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APRIL 1957

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Exploring the Universe



by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

A SOUND so loud as to be almost painful may have a million million times the intensity of a sound that can barely be heard.

IN THE UNITED STATES there are 37 places called Berlin, 21 Rome, 19 Vienna, and among others there are Moscow and St. Petersburg from Russia; Paris and Vincennes from France; Athens, Sparta, Syracuse, and Ithaca from ancient Greece; and Utica from ancient Carthage.

A FEW YEARS ago Dr. Robert C. Hockett, Scientific Director of the Sugar Research Foundation, gave some figures on the amount of land needed to produce the 3,000 calories a day needed by an average 154-pound man. That amount of energy derived from sugar (taking one-quarter from beets and three-quarters from cane) would require 0.13 acre instead of about 3.5 acres for the United States average. The required acreage necessary for other foods producing the same number of calories is as follows: potatoes, 3 times the average needed for sugar; corn meal, 6; whole wheat flour, 6; refined wheat flour, 8; hogs (pork and lard), 13; whole milk, 19; eggs, 46; chickens, 62; and steers, 113.

THE DRAGONFLY nymphs or larvae live under water and breathe by sucking water into a chamber lined with oxygen-extracting gills at the rear of the abdomen. When the water is expelled by muscular contraction, the nymph is jet propelled forward a considerable distance.

THE AFRICAN NEGROES of the Suk tribes have such a complicated coiffure, made by rubbing the hair in animal fat and decorating it with small embedded objects, that it takes a long time to get the hair fixed properly. To keep from spoiling the hairdo while sleeping, a Suk sleeps on a special headrest or wooden cushion, which is also carried when he is traveling.

APRIL 1957

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CHANGES AT THE UN- THE AFRO-ASIAN "BLOC"

by Dr. G. Homer Durham

VICE PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

A SOCIAL OR political organization constantly undergoes important changes. The United Nations is no exception. The organization now housed in "the glass palace on the East River" in New York City began its institutional life in 1946. During 1956 two significant internal changes were apparent. These were:

(1) The emergence of the General Assembly as the principal political organ of the UN, rather than the Security Council.

(2) The elevation to greater world prominence of the position of Secretary-General.

As stated in a previous column,¹ the Secretary-General of the United Nations is a position that, in world affairs and world influence today, ranks with the presidency of the United States, the premierships of the Soviet Union, Red China, the United Kingdom, and France. This is largely so because of the tendency of the large General Assembly to supersede the Security Council as the principal political organ.

The rise of the General Assembly, especially in 1956, can be explained by the stalemate in the world military situation occasioned by nuclear weapons; by the wide area of world opinion represented in the Assembly in contrast with the Security Council; but more especially, in the light of these two circumstances, by the admission of 16 new members to the organization in December 1955, followed by four more in December 1956.

An organization which had 60 member-states until December 1955 now has eighty. The addition of these 20 new seats in the General Assembly, within a 12-month period, has helped work a quiet revolution in the internal structure of the United Nations.

Most of the 20 newly admitted members are from the African-Asian realm. This has helped produce a significant new element into the "politics" of the UN.

Before 1956, most issues were a seesaw

¹See "Overture To the Second Inaugural," *These Times*, Era, January 1957.

affair between the western and eastern "blocs," led respectively by the United States and the Soviet Union. The element of compromise, so fundamental in the peaceful aspects of the political process, was largely missing. The United States with the so-called "Latin American bloc" of some 21 votes, plus the British-Nato-western group, was confronted by the Soviet 9-vote group, or vice-versa, with no consistent balancing element between. Today, the so-called Afro-Asian "bloc" can muster 27 members, sometimes 27 votes, which represent one-third of the General Assembly's total. These votes also represent the aspirations of new, self-conscious nations. Thus the "politics" of the General Assembly have acquired a new, and (in terms of the politics of compromise) hopeful, aspect.

This new element is forcefully displayed in the formal organization of the UN General Assembly for 1957. The new countries from the Afro-Asian realm are significantly represented in the presidency and in three of the seven chairmanships of important committees.

1. The President of the General Assembly is Prince Wan Waihayakon, Foreign Minister of Thailand.

2. The Ad Hoc or Special Political Committee has for its chairman Selim Sarper of Turkey.

3. The Economic Committee is led by Mohammed Mir Khan of Pakistan.

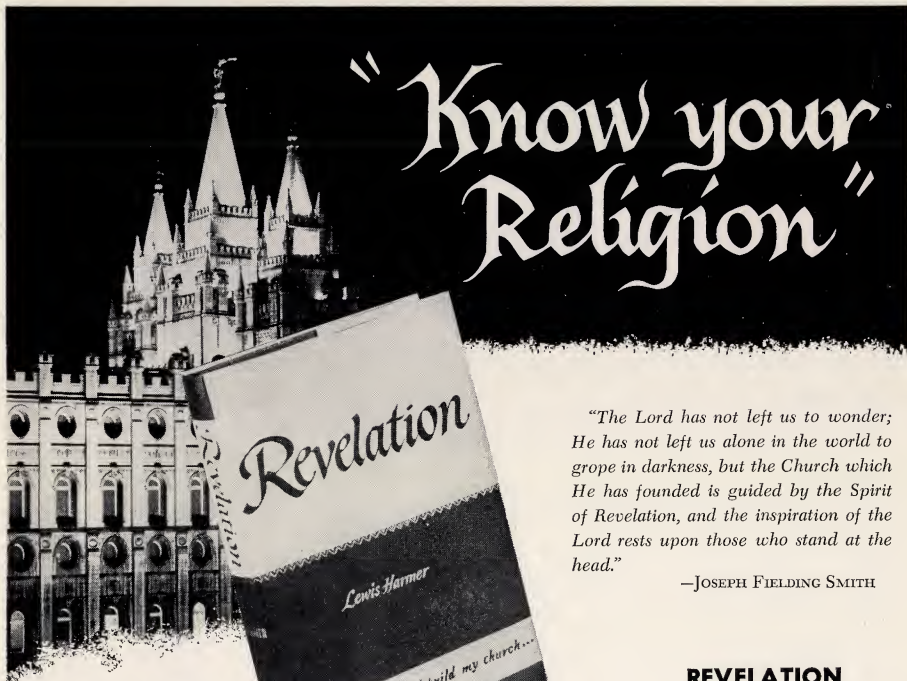
4. The Administrative Committee is headed by Omar Loutfi of Egypt.

The chairmanship of the most important committee, the Political Committee, is held by a Latin American, Dr. Victor Belaunde of Peru. The Social Committee is led by Hermod Lammung of Denmark, the Trusteeship by Enrique de Marchena of the Dominican Republic. The Soviet bloc has one chairmanship only, the Legal Committee, chaired by Dr. Karel Petrzela of Czechoslovakia.

The emergence of the new nations of the "Afro-Asian bloc" indicates another basic shift in the balance of world power. It was underscored and very evident during the debates the writer was privileged to witness at the UN earlier this year. It is another evidence why the Eisenhower doctrine aims at cultivating friendship in this important area in these times.



"Know your Religion"



"The Lord has not left us to wonder; He has not left us alone in the world to grope in darkness, but the Church which He has founded is guided by the Spirit of Revelation, and the inspiration of the Lord rests upon those who stand at the head."

—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

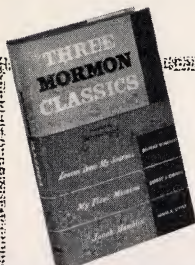
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By Lewis J. Harmer

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The Voice of the Church



THE COVER

The St. George Temple—first of the LDS temples in the West—is eighty years young this month of April. Our full-color cover is from a photograph by Josef Muench. (See also page 224.)

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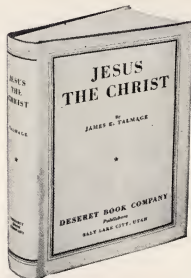
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Modesty is the best policy

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Modesty is a many-sided virtue. It applies to your manner of speech, your manner of dress, your manner of conduct. And thus it reveals the manner of person you are.

Take speech. One who is modest in speech talks with restraint, sticks to the facts, gives to others the right to their own opinions without compromising his own. His opinions are listened to; his advice is often heeded.

Modesty in dress is another virtue. Smartness of style and modesty can go together, and often do. On the other hand, to flaunt one's figure, especially before persons of the opposite sex, may excite attention but will not inspire admiration. Immod-

esty in dress is more likely to bring a "whistle call" of dubious compliment than a sincere proposal of honorable friendship.

Modesty of conduct also brings its own reward. In a day when vulgarity is sometimes commercialized to the tune of "off beat" dance steps, it may take restraint to be modest on dance floor or in other places, but true modesty will pay off in the lasting trust and enduring friendships of your companions.

To these rewards of modesty you can add another—your own self-respect—and without self-respect you can never have the true joy of living which a loving Heavenly Father put us here to find and cherish. So—be modest—

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All the cream for the manufacture of Porty Pride Ice Cream sold through Safeway Stores in this area comes from the Cache Valley Dairymen's Association at Smithfield, and the Uintah Creamery of Alftomant.

Dried milk products used to make Mrs. Wright's and Skywork Bread at the Salt Lake and Denver Fairfax bakeries for Safeway Stores of nine states come from Weber Central Dairy Association of Ogden.

Many other Utah dairy products are sold through Safeway under the brand name of the processor.

Total Utah milk and dairy products purchased by Safeway last year amounted to \$5,245,531.

SAFeway IS A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY . . . AND A FRIEND OF THE DAIRYMAN FARMER



THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day to Day Chronology of Church Events

February 1957

1 THE ANNUAL "Birthday Penny" appeal of the Primary Children's Hospital began. It ran throughout the month.

3 ELDER LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Redmond Ward chapel—North Sevier (Utah) Stake recreation hall and youth center.

This was Boy Scout Sunday in many of the wards and branches of the Church. This year's national theme is: "Onward for God and my Country."

3 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Bishop Walter Trauffer of Lincoln Ward, Granite (Salt Lake City) Stake, as president of the Swiss Temple. He succeeds President Samuel E. Bringham, who has served since shortly before the temple was dedicated. President Trauffer is a native of Switzerland. His wife and one daughter will accompany him to this new assignment.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder George Franklin Simmons to succeed President Samuel A. Hendricks of the West Central States Mission. President Simmons is the ward teaching supervisor in the North Ogden Second Ward, Ben Lomond (Utah) Stake, and a former bishop of that ward. He has been a member of the Blaine (Idaho) Stake high council, president of the Hazelton Branch, Minidoka (Idaho) Stake, and a member of the bishopric of the Twin Falls (Idaho) Second Ward. Mrs. Simmons will accompany him to the new assignment. The missionary couple has four married sons, a married daughter, and a daughter attending law school in San Francisco.

In issuing a statement endorsing the drive by the American Heart Fund, the First Presidency said in part: "We believe this to be a very worthy cause, and one that is deserving of our fullest support, and we urge the members of the Church to contribute liberally. . . ." Earlier in the year the First Presidency had made a similar statement concerning the polio drive.

10 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated additions and improvements to the chapel of the Bountiful First and Sixth wards chapel. Every President of the Church, with the exception of the

Prophet Joseph Smith, has preached in this ninety-four-year-old building.

Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Oak Hills First and Second wards. The building will also be the East Sharon (Utah) Stake center.

17 ELDER Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Garden Heights and Garden Heights South wards, Canyon Rim (Salt Lake City) Stake.

Elder Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the chapel of the American Fork First and Fifth wards, Alpine (Utah) Stake.

Elder John Longden, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the Twin Falls (Idaho) Stake center. The building is also the home of the Twin Falls Fifth and Sixth wards.

Elder Harvey M. Broadbent, formerly second counselor to President George S. Haslam of the North Davis (Utah) Stake, sustained as first counselor, succeeding Elder Keith S. Smith. Elder Joseph Cook sustained as the new second counselor.

Stake and ward Sunday School superintendents were asked by the Deseret Sunday School Union general superintendency to designate this as family Church attendance day. The request coincides with the annual national observance of "Go to Church Week" (February 11-17) sponsored on a community basis by the Exchange Clubs.

23 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Elder Richard C. Stratford, first counselor in the presidency of the Portland (Oregon) Stake, as president of the Northern States Mission. He succeeds President Isaac A. Smoot in this assignment. As a young man, President Stratford filled a mission in the Swiss-German Mission. He is a former bishop of the Colonial Heights Ward in Portland, and from 1942 to 1954 served as second counselor in the Portland Stake presidency. Mrs. Stratford will accompany him on this mission, as will three of their five children.

It was announced that the Book of Mormon had now been recorded as a "Talking Book" for the Blind. The making of the fifty records was done according to the exacting specifications furnished by the Library of Congress. Elders Dean Bennett and Allen Jensen of KSL spent the summer of 1954 reading the Book of Mormon as tape record-

(Concluded on page 285)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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"This room needs repainting," said Mrs. O'Day
"The color's so dreary—I know it's passé.
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But how can I know—and where do I start?"*



*We made up the gal's name, but old walls like this can be only too true.

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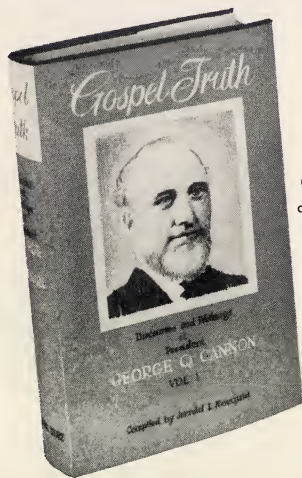
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America's Smoking Habits*

APPROXIMATELY 38,000,000 Americans are regular cigaret smokers, although a million and a half have quit smoking entirely in the last eighteen months, according to estimates based on a representative sample of about 40,000 persons surveyed by the U S Bureau of the Census for the National Cancer Institute of the Public Health Service, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

The data will be of value to National Cancer Institute statisticians and physicians who are studying the incidence of cancer in the population—particularly lung cancer—in relationship to smoking habits. A number of laboratory and field studies are being done by the Public Health Service, and by other agencies and institutions with the aid of federal grants or other financial support. These studies are designed to provide more information on the question of whether or not lung cancer is related to cigaret smoking.

The figures released jointly by the Census Bureau and the National Cancer Institute are preliminary results based on interviews conducted early this year by census takers with both men and women over seventeen years of age in the urban non-institutional population. The survey covered 230 areas consisting of about 450 counties scattered through all regions of the country.

Estimates based on the data thus far give the following information about the smoking habits of Americans:

The 38,000,000 cigaret smokers include 25,000,000 men and 13,000,000 women.

About 4,000,000 of the men who are cigaret smokers consume less than a pack a day. One-half million smoke more than two packs a day. The majority smoke ten to twenty cigarets a day. Two million others smoke cigarets occasionally.

Two out of every three men twenty-five to sixty-four years old in the total population smoke regularly in one form or another.

Non-farm men are heavier smokers than those who live on farms, and white men smoke more than non-whites. In the South, for example, about one-fourth of the white men

(Concluded on page 258)

*Taken from the Texas Health Bulletin.



—Frank J. Miller photo

COMES SPRING!

by Dorothy O. Rea

I'VE A NEW coin for a beggar,
A cookie for a child.
I've sun and rain in flower cups
From fields with spring grown wild.

ONE WINTER DAY my tears fell
On brown earth overturned.
The child and beggar waited
While black grief seared and burned.

COMES SPRINGTIME, and one sacred link
Brown earth and stars does join
And I, both child and beggar,
Have a newly minted coin.



HERE ON OUR HILL

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

THIS IS HEAVEN . . . you and the warm-
ing sun and lilac scent
Here on our hill;
And soul-deep conversation
to the long hour's fill,
But were there neither sun nor lilac,
only you . . .
It would be heaven still.

APRIL ENCHANTMENT

By Ethel Jacobson

WHAT ENCHANTMENT rain can weave
With her pallid hands!
Down her silver curtain falls—
There Spring stands
In the narrow city street
Where the asphalt gleams,
Just as on a mountain height
Where Pan dreams.
Rain falls sweet to sparrows here
Beneath a city hedge,
While flowers nod as gratefully
From a window ledge.
What enchantment rain can weave
With her pallid hands!
Down her silver curtain falls—
There Spring stands.

MOMENT OF RADIANCE

By Jane Merchant

THIS DAY in spring I meant to take
A leisured pilgrimage, to make
The luminous, ethereal shine
Of April hills entirely mine,
Having no higher thing to do
Than let the living green and blue
Completely permeate my heart,
Becoming an intrinsic part
Of all I am. But there was need
Of me indoors. I could not heed
The blossoming day, till in one small
Moment of radiance I glimpsed all
Of blue and green, at daylight's end,
That any heart could comprehend.

APRIL HEART

By Solveig Paulson Russell

I HAVE AN April heart,
Blythe and swelling gay;
It wants to sing with everything,
For April's way
Of coaxing silent laughter
To every growing thing
Has bubbled through my winter heart
And now—It's Spring!

SILENCE

By Pauline Havard

WHO CAN DEFINE silence? A song
More lovely than any sound,
Like a snowflake falling on new snow,
A star to the starry ground.

The beautiful words that are left unsaid
When the heart is too full to speak;
The breath of the wind through apple-
bloom;
The sunlight's touch on the cheek
Of a laughing child on an April day;
Silence is all these things;
And always to the responsive heart,
How eloquently it sings!

TOPSY-TURVY SPRING

By Ita Lewis Funderburgh

SPRING CAME rushing down the hill,
Scurry, scamper, hurry;
She mixed up sunshine, hail, and rain
And caused a sudden flurry.

She hung a curve of rainbow up,
Skipped off and left it there,
Then made the apple tree to bloom,
Forgot the peach and pear.

Bright asters of the fall she waked,
But left snowdrops in bed;
The paint she mixed for the robin's breast
Was blue instead of red.

It was a topsy-turvy spring
Below ground and above;
Spring ignored schedules, forgot rules,
The year she fell in love.

UNLABELED DREAM

By Alma Robison Higbee

I FOUND the box unlabeled, tucked away
Beneath the stairs, and when I looked
inside,
I found a kite, once blue, now faded gray,
Shaped like a bird; it was a small boy's
pride
When days were winged and April air was
thinned,
And boy and kite went soaring down the
wind.

New kites will fade and little boys grow tall,
And skyways open down the distant bow;
Deep is the smoke that sets a screening wall,
And sad is the heart when flying days are
through.

Where is the balm to heal a broken wing,
Or April wind, for a dream on a white
twine string?



—H. Armstrong Roberts photo

SPRING OUTLOOK

By Maude Rubin

BETWEEN CRISP curtains looped in fresh de-
sign
The house surveys its world, serene, clear-
eyed;
Sees winter blankets blowing on the line,
Like flags of spring, while feather dusters
glide
Across a polished sky. Each hurrying bird
Now carries straw or string; the fawn-eyed
cow
Breakfasts on buttercups, while timothy's
word
Promises fragrance heaped in winter's mow;
Above the highest hill, one fragile toy,
A bright blue kite . . . heaven tethered to a
boy!

AWAKENING

By Marie L. Weaver

EVEN IN the grown-up clothes,
Though they fit his slender frame with
certain oddness,
He is young—
So very young.
Strange pain is this that wrings
My heart,
Strange because it swiftly moves to pride.
And I watch him go . . .
For one short breath of time
Tomorrow stands high on a hill,
And I . . . I catch a flood
Of understanding . . .
On feathered toes, soft as twilight,
My boy is gone—
And in his place a man appears.

SONG FOR BEING NEEDED

By Elaine V. Emans

JUST KNOWING you are there will help," she
wrote,
And being here takes on a lovely new
Significance. I read the little note
Over and over, knowing that too few
Times we let others see that we have need
Of them: our self-sufficiency appears
And hides from view our hearts that often
bleed
And teaches us that we must weep few
tears.
But learning one is needed is so good
A thing, that I shall search for ways of
showing
The unsuspecting ones, who never should
Have guessed, I need them. And you, al-
ready knowing
I need you, will henceforth be happier
About it, mark my words, than ever you
were!



Just a Bit of Heaven on Earth

THERE ARE FEW if any things more objectionable in the home than the absence of unity and harmony. On the other hand, I know that a home in which unity, mutual helpfulness, and love abide is just a bit of heaven on earth. Most gratefully and humbly, I cherish the remembrance that never once as a lad in the home of my youth did I see one instance of discord between Father and Mother and that goodwill and mutual understanding have been the uniting bond that has held together a fortunate group of brothers and sisters. Unity, harmony, and goodwill are virtues to be fostered and cherished in every home.

Marriage is a sacred relationship entered into for the purposes that are well recognized—primarily for the rearing of a family.

Equal in importance to the high conception of the marriage covenant is the teaching of the Church in regard to the responsibility of parenthood.

Parenthood should be held as a sacred obligation. There is something in the depths of the human soul which revolts against neglectful parenthood.

Parents cannot with impunity shirk the responsibility to protect childhood and youth.

I believe you parents generally are teaching your children the gospel; yet I am convinced that there is still much opportunity for improvement in this regard. I am not thinking of the set hours in which you sit down to teach these doctrines to your children, but of the example you fathers and mothers give to your children regarding the faith that is dear to your hearts. Your examples as parents will teach these principles more effectively than what you say. Out of your homes come the future leaders of the Church.

Fathers may and should exercise a helpful, restraining influence, where a mother's tenderness and love might lead children to take advantage of her. In this respect, however, every father should keep in mind that he was

once a mischievous youngster himself and deal with his boys sympathetically.

Every home has both body and spirit. You may have a beautiful house with all the decorations that modern art can give or wealth bestow. You may have all the outward forms that will please the eye and yet not have a home. It is not a home without love. It may be a hovel, a log hut, a tent, a wickiup, if you have the right spirit within, the true love of Christ, and love for one another—fathers and mothers for children, children for parents, husband and wife for each other—you have the true life of the home that loyal members of the Church are striving to establish.

By the art of home building, I mean the inculcating in the lives of children a nobility of soul that leads them instinctively to love the beautiful, the genuine, the virtuous, and as instinctively to turn from the ugly, the spurious, and the vile.

If you were to ask me where I first received my unwavering faith in the existence of God, I would answer you: in the home of my childhood—when Father and Mother invariably called their children around them in the morning and at night and invoked God's blessing upon the household and upon mankind. There was a sincerity in that good patriarch's voice that left an undying impression in the children's souls; and Mother's prayers were equally impressive.

The dearest possession a man has is his family. In the divine assurance that family ties can transcend the bounds of death and may continue throughout endless ages of eternity, I find supreme consolation and inspiration. When the union of loved ones bears the seal of the Holy Priesthood, it is as eternal as love, as everlasting as spirit. Such a union is based on the doctrine of immortality and the eternal progress of man.

This is your heritage as you contemplate your eternal partnership, and I pray that you realize it and find the true joy and happiness of such a cherished ideal.

The Editor's Page

by President David O. McKay



Your Question

by Joseph Fielding Smith

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

The Apostle Paul and Genealogical Research

Question: "The Prophet Joseph Smith said, 'The greatest responsibility the Lord has laid upon us is to seek after our dead.'¹ The Genealogical Society workers come to us saying that it is our duty to search the records of the dead and obtain all the genealogical information that we can, that we may go to the temples and do work for them. Now I would like to know how we can square this with the doctrine of Paul, as found in the epistles to Timothy and Titus, in which he condemns genealogical research. Is it because this work was not for Paul's day?"

Answer: The counsel given to Timothy and Titus by Paul and the commandment given by the Lord to Joseph Smith appear in conflict only when Paul's remarks are misunderstood. The Lord revealed to Joseph Smith the glorious principles of salvation for the dead who died without the opportunity to receive the gospel when they were on the earth. Elijah was sent to restore the sealing power by which families may be united eternally and to turn the hearts of the fathers to their children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse.² Because of the restoration, the spirit of research has taken hold of thousands of persons in all parts of the civilized earth, and the Latter-day Saints have been commanded to prepare the records of their dead and go to the temples, there to perform vicariously all the ordinances of salvation for them. This promise was made through the prophets anciently as well as in this dispensation. The dead who will accept the work done for them shall receive eternal life.³

The Lord inspired people anciently to keep records and histories of their people. If there had been no genealogical records kept, we would be without a great fund of knowledge in relation to the nations of the past and their relationship to the people of this generation. Record-keeping of this kind has been a common practice in almost all nations, especially was it so of the Israelites.

Some of the most interesting and important records on which we rely are found in Genesis and the books of Moses in the Old Testament. The Lord commanded that a census be taken as the Israelites were about to enter the land of their inheritance.⁴ If these records had not been kept, we would not have the genealogies of our Redeemer in Matthew and Luke. When the Jews returned from Babylon, after the captivity, they were judged out of the records, and those with clouded lineage were denied the privileges of the priesthood and the temple.⁵ The keeping of genealogical records is essential to the accomplishment of the work assigned to the Latter-day Saints that they may become saviors on Mt. Zion by performing the ordinances for their dead. This would be impossible without records of our dead being available.

Many of the sayings of Paul and other prophets have come down to us in imperfect form due to faulty translations and misinterpretations. Perhaps we do not have the full text of Paul's instruction to Timothy and Titus. We may be sure, however, that he would not take a stand in opposition to the teachings of the prophets who went before him. Genealogical research must have been done in the days of Paul which he did not condemn, for salvation for the dead was practised in his day, and he called attention to this fact, using it as an argument in favor of the resurrection.⁶ However, there was no vicarious work done before the resurrection of our Lord. Paul's reference to "fables and endless genealogies" implies that he was condemning a practice that had been perverted, or he would not have called the practice "fables."⁷ We may conclude, then, that there was a practice among the Jews in which the preparing of genealogies was fraudulently done. Bible commentators declare this to be the fact. Dr. Adam Clark in his *Commentary* calls attention to this fraudulent practice and gives the reason for it in the following words:

"The Jews had scrupulously preserved their genealogical tables, till the advent of Christ; and the evangelists had recourse to them, and appealed to them in reference

¹Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, page 356.

²See D & C 27:3.

³D. & C 1:1-3; DHC., Vol. 3:280; Isaiah 42:7 and 61:1-2; Malachi 4:5-6.

⁴Gen., Chapters 10-11; Numbers, Chapters 1, 2, 3, and 16; 1 Chron., Chapters 1-8.

⁵Ezra and Nehemiah.

⁶1 Cor. 15:29.

⁷1 Tim. 1:4.

to our Lord's descent from the house of David: Matthew taking this genealogy of the *descending*, Luke of the *ascending* line. And whatever difficulties we may now find in these genealogies, they were certainly clear to the Jews; nor did the most determined enemies of the gospel attempt to raise one objection to it from the appeal which the evangelists had made to their own public and accredited tables. All was then *certain*; but we are told that Herod destroyed the public registers: he, being an Idumean, was jealous of the noble origin of the Jews; and that none might be able to reproach him with his descent, he ordered the genealogical tables, which were kept among the archives in the temple, to be burned. * * *

From this time the Jews could refer to their genealogies only from *memory*, or from those imperfect tables which had been preserved in private hands; and to make out any regular line from these, must have been *endless* and uncertain. It is probably to this the apostle refers; I mean the endless and useless labor which the attempt to make out these genealogies must produce; the authentic tables being destroyed.⁷⁸

So we may well conclude that Paul's denunciation was towards doubtful and untruthful genealogies which had been tampered with for improper purposes. Dr. Scott in his *Commentary* treats this matter in a similar way.

⁷⁸Clark's *Commentary*, Vol. VI, page 535, on Timothy 1:4.

Work—a principle and a privilege

Richard L. Evans

LAST WEEK we talked of the fallacy of being free from work—and of the fact that we can't eat or travel, or use any substance or any service without consuming someone's work—no matter how mechanized men's lives become. And further we recalled the fact that the Lord God could have made life free from work if he had thought it were wise—but this he did not do. And so today, we repeat, that work is a principle and a privilege, and not merely a penalty. The philosophy of being free from work is a false philosophy and the fashion of being free from work is a false fashion. And now further on this thought, we should like to talk a moment or two to young people preparing for the future. To them, earnestly and urgently, we would say: Consider carefully the kind of work you want to do, the kind of work you are best adapted to do, and don't make avoiding work your ideal or objective. If you do, you won't develop your talents or your full powers of performance. If you do, you may work harder at wasting time than you would at working. If you do, you'll deteriorate faster than you would with working. If you do, you will have a feeling of frustration and futility and a discontent inside yourselves—for any day that closes without a sincere sense of accomplishment is an empty and unsatisfying day. Furthermore, there is no real prestige without work. (Anyone who supposes that he can have influence without responsibility, or prestige without paying a price, or a real sense of satisfaction without willing work,

is only seeking to deceive himself.) And now to this witness of our words, we would add the word of other witnesses. First from Emerson: "In every variety of human employment . . . there are [those] who do their task perfunctorily, as we say, or just to pass, and as badly as they dare . . . [and there are] those who love work, and love to see it rightly done, who finish their task . . . and the state and world is happy, that has the most of such finishers. . . . Men talk as if victory were something fortunate. Work is victory."⁷¹ And from Carlyle, once more we quote: "Idleness alone is without hope: work earnestly at anything, you will by degrees learn to work at almost all things."⁷² "For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. . . . There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: . . ."⁷³ "For that is the thing a man is born to . . . to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life, and to do his best. We are called upon to do that; . . . I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it."⁷⁴

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
SYSTEM, FEBRUARY 17, 1957

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⁷¹Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Worship*.

⁷²Thomas Carlyle, *Past and Present*, Ch. II.

⁷³*Ibid.*, Ch. XI.

⁷⁴Thomas Carlyle, *Inaugural Address*, at Edinburgh, 1866.



The Saint George Temple.

80 Years Service to Our Lord

by *Albert L. Zobell, Jr.*

RESEARCH EDITOR

IT IS DIFFICULT to believe that the St. George Temple—first of the permanent temples to be constructed by the Church after the exodus to the Rocky Mountains—has stood in the southwestern part of Utah for only eighty years. To us of this generation, that stately old sandstone building, finished in glistening white, has always stood there as a beacon, the fountainhead of spiritual blessings for all those who would prepare themselves to enter its friendly doors.

Families had been called at the October 1861 semi-annual conference of the Church to pioneer the proposed settlement of St. George. Their "mission" was to raise cotton and to contribute to the independence and self-sustaining power of the people. By December 1 of that year some of the residents were camped there. There followed a period of struggling pioneering. Canals had to be dug, virgin soil made into farms; and droughts and floods and insect hordes took their share. It seemed that nature herself was testing the hardy settlers of St. George.

But less than a decade after the settlement's humble beginning, the announcement came that a temple would be built at St. George. Charles L. Walker, writing in his diary for Saturday, April 15, 1871, paints this word picture:

This p. m. I went to the school of the prophets. A letter was read from Brother Brigham stating the time had come that the Saints could build a temple to the Most High in St. George. A thrill of joy seemed to pass over the assembly of Elders present at the announcement. It is to be built of stone, plastered inside and out. The length 190 feet, width 142 feet, and 80 feet high, two stories with a large hall in each story, with rooms on each side, and a baptismal font in the basement. Brother Brigham and George A. Smith will be down next October to commence the work and give directions concerning its erection.

Not only had the President of the Church announced that a temple would be built; he had also sent the general specifications of the building.

A pamphlet distributed at the St. George Temple Bureau of Information gives the dimensions of the temple as "141 feet 8 inches long, 93 feet 4 inches wide, 84 feet high to the

square or parapet, and 175 feet high to the top of the vane on the tower."

On October 14, 1942, one day before his eighty-second birthday, David Henry Cannon, Jr., related that President Young had asked the people in St. George to make recommendations for a temple site, and after several places were visited, President Young was informed that the townspeople could not agree upon a site.

Elder Cannon continued:

"President Young, arriving later, somewhat impatiently chided them, and at the same time asked them to get into their wagons, or whatever else they had, and with him find a location [site for the temple].

"To the south of town they finally stopped.

"'But, Brother Brigham,' protested the men, 'this land is boggy. After a storm, and for several months of the year, no one can drive across the land without horses and wagons sinking way down. There is no place to build a foundation.'

"'We will make a foundation,' said President Young."

*first of the LDS temples in the west . . . the stately
St. George Temple serves today, as it has for eighty years,
as a refuge of spiritual strength.*

Then Brother Cannon continued:

"Later on, while plowing and scraping where the foundation was to be, my horse's leg broke through the ground into a spring of water. The brethren then wanted to move the foundation line twelve feet to the south, so that the spring of water would be on the outside of the temple.

"Not so," replied President Young. "We will wall it up and leave it here for some future use. But we cannot move the foundation. This spot was dedicated by the Nephites. They could not build it [the temple], but we can and will build it for them."

"To this day the water from that very spring is running through a drain properly built."*

Ground was broken for the building on November 9, 1871, after a postponement of some seventy-two hours because of inclement weather. As part of these ceremonies, Brigham Young had the people present raise their right hands toward heaven. As they struck their right hand with their left hand, they shouted, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! to God and the Lamb; Amen! Amen!"

By three o'clock that afternoon men and teams had commenced excavating. A limestone edge was found on the north, which was suitable for a foundation, but the excavation proved that the rest of the site was swampy indeed. With pioneer ingenuity, they converted a cannon of the Mexican War vintage into a pile driver. A thousand pound lead weight was thus devised and, tied together with cottonwood bark and steel bands, was actually used to drive volcanic rocks into that foundation site. Only when this hammer would bounce three times before coming to rest were the builders satisfied that they had enough rocks pounded into an area. It has been said that there is more stone below the surface than there is in the building above the ground.

John L. Smith, who had been appointed to visit members in the interest of the temple construction, made this summation on December 31, 1875:

*Statement witnessed by E. Ernest and Zilpha H. Bramwell of Salt Lake City and Richard S. McAllister of St. George.

Since April 12, we have traveled 3,342 miles, held 161 meetings, and collected over \$15,000.00 and offerings for the temple.

Those offerings included flour, potatoes, cheese, meat, and other commodities which would be used to sustain those laboring on the temple. For much of that year, 1875, one hundred men were working at the temple site, one hundred at the stone quarries, and forty were engaged in obtaining lumber.

PRESIDENT YOUNG had promised the faithful "that there would not be any persons who would lose their lives on any of the works of this temple." During the construction period men accidentally fell from scaffolding more than eighty feet above the ground, others fell from runaway wagons loaded with rocks, and there were other accidents. Miraculously, all lived to raise their voices in testimony and to return to their free-will labor of love upon the temple.

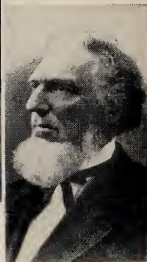
Over a million feet of lumber were used in the building. Some of the beams were twelve inches by twenty-four inches, ranging in length from twenty-six to forty-six feet. Much of the lumber was hauled by ox team from Mt. Trumbull, some eighty miles distant. Other lumber came from Pine Valley Mountain, only thirty miles away, and from the Buckskin Mountains of the Kaibab Forest. Some of the lumber had to be hauled over desert stretches, where it was neces-



Night or day the building is a landmark.



Wilford Woodruff served as temple president, 1877-1884.



Daniel H. Wells dedicated the completed building, April 6, 1877.

sary to take water in the empty wagons and cache it en route so that the teams might not suffer on the return journey, which took from two to seven days of hard driving.

What a price in love and devotion those settlers of Utah's Dixie willingly gave the Church!

The baptismal font, which rests on the back of twelve oxen in the basement of the building, weighs nine tons and was the personal gift of President Young. It was made in Salt Lake City and freighted to St. George in three specially-built wagons.

President Young had hoped that the temple would be completed by September 1876; it was not finished until that winter. President Wilford Woodruff, then a member of the Council of the Twelve, offered the dedicatory prayer. A final dedication was held April 6, 1877, when the general conference of the Church was held in that building. This dedicatory prayer was offered by President Daniel H. Wells, a Counselor to President Young.

FOR EIGHTY YEARS the St. George Temple has been a blessing to the people of the Church. May it continue to serve many times those eighty years!

Before the other temples of the Church were finished, it was not uncommon for members to spend weeks en route to St. George for the privilege of coming to this House of

(Concluded on page 287)



—Photo by Samuel Myrtilis

TESTIMONY

by Elder Delbert L. Stapley
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

I DESIRE TO BEAR my humble testimony that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is true, therefore is God's only recognized Church on earth. This truth the Savior declared by revelation through Joseph Smith to the elders of the Church, as found in section one of the Doctrine and Covenants, which constitutes the Lord's preface to the doctrines, covenants, and commandments given in this dispensation. The Lord declared:

And also those to whom these commandments were given, might have power to lay the foundation of this church, and to bring it forth out of obscurity and out of darkness, the only true and living church upon the face of the whole earth, with which I, the Lord, am well pleased. . . . (D & C 1:30.)

This, I acknowledge, is the statement of one man, but many who knew him have testified that he was a Prophet of God. His works bespeak that sacred calling. The Holy Ghost has borne that witness to hundreds of thousands today, and they so testify to the world.

I bear witness that God lives and is the Father of our Spirits, in whose image and likeness we are created.

I bear testimony that Jesus is the Christ, the Savior of men, the Only Begotten of the Eternal Father in the flesh, through whose atoning sacrifice on Calvary we can gain redemption, salvation, and exaltation in God's holy presence.

I testify that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, who stands at the

head of this the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, in which God is to gather together all things in Christ before the end shall come.

I testify that no man could accomplish the work the Prophet Joseph Smith accomplished without God being with him. The Prophet was martyred at thirty-eight, yet he had set up by divine appointment and heavenly power the foundation of a great church, built temples and cities, was a revelator and a translator, giving to the world marvelous truths, principles, and the saving gospel ordinances.

I testify that no man could give to the world the truths, principles, and commandments found in the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants without the inspiration and revelations of Almighty God. No man promoting a spurious book would have the audacity to place in it the promise found in the Book of Mormon:

And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things. (Mor. 10:4-5.)

What a far-reaching promise! Man has not refuted the claim. Many have received that assurance and witness. Thousands have put the promise to the test; the Holy Ghost has manifested the truth of the Book of Mormon to them. They are now converts and members of the restored Church. With all members, they fervently bear testimony of this truth to all the world.

I promise you, that by doing the will of the Father, and keeping yourselves unspotted from the sins of the world, you too can gain a fervent testimony that these things are true. When such a testimony is obtained, do not do anything that would cause you to lose this witness. It is most precious! Sin and inactivity can drive out the Holy Ghost and callous the soul against the light and truth of the Spirit. You must always remember that God is perfect, and to be like him you, too, must perfect yourselves, resting your faith and works

upon God and his Son, Jesus Christ, and not upon man.

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. (1 Cor. 2:14.)

Today there is so much offered by man, the counterfeit as well as the good, it is easy, unless an individual stays close to the Church and its teachings, to get mixed up in his values. In the Doctrine and Covenants, we read:

And if your eye be single to my glory, your whole bodies shall be filled with light, and there shall be no darkness in you; and that body which is filled with light comprehendeth all things. (D & C 88:67.)

You cannot take darkness into a lighted room, nor can doubt be created where true faith exists. You can, however, take light into a darkened room, and it will light the room with radiance, as the 'darkened soul through repentance and faith can be lighted up and made glorious by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost.

In the Apostle Paul's writings to the Colossian saints he said that all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge were hid in the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ. He informs the saints of this lest any man should beguile them with enticing words, and then he says:

Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. (Col. 2:8.)

Paul is warning against man's philosophy, which was after the world, imperfectly developed because they were the thoughts and theories of imperfect men. He also warns against the learned philosophers who, because of their knowledge, are vain, self-important, and teaching false concepts for truth. These teachings have come down to us after the tradition of men, but not after Christ. If after Christ, the teachings could only be perfect truth, because he is God and God is truth. Unfortunately, the philosophies of men handed down through the ages have become accepted traditionally as truth, and thus men so versed esteem highly this knowledge and freely teach it for truth. These teachers of man's philosophy often persuade tender, im-



Elder Delbert L. Stapley

mature minds to accept as basic truths such theories, and thus youth become convinced or confused in their thinking. They lose the faith; then moral principles begin to crumble and choice souls are lost to God.

The Apostle Paul said to a favorite son in Christ—

O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called:

Which some professing have erred concerning the faith. (1 Tim. 6:20-21.)

Paul desired his beloved Timothy to avoid the common, the worldly, the worthless idle talk, and the oppositions of false scientific teachings which had caused some to be led astray.

There is no conflict between true science and true religion. Science is concerned with facts and truths. Scientific men speculate and theorize in research to establish facts and truths but until proven their theories must not be accepted as the ultimate. Unless such teachings harmonize with revealed truth, they could destroy true faith and thus result in unhappy lives.

How well Satan is acquainted with and takes advantage of people to deceive the unsuspecting. Jacob, the brother of Nephi, voices this warning:

O that cunning plan of the evil one! O the vainness, and the frailties, and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves, wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it profiteth them not. And they shall perish.

But to be learned is good if they hearken unto the counsels of God. (2 Nephi 9:28-29.)

Why do men think themselves wise in their own vain deceit—what does it profit? Why should men ignore the counsels and revealed truths of God, considering more important the learning and wisdom of men and promoting it contrary to the knowledge and wisdom that comes from God?

Should any of you consider yourselves belonging to the intelligentsia, I would advise you to keep humble and to hearken always to the counsels of God. We less fortunate stand in awe at your mental powers and capacities. You have the abilities to accomplish great things! Your achievements, however, will bring to you greater renown if humble and sincere faith in God becomes your chief virtue and motivating force. According to the Savior's parable of the talents, God gives to men according to their several abilities and requires an accounting for their use. Regardless of the many gifts an individual has, there is always someone with more gifts and of greater intelligence. Remember, God said to Abraham,

These two facts do exist, that there are two spirits, one being more intelligent than the other; there shall be another more intelligent than they; I am the Lord thy God, I am more intelligent than they all. (Abr. 3:19.)

God then, in whom all knowledge and wisdom centers, is the source to which all should turn for the true way of life.

Joseph Smith, although of a tender age, put this scripture to the test:

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

and was inspired and authorized to organize God's Church on the earth, with all its saving laws and ordinances. Prayer and God, then, become the true source of all our knowledge, wisdom, and strength.

We should always remember that revealed truth is the measuring rod and the basis of all law and moral behavior among Christian peoples. Therefore, do not accept the teachings and philosophies of men con-

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Testimony

(Continued from preceding page)

trary to the teachings of God through his Son, Jesus Christ, or the prophets. Teachers of the sciences or philosophy do not have the moral right to teach the principles, scientific theories, or philosophies of men contrary to the revealed truths taught by Christ and his prophets in all ages of the world. Such truths are fundamental; they are eternal and never become obsolete or incapable of wise use.

Clifford F. Hood, president of the United States Steel Corporation, recently said:

I think no one will seriously challenge me if I say that we have been living in a period of unbelief, a serious unbelief in the fundamental purposes of man and his importance and position in the universe. All who have lost the faith, I believe, feel a real void in their lives. With no positive code of values, their lives have lost a feeling of significance in this cosmic environment. In all humility and sincerity we shall have to admit a power higher than ourselves, from whom is derived a positive moral code that will give our lives significance. We shall have to make up our minds once and for all that honesty, respect, and honor, as such, are not for sale on the market block, except as they become ingredients that you and I and all Americans put into the products of our daily lives.

There is more virtue and power in the simple teachings of Christ than is contained in all the philosophies of men, and his teachings will do more to produce proper attitudes, build beautiful characters, develop true principles of service, and also give life purpose with a greater measure of joy and happiness to each of us than any other teachings can.

The Prophet Joel declared a most significant bit of information and light on the great knowledge and discoveries of our day in this prophecy:

And it shall come to pass *afterward*, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. (Joel 2:28.)

This prophecy was to come to pass afterward, or, in the latter days. There are two parts to this prophecy that are very expressive. First, the Lord's Spirit was to be poured out upon all flesh. This is represented by the Spirit that gives light to every man that comes into the world. It is this power that makes possible our

modern progress in the fields of science and invention with the conveniences and the material and physical blessings we enjoy today. Second is the gift and power of the Holy Ghost which is to manifest its spiritual gifts to men that will cause them to prophesy, to dream dreams, and to see visions.

From the very introduction of the gospel and the establishment of God's work in these the latter days of the world, the Spirit of Christ has been poured out upon all men, for knowledge is everywhere present. We can determine the progress of our times from the beginning of his work which ushered in this the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. Truly, the heavens have been opened and God has poured down knowledge upon men almost without measure.

The discoveries and material inventions given us by science are miracles. We stand in amazement at man's accomplishments! It is difficult to understand how he could achieve so much in so short a time compared to the life of man on this earth. But under the influence of the Spirit spoken of by Joel that was to be poured out upon all flesh, perhaps we can understand why we are receiving the marvelous blessings of scientific discovery and invention. Men share in the glory of that knowledge and all enjoy the blessings of it. Truly, it is as Christ stated in the parable on stewardship, "For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." (Luke 16:8.)

When we measure material or temporal things, this appears true, but when we think of the true values of the Spirit that emanate from the Holy Ghost, it is not true. Knowledge of physical and temporal things is separate and distinct from the gifts and operations of the Holy Ghost, the spiritual gifts of prophecy, dreams, visions, revelations, and others. These have to do with the salvation and exaltation of man, his very eternal status in the mansions of God.

It is significant that when God releases truth to the earth, it is not confined to one area or nation but is available to all, and discovery is almost simultaneous in many of the advanced scientific nations of the world. Science and invention have

given so much, the material values seem so important, we may overlook in our scramble for these things the eternal values of life that make for true happiness.

The great discoveries of our age—radio, television, radar, guided missiles, and planes—achieved by man are miracles, but God creates worlds, guides and controls them as he does all the works of his hands. He creates life, which phenomena man cannot achieve. We are a part of that life—God's greatest creation, for it is his work and glory to bring to pass the immortality and the eternal life of his children. As children of God, we have the powers within us to upgrade ourselves and become like our Eternal Father. This we can do by perfecting our inherent gifts and endowments of the Spirit and also by sanctifying our souls through righteous pursuits.

Paul made this declaration and explanation to the Corinthian saints:

And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

And I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.

Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect. . . . (1 Cor. 2:1-2, 5-6.)

Here is an important key: Wisdom increases in proportion to our own perfectness. Our greatest teacher of wisdom—Christ, being perfect, had complete access to the wisdom of God—"For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell." (Col. 1:19.) And, again, in John we read, ". . . for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him." (John 3:34.)

Another declaration by the Apostle Paul to the Corinthian saints:

For what man knoweth the things of man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.

But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolish unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ. (1 Cor. 2:11, 14, 16.)

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In the HEART LIES SPRING

by *Elayne T. Anderson*

IT WAS A BRISK April day which had come to the university campus. Small isolated patches of snow lay here and there. A persistent wind made the buttoned coats, the scarves, and gloves a definite necessity.

In hurrying from one of the buildings to another, I observed two students in front of me. One of the fellows was of medium height, with blond hair and average build. The other was also of medium height and had blond hair; there the resemblance ended. He was a pitiful pattern of deformity.

From the waist up, he had the build of an athlete, with broad shoulders, firm, strong chest, and a fine well-set head. His right leg was seemingly normal. The left leg, however, was twisted out of shape and caused contortions of his entire body with every step. The joints, muscles, and the very bones themselves were out of line.

As I passed by, the crippled chap turned to his friend and said, "Yes, spring is definitely my favorite season; in fact, I really look forward to it."

What could spring mean to him? His deformities were an accepted excuse for failure had he wanted to give up.

Give up! Just letting my thoughts idle on this aspect of human behavior seemed to bring several facts forcibly to mind.

How many of the physically perfect go through life looking for an excuse to give up? So often we slow down with each discouragement, weaken with each challenge, and die a little with each heartache.

Frequently the desire to make a new beginning is killed because the fires of hope cannot be kindled in the cold ashes of despair which fill the



—Religious News Service Photo

heart. If we could only realize that it is the test of our mortal existence to sink and rise again! The important thing is not how many times we go down, but that we keep getting up again. We must learn not to resist life's changes but to develop the strength to live through them.

Earth does not resist the cycle of seasonal changes which the Creator has planned. Earth, too, may slow down with her summer exertions, weaken, let go her fall harvest, and even die a little in winter's confinement, all of which may compare with our human reactions. But does she give up? Never! With the flash of the first robin, she labors as one mighty force in the miracle of spring-birth.

Giving up is a deep resolve and not the decision of a moment. It comes from the very heart and mind of our being. It is from here the command to stop or go will come. Physical deformities may well be a contributing factor, but never should they be a deciding factor. Our physical body does not control us. The

master-switch is worked from within. This is where lie the new hopes, the new beginning to dispel the clouds of discouragement.

Thus, it is possible to see why the crippled one could be so enthusiastic in his anticipation of spring. He could view its fresh beauty through his spiritual eyes rather than his physical. Though his abilities were in a measure shackled by his physical limitations, his alert mind and courageous spirit were unbound.

There would be no new healing blood coursing through his veins, no regeneration of the crooked limbs, no rebirth of lifeless nerves and muscles—that was true. Instead there would always be the healing power of new dreams, the regeneration of new ambitions and desires, and the rebirth of new hopes and aspirations.

Why? Because though summer's sun beats relentlessly; though the leaves fall from the lifeless trees each autumn; and winter brings its chilling blasts of sleet and snow, he holds fast to the never-ending miracle of the spring which lies in his heart!



Ross spent many months in an iron lung. He is shown here with California's Governor Goodwin J. Knight at the world's largest respiratory center, located in Hondo, California.

- ◆ FAITH
- ◆ WORK
- ◆ PATIENCE

The Ross Eagar Story

by Eileen Gibbons

MANUSCRIPT EDITOR

IT WAS MONDAY, October 17, 1952. A crisply warm Southern Utah morning beckoned Ross Eagar outside and on his way to classes at Dixie College. He didn't feel much like going. A sore throat had teased at him for days, and he was tired in spite of a week-end of partial rest.

The summer had been a busy, exciting one. Ross had worked hard as a superintendent of services at Bryce Canyon, harder than three previous summers there because the new responsibility of supervising

twenty-five men and boys weighed heavily on nineteen-year-old shoulders. He had come back home to Leeds, Utah, tired, but with a heart and scrapbook full of happy memories.

Now another fall term was underway and there were more drum solos, Dixie College band rehearsals and performances, numerous student activities, frequent jaunts with Mom, Dad, brothers, and sister when the Eagar family band was asked to play, and of course, no time for rest. Besides, Ross Eagar was known for his

enthusiasm and vigor. He drove the few miles into St. George with anticipation.

That is how the day began. At its end, Ross Eagar lay totally paralyzed, the victim of three types, or manifestations, of infantile paralysis, three hundred miles from home, unconscious and helpless in the life-giving caresses of an iron lung. He did not know it, but he had been, was then, and would be many times again in the shadow of death from polio and the almost endless complications to which his weakened body would give way.

Miraculously, Ross lives. But the reason for telling his story does not lie alone in the fact that one so close to death for so long can survive. It has to do with the physical pain and mental perplexity which a young human being with courage and faith is able to endure. It has to do, primarily, with the fact that through suffering it is possible to build a sense of values, an overwhelming gratitude, and a testimony of the kindness and wisdom of God. Ross's story has to do not with the return of physical vigor, because it has not returned, but with Ross's own words, which he speaks humbly, with brightness in his blue eyes: "The Lord has given me everything but my health."

ROSS DROVE back home about 11 o'clock that Monday morning in the fall of 1952 with feelings of great weakness and heavy, aching pains in the small of his back. He climbed into bed, sick and tired. When he tried to get out of bed Wednesday morning, his legs collapsed, paralyzed: spinal polio!

Thirty-five miles north of Leeds, as his parents rushed him to Salt Lake City, his breathing stopped: bulbar polio!

The emergency airplane which was provided at the Cedar City airport had an oxygen tank, but it was only partially full. His father administered its contents sparingly, but forty minutes out of Salt Lake City, it was suddenly empty. As Ross lost consciousness, he heard the pilot radio for an ambulance and oxygen tank to meet the plane, and then add, "I think he's going to die."

Ross was unconscious off and on for more than three months with encephalitis, a third manifestation of polio. He did not know that artificial respiration by his father kept some oxygen in his lungs until he reached

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

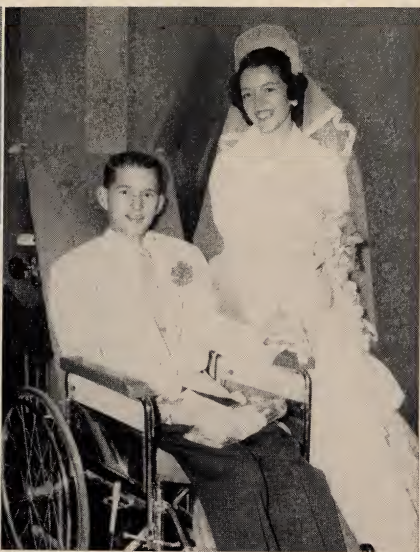
the airport. Neither does he remember that at the hospital an incision was made in his neck and a tube inserted into the windpipe to draw off mucus. He did not know that he turned black from lack of oxygen, and that his parents were cautioned not to hope for his life.

When Ross regained consciousness for the first time about a week after entering the hospital, it was a hopeful sign to his attendants and watchful parents. To Ross it brought only a sudden awareness of intense pain. The muscles throughout his body stiffened spasmodically, as if polio were a wrack or wheel tearing him limb from limb. Day after day, whenever conscious, Ross longed for sleep because it meant relief. Sedatives were not used because they can be particularly dangerous to bulbar polio patients.

Consciousness brought to Ross not only an awareness of pain but also a gradual realization of his complete dependence on others. In his many hours and days of lying unable to move, he pondered this helplessness. Even his facial muscles were paralyzed. If his eyes were open, they stayed that way until someone closed them. If they were closed, they stayed closed. He could not swallow, but

(Continued on following page)

Ross spends many hours preparing for the Sunday School class which he teaches.



As important to Ross as any of his equipment is the telephone.

Ross and Zelda on their wedding day, November 23, 1956.



As a student and insurance agent, Ross finds frequent use for the electric typewriter which he recently learned to operate.

The Ross Eagar Story

(Continued from preceding page)

was fed for more than two months through his veins and through a tube in his nose. He could not speak. He could not breathe, and as the realization grew in him that life depended on the iron lung into which he had been placed, fear also grew, fear of electrical power failure and of mechanical difficulties. Every morning doctors opened the iron lung to see if his diaphragm could do its job, trying many methods to get it to work and his arms and legs to move. Probably his greatest fear was of their daily visit, and the gasping for air during those few seconds without oxygen.

A third awareness, in addition to pain and helplessness, came with consciousness, and this young elder began to ask: Why did this happen to me? In his own words: "I could not understand. I knew God was there. I was sure God knew that I knew it, and that he knew I knew he could heal me." As this six-foot, 160-pound expert drummer, hunter, and fisherman lay there week after week, his body now helpless, he asked over and over again, Why? Why? Other victims, three of them with wives and children, shared his room and became close friends. When each died, his wonder was intensified, and he began to ask, Why was I spared?

Somewhere along the way, Ross reached into his store of faith and found his own answers, confirmed by

that peace which comes only from God. As when Joseph Smith cried out, "Oh, God, where art thou?" the answer came not in enumerated reasons for this suffering, but in words of kindness and gentle assurance. Ross does not draw the analogy, but the writer cannot help doing so.

It took Ross six to eight months to find peace in his mind and to begin to build the attitude of calm submission to the will of God which still accompanies his faith in recovery and

his hard work toward greater physical abilities.

Much of that first year and part of the second, Ross spent in an iron lung. A few months after entering the Salt Lake General Hospital, he began to spend short periods each day on the rocking bed which, by its see-saw motion, increases and decreases the pressure of bodily organs against the diaphragm, thus manipulating the lungs. At first, this separation from the effortless comfort of the iron lung, even for a few moments, brought panic, but fear soon turned to joy at new feelings of independence.

They were not to last. Ross's weakened body, lying immobile for so long, with no moving power of its own, was easy prey to other ills. Kidney stones developed, the first of many painful complications which were to leave Ross again near death and halt the physical therapy so important early in polio. Two major and five minor kidney operations each put Ross back into the iron lung for a month and kept him on the critical list. Severe bladder infection also developed. There were twenty-eight blood transfusions. Twice Ross had pneumonia, drenched in bulbar polio patients. A serious ear infection and removal of several toenails meant more dependence on the iron lung and more pain, since complete anesthesia would have meant danger to his weakened respiratory system. It

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Always nearby to help, or just visit, are Ross's parents, Brother and Sister Walter E. Eagar, shown here with Ross and Zeldia.

Neither Children Nor Adults

by Dr. Antone K. Romney

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATIONAL ADMINISTRATION, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY, AND PRESIDENT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY STAKE

YOUNG PEOPLE from the ages of twelve to twenty years are in a period of rapid physical development. They are neither children nor adults. One noted sociologist has referred to adolescence as the period of "storm and stress" in life, and in our modern society, this growing up period seems to become even more complex.

Although rapid change is also occurring emotionally, intellectually, and socially, the attitudes and personalities of our youth are so much affected by the body changes which take place during the adolescent years that recognition by parents of some of the physical characteristics of teenagers is vital. No parents can afford to ignore them. Their speed and force are often so powerful that they become frightening not only to the adolescent but to the parents as well.

Each teen-ager has his own pattern of physical growth, with the result that there are often wide differences between individuals. A girl may be physically mature at thirteen while her close friends are physically immature or she may—suddenly, it seems—find herself the tallest or shortest in the group.

There are also differences in rate of growth between boys and girls of the same age. Girls in adolescence usually achieve full stature earlier than boys. Boys of this age usually develop two or three years later than girls and often find themselves more developed mentally and emotionally than physically.

These differences between individuals, and between boys and girls, naturally complicate some of the



—Mohlmeier Photo Service

problems of life. Misunderstood, they can cause much suffering. But even more significant during adolescence than the differences between individuals is the fact that a young person may be more physically mature than he is emotionally mature, or he may be more mature intellectually than he is socially or spiritually. Each organ of the body of an individual may grow and develop at a different rate. The glands of the body, which have considerable to do with emotional and mental maturity, may grow at different rates and thus have varying effects. The muscular, neural, digestive, circulatory, and respiratory systems may also grow at different rates. Sometimes the bones grow faster than the muscles develop the ability to control them, and awkwardness results. All of these factors affect the emotional, mental, social, and spiritual life of the individual.

Our young people react to the perplexing changes of adolescence in various ways. A girl may become self-conscious as she grows tall or puts on weight. She may withdraw or she may want to be seen. She may be embarrassed or proud. She may

put herself on a rigid diet or refuse to participate in games. She may act quite unlike herself at certain times. Similarly, a boy, when his voice begins to drop, may become embarrassed. He may refuse to speak in public. He may be bewildered by bodily changes. Although his appetite seems never to be fully satisfied, he will seem to be giving all of his energy to growing and will sometimes be lazy and indifferent to work.

What are the responsibilities of parents during these important years? A fundamental responsibility of parents during this period is to keep their teen-agers well by seeing that they get the calories and nutrients their rapidly developing bodies need, and that they have adequate relaxation and rest. Outwardly it appears that most adolescents have a good deal of energy and in general are healthy. Only about four percent are sick enough to call a doctor three or more times during any one year, but we know that lack of proper activity and food can prevent one from giving attention to other values. Just as improper ventilation dulls alertness, a

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A Challenge to Parents

To Be a KING ●

by Hugh J. Cannon
A FORMER EDITOR OF THE ERA

PART III

SYNOPSIS

David, a descendant of John Hyrcanus, the founder of the Jewish monarchy, is a pretender to the throne now held by Herod Antipas. David and his friends attended a party at the palace—a party at which the dancer, Salome, asked for the head of John the Baptist. As the head was brought in, David in anger rebuked Herod and left the palace, taking the girl Ruth with him.

DAVID'S FAVORITE residence was not in Jerusalem. A home in Jericho, quite as comfortable and beautiful as the more pretentious habitation in the chief city, had been bequeathed to him by his departed parents; and it was to this place he came after the banquet given by Herod. He was dubious as to what course Herod would pursue. So flagrant and public had been Herod's insulting manner, that it could not well be overlooked. Although David's life had been singularly free from disturbing influences, his natural disposition was such that he could not flee from danger or difficulties, but had to face them squarely, whatever the results might be.

In addition to this, the young girl, Ruth, whom he had met for the first time, had made a deep impression on him. As he carried her, fainting, from the room, he felt that she was more to be desired than a kingdom. Her indisposition offered him an excuse for calling the next day to inquire about her health.

For Herod's benefit, he let his intention of remaining in Jericho be known, and after waiting sufficiently long to give Herod's officers time to seize him should they desire to do so, he called his servants and left the palace. His greatest anxiety was not what the tetrarch might think or do, for the timid Herod, he was certain, would not take any drastic action against one of great influence—at least not openly.

In what light Ruth would view his conduct troubled him vastly more. Her father, well known to David officially, had maintained a sphinx-like silence on the matter of the young

man's ambitions, although ample opportunity had been given him to speak. She herself had appeared to be an acquaintance of Zebulon's, which made it appear that she, also, was on Herod's side.

But David, looking back on the details of the evening, was unable to see wherein he could have done differently, offensive though his conduct may have appeared, without neglecting his obligation to the people. For in his honest judgment, it was his sacred duty to direct their destinies.

It was with impatience, therefore, on the day following the banquet, that he awaited an hour when he might properly call on the young lady, who had absorbed so much of his thought during the night.

His appearance on the streets attracted more than passing attention, and he soon learned that reports of his conduct on the previous evening were already abroad. The rabble, as well as people of note, apparently knew the story. However, the young man was gratified to see that most of those he met, and all for whose opinion he cared, were by no means unfriendly. He was even stopped by two former supporters of Herod and congratulated upon his courage.

Much elated, he approached the house where Ruth lived. It was a beautiful villa near the foothills, on the outskirts of the city. The gardens were among the choicest to be found anywhere in Jericho, which at the time was famed for its flowers.

Ruth was in the garden, and as he approached he was surprised at the rapid beating of his heart. His observed evidence of confusion on her part, but her mounting color soon receded, leaving her face pale.

"I have been anxious," he explained after formal greetings were over, "lest the excitement of last evening might have affected you unfavorably, and as I contributed more than one man's share to the tumult, I have come to

inquire about you and apologize for conduct which may have seemed unpardonable."

She surprised him with the direct question: "Do you think you did the proper thing?"

"Yes, I do," he answered instantly. "In my opinion, a ruler who sheds innocent blood to gratify the whim of a woman, or for any other cause, is a murderer, and those who by their applause or silence condone such an act are also guilty. Still, had I been given time to consider the matter, I might have tempered my words somewhat."

"Do you think I condoned it by applause, or even by my silence?"

"The fact that you were fainting indicates that you had no feeling but one of horror at what occurred."

Ruth gave him a look of gratitude. "The truth is, I did not clearly hear Salome's request, and when I did understand it, I thought it merely an ill-advised jest. It was very courageous of you to speak so boldly, and I have already heard of more than one influential man who commends your bravery. But was it not rash? Herod has great power here, and his father left him a bloody example. Of course he must view this as a public insult."

"What would you have me do? Remain silent out of personal fear when it was my duty to speak the truth?"

"No, indeed! I believe one should always do the thing one believes to be right regardless of results, and I would have had you say exactly what you said; but that does not lessen my concern for your safety."

The personal danger, great though it might be, was a small price to pay for the girl's interest. David would needlessly have sought danger for such a reward. It was clear, too, that whatever her sympathies were before, they were not now with the tetrarch.

"In what light will Zebulon consider the matter?" David watched

her narrowly as he asked the question.

Her frank answer relieved him: "Zebulon, as you must know, is an intimate associate of Herod's and naturally would disapprove what you said, for he himself demanded the execution of that unfortunate man. And Zebulon is, I believe—"

The girl hesitated, then continued, "He is not so conscientious as some men. But I should not be saying such things to one who is almost a stranger to me."

"Please do not view me as a stranger. For some reason I seem long to have known you, and beg for permission to become better acquainted."

"I must go into the house now," the girl said simply. "I hope no serious trouble will come to you because of this."

David watched her as she walked up the path, then thoughtfully mounted his camel.

AT THE GATE of his own garden, David met Elihu.

"I have just come from Nicodemus," the old man reported, "and he has signified his intention of joining us."

Their attention was attracted by the derisive cries of children on the street who were making merry at the

sight of a weather-beaten camel and rider.

"It is Lebanah, prophet of the wilderness," said David.

"I know him well," Elihu answered, "and esteem him most highly for his prophetic gift."

The eremite approached with a speed which surprised David, who could hardly believe the ancient camel capable of such rapid strides. Clearly the old man was bearer of a message which demanded haste.

With impatience he accepted the hospitable attentions showered upon him, and even before they were concluded he said:

"David, I have important news for thee. And Elihu, too, will be interested. Perhaps thou dost not know that I have two kinsmen working as servants in Herod's palace. This is told thee in strictest confidence, for their lives would be as the grass of the field if it were suspected that they reported to me the hideous actions of their masters. But I know thou art both discreet.

"This morning a private consultation was held in the palace by the tetrarch, pale and hollow-eyed, Herodias in much the same condition, and Zebulon. If one could judge from appearances, two of them at least had spent a tormented and sleepless night. They were discussing

the events of last evening. Their careful plan for ultimately enthroning Herod over Judea had, they feared, reacted against them.

"They said that thy friends, David, instead of being turned against thee, were scarcely civil as they left the palace. But even more disturbing was the fact that some of those counted on to support Herod manifested strong disapproval of the impious murder. They were even outspoken in praising thee for thy courage in denouncing the crime.

"It seems that among those who thus declared themselves was Nicodemus, the man most desired among all the guests. They feel that because of his important following, his experience, and keen judgment, he must be won. Otherwise, their success is doubtful. When bidding the tetrarch good night, I understand Nicodemus withdrew a former promise to assist him.

"In the face of these facts, Herod thought to abandon his purposes. He foresaw danger of losing the position he already holds and suggested to Herodias and Zebulon that it might be better to confine their efforts to the labor of strengthening him therein. But they refused to listen.

"Rest not under that assurance. Coward that he is, these two have unlimited power over him. In the end he will do what they say. As thou mayest well suppose, neither Herod nor Zebulon will do anything themselves. Cowardice is one of the things they have in common. But Zebulon mentioned a man who is in his power and will do his bidding. This man will doubtless be the one through whom they strike."

"Lebanah, I cannot believe personal danger awaits me or my friends, but still your story is disturbing. What can I do to protect those whose peril is due solely to their support of me? Shall I abandon my hopes of ruling over this people?"

"Never!" The old man spoke emphatically, and Elihu joined him. "If thou chooseth wisely thou art to be a great king. That was the voice of the spirit when thou wast a mere babe. Proceed with thy plans. No immediate danger confronts thee, and I shall keep thee informed."

"This is important, David," Elihu added, "and I can believe all that Lebanah says. It confirms a fear which I have today discussed with a number of your friends. We have to



—Religious News Photo

Named after the Inn of the Good Samaritan, these ruins of an inn are found on the road from Jericho to Jerusalem.

Fishers of Men

by Doyle L. Green

MANAGING EDITOR



THE SEQUENCE of some of the happenings in the ministry of the Savior is difficult to determine with accuracy. None of the four writers of the Gospels made a complete record of events, so the story has to be pieced together from the four accounts. But whether Jesus went first to Cana upon his return to Galilee, as recorded by John, or to Nazareth, as related by Luke, is probably of little significance. However, for the purpose of these articles, the sequence of events presented in President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.'s "Our Lord

of the Gospels" is being followed. President Clark has made an intensive and devoted study of the life of Christ over a period of many years. His "harmony" of the gospels is a scholarly work motivated by a deep and sincere love for the Savior of the world.

The fame of the man of Nazareth went before him into Galilee. Even though the miracle of turning water into wine, which he had performed at the marriage feast in Cana some months earlier, might have been discredited and perhaps even scoffed at

by those to whom the story was related, still the works of the Savior during the Feast of the Passover, which had recently been held in Jerusalem, could not be ignored.

It is doubtful that there was a house in all the land in which the thrilling story of the cleansing of the temple had not been repeated. Along with this were undoubtedly told accounts of the miracles which Jesus

Drawing by Major Benton Fletcher, from Lionel Cust's *Jerusalem: a Historical Sketch*, published by A. & C. Black, Ltd., London.

Scriptural references in this article are from Matthew 4, 8; Mark 1; Luke 4, 5; John 2, 4.



By the Sea of Galilee, Jesus called Simon Peter, and Andrew, his brother; and James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, saying, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

—Painting by Ernst Zimmermann





—Painting by Heinrich Hofmann

Christ Preaching by the Sea of Galilee.

had performed in the Holy City. Many of the Galileans had been present and actually witnessed some of these remarkable events.

Every town of any size in Palestine had a synagogue, where the Jews gathered to worship and to be taught. Jesus, now a recognized teacher, attended the services each Sabbath day, read from the sacred scripture, and explained the gospel.

One of the cities he visited was Cana, situated about five miles northward from Nazareth. Not only was Cana the site of the wedding feast where Jesus had turned the water into wine, but also it was the home of one of the early disciples, Nathanael, whom Jesus called "... an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Some twenty-five miles toward the northeast on the shores of the Sea of Galilee in the city of Capernaum lived a nobleman who may have been one of the officers in the government of Herod Antipas. This man's son was seriously ill and very close to death. Learning that Jesus had returned to Galilee, the nobleman hurried to Cana, located Jesus at about one o'clock in the afternoon, or the "seventh hour," as the Jews determined their time, and begged him to go with haste to Capernaum and heal his son.

Jesus said to the anxious father, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Some writers have thought that Jesus was reproving the man for his lack of faith, but it is more likely that he was testing him to see how strong his faith really was. In any event the nobleman

persisted: "Sir, come down ere my child die."

Evidently the Savior was impressed with the sincerity of the man, his great concern for his son, and his belief that the Savior had the power to heal him.

One can picture the compassion and love in the Savior's voice as he said simply, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." This must have greatly surprised the man, as he expected that the Lord would have to make the trip to Capernaum to save his boy. What a wonderful lesson the experience was to the nobleman and to all who have since heard or read the story! It showed that the Lord has power over time and space. He does not have to be on the spot to exercise authority. He spoke, and twenty-five miles away a sick boy was healed!

Imagine the joy in the heart of this father, who believed the words that the Lord had spoken. Without a question, he made his way back down the rocky trail toward the Sea of Galilee, his home, and a reunion with his son.

On the trail the following day, he met some of his servants coming to tell him that his son was better. He was not surprised but inquired as to when the crisis had passed. His servants told him that it was the seventh hour of the preceding day, the very time that Jesus had told him that his son would live. Here is indisputable evidence that Jesus had divine power, and all the nobleman's household believed with him.

The return to Nazareth must have

been a trial for Jesus. He knew he would not be well accepted, but this did not prevent his going. On the Sabbath he went to the little synagogue where he had attended church services throughout most of the first thirty years of his life. Undoubtedly some of his own relatives were in the congregation.

The Lord could read the questions in the minds of his townspeople. Was not this the son of Joseph, the carpenter? Had he not worked in a shop with his father? Had he not played with the children on the hills around Nazareth? Did he really think that they would believe he was the Son of God? What would he read from the scriptures? What would he say about himself? Would he try to convince them with miracles?

All eyes were upon him as he stood and unrolled the scroll of the Prophet Isaiah which the "minister" handed to him. He chose as his text the first verse and a half from what we know as the sixty-first chapter. The words of the text as recorded by Luke are a little different than the Old Testament version, but the meaning is the same:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord. . . ."

Returning the scroll to the "minister," Jesus sat down, as was the custom of the teachers of the time, and explained: "This day is the scripture fulfilled in your ears."

But this did not satisfy the people. It is one thing to say that you have been called to do a special work and perform remarkable things, but another thing to prove it. "Physician, heal thyself," they demanded. " whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country."

The Savior knew, however, that his power was not to be used merely to satisfy the curiosity of the skeptic and the unbeliever. Miracles must follow faith, not precede it. Mary did not say, "Let's see if you have the power to turn water into wine." There was no question in her mind

(Continued on following page)

Fishers of Men

(Continued from preceding page)

but that Jesus could do it. The nobleman did not say, "Heal my son, and I will believe." The Savior was convinced in advance of his faith.

Among his own people there was no one with faith enough to believe, and because they were his own people they demanded special signs. "No prophet is accepted in his own country," Jesus told them. He then cited examples from the history of the Jews which they knew so well, to show how the righteous men had received blessings, and how the unrighteous had been denied them.

Either the failure of Jesus to respond to their wishes or his implication that they were not righteous enough to warrant a show of divine strength, or possibly both, filled the people with anger. Rising up they ". . . thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereupon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong." But Jesus, who had the power to control a whole multitude with a word or a glance, escaped, and ". . . passing through the midst of them went his way," never, so far as we know, to come again to Nazareth.

Returning to the shores of the Sea of Galilee, or the Lake of Genesaret, as this famous body of water was also known, Jesus found four of his early disciples, Simon Peter, and Andrew, his brother; and James, and John, the sons of Zebedee. The time was early morning, and these four fishermen, who had been out on the lake all night, were washing and mending their nets. So great were the crowds following Jesus that he stepped into Peter's boat and asked him to cast it out some distance from shore. Peter responded, and Jesus sat down and talked to the multitude. When he had finished speaking, he told Peter to launch out into the deep water and let down the nets to catch some fish. This seemed useless to the big, experienced fisherman. He knew this was not the hour of the day to catch fish. He reminded the Savior that they had worked hard all night and had caught nothing, ". . . nevertheless," he said, showing his complete obedience to the wishes of the Lord, "at thy word I will let down the net."

He did, and greatly to the surprise of Peter and Andrew the net enclosed

so many fish that it started to break. James and John were summoned to help. Hurriedly the second boat was put out into the water, and so many fish were caught that both vessels were in danger of sinking.

Recognizing this remarkable happening as an indication of the great power Jesus possessed, Peter ". . . fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." This was undoubtedly Peter's way of expressing his belief in the Savior and his realization of how little earthly pursuits meant compared with the work of the Lord.

"Follow me," Jesus said to him and the others, "and I will make you fishers of men." The four fishermen of Galilee brought their ships to land, and seemingly without even taking care of the great catch of fish, they left all they had to do the will of the Savior. From that time forward they devoted their full time to promoting the work of the Lord.

On the Sabbath day Jesus taught in the synagogue at Capernaum. The people, not used to the straightforward, clear manner in which Jesus taught the gospel, ". . . were astonished at his doctrine:

"For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes."

Another lesson was taught that day in the synagogue at Capernaum. This lesson was that the Savior of the world has complete power over the forces of evil. At one of the serv-

ices was a man possessed of an evil spirit—one of the followers of Satan who refused the plan of our Heavenly Father and was cast down to earth to live forever without an earthly body. So dire was the punishment which these spirits brought upon themselves, and so anxious are they to have bodies, that they will go to almost any length to enter into the bodies of human beings. Seeing through the eyes of the body he possessed, the evil spirit recognized the Son of God. Rebuking him, Jesus ordered the evil spirit to leave the body of the man, which it promptly did.

Leaving the synagogue, Jesus went with his four disciples to the home of Simon Peter, whose mother-in-law lay ill with a fever. Taking her by the hand, Jesus lifted her up from the bed, and she recovered so quickly and so completely that she arose and ". . . ministered unto them . . .," probably preparing and serving their evening meal.

The Jewish Sabbath ends with the setting of the sun. All of the numerous restrictions observed so carefully by these people on the holy day were lifted in the evening when the new day began, and crowds of people, indeed the entire population of the city, excited by the events of the Sabbath, flocked around Peter's house to see and be blessed by the Lord. Having compassion on this faithful and believing people, Jesus laid his hands on them, healing the sick and casting out evil spirits. No one with an ailment was denied his blessing. What a contrast to the reception he had received in his home town of Nazareth!

At daylight next morning, Jesus went "into a desert place" to be alone, to meditate and to pray. But the people of Capernaum followed him and tried to influence him to stay with them in their city.

"I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also," he told them, "for therefore am I sent." So he left Capernaum and went throughout Galilee preaching the gospel, healing the sick, curing disease, and casting out evil spirits. Everywhere he went he was followed by great multitudes of people, not only from Galilee, but also from all of the surrounding land.

(To be continued)



—Photo by Wilde

The Calling of the Fishermen.

The MESSAGE of the BOOK of JOB

by Hoyt Palmer

PERHAPS IN NO place in the scriptures is there given more clearly and powerfully the great message of the power of God and the majesty and perfection of his creations than in the book of Job.

In this Old Testament book the great truth is taught that all things are under the direct hand of the Creator: that he can and does direct the causes and effects of all things for the good of all who trust him—for the ultimate good of all his children.

Job was an actual, living man, who dwelt on earth at some time not specified in the book itself. This is true, notwithstanding the professions of so-called Bible scholars and critics that the book of Job is merely a beautifully written allegory or parable. We have the direct word of the Lord himself in modern revelation that Job and the circumstances recorded in the book bearing his name were actualities.

The Prophet Ezekiel helps to add to the authenticity of Job when he says:

The word of the Lord came again to me, saying:

Son of man, when the land sinneth against me by trespassing grievously, then will I stretch out mine hand upon it, and will break the staff of the bread thereof, and will send famine upon it, and will cut off man and beast from it:

Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord God.

If I cause noisome beasts to pass through the land, and they spoil it, so that it be desolate, that no man may pass through because of the beasts:

Though these three men were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither sons nor daughters; they only shall be delivered, but the land shall be desolate.

Or if I bring a sword upon that land, and say, Sword, go through the land; so that I cut off man and beast from it:

Though these three men were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither sons nor daughters, but they only shall be delivered themselves.

Or if I send a pestilence into that land, and pour out my fury upon it in blood, to cut off from it man and beast:

Though Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness. (Ezekiel 14:12-20.)

In one of his modern-day revelations the Lord not only repeats the great truth contained in the book of Job, but refers specifically to Job himself.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, praying from the depths of a tortured soul for relief, cries out to God, who seems almost to have forgotten his people, and the Lord answers his anguished pleading with a sublime and comforting assurance that all is well.

My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a moment;

And then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes.

Thy friends do stand by thee, and they shall hail thee again with warm and friendly hands.

Thou art not yet as Job: Thy friends do not contend against thee, neither charge thee with transgression, as they did Job.

The writer of the book of Job is not known. It could have been Job himself, but there seems greater evidence that it was a young man by the name of Elihu, one of four friends who came to Job in his great affliction to try to comfort him.

Elihu, who enters the picture late in the story, is the only one of the five principal mortal characters in the book who, in speaking, uses the first person in a manner used by an author, rather than a quote of someone else's speech. He uses the phrase "I said" in this way on three different occasions.

The book opens with the words,

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil. (Job 1:1.)

Then follows an account of two conversations between God and Satan, with Satan belittling Job as no better than anyone else, and who remains faithful only because God has favored and blessed him above others.

The Lord, knowing the depth of integrity of the man, gives Satan power to take away all Job's temporal possessions; his flocks and herds, his home, his servants, and finally his children, seven lovely sons and daughters. Job meets this test with an unshaken faith, declaring,

Naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. (*Ibid.*, 1:21.)

Satan, having failed to shake the faith of Job by these catastrophies, again belittles him to the Lord and is given permission to torture him physically, but he must not take his life.

So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. (*Ibid.*, 2:7.)

Again Job meets the test with his faith unshaken, exclaiming,

... What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall not receive evil? (*Ibid.*, 2:10.)

The major portion of the book is comprised of a series of conversations between Job and three friends who come as would-be comforters during his great afflictions. Their dissertations are based on the premise that Job has sinned in some way and his afflictions are punishments for his transgressions. This accusation he resents and will not accept. He maintains, at times bitterly and with some heat and impatience, that he has not sinned. His extreme suffering causes some confusion in his thinking, and this he admits, and pleads with the Lord to remove his affliction.

(Continued on page 263)



MY PAL JOEY

by Harold Helfer

JOEY SAID HE didn't want me to say anything about it, what really happened, but I can't let everybody go on thinking what they do, so I have decided to tell everything. After all, he is my best friend and, well, I just can't let Joey go through life and have people think what they do about him. Maybe Joey wasn't such a hot speller, but still he never was the other thing they thought.

To tell the truth about it, Joey was a pretty awful speller. He was good about a lot of things, playing third base, collecting frogs, walking across Mrs. Foster's fence, and so forth, but he just didn't seem to have much of a knack for spelling, only he prob-

ably would have spelled it *nack* or even *nak*. One time he spelled pneumonia *newmoanyeah* and Eskimo *askamoe*.

Still, he was my friend and I always stuck by him. And I must say he did improve after Jenny Winters came to the classroom.

It didn't come natural, you understand. His brow would get all furrowed up and something like a pain would come into his eyes. Sometimes when he went into one of these trances, I'd get the curious feeling that some of the atoms in Joey's scalp, under all that pressure and concentration, would suddenly go up in little mushroom puffs. But the interesting

thing was that he was beginning to spell more and more of the words right.

Of course, what he did was study real hard at home. I'd come by his house sometimes, and he'd be sitting in the crotch of the elm tree in his front yard, nibbling away on a pear or a banana or an apple, which he once spelled *appull*, and frowning away at a spelling book.

I really don't know what Joey saw in this Jenny Winters. She was just a girl. Her freckles weren't even on straight. They were every which way.

Still, I guess that's the way things go. Joey combed his hair practically every day, and he generally wore clean shirts, and even if he had only three or four patches in his trousers, he'd want to wear another pair.

But the most amazing thing of all, of course, was the way he began to

spell pretty good. It reminded me sometimes of a bear I saw at a carnival on roller skates. You could hardly believe it, and you were sure he'd fall smackdab on what bears fall down on any second, but still, there Joey was getting away with it anyway. He seemed to be dying a thousand deaths, but somehow he did manage to spell quite a few words right, and those he missed he didn't miss by the big country mile and then some, that he used to miss 'em by.

Of course, the whole thing was that this Jenny Winters was quite a spelling whiz. In fact, at the spelling bee we had every Friday she nearly always won and usually without too much *p-e-r-s-p-i-r-a-t-i-o-n*.

I suppose this was sort of unusual, someone being so good all the time with spelling. She didn't wear glasses either or have braces on her teeth, like most girls who are pretty smart. In fact, she swung a bat pretty good, considering she was a girl, and she had pretty good lizard collection, so maybe it was sort of understandable, Joey feeling a little fuzzy-wuzzy about her. Anyhow, you had to say it could be worse.

It was clear, of course, that Joey was just trying to impress Jenny by showing her what a good speller he was. I'll never forget the day he spelled *a-n-t-h-r-a-c-i-t-e*, just like that, practically without a bobble. Miss Lashley, our teacher, just stared at him as if her mouth had become unhinged and she'd never be quite all right again. Somehow it was kind of touching.

Quite a few of us just couldn't get over it, but Joey even reached the point where he'd stay up in the Friday spelling bees right up to the last four or five remaining ones. And when the announcement was made about the big city-wide spelling bee coming up, Joey studied his spelling books more than ever. I'd not only see him with them in the crotch of the elm tree, but I once even saw him hanging from the rail of his veranda by his feet, like a bat, with a spelling book open beneath him for him to look at—right while he was dangling.

Still, nobody figured he had a

chance to get anywhere in this spelling bee. The best spellers in all the schools of the city entered it, and everybody always did his very best because there were big prizes for the winner, such as a free season's movie pass and going to camp and all that, and you got your picture in the paper, too, with a great big smile on your face.

Joey still spelled as if he were being tortured to bring the right letters of the alphabet out of him, and his face would get awfully red and sometimes it looked like he was getting apoplexy, which he once spelled *applelaxy*, but somehow he managed to blurt out the right letters.

It was really kind of fascinating; I don't know why but it made me think of a bull suddenly taking charge of things at a bull ring and waving a red flag at the toreador, and toying with him instead of vice versa. Anyway, the bull sure seemed to be a surprise dark horse, if you know what I mean. He seemed to lose some teeth every time he did it, but he kept getting the right letters of the alphabet out somehow or other.

Anyway, speller after speller went down from one school after another but Joey kept hanging on. You could tell it just meant everything to him, his heart and soul and the rest of his anatomy, which I hate to tell you how he once spelled, was in it. And, believe it or not and strange as



it seems and lo and behold, there he was up there right up to the last, in the finals!

Being as the other one left was Jenny Winters, our school couldn't lose, but somehow it was very dramatic anyway. I guess I'll never forget it. Joey standing up there on the platform so stiff and straight and red-faced and Jenny so relaxed with a little smile almost half-hidden among all those freckles of hers. And then the moderator called out the word "conscientious." Joey gulped so many times that it looked like he was going to have an apoplexy as well as an apoplexy, but he finally got it out, *c-o-n-s-c-i-e-n-t-i-o-u-s*. And since Jenny had already spelled it *c-o-n-s-c-i-e-n-t-o-u-s* and Joey's way turned out to be right, he was the city-wide spelling champ!

As soon as the judge announced he was the winner, tears burst into his eyes and, of all the luck, the newspaper photographers happened to catch him just then, and his picture came out that way in all the papers with stories telling about the tears of joy in the new spelling champion's eyes at his happiness of winning.

This may sound all right when you read it, even sort of poetic like maybe, but in the set that Joey and I belong to only losers, if anybody, are supposed to cry, not winners. Why, you'd have to be practically a sissy to cry when you *won* something. To tell the truth, I found myself looking somewhat doubtfully at my old buddy.

The odd thing was, though, that Joey seemed to look kind of miserable even two or three days after. And that was really carrying things too far. In fact, I told Joey so.

"You dumb cluck!" he cried. "I didn't want to win. I tried to lose. I wanted her to win. I thought I was spelling that word wrong."

I just stared at Joey for a moment and then I said, "Real quick, Joey, spell cluck."

"*K-l-u-k*," he said.

I realized there and then it was the same old Joey. My heart went out to him. I don't know how I could have ever doubted him.

"NEPHITES" FOUND IN NEW MEXICO

From a letter by Wilford Woodruff to President John Taylor and Council



—An IMPROVEMENT ERA photograph

Two Zuni women, both members of the Church, Sisters Vivian Peywa and Crystal Sheka, dressed in their ceremonial costumes.

SUNSET, APACHE CO., ARIZONA,*
Sept. 15th, 1879.

President John Taylor and Council:

DEAR BRETHREN:—I arrived on Saturday night, the 13th, all well and in good spirits and found Brother Lake, of Brigham City,* and Brother Bates, of Pleasant Valley,* very sick. They had been to the Verde, baptizing some and administering to the sick. Brother Lake has been looked upon as dangerous, but was some better yesterday.

In my short communication of the 2nd inst., I promised to give a fuller account of my visit to the Isletas, which I will now endeavor to do. I view my visit among the Nephites one of the most interesting missions of my life, although short. I say Nephites because if there are any Nephites on this continent we have found them among the Zunis, Lagumas [Lagunas], and Isletas, for they are a different race of people altogether from the Lamanites. I class the Navajos, Moquis [Hopis] and Apaches with the Lamanites, although

they are in advance of many Indian tribes of America. I class the Zunis, Lagumas [Lagunas], and Isletas among the Nephites. (See D. & C. 3:17.) The Zunis are in advance of the Navajos, Apaches, or of any other Lamanites. The Lagumas are much above the Zunis, and the Isletas are far above them all in wealth, in beauty, cleanliness, and order of their homes and persons, the adornment of their dwellings, their industry and indefatigable labors, and in their virtue, and in the purity of their national blood. Their bearing and dignity in their intercourse with strangers, and above all else, the expansion of their minds and their capacity to receive any principle of the gospel, such as endowments or sealing powers, fully equal the minds of any of the Anglo-Saxon race. While I have been standing in the midst of that noble-minded people, teaching them the gospel, I could not make myself believe I was standing in the presence of American Indians or Lamanites; neither was I.

The Isletas of which I speak is a village twelve miles below Albuquerque, on the Rio Del Norte, containing 3,000 souls that stand at the head of this class of men that I call the Nephites. They occupy forty villages, containing a population of 32,000, speaking sixteen distinct languages, but nearly all good Spanish scholars. I look upon this as a great field of missionary labor for some forty good, faithful Mormon elders, who should be able to speak the Spanish; and I hope next conference will call some of them, at least, into the field. I visited this people, located in their homes in company with Brother Ammon M. Tenney, who had visited most of them before, and I think has done much good in opening doors among them. He had baptized 115 of the Zunis on a former mission. My journey and visit with him was a visit of observation, and I was amply rewarded. In what way, I do not know, but in almost every village I visited, they were looking for me. I can only make a brief outline from my journal of our journey. On the 19th of August, we entered the Zuni village, containing about 3,000 souls. The village stood on a piece of elevated ground; many buildings were three stories high; and the upper stories were entered by ladders at the top. * * *

I went all through the village and, for the first time in my life, I had a view of the white Indians called albinos. Their hair, face, and limbs were nearly as white as milk, much whiter than any Americans. I met with many who had been baptized, and they were very glad to see me. They had 2,000 acres of corn, looking well without irrigation. On the day following, we visited their village at their farm called Fish Springs. I was here introduced to Brother Juan Bautista (John Baptist), the first man baptized in the Zuni nation by A. M. Tenney. His son's wife was the most handsome woman I ever saw of the Indian race; had a beautiful child, nearly white. I went through their wheat fields, which they were cutting with sickles. We visited several ruins of the ancient inhabitants; some of the outside walls of

*Sunset was a settlement about four miles northeast of the present town of Winslow, Navajo County, Arizona; Brigham City was a settlement about three miles north of Winslow; Pleasant Valley was a part of northern Arizona, also. The letter is from the book, *Wilford Woodruff*, by Matthias F. Cowley.

stone were standing some eight feet high. On Sunday evening, the 25th, we held a meeting in a village of the Lagumas, called Mosita Negra. We had an interesting talk with the Governor of the place (Jose Carido), and the spiritual adviser (Lorenzo Coreo) and both wanted a meeting. They called the people together, men, women, and children. We opened by singing and prayer, and Brother Tenney spoke to them in Spanish thirty minutes. I spoke a short time. Brother Tenney interpreted and we dismissed, thinking we had kept them long enough. As soon as we dismissed, a Nephite arose, full of the Spirit of the Lord, and said: "Friends, why do you dismiss us and leave us in this way? This is the first time we have heard of our forefathers and the gospel, and the things we have looked for from the traditions of our fathers. If our wives and children are weary, let them go home; we want to hear more. We want you to talk all night, do not leave us so." This speech raised me to my feet, and the next hour was one of the best meetings we had. We all felt inspired: missionaries, Nephite men, women, and children. I spoke, and Brother Tenney interpreted. I never felt the want of tongues more than on this occasion. I taught the things of the kingdom of God and found hearts capable of receiving it. All were deeply interested, and the seeds we had sown in the hearts of that people will bring forth fruit. At the close of the meeting, the man who spoke in the meeting came to me and said, "When you return, drive to my home, and all your wants will be supplied," which we did and held another meeting on the Sunday following. We should have baptized him, the Governor, and many others, I think, but the Governor who had followed us, as did

the spiritual adviser, some sixty miles to Isetlas, had not returned. The people did not wish to take any steps until their Governor was with them. On the following morning, my carriage was surrounded by the Governor and people that we had talked to the night before. Some of them took breakfast with us and I had to talk to them on the principles of the gospel and their record and signs of the times, until I left; and the leading men of the village followed us sixty miles to Isetlas and stopped with us most of the time we were there.

On the morning of the 26th of August, we drove through Frisco, crossed the Rio Del Norte, which we found very low, and entered Albuquerque, containing about 3,000 inhabitants, Jews, Gentiles, Americans, and Mexicans. I was introduced to Judge Parks, the U S District judge of that district, from Illinois. I went through the city or town. It is quite a place of business. I went through the Catholic cathedral accompanied by an Italian padre, or priest. He took great pains to show us everything in it, robes of the priests and deacons, some robes woven from pure gold thread that cost \$1,000.00. There was much more wealth than I would have looked for in as obscure a place as Albuquerque. We spent the day in the place and left in the evening and camped five miles below on the banks of the river.

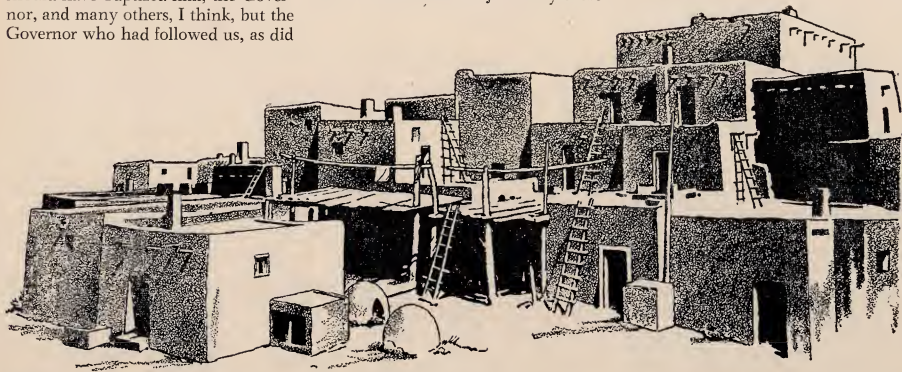
On the 27th of August, we entered the village of Isetlas (Ysleta), being the day before the great annual feast of this people. Brother Ammon M. Tenney had visited this people three years ago and had made friends in the place. We called upon an old patriarch that had received him before. His name was Juan Reylocero

(John King). He was glad to receive us. He furnished us with mutton, fruit, and anything we needed. He was one of the leading spirits, was one of the most influential men in the village, and was over eighty years of age; but by his labor and activity he did not appear more than seventy.

* * * The inhabitants of Isetlas stand at the head of these 32,000 Nephites; all the other 40 villages come to them for counsel. They have their own laws, police courts, and judgment seat. They are very rich. The man we stopped with possessed 9,000 sheep, 100 brood mares and horses, 100 mules and asses, 500 cows and oxen, a ranch worth \$8,000.00 and \$25,000.00 of other wealth. He rents many houses in the city, and he is a sample of many of the Isetlas nation. They allow no white man or Mexican to mix with them in their blood; all their marriages are in their own tribe. Our friend (Reylocero) said the Americans had called them wild men. If they were wild, they were honest and virtuous. It was very seldom that a case of seduction of a wife or daughter was known in their tribes. Whenever such a case did occur, the penalty of death was executed and had been for centuries.

* * * In fact they were so much afraid of white men coming in contact with their women, that Brothers Tenney and Robert H. Smith, of the 15th Ward, Salt Lake City, three years ago, came nearly starving to death before they got thoroughly acquainted with them. They were not willing for these brethren to go into the presence of their women; but after the old patriarch had reached full

(Continued on page 267)



LIZ BENNETT woke to the incessant whirl of the *Silver Clipper* as it skimmed along the lake's edge not ten yards from the cabin. Before she could shoot her lithe body into position at the small window, the sleek craft was already heading back toward the far side.

Butterflies danced up her spine as she watched the back of Brad Kimberly's bronze head glimmer in the pale sunshine of early morning. They were bigger, more exciting butterflies than usual, for it was now, today, that the entire girls' camp was having its annual picnic at Kimberly Acres, the rolling estate directly across Lake St. Helena. The boys' camp at the far end of the lake had been invited, too. This would be the most wonderful day of her life!

Then her heart plunged. She wasn't going! She had made the final decision last night! Stay away, far away, and no one would ever know what a dud she was around boys!

"Have you made up your mind to go?" Syl Walsh, her girl friend, slid alongside her.

"Oh, I didn't know you were awake," she turned quickly so Syl wouldn't suspect she'd been watching Brad so intently.

"Are you going?" Syl prodded insistently.

"I—I—" she started.

"Oh, Liz, don't start that all over. All last term at high you were too involved with other interests to join the fun at school. I thought coming here had changed you, you seemed so different until this picnic thing came up."

She bit her lip; quick tears blurred her eyes. "You don't understand," she said aloud, and thought miserably: "You're not a foot taller than every boy you meet; even if you were a wallflower no one would see you sticking out like a sore thumb!"

"Liz, in another week camp will be over, and you'll have missed the best part," Syl pleaded.

"Yes, it will be over," she thought, "I could go today, for they'll never see me again—no one but Syl, and she'll be too surrounded with boys to remember I'm alive!" She said slowly, "Guess you're right."

Later as she dressed her mother's words rang through her mind, "Elizabeth, you'll never have any trouble with boys if you'll forget your height and remember that boys are human

LIZ AND THE PICNIC

by Verne Owen

beings and they react to any situation very much like a girl. Remember, too, that boys are not out to make fun of a girl but to like her if she'll let them."

"That's not true!" Her own rebellious words echoed back at her. "Why did Bill Russell back out of my invitation to the sophomore banquet last spring? His so-called sprained ankle healed in time for bowling the next evening! And that's human? No sir, I'll never let myself in for that again!"

The present spiraled back as Syl bounded into the cabin with, "Come on! You're holding up the parade."

She followed Syl into the summer morning, the soft breeze predicting another perfect day. The wedge of silver beach spread smooth and pli-

able before them. Chattering girls were piling into four motorboats lining the pier, and she climbed after Syl into the last one. It swung away from shore, made a wide half circle, and headed for the opposite side. When it joggled to a stop along side the dock, she was immediately thrown into the middle of a noisy crowd of boys and girls plowing toward the lawns before the fieldstone villa that housed the Kimberly family.

Syl was flanked by two tall boys. She hoped one would turn her way. But the dark one just stared after Syl as she drifted away with the red-haired one.

Liz was trying desperately to look gay, to act as if she were having a fine time, when a tall, rather stoop-shouldered boy came face to face





with her. She swallowed and smiled at him. He seemed to writhe in an agony of embarrassment before turning and vanishing into the crowd.

Then the crowd began to disperse into smaller groups, and for a horrible moment she was alone, turning uncertainly toward a wrought-iron bench against a low, broad hedge.

From behind a feminine voice said, "I'm so glad everyone came. You're Elizabeth Bennett, aren't you? Miss Collins, your counselor, has told me that you were a runner-up in the state amateur archery meet this spring. She also said you are a golfer. There's a short nine back of the house, and if you wish, help yourself to the clubs in the garden house and play the course." Mrs. Kimberly smiled down at her.

"Thank you," she answered, "and I hear you have a fine library."

Mrs. Kimberly looked flattered, "Yes, we think it is rather extensive. If you'd like to see it, you're quite welcome. It's at the end of the front hall. I see it's time for a pow-wow

with your counselors but," she pivoted slightly and caught a passing boy by the arm, "here's my nephew, Jimmy Kimberly. He'll see you're entertained. Jimmy this is Elizabeth Bennett."

He didn't seem enthusiastic as he acknowledged the introduction but gave her a look which spelled appraisal and sat down beside her with, "Sure, Aunt Fran, I'll show her around."

He looked the way she pictured Brad would look if she ever got close enough to see him well. "Is Brad Kimberly here?" she said shakily and wished the words back immediately.

"Brad!" his voice had a sharp edge. "All you girls are the same! No one is good enough for you but Brad! He'll be out in a few minutes, you can't miss him if you stay right here. I promised to help some fellows gather firewood. See you later." He scooted off the end of the bench and disappeared around the hedge.

"He was too short, anyhow," she thought wretchedly.

"Liz Bennett, how funny you should be paired off with Raymond. You're both the best archers."

The next few minutes went by slowly. She kept hoping a boy, any boy, would come along and claim her. "They're afraid of me—, They're afraid to ask me; they think they'll get stuck with me. Oh, I wish I hadn't come!"

More minutes passed.

"Hey, Liz, why are you sitting there? Been looking for you," Syl bounced up. "Here's just the fellow for you. Come on, Raymond, this is Liz." She gave a short, freckled boy at her side a push forward as Liz stood up.

She felt her face redden, but before she had time to say anything, Mr. Kimberly, all six feet of him, got up on one of the picnic tables and started talking. "Since everyone has been practising with bows this summer, it's been decided you'll try out the targets set up at the edge of the woods. The couple with the best

(Continued on following page)

Liz and the Picnic

(Continued from preceding page).

score will be crowned king and queen until the time of the swimming relays this afternoon." He held up a long, unstrung bow. "There'll be prizes. This is the first prize for the girl topping the scoreboard, and there is a similar prize for the boy."

A chorus of ah's rippled through the group and was followed by loud applause.

The lean, bronze figure of Brad Kimberly eased up behind the older Kimberly and stood smiling beside the table.

She felt her heart sink with disappointment. Brad had looked so tall, so straight sitting at the wheel of his cruiser. He couldn't be! *He couldn't be so short!* He was not even as tall as her own five seven and a half!

The boys and girls began to drift toward the match area.

"Liz Bennett, how funny you should be paired off with Raymond," a staccato voice chopped out. "You're both the best archers!"

"Come on, let them be first!" A tall boy rushed over and grabbed them by their elbows and shoved them forward.

"Okay, but the rest of you line up before we start. Confusion is not good for an archer," Brad Kimberly said. "Dad, I'll organize the crowd if you want to get these two started."

When the noise settled somewhat, Mr. Kimberly pointed to a bin of neatly stacked bows and arrows, "Take your choice. There's a size for everyone."

Liz slipped on an archer's glove from a box on top of the bin and wished fervently she had her own smooth fitting deerskin. She selected a bow that looked right, strung it, and poised it expertly. It pulled back easily. The next bow was better, it was strong yet flexible. A murmur of admiration came from the crowd as she pulled it back and let it whing. She smiled in acknowledgment to their salute of a girl who could handle a forty pound bow as if it were five or even ten pounds lighter. That she and Raymond were a ridiculous couple faded from her thoughts as she tuned her body to the rhythm of the lusty pull. The arrow dropped into place as if this was her own equipment. Her thumb rested on it momentarily, and her

eyes fastened on the black bull's-eye fifty yards away. With inborn sureness she released the heavy string. The ping that followed seemed simultaneous with the thud in the bull's-eye.

A round of applause rang out, and she nodded and smiled again.

Raymond picked out a forty pounder that outmeasured him a foot but his easy handling of it marked him as an expert immediately.

A high pitched giggle rose above the still crowd, "Mutt and Jeff."

A smattering of laughter flashed through the crowd but ended abruptly on a distinct shhhhhhh from someone else.

She stiffened. A bitter taste filled her mouth. Anger, wild and furious, fumed inside her. She wanted to spin around and put an arrow right through that giggle!

Raymond missed the bull's-eye but was close. Then it was her turn again. She hardly aimed at all and was surprised when the arrow struck an inner circle. Escaping the amused glances and cruel jokes was more important now than anything in the world. It would have been better not to have a partner at all than this shrimp of a Raymond!

It seemed as if it were hours later when Mr. Kimberly severed their time limit with, "You've done very well—a real challenge to the rest of you."

It was of no consequence whether anyone saw her or not as she flew toward the house. She paused behind a bush and rubbed vigorously at the tears rolling down her cheeks. Then she made her way more slowly to the house.

A uniformed maid opened the door and gave directions to the library.

Her breath came in heavy sighs as she moved down the long, dark hall, but once inside the huge wing, she let out a surprised gasp, "I've never seen so many books!" Then suddenly her body arched slightly, and her eyes felt as if they were going to pop out of their sockets for Raymond was not ten yards away.

He stared at her, alarm and shock in his homely face.

"Raymond," she started, but his stricken eyes wouldn't let her add, "They embarrassed you, too. That's why you came here, isn't it?"

"Y-y-yes, wh-what do you want?" he quavered unsteadily.

A round of thoughts whizzed through her mind and finally came out. "Raymond, there's a golf course just off the woods," she gestured in the general direction. "It belongs to the estate. Let's go try our luck."

"I—I've never played," he stut-tered, "I—I think I'll stay here."

She turned and left him but kept thinking how awful it must have been for him. His score back there had not been as good as hers, and she knew he was an even better bowman than she!

When she reached the mound of sand at the tee-off, she sank down on the bench and covered her face with her hands, "There's never going to be anyone to understand people like Raymond and me, and the sooner we get that through our thick skulls the better!" And with that she flung her head back and pushed her stiff body off the bench. "You're going back and face everyone. Maybe you won't have a good time, but as long as you came to this picnic, you're going to be a good sport about it!" But even the loodness of her voice couldn't hide the trembling of it, and though she was standing very straight her feet were heavy as they carried her toward the sweet smelling pine trees at the edge of the woods skirting the golf course. She couldn't help feeling that the farthest way back would be best, would take up a little more of the long, long day.

A hiss ending on a note of pain brought her to a stop. It came again, and her eyes picked out a sleek brown Doberman dog straining to free his forefoot from under a large log.

"Oh, you poor fellow," she exclaimed softly. "Here let me help you." She stepped into the woods and kneeling at the huge animal's side said, "No wonder you're stuck. How did you roll that log over like that?"

He whimpered and nuzzled his head against her arm.

"Okay, fellow, I'll get it off, but it will take time. That boulder has slipped against the log. Understand?"

He gazed up, and the intelligent eyes seemed to say, "It's all right; go ahead."

Fifteen minutes later she wiped perspiration from her forehead with

(Concluded on page 273)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

A LOST GENERATION

by *Christine Wach Capener*

This article on "The Lost Generation" was inspired by the return of hope in our family after a month of nightmarish upset, born of fear.

The return of hope brought on by the calm, confident words of a lovely elderly lady was such a wonderful gift of peace to our household that I would like to pass it on to other families in an attempt to show that there is and always will be hope, of one kind or another.

—Christine Wach Capener

"I WISH I'd been a girl."

"So do I, Danny. Ever since I was a little boy, I've wished I was a girl so that I'd never have to carry a gun over my shoulder."

I didn't look up from the paper I was reading. I was not surprised to hear Danny say, "I wish I'd been a girl," because the six girls in our neighborhood made things miserable for him at times. They were just enough older than he to be bossy; but I was amazed when I heard Lee say: "I've wished I was a girl so I would never have to carry a gun."

It was about two weeks after the start of the Korean War, and our family life had been tense and expectant. Lee was twenty-one and had been in the National Guard for two years. Bob was going on nineteen, just about "draft age."

The anxiety in our home had been mounting steadily. Each new setback our armies suffered brought new fears to all of us. Lee had been a student of world affairs and understood that the need for men was immediate. He knew these men would be drawn from available troops. Where else could the army get ready help except from the National Guard units? And so we waited, tensely, expectantly, and fearfully.

Lee had recently finished college and was establishing himself in business. He was just beginning to feel a useful part of this big active world. Bob was beginning to unfold into

manhood, embarking on his task of getting a worth-while education via college.

Here were our two young sons for whom the future had looked promising, coming face to face with what? What was there to look forward to except war?

Hope was a thing you read about, not something you had, for it had disappeared with the first war news and had flown farther out of sight with each succeeding day, until now, here in our living room were our two sons, the eldest and the youngest, wishing they were girls.

"I've always wished I was a girl so I'd never have to carry a gun." This was the boy who when he was only four years old had climbed to the top of a high "slippery slide" and come down it standing on his feet. "To show the big boys how to do it," he'd explained. This was the boy who, when he had fallen and cut a gash in his head had cried, "No, don't carry me home; I'll walk." This was the boy who with blood dripping down his face and clothes had walked the two blocks home and said, "Mother, put a bandage on this, please." Not too long ago he'd come home and said, "Mother, what do you suppose is the highest spot in town?"

"IF YOU'RE counting the mountains out, I guess it must be a radio or television tower."

"Yes, it's the television tower on

top of the bank building. Boy, does that baby sway."

My heart practically stood still, for it made me dizzy just to look at the tower rocking to and fro on a windy day. But Lee was unconcerned and thought climbing to the top of it all in a day's experience. This, then, was the son who wished he would never have to carry a gun. Fortitude, daring had been a part of him from early childhood, yet he could not reconcile himself to active war duty.

"I didn't know you felt that way about a gun, Son," I exclaimed when I'd regained my composure.

"I do, though. Have you ever seen me hunting deer or pheasants?"

"No, I haven't, but I didn't know it was because—" just then our son Bob came in from the kitchen.

"Gripes, I can't see what you're making all this fuss about. You won't be the only one in this fight. What about me? I won't be far behind you."

"Sure, I know. But what's the use? What hope is there for us?" and Lee looked just as hopeless as he sounded.

This point of view was not one that had descended on these young men all of a sudden. They remembered a world war so fierce that no nation on earth came out of it without having felt its imprint. They lived in a time of buzz bombs, of

(Continued on page 258)



Tanks in Korea.

How, When, and Why* We Tithed

by Elder Joseph E. Robinson



WHILE LABORING as a missionary in the "Garden City" of a western state, I was taken by my companion to visit a family of investigators.

In the front part of the building they occupied, I noticed the marble busts of several men of national fame and numberless plaster casts of all kinds. From these I concluded that my friend's investigators were artists of no ordinary ability.

In response to our knock, a bright little girl of five years invited us in and informed us that "Mama will be glad to see you, if you will please sit down a few minutes."

While awaiting the coming of her mother, I noted the contents of the room and mentally made this observation, "This family has been ground by the 'nether wheel' of adversity, and are just beginning to recover from its effects," for tokens of one-time affluence showed side by side with conditions the very reverse.

In the homemade bookcase there were broken sets of the classics alongside school and teachers' textbooks. The chairs were of several different sets, and one appeared to belong to prehistoric times. (Since then I have learned that it was one hundred and forty-five years old.) The bric-a-brac about the room also told of the two extremes referred to. In trying to entertain us, the little girl showed me her purse, and that it contained thirty cents in silver and three copper cent pieces; with considerable pride she informed me that the latter was her "tithing."

I had not time to ask any questions

*From THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, 4:35.
For many years Elder Robinson was president of the California mission.

before her mother, Mrs. C., came in and apologized for her delay, observing that it was wash day. After a short conversation, she escorted us to a building in the rear where she introduced her husband, who appeared to me a typical Michelangelo as he worked away with mallet and chisel at an immaculate block of marble, "letting the angel out."

At the close of an interesting conversation with him, he said to my companion, "I will soon have another ten dollars in tithing for you."

This remark caused me to wonder again, and as soon as opportunity afforded, I asked Elder S., "How is it that those people talk about tithing to you, and are not Church members?"

He replied, "Oh, they are converted to the principle and have paid ten dollars already." A few days later, I visited the family again, and Mr. C. asked me "whether expenses should be kept out of our wages or returns for investments and the *net gains only* be tithed." I informed him that we should tithe our wages and investment returns, for if our net gains alone were tithed, many of us would never pay tithing.

"That is just as we view it," both Mr. C. and his wife replied, and he then informed me that he had made

one hundred dollars "letting the angel out" and gave me ten dollars for his tithing. The little girl then took occasion to show me that she now had fifty cents and "five cents for tithing."

Then I asked for an explanation of what seemed so strange to me upon the part of people who were not apparently fully converted to the gospel, and not members of any church.

I wish the young people of Zion could have seen the inspiration that lit up the intelligent face of Mrs. C., and the enthusiasm of strong conviction that shone in her eyes as she related the following on "How, when, and why we tithed":

"I was reared in the orthodox faith, and was a regular attendant upon services and an active worker in the church. Whenever any funds were needed, I noticed that the burden always fell upon a faithful few who struggled night and day with various devices, such as dinners, socials, entertainments of any and every description, by means of which the dollars could be had. The injustice of this unequal struggle by the few so impressed me that I began to seek for the scriptural way.

"I found Abraham giving tithes of all he possessed to Melchizedek. Then Malachi, 3:8-12, speaks so positively and forcibly upon the subject that I studied long and deeply, wondering why people did not tithe now.

"To make these impressions still stronger, Christ's teachings to the Pharisees, in Matthew 23:23 and Luke 11:42, confirmed me in my belief that there was only one way to give, and that was God's way; then all these bickerings and petty jealousies attending man's way would be avoided.

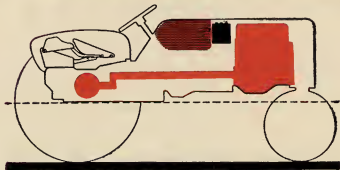
"About the year 1895, I began to talk to my husband about this matter and we discussed it with ministers who said 'after all necessary expenses are paid, tithe the income or profit.'

"'There it is,' I said, 'self first, God next. There will never be any profit at that rate.' Still not satisfied, we continued to discuss this freely between ourselves, for we were having the very worst financial reverses. No matter what we attempted, everything went against us.

(Concluded on page 286)



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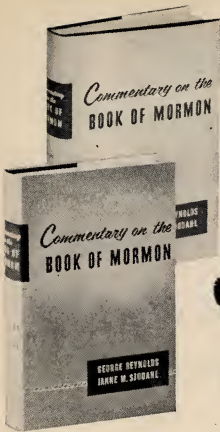
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The GOLDEN ANGEL

EDITOR'S NOTE

With the dedication of the Swiss and the Los Angeles temples and the construction of other temples now in progress, the temple-building activity of the Church is news these days. Some of our non-member friends are sometimes confused on our building of temples and chapels. President McKay's office recently sent us this newspaper clipping.

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WE CANNOT pass Sixteenth and Harvard streets without looking up at the golden figure on the spire of the . . . Mormon Temple [Washington Chapel]. With what consummate skill the artist shows the spirit of the angel who is so boldly proclaiming his message! In every line and curve of that heroic form, in the poise of the body and tilt of the trumpet, there is a vigor and fearlessness that arrests attention. No shadow of doubt nor trace of wavering weakens the call thus literally proclaimed from the housetop.

This striking conception of the last trump that shall sound is more than a statue or a symbol. It almost seems an impending event and bids us pause for reflection. Were we a member of one of the orthodox churches and had remained, through these changing times, well grounded in the old fundamentals, we might have some apprehensions as to just how soon this golden trumpet may sound.

Taken from the *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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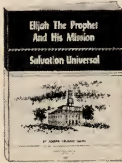
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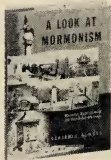
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ARTHUR ELIJAH MORGAN

Venerable Man of the Hills

by Lillian Sorensen

ARTHUR ELIJAH MORGAN, a venerable eighty-nine-year-old living in the West Virginia hills, sits alone in his cabin, biding out his days in semi-darkness, for he is now almost blind. He has an impressive memory, but the alchemy of time has fused the joys and sorrows of life into a magic mellowness so that he can recall failure without frustration, ridicule without rancor, and success without self-aggrandizement.

Here is a man who has found peace!

Anyone familiar with the rugged terrain of West Virginia, the Mountain State, knows that it takes courage and hard work, even today, to wrest a living from the soil. (Many farms are located on hills so steep that mechanized farm equipment cannot be used.) Here, in what is now Wetzel County, the late Honorable Aaron Morgan, of Irish ancestry, early member of the legislature, and his wife Elizabeth Allen Morgan pioneered in an era when Indians up and down the Ohio River were a very real menace, when wild beasts foraged in the hills and hollows, and when the formidable "shootin' arn" had to be always within reach for protection. Reminiscing, the "Ballad of Louis Wetzel," the Davy Crockett of West Virginia, comes to mind:

So still I follow the trail of the bears,
And wraith-like still I go stealing
Over the lands the Ohio leaves
From Cincinnati to the Big Wheeling.

And on autumn nights when dark winds
carol

And the thunderstorms roll and rally,
You can hear me blow through my rifle
barrel

The length of the Ohio Valley.

Into a family of four children, Arthur Elijah was born on March 7, 1868. As a boy he knew hard work. He also learned to hunt and fish, not as a sport, but to supplement the food supply. At the age of nineteen he married Louisa Jane Lemasters, and they became the parents of seven children, four of whom are still living in the vicinity. With a growing family, Elijah turned to railroading on the Baltimore & Ohio, at the same time working his small farm.

Elijah recalls vividly when missionaries penetrated the Ohio Valley. About a year after he and Louisa were married, two strangers knocked at their door. They explained that they were elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and that they were going to hold services in the neighborhood that evening. They invited Elijah and his wife to attend. Louisa, who was ill, said she certainly would not be able to go. Apparently ignoring her remark, one of the elders said, "We shall expect you." Without quite understanding, Elijah watched them go down the road. He became keenly interested when he saw them pause in the shade of a pawpaw* tree. There they knelt,

and when they arose they returned to the cabin and said, "If you are not at the services this evening, we will know that you don't want to come." As they closed the door behind them, the astonished Elijah turned to see Louisa getting out of bed, declaring she felt as well as she ever did. She prepared supper, and they went to the services. Having instructed and preached, the elders gave Elijah some literature and the Book of Mormon. He was asked to study this book, together with the Holy Bible, to corroborate and make plain the truths he may not heretofore have understood. Leaving an injunction to search the scriptures, the elders were on their way.

A man with little or no educational advantages, Elijah overcame illiteracy; the Bible and the Book of Mormon became his textbooks; he read aloud, believing that if he could hear the words he would be better able to remember. More than two years passed. Elijah had indeed searched the scriptures, and he prayed that the missionaries might return soon.

Asked for his first impression of Mormonism, Elijah replied, "Made sense."

It is now sixty years since he entered the waters of baptism—the first person in this area to do so. This is how he recalls his baptism: One summer day he heard via the mountain grapevine that Mormon missionaries were in the neighborhood. Overjoyed, for it had been a long time since he had seen any, Elijah left a lamp burning in the window when he retired. During the night, however, he became ill, so ill that he feared he would die, and he wanted baptism first. In spite of the pain he was suffering, he walked some distance, he doesn't know how many miles, through the hollows and over the hills in the inky darkness. He has no idea how he found the way, but he finally staggered to the door of the cabin where the elders were. His strength

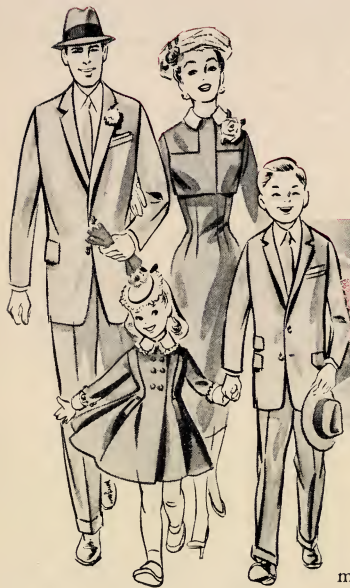
(Continued on page 269)



Arthur Elijah Morgan at the venerable age of eighty-nine lives alone in his cabin in the West Virginia hills.

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The Ross Eagar Story

(Continued from page 232)

seemed to Ross that not a week went by without bringing some painful complication, besides polio, to fight. His weight dropped from 160 pounds to 79 pounds.

For more than two years these setbacks meant slow, interrupted therapy, and lessened Ross's chances for life and for reactivated muscles. Muscles, too long idle, frequently do not awaken.

In December 1953, fourteen months after becoming ill, Ross was flown to Hondo, California, where the largest respiratory center in the world, *Rancho Los Amigos*, is located. He still was not free from kidney and other complications, but it was at Hondo that uninterrupted therapy eventually got underway.

So long had the muscles been idle that they seemed to Ross to be locked in their immobility. Every movement brought excruciating pain. One of the doctors likened it to the snapping of a bone. But the therapists were as persistent as their exercises were painful, and three times a day and at 3 a.m. they exercised his limbs. Other treatments included electrotherapy and hydrotherapy. Progress was so slow it was almost indiscernible, but to Ross it was real, and with the passing of time, the pain lessened. Today there is very little pain, although daily exercises go on.

It was at *Rancho Los Amigos* that Ross learned *loasto phregno* (frog) breathing, a relatively new development in the rehabilitation of bulbar polio patients. It took him eight months of daily practice to master this process of gulping air and forcing it down, but it was time well spent because it enabled him to spend short periods sitting up in the rocking bed when it was not in motion, and eventually even in a wheel chair. He uses frog breathing more all the time.

In March 1955 Ross was flown home to Leeds; a special room was built onto the family home; and the equipment necessary to keep him alive installed by the Polio Foundation. It was a big event for the small town and for the Dixie College student body. It was an especially happy time for a mother who had spent the first nine months of his illness at his bedside; and for a father who spent those months alone, caring for two youngsters still at home. It was a

blessing to parents who had made twenty-seven round trips to California within fifteen months.

Since his return, Ross has continued to improve. He can use his left arm well, and his right arm, so long idle from intravenous feeding, somewhat. He can turn his head and shoulders, hold himself in a sitting position, and feed himself by resting his wrists in suspended loops. He can sit in a wheel chair for several hours at a time. His ability to speak returned after much diligent practice, and he has also learned to swallow.

But he still does not have health, as we think of health. Much of his body is still immobile, and therefore susceptible to other ills. A common cold can be very dangerous. He cannot move his legs or raise or lower himself by the strength of his own arms. His breathing apparatus still does not work, and every frog breath, because it is as conscious an act as anything he does, is mentally tiring.

Science has partially compensated for these physical limitations. Many hours a day, the rocking bed breathes for him. He sleeps in an "artificial chest" called a Monahan which is fastened securely over his chest every night and which is electrically run. He still has in his neck the tube which was inserted when he entered the hospital more than four years ago, and it is easily attached to the nearby electric "coughing machine," which clears his throat for him. His father has built a small power plant behind the home, and it is wired to go on automatically in case of power failure. Attached to his bed are three switches, also installed by his father, with which he controls the motion of

his rocking bed, the radio, and the lights.

Ross does not talk about the things he has learned through this experience, or "school," as he calls it, but they are immediately apparent. In the first place, he now exhausts his abilities. Every muscle of his body which is usable, he uses. He constantly works with those which are idle. For more than a year he has taught in his home a Sunday School class of men and women his age, sharing with them the knowledge of the scriptures he has gained while ill. He still studies, and two of the friends he made in the hospital have joined the Church because of his influence. He has learned to use the electric typewriter furnished him, and he continues his Dixie College education at home.

His sincere and vital appreciation for not only scientific helps, but also for the beauties of the world and its people, for every kind act, however small, is there in his sparkling eyes. After four and a half years of great dependence, he still appreciates all that is done for him. After receiving hundreds of visitors over the years, he still greets each one with warmth and thanks. The influence Ross has had on these people would be difficult to measure. Those who call go away with no pity, unless it is for spiritual weakness in themselves.

Ross has had blessings under the hands of President David O. McKay, Elders Harold B. Lee, Alma Sonne, John Longden, and the late Matthew Cowley of the General Authorities, and from numerous other bearers of the priesthood. He is convinced that these blessings, and the fasting and prayers of his family and friends, have saved his life and made possible his improvement. This conviction has given him a concept of life as something eternal, in which promises to him will eventually be realized if he is obedient, patient, and strong in his faith.

One of the first families to visit Ross after his return to Leeds was the Fish family from nearby Anderson Junction, and a daughter, Zelda, came oftenest of all. A popular high school senior, she had excelled in her FHA work and was a talented vocalist. She

(Concluded on page 237)

APRIL-SONG

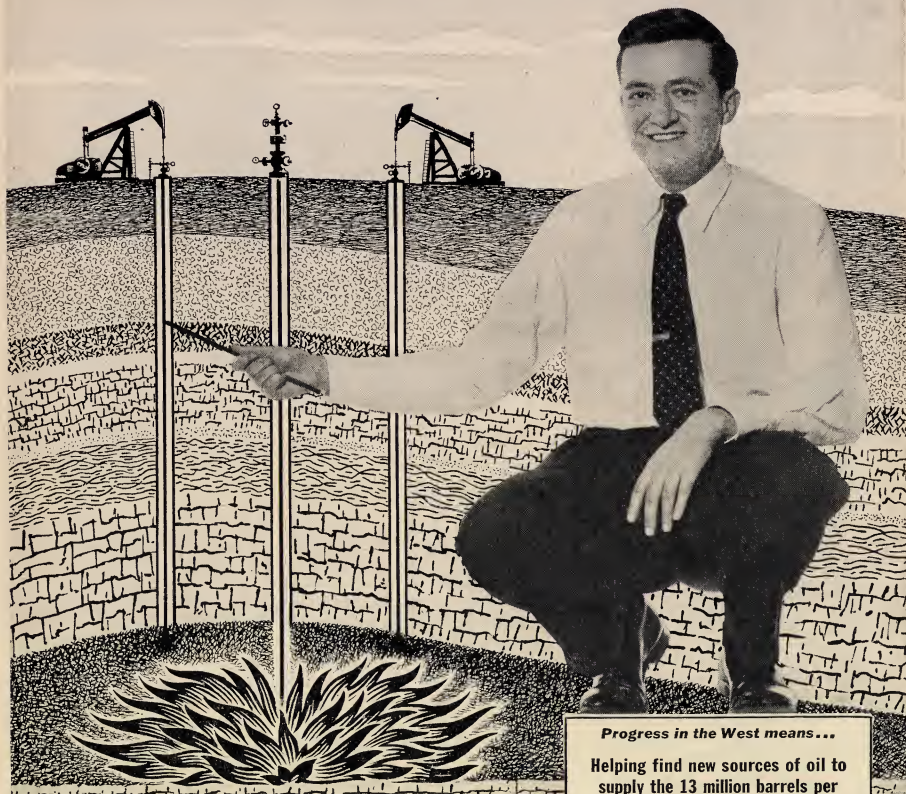
By Evelyn Tooley Hunt

THE DAY THE world began to sing
Its April music, every new-returning bird
Repeated verses made that first warm spring
When only God heard.

The wounds of winter had been long
On hills whose scars were whitely bandaged
still with snow,
And yet hills, too, were singing April-song,
Soft, and sweet, and slow.

The tune was woven under ice;
Its lyrics antedate our spoken word.
The world in April sang of paradise. . . .
And it was I who heard.

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MANY INACTIVE WELLS STILL HAVE LOTS OF OIL left underground in spite of the industry's great advances in oil recovery. Our country must have this oil to meet the growing power needs of industry, the Armed Forces and motorists. That's why Standard is trying a new conservation experiment called "fire flooding."

We ignite some of the oil in a pool . . . control burning by regulating the air supply. Heat and pressure drive the oil to surrounding wells for pumping. It will take more than a year's time and a million dollars to see if fire flooding works. It's worth the effort because it could add more to U.S. underground oil reserves than the discovery of an entire new oil field.

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1956 8,827,000 barrels per day	1966 13,000,000 barrels per day
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Standard's petroleum engineers say, "Back in 1925 the industry could predict only about 20% recovery from a new field. Modern secondary recovery methods, of which fire flooding is one of the latest, could more than double recovery."



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On Reducing a Debt

Richard L. Evans

LAST WEEK we spoke of unfinished business, of things left undone that hang over our heads. And one of the very worrisome things that hangs heavily over our heads is a debt that is due—or overdue. Paradoxically, it is a worry if we do worry about debt, and it is another kind of worry if we don't worry about debt. On this question, there are two extremes a man might take: One is living too much for the future—saving everything. The other is living too much “off” the future—living on expected income before it is earned. (A still further extreme is to live off income that likely never will be earned—which is to live off the efforts of others, sometimes even to placing a burden on those yet unborn. Many people, through the uncertainties and unforeseen shortenings of life, incur obligations which they don't live to pay. But what about deliberately binding the unborn with a burden of debt? What about shifting debts to the shoulders of those who had no voice in the making of them? This is a side of the subject of debt that should always seriously be considered—for a person who is in debt to his grandfather as well as to his grandchildren—a person who is in debt to the past and to the future, is indeed deeply in debt.) So much for the question of binding the unborn. And now a moment on a personal side of the subject: It is true that it has come to be expected that we shall obligate ourselves somewhat for the future. Most of us would never acquire homes or much of what makes them comfortable or convenient, except for the possibility of “paying as we go.” But the point at which personal debt would seem to become a matter of very considerable concern is not so much for the things we use as we pay, but the things we have used up before we pay. This puts a mortgage on a future in which we have no equity. And now as to an attitude toward debt: So long as we are acknowledging it and reducing it—keeping it current—there can be soundness and self-respect. But whenever we fail to feel a sense of obligation for what we owe, or whenever we're not paying it off (or never expect to pay it off), then there is a serious deterioration of something inside. And now to repeat in part some sentences from the past: The only way to get a load lifted is to begin to lift it. The only way to get a job done is to begin to do it. The only way to get a debt paid is to begin to pay it. There is no man whose life cannot be improved by repenting—and part of all repentance is to reverse the process—to stop doing what we shouldn't do, and to start doing what we should do—and so it is also in reducing a debt: We have to start to pay; we have to reverse the process.

“The Spoken Word”

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING
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The Ross Eagar Story

(Concluded from page 254)

remembered well the handsome, dark-haired drummer she had seen years earlier when the Eagar family played for a home-town dance, and she saw in this Ross the same charm she had seen then, plus a depth and beauty of soul that won her heart. (To Ross she soon became a source of inspiration and strength, and his love for her grew with each visit.) A year after Ross returned home, they became engaged. On November 23, 1956, they were married in the St. George Temple.

They live in a small white frame house on the main highway through Leeds, one block from his parents' home. Zelda has learned to use his equipment and do daily therapy. Ross's main worry now seems to be that between her good cooking, and the best appetite he has ever had, he will gain weight too fast.

Ross and Zelda look ahead guided by the desires of any young LDS couple establishing a home. They want to be active in the Church, and they want economic independence.

Zelda, an individual award winner in Toquerville Ward every year since she entered Bee Hive, continues diligently her Church work in Leeds Ward. Ross plans to go on teaching in the Sunday School, and as his health improves, to serve more actively in the Church. This is one of his foremost desires.

Another has to do with making the home where he and Zelda live debt-free. By continuing the business course he began at Dixie College before his illness, and by adding to it work in public speaking, Ross is preparing himself to earn a living. Since his marriage, he has begun to sell life and automobile insurance. Although he now works entirely by telephone, he is sure that eventually personal contacts will be possible. After more college training and experience, Ross and Zelda see widening opportunities.


Together, their faith in a good future is convincing. They voice it humbly and rarely, but it is in their faces. They recall the blessings promised them, and look to their fulfillment. But it is not a boastful faith. For people so young, with years of hard work before them, it is remarkably tempered with patience, submissiveness, and understanding.

APRIL 1957

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America's Smoking Habits

(Concluded from page 218)

who are cigaret smokers use over one pack a day, whereas only about one-eighth of the non-whites smoke this much.

Two and a half million men smoke one or more cigars daily; 7,500,000 smoke them occasionally.

Three and a half million men smoke a pipe regularly, 4,500,000 occasionally.

An estimated million men and half a million women have stopped cigaret smoking entirely since the fall of 1953. One year earlier, between the fall of 1952 and the fall of 1953, about 600,000 men and women quit smoking. Most of those who gave up cigars during the past year and a half were under forty-five years old.

Despite the relatively large increase in the number who have given up cigaret smoking, about half of the men and a quarter of the women in the country are still smoking cigars daily.

The findings indicate that there are larger percentages of smokers among those below or above those ages. Greater diversity in smoking practices among women was disclosed, however, ranging from thirty-five percent of the twenty-five to thirty-four group, to only four percent of those sixty-five and over.

A Lost Generation

(Continued from page 247)

faster-than-sound airplanes, in the time of wage and labor disputes. They were living in the "Atomic Age." Perhaps there was little wonder that they felt there was no hope.

A FAMILY unit, a state, a nation, or a world without hope is a dreary thing to contemplate. The place to begin to revive hope must be the family unit. But how? I cast about in my mind trying to find a peg on which to hang a try at reviving hope in my family. How could I best help my sons who were floundering in a world of despair?

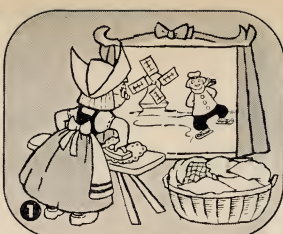
Many years ago when Bob was a small boy, he'd come to me saying,

(Continued on page 260)

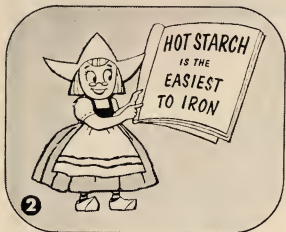
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



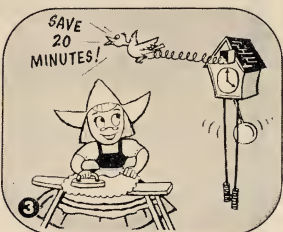
On a bright winter morning long ago, Hans Brinker was kneeling on the bank of a frozen canal, putting on his Silver Skates. His mother was in the house . . .



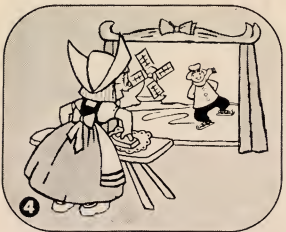
with a mountain of ironing to do. "Oh," she thought, "if only my iron would glide as quickly and smoothly as Hans' skates do, ironing would be fun instead of work!"



Then one day she heard that hot laundry starch makes ironing so much easier — and quicker, too, because hot starch penetrates — goes in, not on the fabric, as cold starch does.



"I'll try it!" she cried. "Next washday I'll take 20 extra seconds to make hot Faultless Starch — and save 20 minutes or more when I iron. That's where time counts!"



So she lived happily ever after. Her iron glided quickly and smoothly like Hans' silver skates as she happily hummed, "Makes your ironing easy . . . a joy — not a job!"



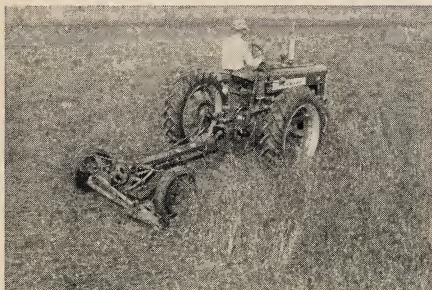
If you'd like to save 20 minutes or more of ironing time, use hot Faultless Starch — Blued and Perfumed, or regular white. You'll find hot Faultless Starch is the easiest starch to iron.



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A Lost Generation

(Continued from page 258)

"Help me, Mother. I need you to help me."

I can remember the situation was one which concerned a psychological problem between him and his teacher. I was reluctant to interfere because I didn't want to weaken the boy by solving his problems for him.

"How can I help you, Bob? Isn't this a problem for you and your teacher to figure out?"

"Yes, Mother, it is, but you can help me by making me strong inside, like you did when I was in the first grade."

So, here again, many years later, these two young men needed to be made "strong" inside. The starting point to revive hope?

That afternoon during the course of running a few errands, I stopped at the bank. A lovely white-haired woman, who was a neighbor, stopped to chat. I asked her if her young married son, who was in the National Guard, had been called to active duty yet. When she told me he hadn't been called, I said, "It'll go hard on him to leave, won't it? I understand his wife is expecting a baby soon."

This beautiful white-haired woman smiled calmly and answered: "Don understands that he'll be given strength to meet this emergency. The baby will be a comfort to his wife when he leaves."

I marveled at her composure and said: "You seem undisturbed by this crisis."

"Not undisturbed. Let us say that I have hope it will terminate soon."

"Hope? Did you say *hope*? My sons feel there is no hope. They believe they belong to a lost generation."

"They belong to a difficult generation. One that I believe is to give birth to a bright new world. There's always hope."

THEN you believe we are in harmony with God?"

"Indeed I do, and I believe we'll always have hope. You see, if you cannot hope for one thing, then you must hope for something else."

In repeating her words to our sons that night I said, "You see, boys, this is the way it works: If we can't hope to stay out of the conflict, we

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

must hope for an early end to it: If we can't hope that we may live a peaceful life, then we must hope that we may return to peace and a better world. I could go on and on just as you can, with a new hope taking the place of each of the old ones you believe to have been destroyed."

These young men in front of me relaxed their grim expressions, and I saw hope born anew out of this courageous woman's words: "There's always hope, if not for one thing, then for another."

Neither Children Nor Adults

(Continued from page 233)

cold or hungry youngster is a poor subject for any kind of learning. Wise parents will understand the physical needs of their boys and girls, will recognize the type of behavior which is a symptom of some unmet physical need, and will adjust the home to this need.

Sometimes there exist physical defects, such as infected tonsils, incorrect posture, nasal difficulties, hearing difficulties, defective eyes, heart ailments, malnourishment, or other difficulties which have developed over a long or short period of time. These chronic problems are serious not only because young people so handicapped cannot profit fully from education nor live abundantly, but also because they sometimes come so slowly that they are mistaken for character defects. Consider, for example, the following case history.

Elmer was a large boy, larger for his age than the other children in the family. At school and at home he would often go to sleep. Often at a social or at Church he would drop off to sleep at the strangest times. He tried to stay awake, but he always seemed to fail in his efforts. His parents talked to him about it and were worried. Other children began to make fun of him and call him "sleepyhead." His posture became poor and his expression listless. Friends, teachers, and even his parents, began to consider him mentally deficient. The family doctor finally diagnosed the trouble as a thyroid shortage. Elmer began to take treatments, and within six months most of his annoying symptoms had disappeared.

(Continued on following page)

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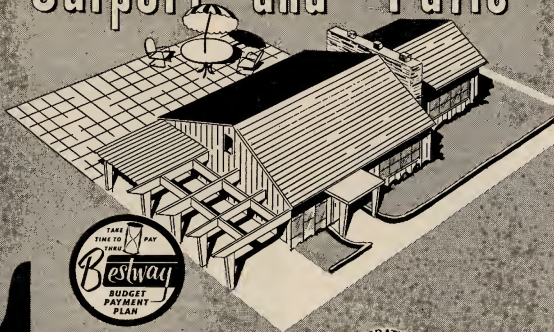
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Neither Children Nor Adults

(Continued from preceding page)

It is not always possible for parents to identify or to know exactly what to do in case of physical defect in a child, but a wise parent will be careful not to attribute its annoying symptoms to a character defect.

Equally as important as the actual physical health and rate of development of our youth are their feelings about their own health, their ability, their stature. An adolescent often needs help in understanding why he feels and acts as he does. It may cause him much anxiety if he feels that he is not developing normally. He may feel that he is not so tall as he would like to be, or he may be afraid that he is going to be too tall. And just as a boy may feel resentful and be concerned about his temporary shortness, a teen-aged girl may worry because she is larger than her friends. Her height makes her feel awkward. She may feel that her neck is too long, or that her hands or feet are too big.

It is not enough for parents to tell their children that their physical development is normal for their age. It is important that adolescents be reasonably well-satisfied with their physical condition. Wise parents, although they cannot always understand the interrelationships of physical changes which occur, can assist the child to develop proper attitudes and to accept these changes as inevitable and natural growth processes. They can develop an understanding sympathetic attitude toward them and refrain from intensifying the natural difficulties which arise. Many adolescent fears and worries might thus be eliminated.

The important thing for parents to understand about the physical needs and characteristics of adolescents is that their speed and variations have a direct and indirect effect upon learning, attitudes, and emotional health. So many things depend upon the physical condition of the individual that we as parents must realize and understand how closely the behavior of our children is related to body growth.

Most of our children will come through safely. But all of them need and will appreciate a wholesome understanding of the changes and effects of physical growth. As Latter-day Saint parents let us give patient

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help to our teen-agers. Let us give intelligent information and guidance in order that their attitudes and character may develop in a desirable way. Let us help them to avoid unnecessary suffering.

The Message of the Book of Job

(Continued from page 239)

But throughout, the confidence the Lord expressed in Job from the beginning is borne out. God knew his heart and the depth of his integrity. Job declares:

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. . . . I will maintain my own ways before him.

He also shall be my salvation. . . . I know that I shall be justified. (*Ibid.*, 13:15-16, 18.)

It is also in answer to one of his friend's arguments that Job utters his powerful testimony on the resurrection,

For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. (*Ibid.*, 19:25-26.)

Beginning with chapter thirty-two the young man Elihu comes onto the scene. In accord with the customs of the time that youth should not speak before age, nor speak at all without permission, Elihu has listened while his three older friends have spoken and has heard Job's rejoinders. As he has listened, he has become more and more out of patience with the accusations that are made, and finally, in disregard of custom, his displeasure breaks forth, and he utters his version of the matter.

Elihu begins by denouncing his older companions as not having used wisdom in their arguments. Then he turns to Job and, after quoting some of Job's own words in maintaining his innocence, answers that God is greater than man and need not give an account of his actions unto man, although he can do so if he so desires. He recounts the powers of God in his ability to protect man's soul from the pit or his life from perishing by the sword; how he chas-

(Continued on following page)

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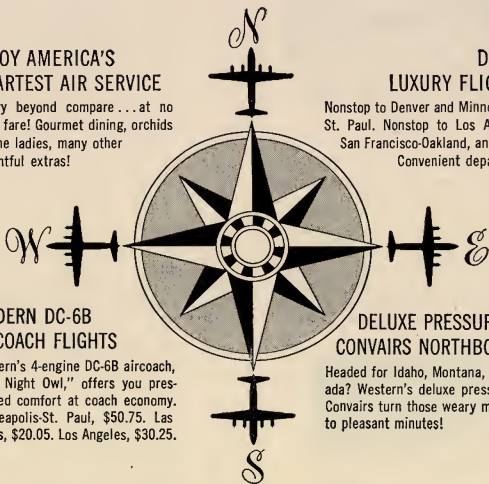
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The Message of the Book of Job

(Continued from preceding page)

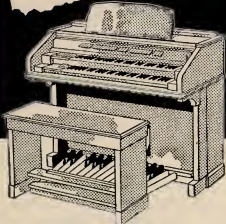
tens man, yet is gracious unto the sufferer and finds a ransom; how he answers prayers and renders unto man his righteousness and accepts repentance. He recounts God's jus-

tice and wisdom, how he abhors and will punish evil, and considers not man's opinion of himself. The seasons and the elements he holds in his hands, and man cannot know God nor all his ways.

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"The Gospel of Work"

Richard L. Evans

THESE ARE MANY opposing opinions as to what is considered to be success. And while some seek to prepare themselves for maximum service, there are some who seem to dedicate themselves to the idea of being free from work. But even when work seemingly ceases to be a necessity, it never ceases to be a principle and a privilege. Even when we don't have to work, it is good to want to and wonderful to be able to. And there is no way of going through life without consuming someone's work—our own or others. We can't eat without consuming someone's work. We can't travel without consuming someone's work. We can't use any substance or accept any service without accepting someone's work. No matter what nature provides, or what men are able to make machines do, work is always somehow in the process in bringing the final product to people. And no matter how much life becomes mechanized, men cannot be fully happy or have a satisfying sense of accomplishment—regardless of necessity—without willing work. The Lord God himself so ordered it: Surely he could have made less work for men if he had thought it were wise. Surely he could have put the precious metals of the earth in easy, convenient places. Surely he could so have ordered nature that we could reach out and take our living almost effortlessly. Surely he could so have ordered the elements that we would have little or no physical discomfort to guard against. (Furthermore, he could have given us all the answers and spared us the need for faith as well as work, without so much searching and seeking.) But what would that have done for our development? Without work to do, without problems to solve, without challenging situations to wrestle with, without the necessity to learn and the need to believe and the willingness to do, what kind of soft and unresourceful creatures would we be? This we recall from Carlyle—this from his words on work: "The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has . . . no work cut out for him in the world. . . . For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done. . . ." "The latest Gospel in this world is Know thy work and do it. . . . Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."²

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
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¹Thomas Carlyle, *Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, 1856.*

²*Ibid.*, *Past and Present*, Ch. XI.

It seems that the Lord must have inspired Elihu to say these things. They provide the setting for the powerful and very humbling message which immediately follows as the Lord speaks directly to Job from a whirlwind.

This answer from the Lord to Job contains some of the most sublime thoughts and expressions to be found in all literature. It should. It is the direct word of the Lord, and who is there who can claim greater perfection and utterance?

The Lord begins with his question as to where Job was when the foundations of the earth were laid, when all the sons of God shouted for joy, implying that Job was somewhere present. Then he forcefully calls attention to the fact that the details of this creation were minutely worked out

and put into operation by himself in all their parts.

Who shut up the sea with doors. . . .
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. (*Ibid.*, 38:8, 11.)

From this beginning the Lord summarizes more of his creations, making it clear to Job that an all-wise Creator has made the earth and all things connected with it. With each new piece of evidence he stamps more indelibly the truth that with the power and knowledge thus manifest, he, the Lord, has all things in his power and can control them as he wills. He impresses Job and all who read and understand with the majesty and perfection of his creations.

Man cannot control God's creations.

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the dayspring to know his place . . . ?

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee, or hast thou seen the shadow of death?

Hast thou perceived the breath of the earth? declare if thou knowest it all.

Where is the way where light dwelleth? And as for darkness, where is the place thereof? (*Ibid.*, 38:12, 16-19.)

Does Job have an understanding of all these things?

The Lord moves into the expanse of space and asks Job if he can bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion. Can Job understand the ordinances of heaven under which these things were created

(Continued on following page)

Pride—and popularity—and principle

Richard L. Evans

ONE OF THE timeless questions—one seemingly never settled—is: “What makes people do what they do?” Human nature, we sometimes simply say—but human nature is no simple thing to consider, with all the complexities and problems, and all the motives of men. But no matter what other motives there may be, certainly pride is frequently a factor in the actions of people—and is somewhat inherent in us all. All of us like to be well thought of; all of us are somewhat influenced by other peoples’ opinions—even those who profess not to care about other peoples’ opinions. People like to be approved. People like the good opinion of other people. We see it from the earliest years of youth, as youngsters are sensitive to the opinions of playmates. And one of the most important decisions of life is deciding by whom we most want to be approved—and what price we would be willing to pay for approval. Will a boy do anything a crowd dares him to do, just for the sake of pride, just for supposed approval? Will a girl relax her standards, or sacrifice personal purity, for the sake of supposed popularity or approval? Will a man suppress a truth he has found for the sake of professional approval? (We could make a long list of those who have been martyred or misunderstood because they valued some truth, some discovery, above popular or professional ap-

proval.) The disapproval of the crowd, the disapproval of fashion, the disapproval of prevailing opinion isn’t ever easy to take—but it is easier than the kind of conscience that comes with trading principle for pride. Repentance itself is a hard principle for a very proud person because repentance means admitting a mistake. Sometimes a person who has committed himself to a particular position would willingly alter it, would willingly repent, except for pride, except for appearances. And one unfortunate part of sustaining a false pride or a false position is the effect it has on others also: For all of us (whether we want it so or not), have more influence on others than we sometimes suppose. Our every attitude and utterance, our respect or disrespect, what others feel from us, affect our families, our friends, and all who publicly or privately observe the living of our lives. And to the young especially—and also even to the old—we would say: Never compromise principle or high personal standards for a supposed popularity or approval, or for the supposed good opinion of any person or crowd or clique—for the kind of pride that is bought with principle comes at too high a price.

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The Message of the Book of Job

(Continued from preceding page)

or can he set the dominion of the earth, or lift his voice to the clouds "that abundance of water may cover thee"? (*Ibid.*, 38:34.) Can Job control the clouds in wisdom or stay or bring rain, "when the dust grows hard and the clods cleave together"? (*Ibid.*, 38:38.)

Can Job, by speaking, make anything so beautiful as the goodly wings of the peacock or give wings and feathers to the ostrich or create the instinct that makes the ostrich leave her eggs in the warm sand to hatch? Has Job given the horse strength and his usefulness in battle? Does the hawk fly with wisdom given it by Job or the eagle mount up at his command?

Bringing the point more directly to Job, the Lord asks:

Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him? he that revetheth God, let him answer it. (*Ibid.*, 40:2.)

By this time Job is fairly humbled, acknowledging that although he has spoken out against God because of Job's suffering, he will do so no more.

But the Lord is not through. The message that he is teaching is not planted deeply enough, and he continues with some direct instructions on how to be humble.

Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.

Wilt thou also disdain my judgment? wilt thou condemn me that thou mayest be righteous?

Hast thou an arm like God? (*Ibid.*, 40:7-9.)

Job is enjoined to deck himself with majesty and excellency and to array himself with glory and beauty, to cast aside his wrath and his pride;

Then will I also confess unto thee that thine own right hand can save thee. (*Ibid.*, 40:14.)

Job is now filled with the humility that he has lacked and acknowledges the power and right of God to govern all things.

I know that thou canst do every thing and that no thought can be withholden from thee.

Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. . . .

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I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes seeth thee.

Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. (*Ibid.*, 42:2-3, 5-6.)

Job's repentance is accepted, and in spite of and following all his calamities, his integrity is fully rewarded. The power of God to justify his servants and reward their faith and integrity is manifest to him by a restoration of a double portion of all Job had before his testing by Satan began.

So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning, for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen and a thousand she asses.

He also had seven sons and three daughters. . . .

And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job.

After this lived Job an hundred and forty years, and saw his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations.

So Job died, being old and full of days. (*Ibid.*, 42:12-13, 15-17.)

"Nephites" Found in New Mexico

(Continued from page 243)

confidence in Brother Tenney, he put his granddaughter (a very handsome young woman) in his charge, as he was going away for a season, and a young Mexican wished to court her, and the old gentleman did not wish him to marry her. And as the people in that village had full confidence in him, on our arrival we were kindly received and entertained by all we called upon.

I look upon the Isletas as the most industrious and hard laboring people of any I ever met (the Latter-day Saints not excepted). This Nephite village has a field of corn ten miles in length and one in width. It lies north and south of their village and is irrigated. The corn is quite as good as any I ever saw in Utah, and perfectly clean; not a weed could be found in a hundred acres. They have also twenty-one vineyards bordering on their city and 1,000 vines to each vineyard, some of them 60 years of age, all kept perfectly clean and loaded with the finest of fruit, and as heavy a crop as I ever saw in St. George. The vines stand from two to four feet in height and, in the fall of the year, each vine has a mound of earth formed around it, until it is covered out of sight. In

(Continued on following page)

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"Nephites" Found in New Mexico

(Continued from preceding page)

the spring it is uncovered and the earth leveled. This is an immense work. They have also many apple, pear, and peach orchards, all ripe, as well as grapes. Isletas is occupied only by the Nephites themselves. There are no Mexicans or white men. The houses generally are made of adobe, cement, or concrete, and plastered. The outside walls are as white as snow, and the floors are made of mortar or plaster, very smooth and many of them very neatly carpeted. We saw some as handsome women and girls as could be found in America, barring their dark complexions.

There is one practice that exceeds that of any civilized city on the globe that I ever heard of. No man, woman, or child is allowed to sweep a particle of dirt or dust from the floors into the dooryards or streets, under penalty of a fine. It all has to be gathered in cloths or baskets and carried to mounds which are located in different parts of the city. The room we occupied was in the center of the town, and the mound formed from

the sweepings of the floors in that part of the town measured 150 yards at the base and some thirty feet high, which had probably been 100 years in collecting, for they did not appear to cart it away. I found in the Isletas and in other villages of the Nephites the same kind of crockery and stone was painted in all its brilliant colors that we find in the remains of their ancient cities or in ruins of the ancient inhabitants. All of their water jugs and main crockery are of this material, for they still hold the art of making and painting it.

We visited quite a number of the families in the village and were kindly entertained. Among others, we visited Mrs. Pascual Avieta, a Nephite lady, I should judge 50 years of age, a large portly woman, with a large, fine home. Her floors were neatly carpeted, and settees were covered with Navajo blankets, worth \$15 each. She was neatly dressed. I was introduced to her by Brother Tenney and to her daughters and sons. She received me and treated me with all the cordiality that any

refined lady could, and presided over her household with all the dignity and grace of a Martha Washington. When her daughters were introduced to me, after bowing and shaking hands, they very reservedly and modestly retired across the room, sat down upon a settee and listened in silence to what was said. The matron sat down beside me and conversed with great freedom. While the family could speak good Spanish, the son, a fine young man of 20, could speak good English, which was a godsend to me, and I thoroughly improved it by preaching the gospel of Christ and blessings of the kingdom of God to him, which he gladly received and promised to deliver the same to his father and mother. The matron invited us into her pear, peach, and apple orchard, and grape vineyard where fruit was ripe. We feasted to our satisfaction, and repeated by invitation the same ceremony each day while in Isletas. The feast was on the 27th of August. There were hundreds of Mexicans from all the surrounding country gathered. The Mexican women and girls had their long trains. Most of the drinking,

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

gambling, and fighting, which lasted all night, was done by the Mexicans, while the Isletas were in their homes with doors locked at an early hour. The Governor and leading men of Mosita Negra, where we preached, were with us and did not take part in the Mexican carousal.

Thus, dear brethren, I have given you an outline, merely, of the field of labor which I consider the God of Israel has opened up to us and which I consider the revelations of God require us to perform. I think there is element sufficient for forty good, faithful elders. There is need for a goodly number of elders who can speak the Spanish language or who will be able to learn it. I have already sent Brother Taylor a small list of names, including the Indian missionaries that are already in this country, as far as I can remember them, and if there are any in St. George or Southern Utah, northern, who can speak the Spanish, or who will learn it, I would like Brother Taylor to consider them at the October conference.

I am happy to be able to state that most of the settlements I have visited of the Saints have been blessed with fair crops of grain, notwithstanding the dry season. They were just finishing threshing as I left Snowflake. They will have over 3,000 bushels of grain, mostly wheat, and I am confident they will have over 4,000 bushels of wheat at Sunset. ***

Your brother in the gospel,
WILFORD WOODRUFF

Arthur Elijah Morgan

(Continued from page 252)

spent, he recalls barely gasping, "This is the night; I want baptism now, fetch your lantern." When the elders had dressed Elijah felt sufficiently rested to go to the creek where, as the first rays of dawn appeared on July 18, 1896, he was baptized. Elijah was the only Latter-day Saint to be found for miles around.

"Ot" was Elijah's nickname; it now became "Ot, the Mormon." This appellation Elijah accepted with a great deal of pride and further distinguished it when, despite the barbs hurled at him, he often plucked his

(Continued on following page)

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Arthur Elijah Morgan

(Continued from preceding page)

bombastic friends out of the gutter on a Saturday night. Their "payday" gone, it was "Ot, the Mormon" who put food in the mouths of their hungry children. In moments of soberness, even the derelict, ignorant of the Biblical terminology of Peter, realized that "Ot, the Mormon" was indeed a "peculiar" person, doer of good works.

Elijah has the reputation of never having turned a stranger from his door. One incident over which he chuckles occurred after he had given a night's lodging to a bibulous hobo. Elijah saw the ungrateful character snatch a book from the shelf by the door as he was leaving, but let him "get away with it" because he had another Book of Mormon! He wishes he could have observed the culprit's reaction as he settled in the jungle under the B & O trestle to read. Of course Elijah hopes he did read.

One day, Elijah recalls, he was digging a ditch when two men approached on foot and asked if he knew where A. E. Morgan could be found. Elijah, with a frugality of words characteristic of the mountain folk, leaned on his shovel, looked them over, and pointed to a nearby cabin. "Go to that house and wash up. Dinner'll be ready directly." The startled strangers managed to say, "But you don't know who we are, how can you—?" "I know who you are," interrupted Elijah, "you're Mormon elders, and I'm A. E. Morgan." At the time this incident took place, Elijah had not seen a missionary in seventeen years!

Because of the faith and courage of one man, the mission organized a Sunday School with Elijah as superintendent. This was a fruitful venture, and many came to a knowledge of the truth as a result thereof, his mother-in-law being his first convert. "Those were the good old days," Elijah sighs, "when folk hereabouts honored the Sabbath." That they did so by attending church is substantiated by two pictures, the only pictures to adorn the walls of his home, showing Sunday School groups: Boys in knee pants, girls with pig-tails, mothers in their Sunday best with leg-o-mutton sleeves, and fathers with derbies and stout boots. In the background stands the mustachioed

Elijah, straight and stalwart, always the leader.

One Sunday morning Elijah was a little late, and decided to save some time by taking the short-cut across the "crick" which was frozen over. Unfortunately, the ice broke and he was plunged into the water up to his armpits. Never one to turn back, a very wet and cold Elijah made it to Sunday School on time. He reports this experience didn't even result in a sniffle!

In those days, Elijah says, the missionaries were often without means of support. Sometimes they went two or three days without eating as they tramped through the sparsely-settled country. If they were not received at a farmhouse, they would have to travel on, tired and hungry. When they found a friendly family who offered hospitality, they usually remained two or three days, preaching and instructing. They helped the farmer with his planting or haying and helped the farm wife split wood, carry water, and do chores in general.

Louisa loved the missionaries and was kind and generous, but unlike her husband and her mother, she never accepted baptism, nor would she allow the children to do so. The very fact that she forbade the children to read their father's books seemed to stimulate that desire. As soon as they were "on their own" they read, and they listened to the counsel of their father. That he built well is indicated by the vast knowledge his sons and daughter have of the gospel despite the fact that they had scant opportunity to attend church and mingle with others of like belief. It must have been a source of great joy to Elijah, when he was appointed superintendent of the first LDS Sunday School in these parts, to have his two sons function as first and second counselors.

Louisa died in 1924 and the following year Elijah married Mrs. Tillie Ingold, a widow. She died ten years later and Elijah subsequently married Mrs. Agnes Dunlap, a widow with seven children. Both of these women accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ. Agnes died on September 30, 1953, and since that time Elijah, by his own preference, has lived alone in his hillside cabin.

The years took their toll. Many members of the "first" Sunday School died; many moved away; some were weak in the faith and not able to hold fast under adversity; the two counselor-sons found it necessary to seek work elsewhere to cope with the depression. The building which had housed the Sunday School was sold; war came; and the missionaries were recalled. These events marked the collapse of the heroic effort begun by one man with vision and courage.

After a period of some ten years of inactivity, the East Central States Mission, then under the direction of the late President Cornelius Zappey, the "Beloved Dutchman," again opened the district and a Sunday School was organized in November 1954.

Although Elijah has been able to attend only once, he is enthusiastic about the progress being made. No longer able to contribute time and talent, he has offered of his substance. He wishes to donate a plot of ground for the erecting of a chapel. Quoting Acts 2:17, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh . . . and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," he adds, "A chapel in New Martinsville is my dream." This project is currently under advisement.

When asked if he still has a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, Elijah, sitting erect in his high-backed rocker, struck his fist to his knee and spoke with authority, "I have. I wish I were able to go out and proclaim it. I would like to go to Moundsville to the State Penitentiary and talk to the men there; I will always believe there is hope for mankind. But they tell me I'm too old."

Asked how he felt about Joseph Smith, whom his first wife would not accept as a prophet, Elijah quoted Amos 3:7 verbatim, "'Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets!' Joseph Smith? Of course he was a prophet!"

Today, despite his physical frailty, he stands a bulwark of integrity, respected and loved by a community with no penchant for coddling. Truly, Arthur Elijah Morgan, no longer nicknamed "Ot, the Mormon," has earned by precept and example the respect of all who know him.

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Melchizedek Priesthood

A RELIGION OF ACTION

SIR WILFORD GRENFELL once made an appeal for "a religion of action, not diction." This is a common need. There is a great tendency among us to become what someone has called "Bible Christians." That is where the religion is mostly in the Bible and not enough in us. What we need is to "translate" our creed into deed, our information into know-how, our faith into works. We need to know how to get the religion out of the Bible and into us.

For one who applies himself, it is not difficult to "understand" the principles of the gospel. But our big problem is that of "translation" and "application." Our works should catch up to our words. We need the ability to live the gospel as well as we understand it. We need to develop the power to get our Church work done on our own initiative without the necessity of being told or urged by someone else.

A colored farmer was hiring a worker. His one question was, "How many tellings do you take?" When we require too many tellings, our salvation is placed in jeopardy. We need to develop that spiritual initiative where we can do "many things of our own free will." In fact, a genius has been described as one who can get the job done without being told more than three times.

The work of the Lord does not consist merely of giving out information; it is rather to arouse desire and produce activity. The purpose of the gospel is not merely to discuss repentance, but to bring about a reformation of life; not merely to teach the meaning of faith, but to produce faith in the lives of people. Those bearing the priesthood are not expected merely to understand the available power of God, but to manifest that power in their lives by effectively

doing the Lord's will and the Lord's work. It may be that we spend too large a part of our time discussing religion and too little time in actual performance. It is our responsibility actually to develop in people's lives the attitudes and activities that will get them into the celestial kingdom.

Sermons should be concerned not only with subjects to be explained, but also with a way of life to be lived. It is so easy to preach about moral courage without making anyone morally courageous. It is easy to deliver a discourse on faith, without creating faith in people's lives. We may teach that man has the power to decide his own eternal destiny, without getting anyone then and there to make that momentous decision.

Socrates, the ancient Grecian philosopher, is remembered, not because he claimed to be a great teacher but because he tried to get people to do those things which they already knew. The discord between deed and creed is responsible for innumerable wrongs in our civilization. It gives both institutions and men split personalities. It is estimated that there are 999 men who "believe" in honesty for every honest man. Therefore, instead of merely teaching honesty, Socrates tried to get men to *be* honest. How can one believe in honesty who is not honest? Or how can anyone believe in religion if he fails to manifest it in his life? Only those who are valiant will inherit the celestial kingdom. That means "a religion of action."

The practical aspects of this situation have been pointed out by one who said that it may not be important whether or not a man has been through college, provided college has been through the man. Similarly, to get a man into the "kingdom of God" has many benefits, but to get

"the kingdom of God" into the man is when things really begin to happen. This can best be done by the appropriate activity.

Some people ask God to direct their footsteps, and then they fail to move their feet. What good does it do to ask God to direct our efforts if we then turn off our engines? How much is accomplished when we sustain the President of the Church with our uplifted hands, if we fail to sustain him with our industry and our courage?

History records many periods of "apostasy from the faith." But we should not overlook those tendencies to personal, individual apostasies of works, or apostasies of effort. When we have a period of inactivity, the spirit of accomplishment tends to become limp and apathetic. Then, like a weak heart, its beat gets so faint that its pulse cannot be counted.

Think of the activity the Lord has provided for us. Every boy has the opportunity to hold the priesthood and function therein at age twelve. Beginning with the deacons, each quorum has its own officers and conducts its own activities on a scale of its own choice. The Lord has given to each group a certain part of the work of the Church. A deacon has his own responsibilities. When he is ordained a teacher, his field of service is enlarged. He is then entitled to be a ward teacher, "to watch over the Church," "to strengthen the members," "to see that there is no iniquity in the Church." (See D & C 20:53-54.) When he becomes a priest, his duties are again increased. He may now baptize for the remission of sins in the name of the Lord. He may administer the Sacrament and accept a larger field for preaching the gospel. As he grows in faith, other opportunities are given to him. Every worthy man and boy above age twelve may bear the priesthood and share in the divine ministry of activity. Think of our advantage as compared with some other groups where one or two people have most of the activity!

We need to stir up our enthusiasm and make sure that we are "doers of

the word" in its fullest sense. We need to do more than "believe" in that light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." We need to make that light bright by use and thereby make our lives luminous.

We should have a religion of action, but we should also be men of action. Alexander the Great said, "What Aristotle is in the world of thought, I will be in the world of action," and that formula made him the conqueror of the world by the time he was twenty-six years of age, and it will make us anything we wish to be, including conquerors of our own weaknesses and winners of the celestial kingdom.

A violinist of great distinction once acquired a valuable Stradivarius, but this violin had been in the private collection of a wealthy family and for many years had lain unused on a velvet pad. The violinist said, "The violin is asleep, and I must play it until I wake it up and bring it to its proper form. It will have to learn its own power and beauty all over again."

Disuse is harmful to a violin; it is also harmful to a child of God. We should awaken ourselves by use, so that we can get full possession of and full benefit from that great potential

of power and beauty that God has implanted in our lives. This can be done only by proper activity.

Jesus said, "If ye know these things, happy are ye *if ye do them.*" (John 13:17.) Inactivity is wrong, for "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James 4:17.) This great sin of "disuse" may cause many to lose their exaltation. Few will lose their blessings because they cannot *know*. Many will lose their blessings because they will not *do*.

Even testimony and faith come from works; for Jesus said, "If ye shall *do* my will, ye shall *know* of the doctrine." (See John 7:17.) And if we don't give the gospel message to others, we risk losing it ourselves, for great faith, like great fortune, never lingers in hands with idle fingers. Spiritual powers are like the muscles of the arm; either we use them or lose them. When works dwindle, faith dries up; accomplishment withers; and blessings are lost. People soon begin to suffer from feelings of frustration and inferiority when they bury their talents. Such feelings rob us of our strength. They sap our energy and diminish our spiritual values.

How pathetic it is that anyone

should needlessly tolerate this destructive, devastating inactivity which leads us to doubt ourselves.

To disbelieve in God is tragic, but to have this destructive disbelief in ourselves may be even worse. The moving cause of all action is faith, not only faith in God but also faith in ourselves, neither of which is possible in the absence of works, and both of which must be earned in advance. We get belief by action and disbelief by inaction. When self-doubt and self-distrust get lodged in our minds, they discolor every thought and every activity with a feeling of inadequacy and hopelessness. We sometimes use our minds as dumping grounds for doubts, fears, worries, sins, and complexes, causing destructive mental attitudes and failure. Many of these and others of the greatest sins begin as sins of inaction.

Everyone, in a sense, must be his own priest. Everyone must purify his own life. Every man must do his own growing. Everyone must create his own desire to serve. Everyone must be responsible for saving his own soul. Everyone must be responsible for making the most of every opportunity. The grand recipe for success is to make our religion "a religion of action, not dictation."

Liz and the Picnic

(Concluded from page 246)

the back of her hand, "You're free, big boy! Now let me look at that foot." Deftly her fingers searched the paw and slender leg. "Pretty sore? But there's nothing broken."

"Hey, get away from that dog. He doesn't like strangers. Darbo, come here. How did you get out of the kennel?" Brad Kimberly squeezed in between Liz and the dog. "How did you get so close to him?"

"His foot was caught under this log," she was irked by his tone, "and I've been around dogs before."

"I guess you have," he turned and looked at her. "I've never seen Darbo make friends before."

"My dad says I have a way with dogs. We have three." The irked feeling began to disappear as an appreciative smile spread across his face. "Darbo is lucky his leg isn't broken."

"Darbo is lucky you came along," he said. "Are you with the picnic?" He held out his hand to help her up. "I'm Brad Kimberly."

A picture of him skimming across the lake in his clipper flashed before her, and suddenly her tongue was clinging to the roof of her mouth. At least he didn't remember her and the archery match this morning.

She stared at the hand. Stand up? Nô! her heart cried out. But he helped her. Up—up—UP she went, a full two inches over him. Her face burned; an urgency to run filled her. "Your name?" he asked again.

What difference did her name make? All he really wanted now would be to get away as fast as possible before someone saw them together. This bronze boy with the broad shoulders would have the same kind of pride as she!

He cocked his head to one side and grinned amiably, "It makes a

difference?" He touched the top of her head lightly with an index finger, "Somehow I had the feeling you'd measure a fellow's worth by the two feet he has on the ground not the ones above it. But if it helps any, my dad was a REAL runt before he was eighteen. I come from a long line of runts before eighteen!"

She grinned, a sudden warm grin that came all the way from her toes. Here was the friendship she'd been searching for, a friendship with sympathy and understanding, and it would never be measured by height or breadth but by the depth of feeling.

"My name is Elizabeth Kay Bennett, but my friends call me Liz," she said softly and glowed inwardly. Mom had been right! Boys were human beings if you'd give them half a chance!

(The end)



The Presiding

Commemoration Program for Restoration of Aaronic Priesthood

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, May 18 and 19, 1957, have been designated by the Presiding Bishopric, with the approval of the First Presidency, as the dates for the Church-wide annual commemoration of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

On May 15, 1829, the resurrected John the Baptist appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery as they kneeled in prayer on the banks of the Susquehanna River near Harmony, Pennsylvania.

It was a great day and a glorious event. For centuries the world had languished in spiritual darkness. The kingdom of God was not upon the earth. The priesthood with its power to perform the ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ had been lost to the world for hundreds of years. The two young men, while translating the Book of Mormon, desired clarification on certain passages and so retired to a beautiful, secluded spot on the river bank for meditation and to inquire of the Lord.

The heavenly visitor appeared to them. He laid his hands upon their heads and thus restored the Aaronic Priesthood to the earth.

This great event in the history of the world should be commemorated with sincerity and dignity by all members of the Church and more particularly those who are bearers of the Aaronic Priesthood.

On Saturday, May 18, we suggest an outdoor activity program for all Aaronic Priesthood bearers and their leaders. We suggest, too, that although the program may be recreational in nature, a few minutes be set aside for inspiration and reflection. A short talk on the restoration or significance of the priesthood would be well in order. The activities and program should be under close supervision.

Where a pilgrimage to some point of interest is decided upon, we sug-



Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin with his counselors Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson and Bishop Carl W. Buehner watch while Sculptor Avard Fairbanks puts finishing touches on memorial monument prior to having it cast in bronze.

The monument depicting the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood was made possible by the contributions of Aaronic Priesthood bearers throughout the Church. When completed it will stand on Temple Square. The unveiling and dedication program will be announced by the Presiding Bishopric at a later time.

gest that travel in caravan style be discouraged because of the added hazards it brings to highway travel.

Where it is impractical to hold this outing on a stake basis, we encourage wards to arrange such a program for their own people.

It is our recommendation that the outing be held for both senior members and Aaronic Priesthood under 21 on a co-operative basis. Where this is done, both stake committees should

counsel together and plan for the interests of all.

Where it is desired, however, separate outings for senior members and Aaronic Priesthood under 21 may be planned.

Sacrament Meeting Program

May 19, 1957

Theme—My Obligations and Blessings as an Aaronic Priesthood Bearer.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Bishopric's Page

The ward Sacrament meeting program should be devoted to the commemoration of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood in our dispensation. Where stake quarterly conferences are scheduled for May 19, this commemoration program should be held on the preceding or succeeding Sunday.

We urge that, where practical, a chorus of either senior or Aaronic Priesthood members under 21 be organized and prepared to furnish the special musical numbers of the program. The musical numbers listed are mere suggestions. They may be substituted or adapted to smaller groups if desired.

Interest in the program will be increased if Aaronic Priesthood members are used wherever possible. Where substitutions in songs are made, care should be given to choose music appropriate to the occasion. All assignments should be made to allow time for training and adequate preparation.

The following procedure we suggest be followed as closely as possible:

1. Opening song—congregation—"Praise to the Man"
2. Invocation—A senior member
3. Sacrament song
4. Administration of the Sacrament by members of the Aaronic Priesthood
5. Aaronic Priesthood chorus or quartet—"See the Mighty Angel Flying"
6. Talk by a deacon—"Two Young Men Receive the Aaronic Priesthood Keys from a Heavenly Messenger"
7. Talk by an ordained teacher—"Being Morally Clean is a Responsibility of All Who Hold the Aaronic Priesthood"
8. Talk by a priest—"Aaronic Priesthood Bearers Should Live the Laws of Health"
9. Talk by a senior member—"Priesthood Places upon Each One Who Bears It an Obligation to Serve His Fellow Men"
10. Chorus or quartet—"School Thy Feelings"

Study Guide for Ward Teachers

April 1957

Your House in Order

WE ARE LIVING in a world of uncertainty. What the future holds for any of us we cannot foresee. Life itself is uncertain. How long we are to retain it no one knows. The part of wisdom indicates that we should be prepared at all times as far as we can be for any condition which may confront us. Our houses should be in order.

Three considerations seem pertinent in this connection:

1. Is your house in order spiritually? Do you and the members of your family observe the spiritual laws of the Church? Do you have family prayer? Is the blessing on the food asked regularly? Do the members of your family attend Sacrament meeting? Do those who hold the priesthood attend quorum meetings regularly and discharge their duties? In these and other ways are you growing and developing spiritually and following the commandments of the Lord?

2. Is your house in order physically? Is your home well-kept? Is it attractive to the members of your family? Is it as comfortable and convenient as your means will reasonably permit? Is it really a home as well as a house? Is it so arranged and maintained that the health of your family is protected? Do the members of your family observe the laws of health and preserve their bodies from avoidable illness or accident? Is the Word of Wisdom respected as the word of the Lord to his people and as a divine law of health?

3. Is your house in-order financially? Are you living within your means? Are you putting yourself in line for the blessings the Lord has promised by the payment of tithing? Are you carefully considering the advice of the General Authorities before going into debt for things not actually necessary? If you are now in debt are you making every possible effort to free yourself of it? Are you sharing with your neighbor, if and when you are able?

Note: It is not intended that these questions should be asked of the families visited with the idea that they should be answered to the teachers. Neither is it intended that the teachers should pry into the private affairs of those visited. The purpose suggested is to call attention to the questions, by reading them if desired, and then leave the suggestion that each family give serious consideration to them in their own way. The principal purpose is to start each family thinking seriously of the question, "Is my house in order?"

INTRODUCTION OF STUDY GUIDE FOR MAY 1957

The Privilege of Paying Tithing

It is a privilege to pay tithing. Those who pay tithing participate in the building of Zion, the development of the Church, the erection of temples and other Church buildings, and in carrying the gospel message to the ends of the earth. When tithing is paid, all who are involved in the transaction are blessed. Tithing is God's law of revenue for the Church.

11. Talk—General secretary of the senior members of the Aaronic Priesthood—"Those Who Bear the Aaronic Priesthood should Study the Doctrine and Covenants"
12. Talk—general secretary of the Aaronic Priesthood under 21—"The Aaronic Priesthood Pre-
13. Talk—by the bishop—"The Oath and Covenant of the Priesthood" (D & C 84:32-41.)
14. Closing song—"Shall the Youth of Zion Falter?"
15. Benediction—priest under 21

Today's Family

EILEEN GIBBONS
Editor

Be Shopping Wise When You Buy Eggs

by Norma Burnham*

WHEN THE WISE homemaker makes out her weekly shopping list, eggs are always near the top. A good buy at almost any price, this versatile food is a bargain when you consider how little you pay for so much food value.

Because they contain the same high-quality, complete protein found in lean meats, eggs may be used as a meat substitute. Two large-size eggs furnish about the same amount of protein as an average serving of meat. Iron, phosphorous, and calcium, minerals valuable for building and maintaining strong healthy bodies, are also present in important amounts. Vitamins A and D, as well as three B vitamins, are other essential nutrients contained in eggs.

Plan a variety of ways for your family to enjoy eggs—in baking, main dishes, salads, and desserts. The egg is equally at home in all these uses.

In some markets there is a wide selection of grade, size, and even shell color. Since the egg comes in its own natural package and cannot be examined before purchase, you must rely on other quality guides. The tips that follow will help you get a good buy every time you shop for eggs.

The grade is your best guide to quality. Many states use the four consumer grades for eggs—US Grade AA, US Grade A, US Grade B, and US Grade C. Each grade refers to a specific quality, defined by government standards.

Some states have set up their own grading systems, and in general they

follow the federal standards closely. Some commercial firms grade on their own standards and identify different qualities with brand names, rather than using letters to show the grades.

Grades AA and A are top quality, with a large proportion of thick white which stands up well around a firm high yolk. These eggs are good for all uses, but the upstanding appear-

ance and fine flavor are especially appreciated for poaching, frying, and cooking in the shell.

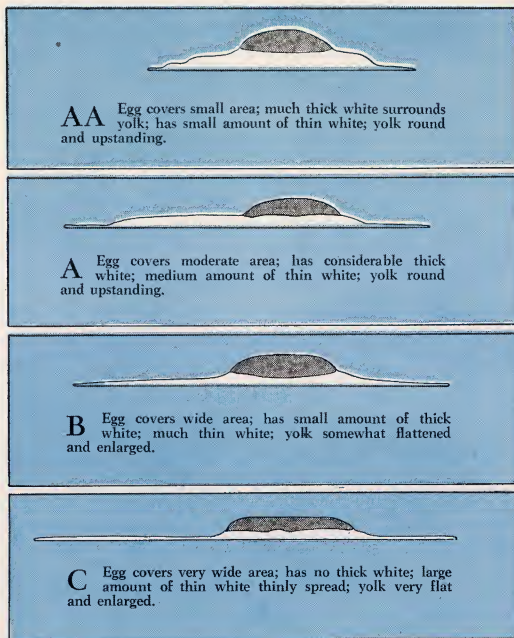
Grades B and C are also good eggs and have dozens of uses in which appearance and delicate flavor are not so important. In these two qualities the white is thinner, so that the eggs spread over a wide area when broken. The yolk is almost flat and may break easily.

These lower grade eggs are very satisfactory for scrambling, for use in baking, in thickening sauces and salad dressings, and in combination with other foods, such as cream sauce, tomatoes, cheese, or onions.

TO MAKE YOUR egg dollar go farther, choose eggs of various grades according to the use you intend to make of them. There is usually a price difference of several cents a dozen between the grades of one size.

If you buy ungraded eggs from bulk displays or in cartons carrying such terms as "select," "best," or "fresh," you must depend entirely on the dealer for assurance of quality. The eggs may or may not be the top quality that these names imply.

The size of eggs also influences the



*Miss Burnham is an agent for Consumer Marketing Information, Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service.



Poached eggs and chicken livers. AA and A grade eggs are ideal for poaching.

price but does not have any relation to the quality. Sometimes large eggs are your best buy—sometimes small or medium ones. Late summer and early fall, when the hens first begin to lay, usually bring large supplies of small sizes. Later on, medium size eggs become plentiful. By December or January and through the spring, large eggs hold the spotlight.

One way to determine which size is a better buy at any particular time is to figure how much you are paying by weight, since the size of eggs is determined by number of ounces a dozen. Minimum weights for the most common sizes are:

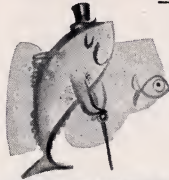
Size	Minimum Weight
Extra large	27 Ounces
Large	24 Ounces
Medium	21 Ounces
Small	18 Ounces

THE FOLLOWING easy "rule of thumb" can usually be applied in comparing prices on different size eggs: Medium eggs, in order to be a better buy than large ones, must be at least nine cents a dozen less. Similarly, the price of small eggs must be at least nine cents a dozen less than medium ones to make the small ones the better buy. The table following shows the exact price for a dozen at which small, medium, and large eggs would be equally good buys, and is a more accurate guide. Remember, when comparing prices by size be sure you are also comparing the same grade.

In some areas there is a special preference for either brown or white eggs; the ones in least demand are

(Concluded on following page)

At last! A different, new tuna dish for Lent



High-Hat TUNA Soufflé



High Hat TUNA SOUFFLÉ

Makes 4 servings

- Scald..... ½ cup milk
Stir in..... 2 teaspoons sugar
 1 cup salt
 ¼ cup shortening
- Cool to lukewarm.
Measure into bowl... ½ cup warm (not hot) water
- (Cool to lukewarm for compressed yeast.)
Sprinkle or crumble in..... 1 package or cake Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed.
- Stir until dissolved.
Add lukewarm milk mixture.
Add..... 2 eggs yolks, slightly beaten
 1 cup sifted enriched flour
Beat until smooth, about 1 minute.

Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes.

In 1-quart casserole, combine..... 1 can cream of celery soup

- 1 7-ounce can tuna, drained
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento

Beat until stiff but not dry 2 egg whites
Stir batter down and fold in beaten egg whites.

Spoon batter on top of creamed tuna.
Bake at 400 degrees (hot oven) 40 to 45 minutes.

Creamy tuna and fluffy topping— with flavor only Yeast can give

"I take my hat off to this Lenten soufflé," says Mrs. Kenneth Gardner, prize-winning cook of Clearfield, Utah. "It has a 'company' look, yet High-Hat Soufflé is a practical Main Dish—hearty, filling, easy. "Why don't you serve High-Hat Tuna Soufflé? A delicious dish for Lenten meals or any spring day. The secret's Fleischmann's Yeast—use the cake yeast or the handy dry kind that keeps for months. It's fast and easy—the choice of prize-winning cooks."



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Recipes for other main dishes (pizza, too!) on the back of every "Thrifty Three." Look for them when you buy Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Another Fine Product of Standard Brands Inc.

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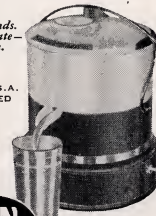
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Be Shopping Wise When You Buy Eggs

(Concluded from preceding page)

usually the best value. This can mean bargains for the careful shopper because she knows that flavor, quality, and nutritive value are not affected by shell color.

Eggs need care if they are to keep their good quality—and this means all the way from the hen to the kitchen. A cool temperature is especially important because an egg will lose as much quality in three days at room temperature as it does in two weeks in a refrigerator. Check the store where you buy eggs and be sure that quality is protected by a cool temperature. Both the eggs on display and behind-the-scenes should be kept refrigerated.

You can maintain egg quality by keeping eggs cool and covered, with the small end down to keep the air space at the top in position and the yolk centered. And remove from the refrigerator only the number of eggs to be used. Eggs should not be washed until you are ready to use them, as washing removes a protective film called "bloom" which is on the egg when it is laid. This film seals the pores and keeps out bacteria and odors.

The best quality egg can be ruined if it is not properly cooked. Whether you like your eggs soft or hard, poached or fried, alone or combined with other foods, remember this firm and fast rule—cook them at a low temperature. Too much heat or too long a cooking time makes them tough and leathery.

High temperatures not only toughen eggs, but may also cause dishes leavened with eggs to fall, the crust to be thick and tough, and the inside to be heavy and soggy. At high temperatures, egg dishes such as custards and sauces will curdle or water. When cooking eggs in the shell, the water should simmer—but never come to a boil. This keeps the egg tender and prevents formation of

the dark ring that sometimes appears between the yolk and white of a hard cooked egg.

HERE are some delicious and easy ways to use eggs after you have bought them. The baked eggs are probably most satisfactory with top grade eggs, but lower grades are perfectly acceptable for making the lemon pudding.

Baked Eggs in Cheese Sauce

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup American cheese, coarsely grated
- 6 eggs

Cook onion in butter until softened. Blend in flour and salt, then add milk gradually and stir constantly until sauce is thickened and smooth. Add cheese and stir until melted. Pour sauce into oiled shallow casserole or baking dish. Break eggs carefully into casserole. Place casserole in a shallow pan of water and bake in moderate oven (about 350° F.) for 15 minutes or until eggs are firm.

Lemon Sponge Pudding*

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Mix together sugar and flour. Add salt, melted butter, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Beat egg yolks well and add milk. Combine with sugar mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold into milk mixture. Pour into oiled custard cups or baking dish. Place in a shallow pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 40 to 45 minutes.

*Recipe from Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service, Bulletin #191, "Serve Eggs Some Way Every Day" by Elma Miller, nutritionist.

What Size Eggs Shall I Buy?

Size	Prices Per Dozen							
Large (24 oz.)	66	62	59	56	52	48	45	
Medium (21 oz.)	58	54	51	49	46	42	39	
Small (18 oz.)	50	46	44	42	39	36	34	



—A Monkmeyer Photo

YOUTH

by Ruth I. J. Devereaux

YOUTH IS LIFE! It is spring in all its resplendent glory. It is adventure personified—daring, seeking, probing into mysteries.

Youth is tenderness. From its heart springs love and affection. It becomes enraptured with beauty and shuns that which is unsightly.

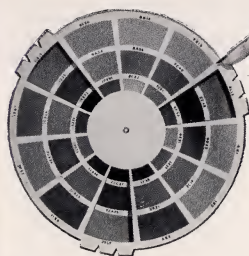
Youth ascends the summit of enthusiasm. It is fervent in its endeavors and earnest in its desires for service.

Yes, youth is a priceless gift—something to guard, to protect, and to cherish. Within its hand lies the hope of today and the dream of tomorrow; the outcome of the present; the design of the future!

Nurtured with care and understanding, it grows tall and straight as a young tree reaching heavenward; neglected and forgotten, it seeks the lower level for its sustenance, groping in darkness and confusion.

Youth is God-given, and Godlike must it remain! Cherish it above all earthly treasures, and its rewards will open the gates of eternal happiness, wherein progression walks hand in hand with youth.

APRIL 1957



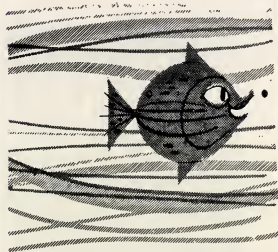
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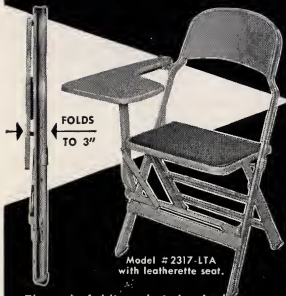


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Toy R and R Hour

by James W. Phillips

CHILDREN'S WANTON or careless destruction of playthings can often be curbed through a toy repair and rehabilitation hour that not only serves to restore the usefulness of damaged items but also provides youngsters with instruction in simple mechanics and affords an opportunity for a practical father-child activity.

Twice a month, an hour is set aside for toy repair at our home, and all damaged playthings—plus an occasional item or two from Mother's realm—are spread out on the kitchen table for reconditioning. Naturally, some are beyond salvage, but the majority can be restored to somewhat near their original purpose and appearance by minor mechanical repairs and a touch of imaginative improvising.

In this age of scientific wonders and complicated gadgets, a child's toy requiring technical skills beyond the "know-how" of the average household handyman will at times make its way into the rehabilitation sessions, but it is surprising how a few moments of thought and experimentation simplify the workings of

a cowboy cap gun, a wind-up space car, or an electrically agitated marble game. And surprising as it may seem, even the simplest of father's repairs enhances a toy's value and appeal—particularly when the young owner serves as helper during the restoration.

Our family's toy R & R efforts began when I awoke to the fact that I was nickel and diming myself into bankruptcy shopping the variety stores in a futile effort to replace toys sacrificed to the tempers or carelessness of our two pre-teen sons. When first broached to them, the boys expressed little interest in either the idea of working together or the possibility of being able again to use broken toys that had once enjoyed their favor. However, during the first session they evidenced great interest in Pop's meager mechanical abilities and showed much surprise and satisfaction over the most amateurish and temporary repairs.

For the second session they scoured every nook and corner of the house, yard, and garage and gathered up so many long-forgotten, broken toys



Whether it's toy repair, an emergency carpentry job, or a baseball game, it's good for Dad and son to do things together.

that a portion of them had to be deferred to the third session. Now, months later, toys are not only set aside to await the repair and rehabilitation sessions, but the boys insist on doing minor repairs themselves.

The most important thing about this period of transition from total disinterest and passive co-operation to eager participation was that the boys developed the desire to give the repaired toys proper care and handling. This preferential treatment of certain toys—like all good habits—gradually extended to all their playthings. The toy accident rate in our house has dropped sharply, and as fewer broken playthings make their appearance at the fortnightly R & R sessions, more time is spent on general maintenance and redecorating.

One thing of importance to any repair and rehabilitation kit is plastic cement, which will restore to their original exterior form about sixty percent of the toys that reach the hands of youngsters. Fractured and shattered toys of non-plastic, non-metallic material can be mended by using any one of several all-purpose glues that bind china, wood, leather, and fabrics. Assorted rubber bands make ideal clamps to hold parts tightly together during setting and drying time.

Another must for R & R kits is liquid solder. Not only will this insure lasting and easy electrical connections for battery or plug-in toys, but it will aid in repairing the broken necks and limbs of lead soldiers; and when carefully "dropped" into place, it will secure small bolts where nuts are missing or threads are stripped. Similarly, plastic wood serves to re-line screw holes in wooden toys and is ideal for filling cracks and gouges and rebuilding missing corners or surfaces.

An assortment of nuts, bolts, washers, wood and metal screws, nails, and brads is needed, as are light gauge wire, heavy thread, and the new plastic electrical tape which with its elasticity serves as the ideal wrapping for split handles, broken wicker doll furniture and other binding jobs requiring constant pressure for strength.

As paint covers damaged spots and repairs, fine sandpaper, small paint brushes, paint thinner, wiping rags, and a selection of small jars of enamel are necessary for a finished job. Enamel is recommended for toy repairing kits as it adheres to plastics as

(Concluded on following page)

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- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup Morning Milk, undiluted

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Toy R and R Hour

(Concluded from preceding page)

well as to wood and metal, but the more artistic repairman may prefer to use water or oil paints that enable better color matching and finer detail work.

The number and type of tools necessary for the simple father-offspring mechanical endeavors demanded by toy repair and rehabilitation work will vary, but four basic tools suffice: needle nose pliers, pocket knife, small screw driver, and scissors. Other implements that come in handy at times—particularly for work on smaller toys—are a nut pick, needles, fingernail file, hand drill, and coping saw, while a fine auxiliary supply of material is found in toothpicks, pins, pipe cleaners, and wheels, springs, and other parts salvaged from the unre-

pairable toys that occasionally crop up.

If the toy repair and rehabilitation hour is to succeed, it must be a co-operative father-child activity. If the father whisks damaged toys to his workshop where he repairs them in leisurely solitude, or if youngsters are forbidden to attempt minor repairs and simple painting because of their messiness or lack of speed and knowledge, the R & R sessions will die a sudden death from that old malady "grown-up-itis." However, if the sessions are handled as joint ventures in which even Mom is occasionally asked to assist—not take over—Toy R & R Hours can aid in the development of careful habits, provide practice in basic mechanical skills, and provide father and child common pride in accomplishment.

To Be a King

(Continued from page 235)

deal with unscrupulous people and must take steps to learn of their plans. I shall make an immediate effort to get a man whom I can trust into Zebulon's home as a servant. Lebanah can keep us informed as to what goes on in the palace, and my friend, if my plan succeeds will render the same service concerning Zebulon's movements."

David expostulated. "I abhor such methods."

"Not more than I do," said Elihu. "But this is a case when the welfare of an entire people is to be maintained."

David had always cultivated the habit of prompt and decisive action. As he thoughtfully analyzed Ruth's character there appeared a blending of beauty and goodness, a contagious and sprightly joyousness; but this exuberance of spirit was tempered by exactly the right amount of seriousness to make her an engaging and delightful companion. Indeed, in his eyes she was lacking in no desirable quality.

"What a queen she would make!" he often exclaimed to himself. "How dignified and yet how gracious! Her bearing alone would demand homage from the proud and win it from the meek. Ruth, Queen of Judea!" The idea pleased him, and he thought of it often.

As a result of these meditations his visit to her home, made on the day after Herod's banquet, was followed in rapid succession by many others.

As he was preparing to say goodbye after one of these visits, Ruth's dearest friend, Martha, came dancing merrily into the garden. She stopped short in some embarrassment upon seeing that she was interrupting a farewell, and was about to withdraw when Ruth called her and presented the young man to her.

Martha was bubbling over with mirth. "Now see what your lack of frankness has done," she said artlessly to Ruth. "If you had told me when you sent word the reason that you could not make the promised visit this afternoon, I should not have thrust myself into such a—such a—well, to speak plainly, such a delightful scene."

"You are very childish, Martha." Ruth was blushing furiously, and David could feel the color rising in his own cheeks.

"Of course I'm childish, and like all children I do love color, and I have not seen such perfect tints in a long time." And her saucy eyes wandered from one crimson face to the other.

"Martha is an incessant chatterer," Ruth apologized. "She simply cannot miss an opportunity to tease me.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

And, by the way, she is the niece of your friend Nicodemus."

"Then I have additional reason for being pleased to meet you," David responded.

Martha became momentarily serious. "You are frequently discussed in our home by my father and uncle."

"In no unfriendly spirit, I hope."

"Oh, no. Not only are they bitter against the tetrarch, but they are also ardent admirers of yours, although in the beginning they were pledged to Herod. But speaking of him," Martha rambled on, "he seems to be losing followers every day since you denounced him so courageously. What will he do? Of course you cannot answer, for he doesn't know himself, though he can hardly allow such a rebuke to pass unnoticed. Father says if the tetrarch dared he would resort to Herod the Great's favorite tactic, violence, and at once avenge the affront and rid himself of a troublesome opponent."

Ruth was so startled by her friend's suggestion that she did not attempt to conceal her alarm. Martha patted her arm reassuringly. "Don't be disturbed. I'm sure Herod will not dare molest your friend."

Then the desire to tease again took possession of her. "But another admirer of yours, Zebulon, is on the side of the tetrarch. Have you cast him off?"

"Martha, you almost offend me. I have not cast Zebulon off, for at no time have I given him the slightest encouragement. You well know I have often been really afraid of him."

The visitor embraced her friend warmly. "Now don't be angry, Ruth. You should have learned long since that I love to see your eyes flash at my senseless teasing."

Ruth was somewhat mollified. "Of course what you say about David's safety surprises and disturbs me."

"Have no fear because of my foolish words," said Martha. "There is a vast difference between beheading a poor prisoner whose only followers are among the rabble, and harming one of influence whose friends cannot be awed by anyone less powerful than Caesar."

Martha proceeded to say that the timorous Herod was disturbed because of the execution of John and its effect upon the populace. Also, having heard of some marvelous works done by one who had recently come among them, Herod feared that his victim

(Continued on following page)

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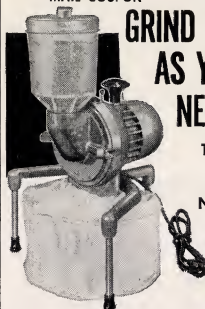


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To Be a King

(Continued from preceding page)

had risen from the dead. Out of curiosity, her father had carefully investigated the matter.

"And what did he learn?" Ruth asked.

"That such a supposition is absurd,

of course. The men are about the same age, and there is, to be sure, a slight resemblance, which is perfectly natural, for they are said to be related. This new man is a carpenter from Nazareth and really has an unnatural power over the people. He

Unfinished Business...

Richard L. Evans

ALL OF US always have unfinished business. Most of us have unfulfilled obligations. Most of us have things piled far before us that always weigh on us and worry us—things we never quite get to, things we never quite catch up with—things we have agreed to do but haven't done. We worry about assignments we have accepted and about preparation postponed—until we find ourselves facing final deadlines, having to do in a short time what we should have done a little of each day. Some men may have worn themselves away with overwork. But many men have worn themselves away with worry about work they weren't really working at. There is something in us that somehow seems to suggest that what we neglect today will somehow be easier tomorrow. It is true of students at school: If today's assignment seems too heavy, too difficult to do, it may be postponed for something easier—perhaps for some pleasant pastime—on the unrealistic assumption that we can somehow assimilate a double dose tomorrow. (What is it that makes men suppose that they can more easily do twice tomorrow what they didn't do once today!) Anything we have to do—even the simplest assignment—will weigh on us and worry us until we begin to get at it: the problems there are to work, the pages there are to read, the debts there are to pay—(even the dishes there are to do)—the things there are to repent of: all will worry and wear at us until we have made a start—until we have made the assignment one less instead of one longer—until we have actually done something to begin to get done what there is to do—in short: until we have repented and reversed the process—until we have moved one shovelful, even if there is a mountain that must be moved. The only way to get a job done is to begin to do it. The only way to do our duty is to begin to do it. We can't be comfortable if we're drifting in the wrong direction. To have peace and self-respect, and to lift the weight of worry, we have to repent, we have to reverse the process. Indeed, without the principle of repentance, life would be fruitless and frustrating for us all—but blessedly there is no man whose life cannot be improved by repenting. And the best evidence of repentance is to stop doing what we shouldn't do, and to start doing what we should do.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
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SYSTEM, JANUARY 27, 1957

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has won a great following in Galilee, usually from among the poor and ignorant classes, and even here in Jericho many believe, because of his magic, that he is a prophet."

"This must be the man about whom Lebanah speaks," David suggested.

"Lebanah? I've heard of him," Martha continued. "Perhaps this is the man. He is fearless. Not long since he was warned that Herod would kill him if he remained in these parts, and he showed his utter disdain by openly calling the tetrarch a fox."

"He must be a prophet," David commented.

"But perhaps not, after all," said Ruth; "everybody knows that Herod is a fox or something worse."

Then Martha's love of teasing again became apparent, and David left hurriedly rather than face more of it.

(To be continued)

The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 216)

ings were made. This part of the project, under the direction of Bishop Stanley D. Rees and Recording Arts, required fifty 1,200-foot reels of one-quarter-inch recording tape. The 33 1/4 r. p. m. records were made from these tape recordings by Allied Record Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, which is managed by Elder Daken K. Broadhead, formerly first counselor in the Pasadena (California) Stake presidency. Each side of these records runs about twenty minutes.

28 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated the new University of Utah Union, a student center on the campus, at Founders' Day rites.

A new natural arch in southeastern Utah, undiscovered until a few weeks ago, was officially named "George Albert Smith Arch" after the late President of the Church. The arch, as yet unvisited by ground parties, is situated about 25 miles northwest of Monticello and 11 miles southeast of the junction of the Green and Colorado rivers. As closely as can be determined from the air it measures about 160 feet wide at its base and is 75 feet high. Accurate measurements will be taken and a name plaque placed on the arch in early April when an expedition of Explorer Scouts and leaders plan a trek to the arch on foot.

APRIL 1957

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"And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

"He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

"And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: Lo, I have told you."

—St. Matthew 28:5-7.

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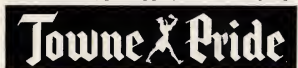
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Write **KENT FROST**, Monticello, Utah

How, When, and Why We Tithed

(Concluded from page 248)

"The spring of 1900, the Lord sent into our pathway Latter-day Saint elders. After a good canvass of this question with them, my husband decided to tithe. Our first tithing was done in April. We placed it away, not knowing where to give it, waiting for our Father to tell us. We had broken away from the Protestant churches long ere this and were struggling with the mighty question, "Where is God's house?"

"In July, we had our three little children blessed by the Mormon elders and Mr. C. gave his first tithes. Since we began to tithe last April, our finances have begun to improve, and we have not been without plenty in our larder and money in our pockets and more coming in. We have our ups and downs still, but

now we know our Father will keep us and will give us all we need, as fast as we can assimilate his blessings.

"Tithing is a blessing, and I do not see how we ever got along before without it. Now there is no worry when things get low. We know, God knows we are trying to do our duty, and he always provides more."

I may state that since hearing the above, Mr. C. and his wife have been baptized, and a letter from her today informs me that if it had not been for adversity overtaking them, they would never have received the wondrous blessing of the gospel, and they can see the hand of God through it all! They are prospering now, and her letter concludes: "Tithing has established our faith as no other way could."

Testimony

(Continued from page 228)

If we possess the mind of Christ, we shall obtain the principles and truths of Christ. Being perfect, Christ had access to all truth. What he taught was truth and the power of God unto salvation. Truth is given to us in proportion to our perfectness. For this reason, we are all counseled to perfect ourselves through the gospel plan of the Redeemer and Savior of the world, that wisdom may always be ours to enjoy.

The wisdom of God—the wisdom of men . . . which transcends the other? Whom should we follow? Which bestows the greatest gifts and blessings?

Paul, the gifted and dynamic servant of Christ, witnessed to the Corinthians:

For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.

For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek wisdom:

But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness;

Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men.

That no flesh should glory in his presence. (1 Cor. 1:18, 21-23, 25, 29.)

Now, the created cannot be greater than the Creator! God said, in substance, to Abraham, "I am the greatest of all the intelligences which I have created." Can that fact be questioned or denied?

The Prophet Nephi, the son of Lehi, understood the foolishness of men, for he said:

And wo unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord! And their works are in the dark; and they say: Who seeth us, and who knoweth us? And they also say: Surely, your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay. But behold, I will show unto them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that I know all their works. For shall the work of him that made it, he made me not? Or shall the thing framed say of him that framed it, he had no understanding? (2 Nephi 27:2.)

The Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith this glorious truth for the enlightenment and understanding of all men:

For the word of the Lord is truth, and whatsoever is truth is light, and whatsoever is light is Spirit, even the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

And the Spirit giveth light to every man . . . through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit.

And every one that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit cometh unto God, even the Father. (D & C 84:45-47.)

God, then, is the source of all knowledge and wisdom, for the Spirit

is to enlighten every man through the world that will hearken to the voice of the Spirit. Such an one comes to God, the very Eternal Father of all.

In fulfilling the ideal life for eternal joys you cannot substitute the wisdom nor the philosophies of men for the gospel and the infinite wisdom of God. The Savior in his glorious Sermon on the Mount called attention to the physical and temporal things sought after by the gentiles, then reminded his disciples that their Heavenly Father knew the things they had need of and counseled:

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. (Matt. 6:33.)

Eighty Years Service to Our Lord

(Concluded from page 225)

the Lord. More recently, until the erection of the Los Angeles Temple, it served (with the Arizona Temple at Mesa) the members in California who desired to enter a temple and be blessed thereby. It is also a haven for elderly folk, who desire to do temple work during the mild St. George winters. Yes, the future is bright for this grand old building.

Airline pilots use it as a never-failing landmark. The six-acre temple grounds are a tourist must in southern Utah.

Who would place a price on the original cost of this temple? Those who would, must remember that it was built in a day when a man would work all day for a neighbor to receive a jug of molasses which he could barter for his needs. And much of the labor on the St. George Temple was freely given by individuals and communities. Nevertheless, it is thought that one million dollars is a good construction cost estimate. The building has been renovated several times.

THE AWAKENING

By Beulah Huish Sadleir

WHAT DEEP desire to clothe the soul

In raiment that is pure!

Some truths come late

To be appraised—

Like minute diamonds after April rain
And late September's wordless eloquence
In clouds.

APRIL 1957



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Jo Ann Barrett



Marilyn Miller

Dear Editors:

TWO YOUNG GIRLS from the Malta Ward, Raft River Stake, have achieved five years of perfect attendance at Mutual, Sacrament meeting, and Sunday School.

Marilyn Miller, daughter of President and Mrs. E. S. Miller of Malta, Idaho, is twenty years of age. She has served as Primary organist of the Albion Ward, Raft River Stake; organist of the Sunday School; and secretary of YWMA of the Malta Ward, Raft River Stake. She has attended one year of school at Ricks College and at present is employed at the LDS Church offices in Salt Lake City.

JoAnn Barrett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett, of Malta, Idaho, is eighteen years of age. She has been a teacher in Primary and also served as secretary for the YWMA of the Malta Ward. JoAnn is now attending school at Brigham Young University.

Mrs. Clara Beyler
President, YWMA, Malta Ward,
Raft River Stake

FOOTNOTE ON THE SPANISH TRANSLATOR OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

AFTER THE publication of K. E. Duke's story on Meliton Gonzalez Trejo on page 714 of the October 1956 issue of *THE IMPROVEMENT ERA*, Mrs. A. L. Reese and Mrs. Carr Hovey of Logan, Utah, of the family of James Z. Stewart, called to our attention information the Era editors had overlooked, indicating that Elder Stewart worked on the translation of the Book of Mormon into Spanish.

Andrew Jensen, in his *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia*, volume 1, page 417, records:

"In the fall of 1883 Apostle Moses Thatcher was instructed to have the Book of Mormon translated into the Spanish language; the responsibility of the work was placed upon Elder Stewart, and he was told by Apostle Thatcher that he would hold him personally responsible for the accuracy and general character of the translation. The translation was made during the winter by him and Elder Meliton G. Trejo."

Daniel W. Jones, in his *Forty Years Among the Indians*, pages 224-225, quotes a letter he received from Brigham Young, dated June 1, 1875, authorizing Elder Jones to solicit funds to be applied toward the support of Brother Trejo while he was translating the Book of Mormon and other material into the Spanish language; the collected funds would also be used to defray the cost of publishing the works. There follows a long list of persons who contributed money to Elder Jones for this purpose. And there is an indication that Elder Jones, working with Elder Trejo, might have done some of the translating himself. The Brigham Young letter cited concludes that Elder Trejo's translations "... are desired to be done by November next [1875]." This was not accomplished.

The title page of the first edition of the Spanish translation of the Book of Mormon which came from the press in 1886 reads: "Translated into Spanish under the direction of Apostle Moses Thatcher by Meliton G. Trejo and James Z. Stewart."

MIAMI SECOND BRANCH PRESENTS PLAY

DOYLE GREEN's Christmas story in the December ERA was such a fresh approach to this often-told episode that we felt you should know how very well received it was by the members and non-members who attended this presentation.

Prepared and co-ordinated by Millie Cheesman with appropriate Christmas music, it was presented with a beautiful tableau by a small branch in the mission field. With branch president Paul R. Cheesman reading Doyle Green's fitting and beautifully direct story of Mary and the birth of Jesus, a twenty-four voice choir sang

in semi-darkness, as soft lights illuminated the scenes depicting Mary's visitation by the angel, Joseph telling of his vision, and last of all the manger scene.

We felt this presentation might be of particular interest because 50 percent of the chorus is made up of LDS Air Force men and their wives stationed in Homestead, Florida. The conductor was Art Peterson, a talented musician who received his master's degree from the University of Utah.





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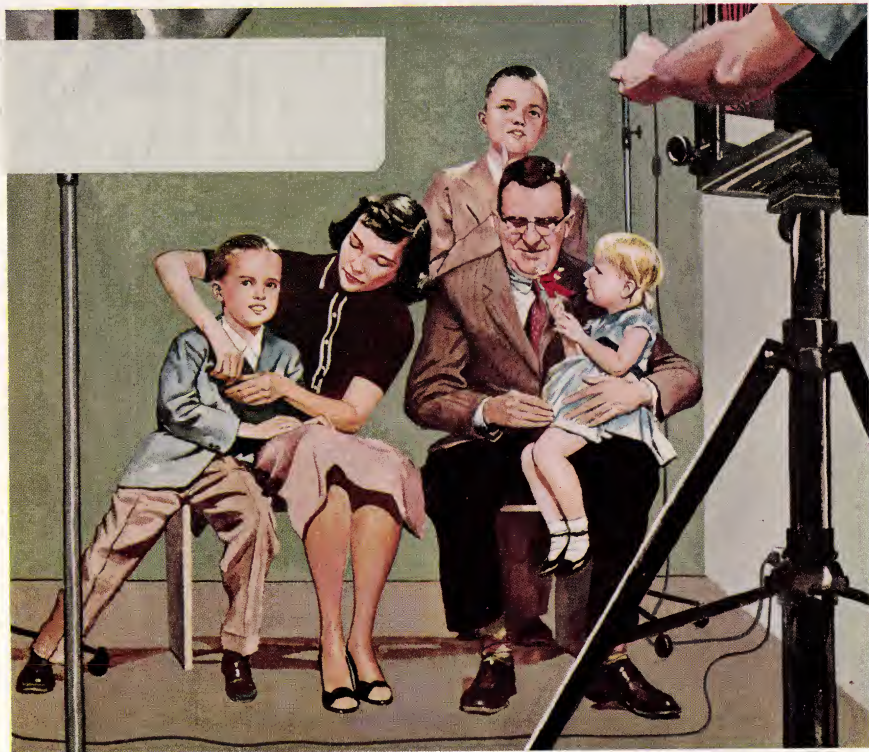
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