Courtesy of the Los Angeles Examiner.

ON APRIL 19TH, 1936, the *Los Angeles Examiner* published an article entitled the "Glamorous Past of Kern River Canyon Recalled," containing a most interesting story of the exciting gold rush days of the early fifties. Written by John H. C. Stingle it reads in part:





SAMUEL
BRANNAN

THE STORY OF SAM BRANNAN

MORMON COLONIZER, CALIFORNIA'S FIRST
MILLIONAIRE, SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST
VIGILANTE

By RALPH B. JORDAN

*Pacific Coast Division News Manager
of International News Service*

THE OUTSTANDING FIGURE IN THE HISTORIC '49 DAYS OF CALIFORNIA AND THE TURBULENT DECADE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING WAS SAM BRANNAN, A MORMON ELDER, WHO ROSE TO THE HEIGHTS, PLUNGED TO THE DEPTHS, REDEEMED HIMSELF AND DIED AT PEACE. HIS LIFE, PRESENTED HEREWITH, IS ONE OF THE MOST COLORFUL AND INTERESTING IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1846, came roaring in on a wave of ice and snow—and clouds for the Latter-day Saints.

In the Middle-West, with the Prophet Joseph Smith dead, Brigham Young was preparing for the great trek to the mountains. In New York, beset by grave problems, several hundred members of the Church were gathered under the wing of Samuel Brannan, presiding Elder.

An amazing man, Elder Samuel Brannan: deep-chested, broad-shouldered, six feet in height, sporting sideburns and an imperial, the dress of a dandy, flashing black eyes and a voice that boomed like thunder.

"I have here," Brannan roared at his congregation, "permission from the Church authorities to take ship to the West Coast. It shall be done."

Describing this "permission" documents in the Historian's Office of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City have this to say:

"In November, 1845, Orson Pratt, who presided over the branches of the Church in the Eastern and Middle states, issued his farewell message to the Saints in those parts, prior to taking his departure for Nauvoo to join the Saints in their removal westward. It had been decided that the *Messenger*, a paper published in New York in the interest of the Church, by Samuel Brannan, should suspend publication, and

that the editor should charter a vessel and take his press and fixtures, as also a company of Saints from the Eastern branches, by way of Cape Horn, to California, as the distance to travel from that point to their probable destination in the Rocky Mountains, it was thought, would not be so great, and the trip would be attended with much less expense. At the same time those who had sufficient means to buy for themselves teams and outfits were advised to make their way to Nauvoo, to join the Saints there and journey westward. . .

"Elder Samuel Brannan laid before the conference his instructions from the authorities of the Church, directing him to go by water to California, and he called upon those who desired to go with him to give in their names. By the end of December (1845) Brannan announced through (the Church paper) the *New York Messenger* that he had chartered the ship *Brooklyn*, of 450 tons, at \$1,200 per month, the lessee to pay port charges. The time for sailing was first announced for January 24, 1846, the fare was fixed at \$50 for adult person, with \$25 additional for provisions; children . . . to go for half fare."

Brannan said it should be done, and it was done. He filled the little ship *Brooklyn*, with more than two hundred' Latter-day Saints, print-

—Documents in the Church Historian's office say: "There were soon 300 applicants for passage in the *Brooklyn*, and of that number 238 finally took passage, consisting of 70 men, 68 women and 100 children. There were two or three persons not members of the Church who also went with the company.

THE AUTHOR and the editors of "The Improvement Era" wish to acknowledge with appreciation the aid of W. Aird Macdonald whose invaluable firsthand research at the sites of Sam Brannan's activities and whose photographs of Sam Brannan scenes have materially enhanced the color and historical value of this article. W. Aird Macdonald, President of the Oakland Stake of the Mormon Church, writes as follows:

"While I was a San Francisco newspaperman, covering an assignment in Calistoga, California—eighty miles northeast from San Francisco—I first learned of Brannan's activities there, which started me on the trail of 'that old Mormon' as he was known there. It has been a most intriguing quest. Few men have reached the heights, swayed the power, basked in the fame, or sunk to the depths, that measure the life of this courageous free-booter."

ing equipment, three complete flour mills, plows, harrows, and other useful commodities, and sailed out of New York harbor bound for San Francisco Bay, although all he knew of his destination was that it was somewhere on the West Coast.

A great adventure? But Sam Brannan was a great adventurer. Then in his early twenties, he was fearless, clever, and generous; also



RALPH B. JORDAN

INTO this story of the rise and fall of the man who once owned one-fourth of Sacramento, one-fifth of San Francisco and one hundred sixty thousand acres of land in Los Angeles county, the author has breathed the roaring spirit of one of California's most colorful historic figures. Ralph B. Jordan, formerly a member of the bishopric of the Oakland ward of the Mormon Church, ranks high among newspapermen, and in March of this year was made Pacific Coast division news manager of International News service, at which time INS said of him:

"The new coast news chief came to International News Service six years ago with a record as a reporter and editor which already had established him as 'tops' in the West. . .

"Reared and educated in Salt Lake City and an athlete at the Salt Lake High School, University of Utah and Utah State College, Jordan turned first to sports writing. His college and newspaper career was interrupted by the World War in which he served as a machine gun officer. He returned to finish college and go through the Salt Lake newspaper mill. . . ."

scheming, ruthless, and ambitious: a flaming paradox of good and bad.

Born in Maine in 1819, he had started his adventuring early, pushing into the wilds of Ohio, where, at the age of 17, he purchased his time from a printer to whom he had been bound out and became a traveling printer and journalist. A publication failed him in New Orleans, another in Indianapolis. He wandered into New York, heard a Mormon missionary, embraced the newly-restored Gospel enthusiastically and started publishing the *Messenger* for the Church.

Then came the westward migra-

tion. Brigham Young led his people overland through the wilderness; Sam Brannan, under Church direction, took his colony of Mormon Pioneers by sea. He stalked the pitching deck of the little *Brooklyn* like a Napoleon, drilled his men like a top sergeant, and laid out a set of rules for men and women alike to follow or "suffer the consequences."

The *Brooklyn* beat down the east coast of America day after day and week after week. On board bugles blared. "Attention!" barked Brannan at his men. "To your work," he cried to the women, who made up the cabins and cooked. The whole ship was on schedule hour by hour and even the winds seemed to heed it.

A boy was born. "Name him Atlantic after the ocean of his birth," Brannan suggested. Atlantic it was. The *Brooklyn* rounded the Horn. A girl was born. "Call her Pacific," proposed the irrepressible Brannan. Pacific was her name.

The highroad of the Pacific at that time led to the Sandwich (Hawaiian) Islands on the route from New York and Boston to China. Only stray ships ever touched on the California coast. One fine spring day Brannan sailed into Honolulu harbor and found Commodore Stockton with the frigate *Congress*.

"I'm going to California," Sam boasted to Stockton, "and take a place on San Francisco Bay called Yerba Buena from the Mexicans. There I'm going to build a city for my people and the United States. I've got a battalion of well-drilled men but I need guns."

WHEN THE *Brooklyn* resumed her weary way, one hundred fifty rifles were stacked beneath her billowing canvas. But even so, it is probable that her passengers were unaware of the bold plans of their leader to fly into a private war of his own with the republic of Mexico. Brannan was that cunning.

After a total of six months on the high seas the *Brooklyn* sailed through the Golden Gate on July 31, 1846, and into San Francisco Bay, already so named by the imaginative traveler, John C. Fremont. His eyes alight with the fires of conquest and adventure, Brannan stared eagerly at the tiny hamlet of Yerba Buena—the San Francisco to be—as it clung miserably to the steep sandhills.

"Not over fifty or sixty people in the town," Brannan murmured, letting his eyes run over the three hundred, including the crew, who lined the rails of the *Brooklyn*. "There should be no real resistance."

And then his fiery gaze fell on the flagstaff of the Mexican customs-house, the "Old Adobe," in the center of the sand-blown Plaza. He gulped in astonishment. For snapping in the breeze was not the flag of Mexico, but the Stars and Stripes.

BRANNAN'S MOUND

From the top of this mound, Sam Brannan erected a high tower from which to view his vast domain. It was from here that Sam with great gusto and pride showed his visitors to Calistoga his vast vineyards in this fertile and picturesque valley seventy miles north of San Francisco. This mound became a tropical garden, for Sam brought many plants native of Mexico. Note the two large palm trees, planted by Sam, now towering eighty feet in the air. On the hill are still found cacti and Century plants. The buildings at the right, are the bath and swim pools, where the steaming geysers spout their boiling water fifty feet into the air.

Photograph by W. Aird Macdonald.





Photograph by W. Aird Macdonald.

CALISTOGA

Looking east on Main Street, Calistoga, the capital of Brannan's empire, which, with its steaming, spouting geysers and hot mud baths, he hoped to make as famous as New York's Saratoga. Legend has it that Brannan intended to call it "Saratoga" but having imbibed too freely before the ceremonies, thickly slattered something that the clerk understood as "Calistoga." Being a good sport, Sam let it stand, and later showed some pride in the new word he had coined.

The large white building at the right is Sam's great hotel built to house one hundred guests. Brannan was a generous host, and when his San Francisco friends migrated to the geysers over week-ends, Sam furnished everything. They were royally wine and dined. And when some of his guests complained of the long, hot and dusty ride from Napa, Sam built a 27-mile railroad and planted shade trees on both sides the entire distance. Many of these great trees still border the paved state highway that links these two towns. Many of these trees are the tall graceful poplars so characteristic of Mormon settlements in Utah.

Captain John B. Montgomery on the United States sloop *Portsmouth* had beaten Sam to Yerba Buena by three weeks.

"I swore at that American flag," Brannan said years later. "I could have torn it down. That's how badly I wanted to take the town myself."

Sam Brannan and his fellow passengers were joyfully received by the meager population of Yerba Buena, which included but "two white ladies." These people, wayfarers who had drifted through the Golden Gate from time to time and put up shacks around the Plaza, spent most of their time gambling on horse races, bear baiting, and bear and bull fights.

"A churchman," one of the Yerba Buena's laughed. "We must initiate him."

With great glee they blindfolded Sam, whirled him around three times and told him to make for a stake they had planted in the center of the Plaza, meanwhile laying bets on how long it would take him. Sam made straight for a slimy pool at the edge of the Plaza from which adobes were made and soon was up to his neck. Yerba Buena howled its appreciation; Sam laughed too, and immediately was "one of the boys."

The next Sunday Brannan preached the first sermon in the San

Francisco to be, at least the first in English. A British bartender named Brown two decades later recorded in his memoirs that it was "as good a sermon as anyone would wish to hear," but added significantly that "many persons now will no doubt be surprised to learn of his (Brannan's) serving in that capacity."

A few days after his sermon Sam performed the first marriage ceremony in Yerba Buena under the American flag. Brown says: "I never enjoyed myself, at any gathering, as I did there. A general invitation was extended to all . . . everyone returned to their homes perfectly satisfied and ready to pronounce the first wedding a grand success."

Brannan seemed destined to be first in everything in Yerba Buena for he next became the first defendant in a trial by jury in the struggling community. He was charged by his fellow Latter-day Saints with misusing funds he had collected from them on shipboard.

"We elected Elder Brannan president of our association," one of the witnesses testified, "and paid him our dues. After we landed we asked him what he had done with the money and he said it was none of our business."

"All lies," roared Brannan, and got off when the jury could not agree on a verdict.

That was the parting of the ways for Brannan and his band of courageous Latter-day Saints. His way led to fame and riches, then to disgrace and poverty. Theirs led to the gold fields and on to Salt Lake City, or to oblivion in the heterogeneous mass of gold-seeking humanity which poured over the sun-down slope of the high Sierras.

SAM BRANNAN next appears as builder and operator of the first flour mills in California. Then he constructed a combination residence and printing plant just behind the

Old Adobe and published Yerba Buena's first newspaper, the *California Star*.

"This paper," he editorialized, "will eschew with the greatest caution everything that tends to the propagation of sectarian dogmas."

Sam kept his word and apparently set a pace for the other Latter-day Saints, for a historian sets forth that "none of the Mormons seemed at pains to make converts." It might also be added that most of the members of his party drifted away from the Church, their slack enthusiasm letting them slide further and further from their faith into the world which swallowed them and robbed them of their glorious inheritances.

"However," continues the historian, "the Mormons maintained good relations with the Gentiles. The men were industrious, intelligent, public-spirited; the women chaste, the children well-behaved."

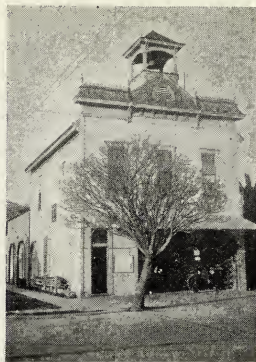
The Yerba Buena Mormon Battalion continued to drill and soon was put to a test tinged with humor. Brown wrote about it thus: "Lieutenant Watson, from the *Portsmouth*, used to rap on my window late at night and say as a pass word, 'The Spanish are coming,' so I could fill his jug. One night I didn't hear Watson. He rapped and rapped

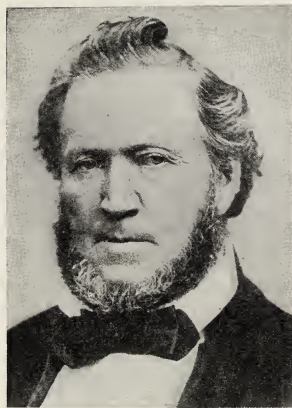
"Not to be confused with the Mormon Battalion that marched from Brigham Young's party in the East to the defense of Southern California.

CALISTOGA'S FIRE-BELL

From bitter experience with fire—for Brannan had five times led in the rebuilding of San Francisco when fire had laid it waste—Sam Brannan built an ornate fire-house with belfry and a great bell that called the citizenry to battle hungry flames. This building still houses Calistoga's fire department, but Sam's great bell, still visible in the tower, has been supplanted by a screeching siren.

Photograph by W. Aird Macdonald.





PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, PRESIDING OFFICER OF THE CHURCH WHEN SAM BRANNAN WAS DIRECTED TO TAKE THE "BROOKLYN" TO THE WEST COAST, AND WHO LATER REJECTED BRANNAN'S PROPOSAL TO TAKE THE PIONEERS TO CALIFORNIA.

and then fired his pistol and called out loudly. 'The Spanish are coming.' The Yerba Buena Mormon Battalion and the Marines from the *Portsmouth*, quartered on shore, turned out quickly and sent some shots at scrub oaks bending in the wind. They were very excited. The next morning Watson told me if I ever mentioned what had happened I would be a dead man."

Only once more was the Yerba Buena Battalion called out. This time a coffee pot exploded in the new City Hotel and the word ran through the sandhills that "the enemy is upon us." A charge on the hotel revealed the truth that no Spanish were encamped there.

Brannan's mills and newspaper flourished and he went in heavily for Yerba Buena real estate, thereby plunging into a feud with Dr. Robert Semple, of Bear Flag revolt fame, publisher of the only other newspaper in California, the *Californian*, at Monterey. Semple was booming a townsite at the northern end of San Francisco Bay, now called Benecia. He and Brannan carried on a fierce and vitriolic war in printer's ink, both as to personalities and townsites, and out of it came an incident important in history, a new name for Yerba Buena—San Francisco.

Semple called his acres of sand Francisca after the wife of the Spanish General Mariano Vallejo, owner of the site, and to come as near as

he dared to appropriating the name of the great bay of San Francisco. What Semple didn't dare do only seemed a good idea to Brannan. Collaborating with the Alcalde of Yerba Buena, one Lieutenant Bartlett, of the *Portsmouth*, Sam jumped at the name which Semple was too reticent to lift. In 1847 Yerba Buena by official proclamation, became San Francisco, and Semple, because all his boosting for Francisca was misinterpreted by strangers to be for San Francisco, switched his town's name from Francisca to Benecia, Madame Vallejo's middle name.

GENERAL SHERMAN, of Civil War fame, was an aide to the military governor at Monterey at this time and a good friend of Semple's. The General wrote in his memoirs: "Such impudence in stealing the name of San Francisco, a little circumstance big with consequences. Benecia should be the city of palaces . . . the name San Francisco fixed the city where it is, for every ship master knew the name of San Francisco Bay but not Benecia or Yerba Buena. So all ships consigned to California came pouring in and anchored in front of San Francisco."

After that coup Brannan turned his attentions to establishing a school in the new city and made the first contribution toward a red frame school house which had a brief but hectic career as a place of learning, town hall, court house, and jail, finally being known as The Public Institute.

And then Brannan made his first big mistake. He quit the Church. He set out to meet President Young and the first party of Pioneers as they moved West. Brannan with two other Latter-day Saints, rode horseback a hundred miles up the Sacramento valley, then another hundred up the American River canyon, over the snow-crested high Sierras, and down the eastern slope of this great range into the desert wastes of what is now Nevada. Three hundred miles he pushed across the badlands to Great Salt Lake and then into the mountains again, until he met President Young on the Green River near Fort Hall.

"A Paradise on the West Coast," Brannan was enthusiastic in his talk to President Young. "I'll lead you there: to the promised land; to a land of milk and honey and sunshine and plenty."

He traveled West with the Pioneers, glowing in his fervor to all

who would attend him—until that dramatic July day in 1847 when Brigham Young looked over the Salt Lake Valley from the Wasatch mountains and said: "This is the place."

Sam must have thought his ears had played him false. This alkali flat covered with sagebrush preferable to his lovely California? It couldn't be. But it was. Brannan argued with President Young and then shouted: "If you won't come to California with me, I return alone, through with you and your Church."

Off he rode, to retrace his lonely way across desert, mountain, and valley to California. But the devil must have ridden with him.

And what of the stand of President Young? The very next year the gold rush started to California, unloosing a flood of events which swept away most of the Latter-day Saints in San Francisco. What would have been the result had President Young and his people been in this flood? The answer, it seems, is that Brigham Young was indeed inspired with great wisdom.

Sam Brannan has been called the original Californian because, when he returned from Salt Lake, he got out a special California edition of the *Star*, which still remains a model of its kind, and sent two thousand copies through the Middle-West and East by Pony Express to interest prospective settlers who still thought the territory was "populated chiefly by greasers and fleas."

Another enterprise, a most opportune one, now attracted Brannan. He opened a store at Sutter's Fort

SAM'S DISTILLERY

This old, dark red building is one of Brannan's distilleries that he built in his vast domain near Calistoga, California. It was the product of his distilleries and wineries that caused his undoing, and toppled him from his eminence of power. In later years this old distillery was turned into a stable that housed race horses, when Calistoga became a racing center of Northern California.

Photograph by W. Aird Macdonald.





RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL BRANNAN—1849

Copy of painting in office of Society of California Pioneers, San Francisco. "This painting was given by Charles G. Yale to Edward Bosqui in 1885, and bears on the back the following legend: 'Sam Brannan Residence, Washington and Stockton Streets, San Francisco, 1849. George Yale's Residence 1851-53. Only house saved on that side of street in the great fire of May '51. This house was an exact copy of the original one built by Sam Brannan in 1847, which fire destroyed in '49.'"

(Sacramento) which was the center of an inland empire of thousands of fertile acres belonging to a shrewd Swiss, Captain John Sutter. What happened then Brannan himself recites as follows:

"Captain Sutter made a contract with Marshall, Weimer and Bennett (Weimer and Bennett were honorably discharged members of the Mormon Battalion which had been formed in the East, and were en route to Salt Lake from the Mexican War) to put up a saw-mill in the Fall of 1847 on the south fork of the American river, where the town of Coloma now stands. Having a store at the time, I agreed to furnish them with all the necessary supplies on Sutter's account. On the 24th of January, 1848, when Marshall let the water into the mill-race, and the water had run clear, he picked up a piece of gold and gave it to the wife of Weimer. A number of young men from the Mormon Battalion were at work on the mill, all of whom left their work and commenced washing out gold, and that was the end of the mill building."

But it was the start of the great gold rush.

Brannan continues: "Marshall, Weimer and Bennett and Captain Sutter . . . charged everyone ten per cent of what they found. Some of the boys (from the Mormon Battalion) became dissatisfied and went prospecting down the river for themselves, and found diggings on an island which has since been known as Mormon Island."

THERE is some doubt about the activities of others as reported by Brannan, but there is no question about what Brannan himself did. He resumed his authority over the Latter-day Saints and collected ten per cent of their gold for tithing, the miners being uninformed of the episode with Brigham Young.

Sherman in his memoirs says that with his chief, Colonel Mason, he found Sam collecting tithes on Mormon Island.

"One of the miners," says Sherman, "approached Colonel Mason and inquired whether Brannan had any legal right to take tithes. 'He has a perfect right to collect them,' the Colonel replied, 'as long as you are fools enough to pay.'"

That ended Brannan's income from tithing but led to his excommunication. President Young heard of his actions and sent a member of the Council of the Twelve to Sutter's Fort to reason with him and bring the Lord's money back to the Church where it rightfully belonged.

"You tell Brother Young," Brannan is reported to have said to the Apostle, "that I'll give up the Lord's money when he sends me a receipt signed by the Lord."

San Francisco refused to take seriously the word that gold had been found until Brannan, waving a flask of flashing gold dust, went bellowing through the streets: "Gold! Gold! Gold! on the American River!" The city, except seven men, followed him back to the river, and his newspaper, with all other business enterprises suspended operations. San Francisco "simply wiped itself off the map."

Then came the deluge of gold seekers from the outside. San Francisco overnight became a roaring city of tents. Sam's real estate investments skyrocketed; his store at Sutter's Fort did a tremendous business, and he became California's first millionaire.

A few months later, in the spring of '49 Sam Brannan stepped into the first of his finer roles. The Hounds, an organization of ex-convicts and other ruffians, held the city in a reign of terror, which culminated in a frightful murderous attack on the Chilean section.

The next morning Brannan mounted a barrel in the middle of

"While documents in the Church Historian's office do not report this incident in just this way, it is reported that Parley P. Pratt and Charles C. Rich, both Apostles of the Mormon Church, visited Brannan at different times and appealed to him for financial aid which was denied.

town. Eyes flaming, voice booming, he set off a spark which eventually consumed the Hounds.

Warming to his dramatics Brannan led his auditors to the Plaza, climbed atop the Alcalde's (Mayor's) office, and fired another verbal broadside at the Hounds. They gathered on the edge of the throng muttering retaliation. Guns flashed under the spell of Brannan's oratory. "Look out," a friend called. "The Hounds are going to kill you and burn your home." Brannan showed his courage. He "hurled on the Hounds a torrent of his choicest invectives, meanwhile baring" his breast and daring them to fire."

In the showdown the cut-throats fled, but Brannan and his crowd pursued them, ran them down and finally out of town. Sam organized a charity for the victims of the hoodlums and installed law and order for the first time in San Francisco. He was riding the crest of the wave of popularity—California's leading citizen; but he was riding to a fall. In Sacramento (the city grown from Sutter's Fort) and San Francisco he plunged feverishly into the wildest of frontier life, desperate gambling, heavy drinking, and sensational affairs with the notorious courtesans of the day.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1849, occurred the first of the six great fires which, in a year and a half, devastated young San Francisco. After the fourth fire Sam Brannan said: "Well, the bay is still here, the people are here, and the mines are still left; let's get busy." He and his associates built another city. But after the fifth conflagration Sam roared: "This is the work of the gang still infesting San Francisco, wicked enough to do this or any other heinous thing."

The next day, June 9, 1851, the famous Vigilance Committee was organized in Brannan's office. He was its first president. The committee immediately came to grips with the gangs in scenes of wild turbulence, but Sam showed his power by leading his committee in the capture and hanging of John Jenkins, a giant Australian, who had stolen a safe from a wharf in broad daylight. Brannan seized the rope with the cry: "Every lover of liberty and good order lay hold."

Sam now was playing his greatest civic role. The sixth fire ravished the city, burning his cherished home and newspaper plant, but he and his followers saw to it that there were no

more great fires. They drove out the criminals, built a new and beautiful city from the ashes, and established a stable government and social order.

Bancroft, the most unfriendly of California historians to Brannan, has this to say of him at this time: "... so long as society holds its course in San Francisco, his name should be held in honored and grateful remembrance. With the most cheerful recklessness he threw his life and wealth into the scale; anything and everything he possessed was at the disposal of the committee, free."

By the early '50's, Brannan owned



Photograph by W. Aird Macdonald.

BRANNAN'S SEPULCHRE

Here are the ruins of Sam's stone sepulchre built in the side of the friendly hills that sheltered his great vineyard. Huge blocks of stone were laid forming walls nearly five feet in thickness. A great iron door, brought around the Horn from New York kept this secret vault a mystery for twenty years after Brannan's death. While Sam's body lay in a potter's grave in San Diego, this stately sepulchre in his beloved valley in Northern California remained the silent tomb of his father, until local superstition forced public officials to blast it open with dynamite.

one-fourth of Sacramento, one-fifth of San Francisco, including all of Market Street, 160,000 acres in Los Angeles county, tracts in Honolulu and a fleet of ships, in addition to his newspaper and the huge Sacramento business. He was one of the richest men in the world, fifteen times a millionaire. One time, to celebrate the opening of a new Sacramento hotel, he entertained the entire city. He floated the huge bond issue with California gold with which Mexico threw off the yoke of Maximilian and personally paid the bills of the Mexican Foreign Legion, known during this period as Brannan's Contingent.

Historian Scherer says: "When the paint brush of advertising followed the flag West, stage coach travelers were greeted everywhere with huge signs: 'Try Tono—Sam Brannan uses it,' or 'Buy Bon-gay—Sam Brannan buys it.' Tribute could go no further."

However, in 1859, when Sam was forty years of age, his fortunes turned. He bought nearly the entire Napa valley, north of San Francisco, to exploit its famous hot springs, which he named Calistoga. He built a rail line, tree shaded roads into the valley, a grand home, a private race track, a distillery, and a winery. He also imported grape vines and many vineyardists from Italy. But the only investment in the valley that paid him dividends was his distillery and its output "stole away his brains." His friends reported in San Francisco that he never was sober after noon any more. His wife and four children left him and went to Germany, his friends fell away, and his fortunes disappeared.

SAM BRANNAN, penniless, bloated with drink and half paralyzed from dissipation, came back to San Francisco, borrowed whatever and whenever he could, and then, dirty, ragged, and unshaven, sank to the gutter, sleeping in the back rooms of saloons by day and begging drinks by night.

But Brannan still had physical courage. An ardent Union man, he made the front pages of the nation's newspapers during the Civil War by attacking a slave captain in a San Francisco hotel and later coolly faced a gang of desperadoes intent on killing him, taking eight bullets in his rum-soaked body without flinching.

One day in a dim alcoholic haze he remembered his Mexican bonds in a New York bank vault. He got the Mexican government to deed him a tremendous tract of two million acres and, at the age of sixty, was again on the front page in New York and San Francisco with grandiose schemes of colonization. But the Yaqui Indians, who were already on Sam's acres, refused to get off, and that was that.

Old, sick, drunk, deserted, and shunned, Brannan married a Mexican woman and went to her little desert ranch on the border near San Diego. And then—a miracle, Brannan redeemed himself. Loafing like a peon around the ranch his thoughts traveled back across the years to the days of his youth when he was an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ. The Gospel as revealed to Joseph Smith was one of redemption, of understanding, of humility, of joy, and of salvation. Brannan fell to his knees and prayed for the first time in forty years, out

there under the burning sun and in the biting wind of the desert. He prayed for a chance at redemption on this earth and in the great beyond.

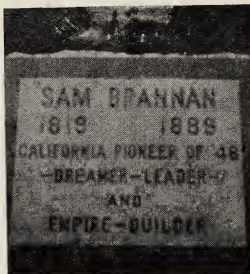
Then he arose and during the remaining ten years of his life he faithfully lived in accordance with the teachings of the Church he had deserted, never again touching liquor or even tobacco. His stooped shoulders straightened, his eyes cleared, his paralysis disappeared. He was once more a keen, handsome, and vigorous man. And now the surprising end. Suddenly the Mexican government paid Brannan an unexpected \$49,000 in interest on his huge loan. He took the money and returned to San Francisco. Neatly dressed, reflecting the health and cleanness of the desert, he paid back every dollar he had borrowed, going in and out of saloons and dives, smilingly refusing all invitations.

His debts discharged and again penniless, Brannan stood on one of San Francisco's seven hills and looked down upon the city, to him the most fascinating city in the world, the city he built, his city. It had forgotten him.

Turning slowly away, but without rancor or bitterness, Brannan went back to the desert, where he died on May 14, 1889, at the age of seventy. For a year his body lay in a San Diego receiving vault. There was no money to bury him. Then someone bought him six feet of earth in a San Diego cemetery. A two-inch wooden stake marked his grave and an obscure San Francisco street bears his name. Sam Brannan—to the heights—to the depths—and then to reconciliation and the things that lie beyond.

BRANNAN'S GRAVE

For decades Brannan's grave stood neglected and unmarked until J. Harvey McCarthy, friend and admirer, erected a tombstone over the grave at Mount Hope Cemetery, San Diego, in 1926, with the legend as seen here.





ARCHER WILLEY

THE SPINNING of cables and the building of habits is the theme of this thoughtfully retrospective impression from the pen of Archer Willey, General Agent for the Beneficial Life Insurance Company in Northern California. The author, an active member of the Church now residing in Oakland, was born in Bountiful, Utah, and educated at the L. D. S. University and University of Utah, later taking higher work to qualify as a Certified Public Accountant and for an M. A. degree in Chicago and at George Washington University, respectively. His cooperation in aiding the editorial staff of "The Improvement Era" in assembling material for this Pioneer-California issue is acknowledged with appreciation.

RISE majestically out of blue waters, this new miracle of construction, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, rivals the Pyramids of Egypt, surpasses the Colossus of Rhodes, equals the temples of Karnak, and matches in conquest even the Great Walls of China. This new wonder projects our engineering far into the future, and the Latter-day Saints through their skilled workmen have played a real part in this romance, making it a great reality.

As I sat on the hill top overlooking this marvel—out of the afternoon sunshine there seemed to walk a figure—like a gentle warm western wind, or like the mists that sweep across the bay—out of nowhere, he came and sat along beside me. Somewhat startled, I was about to go when he said gently,

"Don't leave; I am sure you know me. I am Sam Brannan. I have come to visit with you and reflect on this great achievement.

"I see they have finished 'spinning the cables,'" he said as he pointed to the center anchorage, moving still nearer me. All fear had

"SPINNING THE CABLES"

By ARCHER WILLEY

"A thread—a day; a strand—a habit; a cable—a life!"

left me and I became completely lost in his reverie.

"Thousands of wires, tiny threads of steel, crossing those towering uprights gleaming yonder in the sun, with a concrete bedrock on the floor of the sea," he mused. "Bedrock, bedrock;" he repeated over and over, "too bad I did not anchor on bedrock when I once owned all that property adjoining Market Street. But mine was a quest for gold. . . . The miracle of machinery," he reflected, "spinning the cable. Each wire a thread, thousands of wires a strand. Hundreds of strands a cable.

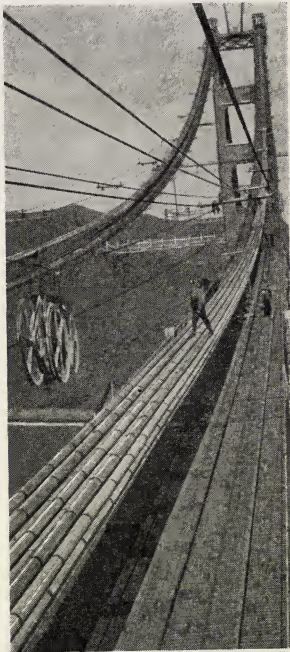
"A thread—a day; a strand—a habit; a cable—a life. All tied into the steel uprights of existence. Your Utah Construction Company and other great engineers have played a part spinning these cables. The blue waters cover a foundation costly and deep, anchoring on bedrock. I knew other great Utah builders who also went to bedrock," his voice seemed choked and lost. "Much of this land was formerly my property," he resumed as he pointed to the great city of Oakland lying to the east.

"This is the finest engineering romance since the 'Cheops,' I ventured.

"Finer even than that," he replied. "There is enough concrete in the approaches of this to build several pyramids, to say nothing of the thousands of miles of steel threads spun into cables," and as he turned and pointed to the east, I followed his direction catching myself saying, "A thread—a day; a strand—a habit; a cable—a life."

"You see yonder Oakland with its new Court House and Lake Merritt where laughing children fish and sail their boats.

"Those thousands of beautiful homes looking down on a great university are situated on what were once cow pastures for our flocks and herds. I have rested many times under those old oaks whose roots dug to bedrock nearly a century ago. I have often dreamed of this great



THE ABOVE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE PROCESS USED IN SPINNING THE CABLES ON THE CALIFORNIA BRIDGES, WITH THE CAT-WALK, THE PARTIALLY COMPLETED CABLE, AND THE SPINNING WHEELS—A THREAD—A STRAND—A CABLE.

picture. Two destinies of two great cities—destinies linked together on bedrock by the bridges.

"Here children—thousands of children coming from happy homes, spinning threads," he said and his voice seemed very far away. I turned quickly to find myself alone.

A gentle breeze was wafting a cloud across the blue water. The lips of the deep Red Sun were kissing the face of the Blue Ocean good night as I ferried under this Majestic Marvel, repeating—"A thread, a day; a strand—a habit; a cable—a life."

FORT SUTTER AND A TRIBUTE TO LOYALTY

By ARCHER WILLEY

THE ROMANCE OF CALIFORNIA'S GOLD IS A ROMANCE AROUND THE NOW HISTORIC AND BEAUTIFUL FORT SUTTER. HERE IS A STORY OF THE LOYALTY OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MORMON BATTALION WHO WERE WORKING THERE WHEN GOLD WAS DISCOVERED.

HAD ONE lived in 1834, he might have seen a young man thirty-one years of age in the company of eight others leaving the city of St. Louis traveling westward toward the land of his dreams. This thirty-one year old man was John Sutter, a Swiss adventurer who coming to America, had early acquired enough money to outfit an expedition which was later to make California history.

At Fort Hall, Kit Carson persuaded Sutter not to go West across Nevada but to go Northwest to Fort Vancouver.

One after another forts were conquered, Boise, Walla Walla, then the Dalles and Fort Vancouver, where this restless adventurer, rather than wait for spring, took the first boat to Hawaii and from the Hawaiian Islands to Sitka, Alaska, and from Alaska down the coast to the land of his dreams, Yerba Buena, now San Francisco. Here from the Mexican Government with the help of General Guadalupe Vallejo, he received a grant of land ninety miles long and running north and south of what is now Sacramento.

After weeks of labor from Yerba Buena, crossing rivers, and swamps, and marsh land, he established his headquarters at this historic spot which now bears his name. This fort in 1849 was the most talked of place in American frontier life, the gateway to the pioneer's dreams. A year or two later the fort was completely abandoned, in fact, it was at one time rented out to a swine herder, for the population then in Sacramento moved to the river front and for nearly a half a century afterwards the fort was left to desolation and ruin.

Sam Brannan, as is told elsewhere in this issue, after his disappointing interview with Brigham Young, slowly trekked his way back as far

as Sacramento and in the fall of 1847, as the Historian Scherer says, "In just the right spot in exactly the right time," he set up the first mercantile store in Sacramento county under the name of C. C. Smith and Company.

Sam Brannan next contracted with Sutter, Marshall, and Bennett to furnish supplies for the men of these contractors, a number of whom were Mormons who had come around the Horn with him, and some of whom were members of the Mormon Battalion. Sutter's mill was some twenty-five miles up the American River from Sacramento. The place was named by Sam Brannan, himself, Coloma. During the fall and winter of '47 and until January 24, 1848, Brannan's store, a large one and a half story adobe building just outside the fort to the east, was doing a business of more than a hundred thousand dollars a month.

What happened January 24, 1848, is now history which every school boy knows. But the wealth which Sutter, through his thrift had built up in flocks and herds and harvests of grain, within a few weeks became trampled fields, by the feet of frenzied gold seekers. Strayed and stolen were his herds. Mr. Sutter in all of this El Dorado could not find men who would stay on the job and harvest the crops. Pastures and fields were not only all left unharvested, but positions in the shop and the store were forsaken, and history records that at one time in what is now San Francisco there were but five men left in the town.

THESE Mormons working on Sutter's mill lying in the very heart of El Dorado must have been sorely tempted to run away from their tasks, forsaking their own jobs before they were completed. Soldiers had deserted their posts at Monterey for the gold fields and the sailors had left their ships to flounder in the mud of Yerba Buena; not so with these loyal Mormon mill workers; their task went on.

In the face of a most alluring invitation to search for gold, the men who were instrumental in its discovery in California remaining loyally to their tasks is a beautiful example of the kind of Mormon spirit which helped to build a great state—California. And the state, seeing it, has said so. So today the old fort is again awake with another kind of life; the life of travel incident to culture. And though for years the glory of Fort Sutter lay like the greatness of her builder, unhonored and unsung, the deeds of these men are now being brought back to life and enshrined in the heart of California.

Above the call of gold comes out of old Fort Sutter a clarion challenge, more refined than gold itself, this tribute to loyalty.

On the outer side of one of the doors within Fort Sutter hangs a placard which has been photographed for *The Improvement Era* through the courtesy of Curator H. G. Peterson, Stanford University scholar, under whose direction the fort has been restored. The inscription on the placard reads as shown below.

THE MORMON BOYS' HEADQUARTERS

In 1847-8 this room was used as a "boarding house" by the Mormons who were working for Captain Sutter - the same Mormons who accompanied James W. Wadsworth to Coloma to build the saw mill in the mill race up which was later discovered gold on January 24, 1848.

These Mormons worked under the direction, or control, of Sam Brannan, the Mormon leader in California, who at that time had a trading post or store in a large adobe building outside the Fort grounds, about where the group of redwood trees now stand at 28th and K Streets.

Sam Brannan was one of the most progressive and alert men of his time, and to him great credit is due for the great work he accomplished in the upbuilding of this State in its early days.

Of his Mormon workmen Captain Sutter always spoke very highly. They were sober, industrious, and when the great gold strike came and everybody was stampeding to the gold diggings, these Mormons held to their contract with Sutter until their job was finished. Many of them later became prominent in California history.

PLACARD ON A DOOR AT FORT SUTTER (SEE ALSO PAGE 415)



LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, author, educator, churchman, and one of America's leading authorities on Western history, briefly recounts here some of the official and unofficial activities of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in California since the earliest development of the state under Anglo-Saxon influences. The Mormons contributed several "firsts" to California history, some of which are mentioned here.

THE MORMONS IN CALIFORNIA

By LEVI EDGAR YOUNG

*A Member of the First Council of the Seventy
and Head of the Department of Western
History, University of Utah.*

SINCE EARLY FRONTIER DAYS UNTIL THE PRESENT THE HISTORY OF THE MORMONS HAS BEEN INTERWOVEN WITH THE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA. MEMBERS OF THIS CHURCH HAVE PLAYED IMPORTANT ROLES AND MADE THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DRAMATIC ONWARD MARCH OF THE GREAT PACIFIC STATE.

THE MARCH OF THE MORMON BATTALION

IN THE onward march of the Mormon Pioneers to the far West during the first decades of their history (1830-1850), it was quite natural for them to reach California with the vanguard of Americans who had gone to the Pacific coast in the forties. California and Oregon were inviting lands for the American colonizers. By 1845, four thousand Americans had traveled the Oregon trail to the valley of the Columbia, and when the war with Mexico broke out in 1846, it was "Manifest Destiny" that took Americans into California. There they were to make of the old Spanish Dominion a country of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In this work, the Mormons played no small part, for they established the Anglo-Saxon town government wherever they settled as groups. This alone has significance, for it meant a close adherence to Americanism, and the Constitution of the United States. The Church, the State, the School, and the Family were embraced in their ideals. Pioneer colonizers in the true sense of the term, they fulfilled the words of Joseph Conrad:

"To us their less tried successors, they appear magnified, not as agents of trade, but as instruments of recorded destiny, pushing out into the unknown in obedience to an inward voice, to an impulse beating in the blood, to a dream of the future."

THE MARCH of the Mormon Battalion into California by way of Sante Fe, New Mexico, and the Gila and Colorado rivers is one of the epic marches of history. When Brigham Young succeeded Joseph Smith as head of the Church, he realized that only an exodus of the Saints to new climes would bring peace to his people. Whatever may have been the causes of persecution against the Mormon people in early days, there were a number of outstanding ideas they stood for both in government and economic life. They were abolitionists, and this was one of the causes of the hate engendered towards them when they were in Missouri. They were radically opposed to the doctrine of state's rights as advocated in the days of Calhoun and other Southern leaders; and they were always progressive farmers and home builders. To them, the Constitution of the United States was a sacred document.

After the death of the Prophet, the Mormons were compelled to leave their beautiful and enterprising city of Nauvoo. The year 1846 brought gloom and tragedy to them. President Brigham Young sent Elder Jesse C. Little on a mission to Washington to ask for aid in taking the people to the new lands in the West. Elder Little was "to embrace any facilities for emigration to the western coast" which our government should offer. As a consequence of this request, and while

the Mormons were toiling through what is now Iowa with their three thousand wagons, thirty thousand head of cattle, sheep, horses, and mules, their camps were visited by Captain James Allen of the United States army, who asked for a contingent of "able bodied men" to serve in the war with Mexico.

Continuing on to Council Bluffs, where Brigham Young was with the main encampment, Captain Allen laid the matter of recruiting a battalion of soldiers before the Mormon leader, who decided to furnish five hundred men immediately. Within two weeks the Battalion was ready to march from Council Bluffs, and on July 20th, the troops started on their journey. Some of the men were accompanied by their families, and there were about eighty women and children in the command.

From the journals of members of the Battalion, we learn that there was much suffering in the camps. Sante Fe was reached when it was now decided to send some of the men and most of the women and children to Pueblo on the Arkansas river to remain for the winter. This was accordingly done, and Captain James Brown led them into Salt Lake City the following year, after a winter of severe suffering at Pueblo.

WITH General P. St. George Cooke in command, the Battalion continued their journey southward by way of the Rio Grande and the Gila rivers. Very meager rations were served during the journey. The sheep and cattle driven



along for fresh meat became so poor that they had to be killed and taken for rations. The march of the Battalion along the Gila and through the sands and deserts of the Southwest, is a story of patience and faith hardly equalled in history.

It was a strange looking army that toiled along day after day. Barefooted much of the time, the men suffered with sore feet, and the heat of the sun burned their skin terribly. The hides and entrails of animals were used for food. The teams became so jaded, that provisions were sent down the Gila River by boat, but the food was all lost in the river. The soldiers obtained wheat, corn, and beans from the Pima Indians, a tribe that lived along the Gila River. The deserts were terrible, the crossing of the Colorado River was a bitter experience, for the men waded the streams, the water at times reaching their arm-pits. The chaplain of the Battalion, David Pettegrew, tells us in his journal many incidents of the march. Quoting from his record, he says:

"December 18th, 1846: This morning we took up our march for the Gila River, but between us and that place was a vast desert without water, or feed for the mules. We traveled forty-five miles and camped without water.

"December 19. We started without water and traveled all day and part of the night, and camped without water. We were all weary and fatigued, and we could hardly get along, the weather being very warm. Towards evening, the men might be seen lying down on the road, overpowered by fatigue and thirst.

"December 25. It is Christmas day. We are without food or water. We have traveled twenty miles and camped at night without finding water."

When the men had something to eat, they smiled happily, and when

THE MISSION AT SAN LUIS REY, CALIFORNIA, WHICH SHELTERED THE MEMBERS OF THE MORMON BATTALION WHO RESTED THERE FOR NEARLY TWO MONTHS IN THE EARLY SPRING OF 1847. THEY FOUND IT A RUIN, LOOTED AND DESECRATED BY MEXICAN VANDALS. THE BATTALION CLEANED UP THE PREMISES AND PROTECTED THEM DURING THEIR STAY. LATER MEMBERS OF THE BATTALION HELPED FORM A UNITED STATES GUARD STATION HERE AFTER THE MEXICAN WAR HAD MADE CALIFORNIA AMERICAN TERRITORY.

they could stop under a tree on Sunday morning and hold divine services the hours were spent in testimonies and prayer. "The smoke of their camp fires ascended like a sacrifice to heaven," and their songs were hymns of praise.

The Battalion reached the San Luis Rey Mission on February 27, 1847, and two days later, the command camped near the mission of San Diego. The hearts of the men were made glad when they listened to the following congratulatory order by the commander P. St. George Cooke. It read:

"History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where for want of water there is no living creature. There with almost hopeless

labor, we have dug wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a single guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless table lands where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar, and pick and ax in hand, we have worked our way over mountains which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific, we have preserved the strength of our mules by herding them over large tracts, which you have guarded without loss."

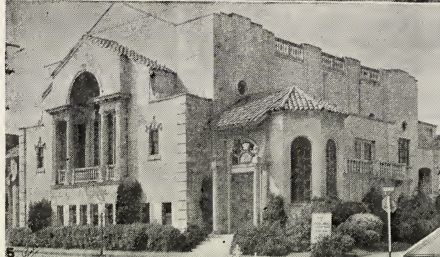
THE DAYS spent at the old San Diego Mission were interesting to the members of the Battalion. Founded as it had been by Padre Junipero Sierra in 1769, San Diego was the first of the missions of California which have made the history of that state so picturesque. The Battalion was greeted with every courtesy by the Franciscan monks, and within a few days, the soldier boys were helping to clean and whitewash the old buildings and church.

On July 15, the Battalion was mustered out at Los Angeles, although a few of the men re-enlisted for service. Of those mustered out, two hundred and forty of them organized themselves into a command, and proceeded to the American river, not far from Sutter's fort. Some found employment with Captain Sutter, while the main company crossed the Sierras by way of Donner Lake. Here they met Sam Brannan, returning to California after his interview with President Young.

They were informed that the Saints had arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, although Brannan did not give a very encouraging report of the country where

MORMON BATTALION MEMBERS AT THE SUTTER'S MILL GOLD DISCOVERY: ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT, HENRY W. BIGLER AND AZARIAH SMITH. BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT, WM. J. JOHNSTON AND JAMES S. BROWN.





REPRESENTATIVE L. D. S. CHURCH BUILDINGS IN CALIFORNIA

1. Interior view of chapel—Wilshire Ward and Hollywood Stake Tabernacle. (See cover.)
2. Patio, Los Angeles Stake center.
3. Dimond Ward Chapel, Oakland.
4. San Jose Ward Chapel, San Jose.
5. Oakland Ward Chapel, Oakland.
6. Huntington Park Chapel, Los Angeles.
7. San Francisco Ward Chapel, San Francisco.
8. Adams Ward Chapel, Los Angeles.
9. Santa Monica Ward Chapel, Santa Monica.
10. Elmhurst Ward Chapel, Oakland.
11. Berkeley Ward Chapel, Berkeley.



THE OLD ADOBE HOUSE, SUTTER'S FORT, AS IT APPEARED IN ITS NEGLECTED CONDITION BEFORE ITS RECENT RESTORATION.

the Saints had settled. Sergeant Tyler with the men under his command reached Salt Lake City in October, 1847, and was given a hearty welcome. The next year, the remaining members of the Battalion, with many others who had gone to California on the ship *Brooklyn* in 1846, joined their relatives and friends in "The Valley."

Elder B. H. Roberts in his brochure entitled *The Mormon Battalion*, says that four definite achievements had been accomplished.

"1st. The conquest of northern Mexico. There can be no question about the part they took in the conflict which made California, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona part of the United States.

"2nd. The opening of highways: A chart of the road made by Col. Cooke's engineer was placed on file at Washington, D. C., and later formed the basis for the construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Upon their return march the Battalion pioneered the road through Cajon Pass north-easterly into Salt Lake valley, a distance of over 500 miles. Subsequently over this trail the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad was built.

"3rd. The discovery of gold in California. While they were not the first to discover gold in California they took a very important part in discovering it. This event not only added millions to the nation's wealth but resulted in California being admitted into the Union in 1850 as a free state, an event of great political significance.

"4th. The Battalion was a factor in teaching irrigation."

SAMUEL BRANNAN AND THE SHIP "BROOKLYN"

SAMUEL BRANNAN was in charge of the ship *Brooklyn*, which, with about two hundred and forty Mormons who embarked in New York, sailed around Cape Horn and arrived in San Francisco on July 31, 1846. Brannan was a remarkable character in many respects. He was

anxious that the Mormons should emigrate to California, and particularly was this true after he had arrived at the Golden Gate. The *Brooklyn* was in command of Captain Richardson, and it came with an organized military company. There can be no doubt that Brannan came with the avowed purpose of hoisting the American flag first on the Pacific coast on the shores of California. San Francisco was considerable of a village, and was called Yerba Buena. The emigrants pitched their tents in the heart of the city, and as they were an industrious, thrifty, hard-working class of people, they added much to the growing town. Among them were carpenters and house-builders, who soon found plenty of lucrative work to do.

Brannan had an air of push and energy, and at once manifested an interest in the affairs of California, and assisted in laying the cornerstone of San Francisco's commercial greatness. In the spring of 1847, Brannan left for the Missouri River to use his influence with Brigham Young to bring the Saints to California. He carried with him a contract to transfer to A. G. Benson and Company "the odd numbers of

all the lands and town lots they may acquire in the country where they might settle." A number of the leaders with Brannan signed the contract. Brannan's sincerity has been questioned in this negotiation. Whatever might have been the motive, Brigham Young and the Council of the Twelve declined to approve the contract.

San Francisco was then largely a Mormon center, and the new emigrants were soon known as a moral and orderly people. Some took up lands, while others hired out. Brannan wrote on January 1:

"We have begun a settlement on the River San Joaquin, a large and beautiful stream flowing into the Bay of San Francisco but the families of the company are wintering in this place, where they find plenty of employment and houses to live in; and about twenty of our number are up at the new settlement, which we call New Hope, ploughing and putting in wheat and other crops, and making preparations to move their families up in the spring, where they hope to meet the main body by land some time during the coming season."

While the settlement in the San Joaquin flourished, it was abandoned when Brannan returned from his disappointing interview with Brigham Young. Of Brannan's company of Mormons, about one hundred adults and forty women and children, emigrated to Utah. The others remained in California.

Brannan went into business and made money. He laid out the city of Sacramento, and projected the first railroad in California. His interest in this was purchased by Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, and Hopkins, and Crocker, whose project developed into the Central Pacific railroad. He laid out other towns, and published the first newspaper in San Francisco, known as the *California Star*. This paper was later united with the *Californian*, first published in Monterey, and brought to San Francisco in May, 1847.

FORT SUTTER AS IT APPEARS TODAY AFTER HAVING BEEN RESTORED BY CURATOR H. G. PETERSON (SEE ALSO PAGE 409).





MISSION AND STAKE PRESIDENTS OF THE CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA

Top row, left to right: President Nicholas G. Smith, California Mission; President John C. Todd, Gridley Stake; President Wilford G. Edling, Hollywood Stake; President John W. Jones, Long Beach Stake; President Leo J. Muir, Los Angeles Stake.
 Bottom row, left to right: President W. Airt McDonald, Oakland Stake; President David H. Cannon, Pasadena Stake; President Mark W. Cram, Sacramento Stake; President Albert L. Larsen, San Bernardino Stake; President Stephen H. Winter, San Francisco Stake.



REPRESENTATIVE L. D. S. CHURCH BUILDINGS
IN CALIFORNIA

Upper left: Manchester Ward Chapel, Los Angeles.
 Upper right: Belvedere Ward Chapel, Los Angeles.
 Lower left: Compton Ward Chapel, Compton.



SUTTER'S MILL, FROM A PRINT OF THE TIME. HERE IN THE MILL-RUN, GOLD WAS DISCOVERED.

THE SETTLEMENT OF SAN BERNARDINO

IN FEBRUARY, 1851, President Brigham Young called a company of Saints to settle at San Bernardino, California. The company was organized at Payson, Utah, and was led by Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich. There were five hundred souls in all: men, women, and children. The purpose of settlement was to establish an out-fitting post similar to that of Kanesville, Iowa, in order that the Mormon emigration by way of the Panama Canal and the islands of the Pacific might be facilitated. The company left in March and was three months on the journey over the trail through Southern Utah, Nevada, and California to their destination. The heat was extreme at times and the women and children were put to a great deal of suffering.

Arriving at Sycamore Grove, they pitched camp and remained there for three months. A brief notice in the *Los Angeles Star*, May 31, 1851, says:

"We learn that 150 Mormon families are at Cajon pass, sixty miles south of this city, on their way here from Deseret. These families, it is said, intend to settle in this valley, and to make it their permanent home. We cannot yet give full credit to these statements, because they do not come to us fully authenticated. But if it be true that Mormons are coming in such numbers to settle among us, we shall, as good and industrious citizens, extend to them a friendly welcome."

The leaders of the expedition purchased a large tract of land consisting of 35,000 acres for \$77,500. Within a short time, the Pioneers moved on to the ranch and established the city of San Bernardino. The city was surveyed and laid out by H. G. Sherwood, and after living in the open for eight months, the families were finally lodged in comfortable adobe houses.

The colonists planted crops. Every man had a tract of land which he planted in wheat and potatoes. Wheat was sold at four dollars a bushel, and flour at thirty-two dollars a barrel at Los Angeles. The colonists had considerable stock, the cattle having been purchased along the road from Salt Lake City. The land was surveyed and sold in tracts, and many emigrants from Australia and Europe purchased lands and began with marked success in building homes.

The colonists suffered a great deal from Indian raids by the Utes, Chemehuevis, and other desert tribes. Many cattle were driven away, and as a result the Mormons decided to build a fort, somewhat after the order of the one built at Great Salt Lake City in 1847.

Upon its completion more than a hundred families occupied the fort. Beyond were the fields, some of which were held in common, while others were owned by individual families. The policies of Brigham Young as colonizer were faithfully carried out. Every head of a family was to be an owner of his home, and

was to be economically independent. Wheat fields stretched out beyond the fort, fruit trees were planted, and cattle and sheep raised. The people began the construction of ditches to water their garden spots and grain fields. A large acreage was brought under irrigation. On Lytle Creek the colonists had fifty acres laid out into one acre tracts, which were used for gardens by the town people. At "Old San Bernardino," they had a vineyard which was common property, and was irrigated from the old Janja Creek which they at once utilized.

Freighting was carried on with Los Angeles and Salt Lake City. In 1852 Captain Hunt secured a mail contract for three years to carry mail from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City by way of San Bernardino. The mail was carried on horseback. One of the old freighters between Salt Lake City and San Bernardino was Francis M. Lyman, who carried freight with mule teams. Hay, flour, and stock were sent to Arizona and Southern Utah. Freighting became one of the chief occupations, and a man who engaged in it had to have considerable capital, for the large heavy wagons were expensive. Eight, ten, twelve, and sometimes eighteen and twenty mules were necessary to haul the freight over the deserts and through the mountains. There was always danger from Indians, and this together with the heat and cold, the alkali dust, the blinding glare of the

FORT SUTTER DOOR ON WHICH APPEARS INSCRIPTION PRAISING THE LOYALTY OF THE "MORMON BOYS." (SEE ALSO PAGE 409.)



sun upon the desert sands; thirst and hunger—tested to the uttermost the physical and mental powers of the teamsters.

GOVERNMENT OF SAN BERNARDINO

AFTER THE colonists had lived in the old fort for one year, they began building their homes and making improvements for the benefit of the entire colony. In 1853, the town was laid out and the streets, cutting each other at right angles, were patterned after Salt Lake City. The town was one mile square, laid out in blocks containing eight acres each. Along the sidewalks were small irrigating ditches; and shade trees were planted.

The city of San Bernardino was incorporated April 13, 1854. The first public building was erected by Amasa Lyman and Charles C. Rich, and was for a general office for the interests of the Mormon Church. It was a church and meeting-house, and was used for gatherings of the people when important subjects were to be considered concerning the general welfare of the colonists. It was also the first court house of the county.

In 1853, the superintendent of common schools reported "an expenditure of \$300 for a library, and almost another three hundred for building and furnishing the school house." In November, 1855, the school trustees with the county superintendent acted, by order of the city council, and selected six lots for school purposes. Two school houses were built and were called the Washington and Jefferson schools, respectively. A two-story house was erected by Amasa Lyman for his family. Priscilla Lyman was the mother of the first white child born after the colonists reached San Bernardino. Another house was built by Charles C. Rich, and like all the old homes, was of adobe.

When the Mormons purchased the site on which they settled, it was a part of Los Angeles county, and its boundaries extended eastward to the Colorado river. The county seat was Los Angeles, which was sixty miles distant. In 1853, Captain Jefferson Hunt, one of the most noted men of the expedition and a member of the Mormon Battalion, obtained through the legislature a bill which provided for the dividing of Los Angeles county, and the formation of San Bernardino county. The act was passed April 26, 1853, at the city of Benica. The act stating the boundaries of the



REPRESENTATIVE CHURCH BUILDINGS IN CALIFORNIA

1. Sacramento Ward Chapel, Sacramento.
2. San Bernardino Ward Chapel, San Bernardino.
3. Lankershim Ward Chapel, North Hollywood.
4. Gridley Ward Chapel, Gridley.
5. Yuba City Ward Chapel, Yuba City.
6. Long Beach Ward Chapel, Long Beach.
7. Homestead Ward Chapel, Gridley.
8. Liberty Ward Chapel, Palo Alto.
9. Palo Alto Ward Chapel, Palo Alto.
10. Mar Vista Ward Chapel, Mar Vista.
11. Alhambra Ward Chapel.



SAN BERNARDINO IN 1852

county provided for proper officials whose duties were clearly defined. The county of San Bernardino was one of the largest ever created in the United States, having an area equal to half of the state of New York. Its position gave it a commercial advantage as it was on the line of travel to the Pacific Coast from Utah and other points of the West.

The first county commissioners, all Mormons, served until the withdrawal of the people to Utah in 1857. They left the county entirely free from debt, and their administration was marked by the building of roads and bridges and the erecting of schools and other public buildings.

The San Bernardino colony attracted a great many people, because of the richness of the soil, and the well-directed work of the colonists. Within a few months, disappointed "gold diggers" and others came into the county, purchased lands, and began farming. The Mormon community became in time extremely exclusive and all the offices of the city and county were held pretty much by members of the Church. The newcomers could not adjust themselves to Mormon ideas and the only thing for them to do was to unite and form a local political party, which they did. A natural rivalry between the two factions grew up. The Gentile party came to be known as "Independents" and until the withdrawal of the Mormons to Utah in 1857, there were many local contests over public questions and elections.

In 1857, the colonists of the San Bernardino were recalled to Salt Lake City by President Brigham Young. Johnston's army was on its way to Utah, and President Young's policy was to bring to "Zion" all his people as far as pos-

sible. The Mormons sold their homes and lands in San Bernardino, most of them realizing little on their investments. The Church property was gradually disposed of, but the land titles of San Bernardino have always been unquestioned.

IN 1853, Parley P. Pratt was presiding over the California Mission, which included the adjacent countries in and on the Pacific. At a conference of Elders held at Wailuku, Sandwich Islands, October 6, 1853, a committee was appointed to take measures to obtain a printing press, type, and everything necessary to publish the Book of Mormon. The press, type, paper, were brought around Cape Horn from

RECENTLY ERECTED MONUMENT NEAR SAN BERNARDINO, SYCAMORE GROVE, COMMEMORATING THE COMING OF THE MORMON PIONEERS. ANOTHER MARKER HAS BEEN PLACED NEAR THE SAN BERNARDINO COURTHOUSE, COMMEMORATIVE OF THE EVENT. ELDER RICHARD R. LYMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE IS SEEN AT THE LEFT AND LORENZO SNOW LYMAN, FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN SAN BERNARDINO, AND MINNIE CARTER ENGLISH, GRANDDAUGHTER OF AMASA M. LYMAN, ARE AT THE RIGHT.



New York. Upon arrival of the press in California, Elder Parley P. Pratt, who was then residing in California, was communicated with, and it was decided to move the press and the printing materials to San Francisco, where Elder Pratt intended to publish a paper.

These materials were accordingly shipped to San Francisco. Elder George Q. Cannon was appointed by the Church in 1855 to take a mission to California to labor with Elder Pratt, and to help in the publishing of the Book of Mormon in the Hawaiian language. Elder Cannon went by the southern route to San Francisco, and within a short time, two thousand copies of the American scriptures were published for the first time in the native language of the Hawaiian people and were sent to Hawaii.

On the 23rd of February, the first number of the *Western Standard* was issued on this same press. The paper was continued for a period of nineteen months, but during the fall of 1857, the last issue appeared and all the missionaries were called back to Utah, due to the coming of a contingent of the United States army, which the people interpreted as a move to drive them from their homes. While the *Western Standard* was of brief duration, it was of high standard in publication in that day of pioneer California.

As early as 1850, Mormon missionaries were sent to San Francisco, and from that time to the present the Church has had a steady growth in all parts of the state.

At the present time there are approximately thirty-five thousand Latter-day Saints in California. There are nine stakes of Zion, each having a large population. There are also many independent branches scattered throughout the state under the jurisdiction of the California Mission. The Church during the last few years has erected many beautiful chapels in California. (See cover illustration and pages 412, 414, 416.)

Wherever the Mormons have settled in California or elsewhere they have developed the institutions that make for culture, solidarity, faith, moral courage, and good citizenship—namely, the Home, the Church, the Stake, the Printing Press, the School and the Fine Arts. Members of the Mormon Church today are taking important place in the furtherance of these fundamentals of progress and well-being in the great state of California.



RICHARD R. LYMAN

NOTHING SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE METROPOLITAN WATER DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By RICHARD R. LYMAN

Of the Council of the Twelve and Consulting Engineer for the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California

NEW COUNTRIES are settled and new discoveries are made by those who have courage and unusual daring. Columbus had these qualities. Those who settled America were of this fearless type. And the boldest and most daring of those who landed and settled on our eastern coast have children and children's children of much the same quality. It is they who have pushed on to the West, and therefore we should expect to find that the men and women on the shores of the Pacific are among the most enterprising and most courageous of the descendants of the first Americans who settled this land and made a new nation. Many of these dauntless ones are to be found in the state of California. Perhaps that is why the people of California appear to find nothing which to them seems impossible.

At this very moment four modern engineering achievements are being completed by these forward-looking Americans. Each of these gigantic projects is establishing a world record for some outstanding engineering accomplishment. Two bridges are being built in Northern California which involve unusual design, and in many respects are the greatest in the world's history of bridge construction. The story of these bridges is told elsewhere in this issue of the *Era*. The Golden Gate bridge is being built at a cost of \$35,000,000 and the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge at a cost of \$75,000,000.

Although the Boulder Dam, the third of the great present engineering undertakings in the West, is not actually located in California, its

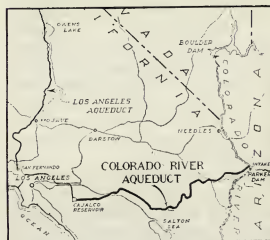
THE ENGINEERING activities and affiliations of Dr. Richard R. Lyman are too numerous to mention here, but in his professional field recognition has come to him from many sources, and individuals, corporations, and public commissions are constantly seeking his professional advice and services in his chosen field, and his reputation as a practical engineer is no more outstanding than his accomplishments as a teacher when he was Professor of Civil Engineering at the University of Utah. Dr. Lyman, writing here for readers of the *"Era"* as Consulting Engineer for the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, tells, in thrilling narrative, some of the seemingly impossible achievements of that mighty undertaking.

cost must be borne largely by the people of that state. With a height of 726 feet this dam sets a new world record that may stand forever.

The total cost of these three record-breaking modern structures is \$275,000,000. Now as if this gigantic expenditure were not enough to satisfy the daring and the vision of these men of California, the Metropolitan Water District, located in the southern part of that state, is undertaking a piece of construction for domestic and industrial water supply purposes to cost alone an additional \$220,000,000. They are making this enormous expenditure in order to bring the water of the Colorado River into Southern California. All four of these seemingly unequaled undertakings, total cost \$495,000,000, are to be paid for largely by the people of a single western state.

The Metropolitan Water District of Southern California is expending the \$220,000,000 named here in order to construct an aqueduct, dams, and the necessary pumping plants, power plants, and electric power lines to convey 1500 cubic feet of water a second through two great and many smaller ranges of mountains from the Parker Dam site to the Metropolitan Water District, a distance of 300 miles, and to lift this water a vertical distance of 1,615 feet. This height is nearly eight times that of the top of the tower of the Temple in Salt Lake City. This quantity of water flowing at the ordinary canal velocity of two feet a second would fill a canal 75 feet wide and 10 feet deep. It is concerning this gigantic undertaking of the people of Southern California that I write in more or less detail.

THE PICTURES accompanying this article were taken mostly during



THE HEAVY BLACK LINE RUNNING ACROSS THE LOWER PART OF THIS "THUMBNAIL" MAP INDICATES THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY THE METROPOLITAN WATER DISTRICT AQUEDUCT.

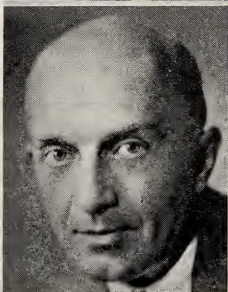
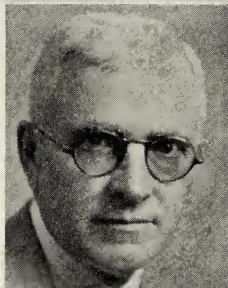
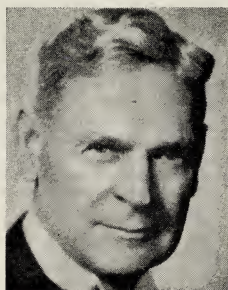
a trip made over the line of this aqueduct by Mr. Julian Hinds, assistant chief engineer; Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver, the distinguished and well-known professor of economics of Harvard University, and the writer. As we examined the different kinds of construction, great in variety and marvelous in magnitude, which are being carried forward through the sand and barrenness of this Colorado River desert, we exclaimed again and again: "Surely to the engineer nothing seems impossible."

The wise and courageous Americans forming the board of directors of the Metropolitan Water District have unlimited faith in the possibilities of Southern California. No investment seems too great, no undertaking too gigantic for these far-seeing business men. You will agree with this view when you know that these directors represent the people who carried their bond issue for \$220,000,000 with a vote of 5 to 1 majority, throughout the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California which includes at present the city of Los Angeles and twelve other California cities.

The preliminary work and the actual work of construction of the aqueduct went forward slowly at first, then faster and faster, but always in the right direction under the supervision of Mr. Frank E. Weymouth, Chief Engineer and General Manager of the District, until today approximately 600 engineers and other experts and 10,000 laborers are employed on this project and are rapidly carrying the work forward to completion.

In the main line there are twenty-nine different tunnels. These are approximately 16 feet high and 13 feet wide inside of the reinforced concrete lining and have a total length of 92 miles. The lined canal, 12 feet deep and 56 feet wide at the top, has a length of 55 miles. The syphons have a combined length of 29 miles. The longest single tunnel has a length of 18 miles.

UNDER Mountain Street in the city of Pasadena one tunnel three and one-half miles long and ten feet in diameter, with a comparatively small distance between the top of the tunnel and the grade of the street above it, was driven through alluvial or soft gravel formation. Constructing a tunnel in this soft soil could only be done by new methods of driving lagging ahead of the excavation. By using this tunnel



W. P. WHITSETT
FRANK E. WEYMOUTH
JULIAN HINDS
C. G. ELDER

THE MEN BEHIND THE PROJECT

THE WHOLE world gazes with admiration at the outstanding and remarkable feats in engineering that are being carried out in many parts of the world today, but few of the multitudes who admire these accomplishments are interested enough in the details of these projects to ask the names of the men whose minds and brains have prepared the plans and specifications and have had the ability to create the necessary organization of men, money, and machinery to make these modern wonders possible.

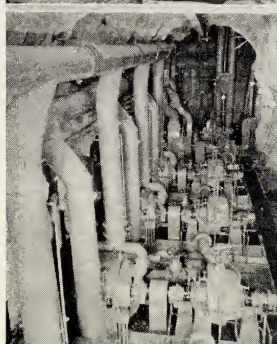
Following are the names of a few of the men who have made possible the construction of this mammoth aqueduct and of the pumping plants, dams, power plants, and construction machines and methods which necessarily go with it, and something concerning their training, experience, and native endowments.

Mr. W. P. Whitsett is chairman of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California. Here is a man who has been equipped by nature with only one gear and that gear is high and ahead. He seems to know no such thing as defeat. Behind him he has a Board of wise and courageous Americans whose faith in southern California seems to be boundless.

Soon after the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Water District was organized, they looked everywhere they thought a promising engineer might be found and finally discovered Mr. Frank E. Weymouth, who at that time was directing the building of great irrigation systems in the Republic of Mexico. He was made the district's chief engineer and is now serving as its general manager and chief engineer. Had the directors written specifications for the perfect man, I am sure they could not have created in their own imaginations a man more ideally qualified to fill this position.

Back of Mr. Weymouth stands an engineering and construction organization of men who for sheer ability, efficiency, and resourcefulness cannot be surpassed. Included in this splendid organization are such men as James Munn, general superintendent of construction and nationally recognized as one of the best construction cost estimators and organizers in the country; J. L. Burkholder, assistant general manager and the man who acts as Mr. Weymouth's right hand man in the actual direction of all phases of aqueduct work in the field; James H. Gaylor, chief electrical and mechanical engineer, and the man who is in charge of the designing and construction of the huge pumping plants.

There are two others of Mr. Weymouth's chief assistants with whom the writer has been intimately associated. One of these is Mr. Julian Hinds who, as a mathematician and a designing engineer, is most competent and efficient, as verified by the award to him ten years ago of the Norman Gold Medal by the American Society of Civil Engineers. The other is a Utah product, Clayburn C. Elder, Mr. Elder, born in Salt Lake City, is a graduate of the Civil Engineering Department of the University of Utah, and as an expert in hydraulics and general engineering has made and is making a record that is splendidly successful. He has been called by his associates, relatively speaking it may be assumed, the Einstein of the Aqueduct.



INVERT PLACING OPERATIONS NEAR SHAVER'S SUMMIT.
SIPHON TRENCH ON TOP OF EAGLE MOUNTAIN.
DEWATERING PUMPS AT CABAZON SHAFT—SAN JACINTO TUNNEL.
PROGRESS ACROSS THE DESERT—TAKEN FROM TOP OF EAGLE MOUNTAIN.

method the residents of the city were saved great inconvenience.

At Cajalco Dam, located at the western end of the main aqueduct,

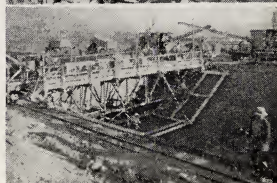
we observed the construction of the earth-fill dam and dike that will form the reservoir from which distribution lines will carry water to each of the thirteen cities in the Metropolitan Water District. We saw a battery of six fifteen ton sheep's-foot rollers drawn by seventy-five horsepower caterpillar tractors compacting the earth fill as the material was brought to the embankment by truck from nearby quarries.

This reservoir located about 60 miles from Los Angeles and 241 miles from the Colorado River, is to store at present 100,000 acre feet. It will be possible to increase this capacity to 225,000 acre feet.

The San Jacinto tunnel, 210 miles from the river and 100 miles from Los Angeles, is 13 miles long. In this tunnel the most difficult task thus far of the whole construction has been encountered. The excavation is being driven from five headings, one at the west end of the tunnel and two from each of two shafts which have been sunk from the mountain sides above. It is at the bottom of one of these shafts, the depth of the shaft being 800 feet, that some 30 second feet of water has been giving extremely serious trouble. The contractor who undertook originally to do this work was compelled by the difficulties encountered to abandon his contract. The District has now undertaken to complete the work.

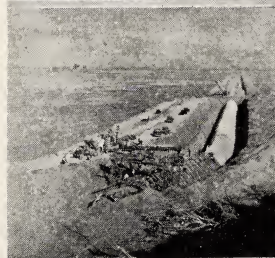
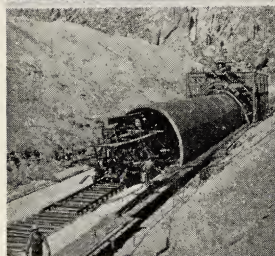
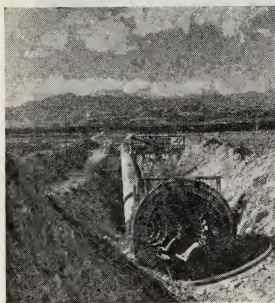
Pumping this stream of 30 cubic feet of water a second to an elevation of 800 feet costs \$800.00 a day. It is not the quantity of water that is creating the extremely difficult and expensive situation but the pressure from 200 to 300 pounds per square inch at which this water comes into the tunnel.

When we visited the tunnel this flow was in the process of being sealed off by a heavy lining of gunite, approximately 24 inches thick, which formed a dome-shaped gunite bulkhead at the end of the tunnel. Gunite is a sort of thin concrete which is blown into place with a device called a gun. A number of large steel pipes were imbedded in this bulkhead to permit the temporary escape of the water and thus avoid, for the time being, having to hold the water under high pressure. The plan was to pump low pressure grout—a mixture of moist cement and sand—into the crevices of the rock behind this gunite lining until a sufficient thickness of this rock had been thus solidly cemented to carry



CANAL PAVER.
CONCRETING EQUIPMENT, CANAL SECTION.
REINFORCING STEEL PLACED IN CANAL.
CANAL TRIMMER.
LINED CANAL.

the 200 or 300-pound pressure per square inch which accumulates when this water is held back. When the bulkhead has thus been made thick enough and strong enough to resist this pressure, the pipes above referred to will be closed and the entire flow will be shut off by pumping grout into the crevices under extremely high pressure. With the joints or crevices in the rock all tightly closed by grout which has taken a good firm set, solid rock enough will be created through



BIG MORANGO SIPHON
STEEL FORMS FOR CONDUIT
TRAVELER FOR HANDLING OUTSIDE FORMS
AND PLACING ARCH CONCRETE.
CONSTRUCTING CONDUIT
WEST OF SAN JACINTO MOUNTAIN.

which to construct the tunnel and to hold back the water.

We found in this tunnel the most difficult situation that has been encountered and were gratified at the confidence of the engineers that soon

they would shut off this flow and thus solve the problem.

"But," I asked, "at what cost per foot of tunnel are you solving this problem?"

"Cost!" exclaimed the engineer. "We cannot count cost! This part of the work is holding up a \$220,000,000 undertaking. We must solve the problem. The situation is too serious for us to stop to count the cost."

Be it said again, to the engineer nothing seems to be impossible.

WE RODE into one tunnel a distance of three miles on a storage battery motor car. The completed lining presented an appearance that was excellent. With most gratifying results the concrete was being forced into the space behind the forms by means of pumps.

The open canal work presented many new and interesting features. A remarkable but intensely complicated and efficient machine has been devised for placing concrete across the bottom and up the sides of the open canal in one continuous operation. On an average of 460 linear feet or nearly one-tenth of a mile of canal lining, having a thickness of six inches, is completed in a shift of eight hours. Each foot of length of canal requires 1.41 cubic yards of concrete. The 460 linear feet put in place in eight hours requires therefore the mixing and placing of 1.35 cubic yards a minute.

While this quantity is small compared with the amount handled when building concrete structures of great bulk, nevertheless placing this quantity of finished lining in this comparatively thin layer on the bottom and up the two sloping sides of the canal is but another of the many modern, outstanding achievements in construction which have been developed on this great project. This machine travels about one foot a minute and completely finishes the concrete lining as it goes except for a few touches of the trowel which are made by hand to bring the surface to a perfect finish.

A similar machine has been devised for trimming to exact subgrade the canal surface on which the concrete lining is to be laid. The main excavation is made by drag lines or steam shovels to within approximately six inches of the required grade. The additional material to be removed is then moistened and the trimmer running on the steel rails takes out the excess material. The other gigantic machines



STEEL SUPPORT USED IN VALVERDE TUNNEL.
MEN COMING OFF SHIFT—DIVERSION TUNNELS,
PARKER DAM PROJECT.

used for constructing that part of the aqueduct which is laid in an open cut and then covered are also equally interesting. (See Illustrations.)

PERHAPS there was no part of this 250 or 300 miles of thoroughly modern construction on the largest scale known that was more interesting than the construction of that portion of the aqueduct which is located on the top of Eagle Mountain. Eagle Mountain is a great wall of rock rising from the flat and barren desert of the southern country to an elevation of approximately 4,000 feet. At its eastern end it is a narrow range of rock and jagged and precipitate cliffs where even an eagle would hardly think of building a nest because of the roughness. On the very top at an elevation of approximately 500 feet above the plain below, excavations over ridges and into hollows of that solid rock ledge were being made in which to construct the concrete conduit which will carry the 1500 second feet of water over this precipitous mountain

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GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARD THE MARINE SHORE FROM SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING THE WORLD'S LONGEST SINGLE SPAN, 4,200 FEET.

Photograph Used by Courtesy Standard Oil of California.

LONGEST SPAN BUILT BY MAN

Adapted for "The Improvement Era" from a story by James Reed, General Manager of the Golden Gate Bridge and Highway District

HIGH ABOVE the rushing tidal waters that sweep in and out through San Francisco's harbor entrance, where ninety years ago Sam Brannan and the good ship *Brooklyn* with its party of Mormon colonists passed through the Golden Gate, spinning machines—great mechanical spiders—have for months been shuttling back and forth between San Francisco and Marin County, weaving the webs of the thirty-six and one-half inch cables that will support the Golden Gate Bridge.

It was but a few short years ago that men told one another that the Golden Gate Bridge never could be built, that the span was so long that even the cat-walk cables would fall of their own weight.

They said that there was no foundation for the mighty piers that support the two seven hundred forty-six foot bridge towers and that even though the piers were built, the weight of the tower steel, superimposed upon them would result in their failure.

Today the Golden Gate Bridge is three-fourths complete. Not quite three years ago it was a "paper project." Not a shovelful of earth had been turned—not a pound of steel had been rolled or fabricated. Enemies of the project still were exerting every effort to prevent its getting under way.

Actual construction of the Golden Gate Bridge started during the month of December, 1932, when the Pacific Bridge Company, contractor for the Marin and San Francisco piers, commenced building its roadway and access trestles so that work might start on the pier at Lime Point where the Marin bridgehead is located.

From this moment on, work on the Golden Gate Bridge has gone forward without interruption, despite the fact that contractors on the monumental project labored in the face of what might a few years ago have been considered insurmountable difficulties.

Winter storms that whipped up mountainous seas, swift tides that impeded the progress of the work, and many other factors contributed toward making the job both difficult and hazardous.

On June 29, 1933, the Marin pier was completed. Construction of the pier itself, disregarding the access trestle, roads, and landing docks, required one hundred one working days.

Next, work was commenced on Marin cable anchorage, another job marked by its staggering proportions.

Excavations for the south pier and fender of the Golden Gate Bridge, admittedly the most difficult and hazardous part of the job, were started March 28, 1935. This work, which necessitated the application of new and untried engineering methods, required almost two years to complete.

Twice while it was in progress the eleven hundred foot access trestle, which had been built out into the Golden Gate to facilitate pier oper-

ations, was partially wrecked by storms. Once during a heavy fog a steamship crashed into it, carrying away a large section.

But the work progressed and on March 16, 1934, the first concrete for the fender was poured and the fender completed a little over seven months later. Concrete involved in this construction amounted to 89,000 cubic yards, the major portion being poured under water by the tremie method.

THE CONSTRUCTION of the south tower was perhaps the most spectacular feat of the entire job. Erection was commenced January 10, 1935, and the structure fully completed June 28, 1935, in the amazing time of five months and 11.8 days.

The McClintic-Marshall Corporation, contractor for the steel superstructure of the Golden Gate Bridge won a bonus of \$123,000 as a result of completing the tower one hundred four days ahead of schedule.

The completed tower immediately was turned over to the John A. Roebling's Sons Company of California, cable contractors, and on August 2, the first tramway rope was laid across the Golden Gate and hoisted to the tops of the two towers. On August 8, the first cat-walk ropes across the Gate were similarly placed.



AS THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE WILL LOOK WHEN OPENED TO TRAFFIC, MARCH 1, 1937.

FRIDAY, November 8, 1935, saw the beginning of actual spinning operations, when guide wires were strung from anchorage to anchorage over each cat-walk.

As this goes to print, spinning operations are proceeding full speed ahead, with every expectation that they will proceed without interruption and the erection of the suspended structure of the bridge will commence in July of this year. The entire project will be completed as scheduled March 1, 1937, at a cost of approximately \$35,000,000.

The Golden Gate Bridge is renowned for several significant reasons, among which are the following:

First: Situated at outer entrance of "Gate" to San Francisco Bay—World's third most beautiful and extensive harbor.

Second: Largest solid underwater foundation pier in the world—155 by 300 feet—115 feet high—built on hard rock, against a continuous tidal flow of four to eight miles an hour.

Third: Highest bridge towers in the world—746 feet above water level—tallest structures west of Chicago.

Fourth: Longest span in the world—4200 feet—nearly the combined length of the two major San Francisco Bay spans.

Fifth: Largest cables ever spun—36½ inches in diameter with a total length of 7,660 feet each; total length of project, including 6,766 feet of approach viaducts, 3¾ miles.

Sixth: Only major public project now under construction in the United States without federal aid, but on the contrary, contributing over \$500,000 to military "replacements."

Seventh: Architectural treatment eliminating commonly used "X" bracing, producing unique and beautiful structure.

Eighth: Highest safety record ever achieved in the construction world—not a single death or permanent injury to date—an unprecedented record.

NOTHING SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE

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from the top of the peak through which the water will be pumped from the valley below. All ordinary mortals can do when they see thus constructed this great aqueduct or conduit at this enormous elevation is to exclaim as we did over and over on this trip: "To the engineer, surely nothing is impossible."

To undertake to give a description of all the tunnels, or the construction in all of the valleys, or details with regard to the various reservoirs, in this short article is of course out of the question. The pictures presented will tell the story in a more interesting way than can words.

In the early morning the last day of our trip we drove to the Parker Dam site for breakfast. Parker Dam site is 150 miles below the Boulder Dam. The work of constructing this dam is being done by the Six Companies, Inc., contractors for the United States Bureau of Reclamation, the bill to be paid, however, by the Metropolitan Water District of

Southern California out of the \$220,000,000 available for the entire project.

The Parker Dam will be a concrete structure 320 feet high and 810 feet long at the top. A notable feature of this structure is that the excavation in the bed of the river, in order to reach solid rock foundation, must be made to a depth of 240 feet. A cross-section of this dam shows so much of it under the bed of the river that the portion of the dam in view will be to the whole structure little more than the roof is to a great mansion.

This \$220,000,000 water supply project stands out as evidence to the world of the courage and daring of the people of Southern California. Their faith and confidence is based on the outstanding success of the Owens River Aqueduct which was completed in 1913 with a water carrying capacity of 440 cubic feet per second. From the time that water

came into Los Angeles that city and its environs have enjoyed a development almost without parallel. That extensive plain in Southern California needed only a water supply to turn it into a region unusually attractive as a place of residence and as a site for intense industrial development.

If bringing 440 cubic feet of water a second from Owens Valley in the Los Angeles Aqueduct produced the Los Angeles of today, an almost matchless center of wealth, population, and industrial undertaking, let the imagination picture what transformation this 1500 second feet of water, pure, clean, and sparkling from the Colorado River, will make during the next twenty-five or fifty years in this country with its productive soil and its matchless climate! The courageous and enterprising characters in Southern California who have made this great undertaking possible deserve to have their names preserved forever.

Editorial

A Pioneering Church

THE PIONEER is an explorer, a prophet, and a conqueror. He explores the discovered domain; upon his findings he predicts its possibilities; then, indifferent to personal toil and sacrifice, he makes his vision come true. The benefits of his realized dreams bless those who follow him, in increasing volume, to the latest generation. By such tests the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a true pioneering organization.

The trail of the Latter-day Saints from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is a succession of conquests over surrounding conditions. Marshes were drained into lush meadows; the forlorn prairie was enlivened with cities and wide fields; the vast, western desert was made the abiding place of an incomparable civilization. Churches, schools and homes are the milestones of the trail; and the solitude is broken by the laughter of happy children. In hundreds of cities and thousands of households, age looks back with joy upon a task well done, maturity labors to meet the problems of the day, and youth peers eagerly into a future made certain through the labors of those who have gone before.

In the more refined realm of the spirit, the Latter-day Saints have pioneered as fearlessly and successfully. When men's beliefs were set in straight-jackets, limited in place and time and space, the "Mormon" Pioneers taught the eternity of life and its associated cosmos. A word in Holy Writ was shown to be less sacred than the meaning it attempted to convey. Great periods of time took the place of mechanical days of creation. Man, instead of being a fortuitous creature of earth, was raised to immeasurable dignity—a son of God, preexistent, imperishable; engaged in an endless spiritual enterprise; traveling upward and onward as in an eternal journey, in which chance was replaced by law, and the direction determined by the subjection of the will to rational, defensible, divine truth. Truth! truth! wherever found, in laboratory, study or the prophet's vision, and truth used in harmony with the divine plan, became the issue of life, the heart's very desire. Men of earth became partners with the Lord in the work of salvation. That was the greatest pioneering adventure of the Latter-day Saints, and so it remains. The new vision of eternal life and everlasting purpose, with freedom to break with superstition and tradition, expanded the souls of men, and gave them new happiness and lasting courage.

When Joseph Smith led the people to Ohio,

Missouri, and Illinois, he carried a new ark of the covenant, containing the truth of revelation, freedom to believe according to one's own convictions, a spiritual equivalent of every temporal act; rewards here and hereafter proportioned to the acceptance of truth. Brigham Young carried the same message into the inter-mountain West; the ship *Brooklyn* into California; and every missionary into the field where he labors. The essential pioneering message of "Mormonism" is spiritual. It must be so, for "out of [the heart] are the issues of life." The activities of the Church, one and all, converge upon that message.

Forever let us honor the pioneer, whether in temporal or spiritual fields, forever let us retain and use the pioneering spirit. The welfare of the world is bound up with the pioneer, for without him there is no progress.—J. A. W.

Keeping Pace with the Pioneers

IN 1861, when the Pony Express carried Lincoln's inaugural address from the eastern railroad terminus to the West coast in seven days and seventeen hours—that was an achievement. But it would not be today! Any one of untold millions of Americans could leisurely cover the same distance today in an out-moded car of doubtful vintage—and with time to spare. But it would not be an achievement. It would be merely a mediocre performance that millions may repeat millions of times.

Damming a small stream in an arid region to make parched, sun-baked soil arable, thereby introducing modern irrigation to the West, was the achievement of the Mormon Pioneers of 1847. But it takes the building of a Boulder Dam or a Metropolitan Water Aqueduct, or a Golden Gate Bridge to equal that achievement today in terms of comparative opportunity and accomplishment.

In 1883, when President Grant made one of his first trips to New York City, incredulous Americans were still "aweing" the recently completed *six-story* Equitable building, then the highest structure in America. That "sky-scraper" was an architectural and structural achievement. But it would not be today. Today, the "super structure" of 1883 has entered the realm of the commonplace.

And so illustrations could be multiplied. Within certain limits the theory of relativity may be applied to other things than motion in space. Admitting the "absolutes"—the fundamental virtues,

the changeless truths, and the immutable laws—the living of life is in many respects a relative matter, pioneering is a comparative term, and achievement is a variable. To state the proposition otherwise, if we do merely the things that our fathers did, actually we do less than they, because our opportunities and advantages are superior to theirs.

We marvel at the accomplishments of the early Church missionaries — John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Heber C. Kimball, and others—men who with virtually no material advantages accomplished the seemingly impossible. Today, with facilities for sending messages around the world seven times a second, with facilities to travel great distances quickly, and to meet thousands where they saw only a few;—today with printing presses to flood the earth with any message we may have for its people, how much greater should be our success than theirs in bringing many to a knowledge of truth!

The last one hundred years has seen progress in the advancement of knowledge and in the upbuilding of the Church such as generations and centuries before have never seen. The next hundred years we dare to hope and have reason to believe, will be equally blessed with progress and achievement in all good and worthwhile things. But regardless of the record of the century now past or of the still unwritten record of the century that lies ahead, the future will not be a time of achievement for us unless we learn to "keep pace with the Pioneers."

To keep pace with the Pioneers does not mean to do as well as they did in an absolute sense. It means rather to progress as far as they progressed; to extend new frontiers as far as they extended them; to push from the known into the unknown as far as they did; to contribute as much to the permanent uplift of the world as they did; to uphold ideals and principles with as much devotion as they did; and to express loyalty to truth in as tangible a manner as they did.—*R. L. E.*

Loyalty

IN JULY, citizens of the United States think of the glorious Fourth with a thrill of pleasure because it commemorates that day one hundred and sixty years ago when the United States became a nation. Too frequently we do not go behind the celebration to see that the greatest meaning the day has is one of integrity and loyalty. Patriotism alone did not impel these earlier Americans to make so valiant a stand. Their intense loyalty to principles made them willing to give their lives rather than sacrifice their standards.

In July, Latter-day Saints reverence those sturdy and intrepid Pioneers who made their trek across the plains rather than sacrifice their ideals. Their trip was not a gesture of bravado but a desperate movement for integrity. Homes they gladly sacrificed on the altar of their devotion to truth. Thoughts of self went into the discard as they planned for the greatest good of the greatest number. Death they would welcome for themselves if only it would insure to their posterity freedom to live right.

In July, we Latter-day Saints of today should pledge ourselves more fully to that which we know to be true. Today we may not be called to display evidence of our integrity in a dramatic manner, but by a quiet, undemonstrative, consistent following of the good which will influence toward right living many with whom we associate. Emerson said:

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent."

Today our task is perhaps more difficult and even more significant than that of our forefathers. Theirs was to withdraw from a world which persecuted them. Ours is to blazon the path for a world which has lost its way. The Church has pointed the road for us to follow. Each of us must travel the road alone and yet for the benefit of the group. Each today must do his duty in the payment of his tithes and of his fast offerings; each must do his best to till the soil; to be of constructive aid to his community. Individual praise may not be sung, any more than the praise of the Pioneers was an individual affair. But as each does his duty, the Church as a whole will reap the reward and the renown as did the Church through the willing sacrifices made by the various companies of the toiling Pioneers. As each of us cooperates, Latter-day Saints will become an independent and at the same time a united people, fulfilling the slogan of a great country: Each for all, and all for each.

Loyalty is a crying need in the world today; loyalty to home, to personal integrity, to country, to Church. Let us Latter-day Saints clear the forest and make a beaten path for the accomplishment of these loyalties by our adherence to those principles which gave sure footing to countless peoples who sacrificed all except their integrity to cast their lots with our religion. Can we who have been the recipients of the benefits derived from their sacrifices do less?

If we remain loyal, our satisfaction will not come from the blaze of cannons or the blare of trumpets, but will come from hearing the still small voice which is the voice of God.—*M. C. J.*

Poetry

MORMON WOMAN

By Edith Cherrington

ON THESE loved hills—this massive mountain range—
Distance shows a blue ridge high and strange,
Remote and cruel savage of the earth;
But it was this rough land which gave her birth;
Its fruit became her flesh and from its stone
Was carved her human framework, bone by bone.

Look at her now and let your fancy trace
Its rugged features in her handsome face;
The granite cliff her brow, her every limb
Proclaims a pine tree vigor, straight and slim,
Rounding from supple trunk to muscled thighs.
The blue of the unmarked space is in her eyes;
Her browned and agile fingers are the roots
Searching the stony ground for hidden fruits.

The daughter of a re-created land,
She stands as proudly as the mountains stand—
Drawing her vigor from the vast frontiers,
Her courage from the Mormon Pioneers.

AS THE REDWOODS

By Amy Bower

OH HEART, be peaceful as the redwood grooves!
And may tranquility
Flow into life as sunshine flows
Into a redwood tree.

O heart, be fragrant as the redwoods are!
And may each memory
Be sweet with deeds of kindness
And fine sincerity.

Oh heart, keep growing as the redwoods grow,
With grace and dignity;
And may the storms but blow to birth
A new, fresh energy.

IN ARMS WE TRUST

By Claude Weimer

IN GOD we trust. The words that shout
But empty phrases we repeat,
While in our plans we let God out
And put our trust in fort and fleet.

As nations we forget the crash
Of pompous hosts that march no more,
Whose power was broken like the dash
Of waves upon some rocky shore.

In arms we trust, in arms that burst
In thundering hatred overhead;
And, wreathing graves that war has cursed,
We plead God's blessing on our dead.

We hesitate to do His will,
Afraid of faith our lips confess,
A faith if kept, more potent still
Than all the arms we now possess.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL

By Georgia Moore Eberling

IT SEEMS that I can see you there,
Prim and erect in your straight low chair;
Hair brushed back from your smooth, fair brow—
Only your wheel is left there now.

Oh Pioneer Mother, you live for me,
For all of the fruits of your toil I see!
And I like to sit in your low-backed chair
And think of all of your love and care.

I like to hope in that land of light
That you may rest from morn till night,
But I feel as you look over boundless space
Your lips still murmur: "This is the place."

For you sought a home and a refuge here
And I know your heart still holds it dear.
So it seems to me I can see you there
Prim and erect in your straight low chair.

SO YOUNG

By Clara Aiken Speer

THEY WERE so young, those mothers who
Rocked with the covered wagon's sway,
Over the hills and across the plains
Into the sunset, day after day.

They were so young, those mothers who
Bore and reared a numerous brood
To people an empire with men of strength
And women of tranquil fortitude.

They were so young, those mothers who
Grew old and withered before their time,
Striving to plant the ancient faith
Into the soil of an alien clime.

They were so young, those mothers who
Were a part of the trail and the new
land's glean,
Like one who rests where grief has carved:
"Jennie, Loved Wife, Aged Seventeen."

CHALLENGE

By Alberta H. Christensen

WE SHALL not make of this a burial place
Although our sickened dream cries
out for sleep.

Are we so feeble that we cannot keep
Our bond of heritage with that strong race—
Our fathers of the soil who would not say
"Defeat"? They fought to make them yield,
and yield

They did—the desert and the plain and
field.

What though unwanted darkness clouds
today,
Their blood still flows within our throbbing
veins;

We too have dreamed our dreams—a nation's
prize—

Nor shall it turn to dust before our eyes,
For faith is still beyond the reach of chains.

Our dream shall never be consigned to
death

While in the dreamer pulses blood and
breath!

TO A PIONEER LADY

By LaRene King Blecker

GOD TOOK a part of the silvery moon
And dusted it over her hair;
The blue of the skies,
Shines deep in her eyes,
She's dainty, and fragile, and fair.

He took the hue of the pink petalled dawn
And gently tinted her face;
He molded her form
With symmetrical charm
And gave her a rare, queenly grace.

He fashioned her soul from the blended
mauve
Of a violet's blossom, unfurled.
He made her of gold
And then broke the mold;
A pearl on the breast of the world.

He gave her the heart of a dewy rose;
Its perfume and coloring blend;
And, would you believe it?
Oh, can you conceive it?
He gave her to me for a friend!

ARISE O YOUTH

By Ruth May Fox

ARISE O Youth and follow in the steps
Of that devoted band whose call divine
To teach God's truth and spread His mar-
velous work
Was answered by a willingness sublime.

O blessed memory are they! As did
Elijah's mantle fall upon his friend
With two-fold power, so may their loyalty,
Their faith upon the Youth of Israel
descend.

With such an heritage, O Zion's Youth,
With dreams prophetic of a glorious goal,
And God's transcendent power to guide
your steps
You cannot fail the whisperings of your
soul.

The coming years are yours, O valiant
Youth,
In which to test your knowledge, strength,
and skill,
Regenerate this suffering, sin-torn world
And turn men's hearts to do the Father's
will.

The crisis of the ages knocks aloud,
Is pleading at your door for help and
trust;
For you, O Youth, to batter down the walls
Of prejudice and selfishness and lust.

Arm yourselves with justice, love, and truth,
You're sure to win—your Father's at the
wheel;

Arise and shine; your armor waits for you,
And untold glory shall reward your zeal.

To build the towers of Zion is your right
From their resplendent spires your songs
shall ring

"This yours to bear the standard of the Lord
And yours to shout the triumph of the
King.



IT WAS SCARCELY MORE THAN A BREATH, BUT IT BROUGHT THE MAN'S GREAT HANDS INTO A HARD CLINCH.

FOXTAIL

By DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

"The kind of fever I have can't be cured by lying down." Gladys left her rocker and started toward him. Huh—coming to encourage him by word of mouth when he knew mentally she was curling her lips. Coming to tell him he'd done his best when she knew there was no best in him. With two quick strides he was off the porch, the screen door banging behind him. In his panic he collided with a neighbor's wife.

"I'm so sorry—," she began, but as he stiffened defiantly, she added, "I just ran over to see Gladys."

Without answering, he turned and swung rapidly away, across the garden, through the grass-choked orchard, into the pasture.

Gone. With each staccato step the words hammered at his brain. Gone, and with them his pitifully small income. Gone, and still owing for the hay they ate last winter. He stopped and looked back. The house was small, the barn and sheds none too good. Not much of a place, but he had thought it was his. Just a question of time now until he'd have to leave it. After all the man that worked for wages was lucky. He had no mortgages clinging like a leech, souring his hopes, turning his core rotten. He could eat, sleep, and be merry. Out here one could eat, especially when wife raised the garden, but sleep was something else again. Night after night it had teased him with its soothing forgetfulness but took care to keep a proper distance.

CROSSING the accusing emptiness of the pasture, Walt made for the big locust that grew on a high spot by the farthest pasture fence. Flinging himself on the grass beneath it he closed his eyes. If he could keep them closed two minutes maybe that queerness in his head would leave. Maybe, if he could think clearly for two minutes, he could see his way out of all this.

No good, trying to think. Sitting up abruptly he put his clasped hands around his knees and looked again at the house and barn.

Not much of a place but pretty good when a man owned it. Not so long ago he had brought Gladys

here a bride. It had been spring and they had driven up alone in the old Model T, outwardly gay, bantering; inwardly a little awed and frightened. He could still see the questioning sparkle of her eye, the high flush of her cheek, as they had opened the kitchen door together. He had been so full of plans. Fragments of his dreams, his ambitions, came crowding helter-skelter through his mind and a long, shuddering sigh burst from him. What had happened? What had happened? Where along the way had he lost his touch? His head throbbed with the uncertainty, and with an effort he turned his thoughts.

Gladys now, there had been no let-down to her. She had a Midas' touch. And she never scolded, that was against her code. Oh, she'd been game all right; or had she? Wasn't she too game to be true? When she didn't talk he had only to guess at what she was thinking.

THERE WAS a sharp pricking at the calf of his leg. Mechanically he rolled up his overalls. A ripe foxtail had worked through and had already made a sore. He removed the head and crushed it between his fingers. Crafty stuff. Once it got a start it was worse than a mortgage. It was the reason for his having to buy hay the last two winters. It had taken the hay and the pasture just as the mortgage had taken the cows.

A clutching wave of desolation swept over him. There was Bobby—and his Great Dream. Let the cows go, let the place go. He could stand both if he had to, but if Bobby lost faith—little tyke had a way with him, made a man feel his power—like yesterday. Someone had suggested Bobby should be a mechanic. He had looked up in childish scorn.

"Nuffin' doin'." I'm going to be like my Dad—dist like my own Dad."

He was young yet, but time was fleeting. There was a day coming soon when he would see clearly.

A shadow fell across the grass and his neighbor, Bill Oliver, dropped beside him.

(Continued on page 449)

GONE. The last cow had turned the bend. Slowly, determinedly, Walt turned his burning eyes. Through the open doorway he could see Gladys by the window.

"Well?" The word carried a tinge of defiance, hopeless struggle, silent heartbreak.

"Well," she half-whispered it and her eyes followed persistently a fly on the porch screen, "they're gone."

He waited, nerves taut. This couldn't happen to him without—without an anti-climax. Why didn't she scold? Why didn't she remind him she had been expecting it all along? Why didn't she say the place would soon go, too? Oh, Great Caesar's ghost, why didn't she say something and have it over? Anything would be better than staring stupidly at a buzzing fly.

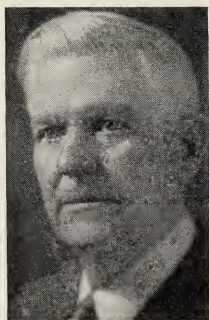
"Well?" Again. A man couldn't defend himself until he was accused.

"S-sh. Bobby is asleep."

Bobby. Walt's battling emotions were suddenly stilled to an aching numbness.

"You'd better lie down. You look feverish."

So. She had decided to speak after all. He laughed, a loud crackling laugh.



GEORGE D. PYPER

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

By GEORGE D. PYPER

General Superintendent of the Deseret
Sunday School Union and a Member
of the Church Music Committee

III. "Come, Come, Ye Saints"

By WILLIAM CLAYTON



ALTHOUGH it has been generally believed that the writing of "Come, Come, Ye Saints" took place on the Pioneer journey between Winter Quarters and Salt Lake City, the hymn really was written while the company of Brigham Young, of which William Clayton was a member, was at or near Locust Creek, about forty-three days out on the journey from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters. William Clayton's diary has a very brief note concerning it under the date of Wednesday, April 15, 1846: "This morning I composed a new song—All is Well."

As far as known this is the only reference to the origin of the hymn recorded in any of the writings of the author or other Pioneers. In the *Relief Society Magazine* (Vol. 8, page 57, 1921), the following story is told: "President Young, feeling great anxiety because there were murmurings in the camp of Israel, called Elder William Clayton aside and said: 'Brother Clayton, I want you to write a hymn that the people can sing at their campfires, in the evening; something that will give them succor and support, and help them to fight the many troubles and trials of the journey.' Elder Clayton withdrew from the camp and in two hours returned with the hymn familiarly known as 'Come, Come, Ye Saints.' His personal testimony is to the effect that . . . it was written under the favor and inspiration of the Lord."

This story or something like it has been published many times, but some have questioned its authenticity, because William Clayton made no mention of it in his diary, and because there seems to be no original record of the incident. But whether or not it is authentic, the song served

the purpose named in President Young's purported request: it was sung in the evening at the campfires; it gave them succor and support, and helped them to lay aside useless cares and "fight the many troubles and trials of the journey."

THE TUNE to "All is Well" is of English origin, and was brought down by oral tradition until its appearance in *Union Harmony* and *Original Sacred Harp*, early Southern publications. It was derived from the folk song "Good Morning, Gossip Joan," which still persists in Virginia oral tradition as "Good Morning, Neighbor Jones." In 1844, two years before the exodus, J. T. White, of Georgia, revised the song, giving it more emotional vigor. The first verse of the old version runs as follows:

"What's this that steals (that steals) upon
my frame—
Is it death? Is it death?
That soon will quench (will quench) this
mortal flame—
Is it death? Is it death?

If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the king of glory see—
All is well! All is well!"

No doubt it was from this source that William Clayton got the tune and "Mormonized" it to fit "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

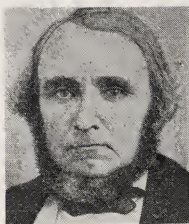
Many pathetic incidents have been told of the Pioneer treks. President Heber J. Grant, in an article on "Our Favorite Hymns," published in *The Improvement Era*, (volume 17, part 2, 1914) writes that Oscar Winters, his father-in-law, related to him the following story:

"One night, as we were making camp, we noticed one of our brethren had not arrived and a volunteer party was immediately organized to return and see if anything had happened to him. Just as we were about to start, we saw the missing

*"Twelve Folk Hymns: From the old Shape Note Hymn Books and from Oral Tradition." Published by J. Fischer & Bro., 119 West 40th St., N. Y. © 1934.

brother coming in the distance. When he arrived he said he had been quite sick; so some of us unyoked his oxen and attended to his part of the camp duties. After supper, he sat down before the campfire on a large rock and sang in a very faint but plaintive and sweet voice, the hymn 'Come, Come, Ye Saints.' It was a rule of the camp that whenever anybody started this hymn all in the camp should join, but for some reason this evening nobody joined him. He sang the hymn alone. When he had finished I doubt if there was a single dry eye in the camp. The next morning we noticed that he was not yoking up his cattle. We went to his wagon and found that he had died during the night. We dug a shallow grave and after we had covered the body with the earth we rolled the large stone to the head of the grave to mark it—the stone on which he had been sitting the night before when he sang: 'And should we die before our journey's through—Happy day! All is well, . . .'

"I noticed tears in my father-in-law's eyes when he finished relating this incident," continued President Grant, "and I imagined the reason he did not relate to me another far more touching incident to him was the fear that he might break down. I subsequently learned that after he had been located for some time in Pleasant Grove, he came to Salt Lake with his team and with a cheerful heart to meet his mother. When the company arrived he learned that she, too, had died before her journey's end and was sleeping in an unknown grave on the vast plains between here and the Missouri River. Some years later when engineers of the Burlington Railroad were surveying the route in Nebraska, they ran across a piece of wagon tire sticking in the ground with the word 'Winters' chiseled upon it. They immediately surmised, knowing they were on the old Mormon Pioneer trail, that the piece of wagon tire must mark the grave of one of the Pioneers, so they very considerably went back several miles and changed the line of the road so as to miss the grave, and sent an account of what they had discovered to the *Deseret News*, asking if any one knew about the grave. The railroad company have since built a neat little fence about the grave, and the Winters family have erected a little monument of temple granite on which is chiseled the fourth verse of "Come, Come, Ye Saints."



WILLIAM CLAYTON

Come, Come, Ye Saints

By WILLIAM CLAYTON

COME, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,

But with joy wend your way;
Tho' 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!

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 truth to tell—
All is well! All is well!

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

Far away in the West;
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;

There the Saints will be blessed.
We'll make the air with music sing—
Shout praises to our God and King;
Above the rest these words we'll tell—
All is well! All is well!

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!



"Come, Come, Ye Saints," within the small space of its four stanzas, epitomizes the wearying hardships, the unflinching faith, the indomitable courage, the unconquerable spirit of the Mormon Pioneers.

Stanza I is a challenge to the courage of the Pioneers: though the journey may be hard the grace of God will strengthen them; useless cares will be thrown aside; murmuring will cease. As a recompense, joy! All will be well!

Stanza II spiritualizes the Pioneer endeavor: why mourn? Why expect a reward if they falter? Why shun the fight? "Gird up your loins, fresh courage take, Our God will never us forsake"—another call for fortitude with a glorious promise.

Stanza III gives assurance of temporal joys: that the Saints will find a resting place in the West as foretold by their Prophet. There they will be safe from mobs and violence; there they will swell the air with music and praises to God their King.

Stanza IV dedicates anew their lives to their task. Living or dying they will be true; if the latter, they will find a celestial home with the just, free from toil and sorrow; if the former, their lives spared, they will shout praises to God, and make the chorus swell with—"All is well! All is well!"

Truly, "Come, Come, Ye Saints" is worthy to be classed among the great hymns of Christian literature, because the poet has caught the spirit and sentiment of an oppressed people and crystallized them into simple verse which arouses the interest of the multitude.

CONCERNING THE AUTHOR†

WILLIAM CLAYTON, a native of Penwortham, Lancashire, England, first saw the light of day, July 17, 1814. The earliest missionaries who visited England in 1837 found an ardent convert in young Clayton and he was soon baptized, ordained to the Priesthood and set apart as a missionary. In March, 1838, upon the return of Apostles Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde to America, William Clayton became second counselor to President Joseph Fielding, holding that position until 1840. In the meantime he closed up his private business and devoted himself to missionary work in Manchester, where at the end of eighteen months he reported 240 members in the

†Cleansed from sketches of William Clayton's life in the *L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia* and William Clayton's *Journal*. (Concluded on page 441)

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

“UP, PLEASE,” will be said by salmon to the men controlling the fish elevators or ladders when the seventy-two foot high Bonneville is completed on the Columbia River. The elevators are concrete shafts designed so they can be emptied and flooded with water. The fish are admitted inside the shaft, the entrance gates closed, and water admitted to flood the chamber raising the fish to the top of the dam, whence they can go on up the river to spawn.

SUMMER sunshine in the northern United States has six times as much power to give sunburn as winter sunshine.

A NEW COMET will be easily visible to the naked eye during the latter part of July when it can be seen in the northern constellation Cepheus just before dawn each morning. This will be the first comet visible to the naked eye since 1927, and the brightest since the last appearance of the famous Halley comet in 1910. An amateur astronomer, L. C. Peltier, discovered and reported it to the Harvard University Observatory.

THE 200-INCH telescope mirror disk now at Pasadena, California, is to have a beauty treatment such as no woman ever receives. Mounted under a special grinding machine, carefully to shape the mirror, rouge will be used as a very fine grinding material in the finishing process. The rouge used will be not unlike that used by women on their faces.

THERE may be a connection between the Maya of Central America and the Mound Builders of Kentucky. The presence of certain designs, a plumed eagle and seven-pointed stars in an ancient buried city of Kentucky and also in Maya art indicate a possible connection.

ABRAHAM'S early connection with “Ur of the Chaldees,” given in Biblical tradition, is strongly supported by archaeological research. The names Abraham and Abram have also been found on Babylonian contract tablets of about 2200 B. C. Among the witnesses to the contract were Jacob and Joseph.

CONTRARY to popular belief, rattlesnakes do not always give warning and it is almost impossible to get some of them to rattle, nor can they hear their own rattles.

ELEPHANT heartbeats are half as rapid as human heartbeats.

A UNICORN, the fabulous animal with a single horn on the forehead, has been produced artificially. An Ayrshire day old calf had his two horn buds cut and moved together to a point on the forehead midway between the original horn positions. After two years the buds had grown together and formed one exceptionally large and long horn, molded into the skull bones for support.

LAST SUMMER the grasshoppers and crickets were so thick in the Jackson Hole—Yellowstone region that they made the road slippery. Bears ate these insects by the bushel, preferring them even to the usual meals from hotel garbage.

AN ALERT truck farmer in Arkansas has met competition from warmer areas by the use of an electrical hotbed, capable of growing 1,000,000 plants in one-tenth of an acre. Temperatures of from 50-60 degrees Fahrenheit can be maintained in the ground when the outside temperatures are as low as 10-15 degrees below freezing. Eight thousand feet of soil heating cable were used, having a heating capacity of 50 kilowatts of power.

POISON IVY is often a source of unpleasant experiences in the summer. It can be recognized by the characteristic form of the leaf which is divided into three leaflets. “Leaflets three, let it be!” Poison ivy contains a milky juice which blisters the skin on contact, but may be removed by washing the exposed parts with soap and water. Treatment may also be made by destroying the poison with an oxidizing agent like a 5 per cent solution of potassium permanganate.

A ROBOT balloon, twenty feet in diameter and made of cellophane, has been launched at Swarthmore College. It was made for studying the upper atmosphere and cosmic rays, carrying with it automatic recording apparatus.

SOUND WAVES can be used to test samples of steel and other metals for flaws. The sound waves used vibrate so rapidly that they cannot be heard by human ear. They are produced from electrically excited quartz crystals.

A TEN TON truck could be lifted off the ground by the dirigible Hindenburg with the force of its sway added to that of a 20 mile an hour wind. It is to meet such an upward pull that ground crews have to strain frantically on their ropes in efforts to get the dirigible grounded.

A SIMPLE process for producing permanent colored surfaces on many metals has been developed. Copper, iron, brass, and other metals can take brilliant and beautiful colors whose exact hue can be controlled. The colors are made by an electro-chemical process and have a remarkable permanency.

TWO GIANT gold nuggets have been discovered in the Ural mountains in Russia. They weigh approximately 21 and 31.5 lbs. each.

ABOUT an inch of brown hail and sleet fell in New Hampshire during the early morning of February 25, 1936. The hail had a distinct brownish, purple color, and contrasted markedly with the pure white snow beneath. Close examination revealed that the color was due to minute particles of soil, probably from the dust storms in the West.

SMOKING dulls the acuteness of taste for both sugar and salt. When smoking is stopped, however, the ability to taste returns to normal. Experiments showed that when two of the individuals tested tried to sneak in even a couple of smokes during the non-smoking period their taste for sugar betrayed them.

CAFFEIN, the nerve-stimulating alkaloid of coffee decreased the reaction time (increased the speed) but also decreased the accuracy in a simple hand movement test.

THE cars entering the Indianapolis automobile races this year had to pass very hard tests. Not only did they have to qualify by making good time on the track itself but they also had to be checked by a complex, electrical device called a magnafux. To detect unseen flaws, every vital part which has strain on it during the race was immersed in an oil containing a black magnetized powder. If there were hidden cracks, when the solution was washed off, these cracks were distinctly drawn in sharp black lines.



MOVING MOUNTAINS

By WALTER L. BAILEY

THE STORY THUS FAR

Spike Ambry, engineer for the freighter "Banaza" with Bob Hamond and Dan Bolin, assistant engineers, was stranded in the Arctic region. Gathering provisions, the three rigged up a cave on an iceberg. As their ship was crushed by two mountains of ice, the radio's dying voice floated out to them: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" Bob and Dan explored the berg, leaving old Spike asleep. When they returned he had gone. Setting out to find him, they reached a water lane, across which they heard him calling. Dan hurried back to their cave for guns while Bob pushed ahead to find a crossing. Suddenly, he found himself facing a huge wall of ice, broken, ridge-cut, up which he climbed to find himself confronted by a huge polar bear. Trying to escape it, he lost his footing and catapulted into a mist-filled gorge.

CHAPTER FIVE—INTO THE GORGE

FASTER—faster—Bob went sliding down the smooth, steeply slanted ice toward the mist-shrouded brink of the gorge. While, not far behind, came the sure-footed bear, still intent on catching this man-creature who had dared enter his icy domain. But Bob paid little heed to what was going on behind him. His whole attention was riveted on the danger directly ahead—the yawning gorge. There was no possible way to stop himself as no icy obstructions lay in his path to which he might catch and cling, and he had no claws with which to grip the smooth ice as the bear behind him had.

He slid on—helplessly. The mist began to whizz by at a terrific speed. Desperately he dug at the slippery ice. The gorge was suddenly directly below, waiting to swallow him. Bob whirled his feet around before him as he went over the icy edge.

Down, down he dropped, until his feet struck ice, sending him sprawling flat on his back. Sitting upright, he stared up through the haze which was gray as ashes on all sides. The ice was trembling violently under him. The far-off rumbling had drawn dangerously close.

But in spite of these sinister warnings, a thrill of joy ran through Bob: he was still alive! By luck he had landed on a narrow ledge barely twenty feet down. And the fall had

not hurt him. Above, dimly outlined in the gray haze, he saw the head and shoulders of the polar bear, peering over at him. Would the beast try to jump to the narrow ledge?

Bob picked himself up from the ice, and as he did so things began to happen in earnest. From somewhere on the ledge close by, old Spike's voice lifted itself, cutting through the Arctic haze like a haunting echo. Bob lifted his voice in reply. And while the echoes of his own voice still reverberated through the haze-hidden cliffs, a rifle barked sharply on the ice above.

Glancing up quickly, Bob saw the haze-dimmed form of the polar bear rear itself high on the very brink of the ice, pawing desperately. The next instant its huge body was pitching downward through the mist toward him, twisting and turning over and over. Bob took a half dozen quick steps along the ledge to get out of the path of the falling body. The bear thudded on the ice directly behind him, rolled crazily to its feet and staggered this way and that. Then the animal's body reeled over the edge of the narrow ledge and plunged on downward.

Bob began to breathe again. Almost joyously he whispered the words: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." His heart was still thumping hard when old Spike's voice broke calmly over the Arctic rumblings at his elbow.

"Are you hurt?" There was

anxiety in his voice in spite of its calmness.

"No," Bob answered. "Are you?"

"Luckily, no."

Then words tumbled rapidly from old Spike's mouth.

"I saw the bear fall. No more trouble from him, thanks to Dan. When I woke up back in the cave and found you two boys missing, I started out to look for you and was cut off from the berg by that water-lane opening up. Then that bear hopped on me and knocked my rifle awinding. Couldn't find it again in the mist and had to run. I climbed the mountain of ice we're on, hoping to lose the bear. But he wouldn't lose. The brute forced me off the cliff up there. Lucky this ledge was here."

"And lucky for me, too," said Bob. "I got a sliding start down the ice and couldn't stop."

"Come on!" said old Spike suddenly, listening intently for a moment to the loud roaring coming to them through the haze. "The ice will be breaking up shortly and we must get back on the berg with our supplies before it breaks. Nothing would make that noise but broken, driving ice, forced forward by a terrific storm."

Already the haze was being whipped violently about by the rising gale. Together they moved rapidly along the ledge, searching the wall of ice for a possible way to climb to the top. But no way was to be

(Continued on page 453)

The Church Moves On

NORWEGIAN MISSION

ON MAY 23, 1936, Elder A. Richard Peterson president of Emery Stake, was appointed president of this mission,



A. RICHARD PETERSON

succeeding Elder Milton O. Knudson.

NEW MISSIONARY HOME LEADER CHOSEN

ELDER JOHN H. TAYLOR, head of the Latter-day Saint Missionary Home at Salt Lake City, Utah, for the past eight years, has been succeeded by J. Wyley Sessions according to the First Presidency who released the news, May 19, 1936. Elder Taylor, who is one of the first seven presidents of Seventies, will use his time in the pursuance of his duties in this field.



JOHN H. TAYLOR



J. WYLEY SESSIONS

J. Wyley Sessions has done a great deal of work with the Church Department of Education. He has established three institutes: both at Moscow, another at Pocatello, both of which are in Idaho, and one at Laramie, Wyoming, the story of which ran in the *June Improvement Era*.

CONFERENCES HELD

THE Mutual Improvement Associations and the Primary Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints held their annual conferences from June 11 to June 15.

HAWAIIAN TEMPLE PRESIDENT CHOSEN

ON JUNE 6, Edward L. Clissold, first counselor in the Oahu stake presidency of Honolulu, Hawaii, was appointed president of the Hawaiian Temple by the First Presidency of the Church. President Clissold has long been active in Church work on the islands. He served as a missionary to Hawaii from 1921-1924. In 1925, he returned to the islands and has been engaged in business there. He served as chairman of the mission council of the Hawaiian Mission from its organization by Castle H. Murphy five years ago until his appointment to the presidency of the stake.

RIGBY STAKE

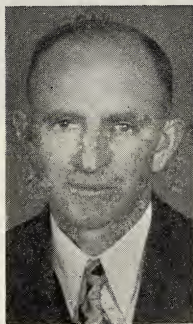
ON SUNDAY, May 10, 1936, Hyrum T. Moss was appointed president of this stake with Omer S. Cordon and Pleasant W. Dabell as counselors.

LINCOLN WARD—GRANITE STAKE

WILLARD B. RICHARDS was appointed Bishop of this Ward on Sunday, May 10, 1936.

NEW MISSION PRESIDENT

W. FRANK BAILEY was appointed April 23 as president of the Hawaiian Mission to succeed President Castle H. Murphy. Mr. Bailey served four and one-half years as a mission-



FRANK BAILEY

ary in Hawaii from 1914 to 1919. Elder Bailey, with his family, left June 3rd from Salt Lake City to assume his new duties.

LOGAN TEMPLE

ON MAY 13, 1936, Joseph B. Daynes was appointed as assistant to President William A. Noble of the Logan Temple.



MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD FROM THE SALT LAKE MISSIONARY HOME ARRIVED MAY 4, 1936—DEPARTED MAY 14, 1936

First row, left to right: Byron C. Millett, Howard Barben, Marjorie Tame, Helen Clark, Dessie Davis, Hugh Heath, John Williams.

Second row right to left: Barney H. Hilton, Bud L. Rawlins, Relda Whitney, President John H. Taylor, Sister Rachel G. Taylor, Irvin W. Jeffery, Eldon T. Lindsay, David V. Worthen.

Third row, left to right: Ray F. Gales, Lee S. Hamill, Arthur M. Evans, Donna Belliston, Amy Lee Phillips, Lynn F. Margetts, William James Borrowman.

Fourth row right to left: Norman E. Bates, Merrill Stevens, Rulon M. Wilson, Kenneth C. Pendleton, L. Olive Hansen, Myron A. Zundel, Vaughn Green, Lerin H. Johnson.

Fifth row, left to right: John Farr Larson, Glen L. Wilcox, Reid A. Rosenvall, Lamar S. Christopher, Norman E. Weston, Wilford H. Andelin, Jay B. James.



Homing

CONDUCTED BY MARBA C. JOSEPHSON



FASHION words are sometimes pictures—sometimes songs. They express emotions of the universe, presenting a visible image of the circumstances responsible for their creation:

Pottery! And we see common plastic mud being molded with brown-skinned hands into intricate shapes to be touched with drops of color from a desert sunset or tinted from the banded hue of a rainbow or sprinkled with the very dark earth itself—dried and baked by the sun's rays . . . to become masterpieces of beauty for your home.

We follow history and find advancement in the civilization of man is well reflected in the type of pottery he made. We find it in the tombs in upper Egypt; Chinese pottery that dates back to 3000 B. C.; and the great Persian poet-philosopher, Omar Kayyam of the 12th Century writes of this art:

"For in the market-place on dusk of day

I watched the potter thumping his wet clay

And with its all obliterated tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, brother,
gently, pray!"

And now 1936 fashion turns to "Franciscan"—a table-service pottery that carries the charm and quiet glory of old Mexico. The most fascinating procedure of this new pottery is that fashion no longer holds to the rigid form of one set color scheme. You drink water from a Mexican blue glass—sip your chocolate from a cactus green cup that rests on a devil red saucer—and break your bread over a burnt yellow plate—thus combining rich deep color tones to give your dinner table the setting from a centuries'-old art done in next-minute modernistic design.

WE HAVE learned how to keep warm in winter—now we are being shown how to keep cool in summer. Air-conditioning has come to stay, it seems, by the vast number of businesses and homes which are installing units. Perhaps these air-conditioning units will encourage us

to find more of our summer pleasures within our own four walls.

EDWARD F. HARTUNG has written a thoroughly convincing and in formational article on sunstroke, in the July issue of *Hygeia, The Health Magazine*. Everyone should read the article in its entirety. To offer encouragement to do so, we are merely picking out salient statements which will prove the worth of the treatise:

"Sunstroke occurs only when a person is exposed to three climatic conditions at the same time: sunlight, highly humid atmosphere and absolute dearth of breeze." It "is usually due to interference with this evaporation of perspiration from the skin." "The first step to be taken in avoiding sunstroke is to avoid exposure to the direct sunlight." . . . "The next important measure in avoiding sunstroke is to be sure that there is an adequate intake of water and therefore an adequate amount available for perspiration." . . . "When a man is exposed to conditions which make sunstroke possible he is more susceptible to the disorder if he has taken alcohol in any form."

SIMPLIFY the fastening problem by using zippers for fasteners on children's clothes. In order to get the zippers, don't neglect the ones to be found on old corduroys, old purses, or old sweaters. These can be unstitched and used equally well as new ones. Even very small children get a real thrill from zipping the openings shut and thus mother is saved many hours of needless buttoning and unbuttoning of tiny clothes.

BUTTONS

By Alberta Huish Christensen

ON children's clothes, it seems to me, There's buttons where they shouldn't be;

So many of them makes me sick—
How can I get myself dressed quick
When everywhere on them you look
Is something that has got to hook!

If I were making children's wear—
There'd be no buttons anywhere.

MOTHERS who have grown up without any particular training as to the number and kinds of calories and the approved vitamins will be eager to thumb through *Foods, Their Selection and Preparation*, written by Louise Stanley and Jessie Alice Cline and published by Ginn and Company, New York City. The authors know what they are writing about for Miss Stanley is chief of the Bureau of Home Economics for the United States Department of Agriculture and Miss Cline is professor of home economics at the University of Missouri. Their book offers a liberal education on the good sources of the various vitamins essential to health and strength. Charts of the foods required are given for persons of different age, sex, and activity.

Mingled with the helpful cookery suggestions are fascinating stories of the origin of many of our foods. One story which will fascinate is that of the origin and preparation of chocolate. "The Spanish for a long time kept secret the method of preparing chocolate. When Cortez and the Spaniards entered the vast empire of Montezuma, they found that the use of cocoa and chocolate as beverages was common. The Emperor drank it flavored with vanilla from a golden cup."

Before you tell that story to your family you will be wise if you have prepared the following recipe:

CHOCOLATE NECTAR

Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chocolate with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar. Add one cup cold water and pinch salt. Cook in double boiler until dissolved, stirring often. Cool, stirring occasionally. Let stand until thick. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped cream. Whip all together and place in ice-box until needed. When ready to serve, heat one cup of milk for each person. Flavor with vanilla to taste. Heap chocolate mixture on an attractive bowl. You might try one of the fancy pottery bowls mentioned in the first item. Put hot milk in pitcher. Place a large tablespoon of chocolate whip into each cup and pour hot milk over it.

Who would ever want tea or coffee, when such an appetizing and appealing drink could be offered?

Melchizedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE
QUORUM OF THE TWELVE—EDITED BY JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN

INITIATIVE

SALVATION is an individual matter. Every person will receive a reward, the scriptures emphatically declare, based upon his individual effort. We have been taught that the Lord does not do for us what we are able and have the power to do for ourselves. If we had the power to redeem ourselves from the Fall and all the consequences of the mortal life, without divine aid, it would be required of us without the assistance which comes to us through the mercy and justice of our Eternal Father and His Only Begotten Son Jesus Christ.

Jesus became the Savior of the world and the Redeemer of all those who are willing to obey him, because men were under the curse of the Fall and by no act on their part, collectively or individually, could they receive relief from the fallen state or repair the broken law. Through the transgression of Adam came the Fall, which brought death with all its attendant vicissitudes. If it had been possible for Adam to atone for that transgression, or amend the broken law and bring again the restoration of eternal life, it would have been required of him.

This he was unable to do and for that reason Jesus Christ came into the world to make amends and to give mankind through the shedding of His blood and His perfect life as the Only Begotten Son of God, all that had been lost and more. Through His mission on this earth He brought to pass the resurrection of the dead which will come to every creature without any act or consent upon the part of any or all who have partaken of mortality. He has also made it possible for eternal life, which is exaltation in the kingdom of His Father, to come to all who are obedient to his will.

"And he cometh into the world that he may save all men if they will hearken unto his voice; for behold, he suffereth the pains of all men, yea, the pains of every living creature, both men, women, and children, who belong to the family of Adam. And he suffereth this that the resurrection might pass upon all men, that all might stand before him at the great and judgment day. And he commandeth all men that they must repent and be baptized in his name, having perfect faith in the Holy One of Israel, or they cannot be saved in the kingdom of God. And if they will not repent and believe in his name, and be baptized in his name, and endure to the end, they must be damned; for the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, has spoken it."—2 Nephi 9:21-24.

Our Savior came into the world and died for us a mighty work, but only that

INITIATIVE

By Elbert Hubbard

THE WORLD bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, but for one thing. And that is initiative.

What is initiative? I'll tell you. It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the message to Garcia: Those who can carry a message get high honors, but the pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard luck story. Then, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when someone goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it; he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?

which had to be done by an Infinite Being. The reason for this infinite work was primarily because we were helpless and could not do it for ourselves. What we are capable of doing for ourselves is required of us, and cannot be performed by another. We go to school and there we are taught by trained competent teachers, but what we learn is due to the efforts we make to learn and to take advantage of the teaching. We cannot learn to swim by reading books. The reading of books on swimming may help us if we will follow in our practice the instruction. It is just so in obtaining any knowledge or skill in life. And so it is in the requirements of salvation. Paul has said:

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble;

"Every man's work shall be made mani-

fest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."—1 Cor. 3:11-13.

Since every man has received agency as a gift from God, and through that agency is to be tried and proved to see whether he shall receive reward or punishment, it behooves each of us to make the best use of our time and talents that we may not be found wanting. But does this fact relieve all those who have been called to positions of responsibility in the Church from having any obligation in behalf of their fellow men? Verily no! We have been taught that:

"... It is not meet that I [the Lord] should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward. Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in no wise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned."—Doc. and Cov. 58:26-29.

This commandment was given to, and intended for, the brethren who have been called to positions of trust and responsibility in the Priesthood. There are some among the presiding brethren in quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood who, it seems, expect someone else to carry all of their responsibility. If they lack initiative, then they should be released and others found who can carry on the work without being commanded in all things. If their lack is due to indifference, then they should repent and get the spirit of their callings and take upon them the duties which the place of presidency entails upon them.

The General Authorities of the Church have prepared a Priesthood manual and have issued other instructions and placed these in the hands of the officers in the stakes and wards, yet there are some among them who have not taken advantage of these instructions. Because of it many men holding the Priesthood are languishing; their activities are at a standstill and the work of the Lord is hindered. It is the duty of the presidents of stakes with the members of the high council at their command, to assist and encourage the brethren holding official positions in the Priesthood in the performance of their duty in directing the quorums under their jurisdiction.

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

STRONG DRINKS NOT GOOD

EVIDENCE that the teachings of the Word of Wisdom are sound and approved by the best scientific authorities continues to mount. Notwithstanding the efforts of many people to hide the disastrous results of violation of the Word of Wisdom, the truth is now coming to be recognized in increasing degree. One of the most recent evidences in this connection appears in current newspaper reports. The particular reference is as follows:

"St. Louis, May 4—Alcohol was given as an unseen and unreported cause of many deaths among chronic drinkers, in a study reported to the American Psychiatric Association today by V. G. Urse, M. D., assistant psychiatrist of the Cook county psychopathic hospital, Chicago.

Of 21 deaths which he found due to alcohol, he said the coroner attributed only five to that cause, missing 78 per cent. They were missed, Dr. Urse said, because presumably fatal alcohol may fail to leave clear traces. He suggested need for re-examination of the true role of chronic alcoholism."

DIONNE QUINTUPLETS THRIVE ON WORD OF WISDOM DIET

ONE of the marvels of science in connection with the preservation of human life is manifested in the development of the Dionne quintuplets. Dr. Dafoe has been criticized by many for the diet prescribed for the five babies. Upon investigation it appears that the diet which has kept them in such remarkable health, and which has brought about uniform development is based entirely upon the same principles as the Word of Wisdom. The "greenish mush" so many people have complained about is really thick pea soup. In addition, they are given fruit, fruit juices, strained vegetables, and cereals. To this is added a quart of milk each day for each child. The children are reported as being robust, full of vitality, with rosy red cheeks, and as being healthy and normal in every way.

RESTORATION OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

THE one hundred-seventh anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood was commemorated in May by Latter-day Saints throughout the world. From the Susquehanna River in New York, where the Aaronic Priesthood was restored May 15, 1829, to San Francisco, where

Samuel Brannan landed a boatload of Saints from the *Brooklyn*—from Canada to Mexico and in all Missions in the Church—widely observed celebrations were accorded that epochal date.

Outstanding in importance and interest were the historical pilgrimages conducted by wards, stakes, and missions. Limited space restricts reports that are of decided interest.

The celebration of the New York Stake and the Eastern States Mission to Harmony (now Oakland), where the Prophet Joseph Smith and his companion, Oliver Cowdery, in the process of translating the Book of Mormon, were impressed to ask the Lord regarding baptism, ranks first in Church-

wide interest. It was here, in answer to the prayers of two young men, that John the Baptist last to hold the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood in the days of the Savior, revealed himself and restored the Lesser Priesthood to the earth.

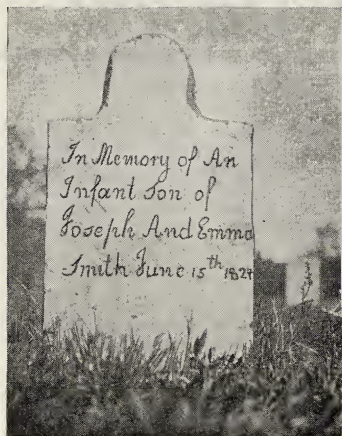
Newspapers heralded the coming of one hundred Mormons, and press and townspeople alike accorded them a friendly welcome. President Don B. Colton of the Mission and President Fred G. Taylor of the Stake headed the pilgrimage which revived history in this sacred place.

Scarcely less interesting was the historic pilgrimage of San Francisco and

(Continued on page 437)



1. AARONIC PRIESTHOOD OF CACHE, LOGAN, AND HYRUM STAKES AT GRAVE OF WILLIAM B. MAUGHN, FORTY-ONE YEARS BISHOP OF WELLSVILLE.
2. MONUMENT DEDICATED MAY 17, AT FIFTH WARD, LOGAN.
3. LOGAN SEVENTH WARD AT WELLSVILLE.
4. TEACHERS' QUORUM AND EXPLORERS OF LOGAN FIFTH WARD.
5. GRANT STAKE AT SUMMIT OF LITTLE MOUNTAIN ON PIONEER TRAIL.
6. PAROWAN STAKE AT FORT HARMONY.
7. CACHE, LOGAN, AND HYRUM STAKES AT WELLSVILLE.



UPPER LEFT: THIS HEADSTONE MARKS THE GRAVE OF THE PROPHET'S FIRST CHILD AT OAKLAND, PENNSYLVANIA.

CENTER LEFT: AARONIC PRIESTHOOD GROUP AT THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER NEAR OAKLAND, PENNSYLVANIA.

LOWER LEFT: PRIESTHOOD OF NEW YORK STAKE AND EASTERN STATES MISSION VIEWING RUINED SITE OF OLD HOME WHERE JOSEPH SMITH AND OLIVER COWDERY LIVED IN 1829, AT THE TIME THEY TRANSLATED THE BOOK OF MORMON AND RECEIVED THE PRIESTHOOD. (OAKLAND, PENNSYLVANIA.)

UPPER RIGHT: NEAR THE SITE OF JOSEPH SMITH'S OLD HOME, THIS GROUP FROM NEW YORK STAKE OBSERVES THE ONE HUNDRED SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD RESTORATION LAST SATURDAY.

RIGHT CENTER: LEADERS OF THE EASTERN PILGRIMAGE TO THE SCENE OF THE PRIESTHOOD'S RESTORATION IN OAKLAND, PENNSYLVANIA. LEFT TO RIGHT: PRESIDENT DON. B. COLTON OF EASTERN STATES MISSION, PRESIDENT FRED G. TAYLOR OF NEW YORK STAKE, AND HOWARD S. BENNION, COUNSELOR.

LOWER RIGHT: PART OF THE PRIESTHOOD PILGRIMAGE AT THE SITE OF OLD DIGGINGS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DUG BY JOSIAH STOL ABOUT 1825. JOSEPH SMITH WAS LATER EMPLOYED BY STOL (CHURCH HISTORY).

Ward Teaching

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

WARD TEACHER'S MESSAGE FOR AUGUST, 1936

TRUE HAPPINESS

THE GOAL of every human soul is happiness. Opinions vary as to what constitutes happiness, but the goal toward which all are working is the same. In a world, such as we live in today, when many peculiar ideas of happiness exist, it is well for Latter-day Saints to ponder the question—What constitutes true and lasting happiness?

Many thousands of persons, in and out of the Church, have sought happiness in the ways of the world only to find that they were following a mirage or a phantom. Their quest has ended in grief and misery. Lives have been ruined and disappointment resulted.

On the other hand there are to be found other thousands in all parts of the Church who have sought and found true happiness by following the ways of the Church—through obeying the commandments, through rendering service to the Church and to their fellow-

men, through living clean, wholesome, upright lives, through establishing good homes and being guided by the Spirit of the Lord in the conduct of their homes.

True happiness is found upon the principles of truth and righteousness. At times those who depart from the commandments may feel, and onlookers may be led to believe, that they have found happiness, only to find as time passes that their joys have vanished.

Each of us must decide whether to follow the ways of the world which appear, for a time, to bring happiness, or to follow the ways of the Lord and discover true and lasting happiness.

The gospel of Jesus Christ contains all the elements of true happiness. Peace of mind, joy of service, health and contentment, united homes, wholesome recreation, the companionship of good people and golden friendships are some of its elements. These are the blessings the gospel offers. If we are willing to pay the price of obedience to the commandments, we are assured of the blessings of true happiness.

ARE YOU prepared to teach?

No man can teach that which he does not know.

Have you a testimony of the Gospel? Is your heart free from backbiting and faultfinding?

A teacher must love his fellowmen. Bury the wrongs you have suffered. Have you an understanding of those whom you are to teach?

Do you know what you are to teach? Do you know how you are going to teach?

Reading an outline or quoting scripture is not teaching.

Teaching is the awakening of thoughts in the mind, and the convincing of soul of the truth of the Gospel.

Families should be approached differently.

A teacher must not confine his visits to irregular periods.

He should never feel free from his duty.

Be consistent in your teachings.

Encourage members to attend Sacramental meetings and be present yourself.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

(Continued from page 435)

Oakland Stakes to the "story spots" on San Francisco Bay. Here, where a shipload of Mormons led by Samuel Brannan, who had sailed around Cape Horn, landed before the Pioneers had left Winter Quarters for Utah, these two stakes visited points where history was made when the town which later became San Francisco was called Yerba Buena.

In Canada the Aaronic Priesthood gathered at Lees Creek, on the "Great North Trail" under the shadows of Chief Mountain, one of Canada's best-known landmarks. Here a cairn was erected and dedicated on the site of the first Mormon Pioneer camp on Canadian soil.

Stakes in the lower Snake River Valley, all carved out of the original Cassia Stake, gathered at Oakley, first settlement in that area, witnessed an inspiring pageant, which was later repeated to meet popular demand, and conducted a splendid program.

Utah County Stakes pilgrimaged to historic Cedar Valley. Here they visited the site of Camp Floyd of Johnston Army days, the old "Indian Cross-

ing," the site of many battles between Indians and "Whites," and some Pony Express Stations.

East Jordan and Kolob Stakes journeyed to Ft. Bridger. Cottonwood went to Big Mountain; Pioneer to Ensign Peak; Weber to Henefer, Echo, and other points on the Pioneer Trail; Summit and South Summit to Salt Lake Valley historic points; Cache, Logan, and Hyrum to Wellspring, first settlement in Cache Valley; Wells to the home of President Wilford Woodruff and the first apple orchard in the Salt Lake Valley, planted by Daniel H. Wells, for whom the stake was named. Both points are within the stake. Granite went to Little Cottonwood Canyon, whence came the granite for the Salt Lake Temple; Liberty to "This is the place;" Parowan to Fort Harmony and Old Irontown in Iron County; St. George to Mountain Meadows; Panguitch to Cannonville, where a marker was placed honoring a Pioneer; Idaho Falls to Sand Creek, where the first meeting in that section was held; Woodruff and Lyman Stakes to Ft. Bridger. Many individual wards made

separate pilgrimages, and other stakes have not reported as yet.

The observance was Church-wide, and many thousands of members of the Aaronic Priesthood participated. Reports received by the Presiding Bishopric indicated increased enthusiasm and interest in Priesthood work as a result of the Pilgrimages.

On Sunday the Aaronic Priesthood conducted Sacrament Services in practically all of the wards and branches of the Church, the programs being pronounced among the most interesting and inspirational of the year.

MILLENNIAL STAR HONORS ANNIVERSARY

THE MAY 14 issue of the *Millennial Star*, published by the British Mission at London, devotes generous space to the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood. The leading editorial, written by President Joseph F. Merrill, and a special article by Elder Wendell J. Ashton, well-written and illustrated, treat this important anniversary in a splendid manner.



J. G. BASTOW

AT THE request of President W. Aird Macdonald of the Oakland Stake, J. G. Bastow, structural and civil engineer of Oakland, California, has written this statement on some engineering features of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge for the readers of "The Improvement Era." The author was born in Utah, graduated from Brigham Young College in 1912, filled a mission for the Church in the Samoan Islands from 1912 to 1916, is a graduate of the Utah State Agricultural College and of the University of California, was a pilot in the United States Army Air Force during the world war, and is now Assistant Chief Engineer and Assistant Port Manager of the Port of Oakland.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY is at the present time the bridge center of the world. Two great bridges are nearing completion—one, the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, crossing the bay between Oakland and San Francisco, —the other, the Golden Gate Bridge, spanning the historically famous Golden Gate and connecting San Francisco with beautiful Marin County, to the north. The building of a bridge over the bay, joining the cities of San Francisco and Oakland, has long been the dream of the bridge builder and, until now, has stood as a constant challenge to the ability and ingenuity of the engineering profession. That dream is coming true. The engineering profession has risen to the occasion and produced a bridge second to none, both as to its monumental size and as to its versatility of design and its accuracy of execution.

This bridge is a record breaker. The main structure, with its fifty-one piers, stretching from the Rincon hill anchorage in San Francisco

A HIGHWAY OVER WATER

SOME ENGINEERING FEATURES OF THE SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE

By J. G. BASTOW

Assistant Chief Engineer and Assistant Port Manager of the Port of Oakland

ACROSS THE BAY WHICH SAM BRANNAN AND A SHIPLOAD OF MORMON PIONEERS ENTERED NINETY YEARS AGO, THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE IS HAPPENING —A HIGHWAY OVER MILES OF WATER. AND HERE WE ARE TOLD HOW THE ENGINEERS ARE DOING IT.

to the toll plaza in the Oakland outer harbor, measures 23,000 feet. The overall length, including approach structures from downtown San Francisco to the traffic distribution structures in Oakland, totals 43,500 feet,—more than eight miles,—more than twice the length of any bridge yet built. (See Illustration No. 1.)

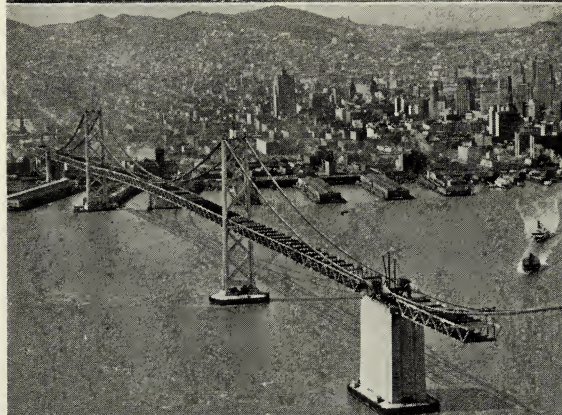
The building of a bridge between San Francisco and Oakland was first proposed in 1867 by Leland Stanford, well known to the early Mormon Pioneers and one of the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad. Since that time, others have proposed from time to time schemes for bridging the bay. These were thought to be visionary and were not seriously considered by either the public or the engineering profession. It was believed that adequate foundations could not be found for piers between Yerba Buena island and San Francisco.

No comprehensive and detailed examination of the bottom of the bay for possible foundation sites was made until 1929 when a joint commission was appointed by President Hoover and Governor Young of California to make a thorough investigation and render a report. Numerous borings on the bottom of the bay, made under this commission, showed that a ridge of bedrock, hitherto unknown, extended under the bay from Yerba Buena island to

Rincon hill in San Francisco. Along this ridge the depth to bedrock varied from 100 to 200 feet, while on each side much greater depths were found. In some cases borings in excess of 350 feet failed to reach bedrock. While these depths were unprecedented, they were considered to be within the range of possibility.

The most difficult part of the bridge job to the engineer was the work below the water surface. The long distance, over two miles between Yerba Buena island and San Francisco, made a single suspension span far beyond anything that had been done before. So the engineers decided to use two bridges, end on end—twin suspension bridges anchored at the center with a massive anchorage in the middle of the bay, each bridge pulling against the other with the center anchorage taking all unbalanced loading, due to wind, unequal loading of adjacent spans, or earth vibrations.

For the two spans between San Francisco and Yerba Buena island there were, therefore, required five under-water piers, the main center anchorage and the four tower piers. The building of these five piers involved engineering and construction feats that have won the plaudits of engineers everywhere. The great depth of water, over 100 feet in one case, through which it was required to sink the piers before landing on



1. SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARD OAKLAND, PROPOSED BRIDGE EXPOSITION ISLAND NOW BEING BUILT, ADJACENT TO YERBA BUENA, AT LEFT CENTER.
2. COMPLETED CENTRAL ANCHORAGE WITH CABLES IN PLACE READY FOR PLACING SUPERSTRUCTURE.
3. SUPERSTRUCTURE IN PLACE ON WEST TWIN SUSPENSION SPAN. SAN FRANCISCO IN BACKGROUND.

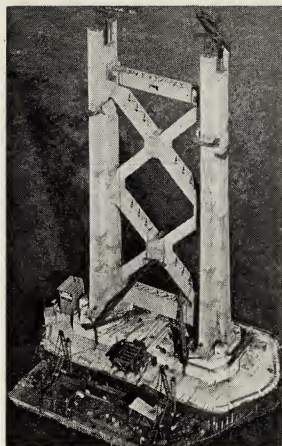
the bottom, made the usual types of foundations impractical. New methods must be found, if the problem was to be solved and the difficulties overcome.

A new method, now known as the Moran-Pursell method for sinking foundations through deep water, was devised by the bridge engineers to meet this emergency. The use of a caisson, a huge watertight box with dredging wells formed by steel tubes fifteen feet in diameter and capped with domes, and with compressed air in the domes to produce flotation, made possible the foundation structure. The bridge builders floated the partially completed caisson to the pier location and then built the caisson from the surface of the water downward. (See Illustration No. 5.)

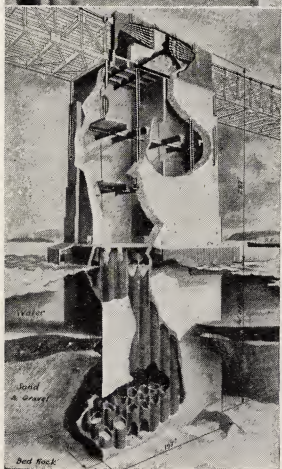
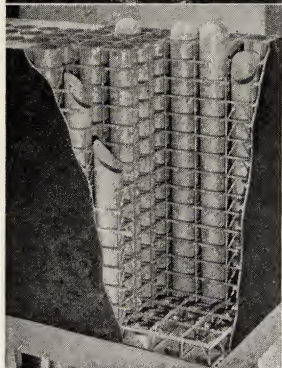
After accurately anchoring the caisson in place, concrete was poured in the spaces around the dredging wells, the added weight causing the caisson to sink slowly. A few domes were removed at a time and the wells extended and more concrete poured, until eventually the bottom of the caisson rested in the mud on the bottom of the bay. The domes were then cut off and the mud, sand, and gravel under the caisson removed through the dredging wells with large clam shell buckets, the caisson gradually sinking until it rested on bedrock, in one instance 235 feet below the water's surface.

During the process of sinking, the walls and spaces were continually built up with concrete, always keeping the walls well above the water surface. After the caisson had reached bedrock, the surface of the rock was cleaned by powerful water jets, inspected by divers and tremic concrete poured into the dredging wells to a depth of 30 feet, making the completed pier an integral part of the solid rock below the bay. The piers were then built to the proper level to receive the steel of the bridge superstructure. (See Illustration No. 2.)

THE MAGNITUDE of the piers is amazing. The completed center anchorage, the largest of all, is 197 feet by 92 feet in plane and rises 504 feet above the bedrock surface on which it rests, equivalent in height to a forty-eight-story building. The other under-water piers, while smaller in size, carry steel towers to support the suspension cables, and reach a height of 505 feet above the water surface, or more than 700 feet



4. TOWER PIER DURING CONSTRUCTION. HORIZONTAL STRUT FOR LOWER DECK UNDER TOP.
5. MODEL OF CAISSON FOR CENTRAL ANCHORAGE. SET ON MIRROR, SHOWING STEEL CUTTING EDGE BOTTOM, DREDGING WELLS AND DOMES USED DURING FLATOTATION STAGE.
6. SECTIONAL VIEW OF CENTER ANCHORAGE CUT AWAY TO SHOW CONSTRUCTION.



above the bedrock. (See Illustration No. 6.)

The twin suspension bridges require three anchorage piers. The central anchorage has already been described. The other two anchorages, one located in San Francisco on Rincon hill, the other in Yerba Buena island, are notable and interesting in that each is different in design. The Rincon hill anchorage is a gravity anchorage, a huge block of concrete, sunk deep in the rock surface of the hill, and of sufficient size to take the 38,000,000 pound pull of the two cables supporting the bridge. This block, which contains 68,000 cubic yards, contains sufficient concrete to make a thirty-foot concrete highway more than twenty miles long. The Yerba Buena anchorage is the entire island—a huge wedge shaped plug of concrete has been poured into a recess cut into the solid rock of the island.

The superstructure of the bridge is a structure of massive proportions. Between Rincon hill in San Francisco and Yerba Buena island is the double deck twin suspension span, supported by the two huge cables 66 feet apart and 28¾ inches in diameter and the cables in turn are supported on four mammoth steel towers, rising more than 500 feet above the surface of the bay, and providing a clearance under the bridge of 218 feet above high water, ample clearance for the highest masts of vessels.

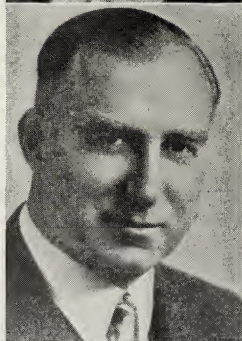
The bridge between Yerba Buena island and Oakland, while not so spectacular as that on the west side of the island, is by no means a small structure. Here is located the deepest pier of the entire bridge.

The double deck of the bridges is carried through Yerba Buena island by a tunnel 76 feet wide by 58 feet high—the largest highway tunnel in the world.

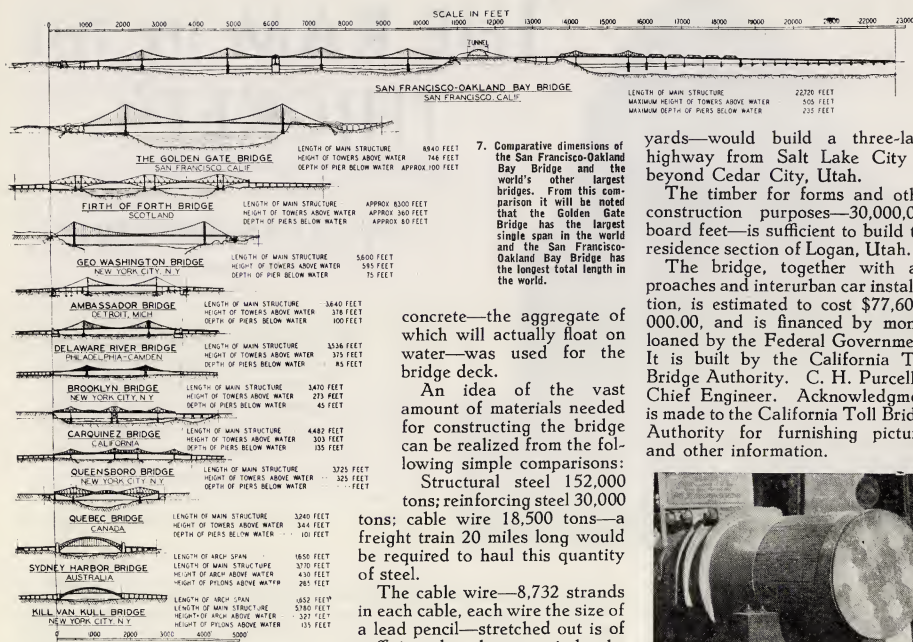
The top deck of the bridge provides for fast moving traffic, having six parallel traffic lanes; the lower deck is designed with three lanes for heavy truck traffic and two lanes for interurban railway tracks.

EXTENSIVE research studies were made by the bridge engineers, so as to make the best possible use of

construction materials, choosing always the best material for the service to be performed; for instance, nickel steel was used for pins; silicon steel for main tower members; carbon steel for the general superstructure; heat treated high carbon steel for the eyebars; manganese steel for the rivets; cast steel for the cable clamps and saddles; special



GOVERNOR FRANK F. MERRIAM, CHAIRMAN CALIFORNIA TOLL BRIDGE AUTHORITY. EARL LEE KELLY, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC WORKS OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA. C. H. PURCELL, CHIEF ENGINEER SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE.



concrete—the aggregate of which will actually float on water—was used for the bridge deck.

An idea of the vast amount of materials needed for constructing the bridge can be realized from the following simple comparisons:

Structural steel 152,000 tons; reinforcing steel 30,000 tons; cable wire 18,500 tons—a freight train 20 miles long would be required to haul this quantity of steel.

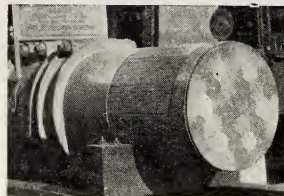
The cable wire—8,732 strands in each cable, each wire the size of a lead pencil—stretched out is of sufficient length to encircle the earth nearly three times. (See Illustration No. 8.)

The concrete—1,000,000 cubic

yards—would build a three-lane highway from Salt Lake City to beyond Cedar City, Utah.

The timber for forms and other construction purposes—30,000,000 board feet—is sufficient to build the residence section of Logan, Utah.

The bridge, together with approaches and interurban car installation, is estimated to cost \$77,600,000.00, and is financed by money loaned by the Federal Government. It is built by the California Toll Bridge Authority. C. H. Purcell is Chief Engineer. Acknowledgment is made to the California Toll Bridge Authority for furnishing pictures and other information.



8. SECTION OF CABLE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE—70,000 MILES OF WIRE IS USED IN THE FINISHED CABLES.

cable wire and numerous other special materials.

To reduce weight, light weight

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

(Concluded from page 429.)

branch he had established there. He emigrated to America September 8, 1840, sailing on the good ship *North America*, arriving in New York October 11, and in Nauvoo November 24, 1840. He first located on the west bank of the Mississippi River and in July, 1841, became clerk of the High Council of Iowa. His ability was soon recognized and moving to Nauvoo he succeeded Willard Richards as the Prophet's secretary, became clerk and recorder of the Nauvoo Temple, and was elected treasurer of the city of Nauvoo. The *L. D. S. Biographical Encyclopedia* contains the following: "He... was an intimate associate and tried and trusted friend of the Prophet to whom he continued to act as private secretary up to the time of the latter's martyrdom. While laboring in that capacity he transcribed the revelation on celestial marriage and other revelations under the Prophet's dictation and direction."

With President Young's company

he left Nauvoo in 1846, became one of the original pioneers of 1847 under the leadership of Brigham Young, and was clerk of the camp. Returned east the same year and in 1848 came back to the valley where he resided until his demise, which occurred December 4, 1879.

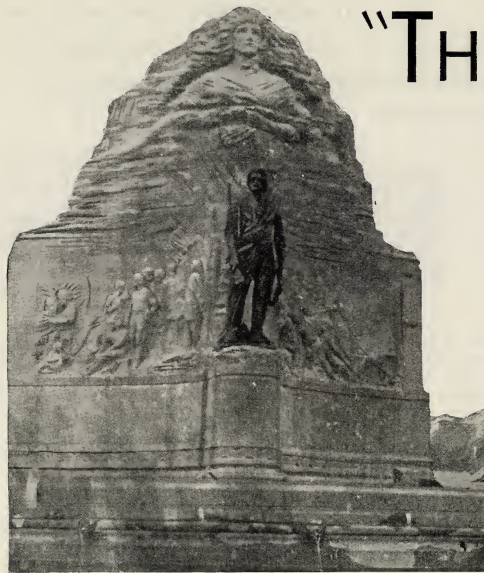
Various officers of confidential and public trust were held by William Clayton, notably treasurer of Z. C. M. I., Territorial Recorder of Marks and Brands, and Territorial Auditor of Public Accounts. All offices were conducted with the skill and integrity characteristic of the man.

Musically inclined, he was prominently connected with the Nauvoo Brass Band and played second violin in the first Salt Lake Theatre orchestra. This divine art has manifested itself to a high degree in his large and talented posterity. In addition to "Come, Come, Ye Saints" he wrote another song beloved by the Latter-day Saints: "When First

the Glorious Light of Truth," familiarly known to Saints as "The Resurrection Day." Of this hymn, President Grant in the article already referred to says:

"As long as I live I shall never forget the wonderful impression and the spirit that accompanied the singing of this hymn at the funeral of Brother Clayton in the Fourteenth Ward when Brother John Lewis, a writer of music of some of our hymns, led the choir and the Saints. The congregation arose and sang this hymn and I felt that the inspiration of the Lord and of the man who wrote it (whose remains were lying before us), was there with us. I had never before, nor have I since, been so impressed with any other congregational hymn or with this one as at Brother Clayton's funeral."

The *Journal* of William Clayton, published in 1921, though long delayed, is among the most valuable documents of Pioneer history.



FRONT VIEW, MORMON BATTALION MONUMENT,
UTAH STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS.

"THE RAM IN THE THICKET"

Motto of the Mormon Battalion

By GLYNN BENNION

Of the Church Historian's Office

THE PROUDEST PART OF THIS STORY OF CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS WAS THE CONDUCT OF THE BATTALION AFTER ARRIVING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—CONDUCT THAT WON THE REGARD OF THE NATIVE CALIFORNIANS AND CAUSED GENERAL DONIPHAN TO SAY TO HIS FELLOW OFFICERS: "I CAN TAKE ONE THOUSAND MORMON BOYS AND ACCOMPLISH MORE IN MEXICO THAN YOU CAN WITH THE WHOLE AMERICAN ARMY."

MANY BEFORE now have told the story of the Mormon Battalion in accents of praise. The object of this article is that a glass may be held up to some feature or other not yet amplified by others.

First of all the motto of the Battalion is of great interest: "A ram in the thicket." Surely there is a suggestion of grim and understanding humor in this homely motto. There is also good evidence that the Battalion members, who surprised their officers by each being able to sign the pay roll, had a far shrewder insight into the mental reservations behind the fair words being spoken to them by representatives of the government than those same representatives gave them credit for.

"A ram in the thicket"—substitute sacrifice for Isaac—the Battalion in the role of the ram, and Isaac represented by the rest of the Church.

That was guessing the situation rather closely. Old letters and diaries of political luminaries of the day reveal the suspicious, uneasy concern with which observers

throughout the nation followed the strange migration of the outcast Mormons across Iowa in the spring of 1846. Where were they heading this time? What scheme of retaliation must they be cooking up for their enemies?

Angry letters were pouring into Washington addressed to President Polk and War Secretary Marcy from Missourians with guilty memories clamoring for government military forces to disarm and disperse the Mormons encamped on their northern borders. These sick and starving refugees were accused of violent and traitorous designs against Missouri in particular and the United States in general, including the intention of joining forces with Great Britain or Mexico against the United States in the contest for Oregon and California. "They are a bad and deluded sect," wrote Governor Edwards about the Mormons, "and they have been harshly treated; but I suppose very correctly; yet they do not believe so, and under the treatment which they have received, if they are not enemies, both of our people and our government, then they are better Christians and purer patriots than other denominations, a thing which nobody in the West can believe."

Without doubt President Polk viewed the westward movement of

the Mormons with the same alarm, and with his advisers sought some means of controlling the potentially dangerous situation. To Elder J. C. Little, who came to Washington as President Young's agent seeking some kind of federal aid for the homeless Saints, President Polk spoke carefully chosen words of friendly assurance and confidence in the Mormons. But in his diary he wrote somewhat differently:

"After Mr. Little retired I explained to Mr. Kendall what I did not think it safe to communicate to Mr. Little, viz: that Col. Kearney was ordered to proceed to Santa Fe with a part of his dragoons and the mounted volunteers called out from Missouri, and it was hoped would reach California this season, but this was not certain; that when Col. K. reached the country he was authorized to receive 500 Mormons into the service so as to conciliate them and prevent their becoming enemies of the U. S., but if the Mormons reached the country I did not desire to have them the only U. S. forces in the country. I told Mr. Kendall that the citizens now settled in California at Sutter's settlement and elsewhere had learned that a large body of Mormons were emigrating to that country and were alarmed at it, and that this alarm would be increased if the first organized troops of the U. S. that entered the country were Mormons. To avoid this and at the same time conciliate the Mormons and attach them to our country, Col. K. was authorized to receive Mormons into the service after he reached the country not to exceed one-fourth of his whole force. Mr. Kendall assented to the wisdom of concealing these views from Mr. Little. . ."



GLYNN BENNION

Certainly the call of the government upon the Saints for a Battalion to enlist for participation in the war with Mexico was not made because of any need for more soldiers. In the states more volunteers were responding than the army could use. And on the other hand, there is a strong probability that, left to their own choice, very few Mormons would have heeded the call of the recruiting officers for volunteers at that time. Their places were with their sick, hungry, and defenseless families encamped on the bleak prairies, going they knew not where. "We'll hear what Brother Brigham has to say about it," they temporized when Colonel Allen came asking for volunteers at Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah.

But when the call of the government for a battalion reached President Young at Council Bluffs it met with no hesitancy whatsoever. The Battalion would be forthcoming at once. With his two counselors and himself in the capacity of recruiting sergeants, President Young drove back through the scattered camps and in three days the companies were raised. There was no holding back this time. Brigham had spoken and the men were perfectly content to abide by the inspiration of their great leader. If he called for a sacrifice, they would accept the role without a murmur.

IT IS HARD for us now to appreciate the crushing weight of Brigham Young's burden in the spring of 1846. Those were the darkest hours in the history of the Church. With the coming of hot weather the Saints fell an easy prey to the prevalent fevers of those low lands, their bodies having been weakened by

starvation and exposure to the blizzards and incessant soaking, chilling rains of the winter and spring. The mortality was terrible. The diseases of malnutrition—scurvy, dysentery, and malaria—had their way with people. At times as high as seventy-five per cent of the members of the camps of refugees were not only sick, but helplessly so. Often those who could keep on their feet had neither time nor strength to spare from camp chores and waiting on the sick to dispose of the dead in the accustomed way, and bodies were wrapped in bark and buried together in trenches. Even then burials were oftentimes too slow. Colonel Kane has given us the picture of Mormon women sitting in their tents in dull, tearless grief keeping flies off their dead children, sometimes after decomposition had set in.

A few men from the camps slipped across the line into Missouri where, their faith unannounced, they traded featherbeds, silver spoons, or labor to their enemies for the corn to fend off starvation. Some of the brethren with good outfits pushed as far west as Grand Island. Many had reached the Missouri river. The rest were straggling along in an ever-increasing ratio of broken-down outfits all the way back to Nauvoo. But the Church was pledged to see that all these were carried forward to some refuge safe from their despoilers beyond the mountains.

Brethren returning from Missouri brought news of the agitation there to attack the Mormon camps. Reports were heard that Missouri's

powerful senator, Thomas H. Benton, was dealing with President Polk for a free hand to raise an army to exterminate the Saints.

Faced with this three-fold assault upon his people by starvation, disease, and violence, Brigham Young appealed to the government for some kind of aid. He tried to get contracts from President Polk to build stations and blockhouses along the Oregon trail; he tried to get contracts to freight supplies to the troops engaged in the Mexican War. When the opportunity came he bargained with the War Department to furnish men in return for government protection in the right to camp for the duration of the war amongst the Pottawattamie and Omaha Indians. If Mormon soldiers were engaged in fighting Uncle Sam's battles, then surely the weight of popular opinion would prevent a Missouri mob from pitching into their defenseless families before they could be moved beyond the reach of their foes. Thus it is to be seen that President Polk was anxious to attach the Mormons to the United States, and President Young was just as anxious to attach the United States to the Mormons. Both succeeded in the call and furnishing of the Mormon Battalion—the "ram in the thicket."

The turning point of those dark days came at the time of the enlistment of the Battalion when its members were paid forty-two dollars each as a year's allowance for

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DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, MORMON BATTALION MONUMENT, UTAH STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS.





DESERT SKY HAWKS

By HARRY ELMORE HURD

FROM HANDCART AND COVERED WAGON TO THE ROADWAY THROUGH THE SKY—EAST AND WEST AND THE LANDS THAT LIE BETWEEN COME NEARER AND NEARER TOGETHER. "BUT I HAVE SAID A PRAYER FOR GRIMY-FACED PILOTS AS THEY ROARED THROUGH THE GUSTY SKYWAY, DRONING ABOVE THE MAGICAL DESERTS AND THE MONOTONOUS SKYWAYS."

ONE DAY an uncouth man, with uncut hair and beard, and an ugly scar over one eye, staggered into Placerville, California, bearing a child in his arms and driving a white bull. Rollin Daggett was nearly dead with fatigue and hunger and the emaciated child was nearly unconscious. The miners, who heard his incoherent talk, believed him to be insane. After washing both man and child, they turned the white bull into a green field and listened to Daggett's story. The emigrant train with which he was crossing the desert had been wiped out by the Indians. After receiving a knife wound, Daggett escaped with the child in his arms. After traveling for a week in despair, a white bull appeared, which Daggett believed to have been sent by Providence to guide him to civilization. This incident gives startling insight into the travel conditions of the times. Slow and dangerous was the trek of the Pioneers: as tediously slow as the swinging feet of oxen. The ten years following the discovery of gold in California, in 1848,

HARRY ELMORE HURD, author of "Desert Sky Hawks," has spent many years in what Jack Conroy has called "Whitmanesque wanderings" over the earth. Following his service, in France, as Chaplain of the Thirty-third United States Engineers, he became a free-lance author, living in every state but two from Colorado to the Pacific, living with miners, cattlemen, shepherds, ranchers, rangers, and Indians, traveling the remotest trails by mule and horseback. Out of his experiences has come a new volume of poetry "West of East." Since taking degrees at Harvard and Boston universities he has contributed stories, essays, and poems to one hundred seventy magazines and his poems appear in thirty anthologies. He is author of "Possessions of a Sky Pilot," "Mountains and Molehills," and "West of East."

created an increasing and insistent demand for rapid communication with the East. In the old days, it required two years for a letter to travel from coast to coast. Senator Gwinn induced the firm of Russell, Majors, and Waddell to institute the Pony Express. They were already operating a stage route from St.

Josephs on the Missouri River, to Salt Lake City, Utah. In sixty days they pushed the trail from Salt Lake City to San Francisco.

Five hundred horses were selected for endurance and speed, one hundred ninety stations were established and one hundred skilled riders engaged. Each rider pushed his horse to the limit of speed for ten miles. Arriving at the next station flecked with foam, mounts were changed, the rider being allowed two minutes for the shift. Frequently the twenty-two pound mail sacks were shifted and the rider in the saddle within a few seconds. The early postage was five dollars for half an ounce. This rate was later reduced to one dollar.

In all of the career of the Pony Express only one mail was lost. There would have been another loss, as the rider was scalped by the Indians, but the riderless horse finished the ride on time. The nineteen hundred fifty miles from the Missouri River to Sacramento were covered in ten days. Lincoln's inaugural was carried to the coast in seven days and seventeen hours. Although the Pony Express was a financial failure, it brought the East and West ten days nearer in 1860 and sold the country the idea that the desert was not impassable.

EARLY IN 1869, the Central and Union Pacific railroads were laying track at the rate of six to ten miles a day, competing for grants of money and of land. Twelve million acres of land were given to these two companies. May 10, 1869, the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point, near Salt Lake City, Utah, ushering in the era of steam travel, called by the Indians, "All wagon—no oxen."

Today, one may board a plane in Boston, Massachusetts, at two-fifteen in the afternoon and land in San Francisco, California, at exactly eleven fifty-five the following morning.

I was pondering these facts of progress as we roared westward, crossing the rolling prairies, plunging along the glittering 'main iron' at a speed that telescoped the slow trek of the Pioneers from months to minutes. Swift was the flight of the Pony Express, as swift as the pounding hoofs of eager horses, but our arrowy flight multiplied the speed of horses many times over. I was talking with William Boyd Milliken, a well-known mining engineer from Denver, Colorado, who spun a yarn that brought home to me a fresh realization of the miracle of modern aviation. The yarn was of his early days in Nicaragua, in quest of gold. All day he had lazed in the bottom of a native *pit-pan*, listening to the drip of paddles and watching the kaleidoscopic flight of tropical birds. When dripping shadows blurred the jungle, they made camp. After supper, Mr. Milliken and the Indian Chief exchanged stories.

The young engineer described moving trains, electrically lighted and equipped with lounging rooms, diners, and folding beds. The paddlers listened to the translations of their Chief with breathless awe. Then Mr. Milliken graphically described the flight of an airplane above his native city. We have become so accustomed to stunting ships that we barely lift our eyes to the sky, but, as the Chief listened to the story of a ship looping, barrel-rolling, flying upside-down, and all of the stunts known to modern flyers, he was carried beyond the limits of credulity. When the story was ended, the Chief exploded: "O, Chief! You wouldn't be stuffing us, would you?"

As the Nicaraguan Indians hate two vices above all others,—stealing and *bela soura* (bad mouth), Mr. Milliken's reputation for veracity was ruined after his truthful recital.

When I had crossed the Rocky Mountains and become a cowboy in Nevada, an accident stabbed me into a fresher realization of the miracle of aviation. One of the tri-motored planes of the California Standard Oil Company, having landed in an emergency field on the outskirts of Winnemucca, Nevada, ripped a stabilizer on a field-light while tak-



ing off. The pilot wired to San Francisco for a new stabilizer. It was ten o'clock when Mike started to repair his ship. His brother-pilot yanked out a map and laid out a course with his finger, instructing:

"Fly thirty-five degrees northeast until you strike the Snake River. Follow the river to Boise." Indicating an area above the Nevada-Oregon line, he cautioned, "Be careful there, it's full of air-pockets!" Turning toward his own plane, he

chirped: "So long, I'll see you in Salt Lake tonight."

I HAD JUST read Emerson Hough's *The Covered Wagon* again, that fascinating novel of the march of youth, driven by the "fever of new fortune" from the Missouri River, across prairie and mountains to "the wide reaches of the desert." The Missouri River was "the edge of the world." I had read:

"This was the Far West itself; silent, inscrutable, unchanged, irreducible. The mightiness of its calm was a smiting thing. The awesomeness of its chill, indifferent smiting nights, the unsparring ardors of its merciless moons, the measureless expanses of its levels, the cold barrenness of its hills—these things did not invite as to the bosom of a welcoming mother; they repelled, as with the chill gesture of a stranger turning away outcasts from the door."

Westward, ever westward, they trekked, until strong men confessed, "Here resolution almost faints!" They lost their illusions but they kept their high courage. Mirage, storm, or Indians failed to stop that thin line of Pioneers. With historical accuracy, Mr. Hough writes: "Reaching the Oregon Trail and Boise, they soon would know more about the Mary's River and the Humboldt Desert. Plenty of bones, there, sure!"

I was standing near the Humboldt River (Mary's River in pioneer days), on the outskirts of Winnemucca, known to the Forty Niners as French Ford. Mike was working furiously, preparatory to hopping to Boise. He would soon be flying above the historic trail of which Jim Bridger said: "A long dry jump hit is, by all accounts. The Oregon road goes on down the Snake. Hit's longer, if not so dry." Mike's friend had flown the four-hundred fourteen miles from San Francisco, over the Granite Sierras, to Winnemucca, in a few hours. The Forty Niners had crawled westward from French Ford, at the speed of oxen, twelve to twenty miles a day. One day I came upon the ruins of a prairie schooner, tangled with oldgrowth sage, a mute witness to the intrepid spirit of the Pioneer. (See *Frontispiece*.) Many of them died in the desert. My modern pioneer was continuing his flight eastward to Salt Lake City, three hundred seventy-nine miles, while his friend installed a new stabilizer, preparatory to flying to Boise, Idaho, and then onward to Salt Lake City. "So long, I'll see you at Salt Lake to-

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By FRED L. THOMPSON

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE L. D. S. EXHIBIT
AT AMERICA'S EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO
(LOOKING NORTH).

THE LATTER-DAY SAINT EXHIBIT AT AMERICA'S EXPOSITION SAN DIEGO

THE Latter-day Saint people may well be proud of their exhibit at the California Pacific International Exposition in San Diego, California. The *San Diego Union News* for March 29, 1936, states: "One of the most hospitable and charming of the educational exhibits at the exposition is that of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Scores of visitors are being attracted by its dignified beauty and peaceful atmosphere."

Exposition officials felt that the 1935 season was so successful that 1936 deserved a reopening, commencing February 12th, and continuing until September 9th. And so it was decided that the L. D. S. exhibit would reopen with the exposition.

Our exhibit consists of a shaded patio lounge and the building which houses the display, with models of the great tabernacle and temple standing at the entrance. Featured displays include statuary groups, mural paintings, and a bas-relief frieze, which tell the story of Mormon history and ideals.

The mural paintings, arranged in

chronological order, portray the westward trek of the Mormon Pioneers and the colonization of Utah. "The Tragedy of Winter Quarters" and "New Life and New Frontiers," are the titles of two pieces of beautiful statuary. The former, showing a tragedy of the plains, is being reproduced in bronze, to be placed at Florence, Nebraska, where more than six hundred Pioneers lost their lives. The latter is a group representing a family of today and suggests a universal conception of our people that the "Glory of God is intelligence." "Eternal Progress," the theme of the exhibit and the fundamental ideal of the Mormon religion, is developed in five phases of applied knowledge. These are presented in the bas-relief and are benevolence, science, Priesthood of God, home culture, and creative recreation. These ideals are offered to instill an ambitious desire for continuous development in the individual. They lend an atmosphere of spirituality to the exhibit, as inviting as the beauty of the art itself.

While space forbids our enumerating the many special events, inter-

esting conversations, and incidents which occur, to retell a few of them briefly might give the reader an idea of the work that is being accomplished.

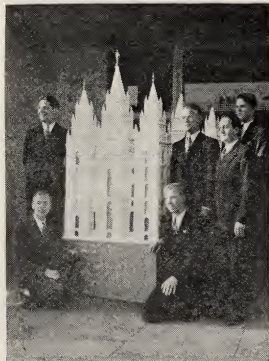
DURING the week of July 19-25, 1935, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir was featured in several concerts in the Ford Bowl. Thousands attended and "the world's most outstanding choir" made a great impression. Utah Day, July 24, was the largest Wednesday of the season in point of attendance.

July 24, 1936, has again been set aside as Latter-day Saint Pioneer day at the Exposition. The program is being arranged under the direction of the Mutual Improvement Associations of Southern California.

On July 28, 1935, a vesper service was conducted in the organ amphitheatre by the Los Angeles stake choir. Hundreds of people acclaimed it as an outstanding presentation in choral work.

Commencing October 11 and lasting for a month, eleven illustrated lectures harmonizing Book of Mormon history with archaeological findings were presented in the House of Hospitality auditorium, by Elders Royal J. Hansen and Wallace King. After two presentations the officials requested that it be con-

GROUP PICTURE OF MISSIONARIES WORKING IN THE EXHIBIT, BY THE MODEL OF THE TEMPLE
Reading from left to right: Kneeling, Elder Kenneth G. Pierson, Elder James S. Arrington; Standing, Elder Francis J. Springer, Elder Fred E. Singley, President Fred L. Thompson, Elder Arthur M. Mortensen.



tinued as an educational feature of the exposition.

As a fitting climax, November 9th was observed as Latter-day Saint day at the exposition. Over a thousand people were impressed by the remarks made by Elders John A. Widtsoe and Preston D. Richards. Dr. Frederick M. Fisher, a noted

A visitor who registered April 29th from London, England, after listening to the lecture, stated that we had broken down a prejudice which he had held for forty-seven years against the Mormon people. As he left he took one of each of the different tracts, and said he would go back and convince his peo-

Desert Sky Hawks

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night." Speed! Precision! Heroic nonchalance!

The whirring of blades woke me from my dreaming. The relief pilot circled the field and landed. Mike grabbed a wrench and went to work. An hour later, I watched Mike roar over Piute Peak and the Valley of the Quinn.

EVERYBODY in the Far West is air-minded: butchers, bakers and candle-stick-makers, bankers and brokers, salesmen, teachers, and judges, fly. Men in business clothing swing out of their cars at the Oakland Airport and order their crates pulled out with the matter-of-factness of men calling at the garage for their cars.

I read the account of a pilot bringing his burning ship to earth against tremendous odds. A gas-line had broken, permitting raw gas to become ignited. The passengers escaped but, so quick was their exit, that they did not save a parcel of baggage. When accidents happen, pilots perform the seemingly impossible.

On another occasion two pilots made an emergency landing after one of their motors burned out. I initiated them into the mysteries of the great desert while they were waiting for a new motor. They fairly itched for the sky. When the motor arrived, they began work at two o'clock in the morning, to escape the great heat. At mid-morning they roared into the sky, circled the field, saluted their friends, and swooped like a giant hawk over the Great American Desert.

Hail to the Skyhawks who saluted us as we muled over the High Sierras and to the bold birdman whose plane stabbed the silence of the Grand Canyon of Arizona as I broke camp in the morning! Hail to the flyers droning above the magical deserts and the monotonous prairies! My heart has been cheered in lonely places by the winking lights of the night mail. I have said a prayer for grimy-faced pilots as they roared through the gusty skyway. I have praised the amazing daring of the aces whom I knew in wartime, but I do not offer less praise to those pilots who climb into the cockpit, hook on their safety belt, "give 'er the gun," roar down the field, gently pull the stick, and climb into fog—

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INTERIOR VIEW OF L. D. S. EXHIBIT AT AMERICAN EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, SHOWING SYMBOLICAL FIGURES IN BAS-RELIEF.

traveler, gave an illustrated lecture on Scenic Utah, paying many tributes to the Mormon people.

During the course of the exposition thus far we have had visitors register from India, China, Hawaii, Korea, Samoa, Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Italy, France, Roumania, Poland, England, Sweden, and Egypt as well as from every corner of the United States. To determine the amount of good accomplished would be impossible but a few interesting incidents have been brought to our attention.

ON SATURDAY, September 7th, two distinguished leaders of the Catholic church in New York, came into the booth and said, "We visited your exhibit twice in Chicago; it was the best there; and seeing it here, we could not help coming in again. We are impressed by the zeal of your young people and the program that the Mormon people have which holds their younger generation so firmly rooted in spiritual lines." They stopped to view the model of the tabernacle and said, "You carved that building out of wood, but you carved an empire out of nothing but a wilderness."

ple that their prejudice against Mormonism was unfounded.

On May 1st, a distinguished visitor from Egypt, a prince in his own country, came into the exhibit and examined the facsimiles of the Egyptian hieroglyphics in the Pearl of Great Price. He said they were true characters and the translation was correct. He was amazed to learn that the translator of this record was a young man who had never studied the Egyptian language.

We had the privilege on May 7th of baptizing a woman into the Church who declared that her conversion to the Gospel was the result of frequent visits to our exhibit and a study of literature received there.

Since the opening of the exposition, one hundred thirty-two copies of the *Book of Mormon*, twelve *Doctrine and Covenants*, thirty-two *Pearl of Great Price*, eleven *Articles of Faith*, fifty-one *The Great Temple*, twelve *Organ and Tabernacle*, four *Brief Histories of the Church* have been sold at the booth. 30,600 souvenir booklets, 9,500 pamphlets, and 14,100 tracts have been distributed to the 270,000 people who have listened to our lecture.

We extend to all a cordial invitation to visit our booth and listen to the explanation of the exhibit that has pleased so many.

DESERT SKY HAWKS

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blanketed ceilings. All through the gloomy darkness the beacons flash—flash—flash, guiding the Heroes of Peace. I can take you to the bones of mail-planes crashed against the mountains but I cannot take you to a man who failed to measure up to the slogan, "The mail must go through!"

KELLY PIERCE and I were picking up a bunch of *Strays*, cows left behind during the spring drive. We were driving from Winnemucca to Central Mountain, a long twenty miles across the sun-burned desert. The mercury touched one hundred fifteen degrees. Hour after hour we pushed the Old Gals and their dogies through clouds of alkali dust. The ribs of the cattle crumpled like accordions and their tongues lolled. All day we whistled the herd along the Emigrant Trail. About ten miles out, we drove down to the Humboldt River. When it came to drinking with those dirty gals and dogies, I hesitated. Kelly drawled: "I've been drinkin' that water fuh twenty years and I'm still livin'."

Glancing at his powerful body, I dropped onto the sand and gulped the muddy water gratefully. Before dusk, we camped. I had stepped out of the corrugated iron shack to cut an armful of sage for our fire, as we were going to have oyster stew for supper. My ears caught the drone of a plane. Straining my eyes toward the High Sierras, I saw a dark spot above the sage-green

sea. The plane roared above the Emigrant Trail, catapulting over our heads and then disappearing in the purple east. Kelly's voice snapped me back to earth: "That makes yuh appreciate the difference" invention makes tuh travell!"

Turning, I saw half of an oxshoe, picked up from the Emigrant Trail, nailed to the cabin door. Commenting on the courage of the Pioneers, Kelly gave me the shoe for a paper-weight.

Weeks later, while thinking of Kelly's words, I turned to Mark Twain's *Roughing It*. The author was crossing the Salt Desert. He was dust-coated and blistered by the sun. Writing of those hours, he says: "Imagine a vast, waveless ocean stricken dead and turned to ashes; imagine this solemn waste tufted with ash-dusted sage-bushes; imagine the lifeless silence and solitude that belong to such a place; imagine a coach creeping like a bug through the midst of this shoreless level, and sending up tumbled volumes of dust as if it were a bug that went by steam; imagine this aching monotony of toiling and plowing kept up hour after hour." Turn to *Roughing It* and read to the end, then hear my aviator-friend drawling: "So long, I'll see you in Salt Lake tonight." Surely Kelly Pierce, one of the hardest riding broncho-busters in the Far West, was right when he philosophized: "That makes yuh appreciate the difference invention makes tuh travell!"

that they were a long way off from the Christian ideal. They were at home with violence; the weapons of anarchy were too often their sole arbiters of dispute—their hearts did not quail at the sight of blood. From the ashes of their camp fires sprang up those familiar false-fronted outposts of sin and tin cans, the hell-roaring camps of Bret Harte and Mark Twain.

The Mormon volunteers did not enlist because of any craving for adventure or fighting. On the contrary, the most cherished promise which those men received from President Young when they commenced their weary tramp across the continent was the prophecy that if they lived right they would not have to fire a shot at an enemy. The towns which later sprang up in Utah and Arizona under their pioneering hands were built around schools and meetinghouses in place of reeking dens of vice—gardens and orchards instead of tin cans—they laid the cultural foundation of a Christian civilization at the very beginning.

THE MARCH of the Battalion men from Council Bluffs to San Diego, the longest and most grueling march in recorded military history, need not be recounted here. There is sufficient glory in saying that they made it. Almost naked and barefooted, yoked to their wagons in place of worn-out mules and oxen, with no food but the sickening flesh of the broken-down animals they replaced, with no water to drink save from the deep wells they themselves dug, they were driven to the uttermost limits of human endurance by a harsh commander whom they nevertheless respected for his singleness of purpose. If they fell down exhausted, they got up again and marched on with no thought of quitting. "To endure to the end" was the price they had agreed to pay at Council Bluffs.

But the proudest part of all this story of Christian soldiers was the conduct of the Battalion after arriving in Southern California. It had been the high-minded purpose of President Polk and the War Department to extend as peaceful a conquest over New Mexico and California as possible—American troops were to be ambassadors of good will who would subdue the dusky southerners with kindness and fair treatment rather than force. To the everlasting credit of the American

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clothing. Most of this money was handed over at once by the soldiers to their families and the Twelve. The \$20,000 thus brought into the Church, together with the soldier's pay three months later from Santa Fe may well have provided the slim margin that pulled the "Camp of Israel" through the exigencies of that bitter time.

It would be a mistake to try to polish up the Mormon Battalion with martial splendor. No one seeking the vicarious thrills of tales of frontier conquest and adventure would ever waste time reading about the Battalion. He would read instead the romantic biographies of such

turbulent heroes as Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, or Kit Carson. There simply is no use trying to make any comparison between the typical, boisterous, fight-loving frontiersman and the peaceable behavior of those humble, sober, submissive Mormon soldiers who *walked*. The foregoing is not written with any intent to diminish the glory of other western heroes. All honor to the hardy men who gambled with death on the prairie. Their desperate exploits make a glamorous page in American history.

But however brightly the halo of romance glows about such robust, swaggering figures, all must admit

THE RAM IN THE THICKET

army it must be said that most of its commanders were fine gentlemen, well qualified to carry out this program. But too often the soldiers under them were drunken ruffians utterly unfitted for the task of establishing respect for the ideals of American citizenship.

The Mormon boys reached the coast too late to participate in the only battle of the conquest of California, in which General Kearny was severely wounded and his little force of dragoons nearly cut to pieces. The approach of the Mormon force put an end to any further resistance. The duties of the Mormon soldiers on their arrival, therefore, became the peaceful ones of erecting fortifications and garrisoning the towns of San Diego and Los Angeles.

For this work they were preeminently fitted. They were quiet and sober and treated the native Californians with friendly respect. Their habits of industry having been noted by their commander, they were given unusual privileges in the matter of hiring themselves out in the towns and on neighboring ranchos. They literally whitewashed the whole town of San Diego, and dug its first wells. They burnt the first bricks in California, and paved the first streets.

Many were skilled masons and carpenters, and they employed their abilities wherever demand could be found or created. Among the brick buildings they erected were a courthouse and several schoolhouses. The money thus earned was promptly invested in outfits to carry them back to their people. So circumspect had been their behavior and so useful had they made themselves that when their term of enlistment was up, the citizens of San Diego pleaded with them to remain. When the Californians found that the detachment could not be dis-

suaed from returning to its own people, they sent an express to Colonel Cooke asking him to send as replacements another company of Mormons, stating that they did not wish any other kind of soldiers quartered there.

It was doubtless these qualities that won the regard of the native Californians and that General Doniphan had in mind when he exclaimed to fellow officers: "I can take one thousand Mormon boys and accomplish more in Mexico than you can with the whole American army!"

The native Californians were not alone in trying to induce the Battalion boys to remain on the coast. Strong persuasion was exerted by the military commanders in California to get them to re-enlist for a longer period. These efforts not being successful, the officers wrote long letters to President Young confidently arguing the advantages to the Church in keeping Mormon soldiers in California. But most of the Battalion members headed for the "Camp of Israel" as soon as their term of enlistment was up. A few of the boys re-enlisted for six months longer and then they too bent their way back toward the Saints.

No offer of worldly emoluments was any temptation for the thoughtful, self-disciplined young men who gathered together as often as they might to sing hymns and pray and encourage each other. Somewhere in the solemn past they had caught something of Joseph Smith's vision of the Kingdom of God, and now there remained for them but one purpose in life: to assist in building up that Kingdom. Their sacrifice had been made; their place now was with the Saints. Their eyes were fixed on that "City . . . whose builder and maker is God."

itantly. "Almost as bad as discouragement. Don't do to let it get headway."

"It's already taken the place."

"Oh, I don't know." Oliver turned a critical eye over the pasture. "I've seen worse places than this cleared in a year."

"No use."

"It might save the place for you."

"No chance." Walt set his chin stubbornly. "Besides I'm through being a caretaker for mortgage companies."

"I've heard," Oliver chose his words carefully, "the government is loaning money on mortgaged places."

"That's a new way to fish for suckers. I'm through."

"No farmer is making anything these days, they're trying—"

"Serves 'em right. They should walk off and let the land stand idle awhile. Then see what would happen. Maybe some day they'll get sense."

THE VISITOR rose hastily. His voice, when he spoke was tinged with pity and contempt.

"The more a thing is a man's own fault, the more determined he is to put the blame on someone else."

He walked to the fence. As he straddled it he looked back. "What I came to say was, if you'll clear this pasture of foxtail, I'll rent it."

"I wouldn't clear it for it."

Oliver shrugged his shoulders. "O. K.," he said, "I'll look somewhere else then. I have to get more pasture, and hay. I bought your cows—"

Walt sprang to his feet. He faced his best friend across the fence.

"What did you say?" hoarsely.

"I bought your cows."

"You?" Walt spoke slowly, in a half-whisper. "You bought my cows?"

The other nodded.

An instant longer Walt stared, bewilderedly, unbelievably. Then suddenly his confused emotions crystallized. A low, deep anger tightened his muscles and thundered his blood through his veins. His breath came abruptly, uncertainly.

"You—you bought my cows—," still his voice was calm and level. Again Oliver nodded.

Then the man's voice caught an exultant note. In sudden glad fury he doubled his fist and thrust it belligerently toward the other.

"Sell you my pasture? I'd wing

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FOXTAIL

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"Saw you up here. Thought I'd drop by a minute."

No answer.

"Tough luck."

Still no answer.

Oliver looked down over the place. "Garden looks good," he said cheerfully.

"Certainly. It always does." Walt's voice carried that 'you-know-why' tone.

Bill started to speak, checked himself and hurriedly plucked a head of foxtail. He twirled it between the palms of his hands.

"Bad stuff," he ventured hesi-

FOXTAIL

(Continued from page 449)

your neck first. If you ever come on the place again while I am here I'll do it anyway."

For an instant Oliver looked at the other in indecision. He took a step nearer the fence, then stopped.

"Raspberry!" Turning on his heel he strode quickly away.

Until he reached the lane Walt watched, the edge dulling on his riotous anger. Why had Oliver said that? He started for the barn, but the peak of his anger was gone and the old baffled resentment surged through him. Before he reached the barn he changed his mind and struck out across the alfalfa. The hay was short and crowded with foxtail and cheat. Some crop. He'd be lucky if he got enough to feed the one cow the mortgage company had left. He kicked listlessly and a dozen heads of ripened foxtail clung to the leg of his overalls. Clean it out in one year, Oliver had said. Of course he knew. Men like him always knew. Probably Oliver had been secretly curling his lips at him. He must have or he wouldn't have dickered with the Mortgage Company for his cows. The hard, heavy void that Walt had been carrying for days grew and grew until its weight was stifling. Slowly, stumbingly, he turned back toward the house. Maybe if he'd lie down again he could rest a few minutes.

STANDING by the corral fence and looking forlornly in the direction taken by the herd, stood Betsy, his lone cow. He wouldn't have begged a favor of anyone, but Gladys had no such pride. Only she didn't beg, she demanded. They must have milk so the company had left Betsy.

Something about the cow's looks made Walt step quickly to her head. Grimly he examined her mouth and jaws. Foxtail again, huh? It had worked pretty well into her throat, too. His arms dropped like plummets to his side and for an instant his head bowed. Then he straightened and laughed. A hard, strident laugh that loosed something within him. So that was why Betsy had been left. Just one more thing, but it was the last.

Again he started toward the house. Briskly this time. There was no sense in staying on here now. He'd clear things up and move off next month—next week. What a

relief it would be to have it over. Indecision was what got a man.

Telling Gladys wouldn't be easy. She would want to hang on, but his mind was made up. With his debts gone everything else would be gone, but he wouldn't mind starting from scratch. He wouldn't be fool enough to tie himself up again. A load rolled from his shoulders. He made the yard fence in one easy leap, the gate was too far away. With his hand on the porch screen he paused. From the bedroom came the sound of quiet sobbing.

"Never mind, Dearie." Mrs. Oliver was still there. "I know it's hard but it couldn't be helped."

"Oh, couldn't it?" Walt could feel Gladys stiffen. "Maybe not, but I'd like to have had the satisfaction of knowing he went down fighting. Walt gives up before he starts."

There was a moment's silence, then Mrs. Oliver spoke again.

"Well—I don't know—as I'd say that. It's not so much he won't fight as discouragement. You remember when the old mare got down on her back in the ditch? Two good kicks was all she needed to get herself out, but we had to pry her out with poles. Discouragement does that to some men."

Walt turned and, going back to the corral, threw himself on a mound of hay. Lying there he lost all sense of time, but he was brought back to earth by a long rumbling challenge, disquieting in its volume and temper. Walt sprang erect and stepped out where he could see the road. Every-one around had warned Gray about that bull. He was getting old and short-tempered, and just now was hunting a fight. Down the road he came, his thick, broad head carrying sideways from the weight of a chain that hung from his nose. On the end of the chain was a short iron stake, the reason, doubtless, of his freedom. He shuffled rapidly along, jerking his head savagely up and down, sending to the world his irate message that he was free and ready to do battle. Occasionally he would stop and look about as if seeking some object on which to prove his valor.

Walt walked slowly toward the road. It would never do to let him run free. If he could ease him through the gate he might hold him

somewhere until Gray got him. He wouldn't be long coming.

As HE approached the gate the huge beast paused, head up, his crafty brain grasping the fact that somewhere near was man and an end to his freedom. He lowered his head and with an enormous hoof sent a shower of dust flying backward, emitting at the same time a bellow of rage. Then, from between him and the house came shrill childish laughter.

"Gee, isn't he a whopper though?"

Walt whirled. Standing slightly to the right of the woodpile was Bobby, his body shaking with laughter. With one hand he grasped the tongue of his little red wagon. With the other he brandished a stick.

"Shoo!" he shouted, "Make more dust."

This was what the enraged animal had been seeking. With lowered head he charged, crashing through the puny fence as if it had been cardboard. Bobby, sensing his danger too late, started to run toward the house. From the kitchen porch came an agonized scream.

There was no time to think. Instinctively Walt flung himself at the dragging chain. It burned through his fingers and nearly jerked him from his feet. Desperately he threw his body around and as he caught the iron stake, set his heels into the ground. They plowed furrows through the caked earth. Ahead was a huge chopping block with four spikes upright in it, used to hold wood in place while being sawed. He swerved, and just as the animal struck, threw the chain between the spikes. They held the iron stake and kept it from slipping through. With all his braced strength Walt pulled back. It wasn't much. The block toppled over but it jerked the animal's head suddenly sideways, breaking the force of his charge.

Walt never remembered clearly what happened then. There were Gray and his men on horses. There were screaming women and Doctor Joe and a still little figure on a white bed.

The Doctor came again before night. He sat by the bed listening to the child's pulse. He looked up at the gaunt, hollow-eyed man in the doorway.

"Quick work, Walt," he said. "I've found no broken bones, but one breath more and he would have

FOXTAIL

been smashed. Unless there are internal injuries or concussion a few days will find him none the worse for his jar and shock. We'll probably know by midnight,—morning anyway."

Gladys was not crying now. She moved about dry-eyed, watching, doing little things prescribed by the doctor. Over them both stood Walt, his mouth hard and bitter. Quick work, but not quick enough. That was always his way—just about, but not quite. Mrs. Oliver was there again, or yet. She fussed about in the kitchen and presently called them to eat a bite.

She pushed Gladys gently from the room and Walt followed to sit by her at table. She poured them each a cup of hot chocolate and sipped hers slowly.

"We'll be up all night," she reminded him. "It would be better to eat a little."

He guessed he'd better. He wondered if eating were a part of fighting. He reached for his chocolate and took a swallow. His wife leaned over and put one hand over his.

"He'll make it. I know he will."

He wanted to reach out, to return her caress, to tell her that places and cows and things did not matter except for her. He wanted strangely to sob out that hardness that was within him, but something indecisive, something hurt, held him back. Why should he make promises? Her words rang in his ears, "Walt quits before he starts." That was it. He made wonderful starts but was darn poor on the finish. He'd better go do the milking. Then he remembered he had only Betsy to milk.

When next the doctor came he stayed.

"He's a good fighter," he said to the two agonized watchers, "—lots of hope."

THE NIGHT wore on, century after century. Walt refused a chair and leaned against the wall, back out of the way. Only hazily he saw the white bed, the still face of the child. Somewhere in the room were Gladys and the ever-present Mrs. Oliver.

In the stillness of those blank hours the ticking of the alarm clock struck like the booming of a cannon. Slowly he turned and looked at it. He didn't need it here on the dresser any longer. There were no cows to be milked, no feeding to be done.

When he got to sleep again he could sleep as long as he pleased. Tip-toeing awkwardly he took the clock and put it on the radio in the living room. Its ticking followed him back. From a chest by the window he took a small blanket. Folding it, he flung it over the offending timepiece. Now it would never take them to twelve o'clock. Again by the wall he took up his vigil.

What was that? He turned his head slightly. Distinctly, unmistakably came the quick clicking tick-tock, tick-tock. Back to the living room he went, stumbling slightly over the edge of the rug. Snatching away the blanket he grasped the unshamed thing and opening the screen, flung it into the night. He avoided looking at its face, but fendishly, as it whirled through the blackness it flung back, from its phosphorescent hands, "ten to twelve."

Ten to twelve. Ten to twelve. From the semi-darkness of the room a thousand luminous hands tick-tocked beside him. At the door of the bedroom he stopped. Doctor Joe was bending over the bed. Mrs. Oliver's hands were clapping and unclapping in her lap. Gladys was on her knees by the bed, her fingers clutched in her hair.

Walt watched her. Why didn't she tear her hair? That would be a relief. Maybe he'd try it, but his hands hung stubbornly by his side. He turned his eyes to the useless, horny things. There were burns on the palms from the chain. It didn't matter. They wouldn't have anything to do now. There were no cows, no feeding, no little chubby lad to lead. No fight in them. All knocked out.

Doctor Joe backed on his chair with a tired smile. With a sob Gladys laid her head beside the boy's. A breathless moment, and then Walt saw the child's eyelids flutter open. His gaze swept slowly and restlessly past the Mother, over the Doctor, until it found the right face.

"We—we made it, Dad." It was scarcely more than a breath, but it brought the man's great hands into a hard clinch. He looked down at them again. No fight in 'em? Who said so?

Dawn was streaking the sky when Gladys came to the barn door.

"Walt, Walt. Don't take it so hard. Bobby is all right. Doctor

Joe says—" she stopped in wonder.

Her husband, with steady, sure hands was unfastening a halter from Betsy's head. He opened the stanchion and drove the bewildered cow out into the dewy morning. He wiped his hands on a gunny-sack and reached for the lantern.

"Walt, what have you been doing?"

"Betsy had a foxtail in her throat. Dangerous to let it go on."

He turned his eyes to her and even in the dim light she could see their gaze was clear and purposeful. The haziness, the bewilderment, the hurt were gone.

With a sob she flung herself into his arms. He drew her close and with one hand brushed the disordered hair from her forehead. Bending he touched each tired eyelid with his lips.

"Look," he motioned to the east and filled his lungs with the fresh tangy air. "Day is breaking. Another day for us. They're lending money on farms like mine. Oliver will let me have the herd back. I'm sure, now, that's why he bought them. We'll have the joy of trying again. We can't have Bob grow up to say his Dad was licked by foxtail."

She could only cling to him in an ecstasy of understanding.

As he opened the yard gate for her a slow grin spread over his face.

"I feel better already just looking forward to a scrap. I want to see Oliver before I rest but you lie down for awhile." As she hesitated, he added sharply, "Don't argue. When I say, 'lie down,' do it!"

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"HAVILAH—WHERE THERE IS GOLD"

(Concluded from page 401)

not realize that at one time some four thousand people had lived in that district. Several fires have destroyed most of the evidences of any civilization that existed in those mountain fastnesses. It was there that Mr. Willard S. Wood, photographer for the *Examiner* party, found Sister Miller and took her photograph. Mention is made in the article that she at one time had been with the Latter-day Saints at San Bernardino. The picture of this good woman and the story about her made a deep impression upon my mind, and I immediately decided to visit her and learn if there yet remained with her the faith she must have had as a girl while living in San Bernardino.

Sixty-five miles east of Bakersfield, right in the tops of the Sierra Nevadas at Havilah, in company with President John S. Bunting of the Bakersfield Branch of the Church, Henry S. Jackson of the Wilshire Ward bishopric, and our wives, we found Sister Miller. In the glorious days that are passed she had been the registrar, the post-mistress, and the storekeeper. Today, at the age of ninety-two, she sits there alone in a little room at the rear of her store, or in the front doorway of her cabin. The shelves are gone, but the counter still remains. No people live there to be served, but it is her home.

We asked her for her story, and she told us she had accepted the Gospel in Australia where she was born November 21, 1844. She later left Australia in company with her folks and landed in San Pedro in 1855 as an eleven year old girl, on her way to Zion. Inasmuch as the Saints had established a settlement at San Bernardino, she settled there. When the call came from Brigham Young in the fall of 1857 for the Saints to return to Salt Lake City, she in company with many of the other Saints, went to Salt Lake City where she lived for some few years. Later she returned to her beloved California and found her way to Havilah, where she became a very important personage.

She told us of her life, and she sits there in her rocking chair waiting for the time to pass. I asked her if she still believed that "Mormonism" was true, and she bore her testimony most fervently in such a way that every eye was dimmed with tears:



HANNAH MILLER AS SHE SITS AT THE DOOR OF HER CABIN IN HAVILAH.

"It would make no matter where I was, in Russia or in China, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true and Joseph Smith is a prophet of the living God."

I told her we did not want her up in the mountains all alone, and asked her if she would not let us take her down to Bakersfield where we could give her the comforts of life and provide for her so that she need not worry, and where people could call on her and help care for her needs. But she said: "This is my home and here in my home I am going to die. I do not want to leave Havilah."

She has made friends of all classes of society in Kern county, and they have provided all the comforts that can be provided up in the mountains in that little frame shack. She has lived a good life; she has won the respect of all good people; she is honored and loved today; and throughout the years of her loneliness, she has ever kept in mind the fact that she was near her Heavenly Father, and that He was very close to her, even though she sits there for two or three days at a time without seeing a living soul.

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MOVING MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 431)

found. The cliff of ice was so nearly perpendicular that a foot-hold in it was impossible.

DAN WAS repeatedly shouting to them from the cliff-top to hurry, evidently sensing the danger in the oncoming rumbling, and fearing separation in this icy world of terror and desolation.

Occasionally the ice-wall before Bob and old Spike seemed to slant to a slight degree, but the next few steps found it looming straight up again. Finally at one of these slants old Spike paused and gazed silently upward a moment. Then he turned to Bob:

"We'll have to dig out steps in the ice with our pocket knives. It's the only way up. We'll take turns, each digging ten steps at a turn. We've got to work fast. I'll dig first."

As old Spike was digging upward into the driving mist, clinging to small projections of ice with one hand and digging with the other, Bob waited for his turn on the ledge below.

The wind had become a gale, and the mountain of ice was shaking as if from a tremendous earthquake. It had become almost as dark as pitch black night in the driving Arctic storm. Bob could hardly see old Spike's form hanging to the face of the ice directly above him. The roaring rumblings were in their very ears now. All was wild confusion about them. Some dozens of feet upward, on top of the icy cliff, Dan's screaming shout came through to them barely audible above the tearing wind.

Then even before Bob could raise his voice in answer, the mountain of ice under their feet lurched crazily, swung dizzily to and fro like a huge cork in rough water. Then on one of its dizzy swings it seemed to overbalance and continue on over—slowly over, wrapped in the wild confusion of the howling storm-filled Arctic.

The level ledge of ice under Bob's feet quickly changed to a steep slant, and he found himself sliding down the slippery surface into the face of the now leaning cliff. The wind shrieked dismally and seemed to increase with every minute. The grinding, scraping roar of piling hurling ice behind the hazy storm-curtain was terrifying to hear.

The ice was disrupting. Bob could hear the hurling splash of water somewhere in the raging tempest. It seemed as if the whole world was in the throes of an icy, boiling volcano. With great effort Bob tried to crush down fear and to think clearly. He seemed to see the sinking freighter *Banaza* in the midst of the ripping turmoil, with the little deck radio shouting forth the words again into the teeth of the black and boiling tempest: "I am with you always."

The words seemed to float serenely to him through the howling, shrieking gale. "With you always," he whispered, and a strange, untroubled calm settled over him—a calm which neither the terrifying upheaval nor the overturning of the ice-mountain under them could shake.

IN THE storm-filled darkness old Spike slid rapidly down the face of the now slanting ice-cliff to Bob's side. The next instant Dan did likewise from the top. The mountain of ice under them continued on over, forced by the mighty power of the gale. Then suddenly, the three huddling close together in silence felt the overturning of the ice-mountain cease. It lurched drunkenly a moment, then seemed to lift itself free of something to go rising and falling with the swell of the storm-swept ocean.

The ice had disrupted—had broken up!

Old Spike leaned close to Bob's ear and motioned for Dan to come closer. The old seaman shouted to be heard above the raging storm:

"We're on another iceberg," he yelled. "It's broken loose from where it was stranded in the ice and is floating."

Bob's ears were listening to the continuous roar of the gale. The semi-dark walls of howling winds about them seemed to be angry that they were unable to tear the three from the trough-like depression in the ice.

The berg swayed on in the howling gale for a few minutes, then came up suddenly in the darkness against some immovable object with a sickening thud.

The three gazed intently into the storm-torn area ahead to see what had stopped the berg. Dimly, an

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MOVING MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 453)

icy spire could be made out, rearing itself into the Arctic turmoil like some great ghost-like finger which was serenely immune against the warring elements. The wind whipped about it with savage fury, but it remained unmoved, majestically anchored.

Bob gasped. Dan whistled softly in amazement that anything could remain stationary in the mighty storm about them.

"We've run into a stranded berg!" shouted old Spike above the raging wind.

"Maybe it's the berg that our cave is on," Bob yelled back.

"Maybe!" shouted Spike. "Think we can climb down the side of this berg and get aboard to see?"

Bob shuddered. The thought of moving out of the comparative safety of the trough-like depression atop the ice-mountain and to climb down its hazardous side in the teeth of a tearing gale was not a pleasant one. Again Bob shuddered, and a new wave of fear began to climb his backbone. What if one of the three of them should slip in the half-darkness of the storm as they climbed down the steep, slippery side and go hurtling to an icy death hundreds of feet below? It would leave only two to carry on and try to win out of this land of ice and coldness.

But then Bob realized that they couldn't stay here. The intense cold was beginning to come through their heavy clothing. They must have more clothing and blankets to roll themselves in, or the cold would soon freeze them immovable. They must keep moving! They must go somewhere! In the excitement and strenuous exercise of the past few hours, the cold had gone unnoticed, but it was creeping in on them now from all sides, the icy hand of a grim fate.

Thoughts of the words from the deck-radio steadied Bob's voice as he shouted his answer to old Spike.

"We'll try! We can't stay here! You lead!"

Bob saw old Spike turn to Dan; saw Dan nod in the affirmative to the older man's questioning look.

Then without a word the hazy shape of the old engineer crawled forward into the storm.

BOB AND DAN followed, keeping close together in the howling chaos. They crawled up one side

of the trough-like depression until the extreme top was reached. Here the side of the berg dropped away in a jagged and steep cliff of ice, with only a few feet ahead visible to the eye.

The gale from their backs almost took them from their lofty perch, but old Spike continued quickly on down, thus cutting off the direct force of the driving wind. Slower and slower went the silent descent. Numb hands clung to narrow ledges, while the wind whipped and whistled in and out among the haze hidden, icy depressions.

Once, on a two-foot ledge, Bob dared to look out and down into the whirling, roaring turmoil below. There the sinister rumbling of piling ice added to the fearfulness of the upheaval. But he quickly turned back and faced the cliff, lest he overbalance and be drawn toward the disruption below.

The berg rocked alarmingly under their feet at times, causing them to cast anxious glances toward the dim and lofty peak of the adjoining berg. Bob could feel tremendous shocks run through the ice-mountain under them at frequent intervals, and knew that great blocks of ice were being hurled into the ice-berg by the driving storm. It seemed that they would never reach the bottom.

Old Spike halted suddenly to gaze intently into the rushing, hazy elements, while Bob and Dan clung to the ice and gazed with him. Extending outward and resting on the opposite berg, they saw a bridge-like shelf of ice spanning the gap some distance above the level of the ocean.

Out on this bridge of ice went old Spike without a word. Bob and Dan followed closely. The gale sucked at them ferociously. The ice thundered below them. More than once Bob thought the wind would lift him from the ice-bridge and carry him away into the howling inferno. But old Spike dropped to his hands and knees, and the boys, following suit, found that the wind gripped them less in this position. They crawled rapidly forward, reaching the adjoining berg with sudden abruptness.

Pausing, old Spike shouted:

"If our cave is on this berg, we must be just about on a level with it. Follow me and keep your eyes open for caves!"

Moving Mountains

AFTER A FEW minutes, Bob thought he noticed a familiar look about the berg. But was that possible, he asked himself. All bergs look more or less alike, and very little could be seen of this one through the raging storm.

But he was not wrong, for the next instant Dan was shouting and pointing upward. There, slightly above them, lay the storm-swept shelf with their cave-home nestling at its back. In a moment the three were striding across the shelf toward the cave.

Pushing inside, Bob touched a match to the candle while old Spike re-fastened the blanket securely across the entrance.

"Safe at last," Bob breathed, flinging himself on a box beside Dan.

"For a while only," returned old Spike with a grave look. "When our food plays out, we've got to be far enough south to hail a boat, or we starve and freeze to death. We'll eat now, then roll up and sleep until this storm blows over. We need rest. When we wake, we'll start south over the ice with as much of our provisions as we can drag. It's our only chance."

In the dim, flickering light of the candle, the three ate in silence from provisions which now looked scanty in their eyes, for no one could tell how long they might have to depend on the few boxes of food to keep them from starving. All but one rifle had been lost on the ice. There was plenty of ammunition, but would they meet with game or fowl to shoot for food?

These questions of doubt rolled through the minds of all three as they finished eating, and blowing the candle out, rolled in blanket after blanket to rest and sleep for what might come when they awoke.

Bob could not sleep for a long time after he lay down. The sinister roaring and rumblings at the berg's base, the thundering of the storm driven ice, the screaming of the gale in the darkness—all filled the little ice-cave eerily and drove sleep away for a long time.

Time and again Bob dozed, only to be jerked awake suddenly by the thunderous dash and roar of ice and wind. Then slowly the noise lessened as his senses gradually became attuned somewhat to the turmoil, and he sank into a troubled sleep.

(To be Concluded)



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THIS MAN'S IDEA IS PROVING A BLESSING TO FOLKS WHO NEED MONEY

By P. H. GRAHAM

THIS is a true story. I know this man personally. I know of many folks he has helped. I know of widows with children to support who thank him for their incomes. I know of men who lost their jobs, but are now making more money than ever before. I can tell you of men and women who live better because of the opportunity this man gives them to add to their incomes. Yes, I know of literally hundreds of folks to whom this man's idea of doing business has been a God-send.



DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Perhaps you, too, are in urgent need of money to meet pressing bills. You may have some spare time you want to turn into cash. Then you will want to write this man at once. There will be no obligation on your part. He will write and tell about a wonderful plan he has for helping you.

He is President of a large million-dollar manufacturing company. He does business in every section of the Country—in your very locality. He started some years ago with an idea. It was this: He said, "I'll help worthy people who are in need of money. My proven business-building plans shall be given to the deserving so they, too, can have money." He prospered. His business became most tremendously successful following these practical "Golden Rule" plans. And today it is still growing. Right now he needs 300 men and women in all parts of the Country. He needs someone in your section to help handle the business there. To everyone who accepts his offer he guarantees a fair, square deal and an amazing opportunity to make as high as \$42.50 in a week in this pleasant, dignified manner.

HAVE NICE YEAR 'ROUND EARNINGS

There is really nothing difficult about this plan. Any man or woman with some spare time can start making money immediately. Even right in your own locality you can have money coming in every week. I sincerely ask you to fill out and mail the coupon. You don't obligate yourself or risk any money. You will receive complete details by mail. You have an opportunity to start right away and have the money you need coming in. It will certainly pay you to give and address on the coupon or a penny postcard and mail it to him at once.

This is a trial. Better sit down and write your name and address on the coupon or a penny postcard and mail it to him at once.

ALBERT MILLS, President
1903 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

If have some time I can spare and need extra money. Without obligation, please tell me about your plan for helping me.

Name

Address

(This offer not good outside the U. S.)



Your Page and Ours

LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

PROGRAM—the o is pronounced as in the word oat; the a (will you please note this?) as in the word cat; the accent is on the first part of the word. All right, now hit the pro hard and then say the gram with the a as in at, cat, rat, etc.

Route—has the same pronunciation as the word root. Your train then is routed (pronounced rootted); your brother or son carries a paper route (root); your family is en route (ang—a as in arm-root).

Routine—has the same roo sound as in route; the i becomes like the i in the word of police; and the accent is on the latter syllable. The word then would appear as sounded if spelled: rooten with the emphasis on the teen part.

GOOD WORK!

TOGETHER the Bee-Hive and Gleaner Girls of Wasatch Ward in Salt Lake City, Utah, have performed five hundred six baptisms for their dead in the Salt Lake Temple. The Scouts, Explorers, and M Men cooperated by doing three hundred forty-eight baptisms. This group is now at work gathering names for another excursion.

MESSAGE FROM NORWAY

Trondheim, Norway
March 26, 1936.

Dear Fellow Workers:

AS A MISSIONARY in Norway, I feel that I can truthfully report that the work of the Lord is progressing very nicely in our mission . . . and you can be sure we look forward to the time we receive our copy of *The Improvement Era*.

Sincerely yours,
Winslow Swensen.

HELPFULNESS

Richmond, Utah
March 15, 1936.

Dear Editors:

WE ARE surely enjoying the *Era*. With sickness and many other problems last fall I was puzzled over the way to renew our subscription to the *Era*. Then I received a receipt from you stating that our subscription to the magazine had been paid. Upon investigation, I found that our local druggist, Nickoli Thompson, a non-church member, had given it to us as a gift.

Knowing these people only in a business way, I was deeply touched. The year before, when I was president of our Y. W. M. I. A., I made an appeal to the wealthy in our ward to contribute that all who really desired it should enjoy the education and inspiration of the *Era*. Two contributions were received. One from a working girl and one from a Boy Scout who had earned in the best fields far less than enough for his own meagre needs. I don't know how to voice enough appreciation to these people for this valuable gift. Don't you think they are truly living one of our principles?

Sincerely,
Mrs. V. A. Carlson.

INFORMATION ON "SUNDAY EVENING SOCIETIES" SOUGHT

THE ARTICLE "A Fireside Study," published in the June issue of the *Era* has brought the suggestion from Earl Stephens of 4002 Madison Avenue, Ogden, Utah, that numerous such clubs may already be in existence of which we may not be aware. Brother Stephens informs us that there is a similar Sunday evening society of young people organized in Ogden and he would like to communicate with other groups who are already organized along these lines.

SAFETY experts in Chicago estimate that we have twenty-five thousand deaths a year from accidents in the home. Despite this appalling record, foolhardy people still persist in loitering about the perilous place, and even children are sometimes found there.

TO AN ERA FAN AND ART LOVER

TO THE writer of a letter dated at Ogden, Utah, May 11, 1936 and signed "An Improvement Era Fan and Art Lover" we wish to express our thanks and appreciation.

Any further such information would be welcomed and we would be sincerely grateful for the opportunity to communicate with you further.

The Editors.

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Mesa, Arizona
March 12, 1936.

Dear Editors:

WE DO appreciate having the *Era* in our home. We feel that it is the voice of the Church and a direct message from our beloved leaders. All the material therein is an inspiration to a better living as well as being a source of choice information.

Because I felt the dynamic power of Earl J. Glade when I was a mere child, I have been inspired every time I have read of his good works. Naturally his article in the March number has a direct appeal to me.

And so does every other article—all different, yet all so vital. Even the stories seem more sound and vital than they have done sometimes.

Truly yours,
Mildred B. Jarvis.

MRS. JOHNSON said to her five little children who had received some gifts from their childless neighbors, the Kimmerers, "Now, you must be good and try to keep the Kimmerer's yard clean. They have given you these lovely presents and we haven't anything to give them. But we can help."

Junior spoke up, "Why, Mother, we do too give them something."

"What?" Mrs. Johnson wanted to know.

"Well," he responded, "we give them children to play with."

SOME people have tact, and others tell the truth.

DOUBLE DUTY ADJECTIVES

A STOUT woman drove up to a filling station: "I want two quarts of oil," she said.

"What kind, heavy?" asked the attendant.

"Say, young man, don't be impudent," was the indignant response.—*The Wheel*.

THE TIPSTER

THE CALLER (a young man): "So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister; who comes after her?"
Small Boy: "Nobody yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

A GREAT HELP

"THAT drought cost us more than 5,000 bushels of wheat."
"Yes, but there is no evil without some good, and you know that during that dry spell we could at least get some salt out of the shakers."—*Pathfinder*.

VERY BUSY MAN: "I'm sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

Solicitor: "Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets at two, three, and five dollars."

Pioneering the NEW DESTINY of the WEST

First came the colonizers, tillers of the soil. Then the miners, developers of vast natural resources. Today the west faces a new destiny as the nation's great vacation land, with endless scenic wonders and recreational attractions.

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tion for the scenic wealth of this territory—the Utah Oil Refining Company is taking a leading part.

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*In Grand Teton National Park
(Union Pacific Photo with Eastman Infra-Red Process)*

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