How to Keep the Family in Hot Water

...and for our new home, I'm going to order an automatic dish-washer and one of the latest home laundry machines!

How perfectly marvelous, but...

Will you have sufficient hot water? Seems as though we never have enough to go 'round.

Don't be startled, ladies! It's only I, SPEEDY, of the Gas Flame Quints, come to help you. See this chart? It tells at a glance what size water heater you need. Your plumber has a similar chart. Just ask him to install an automatic GAS water heater of reliable make and high quality, "sized" to your own home. Then you'll ALWAYS have ample hot water. But be sure to specify a GAS automatic! 'Bye now.

Minimum Recommendations for Normal, Average Hot Water Requirements

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of Bathrooms</th>
<th>Number of Bedrooms</th>
<th>Storage Capacity (Gallons)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>1 or 2</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>3 or 4</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>2 or 3</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>4 or 5</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 or 4</td>
<td>4 or 5</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Did YOU see what I saw? A delightful little elf! And I thought I no longer believed in fairies.

If aviators can have good gremlins, I guess we home-makers can. Well, now we know a NEW way to keep the family in hot water!
It is estimated that the elevators in New York City make the equivalent of more than thirteen trips through the earth in lifting and lowering more than a million people daily.

Next after the elephant, the rhinoceros is the largest of all land animals. Large rhinoceros males often measure six feet high at the shoulder.

For a body to be held by the earth as a satellite in an orbit a thousand miles distant, the body would have to travel about four and a third miles a second and go around the earth about every two hours.

A new electric range has been developed which comes up to final temperature within forty seconds. A thermostat then keeps the heating unit at any desired temperature.

A silo designed to prevent spoilage by being airtight is being tested. The silo is made of steel, glass coated inside and out, with a mechanical unloader which takes the silage from the bottom of the silo.

Thoroughbred horses have more red blood cells and more hemoglobin than the ordinary, or cold-blooded horses, but the cells are smaller in size.

Last school year the Russian language was taught in eighty-one American institutions of higher learning.

Plans are being made at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California for a three-hundred-inch reflector telescope. Such a telescope would have moving parts of about sixteen hundred tons housed in a two-hundred-foot dome. More powerful astronomical tools are needed since the two-hundred-inch telescope nearing completion will be able to photograph only about one-fiftieth of the estimated number of stars.

The United States uses annually over a million pounds of caffeine, derived mostly from tea wastes, and soon to be supplemented by a plant for the complete synthesis of the stimulating drug. Greatest use of caffeine is in the preparation of cola drinks, with the drug and pharmaceutical trades secondary.
The Cover

A SURE SIGN of spring
is the bursting of the pussywillows with
the promise of the
verdure to come. After
a winter of snow and
ice, their silver soft-
ness prove a welcome
sight. The photograph
is from H. Armstrong
Roberts, adapted for
cover use by Charles
Jacobsen.

Millinery

By Thelma Ireland

The orchard is be-
dered with bloom:
Each tree has roses
on it.
It's covered with a
flowered snood—
That is its Easter
bonnet.

* * *

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The Improvement Era

MARCH, 1946

VOLUME 49, NO. 3

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Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement
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Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints

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Rain—Music

By Irene Stanley

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THe silver pencils of
the rain
Are writing music on
the street.
And all the twinkling
eyes that show
Beneath the gay um-
brella-fleet
Of large and small
Who come and go
Are vocal as we pass
or meet.
The silver pencils of
the rain
Are writing music on
the street.

Behind a glass door's
friendly glow
A child upon a win-
dow seat
Lifts up a striped tin
horn to blow
A piercing note, but
strangely sweet.
The silver pencils of
the rain
Are writing music on
the street.
And all the tuneful
sounds I know,
And all the misty
thoughts that beat
Within my heart and
overflow,
Keep time to my home-
going feet.

* * *

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July 4, 1918.

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is not responsible for un-
solicited manuscripts, but
welcomes contributions.

* * *

All manuscripts must be
accompanied by sufi-
cient postage for delivery
and return.
The package with its nourishing contents that you sent us has been received. Heartfelt thanks from my son and little daughter and myself. We are making grateful use of it. It touched us deeply that you should send us these things. It was a wonderful surprise. Many packages sent by the Church are arriving in Rotterdam. Much want is being alleviated.

From Rotterdam:

The package with its nourishing contents that you sent us has been received. Heartfelt thanks from my son and little daughter and myself. We are making grateful use of it. It touched us deeply that you should send us these things. It was a wonderful surprise. Many packages sent by the Church are arriving in Rotterdam. Much want is being alleviated.

From Haarlem, also in the Netherlands:

...With this letter we will thank you very much for the box that you send us with some nice quilts. She is coming just on the good time. In Holland it is terrible cold now. It freezes, it snows. We are in the depth of winter. We have not enough to make fire, therefore we go early to bed... Excuse this bad English, perhaps we shall come once to Zion (we hope) and learn the English language better. We want to tell you something from us. I am twenty years by Royal Netherlands navy and now playing in orchestra from Professor Dr. Willem Mengelberg at Amsterdam. My wife was secretary-principal of Z.H.V. (Relief Society) and president of O.O.V. (M.I.A.)

One more letter from Holland, the town of Gouda:

...Your package we received very gratefully... I could not return to Holland before June 10, 1945, after three years of forced slave labor in Germany... When I arrived home, Father had already died from starvation like so many of my native people. The Germans had carried everything away: food, clothing, clocks, bicycles, radio, etc... Once more my sincere thanks, and may God bless you...

From Skien, Norway:

Dear Friends: Many thanks for the beloved parcels sent me, to the great joy and benefit to both me and my two sisters. I became so happy, so very happy, and it was to me a very miracle, a great joy. A thousand thanks...

The Church has been unable to give direct aid to Saints in Germany, but the following excerpt from a letter from Buchholz, Saxony, indicates the spirit of self-help characterizing the members there:

...The Saints in Germany have learned much during the last years, especially during the last months. Those months meant hard sufferings for many, but we know that those sufferings mean blessings... We have lost much, our homeland, our homes, our earthly goods, but we possess treasures, precious treasures which cannot be destroyed by moths and rust through the war... During the last six months I was busy in the East German Mission for the benefit of the Saints in East and West Prussia. We did all we could for our members. We had our own stock of clothing, and every sufferer was provided for. At Christmas our Relief Societies have worked with all their power, and our little ones got plenty... There is hardly one Mormon family who has not taken into their home one or more members. Even the mayor of this town testified that he would have no worries in finding refuge for every one if all acted like the Mormons...

We have the genealogical records of our members from East Prussia with us. We copied them on postal cards for better transportation. Our prayers are with those left [at Koenigsberg]... We live together with — in a Mormon home. With the exception of one family we are all Mormons here. Our meetinghouse is a hospital for wounded soldiers, but we can have our meetings in a Methodist chapel. About two hundred persons are present at each meeting. Besides we have cottage meetings in our house and also a Sunday School...

A sister in Berlin tells a story of privation:

...Everything is stolen, and to which we are entitled according to our ration stamps we only get it partly. The Church members who live one hour distance from Berlin receive every decade (every ten days) a three-pound loaf of bread, and all the other provisions are seldom distributed... All the other people must steal or they sell their bodies to the Russians... The mortality is beyond all comprehension. Tuberculosis is increasing among young and old people. Food in Berlin is available only through the black market, but we cannot pay for it... Many in our branch are starving and we cannot help... My genealogical records have been taken by a good brother; they are in Salt Lake; I am happy to know that they are there... I prepared them during the terror attacks. My mother's records can be traced back to Johann Huss, the reformer... None of my daughters was raped... We spent two days and two nights in the attic that had no roof to escape such terrible fate, and then, I hid my daughters for several weeks... Ration cards for clothing we got since the beginning of the year. Naturally, only Nazis were served properly, and the favorites, too, but most of our members do not belong to them. Especially we are in want of underwear, shoes and woolen clothing. Those who still had something were robbed during the war, and — sorry to say! — even from dwellers in their own houses. We do not get shoes since 1943... If help will be allowed we shall find a way to forward everything to Leipzig as fast as we can...
NO MAN KNOWS MY HISTORY
(Fawn M. Brodie. A. A. Knopf, New York. 476 pages. $4.00.)

THIS purported history of Joseph Smith is really an attempt to portray Joseph Smith as a deceiver. No effort is made to prove him a fraud; it is merely asserted in the preface and in chapter one that he was such, much after the practice of other, earlier, defamers of the Prophet. Then, having made the assertion, every act in the Prophet's life is set forth as the product of a dishonest man, who knew that he was acting out a lie. That is not acceptable historical writing.

There is a labored aim to give the book a scholarly color, by numerous footnotes, some from doubtful sources. But, as these are examined, nothing new is found. Everything in the book has been presented by other writers in the large anti-Mormon field of writing. A worthy enemy often contributes something new. Not so in this book. Few, if any, of the untruths Mormon-haters have dished out during the last century are missed, but nothing new has been added.

The contents of the 476 pages of the book are easily summarized, having been manifestly designed to give the impression that Joseph Smith was an unscrupulous youth, a money-digger, a lying fortune-teller; that the story of the first vision was a lie, concocted to bolster up his prophetic claims at least eight years after the Church was organized, and eighteen years after the First Vision had occurred; that he had no golden plates; that the Book of Mormon was written as an Indian romance, at a time when such tales sold well; that the idea of a church came to him as a possible money-making scheme after some people had really begun to believe in the Book of Mormon; that his life was a succession of events resulting from his innate dishonesty; that he was a licentious libertine; that his fairly good looks form the only comment of praise—and so on from the first to the last chapter. All this has a familiar sound, as if it might have been borrowed from the anti-Mormon books of a century ago, written usually in the hope of making money. More than an echo of past scandalmongers might be expected of a modern book. (One is reminded of Mark Twain's angry demand for a fresh corpse when a two-thousand-year-old mummy was shown him.)

The "historical" method employed by the author is unique. By direct implication the reader is asked to believe that reported events are not true unless printed at the time of their occurrence, as in the case of the First Vision. Yet, the author herself uses for references books that were published over forty years after the occurrences which they relate, as is evidenced in the frequent excerpts from W. Wyl's Mormon Portraits, which was first published in 1886: the affidavit of William Law which was sworn July 17, 1885; and Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer which was published in 1880. Reports, references, and studies that do not confirm the author's views are not used, as with the Antion characters from the Book of Mormon plates, which have been historically to be duplicated by Egyptian symbols. Apparently it also seems proper to the author of this book to use quotations without their explanatory context, as in the quotation from Brigham Young cited below. There also seems to be no hesitation on the part of the author to use a whole page, or more, to say one thing, and then obscurely to declare it false, thus prejudicing and confusing the reader. Such practices and others violate the established canons of historical writing.

One example with its attendant footnote must suffice. The book quotes Brigham Young as saying:

If it acts like a devil, he has brought forth a doctrine that will abide by it. He may get drunk every day of his life, sleep with his neighbor's wife every night, run horses and gamble. . . . But the doctrine he has produced will save you and me and the whole world.

*Young stated on November 9, 1856, that he told this to a priest shortly after his own conversion. (Journal of Discourses, Vol. IV., p. 75.)
—No Man Knows My History, page 146.

What President Young really said was:

I never preached to the world but what the cry was, "That damned old Joe Smith has done this and so." I would tell the people that they did not believe, but that was of no effect with me, I did, and that I knew him to be a good man; and that when they spoke against him, they spoke against as good a man as ever lived. I recollect a conversation I had with a priest who was an old friend of ours, before I was personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph. I clipped every argument he advanced, until at last he came out and began to rail against "Joe Smith," saying, "that he was a mean man, a liar, money-digger, gambler, and a whore master", and he charged him with everything that he could find language to utter. I said, hold on Brother Gillmore, here is the doctrine, here is the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the revelations that have come through Joseph Smith the Prophet. I have never seen him and do not know his private character. The doctrine he teaches is all I know about the matter, bring anything against that if you can. As to anything else I do not care. If he acts like a devil, he has brought forth a doctrine that will save us, if we abide it. He may get drunk every day of his life, sleep with his neighbor's wife every night, run horses and gamble, I do not care anything about that, for I will never own or be owned by any man in my faith. But the doctrine he has produced will save you and me, and the
whole world; and if you can find fault with that, find it. He said, "I have done."

Such unfairness illustrates the venomous temper of the author.

Even as a recital of the easily available facts of the Prophet's life, the book is incomplete, as anyone familiar with his history will recognize. There is no human flesh on this skeleton of history. The events chosen are old, stereotyped, used over and over by enemies of the Church. A fair historian seeks the full story, and tries to see both sides. This of course could not be done by an author who declares the subject of the book from the beginning to have a dishonest motive.

Above all else, the book is weak because it undertakes to present only a preconceived estimate of the Prophet's mind, and does not analyze the Prophet's works, especially his published utterances. Like most other anti-Mormon writers this author does not dare to go beyond calling the Prophet a liar, and nothing more. That is so easily done, but that is not likely to satisfy intelligent readers who know that Joseph Smith was the founder of the first American religion with enough vitality in it to grow, persist, and influence the thinking of millions within and beyond the Church. Nor does it satisfy the millions of members of the Church of which Joseph Smith was the organizer.

As a history of Joseph Smith, the book is a flat failure. It may find favor with some salacious-minded enemies of the Church. It will be of no interest to Latter-day Saints who have correct knowledge of the history of Joseph Smith, and who are surfeited with shallow treatments of their faith, and who know by heart the untrue charges against Joseph Smith which are retailed anew by this book. The author might have produced a near "definitive" history of Joseph, instead of another tirade, however thinly veiled, against the Mormon faith.

In a letter urging The Improvement Era to discuss some of the questions raised by enemies of the Church concerning Joseph Smith the Prophet,—J. A. W. (See also page 161.)

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This excellent volume contains seventy-seven organ numbers ranging from easy to moderately difficult. The music is melodious, easy to grasp, and always maintains high quality. Most of the selections are worship music and may be played on reed organ, an organ with pedals, or even a piano.

The volume are included nineteen chorales which the author says in his preface "may be treated in a variety of ways to suit widely different purposes. Noted composers represented in the book are Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Gumann, and others. Mr. Schreiner also contributed a number of original compositions written in his graceful style. All in all, this book of organ music is one of the most useful for

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"It has been the design of Jehovah ... and is His purpose now ... to stand at the head of the universe, and take the reins of government in His own hand. When that is done, judgment will be administered in righteousness; anarchy and confusion will be destroyed, and nations will learn war no more."

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**MARCH, 1946**

133
I Saw

VESUVIUS

ERUPT

A SERVICEMAN’S LETTER HOME DESCRIBES A LAVA FLOW.

By CPL. VERL W. ORME

Italy

Dear Mom and Dad:

Of course you’ve heard about Mt. Vesuvius. I saw it blow its cork. It all started with a red sky, and it was not the sunset. Next thing I knew, lava was spilling down the steep slopes. It was really a beautiful sight. Great chunks of red-hot lava about the size of a car would break loose and roll down the mountain, throwing off a shower of smaller rocks as it gathered speed, finally coming to a stop when it reached a ledge or hit the comparatively level ground at the base.

I wasn’t satisfied at just seeing it at a distance so I went right up to it. The flow had reached the bottom of the steep incline and was slowly making its way down the ravines. It filled the ravines completely and built itself above them. The moving end of the lava stream was about fifteen feet high, rising up at about an eighty-degree angle. I judged the rate of advance to be about thirty yards an hour. The flow seemed to harden along its edges, forming a channel for the moving core of lava. I had expected to see molten lava, but on the surface it was cooled enough to form lava rock, and this was all I could see as the fragments tumbled over each other in their movement. Undoubtedly there was molten lava underneath the rocks, but nobody was foolish enough to make a positive test. It was possible to get within fifteen feet or so of it but even at thirty-five feet I could feel the skin on my face tightening up.

I saw the lava enter the first orchard. When it was about six or eight feet from the base of the trees, the bark split with a loud snap and a cloud of steam issued from the limbs. Smaller limbs burst into flame. The natives were pulling down the trees in an effort to get some firewood before the lava got them. Fuel of any kind is hard to get over here. Someone tried to press a coin into one of the hot rocks he had raked out but it was too hard.

The next time I saw the lava it was just a short distance above town and headed for it. The lava had reached a height of from thirty to fifty feet, and had increased its speed. It was still plowing through orchards, destroying everything in its path. There were numerous stone walls that terraced off the land in the ravine. As the lava approached these walls, the stones seemed to burst into flame.

The people were abandoning the town in any type of vehicle available, and everything that could walk was carrying a load, man and beast. The people could stand several feet from the lava and see just what was happening, but nothing could be done to prevent it. I did not see the lava enter the town. I heard that the houses collapsed like egg shells.

When I saw the flow again, it had passed through the town burying it under fifty feet of lava. It had left no trace of anything that had been in its path except the church at the edge of the flow, but it was surrounded by lava which eventually reached the upper windows. All the woodwork had been burned up. Occasionally I saw a house collapse from the pressure of the lava. So far as I know, there was only one casualty and that was a cat stranded on a roof that got too hot; it was killed when it jumped.

The lava stopped flowing the next day, and it wasn’t long after that it was cool enough to walk on, but it was still warm in spots, and smoke and sulphur fumes could still be seen and smelled coming out of small crevices in the lava.

Well, Vesuvius is quiet right now except for some smoke now and then, but there was plenty of excitement while it was blowing its lid.

Love,

Verl

OLD THINGS

By Pansy H. Powell

I love old things:
Weatherbeaten houses with moss-grown roofs
Where memories of generations cling,
Old china, fragile as the lily hands
That painted blossoms on it long ago;
Brasses from those dimly lighted shops
Where skullcapped ancients peddled hammered wares;
Old books where scattered margin notes
Are indices to histories never told;
Old people who have aged like ivory,
Made beautiful by Time’s poetic touch;
Old loves that, like remembered music,
Are sweeter as their memory grows old;
And pictures whose colors Time has laid
A hand that tempers them to golden tones.
You know "The Man of Tomorrow."
... In the skies—in the comics—he'll run rings around that old planet Saturn. But in motoring today, the bouquets belong to your car—using the hushed power of that new gasoline... Conoco N-tane...

Try Conoco N-tane's high-octane power for glad relief from persistent ping

Try Conoco N-tane's high-octane power to miff those who try to "get the jump" at the traffic lights

Try Conoco N-tane's high-octane power to go quietly "over the hump" of high hills

Conoco N-tane is Progress!...
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Relative Values

The cost of compulsory military training, as estimated by the War Department under the May bill, will approximate two billion dollars. As these estimates do not include refresher courses and payments to the reserve force of which the military training system is a part, it may well be assumed that the cost of the system when in full operation will be nearly three billion dollars annually.

Translated into terms of social betterment these three billion dollars each year would: construct a ten-room modern school building in every county in the United States; construct a $50,000 library in every county in the United States; construct a $150,000 hospital in every county; employ ten full-time school and public health doctors and ten full-time school and public health nurses in every county in the country; purchase ten new modern school buses in each county in the United States; maintain one psychiatric and behavior clinic in every county in the United States; provide ten full-time recreation and juvenile guidance workers in every county in the United States; bring all schools of the country up to a reasonable standard of efficiency; provide free education for three million children under eighteen who are not now attending school; provide all the expenses of a three-year postgraduate course for ten thousand selected students each year; meet the payroll of one junior college with ten instructors in every county in the United States; pay the full maintenance and tuition at college or technical school for one year of the 900,000 boys who would be conscripted under the May Bill; erect a three-quarter million dollar trade and technical school in each Congressional district each year, and leave an unexpended balance of $15,000,000 annually.

If in the second and subsequent year additional busses, hospitals, and libraries were not needed in each county, and a second technical school were not needed in each Congressional district, the cost would be reduced to less than two billion dollars a year.

While there are various possible plans of spending three billion dollars annually for the social improvement of the United States, the above proposals indicate methods by which our national welfare and defense could be tremendously improved...—Reprinted by permission from the National Educational Association.

AFTER SEEING HAMLET

By Janice Blanchard

Wake me from inward grief that I may find
So much of others' needs to fill my mind.
That self-forgetfulness will be my role,
Healed in myself, and making others whole.
RAIN ON THE DESERT
By Courtney E. Cottam

Rain over the bisque-brown sand dunes.
And over the scorched hills, rain
Pelted and pounding the dust to the burned earth.
Washing the sky and the air clean again
For new sun ... rain.

Awakening memories, lulled to a slumber
By the heat and the parched air, as days without number,
Days without rain, and the sunset's hot haze
Burdens the high green-gray sage on the hills.
Till it wills in the molten air, that fills
The horizon's reach . . .
Yet it is only through rain that the heart can know
The strange and glowing beauty of this desolation—
The purple of sage-bloom and the keen scarlet glow
Of cactus roses that follow the rain.

BRIDE'S FATHER
By Christie Lund Coles

I'm practically shut out—as fathers are—
From the whispering and final preparations.
The fitting of the satin gown, the far-sounding names of foods and decorations;
The last, sweet, intimate talks between
The younger and her ever-gentle mother.
A father should be neither heard nor seen
Except to pay for this, that, or the other.
Yet, this has touched me deeper than they guess—
To see her leaving, she who was so small,
So dependent on us for her happiness;
She whose word was my commanding call.

It must forever more be writ in water ...
The tenderness a father bears a daughter!

Raphael's Brush
By Margaret Schafer Connelly

These are the things I may hold, forever:
Beauty of sky and the toes of the seas,
Raphael's brush on the clouds at evening
For which no onlooker ever pays fees.
There is red-colored thread in the crucible
That fades into purple at waning light.
Now and then it falls on the hillside
Throwing the color scheme just right.
There are phosphorescent draperies weaving
Windblown and hemstitch ed around.
With fluffy turquoise at the edges
Heavy with star jewels, trailing the ground.

These are the things my heart has need of:
Patterned by God through the long, trying years.
Priceless to me who has need of their beauty
To bolster my faith, dry all my tears.

MARCH, 1946

NO TRAVELER RETURNS
By Blanche Kendall McKey

Ah, can it be that death is finding spring?
Lilac bloom and tulips after frost;
Perfumed zephyrs which the Aprils bring
From grass-grown byways that we thought
were lost;
And velvet-footed dawn upon the hill.
Bearing—God knows what—beneath her veil,
Silencing the plaintive whippoorwill;
Leaving on the dew a gleaming trail!
Can death be like your sun, resplendent day,
Restoring light and tinted scenes which fled?
A blossom-bordered lake, bluebirds of May.
The petals of a hedgerow, long since dead;
O mute and mystic bourne, like untried thought,
Do men revile because they know you not?

THE SUN'S INSIDE TODAY
By C. D. Glaue

The sun's inside today;
It's cold and damp and drear.
The driving rain on window pane
Draws mystic figures queer.
And to my room through gathering gloom
Floats mist from off the mere.
The sun is hid today,
It's dark as eventide;
But my content seems heaven sent,
My comfort's not denied.
Without it's drear, within there's cheer,
Today the sun's inside.

MY NEIGHBOR'S LIGHT
By Eunice I. Gardner

My neighbor's light is gleaming
For me across the snow—
When I first see it gleaming,
It sets my heart aglow!
I know within the shelter
Of the house across the way
Someone is up and stirring
Before the dawn of day.
Then later in the morning,
I'll hear the merry glee
Of happy, childish voices
Come floating out to me.
I can see the aged grandsire
By the window in his chair;
His face lights up with pleasure
As I call to greet him there.

My neighbor's light is gleaming
Like a beacon every morrow;
It gives me strength and courage
For the tasks that must be borne.
Behind his shining window
Beams warm affection's glow;
O, neighbor, keep it burning
For me, across the snow!

Poetry

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UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING AND WAR

Excerpts from an editorial reprinted by permission of the "Argonaut"

We have universal military training and large standing armies kept any people from the necessity of going to war? Conscription came in with Napoleon Bonaparte, and he was fighting all the time until he went down at Waterloo. French conscription was responsible for German conscription, and the great French and German standing armies had plenty of exercise. Napoleon III... did not use his army to preserve peace, but to wage war; and he waged war against Russia, Austria, Prussia, and China. The standing army of Prussia did not make for peace. Nearly all the nations of Europe, inspired by Napoleon's example, resorted to universal military training and standing armies; and nearly all of them engaged in one or more wars. Everything in this world requires exercise if it is not to atrophy. One's brain needs exercise. One's muscles need exercise. And so does a standing army. And what exercise, real exercise, we mean, can a standing army get if it does not go to war? Standing armies exist to carry on war, and as long as they exist, wars will be fought. If universal military training carries the day, and we get a large standing army, America will soon become as warlike as any nation of Europe has been, and will be ready to fight for any cause, or even no cause at all. An army can only prove its worth by fighting...

The German respect for authority was, as a rule, highly commendable. But it undid him in the end, when he listened to his brass hats, as he had previously listened to his scholars, philosophers, and scientists....

But our military want to inculcate the same sort of obedience in our youth. They want to take a young fellow, when he is most impressionable, and make an obedient slave out of him for a year. It ought to be apparent that such a young fellow is likely to be more Germanic than American in his traits, if they succeed. As John Chamberlain says, in commenting on General Marshall's report, "Hasn't General Marshall ever wondered why European young men tend to drift into two distinct types of political party, the anarchist and the authoritarian, each of which is fatal to a republican form of government? ... Ever since Napoleonic times, when the idea of conscription first took root in Europe, young men have either wanted to dynamite the state or worship it. They have never learned to make give-and-take peace with their fathers, as young Americans do in their late twenties and early thirties, for the European states have never allowed them to forget the omnipresence of a patriarch."
When Spring Comes

By CATHERINE E. BERRY

I have loved winter's company;
The long nights by the fire,
The quiet hours to read and dream
Have filled my heart's desire;
The moaning wind, the sound of sleet
Beating the windowpane,
The stark bare branches of the trees,
Snow drifted in the lane.

But when I walked outside today
A gentle wind blew by,
And suddenly I noticed
The blueness of the sky.
And now tonight my cheerful room
Seems strangely still and small;
I watch a full moon sailing up
Beyond the garden wall.

The road is silver white tonight,
And in my heart I know,
Though winter held me here content,
It's spring—and I must go!
The Lord's Preface

"Behold, this is . . . my preface unto the book of my commandments."
(D. & C. 1:6)

Out of the total millions of books written and published, (the Library of Congress alone has 7,304,181 books)¹ the book of Doctrine and Covenants is the only book which the Lord has deemed of sufficient import to write a preface for. The Lord calls it "my preface," and it has always been known to the Church as "The Lord's Preface."

The preface was "received by inspiration" through the Prophet Joseph Smith on the afternoon of November 1, 1831, during the second session of a conference of elders at Kirtland, Ohio, when definite action was taken for the publication of the revelations. These were elders of strong convictions and unwavering testimonies who dared to print ten thousand copies only twenty months after the organization of the Church. Two years earlier the first edition of the Book of Mormon had reached only three thousand copies. Even though some sixty-five revelations or sections were received, recorded, and selected for publication before it was given, the Lord's preface has always appeared as the first chapter or section in the book in its several editions.

The first edition was made up of some of the revelations, which had been selected by a committee, and was published in Zion, Jackson County, Missouri, in 1833, under the title, A Book of Commandments for the Government of the Church of Christ. Just as this edition was coming off the press, a mob destroyed the printing plant with most of its contents. Only a few copies of some of the forms of the unfinished book were saved. Two years later, a second edition, containing more revelations than the first edition, was published under the title, Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Christ.

In the first edition, the thousand and seventy words of the Lord's preface were divided into seven verses. An eight-verse division was used in the second edition. When the 1876 edition was published, it was divided into thirty-nine verses to make for easier reading and study. The footnotes of Orson Pratt were added in 1879. Being addressed not only to "ye people of my church" but also "unto all men," it is significant that the Lord's preface proclaims the commandments and doctrine of the book as being his word and it also reaffirms the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Both of these books of modern revelation are for all to know and for all to live by. Being singled out by such distinction would tend to indicate that no other book is as important to us and for our day. Certainly, so far as we know, no other book has ever been given such recognition.—H. L.

¹The World Almanac, 1946 edition, p. 593

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Rhapsody in WHITE

"When I unwrapped it—it smelled so good—I thought I must try it right away."...

"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs."...

"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things."...

"Everything came out shining white and with half the work."...

"My neighbors all ask what I use that makes my clothes so white."...

"I could not keep house without Fels-Naptha Soap and Chips."...

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Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
"Our Full Duty"

By President George Albert Smith

There is a disposition on the part of some who hold the priesthood and of some who hold positions in the Church, to neglect sacrament meetings and other important duties, and to confine their labors to some special calling. They may be officers and teachers in the Sunday School, and when they perform their Sabbath school labor, consider that sufficient; or, they may be Mutual Improvement, or Primary, or genealogical, or welfare workers, or have some other such assignment, and if they discharge their obligations in that regard they consider their whole duty done.

Much as we love and bless all such for the great service they render, we are obliged to remind ourselves that it is required of all of us to live by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of our Father in heaven. Generally speaking, special assignments do not relieve us of our other obligations; and special meetings do not usually replace or supersede the general meetings of the Church. And quite beyond our special obligations and assignments, we are expected to conduct ourselves day by day as Latter-day Saints in the broadest meaning of the term, so that if we see distress or want, or need of advice and counsel on any occasion, we should forthwith act as servants of the Lord in very deed.

And then there are those who accept nominal membership in the Church but who seem to feel themselves exempt from rendering any kind of service. But sooner or later they find themselves uneasy in their hearts, and doubtful in their thoughts, as we all do when we fail to do what we know to be our full duty. A man who is living in accordance with the gospel of Jesus Christ is never in doubt about its success; but the man who neglects his duty, who fails to keep his covenants, loses the Spirit of the Lord, and then he begins to wonder what will become of Zion.

Whenever you, my fellow-laborers, feel there is something wrong with the Church, go into your secret places and kneel down before the Lord, examine your hearts, and you will find every time that there is something in your own life that occasions doubt; the tempter is working on your mind, causing you to feel that perhaps Zion will not be victorious.

Whenever you are doing your full duty, you will know, as you know that you live, that it is our Father's work, and that he will bring it off triumphant. And if there are those among us who are indifferent and careless, it is our duty in kindness to call their attention to the scriptures and to bring them face to face with the commandments of our Heavenly Father:

And again I say unto you, if ye observe to do whatsoever I command you, I, the Lord, will turn away all wrath and indignation from you, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against you. (D. & C. 98:22.)

This is the word of our Father in heaven to us. If we live according to this law, we will grow in grace and strength day by day, and in favor with our Heavenly Father. If we strive to do our full duty, faith will increase in the hearts of our children. They will love us for the uprightness and integrity of our lives, and they will rejoice that we are their parents.

The Editor's Page
The Atomic Bomb

By Dr. Harvey Fletcher

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL RESEARCH, BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

THE advent of the atomic bomb has so changed the picture of warfare that unless something is done to prevent its use, our children will face a dreary world, if indeed they are permitted to live at all. This is not just an alarmist's picture by newspapermen seeking popularity but the sober judgment of scientists who know the facts.

Let me quote from a paper presented by Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer before a recent joint meeting of the National Academy of Sciences and the American Philosophical Society. Dr. Oppenheimer had charge of the atomic bomb project at Los Alamos, New Mexico. He said:

An atomic bomb is not a new conception, a new discovery of reality: it is a very ordinary thing in some ways, compact with much of the science that makes our laboratories and our industry. But it will change men's lives, as over the centuries the knowledge of the solar system changed them: for in a world of atomic weapons wars will cease. And that is not a small thing, not small in itself, as the world knows today perhaps more bitterly than ever before, but perhaps in the end even greater in the alterations, the radical if slow alterations, in the relations between men and between nations and cultures, that it implies.

You will note the optimistic tone coming from the great scientist who is supposed to know more about the dreadful effects of atomic bombs than any other living man.

Before proceeding, let us listen to the awe-inspiring description of the first experimental bomb. It was given by an eyewitness, Mr. William L. Laurence, and printed in the New York Times of September 26, 1945:

And just at that instant there rose from the bowls of the earth a light not of this world, the light of many suns in one.

It was a sunrise such as the world had never seen, a great green super-sun climbing in a fraction of a second to a height of more than 8,000 feet, rising ever higher until it touched the clouds, lighting up earth and sky all around with a dazzling luminosity.

Up it went, a great ball of fire about a mile in diameter, changing colors as it kept shooting upward, from deep purple to orange, expanding, growing bigger, rising as it was expanding, an elemental force freed from its bonds after being chained for billions of years.

For a fleeting instant the color was unearthly green, such as one sees only in the corona of the sun during a total eclipse. It was as though the earth had opened and the skies had split. One felt as though he had been privileged to witness the birth of the world—to be present at the moment of creation when the Lord said: "Let there be light."

On that moment hung eternity. Time stood still. Space contracted into a pinpoint.

To another observer, Professor George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard, the spectacle was "the nearest thing to doomsday that one could possibly imagine."

"I am sure," he said, "that at the end of the world—in the last milli-second of the earth's existence—the last man will see what we saw!"

A great cloud rose from the ground and followed the trail of the Great Sun.

Radiant energy from the sun leaves only one two-billionths of its total on the earth. And yet this fraction is what makes life possible here and is the source of all our energy as we have known it until this beginning of the atomic age.

At first it was a giant column that soon took the shape of a supramundane mushroom. For a fleeting instant it took the form of the Statue of Liberty magnified many times.

Up it went, higher, higher, a giant mountain born in a few seconds instead of millions of years, quivering convulsively.

It touched the multi-colored clouds, pushed its summit through them, kept rising until it reached a height of 41,000 feet, 12,000 feet higher than the earth's highest mountain.

All through this very short but extremely long time-interval not a sound was heard. I could see the silhouettes of human forms motionless in little groups, like desert plants in the dark.

The new-born mountain in the distance, a giant among pigmies against the background of the Sierra Oscuras range, stood leaning at an angle against the clouds, a vibrant volcano spouting fire to the sky.

Then out of the great silence came a mighty thunder. For a brief interval the phenomena we had seen as light repeated themselves in terms of sound.

It was the blast from thousands of block-busters going off simultaneously at one spot.

The thunder reverberated all through the desert, bounced back and forth from the Sierra Oscuras, echo upon echo. The ground trembled under our feet as in an earthquake.

A wave of hot wind was felt by many of us just before the blast and warned us of its coming.

The big boom came about one hundred seconds after the great flash—the first cry of a new-born world. It brought the silent, motionless silhouettes to life, gave them a voice.

A loud cry filled the air. The little groups that hitherto had stood rooted to the earth like desert plants broke into a dance, the rhythm of primitive man dancing at one of his fire festivals at the coming of spring.

Briefly summarized, the facts about the atomic bomb are the following: The first atomic bomb used in war devastated an area of about fifteen square miles and resulted in 150,000 to 300,000 casualties with 75,000 to 100,000 (Continued on page 189)
Y.M.M.I.A. SUPERINTENDENCY

THE First Presidency late in January appointed John D. Giles as first assistant and Lorenzo H. Hatch as second assistant to General Superintendent George Q. Morris of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, filling the vacancies created last October and November by the death of Joseph J. Cannon and Burton K. Farnsworth.

To the Young Men's program, now in its seventy-first year, and this year particularly concerned with the problems and needs of returning servicemen, the new assistants bring personalities of unusual force, and years of specialized experience in youth activities. Their appointment is in keeping with the season's announced objective, "A more vital and colorful M.I.A."

John D. Giles, business manager of The Improvement Era, has been a member of the Y.M.M.I.A. general board since 1929, for ten years of that time serving as field representative for Scouts, Senior Scouts, and M Men. For fifteen years previously he was Ensign Stake's Y.M.M.I.A. superintendent, making outstanding contribution with his innovation of the road show and his pioneer support of the M Men movement. He was on the ground early in Scout work; he has been associated with it for thirty-three of its thirty-six years in America, from the time the national program was adopted by the Church in 1913. In 1936 he received the Silver Beaver award "for outstanding service to boyhood" and in 1944 the Thirty-year Veteran award. He is at present a member of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America. Service to boyhood has included several years prior to 1941 as field supervisor of the Aaronic Priesthood for the Presiding Bishop's Office, and seventeen years as an Aaronic Priesthood counselor. In Mekhizedek Priesthood capacity he sat on Ensign Stake high council for eight years.

Elder Giles was director of the Bureau of Information at Hill Cumorah, Palmyra, New York, for three years from October 1941 to October 1944, during which time he was able to make some valuable studies in Church history. His perennial interest is pioneer trails and landmarks. He knows their history intimately. He is a member of the American Pioneer Trails Association and is currently serving as executive secretary, "This is the Place" Monument Commission, in preparation for the pioneer centennial in Utah, and as executive secretary, Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association.

Lorenzo H. Hatch, principal of Granite High School in Salt Lake City, is a member of the general committee, Church welfare program, an appointment which honored service as chairman of the Salt Lake region since March 1944. As president of Granite Stake for ten years, (he was only recently released), his youth program attracted wide attention and has found Churchwide expression in the current Latter-day Saint girls' program. Under him, Granite Stake was one of the first to have every quorum qualify for the Aaronic Priesthood Standard Quorum Award. He has supported and in many ways anticipated the evolution of youth program administration in the Church through the successive stages of correlation committee, Aaronic Priesthood extension plan, boy leadership committee, and the present youth leadership program. Previous experience in that field had been gained as superintendent of Sunday Schools in Granite Stake, and early service as principal of the Church academy at Hinckley, Utah. Elder Hatch, Idaho-born, filled a mission to the Eastern States from 1913 to 1915.

Elder Hatch had his first experience as an M.I.A. officer as a young man when he was appointed a teacher in the Franklin Ward of Oneida Stake. Since that time his contacts with Church programs for young people have been continuous. In the Franklin Ward he also served as a member of the Sunday School superintendency. He is a veteran of World War I and has been active in civic organizations for many years.

In the division of responsibilities characteristic of presidencies and superintendencies in Church work, Elder Giles will supervise recreation activities, the counterpart of the activity counselor in ward M.I.A.; and Elder Hatch will supervise age groups, counterpart of the manual counselor.

With rejuvenated M Men classes giving promise of full participation once more in the cultural arts fields of music, speech, dancing, and drama, and in the basketball tournament; with an anniversary year in scouting; and with the postwar world alive with questions youth would like to have answered, the superintendency of the Young Men is supported by a general board of thirty-four members, except to find much opportunity for "mutual improvement."
TO MY SON Coming Home

By S. Dilworth Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

Last week we received your letter which said, "Mom, we sail next Monday for San Francisco. I'll be home nearly as soon as this letter." And you almost were, Son, for last night, when you called on the phone we'd barely got the final job done for your homecoming. Yesterday we completed your room. It has a new coat of paint and new wallpaper—that's for the new life you will begin on your arrival. There is a new easy chair by the window and a new table by it. Even the bed is new. We hope you'll like it all, for it is our way of saying, "Welcome home, son." Four years is a long time to be away.

Mother got your clothes out of moth balls this morning. You'll find them in your closet on the usual pegs. They will be almost the only things that will be the same as when you left—your suits and shirts and shoes. I hope they'll fit but I fear they won't. I tried to tell Mother there was no use in getting them out, but she says that you can have the fun of trying them on anyhow. Of course, she's right, as fathers are far too practical. You'll have to make the shirts do; there aren't any to be had in your size.

After you get home there isn't going to be much chance to talk. Fathers are always going to talk to sons about things, but somehow when they stand face to face the father notes with some surprise there is a wall grown up. His thoughts are not his son's thoughts. He begins to wonder if his son will listen if he speaks, or if he is wise enough to speak. So he hesitates, pulls back to study the situation, and then it's usually too late. So I'm going to write to you now and lay it under the edge of your pillow where you will find it when you turn the bed down. Then after we've all retired and the excitement of coming home is passed, you may want to listen to me. Perhaps sometime after you've read what I've got to say you may want to come in and talk things over. You see, Son, your father came home from a war twenty-seven years ago. Things and places change, but the manner of people's thinking does not change. So maybe after all I can help a little. Anyhow, I'll be in the next room anytime you want to talk.

Many boys are coming home with the idea that many things will have to change, or else. Just what the many things are, no one can quite say, but the general idea seems to be that what the boys fought so hard for, and, in some cases, died for, must not be lost. That the "old order" must give way to the new, that greed and selfishness must be banished, that "less-chance" folk must have a chance, that small nations must not be oppressed by large nations, that the boys themselves are entitled to some special consideration for their sacrifices.

The brutal fact is that you will not know what you won or what you lost by the war. You come home a hero, but you must know that the public gets tired very rapidly of paying homage to heroes. The people expect the hero to come forward, bow briefly, murmur something about its not being so important as they make it, and then to retire and bother them no more. Five years ago we thought that nothing was too good for the men going to war, but in that time the only place you became indispensable was in the foxholes at the front. In your army life you learned that both men and material are expendable, if valuable time is gained thereby. Now you will learn, in civilian life, that you were a necessary expenditure of the nation. When you went to war, your community and your nation wrote you off its books as "expended." What you meant to them then you cannot mean to them now. If your old job waits for you, you are lucky, that's all. Most of the old jobs are filled by men with families, and you wouldn't have the heart to displace them if you could. You won't like the idea of this at first and will feel let down. But don't worry about it.

The finest and best gift you can now have is a chance to size things up and see if you want the old life. Four years of wandering over the earth and seeing others live, suffer, bleed, and die may have changed your outlook. Take it easy for a few weeks, Son, and don't get bitter. This country can't give you anything more than it has given you, for the simple reason that this country is you and your father. Everything you now take without commensurate labor on your part, is merely taking from yourself and from me—from yourself, because it weakens your moral fiber, and from me, because I have to pay for everything the government gives you that you do not earn. The best thing that you can do from now on is to expect nothing except the satisfaction of a job well done, and the freedom to make a new opportunity for yourself. And that's all that any young American man should want from anyone.

The next problem facing you will be that of college. We at home thought it right to give you a chance to make up the time lost in fighting for us at fifty dollars a month while we received good wages without danger. So we arranged it so you can go to school if you want to. This is merely your back pay and a necessary cost of the war. Take your time about this. If you want a degree you should know in a general way what kind of degree you want. On the other hand you may want to learn more about a good trade. You can afford to spend a little time thinking this over. You can afford to spend the next six years if necessary preparing for your life's work. My experience has taught me that getting started in the world even at twenty-eight will not handicap you in the race for the good things of life, but will better equip you for the job at hand. You are anxious to get going now, Son. Twenty-three is a very earnest and stirring time of life, but watch your step for a while. Things may not look the same to you by the next quarter.

One of your big questions is that of the girls. They've changed, too. Little girls in pigtails that you'd never have wasted a glance on are now budding into life at eighteen. The girls you knew and liked at eighteen are now twenty-three, but you remember them as eighteen. They are more sober and serious, too. It's been a manless world for them for five years. They haven't had the glamour, the excitement, or the travel that has fed your interest and kept you alert. They've just stayed home and worked, and hoped, and prayed. A few are married; fewer have forgotten themselves and played the war game with men on furlough. But you'll find your special friends still here and still refreshing. Expect them to be different. Your stock remark for the next few months is going to be, "But, Mother, she's changed." Of course, she's changed; expect that. You've changed, too. I think she's changed for the better.

(Concluded on page 188)
NOT a "fillet of sole," but a "fillet of soul!" A "fillet of sole" is a fish with its backbone taken out. A "fillet of soul" is a man without any backbone. The world has never called so loudly for men who will stand on their own feet and do their own thinking. Men who will stand by their convictions against odds are at a premium. There is a tendency for men, instead of weighing a thing on the basis of its being right or wrong, to determine which way the "wind is blowing" and set their sails accordingly. They are more ambitious to go along with popular sentiment than set their jaw for what is right and fair. Men are more prone to go with the crowd than to dare to be brave enough to "sink or swim, survive or perish" to stand by their convictions. Before they make a stand, they are too concerned with the popularity of the course they choose. "What is there in it if I vote this way? What prestige will it give me to go the other way?" Sometimes we care more about gaining favor than we do about championing the right.

I shall never forget as a child an Indian woman's coming to our back door begging flour. This clever Lamanite was a typical politician. My mother was always happy to learn that a newcomer to our home, Indian or otherwise, was a member of the Church. Our redskin beggar sized my mother right, and she voted accordingly. My mother's first question to our visitor was, "Are you a Mormon?" Now note the cleverness of our Indian—before answering the question propounded, she had a question to ask the head of the commissary. She asked my mother, "Are you a Mormon?" Mother answered in the affirmative. Then came the answer of our Indian friend: "So am I." And she got her flour. Yes, and if she were as good a politician at other doors at which she called as she was at ours, she had her provision sack full by nightfall.

Before I make a stand, before you make a decision, do we think only of the flour resultant and our popularity, or do we "do or die," after proper aim, dare pull the trigger?

The spots in history we are ashamed of are those scenes where actors on the stage lacked rigid vertebrae. Real history has been made by men who were not "fillets of soul." Our Church is meeting its destiny because we have had men and women of backbone. He who knows the weak are oppressed is a coward not to champion their cause. President Van Buren, after listening to representatives of the Mormons, knowing full well the depredations against a God-fearing people, showed himself a "fillet of soul" when he dismissed that delegation with, "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you." Those weak words will ring throughout history as coming from a man without backbone.

BENEDICT Arnold was spineless. His courage could not stand the society and the bright lights of his Tory friends. His backbone turned to jelly, and he sold his country for money and influence. Yes, he showed some courage at Saratoga, but later betrayed his country. After his betrayal he was given a commission in the English army, in the Carolinas. One day a captured American soldier was brought to him. The boy must have been Irish. When asked by Arnold what the colonists would do with him if they caught him (Arnold), his reply was: "If they caught you they'd cut off that leg wounded in the Saratoga battle and give it a soldier's burial. Then they'd take the rest of your anatomy and hang it to the first apple tree they could find."

When John Hancock was given the privilege of signing the Declaration of Independence, in big letters he scrolled his name with this remark: "I will sign it large enough so that the king can read it without putting on his glasses." That took courage. John Hancock was not a "fillet of soul."

Patrick Henry, when he uttered in Virginia those famous words that rang around the world, "Give me liberty or give me death," showed fortitude that put the flame of patriotism in the soul of every American.

It was not "fillet of soul" in Martin Luther, when he denounced the sale of indulgences and burned in public his excommunication papers from the Catholic Church. It was backbone when he told his friends he would go to Worms if there were as many devils opposing him as tiles in the street. Because he dared stand out alone, following his conscience, he helped being to us a new world.

Regulus, the Roman general imprisoned in Carthage, was given a furlough (Continued on page 188).

MARCH, 1946

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THE WAR WE HAVEN'T WON

By Robert Rees Dansie

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE, AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION


Illustrated by Nelson White

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has become popular with some to ridicule religion, morals, or whatever one may choose to call a plan for righteous living. They consider it an impracticable theory. They withdraw behind a screen of rationalization and say there is no retribution during this life except by man's law, and, since God's law, according to them, is ineffective in dealing out punishment for violations, they'll take their chances with the life to come—"if there is one."

But such people have not considered the facts. In support of this statement let us look at but one problem in the field of health, venereal disease.

Statistics prepared by the Social Protection Division of the Federal Security Agency, by the United States Public Health Service, and by the American and the Utah Social Hygiene Associations show the prevalence and devastation of venereal diseases. They say:

In World War I, venereal diseases were responsible for 357,969 casualties; 100,000 more than the number of men killed or wounded during the entire war were attributable to gonorrhea or syphilis. Only "but exceeded venereal disease as a cause of permanent disability requiring discharge from service. Out of the first 2,000,000 draftees in World War II, 95,000 had syphilis. 1

It is impossible to compute the toll of manpower days taken from the ranks of essential war workers by gonorrhea and syphilis. Since 1942, there has been an alarming upward trend.

Venereal disease rates among troops in Europe have trebled since V-E Day, and with the end of hostilities in the Philippines, rates are twenty times those previously established among army personnel in the Pacific. 2

From Pearl Harbor to February 7, 1944, the Japanese killed 36,000 Americans. Syphilis killed 33,000 Americans at home during the same time. In those

20-60 months, 45,545 Americans were wounded by enemy action—but somewhere between twenty and forty times as many Americans, from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000, were attacked—wounded—by venereal diseases. For every man the enemy put out of action, venereal disease put out three. 3

But not only army and navy personnel are infected. What the civilian population incidence tables show is well stated by Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service:

If acute syphilis were reported as it occurs, as spontaneously as smallpox is reported, we would find more of it than measles, twice as much as tuberculosis, a hundred times as much as infantile paralysis. Syphilis is more prevalent than any communicable disease except gonorrhea and the common cold. 4

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VER SIX MILLION people in the United States have syphilis or gonorrhea. Syphilis causes over ten percent of all blindness and insanity, ten to twelve percent of all deaths from heart trouble. Countless thousands of broken homes, damaged lives, and heartbreaks follow in the wake of these enemies of mankind. The sad thing is that they need not be. These diseases strike mainly at the young. Over one half of the infections are in young people under twenty-five years of age. However, if not thoroughly cured, the disease and its effects may be with them until they die an early death. Yet syphilis and gonorrhea could be stamped out in less than a generation.

To what extent is misconduct responsible for the wide prevalence of venereal diseases? Let us examine further medical information.

There are five serious venereal diseases: syphilis, gonorrhea, chancroid, granuloma inguinale, lymphogranuloma venereum. The two most prevalent are gonorrhea, caused by the gonococcus germ, and syphilis, caused by the spirochete. They are entirely separate diseases. One is not the first stage of the other. However, it is possible to have both at the same time, and numbers of promiscuous people do. Both of these germs are killed by slight variations of temperature or by drying. Therefore, to live, they require a warm, moist surface, such as the mucous membranes provide. Breaks in the skin are the only other places the germs can enter the body. Unbroken layers of skin are a fortress they cannot penetrate. This means it is nearly impossible for a person to leave germs outside the body where another may later contact them and become infected.

Gonorrhea, with an insignificant exception, is transmitted exclusively by sexual relations. Syphilis, during its secondary stage, creates mucous patches in the mouth filled with germs. Naturally, kissing is a way of transmitting the disease. About four percent of syphilis cases are started by kissing, and ninety-six percent by sexual relations. Of course, this does not include those who are accidentally infected because they must work with these diseases.

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gain one might ask what chance he has of contracting these diseases. It has been stated that one person in ten in the United States has had, now has, or will have syphilis; and gonorrhea is three times more prevalent. But here is the bright side: According to Dr. Welby W. Bigelow, director of the Division of Venereal Disease Control, Utah State Department of Health, "If a person conducts himself properly, there is only one chance in 10,000,000 of ever becoming infected. The person who engages in kissing, "necking," or "petting," is promiscuous, greatly reduces that protection. The germ needs only one chance.

The disease cannot be superficially detected. Only a doctor with the help of laboratory methods can be sure. Because there is little or no pain, and the symptoms are slight at first, many people never know they have the disease. Others, embarrassed, hide the disease and make cure impossible. If Ameri-

(Concluded on page 186)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
Plain Talk TO PARENTS

Excerpts from the writings of
ORSON PRATT (1811-1881)
Of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles
(1835-1881)

LET that man who intends to become a husband, seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and learn to govern himself, according to the law of God; for he that cannot govern himself cannot govern others. In selecting a companion, let him look not wholly at the beauty of the countenance, or the splendor of the apparel, or the great fortune, or the artful smiles, or the affected modesty of females; for all these, without the genuine virtues, are like the dewdrops which glitter for a moment in the sun and dazzle the eye, but soon vanish away. But let him look for a kind, amiable disposition; for unaffected modesty; for industrious habits; for sterling virtue; for honesty, integrity, and truthfulness; for cleanliness in person, in apparel, in cooking, and in every kind of domestic labor; for cheerfulness, patience, and stability of character; and above all, for genuine religion to control and govern her every thought and deed.

You should remember that harsh expressions against your wife, used in the hearing of others, will more deeply wound her feelings than if she alone hears them. Reproofs that are timely and otherwise good, may lose their good effect by being administered in the wrong spirit; indeed, they will most probably increase the evils which they are intended to remedy. Do not find fault with every trifling error that you may see, for this will discourage your family, and they will begin to think that it is impossible to please you; and, after a while, they will become indifferent as to whether they please you or not. How unhappy and extremely wretched is that family where nothing pleases—where scolding has become as natural as breathing.

Let each mother commence with her children when young, not only to teach and instruct them, but to chasten and bring them into the most perfect subjection; for then is the time that they are most easily conquered, and their tender minds are the most susceptible of influence. Many mothers from carelessness, neglect their children, and only attempt to govern them at long intervals, when they most generally find their efforts of no lasting benefit; for the children having been accustomed to having their own way, do not easily yield; and if peradventure they do yield, it is only for the time being, until the mother relaxes again into carelessness when they return again to their accustomed habits; and thus by habit they become more and more confirmed in disobedience, waxing worse and worse, until the mother becomes discouraged and relinquishes all discipline, and complains that she cannot make her children mind.

The fault is not so much in the children as in the carelessness and neglect of the mother when the children were young. It is she that must answer, in a degree, for the evil habits and disobedience of the children. She is more directly responsible than the father; for it cannot be expected that the father can always find time, apart from the laborious duties required of him, to correct and manage his little children who are at home with their mother.

Some mothers, though not careless, and though they feel the greatest anxiety for the welfare of their children, yet, through mistaken notion of love for them, forbear to punish them when they need punishment; or if they undertake to conquer them, their tenderness and pity are so great that they prevail over the judgment, and the children are left unconquered, and become more determined to resist all future efforts of their mothers, until, at length, they conclude that their children have a more stubborn disposition than others, and that it is impossible to subject them to obedience. In this case, as in that of neglect, the fault is the mother's. The stubbornness of the children, for the most part, is the effect of the mother's indulgence, arising from her mistaken idea of love. By that which she calls love, she ruins her children.

Children between one and two years of age are capable of being made to understand many things; then is the time to begin with them. How often we see children of that age manifest much anger. Frequently by crying through anger, they that are otherwise healthy, injure themselves. It is far better in such instances for a mother to correct her child in a gentle manner, though with decision and firmness, until she conquers it, and causes it to cease crying, than to suffer that habit to increase. When the child by gentle punishment has learned this one lesson from his mother, it is much more easily conquered and brought into subjection in other things, until finally, by a little perseverance on the part of the mother, it learns to be obedient to her voice in all things; and obedience becomes confirmed into a permanent habit. Such a child trained by a negligent or over-indulgent mother, might have become confirmed in habits of stubbornness and disobedience. It is not so much in the original constitution of children as in their training, that causes such wide differences in their disposition.

DO NOT correct children in anger. An angry parent is not as well prepared to judge of the amount of punishment.

(Concluded on page 187)
War did not destroy their faith in the gospel. That is the testimony of many members of the Church with whom I have spoken here in Europe. Everywhere small Latter-day Saint communities are struggling to revive interest, reorganize membership rolls and expand activity.

But Hitler domination of the continent, churches generally felt a curtailment of their freedom. However, they managed to continue their meetings even when under Nazi surveillance.

Over in Czecho-Slovakia, where I experienced an extremely happy reunion, the Prague Branch had to tolerate the presence of the Gestapo, finally lost its meeting hall on Spalena Ullice when some of its members were under suspicion. The branch is now meeting thrice weekly in a converted private dwelling with the local leadership attempting to maintain all the branch functions. There have even been a few baptisms.

Since the May revolution and the restoration of Czecho-Slovakia, the mission office obtained permission to publish a monthly magazine; it was the first new religious publication licensed in the reorganized republic. The first edition in November was for sixteen thousand copies, most of them sold on the streets of the country by members. The publication Nozy Hlas is paying its own way. Through the faithful payment of tithing the mission office was maintained on a solid financial basis and now has a healthy bank account. Some of the Brno Church members were bombed out, but generally the Latter-day Saint people in Czecho-Slovakia fared much better than those in Germany.

With meeting facilities destroyed and members scattered and living in a defeated country, many of the branches of the Church in Germany face perplexing problems. In the Ruhr area and along the Rhine, practically all meeting places were wiped out. The Church branches lost facilities in the Hamburg bombing. The old town of Nürnberg was partly destroyed on January 2, 1945. Then, when SS troops and Volkssturm attempted a last stand in the closing days of the war, General Patton ordered his divisions withdrawn and the town leveled so that what was left of the historic "gingerbread" town became rubble. The Latter-day Saint meeting hall on Talgasse lies among those ruins. In Darmstadt fifteen members of the Church, including the branch president, were killed in one bombing.

On the Sunday after Christmas I drove my jeep through the ruins of Berlin. I had lived in the capital as a missionary and had last seen it in the summer of 1938. The Tiergarten, always a landmark, was only a mass of stumps. People badly needing winter fuel had raided the majestic old trees and cut them down when they were not smashed in the week-long struggle so furiously fought in the park.

On the main thoroughfare in the Garten—Charlottenburger Chaussee—was an imposing monument to Russian soldiers who died taking Berlin.

Beyond the park, on the edges along the walls of the burned out Reichstag, I found the much-discussed black market—literally great crowds of people—Germans, Russians, and a few Americans—buying and selling. The Germans had the reichsmarks because many of them received their first pay in three years when the war ended in Berlin.

At the edge of the Tiergarten, the Latter-day Saint Church once had its mission home—Händelgasse 6. Today there is only a pile of rubble on that spot; on one of the doorposts I still found the number 6; otherwise the place was tragically dead. There is a small gathering of Church members meeting regularly at Rathenowerstrasse 20, over in the Russian occupied area.

Concerning members of the former German-Austrian Mission I could learn little because I had visited on the Russian zone. In Nürnberg I recently met members of the Church from Dresden and Breslau. In Dresden the church still has a branch at Königsbrücker-strasse 94, up the street from the old meetinghouse which was bombed out. In Breslau, which is now Polish, German people are being moved back into the Russian zone, so that out of more than seven hundred members who once met in three Breslau branches, only about one hundred forty remain.

The Church continues to function effectively in the American zone of occupation. The Munich Branch convenes in a reconstructed part of the Deutsches Museum (German Museum); once a week, more than twenty American soldiers also meet there for services. In Nürnberg where the district held its first conference in more than a year on December sixteenth, there is excellent participation by more than two hundred members. Max Zimmer, acting Swiss Mission president, has been extremely helpful to these German brothers and sisters.

Some day the story of the faithful Church leaders in Germany during the long period of isolation will be told. Typical of the faith of some of the people was the little group of women in Frankfurt. They met in the mission home every Sunday and fasted and prayed because I was the call of death on several occasions as when thirty-six of them were crowded into the small air raid shelter under the home while three bombs dropped about them but broke no windows in the house. On another occasion, however, a near-miss struck in the courtyard and carried away a wall of the house. The mission home lost every door casing and window (Concluded on page 185)
MORONI Addresses the Future

By LELAND H. MONSON
OF THE GENERAL BOARD, DESERT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

Pinnacled in silent majesty, he stands aloft the highest elevation of the Salt Lake Temple. With trumpet in hand, he is announcing to the world, till the coming forth of a new volume of scripture confirming the divinity of Jesus Christ. He glistens in the noonday sun as he illuminates the hearts of hundreds of thousands who see in him a representation of the angelic messenger whom John the Revelator, on the Isle of Patmos, saw flying in the midst of heaven in the last days, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them who dwell upon the earth.

This angelic messenger is none other than Moroni, an ancient Nephite prophet, who had final custody of the record from which the Book of Mormon was translated. He buried the plates in Hill Cumorah about 421 A.D., and first showed them to Joseph Smith in 1823.

After the battle of Cumorah, fought in 385 A.D., in which he led ten thousand troops, he was one of twenty-four survivors, including his father, Mormon. By 400 A.D. all but him had been ferreted out by the Lamanites and killed. For at least twenty years, Moroni roamed the wilderness and the plains as the last sad remnant of a once mighty people. He was a wayfarer, living a lonesome and forlorn life; a hunted man, for he knew that the Lamanites would kill him if they found him. The manner of his death will remain a mystery.

Subsequent to the tragedy around Cumorah, Moroni received from his father many sacred records: the brass plates, the twenty-four gold plates, the large plates of Nephhi, and the plates of Mormon, including the small plates of Nephhi. These records were highly prized by his father, who charged Moroni with the sacred responsibility of preserving them.

In his loneliness, Moroni studied the records. He familiarized himself with the prophecies foretelling the untimely destruction of his people and with the religious philosophy of the Nephites and the Jaredites. The twenty-four gold plates fascinated him. He read and reread this history of the Jaredites. Impressed with its message, he determined to engrave an abridgment of it on his father's record.

Before doing so, however, he wrote two chapters in his father's book, the "Book of Mormon." He recorded the death of his father, commented on the condition of the Lamanites and the robbers, referred to the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, depicted latter-day conditions, and testified concerning the divinity of Christ.

The "Book of Ether," which represents Moroni's abridgment of the twenty-four gold plates, is not an extensive treatise. Although it covers sixteen hundred years of history, it comprises only thirty-two pages of our present edition, not all of which are devoted to Jaredite history. It is a mere sketch of a great race that suffered extinction because the people built up secret combinations to get power and again, and because they refused to serve the God of this land.

Moroni did not hesitate to present his own ideas in this abridgment. In chapter five he instructed the future translator of his writings, telling him that he should be privileged to show the plates to those who would assist in bringing forth the work, and informing him that three witnesses should be shown the plates by the power of God.

In chapter four, Moroni interpolated many verses in which he wrote that God would punish anyone who contended against the word of the Lord, developed the idea that the spirit of the Lord persuades men to do good, and appealed to the house of Israel and the Gentiles of the last days to come unto Christ.

Again, in chapter twelve, he stopped the flow of his narrative to give us an exposition on faith, point out his weakness in writing, recommend charity for his weakness to the Gentiles of the last days, and bid farewell to them until he should meet them before the judgment seat of Christ.

Completing his abridgment of the history of the Jaredites, Moroni decided to engrave additional material on the plates of Mormon. He created a new chapter for that purpose and called it the "Book of Moroni."

There was no doubt in Moroni's mind that the plates of Mormon would come forth to another civilization. He wrote:

And no one need say they shall come, for they surely shall, for the Lord hath spoken it; for out of the earth shall they come, by the hand of the Lord, and none can stay it. . . .

So convinced was Moroni that his record would come forth that he gave specific instructions to the future translator of the work. He even pointed out that the plates would be valueless, save only to him whom the Lord should direct to translate the record.

Moroni's selection of material for inclusion in his book was governed almost exclusively by what he felt would be most worth while to the people of the latter days. In vision he had seen that the record would come forth at a time "when there shall be great pollutions upon the face of the earth," when society would be honeycombed with murderers, robbers, liars, deceivers, and whoremongers. The Gentiles, he wrote, would walk in the pride of their hearts and would be subject to envyings, strifes, malice, and persecutions. They would be a people who loved fine apparel and richly adorned churches more than they loved the poor and the needy.

The Lamanites, he knew from prophecies in the record, would be a dark and a loathsome people, full of all kinds of abominations. He had seen their progenitors, his contemporaries, in action as an unbelieving, a malicious, and a bloodthirsty people. He knew that many of their descendants would tread the same path.

From many letters which his father had written him, he selected two, in (Continued on page 181)
After four months with the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, Joe Meek, eighteen-year-old trapper, had proved his courage and endurance to Captain Sublette. The business of the summer rendezvous, held in the Wind River valley of Wyoming, had resulted in profitable trading to their company. Pellew and the Barretts, Smith and Jackson, had not joined him at the rendezvous as had been previously agreed upon. Joe Meek went with the detachments sent to find them, and, a few weeks later, they all met in a pleasant valley, called Pierre's Hole.

Part II
Conclusion

It was in Pierre's Hole that young Joe Meek had his first hunt for beaver. His party traveled down Pierre's Fork to where it joined the Snake River and set a string of traps along a beaver dam. Each steel trap weighed about five pounds and was attached to a five-foot chain which had a swivel and ring at the end. These played around what was called the float—a dry stick of about six feet long.

Old Tom with his trapper wisdom told Meek the "how" of the game. Meek shouldered his trap, waded out into the shallow stream, and with his knife cut a bed for the trap five or six inches under water. Carefully he set it in the broken dam; then baited it by taking a willow twig dipped in castor and placing it directly over the open trap. He then took the float (the dry post) out the whole length of the chain in the direction of the center of the stream and drove it deep into the mud, so deep that the beaver could not pull it out and swim to shore. All set, back to the bank Joe waded, threw water upon his footprints to wash away his scent, and returned to camp for the night.

At daylight next morning he was up with the others to see if there was a catch. To his delight Joe found a shiny bachelor in the jaws of his trap. There was a good catch all around, for this was a region that had scarcely been visited by white men; and Indians seldom sought beaver.

Old Tom showed Joe how to skin the animal, to take out the castor glands for bait, and to cut off the meaty tail for cooking. Then in camp he showed the youth how to gain the hide by scraping all the flesh from it, and to dry it by stretching it on willow hoops. And Joe Meek was proud of his accomplishment—a prime beaver skin all cured and ready for market.

For days the successful beaver catch was repeated, and the company was delighted. One morning, Meek and two companions—Nelson and Craig—left their horses at the forks of the river while they stealthily traveled up a side creek in search of beaver. They did not want to alarm the wary animals.

Suddenly, upon rounding a bend, they came face to face with a red bear. Each man leaped for the nearest tree. Meek and Bill Craig ascended a large pine which was easy to climb. Nelson scaled one of two smaller trees that grew close together. At sight of the lurking forms the bear gave chase. Nelson was having the most difficulty, so the bear selected him. With his shaggy back against one of these small trees, and his feet against the other, the bear succeeded in mounting to a point not far below Nelson's perch. When the trees bowed with his weight, down fell Bruin with a shock that fairly shook the ground. But up he climbed again, with the same result, each time almost reaching the frightened Nelson. He mounted a third time. This last fall so disquieted the bear that away he ran into the woods at full speed. Craig began to sing, and Meek to laugh; but Nelson was incensed.

"Ye can laugh and sing now, boys, but you was quiet enough when the bear was around!" Nelson fumed.

Meek with a serious tone replied: "Why, Nelson, you wouldn't have us noisy before that distinguished guest of yours?"

And so it went on. When anybody got into trouble, he was only laughed at. "Let him keep out. Let him have better luck," the trappers would say.

The beaver catch on Pierre's River went on successfully for weeks. But this peaceful situation was too pleasant to continue. One night, Joe heard Old Tom say: "Watch that old mule's ears. There's Injuns about."

Thereafter everybody was alert, and the night guard was more vigilant. But on a crisp autumn morning, just as the call to turn out was sounded, there came a terrible yell. A hundred Indians ran crackled. The Blackfeet charged upon the camp. They had meant to attack just when the horses had been loosen to graze, but they were a little previous. Only a few animals had been untied, and the noise turned those back toward camp.

In an instant Old Tom was on his horse.

"Come on, it's Bug's Boys!" he shouted. Then off he galloped at breakneck speed around and around the camp, rounding up the animals. Two horses were shot under him, but he escaped, and the camp horses were saved.

The Indians skulked off to hide in a ravine. The white men decided the thieves should not go unpunished. After six hours of hard fighting the trapped Indians disdemed their enemies—the deadly Blackfeet, "the devil's own" as they were called—most hostile tribe of the West. In the affray a few of the white men were wounded, but no one was killed.

The company decided they must move. Before winter storms set in, they must go to the eastern side of the mountains and make a temporary camp, where buffalo were plentiful for food.

Cautiously they traveled, ever watchful for a return of the Blackfeet. As the trappers filed through the mountain forests, the weather grew colder and colder. It proved to be the last trip of Joe Meek, the young Virginian. At the close of each day's travel both men and beasts were weary. Always a night guard was placed to give warning of the Blackfeet approach.

One bitter cold night, Meek was put on guard with Old Tom. Both were exhausted from the hard day's travel, and they fell asleep. About midnight Captain Sublette came out from his tent to give the challenge, "All's well!" There was no answer. The captain was furious. He stumbled out to the horse pen where the guard was stationed. The noise woke Old Tom. Quick as a flash Tom whispered huskily: "Down, Billy. Injuns!" Sublette dropped mighty quick.

"Where?" he asked.

"They war right there when you hollered," said Tom.

"Where's Meek?" whispered Sublette.

"He's tryin' to shoot one." Then Old Tom quietly crept through the grass until he touched Meek's shoulder. Softly he wakened him and whispered what he had told the captain. "Now, don't give us away," he warned.

Soon Meek came crawling cautiously over to Old Tom's post. Sublette asked anxiously:

"How many Indians were there?"

"I couldn't make out their number," Meek confided.

The next morning the camp found a pair of mocassins (which Meek had contrived to place there) on the spot where Old Tom had seen the Indians. The two guards were praised for their vigilance.

The country traveled thereafter was new to everybody. It was wild and grand, but hungry men had little strength to admire wonders. Slowly, painfully, they made their way down the eastern slope of the mountains, ever nearer to their wintering grounds where buffalo abounded.

"Too late," for further travel, they camped on the banks of the Yellowstone River. While they rested themselves and horses, the Blackfeet jumped them again. Two trappers were killed. Captain Sublette broke camp and hurried off with most of his men, but the Indians kept on the trail.

When this attack occurred, Joe
COMPANY TRAPPER

By Ann Woodbury Hafen

Meek happened to be cut off from camp. He had been out hunting. All he could do now was flee to the high mountains. A blanket, a gun, and a mule were his only possessions. Not a bite of food did he have, and game was scarce. Besides, as he traveled alone in the wide, cold mountains, he feared the sound of his gun would attract attention.

Hiding his mule in a thicket, he climbed to the mountaintop to get a view of the country and decide upon his course. Snowlands stretched in every direction. He believed the Crow country lay to the southeast, though he had never been in this region before. He would head that way. The Crows were friendly to trappers.

Descending the mountain, he found his mule just as darkness was falling. The night was sharp with icy winds, and there was nothing to eat. He couldn’t stay there to freeze and starve, so he mounted his mule and traveled on.

When day broke, he estimated that he had traveled thirty miles. He was still in a wild mountainous region. He finally had to abandon his mule, for travel was too precipitous for the animal. With his one blanket and his gun he made the steep descent down the mountain.

On the evening of the third day he came upon a band of mountain sheep. He shot a ewe, roasted one side of it, and how he did feast! Then he fell asleep in his blanket and did not wake till morning.

At the close of the fourth day, he made his lonely camp in a little defile in the mountains where he built a small fire and roasted the last piece of his mutton. Again he slept and was strengthened. The next morning he saw the strangest sight his eyes had ever looked upon.

All the valley was burning with gases, smoking with vapors from boiling springs. To Joe it looked like the back door of that place preachers warn about. At least it must be nice and warm down there. Wonderingly, he scrambled below and found it comforting—a strange contrast to the icy temperatures above.

As he stood thawing his frozen bones, he suddenly heard the report of two guns and a voice exclaiming: “It is old Joe!” (Old was a term of endearment.)

Triumphantly two trapper friends who had been sent to find him, led the way to camp.

Conditions were none too good with the company. Food would not be plentiful until they struck buffalo country. They must break camp and travel on though storms rage and snows beat. One blinding night a hundred head of the horses and mules sank in the unfrozen drifts to rise no more. The men struggled on, and finally, without loss of life, they arrived on the plains of the Bighorn River, in a warm region of strange vapors and gases which they called the Stinking Fork. They had thought to find buffalo here, but were disappointed.

In the vicinity, however, scouts located a camp of forty men—Captain Sublette’s brother, Milton, and trappers. The captain decided to cache his furs to simplify travel, then join with Milton in the search for buffalo.

To cache the pelts, a pit was dug six feet deep. Then to one side a chamber was excavated. After lining this with blankets, the furs were packed in, the hole was covered, and all trace of extra dirt was thrown into the river. This underground pit was the only storehouse available in the wilderness.

With the furs safely cached, the lightened travelers tramped toward the buffalo plains. On Christmas day, bitterly cold, and with stomachs growling, they arrived at the Wind River. Game was scarce, even here. To find buffalo they must journey on to the Powder River, a hundred and fifty miles away. Times were hard in camp when mountains had to be crossed in the dead of winter.

Jackson cached his furs on the Wind River, and he and his partner, Smith, led the combined parties toward the bounteous Powder River. Captain Sublette, however, with a pack train of Indian dogs and a companion on snowshoes started for St. Louis. He must go to prepare for next year’s summer rendezvous. The Rocky Mountain Fur Company must have fresh supplies and results.

While making the winter journey toward Powder River, to keep their animals from starving, the men sought groves of cottonwood. Each night they cut off tree limbs and took them into camp. There beside the fire, the trappers shaved off the sweet green bark with hunting knives and fed it to their starving mules.

By the middle of January the company arrived at Powder River, and finding the long-sought buffalo, went into winter quarters—winter rendezvous, as they called it. Here they were to remain until the opening of spring.

With plenty of buffalo for roasting, and plenty of cottonwood for their animals, for two short months the mountain men lived well. This was a great season for relaxation, amusement, gaiety, and activity. Through the day, hunting parties were coming and going; men were cooking or drying meat, making moccasins, cleaning guns, wrestling, playing games. The sound of laughter.

(Continued on page 166)
A MORMON WIFE

The Life Story of Augusta

XIII

A Busy and Happy Home

The active life of my mother was second only to the life of ceaseless activity which my father led. The wonder is how she found time to keep up her journal, but this she faithfully did. As she looks back from the vantage ground of her eighty-nine years to those days that were filled to overflowing with an almost never-ceasing round of home duties as well as religious, intellectual, and social pursuits, she contends that this period of her life was eminently worth while.

One endeavor in which my mother participated was the free kindergartens. In 1894, she was made secretary of the board, and the first free kindergarten was opened in January of 1895. It was so she wrote, "a school for little waifs," and I think it is a very sweet charity.

To finance the project, silver teas were given, and little silk bags were distributed in which people were asked to place as many pennies as they were years old.

Her days, and sometimes her evenings were full of tasks, many of them trivial, it is true, but none the less necessary where a family is concerned.

"Got up and made a fire in the sitting room. Took four curtains off the frames that I had pinned on the night before, helped get breakfast and set the table; brushed and curled Anna and buttoned Edith"—so a typical day began. On and on it went through the regular housekeeping routine—"helped with the dishes; folded some clothes and ironed a few pieces, swept and dusted the children's and my own bedrooms; cleaned the bathroom; did my marketing from the Chinaman and talked to an Italian vendor." After supper on this particular day she made a fire in the little stove in the bathroom so she could bathe the youngsters, and at long last "the children were all in bed and I was ready to sit down for the evening. I knitted and made buttonholes while Heber read from Reynolds, The Story of the Book of Mormon, and the references from the theology class of Brother Talmage. After that I had a bath myself and went to bed happy, clean, and contented."

Another equally revealing account was written after one of the children's birthday anniversaries: "We had a very pleasant birthday dinner and after that I finished my ironing. It was then dark and I took up the morning paper by gaslight, for that was the first moment I had found to look at the paper. Then while Papa read the children their stories for the children's hour, I finished my garment for the day—a Petticoat for Edith. (I have set myself a task for this month of making one article each day and I have done so thus far.) After the children were in bed, Heber read to me from the Doctrine and Covenants.

We have made a resolution to read, when he is at home, twenty pages a day of religious matter, but it is hard to find the time when we are both at liberty. It is now after ten and I think I am about ready for bed, but I should like to read a few pages of Daniel Deronda that I have commenced. I snatch just a moment or so to read each day, generally after the others are in bed.

If she had been less intellectually ambitious, all thought of study would have been abandoned during this strenuous season of her life. But, to my mother, using her mind was a form of recreation. Hence, in the late afternoon of this busy day, typical of so many others, she was to be found, after "going with the children for a ride, hemming two curtains, hanging half a dozen others and making salad for supper," not too tired to "study a shorthand lesson with Louie Sloan and read Homer." At times my mother felt almost conscience-stricken when she considered the number of her outside activities. Yet so much did she enjoy learning that she risked criticism. "I am thinking of taking up the study of French again," she wrote in the spring of '94, "Mrs. Little, Dr. Belle Anderson, and a few others are going to take up the study. I am not going to tell a soul except Heber,

SUSAN B. ANTHONY WITH A GROUP OF UTAH AND OTHER WOMEN SUFFRAGE LEADERS

First row, left to right: Zina D. H. Young; Rev. Anna Howard Shaw; Susan B. Anthony; Sarah M. Kimball, then president of Utah Women's Suffrage Association; Lyle Meredith Stansbury of Denver, Colorado.

Second row: Mary C. C. Bradford of Denver, Colorado; Margaret A. Caine; Electa Buflock; Dr. Martha Hughes Cannon; Phoebe V. Beattie; Emily S. Richards; Emmeline B. Wells; Rebecca M. Little; Augusta W. Grant. Of all the women in this picture, Augusta Winters Grant is the only one now living.
Winters Grant

By MARY GRANT JUDD
Daughter of President Heber J. and Augusta Winters Grant

as I know people think I am doing all I ought to now, but I simply cannot resist the temptation when it is placed before me to resume my French lessons under Madame Fitzgerald. I hope I am not neglecting any of my numerous duties.

Church duties were considered legitimate. "I have been working in the temple," she wrote that same spring, "and I enjoy this work very much indeed. It is lovely in the temple. I always feel the influence of that sacred place and wish I could go oftener." Parenthetically, I might say that my mother made it a practice to go to the temple one day a week whenever it was possible. This practice she faithfully kept up until she was too old to do so longer.

In May 1898, she was made secretary of the Thirteenth Ward Relief Society, but retained this position for only a brief period, being called to become secretary of the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society in that same year.

A recording of special note read: "On Monday, September 19, 1898, I was voted in as a member of the general board of Y.L.M.I.A. I feel that this is an honor and that I am not worthy to hold this position, but again, as I am called to this work, I am more than willing to lend my aid in any way that I can and do the best I am capable of." Her main contribution to the general board was as a committee member, assisting in the writing of editorials or lessons for The Young Woman's Journal. But even though she continued to write, speaking in public gave her "nervous prostration" and "nearly frightened me to death." She traveled extensively for the Y.L.M.I.A. Space will not permit an inclusion of these trips, all delightfully described, except to insert a report of what was perhaps the longest trip she took—one to Arizona in company with her husband and others. She experienced the pleasures and rigors of travel in those days, but these experiences, too, must be told elsewhere.

It was March 1, 1900, that she wrote: "I have been gone thirty-six days, have attended forty-eight meetings, have traveled 4057 miles, of which 284 have been by team. My expenses have been $71,15, aside from what Heber has paid and the passes he got for me. I got forty-three subscriptions for the Journal. I held sixteen meetings with the Young Ladies, nine conjoint meetings, five officers' meetings, and two testimony meetings, besides one with the Relief Society, one with the children at Thatcher, and one at the academy at Juarez. I vote this trip a complete success."

In the early days of my mother's life at Fourteenth Second East, woman's place was decidedly in the home, and yet that yearning for intellectual pursuits could not be ignored.

It was in the summer of 1893, when a number of friendly Utah women (my mother among them) were visiting the World's Fair at Chicago, that they began talking of a club where women of the same interests could study and improve their minds while enjoying each other's society. Mrs. Rebecca Mantle Little, a friend of my mother's from girlhood days, was the prime mover in the project and was always acknowledged as the bright particular star of the organization. She was the widow of Feramorz Little, a former mayor of Salt Lake City. Mrs. Little was so intensely interested in mental pursuits that as an adult she attended the University of Utah and obtained her degree. She later became a regent of this institution.

After their return from Chicago, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Grant, and Dr. Mattie Hughes Cannon called informally on Mrs. James E. Talimage, and here the idea of the Authors Club became a reality. Each of these four women chose three others and invited them "to meet at the home of Mrs. Little at 364 East First South Street at ten o'clock on Friday morning." This was in September of 1893. The object of the club was given as being a study of the best authors, and it is known as the Authors Club. When the club had reached its forty-fourth milestone, radio station KSL honored it by having its president, Mrs. John Z. Brown, and others briefly greet the radio listeners. On that occasion my mother said:

Who would have thought that forty-four years ago when I and three others organized the Authors Club that I would be standing here at the age of eighty-one sending my greetings over the radio. I am proud to have been instrumental in helping to organize a club that has always maintained such high standards.

My mother always retained a lively interest in the Authors Club, but there came a time when she felt incapable of active participation in the weekly meetings. There were others who felt to pass the reins to younger women and so quite a number, she among them, became honorary members.

Family Recreation

My mother, with all her activities, was never too busy to plan for worthwhile recreation for her family. In fact, she enjoyed the fun as much as we did. Before the days of the automobile, thousands took advantage of the cooling breezes of Saltair on the shores of Great Salt Lake. We always carried an ample picnic lunch along. So before we donned our voluminous bathing suits, we must search for a place among the vast number under the dancing pavilion, that was not already loaded with other lunches.

Anyone remembering my father's and mother's love of good books, would know that our home was filled with them. As I look back, it seems to me it was as natural for us to read as to eat or sleep. As children a favorite author with all of us was Frances Hodgson Burnett. We read Sarah Crewe so many times that we almost wore it out. We suffered with Little Lord Fauntleroy when he and his mother were separated, and exulted when he won over the earl, his somewhat crotchety grandfather, to accept his American-born mother. We loved the books of Kate Douglas Wiggin—Patsy, The Bird's Christmas Carol and Timothy's Quest. As we grew older, we devoured all of Louisa M. Alcott's books. How my romantic heart ached for Laurie in Little Women when Jo refused his heart and hand. To this day I cannot quite forgive her for marrying Dr. Baer instead!

As for drama—that was a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure. Fortunately, through my father's identification with the old Salt Lake Theater, we were always able to attend once a week and often twice. I cannot remember the time when we didn't have seats, and I count the theater second only to our actual schooling in education in value. Those were pre-movie days when Salt Lake City had a reputation as a place where famous actors and actresses could count on discriminating audiences. As we grew older, we were encouraged to look for the good or bad points in a play and discuss them around the family dinner table.

(Continued on page 176)
A REVALUATION

By Bernard DeVoto

MANY years have passed since I would have attempted any justification whatever of my early two articles on Utah. They were ignorant, brash, prejudiced, malicious, and, what is worst of all, irresponsible. They were absolutely in the Mercury mood of illegal and dishonest attack. They represented the only occasion in my career when I yielded to that mood. I have spent practically all my literary life attacking other manifestations of that mood, and I have always regarded my yielding to it on those occasions as an offense which can be neither justified nor palliated.

There was, and doubtless remains, much in the life and culture of Utah that could be legitimately criticized. Some of the things I said in those articles made points which would have been legitimate criticism if I had said them fairly and objectively—and if the entire mood and atmosphere of the articles had not been atrociously offensive. It was, and doubtless remains, thoroughly possible to oppose some of the tendencies and manifestations of civilization in Utah on reasonable, empirical grounds. But that consideration is irrelevant, since my criticism and opposition were embodied in a lot of prejudice, irresponsible humor, and a general yanking out of shirtrails and setting them on fire.

I cannot now remember whether I realized as much when I was writing. Certainly I realized it soon afterward. I believe that everything I have written about Utah and the Mormon Church ever since has been fair-minded and objective. I go farther than that; I think that everything I have written about them since those articles has been informed by a basic sympathy. But again, that does not matter... except that very little I have since written about them has been taken into account by the people who go on denouncing me.

Why did I write them, and write them as I did? Well, for one thing, I was a young buck, intoxicated with the newly achieved privilege of publication, full of wind and years of irreverence, and obviously gifted at burlesque and extravaganza... For another thing, I was, if a cocky young fool, also an oversensitive young fool—and I had, or thought I had, been widely snooted and derided and vilified. I was presuming to begin a career as a writer... I resented it violently—much more than I should have resented it if I had been older, wiser, more cultivated myself, or more sophisticated. So I reacted against it with a kind of lust to write those articles in some degree they were acts of self-vindications, in some degree acts of revenge.

LATER on, I deeply regretted having written them. I do not regret them now. I conceive that the damage they did to Utah was nil—was wholly nonexistent. (In all those years of the Mercury's slam-bang, indiscriminate decision of American life, was any attack on any community written that is now remembered in the community attacked, save only mine? I doubt it. An anti-Mormon, a historian of that period, I am familiar with most of those attacks and as I go about the country I inquire about them. I never find anyone except antiquarians and those who remember them. And most of those people do not remember them at first hand, but have encountered them in research.) They did Utah no harm and they did me much good. For one thing they succeeded in rousing a historian's conscience in me, so that I have never again written anything without knowing what I was talking about. But what is much more important, they have enabled me to understand that period, the youth and young manhood of my own generation, as I should never have been able to understand it if I had not both written and repented them. They were absolutely and altogether in my literary generation. The revolt against the home town and the dishonest attack on it are type-specimens, absolute stigmata, of the period. My own career in letters has been in absolute opposition to the main literary current of my time. From my second novel on to The Year of Decision and The Literary Pallacy, I have set myself to oppose the ideas, concepts, theories, sentiments, and superstitions of the official literature of the United States between the two wars. If I have any significance as a writer, it derives entirely from that fact. And that fact in turn rests, intellectually, on two realizations: my realization of what I had done in writing those articles and my realization of what Van Wyck Brooks had done in evolving and elaborating his system of thinking about American culture. I could not have understood my literary generation, and certainly could not have taken a stand in opposition to it, without either experience.

SO much for my part. Let me add what I believe to be true about the reception of those articles in Utah and their subsequent reputation there.

We cannot imagine those articles being written today: the world has changed too much. Mutatis Mutandis, granting the idioms and sentiments of another time, if the equivalent of those articles were to be published today, they would. I think, cause considerably less stir and offense in Utah. The state has grown more sophisticated. It has come to understand more what intellectual and literary discussions are; it has become at least a little more tolerant. More people are accustomed to the play and interchange and expression of ideas. Ideas are more likely to be received as ideas, not epithets, not insults, not imputations of dishonesty. The booster state of mind, which in the West of the 1920's was the equivalent of the vigilante state of mind of earlier days, has lapsed considerably. If I or someone else were to say the same thing today, in these idioms, there would be a lot less fuss.

And yet it is true, I think, that Utah, and especially the Mormon culture, is extremely sensitive and intolerant to criticism whatever. That is probably true of the West in general, distinguished from other sections, even the South, but it is more true of Utah and the Mormons than the rest of the West. I have been, not surprised, but exceedingly interested, to see the old patterns repeated in the comments I got, in correspondence mostly, about The Year of Decision. There can be no questions whatever that that book contains the most sympathetic treatment of the Mormons ever published by a Gentile. Any dispassionate mind need only compare it with, say Linn or Wexner. It is packed full of the most flagrant and even fulsome praise of the Mormons, condemnation of their oppressors, admiration of their achievements, sympathy with their suffering, patient explanation of their point of view, etc., etc., etc. I have received a steady stream of vilification on the old, familiar grounds.

All this makes no difference to me. I have no desire for Mormon praise and no need of Mormon approval. Neither do I despise the people of my home town to pay me any respect whatever. It certainly matters nothing to them that I have become a writer and, as one, have frequently written about the West. I should rather have them friendly toward me than opposed. But I have become so thoroughly a part of a different society that I am fundamentally indifferent. I dislike it when I get a letter of fulsome praise from some Ogdenite who has seen my name in the paper and is impressed by the solemnity without caring a rap for the work and, most likely, without having read it. To the same degree, I dislike it when I get a letter full of equally ignorant abuse. I should like to know that there are a few people in Utah who like me, without reference to my work, and a few who like my work without refer-

(Concluded on page 164)
The Legend of the
TRIBE OF VERY MUCH WIND

Part III—Conclusion
A Worldwide Tribal Roll Call

The next few years were very
eventful ones for the heroes of
the Tribe of Very Much Wind.
This was the time for romance, and
one by one they began to find their
life companions. Then there were hap-
py wedding days for these tall, hand-
some "Indians, and lovely young
brides for Nokomis to adopt as
"squaws" into the tribe. But when the
honeymoons were over, they found
themselves trying to establish homes,
in a world so tense with uncertainty
for the future, that they could make no
plans, except in terms of national de-
fense. Then came Pearl Harbor, and
upon their generation suddenly fell the
burden of fighting a war. That fateful
day found these intrepid warriors
ready. At the first sign of danger, they
had all rallied to the defense of their
country, and already most of them were
far from home.

Just one month after Pearl Harbor,
the few tribal members who were still
at home assembled at the wigwam of
Nokomis. They wanted one more
tribal reunion, before they, too, should
depart for new fields of duty. At this
reunion, a delightful new tradition was
started when the warriors brought their
young wives to the tribal council for
the first time. For one whole evening
we forgot the overwhelming changes
which were upsetting our peaceful
world, as we shared our tribal legends
and traditions with them. Then we
prepared messages for those who had
already left home, and although there
were only four tribal warriors present
to sign them, Nokomis wondered how
long it would be before she would
again hold a reunion for even this many
of her beloved "Indians."

Two years after Pearl Harbor found
Nokomis in California. It was there
that the idea of a worldwide tribal roll
call occurred to her. After so long, she
must surely make a special effort to
locate each of her "Indians" this year,
and send them a familiar tribal greet-
ing for Christmas. Only this time, she
would ask them to answer with a re-
port of their latest adventures.

Lone Pine was the first to answer,
with the impressive announcement of
his graduation from an eastern medical
college. When next she heard from him,
he was an army medical corps lieu-
tenant.

Fleetfoot, then an army captain, an-
swered promptly, with a letter report-
ing his work as senior officer of
R.O.T.C. at his alma mater, his lecture
work during the summer months, and
his pride in the recent birth of his sec-
ond son.

Red Feather, a lieutenant in the navy
air corps at Bermuda, had very roman-
tic news. He wrote:

Dear Nokomis:
Arrived home on the thirteenth of No-
vember—married on the fifteenth in the tem-
ple—left for New York on the sixteenth—
had a wonderful honeymoon in New York,
and had to leave my lovely bride after two
weeks.

Now I want you to meet her. You will
like her. And please give her some of those
swell recipes of yours. How about ginger-
bread waffles? . . .

Big Moose, also a lieutenant in the navy,
was in the Aleutian Islands.
Laughing Brook, an official of air
traffic control, whose duty it was to
guard the western gateway of America
against danger from unidentified planes,
was the only member of the tribe from
whom Nokomis could obtain an answer
to roll call in person during that 1943
Christmas season. So her visit with his
charming family in their attractive
white cottage was doubly appreciated,
especially since she found them an ideal
Latter-day Saint family.

(Continued on page 182)
On Improving Others

Perhaps most of us, if not all, are perfectionists at heart. We are ever attempting to improve ourselves, to improve the conditions under which we live. At times we feel a wholesome dissatisfaction with ourselves, but perhaps more often we feel dissatisfaction and impatience with the weaknesses and failures of others. When we arrange with someone else to do something for us, it often annoys us if it isn’t done as well as we think it should be done. We are perturbed when others make what seem to us to be wrong decisions. We are annoyed when we see someone else miscarry an opportunity, or fail in some undertaking, or miss the mark in any activity. Most of us are inclined to do our share of sideline coaching and to be critical of those who are doing the playing. It isn’t easy to sit by and watch someone else fumble, when we are convinced that we could do what they are doing in less time, with greater skill. At times it is difficult for us even to let our children do things, because our fingers are itching to do for them what we know we can do better than they can. But every man and every child must have his opportunity to think, to decide, and to do. Life has to be learned by all of us. If only the skillful and the able were permitted to perform, there would be no chance for anyone else to become skillful or able. With rare exceptions, almost anyone can learn to make his own way in life, and to be useful in his own generation. But the most successful leaders of men are those who discover early that there is no use trying to put square pegs into round holes. Men have different gifts and abilities, different ambitions and objectives, and we shall save ourselves much disappointment if we learn to quit expecting race-horse performance where there isn’t race-horse capacity. We have to take men as we find them and help them to be useful according to their capacity—and not according to ours. We shall never find anyone who will do anything exactly as we would do it. Nor would the Lord God do it exactly as we would do it—but he respects our honest efforts. And should we become impatient in our search for perfection in others, perhaps we can bridle our impatience with the reminder of these quoted lines:

And in self-judgment if you find
Your deeds to others are superior,
To you has Providence been kind.
As you should be to those inferior.
Example sheds a genial ray
Of light, which men are apt to borrow,
So, first, improve yourself today
And then improve your friends tomorrow.

—Anonymous,
—January 13, 1946.

"Know This, That Every Soul Is Free"

There would seem to be in all men an inborn desire to have others think as they think and believe as they believe. All of us are pleased when others share our views: when the things we think are right, others also think are right, and when the things we think are wrong, others also think are wrong. Certainly in some respects it would simplify living and avoid many contests of will and of force if men were to share common convictions concerning the major issues of life. And certainly there are many basic principles of morality, of justice, of right, and of truth concerning which all men should think and believe alike. But sometimes we are apt to become intolerant, to become resentful of mankind in general and of individuals in particular when their thoughts are not in accordance with our thoughts, when they are not enthusiastic about some of the things for which we have great enthusiasm, when the values they place upon some things are different from the values we place upon them. We are sometimes prone to set ourselves up as the measure by which all things should be appraised, and to judge all men by our standards and from our viewpoint. But we will never find anyone who thinks just as we think in all things. Moreover, no mortal man has ever been known to be right in all that he thinks. Therefore, so long as we are mortal and fallible, some divergence of thought in matters of opinion is a safeguard against our own limitations and fallibility. Assuredly there is nothing wrong in and of itself with the desire to have other men think as we think. It is a natural and seemingly universal desire. But there may be much wrong with the methods sometimes used to bring this about. We are justified in moving men by persuasion, by reason, by conversion, by “patience and long-suffering,” but not by deception or coercion. To force a man as to his thoughts and convictions is a violation of man’s free agency—even if we feel sure our way is the right way. The forcing of the mind is a practice which even the Lord God does not impose upon his children, much as he would like them to believe and to observe those things which he has commanded them for their own soul’s salvation:

Know this, that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he’ll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.
He’ll call, persuade, direct aright,
And bless with wisdom, love, and light;
In nameless ways he is good and kind,
But never force the human mind.

—William C. Gregg
—January 20, 1946.
On Beginning Where We Are

It is quite characteristic of us to do much dreaming and much wishing. But often when we wish we might be something other than what we are, we don't seem to know where to begin or how. We fix our eyes upon long-cherished goals and are inclined to assume that they may be approached only by some elusive process that lies beyond our reach. We look at the distance between where we are and where we would like to be, and become discouraged. We wish on occasion that we could annihilate time and space and effort and reality, but this we cannot do: He who wants to go somewhere, must begin where he is, simply because there isn't anywhere else to begin. The long look ahead may seem much too long, especially if we're waiting for opportunity to find us in some remote place, especially if we're patiently waiting for life to take us by the hand. But whether ours is the breathless expectancy of youth, or the cautious outlook of maturity, or the weary hope of age, for all of us the place on which our feet now stand is the starting point for everything and for everywhere—for all that is to follow. Life moves out from here, wherever here is. And time moves with it, rapidly—so rapidly that a long look ahead soon becomes a long look back—so rapidly that the direction in which we move is exceedingly important. But the only thing that any of us can do is to begin where we are, with what we have, and move out from there to where we want to go. And even if we fall somewhere short of our dreams, there will be compensations all the way for trying—and much more satisfaction than we could ever have for not trying. Life is an eternal process; we have to keep working at it. We did not suddenly become what we now are, and there is no reason why we should one day expect to find ourselves vastly different from what we were the previous day. The record of all past years is required to explain what we now are—that, and something more that goes endlessly back beyond all past years. But everyone that got where he is had to begin where he was. The only formula in getting there is that of finding direction, and moving in that direction, and staying with it. And even heaven will come as naturally as tomorrow morning, if we do our job here and now, mindful of the obligations of life. So, wherever you are, whoever you are, whatever you want, however great the distance between you and where you would like to be: Don't let life discourage you. Begin where you are with what you have. No man can or ever could do more.

January 6, 1946.

On Working For a Price and Against a Principle

It would be interesting to know how many people devote their lives to working for things they don't believe in.

March, 1946

We raise the question because it is an important factor in the happiness and unhappiness of men. No man can be happy when he is devoting his time, his energies, his thought, or his moral support to something in which he doesn't believe. In raising the question, we do not refer to the routine and humdrum things of life which at times we all find ourselves doing. Most men who have to earn their way in the world, at some time or other do jobs that are not particularly inspiring or stimulating. There are many times when virtually all of us are under the necessity of performing services that may be very tiresome, treadmill, and uninteresting. And with such necessity we have no quarrel. Someone has to do such work. Perhaps all of us should do our share of it. Indeed, we might well take the view that it is good for everyone to do some things he doesn't like to do—so long as such tasks are honorable, useful, and necessary. But we do have a quarrel with those who sell their services for what there is in it, in violation of their own principles and convictions, in violation of ethics, in violation of law, or in violation of truth. Unfortunately there are many who, merely to acquire a little more of this world's goods, or for other reasons which are no better, use the force of their energies, the fertility of their minds, the appeal of their art, the weight of their influence in the furtherance of things in which they have no faith or belief, and against which their own consciences protest. Time, energy, creative talents, the power of thought are of the very essence of life, and any man who uses any of these in a cause which he cannot honestly support is, to that extent, profaning the gifts which the Lord God has given him, and is inevitably contributing to his own unhappiness. And inasmuch as we are accountable for our lives, and our time, and our gifts, and all that we do with them, surely he who has misused his abilities, his energies, and his influence is going to have to answer to his own conscience, and also to something higher than his own conscience. Blessed is he who devotes himself to an honest cause in which he honestly believes: but greatly to be pitted is he who sells himself in a cause in which his principles, his convictions, and a quiet conscience cannot go with him to his work each day.

January 27, 1946.
The Church Moves On

Letter From First Presidency

A RECENT letter from the First Presidency to stake presidents, priesthood quorum presidents, and bishops, calls attention to the problems of returning servicemen and outlines a program of help to be extended them in stake, ward, and family.

L.D.S. servicemen's homes established during the war at 41 North State Street, Salt Lake City, 1594 Beretania Street, Honolulu; 615 "F" Street, Marysville, California (12 miles from Camp Beale); 1836 Alice Street, Oakland, California, and 23rd and "C" Streets, San Diego, California, can provide overnight accommodations for men passing through separation centers in those areas. At Fort Lewis and Fort Bliss men may receive the help they might otherwise receive at a service-men's home from Saints residing in the Tacoma, Washington, and El Paso, Texas areas.

The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee is to be charged with the responsibility of interviewing the president of each Melchizedek Priesthood quorum in the stake, the welfare committee chairman of the quorum, and the ward bishops to discuss any facts that are pertinent to returning servicemen's welfare. Some stakes have returning veterans' committees established, and these may be invited to assist the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee in this work.

Bishops have been requested to have a private interview with the returning serviceman, and if the serviceman is newly married, the bishop should interview the young couple together, and counsel them. Assignment to some Church activity should be made as soon as possible.

Members of the quorum presidency should visit each returning serviceman immediately. Quorum members should become "job finders" for him if necessary. Inquiries made by quorums of stake welfare or stake agricultural committees may reveal possibilities for those seeking business or farming opportunities. Welfare projects, recreational activities, house parties, week night study classes are some of the suggested quorum activities.

The serviceman's own family, it is pointed out, can do much in assisting him to make proper readjustment by providing a healthful atmosphere in the home and encouraging him to take an active part in the ward and in the quorum.

The letter concludes:

We believe that the promotion of activities leading to the spiritual welfare of our thousands of young men bearing the Holy Priesthood, who are returning from war, is one of the greatest obligations confronting us today. We are certain that your vigilant attention to this matter will pay great dividends in the strength and character of our young manhood.

Los Angeles Temple

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH returned to Salt Lake City February 12, after attending the Long Beach Stake conference and inspecting the twenty-five-acre temple site in the Los Angeles area. He expressed a desire to have construction of the temple begin as soon as sufficient materials are available.

In addition to President Smith, the party included President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President David O. McKay, Elder Antoine R. Ivins of the First Council of the Seventy, and Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards. President McKay, who had returned to Salt Lake earlier, addressed a special welfare meeting of the Southern California region, February 9, in the Burbank Ward chapel, stressing the underlying principles of Church welfare and sketching the history of the financial policies of the Church from the beginning. He urged production of food, clothing, and the providing of shelter, rather than that cash be raised to provide these necessities. He spoke at several meetings Sunday, and on Monday inspected the Adams Ward woodworking shop, the Church citrus grove at Riverside and marmalade plant at San Bernardino, and the Deseret Industries, all functioning as part of the welfare organization in southern California.

Bishop Richards addressed the California Mission district conference at Bakersfield during his stay.

There are sixty thousand members of the Church residing in southern California.

M.I.A. Adviser

ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY of the Council of the Twelve has been named by the First Presidency as an adviser to both the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations. He succeeds the late Elder Nicholas G. Smith in this capacity.

The other adviser for these organizations is Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve, who is president of the European Mission.

M.I.A. Superintendence

JOHN D. GILES and Lorenzo H. Hatch have been named first and second assistant superintendents to George Q. Morris, general superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A. They succeed the late Joseph J. Cannon and Burton K. Farnsworth. (See article, page 143.)

Danish Genealogies

THE First Presidency have announced the decision to have Arthur G. Hasso, Danish genealogist, microfilm twelve million pages of Danish genealogical records, comprising the records of all parishes from their beginning down to about the year 1860. Mr. Hasso microfilmed the records of one whole parish of Copenhagen, which copy has been in the genealogical library at Salt Lake City since 1938. It is estimated that it will take him three and one-third years to complete the work, at a cost to the Genealogical Society of the Church of slightly over one cent a page.

Pioneer Trail Park

THE Utah state legislature will be asked to create a mile-wide state park along the old Mormon Trail through Emigration Canyon, Ray H. Leavitt, chairman of the state road commission, has announced. The proposed park would be the first step in creating a new pioneer memorial highway along the thirty-two mile trail, which is little more than a path at present.

Stake Presidencies

In the Utah Stake, President Victor J. Bird and counselors John F. Mower and Standing DeCost Clark succeed President Royal J. Murdock and counselors Harold R. Clark and Leon Newren.

In the Cottonwood Stake, President Ephraim Wahlquist, formerly first counselor, succeeds William S. Erekson. Verl F. McMillan, formerly second counselor, was advanced to first counselor, and Alvin Barker becomes second counselor to complete the presidency.


Ward Name Changed

COVE WARD, Benson Stake, was formerly the Coveville Ward of that stake.

Home Evenings Revived

PRESIDENT GEORGE F. RICHARDS of the Council of the Twelve has appointed a committee composed of members of the Council of the Twelve, the Presiding Bishopric, and representatives of the Relief Society, Desert Sunday School Union, Y.M.M.I.A., Y.W.M.I.A., and Primary general boards to launch the re-establishment of the "Home Evening" tradition.
throughout the Church. This committee, without the creation of any new organization, will motivate the program through:
1. The preparation of booklets or other printed matter for the aid of families engaged in taking advantage of the home evening project.
2. The use of ward and Relief Society teachers in carrying home evening project messages to the respective families and giving the project encouragement.
3. The use of appropriate talks, demonstrations, and announcements at various stake and ward meetings.

Pacific Missionaries
Late in January the first missionaries left for the Pacific missions since the outbreak of the war. All ex-service men, they were Joseph Talmadge McMurray, John Clifford French, and Leonhard Virgie McKee, bound for New Zealand; Bryan Thomas Smith and Reed S. Fawns, assigned to Samoa; Lawrence LajMar Gibb and Ivan Thomas Davies to Australia, all from the Canadian stakes; and Ray Hall Lloyd and Norman Vaughan Larsen, both from Idaho, who will labor in New Zealand.

Y.W.M.I.A. Board
Appointment of Lillian Austin Schwendiman and Alicebeth Whiteley to the general board of the Y.W.M.I.A., and the release of Grace Nixon Stewart from that body have been announced.

Mrs. Schwendiman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Austin, and the wife of Fred W. Schwendiman, former bishop of the Salt Lake City Whittier Ward. The couple spent four years as missionaries in New Zealand, the last ten months of which they presided over that mission.

Miss Whiteley is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Whiteley of Oakland, Idaho. She is a graduate of Brigham Young University, and has filled a mission to the Eastern States. She is now a member of the Tabernacle choir and an instructor at the L.D.S. Business College, Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Stewart was appointed to the board in May 1936. She was chairman of the speech committee for a number of years, and at the time of her release was a member of that committee.

Berlin Mission Home
The Church signed, on January 25, 1946, a three-year lease on a large house in Berlin, Germany, to be used as a mission home. The house is in a good neighborhood, and located in the area where much of the property has been taken over by the United States government to house officers and civilian personnel engaged in occupation duties. Permission was also received to transfer eleven members from the British to the same zone of Berlin, to direct Church activities in Germany.

The information was received from Major Don C. Corbett, who was a missionary in Germany fifteen years ago.

Relief Society Conference
Belie S. Spafford, general president of the Relief Society, has announced that hereafter the organization's general conference will be held annually in October. Before the war, conference sessions were conducted in both April and October. In explaining the change, Mrs. Spafford said that it had been deemed advisable to ask Relief Society officers to come to Salt Lake City more than once a year and that the October date was decided upon because of its proximity to the beginning of the year's work by ward Relief Society organizations.

Primary Pennies
February saw the annual Church-wide appeal by the Primary Association for "birthday pennies" to finance the operation of the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City. As in years past, it was suggested that the voluntary giving be one penny for each birthday of the giver.

Brigham Young University Leadership Week
Brigham Young University's twentieth leadership week convened for four days beginning January 31, at Provo, under the general chairmanship of Dr. Gerrit de Jong, Jr.

General assembly periods for each day were devoted to various fields as follows: Thursday, science; Friday, art; Saturday, humanities; and Sunday, religion. Forums were conducted on such subjects as, "Youth Speaks to Age"; "Administrative Questions for Stake and Ward Executive Officers"; and "Adjustment problems of the Modern Woman." Among the speakers during the four days' sessions were President George Albert Smith, President David O. McKay, Elders Stephen L. Richards, Harold B. Lee, and Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve; Elder Oscar A. Kirkham of the First Council of the Seventy, and Elder Marion G. Romney, assistant to the Twelve. Exhibits included art, photography, home economics, landscaping, and public health.

Welfare Gardens
Members of the Church are advised to continue their welfare gardens during the year 1946. According to Elder Marion G. Romney, assistant to the Council of the Twelve, and assistant managing director, Church welfare program, it is the conviction of the Church that the end of the war has not lessened the need for producing and storing food.

Quotas have been assigned to stakes and regions as in past years for the growing and processing of foodstuffs. Groups of members will also have access to welfare canning plants for their own use.

Nurses' Home
Construction of a six-story nurses' home for the Salt Lake L.D.S. Hospital has been approved and will begin when building materials are available. It will house two hundred students and will have a full complement of classrooms.

Beautification
Bishop Marvin O. Ashton has announced that special letters will be sent by the Presiding Bishopric urging that every ward and stake take necessary steps to beautify the grounds of all Church buildings this year in preparation for the Pioneer centennial.

(Concluded on page 179)

MARCH, 1946
EDITORIALS

The Y. M. M. I. A. Superintendence

During the months intervening, since the death of Dr. Burton K. Farnsworth, followed so closely and so unexpectedly by the death of Elder Joseph J. Cannon, the many duties and responsibilities of the general superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association have been carried, without counselors, by Superintendent George Q. Morris. Not only has the work of the Y.M.M.I.A. moved forward under his capable hands and sound judgment, but Elder Morris has carried and is carrying heavy responsibilities with other Church and civic assignments, in addition to his personal and business affairs. Indeed, it may be conservatively said that he has given more of his time and thought and energies to Church and community than he has to his personal interests. And now, with his choice of his new counselors, recently announced by the First Presidency, it is gratifying to know that Elder Morris will have the support of two tried and capable assistant superintendents—John D. Giles and Lorenzo H. Hatch.

On the records of these men we shall not here extend comment. Much of the factual data concerning their past assignments and service is recorded elsewhere in this issue. (See page 143.) As to John D. Giles, first assistant superintendent, we would say that perhaps few men in the history of the auxiliary organizations of this Church have rendered longer service, or given more consistent devotion, or been more familiar with the many phases of their assignments. He comes to this honor and responsibility as a boys' man of demonstrated effectiveness, as a proved M.I.A. executive in ward and stake and general capacities, and as a proved Latter-day Saint.

Elder Hatch, likewise, has the record of the years to commend him to acceptance and support in this calling. His school work with teachers and with youth, his ward and stake leadership in many capacities, his contribution to the new girls' program of the Church, and his unquestioned devotion to the cause of truth and to the Lord's latter-day work will find new outlets and new challenges in his responsibilities as second assistant superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A.

To the new appointees, and to Elder Morris whose counselors they are, we know that we may speak for the membership of the Church in welcome to and in support of the general superintendence of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Their leadership comes at a time when a whole generation has been disturbed in its thinking and living—and will look earnestly to them for guidance within the field of their assignment. May God grant his inspiration and direction to them in giving such leadership to the youth of this Church at this time.—R. L. E.

A Word of Advice and Warning

Latter-day Saints have been justifiably proud of their record as law-abiding citizens. If there is one characteristic which they have fostered, it is their loyalty to law and order. It is with great consternation, therefore, that they will read the following information:

The files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation now contain the fingerprints of 6,000,000 individuals, one out of every twenty-three inhabitants of the United States, who have been arrested for law violation, and J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Bureau, has predicted a major crime wave.

Moreover, they may take some heart from the remarks of another speaker—that is, if they heed his words:

Frank J. Wilson, chief of the United States Secret Service, pointed out that millions of dollars and extensive efforts are expended annually to punish those who commit crimes, but that at a much smaller expense crime might be prevented. Mr. Wilson joined with President Truman in calling for a national crime prevention program and stressed that prevention was far more effective than investigation and persecution of crimes after they have been committed.

As a Church, Latter-day Saints have organized for creative activity, recognizing that if people are kept busy with good things, they will have no time for bad things.

Probably no other Church has made greater provision for the recreation of youth than our Church. Dances are planned and carefully supervised in order to give the right decorum at the same time that a good time is being enjoyed. Basketball tournaments are organized; choruses are formed; speech festivals are arranged; dramas are produced—all in order to give wholesome activity, under proper guidance. But, with all these plans, the fact still remains that there are many young people in the community—and even in our Church—who are not reached, and whose lives are not modified by this recreation.

Some startling statistics would indicate the need for even greater vigilance on the part of those who are leading youth:

It is interesting to note that a high percentage of those arrested in recent months were young people; boys over ten and under sixteen, and girls between sixteen and twenty-one. Among boys petty larceny, burglary, runaways, disorderly conduct, and malicious mischief are the most common offenses. Girls get into trouble for sex offenses, running away, petty larceny, incorrigibility, truancy, and disorderly conduct.

During the postwar years, situations will duplicate in large measure those which followed World War I. Young folk will find a dearth of work; older people will also be harried by unemployment. Leaders of youth will find it of increasing importance that they keep young people so active that they cannot have time to think of mischief. Parents, too, will desire to increase their diligence in providing work and play inside the home for these young folk—who by nature are active, and must be given something to do. For Latter-day Saints who realize the value of the human spirit, the responsibility becomes greater. They should extend their responsibility to include all young people who live in their communities.

The closeness of most homes nowadays makes it impossible for one group to live exclusively to itself. This has created some problems. While the youth of one group may be taught to live a certain way, other young people may not have adequate direction. Since these young people are attending the same schools, riding the same buses, playing in the same regions, the influence is certain to spread. If adults will but accept the responsibility for all the young folk who may live in their immediate neighborhood, the same ideals may be instilled into the minds and hearts of all the young people in the region, and the result will be a happier one for all.

If Latter-day Saints will take heed of the warning by J. Edgar Hoover and the advice of Frank J. Wilson, and plan, they may build character in the youth of the Church.—M. C. J.
EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

cii. Is the "History of Joseph Smith" Trustworthy?

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was commanded on the day of its organization (April 6, 1830) to keep an accurate record of its history. This has been done faithfully to this day. So complete and minute is this record that no existing organization can surpass it.

Frequent moves, stirring events, and ceaseless persecution characterized the early years of the Church. This made necessary changes in recorders and scribes. Undoubtedly, now and then an event may have escaped the historian, or the record may have been lost. Nevertheless, every effort was made to preserve Church annals of all kinds, even to casual memoranda, correspondence, newspaper accounts of Church affairs, and even payments of postage on letters. (History of the Church 2:325.) Besides, Joseph Smith's own journal was kept very regularly.

Early in 1838, the Prophet set about to present the historical events of the Church in connected form. On April 27, 1838, he writes, "This day I chiefly spent in writing a history of the Church from the earliest period of its existence, up to this date." (ibid. 3:25.) The following Monday, April 30, 1838, he says, "The First Presidency were engaged in writing the Church history." (ibid. 3:26.) The "history" so written was under the Prophet's supervision, with the help of his counselors and clerks. This work was continued until the Prophet's death.

In 1842 the Church newspaper, The Times and Seasons, under the editorship of John Taylor, began the publication of the work, under the title, "History of Joseph Smith." Its publication there ran from June 1842, to May 1845. Later, the Millennial Star republished the series beginning April 1852, and ending May 1863. At length, beginning in 1904 the work was published in modern book form, forming the first six volumes of the projected full history of the Church.

In these successive printings, conflicts of dates were rectified, errors corrected, and later discovered materials added. The 1904 edition is also well annotated. So well has the work been done, and so carefully has the truth been respected, that writers and speakers for and against Mormonism have used it fully as a sound historical document.

The "history" is really a compilation. It is the journal of the Prophet, interlarded with available, original documents, including the revelations to the Prophet. His own comments generally serve to tie the documents together in historical form. The wealth of original documents makes the volumes of double interest and importance.

In some respects this history is a prime evidence of the truth of Mormonism. It recounts intimate family accounts, and sometimes apparently trifling Church matters. It sets forth boldly the documents of the day, and the faith and opinions of the author. The Prophet and the Church stand in this history free of historical interpretations and other external trappings. There are no arguments for its case. There are no attempts to "cover over" any event. Here are the naked facts; let every man draw his own conclusions. This challenge to all readers becomes a splendid record of a people who did not fear the truth.

Three kinds of historical occurrences are presented: First, events among Church members, and between the Church and the outside world. These were modern such. Each one is documented, often with the Prophet's comments. Eternal human nature springs up on almost every page. There has been no refutation of such reported historical facts. Friend and foe have been obliged to accept them as they stand.

Second, spiritual experiences in the life of the Prophet which were witnessed in part or in full by others. The coming forth of the Book of Mormon is recited in full. His connection with the men who saw the plates is recounted. The visions in the Kirtland Temple were had by the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery. The vision of graded salvation, known as Section 76 in the Doctrine and Covenants, was shared with Sidney Rigdon. Again, these stories of spiritual experiences, witnessed by others, are told without argument. The plain telling is enough. Let every man read and judge, seems to be the Prophet's message.

Third, spiritual manifestations witnessed only by the Prophet. These are also very simply told. At times, under the influence of the divine message, the language rises to great beauty. But there is no attempt at reality. They must speak for themselves. Seekers after truth, who test them properly, will accept them. That is the implied message of the compilation.

These "unwitnessed" revelations have been chosen by enemies of the Church to be targets of attack. However, such critics have failed to take into account the unquestioned truth of the record in the matters experienced by many persons is an evidence for the truth of the whole record, including the personal, private experiences of the Prophet.

More curiously, the reality of the unseen world, making Joseph's claims more probable, have seldom been discussed by these critics. If they had admitted the existence of an unseen world, and the possibility of communicating with it, they would have been obliged to examine the divine messages for the value of their contents. This, the many anti-Mormon writers have failed to do. They have not dared to do so, for the system of truth taught by Joseph holds together, and answers satisfactorily the deep questions of the human soul. It may be added that those who in our day, in the presence of the world's vast knowledge, deny the existence of an unseen world, and personalities therein, are but sorry materialists. The world has long since outgrown the folly of materialism.

Therefore, the failed critics have often resorted to the cheap and unscientific method of declaring the Prophet to be a mendacious deceiver, who invented his revelations, which they dare not explore. Desperately, they have thrown dust in the eyes of their readers, to obscure plain truth.

For example, the Prophet begins the history with a recitation of his experience in 1820, as a fourteen-year-old boy. He declares that in a grove near his father's farm, while in the act of prayer, he had a vision of God the Father and God the Son, and from them received instructions. Because this "first vision" was not published by the Prophet in printed form (1842) until after the Prophet began his "history," in 1838, the conclusion has been offered that the whole story is a fabrication; that it did not occur; that it was invented to bolster up the Prophet's claims to revelation. It is much the same as to say that the doings of Jesus are fiction because the gospels recounting them were not written until after the death of Jesus, or that Abraham Lincoln was not a rail-splitter because the story of his youth was not

(Concluded on page 190)
THE Sweetest Thing TO DO

By GEORGIA C. NICHOLAS

The first year I taught in a country school—this was a good many years ago—I was keenly disappointed in not being able to go home for Christmas. My birthday is December 26th and I was going to be homesick for two days' running. I was sure of that. A heavy snowstorm made the country roads impassable for days, and the railroads were running behind schedule. I couldn't make it.

There was a certain young man who used to call at the schoolhouse for his little brother and sister. I knew by his manner that he liked me, but I was always business-like when he was near. I gave him no encouragement to be friendly. The fact is I was fighting homesickness, and I was ashamed of myself for being so unhappy among people who were so very kind to me. I felt safer being curt—and keeping my secret.

The family with whom I was staying would not permit me on Christmas Eve to stay in my room, however. And on Christmas day I had two invitations to dinner, both of which I accepted although I didn't eat much at either table. The next day was my nineteenth birthday, and it would be my first away from home. I seemed intent on dreading that day although outwardly I was able to keep up a cheerful appearance. (At least I tried!) I determined to sleep as late as I could on the morning of December 26, but at seven o'clock—while it was still dark—the children came pounding at my door and yelling for me to look out the window. Sleepily I got up and looked. There was this young man standing beside a snow birthday cake with real candles—only they were big ones because the cake was enormous.

"Happy birthday!" he shouted and ran into the house. The children said he was going to have breakfast with us. I had myself a little cry before going down, but it was a happy kind of crying. At breakfast he said he couldn't bake a cake so he just made one out of snow, but his grandmother baked wonderful cakes and she'd baked one for me—if I'd come to their house to dinner today.

Of course I accepted. Then I asked, "But how did you know this was my birthday?"

He said, "Have you forgotten that my father is on the board of education, and you had to fill in your date of birth before they would hire you?"

When school was out in June I married that young man and took him home with me for our honeymoon. He's still doing the sweetest, most thoughtful things to surprise me, but I still say that was the sweetest thing of all.

Spring Cleaning Is Hazardous

In the spring a housewife's fancy turns not so lightly—to house cleaning. The National Safety Council has some suggestions which may make it less hazardous.

Falls: Use a good, sturdy ladder (not a chair, box, or other makeshift arrangement) to take down and hang draperies, wash woodwork and clean walls. If you wax floors, rub the wax in thoroughly or use a non-skid type.

Burns: Never fill pots or pans too full of hot water. Handle carefully and use a pot holder. Be sure to place pan in a balanced position, especially if you are working on a ladder. Be especially careful of cleaning solvents. Read and follow directions carefully. Keep hands out of poisonous solutions. Put solvents out of reach of children and pets. Do not dry clean at home.

Strains: Do not try to lift too-heavy loads. Carry less than you think you can!
can. Lift with the leg muscles—not the back muscles.

Fire: Burn trash in a wire incinerator. Do not burn trash on a windy day. Be especially careful about the use of solvents or any cleaning fluid in the house. Follow directions on label.

Toxic Fumes: If you paint, open the doors and windows of your home. Do not close the house until all odor has evaporated.
—National Safety Council

Cook's Corner
Josephine B. Nichols

Well-balanced meals include the "seven basic foods." Eat foods from each group daily:

1. Green and yellow vegetables
2. Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit
3. Potatoes and other vegetables and fruit
4. Milk and milk products
5. Meat, poultry, fish, or eggs
6. Bread, flour, cereals
7. Butter and fortified margarine

Breakfast
Half Grapefruit
Whole Wheat Toast Poached Egg
Bread
Butter
Jelly or Jam
Milk

Lunch
Cream of Celery Soup
Melted Cheese on Crackers
Chilled Canned Fruit
Banana Honey Nut Muffins
Milk

Dinner
Spiced Tomato Juice
Lamb and Bacon Whirls
Parsley Potatoes String Beans
Tomato Green Salad French Dressing
Whole Wheat Rolls Butter
Frozen Lemon Pie with Whipped Cream

Banana Honey Nut Muffins

2 cups sifted enriched flour
3/4 cup baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1 egg
1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening
3/4 cup crushed bananas (two medium)

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt; add nuts. Beat egg and add honey, milk, fat, and bananas. Add to flour mixture, stirring only until flour is moistened. Fill greased muffin pan one-half full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Lamb and Bacon Whirls

1/2 pound sliced bacon
1/2 pounds ground lamb shoulder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup corn flakes
3 tablespoons water

Leave bacon on the waxed paper as it comes from the market or arrange slices to slightly overlap in a sheet, eight to ten inches long. Mix lamb with other ingredients. Spread and pat evenly over the (Concluded on page 164)

FIRST STEP
In Greyhound's Great Improvement Plan

Peacetime brings you more frequent schedules—more seats—faster running time. New luxurious supercoaches, new depots—new comforts are coming fast. Depend on Overland Greyhound for leadership.
Stir milk or water into Globe "A1" Pancake and Waffle Flour. Pour on the griddle, and quicker 'n a wink you'll sing out, "Come and get 'em!"

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"BUTTERMILK AND STRAIGHT WHEAT"... IT'S AN A-1 FLAVOR TREAT!

(Concluded from page 163) bacon. Roll like pinwheel cookies so that the ends of the slices of bacon are rolled in with the lamb. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and chill. Before slicing, place wooden toothpicks through the roll at inch intervals to hold the bacon in place. Slice one inch thick. Broil or pan broil. To pan broil place in heavy frying pan and brown first on one side and then on the other. Then reduce the heat and finish cooking.

**Tossed Green Salad**

3 cups broken lettuce
1/4 cup fresh spinach shredded
1/4 cup shredded carrots
1/4 cup diced celery
6 radishes, sliced
1/4 cup sliced green onions
1/4 cup French dressing

Put all vegetables together in bowl and just before serving, pour French dressing over and toss until well mixed.

**Frozen Lemon Pie**

2 eggs
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup evaporated milk
1/4 cup cookie or graham cracker crumbs

Beat egg yolks in top of double boiler. Add sugar, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Cook until thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into custard. Chill evaporated milk; beat until stiff; fold into custard mixture. Butter trays, sprinkle with crumbs, pour in mixture, top with crumbs. Freeze in refrigerator. When ready to serve, garnish with whipped cream.

**A Revaluation**

(Concluded from page 154)

once to me. And I should like those who dislike my work to dislike it with reference to the work itself, not with reference to idioscies I committed long ago, which they may know, besides, only by hearsay.

When one is young and idiotic there may be some ambition to be known as a final authority, an important writer, a man of distinction and publicity or even fame. It doesn’t last: one matures. One comes to understand that what counts is the honesty and thoroughness of the work. I should find it hard to state exactly what my ambition as a mature man is. It would run something like this: to do good work, to do work in which I may take some satisfaction and my friends some pleasure, at the utmost, as Frost once said of Robinson, to put something on the record that will not easily be dislodged.

**ONE POET’S PRAYER**

By James N. Wilson

Some sing of sweet-scented clover,
Of apple trees arching a lane;
Some sing the song of the plover,
Of wind-rippled oceans of grain.

God, know that I feel this rapture
But let it not shutter my mind.
God, give me vision to capture
The gladness,
The woe,
The sinew,
The bone,
The valorous heart of mankind.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
The Cry for BREAD

The world is beginning to scrape bottom in its stocks of basic foods. Even foods which were abundant during the war have suddenly become scarce, and promise to remain so throughout this year and probably the next. . . . What is also certain is that wheat, more than ever the staff of life in much of Europe, has abruptly changed from a reassuring surplus to a disturbing shortage. Relied on throughout the war as the one food that the world could use to sustain life when other food stocks ran short, even wheat now has joined the long list of scarcities.

So reports David Lawrence's United States News for January 18. It is an announcement that will send a good many people who thought they 'wouldn't bother' with backyard welfare gardens to the seed catalogs and the toolhouse in preparation for another backbreaking spring. And with good reason, for the evidence is piling up in favor of continued home production and storage of food. Causes of the critical wheat situation have been brought to light in a series of recent official discoveries as follows:

Drought in Europe and North Africa last summer reduced wheat production much more seriously than estimated at the time. Import needs are consequently much higher than forecast. In the Far East the rice supply is smaller than expected. Wheat surpluses, in the face of these stepped-up demands, have melted away. Between now and the end of June, 637,500,000 bushels of wheat have been requested by the importing countries; the most the exporting countries (United States, Canada, Australia, and Argentina) can supply is 450,000,000 bushels, of which the United States is to provide half. The gap of 187,500,000 bushels can spell starvation and political unrest. There is no doubt that bread has become a powerful political weapon.

Immediate aggravation of the wheat situation in the United States results from the transportation jam—storm, labor difficulties, troop movements, heavy export demand has drawn wheat out of major milling centers faster than replacements have been able to come in from the farms, and millers' stocks in some areas, according to the United States News, are down to a twenty-five-day supply, instead of the normal one hundred.

Incredible as it seems, despite the fact the country's farmers smashed all records by turning out two billion-bushel wheat crops in succession last year and the year before, and despite the universal feeling only a few short weeks ago that wheat was the one food that would be ample for all needs, the uncomfortable fact is that wheat has become a top governmental problem. For weather-wise Mr. Everyman it is a top personal problem, and, armed with digging fork and hoe, and last year's experience, he knows what he will do.

—W. M.
Handy Hints

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

An old turkish towel is useful for getting dust out of upholstered furniture. Wet the towel, wring it out, and place it on the furniture to be cleaned. Beat it with a broomstick. You will be amazed at the amount of dust that clings to the towel.—C. E. P., Seattle, Washington.

When popcorn refuses to pop quickly, put it in a strainer and then pour some hot water over it. Shake off water immediately. This treatment adds just the moisture needed to make the corn pop.—Mrs. H. S., Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

If you find it hard to wash a pan in which paraffin has been melted, fill the pan with hot water to which a teaspoon of soap chips has been added. Let boil a few minutes, then set aside to cool. The paraffin will set on top of the water and can be easily removed.—D. K., Bellevue, Michigan.

The window sills will be easier to keep clean if waxed each time after washing.—E. H., Hinckley, Utah.

To water tiny seeds and the new plants such as petunias, etc., use your window sprayer.—Mrs. A. M., Oakland, California.

Joe Meek

(Continued from page 151)

the stroke of the ax, the report of the rifle, the neighing of horses, the braying of mules, disturbed the silence and solitude of the country.

At night around the campfire, there was singing of songs and telling of stories. And Joe Meek found a comrade-teacher who taught him to read from a battered book in the company packs.

By the first of April the ice had melted. The spring catch was on. Furs were at their best after the winter cold. The camp divided and once more started on the march. Since Sublette had gone to St. Louis Joe Meek was transferred to Smith’s party.

The dangerous Blackfeet country to the north abounded with beaver, so the fearless Smith determined to take a chance among the hostile Indians. In attempting to cross the high water of a mountain stream, his thirty horses were swept away, with three hundred traps. This was a serious loss for the season’s prospects.

One snowy night, Smith’s band camped on the Rosebud River. Each man was given a portion of the buffalo meat left over from supper. In trapper fashion each put his share under his pillow for safe-keeping. While Joe Meek slept the sleep of a weary youth. 

(Concluded on page 168)
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MARCH, 1946
Quaker Oats

Joe Meek

(Concluded from page 166)
a bear came out of the woods. He
smelled fresh meat and immediately be-
gan sniffing about the body of young
Joe. Meek awoke to see in the breaking
light something very large and hairy
walking over him.

“You may be sure,” Meek related.
“T kept very quiet while that bear
helped himself to some of my buffalo
meat, and went a little way off to eat
it. But one of the men raised up and
back came the bear. Down went our
heads under the blankets, and I kept
mine covered pretty snug, while the
beast took another walk over the bed,
but finally walked off again to a little
distance. Michael then wanted to shoot
but I said, ‘No, no, the beast will kill
us.’ When the bear heard our voices,
back he ran again and jumped on our
bed as before. I'd have been happy to
have sunk ten feet underground while
that bear promenaded over and around
us. However, he couldn't quite make
out our style, and finally took fright and
ran off down the mountain. I wanted to
be revenged for his impudence, so I
went after him and shot him dead. Then
I took my turn at running over him for
a while.”

Arriving at the Yellowstone River,
Smith found bull-boats necessary for
the crossing. Buffalo hides were
stitched together, stretched over light
frames, and the seams were calked with
elk tallow and ashes. In these light
wherries the goods and men were fer-
rried over, while horses and mules swam
across.

Here beaver were found in plenty,
and game was abundant. But the con-
stant danger from Blackfeet Indians
made the trappers eager to get their rich
pelts safely out of the country. They
turned back to the region of their caches
of the previous December.

Meek was sent to the Big Horn to
raise the cache of furs there. While
he and Ponto, a Frenchman, were dig-
ging into the cache the bank caved
upon them. Ponto was killed instantly.
His body was wrapped in a blanket and
pitched into the river. Meek was car-
rried back to camp, where he soon re-
covered.

With the close of the spring hunt, all
trails led again toward summer ren-
dezvous. Smith and Jackson rode in
with their year's rich garner of pelts;
and with them rode Joe Meek. Sublette
arrived from St. Louis with fourteen
wagonloads of merchandise—the first
wagons ever to travel the Oregon Trail
—and two hundred additional men for
the service.

It was a great rendezvous—that of
1830 there in the valley of the Wind
River!

When Captain Sublette looked again
on Joe Meek, nineteen-year-old recruit,
he shook the youth's hand with genuine
pleasure. Here was no trifling youth,
but a real mountain man—beard, buck-
skin, and all!

The End
In this section of Robison Machinery Co. service shop is located a factory built precision machine for testing fuel injection valves and pumps to determine their operating condition.

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Melchizedek

Suggested Material for Consideration at March Leadership Meetings

in time of vital need, will likely overlook some excellent opportunities for placing men in jobs. The bishop who depends on memory in the distribution of the blessings which they contain for the needy, will undoubtedly overlook many opportunities which a record would help him to remember. The skills and trades and special abilities of the members of his ward are all revealed in an up-to-date green card system, which might be compared to a perpetual inventory system in business. Since the rehabilitation of our unfortunate brethren is a major part of our welfare effort, this information is of inestimable value in keeping them gainfully employed.

Bishops, as chairs of ward welfare committees, should remember that, though their memories may be ever so keen, the memory system of keeping records will not serve new bishops who may become their successors. A retiring bishop should be able to turn over to his successor a well-kept, up-to-date record of every family in the ward, so that the work may move ahead unhindered.

The green card is the bookkeeping system of the ward welfare committee. It should be in the custody of a good bookkeeper or secretary appointed by the bishop, and the entries should consist of changes in individual or family status as reported by the Relief Society president, quorum presidents, the ward work director, or the bishop, at the regular weekly committee meetings.

To make a survey of the ward and to record all of the information called for on the green card, is not a difficult task if the work is properly organized. A group of carefully chosen individuals can, if given proper leadership, complete a ward survey in two or three evenings. It is a question of organizing and directing your effort, rather than doing any extensive work.

Our welfare program will fulfill its purpose only if we know the facts regarding our members and their qualifications for work opportunities, as well as their employment needs, and all of the pertinent information which a good bookkeeping system should promptly reveal. The green card is that system. It must be kept up to date, just like any other effective system, if it is to serve a useful purpose.

Priesthood Temple Project

It is suggested that this material be clipped for consideration by the quorum activity and Church service department at the March leadership meeting.

Some time ago the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums of the Church were asked to clear the one hundred thousand male names then on file in our temples, names for whom the ordinance of baptism has been done but not the endowment ordinance. A recent checking shows that less than half of these names have been done. The great need for part of the work was done by the Saints in the different missions fielded from those who do not have access to the temples. From twelve to sixteen years ago, and during that period, a temple project was undertaken by the Relief Society, who at that time encouraged their members to do the female names that go with these male names. The priesthood quorums were now asked to clear the male names. The women were quite successful in their program at that time.

When a checking was made showing that this large number of male names had been baptized and were awaiting the endowment ordinance, a report was made and it was considered in the Presiding Authorities of the Church. It was suggested by them at that time that the duty of clearing these names be turned over to the Melchizedek Priesthood quorum.

In the letter issued by the First Presidency, it was suggested that the "Church service committee should have the direction of this work in each stake, and a letter was also stated: "It is further suggested that the genealogical committee in each stake could cooperate with the priesthood quorums in this important labor, which could be supervised by the presidency of each stake."

A few stakes and quorums have been very helpful in this work, because we have done less than half of the male names are being invited and urged to take a more active part in this program. Often it happens that a few in each quorum or group will do their part and more. The objective, however, is "If all the brethren who hold the priesthood, and who are worthy to enter the temples, would take but one or two names during the year, these names could readily be cleared."

We ask these questions: Have you as an individual or a quorum done some work in this temple project? Did your quorum or group pledge itself to do a suggested number of the male names, and has that been completed? The idea of planning to do so many names, individually or by quorums, seems to help. In putting over a project of this kind, a simple announcement may be made, but in most cases a personal visit to a member will emphasize the importance of the project to that individual. The suggestion of a personal responsibility to do so many names has also helped. Often it is necessary for some members to do a little more than their share because of the neglect of others, in order to make up the average for the quorum.

Sometimes if it is not practical for an individual or a quorum to visit the temple because of distance or other reasons, then we suggest that money be sent to a temple where they will see that the proxy work is done for these male names. Often there is a need for an individual or two who might go to the temple for a few months, if the quorums or quorums would pay their expenses while they are in attendance at the temple, or for the ward or stake. If a quorum or a group accepts an assignment to clear and name of names it usually finds some way to do it. The climax to temple ordinances is the sealing of wife to husband and children to
Priesthood


parents. As far as these family groups are concerned they must wait until the male members of the family organization can be perfected by the sealing of parents and children to parents.

A great responsibility has been given us— to do the endowment ordinance for these names, many of which have been waiting for years. Will we delay in this important request and assignment? Another reason why these names should be cleared as soon as possible is that we are already receiving requests from other countries to do the temple work for some son or father who gave his life in the world.

Well might we remember the teachings of the Prophet: “The Saints have not too much time to save and redeem their dead, and may be saved and be sealed even as the angels which they may be saved also, before the earth will be smitten, and the consumption decreed falls upon the world.”

I would advise all the Saints to go to with their might and gather together all their living relatives to this place, that they may be sealed and saved, that they may not trouble their minds the day that they may be destroyed angel goes forth: and if the whole Church should go to with all their might to save their dead, seal their posterity, and gather their living friends, and spend none of their time in behalf of the world, they would hardly get through before night would come, when no man can work: and my only trouble at the present time is concerning ourselves, that the Saints will be divided, broken up, and scattered, before we get our salvation: for there are many fools in the world for the devil to operate upon, it gives him the advantage oftentimes.” (Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, pp. 330-331.)

Making Our Surroundings Beautiful

It is suggested that this material be clipped for consideration by the personal welfare department at the March leadership meeting.

A traveler who had crossed the United States in an automobile made this remark: “As we traveled, passing many homes, we did not know who lived in them, but we could judge by the appearance of their homes and surroundings as to the kind of people who resided there.”

Do we, as Church members, want to reflect properly to the observer the ideals and high standards of our Church in the cleanliness and beauty of our chapels and homes?

Ever since the pioneers came to Utah, our leaders have spoken and exemplified the thought that we should make the wilderness blossom like a rose; they have always emphasized, “that our chapels and homes shall be beautiful.”

What are we, as individuals, as quorums, as groups, as ward units, doing to clean, beautify and improve our surroundings?

In any beautification program it is important to know the things that one would like to accomplish. There should be a plan definite enough so that every step will lead towards the achievement of the desired end. For an idea of something to do in cleaning and beautifying, we look at the room where we meet as a quorum or group. We should have enough pride to see that it is clean, the floors covered, the walls properly painted and decorated, that the room is heated, lighted, and ventilated.

A project of this kind should be done in cooperation with the bishop of the ward. He is the steward of all Church property. Any changes or improvements should coordinate with the general plans of the building.

All members, especially those holding the priesthood, should take pride in helping to care for the Lord’s property; to secure greater respect for our Church buildings; to secure better order at all times. Such a program is sure to increase the spirituality of our gatherings.

A practical application of the golden rule might well be followed in a clean-up and beautification program. In nearly every quorum will be found some member, or a family of a member, who needs help. The home may be poorly painted. Let the quorum may be a painter. Let the quorum organize, and with paint, brushes, ladders, etc., go to that home and repair, if necessary, and then beautify that home.

Another way in which quorum members may help in this beautification is an exchange of labor. Let the plumber repair the home of the painter and in exchange he may have his home painted. This method of helping each other may be multiplied in a dozen or more ways.

Usually there is one in the quorum who has a knowledge of flowers and gardens who will take pride in helping his brethren in the selecting and planting of trees and shrubs. Someone should take the lead by planning and planting for such a plan among quorum members.

When a ward is improving its properties and a beautification program is planned and approved, the bishop could assign to the different quorums certain parts of the project—to one the removal of dead trees; to another the removal of trash, litter, and rubbish from the Church grounds; to another, the preparation of the ground for planting lawn or putting in a sprinkling system; to another the making of paths, walks, or parking places of gravel or cement, also curvets, bridges, fences, and gates, the planting of trees and shrubs, repairing and painting of benches and chairs. There need be no lack of things quorum members may be asked to do. In one ward, after plans were carefully prepared, there were twenty-seven different projects to improve and beautify the chapel and grounds.

A survey should be made of members’ homes, then plans and specifications prepared to make the needed improvements. Working together, this can be done at a minimum cost to each one. The spirit of cooperation and cooperation—how to help improve and beautify each other’s homes, including all the homes in the neighborhood. (Continued on page 172)

MARCH, 1946

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by Dr. Joseph P. Merrill

Colonel Elmer G. Thomas, now a retired United States Army officer, and a member of the high council of the Emery Stake, writes the following article for this column, which everyone may read with profit:

Most good Latter-day Saints keep the Word of Wisdom but many do not, and thereby deny themselves the great blessings predicted therein.

Many have tried unsuccessfully to overcome the liquor-to tobacco or tea and coffee habits. I can sympathize with these Latter-day Saints, for I began the use of tobacco when I was about ten or twelve years of age. In looking back over the years I remember being an office and errand boy for a doctor. One of my duties, as I remember, was to secure milk on the west side of town and deliver it to the doctor’s residence on the avenues, and I was given carfare for the delivery. Not infrequently taking the streetcar, I would walk with the milk and use the money to buy three Virginia Cheroets—a cigar that was well known at that time. These cigars I would smoke on the trip to and from the doctor’s residence. From that time until about 1925, with the exception of about one year, I was an invertebrate smoker, smoking as many as ten or more cigars a day. And not only did I smoke cigars, but I also used tobacco in other forms.

I tried many, many times to break the habit, principally by the use of harmlessness substitutes such as cinnamon bark, licorice, No-to-bac, etc., but without success.

In about 1925, while stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, I was reading The Liahona, and in this journal was an article, I believe by President David O. McKay, now of the First Presidency, on keeping the Word of Wisdom. This article gave a very definite plan for overcoming bad habits and keeping the Word of Wisdom.

The article said in substance about as follows:

Do you really want to give up the liquor, the tobacco, the tea, coffee, or other habits? If so, don’t you think you have the will power, with God’s help, to go without your liquor, your cigar, or cigarette, or your tea or coffee for just tomorrow? Or must you admit that your will power is so weak you cannot do without these things for just one day, for just twenty-four hours? If you just cannot overcome, then submit to yourself as to what you will do the day after tomorrow but for just tomorrow? You firmly resolve you will not drink or smoke or light a cigarette or whatever your habit is, but this promise to yourself holds good for just tomorrow. Now tomorrow night you shall take stock of yourself to see how you really came through this by uniting to drink or a smoke and how you survived the ordeal, for it was an ordeal. You may (Continued on page 180)
MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Continued from page 171)

"Every need of a man holding the priesthood should be the concern of the quorums to which he belongs."

A community, working together, can do wonders. All of us want the best of neighbors. This can only be done by providing a better place in which to live. Make your neighborhood an ideal place. Help each other provide the better things of life for your personal well-being and happiness. This may include neighborhood play grounds, better street lighting, better walks, and roads.

Can we expect every individual member of a quorum to attain a condition of well-being in body, mind, and spirit, unless they have a well-kept home, beautified both inside and out, at least some of the modern improvements and surroundings.

What a power it would be if all the Melchizedek Priesthood members would push this improvement and beautification program to avoid depreciation of our Church and private property; to have clean and sanitary places in which to worship; to make a good impression on those who pass by.

It was demonstrated in our first efforts with this program that once a person or a group get started with the program they usually find a way to put it over.

People seem to appreciate and enjoy any activity if they take part in it, or if they give something to it. For this reason, something special should be planned that will awaken the interest of all.

In what better way can we reflect the gospel and what its teachings have meant to us? Let our homes, our surroundings, and our lives express to the world what our Church has done for us. Let us clean up and beautify our homes and surroundings, our clasps, and all Church property.

Gardening Projects

It is suggested that this material be clipped for consideration by the personal welfare department at the March Leadership Meeting.

By the time you read this article, spring will be knocking at our doors. The robins will be pecking weed seeds in our back yards and meadow larks will be singing, reminding us again that spring is coming. Doubtless there is a feeling among us that now that the war is over we can buy garden vegetables for less than we can raise them, and that this year we do not want to be bothered with a garden. This is a mistaken idea, for there are just as many good reasons now as heretofore for providing for the future.

First, due to the unsettled condition of labor and the uncertainty of things, it is just as important this year that we provide against an emergency as heretofore. Then there is a scarcity of many articles of food and this scarcity may continue indefinitely so the need is apparent that we make every provision of food for the future in providing ourselves with the necessary foodstuffs, and particularly those that we can grow ourselves. Second, home-grown vegetables make a better food than the store variety. They are fresh, thus saving for ourselves their full nutritive value and all the necessary vitamins which they provide. Then, too, the home garden provides us with recreation, and develops interest among, the members of one's family in producing something from the soil. Well-planned gardens also help materially in the home food budget.

It is highly important that we plan our gardens well. We should stake them out and measure, and keep the exact location of the garden is so we can plant it. Then we should sit down and lay out this tract on a piece of paper as a builder would plan a home. Indicating in this way the location of various vegetables to be planted. Peas, radishes, and other early vegetables should first be planted, and later the land may again be prepared for and in their places other vegetables planted.

On part of the plot, indicate where vegetables that require the entire season for development should be planted. This is so that, in the proposed garden and it becomes time to plant, use the plot the same as a builder would use a plan in laying out and erecting a building. A record that your garden accurately.

By adopting such a procedure, much of the hit and miss gardening so frequently apparent with many of us who are untrained, may be avoided. You will know how much seed to purchase, how much of each seed you are going to plant, and know how and where to plant it; and you won't have a plot the same tract left over for which you have no use.

Our agricultural colleges have available some very instructive bulletins on gardening that are free to distributing, and we suggest that we write to the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan or to the Extension Division, College of Agriculture, Moscow, Idaho, for their bulletins. We understand that the particular bulletins available in Moscow are numbers 130 and 1044 and this agricultural college at Logan also has available a very instructive bulletin on the proper preparation of fruits and vegetables for freezing. This bulletin may also be obtained for free, as a general rule, to all residents of the city; it is also true of our No. 5 Minute Book.

Wouldn't it be well to send this material to the quorum president first for his use, and then have all books sent by him to the Church historian?

Answer 45: We think your suggestion is a wise one and further suggest that all groups and quorums retain their own record books for one year after they are completed, in order to have access to averages, percentage of improvement in making subsequent reports.

After one year, if desired by the quorum president, group books should be sent to him thereby making all quorum books to be sent direct to the Church Historian's office, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Question 46: We have now used the new roll and report books for one year. These books are laboriously compiled and we find the reports are easy to make.

There is space enough left so that we can use these books for perhaps two years longer so far as the rolls are concerned, but the supply of committee reports in the back of the books is now exhausted. Can we obtain these quarterly Melchizedek Priesthood quorum report forms and Melchizedek Priesthood group report forms separately from the books?

Answer 46: Yes. By all means use up the books B-1, B-2, B-3, B-4, B-5. If you need extra copies of the quarterly report forms either for groups, quorums, or for the stake, they are available and will be supplied upon request. Please remember that these reports are made in duplicate and that the copy is retained for your own use to help you compile accurate reports for subsequent reports and should be provided in the back of the book.

Question 47: Just how and where is the genealogical work to be handled in this new committee program?

Answer 47: We will notice that temple work comes under the direction of the counselor in the quorum presidency in charge of quorum activity and Church service. It is the seven presidents of members quorums, the committee, should, with the aid of the committee, work out a quorum program in conjunction with the stake and ward genealogical committees.

Undoubtedly the stake genealogical committee will conduct a department at the monthly auxiliary leadership meeting, and at this time the genealogical committee in charge of the ward genealogical committees will be present to meet with the ward genealogical committees. They should give special thought and consideration to genealogical projects and be prepared to make suggestions to the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committees.

We are grateful that the genealogical workers are again holding conventions in the stakes and are sure that further encouragement and impetus will come from them.

Question 48: In case a seventies quorum covers more than one ward, shall these standing committees be organized?

Answer 48: The chairmanship of these standing committees is a matter for the stake presidents. The seven presidents of seven quorums to decide for themselves, selecting from the quorum presidency for the individual committees, the men best adapted to serve.

It should be understood that these are quorum committees.

We think it wise in most stakes that each quorum committee be composed of one representative from each ward. The chairman of the committee being the representative from the group in which he resides.

Question 49: We have a question concerning the procedure in handling ordinations in the Melchizedek Priesthood. We would appreciate it very much if there could be prepared in the Church Section of the Deseret News, Manual of Ordination or the Supplement Era the step-by-step procedure of the handling of one of these "Recommends for Advancement in the Priesthood," so that the presiding stake and ward president could handle the recommend in the proper sequence and then the recommend itself receive in the hands of someone for final receipt.

Answer 49A: From a careful study of Handbook of Instructions No. 17—1944, pp. 2 and 21, the procedure seems to be an acceptable procedure when a man is to be ordained from a priest to an elder:

1. The bishop will submit to the stake presidency, before talking to the man involved, regular forms to "Recommends for Advancement from the Ascription to the Melchizedek Priesthood" properly filled out and signed.
Ward Youth Leadership Outline of Study

April 1946

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

The other evening after Mutual four or five boys, fifteen and sixteen, piled into an old jalopy and headed west. The driver's vision was partially blocked and brakes on the car were practically nil, so they ran into and injured three girls. What should leaders in the ward do about such a circumstance?

Certainly, every effort should be made to have boys drive carefully and to drive cars which pass state inspection. The temptation will be, however, to block the boys' activity in car driving and to give them a lecture full of no's and don'ts. A better procedure would be to begin by recognizing youth's need for activity—something to do that is truly adventurous, exciting, fun, and challenging to his rather reckless spirit.

Last month we suggested helping widows and others in need get their houses and yards in good condition. Here we suggest a few other projects, one of which may be adapted to your need and possibilities or at least may suggest a project to you. Let us remember that people will always find time to do the things in which they are interested. Boys and girls will pack the stadium, turn out on time, play basketball, or compete in a game, and go to shows repeatedly because there is adventure. We need to provide interesting activity for youth in the Church if we expect to compete not only with the above named things but with the evils of reckless driving, carousing, drinking, and crime.

More Evidence that "It Can Be Done"

"From Canada on the north," as our beloved President Grant used to say, comes this crisp bit of evidence that "it can be done." The priests, teachers, and deacons established the following attendance records, respectively, for 1945: Priesthood meeting—96%, 100%, 94%; sacrament meeting—96%, 100%, 93%; Word of Wisdom—100%; payment of tithing—100%; welfare and quorum service project—100%.

The Welling Ward challenges any other ward in the Church to equal or better this marvelous record. Keep in mind that this is not a picked group but includes all Aaronic Priesthood members twelve to twenty-one years of age.

The bishopric, quorum advisers, and John F. Salmon, chairman of the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee are included in the photograph. Congratulations, brethren! Your records are an inspiration.

Gary is a deacon in the Edgshire Ward, Sugar House Stake (now Hillside Stake), and for 1944 and 1945 filled 418 and 557 assignments respectively and had a one hundred percent attendance record at priesthood meeting, sacrament meeting, Sunday School, and Y.M.M.I.A.

Four Hundred and Sixty-Standard Quorum Awards were approved during January 1946.

March, 1946

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Ward Teaching

Conducted under the supervision of the Presiding Bishopric, edited by Lee A. Palmer.

Outline of Study

(Concluded from page 173)

2. A workshop—Find a good woodworker or a handicap specialist in the ward or community. Then locate a well-built but deserted chicken coop or the like. Let the youth fix it up for a shop. Invite boys and girls by quorums or classes, always under guidance of teacher or adviser, to work in the shop. Let them make toys, work with leather or metalwork, build ping-pong tables, worktables, or kindergarten tables for the ward house.

3. Recreation center—Some communities are in desperate need of a recreation center where youth can bowl, play ping-pong, roller skate, and the like in a wholesome atmosphere with understanding guidance. Why not hold a preliminary council of church leaders and civic-minded people in the community and talk over possibilities? Let boys and girls in on the planning and building of any such center. If this project looks too expensive, remember that juvenile delinquency is even more costly.

4. A clean-up campaign—Boys and girls like to work together in groups, especially if the work is followed by eating and playing. Why not start with public centers and then help another one clean up their own yards? One evening a week would not be too much.

A few suggestions as to procedure may be in order: (1) Make a long-range plan for your project but have immediate objectives which may be readily achieved; (2) supervise well, but give youth plenty of initiative and responsibility; (3) put work with enthusiasm, and time into any such project.

Suggestions for Discussion:

1. What worthwhile projects need to be achieved in (a) the ward and (b) the community?

2. Which of these might well be undertaken by a quorum, an M.I.A. group, or the entire youth of a ward?

3. List some criteria for a good youth project.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

(From the Editorial Page of The Instructor)

"We should all be reflectors of light and disseminators of truth. But when we take bodily from works that we read or sermons of truth, we cannot be expected to express them, copying them in their entirety, and using them as though they were our own, we go beyond the bounds of honest liberty, and our appropriations are likely to be at once detected by the thoughtful and discriminating. It is not right to do this, anyhow, and we have been compelled in justice and fairness to reject some articles sent us, because they were simply copies without credit, and the purported contributor had no right to use them.

Publishers as well as contributors would do well to profit by these few suggestions, which are made in all kindness and brotherly feeling, and with a desire to save our contemporaries and our contributors from the mortification of being considered unfair or uninformed."—Charles Penrose, in the Millennial Star, for February 24, 1910.
NEW GENEALOGICAL AIDS APPOINTED

By Archibald F. Bennett, Secretary

President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Genealogical Society announces the recent appointment, with the approval of the First Presidency, of four assistants to the board of directors. These new officials are Elders Benjamin L. Bowring, Harold A. Dent, Henry E. Christiansen, and W. Henry Chace. All have been directly connected with the society as supervisors of major departments for a period of years. While continuing to serve in those capacities they will now, in addition, participate as representatives of the board in a full-scale and vigorous program of genealogical stake conventions to be held in all parts of the Church. Their intimate knowledge of proper procedure in temple work and the technique of record-keeping and research eminently qualifies them for their new responsibilities.

Benjamin L. Bowring has participated since 1938 in stake genealogical conventions representing the society. He was supervisor of the baptismal department of the Salt Lake Temple from February 1938 to April 1942. Since the last date he has been supervisor of the research department of the Genealogical Society.

Harold A. Dent has represented the Genealogical Society in conventions since 1937. He served in the recorder's department of the Salt Lake Temple for five years and continues to officiate as an ordinance worker there after a service of nineteen years. As an official of the Genealogical Society he has been for three years in the censor-correction department and has been supervisor of the archives department for another three years, which position he now holds.

Henry E. Christiansen is thoroughly familiar with research in the Danish archives. In the North Central States Mission he was mission genealogical supervisor. Upon returning from the mission field, he began working on the research staff of the Genealogical Society, and remained in this capacity until called into the service of the United States army where he became captain and served overseas in the south Pacific and in Germany.

W. Henry Chace has been affiliated with the Genealogical Society since 1937, serving as supervisor of the archives until his entry into the army in 1943, from which he was released in October 1945. He has now resumed his activities with the society.

TREASURES IN YOUR BACK YARD

By Eugene Olsen, Iona, Idaho

The Clapp line was the most difficult to start of any I have ever tried. The Church genealogical library did what it could to help me but even after three trips to Salt Lake we had very little. I was getting discouraged. We had searched the Nauvoo records, the Tennessee records, and had written to all the county clerks who might be able to help.

It seemed as if the door was locked and the key lost. Actually, it wasn’t lost but was hidden, so to speak, in our backyard.

When I go to Idaho Falls on a Saturday and have a little spare time, I usually wander over to the public library. My hobby is to look for new books.

One day, after I had about given up hope on the research problem, I wandered into the library and the first book I noticed was a 1937 Handbook of American Genealogy. I took the book to a table and learned how to use it. Then I looked up all my lines in genealogy, but the only one that looked promising was the Clapp line (my wife’s line).

Under the caption “F” I found that Mrs. Lula T. Foley of Paris, Illinois, was interested in a Clapp-Albright line that sounded like ours.

I wrote to her and she gave me the address of a Reverend D. I. Offman, who later gave me the address of a Clarence Albritton who had inquired twenty years before about our line. The reverend also supplied hundreds of Clapp names, but Albritton seemed to hold the clue that would solve our problem. My letter to him came back marked “Address Unknown.”

The reverend also wrote to him. His letter was not returned, and in about a year I received a letter from Mr. Albritton from Maryland instead of Washington, D.C., which cleared up our missing connection.

Heiner Excursion

Herbert J. Heiner, efficient chairman of the Ogden Stake genealogical committee, and his wife, recently commemorated the forty-first anniversary of their wedding day by leading an excursion to the Salt Lake Temple from their stake.

Among those who attended were two members of the stake presidency, eleven high councilmen, one of the presidency of the high priests quorum, one bishop and two bishop’s counselors—a most impressive showing of what can be done by effective leadership.

Brother and Sister Heiner are the parents of eight children all married in the temple, and have fourteen living grandchildren.
Mutual Messages

One of the most unusual evenings ever held in Palmyra Stake was enjoyed Sunday evening, November 25, 1945, when the Gleaners of the Second Ward bound their sheaf. This entertain- ment was under the direction of the ward Gleaner leaders, Miss Margaret Roberts and Mrs. Carol Hickman.

After the sacrament service, the officers, Gleaner leaders and Gleaners, entered the dimly lighted church.

Choral reading and songs were then presented, with every girl participating. As one Gleaner portrayed Ruth, several Gleaners compared her life to that of Ruth, the gleaner.

Then each girl carrying her stock of wheat presented it to Ruth, who tied the sheaf with a green satin ribbon.

She then presented it to their Gleaner leader, who in turn passed it to the ward Mutual president. The president then gave it to the bishop, who thanked the leaders, and complimented the girls and Mutual officers for their splendid achievement.

The stake Mutual president in behalf of the Y.W.M.I.A. general board, presented the beautiful gold and green scroll symbolic of one hundred percent Gleaner enrollment.

The first Golden Gleaner ever to achieve this honor in Palmyra Stake was introduced.

The stake Gleaner leaders pinned a corsage on each girl and presented the leaders with a lovely token in appreciation.


The following were unable to attend: Barbara Firmage, Barbara Hansen, Barbara Stewart, Glowe Lewis, Esther Hart, Betty Ruth Jensen.

A Mormon Wife

(Continued from page 153)

We learned to appreciate good music when we were taken to hear the greatest artists of the day in the big tabernacle.

Mother was never too busy to star on the family calendar such occasions as Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's. Our individual calendars, too, were made memorable by the importance attached to birthdays. Naturally the most eventful of these was November 22, Papa's birthday.

The celebration was usually in the nature of a surprise party for her friends—an evening affair. My father, to the delight of us children, never failed to appear dully surprised, though he would have had to be deaf as well as blind not to have known that for days before the affair something unusual was in progress in our home. Such a sweeping and dashing as went on, such mysterious whispers and giggles, and such pleasant aromas as floated out of the kitchen!

When the great moment arrived we children were allowed to usher in the guests and wait upon the table. After dinner everybody assembled in the living room where songs were sung and different ones expressed their happiness concerning the occasion that had brought them together. This seemed almost like a meeting to us youngsters, and we used to remark that these people must like meetings awfully well when they made parties resemble them.

However, we enjoyed having company as much as did our elders and were happy to do our share towards making the festivities successful. Not the least of our delight came from sampling the company refreshments, for these delicacies were not found on our everyday table. In the kitchen cupboard was a huge black iron pot in which, at party times, quantities of thinly sliced and delicately browned potato chips were cooked. These were served with a mock chicken salad made from veal and celery, covered with a delicious cream salad dressing. Hot baking powder biscuits accompanied the salad, and homemade ice cream and cakes followed.

My mother enjoyed it all and took it all serenely. Asked what was the largest number of people she ever served in one day, she smilingly replied that, counting the family, there were one hundred meals served at three different times during the year. At the Stake Church semiannual conferences. One of her characteristics, which passed my notice at the time, but which has impressed me mightily since I have had a home of my own to manage, was the fact that when an unexpected guest arrived she served what she had on hand with no apologies. Sometimes it was no more than a dish of her own bottled fruit with a glass of milk and some homemade whole wheat bread. The bread was always very soft, never kneaded, but stirred with a spoon and allowed to rise until extremely light, then baked to a golden brown. My father always declared there was no bread quite like it.

Mother was ahead of her day in her methods of discipline. I understand that the Dionne quintuplets, when they are naughty, are punished by being ostracized from the group. That was the method she used with us younger children.

"Mary, go into my bedroom," she would say in somewhat crisp tones when her patience had been severely tried. With the command went a quick shove that sent me on a trot towards my destination and a heartache to believe the overtaxed feelings. Anna, you go to your own room;" the staccato tones continued, "Edith, go upstairs. When you think you can be good-natured, you may all come out."

There were many tasks to be done in our large home and my mother used diplomacy to get the youngsters to help with the work. In this connection my sister Anna (now Mrs. J. George Midgley) remembers some interesting facts showing that the former Miss Winters had not spent ten years of her life in schoolteaching to no avail:

"Aunt Gusta was a wonderful manager; she never scolded or nagged, but we were given to understand that we must meet the responsibilities that were ours. We had a long way to walk to grade school—eight city blocks, which is equivalent to a mile—but in the early mornings (before sunup in winter) Aunt Gusta would call and ask, "Are you thoroughly awake?" she would ask, so that there could be no later excuse that we hadn't heard the summons. When we answered in the affirmative, she would go about her morning duties, and we knew that it was our own responsibility to get up, dress, eat our respective breakfasts, and be on our way. She didn't believe in making our beds for us or picking up our clothes. They could lie about in our bedrooms until we were ready to take care of them ourselves. But if we attended to our tasks promptly and efficiently, she would compliment us and later tell Grandma or Papa what nice
A Mormom Wife

little girls we had been. Likewise if we slipped away and left our weekly Sat-
urdjay tasks undone, they were found
to be waiting for us on our return. Some
excuses, such as getting to the matinee
on time at the Salt Lake Theater, might
be considered legitimate, but no alibi
was sufficient to have the neglected
work done for us. Aunt Gusta set the
example of neatness herself. Her per-
sonal belongings in her bedroom were
never disarranged. I used to like to
cook, and Aunt Gusta always encour-
aged me to do it, but I understood be-
fore I began that I must clear away
the mess. This rule also held good if
we made a cake or some candy. When
we were requested to furnish a cake
for a surprise party or some other af-
fair and asked Aunt Gusta if we might,
she would say, ‘Yes, indeed, if you will
make it yourself and leave one just like
it at home for the family.’ When we
had a party at home, we furnished our
own refreshments.”

Grandma Grant, in her quiet way,
encouraged us all to do our part. She
taught us little girls to sew. We es-
pecially liked to piece squares of gingham
for quilts and had a very professional
pride when we saw our work as part of
a quilt that was actually in use on one
of our beds.

One of the vivid memories of my
childhood is of Grandma Grant
and her songs. True, they were sung
in a slightly quavering voice ever so
little off key since her deafness pre-
vented her hearing the sound of her
own voice, but the intriguing subject
matter of those old songs!

We were always taught to respect
Grandma and to treat her with great
depth. This wasn’t hard to do, for
she was a stately person who, with her
snow-white hair and portly figure, bore
quite a resemblance, so many people
claimed, to Queen Victoria. If she came
into the parlor and one of us was oc-
cupying the big black leather rocking
chair we understood that we were to
give it to her. If we failed to do so we
were reminded, for Grandma held, and
rightly, that children should mind their
manners where their elders were con-
cerned.

But coupled with her gentle firmness
was a kind heart. When sorrow came
to our home, it was Grandma who did
most to ease the pain of the little suf-
erer. My mother’s diary, on successive
dates in eighteen ninety-five and ninety-
six describes the sad circumstances:

January 1895: “We are all well and
happy as usual except little Hebev. We
feel quite sad about him. We fear
hip disease. It is dreadful to con-
template, and we will hope for the best.”

But soon the heartbreaking truth was
apparent—one of the little legs was
shorter than the other. “I can’t bear to
think of his having this affliction,” my
mother wrote in February. “It is so
hard for an active child to keep still.
(Continued on page 178)
A Mormon Wife

(Continued from page 177)

and absolute quiet is what he must have. And later, "Febe is no better. He suffers considerably at night. It makes my heart ache to hear him cry out with pain. I just had to cry with him the first night I slept with him. Lutie and Ray take their turns and Grandma Grant devotes much of her time to him."

One year later, in February 1896, the journal records: "Dear little Hebeby has been sick a whole year. He is such a dear, patient little fellow, and so brave. He has been on his cot for several months without being able to move, a weight hung to his little lame leg, and just lying there so patiently and looking so pathetic, but always saying: 'I'm better.' He has been in Grandma's room all winter, and she has given her entire time to him. Once when I went into the room he was so weary. He said, 'I'm not happy.' I bathed his feet and hands, brushed his hair, and fixed his pillow, and when I kissed him, he smiled like the dear child he is and said: 'Now I'm happy.'"

March 6, 1896: "Our little Hebeby died on the 27th of February, and our hearts are very sad. We miss the dear little face and the sweet voice of the patient little invalid. Everything that could be thought of was done for him, and surely the fasting, faith, and prayers offered for him could have had avail if it had not been the will of the Lord that he should be taken. It was hard for Heber to give him up, but he feels that it was the will of the Lord and bears it bravely. We all feel consolation in the thought that he is free from all pain and suffering and is happy with his mother. But we find the house very lonely without our dear little boy."

I should not want to end this chapter on the sad note of little Heber's passing, for it was accepted with the same resignation as was his mother's death.

and, in time, he became to us a sweet and sanctified memory. I shall therefore include some important entries in my mother's journal which occurred near this time.

On February 7, 1896, she records: "Utah was admitted to statehood on the fourth of last month. Statehood was ushered in with the greatest enthusiasm—bells ringing, whistles blowing, flags flying, people shouting, and a grand procession and meeting in the large tabernacle, where was suspended the largest flag, so it is said, ever made, with Utah, the forty-fifth star, illuminated on it. Heber M. Wells, the first governor, read his inaugural address, and there was a grand ball in the Salt Lake Theater in the evening which we all attended.

"Women have been granted the franchise and I have been in it to some considerable extent. Susan B. Anthony and the Reverend Anna W. Shaw have made us a visit and held several enthusiastic meetings, organizing the
ladies into clubs. They gave me so many offices in the ladies' organizations and the combined societies that I can hardly keep them all straight. They tried to get me to speak in public and I did go with the ladies several times when they sent a carriage for me, but I never could speak, and would not care to if I could.

"The ladies gave a grand leap year ball to celebrate statehood and suffrage. I wore rose-colored silk draped in black chiffon, and Mrs. Little sent me some cream roses, and I was given some compliments that were not at all displeasing to me, but which modesty prevents me from recording here to be handed down to future generations."

The following spring she recorded: "I find myself in Washington, D. C. We are here as delegates to the Mothers Congress: Hattie Harker to represent the Authors Club; I, the Utah State Kindergarten Association; and Delia and Mrs. Sorensen for the Health and Hygiene Association. . . ." "We had a very enjoyable time in Washington, shook hands with President McKinley and attended a reception given to the delegates by Mrs. McKinley. Met Senators Cannon and Rawlings and Representative King. The latter and his wife entertained us at dinner, and I took all the party to the New National Theater to see John Drew in 'One Summer Day.' "

"The war is the all-absorbing topic these days. All interest is centered in Dewey and the Philippines and Sampson's fleet near Cuba, where a great naval battle is expected daily. President McKinley looks as if his care were almost more than he could bear, but I feel that we cannot have long-continued war."

"The blind chaplain of the Senate gave the invocation at the opening of our Mothers Congress, and he gave fervent thanks for Dewey's victory at Manila and supplicated God that 'the war might speedily end and white-winged peace again settle over the land.' There was quite a heated discussion in the meeting later caused by one of the delegates offering a resolution of sympathy for the mothers of Spain. Some of the ladies were indignant and called it 'sedition' and others tried to calm the excited ones, and said it was only natural that everyone would feel sympathetic, and that we should 'love our enemies.' Some object to the peace flag. 'It is awfully ugly,' said one, 'we have had to sit here and see that peace flag hiding our glorious stars and stripes!' The Congress di Braglia was rejected. She is the prime mover in the 'Peace and Arbitration' movement, and I think it is the only way for civilized nations to settle their disputes. I do not think that people who advocate it are at all lacking in patriotism."

"We see everywhere, as we are going on the trains, the volunteers bound for the war. We raise our windows as our trains pass, give them words of greeting and cheer and good-byes. They have merry words and jests for all, but it is pathetic to see so many young boys going to what fate they cannot realize."

(To be concluded)

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Concluded from page 159)

Speech Scholarships

Four Brigham Young University scholarships recently awarded successful speech contestants in the South Los Angeles Stake were made possible by gift of Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. Dunford of Huntington Park, California.

The gesture is an outgrowth of the six-stake contest held annually in southern California under the auspices of the speech arts directors and the Aaronic Priesthood. Brigham Young University gives a year's tuition to the winner and five twenty-five-dollar scholarships to the other finalists.

A similar program has been proposed for stakes in the San Francisco Bay area, and, according to Dr. T. Earl Pardoe of Brigham Young University speech department, other districts will soon be included. Under the sponsor-
MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

(Continued from page 172)

2. The candidate for ordination will be interviewed by the bishop, upon request of the stake presidency, to meet with and be interviewed by the stake president or a counselor in the stake presidency, who will administer the same questions and require him to fill in the questions on the back of the form "Recommendation for Ordination in the Melchizedek Priesthood" and sign the same.

3. The endorsement of the bishop of the ward in which the candidate is a member of record is then to be obtained. The bishop will also sign as the president of the priests' quorum to which the candidate now belongs.

4. The approval of the high council will then be obtained.

5. After all of the foregoing, the name is to be presented before the priesthood of the stake for approval, the candidate being present.

6. Following approval at the stake priesthood meeting, the candidate will be ordained under the direction of the stake presidency and the presidency of the high priests quorum, the form "Recommendation for Ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood" going to the stake clerk for filing.

7. See No. 7 under 49A.

8. See No. 8 under 49A.

No-Liquor-Tobacco Column

(Continued from page 171)

be surprised to find you were able to abstain from these things better than you anticipated and now is the time again to highly resolve that for tomorrow you will not drink or smoke.

About twenty years have passed since I read that article, and while the desire for tobacco has perhaps not been entirely overcome, I have not or drunk spirits at all time, and I do promise myself that for tomorrow I will not smoke or drink.

"Alcoholics Anonymous"

by Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve

Alcoholics Anonymous is an organization which has adopted a unique approach to the problem of permanently sobering up the drinker who has lost all control of his appetite for liquor. The organization does not propose to cure the alcoholic but it does offer, to the drinker who wants to quit, "a pattern for living without alcohol. A member of one of the two Salt Lake City groups recently said:

We have learned from experience that you cannot push or pull a person into sobriety and expect him to stay that way. In this stormy sea of alcoholism we have a little raft that keeps us dry. To those who are floundering around, crying for help, we say, "Climb on board."

Every member of an A.A. group has been an alcoholic who has recovered, or who is trying to recover. No one is eligible for membership until he has faced the reality of his alcoholism, admits his failure to control his desire for drink, and expresses a sincere want for help.

During the past few months it has been my pleasure to hear the testimonies of members of A.A. with whom I have been acquainted for many years. These are people who from long experience have been sobered by the sobering observation that drinkers who obviously had no power, in and of themselves, to break the habit. They have been treated in hospitals and sanitariums, spent thousands of dollars for so-called drink cures, and their efforts to quit have been sincere; but all to no avail. Each of these friends of mine has now gone for a period of
more than four years without taking a single drink. Their membership in Alcoholics Anonymous keeps them sober. As one of them recently said to me: “One of the most effective means for staying sober myself is to help other drunks stay sober.” This method of doing a job as a group, which each could not do for himself, is no doubt one of the secrets of the success of Alcoholics Anonymous in pulling men aboard the raft of sobriety. In this personal contact and relationship of men afflicted with a common ailment, courage and encouragement is given to and received from each of them; they pool their strength and go forward together.

That which medicine, hospitals, and religion have failed to do with these alcoholics as individuals has been accomplished by group effort.

It is recommended that any of our own people who are suffering from alcoholism and who need the help of other alcoholics to restore them to sobriety communicate with either of the Salt Lake groups of Alcoholics Anonymous: Group 1 at P.O. Box 1862, or Group 2 at Box 1414, Salt Lake City.

Moroni Addresses the Future

(Continued from page 149)

my opinion, to record as chapters eight and nine of the “Book of Moroni,” letters which he felt would be most appropriate for these latter-day Lamanites and Gentiles. The one letter condemns the practice of infant baptism; the other portrays the degenerated condition of the Nephites and Lamanites. Both letters seem well adapted to Moroni’s purpose.

He also included his father’s address on the subject “Faith, Hope, and Charity.” Mormon told his audience that the way they could “lay hold of every good gift” was by exercising faith in Christ. Hope he considered one step in the attainment of faith. And charity he defined as “the pure love of Christ.”

And then Moroni chose to give the people living in the latter days a crystal-clear explanation of the forms of important ordinances within the church. Coming to a people who had lost the true conception of the simple ordinances of the gospel, this explanation would be invaluable.

Moroni reserved his instructions on how to get a testimony of the truth: didn’t the Book of Mormon until the last chapter, where, so far as emphasis is concerned, it would occupy the most important place in the book. Certainly, this was wisdom on Moroni’s part. He wrote:

And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall

(Concluded on page 182)
Moroni Addresses the Future

(Concluded from page 181)

ask with a sincere heart, with real intent. having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost?

With this significant message, Moroni closed his book, save for a brief discussion of spiritual gifts and a short farewell message.

Moroni’s selection of material was discriminating. Moroni was an exponent of religious wisdom, not to the Lamanites of his day, but to the Lamanites and Gentiles of future ages.

Moroni was in a position to write as one having authority, for he had seen Jesus. He knew that Jesus Christ was the Redeemer of the world. No amount of persecution from the Lamanites could have induced him to renounce his faith. That is why his message rings with sincerity.

Happiness must have made Moroni’s face beam when he finished his message to the Lamanites and Gentiles of the latter days, for he could now bury the record for which he was accountable. In my imagination, I can see him carrying his plates along a moonlit, tortuous path to Hill Cumorah, where he had been commanded to deposit them.

Realizing that he must live on without the joy of friendly, human voices, he, with heavy feet and an aching heart, would retrace his steps along the wind- ing moonlit path. Not knowing when or where his sands of life would run out, and certainly not realizing that as a messenger from God he should one day deliver the plates of Mormon to Joseph Smith, he would prepare his mind for his glorious rendezvous with death.

*Moroni 10:1

*Ether 12:39

Legend of the Tribe of Very Much Wind

(Continued from page 155)

Strongheart’s answer to tribal roll call was an invitation to his wedding reception, eloquent of his latest adventure.

As for Gray Owl, he was giving valuable service as a quartermaster staff sergeant, at an army supply base, at first at Honolulu, and later at Saipan.

White Eagle, a major in the army air forces, wrote from an air base in Italy. He was a weather officer for one of the fighter groups, and had been in the North African and Italian campaigns. Most characteristic of the talented boy we used to know was the rest of his letter:

In order to fill my spare time here, I have organized a glee club and some math classes. The glee club sang carols at Christmas; we have sung for church services.

*Concluded on page 184*
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**Grandpa Gravity has a way with Grain!**

The same back-sparing principle operates to fill and empty these steel grain bins near San Ardo. Pipes feed down into the bins from a higher truck-unloading level. No shoveling is needed. And trucks are loaded with equal ease as grain flows down chutes from bin to truck.

In this set-up, near San Luis Obispo, trucks drive onto the top of the storage bin and drop the grain through a wooden grill made of 2 x 6's. A driveway excavated below the bin allows trucks to take on grain by the same power that filled the bin — gravity.

**"Booting" that Hay Rake Home**

No auto tire gets so worn it can't do a useful job on a dump hay rake. You see here how it works out on the A. Bromley farm, not far from American Fork, in Utah. Slipped on the hay rake axle, near a wheel, the old tire keeps hay from getting wound into wheel spokes and hub...thus saves stops for unwinding hay from wheels.

**Another Useful Idea...**

seen in Utah is this livestock watering trough. Made from an old hot water tank, the trough serves two adjacent feed lots.

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**A Safeway Wartime Idea:**

Better Eating Taught By Mail!

Safeway maintains a Homemaker's Bureau staffed by expert home economists. Here, during the war, weekly lessons in a complete Nutrition Course were prepared and mailed to more than 100,000 housewives. In cooperation with the U.S. Government program, these lessons taught women how to plan meals and prepare foods for balanced, healthful diets despite wartime shortages. They urged diets which included plenty of fruit, vegetables, milk and milk products. Such vitamin-rich farm products, too often neglected in the diet, were thus brought into more frequent use. This and similar Safeway programs, now going on, work to enlarge the farmer's market by teaching more families the way to better eating.

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**SAFEWAY FARM REPORTER ADVERTISEMENT**

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

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

**SAFEWAY — The Neighborhood Grocery Stores**

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MARCH, 1946

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DURKEE’S Mayonnaise makes better salads, tastier dressings... gives new goodness to everything you use it with... because it’s genuine mayonnaise, made with fresh eggs.

LEGEND OF THE TRIBE

(Concluded from page 182) and now are working up a popular program. There was quite a response to the math classes. I am doing it as a review for myself, and was quite pleased that so many of the men here want to study math. There were sixty-nine at the first class.

Ever since Little Warrior first surprised us by winning our tennis tournament championship at twelve, we had come to expect unusual and spectacular things of him. He was at Honolulu when the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Since then he had made a brilliant record, rapidly advancing to the rank of captain, and then to major, as he served at different bases in the Pacific war theater. But his answer to roll call was delayed until his first furlough, when he hastened to bring his change to the attention of Nokomis. By then, he was wearing the impressive insignia of a lieutenant colonel, at only twenty-seven! But Nokomis found him to be the same lovable “Little Warrior” she used to know.

Another report which brought much joy to Nokomis came from Hawkeye on the imposing stationery of the aircraft corporation for which he was safety manager, Firebrand, one of his boyhood comrades, was working with him.

In summing up his work at the plant, he wrote:

...The fact that we have been awarded plaques the last two years for having the lowest accident record in the entire aircraft industry in California makes us feel somewhat proud of our efforts...

I do want to take this opportunity to thank you for the wonderful training and comradeship that you made possible for me in the most important years of my life. I honestly feel that any degree of success I may derive in life is very largely due to two persons, my mother and you—and the wonderful background you gave to all of our tribe—God bless you.

Sincerely,
Hawkeye

So the boy who had left home to join the navy almost ten years before had found a full, rich, and successful life, by living the ideals of his youth. And his loyalty to the comrades of his boyhood days had survived long years of separation, and now found expression in a generous tribute of appreciation.

Finally, with all the wonderful letters which came in answer to our tribal roll call, it remained for Firebrand, with his unusual talent for writing, to make his clever report in verse in the meter of “Hiawatha,” which began:

Greetings, O beloved Nokomis,
From the family of Firebrand
Dwelling in the land of sunshine,
In the land of motion pictures,
In the land of the Pacific,
(In the land of rain and earthquakes) Called by natives, California.

Happy was the day, Nokomis,
I received your message
Proud was I to be remembered
At the joyous Yuletide season. Memories soon flashed before me

As I read your welcome letter: Mem’ries of my youth in Zion Spent in company of my tribesmen. Those who call themselves the Mormons. They were happy days, O Kind One. Made so by your teachings To your “Indians” Sunday mornings. Teachings rich in faith and wisdom...

As the answers to their tribal role call came in, one by one, from all over the world, Nokomis’ joy in these messages from her beloved “Indians” knew no bounds. How happy she was that they were still loyal to their boyhood ideals. And how humbly grateful, for the inexplicable richness which their association had brought into her life. Who could have foreseen, on that day so long ago, when she undertook the taming of a certain group of “Wild Indians,” that the rewards would be so great.

The legend of the Tribe of Very Much Wind is not yet finished. And like many stories of the glorious adventure of Sunday School teaching—may it never be finished! But the record of one more tribal event will serve to bring it up to date.

After the spectacular events of 1945 brought an abrupt end to the war, the tribal heroes soon started to come back from the far corners of the earth. The first peacetime Christmas found most of them at home, eager to meet their old friends and take up the threads of their lives where they left off four years before. So once more the tribal council with the same old enthusiasm, those seasoned warriors, and the lovely “squaws” who had waited so patiently for their return. In that joyous reunion with most of her beloved “Indians,” and in the greetings from those who could not be present, Nokomis again discovered the priceless treasure of their friendship. Firebrand best expressed the spirit of the tribe in his inspiring message:

Christmas greetings, dear Nokomis,
And a very happy New Year.

Also, greetings to those members Of our Tribe of Very Much Wind Who will gather ‘round the campfire At the tribe’s first postwar council.

May the hand of God in heaven Touch each member at the meeting. May he guide us and direct us In the paths of gracious living... And the thing that I remember. Yea, remember and do cherish, Is the comradeship and spirit That existed at our meetings. And I’ll wager that each member Of the Tribe of Very Much Wind, At some time, when days seemed darkest, Heard back to words of wisdom, Comfort, joy, and satisfaction That were spoken by Nokomis As she taught her “Wild-eyed Indians” Of the everlasting gospel.

So to those of you who gather ‘Round the cheery tribal campfire At this joyous time of Christmas, Firebrand sends his season’s greetings. May the coming year bring you Peace and joy in untold measure ’Til your cup of life runs over.

(The End)
The Saints in Europe

(Concluded from page 148)

troy the Germans themselves destroyed the bridge across the Main on the Schaumainkai corner before the home. It took weeks to find the glass and wood for the necessary repair.

The great hope of most Church members is to see the missionaries return, to have contacts with the Saints of other areas, and to feel that they are again part of an active, growing organization. Opportunities for preaching the gospel certainly are numerous. Christianity went through a long dark period in Europe from which it can emerge. Young active leadership able to bear the hardships and discomforts of living in present-day Europe could open many channels for acquainting the seeking people of a continent with the life-giving message and philosophy which the gospel contains.

On the Bookrack

(Concluded from page 133)

Latter-day Saint organists that have come to our notice—Tracy Y. Cannon, Chairman, General Music Committee.

RUDYARD KIPLING

(Hilton Brown. Harper and Brothers, New York. 237 pages. $3.00.)

Few people can be lukewarm about Kipling. They either like him tremendously, or dislike him intensely. In this book, the author makes a scholarly study of Kipling as a writer—and as a person—from an actual study of Kipling’s works, as well as the biographical material which is already available. Those who read the book will find their former interest in Kipling reawakened to so great an extent that they will be sent back to his books.

Some of the “paradoxes” about Kipling are not solved (the author subtiles his book “A Provocative Study of a Paradoxical Man”), but the author does bring into the open many things that have been whispered about, and his own desire is to stir up enough interest that someone who has more source material available will be encouraged to make it available so that a more nearly complete biography can be written.

If there is no aura about Kipling when the book is finished, at least there is a light which the author transfers from his own study.—M. C. J.

TESTAMENT OF IMMORTALITY

(An anthology selected and arranged by N. G., with a preface by T. S. Eliot, Ryerson Press, New York City, 1941. $2.75.)

Compiled by the author as solace for the loss of his own son, this book contains a wide range of material in both poetry and prose. Carefully selected from ancient and modern and Oriental authors, the anthology gives to the reader a feeling of purpose in life, as Norman Maclean says, “We are the sons of God, and eternity itself cannot exhaust the potentialities of our progress in knowledge and glory.” With a literary style varied from imagery to argument, from speculation to simple conviction, the diversity of authors gives by their common assurance of immortality solace to the bereaved, faith to the believer, and thoughts for the thinker.—Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

MARCH, 1946
The War Not Won

(Concluded from page 146)

Cans would treat these as dangerous communicable diseases like smallpox, infantile paralysis, etc., which they are, doctors could soon minimize the number of infections as the Scandinavian countries did before the war.

Recent propaganda about quick cures must not permit us to relax our vigilance. They are new, and the whole story is not yet known. Recurrence is increasing, and even with the so-called quick cure, one must be under a doctor’s surveillance for several months. Many “smart” people are now blind, paralyzed, insane, or seriously ill because they stopped treatment too soon. They thought they were all right. There were no pain and no symptoms that they could see. That is why these diseases are so disastrous. They are silent, hidden enemies.

So much for venereal disease in its medical aspects.

To quote Dr. Parran again:

If you have young people in the family, you should have tremendous concern to see to it that they are intelligent about syphilis, which is the scourge of the young; that they understand clearly why they should avoid it, as well as its near occasions. Teach your boys and girls a single standard of morality, and make it attractive enough so they will follow it because they wish to, and not because they are afraid.4

Morality, whether it is called continence or something else, is the greatest protection against these diseases. Paul, in writing to the Galatians, said:

Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.5

The same plea to live right is heard in this generation. Modern revelation stresses the importance of proper conduct:

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessings from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated.6

Not considering the spiritual blessings promised, there are blessings during this life for righteous living. It pays to follow the guidance of the Church. In following its teachings we find our best protection.

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4Gal. 6:7
5Galatians 6:7, 8
61 Th. & C. 130:20, 21

PIANISSIMO

By P. Bracken

How lovely are these silent things!
The soundless symphony of snow . . .
The wordless songs the spirit sings . . .
The grite’s companionable glow . . .

How lovely, these! And yet, today, I learned another still more dear:

Your look that spanned a room to say “How wonderful to find you here!”
PLAIN TALK TO PARENTS

(Concluded from page 147)

...ment which should be inflicted upon a child, as one that is more cool and exercised with reflection, reason and judgment. Let your children see that you punish them, not to gratify an angry disposition, but to reform them for their good, and it will have a salutary influence. They will not look upon you as a tyrant, swayed to and fro by turbulent and furious passions; but they will regard you as one that seeks their welfare, and that you only chasten them because you love them and wish them to do well. Be deliberate and calm in your counsels and reproofs, but at the same time use earnestness and decision. Let your children know that your words must be respected and obeyed.

Never deceive your children by threats or promises. Be careful not to threaten them with a punishment which you have no intention of inflicting, for this will cause them to lose confidence in your word; besides, it will cause them to contract the habit of lying. When they perceive that their parents do not fulfill their threatenings or promises, they will consider that there is no harm in forfeiting their word. Think not that your precepts concerning truthfulness will have much weight upon the minds of your children, when they are contradicted by your example. Be careful to fulfill your word in all things in righteousness and your children will not only learn to be truthful from your example, but they will fear to disobey your word, knowing that you never fail to punish or reward according to your threatenings and promises. Let your laws, penalties, and rewards be founded upon the principles of justice and mercy, and adapted to the capacities of your children; for this is the way that our Heavenly Father governs his children giving to some a celestial, to others a terrestrial, and to others a telestial law, with penalties and promises annexed according to the conditions, circumstances and capacities of the individuals to be governed. Seek for wisdom, and pattern after the heavenly order of government.

Do not be so stern and rigid in your family government as to render yourself an object of fear and dread. There are parents who only render themselves conspicuous in the attribute of justice, while mercy and love are scarcely known in their families. Justice should be tempered with mercy, and love should be the great moving principle, interweaving itself in all your family administrations. When justice alone sits upon the throne, your children approach you with dread, or peradventure hide themselves from your presence and long for your absence that they may be relieved from their fear. At the sound of your approaching footsteps they tremble from an enemy, and tremble at your voice, and shrink from the gaze of your countenance, as though they expected some terrible punishment to be inflicted upon them. Be familiar with your children that they may delight themselves in your society, and look upon you as a kind and tender parent whom they delight to obey. Obedience inspired by love, and obedience inspired by fear, are entirely different in their nature. The former will be permanent and enduring, while the latter only waits to have the object of fear removed, and it vanishes like a dream.

Govern children as parents, not as tyrants; for they will be parents in their turn and will be very likely to adopt that form of government in which they have been educated. If you have been tyrants, they may be influenced to pattern after your example. If you are fretful and continually scolding, they will be very apt to infuse these things into their order of family government; and thus good and evil influences frequently extend themselves down for many generations and ages. How great, then, are responsibilities of parents to their children! And how fearful the consequences of bad examples! Let love, therefore, predominate and control you, and your children will be sure to discover it, and will love you in return.

Let each mother teach her children to honor and love their father, and to respect his teachings and counsels. How frequently it is the case when fathers undertake to correct their children, mothers will interfere in the presence of the children. This has a very evil tendency in many respects. First it destroys the oneness of feeling which should exist between husband and wife; secondly, it weakens the confidence of the children in the father, and emboldens them to disobedience; thirdly, it creates strife and discord; and lastly, it is rebelling against order of family government established by divine wisdom. If the mother supposes the father too severe, let her not mention this in the presence of the children, but she can express her feelings to him while alone by themselves, and thus the children will not see any division between them. For husbands and wives to be disagreed, and to contend, and quarrel, is a great evil; and to do these things in the presence of their children is a still greater evil. Therefore, if husband and wife will quarrel and destroy their own happiness, let them have pity upon their children, and not destroy them by their pernicious examples.

BABY SHOES

By Marie Medora

Baby shoes, whom do you wait,
So soft and new and neat?
"We're waiting for a little one
Who comes on dimpled feet."
Baby shoes, the wind is cold,
Oh, will you keep him warm?
"He will not walk abroad but lie
Safe in his mother's arm."
Baby shoes, baby shoes,
What are for weather?
All the days are happy days Waiting here together!

MARCH, 1946
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10 Rooms Filled with Splendid Costumes

TO MY SON COMING HOME

(Continued from page 144)

You've written home several times about the spiritual things you've found. That meeting of Mormon boys on the beach at Leyte, the conference at Manila, the Sunday School in Tokyo. You say you've found something.

Have you learned the great lesson, or do you want to learn the great lesson? Here it is:

"... he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

That thought may have given you comfort as you faced death. What does it give you as you now face life? You may have thought that you would gain glory if you lost your life in this war, but I'd like to assure you that the deeper meaning of what Jesus said is found in the idea of losing yourself in his service. For you are no ordinary soldier. You are one of a band of several thousand young men who hold the power to administer in the ordinances of the gospel. If you and your comrades don't go and tell the world about it, there will be no one to go until your younger brothers grow up, and that may be too late. I can assure you from experience that missionary service is the best means you can find to equip you for life. You may say, "But I want to stay home for a while." No matter what decision you make concerning the mission, home is where you will not stay. You have grown up and have already flown away. Home is now only a place to stop and rest while trying out new things, testing out new ideas. If one thing doesn't take you away another will. If it is not college, it will be work, or pleasure, or courting.

You have been taught to kill. Your most frequent commands have been to destroy. You cannot easily change from the pattern of that type of life to one of saving life, of conserving property. Two years spent now in teaching to the world the glad tidings of the gospel of your Savior may well be your greatest contribution to life. Certainly, the world needs most desperately to hear it. It's what you most greatly need for your own sake.

If you want to go to college, you can still do that, for you may take up your college in two years. You will have lost nothing but gained much, for with a mission behind you, you will enter college better prepared to give the best that's in you to understanding the education you seek.

Good night, Son. As I said before, come in when you want to talk. The door is open—all you have to do is enter—not tonight perhaps, but on many, many nights to come.

Your father.

"FILLET OF SOUL"

(Continued from page 145)

Lett's pause once in a while to take our hats off in reverence and appreciation to the leaders of our Church. May we never forget what we owe to the stamina of our Prophet Joseph Smith. May we always hold dear the undaunted fortitude and vision of Brigham Young in bringing twenty thousand people away from the garden of America to sagebrush and cacti. It was only a strong back with inspiration from the heavens that could plan and direct such a course.

One of the most popular games in America, even including golf and baseball, is the game of "apple polishing." When your judgment is asked, give the "reason for the hope within you." Don't have your answer necessarily comply with what your asker would like your answer to be. If your boss asks you what you think of a certain proposition, tell him what you think, not what you think will "tickles his ears."

To be strong men we must make

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
brave decisions. We cannot straddle the fence. I repeat again, some men take pride in not committing themselves. The question before them is not what is right, not what does their conscience and judgment say is the right thing to do, but how may they act so that the great favor they will always love the fellow with courage. He may lose the first round of the fight, but in the long run he will make history and be loved by those who love a strong man.

Because a little fellow by the name of Philester had backbone to dare to lose all his money and his health and bear ridicule, we have instead of forty or fifty bushels to the acre of inferior corn, eighty bushels to the acre of hybrid that has revolutionized agriculture and hog-raising in America.

Millions ride on rubber tires, but let's not forget that only the courage of a Goodyear gave vulcanized rubber to us. This invention at his hands was conceived practically in jail where he was placed because of his debts.

THE ATOMIC BOMB

(Continued from page 142)

000 killed. A single coordinated raid on this country's principal cities could kill 40,000,000 persons, says Dr. Oppenheimer.

The man in the street says, "Oh, well, the scientists developed this bomb, and they will find a counter-measure." But the fact is there is not now and there will not be in the future any effective counter-measure. Only two possible counter-measures have been suggested:

1. Decentralize all large cities and scatter homes uniformly throughout the countryside, and put all manufacturing underground several hundred feet.

2. Have airtight defense against airplanes and rocket bombs. One can see without further discussion that neither of these is practical, if indeed possible at all.

Another argument by the man in the street is that these bombs are too expensive to be used by another country. This is also a common fallacy.

It is true that it cost the United States government two billion dollars for this development, and only two bombs were dropped. Does this mean that they cost one billion dollars a bomb? Not at all. Assuming that it costs ten percent of the capital investment made in building the manufacturing plants to operate the plants for one year, then the cost of one year's supply of bombs would be only two hundred million dollars. How many bombs can be made a year? This has not been revealed directly, but one can estimate from published statements.

President Truman says: "One bomb is equivalent to 20,000 tons of TNT." Others connected with the project (see Smyth report) have reported that one kilogram of the explosive substance is equivalent to three hundred tons of TNT. Consequently sixty-five kilo-

grams or one hundred thirty pounds of U-235 is used for one bomb.

Dr. Neils Bohr said in Time, October 15, 1945, that we are making U-235 at the rate of three kilograms a day. This means, then, that a bomb made of U-235 could be produced in twenty-two days. From the Smyth report one would estimate that three or four times as many bombs can be made by the use of plutonium. So we come to the conclusion by this kind of reasoning that at present we are making bombs at the rate of one every three or four days, or a yearly supply of from fifty to one hundred fifty. Using the figure of one hundred bombs a year, then, the cost for each bomb is two million dollars. In the paper referred to above, Dr. Oppenheimer said:

Because it is known that the project cost us two billion dollars, and we dropped just two bombs, it is easy to think that they must be very expensive. But for any serious undertaking in atomic armament, and without any elements of technical novelty whatever, just doing things that have already been done, that estimate of cost would be high by something like a factor of a thousand. Atomic weapons, even with what we know today, can be cheap. Even with what we know how to do today, without any of the new things, the little things and the radical things, atomic armament will not break the economic back of any people that want it.

This would put the cost at about one million dollars a bomb. So it is reasonable to estimate the cost of each bomb as being between one and two million dollars. This sounds like a high figure, but let us examine the damage done for a dollar spent.

In 1944, the war department spent about forty billion dollars. (World (Concluded on page 190)
THE ATOMIC BOMB

(Concluded from page 189)

Almanac.) It is fair to assume that the air corps spent one quarter of this, and it has been stated that they dropped 600,000 tons TNT equivalents. Then this entire bombing effort in Europe which produced such havoc over so wide an area was equivalent to thirty atomic bombs. These thirty atomic bombs, then, would cost from thirty to sixty million instead of ten billion dollars. Allowing something for the operation of dropping these bombs, one could conservatively say that atomic bomb- ing costs only about one percent of the cost of ordinary bombing. It is the cheapest weapon yet invented by man for destroying property and killing people.

We would not have used ordinary bombs in this war unless they produced more damage than the cost of the bombing. No figures have been given but one could guess that the factor would be at least five to one. That is, the cost of the property damage will be at least five times the cost of the bomb- ing operations. With the new atomic bomb, then, this ratio will be of the order of five hundred to one. In other words, by spending one dollar one can do five hundred dollars worth of damage. It is obvious that if a nation has such a weapon, it will be used immediately if a war is started.

Dr. A. H. Compton, who directed the Manhattan project where the research work on the atomic bomb was done, and who is now chancellor of Washington University at St. Louis, stated in a paper given at the meeting previously mentioned that two hours after a declaration of war all the large cities of this country would be completely destroyed. If stocks of atomic bombs were allowed to accumulate in the various nations so that ten thousand or more were available, it has been estimated by scientists that the radio- active poisoning of the atmosphere would be so great that the chance of life's existing anywhere on the earth for more than one or two months after the explosion would be very small indeed. Even the three atomic bombs which have been exploded have produced radioactive changes in the atmosphere all around the world.

NOW, let us examine a few of the facts about nuclear energy (not atomic).

An atom is composed of a complex nucleus with electrons whirling about it somewhat like our sun and the solar system. This tremendous energy that we have been calling atomic energy is locked up in the nucleus of the atom and is not concerned with the outer electrons. Three decades ago Einstein predicted from theoretical considerations that if mass could be converted into radiant energy, a small amount of mass would provide an enormous amount of energy. As a matter of fact, one gram of matter (a thimbleful of water) released as energy would heat 100,000 tons of steel to a red-hot molten mass. If it could be released into electro- technical energy for lighting purposes, it would be worth two million dollars at the retail rates usually charged for lighting. No one knows how to make such a complete conversion, but about one one-thousandth of such energy is used when the uranium atom breaks up.

When this heavy atom breaks into frag- ments, the sum of the masses of the fragments is less than the mass of the atom combined. The difference in mass is the energy used in the explosive bomb.

It is known that one kilogram of one of these explosives, namely uranium 235, will release enough energy to melt into a molten red-hot mass all the steel in three or four battleships, or it may be used (if someone finds out how to do it) to operate all the electricity, lights, subways, telephones, etc., in New York City for one day. So if the ten thousand bombs referred to above as sufficient to destroy all life on the earth if exploded over a short period, were used under control as power sources, then the energy would be suf- ficient to furnish all the electrical power used in this country for more than one hundred years.

Consider this thought. Radiant energy from the sun leaves only one two- billionths of its total on the earth. And yet this fraction is what makes life possible here and is the source of all our energy as we have known it until this beginning of the atomic age. This radiant energy all comes from nuclear interactions in the sun. But only one hundred seventy tons of matter are destroyed each day to furnish all this radiant energy from the sun which it supplies to the earth. This matter is lighted and heated by a fuel con- sumption of matter not larger than the coal consumption in a medium-sized industrial plant.

As we stand on the threshold of this nuclear energy age, the paramount problem confronting us is how to make man over so that he will be more unselfish; because if we are not more co- operative as nations in the future than we have been in the past, we will all perish. On the other hand, if we can learn to cooperate, what vast possibili- ties this atomic energy age is opening up before us.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 161)

printed until he was a mature man. It is a new and astonishing historical dictum.

This fallacious view is taken despite abundant evidence to the contrary. The Prophet himself remarks casually in his journal, three years before he began to write the "history," that he told one Erastus Holmes on November 14, 1835, of his "first vision, which was when I was about fourteen years old." (History of the Church 2:312.) Eldon Ed- ward Stevenson, in his "Reminiscences of Joseph, the Prophet." (page 4) says: "In... 1834, in the midst of many large congregations, the Prophet testified with great power concerning the visit of the Father and the Son." The earlier account written by his mother includes her son's story of the vision as being correct. (Joseph Smith, the Prophet, pp. 73-77—1902 edition; pp. 69-74—1945 edition.) His brother, William, in his old age, described the circumstances of the first vision as told by his prophet brother. (The Saints Herald, XXXI, pp. 643-44.) Joseph's counselors in the presidency, who would have been astounded at the ad- dition of so important an event in the story of the leader, helped write the history. (History of the Church 3:26.) Orson Pratt, who for some time lived in the home of the Prophet, published in 1840, two years before the Prophet's own account was published, a succinct account of the first vision, as a well- established event in the coming forth of the latter-day work. (An Interest- ing Account of Several Remarkable Visions, p. 5.) Brigham Young spoke several times of the first vision as oc- curring when the Prophet was fourteen years old. (Journal of Discourses 8: 353: 12:67.) Others have likewise borne testimony of the date of the Prophet's claim. Such men would have questioned the Prophet's veracity if after many years of association this story had suddenly appeared. Clearly, knowledge of the first vision was cur- rent in the early days of the Church, and was dated as the Prophet says, in 1820, when he was not yet fifteen years old. The story of the first vision was not printed, as far as known, until 1840 (by Orson Pratt), but was known from the beginning of his career. Whatever opinion may be held as to what he saw on that occasion, it must have occurred in 1820. Any other view would make liars of these witnesses, or make them competent in untruth speaking.

To call witnesses liars is an easy way to write history, but it is not in harmony with the accepted canons of historical writing. Yet, such breaches of historical study and writing make the foundation of anti-Mormon books, of which there are many.

The History of Joseph Smith, pub- lished by the Church, as to events and dates, may be accepted as an unusually accurate historical document. It will increase in importance with the years, and become more and more a proof of the sincerity of the founders of the Church in this dispensation.—J. A. W.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
The average car on the road today is nearly 9 years old and the average mileage is more than 60,000 miles. It will be some time before new cars are available generally so it’s increasingly important to see that your car gets the best care. That’s why you should always use the very best motor oil. The new Vico is as great an improvement in motor oil as the self-starter was over the old hand crank. Drive in to your nearest Vico-Pep 88 station or dealer and get this 100% paraffin oil.

Get highest quality products at
PEP 88-VICO STATIONS AND DEALERS

MARCH, 1946
Your Page and Ours

Era Index for 1945 Available

Subscribers who wish to bind or otherwise preserve the 1945 volume of *The Improvement Era* may secure a copy of the annual index by writing *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, enclosing name and address and a three-cent stamp for return postage.

Attention! Dibble General Hospital

The Latter-day Saint group of Dibble General Hospital, Menlo Park, California, is planning a reunion during April conference, at which time a permanent organization will be formed. Will all L.D.S. servicemen or women who have been at Dibble General Hospital since its opening, on either duty or patient status, contact Chairman Adele Van Dyke (formerly Lt. A.N.C.) 340 Thirty-third Street, Ogden, Utah.

Roman Description of Christ

Until proved otherwise, "A Roman Description of Christ," which was reprinted in the December 1945 *Era*, page 740, and which has for many years been quoted and printed elsewhere, must be regarded as having no historical authenticity. Leading New Testament scholars fail to include the passage among the few known allusions to Christ or Christianity in contemporary Roman history. Charles Foster Kent in his *Life and Teachings of Jesus According to the Earliest Records* devotes a chapter to "The Records Outside the Gospels" and reproduces all the establis 

It's an Ill Wind

"Sorry," the beautiful receptionist said to the haggard and worn little man, "but I can't give you an appointment until July."

"But," he protested, "this tooth keeps me awake every night."

"Then in that case I advise you to see the people next door—they need a night watchman."

What—No K Rations?

An enthusiastic serviceman writes:

"The members in the Philippine Islands are avid readers of *The Improvement Era*, literally consuming each issue."

Time Accomplishes All

"Have you forgotten that you owe me five dollars?"

"Not yet. Give me a little time, won't you?"

Success Formula

"How did Brown ever get ahead so fast in business?"

"Well, every time someone threw a brickbat at him he made a steppingstone from it."

Meaning of Much

"How much are steaks worth today?"

"Not as much as they were in the good old days, but they're charging about ten times as much for them."

Prospective

"How old are you?" the gushing woman asked the bored veteran.

"Twenty-one, ma'am."

"Twenty-one—why that's just at the threshold of life. What do you expect to be in twenty years?"

"Forty-one."

Cause for Effect

"I'm a self-made man," he boasted.

"It appears that you were out on strike most of the time."

One Answer

The insurance agent had called and had explained the benefits of a policy.

"But, supposing I take a policy on my husband today, and he should die tomorrow, what would I get?"

"Life."

Line of Reasoning

"So you're the youngest in your family. Who comes after you?"

"My brother."

"And who comes after him?"

"The truant officer."

Memorial

Old Grad: "Professor, I have made some money and I want to do something for my old college. I don't remember what studies I excelled in."

Professor: "In my class you slept most of the time."

Grad: "Fine! I'll build a dormitory."

Control

Irritable customer: "Why is it I never get what I ask for here?"

Clerk: "Perhaps we are too polite."

Trade Winds

Wife (to husband): "I want to do some shopping tomorrow if the weather is favorable—what does the paper say?"

Husband: "Rain, hail, sleet, snow, thunder, lightning, and fierce winds."

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Dear Editors of the *Era*:

This note of appreciation and gratefulness for the "spiritual uplift" and guidance that the *Era* has brought to me each of the twenty-one months I've been in the service, should have been written long ago.

Every department of the *Era* is outstanding and especially are the messages from the Editor's Page of former President Grant and President George Albert Smith.

I was a subscriber to the *Era* for eleven years before entering the armed forces, and I enjoyed it so very much that I continued my subscription in connection with my activities in the Grand Junction, Colorado Branch; South Branch, Spokane, Washington; and the North Long Beach Ward, but here in the army the *Era* has had to take the place of our wards and branches so my appreciation for it has more than doubled.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank my North Long Beach, California, Ward for sending the *Era* to those of us in the armed forces, and I know the boys from other wards and branches are just as grateful and appreciative.

Pfc. William H. Gould, U.S. Army Air Forces

Importance

Jones: "When that man speaks, the nation listens."

Brown: "He doesn't look so important."

Jones: "He's the radio announcer on the big sporting events."

Adam and Eve

"Too bad about Jones. Did he take his troubles like a man?"

"Exactly. He blamed his wife for everything."
IN DESIGNING NEW FARM EQUIPMENT

John Deere Sights Were Set High

All during the war, the experimental departments in John Deere factories continued, without interruption, their development of new and improved machines. Sights were set high...designers aimed at new and practical ways of making farm life easier, more profitable. And shortly, the farmers of America will see a parade of great equipment that will prove their aim was true...equipment matched to the 109-year-old John Deere tradition of quality manufacture—more value for the dollar invested.

Revolutionary is the new hydraulic power-control on John Deere tractors. A touch of the hand actuates a rock-shaft for integral equipment or a cylinder on drawn and power-driven machines—lifting, lowering, and maintaining them in any desired working position. It truly introduces the lever-less age in implement design. • Outstanding are new one-man Kwik-Tatch devices for cultivators, bedders, plows, and other integral equipment...time-savers that mean more hours in the field, less knuckle-scraping...in the change-overs—one man does the trick. • There will be a new tractor for the small farm with outstanding new features that put it far ahead of the field. • An important new machine is the John Deere Automatic Hay Baler, destined to cut baling costs to rock bottom. One man, instead of three or four, does the job. It's the only baler of its type that feeds the windrow directly into the baling chamber and ties with wire. • New and improved harvesting machines include a new self-propelled 12-foot combine and many new features on the famous John Deere No. 12-A. Lighter-weight, faster-working corn pickers will shorten and lighten the corn harvesting job. A new, really portable elevator not only handles corn, but baled hay as well. A simple new grain mover that will replace old-style small grain elevators. • Beet growers are enthusiastic about the new John Deere harvesters and loaders already in the field in small quantity. Potato growers will welcome the new double level-bed digger—a new, more practical two-row machine. The new cotton harvester is a major contribution toward cost-reduction in the growing of cotton. • New integral one and two-bottom plows...a new two-bottom truss-frame plow...a new disk plow...a new hand-leveler...a six-inch hammer-mill for small power...a low-cost, front-end manure loader...a plow-sole fertilizing attachment...new low-down, rubber-tired grain drills...an integral field cultivator—these and many other new and improved John Deere machines will be on their way to American farms. • Manpower and materials will be the only limiting factors in production during the coming months, so keep in touch with your John Deere dealer—he's ready for the new day in farming with new equipment from the John Deere Full Line.

John Deere

Moline, Illinois
A Time of Preparation

Spring—when all the earth looks to the future . . . the time of preparation and planting, that there may be a harvest when the year grows old. Now is the time to plant the “seeds” of an estate . . . to provide the necessities and advantages you want your family to enjoy—always.

Carry adequate life insurance

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