Your kitchen can have both charm and convenience when you use Hermosa Clay Tile. Here decorative Hermosa wall tile is combined with a spacious Dura-Glaze tile deck—an easy-to-clean kitchen that never grows dull.

Thanks to Hermosa Clay Tile, this bathroom is as practical as it is beautiful. Cosmetics, medicines, even cigarettes, can't mar the Dura-Glaze tile lavatory and floor. Satin glaze Hermosa wall tile can be cleaned easily and quickly with a damp cloth.

This smaller bath is equally luxurious. The decorative tile, one of many new designs in the Hermosa line, is keyed to rich, warm color.

Colorful tiles at right, Scotch Mist Gray (BH-183), Golden Yellow (BH-186), and Pink Dust (BH-187), were used to create the kitchen and bathrooms pictured on this page. Decorative tiles shown were created expressly for provincial homes.
Tile Talk
BY YOUR
HERMOSA TILE CONTRACTOR

Housekeeping is lots easier in today’s home. The house pictured in color at left is a prime example. Called the “Villacino” by its builder Earl L. White, it was designed by Ayres & Fiege, A.I.A.

There’s no compromise with quality in this handsomely built, beautifully designed model home now on display at Encino, California. Hermosa Clay Tile was used in all bathrooms as well as in the spacious and dramatic kitchen. No other material could have endowed these rooms with the same feeling of warmth and distinction. And no other material would be as practical either, because Hermosa is a glazed ceramic tile. It cleans as easily as fine china. On counters and floors Hermosa’s Dura-Glaze surface resists scratching, searing-hot utensils, alcohol and food acids. Moisture can’t mildew it. Sunlight will never fade or discolor it.

Color is important too. It’s easy to achieve beautiful, distinctive rooms with Hermosa Tile. There are dozens of coordinated colors, surface textures, and decorative themes to choose from.

Tailor-made tile installations can be yours with a minimum of fuss and confusion too. Your local Hermosa Tile contractor can show you the complete line. His years of experience and “know-how” will prove invaluable. And don’t forget: no tile job can be better than the man who installs it. You know you are dealing with experienced and reputable craftsmen when you specify Hermosa Tile.

If you’re still planning your dream home, send for our colorful free folder “I never knew what tile could do!”

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MARCH 1954

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EXPLORING THE Universe

by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

The importance of synthetics in our life is dramatized by some figures given by Professor Roger Adams. The dye industry is now 99 percent synthetic, drugs and medicinals 75 percent, rubber 50 percent, textiles 20 percent. More than half the half billion gallons of paint used in the United States is based on synthetic products, and natural gums and resins account for only five percent of the 2.3 billion pounds of plastics produced in the United States. A billion pounds of synthetic detergents are produced annually.

A new Swiss fifty-passenger electric bus has neither rails nor trolley wires. It has a 3300 pound gyroscope wheel which is speeded up to 3000 r.p.m. at stations by three-phase, 380 volt electric power in from half a minute to three minutes. This wheel whirls in a hydrogen cage to reduce friction such that it can run for hours. The wheel turns a generator which feeds driving motors on the bus wheels. Enough kinetic energy is stored in the wheel to run the bus up to four miles.

Estimates of the age of Stonehenge, England, the famous prehistoric monument of a series of large stones arranged in horseshoe position, are now in good agreement. Archaeological estimates have been about 1800 B.C. Sir Norman Lockyer, assuming the stones were placed to celebrate the summer solstice, about June 22, and considering the wobbling of the earth's axis with respect to the orbit, arrived at 1840 B.C. plus or minus 200 years. Using the radiocarbon method on some charcoal believed made in the monument's construction, the date becomes 1848 B.C. plus or minus 275 years.

Plant-sucking insects such as aphids and coccids excrete a clear, syrupy liquid which contains much unabsorbed organic material. Because this honey-dew contains much sugar, it is much sought after by ants and other insects. The excreted liquid, which on drying leaves a white deposit on leaves of the tamarisk in Sinai, is called manna. This manna contains 99.3 percent carbohydrates of which 55 percent is common sucrose, 25 percent invert sugar, and 19.3 percent dextrin.

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March 1954

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The Cover

"For some must push and some must pull. . . . Until we reach the valley," was a popular folk song of almost a century ago. "The Handcart Pioneers," a mural hanging in the Bureau of Information, by J. Leo Fairbanks, was adapted for an Era cover from a tinted photograph by Hal Rumel.

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
New Appointee to YWMIA General Board

The appointment of Mrs. Violet H. Grix to the general board of the Young Women’s Mutual Improvement Association and of her first assignment to serve on the drama committee there has been announced.

The new board member began her church activities as a librarian and assistant organist of the Primary Association in Huntsville, Utah. Later she taught Sunday School in the Ogden Ninth Ward. After a year at the University of Utah she went to Boston for additional study and was active in the Boston Branch.

Mrs. Violet H. Grix

Following her marriage to Arthur W. Grix, she lived for several years in Berkeley and Oakland, California, where she and her husband were both active in the MIA. Since their return to Ogden, Mrs. Grix has served continuously in the Relief Society for twenty-two years in the literary department of that organization. Her labors were as a ward class leader and later as a member of the Mount Ogden and Farr West stake boards. She has also served for four years as a member of the Farr West Stake Sunday School board.

Mrs. Grix is a past president of the Ogden Drama Club and the Women’s University Club. She has been a member of the Ogden-Weber College Community Theatre Board and has appeared in numerous plays.

Luxury of Spring

By Albert Ralph Korn

Bright spring
With lavish hand
Has colored all the land.
The purple lilacs full of scent
Enrich the scene.

Any Way You Look At It...

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March 1954
**DUE PROCESS OF LAW**

by Dr. G. Homer Durham  
Vice President, University of Utah

1. A sound, complaint and a sober complainant.  
2. The right to answer the complaint and compel witnesses on his behalf.  
3. A qualified judge or judges or other decision-making authority of responsible character.  
4. Fair trial, including notice, regular allegations, opportunity to answer, and fair judgment, according to settled rules of judicial proceeding, involving counsel and jury in the most serious cases.

These are some of the aspects of “due process of law,” the sustenance and maintenance of which, Chief Justice Warren now bears a central responsibility.

**How may private rights be violated?**

There are about four possibilities: (1) by the national authority; (2) by the state authority and its political subdivisions; (3) by private persons, corporations, associations, and groups; (4) by external or foreign powers. Against the latter, man’s historic defense has been war and diplomacy and the slow effort to shift from violence to the rule of law. Against number three, we must look to private law and legislation. To number two and number one we may look with some degree of protection to the fourteenth and fifth amendments and their guarantee of “due process.”

Again let us ask “what is due process?” Magna Charta (1215) referred to it as “the law of the land.” So, due process, in general affords us the guarantee that government must operate according to “the law of the land.” What is the “law of the land?” In the long run, it is largely what the judges say it is. “Due process,” said the Supreme Court years ago, must “be gradually ascertained by the process of inclusion and exclusion (by the courts) in the course of decisions in cases as they arise.” What do the courts say from year to year? Largely what we deserve to hear and what we demand from them.

Is “due process” in danger?

Some think that the growth of government, the crushing burdens assumed by the national authorities in World War II, the expansion of secret police and security systems thereafter and during the “cold” and Korean wars, have placed the Supreme Court in a position...

(Continued on page 194)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
For small fry . . .

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

December 1953

20 Speaking to the subject “Man’s Choice ... Animality or Spiritual- ity,” President David O. McKay delivered the Church of the Air address on the radio network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Evon W. Huntsman, former president of the Tongan Mission, returned to Salt Lake City after nearly a month-long “flying trip” to Tonga, Samoa, and New Zealand. During this trip Elder Richards dedicated the Liahona College in Tonga, the Pagasa School in Samoa, and the chapel of the Auckland Branch in New Zealand.

Elder George Q. Morris, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel of the Schenectady (New York) Branch, Eastern States Mission.

23 President David O. McKay announced that he will fly from New York City to London on January 2. Several days later, after conferring on business relative to the temple being constructed at Berne, Switzerland, he will fly to Johannesburg, South Africa, where he will pay the first visit of a General Authority to that mission. Later he will fly to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and from there he will visit the three missions in South America—Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay. En route home President McKay will visit the Central American Mission, with headquarters in Guatemala City. President McKay visited the foreign missions of the Church, with the exception of the South African Mission, during a world-wide tour. Since that time, however, the three missions of South America and the one in Central America have been opened. Sister McKay will accompany him on this tour. His secretary for the European and African portion of the trip will be President A. Hamer Reiser of the British Mission. President and Sister McKay will be joined in Rio de Janeiro by their son, Robert R. McKay, a former missionary to South America, who will be the President’s secretary for the remainder of the trip.

27 President David O. McKay dedicated the chapel of the Liberty Ward, Ogden (Utah) Stake.

President David O. McKay dedicated the chapel of the Ogden Thirty-third Ward, East Ogden (Utah) Stake. This chapel is also the home of the Ogden Forty-third Ward.

The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir left Salt Lake City on board a special train for Las Vegas, Nevada, where they were to present three concerts in behalf of a building fund for a youth center of Moapa Stake.

Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Rivergrove First and Second wards, Provo (Utah) Stake.

Elder George Q. Morris, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel of the Ithaca (New York) Branch, Eastern States Mission.

28 Elder ElRay L. Christiansen, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, was set apart as president of the Salt Lake Temple, by President David O. McKay. President Christiansen succeeds President Robert D. Young. Counselors in the new presidency are Elders Robert I. Burton and Raymond H. Clayton. Elder Burton was first counselor to President Young. Elder Willard Jones, second counselor to President Young, was also released.

29 President and Sister David O. McKay left Salt Lake City on their tour of missions. Approximately thirty-two thousand miles will be covered as they visit England, South Africa, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, and Central America.

31 With 1953 at its close, 1,163,736 visitors had come to Temple Square in Salt Lake City during the year.

January 1954

1 With the beginning of the new year the Western Oregon region of the Church welfare program began to function. The stakes served by this new region are the Portland, Columbia River, Willamette, and Klamath. These stakes were formerly a part of the North-West Region.

2 It was announced that Elders Francis L. Urry and Rulon B. Stanfield were appointed to the general board of the Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Association.

Announcement was made that an All-Church award will be available to qualifying young men from twelve to twenty-one at the end of 1954. The Aaronic Priesthood, YMMIA, and Sunday School organizations will set up standards for this achievement. Later it was announced that the Deseret Recognition award of the YMMIA will be discontinued after December 1, 1954.

3 President David O. McKay arrived in London, England, on a tour that will take him to South Africa, South America, and Central America.

4 President David O. McKay spent the morning conferring with officials of the Swiss-Austrian Mission who had come to London to discuss plans for the temple now being erected at Berne, Switzerland. In the afternoon he and his party visited the site of the temple at New Chapel, England.

7 President and Sister McKay left London by air for Lisbon, accompanied by President A. Hamer Reiser of the British Mission who will act as President’s secretary during his tour of the South African Mission.

9 President David O. McKay and his party arrived in Johannesburg, South Africa.

10 President David O. McKay addressed two sessions of a conference held in Johannesburg, South Africa.

11 Actual excavation for the new Relief Society building in Salt Lake City began.

12 President McKay and his party arrived in Cape Town, South Africa.

15 The First Presidency requested that bishops call the attention of ward members to the current “March of Dimes” drive and ask them to be as generous as possible to this worthy cause.

16 The appointment of Mrs. Violet Hall Grix to the general board of the Young Women’s Mutual Improvement Association was announced.

Transfer of the headquarters of the Spanish-American Mission from El Paso, Texas, to 519 West Ashby Avenue, San Antonio, Texas, was announced. It was announced that work on a 15/20-foot statue of Moroni which will stand atop the 265-foot tower of the (Concluded on page 187)
Kennecott’s new Research Center on the University of Utah campus is a doorway to tomorrow—a doorway to new processes that can increase Utah’s natural resources.

When the Center opens soon, a staff of 50 scientists and technicians will carry on research already begun in a temporary building. They will seek new methods for extracting a higher percentage of metal from ore at Kennecott’s Utah and other western mines. This would help make possible the use of low grade material that would otherwise be worthless. In this way Utah’s resources can actually be made to grow.

Benefits of the scientific search at this million and a quarter dollar Research Center can spread beyond the mining industry. The University of Utah will gain added prestige. The new Center is important to the people of Utah because successful research may mean that the benefits of Utah Copper payrolls, tax payments and supply purchases will continue over a longer period of time.

Kennecott, the first copper mining company to establish such a Research Center, is again pioneering to open the door for our future benefits.
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SOUTH LOUISIANA AND MISSISSIPPI DISTRICTS
ASSEMBLE FOR OUTING

Approximately four hundred members and friends of the Church from the South Louisiana and Mississippi Districts assembled at Percy Quin State Park, McComb, Mississippi, for a three-day pioneer celebration last July 17-19, under the supervision of the district MIA.

Friday evening the group saw movies, among them the Church film, "This is the Place"; and skits, pantomimes, musical numbers, songs, and dances, presented by MIA members of New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and Pride, Louisiana.

Saturday was a day long to be remembered—a day filled with clean fun and competitive sports—swimming, softball, volleyball, horseshoe pitching, and croquet. Saturday evening there was an old-time dance, under the stars, using the ground as a dance floor, as the Utah pioneers had done many times.

Sunday began with a sunrise testimony meeting in the park’s assembly hall. Church members of all ages were quick to bear their testimonies. Then following breakfast, Sunday School was held, with the various classes holding forth on the tree shaded lawns.

Shortly after noon on Sunday, the three-day program was at an end and the participants were homeward bound, but looking forward to just such another gathering, sponsored by the district Mutuals, next summer.

Above: South Louisiana and Mississippi Mutuals assembled at Percy Quin State Park, McComb, Mississippi for a three-day pioneer celebration, under the supervision of the district MIA. Below: Some of the group playing volleyball.
Slow avenue of trees, just yesterday
Stood thin, black silhouettes against the dawn;
Today, warm sunshine opened buds halfway:
Small children play upon the greening lawn.
The first turned loam in city garden plot
Brings fragrant reminiscings of the past
When springtime planting was the only thought
Toward autumn harvest, and the shadow cast.
But here, where ground is limited in scope
And gardening is recreation, first:
Bright red tomatoes is spring gardener’s hope;
While snow lies in the shadows, new leaves burst.
Green-yellow buds, the warming city knows
As hostage from the blight of winter snows.
HELP ME KEEP FAITH
By Caroline Eyvning Miner

The hands is playing, and the crowd shout, too,
But I am deaf to these. I look to see
My boy go marching with a hundred true
Americans to fight in war. To be
Quite sure he's buttoned up his coat, I wave
And shout; somehow he does not see. And now
At last I weep—he cannot know—and brave
As I had been with him—and calm—I bow
To grief. His father also marched away
To war before our son was born. Oh, God,
I know the emptiness that comes the day
When but a few come home as crowds aplaud,
Yet I am sure that freedom's worth the cost.
Help me keep faith if my son should be lost.

ACROBAT
By Beulah Huish Sadleir

March turned a handspring
In the air
And flipped us April,
Calm and fair.
She tied up the wind with
The tail of a kite,
And swept winter's cobwebs
From mythical sight.

THE MAGIC OF YOUR HAND
By Ormonde Butler

Spring's hand is gentle; soft she tends
The tiny seeds within the earth
And summons cloud and sunbeams there
That each may know full joyful birth;
Spring's hand is gentle. Summer's, too,
That shamolis the roses' petals fair,
And Blesses every growing thing
Weed, bush, and tree, and gardens rare.
Bright autumn's touch is delicate,
Painting the leaves before they fall,
Before the rough winds hasten death;
The gentlest it must be of all,
So, autumn's hand is delicate.
Then comes the winter; dreams in ice
And molded snowflakes, exquisite,
A fairyland made in a trice,
Strong winter etches; Ah, but you
Far gentler are than all of these,
For your dear hand uplifts the soul
That has been beaten to its knees.

DIFFERENCE
By Catherine E. Berry

Touched a rainbow, hold a star,
Wear a moonbeam on your sleeve,
Children know it can be done,
Grownups call it make-believe.

SILVER AND GOLD
By Jane Merchant

Indian pipes are silver;
Daffodils are gold.
All the earth is freighted
With flowering wealth untold.
But do you know of any
Flower from here to Zion
That first is gold, then silver—
Except the dandelion?

EVIDENCE
By Vesta Nickerson Lakei

The rippling lake reveals its hidden springs
To careful raze,
And all the sounded depths of heart and mind
Man's face betrays.

WINDOWS TO THE SOUTH
By Anna M. Priestley

I offer thanks most fervently
For windows to the south.
They bring me day's first greetings
From morning's rosy mouth.
And when bright banners are unfurled
Across the western sky,
They give me leave to witness
Its lingering good-bye.

BRIEF FOR SPRING
By Dan Kelly

Green fingers touch the thin blue air
Cautiously and sly;
A violet usurps the field;
A robin steals the sky.
Of brigands such as these the heart
Stands motionless, in awe.
Possession is nine points, you know,
And spring is law!

POSTPONEMENT
By Elaine V. Evans

Be strangely slow to put your love in speech.
Let me surmise it by a rose you bring,
By all your little courtesies, and each
Time you are sorry. By so small a thing
As laughter over little jokes of mine,
Your understanding, and your gentleness,
And by your very patience with me nine
Times out of ten times; wait and let me guess.
Say not too soon you love me, little or well,
For how distressing, should you vow and go.
And, should you love and stay, you need not tell
Me for a time in words, for I shall know
In the sweet inner way that it grows clear.
To any woman, when she is very dear.

HUSBANDMAN
By Janet Moore

As a garden grows in spring
When the sun's glad rays have found it,
So the heart bursts into bloom
When love warms the ground around it.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
"Wherefore, my beloved, ... work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. 
"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. 
"Do all things without murmurings and disputings: 
"That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.” 
(Philippians 2:12-15.)

Though given over nineteen centuries ago, Paul’s admonition to the Philippians is applicable to us today.

Sometimes when we think how little we can do, we almost despair of attempting to do anything. But there are a few simple but fundamental things which everyone can do.

One of these is for each individual to work out his own “salvation.”

The Church does not accept the doctrine that a mere murmured belief in Jesus Christ is all that is essential. A man may say he believes, but if he does nothing to make that belief or faith a moving power to do, to accomplish, to produce soul growth, his protestation will avail him little.

I am not unmindful of the scripture that declares, “For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.” (Eph. 2:8.) That is absolutely true, for man, in his taking upon himself mortality, was impotent to “save” himself from death—and through Jesus the Christ we are all assured a resurrection. But the Lord also gave to man the gospel, the eternal plan whereby he might rise above the carnal and selfish things of life and proceed to spiritual perfection.

To work out one’s “salvation” is not to sit idly by, dreaming and yearning for God miraculously to thrust bounteous blessings into our laps. It is to perform daily, hourly, momentarily, if necessary, the immediate task or duty at hand, and to continue happily in such performance as the years come and go, leaving the fruits of such labors either to self or to others, to be bestowed as a just and beneficent Father may determine.

I believe in individualism as opposed to paternalism. In saying this I recognize the fact that a man’s duties to himself and to his fellow men are indissolubly connected. Jesus taught that if a man is true to his own highest interests he cannot fail to discharge his obligations to his neighbors. Conversely, he taught that if a man is faithful to the interests of his fellow men, he cannot be faithless to his own. And as a man thinks, so he acts.

The doctrine of individual initiative and individual effort should be more urgently taught and more earnestly put into effect. Too many men are claiming that the world owes them a living, and are sitting effortlessly by expecting the world to throw its luxuries into their passive laps. Too late they will learn that the earth rewards richly only the willing workers. Emerson quotes someone as saying that “the world is in a state of bankruptcy; that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery and be sold.” Such reputed insolvency involves all the population, and he who does not get out and work to the best of his ability is a contributor to the alleged bankruptcy.

This admonition applies not only to persons but also to the individual quorum, to the individual ward, to the individual stake. Look around you and you will find that there is work to do.

Too many of us fail to take advantage of opportunities near at hand. We justify inactivity by nursing the impotent thought that success cannot be obtained without influence, money, social or political “pull.” But Edward Rowland

(Concluded on following page)
THE EDITOR’S PAGE

(Concluded from preceding page)

Sill gives an excellent illustration of the fact that sometimes what one man throws away as useless, another man seizes as the best means of victory at hand.

“This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's
banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle’s edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king’s son bears—but this
Blunt thing!—I' he snapt and flung it from his hand.
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king’s son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand.
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day."
(Edward Rowland Sill, "Opportunity")

Wrote Charles Wagner in the “Simple Life”:

"Each person’s base of operations is the field
of his immediate duty. Neglect this field, and all
you undertake at a distance is compromised. First,
then, be of your own country, your own city, your
own home, your own church, your own workshop;
then, if you can, set out from this to go beyond it.
That is the plain and natural order, and a man
must fortify himself with very bad reasons
to arrive at reversing it."

In thus emphasizing individual effort, I am
not unmindful of the necessity of co-operation—

"There is a destiny which makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own."
(Edward Markham, “A Creed”)

A single, struggling individual may be stalled
with his heavy load even as he begins to climb
the hill before him. To reach the top unaided
is an impossibility. With a little help from fellow
associates, quorums, or wards, he makes the
grade and goes on his way in gratitude and re-
joicing.

This, I think, is in harmony with the teach-
ings of Jesus, who "sought to perfect society, not
by popular agitation or by reorganization, but by
perfecting the individual. He recognized the fatal
fallacy in the dream of those who hoped to make
a perfect state out of imperfect individuals. The
ideal social state, which he described as the king-
dom of God, is a commonwealth in which all
men are united and governed by a commanding
love both for God and for their neighbors.”

Liberty, freedom of speech, self-government,
work, thrift, initiative, self-effort, faith in God,
and particularly faith in the efficacy of the gospel
of Jesus Christ are constantly facing a bombard-
ment from the ranks of error and too many men
cry, “What can we do?”

This we can do:

First:
By self-effort do what there is all around us to
be done—in the home, in the neighborhood, in
the quorum, in the ward, in our own communities.

Second:
By proclaiming, and, what is even more effec-
tive, by living the principles of the gospel of
Jesus Christ:

"Wherefore, my beloved, . . . work out your
own salvation with fear and trembling.
"For it is God which worketh in you both to
will and to do of his good pleasure.

"Do all things without murmurings and dis-
putings:
"That ye may be blameless and harmless, the
sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a
crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye
shine as lights in the world.”

Lake Champlain, Essex County, New York, in the springtime.
WHAT IS: Blasphemy Against the Holy Ghost? The New and Everlasting Covenant?

“In our Sunday School we have had different interpretations of two statements in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 132, Verse 27. First: What is meant by blasphemy against the Holy Ghost? Second: What is meant by the new and everlasting covenant? Does it mean our temple marriage and sealing?”

The verse in question is as follows:

“The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which shall not be forgiven in the world nor out of the world, is in that ye commit murder wherein ye shed innocent blood, and assent unto my death, after ye have received my new and everlasting covenant, saith the Lord God; and he that abideth not this law can in nowise enter into my glory, but shall be damned, saith the Lord.”

In Matthew 12:31-32 we find a similar statement as follows:

“Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men.

“And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.”

In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 76:31-35, we have this further information:

“Thus saith the Lord concerning all those who know my power, and have been made partakers thereof, and suffered themselves through the power of the devil to be overcome, and to deny the truth and defy my power—

“They are they who are the sons of perdition, of whom I say that it had been better for them never to have been born;

“For they are vessels of wrath, doomed to suffer the wrath of God, with the devil and his angels in eternity;

“Concerning whom I have said there is no forgiveness in this world nor in the world to come—

“Having denied the Holy Spirit after having received it, and having denied the Only Begotten Son of the Father, having crucified him unto themselves and put him to an open shame.”

These who are to be so severely punished must first have the testimony of the gospel and by the power of the Holy Ghost know that Jesus is the Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God. Afterwards if they sin and openly and wilfully turn against the truth and deny Christ, they assent unto his death, and this is equivalent to crucifying him again and the shedding of innocent blood, and they put him to open shame.

In Hebrews 6:4-6, this is written:

“For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost,

“And have tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come,

“If they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to open shame.”

A man who has not received the gift of the Holy Ghost and therefore who has never “tasted of the heavenly gift,” may be guilty of blasphemy against Jesus Christ and be forgiven on his repentance, but so great is the testimony through the gift of the Holy Ghost, should he turn against the Lord and fight his work, there is no forgiveness. The shedding of innocent blood is not confined to taking lives of the innocent, but is also included in seeking to destroy the word of God, and putting Christ to open shame. Those who have known the truth and then fight against the authorized servants of Jesus Christ also fight against him, for they who fight against his servants also do it unto him, and thus are guilty of his blood.

“Wherefore, he saves all except them—they shall go away into everlasting punishment, which is endless punishment, which is eternal punishment, to reign with the devil and his angels in eternity, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, which is their torment—

“And the end thereof, neither the place thereof, nor their torment, no man knows;

“Neither was it revealed, neither is, neither will be revealed unto man, except them who are made partakers thereof.” (D. & C. 76:44-46.)

The new and everlasting covenant is the fulness of the gospel. (See ibid., 66:2.) It is composed of “All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations, or expectations” that are sealed upon members of the Church by the Holy Spirit of promise, or the Holy Ghost, by the authority of the President of the Church who holds the keys. (See ibid., 132:7.) The President of the Church holds the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood. He delegates authority to others and authorizes them to perform the sacred ordinances of the priesthood.

Marriage for eternity is a new and everlasting covenant. Baptism is also a new and everlasting covenant (see ibid., 22), and likewise ordination to the priesthood, and every other covenant is everlasting and a part of the new and everlasting covenant which embraces all things.

MARCH 1954
A tall, distinguished-looking man stood on the tarmac at Wingfield today with his hat in his hand and the wind ruffling his thick, white hair. Standing behind the rails a crowd of men and women sang softly: 'We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet.'

"President David O. McKay (President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) revered as a prophet of the Mormon Church—visiting the Union. He arrived from Johannesburg to spend a few days in Cape Town.

"The hymn ended, the official handshakes over, he walked, with a kindly, fatherly smile, towards the crowd—most of them young people—eagerly awaiting him.

"'Oh, this is lovely,' he said. 'What a welcome!'"

"Hands stretched out eagerly to shake his. Cameras clicked from all angles. It was completely friendly and informal.

"Next to the president walked Sister Emma Ray McKay, his wife...

"'She has looked after me for 53 years,' he said. 'There is only one thing we disagree on. She doesn't like the heat, and I do. But where is your South Africa heat? I haven't felt any.'

"This is the first time that the head of the Mormon Church had visited the Union.

"'I am delighted,' he said, 'with the work that is being done here; and I am delighted with the hospitality and kindness we have met everywhere.'

"He carries his 80 years lightly, his smile and his voice are gentle."

PRESIDENT McKay VISITS SOUTH AFRICA

by Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

RESEARCH EDITOR

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
Such is a reporter's description of the arrival of President David O. McKay at the airport in Cape Town, South Africa.*

That is one of the many highlights of the trip that President McKay has desired to make for over a quarter of a century—ever since he and Hugh J. Cannon made the thirteen-month world-wide mission tour in 1920-21, in which they visited all the then organized missions outside the United States, with the exception of South Africa.

It was about the time of the American Thanksgiving that the missionaries and Saints in South Africa were informed by cablegram of President David O. McKay's impending visit.

**NOVEMBER 25, 1953**

"PRESIDENT McKay Contemplates Visiting South Africa Arriving at Johannesburg About January 8 Advises Postponement Conference of Missionaries."

"FIRST PRESIDENCY"

Perhaps only those who have lived in the mission fields of the Church can realize the joy that these members had in preparing for the President's visit.

Meanwhile, President McKay announced the plans for the journey as he addressed Church administration building personnel at their annual Christmas party on December 23. He and Sister McKay left Salt Lake City by train December 29 and flew the Atlantic from New York, January 2, their fifty-third wedding anniversary. They arrived in London the next afternoon, and he spent January 4 conferring with mission officials that had come from Switzerland, relative to the construction of the temple at Berne, and in visiting the temple site at New Chapel, England. Accompanied by President A. Hamer Reiser of the British Mission, who acted as the President's secretary during this portion of the tour, President and Sister McKay left London January 7. The long air flight to South Africa was broken by an overnight stop at Lisbon.

The party arrived in Johannesburg just at sundown—7:30 p.m., January 9, 1954. President LeRoy H. Duncan of the South African Mission was the first to greet the President in South Africa. Then came the Saints—an experience enjoyed by President and Sister McKay and by the news cameramen who were assigned to the airport for the occasion.

The following day, Sunday, January 10, a missionary conference was held in Cape Town. The members came expecting a glorious spiritual feast—and they were not disappointed. President McKay spoke for an hour at both sessions of the district conference. He had asked that seating arrangements be made so that the children be given the front seats, and in the morning session he spoke especially to these young members as he showed them a glass of clear water, and then how that water clouded as he dropped one drop of ink from his fountain pen into the glass. "That's how sin clouds a life," he said.

While in the Johannesburg area, President McKay visited a nearly completed LDS chapel at the expanding gold-field town of Springs. He also visited Church property at Pretoria.

Then another long air journey (one can scarcely conceive of the great distances in South Africa) of nine hundred miles brought them to Cape Town and the scene described earlier.

President McKay informed the Saints in Cape Town that the Church hopes to expand activities in South Africa. He pointed out that hundreds of converts have left South Africa for the United States and Canada to be nearer the activities that the Church offers. "If we establish enough chapels here in South Africa, this movement [away] will be arrested."

There was a missionary convention held in Cape Town whose final session was a ten-hour-long testimony meeting.

While in Cape Town President McKay visited the famed animal preserve on the Cape peninsula. During another stop, the President climbed the hillside to the lighthouse at the top.

President McKay visited government leaders during his stay in South Africa and was shown every courtesy.

Another clipping, this one from the Cape Times of Wednesday, January 13, 1954, speaks of how well President McKay was received by the press there. It reads in part:

"With his feet very much on the earth, President David O. McKay, prophet and head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, talked softly to me yesterday of his dream of a whole world living at peace.

"It can and will be done," he said, "but it can come only through Jesus Christ."

"This remarkable man, of Scot descent, and leader of 1,300,000 Mormons, who at 80 is moresprite than many a man 20 years younger, speaks with the assurance of one who believes fervently in his cause. . . ."

As this article is written, President and Sister McKay have already left South Africa and are visiting the missions of South and Central America. (These missions weren't in existence as President McKay made his worldwide tour in the twenties.) President Reiser has returned to London, and the President has been joined in South America by a son, Robert R., a Salt Lake City jeweler and a former missionary in South America. To Elder Robert R. McKay have fallen the duties of becoming his father's secretary until they return to Salt Lake City.

*From a front page story accompanied by a four-column picture in the Cape Town Argus, Cape Town, South Africa, Tuesday, January 12, 1954.

MARCH 1954
WISDOM—

HUMAN and DIVINE

by Dr. Henry Eyring

DEAN, GRADUATE SCHOOL, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

THIS IS A WONDERFUL WORLD, INDEED, FOR THOSE WHO CAN SEE CLEARLY OR, LACKING THIS, ARE ABLE TO WALK BY FAITH.

"The Genius of Man—His Mind and Work"
by Dr. Arva Fairbanks.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, Max Planck of Germany discovered that Newton’s laws just do not apply to atoms. In fact, atomic behavior is uncertain enough that strict predestination of a person’s actions, in the mathematical sense of Laplace, just isn’t so. The probability of various acts of the individual could be calculated by a sufficiently good mathematician, but exact prediction is out of the question. Some learned philosophers have thus felt that this chapter in physics has a bearing on the problem of free will. Whether or not this is so, free will involves additional questions. What is certain, however, is that scholars are continually learning more about the world we live in. In spite of this, when they go beyond what they can strictly prove, they are just like the rest of us. They are guessing. The moral is—believe everything scholars can strictly prove and suit yourself about the rest. Their guesses, like other peoples, are often right.

There is another side to this question. As parents and teachers, we pass on to our pupils our world picture. Part of this picture is religious,
and part of it deals with the world around us. If we teach our pupils some outmoded scientific notions which fail to hold water when they go on to the university, we run grave risks. When our understudy sheds the bad science, he may also throw out some true religion, i.e., “throw out the baby with the bath.” The solution is to avoid telling him the world is flat too long after it has been proved round. In this connection, I have never ceased to appreciate the fact that my parents, although devout, were never dogmatic. On a September evening in 1919, I was helping my father with the last load of hay before leaving in the morning to study mining engineering at the University of Arizona. He said, “Son, you don’t have to accept anything that isn’t true to believe the gospel. Learn all you can. If you live clean and are not profane, you will stay close to the gospel. If you will do these things, I’ll be satisfied with the result.” This was just the right thing to say.

At the present time, much is known about the make-up of the human body. It is composed of exactly the same kinds of atoms as make up earth, air, and water. It starts as a single cell, too small to see, and by incorporating the molecules in foods, it grows to maturity and after death, returns completely to the elements from which it was made. One can study the chemistry of the living cell just as one studies the chemistry of sugar, flour, or water. The body is a magnificent machine. The skeptic says this is all there is to it. The devout believer says yes, the body is a wonderful machine, but this is only part of the story. Coupled with it is an immortal spirit with a pre-existence. The spirit dwells in the earthly tabernacle as long as it is a fit abode, and at death, goes on its way. To resolve this question, we must go beyond the methods of science. Science has nothing to say one way or another about whether there is a spirit. This is simply to say that the evidence lies outside of our present scientific knowledge. The scientist, of course, being an ordinary human being, has his own particular estimate of the evidence, like anyone else. But for his opinion to have special weight, he must qualify on other than strictly scientific grounds just as other people must.

If we try to classify that part of religious experience, not susceptible to controlled experiment, we can separate it into at least two categories. First, there are the direct experiences of the individual, and second, the evaluations of these experiences by others.

To those who believe in an overruling Providence interested in the individual, it is self-evident that communications will be received whenever it fits into His plans—not necessarily ours. Those with direct experience will find that the painstaking sifting of evidence, which is necessary for their less-favored brethren, is both dull and tedious. This direct awareness of the Creator is promised, in the scriptures, to all those who live for it. Multitudes serenely anchor their future on this certainty of an overruling Providence.

Another avenue to religious faith lies in the examination of evidence. “By their fruits, ye shall know them” is a test to which the restored gospel is daily subjected. The perfection of its organization, the prophetic correctness of the Word of Wisdom, the humanity of the welfare plan, the unmatched missionary system, its incomparable youth program, its unpaid officers—all these bespeak the essential soundness of an organization set up during the thirty-nine short years of the life span of its founder.

The interpretation of history is another avenue to faith. Paul, on the road to Damascus, had an experience which changed him abruptly from a bitter opponent of Christianity to perhaps its foremost living exponent. Paul was manifestly intelligent and sincere. Was he mistaken or was his interpretation of the circumstances the correct one? Here one must interpret history. To agree with Paul is to be deeply religious. Joseph Smith’s experiences parallel those of Paul in most essential points. The same problem of interpreting history arises. Again, to agree, is to find that deepened religious meaning in all human experience.

Pre-existence, immortality, eternal progression, universal brotherhood, continuity of the family, continuing revelation, belief in a personal God, and necessity of good works, as well as faith, are a few of the teachings of modern and New Testament times which form the cornerstone on which the good life has and will be erected by the faithful. To the believers, this kind of evidence, which goes beyond science, is overwhelming in its impact on their lives. To those who cannot see the way, the gospel still guarantees the right of dissent. This is a wonderful world, indeed, for those who can see clearly or, lacking this, are able to walk by faith.

"Faith Triumphant" by Dr. Avard Fairbanks
New Approaches to BOOK OF MORMON Study

by Dr. Hugh Nibley

PROFESSOR, HISTORY AND RELIGION, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

PART 5

The great argument of those who have steadfastly refused, in the face of a rising flood of evidence, to accept the antiquity and authenticity of the new Scrolls, has been that the language they contain is totally out of keeping with the language that should have been used by Jews of such an early period. Here we have pre-Christian Jews talking like the New Testament: "Echoes of New Testament thought and phraseology are clear in the Scrolls; especially those having apocalyptic associations..." says J. H. Roberts. But "New Testament thought and phraseology" have always been supposed at divinity schools to be the product of a gradual and rather late evolution of the Christian community, and have no business at all appearing in pre-Christian Jewish texts! Christian language is familiar enough in old Jewish apocalypses and other texts, but "hitherto perplexed exegetes faced with such texts have usually found in them the interpolations of Christian copyists. But now... thanks to the Habakkuk Commentary (one of the scrolls), such excisions which could formerly be understood are now no longer to be tolerated; these 'Christological' passages, taken as a whole, henceforth seem to be of the greatest worth, and to continue to reject them without examination as being of Christian origin would appear to be contrary to all sound method." The author of these words notes that "it is now certain—and this is one of the most important revelations of the Dead Sea discoveries—that Judaism in the first century B.C. saw a whole theology of the suffering Messiah, of a Messiah who should be the redeemer of the world." We even find in the scrolls clear indication of three persons in the Godhead.33

Years ago Hermann Gunkel pointed out that a full-blown gospel of redemption and atonement was in existence among the pre-exilic Jews, but this claim, so jarring to the prevailing schools of theology which would only accept an evolutionary pattern of slow and gradual development, was strenuously resisted by the experts.4 The discovery of the Scrolls has changed all that: "Now that the warning has been given," writes Dupont-Sommer, "many passages of the Old Testament itself must be examined with a fresh eye. Everywhere there is a more or less explicit question of an Anointed One or of a prophet carried off by a violent death...."5 It is that scholar's theory that a certain Master of Justice, mentioned in the scrolls as the head of a sect of the Essenes in the first century B.C., was the original pre-Christian inspiration for the Messiah idea. Yet the numerous and ubiquitous references to the Messiah in the Old Testament as in the Apocrypha claim to go back not only to pre-Christian times, but far beyond the first century B.C. as well. So if Dupont-Sommer will not tolerate the business of glibly attributing whatever in those writings betrays a Christological tone to "the interpolations of Christian copyists," neither may he attribute the same passages to interpolations of men living after the Master of Justice. The Messianic theme belongs to the oldest traditions in the world.56

The bearing of this on the Book of Mormon should be at once apparent. The words of an Alma, a Nephi, or a Helaman are replete with "echoes of New Testament thought and phraseology," just as the scrolls are; yet those prophets are all supposed to have lived long before Christ. The New Testament flavor of so much of the Book of Mormon has been until now the strongest single argument against its authenticity. Men trained in sectarian seminaries have leaned back in their armchairs and pointed to Book of Mormon phrases that according to them could have come only from a Christian—and a late Christian—environment: ergo, Joseph Smith had simply worked his own

Port Said, one of the gateways to the Middle East.
religious conceptions into the book, grossly ignorant as he was of the crass anachronisms they represented. An excellent example of this type of criticism appeared quite recently in the leading Jewish newspaper, Vorwaerts. Speaking of the Book of Mormon, a critic writes:

It is full of citations from the Old and New Testaments.... The small number of people who have tried to read the book declare that it is dreadfully dull; in it are found quotations from Shakespeare and other English poets. That is one of the very comical things about the book. According to the book itself, it is written in the Egyptian language of some thousands of years ago; yet in it are cited excerpts from the New Testament, a much later document, or from wholly modern poets.

We shall deal with Shakespeare presently. As for the “other English poets,” their identity remains a secret locked in the bosom of the editors of Vorwaerts. Since “reformed Egyptian” was being written long after New Testament times, the charges of anachronism on linguistic grounds are worthless. But the basic issue is one which is being fought out furiously today, and the apple of discord is not the Book of Mormon but the Scrolls.

That New Testament language and thought cannot possibly have been familiar to the ancient Jews is a fiercely defended axiom in some schools. Less than a year ago Solomon Zeitlin declared of the Scrolls, “The entire story of the discovery may be a hoax,” and even if it were not, still the Scrolls “have no value for the history of the Jewish people, of the development of their ideas, or literature, or language. The so-called Manual of Discipline is a conglomeration of words. The Hebrew text makes no sense... it undoubtedly was written by an uneducated Jew of the Middle Ages.” How strangely like the conventional criticism of the Book of Mormon this reads! Yet here we have to do with texts which the ablest scholars of our time have declared to be not only genuine, but also the most important discovery ever made in Biblical archaeology! How is such disagreement possible among the doctors in the face of so much evidence? Paul Kahle has discoursed at length on the incredible stubbornness and self-will of the best religious scholars when they make up their minds on a subject. One expert now decides that the Scrolls are a Kurdish production of the twelfth century A.D. On what does he base this remarkable deduction? On certain details of literary style! But what of the other evidence, such as the fact that “not a single medieval manuscript exhibits the same script as the Scrolls”? That is simply ignored. The scholars who maintain that the Scrolls are medieval “accord preferential treatment to the evidence supplied by the... literary and linguistic relations between the Scrolls and other medieval documents, according to Teischer, while on the other hand “the archaeologists and palaeographers... set their feet on what they consider to be the firm ground of their palaeographic and archaeological evidence and reject airily the literary and linguistic evidence.” As an illustration, “to maintain, as Dr. Weis does, that the examination of the Habakkuk Scroll suggests that it was written about the year 1096 by an Isawite or a Judanite, is, in view of the archaeological and palaeological evidence alone, simply impossible.”

It is because it has been judged in the light of certain fundamental preconceptions about the nature of Jewish and Christian history that the Book of Mormon has been held to be a mass of crude anachronisms. Today the finding of the Scrolls shows these fundamental preconceptions to have been quite false: “Everything is now changed,” writes Dupont-Sommer, “and all the problems relative to primitive Christianity—problems earnestly examined for so many centuries—all these problems henceforth find themselves placed in a new light, which forces us to reconsider them completely.... It is not a single revolution in the study of biblical exegesis which the Dead Sea documents have brought about; it is, one already feels, a whole cascade of revolutions.” Recently a leading English liberal clergyman has declared that in order to support the accepted viewpoints he and his fellows have been under constant strain “of having to contort his (Christ’s) message, ignoring a considerable portion of it and making unwarranted deductions from other parts, to suit our preconceptions”; the confession of this folly and the acceptance of literal interpretations in place of what he calls the “liberal, ameliorist, social-gospel” view, “gives a sense of relief, of illumination, of enlargement.”

Such changing points of view, largely the result of the new discoveries, are very significant for Book of Mormon study. Their immediate result is to show for the first time on what extremely flimsy groundwork criticism of the Book of Mormon has rested in the past. Recently the

(Continued on following page)
writer has been taken to task for dealing somewhat roughly with the conventional commentators on Ezekiel. It is therefore with considerable complacency that he can now point to W. A. Irwin’s very recent study on Ezekiel research between 1943 and 1953, in which that scholar after a thorough investigation can announce that in spite of the diligence and number of the researchers, “not a single scholar has succeeded in convincing his colleagues of the finality of his analysis of so much as one passage.”

Though the experts propound wildly varying views—some having Ezekiel flourishing in Palestine in 400 B.C., while Messel dates his call, with great exactness at 593 B.C.—none of them bothers to submit the evidence for his claims: “It is unfortunate,” says Irwin, after a careful survey of the whole field, “that none of these scholars argued his position. We concede readily that they had weighty reasons for their views, but as matters stand, they have given only opinions, when the situation cries aloud for assembling of evidence and for close-knit argument.”

Every Ezekiel scholar, according to Irwin, follows “the method that is far too frequent in Old Testament criticism, that of presenting a plausible story as final evidence in a case, when in reality it is not evidence at all.” The result of this is that “as soon as one pushes beyond the general admission of spurious matter in the book, and seeks to identify it, he is at once plunged into confusion and chaos not one whit relieved through these years. Still worse, there is no clearly emerging recognition of a sound method by which to assault this prime problem. Every scholar goes his own way, and according to his private predilection chooses what is genuine and what is secondary in the book; and the figure and work of Ezekiel still dwell in thick darkness.”

Can we expect the Book of Mormon to enjoy unprejudiced and objective criticism when such treatment is accorded the Bible?

Any “Christological” elements in the Book of Mormon have taken their rise not merely in pre-Christian times but in that world to which the Nephites must ultimately trace all their Israelitish traditions, the Jerusalem of 600 B.C. Now there is much to indicate that that period was one of those times when great emphasis was being laid on the Messianic doctrine. One leaving Jerusalem at that time would take with him a powerfully prophetic religion, undamaged by the centuries of learned exposition and rationalization which were to make the Jewish religion a product of schools and committees.

The whole treatment of the Messianic tradition and the mission of Israel in the Book of Mormon is of a piece not with the demonstrations and sententiae of the doctors nor with the flights of the mystics, but with the systematic and traditional exposition which we find in the Scrolls and Apocrypha. Both in the Old World and the New we are led into a pool of common ideas and terms centering about the Messianic concept.

“In every age,” writes Guerrier, discussing parallels in early Christian papyri, “and especially where religious matter is concerned, there has circulated in a more or less extensive area (of the Near East) a certain fund of ideas and formulas, exact or inexact, which have been employed everywhere, and it is not always easy to discover their origin.” As a result, he says, we find parallels everywhere, without being able to trace them to any single doctrine or document as a source; for example, the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, though pre-Christian and non-Christian, is thoroughly typical of genuine early Christian writing.

We need not be surprised if striking but common ideas cannot be run down to their sources, for from the very beginning borrowing has been general and universal in the East: “as soon as a book was completed, its life ended. . . There was no idea in those times of authorship. . . a book was nobody’s property. It belonged to everyone.”

Texts far more ancient than the Scrolls, now read with a new understanding, show us how all through the ages the same ideas and even the same expressions have been current with regard to an expected Messiah. But in particular there have always been special groups of pious people, separating themselves from the main body of Israel to prepare in a most particular way for the coming of the Lord, and thereby incurring the mockery, wrath, and persecution of the society as a whole, under the leadership of conservative priests.

This situation is indicated in the Scrolls and also in the Lachish letters, which are contemporaneous with Lehi. It is tersely and finely described in the Book of Mormon as well: “Our father Lehi was driven out of Jerusalem because he testified of these things. Nephi also testified of these things, and also almost all of our fathers, even down to this time; yea, they have testified of the coming of Christ, and have looked forward, and have rejoiced in his day which is to come.” (Helaman 8:22.) Here we are told that the situation in the Old World persisted in the New World, and what the Book of Mormon describes—pious separatist groups living in a religion of expectation, suffering persecution and moving into the “wilderness” from time to time under inspired leaders, who often visit royal courts and cities on dangerous missionary assignments—is precisely the picture that is beginning to emerge in the Old World.

With the finding of the Scrolls it becomes apparent that large sections of the Book of Mormon (e.g., in Jacob, Alma, Helaman, etc.) are actually specimens of a very peculiar literary style that would be exceedingly difficult to forge at any time. It is still too early for a definitive study of the problem, and the whole question of ancient non-Biblical literary types in the Book of Mormon has hardly been scratched. But the first step in such an investigation has already been made by capable researchers who have attempted to expose the Book of Mormon as a typical modern American fabrication. Now it takes no great genius to discover that the Book of Mormon first appeared in western New York in the early nineteenth century: that is a given quantity. What the literary savant must show us is that it is a typical production of its environment—that there were many, many other writings just like the Book of Mormon being produced in the world of Joseph Smith. If that is asking too much, let the experts furnish but one other example of such a book. It will not do merely to point to any text.

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“Suffer it to Be So Now”

by Paul H. Maxwell

Our young men have been called into the service of our country, directly from their schools. Many of these have been unable to fill the long-time desires of their hearts—to fill a mission for the Church. Others have found themselves in uniforms a few days after their release from the mission fields of the Church. These boys have found new joys as they have joined LDS servicemen’s groups and kept active in Church work. Some of the groups have found themselves in parts of the world where the restored gospel has never been successfully preached. This is such a story: Korea, and four converts that were baptized through the efforts of one servicemen’s group. It is the story, too, of Dr. Ho Jik Kim, who was baptized while pursuing graduate studies in the United States.

A baptismal service was held in Korea. The four candidates for baptism were one of Dr. Kim’s sons, Tai Whan Kim, and one of his daughters, Young Sook Kim, and Mrs. Han and one of her daughters, Sung Ja Lee. Later in the day a testimony and confirmation meeting was held.

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As Dr. Ho Jik Kim witnessed this humble event, his bosom filled with pride and thanksgiving; today two of his beloved children had gone down into the waters of baptism. This is what he had hoped and prayed for, earnestly, for a long time now. For a long time it had seemed that he was to be the first of only two Koreans to embrace the beloved gospel; but now—in answer to hope and prayer—one of his sons and one of his daughters have taken that momentous stride.

Dr. Kim let his mind flash back to that period of time, many years ago, before he, himself, had embraced the gospel. He remembered that he had been born into the Confucianist religion in North Pyung An Province, Korea. His education had begun in Korea, then continued in Japan, and later, much farther away from home.

From early boyhood he had been seeking the truth. In his search he had engaged in the Korean originated religion, “Chun Do Kyo,” and later Buddhism—but in them both he had failed to find the truth he was seeking. Then came the Christian religion; in 1925 he had embraced and been baptized into the Presbyterian Church, serving as an elder for a period of time. But once more he found his search to have been in vain, for again his spiritual requirements were not fulfilled. Following these disappointments, Dr. Kim had resolved to journey to the United States with dual purpose: to seek out the “real religion”—the one that would satisfy his conscience, and to renew his knowledge on the science of nutrition.

Yes, that is how he had journeyed to America where he had attended (Continued on following page)
The above group represents those present at Songdo Beach on a Sabbath morning. Service personnel are identified as follows: Front row, left to right: Chaplain (1st Lt.) Ross L. Gavington, Logan, Utah; Elder (Sgt.) Ralph O. Erickson, Deseret, Utah, and Elder (Cpl.) Howard W. Bradshaw, Beaver, Utah. Standing: L to r: Elder (Cpl.) Jesard Morris, Seattle, Wash. Back Row: Elder (Cpl.) Robert L. Ellis, Ogden, Utah; Elder (1st Lt.) Paul H. Maxwell, Paul, Idaho; and Elder (Cpl.) Franklin K. Buchanan, Watsonville, California.

(Continued from preceding page)
Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, in 1951, later receiving a Ph.D. in nutrition.

During his search for truth in America, he had attended meetings of many religious denominations, seeking spiritual satisfaction. In this search he had been attracted to the Mormon religion through a good friend and member of the Church of Jesus Christ—Oliver Wayman. Brother Wayman’s habits, personality, and faith invited inquiry. Here was a man who did not use liquor, tobacco, or indulge in worldly things.

Soon converted, Dr. Kim had been baptized and confirmed in Ithaca, New York, ordained a deacon on August 5, 1951, and a priest on August 26, 1951.

Returning to his native Korea in September 1951, he had assumed and now held the office of president of the National Fisheries College in Pusan, Korea. Here God’s love and blessing had been made manifest. Assuming control of a defunct educational institution, inactive because of war, he had prayed earnestly to God for inspiration, guidance, and help in restoring order from chaos. A few short months later, at a parent-teachers festivity given in his honor by the faculty, and when praised for the miracle he had performed in such a short period of time in transforming almost nothing into an admirable, efficient, and completely re-activated college, he had replied: “I cannot accept any of the credit to myself. It all belongs to God. I could not have performed this of myself. I asked of God, and he is the one that accomplished the unbelievable.”

Characteristically, there was the desire to share the “glad tidings” with others, and when a former pupil Mrs. Han, came and confided that she was on the brink of despair, he answered: “Dear sister, I know of a gospel—a wonderful gospel—capable of giving you new hope, new life. If you will study it and pray to God, I will promise you these things: health, happiness, joy, and a desire to help others find those things, too.”

She studied, she prayed—and emerged from the waters of baptism with great joy radiating throughout her being. Could it possibly be that this was the same person who approached him a few short months before with such great despair? As Dr. Kim observed her now, he wondered what her thoughts were—and the thoughts of one of her daughters, Sung Ja Lee, who had been baptized this day also.

As though anticipating his thoughts, Sister Han, in essence, replied: “Today is surely the greatest day in my life. I am very happy. A short time ago I was so full of despair—but today I am filled with great joy. The hope of everlasting life is in my bosom and all because of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I am very glad I have found the Mormon Church.”

As Dr. Kim’s son, Tai Whan Kim, scholar and teacher, emerged from the waters of baptism, his countenance shone with serenity. For him, this was a glorious finale; a peaceful and happy climax to his testimony, his faith, his prayers, his hope.

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The New YMIA Leadership Program Places Added Emphasis On

The Worth of a Boy

By Elder Mark E. Peterson
Of the Council of the Twelve

He was only a shepherd boy, youngest son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, but the Lord appointed him in his early youth to become king over Israel. Through his lineage the Savior was born. Who can estimate the worth of a boy?

He was just a boy fourteen years of age, but the Father and the Son appeared to him and in answer to his prayer called him to be the instrument through which the Church of Jesus Christ would be re-established on the earth. How much was the life of the boy Joseph Smith worth to mankind?

In the Church today there are probably 140,000 to 150,000 boys between the ages of twelve and twenty-five. They cannot all be kings or prophets, but among them are our future leaders—General Authorities, stake presidents, bishops, counselors, high councilmen, priesthood quorum heads, and auxiliary leaders and teachers. Given the right training and opportunity, each of those boys is a potential leader and pillar of strength for the Church, a potential head of a faithful Latter-day Saint family. The loss of one boy from the fold of Christ today may mean the loss of hundreds in future generations.

Leaders of youth in the Church are charged with the responsibility of caring for the welfare of not only the young people whose names appear on the rolls of the various organizations but also of every youth who is a potential member of those organizations. To aid leaders of the Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Association fulfill this responsibility more adequately, a new leadership program is being established. Under the program every boy or young man between the ages of twelve and twenty-five, whether active or inactive, living in the ward or away from the ward, is to be accounted for. Monthly personal visits or contacts with every boy are to be made—in class if the boy is active, at home if he is not.

To stimulate perfect attendance, to become better acquainted with class members and to discuss any personal problems the boy may have, the class leader is to have an individual interview with each attending class member once a year. Once a month the MIA ward superintendent, his age-group assistant, and the class leader will meet with the bishop in the first part of the regular Aaronic Priesthood leadership meeting. Following this meeting the MIA leaders will meet and go through the roll books to see if the class leader needs any special help.

The class leader, realizing that he cannot be a true leader unless he is a good Latter-day Saint, will at all times show the boys the way, through

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The Worth of a Boy

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his own life. He will live the standards of the Church. He will attend his meetings.

Let’s see how the program will operate in some actual situations.

Two boys in the Third Ward, Jim and Bob, turned twelve the first of the month. Both of their names were promptly placed in the permanent MIA roll book as well as in the class roll book. Jim was out to MIA the first week after his birthday and has not missed since. Bob, on the other hand, failed to come. The scoutmaster, feeling as much responsibility for Bob as for Jim, had his enlistment committee as well as Bob’s closest friends urge him to attend. In addition, he made a personal visit to Bob’s home to talk to him and his parents. Bob has promised to give MIA a try next week. If he doesn’t come, the scoutmaster will make sure that he is still communicated with at least once a month, in person or by letter. When he does come out to meeting, the scoutmaster is determined to hold him through interesting class activities and lessons.

Val was a Junior M Man who recently moved into the ward. As soon as the Junior M Men class leader learned of it, he had Val’s name placed on the roll books. Along with the chairman of his enlistment committee, he visited him in his home, talked enthusiastically about the class lessons that were being given and the activities that were being held and urged him to come out to MIA.

If Val has not responded by the second month, the class leader will visit him again, meanwhile seeking further aid from the bishop and the MIA officers. Until Val starts coming to MIA, the class leader will seek ways of reaching him. If he comes to priesthood meeting, to sacrament meeting, or to Sunday School, the leader will be there to help make him welcome.

Class leaders throughout the Church who meet the following standards for this program as set up by the general board may be given each year a special award in the form of a leadership recognition certificate, if each leader:

1. Sees that the name of every potential member of his class is on the roll books. The class leaders will be responsible for every person whose name is on these rolls.

2. Makes a monthly personal visit or establishes contact with each person whose name appears on the class roll and who has not attended during the month.

3. Holds an individual interview once a year with each attending member of the class.

4. Leads an exemplary life with respect to adhering to the standards of the Church and attendance at sacrament and priesthood meetings and attends at least seventy-five percent of his MIA meetings.

A specially designed pin will be available for a leader who earns three of these certificates. In addition, once each year each stake in the Church may select one ward class leader from among those receiving the award for a special award known as A Distinguished Leadership Recognition Award. This award is intended for those who have gone the extra mile in consecrated service. The class leader selected must be the unanimous choice of ward and stake superintendents.

From the winners of the Distinguished Leadership Recognition Award some will be selected on occasions by the general board from the field of the entire Church to be given special honor at June conference.

Through honoring leaders and encouraging them in every way to do their job, it is hoped that MIA workers throughout the Church will give better service to the boys and young men of the Church and will dedicate their lives to making sure that each boy is given every encouragement to do his duty in the Church.
Passing through the temple grounds on a spring morning several years ago I noticed a peculiar sight. In a plot of blooming tulips the foliage of the plants was almost entirely covered with heavy, wet snow of the evening before. In spite of this unusual condition and the almost freezing temperature of the past night, the blossoms tipping the slender stems raised their heads erect and unafraid, opening their petals like a radiant smile to greet the glorious morning sun.

The sight was so strange that a serious thought filled my very soul. How like some lives! How like my own life during the early years of my widowhood—difficulties, hard work, and denials of needed comforts for my small children! A life almost submerged and overwhelmed, yet I tried to hold up my head and struggle to grasp every glimmer of sunshine that came my way.

Many struggling souls almost overcome with adversity and tribulation receive strength and power, if, like the tulips they reach upward for help.

The trees of the forest that contend and labor hardest against the elements of cold and storm and wind, thrust their roots deeper into the soil and attain greater strength than their comrades of the more secluded and protected nooks.

So it is with human lives. Difficulty and disappointments, met with determination and trust and faith in the God of heaven, help to build strength. When sorrow and hardship develop in a person compassion and sympathy for others in trouble, they bring a richness into life that can never come to the individual who does not have to fight or suffer.

Our beloved Lincoln came not to his high place as chief executive by traveling a secure and sunny path. He was forced to fight against poverty, criticism, and difficult situations. Yet with all these adversities and troubles he kept his poise and balance. His head was high, and his heart was right. In his kindliness he reached a helping hand to human sufferers and to bird and beast in distress. His name stands today among the great of earth’s sons.

Our own revered prophet of the restoration, Joseph Smith, received strength and power for his great mission through the things which he suffered. He was an innocent sufferer in consequence of malicious slander, drivings, and mobbings. These reached their climax in many unfair court trials, resulting in his incarceration in filthy prison cells and in his martyrdom.

Our Lord brought light through him into a darkened world. The gospel of Jesus Christ revealed anew in its fulness through this young prophet is a true philosophy of life which teaches man to become like the Master, the Savior of men. Obedience to its requirements will yield a fruitage of eternal happiness. It is the one and only thing that can bring real peace to the individual, to the home, and to the nations of the earth.

Real men, like tulips, when destructive elements seek to overwhelm, raise their heads and their hearts high as they give their strength to fight for right.

Courage

by Ellen Redd Bryner
S

PARKS from age-old Indian fires, fanned into flame by long ago dead winds, had burned off the vast expanse of sun-broiled sagebrush, leaving in the root-clogged valley space for tiny log cabins that rose leisurely from the wasteland. Long ago the signal fire had lost its significance, and the picturesque native had retreated farther into silence. Only occasionally now a lone Indian found his way across the sunflowered landscape that fringed the desert. His blanket was drawn closely about him. His pony, moving cautiously across the stretch of rabbit brush, had a timid, fearful tread. Sometimes at sunset there came the latent rhythm of horses' hoofbeats whiscking through the dark or the thud of heavy moccasined feet of a squaw who carried on her back a papoose in his tickenagon.

Nestled in the valley, haunted once by the coppery natives, was a pioneer village. Lights from its scattered farmhouse windows gleamed a welcome to the weary jerk-line freighter, as he turned for rest from the main road into the tiny settlement, hedged in on the west by worm fences and walled up on the east by the adamantine masonry of the Rockies.

Here Barry Red Moth was born, bringing with him the brooding spirit of his people. Here he first peeped up into the black eyes of his square-faced mother, who smothered his every whimper in the folds of her crimson blanket. Here he grew up, enjoying the wide sheath of prairie stretching ever westward; here he sought in the rocky terraces of the mountains some lone crag upon which to cling while he gazed out upon his world, his by divine right, left him by the Creator, usurped by the grasping hand of the white man of the plain.

Barry loved the prairie unfolding before him until it touched the horizon beyond a necklace of hills on the far rim of the Great Salt Lake. Here it was that he turned over in his mind the years that closed one upon another, until he was left grown-up.

He recalled his childhood, when he had helped to dig his mother's grave. He remembered his school-days when his father led him by the hand and introduced him to the white teacher of the village school and to little Nora Everett, daughter of Chauncey Everett, leading figure in the village. He recalled the delighted group of children who longed to learn from him the dances of the Indians which were part of his rich inheritance. He had a perfect body, straight and sinewy, and he enjoyed the envying gaze of the little tosi pompies who stood admiringly watching him.

He was a striking example to the people of the village, as essential to their welfare as the mountain streams that irrigated their crops. He was tall and strong and vibrant, with
keen black eyes that sparkled with a kind of sullen merriment; a man whose presence on horseback or walking beside a roadway caused the stranger to look twice and marvel at his easy pose in the saddle and the rhythmic swing of his strong young shoulders. He would touch his forehead with an unusual kind of salute and step deeper into the weeds and let the stranger pass him by.

He felt extreme pride in his auburn hair and often stood to let the rays of the setting sun fall upon it, holding his wide hat brim folded over his fingers; for, although his mother was Wanotoma, a Shoshone Indian, Barry, Sr., was his father. Barry's hair was identical to his father's, but the obsidian glint in young Barry's eyes belonged only to the Indians.

From the earliest days of pioneering, Chauncey Everett had taken a great fancy to young Barry, whose indelible personality had stamped itself upon him. Inherent in young Barry were all the cumulative tribal traditions of his race, modernized and stabilized by Everett, and the transitional state of the young half-breed's mind was most promising.

Everett gave him the keys to the book cupboards in the little meetinghouse on the hill, and it was there, with these friends, that the young Indian worshiped and yearned for new contacts and a bigger world.

After the death of his mother, Barry and his father had been almost inseparable, but his thoughts and interests turned always toward Nora.

The older man had urged his son to keep to the plow handles, but Barry's desires soared far above the great clods that struck a hollow note against his heart as he followed the ponderous team of grays, nor was he interested in his father's sheep. He wanted greater things.

Then with the passing of his father, Barry neglected both the plow and the sheep. At first he did not realize that his big moment was at hand. He knew Everett's sons were in Ann Arbor and Princeton. He, too, would go there. He learned from Everett that his father's farmland was valuable, and there was money left him in the village bank. He could go to college if Mr. Everett would assist him, tell him just how to prepare.

He was surprised at the reluctance of his good friend Everett to help him when college was mentioned. He did not quite comprehend the intimations that Everett made, and his mind was troubled.

Barry was a substantial figure in the community, he knew that. It was he who had struggled through the drifted snow to the tiny church on the hill. It was he who stood with his bronzed arms bare, chopping wood to "heat-up" for a funeral, or dig the frost-bound earth for a grave. It was he who balanced himself on the topmost rung of a ladder to decorate the little meetinghouse for a carnival or a bazaar, or to trim the tallest pine he could find for the Christmas festival. Of course they would miss him!

Everett had once said, possibly Carlisle would admit him, but Barry wondered why not Yale or Princeton. He was troubled. Thoughtfully he ran his fingers through his hair recalling the name his Indian mother had given him, Unka Wanta, Red Moth; red man who hovers always near the whites. He was mostly white, he would attend a white man's school.

He was sorting out his few belongings, precious books, among which were a Bible and the handbook of his father's religious belief. On the floor beside him a candle flickered, and he watched a huge white moth fly so close to the flame that it scorched its filmy wings and lay writhing in the hot tallow beside the wick. Barry thought again of his Indian name. Then with a characteristic shrug he blew out the light.

Over the snow a gleam penetrated the sudden dark of Barry's attic room. It was from Everett's home. Nora lived there, charming daughter of Chauncey Everett, leading figure in the territory soon to become a state.

Barry had loved Nora in secret since childhood. Now that things had changed and he was going to college, he would tell her of his love.

His soul welled up through his emotions. He would make his decision now and tell her of his love, of his ambitions, and when he returned successful, he would ask her to consider him favorably as her own.

It was a perfect night. Myriads of stars swam about in the icy heavens. Barry walked briskly toward the light that beckoned.

Across the open prairie white with snow he moved, breathing audibly as he walked. Every footfall echoed into silence. Every creak of his heavy boots on some frost-crisped bridge stirred him to hope. He hastened up the lane, along the irrigation canal, a project of his brain which his own hands had helped to fashion.

Intuitively Nora must have guessed his errand, for she came down the snowy path to greet him and with him Godsfoot and success in his college studies.

Together they entered the cozy Everett kitchen. The Indian reached into a woodbox and pushed a huge pine knot, dripping with resin, into the four-hole range.

He bent forward in Everett's old armchair, calico-cushioned overseat and backrest. Nora sat perch upon a giant cedar stump her father had brought in to dry out for firewood. Her hands were clasped Puritan fashion over her knees, as softly she looked up into the eager face that looked down at her.

Barry's approach to Nora was significant of the beautiful philosophy

(Continued on following page)
The Peace of Red Moth

of his mother's race, but his disappointment was overwhelming when he learned of Nora's recent betrothal to Martin Hale, young doctor in the little village, yet somehow he could not bring himself to a realization of the fact; so he stayed on.

The stove had burned itself out. A honeycomb of frosty lace curtained the narrow windowpanes as Barry finally bade farewell and stumbled out into the darkness. Inevitable anguish swept him on. Indian fire burned in his blood, revenge was in his heart, and about his heavy garment was that weird and unalterable antiquity that flutters only in an Indian's blanket. For an indescribable second, Barry turned and looked back. Nora was standing in the open kitchen doorway, shielding from the bitter wind a tiny candle flame, while its mellow glow lighted Barry on, in the blackest night he had ever known, away from her forever!

As the Indian trudged on through the snow, memories rushed towards him, the unforgettable traditions of his mother's tribesmen! The death dances, the spell of the blinking owls, the return of the silver eagle in answer to a prayer, all these and many more. He remembered them all, and the niches in the granite cliffs in the canyons where the old chief-tains would fast and pray. Gradually they all came back to him as he swung forward with the ease and grace of a trained athlete, but with a heart that sank within him.

The air was filled with quick moving sounds as Barry went on. Soon he found himself peering through the window of a farmhouse on the far edge of the village. His hunting knife was already open in his hand, and his thumb raced up and down its keen, cold blade.

Barry hadn't stopped to consider that Dr. Hale might be away on some urgent case. It was his Indian blood that burned in his veins; it had drawn him from his course. Then suddenly remembering, he turned abruptly and sought the pathless drifts to a lonely spot near the meetinghouse on the hill. A slight elevation in the snow formed a mound. A rough wooden slab stood upright casting a pale shadow behind it. The nameless board marked his mother's grave. Baring his head and folding his arms, he stood there.

"It was you, my mother, you! Why did you put the blood of an Indian in the veins of a white man? Why did you give me a heart of white, and a red man's soul? You were red, my mother, and I of you, so I will go back to your people, back where I belong. I shall never accomplish the many things I longed for and dreamed of. I shall never marry Nora!"

Slowly he turned away, the silent gray of the following evening brought him home. He had sought out the granite niche in the Rockies and had prayed to the Great Spirit for wisdom.

Upon returning, Barry found a letter awaiting him. It was from the Church. He was to go as a missionary of his father's faith to his mother's people.

So Barry and his father's Bible went out of the lives of the people in that settlement.

The silent calendar of unnumbered days went by, months and even years. The village had disappeared with all its arid acres from his mind. The roar of the Shoshone Falls hung silenced by a catacata of ice, the night wind rattled through the frozen Montana grasses.

Nanon, Red Moth's Indian wife, turned sharply as her chief closed the Bible and fastened the clasp.

"It's easy you to read Him, Red Moth, but more hard to believe. There is much danger brewing; much war! I don't have faith in Christian God, so much I do my own; I like my Sky Father, my Earth Mother, and the Whispering Spirits of the winged things. I can't see why you bring your book God here, among us. Why didn't you stay back in your country with your white peoples? You send our papoose to white man school? My people don't forgive you, Red Moth, nor do I. You didn't want him be big Indian, Shoshone Chief, maybe! He will never come back to Shoshone, never! As for your Christian King, you can't bring him here among us; among those, see!"

The Indian woman shook her flat shell earrings, a gift of a Cherokee friend. She had slumped back in her old ways in spite of Barry Red Moth's efforts to teach her, and now pointed with her thick thumb out into the night where a few dingy shapes sauntered moodily by.

Barry Red Moth looked into his wife's face. He did not stir, he seemed tense at the words she had spoken.

"Peace, peace, God grant it may be so, Nanon. Do you know why I came here, do you? Do you know anything? Can't you understand my duties? Besides, I want that boy to have a chance, a chance, do you hear? I want him to be a leader in the struggle for peace and good will toward men!"

With these remarks the chief banged the door behind him and left!

Lights in his council chamber burned dimly through the frost encumbered panes, vainly trying to penetrate the thick blackness of the winter sky. The landscape lay a white enameled stretch before him, cameoed with Indian lodges carved through the darkness. Here and there strange figures loomed up and skulked across the crusty snow toward the semblance of light, beacon of the council chamber of the chief. There were ugly mutterings as they passed inside, and the pine door closed after them. They stamped the snow from their boots and morosely, with marked disapproval on their half-hidden countenances, slumped down in their seats. With indifference and hate they sullenly awaited arrival of their chief; not of the tribe, but of the council, Chief Red Moth.

Minutes glided by before the tall, broad-shouldered fellow cast his shadow on the snow. Slowly, thoughtfully he came, swinging forward with his old accustomed elasticity, his hands across his breast, his chin buried deep in the collar of his coat, his aurora graying head bare, but his eyes sparkling with an Indian's fire, and his strong forehead butting the freezing air. The lodge door swung open and a streak of light shot a warning in the gloom.

The red men crowded closer to their chief, with grunts and undertones, drawing closer to the red hot stove at the far end of the lodge.

Chief Red Moth was annoyed and angered. He had failed to make the slightest impression upon them. With powerful emphasis he called them to order, speaking to them of peace. He reprimanded them for leaving their farm implements untouched, to rust;
Dr. Harvey W. Wiley organized a group of healthy young men into what was known as the “poison squad.” These young men were fed small quantities of the questionable chemicals in their foods. Their body discharges were checked exhaustively, and the young men were examined daily by a qualified physician.

What Can You Do To Protect Yourself Against Adulterated Foods?

Read the labels—the presence of such substances is declared on the label.

Buy foods which are free from such preservatives and added chemicals whenever possible.

Tell your grocer that you prefer foods which do not contain such substances.

Report to food officials any outstanding violations you observe.

Let’s keep the foods of man as wholesome and healthful as we can!

At least partly from this publicity, the Food and Drug Act of 1906 was born, and Dr. Wiley insisted that deleterious substances in foods were prohibited by the new law and that most of the chemical preservatives such as formaldehyde, benzoic acid, boric acid, salicylic acid, and sulphur dioxide were deleterious substances. Many manufacturers did not agree with him, and finally a board of impartial men headed by Dr. Ira Remsen was appointed to decide the issue. With the exception of benzoic acid and its salts, the “Remsen Board” agreed that all the other substances were more or less harmful to the human body. Official action at that time resulted in the practical elimination of all the objectionable chemicals in foods except the benzoates and sulphur dioxide.

In Dr. Wiley’s “poison squad” experiments, sulphur dioxide was listed as a “deleterious substance,” and no exception was made by the “Remsen Board,” but the dried fruit industry insisted it could not operate without sulphur dioxide as a preservative. Therefore, in 1912 a high official of the Department of Agriculture permitted the fruit driers to use sulphur dioxide. A tentative maximum was set at 250 parts of sulphur dioxide per million parts of fruit. This tolerance was immediately exceeded, and today we find dried fruits in our markets containing as much as 3500 parts per million.

One official stated: “Food and Drug officials have never given approval to the use of sulphur dioxide, but its use is tolerated because there has been little success in obtaining favorable court action against its use.” Evidence, however, is available to show that sulphur dioxide destroys certain vitamin fractions in our foods and may have an unknown effect upon the human body.

“Because of the uproar, in 1912, of certain fruit processors, sulphites are generally accepted in fruits, but

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Handcarts Westward

Pioneer Silhouette

by Ruth I. J. Devereaux

She stood, as evening shades embraced
The last sweet fragments of the day,
Among the sun-bleached, rolling hills
Amid the sagebrush, gray
With dust a human train had stirred.

She stood where man had ne'er yet
Sought to build his home, where God
Had stayed the hand of life
To bring forth its abundant yield from sod
Unquenched by sparkling mountain streams.

She stood where just before her
Death forbade all living things to breathe.
Tomorrow's hope lay in her eyes;
Tomorrow's dreams unfold to wraith
A silhouette of courage against a cloudless sky.

Swinging and swaying, the stagecoach, emerging from mud holes
left from the recent storm, pursued its way through checkered sunshine and shadow of the woods, issuing at last into broad daylight, with the forest left behind. This last part of the trip from Chicago to Iowa City seemed interminable to the girl and boy, Pamela Brownlee and her young brother Allan, who a few weeks previously, had set sail on the clipper Thornton from Liverpool.

The year was 1855, and they were the only ones of the group of converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who had come through immediately after embarking at Boston. The journey had passed pleasantly while in the company of these friends, but as the couple viewed Boston receding, they realized the sacrifice they had made in giving up home, mother, and father as well as friends of a lifetime, for this unpopular belief.

The day had begun with a sharp wind but became calm as the morning wore on. They passed alternately through bushes and green grass, and trees in bloom, or budding into leaf. There were red clusters of the maple blossoms and rich, red flowers of the Indian apples in profusion, and then another foretaste of the prairies. Studding the green swales were the gaily colored wild flowers of the range. Flocks of crows, raven, and turkey buzzards were in evidence. There were serenades from the wolves. One came close to the coach, staring with large gray eyes.

"The gun, George!"

"It's all ready, Smitty," came the answer, which was a little drama put on for the benefit of the tenderfoot passengers, whose eyes were all agog. When the gun was leveled at the animal, it ran away.

"What would the Church members be like, here in America?" Pamela pondered in anticipation of meeting new friends, and her mind went back to the week-end about a year ago when she had visited her friend Kathleen Garson in Preston, England, and had heard the message of the new and despised religion.

Just as the sun was dipping into the West, Iowa City came into view.

"Our stop is at the People's Hotel." In stentorian tones the driver shouted. Everyone's effects were unloaded here.

"No rooms available," the desk clerk announced. Noting the look of dismay on the faces of the young girl and her brother, the clerk asked questions.

"Hey, Rusty," he called to a young urchin who was busily sweeping up odds and ends of litter, "run over to Saunfer's Café and tell them a couple of Mormons have arrived on the stage."

With slightly flushed face and wide-open eyes, Pamela kept looking toward the entrance through which the boy had disappeared.

"It's all right, Sis, the desk clerk had a good face. He's probably sent for some of our people."

But neither of them was prepared for what met their gaze. A young girl came in from the street. She had blue eyes, auburn hair, a few vivid freckles across a slightly upturned nose. But more important than her looks was the never-to-be-forgotten expression of friendly interest. With slender arms extended, she came toward them—the dusty, travel-wearied brother and sister.

"I'm Polly Saunders. Pa's in charge here, and he wants me to bring you over to our restaurant." And the three went into the street. Soon they met Emma Lou, another daughter of the kindly Phineas Saunders. Later they were driven along the river road and up to a one-storied frame and log house,

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home of the hospitable Church members whom they had just met.

"Mother, we have company," Phineas called out, and immediately the door was opened, and Jane Saunders appeared.

Small, pert as a bird, she smiled kindly and answered, "Come in, come in." And flying back and forth, she took care of the brother and sister and their belongings. Her dark hair and almost black eyes denoted the strain of the Cornwall people. As was usually the way in similar cases, they talked of England, the new arrivals answering questions as to the part of the Old Country they had come from, and a comparing of notes as to the memories of their former homes.

Pamela was reminded of a letter she carried.

"Elder Philemon Merrill wrote this to Stephan Weiler."

At the mention of the last name, there was a slight rustle on the settee where Emma Lou and Polly were seated.

"David's father," the latter whispered.

Pamela looked questioningly in their direction, but no one spoke.

"The evening is early, Pa. Can't we drive over to the Weilers now?" Mother Saunders asked.

"No reason why we can't. Wake up Jeremiah if you want to go." The seven-year-old heir of the family was dozing, lying full length on the rug in front of the grate fireplace.

Later, when the family had retired for the night, Pamela lay awake thinking of the events of the past few hours, and the kindly Church members she and Allan had met. She thought of the Weilers, stalwart members who had gone through the persecutions of the mobs.

"I'm proud to meet two who have so nobly survived the persecutions of our people," she had spoken with feeling.

"There isn't enough money on earth to pay for what we have suffered, and we wouldn't take it all for the soul happiness we have received. If we did put in a bill, the story would read like a psalm of mortal agony and rejoicing." Stephan Weiler had answered in well-modulated tones.

Then he had spoken of Philemon Merrill. "What a man he is! I was proud to be fighting alongside of him in that tragic Crooked River engagement, and what a loss to the Church was our dearly beloved Apostle David W. Patten, who was injured fatally at the time."

Through the open door Pamela had had a glimpse of David Weiler, by lantern light, sweaty and grimy from his work with the cattle.

"Come David, come meet these young people," his father had called. And after washing up in the lean-to kitchen, he had come in. Pamela remembered him—every detail—his friendly brown eyes, crisp, wavy hair. The blue flannel shirt he was wearing had been open at the neck. His buckskin trousers were dirt-stained.

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There were serenades from the wolves. One came close to the coach, staring with large gray eyes. "The gun, George!  "It's all ready, Smitty."
Should I Go To College?

Is it wise for one to continue schooling when he could be making good money on a job requiring little or no formal training? This problem is important to young people today. The decision usually is complicated for a boy by the problem of military service, which may delay him two or more years in the achievement of his ultimate goal. Also, the question as to whether he should choose to fill a mission instead of completing school is often difficult to answer. What should be a young man's attitude in these matters? How valuable is a formal education? In view of these and other demands on a young person's time, can he afford to spend four years or more in college?

In answering these questions, it is well to consider carefully the attitude of the Church on education and the basic reasons for this attitude.

In the history of the Church we find ample evidence that it believes strongly in education. Throughout his ministry, the Prophet Joseph Smith was a scholar. In spite of his lack of formal schooling, he became skilled in the use of languages and well informed in matters of government and in the arts and sciences. He urged the Saints to gain knowledge and teach their children. Soon after the organization of the Church, he ordained William W. Phelps to assist Oliver Cowdery "to do the work of printing, and of selecting and writing books for schools in this church, that little children also may receive instruction. . . ." (D. & C. 55:4.) Through an article in the Evening and Morning Star published in 1832, he instructed the Saints everywhere to organize schools for the instruction of their children and to teach them in their homes until such time as this could be accomplished. He also organized the School of the Prophets for the leaders of the Church at Kirtland and provided for the establishment of a university while the Saints were in Nauvoo.

After their exodus from Nauvoo, the Saints continued to stress the importance of education. They lost no time after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley before they established schools for their children, and it was less than three years after they arrived that they organized the University of Deseret for the purpose of providing further schooling for older children and adults. Also indicative of their strong belief in education is the fact that in 1851 the public schools of the Territory of Deseret were organized under the direction of a superintendent of public instruction.

This emphasis on education by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is reflected in the way in which Utah has consistently led the nation in the efficiency and effectiveness of its public schools. This leadership is amply illustrated in many ways, most impressive of which is probably the high proportion of men of science and men of distinction who were born and reared in Utah.

Why is it that the Church has placed such strong emphasis on education ever since its organization? The answer is to be found in the basic philosophy and doctrines of Mormonism. We read in the Doctrine and Covenants that, "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth." (D. & C. 93:36.) The direction of our thoughts and energies, then, toward intelligence, toward intellectual light and truth, is an endeavor which has the approval of our heavenly Father, and one in which he glories. We are told, further, that, "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection."

"And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come." (Ibid., 130:18-19.) We are enjoined, therefore, to " . . . study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people." (Ibid., 90:15.) Again, " . . . seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith." (Ibid., 88:118.)

What, then, is our answer to the question, "Should I go to college?" Obviously the answer that any individual will make must be based upon all of the circumstances that affect the wisdom of his decision. There are some, of course, who may be wise to enter employment directly upon completion of high school. Others, perhaps, would do well to attend some type of specialized school. Still others may find that their capacities for college-level work of a strictly academic nature are somewhat limited in comparison with most college students and that they would, therefore, face almost certain failure in a highly specialized college course.

Even the child who has an average I.Q. sooner or later reaches a point in school where he has difficulty in understanding the abstract problems and language which is used in advanced educational areas. Therefore, it is easily possible for a child of normal intelligence to do very well in the elementary grades and even in the first grades of high school and then to experience difficulty in subjects which call for more abstract thinking. Youth must realize the need for establishing a balanced education curriculum which takes into account all factors that affect the individual. By so doing, we shall not only provide a sound education for our youth, but we shall also secure the best for ourselves and the future of the Church.
that increased intellectual demands are made upon them as they advance up the educational ladder from one grade to another. Great pressure is brought to bear by parents, teachers, and society in general upon those in advanced education. If a boy elects to go to college, he will be continually compared with other children of superior intelligence. It may not be wise for the child with less than average scholastic ability to pressure himself and allow intellectual failures to come into his life which, in a sense, may be reflected in personality difficulties. Sometimes we can profit by failure, but usually we should try to so plan our lives that we may have a reasonable chance to succeed. We must realize that we differ in intellectual capacity, in interests, in personality traits, in physical strength, and in many other capacities which should be considered when deciding whether or not we should attend college. Some people can work at a great rate of speed for eight or twelve hours, while others may have energy to maintain constrained effort for only four or five hours a day. These and other differences in mental capacities and energy should be understood by youth, and help should be given to boys and girls to assist them to make wise decisions in order to avoid academic failure, loss of prestige, and confidence.

It is possible for one person to understand as much in high school as another may understand in college. Most types of young people will do very well in personal adjustment and in social integration if they are guided and directed wisely. We should attempt to understand ourselves for what we are and to make our decisions in such a way that our individual needs will be more nearly met.

Hundreds of young people are coming to the Brigham Young University counseling service hopefully attempting to perform scholastic activity for which they are woefully unprepared. It is recognized by all that many people who are not first-class scholars are very successful in life. We take the position that success in life depends upon intelligent actions—actions which indicate integrity, honesty, and wisdom. Many people who have failed in school have great intelligence, great wisdom, and great integrity and are successful.

As a rule, it is wise to continue formal schooling as long as we reasonably can, but all factors should be considered in making this decision. When considering the problem of a college education, a young person must realize that there is great value both to himself and to the Church in filling a mission call. If this call should come, he, of course, will respond. Also, young people are confronted with the problem of marriage and how to get a college education and also begin the rearing of a family and the making of a home. Careful consideration of major values in life should be given.

Finally, the reader is reminded that he should seek learning constantly, not only through the avenue of formal schooling, but also through reading good books, attending worthwhile lectures and concerts, through participation in study groups and family nights, through meditation and prayer—in short, "... even by study and also by faith." And he should never lose sight of the basic truth that our very purpose in life is to progress intellectually, physically, and spiritually, in order that "as God is, man may become."
Genealogy

Divine Guidance in Gathering Genealogy

by Ammon Y. Satterfield

After immigrating to Zion as a convert in 1901, I began to realize as I learned more of gospel principles the great responsibility that rested upon me for my progenitors.

In later years my position as president-manager of a large corporation took me east annually for several years. As my business grew, my work in the Church increased. When planning these trips my heart burned with the desire to go to the South, where I was born, and gather the genealogy of my forefathers. But because of pressing business calls each time I came back without realizing that desire.

During the winter of 1915-16 my company again sent me east to buy implements and wire, this being the third year in succession. I completed my business and started home in response to urgent calls to return because of pressing business problems.

When I was about a block from the depot in St Louis, a feeling came over me with such force and power that it seemed it would lift me from the street and carry me in the air, and I felt a burning sensation similar to that I had experienced two years previously when I was healed instantly of pneumonia. This burning impression permeated my entire being and said, "You must go south and gather your genealogy."

I did not want to disobey that impression, although I had already sent word to my family and to my business associates in Idaho that I was en route home. I had bought my ticket to Pocatello. Yet I walked up to the ticket office and found that the first train for Chattanooga left in fifteen minutes.

I had but a few dollars in change in my pocket, just enough to take me home. I told the agent I wanted to go on that first train but would have to get a check cashed. There I was in that great ten-acre depot knowing but one man in the whole state who could identify me or help me get that fifty dollars. I turned around and there sat that man, a Mr. Dancy of the Acme Harvesting Company, from whose company our firm had purchased many carloads of machinery, and with whom I had traveled several weeks the past fall.

I said, "Mr. Dancy, have you fifty dollars in cash you could let me have for my check?"

He replied, "This is peculiar. I kept out just fifty dollars this morning when I remitted my collections."

I bought the ticket and caught the train out, going directly to Chattanooga. From there I went to the old home of my great-grandfather, who had served as a soldier in the War of 1812 and the later Indian wars. I found the old home he had built nearly one hundred years before. A descendant was living in it, and he gave me access to the old family Bible containing the family record written in it by my great-grandfather. For several days I had a glorious time visiting among relatives. Finally I arrived at Goldville, Alabama, at the house where I had been born, and where my father had been born also. An uncle who was living there met me at the door. He told me I would be welcome as a nephew, but only on condition that I never mention Mormonism while I was in his home. I very quickly assured him that I would be glad to do as he wished, since it was his home. But if he had any questions about the Mormons, he should feel free to ask them, and I would try to answer them, as I had lived and traveled extensively among them. Before long he started asking questions and never stopped during the whole week I was there.

In a few days I had obtained considerable genealogy from his records and from several cemeteries we visited. Then he told me I should visit Uncle Green McDaniels, a great-uncle on my mother's side. I said that Uncle Green had died twenty years ago. "No," he said, "he is still alive, ninety-four years of age, one of the oldest persons in the county." Uncle Green was my grandmother's eldest brother, being about twenty years older than she, and born in 1822.

Next morning early we drove a mule-drawn two-wheel cart over the hill and found Great-uncle Green, blind with age but straight as a shingle and nearly six feet tall. His mind was almost blank as to what was happening from day to day but extremely keen as to events of his earlier life.

He gave me the names of his uncles and aunts, and of his great-uncles and great-aunts on both sides, with dates reaching back into the last half of the 1700's. The surprising thing was that he gave me dates of birth, marriage, and death, and in many instances places of marriage and the cemetery where buried. These I checked over with other sources later and found to be correct.

He said he could not have any peace of mind unless he was going over in his mind these names and dates. For three years he had rehearsed them in his memory. He had urged his near relatives to copy these facts down for him. Several times they had started to do so but had never finished. Always the cares of home would intervene before they did much of the recording. He said his old family Bible had contained these records, but it had been burned in a granddaughter's home three years before. Since then it had been constantly on his mind to get and preserve these dates. He had even persuaded some relatives to copy dates for him from the old cemeteries. They would read these to him, and he would memorize them.

I copied as he dictated about 150 names between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. When I finished, my great-uncle gave a sigh of relief and said how happy

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In the Steps of Abraham

by Stanley Kimball

Part III

—Photographs by the author.

I was traveling third class. In order to get a little rest before the train pulled into Mosul, I stretched out on the overhanging baggage shelf. During the night the train passed Ashur, the earliest capital of Assyria, founded, it is reported, about 2900 B.C., almost a millennium before Abraham. I was still following the Tigris because it was the more interesting of the two possible river routes that Abraham may have used in his migration from Ur to Haran. If Abraham came this way, he may have stopped off in Ashur for a visit.

At dawn I could distinguish the ruins of Nimrud, capital of Assyria in the ninth and eighth centuries B.C. Little of the majesty of the "scourge of the earth" remains.

Arriving in Mosul I threw my gear in the Station Hotel and was off to see this very fascinating city and its environs. Mosul means "Point of Junction" owing to its central position among the countries of Western Asia. It became a city shortly after the hegira in 640. Marco Polo visited here in 1260. It was sacked by Hulagu and again by Timur Leng. Under the Ottoman Empire it was considered the most inaccessible spot in their empire. Today its population numbers about 150,000.

Christianity was supposed to have been established here by St. Thomas himself, and the Jewish colony in Mosul purports to trace its origin back to the Hebrews deported from Palestine by Nebuchadnezzar.

Here they show the traveler the tombs of Seth, St. George, Jonah, and Nahum, but to me the most interesting sight was Nineveh.

Across the Tigris ... and not far beyond the river bank, there rise the mounds and long low banks that are all that is left of mighty Nineveh and the gigantic wall that embraced it in a circuit of twelve miles. The fourth and last capital of the Assyrian Empire, the great city was the centre of its culminating glory and of the wickedness against which the prophet Jonah was sent to preach.

Irregular roofs of Ain Sifni, a Yazidee center in northern Iraq.

There have been several Abrahams, named after Father Abraham. One of them in Mosul. His chapel is believed to have been the Convent of St. Abraham, which is now a Mosque. This was the first place I visited, not much to see. It was close to the Tigris River, and a herd of water buffalo was near.

I then attended a Chaldean mass at the Church of Tahra of the Chaldeans, an excellent example of eastern Catholic architecture, very similar to a Greek Orthodox Church. As I listened to the priest chanting liturgy in a strange tongue, I wondered if this were perhaps the same language in which was said: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."96

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In the Steps of Abraham  
(Continued from preceding page)

I had been in Baghdad to call on a Father John of the Roman Catholic Church in Mosul regarding history of the locale. He had written several articles for the Bulletin du Seminaire Syro-Chaldeen that I found most helpful. A Father Turner took me up into the bell tower of the church. From there we could see miles in all directions over the undulating plain lands. We could even see the mountains of Iran and Turkey in the distance. Perhaps Abraham followed a route that came within reach of my binoculars.

The two of us hired an arahana (a horse-drawn carriage) and visited the tomb of Jonah where I was also shown the sword of the very fish that swallowed him! The tomb of Jonah is in a mosque built by Timur Leng upon the ruins of the palace of Esarhaddon. This mosque also affords the best view of the ruins of Nineveh. From this vantage point can be seen the ancient walls and the mounds making the remains of the great palaces of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal. No systematic excavation has been made of these ruins which extend for nearly three miles. A great many important monuments, some of which I have seen in Chicago, New York, London, Paris, and Baghdad, have been dug out of the ruins.

Afterwards I visited St. Peters, reported to be the oldest church of the Chaldeans. It is entirely subterranean and in very poor condition practically falling apart and filling up with rubbish since it is used but once a year. The church makes no small claims, however, for it asserts to house some of the relics of St. Peter, along with some of St. Mary!

The Turkish consul spoke French as poorly as I, but somehow I obtained the necessary papers to go to Turkey. This particular part of the Near East was a very touchy area. Turkey, Iraq, and Syria meet near Mosul. The fear of Russia, the Jews, and the oil problem made travel difficult.

I arrived back at the station barely in time to meet an Arab acquaintance and a car I had rented from the Mabain al-Nehurain garage. I was on my way to visit Ain Sifni, a village situated thirty-five miles from Iran and where live members of the little known and less understood religious sect called Yazidees, commonly called "Devil Worshipers."

It has been raining, and the "roads" were even worse than usual, but we took the chance. We also took along a couple of stragglers with the idea that if we should get stuck they could push us out of the mud. We crossed the Tigris, and the road continued on directly through the ruins of Nineveh. Slowly we gained altitude, for we were entering Kurdistan. Fifteen miles out we came to Khorsabad, eighth century B.C. capital of Sargon II. There is precious little on the surface to see. Several depressions and mounds are all that meet the eye.

Twenty miles farther on we arrived at Ain Sifni. We began to see their curiously shaped shrines. They are very small, perhaps fifteen feet square at the base, and surmounted by a fluted cone. They resemble fancy frosting decorations on pastry. We were greeted by the village schoolmaster and, as usual, nothing would do except we go to his home for refreshments. Then we toured the town.

Ain Sifni and its inhabitants,

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“I start where the last man left off”

—Thomas A. Edison

Edison, to explain his incessant and tireless reading of scientific journals, technical papers, patents and books, said that he read to avoid useless repetition of old experiments. “I start where the last man left off.”

What Edison knew, and perhaps said in an unquoted moment, is that thousands of men would be needed to “start where he left off.”

“Just wait a little while,” prophesied Edison, “and we’ll make electric light so cheap that only the wealthy can afford to burn candles.” Edison lived to see lamps that gave four times as much light and cost one-fifth as much to buy. And electric lighting has progressed far beyond that.

He recognized that an invention does not end a search. It begins a search.

The lamp was a beginning in forcing not only its own evolution but the evolution of meters, fuses, sockets, wiring, power distribution systems, transformers and generating stations.

He lived to see the company that was formed to carry on development of electric light and power evolve into one of the world’s most important industrial research centers. Today General Electric laboratories employ several thousand men and women who are seeking new things on widely different fronts.

It is seventy-five years since Edison lit the first successful carbon lamp. He will be remembered for inventions that changed the world. But let him be remembered, too, for inspiring so many men to start where he left off.
In the Steps of Abraham

(Continued from page 166) despite the slurs cast at them for worshipping the devil was by far the cleanest Arab village I had seen in the entire Near East. Policemen were present, and the people were most hospitable.

We then visited one of the little shrines. Mirrors and pictures were imbedded in the façade, evidently for decoration. We wanted to go inside but were told that the keys to these shrines are contracted out and the holder of the keys only turns up on a day when pilgrims are expected, and he can extract a small gratuity for his service.

At 8:45 one morning I caught a train bound for Turkey, the slowest ride I had taken since I boarded the White Pass and Yukon Railway (locally referred to as the “Wait Patiently and You’ll Ride”). There was not much to see other than colorful costumes, camels, and flocks of sheep grazing. These herds symbolize the continuity of humanity and have long been a familiar sight along this route.

Seventy-five miles out of Mosul is the Syrian border town of Tel Kotcheck. The train stops for two hours while custom officers make their routine inspection. When I had been checked, I went for a walk through the town. I thought for a minute that Hollywood had been there before me and set up a model cowboy set. There were the straight and wide muddy streets meeting at right angles and leading nowhere. The same colorless buildings lined each side of the road with board sidewalks in front of them. Here and there were horses; men stood around talking, with rifles and cartridge belts slung over their persons. Lazy dogs roamed the streets. There were blacksmith, barber, and butcher shops. Sidewalks were covered with wooden awnings. I went to what proved to be a “general store” of a century ago. Everything from rubber boots to matches was proffered. I saw a remarkable display of yard goods, shoes, junk jewelry, and sundries.

After Tel Kotcheck we traveled in Syria for about fifty miles before coming to the Turkish border town of Nusaybin. I was allowed off the train here. Nusaybin, formerly Nisibin, is an ancient site. At one time it was thought to be the Accad of Genesis 10:10.

My destination for the night was Achokola in Turkey, the closest rail stop to Haran.

(To be continued) NOTES

As mentioned in the last article the two river routes were by way of the Tigris or the Euphrates.

[1] The flight of Mohammed from Mecca in 622 A.D.


A Time for Seeing Ourselves

Richard L. Evans

We sometimes shay away from words—especially words that have acquired unpleasant connotations; for example, we may speak quite comfortably of good resolutions, but perhaps not quite so comfortably of repentance as it may concern ourselves. But often there is little distinction between the two. A good resolution, in the New Year sense, is simply a resolve to leave behind some bad habit, to improve a less than perfect performance, to make amends for some cause for regret—which is in fact a kind of repentance, by whatever name we choose to call it. This is a time to look at ourselves, frankly, inside and out, even when it hurts, even if it makes us quite uncomfortable, and to forsake faults and foolishness and wasteful ways, to forsake our sins both of commission and omission, and to resolve to do better than we have done, to be better than we have been. Being honest with ourselves, most of us would be willing to admit that there are some things we wish we had done differently and some things we would wish to have overcome. At almost every point of life, when we close a door upon the past, we have some cause to say, “I wish I had done some things better. I wish I had done some things differently.” It is seldom that any period passes without some such regrets. However, this is not a time for brooding upon the past, but a time for looking forward, with hope and purpose and faith for the future—with a resolve to close each day with a sense of accomplishment, with a deeper appreciation of our loved ones, with a resolve to be more ready for whatever may come, whenever it may come. The unexpected closing of the lives of others suggests constantly to all of us that we keep our own lives in order, that we do each day’s work each day, lest the time of cutting short should come sooner than we suppose. But if we should have done more than we have done, if we should have been more than we have been, we may well remember, gratefully, that the acceptability of a man’s performance is not only where he is at any moment, but also in what direction he may be moving. There are many things to overcome for all of us, and as the New Year offers its opportunity for improvement, for peace, for repentance, we recall these lines from the words of John: “He that overcometh shall inherit all things. . . .” God help us in the New Year to have the strength and courage to be what we should be, and to overcome what we should overcome.

“The Spoken Word” from Temple Square presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System, January 3, 1954

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Less than 30 minutes a day to cut and green-feed forage! That's all the time it takes one western rancher; and in season, just ten acres of pasture supplies all the roughage for his 60 head of stock.

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NEW APPROACHES TO BOOK OF MORMON STUDY

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using "thee" and "thou," or to any work that mentions the lost tribes or a possible Hebrew origin for the Indians or ancient wars and migrations—what we must have is a book that is something like the Book of Mormon, which resembles it in form and structure, and not merely in casual and far-fetched parallels of detail such as abound in all literature. It is not enough to observe that "Lehi" sounds like "Lehigh" or that a man was murdered on the shores of Lake Erie in Joseph Smith's day—nothing is proved by such silly parallels. The Bible will not do, either, for the Bible was not written in western New York in the early nineteenth century. If we can find a book written in imitation of the Bible, that will do for our point of departure—but even for such a book we search in vain.

The Book of Mormon like the Bible is an organic whole. We are asking the literary experts to produce just one modern work which resembles it as such. There are, we believe, plenty of ancient parallels, but if the Book of Mormon is a fraud, a cheat, a copy, a theft, etc., as people have said it is, we have every right to ask for a sampling of the abundant and obvious sources from which it was taken. Smith's View of the Indians is no more like the Book of Mormon than a telephone directory. All attempts to find contemporary works which the Book of Mormon even remotely resembles have been conspicuous failures. So it has been necessary to explain the book as a work of pure and absolute fiction, a non-religious, money-making romance. But one need only read a page of the book at random to see that it is a religious book through and through, and one need only read the title page of the first edition to see that it is given to the world as holy scripture, no less. Here we come to the crux of the whole matter.

The whole force and meaning of the Book of Mormon rests on one proposition: that it is true. It was written and published to be believed.

People who believe the Book of Mormon (and the writer is one of them) think it is the most wonderful document in the world. But if it were not true, the writer could not imagine a more dismal performance.

There is nothing paradoxical in this. As Aristotle noted, the better a thing is, the more depraved is a spurious imitation of it. An imitation nursery rhyme may be almost as good as an original, but a knowingly faked mathematical equation would be the abomination of desolation. Curves and equations derive all their value not from the hard work they represent or the neatness with which they are presented on paper, but from one fact alone—the fact that they speak the truth and communicate valid knowledge. Without that they are less than nothing. To those who understand and believe that $E = mc^2$ that statement is a revelation of power; to those who do not understand or believe it (and there are many!) it is nothing short of an insolent and blasphemous fraud. So it is with the Book of Mormon, which if believed is a revelation of power, but otherwise is a nonsensical jumble. "Surely," wrote Sir Richard Burton, "there never was a book so thoroughly dull and heavy; it is as monotonous as a sage-prairie."

It will be said that this merely proves that the greatness of the Book of Mormon lies entirely in the mind of the reader. Not entirely! There are people who loathe Beethoven and can't stand Shakespeare; it was once as popular among clever and educated people to disdain Homer and Shakespeare as barbaric as it is now proper to rhapsodize about them in great books clubs. Different readers react differently to these things—but they must have something valid to work on. We are not laying down rules for taste or saying that the Book of Mormon is good because some people like it or bad because others do not. What we are saying is that the Book of Mormon, whatever one may think of it, is one of the great realities of our time, and that what makes it so is that certain people believe it. Its literary or artistic qualities do not enter into the discussion: It was written to be believed. Its one and only merit is truth. Without that merit, it is all that non-believers say it is. With the merit it is all that believers say it is. And we must insist on this truism because it supplies a valuable due to the authorship of the book.

(To be continued)

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8A good collection of texts has been made by A. von Gall, Basileia tou Theou (Heidelberg, 1929).
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MARCH 1954
AFTER first viewing the town's conglomeration of log and frame houses, Pamela tried to put away the feeling of disappointment. They held no hint of the mansion-like homes the Saints had built in Nauvoo. Yet in direct contrast, the present neighbors were as friendly toward them as those in other places had been bitter.

"You can't learn everything at once, my dear," smilingly Mrs. Saunders said to the puzzled girl. "When the Mormons were driven from the neighboring states, they fanned out across Iowa, where a pleasant surprise awaited them. Their new neighbors, like themselves, wanted nothing better than to be left alone, to worship as they pleased. The only explanation I know of is that they, like most of our people, were emigrants themselves and wanted to establish homes and churches.

"I've noticed the many churches," observed Pamela.

Phineas, who was doing some figuring on a small table in the corner, noticed the wistful expression on her face. "Just a little homesickness," he spoke gently. "We all have experienced it at one time or another. But one thing we must remember, Pamela, dear child, the Lord has established his Church in these latter days. The gathering place is in the valleys in the mountains—not in Iowa nor back in England. And never fear, we will build homes of lasting beauty again. And this time they will not be taken away from us."

She smiled at him through a mist of tears. "Don't mind me," she said, "I'll be all right."

The back door burst open, and Jerry rushed in, calling loudly, "Danny and I have been picking herbs. See what a lot I have."

"Fine," his mother answered. "Now you can help me make assafedite bags."

Blacksmiths, mechanics, and wagon makers were kept busy early and late. The women stitched tents, pieced quilts, and did innumerable

(Continued from page 161)

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MARCH 1954
HANDCARTS WESTWARD

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other tasks. Strolling along the main street the next afternoon, Allan and his sister noted groups of men conversing on politics—the Missouri Compromise, extension of slavery into the territories, the dispute over accepting Kansas as a free state. The name of General John Frémont was on every lip. His exploiting of the far west and the hazardous trail he had blazed into the icebound Rockies had fired the imagination of both parties. He had suffered hardships which staggered the imagination of all. Each party wanted him to accept the nomination and run for president. "Your Buchanan won't have a

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Beyond the Barrier...

Richard L. Evans

We read these days of speeds that move men beyond the so-called "sonic barrier," and of the forces and feelings encountered when super-powered planes physically fight their way through the "sound wall" almost as if they were moving through a solid substance. This is just one physical example of man's moving into realms beyond where he has been before. We read of light that allegedly travels faster than the acknowledged speed of light. We read of the recording of the "ultra-sonic" sounds of birds—of songs that can be seen on the spectograph by the human eye, but which cannot be heard by the human ear. There is, no doubt, much that happens all around us that we are little aware of—much that is "proved," and much that is unproved, so far as the physical senses of men are concerned. We are far from understanding fully even ourselves; and we are infinitely far from understanding all the physical factors and forces that are all around us; and still farther from understanding the intangible facts and forces, the thoughts, the feelings, the intuition and impressions, the spiritual facts and forces, that escape our coarser senses. But shall we say that because we cannot hear or see something, it doesn't exist? Would it not be presumptuous and unprovable to say so. Whatever is beyond the barrier, whatever is beyond our senses, whatever is yet unknown, whatever we shall yet discover, in the words of Robert Millikan, who recently passed beyond the mortal barrier, "...the Creator is still on the job"—and humility and an open mind to truth are still among the most becoming attitudes of men. Sometimes we may not know what it is that moves upon us, that makes us restless for the search. Sometimes we may wonder why others do not see what we see or why others seem to see what we do not see. And then, with faith, we find the "evidence of things not seen," the substance of what we could not find before. The search for truth is an important part of life—for all truth: for the presently reachable, tangible, and material facts, as well as for the spiritual and intangible facts that lie at present beyond the barrier—and to which faith at last will lead us. Faith is essential in the search for the meaning of all things.

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MARCH 1954
Handcarts Westward

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ghost of a chance, now Frémont has consented to run on the Republican ticket.”

“Mebby so, Jim, but 'tis rumored that Frémont has refused to campaign for himself.” And so the talk went on. Wistfully Allan observed, “If Pa were here, wouldn't he be in the midst of the discussions!”

And during these tense, stirring times, the Latter-day Saints were quietly, assiduously going about making preparations for the trip across the plains.

The Iowa Banner carried an item which read, “Travelers to the west who wish to take the southern route will outfit in Burlington. Those choosing the northern train will outfit in Iowa City.” The Mormons followed the northern route, thus making Iowa City their headquarters.

Church leaders in Iowa had been urged to be prompt in their attendance at their forthcoming Wednesday evening meeting, as matters of importance were to be brought up. Wheelwright Brown stated one of the problems.

“'The fact is, brethren, we aren't making wagons and handcarts fast enough for the Saints who are leaving right along for Utah. How then are we going to take care of the hundreds, yes, thousands, who we are told will be landing here in the months to come?' The seriousness of the condition was apparent to all assembled, and each one offered a little extra time each day to aid this project.

“I have a fine, clean-cut young man who wishes to learn the wheelwright trade, young Allan Brownlee,” Elder Weller announced.

That same evening with the Saunders family gathered in the front room, Father spoke, “We are kept busy in the restaurant. Now if you, Pamela, can give Mother a hand in the mornings, you can get a job elsewhere to aid you in your journey to Utah. Allan can help Jerry with the chores before he goes to Brother Brown's. Then both of you can stay with us.

Pamela smiled at her brother, “We'd like that, not to be separated, wouldn't we, Allan?”

Polly's eyes were beaming, and

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On the Fringe

Richard L. Evans

I N THUMBING through some commonplace words we find the word fringe—and we find it thus in part defined as "an ornamental border . . . " or "something resembling a fringe; . . . as the outer fringe of a crowd." No doubt there are fringes in almost everything; but as to actual performance, fringe doesn’t seem to play a very important part. It is there. It may look well—but it is only on the edge. And that in part describes some people who are "on the fringe," as well as the fringe on fabrics. Families have their fringe. Clubs and committees have their fringe. Communities and countries have their fringe. Churches have their fringe. Every organization, every institution has its fringe of those who hang out on the edge. They aren’t altogether in or altogether out. They may claim to be part of the picture when there is something good going on but refuse to be part of the picture when there are obligations to be borne. They may want the advantages of citizenship without assuming their full share of service. They may want the privileges of membership without meeting their due measure of obligations. They may want the love and loyalty of the family without carrying their full share of the family load. They may want the blessings and benefits of the church without conformance or service or support. They may want the freedom, the peace and protection and prosperity of the country without giving full loyalty or allegiance. Surely there is some stigma in just staying on the edge and never quite being part of the picture. And one wonders how much patience the Judge and Father of us all will have with those who choose to live their lives on the fringe, without becoming a real functional part of the fabric. The larger blessings and promises of life (as well, indeed, as lesser ones) are predicated upon performance, upon participation, upon the doing of the thing, upon the living of the law, and when we do what we should do, we shall somehow, somewhere, receive the promised reward. But if willingly we fail to perform, if willingly we are found on the fringe, if we cannot quite be counted in or out, we fall far short of full effectiveness—and far short of the compensations that come to those who can be counted on.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JANUARY 24, 1954
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Handcarts Westward

As the two girls departed, Emma Lou turned to her mother, "Now all that is settled, or at least appears to be, we’ll set our minds on the get-acquainted party."

A NIGHT or two later, the Saunders’ home took on a festive air, shining as the faces that lined the walls.

(Continued on page 180)
Love Dreams

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KSL Radio
Handcarts Westward

(Continued from page 178)
Pamela had dressed carefully in her blue empire-styled crinoline which her mother had so proudly made for the harvest ball. Her shining dark hair, combed over her temples, concealing all but the lobes of her ears, framed the oval face. Jane wore her black riding coat with yellow collars and cuffs. With arms outstretched she said, "Come dear, meet all these people. Folks, this is Pamela, and this is Allan, her brother, who've come clear from Dedrin, Darby Vale, in the midlands of England. They've left home and all, to be with the Saints in Zion."

Pamela glanced around at the guests seated in the rush-bottomed chairs, the red plush rocking chair, and the settee. The large walnut bed had been taken down and carried out for the occasion. She smiled to feel friendly eyes upon her. Complimentary expressions accompanied the words of welcome. The chattering which had been interrupted went gaily on, and Pamela had an opportunity to have a better look around. It was important, for were not these to be her people from now on? She was glad to see them dressed neatly, from Grandmother Tolliver in stiff calico with cord and tassel around her waist, to Emma Lou in brown moiré with bodice of pink corded silk.

Nancy Ware was striking up a tune on the organ. "Musical chairs," she announced. Josh Carter was tuning up his fiddle, and dances were called in spritely manner. "Hi Nellie, Ho Nellie, Listen Love to Me," "Log Cabin Waltz," and many more.

Pamela's eyes kept straying in the direction of David Weiler. She had always been accustomed to receiving admiring glances from young men. His expression was baffling. She just couldn't read his mind. Perhaps the tables were turned this time. She liked his wavy hair—the way it fell back from his well-formed forehead—and the strength shown in his attractive brown hands. He didn't really join in the fun but held himself somewhat aloof. He finally asked her for a dance when the evening festivities were nearly over.

Afterwards the girls talked of the events of the evening.

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“David, I like that name,” thoughtfully spoke Pamela.

“The name or the boy?” slyly queried Emma Lou.

“Why of all things, the name, of course!” The answer came with so much emphasis that the sisters laughed delightedly at her evident dilemma.

“But one thing, Pamela dear,” Polly whispered as though divulging a dark secret, “David never looks at girls.”

At the same moment, the young man in question was thinking, “I don’t know what was wrong with my hair tonight. The new girl kept looking at it. My hands seemed to be bothering her, too. But what large, dancing blue eyes she has.

“But I’m not interested in her or any other girl. My responsibility is my family, with Pa not being well. Besides I never had a dream or hope that didn’t end in disappointment. I won’t be hurt again. Everyone I really care for was killed or stayed back in Nauvoo.” Then resolutely he refused to think, as memories of the burnings, whippings, and blizzards began to cross his mind.

To her parents in England, Pamela wrote: “Mornings, I help Mrs. Saunders. We sew, scrub, wash clothes, and do whatever has to be done. They tease me for scouring away the wood grain in the cupboards with newly made lye. Afternoons I ride the pinto, Daisy, into town and keep accounts for Mr. Dayton. Every day is ‘market’ day here. Eastern men rush into town to close land deals. You’d think they were afraid it would run out, but I’m sure there is enough land to last several generations. Iowa City is the capital of the state, and the Senate meets here. You would like it here, Pa. Allan and I can just hear you expressing your opinion. And you can say whatever you wish, it seems.”

With a sense of satisfaction she thought, “No more long waits to get to Church in Preston.” And with spirit she joined in the hymns. A favorite one of the Saints at that time was,

“I long to breathe the mountain air,
Of Zion’s peaceful home.”

Walking out of Sunday School the first time, Pamela remarked casually to Polly, “I wonder why David wasn’t there.”

(Continued on following page)

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Handcarts Westward

(Continued from preceding page)

“He often misses,” came the answer. “You see there is quicksand along the river banks where the cattle go to drink. David and Jed Mordin ride every day, Sunday no exception.”

“But why does David have to go along, too? Isn’t one enough?”

“You’ll just have to ask David yourself, Pam.”

“I would never do that.”

Mail day was an occasion. With the arrival of the stagecoach, a cry would go up, and all rejoiced in each other’s mail, especially when it came from across the ocean. One day, upon receiving a letter from her mother, Pamela called good-bye to a group in front of the post office and started down the road on Daisy. She heard the music of tinkling spurs and a voice saying,

“I’ll ride you a ways home, Miss Pamela.”

It was a quiet voice, but suddenly the pathway was shot with golden sunlight, and the muddy river was a sparkling stream of water, blue as the heavens. They rode on while luminous purple spread out ahead to the distant hills. She found herself prattling breathlessly until she wondered why he did not wheel about and ride off in disgust. But his shining Chestnut Bay kept by her right side. David nodded gravely to her chattering, as though what she said really mattered. They slowed to a walk, and she felt a strong hand hold her right one, as it was lying idly across the pommel of the saddle. She felt dizzy and seemed to hear voices in the distance saying, “He loves you, he loves you!”

She lived in a dream for days to come. After throwing out a pan of dishwater or hanging out the clothes, she would stand looking across the Iowa fields away to the horizon. She saw the hazy smoke of the straw fires, and closer, the long rows of corn coming into tassel, the road with the cumuli of dust sloping up the long roll of hill between dark, cultivated earth. But she was learning many things—how to make the leach lye for soapmaking, how to make candles by pouring the wax into the molds. Allan and Jerry gathered creosote leaves for making olive green dye, “rabbit brush” for a lighter shade of
green. Pamela learned to mix sour bran and wood ashes to set the colors. The madden berry, she learned, made a nice shade of red. There was also wool carding and spinning to do.

It wasn't all toll though. Once she wandered along the river bank where cattle shouldered through thickets of willow and dogwood, lumbering laboriously in thick mud and sand, pocked with deep tracks. She met David, and they walked side by side, elbowing their way through the jungle of birch, cottonwood, and oak, thick with creepers and wild grapes. The rough softness of soil under her feet was pleasant, and there was a sense of well-being to be near David in this transition from blazing sunlight to cooling shade. They sat on the bank, overgrown with dandelions and snake grass. A muskrat skidded across the river, and Pamela trailed her hand in the water. She reached for a leaf, and he saw that her hand was trembling. Drawing her to him, he held her in a long embrace, "Oh, David," she said, "we must return now."

Going back they startled a mother prairie hen and her squawking young ones, and both laughed gleefully with the happiness of young love shining in their eyes.

The shaking of hands and visiting after Church seemed part of the service. David had a way of leaving as soon as the "amen" was said.

Pamela spoke impatiently about it one evening.

"Why must you dash out—can't you tarry a while?"

"I'm just a little fed up on so much religion. Oh, don't mistake me. I believe it to be the only true one."

With downcast eyes, neither spoke.

Joining the young people at the Ware residence, David, in answer to the questioning glances said, "Pamela doesn't understand my feelings. The religion is all right, but why we have to suffer so much for it is a mystery to me."

"It is worth it, David," Delbert Allan spoke quietly, but with conviction.

"He is right, David. I know. I've left my family and all for it. I've had a taste of what it means to be a Mormon!" Pamela ventured.

"If you've had a taste, I've had a full meal!"

Before an answer could come, Allan was urged Nancy Ware to the organ.

(Continued on following page)
Handcarts Westward

(Continued from preceding page)


This was followed by others, when David mentioned his favorite, “Belle Brandon,” with the plaintive refrain,

“I loved the little beauty, Belle Brandon,
And we both loved the old arbor tree.”

Fall sped on with its accompanying harvest and preparation for winter. Footprints of Indian summer blotted out the autumn rains. Pamela loved the woods with the maple and sumac turning crimson. The lawn was thick with falling leaves, and robins were on the way south, the jays being last to go. Numberless tasks took up the morning hours, and afternoons she bent over accounts and looked at bolts of flannel until her eyes swam.

“I wonder what Father and Mother are doing,” she often lay awake thinking. “I fear they are holding something back. I wonder if they are really well.”

Then homesickness would envelop her until it seemed to eat at her very vitals. Zealously she had prayed for their conversion, and she pondered over the mystery of some receiving the message of the gospel wholehearted and others listening with coldness. Such thoughts usually took her back in memory to the great conference of the British Isles in February of this year 1855. It was the first one she and Allan had been privileged to attend. Presiding at this memorable assembly was the well-loved Apostle, Franklin D. Richards. Occupying the stand beside him were eighteen missionaries from America.

Studying their countenances, one felt that here was as fine an example of stalwart manhood as could be found. There were a son, a nephew, and a son-in-law of Brigham Young, and a son of Heber C. Kimball. There was young Daniel Spencer, already a strong figure in Utah, and George D. Grant, a fearless and faithful defender of his people. Dan Jones had come over from Wales where he had been the means of converting three thousand souls. Also included among them was Philamon Merrill, who had been shot through the body in the Crooked River engagement, where the beloved Apostle David W. Patten had lost his life.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
Pamela remembered being told about the young men in the group. Most of them had been born during the time of their parents’ deepest tribulations, endured for the gospel’s sake. In the memories of their tender years were the pillaging, the killings, the tar-and-featherings, and the evictions from comfortable homes into the pitiless blizzards. They were among the children who had trudged beside the covered wagons, salvaging wood and buffalo chips for fuel. Later in the valley, they were handed sticks to help dispose of the crickets threatening to destroy the crops which meant life to the pioneers. And then when the days of famine came, they were given forks by their mothers to go out on the hills and dig sego roots to satisfy their pang of hunger. Still later they had become veritable guardian angels of the settlements, keeping the lurking redmen at bay. They had herded cows on Antelope Island and at home and broke the wild horses. When little more than of adolescent age these boys had spent weeks on end in the canyons, wielding the ax and cutting down the mighty trees to build early Utah.

However valuable their labors were, their parents had insisted on education and study of the scriptures. Pamela was reminded of the stirring strains of hymns such as “Hail to the Prophet Ascended to Heaven,” when the rafters of the old building fairly rang with the echoes. Hearts were warmed and souls uplifted. So eager were the converts to dispose of frugal belongings and gather to Zion that the leaders became concerned and lifted restraining arms and explained that England was not the only place where hard times prevailed. They were told that the present year had witnessed one of the worst crop failures since the advent of the pioneers into Utah. But nothing could stay the spirit of gathering which had taken possession of these believers.

Bringing her thoughts down to the present, Pamela always came back to David, and she realized her lack of charity toward his seeming failure to live up to her conceived ideas of faithfulness. Only the Lord knows us all, she concluded. We can only judge by uncertain signs. He surely expects us to have faith in each other. With these musings, peace would come, and sleep.

(To be continued)
Every stake should have an effectively functioning stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee established by the stake presidency. This committee is composed of the stake president, at least four high councilors or more if deemed necessary, with the stake clerk or assistant stake clerk serving as secretary. Since the stake president stands at the head of the stake and is the one directly responsible for all Melchizedek Priesthood activities, it is imperative that he serves as active chairman of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee.

Until about a year ago, in some of the stakes one of the counselors to the stake president was serving as chairman of this committee, but at that time the First Presidency issued instructions for the stake president to act as the chairman. If there are any stakes in the Church in which this change has not been made, it is suggested that the stake president assume the chairmanship of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee immediately.

Purpose

The purpose of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee is to afford the stake presidency an effective organization composed of sufficient helpers to aid him in guiding the affairs of all Melchizedek Priesthood quorums within the stake. To quote:

The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee represents the stake presidency in the direction and supervision of all quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood within the stake. This committee is appointed to be an aid to the stake presidency.¹

It is to be kept in mind that the members of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee do not preside when they visit the various quorum meetings. The high councilors on this committee take instructions from the stake president to the quorum presidencies and bring reports back, thereby extending the directive powers of the stake president. In short, it is the purpose of the Melchizedek Priesthood committee, under the direction of the stake president, to see that the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums function and that their quorum work is done.

Functions

By assignment of the stake presidency, the chief functions of this committee are:

1. To help train quorum officers in their duties so they may become effective in their leadership.

2. To keep the stake presidency advised so that quorums are kept organized.

3. To supervise the no liquor-tobacco educational program of the Church, appointing a special subcommittee to handle the many details of this work.

4. To conduct departments of the monthly stake priesthood leadership meeting.

5. To visit all quorum and group meetings at least quarterly.

6. To receive and audit quorum reports.

7. To make a quarterly summary of quorum reports on forms provided, so that such may be sent to the general priesthood committee by the stake president.

8. To receive and audit annual reports from Melchizedek Priesthood quorums, and enter the reports on the stake summary, so that it may be mailed to the general priesthood committee by January 15.

9. To audit quorum accounts when a new president is installed.

10. To promote and encourage proper publicity of priesthood quorum activities.

Procedure

In order to carry forward the work of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee, it is suggested that its members observe the following policies and procedures:

First: In their work of training quorum officers in their duties so they may function more effectively, members of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee should stimulate and assist the quorum presidencies. This can be done, (1) by encouraging them to hold regular weekly presidency council meetings, (2) by seeing that the proper class instructions are carried out, (3) by serving as contact men between the quorum presidencies and the stake presidency, and (4) by seeing that the instructions of the General Authorities of the Church relative to quorum activities are carried out.

Second: Members of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee should report promptly to the stake presidency any vacancy occurring in a quorum presidency.

Third: The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee is charged to foster in every feasible way movements for law observances, law enforcement, and clean moral environments. This assignment includes the encouraging of priesthood quorum officers to carry forward a continuous personal campaign of absolute abstinence from liquor, tobacco, tea, and coffee, as well as fostering upright and moral living in all respects.

Fourth: Members of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee should visit at least quarterly the following meetings: (1) quorum presidencies' meetings, (2) quorum meetings (both class instructions and business meetings), (3) group meetings, and (4) committee meetings.

Fifth: The stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee should meet as a committee at least twice each month. One of these meetings is a planning meeting to prepare for the stake leadership departmental meetings,³ and the other meeting is to report on and receive assignments.

Sixth: It is the duty of the members of this committee to make special preparations for the departments they conduct in the monthly stake priesthood leadership meetings and be very efficient in this work⁴

¹Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook, p. 11.
³Ibid., p. 37, 38-40.
⁴Ibid., p. 38.
Priesthood

COMMITTEE SECRETARY

The committee secretary plays an important role in the proper functioning of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee. It is very important that records are kept accurately and are complete in all details. They should be made at the proper time in order that they may be sent into Church headquarters when due. When reports from the stakes are late in arriving in Salt Lake City, it oftentimes becomes necessary to leave them out of the compiled Church report. This causes much inconvenience and also tends to make the compiled report inaccurate. The Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook has the following to say regarding the committee’s secretary:

In addition to the chairman and committee members, each stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee should have a secretary, who should preferably be the stake clerk or someone assigned as an assistant to the stake clerk. It is the responsibility of this secretary, under the direction of the committee chairman (stake president), to see that the quorum secretaries receive their reports from the group secretaries and that these are compiled by the quorum secretary; that the quorum reports are submitted to the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee chairman in ample time for checking and compiling on the stake report form before sending the same to the general priesthood committee.

The secretary will audit all reports, summarize them on the forms provided, figure all percentages and compute the totals. The secretary keeps a minute of all committee meetings and performs any other duty assigned by the committee chairman. Under the direction of the chairman, the secretary shall be responsible for making a complete audit of quorum funds, properties and records as required by the “Reorganization Audit and Transfer Report,” whenever a new quorum president is selected.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, it should be kept in mind that “the general and stake authorities must rely upon these stake committees to maintain life and activity in the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums. These committees are, therefore, of great importance, providing opportunities for service that challenge the wisest and ablest brethren in the stakes.” Thus, it is evident that the proper and effective functioning of Melchizedek Priesthood quorums and the growth attained by every Melchizedek Priesthood holder will depend to a large degree upon the efficiency of the stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee.

DIVINE GUIDANCE IN GATHERING GENEALOGY

(Concluded from page 164)

he was to know these records were recorded. Now he was ready, he said, to go over to the other side and meet his loved ones. He remarked that I was not tall like the Satterfields. I said, “Uncle, I am astonished you should say that, for you are blind.” He replied, “Ah, my boy, I recognized your voice when you came in. I saw you and heard you three nights in succession before you came, and I knew why you came, to help me with the records.”

I rejoiced again and was filled with a joy like that which took possession of me in St. Louis. Tears rolled down my cheeks and down the cheeks of my great-uncle. I told him he would soon go to the other side of the veil, and that he was to hunt up my father and other relatives who had the gospel, and they would explain the gospel to him in its fulness.

Ten days after I left him, he was dead. His important work was finished.

NEW GOLD

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A plant considered lost To sterile soil and cold Puts on fresh foliage now Like newly minted gold.

The hill from root to leaf No heart can ever climb, But hearts will mint new gold If given time.

The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 136)

Los Angeles Temple is approaching completion in Salt Lake City. It is the work of Millard F. Malin. Plaster casts are to be sent to New York City in five pieces, where the statue will be cast in aluminum. The completed work will be gold-leafed.

This week work has started on the tower of the Los Angeles Temple.

17 Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson of the Presiding Bishopric dedicated the chapel of the Ephraim West Ward, South Sanpete (Utah) Stake. The building will also be used as a stake center.

Elder George E. Grover, formerly second counselor in the Shelley (Idaho) Stake presidency, succeeds President J. Berkeley Larsen. President Grover’s counselors are Elders Allen F. Larsen and Earl H. Tew. Elder J. Cortez Christensen was released as first counselor in the stake presidency.

Elder Joseph Y. Toronto, formerly second counselor in the Palmyra (Utah) Stake presidency sustained as first counselor, succeeds Elder LeGrand F. Smith, recently called as president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission. Elder Blaine M. Hansen sustained as second counselor. President J. Angus Christensen presides in the Palmyra Stake.

Elder Victor L. Brown sustained as second counselor in the Denver (Colorado-Wyoming) Stake presidency, succeeding Elder Elmo C. Higgins. Other members of the Denver Stake presidency are President Edward E. Drury, Jr., and John H. Vandenberg, first counselor.

18 Classes for choristers and organists of the Salt Lake City area began under the direction of the Church music committee.

23 It was announced that the work on the font for the Los Angeles Temple was nearing completion in Salt Lake City by the sculptors, Millard F. Malin, Maurice Brooks, and Torleif S. Knaphus. Three men are being sculptured, and this section, showing the heads, necks, and forequarters of the animals, will be cast four times. The four castings in bronze will be fitted into the circle surrounding the font.
Challenging Record

Noel B. Smedley

Noel is a priest in the Syracuse Second Ward, North Davis (Utah) Stake.

During the seven years since he was ordained a deacon, he has won seven Individual Aaronic Priesthood Awards. Five of the seven awards bear the one hundred percent attendance seal. Noel is also an Eagle Scout.

YMMIA in Aaronic Priesthood Leadership Meeting

We again direct your attention to the fact that ward YMMIA officers and teachers, as designated by the general board, are to attend only Part One in the Ward Aaronic Priesthood leadership meeting each month.

The responsibility for attendance of YMMIA leaders rests entirely with the officers of this organization and not upon the bishopric or Aaronic Priesthood leaders.

There is no change whatever in the order of business for Part One except that, under the personal direction of the bishopric, recreational activities of young men 12 to 21 in priesthood work and YMMIA are to be correlated to avoid confusion. YMMIA officers are not to be given direction of any part of the ward Aaronic Priesthood leadership meeting.

Following Part One, all YMMIA leaders separate into their own department and follow the instructions of the general and stake boards. They have no further contact with Aaronic Priesthood leaders during the meeting.

More Training of Quorum Presidencies Needed

If you do not know how little Aaronic Priesthood quorum presidencies know about their responsibilities, ask them to outline their duties to you. There are a few quorum officers who can immediately answer your questions because they have been taught what is involved in presiding over a priesthood quorum. But, for the most part, they know little or nothing beyond the most elementary duties performed during the quorum meeting.

The question for Aaronic Priesthood leaders to answer is: How can Aaronic Priesthood quorum presidencies be expected to know their duties unless someone teaches them?

What are some of the responsibilities of the presidents of deacons and teachers quorums, and of the bishop as president of the priests quorum? The Lord charged these quorum presidents as follows:

**President of Deacons Quorum**

And again, verily I say unto you, the duty of a president over the office of a deacon is to preside over twelve deacons, to sit in council with them, and to teach them their duty, edifying one another, as it is given according to the covenants.

(D. & C. 107:53.)

**President of Teachers Quorum**

And also the duty of the president over the office of the teachers is to preside over twenty-four of the teachers, and to sit in council with them, teaching them the duties of their office, as given in the covenants.

(Ibid., 107:86.)

**President of Priests Quorum**

Also the duty of the president over the Priesthood of Aaron is to preside over forty-eight priests, and sit in council with them, to teach them the duties of their office, as is given in the covenants—this president is to be a bishop; for this is one of the duties of this priesthood.

(Ibid., 107:87-88.)

Note that in each of the three specific charges quoted above there are three distinct responsibilities set forth in each as follows:

1. "To preside over . . ."

   The word "preside" is defined as follows:

   "To occupy the place of authority . . ."

   "To exercise superintendence, guidance, or control."

   The quorum president is then vested with the authority to supervise and give direction to the priesthood activities of his quorum members and to guide them as their individual needs may require. This is a far cry from simply "presiding" over a quorum meeting once a week.

2. "To sit in council with them . . ."

   This means that the Lord expects the quorum president to "sit in council" with his quorum members, collectively and individually, admonishing them on all matters pertaining to their behavior patterns as bearers of the priesthood.

3. "To teach them their duty . . ."

   It is the president's responsibility to make certain that every member of the quorum understands his duties in the priesthood and to provide him with full opportunity to exercise the priesthood he holds.

Included in the above charges would be the president's responsibility to visit his quorum members when they are ill, discouraged, bereaved, or otherwise in distress, to encourage them and to demonstrate his love and personal concern for them.

In all of these responsibilities, the quorum presidents of deacons and teachers should make full use of their counselors, giving them their rightful share of the privileges, opportunities, and blessings growing out of the responsibilities of presiding. The bishop is personally responsible for the discharge of his responsibilities since he serves without counselors as the president of the priests quorum.

Recommendation for 1954

It is recommended that the stake committee immediately undertake to set in motion a program which will focus the attention of ward Aaronic Priesthood leaders on a training program for quorum presidencies. Such program need not be burdened with needless details: it should be kept simple and in full accord with the word of the Lord as quoted above.

Bishoprics and ward leaders will do well to welcome such assistance from the stake committee.

There is plenty of room for improvement, and there is no time like the present to move ahead with this worthy project.

The Improvement Era
Worthy Fathers to Ordain Sons in Aaronic Priesthood

It has never been intended that worthy fathers who are priests or who bear the Melchizedek Priesthood be denied the privilege of ordaining their own sons to offices in the Aaronic Priesthood.

When fathers do not request the privilege to ordain their sons, only the bishop and his counselors are to perform the ordinations.

Value of Cumulative Records Emphasized

Careful observation discloses the fact that, with notable exceptions, the cumulative individual records are not being computed in the roll books as recommended. These computations are called for on the far right of the roll books. The secretary of the ward committee is responsible for this work which should be completed immediately following the last priesthood meeting each month.

Each quorum secretary has certain responsibilities in connection with the cumulative records, also. He should carefully follow the instructions printed at the top of the page where these records are required.

Unless the cumulative records are faithfully computed each month, the bishopric will have considerable difficulty in following the order of business outlined for the monthly ward Aaronic Priesthood leadership meeting.

Aaronic Priesthood Under 21

Annual Report Required for 1953

Early in January, we sent to each bishop and branch president in the stakes, our new annual report entitled "Aaronic Priesthood Under 21—Annual Report." The form was printed on green paper.

Some have not yet responded to our request for this report which was due in our office January 20, 1954.

We must have this report from every ward and branch without exception. Therefore, it will be appreciated if those who have not yet reported (on the green form) will help us out with an early response.

March 1954

Each Ward Teacher Should Compete With Himself

When we think of competition, most of us regard it as some sort of contest engaged in by two or more individuals or groups, determined to surpass the performance of rival contenders. The best competitors are known as men of courage—men who reach their peak performance when the challenge is greatest.

But seldom do we think of being in competition with ourselves. Washington Allston suggests that, "The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself." Competing with oneself means personal improvement. Doing better today than we did yesterday—better tomorrow than we did today.

Every ward teacher is confronted with a similar challenge—an invitation to do better. In the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord pointed out some of the common failings of men; then he told of virtues to replace faults. Finally, he said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48.)

This ideal surpasses any known standard; and while we do not expect to attain it in this life, we can progress a long way toward it. Our progress, however, will depend on our attitude toward improvement.

Each ward teacher, if he is conscientious, knows his capacity. He also knows his record, and in most instances is aware of a need for improvement in his work. Devotion to duty, conscientious study, and teaching by personal example are some of the vital steps leading to improved ward teaching.

Award Record For 1952 Completed

During 1953, we issued the following Aaronic Priesthood awards for 1952 to establish a new all-time high in our award program: 5 stake awards; 266 ward awards; 15,183 individual awards; 1,163 seals for perfect attendance at priesthood and sacrament meetings for the year.

Inglewood Stake Conducts Novel Social for Aaronic Priesthood Leaders

Inglewood Stake has come up with a refreshing idea for increasing the effectiveness of Aaronic Priesthood leadership.

At the beginning of the year, a dinner meeting was held for all stake and ward leaders of Aaronic Priesthood under 21. Seventy-five leaders attended the unusual social and business meeting.

Of course, the banquet was a great attraction. However, in addition, all leaders were effectively briefed on the objectives to be achieved during 1954.

Well, after having been treated so kindly by the stake presidency and stake committee, what could ward leaders do but pledge their best in the achievement of the desired goals?

Stake and ward leaders have adopted the slogan, "When leaders lead—Boys will follow." All eyes on Inglewood during 1954.
THE PEACE OF RED MOTH

(Continued from page 158)

their cattle were blizzarded in drifts; he deplored their stubborn use of fire holes. He complained of their eating in ill-smelling hovels, filthy tepees, when decent homes had been provided; their fences were down, rolls of barbed-wire lay out in the snow.

The Indians seemed to be affected by nothing their chief had to say. A strange manifestation of hatred showed in their stoic demeanor.

The chief ceased talking. The assembly lights were not extinguished in the council chamber until long past midnight. One by one the surly natives, wearied by the chief's long discourse yawned and walked out, leaving Red Moth alone. So he stayed on. The silence and his depression were conducive to thought. He remembered the night he had walked across the snow to the home of Nora Everett, and that eventful night that blazed his way back to his mother's people; to the Shoshone Indians of the north. He thought of all he had meant to do for the tribe, and stifling defeat overcame him. The Indians would not listen to reason. So he lingered, a pathetic figure, in the glow of the dying fire. He remembered now when the government census numbered him among the tribe and sent him to Washington to represent the Indians at the council. He thought of the hopelessness of all his efforts; and of his son of the to-morrows, a son with the blood of a Shoshone, an inheritance of weird frolics, incantations, rites of mysterious healing and other incongruities. He rebelled at the intolerance of nations and races. He resented the action of the government in denying him the privilege of returning home; yet deep in his mind he realized it was to this brooding people that he belonged, this unhappy race who knew only sorrow. His years of struggle loomed before him, a veritable Sinai of failure, and he lamented the circumstances which had brought him into the world with the feelings of an Indian, and the hopes and aspirations of a white man. Night sharpened his depression. His life had been anything but pleasant, and he rehearsed and saw it all staged again, just as it had been in the years that lay behind him, but it was the future of his boy now that was uppermost in his mind.

The last glow of the fire died away. The great lodge doors swung shut. He stepped out into the snow, and simultaneously through the night came the sharp report of a rifle.

Red Moth's body was found next morning, in a crumpled heap. He had been shot; then hacked to pieces by the crudest implement of Indian warfare, the tomahawk.

Untrained hands dressed the mutilated body of Chief Red Moth, and the Indian assassins slipped unapprehended into obscurity, for their treachery is as silent as an Indian tomb.

Nora's husband, Dr. Hale, was called to Shoshone to accompany the metallic casket bearing Red Moth's body to that pioneer settlement where he was born. Here it was interred beside the grave of his mother, next to that of his father.

Long ago the old board markers at the graves had been replaced by the Indian chief by shafts of native granite.

At the graveside beside her husband, stood Nora Everett Hale and,

LANDING AT SEA

When a fighter pilot lands his plane on a flattop, one of his biggest problems is stopping the plane. To help him, a hook attached near the plane's tail engages one of the galvanized wire cables, mounted on spring brackets, that stretch across the deck. The resiliency of the cable, plus the bracket action, helps the plane to stop promptly and safely. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

UNITED STATES STEEL
The old order changes. Landmarks have been worn away, but the traditions of the Indians are immovable milestones, breaking the monotony of that sagebrush plain. Years have altered the landscape, once flowery mosaic of Indian meadow with sun blotches of dryness. Civilization leans against the background of a turquoise sky on the borders of the Great Salt Lake.

It was winter of 1919 and the fast flying express steaming through the Narrows slowed up at an insignificant railway station where the telegraph operator dozed. Snow sifted silently downward over the land, draping the mountains in white, as an army officer and his wife alighted from the train. The woman was a blonde blue-eyed little person and she clung to her husband’s coat sleeve as once she had held to her mother’s skirts. Gropping their way through the snow, they sought the graves beside the white meetinghouse on the hill. The officer bared his head in reverence as he whispered half aloud, “It was for you dear ones and for the world that I served my country. It was in the hope of permanent peace.”

Gazing upon the graves, he took from his breast his Medal of Honor and let it fall without the faintest sound into the drift that covered his father’s grave. The two stood for a moment in silence, then a distant purring sound came over the Rockies and a silver plane circled above them for a moment, then winged its way on and out of sight.

“It is my father’s answer, Nora. I am satisfied.” He remembered the old tradition of the “Silver Eagle” in answer to a prayer.

“Wasn’t it strange, Red Moth, that we should meet overseas—you an officer, I a nurse; that we should marry and return to their birthplace, your father’s and my mother’s?” She stooped and lifted the medal from where it had fallen in the snow.

“He may be proud of this same day, if our little one is a son, and may the Great Spirit of the Shoshones guard him forever, and may there be peace everlasting!”

Only grandson of Barry Red Moth and his Indian wife lay still in Ward II of the United States Army Medical Center. He had been brought back seriously wounded from the ambush in Korea. “Fire from his automatic rifle had slowed the rushing hordes of Chinese communists, giving his brothers-in-arms time to reorganize and evacuate their wounded. He had stood alone, fighting until the enemy overran him. He had received a citation for valor. His act had stopped the enemy from overrunning his company’s position, and for his dauntless courage and self-sacrifice he was recognized by his superior officers.”

He was thinking, as he lay there, of the seriousness of his wounds. He knew too well what they meant.

“Sure, sure, you’ll be okay,” said the colonel, as he came to the bedside, trying to look hopeful as he studied the fine features of the soldier, and noticed the olive-tinted skin.

“But, sir, disabled soldiers were never welcomed back with honor, among my people!”

“Your people, your people,” explained the colonel. “Who were your people, may I ask?”

(Concluded on following page)
You expect more from UTOCO and get it!

UTAH OIL REFINING CO.

The Peace Of Red Moth
(Concluded from preceding page)

“The first Americans, sir, the very first! They always dreamed of peace, and tried to preserve it, but there is no peace. War is earth’s unpardonable sin.”

Exhausted, Barry Red Moth sank deep into his pillows. The metal and plastic armor clamped too tightly his broken body, held in its masterful grip. The colonel’s visage grew gray as Barry murmured, “The Great Spirit of my people must have gone behind a cloud that day in our national history, sir, behind a cloud!”

The soldier’s voice trailed away and then went flat. Outside the hospital windows a blanket of sky unfolded over the far-reaches of green lawn; the Judas trees were fevered and flushed with blossoms, attracting hosts of brilliantly colored butterflies. A mist of dogwood bloom sprayed a crop of baby pines, and the wilted petals from the famous Japanese cherry blossoms lay in pink dunes along the winding paths. A crested blue jay claimed priority over the topmost bough of a silver spruce, claimed by a cardinal who argued loudly for dominion.

Barry heard their argument and turned his gaze to the colonel.

“Birds, like men and nations, continue their disputes over boundaries and ideologies when the world is full of space for peace and good will.”

His one arm slipped from beneath the coverlet. The colonel swallowed hard as he looked again into the quiet face of a great American soldier!

Some Foods Are Drugged
(Continued from page 139)

sulphites are still generally prohibited in meats. Wiley’s experiments were the most complete, well-controlled, and exhaustive tests made up to that time or since, and his conclusions were definite enough for most people.” In recent years (1934) Dr. Morgan and her associates showed that sulphites destroy certain fractions of Vitamin B, particularly thiamine, a substance not known back in 1912. And in 1940, 1941, and 1943, Fitzhugh and his collaborators produced added evidence of harm caused by sulphites taken into the body.

Perhaps the small amounts of sul-
Sulphites eaten in dried fruits would not be too serious if it stopped there, but with the “hole left in the dike” back in 1912, the flood of sulphites is rapidly spreading to other foods. Sulphites have long been used by some merchants in ground meats because they give the bloom of youth to meats which are long past their prime. They also tend to cover up the stench of the putrefaction of meats. Labels on other foods show many processors of foods are using these preservatives. Sulphites now are also being used in making ready-peeled potatoes permanently white, for bleaching potato chips, for preserving grapes, citrus pulp, frozen fruits, and many other food products. In a recent survey, food officials found on the market shelves of Utah that some brands of dried fruits, raisins, maraschino cherries, molasses, glacé fruits, fruit cake mix, horse-radish, and instant potato all contained sulphur dioxide—the basis of the sulphites.

Many food officials and others are viewing the practice with apprehension. The Council on Food and Nutrition of the American Medical Association in April of 1949 had this to say about the use of some of these substances:

At present there is being introduced a new processing practice which this council views with considerable apprehension; namely, the widespread addition of certain surface-active compounds (shortening extenders) to a variety of foods, especially bread and other bakery products. Available knowledge of the possible toxicity of these substances is fragmentary. The employment of these agents in the processing of such basic foods as bread and bakery goods as well as other foods (such as ice cream, candy, peanut butter, etc.) could lead to the ingestion of considerable quantities of materials of uncertain toxicologic action. Unless the complete harmlessness of these agents can be demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt, they should not, in the council’s opinion, be employed in basic foods.

Thiourea is another of these unproven substances. It is sometimes used to preserve the color of fruits and to prevent mold on citrus fruits. Yet it was found that a shipment of oranges which had been dipped whole into a solution of thiourea contained in the flesh of the orange sufficient thiourea to kill rats. Some apricots shipped into Pennsylvania contained enough thiourea to kill rats in one day. Incidentally, Antu—the rat poison of the hour—is alpha-

(Concluded on following page)
Why Share Your Space with a Swinging Door?

(Concluded from preceding page)

anaphthyl-THIOUREA—a close relative of the thiourea used on our fruits. Recently poultry producers have been using an artificial female hormone, which is injected into chickens to make them gain weight faster and make them more tender for eating. A recent communication from the Food and Drug Administration has indicated there is a possible health hazard involved in marketing of poultry which has been treated with this product. Mink raisers fed to their mink parts of the carcasses of birds so treated, and soon discovered the drug was causing sterility in their animals. Could this happen to humans eating the meat of such treated poultry? This certainly indicates that we do not know enough about the product to justify its use indiscriminately. Its use is also spreading to sheep, pigs, and cattle which are raised for meat purposes. It is known that “man is more susceptible to the majority of toxic substances than any other species.” The Federal Pure Food Act states,

Foods may be consumed by the strong and the weak, the old and the young, the well and the sick; and it is intended that if any food, because of any added poisonous or added deleterious ingredient, may possibly injure the health of any of these, it shall come within the ban of the statute.

Almost daily, requests come to the office of food officials asking for permission to sell in our markets foods with unproved chemicals in them. The officials feel that some of these chemicals, which must now be tolerated by consumers when the damage to the body is not known, may tomorrow or ten years from tomorrow be proved harmful in some way not now known or recognized. They feel it is their duty to inform the public and to keep as many harmful or question-able substances as possible out of the food of consumers. In order to provide better facilities for the protection of foods in the interest of consumers and processors, alike, in this respect, in 1953 the Utah Legislature amended our State law covering the adulteration of foods to provide that the State might (1) exercise increased control of the use of preservative and additive substances in foods that they might require proposed users to show by presentation of properly authenticated, scientific information that the substance being proposed for use is not harmful; (2) establish tolerances and standards for the use of antiseptic or preservative substances or other chemical additives in foods and stating in which food products they may be used; (3) require the proposed user to give the department, in writing, notice of such intended or proposed use at least ninety days prior to such intended use; (4) issue a stop order, if it deems necessary, pending the obtaining of further information or if such action becomes necessary, in the protection of a food supply, a permanent order prohibiting such use may be issued; and (5) hold hearings before standards and tolerances on any substance or food is established at which industry representatives, as well as consumers, may present discussion or testimony pertinent to the problem at hand.

Officials in all of the states are also trying to help in the fight by banning foods with certain substances in them and setting up tolerances for others. It is interesting to note that some manufacturers have put up two packs of such foods—one with preservatives in to sell in states where it is allowed, and one without, to sell in states which did not allow their sale.

SOME FOODS ARE DRUGGED

(Continued from page 134)

where it is obligated to follow the dictates of Congress, of the President, of powerful waves or fear-ridden public opinion; and, that in this situation, the ancient “procedures” which underlie freedom of speech, expression, religion, and personal liberty are endangered by our fears and resultant “mob psychology.”

It is true that decisions of the court involving persons of Japanese descent in World War II and involving aliens and persons admitting membership in the communist party since that time have overridden claims of private right and have upheld acts of Congress, and the acts and authority of administrative agencies.

Four trends in the interpretation of “due process” have been noted by Professor Robert J. Harris in a study pub-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
lished in the American Political Science Review. Two are in favor of governmental action, as opposed to individual or group rights, namely, (1) the withdrawal of due process as a constitutional limitation on social legislation, taxing, and governmental regulation, and (2) the curtailment of due process as a limitation on administrative action. In other words, the due process clauses no longer restrict the growth of price controls and other regulatory legislation as formerly; and, in the administration of price and other controls, government doesn’t have to worry as much about its procedures as formerly. A third trend saw the expansion of due process as a guarantee of rights of speech, assembly, religion, etc., until World War II, the “cold,” and Korean wars made their impact. The court will now permit rights to be more restricted by government; for example, courts are inclined to uphold the constitutionality of loyalty oaths, loyalty investigations, and other legislation which has (formerly) been obnoxious to American citizens. The fourth trend has been to extend the meaning of the process due to persons accused of crime, so as to guarantee fair trial. But the future vigor of “due process” in this field is also somewhat in doubt in terms of those accusations that border on the difficult field of “political” crimes.

Chief Justice Warren joins a Supreme Court in which a majority of five of the Associate Justices, according to Dr. Herman Pritchett of the University of Chicago, incline to support the government rather than individual rights when difficult cases, always confusing and complex, arise. These are Justices Jackson, Clark, Burton, Minton, and Reed. Only three of the Justices, according to this study, are inclined in such cases to interpret “due process” in favor of the liberty of the individual. They are reputedly Justices Douglas, Black, and Frankfurter. Obviously, this classification is too simple. A vote for authority and the government may on occasion do more to secure national freedom than a vote for a private litigant.

Chief Justice Warren has a rendezvous with the destiny of “due process of law” in these times.

The March of Dimes has paid for 4,145 scholarship and fellowship awards for medical study and research during the past 16 years.
The Bensons Like Simplicity

Flora Amussen Benson, wife of Apostle Ezra Taft Benson, now serving his country as Secretary of Agriculture, is, in the eyes of her family and in the words of her husband, “the perfect example of a Latter-day Saint wife, mother, and homemaker.” What greater tribute could a woman wish!

Let us examine some of the attributes that call forth such praise.

Flora Benson

She puts first things first. And first with her are her Church, her husband, and her family. Her service to the Church is augmented through her role as the perfect Latter-day Saint wife and mother; and her devotion to the Church adds considerably to her effectiveness as a homemaker.

Flora Benson, charming and at home in any level of society, could have enjoyed a gay and varied social life had she so desired, but during the years of her marriage she has devoted herself to the interests of her husband and the rearing of her children. Generally speaking, she has not looked with favor on wives working outside the home and postponing their families or for mothers to leave their children to themselves or in the care of others. She believes it is a responsibility and privilege to be close to her children at all times when they are growing up. In the past when the family was increasing faster than the income, she willingly sacrificed and, by expert management, stretched her husband’s salary to meet the added expenses.

It is typical of her that when Brother Benson received his high call to the cabinet in Washington she stayed behind in Salt Lake City to sell the home and manage all details incident to moving, while her husband rushed to Washington at the call of the President. This is not the first time she has been left with the full responsibility of the family—in fact, Brother Benson has been away “half of our married life in his business activities and Church responsibilities,” she remarks. “That’s not only true,” says her husband, “but she has carried on nobly without a murmur. She is also a splendid manager and a good housekeeper.” She mends well, although you won’t find fancy needlework in her sewing basket. She likes to cook and her repertoire includes some delicious Danish dishes (from her Scandinavian ancestors) and some exotic Chinese concoctions (echoes of her Hawaiian mission).

Bank-A-Key

3 to 4 pounds round steak, cut one-inch thick with a small amount of suet
1 cup sliced onions
2 tablespoons flour
1½ quarts boiling water (approx.)
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Render suet in large, heavy two-quart skillet. In half of the rendered fat, brown steak on both sides. Remove meat to saucepan and add onions to fat; fry until golden. Add onions to meat. Add second half of rendered suet to pan. Add flour and brown well. Add water almost to fill skillet, making gravy. Stir until it is smooth and bring to boiling. Pour this over meat and onions; add bay leaf and seasonings. Cook covered over low heat until meat is tender (about one and one-half hours). Serve with mashed potatoes, a green vegetable, and a fruit salad. Serves six to eight.

Pineapple Marlow (Ice Cream)

24 marshmallows
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
1½ cups evaporated milk
¼ cup lemon juice

Melt marshmallows with juice of pineapple in double boiler. Remove from heat and add crushed pineapple. Whip chilled milk until stiff.* Add lemon juice to milk. Fold pineapple mixture into milk and pour in two refrigerator (ice) trays. Keep in freezing compartment of refrigerator until firm. Makes eight servings.

Orange Slice Cookies

¾ cup brown sugar
¾ cup white sugar
½ cup shortening
2 eggs
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 heaping cup of orange gum slices cut up fine
½ cup nuts
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream sugars and shortening. Then add beaten eggs. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt, and combine with other ingredients. Add orange slices and nuts. Spread about one-half inch thick in 9” x 9” pan. Bake in 325° to 350° oven about thirty minutes. (Do not overcook—better to undercook, because they dry out easily if baked too long.) Slice while warm.

Gingersnaps

¾ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1¼ cup molasses
1 egg
2 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon ginger

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg and molasses. Sift together remaining ingredients and combine with creamed mixture. Roll in small balls.

*Chill milk in freezer until ice cold. Chill bowl and beater also.

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Life in the Benson household, now that they are one of the "first families" of the nation, goes on much as it has in the numerous other situations in which they have found themselves. Home is still the place they love best and where their most enjoyable hours are spent. The important elements of love, comradeship, consideration, and devotion to the gospel are present, as always, in abundance.

In the entertaining that Flora Benson has been required to do in Washington, her genuine warmth of spirit and unaffected, gracious manner, together with her efficient planning and organizing, have made her a most successful hostess. She has been described as being the epitome of wholesomeness. As much as possible, their entertaining is a family affair, wherein the girls, with their natural poise and charm, graciously fit into the picture, providing entertainment or assisting their mother with her hostess responsibilities. When at home, the boys, too, share in the responsibilities of preparation and entertainment.

She recently became a grandmother. Her eldest son, Reed, who is a chaplain in the Air Force stationed at San Antonio, Texas, was invited to Sacramento to spend his birthday, January 2, with his brother Mark, and his sister-in-law, Lela. On that day, January 2, Lela gave birth to a son, so they have decided to name the child after Reed, Stephen Reed Benson. The entire Benson household is delighted with the new arrival.

Other children in the Benson family include Barbara, who is attending Brigham Young University, and Beverly, Bonnie, and Flora Beth, with their parents in Washington, D.C.

Flora Benson often says to her children, "We have little money to leave you, but of far greater value, we hope to leave you a testimony of the gospel, a rich heritage, a good name and clean bodies, and a love and respect for honest work." That is in part the creed of Flora Amussen Benson, whose greatest pride is in the service and achievements of her husband and children, especially in the Church, in which she has been a constant help and inspiration. She is a woman who puts first things first.

Dip in sugar. Place in pan two inches apart. Pat down with fork. Bake at 375° for about fifteen minutes.

3 out of 82 ways
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DINING ROOMS SHOULD BE CHEERFUL

by Louise Price Bell

Inexpensive, painted furniture in a dining room can be very attractive if the table and chairs are painted yellow or apple-green, and the chair seats are covered with a chintz, cretonne, or a plastic material that has color, combined with other ones in its design. Sometimes, too, it is interesting to curtain one window with a plain color, and the others with a figured material; this adds interest and cheer to the room. When flowers are not in season, try to have a bowl of fruit on the table for post-meal nibbling and between meal color and attractiveness. We should try to make our dining room as gay as possible, since our surroundings affect our appetites, or so the psychologists tell us!

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.

When you want to roll crackers or dried bread, place them in a drawstring plastic bag. Crush the bag, and you have the crumbs in it instead of all over the table or floor.—B.H., Richmond, Va.

Spools make ideal clothing hangers in the garage or workshop. They eliminate clothing tears and stretching of materials. When the garments are wet or damp, there will be no rust marks on the clothing.—N.B., Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A recipe card, set between the tines of a fork placed in a drinking glass when you bake, is easily read and stays clean.—Mrs. G. H., Hinckley, Utah.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
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TUNA in a Cheese Biscuit Roll

Any recipe bakes better with SPERRY or double your money back!

Try it! Use this famous, reliable flour in any recipe you like. Then check results. If you don't honestly agree that Sperry Drifted Snow Flour bakes better than any all-purpose flour you have ever used, send grocer's sales slip showing purchase of Drifted Snow to Sperry Flour, San Francisco 6, and get double your money back.

Valuable Silverware Coupon in sack—Get lovely Queen Bess pattern silverware in Tudor Plate. Made by Oneida Community silversmiths. Coupons with higher values in larger size sacks.

Martha Meade's success recipes for all bakings in sack, too.

Martha Meade's BAKED TUNA ROLL

All measurements are level. Sift flour before measuring.

Sift together into mixing bowl—

1 1/2 cups sifted Sperry Drifted Snow "Home-Perfected" Enriched Flour
1 1/4 teaspoons double-action baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
Add all at once—

1/4 cup Wesson Oil
1/2 cup cold milk
1/2 cup grated American cheese

Stir until mixture cleans sides of bowl and rounds up into a ball. Place dough between 2 sheets of waxed paper, 10x12 inches. Roll until dough reaches all edges. Peel off top paper and arrange oblong with longest side parallel to front table edge. Spread entire surface of dough evenly with—

TUNA FILLING

Mix together well—

1 can flaked tuna (undrained)
1/2 cup finely chopped celery
2 hard cooked eggs, chopped

2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon grated onion

Slash roll diagonally into 6 pieces, cutting about halfway through filled roll. Bake in a hot oven, 450°, about 20 minutes or until roll is a rich golden brown. Serve with any desired sauce. 6 servings.

MARCH 1954
Your Home — A Thing of Beauty

Is it a Joy Forever? Or a Job Forever?

by Verda Mae Christensen

“WELL, I must leave you,” my sister wrote in her letter, “leave you so that I can scrub, polish, wax, and do all the little things to make my home a thing of beauty that is a job forever.” I chuckled at how aptly she had expressed the feeling we all get as homemakers—that nothing is so constant as woman’s work. And she had voiced that truth we all admit sooner or later—that if we are to keep our home a thing of beauty, it is, whether we like it or not, pretty much of a job forever.

Yet there are ways to make your home less of a job and more of a joy. And we would do well to take stock of them now that housecleaning time is here again. Those high shelves on your kitchen cupboards, for instance, can be plenty discouraging. They’re loaded with things you seldom use, and yet some of them are very valuable. Your finest china is often stored there, destined, it sometimes seems, for nothing except catching that greasy film that inevitably collects on most dishes on most top shelves of most kitchens. Try spreading an old dish towel or other cloth over the top of the dishes. Let it do the dust and grease-catching for you. You’ll appreciate not having to wash your china before you can use it, too. And you’ll be grateful for the greasy film that does not get into those intricate carvings on fine bric-a-brac. Those pieces too precious to be risked on living room tables while children are young can be preserved in all their beauty for the day when it’s safe to bring them down again.

While we’re on the subject of kitchen cupboards, down in the bottom where lie the pots and pans and cans, you’ve probably had the experience of scouring your shelves clean and lining them with fresh paper, only to find that in less than a week they are all marked up again—marked with those perpetual traces that have a way of appearing every time a metal pan and a painted surface rub noses. I thumbtacked clear plastic over my lower cupboard shelves and have been happy about them ever since.

Whether you’re the family bookkeeper or not, you’re probably held responsible for the whereabouts of household bills, letters, pamphlets, and catalogs. You’ll bless the day you invested in a flexible filing folder where all that you want to keep can be filed alphabetically as soon as it arrives in your house. Under the “G” go the grocery slips and so on. Then there comes a time when the

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**APPLE BREAD**

Yield: 1 loaf, 9 x 5 x 3 inches

| 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour | 1 cup grated raw apple (unpeeled and core removed) |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 2 eggs, well beaten |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1/2 teaspoon finely grated orange rind |
| 1/2 cup brown sugar | 1 tablespoon milk |
| 1/4 cup shortening | |

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in shortening with pastry blender until fine. Add eggs and blend well. Mix together grated apple, orange rind and milk. Add to mixture and stir to blend just until smooth. Turn into well greased pan, 9 x 5 x 3 inches. Bake 1 hour at 350° F (moderate oven). Cool completely before removing from pan. Slices best one day old.

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NOTE...Don’t let yourself forget how good your baking can be.

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IS NOW Exclusively KNOWN AS THE BAKING POWDER WITH THE Balanced DOUBLE ACTION

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
file needs cleaning out, too; but at least everything is in one place.

Homemaking will be less of a “job forever” if you remember the upkeep problem at the time you make a household investment—in curtains, for instance. The ruffled organdy ones I first had in my kitchen looked lovely and fresh for the first week after they were done up. But they were such a job to do that I was really glad the day they wore out. And I can’t say that they looked any better in my kitchen than do the new terry cloth “drapes” I have now that wash up clean, fresh, and bright and require no ironing—just a quick press.

When you make a decision about shampooing your carpet, remember that while all wool shrinks slightly, it also “lives” on moisture. You will add to its life and lustre if you never allow it to become too dirty. If carpeting is properly laid to begin with, allowance is made for shrinkage in shampooing. We all have our favorite methods, but most people agree that the chief secret of success in rug shampooing is to use pure suds, gener ally a detergent, worked up from cool water. Don’t make the mistake of putting a divan or a chair back on a freshly shampooed rug before the rug is dry. The little metal feet on the bottom of the legs will leave rust spots on your carpeting.

If you have stubborn rust stains on your kitchen tile or in your bathroom, try hydrogen peroxide to remove them. It will accomplish the job where nothing else I know will. And laundry bleach, poured full strength over kitchen tile and sink and left overnight, can perform whitening wonders never delegated to a scrubbing brush or to regular sink cleanser.

Then there is the problem of children and crayon marks on walls. Once the marks are on, you’ll probably use whatever will work to get them off—ordinary bathroom cleanser, if the surface is painted; or those soap pads you use for shining up your stove and your saucepans. If the writing is on the wallpaper it can be washed off, too—sometimes at a slight sacrifice to the pattern, but even that looks better than the crayon. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cleanser here. There is, on the market, a product called “Crayoff” that does come off. It is a coloring stick, more expensive than crayons, but well worth the additional investment if your children have not

(Continued on following page)
Rental, Rental, Rental,

Behind each day’s issues of The Salt Lake Tribune are the concerted efforts of thousands of men and women reporting news events from all parts of the globe for ALL the great wire services. And here in the Intermountain Empire, a large corps of staff members, correspondents and editors are dedicated to the task of providing the complete, unbiased and objective news coverage which has earned for The Tribune a ranking position as one of America’s Great Newspapers.

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Your Home — A Thing Of Beauty
(Continued from preceding page)
yet learned how grievous is the sin of writing on the walls.

And now to the chest of drawers: The best-kept drawers of all of us “gang aft agley.” But a few simple hints can help you to keep them straight most of the time. Just remember the basic principle of putting everything in plain sight so that it can be readily found as soon as the drawer is open and so that you don’t need to root under anything to locate a given article. I had a roommate once who taught me by example what wonderful space-saving and orderly beauty could be effected if one rolled up everything rollable. In her drawers, everything that wouldn’t wrinkle was rolled into compact and separate units, arranged in tidy rows. With proper arrangement of this sort, I’ve found that one drawer can do the work of three.

As we discover these new and better methods of housekeeping and cleaning, all of us say to ourselves, “Why didn’t I think of that before?”

You’ll feel that way the first time you use a roller for painting walls, ceilings, and even cupboards; the first time you use masking tape to protect the panes on a window instead of trying to wipe the paint from them afterwards; the first time you use a regular drop cloth to cover the floor and furniture while you’re painting; or even the first time you reach a high ceiling over a stairway by tightly taping the roller or brush handle to another long handle—from a dust mop, for instance. It really gives you a long arm, does a nice job, and is infinitely safer than riskimg your neck on some precarious perch. When you’re washing walls in a smoky city, try a good soft scrubbing brush, the size you use on the floor. You can do larger areas at once; and you’ll be surprised at how quickly and efficiently it loosens stubborn dirt. If you want to restore a high gloss to your paint afterwards, it’s easily done by rubbing with a dry cloth, or by wiping the whole surface quickly with a solution of sizing glue. And start washing at the bottom to save those “run-down” marks.

Why not keep up your own morale during those busy housecleaning days? Instead of wearing your oldest and worst clothes, put on a nice
fresh, washable frock. And take time for make-up and hair-combing. You'll never have any company more important than your own mirror. Then if there are times when your work seems all drudgery or your calling unimportant, remember what President Brigham Young had to say: "I am addressing myself to the ladies of the kingdom of God," said President Young, "to those who know how to keep their houses, furniture, and beds pure and clean, who can cook food for their husbands and children in a way that it will be clean, tasteful, and wholesome. The woman that can do this I call a lady. . . . A good housewife, whether she possesses much or little, will have a place for everything she has in the house, and make her house orderly and comfortable, and everything when needed can be found in its place. If I had nothing but a piece of an old newspaper folded for a holder, I would have it where I could put my hand on it in a moment, in the dark if I wanted it. And so with the dishcloth, the broom, the chairs, tables, sofas, and everything about the house, so that if you had to get up in the night, you could lay your hands on whatever you wanted instantly. . . . If there are women who want to do good, let them do their own work, and save their sixpences and dollars for the building of temples, tabernacles, meetinghouses, schoolhouses, educating the youth, preaching the gospel, and gathering the poor." Let's remember President Young's words this housecleaning season and the whole year round. Count it a privilege and a sacred trust to keep your home a thing of beauty that is a job—and yes a joy, forever.

 Wins 3 Top Awards in Cooking Competition

Little Eianar is giving that ribbon close inspection. It's one his mother won for her cooking. Just last year Mrs. Philip Swenson of Pirth, Idaho, took 3 awards in cooking contests at the Eastern Idaho State Fair.

Mrs. Swenson has six children to keep her busy . . . so she likes to find handy ways of doing things. That's why she always uses Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "It's so convenient," she says. "Rises fast every time . . . and it's easy to use."

All during Lent you'll want to serve yeast-raised specialties—delicious and nourishing. And now if you bake at home, they're easy to make with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. This dry yeast rises fast and keeps for months—right on your cupboard shelf. Get Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast in the thrifty three-package strip. It's the yeast prize-winning cooks depend on.

"Formula For Better Breakfasts"*

One For the Money . . . All-O-Wheat costs less than the average cereal . . . about 1c per serving.

Two For the Show . . . Everyone shows up for a tasty dish of All-O-Wheat cereal . . . especially when served with bits of cut-up marshmallow and sprinkled with cinnamon.

Three to Get Ready . . . All-O-Wheat is a dream to prepare. Cooks quickly in only 3 minutes . . . saves you extra morning minutes that mean so much.

Four to Go . . . Yes, plenty of get up and go to start the day. Dashing, all-day energy as nature intended. For All-O-Wheat contains all of nature's vitamins and minerals of the wholewheat kernel . . . even after milling. Yes, all the family goes for All-O-Wheat.

*Start your day the All-O-Wheat way.

Pick up a package at your grocers today.

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MARCH 1954
If I Were in My Teens

by Doyle L. Green
MANAGING EDITOR

I f I were in my teens this year of 1954, at the very threshold of life, I would resolve to obtain a blueprint to follow in building that life. No great building or bridge or airplane or organization or anything else has ever come about by chance. I wouldn't want to leave to chance the kind of life I was going to build for myself.

I could, conceivably, draw the plans for my life, but, after all, a person in his teens isn't very well qualified for such a task. Surely such an important job would require the hand of a master architect, and I would want the very best, one who knows more about me and my possibilities than anyone else.

Is such an architect available to me? Yes, and to every young person in the Church. He is our heavenly Father. He has given all of us a plan of salvation; we call it the gospel of Jesus Christ. But he will give a further guide to me if I am worthy of it. This further guide is called a patriarchal blessing. It is a blueprint of what we can make out of our lives if we are faithful and work hard. Someone has called it a page from the book of our possibilities.

So if I did not already have my patriarchal blessing and if I lived in or near an organized stake, I would get a recommend from my bishop or mission president and make an appointment with my patriarch. This would be one of the most important events of my life, so I would pray about it and fast for it. And when the patriarch laid his hands on my head, I would be prepared for a happy feeling, knowing that the words he was speaking were being revealed through him especially for me. Then, with this blueprint from the

Lord in one hand, and my faith and determination to live his gospel, I would go forth to build my life realizing as any builder must that the end product will depend upon no one but me; that my actions and thoughts from day to day, the way I use or misuse my time, the friends I make, the places I go will all help determine what my life will be. If I construct a crooked wall through misdeeds, developing bad habits, or wasting time, the entire building at any moment may crumble and fall. I could, of course, tear down the faulty wall before it is too late and rebuild. Such a procedure is dangerous and time-consuming, and I must avoid it.

In my room I would hang the slogan: "If anything is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." This I would apply to all my activities—priesthood and scouting, Sunday School, playing a game of baseball, school, music, doing the chores, washing dishes, preparing a talk, mowing the lawn, or working on the chapel. I would play hard, work hard, study hard, pay attention hard, and pray hard. While I was walking to seminary or doing the dishes or milking the cow or digging carrots for the welfare project, I would keep my mind busy memorizing some lines from my favorite poet, or from the Articles of Faith, the Lord's Prayer, the 23rd Psalm, or my part in the MIA play. I would be the first one to know my lines for the assembly program, and my teachers and friends would soon come to know that if I said I would do something, I would do it, and to the best of my ability. I would remember that, under most circumstances, good is better than fast.
I wouldn’t want to be average. (Who was it that said that average is the worst of the best and the best of the worst?) So I would remember that the man who succeeds, even though he may not have all the talents or be quite as sharp as his neighbor, is the one who knows where he is going, who gets up a little earlier and works a little harder and a little longer.

I’d recopy that theme for English once more and look in the dictionary for that word I didn’t know how to spell. I’d put my history journal in a binder or make a clever cover for it before I turned it in, and I would volunteer to give that talk in Sunday School, rather than reluctantly consenting after I was asked. If I really wanted to make the ball team, I’d practise an extra hour a day if I could find the time. Even then, if I didn’t make it, I’d turn my efforts to track or debating or the school paper or music. There is some activity in which every young person can star, if he is willing to pay the price in time and work.

To accomplish these goals I would realize that I would require much help from many sources. So I would hope that my parents and my brothers and sisters would be very close to me, be sympathetic with my desires, and give me much encouragement. And my friends: I would want to choose companions who had the same standards and ideals and dreams that I had. Without proper friends I couldn’t hope to build a good life.

These are a few of the things I would do if I were in my teens. To print all of them would require a book. But to do any less than my best in building my life according to the plan given to me, in everything I set my hand to, would be to let down my Father in heaven, my family, and myself.

BIRTH OF A TREE
By Grace Stillman Minck

TODAY I planted a slip of green
Beside my garden wall—
And O I have seen
It reaching skyward—tall—
Up and up and up—as far
As visioning might sight:
To grasp a star—a special star—
To capture it in flight.
Today I planted a tiny thing,
A forest progeny—
And O already its branches sing
Of miracles to me.
MARCH 1954

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“SUFFER IT TO BE SO NOW . . .”

(Continued from page 152)

Yes—this was a great day, and with his father and little sister, he had fond hopes that his brother, Shin Whan Kim, in the Korean army band school where he was studying voice, and his mother, would eventually follow suit, in order that complete unity and family happiness could prevail. Also his other sister, Jung Sook Kim—he wished that she, too, would join. He would make this, with his father and little sister, Young Sook, a constant prayer, knowing that God seeks out the pure in heart and whispers love and peace to them, and inevitably answers the humble and righteous prayer. Yes, one could hope, and with faith, perhaps predict beyond the realm of hope.

Swiftly, Silently, Certainly . . .

Richard L. Evans

Sometimes we think of the past as a thing quite apart from the present. To say that something happened a century or so ago may seem like dimly long ago. But if we have lived through half a century, or a quarter, or even a sixth of a century, we know how quickly it has come and gone. If we have lived through half a century, we know that two times our lifetime isn’t very long. Youth moves quickly to maturity. Families that once were young are then grown, and then gone. Children have their children, and parents become grandparents, as the generations move, swiftly, silently, certainly. But people haven’t changed much, and principles haven’t changed at all, even though much has happened, morally and materially. No great truths have changed; no great principles have passed; no eternal plans or purposes have been abandoned. And men and women inside themselves are not so different from what they were. We might use a little different language; we might travel faster and farther; we might speak to more men; we might have much more of many things—and much less of others. But the timeless virtues haven’t changed—nor the need for them. Honor and honesty, truth and chastity are still not basically different from what they were—nor the need for them. Still there are commandments to keep and standards that we pay a price for departing from. Sin still leads to the same inner unrest. The ageless virtues, with willing work, are still the only way to prosperity and peace. No, a century isn’t so long ago, nor, in some ways, is twenty centuries. The great eternal truths that the Savior uttered are ever present, as are those which were given of God on Sinai some fifteen centuries sooner—and all the evils that ever were are still what they were, no matter what we may have come to call them; all the virtue, the truth, the goodness that ever was is still what it is and ever was, no matter what we might have come to call it. The words may change, the styles may change, the man-made manner of life may change, but the stars are still in their course, the Creator is still in command and the eternal truths are still eternal in the ever unfolding plans and purposes of him in whose hands we are and in whom our faith is fixed.

“The Spoken Word” FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, JANUARY 10, 1954

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In the early part of January 1952, the group had begun holding an English and gospel class. A few young men and girls came, together with Dr. Kim and Mrs. Han. He could remember how the Koreans had grasped the English language fast, and by repeating slow, simple stories, with corrections of language following, their faith had constantly expanded. It was plain to see that the seeds planted then were maturing now into a bounteous harvest of souls. “Just how great will the ultimate harvest be?” he wondered.

Dr. Kim’s words are:

“I have dedicated the remainder of my life to the gospel. I will continue to work in His Church to the best of my ability.”

Yes—Dr. Kim, much is expected of you in the future. You were among the first of God’s Korean children to hear in these latter-days the Master’s voice; it seems fitting that you should be a powerful voice in perpetuating the gospel that has brought you joy. You have the stature for it; you have already demonstrated your leadership ability as a college president, by teaching Sunday School classes, and in other ways. The eyes of the world will be focused upon you, Brother Kim; brotherly and sisterly love will go out to you from all over the world. . . .

And to all of you in Korea who labor in the gospel: May God bless you and keep you and inspire you to see beyond the limits of your own country into the borders of men’s souls all over the world. As one of your own has so aptly expressed it: “To love and respect others brings love and respect to oneself; and by loving others beyond the limits of the country, one can hope that eventually, all human beings can live in peaceful communion.” So, continue to carry on. Let Christ walk beside you until the countrysides have forgotten their sorrow and have grown resplendent with holy light.

MARCH 1954
In checking our proofs again as the February magazine was running on the press, we discovered that the countries Iran and Iraq had been transposed in the map on page 90. It was too late then to do anything but make this correction in the March issue. We’re sorry!

Golf Pro—“Tee the ball.”
Fellow—“Sure, I see it, but why the baby talk?”

“I am sorry,” said the dentist, “but you can’t have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill.” And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

Patient—“How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?”
Doctor—“By cheque, postal order, or cash.”

“What happens to people who allow themselves to become run down?” asked a patient.
“They wind up in hospital,” replied the doctor.

The little boy’s mother was trying to impress upon him a few fundamentals of religion. “We are here upon this earth to help others,” she told him.
“What are the others here for?” the little boy asked.

The Suitor: “How long will it be until your sister makes her appearance?”
Younger Sister: “She’s upstairs making it now.”

Dr. Avard Fairbanks Receives Honors.

Dr. Avard Fairbanks, seen at work in his studio, has received many honors. Two of the recent ones are his election as a fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters, Zurich, Switzerland, and the Herbert Adams Memorial Medal by the National Sculpture Society for distinguished service to American sculpture through inspirational teaching.

A new statue of Lincoln, “Abraham Lincoln from New Salem,” has now left the Fairbanks’ studio for casting. It will be unveiled in New Salem Village, Illinois, sometime this summer.

This issue of The Improvement Era, uses two of Dr. Fairbanks’ works as illustrations. See pages 146 and 147.

History Lecturer: “Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?”
Corpulent Lady: “I don’t know or I’d take some myself.”

LDS SUNDAY SCHOOL IN BEIRUT, LEBANON

The LDS Sunday School in Beirut, Lebanon, is held in two different languages because its membership consists of two Armenian and three American families. Brother Joseph Ouzanian is branch president and Enos Jacobs is Sunday School superintendent. Dr. and Mrs. Clawson Y. Cannon and Mr. and Mrs. Darwin H. Jepsen and their six children and Maud Pearson are the Americans in attendance. Six non-members shown in the picture have been attending Sunday School regularly. (Reported by Darwin H. Jepsen.)
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