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Discipline

From the Colloquy of Aelfric a dialogue in Latin for the instruction of schoolboys in Latin of the year 1005 A.D. an insight is given into discipline of that day. The teacher asks: “Are you ready to be flogged while you learn?” The pupils answer: “We would rather be flogged for learning’s sake than be ignorant”; but they add: “We know that thou art a humane man, and wilt not beat us unless our conduct compels thee.”

A Lot of Checks

With 11 billion checks drawn in the United States in 1957, banks are turning increasingly to electronic equipment for automation of check handling. Semi-automatic electronic posting machines add or subtract checks to depositors’ accounts, while other machines sort checks and do computing. When standards are announced by the American Bankers’ Association, banks will be able to use magnetic preprinted checks with the depositor’s account number and bank number. Banks will imprint the amount of the check when returned to them. Checks can then be automatically sorted, posted, and listed by name of account, name of bank, and amount of check by electronic handling of magnetic data. Electronics estimates the 10-year market in electronic bookkeeping machines at $700 million.
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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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THE COVER: The beauty and splendor of the Victoria Falls in the Rhodestias, one of the seven natural wonders of the world, as photographed by Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve on his recent visit to the South African Mission.
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MARCH 1959
A Good Neighbor

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These Times

The Supreme Court Building
Washington, D. C.

The Supreme Court and the Federal Problem

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

In 1833 Alexis de Tocqueville wrote:

"The President who exercises a limited power may err without causing great mischief in the state. Congress may decide amiss without destroying the Union because the electoral body in which Congress originates may cause it to retract its decision by changing its members. But if the Supreme Court is ever composed of imprudent men or bad citizens, the Union may be plunged into anarchy or civil war." (Democracy in America, American edition, N. Y., 1851, pp. 160-161.)

Most people today would disagree with de Tocqueville's evaluation of the presidency. But from time to time current opinion exists which subscribes to his view regarding the Supreme Court.

The real cause of the danger, the remarkable Frenchman wrote, "does not lie in the constitution of the tribunal, but in the very nature of federal governments."

The "federal problem" is bigger than the Supreme Court. The present discussion stems from the 1954 decision, Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka: When provided under state law, "separate educational facilities" for white and colored races "are inherently unequal" and deprive persons of the equal protection of the laws in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The decree issued May 17, 1954 remanded the cases to the courts below which originally heard them, enjoining them to make "prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance" with the decision "that racial discrimination in public education is unconstitutional."

The court had several courses of action open for its decree. Professor John P. Roche suggested (in an article in the University of Pennsylvania Law Review, October 1954) that Harry S. Truman be appointed a special master to supervise the decision. Professor David Fellman of the University of Wisconsin felt that failure by the court to issue a forthright decree in 1954 was "an open invitation to prolong the controversy."

We have since seen how Governor Faubus acted on this opportunity, as well as the "massive resistance" laws in Virginia.

The many technical aspects of the case ultimately rest with the "federal problem." At this point, reference
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to a good dictionary to look up the meaning of such words as "federal," "sovereignty," and "unitary" may well add to the reader's appreciation of political institutions and of American life.

The "federal problem" may be stated as follows: a political society, organized on the complex principle of "federalism," is the denial, the antithesis, of a politically organized society as generally conceived by the human race. The general conception, especially in western civilization, assumes the existence of unified "sovereignty," or final supreme authority and the ability and willingness to use it; or, "the single-will state," cultural and geographic diversity to the contrary. The Soviet state illustrates. The European state system generally exhibits central "sovereignty." Such "unitary" structure has been the principal theoretical model for organizing governments until the time of the Constitution of the United States. The simple point is that the United States of America is organized on a different principle than other governments of its day. It was organized in 1789 as a "federal republic," a scheme thought to be impractical if not impossible at that time.

The epitome of the European state (see Bodin and Hobbes) was the concept of "sovereignty." Sovereignty was defined as final supreme authority. Sovereignty was the sine qua non of the state. Without sovereignty, a state did not exist. Sovereignty was a simple notion—too simple—-to one of the most complicated problems of human thought and societal structure—the nature of the state. But it was a durable and satisfactory answer to the men of western Christendom who knew Augustine, Aquinas, the Papacy, Calvin; or, who knew such persons as that "most dread Seveoren" (as the Biblical scholars referred to "the most high and mighty Prince, James, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland . . ." in the flyleaf of our Bibles).

Consequently the states of that day, and many since, have organized on the principle of "monism", of monistic, unitary sovereignty. Charles A. Beard used to say, "the influence of Rome hangs too heavily over the west." The "federal" states are exceptional or late comers to the Roman-European pattern. "Federalism" attempts to divide and distribute that which by definition is "indivisible," namely, "sovereignty." When the Constitution of the United States was ratified, the United States of America came into existence as a constitutional, federal republic. "Federalism" is the most fundamental doctrine of the Constitution. It was viewed by learned commentators of the day as an anomaly, a monstrosity, an impossibility, or a contradiction. The Federalist (1788), and John Adams' Defense of the Constitutions (1790) were viewed as apologies rather than as convincing agreements for a new order.

American federalism also proceeded from the premise that the state is the work of men. ("We, the people . . . do ordain and establish" says the preamble.) The contrary view was that the state is an organic growth, rooted in nature and destined by nature to exist and survive only when characterized by foreign strength and a single will. The Constitution proposed the inner workings of a federal republic: thirteen (now forty-nine) little republics within a large republic, with all the implications for groups and group sociology. Within such a system, power and authority are always shifting. There may be, theoretically, final, legal, supreme authority—but it is not always ready, willing, nor able to act. Foreign students, used to the workings of a "unitary state," are constantly confused in trying to understand the intricacies of the American system. Professor William Anderson of the University of Minnesota has written:

"I believe that the government of the United States under the Constitution, is probably the greatest achievement of the entire human race up to now in the construction of a political system that will provide strong and active government for every national and local need and emergency, and at the same time ensure a maximum attainable personal liberty and popular control over what a government does." (The Nation and The States, 1935, p. xi.)

The framers of the Constitution, at least Hamilton among them, had few fears that they were not creating a national state with adequate power and authority. Hamilton made no bones about crushing the "Whiskey Rebellion." However, the
process of nullification carries on to the present day. Nullification, always a process of government (as pointed out by Schuyler Wallace in the Political Science Quarterly many years ago) has its opportunities multiplied in a federal system. The areas into which nullification and political dissent can retreat and build new political forces are almost without number in American federalism. Thus Governor Faubus’ expression as quoted in the New York Times, Sunday, October 12, 1958, has more than demagogic meaning: "As long as the people (of Arkansas) stand firm, a way will be found to preserve our traditions and educate our children.

James Madison pointed out some of the possibilities, between the lines at least, in the famous Federalist paper, No. X. He argued that within the constitutional federal republic, no one faction, no single will could ever dominate the whole. It never has.

Woodrow Wilson, attempting to trace John Austin’s "analytical" theory of law and sovereignty through the American practice of his day, felt "driven to say that with us sovereignty rests in its entirety with that not very determinate body of persons, the people of the United States, the powers of sovereignty resting with the state and federal authorities by delegation from the people." (The State, 1889.)

The reality of what Wilson described as "the state and federal authorities,"—or what we see as Faubus, the Arkansas legislature, the Little Rock school board, the Little Rock private school corporation, the state and federal courts, the N.A.A.C.P., the white citizens' councils, U. S. Attorney General Rogers, President Eisenhower, and the para-troopers—are "not very determinate" save in the long process of political adjustment. Wilson said the difficulty could be avoided (as Chief Justice Warren and associates have assumed) "if law be defined" in America in the Austrian sense, as "the command of an authorized public organ, acting within the sphere of its competence." Wilson stated in his work The State, (1889), however, that "the only difficulty left by this solution is that of making room in our system for both a sovereign people of the single state and a sovereign people of the Union." In the Brown (Continued on page 188)
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The Church Moves On

January 1959

It was announced that the Bee Hive House, which since 1920 has been used as a temporary residence for young women coming to Salt Lake City seeking employment or to continue their education, is being vacated. The Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association executives turned the building back February 1. It will be used by the Church for other purposes. Together with the annex, the old Rossiter home, situated just north of the Bee Hive House, a total of eighty-nine girls could be provided for in the home operated by the YWMIA.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Weldon V. Moore as president of the Australian Mission, succeeding President Zelph Y. Erekson. President Moore is a former bishop of Monument Park Ward, Monument Park (Salt Lake City) Stake. At the time of this appointment he was serving as a member of the high council in that stake. Mrs. Moore and their two children, Carolyne (Lynne) and Richard, will accompany him on this mission.

This was “Meet Me at Mutual” night wherever Mutuals are held Tuesday evenings. “Meet Me at Mutual” night was held during the week in other wards where Tuesday was not MIA night.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of Elder Gerald G. Smith as president of the Eastern States Mission, succeeding President Theodore C. Jacobsen. President Smith is currently serving as first counselor in the Bonneville (Salt Lake City) Stake presidency and is a guide on Temple Square. He has served in a district presidency in the Eastern States Mission, as a member of the high council in Washington (D.C.) Stake, and is a former member of the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Going with him to mission headquarters in New York City are Mrs. Smith and their two sons, Gerald, Jr., and Craig. The couple also has a married daughter.

The appointment of Elder Blaine Watts of Midvale, Utah, and Elder Ira Angus Newsome of Bountiful, Utah, to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was announced. Both men are veteran Scouts and hold the Silver Beaver award.

The appointment of Miss H. Lynn Warner, Mrs. Lillian S. Boyce, both of Salt Lake City; Mrs. Ione R. Bennion of Clearfield, Utah, and Mrs. Lila B. Walsh of Bountiful, Utah, to the general board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association was announced.

A three percent increase in the number of individual awards for girls in 1957-58 compared with 1956-57 was disclosed by the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. For the period ending June 30, 1958, the total was 39,736; for the period ending June 30, 1957, it was 38,218. (Continued on page 176)
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Letters and Reports

YOUTH ACHIEVES

Carole Ann Eitel of the Richmond Ward, Virginia Stake, has received six individual YW-MIA awards, and has served that organization as organist, ward secretary, activity counselor, and as stake secretary. She has also served as Primary and Sunday School organist. She was valedictorian of her high school graduating class at Battlefield Park High School, and served as student body president, assistant editor of both the school newspaper and yearbook, choir accompanist, assistant director of the high school choir, and regional representative of the Virginia State Student Council Association. She was the only LDS member at high school. She is now attending Brigham Young University on a scholarship. Carole is the daughter of Elder and Mrs. George L. Eitel of Ellerson, Virginia.

Dear Editors,

As my husband and I are both converts to the Church, we thoroughly enjoy your magazine and its informative articles. It seems very odd to us that almost every time we come across a particularly confusing problem, the next issue of the Era has a complete explanation of that problem. Thank you so much for this wonderful book. May it continue to spread the gospel to us all and to our nonmember associates who inadvertently pick it up and become engrossed with its rich messages. It alone is a very strong missionary. Thank you again.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Jerome B. Westergren

AUCKLAND’S FIRST GOLD & GREEN BALL

With the theme “Blue Star,” the first stake Gold and Green ball in Auckland Stake (New Zealand) was held October 24, 1958.

Several wards and branches presented floor shows, with seventy couples participating. The girls were dressed in white ballerina-length dresses with blue bandeaux, and the young men were dressed in black trousers, white shirts, and blue ties and sashes. (Above: A group of entertainers; below: Dancers in action.)

Dear Editors,

I’m taking this opportunity to pass on to you our regrets and those of so many others expressed to us, at the loss of the poetry page in the Era. Surely some lovely thing went out of our lives, some lovely link to the other days when the world was less materialistic, when that page with its illustration was discontinued. I can hardly pick up the Era and read it...
for the pain of my nostalgia! I hope those in charge feel the need of its return to our lives. It is as established a thing in my mind as the Christmas News, Christmas story and poem, and the Eliza R. Snow poetry contest, and Christmas cards!

Lots of love and some sorrow,
Dott and Paul Roberts

Bancroft, Idaho

Dear Editors:
The Era is getting prettier all the time, but I do miss the poetry page you fought to keep for so many years, and I think the poets should be listed on the table of contents page. I always read the poems first, and reread them, and they are hard to find this way.

May the new year be kind to you in every way.
Sincerely,
Frances C. Yost

Mesa, Arizona

Dear Editors:
Herewith is our subscription for the Era.
We have had the Era in our home for over forty years and never want to be without it. But I want to agree with Jerred L. Newquist in the November issue with reference to footnotes. The present system is very awkward in having to find the page where they are all listed together then search out the reference you want. Footnotes and cross references should by all means be at the bottom of the page as he states.

Sincerely,
L. S. Kartchner

Los Angeles, California

The Improvement Era

An apt name indeed for the very millennium itself, an era of steady, happy, ever-increasing growth toward the spiritual ultimate.

In the words of Angier, “God is working his purpose out, as year succeeds to year—What shall we do to work God’s work, to prosper and increase the Mormonhood of all mankind, and the reign of the Prince of Peace?”

Martel I. Mickey

Zacapa, Guatemala

Dear Sirs:
While serving here on a mission to Central America, I have really come to appreciate The Improvement Era. I believe that every Latter-day Saint family should subscribe to the ideals and teachings of the Era but that is impossible without first having the magazine in the home to read; therefore I am enclosing a check for a one year’s subscription which I would like to have sent to my folks.

Sincerely,
Elder Sidney M. Johns
Branch Pres., Zacapa Branch

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GIANTS IN CHURCH LITERATURE

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ANCIENT AMERICA SPEAKS

Leland H. Monson. Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City. 1955. $2.00.

Dr. Monson, an educator of great ability, has turned his attention to the great leaders of the Book of Mormon in this his latest book. As a result of his dynamic approach, these great characters move with tremendous force into our lives. They step across distance and time to implant their messages of living light in the world of the present.

This is a good book for home, church, and school libraries.—M.C.J.

JOSEPH C. RICH VERSATILE PIONEER ON THE MORMON FRONTIER


A son of Charles C. Rich, Joseph did much of pioneering in his own right and developed into a person of independence and worth in the expanding Mormon frontier. Born in the tragic days of Nauvoo, he lived in the San Bernardino area of California as a young man, in the Utah area in the Johnston Army days, and finished his years in the Bear Lake county of Idaho.

The author has done a commendable piece of work in depicting the times and the lovable, humane persons in relation to the period and the locale.

To get the flavor of Pioneer days
this book will recreate a period of Pioneer history in an area different, yet comparable, to the Utah story.

—M.C.J.

SUPERBOMBS, SAINTS AND SCRIPTURES

The author, a teacher in the LDS seminary system for many years, indicates his knowledge of and love for the gospel together with his concern that Latter-day Saints prepare themselves for the last days.

In this book he traces the fascinating history behind the development of the superbomb and introduces the scientists whose abilities made its development possible. The material provides challenging and fascinating reading and ends with a directive, "A Job for the Saints."

Surely a book for our day, this volume will provide provocative reading.—M.C.J.

ABOUT PRAYER

A companion volume to About Baptism, this book About Prayer affords an introduction to a child on the value and the results of prayer. Pleasantly presented in story form, the material is readily absorbed and becomes a moving force in young people's lives.

This is a book that should be enjoyed on family night in homes where there are young children.

—M. C. J.

SOME SPRING RETURNING
Christie Lund Coles, Faucette Publications, Provo, Utah. 54 pages.

This collection of poems by one of Utah's prominent writers will find a niche in the hearts and in the libraries of every lover of poetry. Some of these poems have appeared in newspapers and magazines throughout the nation, including The Improvement Era and the Relief Society Magazine. A book to be cherished and read for times of needed uplift.—M. C. J.
The Necessity

by President David O. McKay

Every principle of the gospel, when studied carefully, reveals a harmony with truth that is simply sublime. Each seems to be all comprehensive, either leading into or embracing other principles. Thus, faith in a Perfect Being, inspiring one to live righteously, seems to include repentance. So forgiveness may encompass charity; and charity, love. The chain is endless. This harmony, or rather this oneness of all fundamental principles of the gospel, is indicative of their being elements of eternal truth. Truth being "the sum of existence" is all-comprehensive! Faith, repentance, charity, forgiveness, and every other element of truth will of necessity show a close relationship not only to each other but also to the whole, of which they are a part.

It is difficult, therefore, to designate any one principle as being the most important. One student may name this, and another name that as being chief, the choice of each being determined by the amount of study and attention given to the favorite principle. When comparing eternal principles, it is more nearly correct to say that each is equal to any other.

This thought, however, does not lessen the significance of Thomas Carlyle's forceful remark about repentance. "Of all acts is not, for man, repentance
of Repentance

the most divine? The deadliest sin, I say, were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin; that is death; the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and in fact: is dead. Plainly, the penetrating mind of the Scottish philosopher glimpsed the eternal nature of this divine principle, repentance, which the Prophet Joseph Smith, in writing the Articles of Faith, placed second to faith in stating the principles and ordinances of the restored gospel.

What progress can there be for a man unconscious of his faults? Such a man has lost the fundamental element of growth, which is the realization that there is something bigger, better, and more desirable than the condition in which he now finds himself. In the soil of self-satisfaction, true growth has poor nourishment. Its roots find greater succor in discontent.

Heaven pity the man who is unconscious of a fault! Fity him also who is ignorant of his ignorance! Neither is on the road to salvation. “The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.”

The first step to knowledge is a realization of the lack of it; and the first step towards spiritual growth is the belief in a higher and better life, or conversely, a realization of the meanness of one’s present state. Repentance is the turning away from that which is low, and the striving for that which is higher. As a principle of salvation, it involves not only a desire for that which is better, but also a sorrow—not merely remorse—but true sorrow for having become contaminated in any degree with things sinful, vile, or contemptible.

It is not uncommon for people to have remorse for mistakes made, for follies and sins committed, but to have no turning away from such frailties and evils. They may even feel penitent; but “penitence,” we are told “is transient, and may involve no change of character or conduct.” Repentance, on the other hand, “is sorrow for sin with self-condemnation, and complete turning away from the sin.” It is, therefore, more than mere remorse: “It comprehends a change of nature befitting heaven.”

Every principle and ordinance of the gospel of Jesus Christ is significant and important in contributing to the progress, happiness, and eternal life of man, but there is none more essential to the salvation of the human family than the divine and eternally operative principle, repentance. Without it, no one can be saved. Without it, no one can even progress. Its sublimity and essentiality stirred the prophet Alma’s soul when he exclaimed:

“O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people!”

“Yea, I would declare unto every soul, as with the voice of thunder, repentance and the plan of redemption, that they should repent and come unto our God, that there might not be more sorrow upon the face of the earth.” (Alma 29:1-2.)

Ignorance and sin are men’s worst enemies. They are barriers to salvation. Only through repentance and obedience to the gospel can these be eradicated.

One of the messages of the Church is to help men recognize their weaknesses and overcome them.

Let us then, as individuals, grow from within, be men and women of God, pure within, repentant. We are what our inner life makes us, what God knows we are.
Your Question

Salvation of women whose husbands will not embrace the gospel

Question: “I have tried to be a good Church member and have a strong testimony of the gospel, and the older I get the stronger is my faith. I am married to a non-member. We have three children. Two are married and were married in the temple, and the third is going to be. My husband does not show the slightest interest in the Church; in fact, he shows some resentment against it. I used to plead with him but have learned that it does no good.

“I can live my life out this way, but what will happen to me and my children, who are faithful members, in the resurrection? I want my children and my grandchildren more than anyone can know, but how can this be accomplished if conditions remain as they are?”

Answer:

by Joseph Fielding Smith
President of the Council of the Twelve

This is one of the saddest conditions that we are confronted with in the Church. The Lord has revealed that the marriage covenant should be eternal. This is the definite statement he gave to the Pharisees when they made inquiry of him as follows:

“Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?”

“And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them in the beginning made them male and female.

“And said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh?

“Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.” (Matt. 19:3-6.)

Here is a clear statement that the marriage covenant, when properly performed, is eternal. It is not to be annulled and come to an end at death. The first marriage performed on earth was the marriage of Eve to Adam, and this was before there was any death, therefore it was intended to be forever. The Lord has revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith his law concerning marriage, and that it is to be an everlasting covenant. Those who are so married will become members of the family of God, for those who receive the exaltation will be members of his great family, as stated by Paul. (Eph. 3:14-15.) They are to become joint heirs with Christ receiving the fulness of the Father’s kingdom. (Romans 8:14-17.)

Here we have a case where there is a faithful mother who has by her integrity kept her children in the faith, but who is married to an unbelieving husband. Naturally she is worried and wonders how she may retain her family in the eternity to come. The Lord has made this matter perfectly clear, and in answer to this sister’s question we can say to her, and to the many others in like circumstances: If you remain faithful and true, the Lord will take your faith and devotion into account and reward you according to your works. It is a deplorable matter when a husband and wife are married for time only which according to the covenant they have taken must end at death, and then to have the wife wish and long for the blessings of husband and children in eternity. The laws of the Christian world, all denominations, except the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, proclaim the edict that all marriages must end at death, thus they include a bill of divorcement with every marriage. This naturally brings sorrow to a woman who loves both husband and children and who has received the truth. Naturally she wonders what her condition and relationship to her family will be hereafter. However there is some comfort to women in this status, the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in answer to his prayer in the following words, his justice and mercy to all such unhappy souls:

“All who have died without a knowledge of this Gospel, who would have received it if they had been permitted to tarry, shall be heirs of the celestial kingdom of God; also all that shall die henceforth without a knowledge of it, who would have received it with all their hearts, shall be heirs of that kingdom, for I, the Lord, will judge all men according to their works, according to the desire of their hearts.” (D & C 2:380.)

When the wife is faithful and desires to obey the divine law and the husband is rebellious, or unwilling to obey the will of the Lord, if she maintains her integrity to the best of her ability, she will be given to another husband in eternity and will receive all the blessings of the celestial kingdom.
**Kangaroo Court**

by Hugh Nibley

_A study in Book of Mormon Criticism_

It is the inalienable right of every questioned document, as of every accused person, to be represented by competent counsel, heard by an impartial jury, and sentenced by a qualified judge, being convicted or acquitted only on evidence and not on hearsay. To expect such extravagant justice for the Book of Mormon is to ask for the moon. Counsel for the defense often does the client more harm than good and is automatically branded as prejudiced merely by taking the job; and where will one find an impartial jury, a disinterested judge, or a willingness to test the Book of Mormon on its merits and not on the authority of wild and conflicting rumors about the manner of its origin? Still, however faint the chances of a fair trial may be, even that book has a right to its day in court, if only on the hazard, that it may be genuine after all.

Has the Book of Mormon ever been given a fair hearing? From the statements of policy which we are about to quote it will be quite apparent that it most definitely has not. For such a procedure would require a perfectly straight-faced examination of its claims as if they were valid! Let us suppose, for the sake of argument and legal theory, that the accused is innocent, that the Book of Mormon is not a fraud but a genuine text as it purports to be. By what divination would its latest critics, Mrs. Brodie and Doctors O'Dea and Cross (representative of the English, sociology, and history departments, respectively), be able to detect its authenticity? What do they pretend to know about ancient texts? The one man best qualified to make the tests indicated, though he was interested enough in the Mormons to write a whole book about them, frankly confessed that he had never read the Book of Mormon through. That was the celebrated Eduard Meyer, who wrote with complete finality: "There can be no doubt at all that the golden plates, though described by his mother and others as reposining in a box in Smith's house, never existed in the real world." For him that settled the matter: He can speak with absolute assurance, not because he has examined the Book of Mormon—he didn't need to!—but because he knows perfectly well that there are no such things as angels and gold plates.

Justified or not, this has been the standard and accepted position taken by Book of Mormon critics from the beginning, and it should be obvious to any reader that such an attitude, however sincere, effectively closes the door on any serious investigation of the book on its own merits. The dice are always loaded before the game begins: It is not the Book of Mormon, but the Angel Moroni who is on trial. Let us glance at a few frank confessions by the leading critics of the Book of Mormon in the past, to see whether they ever intended to give it a fair trial.

The first non-Mormon to report on the book was David Marks, who, after hearing the story of the

(See page 186 for footnotes.)
The jury is instructed to choose between A and B, with the specification that A has been disqualified before the contest; with that understandable limitation the jury may favor whichever they will.
angel and the plates from the Whitmer family, approached his task with a settled conviction that the thing was a fraud: "I wished to read it, but could not, in good conscience, purchase a copy, lest I should support a deception"—a fine, open-minded approach which ran small risk of disillusionment. Before he was halfway through, Marks gave up the job, finding "the style so insipid, and the work so filled with manifest imposture, that I could feel no interest in a further perusal." Yet generations of Book of Mormon critics were to quote Marks' final verdict on the book as the ultimate in scholarly objectivity.3

Thus, from the very beginning the challenge was thrown out to the world to explain the Book of Mormon if it could, and a flood of conflicting stories and theories soon followed—but no one ever put the Book of Mormon to a real test.

The first full-time scholar to comment on the Book of Mormon was Professor Rafinesque of Philadelphia, who in 1832 was reported as observing, "This work is ridiculous enough, it is true; as the whole Book of Mormon bears the stamp of folly, and is a poor attempt at an imitation of the Old Testament Scriptures, and is without connection, object, or aim... and how can it be otherwise as it was written in Ontario County, New York."5 We are grateful no end to the professor for his staunch confession of faith, that a religious book produced in Ontario County could not possibly be anything but a fraud ("can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"); for while he has done the Book of Mormon no damage, he leaves the world in no doubt that he has firmly closed his mind against any serious investigation of it.

What was intended to be a thorough and conclusive examination of the whole Mormon position, Mormonism Exposed, Internally and Externally, by Origen Bachelor in 1838 was prefaced by the enlightening admission that "To make an earnest attack on Mormonism, as if it had any plausible pretensions to credulity, would argue great want of discernment and good sense on the part of the one who might thus assail it." Even to raise the hypothetical question, could this be true? is to brand oneself an idiot; yet only by that approach can the Book of Mormon or any suspected text be examined. After promising to demolish the Book of Mormon once for all, Mr. Bachelor lamely decided to limit his examination to an absolute minimum, "briefly to expose some of the defects and absurdities of the book..."7 Thus, following a common practice of Book of Mormon critics, he attempts to disarm his jilted public by begging their pardon not for having delivered so little after promising so much, but for having written anything at all on such an offensive theme! Only a sense of obligation towards his "fellow citizens," he protests, can "justify the course I pursue, in stooping to notice an affair so intrinsically worthless and contemptible as the Mormon imposture."7

In the same year in which Bachelor's work appeared, the Scotchman H. Stevenson was fighting the fires of fanaticism in the Old World with a widely acclaimed lecture against the Book of Mormon, in which he stood foursquare on the proposition, "that a Church which pretends to work miracles in these latter ages, proves itself to be an apostate Church."8 How refreshingly direct! Even to propose testing the Book of Mormon as one does the Bible is for Stevenson a
proposition outrageous "for its foolishness and its wickedness"? Nay, true or false, the Book of Mormon simply cannot be tested: "As the Book of Mormon has a suspicious aspect, on account of there being no history to contradict it, so likewise, it has the disadvantage of no history to confirm it." It is beyond examination.

E. D. Howe, in the 1840 edition of his anti-Mormon classic, which first appeared in 1834, recognizes in the usual terms both the necessity and the futility of attacking the Book of Mormon. "The task has been a laborious one, and we acknowledge but little has been effected," he confesses, "we should have abandoned the task, were it not that so many of our worthy fellow citizens have been seduced by the witcheries and mysterious necromancies of Smith and his colleagues, from the paths of wisdom and truth, into folly and madness."10 "The task," he announces in his introduction, "however loathsome, shall be honestly pursued." He admits he is helpless against those who are foolish enough to read the Book of Mormon: "In our review, we are left without weapons to combat the credulous Mormon believer," his only hope being to reach "any mind . . . who has not inhaled the malaria of the impostor."11 With all his talk of base passions, witcheries, spells, and loathsome tasks, no one is going to accuse Mr. Howe of a cool and unemotional approach to the Book of Mormon, however much he may protest that his appeal is all to the wisdom and sanity of an enlightened age.

In 1841 William Harris repeated the now familiar formula: Public duty requires an investigation of the Book of Mormon, but no serious approach is required by the subject itself. The only apology which he offers, this author says of himself, "for having treated that which is in itself so contemptibly ridiculous, with so much gravity, is, that well meaning, though weak minded persons, are daily imposed upon by the plausible statements of Mormon teachers. . . . "12

Three famous anti-Mormon books appeared in 1842, each one containing plain statements of its author's conviction that study of the Book of Mormon is a sheer waste of time. For the Reverend Clark, ". . . deceit and imposture are enstamped upon every feature of this monster, evoked by a money digger and juggler from the shades of darkness."13 "That its claims to divine origin are wholly unfounded," he has his star witness say, "needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions."14 As for himself, "This we consider one of the most pernicious features of the historical romance—that it claims for itself an entire equality in point of divine authority with the sacred canon."15 This was Mr. Stevenson's objection, it will be recalled: The question is not whether the claim is true or not but simply whether the claim is made. Any book that claims to be as holy as the Bible is proved by that very claim to be a monstrous deception—there is no need at all to search the book to see what it says.

Mr. Kidder is quite blunt: "Our own humble opinion is, that just as much correct knowledge and real information may be drawn from the above nondescript and heterogeneous medley of contents, as from a perusal of the entire volume of 570 pages."16 The "medley of contents" referred to is a very brief outline of the Book of Mormon; the author admits freely that it isn't even a good outline, a "nondescript and heterogeneous" thing, and yet he solemnly assures the student that he can learn just as much from that garbled table of contents about the Book of Mormon as he can from reading the whole book. What a program for the serious scholar! Of course Kidder assures us that the only reason he would touch the thing at all is that duty calls him: "Americans have been criminally indifferent to their duty both of informing themselves and the world of its true character. . . . The leaven of corruption has begun to work far and near."17 If it is criminal indifference to neglect the Book of Mormon under such dire circumstances, what shall we say of this scholar who having taken up the challenge with a yell of defiance, tells us that he can go no farther than to give us a little outline of the Book of Mormon, and lets it go at that?

In a letter addressed to Joseph Smith, Professor Turner minces no words in the matter of public duty. "It is my right, it is the right of every American citizen, of every Christian, of every honest man, to arraign and resent (Continued on page 184)
Mr. Nicholas Paul, an influential businessman in Mowbray, Cape Province, befriended the controversial Mormons, from mobbers and hecklers who interrupted meetings; local ministers who delivered bitter lectures condemning the teachings of the elders; and invited them to hold meetings in his home.

With the tenacity and firmness of the prophet whose name he bore, Brother Paul warned audiences at the commencement of each meeting that if they did not wish to listen they could leave, "... but the first man who offered an insult on his premises, either to the house or elders, would be in danger of having more holes made through him than there was in a skimmer." The elders had found a friend, and it wasn't long before he and members of his family were baptized.

This was the kind of beginning that the gospel had in South Africa. The arrival of Elders Jesse Haven, Leonard I. Smith, and William H. Walker on April 18, 1853; the organization of the first branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in August; and the counting of about fifty hard-won converts by September of the same year, was indeed the furthering of the Lord's plan to carry the gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

The following months were not without their trials and persecution. Like the Saints in Zion at that time, the faithful followers of the truth in South Africa suffered at the hands of those who thought that they were doing the world a great service by attempting to destroy or hinder the work of the Lord.

Despite the opposition met by the missionaries, the thin edge of the wedge of truth, greased by the valiancy of Brother Paul, had been tamped into place. On June 13, 1853, Elder Smith baptized Henry Stringer, the first fruit of their labors in South Africa, and the first to accept formally the gospel in his life. A few days later, on June 23, Elder Walker baptized Brother Paul.

Two years after the organization of the first branch of the Church in the Cape of Good Hope the mission could report that it consisted of three conferences, six branches, and a total membership of 126. The wedge was slowly moving forward. Other branches were started in the main cities of South Africa, and the gospel began to reach out in search of those who thirsted for it.

In a land which was settled by Dutch, (the descendants of whom are now known as Afrikaners) and English, bilingualism and national differences increased the difficulties encountered by the missionaries far more than it does today. Antagonism between the two nationalities, later leading to the Boer War, found the elders laboring under a decided handicap.

One of the early converts in Port Elizabeth, George Frederick Kershaw, in a letter to missionaries in England, says:

Jenson, Andrew, _History of the South African Mission_, June 12, 1853.
... Many of the Dutch farmers are investigating the truth. They are scared by reason of the plague which is raging among their cattle; also the early appearance of the locust which has destroyed the crops in the upper district; likewise the probable outbreak of the Kaffirs next Christmas. Surely the hand of the Lord is on this land. Elder L. I. Smith, whose labors and journeyings among them are unremitting, is generally very well received, both by the Dutch and the English. He preaches the gospel as the only antidote for all their woes. The Lord is backing up the message of his servants with unmistakable arguments...

Brother Kershaw's letter describes how Elder Smith met with the accompanying persecutions. In a meeting with prominent ladies and gentlemen someone broke a bottle of asafoitida in the room and broke up the meeting. On another occasion he was beset by men hurling a volley of rotten eggs and turnips at his person. Brother Kershaw had his windows broken by a mob of about thirty or forty men and boys who "amused themselves" by throwing potatoes.

The character of Brother Kershaw is evident when one recalls the story of how he, on being sent to the island of Mauritius on a mission, converted all but one of the crew of the small boat that took him there.

As in England and Europe, it wasn't long before the Saints in South Africa began to feel the spirit of gathering. Here again, their desires were thwarted by those who wished to frustrate their ends. Ship-owners banded together to prevent their emigrating. Not to be outdone, two of the brethren of means, Charles Roper and John Stock, made a down payment of fifteen hundred pounds ($4,200 approximately) on a 200 ton sailing vessel called, aptly enough, the *Unity*. The balance of one thousand pounds they paid on arrival in London. With fifteen of the first South African Saints to leave for Zion, Elders Walker and Smith sailed out of Port Elizabeth's lovely harbor on November 28, 1855, around the swell of what Sir Francis Drake called "the fairest cape in all the world," and on to America via England.

The very next month the skies looked smilingly over the top of the clouded cloth of Table Mountain, overlooking the city of Cape Town and the beautiful Cape of Good Hope, overlooking, too, the departure of President Haven and the second small group of Saints bound for America. Local elders were left in charge of the Saints in Africa's "land of sunshine" until the arrival, in 1857, of Elder Ebenezer C. Richardson from the British Mission, and his companion Elder James Brooks.

In March 1859, thirty more Saints emigrated to Zion; this time under the leadership of a local elder, Brother Joseph R. Humphries. Their ship, the *Alacrity*, docked in Boston on May 19, and they traveled from there to St. Louis, Missouri, by train.

From 1861 to 1864, President William Fotheringham, Henry A. Dixon, Martin Zyderlaan, and John Talbot labored with the Saints in Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Pietermaritzburg, Grahamstown, and other localities. Work still proved to be extremely difficult for the missionaries, and emigration continued to decrease the numbers of the faithful at home. In September 1863, in writing a report of his missionary work, Elder Dixon indicated that "South Africa is a hard country to labor in, and tries the constitution of men. I feel well in the work, and I am doing all I can to roll it onward; though I have had but little success as yet in baptizing, and I realize that we may preach to the people, but cannot make Saints of them."

Elder Miner G. Atwood succeeded Elder Fotheringham to the presidency of the mission but had to leave the mission in charge of local elders once again when he was called home the following year (1865). Once again a party of Saints moved away with him. Many had to "trek" many miles to Port Elizabeth in ox wagons before they could embark on their long voyage aboard the barque, the *Mexicana*. The women, with their long poke bonnets, ankle-length skirts, and long aprons, and the men with their wide-brimmed "veld hats," tall boots, and rifles, were a surprising likeness of their sisters and brothers moving across the plains toward Utah.

Almost forty years passed before the South African Mission was reopened—long years for those who enjoyed the sweet spirit of the missionaries, and news of the progress and tribulations of their brothers who had gone before them. In spite of the long lapse of time, there remained a few scattered and faithful members who had "held fast to the iron rod" which the missionaries had shown them. When Elders Warren H. Lyon, William R. Smith, Thomas L. Griffiths, and George A. Simpkins reopened South Africa to the preaching of the gospel in 1903, joy once again flooded the hearts of those who thirsted for truth. In Mowbray, Cape Town, ninety-year-old Elder George Buck, the sole survivor of the branch, and the one who had been left in charge, welcomed the return of the missionaries.

One of the first converts to be made upon reopening the mission, Samuel A. Martin, sold a prosperous bakery business to move to Ogden, Utah, in 1916, re-

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2Jenson, Andrew, op. cit., September 29, 1863.
turning in later years to preside over the mission and help dispel many of the prejudices that had formerly been held against the Church.

Two years after the outbreak of World War I, President Nicholas G. Smith arranged for the purchase of "Cumorah," the headquarters of the Church in South Africa, situated near Cape Town. He remained in the country, faithfully laboring as mission president, throughout the terrible days of the war in Europe. In 1918 the war ended, only to bring more distress to South Africa. The "flu" epidemic which ravaged the world hit the country with an equally devastating blow. President Smith, at general conference in Salt Lake City, described the awfulness of the calamity he witnessed:

"It was during the 'flu' time in South Africa. It was all over the world, in fact, in that terrible October of 1918. The war had been raging; the nations had been vexed; there had been pestilence and famine and earthquakes over the face of the earth—distress was everywhere. . . . When the 'flu' struck Cape Town the first day they began to die in dozens. At the end of the first week five thousand people had died in that one city alone, . . . The coffins were all used up, the trains stopped running, the streetcars stopped running, the stores closed, even the drugstores, and we could not get medicine. They were lying about in trenches, aye, forty and fifty. Wrapped in cloth they were laid on motor trucks, hauled out to the cemeteries and laid in trenches, and covered without any caskets. . . .

". . . I remember that it invaded the mission house—five of our missionaries..."
were down—I remember Aaron U. Merrill of Cache Valley and I were the only two on our feet! And I said to Elder Merrill, ‘Are you prepared to go with me through the city blessing the people?’ He said, ‘I will go as far as I can.’ And so we set out.

“The first door we came to was that of a ‘Mormon’ girl who had married a non-Mormon.’ He had promised her she could go to Church and do anything she liked if she would only marry him. After they were married, he told her she could not go to those accursed ‘Mormons’ any more. When we opened the door and walked into their house, he was standing at the foot of the bed, looking out of glazed eyes. When he seemed to recognize us, he said, ‘Get out of here!’ I walked up and took hold of his arm, and saw his wife upon the bed, too weak to speak. Just then a neighbor came in, and said, ‘It is all right, gentlemen, the doctor left here an hour ago, and he says they will be dead in another hour. You may go your way!’ Go on our way and leave a Latter-day Saint to lie there and die alone? We anointed her with oil and sealed the anointing, and, lo and behold, the Lord raised her up; but the man he took.

“And we went from door to door that day, and of the fifty-seven who had been smitten with that disease, every Latter-day Saint was healed. Not one died; . . .”

In 1919 the South African government prevented the missionaries from laboring in that country while President Smith carried on the mission work alone for another two years. After a great deal of petitioning the Church was granted full recognition once more.

By the close of 1930, the Church had swelled its ranks to a membership of almost 800 South African Saints. The wedge that had been started many years before was once again being driven home with even greater force than before. A chapel, Ramah, had been built in the city of Johannesburg, today a city of skyscrapers and bustling traffic. Another chapel, adjacent to the mission headquarters in Mowbray—the Cumorah of the dark continent, was dedicated by President LeGrand P. Backman.

World War II interrupted the work again. All the missionaries were recalled, and most of the male Saints in South Africa rallied to the call of the defense of the British Empire. President Richard E. Pollard bade farewell to the last missionaries sailing away from Africa’s shores, remaining with his wife and family throughout the dismal war years to sustain and uphold the grateful Saints. Things resumed their normal pace again as Africa welcomed back the missionaries. June B. Sharp was appointed mission president as the war was coming to a close (1944) and labored faithfully to maintain a missionary strength of seventy-five. More converts followed as elders of Israel brought from Zion the spirit of their calling and left the blessings of the Lord with the people.

As time passed, the Mormons began to find national recognition through their fine examples of clean living and sportsmanship. Baseball, basketball, and volleyball began to capture much of the interest held by English cricket, and the missionaries held their lights high to see. Elder Evan P. Wright, having to his credit six visits to South Africa as a missionary and later as a businessman, succeeded President Sharp as head of the South African Mission in 1948.

Extracurricular activities, including baseball, basketball, lectures at civic clubs, square dancing, and other musical activities became a more important means of opening doors to many missionaries. President Wright arranged for a tour of South Africa and the Rhodesias of an outstanding missionary singing quartet. Elders Robert Taylor, Max Evans, Sterling Workman, and Stewart Parker toured the theaters in Southern Africa at the expense of the African Consolidated Theaters with the condition that they might announce publicly, during the program, the time and place of the Church's Sunday meetings. A Bloemfontein conference, accustomed to the usual handful of Saints, was swelled to a public gathering of about a thousand persons because of this quartet's efforts.

Square dancing became a tremendous influence for the good of the mission at a time when the royal family of Britain had been introduced to it on a tour of Canada. At a centenary celebration in Cape Town sufficient invite—

(Continued on page 205)

MARCH EVENING
by Solveig Paulson Russell

Snug in our kitchen here are we
With candy boiling merrily,
While outside, blustering at the door,
The March wind creaks the old porch floor
And raps wind fingers on the pane
And groans and moans his wind refrain.

But we inside scarce hear him blow;
His voice is lost in laughter's flow;
And all his wildest force can't dent
Our family circle's deep content!

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA
Thoughts for your Inspirational Talk

Dare to Be Wise

Be wiser than other people if you can; but do not tell them so.
—Lord Chesterfield

Unless you grow wise of yourself you will listen in vain to the wise.
—Publilius Syrus

He who thinks wisdom is greater than virtue will lose his wisdom.
—Hebrew Proverb

The doorstep to the temple of understanding is a knowledge of our own ignorance.
—Charles Hadden Spurgeon

Nine-tenths of wisdom is being wise in time.
—Theodore Roosevelt

No man is wise enough by himself.
—Plautus

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop Than when we soar.
—William Wordsworth

The clouds may drop down titles and estates; Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought.
—Edward Young

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
—Cowper

True wisdom consists not only in seeing what is before your eyes, but in foreseeing what is to come.
—Terence

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.
—Proverbs 4:7

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.
—Psalm 111:10

... wisdom giveth life to them that have it.
—Ecclesiastes 7:12

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
—Tennyson

Teach me my days to number and apply My trembling heart to wisdom.
—Young

Wisdom first teaches what is right.
—Juvenal
Aunt Jody

by Albert R. Lyman

EDITOR'S NOTE: Aunt Jody Wood was nurse, midwife, and practical doctor to a whole generation of pioneers in the San Juan Country of southeast Utah. These true stories, published occasionally, with Aunt Jody as the central character, are complete in themselves.

III

Left an orphan when less than four years old, little Josephine was tasting some of the preliminaries to her strenuous years ahead. She mourned and could not understand what stern experiences would sometime make her to know: that death is a solemn parting, quite unfathomable even to adult minds. She sat long hours on the steps outside the door waiting for her mother to come, sure at first that she would come, and then feeling the pangs of heartache when she failed to appear. She always cherished the memory of brushing her mother's hair and rubbing her mother's feet after a hard day's work.

Her older sister, Mary Ann Corlett, became the only mother she was to know from this time forward, a sister whom she was to learn to love as a real mother. Jody was a beautiful child with a cheerful nature, able to find the pleasant side of every situation, if there were a pleasant side to find. She went to school, but her most impressive and never-failing teacher was the biting necessity of the frontier. As is often the case with children destined to take an unusual part, she had her crosses to bear and her childish sorrows which at the time might seem unnecessary. Far-seeing Providence had mysterious ways of training the naive little girl to be the purposeful woman.

The curriculum of her frontier school was limited to the three R's, implemented by the big stick for boys and girls lacking the necessary aspiration. The courses offered had little or no appeal to Josephine's imagination; she liked to draw pictures on her slate, or on paper if it was to be had, and to relieve the monotony by a little sociable expression with every favorable opportunity. For this violation of the rules, she was made to stand in the corner or suffer sharp licks of the stick on her outstretched hand.

"Times were hard; she had ambition to be self-supporting, and took work wherever she could find it, accepting vegetables, fruit, sugar, cloth, and other material as the main part of her pay. All this she turned over for general use at home. She was allowed to keep the small amounts of money she received, and with her first savings, she bought a pair of real store shoes, quite a pleasant departure from the coarse homemade shoes common to all but the well-to-do.

"The nearest she could come to her size of shoe in the store was six, and she wanted three. The biggest she had ever worn was five, but she was eager to take part in a 24th of July parade, and she bought the big shoes for $1.98, and declared that these number six shoes gave her real joy and happiness."

At some time in her teens she found work in Salt Lake City where, she relates, "A young man asked me to marry him, and I told him that I had been going for some time with Samuel Wood, but if Samuel did not come to see me within a week, I would marry him. Then of course Sam had to come and that settled it."

At the age of eighteen she was married in the Endowment House on Christmas day, 1871, by President Brigham Young to Samuel Wood. They made their home in Cedar City, and having earned a degree in the great university of hard knocks, and having learned how to work and how to save, they prospered. They built a comfortable brick home two stories high with six rooms and were nicely on the way to something which would compensate for the past times of hardship and want. Their future looked rosy.

The Woods were happy. He was a freighter, a carpenter, a farmer, a hustler, ready and able to dig
the possibilities out of every situation. They were by no means on easy street, and they loved hard work and the blessings of the rugged life and felt quite content to go on as they were. Their brick home was just across the street from the sturdy Jense Nielson, who was destined in the years ahead to take an important part in their lives.

Children came to the Wood home. The blessed and soul-awakening tragedies of birth and of death became a vital factor in their education. Their first child, Samuel Franklin, died when he was a year and a half old, leaving a painful vacancy in their home, yet contributing to the wealth of their understanding hearts by which they were to achieve the great purpose of their future mission. Other babies came to them: Joseph Henry, Arthur Steven, John Martin, sanctifying their union and adding permanency, or their desire for permanency, in their beloved Cedar City where they had chosen to live and wanted to stay.

Josephine worked in the Primary and had many friends, for she was a friend to many. Her cheer, her optimism, her goodwill towards people in general made her welcome wherever she went. If a party was to be held, and she was to be there, the success of the occasion (Continued on page 168)

Turning himself loose he cut high pigeonwings and executed fantastic capers while the switch waved behind him like the tail of a wild mustang.
Speaking to the shepherds of Israel—those who are called and appointed to feed and protect the lambs and sheep of his fold—the Lord said: “... I will require my flock at their hand...”

That is, the Lord will hold quorum presidents (among others) accountable for the salvation of the members of their quorums.

“Woe be to the shepherds of Israel” that do not feed and care for the sheep of their flock, is the divine decree.

What is it that those subject to this have failed to do? The Lord answers: “The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost;...” (Read Ezekiel 34.)

In other words: There are members of our priesthood quorums who are inactive, who do not keep the Word of Wisdom, who are not attending Sacrament meeting regularly, who do not honor the Sabbath day, who do not pay an honest tithing, who do not contribute of their time, means, and talents for the building up of the kingdom, who are not keeping the standards of the gospel, who are not putting first in their lives the things of God’s kingdom and who are letting the things of this world take a position of primary importance.

There are priesthood bearers who have strayed from the standards of their fathers, and unless they are found and brought back to activity and righteousness, their souls will be lost.

Salvation does not come by Church membership alone. It does not come automatically to those who hold the priesthood. We must work out our salvation after baptism. We must magnify our callings in the priesthood. Salvation is reserved for those who endure in righteousness to the end.

And if there are members of our quorums who do not keep all of the standards of personal righteousness which the gospel requires, it is our specific assignment as priesthood leaders to use all the power and influence we can to get them to return unto the Lord and serve him with full purpose of heart.

To every man appointed to stand as a watchman on the towers of Israel, which includes those serving in positions of priesthood leadership, the Lord has this instruction:

“Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman:

“If when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet, and warn the people; “Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come, and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head.

“He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.

“But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow..."
not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman’s hand.” (Read Ez. 33.)

As priesthood leaders we are responsible for the temporal and spiritual well-being of our brethren. The very objective of a Melchizedek Priesthood quorum is “to help every member” of the quorum “to attain to a state of spiritual well-being and to a degree of economic independence and material well-being that will assure adequate food, clothing, fuel, housing, and other needed physical comforts, and educational advantages for himself and his family.” (Melchizedek Priesthood Handbook, p. 30.)

How can we guide our brethren to a state of spiritual well-being unless we persuade them to keep the standards of the Church? How can we help those who need the assistance to better themselves more advantageously than we can through the employment placement and other provisions of the great Church Welfare Plan?

For more than three years now a large part of the emphasis in Melchizedek and senior Aaronic Priesthood quorums has been centered around priesthood reactivation. Some phase of this program has come up for consideration at every priesthood leadership meeting at all stake conferences held during that period.

Objectives of the program of priesthood reactivation are:
1. To get a Church assignment for every adult brother in the Church. It is not until a brother begins to give of himself in service that he is really on the path that leads to eternal life.
2. To lead each priesthood brother along the path of temporal and spiritual progression. Temporal progression includes the whole field of the Church Welfare Plan; spiritual progression results from keeping the standards of personal righteousness found in the gospel.
3. To get every family married or sealed in the temples for eternity. Priesthood reactivation is not complete until a family has been united in this holy order of matrimony, an order which starts the family members off on the course to eternal exaltation hereafter.
4. To guide quorum members to final eternal life in the highest heaven of the celestial world.

In order to accomplish these objectives, quorum leaders are expected to survey their members, using the white cards provided. They are expected to consult with bishops in an attempt to get Church assignments for those who need them. They are obligated to get as many brethren as possible to work on quorum projects. Those who cannot otherwise be touched become subjects of the personal missionary approach. A qualified and active quorum member is asked, on a confidential basis, to work with an inactive brother, to make such social, fraternal, business, or other approaches as may be needed to mellow and guide the inactive one until he will accept service in the Church.

As long as there are “diseased” who need to be “strengthened,” “sick” who need to be “healed,” “broken” who need to be “bound,” those who have been “driven away” who need to be “brought again,” and “lost” who must be “sought after”—just so long will there be need for priesthood reactivation.

Lest the Lord require the blood of our flocks at our hands, we need to learn the program of priesthood reactivation and work zealously in it.
Prisoner’s Base  

by Sterling W. Sill

There is an interesting children’s game called Prisoner’s Base. It is played by opposing teams on a divided field. When a player stays on his side of the line, he is safe; but when he crosses into enemy territory, he may be made a prisoner if he is touched by an opposing player. Deep behind the lines, each side has an area set apart as Prisoner’s Base. Once a prisoner is placed in this enemy compound, he can never be freed until someone from his own team gets through the enemy territory and touches him. Only the touch of a friend can set a prisoner free, and this, of course, only if the friend does not himself become a prisoner in the process.

Children’s games are sometimes representations of important phases of life. Prisoner’s Base is a good example. As of December 31, 1957, we had 195,414 men and women who were actually confined in federal and state penitentiaries in the United States. But not all prisoners are behind steel bars or iron fences. Some are held prisoners by their own evil. There are some four million confirmed alcoholics in the United States who are prisoners of a ruinous driving, degenerating thirst. Their appetites and wills have been touched and enslaved by alcohol. There is a smaller number of drug addicts who have set up such extreme bodily cravings within themselves that they have lost the power of self-control. In this unnatural condition, they will lie, steal, cheat, or even kill to maintain a way of life that is despicable even to themselves. There are many compulsive gamblers and compulsive idlers and compulsive sinners who do not follow their own wills. Some people are enslaved by “negative minds”; some by “morose minds”; some by “depraved minds” which they themselves are responsible for developing. A depraved mind can influence a person to a life of crime and degeneracy even against his own better judgment.

We often hear someone say, “Why did I ever do such a thing?” or “What makes me like I am?” All people are free to decide whether or not they will become degenerate, but none are free afterward. The prison walls that we build against ourselves are very strong, and escape then becomes very difficult.

If you don’t think that sins or bad habits can get real power over you, just try to break one sometime. Recently a woman divorced her husband. She did not want a divorce, but he had become enslaved by habits intolerable even to himself. Because of his hopelessness she had given up in despair. Both felt that he had permanently lost the power to reform and that only his own death could end his sins and miseries. But even death is powerless before sin, for while death may solve this man’s problems so far as this life is concerned, what about eternity? Our problems, like our lives, reach beyond the narrow borders of mortality.

By far the best time for us to get off Prisoner’s Base is right now. The Prophet Amulek said, “Therefore, I beseech of you that ye do not procrastinate the day of your repentance until the end; for... behold, if we do not improve our time while in this life, then cometh the night of darkness wherein there can be no labor performed.

“Ye cannot say, when ye are brought to that awful crisis, I will repent, that I will return to my God. Nay, ye cannot say this; for that same spirit which doth possess your bodies at the time that ye go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess your body in that eternal world.” (Alma 34:33-34.)
Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

It is pretty serious business to allow ourselves to become enslaved, either for this life or the next. Yet our whole national, economic, social, and religious life is like a gigantic game of Prisoner’s Base, imposing the most serious consequences for both here and hereafter. Every day the forces of evil are taking thousands of prisoners and confining them in the compounds of sin. Each day brings new dope addicts, new alcoholics, and new practitioners of every other kind of wrong. Last year there was a total of 2,563,150 arrests in the United States. Each new day we also develop new profanity users, new Sacrament meeting absentees, new cases of dishonesty, irreverence, immorality, and new violators of every one of God’s laws.

On the other side of the line there are organizations like Alcoholics Anonymous, state welfare agencies, corrective and educational institutions, the church, and others whose members spend their lives to offer to those who are confined an opportunity for freedom.

It has been said that “the Lord always provides the remedy before the plague.” A great rescue mission was organized in the council in heaven in order to release these people from prison, and Jesus was selected and ordained to be its head. Even then he was known by his highest title of “Savior.” He gave his mortal life to redeem us from sin and death and then he went behind the lines and continued his rescue work in the spirit world. There he touched the lives of a great throng who some twenty-four hundred years before had been confined to Prisoner’s Base in the world of spirits.

Isaiah gives us a brief picture of this group. He said, “And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in a pit, and shall be shut up in prison, and after many days they shall be visited.” (Is. 24:22.) Isaiah speaks for the Lord and says, “The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath made me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; . . .” (Ibid., 61:1.)

One of the most frequent instructions of President George Albert Smith was that we should always “stay on the Lord’s side of the line.” Those who were disobedient in the days of Noah had not followed this wise council. They had got over on Satan’s side of the line and had been taken captive as a consequence. Peter said, “For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: “By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; “Which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water.” (I Peter 3:18-20.)

It is very stimulating to try to comprehend the consequences of sin as we see it projected in the lives of this particular group. First, they were out of harmony with God, then they were destroyed by the flood. Finally they have been held captive for this long period until Jesus reached them at the head of this thrilling rescue mission. Think what they must have endured in mental suffering, remorse of conscience, inconvenience, loss in time, and loss in eternal progress and happiness. A sentence of sixty days to be spent in an ordinary county jail would be bad enough. But who can imagine the regret and loss that would attend the confinement and
reformation of an immortal spirit?

Think what an ordinary alcoholic goes through in freeing himself from the monstrous thing that is allowed to fasten itself upon him.

The experience of Lucifer himself indicates the unprofitableness and permanence of the effects of sin. Lucifer was once high in the councils of God. He was the brilliant Son of the Morning until his mind was touched by rebellion, and he and his associates brought damnation upon themselves. This is a predicament far worse than the curse of alcoholism. If a “depraved mind” is unpleasant to possess and difficult to change, what would it be like to have a “damned mind”?

The woman abandoned her husband because she had lost hope in his ability to change. Suppose God loses hope in us. Dante imagines this terrible inscription emblazoned over the gateway of hell: “All hope abandon ye who enter here.”

Have you ever tried to imagine how terrible it would be, to be a prisoner without hope? The scriptures speak of “outer darkness,” “eternal punishment” and “banishment from the presence of God.” “Where God and Christ are, they cannot come worlds without end.” The most devastating of all human emotions is the sense of being alone, of not being wanted, of being lost. Yet think of those who are presently running the risk of losing their blessings by unnecessary exposure on the wrong side of the line. Just one cigarette or one wrong thought may start a human soul on a terrible one-way journey. For it is still true that “the journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.”

Now think of the additional millions who would be eternally lost if it were not for this divine rescue mission headed by the Redeemer. “The rescue” is the very center of the mission of Christ, both in this world and the world of spirits. In both places his work consists of bringing the prisoners out of their prison houses; it is to set free the captives who have lost the power to help themselves.

We have aligned ourselves on the Lord’s side of the line. Our first and most important responsibility is to keep from being touched by sin ourselves. Our second responsibility is to free others. In Isaiah we read, “I the Lord have called thee . . . to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.” (Is. 42:6-7.)

Workers in Alcoholics Anonymous know that there are many victims of alcoholism who cannot bring their own reformation. They need the assistance of some-one who is not himself a prisoner. So in the Lord’s work good men and women are needed who are experts in their profession of helping to bring about human exaltation. These men and women should, like Jesus, be “quickened by the Spirit.” They should also be “quickened” by preparation, inspiration, understanding, enthusiasm, and the desire to save. Every missionary, Sunday School teacher, ward teacher so “quickened” may become a part of this thrilling rescue mission headed by the Son of God.

Sometimes a thoughtless sheep may nibble its way out of sight of the shepherd without ever meaning to do so. Sometimes a child of God may thoughtlessly nibble his way over onto the wrong side of the line. That is where our leadership is manifest, in the promptness and ability with which we get off to the rescue.

We achieve our highest rank when we become “saviors upon Mount Zion,” and the only way to become a savior is to save someone. That usually means that we get our hat on and get out into the territory and touch our friends with our knowledge and faith in such a way as to get them back on schedule for the celestial kingdom. The skill to do this effectively is probably the most valuable of all human accomplishments. It is a difficult ability to develop because long-standing habit patterns in people must often be changed. The influence of Christ must be brought to bear directly and effectively in their lives.

Jesus said, “And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” (John 8:32.) The truth has even more power when its bearer has a genuine friendliness, with a sincere personal interest, and especially when he makes many individual instructive calls on the prisoners. A friendly, capable missionary who knows his business can touch lives that are in bondage to ignorance or enslaved by indifference and lethargy, and bring about their reformation. Great ability in this direction can be developed. President John Taylor said that “there is no person who cannot be touched, if the right person makes the right approach in the right way.” But we must be able to see the opportunities in the obstacles, not the obstacles in the opportunities.

We have a wonderful message, but there must also be a wonderful messenger. Before we can convert someone else, we ourselves must be converted. Before we can get someone else to think properly, we ourselves must be thinkers. There can be no great message without a great messenger.

There were some (Concluded on page 187)
A wonderful
Priesthood
Employment Program

by Donald D. Davis
General Church Welfare Committee

The conscientious breadwinner struggling to sustain his family and the youth seeking his first job or summer work can now look to their priesthood quorums as a real source of helpfulness. While fulfilling his quorum attendance requirements, a man can learn of job openings which he might never have known otherwise.

Recently a fine family was spared foreclosure on its farm through the able work of this employment department of the welfare plan. Supplementary work was found for the eldest son. This same department learned of some added alfalfa acreage for lease, which was sorely needed to produce the feed for the family's dairy herd. Some extra silage was noted and purchased. Those real changes effected through the spirit of priesthood brotherhood made the necessary difference to the creditors, and the loan was extended.

Relatives caught this spirit of helpfulness and offered credit to the family. Today two members from this family are serving missions. The father has served in a bishopric and the mother as an officer in the Relief Society and Primary. Might we safely say: What a wonderful way to "Help build the kingdom of our Father in heaven."

I have seen an elders' quorum help two of its physically handicapped members find suitable jobs. One, a returned serviceman, had lost his left arm. The other had been injured by a tractor. To the quorum officers at first glance it looked difficult. Permanent suitable jobs were not available to these faithful members. Of course, their problems weren't all solved immediately, but they did find several temporary jobs that helped. Not many weeks later the two brethren were employed permanently.

It took the help of the other quorums of the ward and stake who pooled their surplus jobs and business openings to come up with the appropriate employment. The veteran who lost his left arm was hired as an interviewer. A business opportunity was reported from another ward of the stake that was suitable to the farm tractor victim. He now has sons preparing for missions, is a substantial tithepayer, and his whole family is supporting the organizations of the Church.

One man, who worked on Sundays, heard of the job-reporting duties and services of his quorum and notified it of some employment opportunities. Then one day his quorum officers, knowing of his training and experience, heard of a business opportunity that matched his occupational background as a contractor in electrical supplies. As a result, he took the new job and earns much more than he did, without having to work Sundays. He is now a quorum officer.

A California stake president bears testimony of how his high priest quorum helped him to get two different jobs, each one more remunerative and better adapted to his Church duties. Might this be another way to build the kingdom? Perhaps many could do with a better job if all our unemployed, our youth, our handicapped, and those changing employment are successfully placed.

I wish I knew what happened to the little Swedish immigrant who came one day asking for a chance to work for an LDS employer where she did not have to hear swearing and vile words. I have tried since to find out. All her spare earnings were spent to provide food for her parents and brothers and sisters in ravaged Europe after World War II. She was only asking for a decent Christian environment.

I think of the way we could increase the number of satisfied employers who like these Mormon workers who "know what an honest day's work is." We are happy to note non-LDS employers are seeking us out. They want sales representatives without the drink habit, efficient tradesmen who are clean-cut with wholesome outlooks. This is also practical missionary influence—another ap-

(Continued on page 192)
Deacons Have Responsibility to Gather Fast Offerings*

In the early days of the Church, there was much need and suffering among the Saints. A plea came to Joseph Smith for help. It was at this time the Lord inspired the Prophet Joseph Smith to establish a fast day.

Every able-bodied member in the family, except small children, is expected to go without food and drink on fast day each month and to contribute the amount saved for the care of the poor.

The responsibility of gathering fast offerings has been assigned to deacons. Because they hold the priesthood, this gives them the power to thus act for God. This should be a sobering thought to all deacons as they gather fast offering contributions.

The matter of helping the needy is very important. The Lord has always been the friend of the poor. Always the prophets of the Lord have taught the people to take care of the poor and needy.

In our own day, fasting has been commanded. It is one of the laws of the Church, and requires us to contribute the cash equivalent of the food not eaten on fast day to assist our less fortunate neighbors. Jesus said, “Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” (Matt. 25:40.)

Fasting develops self-control. Some may say they cannot see how fasting once a month develops self-control. It does, however. It is one of the best lessons adults and young people can learn. It is easy to yield to appetite. If we are taught to master our appetites, we may also learn to overcome other temptations.

Deacons have a dual responsibility. They are expected to fast and pay their fast offerings as do other members of the Church and, in addition, to gather the fast offerings of others. By holding the priesthood we are given divine authority which includes divine responsibility. Gathering fast offerings is the deacons’ divine responsibility. It is also an opportunity to honor the priesthood we hold.

Elder George Q. Morris, at April conference, 1957, told of a bishop who invited some of the members of his ward to a banquet. As one man had his plate presented to him, there was on it a small piece of meat and a small piece of carrot. It was not known what the man’s impressions were or what questions arose in his mind, but it was explained to him that what was on his plate represented the fast offering he had been contributing for the help of those in need. The lesson was very effective.

I pray we may all realize our responsibility to the poor and that, as we contribute our fast offerings each month, we will appreciate the opportunity and live generously for the blessings of those less fortunate.

*(Excerpts from an address by Kelly May, a deacon in the Pleasant View Ward, Malad (Idaho) Stake, given during a recent quarterly stake conference attended by Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin.)*
Senior School Brings Happiness to Family

The Richfield First Ward, Sevier (Utah) Stake, school for senior members, prepared Alfred O. Jensen and his wife Reina for an experience they will never forget. On their golden wedding anniversary they received their endowments and sealings in the Manti Temple and had ten of their eleven children sealed to them. Until recently Elder Jensen was a senior member of the Aaronic Priesthood. He and his wife enrolled in the school directed by Bishop Wayne D. Campbell. Elder Jensen said he learned more about the gospel during the three months he attended the school than he had learned all the rest of his life.

Ward Teachers Set Perfect Record Three Years

Ward teachers, Division One, Logan Tenth Ward, East Cache (Utah) Stake, set a perfect record in visits for three years. The division is headed by Bishop Elmer K. Stettler (far right), assisted by Albert Webber (far left), who is division supervisor and former ward bishop.

Unity in the Church

Prepared as a supplement to the Ward Teacher's Message for April 1959

The ancient Psalmist wrote, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" (Psalm 133:1.) Unity in the Church is, at the same time, the simplest and greatest single formula for true happiness because it establishes the brotherhood of man in true fellowship with God. Where there is unity in the Church, there is full obedience to the gospel law by all members, and there is true happiness in no other way of life.

Unity is a "state of being one: oneness; singleness." It countenances no hard feelings one toward the other because it makes each of us his "brother's keeper." Contention, backbiting, evil speaking are not only strangers to unity but are also among its malignant enemies.

Unity is unacquainted with defeat except through deadly disintegration from within. Water never sank a ship until it got inside. So it is with the Church: It is placid, strong, invincible when its members live in unity one with the other. The Church is affected adversely only when there is disunity within its ranks.

Jesus emphasized unity when he said, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." (Matt. 12:30.) Latter-day Saints either unite themselves with Christ through living the gospel or they are against him, and thus they scatter abroad their attitudes of indifference and disobedience for all to behold.

The Lord expects us to be a united people; he commands it. In fact, unity is the premise on which he claims us as his own—"I say unto you, be one; and if ye are not one ye are not mine." (D & C 38:27.)
Eighth of the Series:
So That's What Boys Are Made Of

Sweet Sixteen

(Behavior Patterns and Problems of a 16-year-old Boy)

by W. Cleon Skousen
Chief of Police, Salt Lake City

In terms of adolescent semantics age 16 means “B. T. O.—Big Time Operations”—but in spite of these pleasant prospects age 16 sweeps down upon the average boy unexpectedly and far too soon. It finds him suffering an emotional hangover from the year before. For several months he will continue to feel the heady intoxication of those former 15-year-old explosions.

Looking back, Junior recalls how he told everybody off, made everybody mad, broke all the rules at home and at school, and did a lot of crazy things “just for fun,” “just to get even,” or “just to show people.” He was like an unhappy octopus, threshing his tentacles out in all directions, trying to smash down the barriers of home and society at every point of the compass. “How did people put up with me?” His father says, “That’s a good question.”

Nevertheless, when his sixteenth birthday arrives, Junior believes things should improve—he feels confident they will. No more loggerheads with the family. No more sassing Mom. No more flunking at school and no more scandalism or vandalism in the neighborhood. After all, isn’t this the fabulous stage of mid-adolescence called “Sweet Sixteen?”

The answer is, “Yes, but unfortunately Mother Nature is behind in her homework.” She is rarely ready for the big change exactly at age 16. Nevertheless, the change will nearly always come sometime during 16, and what a sweet contrast it turns out to be!

Portrait of a 16-Year-Old (After the Change)

In the normal course of events, age 16 will be remembered as soothing and satisfying by both Junior and his parents. Physically, Junior will have attained ninety-eight percent of his growth. His muscle coordination will be free swinging and pulsating with rhythm and vibrancy. He will be hearty, robust, and radiant with good health. His complexion will be noticeably better and he will be shaving every other day. Mom will notice that he is much easier to lure to the dinner table than last year. He won’t be so finicky with his food and will even venture into some highly seasoned Italian casserole or untried Chinese dish.

His sense of humor will be coming around. He will begin enjoying loud guffaws accompanied by knee slapping and shoulder swaying demonstrations of boisterous mirth. Sometimes he will unload a pressure pocket of pent-up emotions with a hearty belly laugh.

When he talks to people, he will have a natural, matter-of-fact “eye to eye” contact with them. He will purposely keep the conversation light and fluffy, and there will be little or no desire to build issues into crises as he enjoyed doing last year. Generally he will also avoid deeply serious subjects, unless, of course, he happens to catch the “science fiction” bug. In that case he will break into a rash of “outer space” fever and will amaze his parents with intense and authoritative discussions of “intergalactic exploration,” “extrasensory perception,” “neucleonic quadri-dimensional phase inverters,” and “B. E. M. (monsters) from the Id.”

For a 16-year-old a bed will be hard to get into and nearly impossible to get out of. He will resist retiring until after midnight if possible, but once he is in the sack it will take the Jericho Marchers to blow down the walls of Morpheus and get him up. He will
be a sound sleeper, undisturbed by nightmares, fears, or frustrations. He can scarcely believe his parents who talk about his childhood days when he used to get up and wander restlessly around the house during the night.

A 16-year-old will show surprising skill in managing his temper. He will not only struggle to control it but will also try to cover up most of his feelings. He particularly does not like to blow up as he used to, and he will shower his humble head with vats of brimstone if he does. He feels a temper outburst is kid stuff, and kid stuff is a label he despises. Fortunately, his feelings are not easily ruffled on most subjects—at least, not as they were a year ago. He isn't as defensive as he was at 15.

A 16-year-old will have a low "hate" quotient. A year ago he hated a hatful of subjects, but this year he says, "I guess they weren't so important." He has a number of dislikes and will frankly express them, but these usually pertain to specific problem areas like "Bull Sneeder's Gang," "that lousy class during fifth period," or "doing gymnastics instead of playing ball." But even where he expresses dislikes, he somehow manages to get along fairly well.

Altogether, Junior will now appear to have in his possession a nice new package of power and charm to add to his personality. It portends well for the future.

The Miracle of 16-Year-Old Adjustment

Perhaps the miracle of human maturation is nowhere better illustrated than in the 16-year-old as he passes through the "big change." To appreciate what happens we need to remind ourselves that very often a maladjusted personality will have all the qualities of a normal person with the exception of just one or two factors—and it is the absence of these important bolts and burs which puts a knock in his motor.

This precise phenomenon is present in the average 15-year-old. For the most part he has the ingredients of many successful adults—the independence of a Missouri mule, the courage of a rodeo cowboy, and the emotional dynamics of a Western movie hero. But somehow, for a 15-year-old, these ingredients all add up to sour pickles. They do not spell success but "psychological maladjustment."

The experts say it is simply a problem of missing bolts and burs. This becomes apparent when Junior finally slips across into his 16-year-old development pattern. We are inclined to say he has "changed," but on close analysis we discover that everything we used to object to is still there! Nevertheless, these qualities have suddenly lost their barbs. They don't seem objectionable any more. When we ask the experts what has happened, they tell us Mother Nature has just added a new ingredient to lubricate the others. She has given Junior the wonderful new capacity to take himself for granted.

This is what a 15-year-old lacks. At 15, when a boy feels his surging hunger for independence, he cannot take it for granted; he has to prove it to everybody. The proof usually comes in some kind of crash program. He is also putting on the same kind of act when he grunts and talks in monosyllables to his mother. In his anxiety to be equal with her he over-compensates and treats her as an inferior. He also thinks it gives him status to smoke, stay out late, drive a car before he has a license, and otherwise show defiance toward his father, the school, the neighbors, and the police.

Of course, as we have mentioned in the last chapter, the wise father of a stampeding 15-year-old makes up for Junior's missing bolts and burs by mixing in some counseling, discipline, and comradery. This usually creates enough balance in Junior to get him over the hump. At 16, however, after the big change, Junior doesn't feel the same strong need to prove his independence, his status of equality, or his right to a place in the sun. He still wants to feel independent but says, "So what?" As long as he stays within reasonable bounds, everybody apparently wants him to be independent. And if someone asks him if he still feels equal to his mother or father he says, "Sure, so why fight about it?"

He has found he can choose his own friends, earn his own money, drive a car, run for a student body office—what is there to get so excited about? He can take it all for granted and says, "Live and let live." This is the maturation miracle of a 16-year-old.
Family and Friends of the 16-Year-Old

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that a 16-year-old will revert to his former warm and intimate relationship with the family which he exhibited up to about age 13. On the contrary, he is with the members of the family but seldom of them. He does not resist the family; he simply takes them for granted. The family is like a row of trees in the middle of the highway. He drives around them. If the folks have something clever or particularly entertaining to say, he responds cordially—just as he would if they were a group of total strangers he had just met at the dog races. But if things around home are status quo he simply passes in and around his relatives as a necessary part of getting his board and room.

By the same token, Junior assumes that the family is also taking him pretty much for granted. He no longer demands as much as he used to. He is fairly successful in managing his own clothes, keeping himself clean, maintaining his own room, and doing his homework. He has the feeling that he has attained semi-adult status in the household and conducts himself accordingly.

Junior may still be the cause of some disputation when it comes to using the family car. Now that Junior has a license he may take the car for granted. This must be straightened out quickly and firmly. He must understand that the use of the family car is strictly a luxury and can only be achieved through careful pre-planning and pre-arrangement with the boss man. A 16-year-old can usually absorb the disappointment of not getting the car as long as there is a reasonable basis for the refusal. What sends him into a jive-by-five tantrum is the father who says: “You can’t because I say you can’t!”

As for his friends, Junior tends to take his contemporaries for granted just as he does his family. He likes everybody to be his friend. If he selects a pal, it is generally because of mutual interest in certain studies, sports, hobbies, or extracurricular activities.

A similar attitude usually reflects itself in Junior’s feelings about girls. He likes to be around them in a cautious, non-specific sort of way. He fears overspecialization but can be lured into going steady if some particular girl gives him the casual treatment on a somewhat non-romantic basis. “We’re just pals,” he says. However, this same casual attitude can get them both into unforeseen difficulties if their going steady gets serious. The more wholesome arrangement is socializing by mixing it up in group activities and restricting solo dating to very special occasions such as a class dance, the Junior Prom, or other activities which may be several months apart.

This problem is solved for most boys by the simple fact that the attractive 16-year-old girls are usually attracting handsome older boys, and this leaves Junior in a seething fit of gloom because he says, “None of the other girls mean much to me.” This is mostly play acting. He would have been too scared to give any of the popular girls much of a campaign anyway, but it does give him an excuse to say, “I wish those cotton-picking Seniors would leave the girls in the Junior class alone!”

The 16-Year-Old at School

Being a Junior in high school can be the “beginning of living” for lots of boys. Many a boy who stumbled and struggled through Junior High and the tenth grade suddenly finds himself coming alive as he moves into the eleventh grade as a Junior. Should such a spark appear, parents and teachers can immediately rally round and apply some tinder. Often the tiny light of hope can be whipped into a conflagration of intellectual and extracurricular development by the time Junior is ready to graduate.

One of the greatest appeals to a 16-year-old is the chance to be somebody on campus. He feels so grown-up in so many ways, but he needs a chance to shine in at least one thing. Therefore he should be encouraged in whatever talent he appears to possess—sports, music, drama, radio, TV, debating, student government, school clubs, and so forth. Frequently grades will improve with student activity, and that is not all. Sometimes parents are shocked to hear their son and heir say suddenly, “Gee, I like school. I almost hate to think of graduating!”

Junior Gets a Job

Just about the time a set of parents becomes accustomed to Junior’s new role as a 16-year-old, they discover that he wants to fly the coop and get a job. If this happens it is a good sign, but should he do it? There are several important things to consider.

1. Will it seriously affect his studies?
2. What kind of associates will he have?
3. Will it seriously interfere with his getting enough sleep?
4. Is it likely to impair his health?

At this particular stage, Junior’s studies are mighty important. More than likely he just “got the hang of it.” However, if he takes the job knowing he will have to quit if he doesn’t keep up his grades, it may help. In fact, surveys show that students who work a moderate amount of time before or after school usually get better grades than the average student who doesn’t work.

As for associates, (Continued on page 193)
Aunt Jody

(Continued) was assured. She could dance; she could act, tell a good story, sympathize with people in trouble, and give hearty compliments to them in their good fortune. The university of hard knocks does turn out some wonderful people, especially when they are of superior fiber at the time they enroll for the course.

As a sample of her unique way of adding life to a party: In a social gathering, a kind of eccentric bachel or was asked to step-dance, and he consented on condition that Mrs. Wood would dance with him. She readily agreed, and in her pretended preliminaries to the performance, she contrived to remove her switch and pin it on his coattail without his suspecting anything. When they began to dance, the loud applause convinced him that he was putting on a wonderful performance, and turning himself loose he cut high pigeonwings and executed fantastic capers while the switch waved behind him like the tail of a wild mustang, and the party laughed till they had to wipe the tears from their eyes.

People in trouble seemed to find their way instinctively to Sister Wood, even though she had been a stranger. Quoting again: "Her husband was away on the freight-raid much of the time, and one stormy night when she was there alone, a knock came at the door. She opened it just a little bit, and a fellow pushed his way in and ran to the fireplace like a wild man. She was frightened. But stiff with the cold he managed to say, 'Don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. I am about to freeze and starve to death.' She understood; her fear left her; it was a poor fellow creature in great need. She fed him, gave him blankets, and told him to sleep by the fire. When she awoke in the morning, he had gone without telling his name. Months later, she received some gifts signed: 'From the man you kept from starving and freezing.' It was uncanny how the homeless found their way to her door."

The Woods loved Cedar City. Samuel had come there as a small child, and she had been born there. It was hallowed in their memory by pictures of childhood days. She had waited there on the step for her lost mother; she had gone to school there, not only the brief and uncertain little school with its big stick and its dunce-corner, but also the great all-inclusive university of bumps and thrills and occasions, of the surprises and disappointments which make up the joyful thing called life on earth. All was woven with Cedar City into the finest feelings of her heart, and its warp and woof were made strong by the comfortable home they had succeeded in building, the home to which their little folk had come, and where the angel of death had given a sacred solemnity to their prime purpose.

A disturbing fear began to mar the peace and security of the Wood home; undefined at first, it took shape with rumors and reports and became the impending something which casts its shadows before. They heard about a mission which the Church proposed to establish in the faraway and unknown San Juan corner of the territory. The Church was looking for young people of integrity, people who could adapt to adverse conditions, and who could be depended on to act wisely and courageously among savage Indians. It was proposed to build and maintain a Latter-day Saint town right in the midst of the war-loving Navajos and Paiutes, and to win by kindness and fair dealings the goodwill and confidence which military operations do not inspire.

The thing impending with its dread shadow became a reality, and a meeting was announced to be held in Cedar, where the names would be read of men called to the San Juan Mission.

"Josephine had such a dread of being among those to be called, that she did not go to Church that day, but before the meeting was over, her sister Margaret Parry, came hurrying to her in tears and saying: 'Oh, Josephine, you are called, but surely you won't go.' Together they wept over the prospect till Josephine's husband came. He told them that the house had been crowded to overflowing; everyone was tense, excited, almost breathless as they waited to hear the fatal list. 'We are among those who are called,' he said, 'and we will go.'"

They were freighters and farmers and builders of homes, seekers for the comforts of life and gatherers of property, but above all that, they were candidates for eternal life, and the call of the Church and the priesthood towered in importance above all their temporal vocations. Hard as the call looked, they would not allow their feelings to build up against it.

And yet, "Josephine's thoughts flew back in sorrow over the years, the dear happy years they had lived in Cedar City, their home and all it meant to them. And now this call to go away into the wild and unknown, to leave all the hard-earned comforts they had gathered around them. 'Will we never stop pioneering?' she asked in a burst of discouragement. 'My father and mother crossed the plains and toiled to make this place livable, and died here, and now we are to go on.'"

All the same, like their fathers who had given up everything and journeyed in tribulation over sea and land to obey the call of the gospel, Sam Wood and his companion could not find it in their hearts to do otherwise. The call had come from the prophet of the Lord, and they would obey, let the consequence follow.

WOMAN BAKING BREAD

by Elaine V. Emans

You needn't tell me you are baking bread! I noticed it while standing at the door, Ringing your bell, before you, answering, said, 'Come in!' Few fragrances arise and soar In such friendly fashion, well beyond The kitchen; few can tell so colorful A story. Once again I see a plow Lay back the good earth, followed by a gull, And then the green shoots springing up, and how The gold grain undulates within the wind And sun before the triumph of the threshing. And then I see you with your apron pinned Around you, kneading dough, your strong arms flashing With pleasure in the task. So much is there In the smell of baking bread upon the air!
George W. Crane, M.D., Ph.D.
Member of the American Medical Association,
Pan-American Psychological Association, author,
lecturer, columnist, holder of 5 degrees earned at
Yale and Northwestern universities.

A Psychologist's Views on Flowers at Funerals
by Dr. George W. Crane

One of the signs of advancing civilization is the reverential way
in which people treat their dead. So read Carolyn's interesting
remarks. Then see if you wish idealism stripped from the final
graduation ceremony of your loved ones when they depart from
this classroom called Earth. Don't be penny wise but pound
foolish about flowers at funerals.

CASE T-307: Carolyn D., age 34, is a very attractive
high school teacher. "Dr. Crane, one of my best students
was killed in an auto wreck last week," she began. "Several of
us teachers attended the funeral, for we felt very keenly the
loss of this boy. He was such a promising student that we were
very proud of him. But his father had insisted that nobody send
flowers. And I never was so shocked in my life at the drabness
of death without flowers. Up till then, I had thought flowers
were an unnecessary expense for funerals.

"The whole funeral service was rather flat and despondent.
And it wasn't because the clergyman didn't give a fitting talk.
The lack of flowers let the audience down."

Flowers at Funerals—Many people in modern America
have urged the omission of flowers from funerals, thinking to
salvage such money for charity. But it is possible to destroy
the idealism of a beautiful graduation ceremony by stripping
it of the flowers that surround our final farewell.

Jesus recognized this same fact when He reproved His Apostles
for scolding the woman who poured the costly ointment upon
Christ. They argued that it was wasteful, saying the ointment
could have been turned into cash and then given to the poor.
"The poor ye have with you always," Jesus remonstrated, as He
approved the woman's farewell gesture before Christ was crucified.

If flowers are NOT sent to the funeral, the sender seldom
contributes any extra money to the poor, anyway.

Graduation Ceremony—Death is a graduation ceremony
as we leave this classroom called Earth and go onward to a
higher classroom in God's Cosmic School System. And gradu-
ations are supposed to be colorful affairs. When your daughter
graduates from high school, you generally outfit her beautifully
and see that she has a corsage.

You try to make her graduation as beautiful and happy an
event as possible. Well, why not do the same when she leaves
this earthly classroom?

The flowers are intended primarily for the living relatives,
anyway. They indicate the love and affection of friends and
neighbors. So they exert a positive psychological influence in
buoying up the spirits of those who are in grief.

So don't strip flowers from funerals. If you wish to carry this
"economy" argument to its coarse conclusion, then why not
imitate Hitler and just bulldoze a trench and dump the dead
carcasses therein?

Why have beautiful half caskets, flowers, subdued lights,
music and an inspirational address at all? It is a false economy
to destroy idealism to salvage the price of a few quarts of milk
for tenement youngsters.

"Man does not live by bread alone," said Jesus.

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Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association
Paid Advertisement
Boy Scouts on a hike discover that a storm has taken the bridge out behind them, necessitating an overnight hike back. That evening, as camp is made, a strange track is discovered.

"Must be a grizzly," he said, in a respectful tone.  
"A grizzly?" Dave replied. "You know as well as I do that grizzlies went out with Buffalo Bill."

"It's too big for a black bear. It must be a grizzly," Lace persisted. "But where did he come from? The only grizzlies in the whole state are in Blackstone National Park, and that's thirty miles from here."

"That's probably where he came from."

"But why would a bear leave a safe place like that to come here?"

Lace thought for a moment. Why would a bear leave the safety of the park? As he thought, his eyes wandered from bush to bush in the surrounding forest as if he half expected the maker of the large track to step out and give him his answer. Then he caught sight of a bush covered with berries.

"I've got it. I know why the bear left Blackstone."

"Why?"

"Because of the berries. This valley is at least two thousand feet lower than the park, and that's why the berries grow here and not in Blackstone. The bears probably come here every summer." To back up his statement, Lace drew a map from his shirt pocket, unfolded it, and held it up to the fading light. "Look," he said, pointing to the map. His finger started at the boundary of Blackstone Park and traced a series of three canyons that led almost like a highway to the valley they were in. The last canyon hit the valley at right angles and had its mouth about ten miles below the lake where the Scouts were camped.

"Do you think we will run into any more bears?" Dave questioned.

"Probably. Every bear in the park could be down here for berry holiday for all I know."

"What are we going to do?"

"Nothing we can do except keep heading for the ranch. Too many cliffs for us to climb out of here, and our food wouldn't last anyway. We've got to keep going."

"Going to tell the fellows?" Dave questioned again, his face growing more serious with every question.

"Morning will be soon enough. We won't have any trouble tonight if we keep the fires going."

As they came in view of camp, Lace was relieved to see that all of the patrol was back from the lake and some had fish.

After the fish had been cleaned, cooked on spits, and all but gulped down, Lace had the patrol rake the fires out of the two shallow caves he had selected as sleeping quarters for the night. He put the older Scouts on two-hour watch to keep the fires going outside the caves and then turned in with the others. The early fires had heated the sides and floors of the caves, and the fires that would burn all night would reflect enough heat to keep the patrol fairly comfortable.

As the early dawn began to whiten the sky, the patrol was up, and breakfast, which amounted to another sandwich and half a chocolate bar for each Scout, was soon over. While the patrol fitted packs for the day's hike, Lace decided that it was time to let them know what Dave had discovered the previous night.

"Fellows," he began, "unless I'm mistaken we're on kind of a bear preserve here—a bear valley you might say."

He saw several eyes open wide at the word bear, and Pinky seemed to move closer into the center of
As far as Lace knew there was only one way to stop her long enough for the patrol to clear out.

the group. No one showed any signs of real fear, though, and Lace felt his body relax. He explained about the bear track and the bears coming down from Blackstone Park. "I really don't think the bears will bother us," he continued, "not as long, that is, as we let them know we're around. When we go down the trail, talk and holler a lot and sing if you want. Then we won't walk around any bends into the arms of some bear chomping berries. As long as we give them a chance, they will get out of the way. I'll take the front of the patrol, and Dave will be at the rear. Stick together and do exactly as I say, and we won't have any trouble." Even as he gave this last advice Lace knew that his voice carried a tone of confidence he didn't feel.

The patrol had a somewhat military aspect as it moved down the valley trail. They walked along at a steady pace, glancing at the bushes and trees as if they expected to see a bear snoozing under every leaf. The only unmilitary thing about the patrol was the constant noise that issued forth from their throats.

The valley descended gradually in a series of plateaus. At the beginning of each plateau, or a little above it, Lace trotted  (Continued on page 195)
Conducted by
the Unified
Church School System

Effective guidance
and counseling

“I just can’t live with myself. For the last few weeks I’ve been so miserable and upset. Seems I can’t relax, study, or get along with anyone. I need help, but where can I go? My folks would be shocked and disappointed if they knew what’s bothering me. They just don’t seem to think I should have any problems. A long time ago I went to see Mr. Blank. He lectured to me for an hour and told me how weak and immature I was. He hardly gave me a chance to tell him what was bothering me. I guess maybe I’ll contact Brother Doe. Jim said he helped him with a personal problem once, and he really is a nice fellow.”

Who has not heard similar conversations among boys and girls in the schoolroom, at church, or the home? And which of you mature readers has not had the experience of assuming the role of a counselor to young people with their personal, spiritual, and emotional problems? What a challenge and a responsibility!

Effective guidance and counseling can play a tremendous role in the solution of problems of our Latter-day Saint youth. Admittedly no single individual possesses all the attributes of a perfect counselor, but all may increase their proficiency through intelligent study, research, and application of tested principles.

All counselors will not follow the same techniques and methods. Some are highly trained and skilled and feel they are prepared to diagnose problems of youth. Others may recognize that there is no one technique which will serve the best interests of all counseling. Another group may adhere to the self-adjustment philosophy which holds that for the most part the student is able, with proper insight and perception, to solve his own problems.

Someone has defined counseling as a process in which an experienced and trained person assists a second person (1) to understand himself and his opportunities, (2) to make appropriate adjustments and decisions in the light of this understanding, (3) to accept the responsibility of this choice, and (4) to follow a course of action in harmony with this choice.

The person to whom young people turn for assistance with their personal problems is one who has a sincere and friendly interest in them. Such a person manifests a faith in youth and possesses an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of their adolescent
inconsistencies. He shows emotional maturity—is young in spirit when recalling his own youth but is also sufficiently mature to possess good judgment and common sense. He has a deserved reputation of competence in his dealings with youth, and irrespective of his techniques and methods, he will be himself!
The true Latter-day Saint counselor values the spiritual inspiration he receives from his Heavenly Father as he assists young people in solving their problems. He always remembers that though every individual varies somewhat in mental and physical abilities, drives, interests, and social progress he is still a child of God and as such is of priceless worth.

The wise counselor will recognize that all people have problems, that they are interrelated, and that they arise out of situations. Further, they do not appear without advance notice. In the lives of young people problems are normal, but a failure to solve them or learn to live with them may lead to abnormality.

The initial counseling interview will be extremely important. The counselor must make few “slips,” if any, or the young man or woman may not return for further help. If he loses faith in the counselor at the first visit, to whom can he turn? It is entirely possible that he came to the counselor as a last resort. Direct questions must be held to a minimum, and the counselor will remember that one of the surest ways to stop a counseling conversation, especially in its early stages, is to ask questions which can be answered “yes” and “no.” He will permit the youth to do most of the talking. After all, the interview was arranged for him. He is the one who needs help, and only as he releases his own thoughts and conflicts will he be able to reorient his ideas and goals toward a more satisfactory adjustment. The counselor should be careful not to probe and obtain more information than the youth is ready to release. A withdrawal on the part of the young person may result when he discovers that more information was disseminated than he felt proper at the interview. (Continued on page 190)
One of the most glorious principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ is that of salvation for our dead.

The importance of this was emphasized by President Anthon H. Lund, in 1919, when he was First Counselor to President Heber J. Grant. At the dedication of the Hawaiian Temple he told this story:

"I remember one day in the temple at Manti, a brother from Mount Pleasant rode down to the temple to take part in the work. As he passed the cemetery in Ephraim, early in the morning, he looked ahead, and there was a large multitude, and he wondered how that could be. Why should there be so many up here? It was too early for a funeral, he thought. But he drove up and several of them stepped out in front of him and they talked to him. They said, 'Are you going to the temple?'" "Yes."

"Well, these whom you see here are your relatives, and they want you to do work for them."

"Yes," he said, 'but I am going down today to finish my work. I have no more names, and I do not know the names of those who you say are related to me.' "But when you go down to the temple today you will find there are records that give our names."

"He was surprised. He looked until they all disappeared, and drove on. As he came into the temple, Recorder Farnsworth came up to him and said, 'I have just received records from England, and they all belong to you.'"

"There were hundreds of names that had just arrived, and what was told him by these persons that he saw was fulfilled. You can imagine what joy came to his heart, and what a testimony it was to him that the Lord wants this work done."

The man who had that visitation was my great-grandfather, George Farnworth. He was born 24 January, 1818; and died 11 July, 1903. He was baptized into the Church 30 October, 1853 and left England with a wife and child. Both died on the way at St. Louis, Missouri. He crossed the plains by ox team; and settled at Pleasant Grove, Utah, in 1855. In 1859 he and his second wife, Mary Jane Allan, moved to Mount Pleasant. While there the experience re-
lated by President Lund occurred. At the time President Lund was in the presidency of the Manti Temple, which had just been dedicated. Brother Farnsworth and his wife frequently attended sessions there.

In our family is preserved the written account by my great-grandfather of his impressive interview. These are his words:

"Sanpete County
July 16, 1888"

"This morning about 10:00, while traveling between Pigeon Hollow and Ephraim graveyard, I felt a very strange sensation such as I never before experienced. Under this influence I went along and I looked ahead. It seemed that right in front of me there was a vast multitude of men; to the right and a little in front stood a large man. . . . He waved his right hand and said,

"They are your kindred and we have been waiting, waiting, waiting for your temple to be finished. It is now dedicated and accepted by our Father, and you are our representative. We want you to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. You have had the privilege of hearing the gospel of the Son of God; we have not that great blessing."

"Just then I looked at them and saw they were all men and thought it strange that there were no women. I tried to recognize some of them, but knew none. I was thinking, 'How can I find out their names?' when it appeared that a voice by me said,

"'When that will be required it will be made known.

'I felt while looking at them, 'Shall I be worthy to help them?' Just then the tears were rolling down my cheeks and in humility of my soul I shouted, 'God, help me!' I said aloud, 'God being my helper, I will do all I can.' It seemed as if the whole host shouted as if with one voice, 'Amen.' I could stand it no longer and cried aloud while wiping my face and eyes. After I could control myself I looked ahead and all had gone.

"When I got to Ephraim I felt so overcome I had to tie up my team and rest before I could go on to Manti.

"My sincere prayer is, 'God help me to do all I can for them!'"

"GEORGE FARNWORTH."

As he entered the temple that day, the temple recorder, Moses Franklin (Concluded on page 185)"
THE RIGHT CIRCLES

Swing the corner like swingin' on a gate,
Now your own if you're not too late.
Ring up four with all your might
All join in and circle right.

Gaily the dancers circle and swing
to the beat of the band and the
command of the caller . . . every
happy heart in tune.

What wholesome harmony! what
wonderful fun . . . when everybody's
in step and in tune, and when your
partners in the dance are clean,
healthy, wholesome people like your-
self.

And so it is in real life, too. The
circle is gay or dull, good or bad,
as we find, or fail to find, the right
partners and heed, or ignore, the
command of the “caller.”

Life is a series of circles, beginning
with the family circle. For this
happy circle, when love and faith
abide in the home, we give thanks
to kind and wise parents. Working,
playing, and praying together, the
happy family moves from round to
round in perfect rhythm.

Next, we widen our circles to in-
clude an ever-growing number of
casual or close associates: chums of
our youth, neighbors, schoolmates,
club, social, business, and church
friends. Out of these circles come
eventually our more enduring friend-
ships, our lovers and sweethearts,
and the permanent partners we will
choose to help us start new family
circles of our own.

These permanent circles of asso-
ciation and affection will become for
us, if we choose them wisely and
keep in tune and time, the right
circles. In them we will find true
harmony and happiness.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

SPENDERS

by Elaine V. Emans

They are the fortunate who know
How far a little praise will go;
The doomed, who fail to realize
How much it costs to criticize.

Church Moves On

(Continued)

A new junior college that the
Church plans in the Salt Lake
City area will be built upon
the present Forest Dale golf course.
The Church purchased that land
from the city today for $967,680.
The junior college will be a part
of the Unified School System of the
Church.

Winder Stake, the 274th now
functioning, was organized
from parts of Millcreek (Utah) Stake, with President M.
Elmer Christensen, who presided in
the Millcreek Stake as president.
His counselors are Elders Ivan B.
Cutler and Henry W. Richards.
His former first counselor, Elder James
H. C. West, was released and then
sustained as president of the high
priests quorum of Millcreek Stake.
Elder Cutler had been his second
counselor. Wards in the new stake
are Winder, and the Millcreek Third,
Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and
Tenth. Elder Cleo M. Wright was
sustained as president of the Mill-
creek Stake with Elders Alfred H.
Bennion and Sherman L. Park as his
counselors. Wards in this stake are:
Millcreek First, Second, Sixth,
Eighth, and Valley Center First and
Second. The division was directed
by Elder Henry D. Moyle of the
Council of the Twelve and Elder
Henry D. Taylor, Assistant to the
Council of the Twelve.

The master plan for a new
Idaho Falls campus of Ricks
College was announced. The
plan details developments that will
be made on the new 160-acre cam-
pus located on South Holmes Avenue
in Idaho Falls. Preliminary plans
call for campus facilities that will
accommodate three thousand stu-
dents in the opening term. How-
ever, the master plan is arranged so
that the campus can be expanded to
serve ten thousand students if neces-
sary. No target date has been set
as yet for beginning the construc-
tion work.

The whole world is sadly in
want of what they call a master-
spirit.
—Brigham Young
See these
Custom-designed Seven Complete
Blue Flame All-Gas Kitchens

now on display at
Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corporation Building
315 East 2nd South Street
Salt Lake City

sponsored by MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY CO.
11:30 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Mondays through Fridays

This is the first time in the intermountain area
that such an outstanding exhibit has been assem-
bled in one place. It is a wonderful experience to
see them — don’t miss it!

DOOR PRIZES!! PLENTY OF FREE PARKING!!

MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY
Serving 81 communities in Utah and Wyoming with
Natural Gas — the modern fuel.

MARCH 1959
WHA-OOOOOOOOOOOOoooooo! “Pull to the curb, please!”

I hope that you never have to hear the sound of the police siren directed at you. I hope you never have to hear the above command, spoken now, unfortunately, with seriously increasing frequency. I hope that you drive your car so alertly and carefully, so accurately within the laws of the Motor Vehicle Code, that this particular request is never made of you, and that you never have to sign for the receipt of a traffic ticket.

I always had, I sincerely believed, a cooperative attitude toward the Motor Vehicle Code. When I took my test for my driver’s license, I rated a nice round one hundred percent on my knowledge of the traffic laws, and I thought I followed all the rules pretty carefully in my driving. I admit that I smiled a little smugly whenever I saw a traffic officer, book propped on knee, pencil busy writing a ticket—for the other person, of course.

Then one Sunday it happened. I was driving, quite within the speed limit, down a busy boulevard. I approached a pedestrian crosswalk at an intersection. The boulevard had six traffic lanes, and I was in the middle lane of the three going west. The car to my right in the curb lane was stopped at the intersection, and its wheels were in a position that indicated to me that the driver was going to make a right hand turn. He made no hand signal, nor did his car seemingly carry any flash indicator.
You drivers know the rule. You stop at a pedestrian crossing when the car next to you has stopped. I slowed, expecting the car on my right to turn. But I did continue through the intersection. Just as I came to the middle of it, everything but my foot—which should have frozen on the brake pedal—congealed within me. Two girls were walking around the car I thought was turning. The driver of that vehicle had stopped to let them pass. Fortunately, they peeled around cautiously, saw me coming, and yielded their right of way as pedestrians in order to let me through. No one was hurt, and I was prayerfully grateful and articulately guilty, one hand raised to my throat in typical gesture.

No wailing siren confronted me, and I crept on my way. Just as I was approaching the next corner, a car drew close to me on my left. It was a gray, unmarked car occupied by two uniformed police officers.

“When it is convenient, would you please pull to the curb?” the nondriving officer asked me.

Convenient! I began looking around for an unused curb, angled my way as sanely as I could through the traffic, and parked on a long section of red curbing. The gray car pulled up like a clinging shadow behind me.

The police officer was kind, courteous, even sympathetic. But he proceeded to write in his book and handed me the ticket to sign. He explained that I was to appear in traffic court a week from the following Monday.

Traffic court! My pride was hurt enough from getting the ticket without my having to appear in court. The people I knew sent their fines in or had someone pay them, grumbled a bit, and called it a day.

“Oh,” said a friend, “that ticket carries a fine of ten dollars. You just send it in, and it’s all right. It’s what is called ‘jumping bail.’”

I re-read my ticket. It said unmistakably that I was to appear in court; it gave number such and such, and it gave a definite time. Everything was clearly stated. And the idea of “jumping bail” had a flavor that didn’t taste good to me.

On the day appointed I went to court. In our city traffic tickets are in such abundance that we have our own traffic court building. I entered the designated room. For a moment I thought I was in the auditorium of a fine high school building. The majority of the seats in the large room were occupied by neatly combed, well scrubbed teen-agers. There was the usual murmuring, even some of the laughter expected when a group of young people get together. There was something different, though. Two bailiffs, smartly uniformed, guns in holsters, were going over the roll of ticket holders. And instead of an auditorium stage there was, in the front of the room, a raised platform—the judge’s bench. It was flanked on the side by the American flag and our state flag.

Court was called. Instantly the room grew quiet. Everyone rose to his feet. The judge entered.

For a moment I completely forgot that I was a violator about to be fined. My heart felt a surge of pride as I participated in the pledge of allegiance to our flag. The judge looked dignified in his robes. He seemed rather serious, but certainly not unkind, as he sat in his chair elevated above us and began to talk to this roomful of people. Since most of the room was occupied by young adults, he directed his words to them. They were good words, sensible, hopeful words, explaining the serious situation before us and urging us to co-operate with the law. There were no dire threats. There was just hope, an urgent hope that we would do better and take more to heart the meaning of the code by which we were given the privilege to drive our cars on the public streets and highways.

I was deeply impressed. This was, indeed, a tremendous privilege we had been given. Everyone was trying to help us keep it. There were great forces working diligently to protect our lives and the lives of others. Why didn’t this crowded roomful of people realize this and perform accordingly? Here was a gathering of individuals, each one of them representing a mistake—a mistake that could have meant tragedy—and certainly a violation against a code that had been drawn up to protect all of society. What was the matter with these people, anyway—All of a sudden I cringed down in my seat. I was representing a mistake, too! I had violated a serious, dangerous part of the code, something involving others—pedestrians—who had a right to cross the street safely.

Why, just last week I had read about a woman who had gone through a trial for manslaughter. Certainly, without meaning to do harm, she had, through error, driven through a crosswalk and had fatally injured a child. The woman driver hadn’t meant to do this—she was a fine woman, in public service, but she had done it. A brokenhearted jury had found her guilty. A merciful judge had given a compassionate speech, suspending all of her sentence save the revoking of her driver’s license. The woman gladly gave that up.
she didn’t ever want to drive again. She had the forgiveness and sym-
pathy of everyone, but she could not relive the moment of that particular
error and bring back the little child.
I came out of my thoughts back to
the courtroom. A bailiff was giving
instructions. If anyone wished to
plead “not guilty” he was to go with
him to be assigned for trial in an-
other court. I started to stand up.
I wasn’t guilty! If the man in the
other car had just given me some
kind of signal. If the wheels of his
car hadn’t been partially turned
toward the corner–actually it was
his fault—I wasn’t to blame. Yes,
but I had gone through the inter-
section. I hadn’t meant to, but I
had done it. I was guilty of the
violation mentioned on my ticket.
Now the line before the judge had
started. Each person appeared di-
rectly in front of him. Sentences
were given. Some girls and boys
were being sent to night school
driving classes. A few people (off-
fenders many times) were being
detained for removal to jail! The
paying of fines became a monoto-
nous, routine procedure.
At last I stood before the judge.
“Guilty or not guilty?” he asked.
“Guilty with a reason, Your
Honor,” I heard a voice saying. It
was my voice.
“Your reason?”
I explained about the car on my
right.
“Your plea is wrong,” the judge
said. “You should have presented
a plea of ‘not guilty.’”
“But I am guilty, Your Honor,”
I argued.
A twinkle flashed across his tired
eyes. “Let’s have your officer in on
this,” he said. “Do you wish a court
trial or a jury trial?”
Trial! No words, no voice came
out of me at all now. Finally I
heard a funny, strained whisper—
“A court trial, Your Honor, but—”
“Ten dollars bail. Next case,
please.”
During the week a legal appear-
ing envelope arrived through the
mail. In it a document confirmed
the trial, the time, and advised that
I could have a lawyer if I so de-
sired. One thing I felt sure of. I
didn’t need legal counsel. With
prayers. I was certain that the po-
lieutenant and I could explain matters
to the judge. But the part of the
legal paper that did stagger me
was the heading: “The People Vs.
________________________________” and my
name written after the versus. The
People’s ME.
A whole new vocabulary had
come to me since the presentation
of that traffic ticket. And frankly—I
didn’t like any of the words. Viol-
ator, Offender. Now this—an inti-
mation that I had offended the
people—the society in which I
lived. I considered the matter as
honestly as possible. Certainly I
had rather frightened two girls who
were simply trying to cross the
street. I had frightened them with
an instrument that was mighty dan-
gerous. The Motor Vehicle Code
took on a new look. It was not just
something set up so a test could be
made for a driver’s license. It was
a great arm of protection—protection
for other people and for me. Most
of it, so far as I could see, was based
on simple courtesy and considera-
tion.
What happened next is told par-
tly to satisfy your curiosity about the
outcome of my trial, and partly to
give me the opportunity to remark
on the fairness of our great system
of laws and rights, on the con-
sideration of our judges, their tre-
mendous service. Also, I want to
comment on the courtesy and kind-
ness of our traffic officers. My par-
ticular police officer (who has since
been cited in the papers as a hero
for saving a number of lives in a fire)
came into court on the last
day of his own much-needed vaca-
tion—and went to my rescue. With
the use of little model cars, he
helped me show the judge just how
I drove through the intersection. I
was hopelessly bewildered in a
crowded courtroom. Finally, he
told the judge that he believed I
was an exceedingly careful driver,
and that it was his opinion that the
car on my right had confused me,
thus causing me to violate a traffic
law.
A fine had to be meted out be-
cause I had presented a plea of
guilty and had admitted that I was
ready for sentencing. The judge,
with some kind words, made it as
small as possible, requesting only
two dollars of the ten I had de-
posited as “bail.” In due course, the
rest was mailed back to me.
That two dollars is the best in-
vestment I have made in my driving.
The whole experience paid me rich
and valuable dividends. It taught
me a great deal about the workings
of our courts. It showed me how
earnestly the police departments,
Guess what the boy with that "hollow feeling"

finds good, and good for him!

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the judges, and all forces concerned are trying to educate and aid our young people, particularly in their responsibilities in the matter of safely handling cars. It taught me unwavering respect for the traffic laws. It has proved to me that there never can be enough awareness in driving—that there never can be too much caution, too much leaning toward safety. It has made every pedestrian crosswalk, marked or unmarked, scintillate a Be Alert, Drive Carefully signal to me. It has taught me that prayer is a fine part of safe driving.

-The choice of every hour

Richard L. Evans

One of the easiest answers to anything we don't want to do, is to say we don't have time. Sometimes this is true. Sometimes it isn't. It is deeply and desperately true that we don't have time to do everything, or to be everything, or to learn everything, or to go everywhere. It is true that we have to make choices as to the use of every hour. But there are periods of procrastination, of indecision, and of doing trivial things, that take more time than we sometimes suppose. And often we wait for what we call a more opportune time. But we can seldom count on ideal conditions. We have to learn to work with the time we have, with life as it is, under the conditions in which we live it. And in reality we often take time to do what we want to do, yet feel we haven't time to do what we ought to do: Sometimes we feel we haven't time to visit someone who is sick or in sorrow; that we haven't time to teach, to read, to learn, to serve, to assist, to improve, or even repent—yet while saying or assuming we haven't time, we may still spend too much time on trivial pursuits, or on repetitious routine. If we can't have a long visit, perhaps we can make much of a short one. If we don't have time to say everything, perhaps we can say the essential things. We never get anything talked out altogether, anyway. Yet we often take time in repeating some things long after the real essentials have been said. Furthermore, we should learn that there is, in a sense, no free ticket to anything—for we pay an irreplaceable price for everything that takes time. We should decide to "do many things"—good and constructive and useful things—"of our own free will." And as to making good use of the opportune moment, Shakespeare said it in these profound sentences: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and miseries. On such a full sea we are now afloat, And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures." This is not something to put us in panic, but something which should lead us to quiet resolution as to the purposeful use of each new day, each new year, each new length of life that the Lord God has given.

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(Continued) the perfidy of your career," he writes, protesting that only that sense of obligation can induce him to "submit to the ungrateful task" of dealing with a book and an author "which might well be left to putrefy, amid the pestilence you have produced." Under such circumstances impartiality in our scholar would be a positive vice: "To treat you with even ordinary respect, is to treat them [i.e., "your . . . awfully deluded people"] with the most wanton and unfeeling cruelty." Obviously these were the days when professors read their Cicero. What blows the top from this particular vessel of high-pressure academic righteousness is not the specific message of Joseph Smith and his book, but the idea of the thing: "It is not your peculiar opinions, as you well know, but your impious pretensions, which honest and Christian men reject, with loathing and abhorrence." Again, it is not on the basis of its particular contents, but solely on its claims to revelation that the Book of Mormon is to be judged.

This point is well illustrated in Mr. Kidder's review of Professor Turner's book. If Turner is all twisted up about the authorship of the Book of Mormon, as Kidder claims he is, who cares? " . . . the question at issue here is one of comparative unimportance." Turner's reasoning may be weak and his evidence shaky, but that is all one as long as we agree that the Book of Mormon is a vicious fraud, "we hail his work as one of . . . an eminently practical bearing."20

These three masterpieces usually keep company with the latter work of Thomas Gregg, which contains the usual declamations of contempt for the Book of Mormon and alarm at its effectiveness: "That a book . . . below the dignity of criticism, should find tens of thousands of persons of ordinary intelligence throughout Christendom, who accept it as a Revelation from God to man, is indeed a moral phenomenon unparalleled in the nineteenth century . . . . Many pages might be written, filled with instances of the senseless, ridiculous, incongruous, and blasphemous character of the work," to accept which "is to eschew holiness and goodness, and to dethrone the Almighty."21 To save the world from such devastation, one might suppose that no number of pages would be too great to dedicate to the cause—as many as "might be written." Still our investigator limits himself to a few brief notices because after all the book, he says, is "below the dignity of criticism."

J. H. Hunt, a relatively conscientious critic, was frank enough to entitle a chapter of his on the Book of Mormon (1844), "A Brief Notice of Several Books, Deemed Unworthy of Serious Attention."22 So deemed by whom? The critic who deems a book unworthy of his attention should leave the criticizing of it to others who are willing to give it serious thought.

Here we have a paradox. Having announced that nothing is so urgently needed as a thorough study of the Book of Mormon, one crusader after another stops dead in his tracks with the lame excuse that the thing is not worth bothering about. And while we are told again and again that no human being in possession of his faculties would give a second thought to the book, we are also told that it is making terrible inroads among an enlightened citizenry. "No argument, or mode of reasoning, could induce anyone to believe that in the nineteenth century, in the United States, and in the blaze of science, literature, and civilization, a sect of religiousists could arise on delusions and impostures." So one intellectual wrote in 1855, and adds the bemused confession: "But such are the facts, and we are forced to believe them."23 This might be taken as an interesting commentary on the Book of Mormon: An intelligent man is confronted by a situation which, he tells us in the strongest language, nothing on earth could induce him to accept as possible—but there it is! Though they are contrary to everything we can or will believe, "such are the facts, and we are forced to believe them." Had he examined the Book of Mormon itself more closely, Mr. Reynolds might have been forced to believe many things which his training and vanity had told him were impossible.

"The reader will not be long," Mr. Taylder promises in the introduction to The Mormons' Own Book, "in judging whether his [Joseph Smith's] statements are the transcript of an enthusiast who unconsciously invested facts with the coloring of his imagination, or the
cunningly-concocted after-thoughts of a knife. . ." 34 Here the reader is given two damning alternatives in advance: "I'll told which one he is going to choose. With such helpful prompting he need not be long in reaching his conclusion, and the irksome obligations of serious research are gracefully sidestepped. With the same considerate forethought, Mr. Bays sent copies of the Anthon Transcript to a number of scholars, asking for their opinion of it—but not for their impartial opinion! With the transcript went a lurid covering letter, making it perfectly clear just what infamous claims were made for the document, and leaving the recipients in no doubt as to what effect a word in its favor might have on their reputations. The answer of the most eminent of the professors consulted gives the whole thing away. "The document which you enclose," the reply begins, "raises a moral rather than an linguistic problem. And as a moral problem the professor treats it. 35 Any chance of an impartial linguistic test was out of the question under such circumstances, yet this was one of the few attempts made to judge the Book of Mormon by severely objective standards.

The first volume of the eminent American Anthropologist includes a study of some length with the promising title, "The Origin of the Book of Mormon." Instead of displaying the deep scientific penetration and archaeological acumen we have a right to expect from such a source, the author confines his entire study to the grammatical mistakes in the book, resting his case principally on the antiquated use of "which" for "who," apparently unaware of the same usage in the Bible. He dismisses the book itself as "only grotesque. . ." Yet for all that "a portentous danger sign . . . monstrosity born of deceit and bred in falsehood . . . monster of iniquity and deceit . . ." And what is it in the book that makes this expert so forget his cool scientific detachment? It is not anything the Book of Mormon actually says that upsets him: "its teachings and precepts are not in themselves immoral. . . For the Book of Mormon is not an immoral book. There is no polygamy in it . . . there is nothing immoral in the book." No, what alarms and enrages him is not what the Book of Mormon says, but what it pretends to be: "its adherents have discovered a most dangerous weapon against the moral world in this doctrine of a continuing revelation." 36 That is the cloven hoof—as usual, it is not the Book of Mormon, but the Angel Moroni that is being put on trial: "To accept . . . any dispensation formulated in the terms of 'This saith the Lord,' is a portentous danger sign to enlightened civilization. 37" Note that since this gentleman is not willing to accept any claim to revelation, the problem of testing such a claim never arises. In the same spirit, Professor Beardsley founds his Book of Mormon criticism on the unshakable rock that "the modern mind rejects everything supernatural." 38 Granted that premise, of course the Book of Mormon is a fraud. But the challenge of the Prophet is to test the possibility of revelation by using the book as evidence, in which case we cannot start out by rejecting the book out of hand because we know that revelation is impossible. That is exactly what we do not know.

The work of Linn, often hailed as the first really scientific study of Mormonism, is a good example of the backward approach. "The Mormon Bible," he announces, "both in a literary and theological sense, is just such a production as would be expected to result from handing over to Smith and his fellow-translators a mass of Spaulding's material and new doctrinal matter for collation and copying." 39 Notice that he begins with definite expectations and finds in the Book of Mormon exactly what he expects. He advises the student to do the same: "an examination of its contents is useful, therefore, rather as a means of providing the fraudulent characters of its pretensions to divine revelation than as a means of ascertaining what the members of the Mormon church are taught." 40 Here the student is actually warned against reading the book to learn whether it is true or not, but is instructed to approach it with just one object in mind, "as a means of proving the fraudulent character of its pretentions to divine revelation." And what rules does Mr. Linn have for telling when a writing is or is not the product of divine revelation? The usual rule, of course: There is no such thing!

Shortly after Linn's book appeared the Fellows published their widely circulated Mormon Menace. "What sane person," they ask at the outset, "can believe that this man really believed that a glorious angel came from God and revealed to him the hiding place of these golden plates?" 41 The question is rhetorical; merely to state it is to have your answer. However effective polemically, it closes the door to any real investigation. If the whole thing is simply out of the question to any sane person, what sane person is even going to think about it?

(To be continued)

FOOTNOTES

2Ibid., p. 19.
3The Life of David Marks, To the 26th Year of His Age, Written by Himself (Limerick, Me.: Office of the Morning Star, 1831), pp. 340-1. This happened

Pleadings from the Dead

(Continued) Farnsworth brought him the names he had just received from England on the Farnsworth family, some of the names going back to ancient times. He was their representative to help them to attain perfection. He and his family were faithful in the performance of the temple ordinances for them. This experience of my great-grandfather has been a marvelous inspiration to all of us. You can imagine the joy when he bore in power his testimony to the world. There are sealings yet to be done, and we are planning to complete them as far as possible by arranging the names into complete family groups.

Many people on this earth have loved ones waiting for this work to be done for them. I sincerely pray that we will all have a greater desire to search for our ancestors and become united to them in the bonds of sealing, so that when we stand before the bar of God to be judged, he will say, "Well done, my good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter into the joy of thy Lord."
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(Continued) spirits in prison whom the Lord visited, and there are some spirits in prison whom we can visit. Some are prisoners of ignorance; some the prisoners of disobedience, sloth, or indifference. Messengers are needed to “go to the rescue” and “touch” lives before sin has made so many encroachments upon their souls that rescue becomes impossible.

A recent speaker in stake conference said that when he was a young man President McKay had put his hand on his shoulder. He had never forgotten. He said, “President McKay touched me.” Many people can say that of President McKay. President McKay not only touches people with his hands; he also touches them with his example and his spirituality and his faith, and he brings them over to the Lord’s side of the line.

The most worth-while work in the world is to touch the lives of people with the spirit of the gospel. For those who do will see the fulfillment of the great promise when the King shall “. . . say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

“For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink . . . .”

“I was in prison, and ye came unto me.” (Matt. 25:34-36.)

APOLOGY TO A FRIEND

by Marian Boyle Monahan

The storm subsides,
and in my heart resides
A deep regret where only
love for you should be.
Give back my ugly searing
words of spite
That in the night glow hot
to torture me.
I’ll hide them deep in
cushioned dark
To keep them ever still
and dead,
Those biting, vicious
words of mine
I wish unsaid.

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MARCH 1959
These Times

(Continued) case, Chief Justice Warren touched on this not so simple matter when he recognized that "Today, education is perhaps the important function of state and local governments." He may not have foreseen all the complications in the ruling that school attendance in public schools "is a right which must be available to all on equal (and non-segregated) terms."

The real difficulty lies in the future development of the Negro population outside the South. Although legal segregation does not exist in the public schools of New York, Chicago, and Detroit, actual segregation tends to take place. As Negroes move in, others move out. Sociology reproduces, outside Northern law, when the Negro population reaches a certain size, what Southern segregation laws have required. The difference in the Northern cities, at least in theory, is that the schools tend to become "separate" but are also more "equal."

The Negro vote may well hold the balance of power in such states as New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, and California. Here are more than half of the votes necessary to elect either a President of the United States, or a majority of the House of Representatives. The Democrats and Republicans, nationally, have to face the issue in the South through the urban politics of these non-Southern states.

The Southern "dixiecrats" cannot afford to divorce themselves from the Northern Democrats. By doing so they would lose control of the Congress which they exercise through committee chairmanships. The Northern Democrats (most of the time) need the help of the South to elect a President. So, all sections are bound together in the bonds of political charity.

This makes for the essence of the politics of federalism—the politics of adjustment and compromise.

The Supreme Court is only one forum, only one element in working out the federal problem. The federal problem is never solved. It is flexible. There are no easy final answers. Despite much talk about "centralization," there is life in the federal system still.

"Separate but equal" facilities if provided at public expense are now "unconstitutional." "Integrated" facilities seem bound for rough going, including experience in New York, Chicago, and Detroit. What other possibilities exist? Can the great American public school system, in the South and in the large urban areas of the rest of the nation, be maintained in full bloom? How?

This challenging question is the latest aspect of the Supreme Court and the federal problem.

"...Nothing that has an end is long..."

Richard L. Evans

It was recorded of a certain ancient king that he lived a hundred and twenty years, and that he reigned for eighty years—longer than most men live. And then the recorder of this chronology quickly added this significant sentence: "...still nothing that has an end is long."

This is a profound thought to think of. As observed last week, if we have lived twenty-five years, four times the length of the length of the mortal life we have lived is a century. If we have lived fifty years, twice the length of the life we have here lived is a century. And those who have lived fifty years know that half a century isn’t very long. And if fifty years go so swiftly, so would a century. And if a century isn’t very long, neither would be several centuries. Think how quickly this previous year has passed; how quickly this past month has passed. No matter how long men have lived, for those who have left us, life could be said in a sense, not to have been very long. When we count those who once were with us who are here no more—and count how quickly days have come and gone, we must come to know that "nothing that has an end is long." And with this awareness we come to know that we are not so far from any past event in human history, nor very far from future eventualities, nor from the facing of our own record, as we all surely shall. (Indeed, as we do every day.) And thus thinking, we come to know that some things which once we may have thought were of first importance seem now not to be so. We come to know that character and truth and intelligence and work and service and peace and kindliness and a quiet conscience, and the love of loved ones and the useful living of life, and faith in God and faith in the future are among things most to be sought for, among the lasting values of life. Yes, the year has swiftly passed—and the new year will pass no less swiftly. We are close to the whole sweep of human history, with real reason, soberly to select from among the things which last, the things that mean the most—for whether we are eight or eighty, "nothing that has an end is long"—which brings us to a new awareness of time, to a new sense of values, and to an even more earnest gratitude for each new day, for each new year, and for the everlastingly of life.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, On Old Age.

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MARCH 1959
Effective Guidance and Counseling  

(Continued) The initial interview should set the tone for subsequent interviews. It should be a time of getting acquainted and establishing the desired "climate." The individual's problem may be introduced if time and climate permit. The youth should be told approximately how much time the interview will consume, what is expected of him, and part the counselor will play. No outside interests or problems should occupy the mind of the counselor during the session. If at all possible, incoming or outgoing telephone calls should not interrupt the interview. The counselor should also refrain from signing letters, reading mail, or doing anything else which will make the young visitor feel of secondary importance. A young person can easily sense any preoccupation of thought by the counselor, which can materially minimize the success of the entire proceedings.

Many personal problems of young people arise because of conflicts involving the home, the church, and social customs. These self-conflicts are some of the most difficult to solve. Many leaders in the counseling field would agree with Carl Rogers in the thought that the individual, bewildered with conflicting problems, is at this stage an emotional being, guided more by feelings than by rational judgment. Before he can solve his problems, he must get insight into them. Insight cannot be handed over ready-made to an individual. It is something that has to be gained. And before any behavior can be modified, reality must be faced, and the person must be willing to change.

Perception of one's problems does not come about by telling him how he ought to feel. Meaningful perception is a matter of direct sensory experience. The young person usually knows the difference between right and wrong, what he should do, and perhaps what he would like to do. However, his present frustrations and conflicts will not allow him to think coherently. Little progress can be made until proper insight is gained and the individual is ready to help himself. A wise counselor believes that the average individual who comes for assistance is capable, with proper insights, of solving his own problems. He will, therefore, provide an atmosphere which will encourage free expression on the part of the young person. Even the physical properties of the room can be thoughtfully placed and arranged to avoid a stiff, cold atmosphere.

The counselor should show feelings of genuine interest but no surprise approval or disapproval over anything the youth may say. He should strive to "live" the youth's feelings to which he gives expressions—he should attempt to live the attitudes expressed instead of merely observing them and discovering the young person's hates, hopes, and fears. In the "emotional warmth" of the counselor the youth begins to feel an experience of safety as he finds that nearly all of his attitudes are understood in almost the same way he perceived them—and he is accepted as he is.

In such an atmosphere of acceptance and reflection the young person may begin to see his own perhaps for the first time and can look at himself and his problems more objectively. He then can begin to renew faith and confidence.

This does not mean that the counselor should approve or condone the wrongs and frustrations. It does imply, however, that he accepts the individual and builds within him confidence in his ability to reorient his own thinking and actions.

Counseling is a continuous process, and frequently the greatest insights into problems are gained after the interview. The counselor knows he may not be able to assist the young person with all of his problems at one interview. The young person should also understand this. The physician prescribes a designated amount of antibiotics for his patient and then calls upon Father Time to complete the change and healing. The counselor should also appreciate the importance time plays in correcting the personal thinking habits of the person.

The counselor should also recognize that the sooner problems are treated, the more effective and painless will be the cure, and will encourage the youth to modify his personal problems as quickly as he can, but he will not push or force the rate of change. Force is an ineffective tool in bringing about desired changes and adjustments in the lives in young people.
The wise counselor will not betray a confidence; nor if he does, the young person will likely close the door to further help and become even more deeply involved in his own anxieties and dependencies.

A counselor should realize his limitations. When he feels that a young person should be referred to the bishop, stake president, or someone else; such referral should, with rare exception, have the sanction and endorsement of the individual.

Each interview should end on a happy tone, one in which the person feels hope and has faith in his ability to cope with his problems. Always the counseling door should be left open for later interviews.

The counselor should determine whether the youth is revealing his real problems or merely talking about less important things. He may experience difficulty in telling about the problems he would like to discuss. More time or more confidence in the counselor may be needed before the major issues can be released.

Also, some young people do not talk readily about their major problems because they do not wish others to know the magnitude of them. Some have great difficulty in describing their troubles. Still others are beset with problems but cannot clearly identify or separate them.

Always the competent counselor will attempt to treat causes, not symptoms. His sincere warmth and interest can carry the young person along until the real causes are recognized and solved.

The good counselor will not lose sight of the “whole” individual. He sees not isolated problems alone but tries to fit the whole picture of a person’s life together.

In summarization, the teacher, the bishop, or anyone else who assumes the role of a counselor should employ all the learning and apply all the skills which he can develop. In his kindly approach to young people, he should recall the Master’s caution to the Prophet Joseph, “Do not run faster or labor more than you have strength and means provided.” (D&C 10:4.) He will seek divine assistance and strive to maintain the same positive approach that Jesus displayed as he assisted people with their problems: (1) faith in the person’s ability to adjust and be happy, (2) a positive approach to the person and his problems, and (3) a no-condemnation attitude.

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Priesthood Employment Program

(Continued) 

...proach to teach the world of our wonderful plan of the gospel of Jesus Christ at work in our modern world.

One Sunday morning, I saw a priesthood quorum officer utilizing this wonderful tool to priesthood brotherhood. The personal welfare committee chairman (picking up the priesthood roll pad) read aloud to the quorum: “Do you know of any job openings, male or female? Please answer yes or no.” Then he read the next column, namely: “Do you know of anyone who is unemployed, male or female? Please answer yes or no.” This officer was acquainting all present with their privilege of service in the priesthood. Each meeting he brought up the employment question until every member had become alert to industrial, job, business, and farm opportunities in their vicinity. It took literally weeks to get some members to be aware of their responsibilities, but the procedure began to pay off, and job opportunities began to roll in. The rewards were really coming. Men caught the spirit of helpfulness. So much in- (Continued on page 204)

Concerning inner resources...

Richard L. Evans

Because so much is done for so many of us, both by men and machines, because we have become accustomed to so much service, the use of hands and feet, and even of minds, has, in many instances, been minimized. And often in the boredom of any hour, or in any moment of inactivity, young people—and others also—will ask: Where can we go? What is there to do?—as if every waking moment should be filled with some excitement, or as if we had come to expect to be entertained continually. What many of us need to learn in life is the self-resourcefulness that is not primarily dependent upon the efforts of others—an inner initiative for the filling of free time. “...men should...do many things of their own free will,” we quote again. And among the many things to do, there is much to be said for thinking, there is much to be said for walking, for working, for practicing, for making, for mending, for reading, for learning, for becoming acquainted in literature, in music, in art, in scripture, with the heritage we have. There is much to be said for keeping life balanced, for feeding mind and heart and spirit, for feeding all sides of ourselves. John Woolman, in his Journal of some two centuries ago, included these questions: “Do I use food and drink in no other sort and in no other degree than was designed by Him who gave these [things] for our sustenance? Do I never abuse my body by inordinate labor, striving to accomplish some end which I have unwisely proposed? Do I use action enough in some useful employ, or do I sit too much idle while some persons who labor to support me have too great a share of it? If in any of these things I am deficient, to be incited to consider it is a favor to me.” It is a favor to be incited to consider the balance of things, the value of things, and the resources we have within ourselves. These lines Ruskin wrote: “If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and idleness. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.” What is there to do now? Where is there to go next? There is much to be said for working, for walking, for thinking, for learning, for deciding, for doing many things for ourselves, avoiding the emptiness, the feelings of frustration that come when we fail to fill time fruitfully.

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1D & C 58:27.
2John Woolman, Journal.
3Accredited to John Ruskin. Original source unknown.

Sweet Sixteen

(Continued) Junior is highly impressionable at this age. It is most important that he get started in business with people who want to build men, not bend them. The important thing is not the kind of job, but who runs the job. I know a father who felt his son should be a newsboy because he had heard that many newsboys grow up and become corporation presidents. This is true, but some newsboys also grow up and go to Sing Sing. If Junior wants a job, it is his father's task to find out what kind of people Junior will have as his associates.

Sleep is also important to Junior but not as important as it was between 12 and 15 while he was growing so fast. A 16-year-old is usually tough and robust. As a rule, he can get along on a little less sleep than before, but he can't sacrifice sleep to the point where it affects his school or his health. Parents can usually tell after a few days whether Junior is going to be able to stand the gaff.

Some jobs are too rugged for a 16-year-old, and he can hurt his health. This may be due to the hours, the working conditions, or the pressure of other commitments which he already has. It is up to the parents to watch Junior carefully and if he begins caving in, pull him off the job.

Does a Working Boy Miss Too Much Fun?

Some parents feel that a boy should not work because he will miss some of the fun other boys will be enjoying. Such parents have the wrong slant on "work." A job can be fun, too. In fact, a wage-earning boy has a much better chance of getting in rhythm with the melody of happy living than a pampered playboy who has a car, an allowance, and his dad's credit card.

The real test is in the attitude of the boy, himself. Up to now most boys will have resisted getting a job unless the family suffered some kind of economic crisis. During 16, however, Mother Nature usually whispers to Junior that it's about time he "got started in life" and began earning part of his own living. If Junior expresses a desire to do this, it is a signal that he is becoming a
man, and it should be as welcome to parents as tulips in spring.

If parents have a question in their minds about the merit of encouraging Junior's work sense, they should recall the lives of men like Washington, Franklin, or Edison.

George Washington's father died when George was 11. He had only 3 years of schooling, and he had to get out and work. By the time he was 14 he had become a good "rule-of-thumb" surveyor. He continued working and finally joined the armed services to help protect Virginia against the Indians. By the time he was 20 he had been made an adjutant, by 21 a major, by 22 a lieutenant colonel, and when he was 23 they made him the commander in chief of the entire Virginia Militia.

Then consider Benjamin Franklin. He was a tall maker's fifteenth child. By the time he was 12, people in Boston were reading his published poetry. By the time he was 16 he had become famous as the secret author of the "Dogood" letters in a local newspaper. He was a full fledged publisher at 17 and had a flourishing business of his own in Philadelphia by the time he was 22.

Our last success story belongs to Thomas A. Edison. He set up his first chemistry laboratory in the basement of the family home when he was 11. The next year he obtained a job as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway and set up the world's first mobile chemical laboratory in the baggage car. He also got permission to buy vegetables in the country, store them in the baggage car, and sell them at premium prices when the train passed through a city. This got to be such a thriving business the vegetables practically monopolized the baggage car, and Tom had half a dozen boys working for him in several of the towns. Describing how he started, he said: "At the stations along the line I bought butter from the farms and was quite a dealer in blackberries during the season. My purchases were made at a low wholesale price, and I gave the wives of the trainmen and engineers the benefit of a discount. This may partially explain why no complaint ever came from the railroad."

When he was 14, Edison decided it would be cheaper if he sold a paper he printed himself so he set up a small print shop in the baggage car and brought forth the Weekly Herald. The circulation went up to 400 copies a month which he described to his customers as the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world printed on a train—his being the only one!

After that Edison became interested in telegraphy but was fired from his first job for inventing an automatic device which would send a certain "check-in" signal while he was asleep. By the time he was 22 he had made his first great invention—the Universal Printer—an automatic telegraph printer that brought him a fortune of $40,000. By the time he was 24 Edison was world famous.

So much for success stories. What if the mothers of Washington, Franklin, or Edison had said: "My boy, I don't want you to work; you might miss some fun!"
Bear Valley

(Continued) ahead of the patrol to look for any sign of bears. On the second plateau he spotted a pair of big black bears feeding on berries about two hundred yards above the trail. He motioned the patrol forward. "Okay, it looks as if we're in the bear scaring business," he said. "Start hollering." At the sound of ten Scouts screeching and yelling at the top of their lungs, the two bears vanished into the woods like two black balls rolling into a dark tunnel.

In the next three miles they passed two more bears and both scouted at the sound of the hollering Scouts. By two that afternoon the patrol had traveled seven of the ten miles.

"Let's stop for a minute," Lace said as they approached the mouth of the canyon leading to the park. "Up to now we haven't had any trouble," he said slowly, "but we may meet more bears in the next four or five miles than we have met all day, so stick together and do as I tell you. If I say 'stop,' stop; and if I say 'run,' run, and don't stop until you make the ranch."

Zack spoke up. "What are you worried about?" he said. "These bears run as soon as we come around the bend. They don't scare anybody."

"I hope they keep on running," Lace answered, "but let's not be too sure about what they are going to do. A bear can be awfully temperamental at times. The main thing is to be careful and use your heads." Lace smiled to himself as he repeated the warning he had received in the code message the day before. He was beginning to sound like Mr. Lind.

The patrol continued down the valley. The plateau was broken up into a series of meadows and dense stands of trees. Lace was relieved when he saw that the berries grew profusely at the edge of the meadows and on the barer sides of the canyon, but not among the trees. Meeting a bear in the open would be bad enough.

They spooked one more bear as they approached the mouth of the canyon. Dave stepped up to Lace as they stood in the trail looking up the canyon. "Think we'll see any more overgrown teddybears?" he asked in a half-joking, half-serious tone.

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MARCH 1959
"I don’t know," Lace replied. "It looks like they’re becoming scarcer. Maybe the berries thin out as we get lower down the valley."

"I hope so. This place gives me the creeps. Guess we were mistaken about that being a grizzly track at the lake, though," he said. "No grizzly sign since then. Must have been a big black bear."

"I hope we were mistaken," said Lace, "but don’t bet on it." He moved to the front of the column, and the patrol started out again as the afternoon shadows began to creep from the trees and bushes like things alive.

The next plateau was small and had a meadow almost in its center. From a high point on the trail Lace surveyed the meadow and surrounding brush with his glasses. Since they looked free of bears, he signaled the patrol forward. Just as they reached the center of the meadow, Lace heard something that sounded like a pig grunting. Not having seen any bears for an hour, the patrol had lapsed into silence, and Lace picked up the sound clearly. But he couldn’t tell where it came from. He was just about to regard the sound as his imagination, when it came again, more distinctly this time.

"Stop!" he shouted, and at his voice the whole patrol froze. Lace was fitting his field glasses to his eyes to take a look around when out of the corner of his eye he saw what had made the sound—a cow-sized patch of brown which suddenly came to life. Slowly the head of a bear rose above the bushes. Lace recognized almost immediately the humped back, large size, and silver sheen to the fur. It was a grizzly.

Lace waited for the bear to run, hoping that the human smell might spook it, but the bear continued to get bigger and bigger as it rose to its full height from behind the bushes.

Then there was another movement. A small cub ran up the hill behind its mother and stopped. When Lace saw the cub, he caught a sigh of relief. "At least we’re not between her and her cub," he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered. Just then he heard a movement behind him. Glancing back in the direction from which the sound came, he saw another cub, and he knew the patrol was in trouble. The minute the old sow figured out that they were between her and her cub, he whispered.

"Don’t stop till you get to the ranch. Pass it on," Lace could hear the message being whispered from Scout to Scout. Just then the cub behind them squealed. The grizzly grew tense and faced in its direction. A second squeal and she dropped on all fours and started charging down the mountainside.

"Run," Lace shouted at the top of his voice, and the patrol dropped their packs and took off down the trail like a hundred-yard men.

As he shouted, Lace ran up the hill yelling for all he was worth. He had his pack in his hand, and he whirled it as he ran. The bear stopped and rose to her hind feet as if trying to figure things out, but at another squeal from her cub she was on her way again. Lace realized now that she would not scare off.

As the bear drew closer, he could see her small, fiery pig eyes and dripping jaws. When she was almost upon him, he felt for his sheath knife, but it was a hopeless gesture. He knew he didn’t stand a chance against the bear with a six-inch blade. If he started jabbing into the five inches of fur, fat, and muscle that formed her armor plate, it would only make her madder. He had only one chance—to play possum. As the bear reached him, she halted and towered up on her hind legs.

Lace held his pack to the back of his neck and head for protection and dropped face down in the deep meadow grass. The bear was on him in seconds. He could smell her breath as she reached to grab him with her powerful jaws. As her teeth closed around his shoulder, Lace clenched his jaws, determined not to make a sound. The powerful bear picked him up like a dog grabbing his favorite bone. Just as he felt himself clearing the ground, Lace heard the cub squeal again. Then he lost consciousness.

Lace rolled over on his back. His shoulder felt as if someone was holding a hot electric iron on it, and his arm was numb. He was surprised to
be alive. What had saved him? Maybe the cub’s squeal. The old bear had evidently left him when she heard her cub.

He struggled to a sitting position and looked around in the half twilight, but he couldn’t see the bear anywhere. He knew he had to get out of there. She might come back after she got her cubs to safety; he didn’t want to be around toshake hands with her when she returned. Holding his injured right arm in his left hand and pressing it close to his side for protection, he staggered to his feet and, half stumbling, moved toward the trail. He fell down twice before he reached it, but each time he managed to fall on his uninjured side. He was dizzy from loss of blood, but he knew he had to get into the woods and away from the bear. His shoulder felt like a giant, aching tooth, but still he kept going. Finally after an hour of stumbling and struggling, faint from the loss of blood, he sank to his knees and fell at the side of the trail.

Mr. Lind was the first to reach Lace, his left hand still clutching the injured arm. Mr. Lind’s voice penetrated into his consciousness. “He’s alive, but look at that shoulder!” Lace felt his torn shirt being cut away. “It’s not as bad as I thought at first,” the voice said. “His shoulder’s chewed up some, and he’s lost a lot of blood, but there are no broken bones.”

As soon as Lace’s wound had been disinfected and bandaged, Dave and Mr. Lind boosted him up, with Mr. Donavan, and they started slowly down the trail.

Lace regained full consciousness just as they were laying him on a mattress in Mr. Donavan’s pick-up truck. “You said be careful and use your head in your code message yesterday. I guess I didn’t do either very well, Mr. Lind.”

“You did fine, Lace,” the scoutmaster said, and Lace knew he meant it. “You handled it the only way it could have been handled. It took a lot of courage to take that bear on alone and give the fellows a chance to get away.”

A smile crept over Lace’s face. “I didn’t take her on,” he said. “I played possum. You never want to wrestle out of your weight class, you know.”

Then Lace slipped back into unconsciousness.

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MARCH 1959

197
Mush is for us

Breakfast was not breakfast in our grandparents’ day if a big bowl of steaming hot mush was not set before each member of the family every morning. This was, and is, a wonderful way to start the day. Today, mush is inclined to be called cereal and is served cold as a breakfast dish far more often than hot.

Cereals are seeds of the grass family. From the beginning of time they have been the chief reliance of all people for their food supply. They are easily cultivated, stored, and made palatable. Did you know that rice has the largest consumption of any of the grains? Wheat is next. The extent of the milling process determines the nutrient value. Be sure the bowl of cereal you expose your family to is really nutritious. What about vitamins, minerals, and protein? Cereals cooked in the home are usually much less costly than the ready-to-serve cereals. Do not forget to serve often a big bowl of steaming hot whole wheat from your storage can, with cream and sugar. Today’s market is advertising a new high protein cereal almost every week. Check into its contents carefully to be sure you are getting value for your money.

Yes, mush is for us. Try serving such nutritious cereal every way your imagination can wander. Let’s list a few ways to serve cereal: as breakfast foods, flours, extenders for meats, garnishes, accompaniment to meats, additions to cookies and candies.

Let me give you two wonderful recipes containing cereal: one for date bread and one for rolls.

Date Bread

1¼ cups boiling water 1½ cups flour
1½ cups chopped nuts 1 teaspoon baking powder
1½ cups all-bran 1 teaspoon soda
1 egg slightly beaten 1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted shortening 6 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla 1 cup chopped nuts

Pour boiling water over chopped dates and cool. Add all-bran, egg, shortening, sugar, and flavoring. Sift
flour, baking powder, soda, salt; add nuts. Add to first mixture and stir only until smooth. Bake in well-greased loaf pan at 350° for 50 to 60 minutes.

Brownie Rolls

1 cup shortening
1 cup boiling water
1¼ teaspoons salt
1 cup all-bran
¼ cup sugar

Pour boiling water over ingredients and stir until dissolved. Cool to lukewarm. Combine with:

2 eggs beaten
2 yeast cakes dissolved in 1 cup warm water
6 cups flour

Knead well, adding more flour if necessary. Cover and let rise 2 hours. Place in refrigerator overnight. Mold into rolls and let rise 2 to 3 hours. Bake at 400° for about 15 minutes.

Cereal can be used to make other foods go farther; for instance, try adding corn flakes or rolled oats to meat loaf.

Special Meat Loaf

1½ pounds ground beef
1 cup rolled oats (uncooked)
2 beaten eggs
1 cup milk
¼ cup chopped onion
2¼ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon sage

HOW THEY DO TALK! What? You haven’t said a word? But, others have. And, their comments about our Rancho Soups have been real nice. Our cream soups appear to be ‘‘creamier;’’ our chicken soups more ‘‘chickeny;’’ our seasoning ‘‘delightful.’’ Why not try one of our Rancho Soups tonight? Get in the talk-talk.

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MORGAN MOTHER WINS COOKING AWARDS

With the help of daughter Linda, Mrs. Archie Smith shows off the ribbons she won in cooking contests last year. Mrs. Smith took a total of 34 at the Utah State and Morgan County Fairs.

A busy mother of seven, Mrs. Smith likes to do things the handy way, and always uses Fleischmann’s Active Dry Yeast. “This dry yeast is the handiest ever,” she says. “Rises fast every time.”

And now there’s a new Lenten dish made with Fleischmann’s Active Dry Yeast. It’s “Tuna Pizza” — so good and so easy! You just add yeast to biscuit mix for perfect Italian pizza crust. And mmm . . . that tangy tuna filling! You’ll find Fleischmann’s Dry Yeast is so fast and handy, keeps for months on your shelf. Get Fleischmann’s Active Dry Yeast—the “Tuna Pizza” recipe is on the package!

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1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Combine all ingredients thoroughly and pack firmly into a loaf tin. To make it extra special cover with this sauce: Combine 3 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ cup catsup, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Bake at 375° for about one hour.

Individual Ham Loaves

1 pound uncooked ham ground fine
¼ pound lean pork
1 cup crushed corn flakes
¼ cup milk
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
½ cup crushed corn flakes mixed with ¼ pound lean pork

Let 1 cup crushed cereal stand in milk and beaten egg until soft. Add seasoning and ground meat. Form into five individual loaves. Roll each into the additional buttered corn flakes. Bake at 325° for 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Prepared grains also play a part in cookie or candy making. If you feel extra daring and would like to come up with a new cookie to serve the sewing club, try:

Date Dreams

¾ cup sugar
1 cup dates
2 eggs

Cook together stirring constantly until mixture leaves the side of the pan. Cool.

Add:
1 cup rice krispies
1 cup chopped nuts
1 cup corn flakes

Butter hands and roll dough into 1 inch balls. Toss cookie balls into coconut.

Too much candy can become a habit with children. To satisfy their sweet tooth with cereal have a large bowl of crunchies and tall glasses of cold milk ready for them as they come in from school. These crunchies also make a good accompaniment to hot postum as a TV snack.

Crunchies

½ box cheerio oats
1 medium box post toasts
2 cups coconut
2 cups peanuts

Mix together in a large pan.

**Syrup**

2 1/2 cups dark Karo syrup
2 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1 cup canned milk

Cook to soft ball stage. Pour over cereal mixture. Let stand for 10 minutes, then shape into balls.

Rice makes a perfect accompaniment to fried chicken. Try this recipe for:

**One, One, Rice**

2 tablespoons cooking oil
1 cup brown rice
1 teaspoon salt
1 can consomme
1 cup water

Pour oil into large frying pan, tipping pan to cover entire surface. Add the brown rice and place over low heat, stirring from time to time until rice is a golden brown. This should take about 15 minutes. Add boiling water and consomme and salt, turn heat high and bring to boil for 1 minute; turn heat low and cook covered 15 minutes.

You see, mush is really for us—on every occasion!

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**MELODY FOR MARCH**

by Marie Daerr

How well I know here is a miss
Who shows no rhyme or reason,
Who tries to be in four short weeks
What ought to be a season.

She warms me with the smile
of May;
Then, being quite contrary,
Envelops me in swirls of sleet
That are pure February.

She lures me to the yard to see
The buds the bulbs are showing;
Then, suddenly, I am aware
That once again it's snowing.

And yet I can't condemn this miss
Who does just as she pleases . . .
If she'll just give me daffodils,
I can forgive the sneezes!

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See these at your local bookstore
Bride's Corner

Why learn to bake bread when the grocery store is so handy? Good baker's bread is usually available, but will you never really earn the reputation of being a good cook if the knowledge of bread and roll making has passed you by? I know one mother who claims she bakes bread because of its wonderful baking aroma. She says the children smell it even before they enter the house. Bread baking does smell like home. Memories are made this way—also nice full stomachs. Let me give you a wonderful basic bread and a basic roll recipe.

Mother's Bread

4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons melted shortening
4 teaspoons salt
4 cups warm water
1 cup powdered milk
11 cups flour
1 yeast cake or 1 package of granular yeast dissolved in ¾ cup lukewarm water.

Combine all dry ingredients in a large bowl or pan. Stir in the warm water and the dissolved yeast. Knead (adding flour if needed) on a floured surface for about 10 minutes. Place in a greased pan and cover. Let rise in a warm place (80°) until double in bulk. Knead again for about 2 minutes, put back in pan, and let it double in bulk again. Divide into 4 parts for loaves. Let rest for 10 minutes. Form into loaves and let rise again covered with cloth in warm place until doubled in bulk. Bake at 400° F. for 10 minutes and continue baking at 350° F. for about 40 more minutes. You can tell when the bread is done if it shrinks from the pan and sounds hollow when tapped with a finger. For a soft crust, brush tops of loaves with butter after removing from oven.

To make really good bread use finest ingredients and don't try to hurry the process along. Let it rise in a warm room. Kneading the bread can be fun. Don't stop until your hands are entirely free from the dough, and the dough is satin smooth with air bubbles just under the surface. This bread may be baked in many different ways. Bread biscuits are delicious—soft in the center and crisp on the outside. Break off rounds of dough as big as an egg, form into a ball, place in well-buttered muffin tiny, and let rise at least two hours, or until very light. Try adding a sprinkling of dehydrated onion soup to each biscuit when forming, and you will have delicious onion rolls. So good served with spaghetti or salads!

Basic Light Roll

(Makes 2 dozen large rolls)

Mix and let stand twenty minutes, 2 yeast cakes, ½ cup warm water, and 1 tablespoon sugar.
1 cup scalded milk
½ cup shortening
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 eggs well beaten
4 rounding cups flour

Add shortening and sugar to hot milk. Cool and add eggs, salt, and yeast mixture. Add the unsifted flour. Beat well and cover. Let rise to double in bulk. Roll out, knead lightly, divide in two parts of 12 x 6 inches. Spread lightly with softened butter, roll up like jelly roll, cut in 12 one-inch slices, and place in buttered muffin tin. Let double in bulk again. Bake at 425°. These rolls can be cut into any shape you wish; Parker House, cloverleaf, bow knots, etc.

Surprise hubby tomorrow with a batch of delicious bread. This recipe of 4 loaves will not be too large an amount because it freezes so well.
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MARCH 1959

ALLIS-CHALMERS
Priesthood Employment Program

(Continued) terest was engendered the officers decided to send invita-
tions (Form 97) to the non-attending quorum members. Yes, they had some little response on this first letter,
but when the second and third invi-
tations to report jobs and business opportunities were received, they knew their efforts were worth while. The increased variety of jobs re-
ported began to match the abilities of those unemployed, and with the increased reporting from other quo-
rums of the ward and other wards of the stake the plan began ripening into a full harvest.

In summary and in our closing statement of this privilege to reach you faithful readers we wish to say that you are our missionaries, and to you we will be indebted to teach others this wonderful practical re-
ligion of ours.

... out of the best books ...

Richard L. Evans

We have talked of the uses of time, and of these questions often asked: What is there to do? Where is there to go?—and of the unrealistic expectancy of continual excitement, of being continually entertained—and have mentioned that there is much to be said for thinking, for walking, for working, for making, for mending, for using our initiative and doing many things of our own free will. Today we should like to turn to the rich rewards of reading—not reading merely for the purpose of passing time, but for the purpose of discovering truth, of discovering what thoughtful men think. Reading enriches life; it enriches conversation; it enriches understanding. It perpetuates the past and teaches its lessons to the present. Leigh Hunt, perhaps best known for Abou Ben Adhem, left these moving and meaningful lines: "The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er, Desperate the joy,—That day they read no more." And Strickland Gillian wrote: "You may have tangible wealth untold; Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold. Richer than I you can never be—I had a mother who read to me." Many others among the great have added their witness to the worth of reading, indeed to the absolute essentiality of it, if a mind is broadly to mature;...the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers...

South African Mission

(Continued) tions were extended to the missionaries to visit homes and preach the gospel to keep the missionaries busy for a whole year without further extensive tracting. Elders Delos Ellsworth and Glen R. Sherwood were two singing cowboy missionaries who were guests of the Southern Rhodesian government as callers at important government house dances.

In September 1950, moving northward into Southern Rhodesia, eight elders of modern Israel carried the gospel message even farther into Africa’s heart. Under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church, President Wright arranged for the opening of the first branches of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Central Africa. President LeGrand P. Backman had organized a branch in the city of Bulawayo in 1937, but because of the lack of missionary strength this endeavor lasted only approximately six months.

In December 1950, the first branch was organized in the beautiful city of Salisbury and soon after, Bulawayo was once again opened for tracting. Although the elders found “the overwhelming hospitality that characterizes the people” of Rhodesia to be a marked contrast of the early days of persecution, there seemed to be also a “general condition of indifference toward things of the spirit or anything of a religious nature.” The challenge was accepted in good faith, however, and the work moved slowly forward.

Northern Rhodesia was opened for the preaching of the gospel in May 1951, by three elders journeying to Lusashiya to meet the Saints who had already taken up residence there. The first conference was held the same year and thirty-one members attended. In July 1958, President and Sister Glen G. Fisher, the presiding elder in the South African Mission, visited the Rhodesias to organize three new branches at Kitwe, N’Dola, and Gwelo. At this time the members of the Church in South Africa totaled 2,539, with eighteen organized branches (six in the Rhodesias), 129 holders of the Melchizedek Priesthood, and 187 holders of the Aaronic Priesthood.

The greatest thrill for the Saints in South Africa came with the first visit of a General Authority to their land. In January 1954, President David O. McKay blessed South Africa with his radiant presence. At last, South Africans could wish a Prophet of God “Alles van die beste” (All of the best). President LeRoy H. Duncan, the mission president at that time, welcomed President and Sister McKay while the voices of four hundred Saints revealed the deepest feelings of their hearts as they sang, “We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet”—thanks indeed that he had seen fit to grace their far-off land with his warm smile and loving heart.

The Saints have since rallied to President McKay’s stress for the need of a progressive building program. In July 1954, President LeRoy H. Duncan dedicated a beautiful chapel in Springs. Three new chapels have been dedicated in Durban, Port Elizabeth, and Johannesburg. When we look at the many

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stakes of Zion, the six existing chapels in South Africa don't look like many, but to the Saints in South Africa they represent a culmination of much sacrifice and hard work. Added to those six buildings, plans for another three are under way in Bloemfontein, Krugersdorp, and the lovely blossoming, tree-lined streets of the nation's capital city, Pretoria. In 1933, mission work was beset by the problem of having to comply with the government's refusal to grant visas to any foreign missionaries of any denomination. Because of the situation, missionaries could only be drawn from the British Commonwealth, and so Canadian elders were called to labor. In consequence of the sudden turn of events, more South Africans were called to fill many of the gaps left by their American brethren. President Glen G. Fisher felt that "the barring of American missionaries had been a blessing in disguise as it gave the local young people a sense of responsibility to carry on the work that would have otherwise been retarded..." In less than a year's time, eleven young people responded to a mission call. Government officials, in a recent letter to the mission president, once again granted permission for entry of American missionaries. As the beginning of another South African summer moved on last year (September) the first group of American elders reentered the country.

As the eyes of the world turn toward the problems of Africa, the people know they are not forgotten by God and his servants. Elder Harold B. Lee, of the Council of the Twelve, has just toured the mission and dedicated the recently completed chapels. The Saints once more felt the blessing of the presence of a General Authority and realize more than ever, that with the miracle of modern transportation, Zion isn't, after all, on the other side of the world, but that, in fact, they themselves are just in the backyard of Zion.

No, Africa had not by any means been forgotten. She has received her full share of God's blessings, material and spiritual. The beauty of the countryside is evidence that Southern Africa was not on the back row when Mother Nature heaped her blessings on the earth. Marvels of nature like the Victoria Falls in the Rhodesias, the Kruger National
Park in Natal, and the lovely Garden Route of the Cape, are a few among the many beauties of Africa's south. The outpouring of the Spirit on the Saints has added beauty to the souls of those who live in beautiful surroundings.

Contributions to the growth of the South African Mission are so numerous that names of many faithful Saints would form a tremendous list. These are those mission presidents who bear special mention, however, in contributing to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God on the Dark Continent: Jesse Haven, 1853-1855; Ebenezer C. Richardson, 1857-1858; William Fotheringham, 1861-1864; Miner G. Atwood, 1864-1865; Warren H. Lyon, 1903-1906; Ralph A. Badger, 1906-1908; Henry S. Steed, 1908-1909; Brigham A. Hendricks, 1909-1912; Frank J. Hewlett, 1912-1914; Nicholas G. Smith, 1914-1921; J. Wylie Sessions, 1921-1926; Samuel Martin, 1926-1929; Don Mack Dalton, 1939-1935; LeGrand P. Backman, 1935-1938; Richard E. Folland, 1938-1944; June B. Sharp, 1944-1948; Evan P. Wright, 1948-1953; Leroy H. Duncan, 1953-1956; and Glen G. Fisher, presently presiding.

- THE NEW SONG

by Silence Buck Bellows

I wish I might have sung this song for you.
It has the melody, the tender grace,
That gave each simple, tender tune
its place
Among your favorites, your cherished few.
This is the kind of song we always knew
Would call your heart's deep quietude to trace
The pattern of contentment on your face
And linger in your voice the evening through.

Is heaven so far beyond the lights of home?
Perhaps, if I should sit a little while
And sing this quietly, the waiting room
Would seem to brighten with your old, warm smile
And then my listening heart would hear you say,
"Mark that one, dear, to sing again someday."

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MARCH 1959
The Last Word

Professor John Tyndall, the noted English scientist, once confessed that the finest inspiration he ever received came from an old manservant. Every morning this old man would knock at his master's door and say, "Arise, sir; it is near seven o'clock, and you have great work to do today."

Woman's Privilege

"I've been thinking it over," said the husband, "and I've decided to agree with you."

"That won't do you any good," said his wife. "I've changed my mind."

Stubborn Bird

Hertzog was not as good a hunter as he pictured himself in telling accounts of his adventures, but what he lacked in ability he had in confidence. Duck hunting with some friends early one morning he sighted his game within easy shooting distance. As his double blast broke the stillness of the morning the bird went squawking away.

"Fly on, you fool bird," shouted Hertzog. "Fly on with your stubborn heart shot out!"

The most successful man is the man who holds onto the old just as long as it is good and grabs the new just as soon as it is better.

One should never be ashamed to own he has been wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

Penmanship Problem

A businessman, phoning an associate at home, was answered by a child. "Tell him Mr. Brown called," he said.

"Wait till I get a pencil and paper," the child replied. Then, "How do you spell Brown?"

"B-R-O," the man began. Then there was a labored silence. Finally the difficulty was explained.

"How," asked the child, "do you spell 'B'?"

An employer, interviewing an applicant, remarked, "You ask high wages for a man with no experience."

"Well," the prospect replied, "it's so much harder work when you don't know anything about it."

Sunday School Teacher: "Who can tell me about Ruth?"

Johnny: "I can, teacher. He made sixty home runs in one season."
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Shall we put all our eggs in one basket?

When it comes to Easter eggs, we'll have to let the boys decide. But when it comes to life insurance, we have the answer: We're talking, of course, about the very latest model in life insurance “baskets” — with all the newest and best features. It's Beneficial's new “Benefactor” plan: insurance for every member of the family, (even those yet to arrive) in a single, low-cost package that will fit neatly into even the tightest budgets. Like to know more about it? Just mail the coupon below, or, better yet, give your Beneficial man a call. No obligation, of course.

No matter what the boys decide about their eggs, they can be sure that Dad has taken care of their futures if he decided on that new Beneficial Benefactor plan . . . making it possible to bring all members of the family under insurance protection — at one low “family package” cost. It ties in well with any insurance you now have or may acquire in the future.