



The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

VOL. 34 NO. 1

Lessons for April

JANUARY 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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TOMORROW

Berta Huish Christensen

She stands upon the threshold of the years,
The call of far horizons in her eyes,
But in her woman heart there are no fears
Of what may come, for deep within her lies
A courage and a strength she does not name,
But senses as her heritage—a shield
Against the starless night from those who came
On patient feet to plant a desert field.

She does not shun the challenge, does not ask
That time ally for her its stern demands;
To mold tomorrow's promise is her task—
A sacred trust within her fragile hands.
She only begs, in prayer, for help to be
Equal to fill, with grace, her destiny.

THE COVER: "The Future Beckons," photograph by Willard Luce, posed by Mrs. Ardus Strong, Ogden, Utah, in a costume furnished by the Provo Chapter, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.



PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD
Painted by Alvin L. Gittins

The New Year

RELIEF SOCIETY women the world over, as a band of united sisters, greet the new year with hearts filled with faith and courage. Like Janus of old, we stand with faces turned both ways. We look at the departed year, sorrowful over the unrighteousness that has brought so much anxiety and suffering, but grateful for the fidelity to right and the fortitude that have carried us through. We rejoice that out of the welter of our own personal trials we have been able to rise and serve one another.

We look toward the new year, fully aware that it will not let us rest from our labors, neither slacken our watchcare over that which is good. We realize, however, that the experiences of the past year have given us increased strength to walk the road ahead; and, through the darkness and despair, we see the light of the gospel burning steady and true. With calm assurance of its unfailing guidance and sustaining power, we accept the tasks that lie ahead and face the future unafraid.

Ours is a healing mission requiring the larger heart, the kindlier touch, the steadier will; it is a work of many skills, requiring the alert mind, the measured judgment, the trained hand. Ours is not easy work—it was never intended to be so; but it is work, the bountiful fruits of which are joy, satisfaction, and growth.

With hearts filled with love and tenderness, with hands held out to service, with minds awake to that which is right, we will work toward nobler modes of life, confident that a kind and all-wise Father will bless our labors through another year.

The love and prayers of the General Board are with our Relief Society sisters throughout the world. May the new year bring to each of us, strength for her tasks, joy in service, and success commensurate with her righteous efforts.

Belle S. Spafford
Marianne C. Sharp
Gertrude R. Garff
General Presidency

Unveiling of the Portrait of President Belle S. Spafford

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

IT was a pleasant and memorable occasion for those assembled on Wednesday, November 6, 1946, when the portrait of President Belle S. Spafford was unveiled, in the Relief Society General Board room in the Bishop's Building, by Mary Spafford Kemp, daughter of President Spafford. Others in attendance at the unveiling were members of the General Board of Relief Society, Brothers W. Earl Spafford, Earl Spafford, and Clarence W. Kemp, husband, son, and son-in-law, respectively, of Sister Spafford, and other relatives and close friends of Sister Spafford.

With the completion of this portrait, Relief Society now owns a gallery of portraits including all of the nine women who have presided over Relief Society since its organization in 1842.

The portrait of President Spafford was painted by the young London artist, Alvin L. Gittins, a member of the Church. He and his wife were present at the ceremony.

Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering, during her remarks concerning the painting of the portrait, compared a portrait to a "biography done with a brush instead of a pen." It was the consensus of opinion of those who were present, that this portrait is not a mere likeness but that it is, in truth, a "biography done with a brush," revealing the

great strength of character possessed by President Spafford, tempered by her spirit of obedience and humility.

All who saw the portrait seemed to be in agreement with Sister Pickering, that "Brother Gittins has clearly portrayed Sister Spafford's intelligent, alert expression that we all know so well and admire so much; bright eyes that look out calmly, see clearly, and are unafraid; and, withal, a personality of charm, courage, and capability, befitting the leader of a great woman's organization."

Following the unveiling ceremony, an informal reception was held for former members of the Relief Society General Board who have served on the Board since Sister Spafford was called in 1935, and members of the General Board staff.

Members of the general committee in charge of arrangements for the occasion were Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, and Leone O. Jacobs, of the General Board. Former president Amy Brown Lyman and Tessie Smith Johnston, sister of President Spafford, presided at the refreshment table.

Relief Society members throughout the Church will be interested in calling at the Relief Society headquarters when they are in Salt Lake City, and viewing this portrait of President Spafford.



AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY

Left: Mary Spafford Kemp, daughter of President Spafford, who unveiled the portrait, and President Spafford.

A New Latter-Day Saint Artist

Dr. Gerritt de Jong, Jr.

Dean of the College of Fine Arts, Brigham Young University

A NEW and radiant light has appeared on the Latter-day Saint and Utah art horizons in the person of Alvin L. Gittins, who painted the beautiful portrait of Sister Belle S. Spafford, President of the Relief Society, found reproduced in this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Although he is but in his twenty-fifth year, and has been in Utah only since last January, his work has evoked the enthusiastic commendation of all the local artists who have become acquainted with it.

Alvin Loraine Gittins was born on January 17th, 1922, at Kidderminster, Worcestershire, England, the son of William L. and Esther Chance Gittins. Since his parents were both converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints before their marriage, the artist was born and reared within the Church. So much did he associate with missionaries and others who had come to England from the United States, that his schoolmates at times nicknamed him "Yank".

After completing his elementary education, Alvin won a scholarship to the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School at Hartlebury. After graduation from this school, encouraged by its headmaster, George H. Ashe, who was a gifted artist himself, young Alvin studied for three years at the Kidderminster College of Art. Here, he pursued all branches of art, and received thorough training under such



ALVIN L. GITTINS

well-known teachers as Cyril Lavenstein of the Royal Burlington Society of Artists, and W. E. Daly, Associate in the Royal College of Art.

After spending three years at the Kidderminster College, he was called on a mission for the Church. He served for twenty-five months in England under Andre K. Anastasiou, then acting president of the British Mission. The last thirteen months of his missionary work Brother Gittins served as associate editor of the *Millennial Star*.

Upon completion of his missionary labors, he continued his art studies in London at Wimbledon and Camberwell. During the time

that he worked as a professional portrait painter in London, he was signally honored by having some of his works accepted for exhibition by the Royal Society of British Artists.

It is not at all strange that our artist received this and other recognition. In undertaking to paint a portrait, he does not regard it his sole responsibility to produce a good likeness, which would satisfy most laymen, but insists on making each portrait he paints another artistic triumph, also. This explains why not only laymen, but also artists themselves, are universally outspoken in the praise of his productions. His portraits unmistakably reveal the craftsmanship and expertness of execution that so favorably characterize the works of British artists generally. They also reflect the sensitiv-

ity and keen imagination that are his, and his extraordinary capacity for artistic expression of what he sees in, and feels about the subject.

Late in the year 1945, our artist received a scholarship offer from the Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, through the mediation of President Hugh B. Brown, then in charge of the British Mission, now servicemen's co-ordinator at the Church university.

The young artist is married to Gwendolen M. Ellis, who was the recipient of a similar scholarship from Brigham Young University. They arrived in Utah in January 1945, and have made Provo, Utah, their home since that time. Their first child, a son, named Jonathan, was born there.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Caroline Eyring Miner

Now, close against the sky, the barren trees
 In black and gray are etched against the clouds
 Chill blanket like a spider's web, or frieze
 About a Grecian temple, or the shrouds
 Of ancient dead embroidered in grave black
 Across the stony, frozen snow, the long
 Thin shadows run; the wind has left a track
 Of drifts along the way. Yet here is song.
 Within my heart is quietness and peace;
 Upon my window sill are blossoms still,
 And by my glowing hearth the children cease
 Their play but to begin again. I will
 Take sunshine from my quiet corner here
 And warm a bit of earth and dry one tear.

Award Winners

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1946 Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem contest.

This contest was announced in the June 1946 issue of the Magazine, and closed September 15, 1946.

The first prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Ethel Newman Eccles, 3453 Menlo Road, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio, for her poem "Our Hands In Thine."

The second prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard, 818 28th Street, Ogden Utah, for her poem "Release From the South Seas."

The third prize of ten dollars is awarded to Miranda Snow Walton, 165 West 5th South, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Centennial Conversation."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society General Board since 1923, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society.

The contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, and is designed to encourage poetry writing, and to increase appreciation for creative writing and the beauty and value of poetic verse.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society General Board, and may not be used for pub-

lication by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular Magazine rate. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

There were sixty-six poems submitted in this year's contest, entries coming from many of the states, as well as from several foreign countries. Many of the poems were written on the suggested subject, the Utah Centennial. Of the three winners, one had not previously placed in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem contests.

The General Board congratulates the prize winners, and expresses appreciation to all entrants for their interest in the contest.

The General Board wishes, also, to thank the three judges and all who assisted, for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The efforts of the poetry committee of the General Board are very much appreciated.

The prize-winning poems, together with photographs of the prize winning contestants, are published herewith.

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest



ETHEL NEWMAN ECCLES

First Prize Poem

Our Hands In Thine

Ethel Newman Eccles

Inspiration

Only a thread across the desert sands,
A twining thread, held by the Master's hands;
Taut at the time when check was needed there,
Unleashed again and free as the heaven-sent air.

Unleashed, for well God knew this sturdy band,
Whose footsteps he had turned toward desert sand.

Hand-picked from all humanity's great store—
Weighed in the balance; you could not ask for more.

He knew their trials, and yet he knew their power;
Pledged as they were to make each changing hour.

A hallowed part, to firmly plant anew
Christ's Church, revealed in latter day and true.

Dedication

"This is the Place"—the leader raised his hands,
 The challenge of the mountains or the sands
 To this small band of weary pioneers;
 God help them see the future in the years.
 "And it shall truly blossom as the rose,"
 And lo, it did, and so the story goes:
 Great homes were builded well, with mountains 'round,
 Irrigation, too, to wet the thirsty ground;
 And temple spires in majesty rose high
 To link the holiness with azure sky;
 And government became integral part,
 And schools and colleges and cultural art.
 All these and all that makes humanity
 Unchained from lower life on land and sea,
 Unfolded there with every passing hour,
 Man's will upheld by God's majestic power.

By Faith We Walk

What now? A hundred precious years gone by.
 In gratitude, with dauntless heads held high,
 We face the future with its atom fear,
 And pray, dear God, that thou art ever near;
 So near that thou wilt touch us with thy power
 And give us courage through each changing hour—
 Our heritage from pioneers before.
 Hold thou our hands as we pass on through the door
 Into that age that no man dares to think—
 There is no turning; we are at the brink.
 So may we face it without torturing fear,
 Our hands in thine, dear Lord, again we pioneer.

Ethel Newman Eccles, a native of Salt Lake City, now living in Ohio, was awarded first prize in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1944, for her story "Rock Roses of Nazareth." This is her first appearance as a winner in the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contests. She has for some time been writing poetry, prose, and fiction. Her early work was published in the *Gold and Blue*, a Latter-day Saint high school periodical, and later in *Playground*, issued by the playground system of Washington, D. C. She was at one time a special reporter for *The Deseret News*, with a column in each Saturday edition. She is an active Relief Society worker, has been president of the North Ohio District Relief Society of the Northern States Mission, and is now president of the Cleveland Branch Relief Society.

Her husband is Parley P. Eccles. There are two children, a daughter, Mrs. Van M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., and a fourteen-year-old son, Parley Eccles, Jr. Mrs. Eccles also has two small grandchildren.



EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

Second Prize Poem

Release From the South Seas

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I
 I'm going home to trees unleafed, each bud
 Hooded from cold, clean limbs that web the sky;
 Already, I can feel along my blood,
 A leaping, feral as a coyote's cry.
 Whetted by frost whips in the morning hush,
 I'll follow sharp-hoofed tracks a deer has made;
 My shoulders will shake crystals from the brush
 Before the back-thrown antlers clear the glade.
 With towering mountains hid beneath their swirls,
 I'll watch again the darkening snow clouds form;
 And when the wintry down escapes and whirls,
 My long heart hunger will be fed by storm.
 Rain-rivered skies, farewell. Again I'll know
 Fine-neededled balsams feathered white with snow.

II

I'll see the spring creep back through lilac buds
 And smell brown furrows fresh from snow's retreat;
 The ivory-petaled cherry's fragrant suds
 Will vie with peach tree coral, cool and sweet.
 The tall, clean tulip stems will speak of lands
 Fertile, but frugal as my grandsire's thumb;
 I'll warm a snow-damp clod in grateful hands,
 And kneel in bluebells till the kind tears come.
 Some day, shut-eyed, I'll view this tropic isle,
 Bathed in warm rain, and be a little fond
 Of leaves too lush and hues too loud, and smile
 At endless waves and all that lies beyond.
 Tonight, my heart resents the hours between
 Me and my home, where wand-slim aspens lean.

Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Ogden, Utah, is the author of three books of poetry: *Singing Hearts*, *Down This Road*, and *After the Blossoming*. One of the best-known literary women of the West, Mrs. Wangsgaard has had her poems published in many magazines and newspapers of national circulation, including the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and in such poetry magazines as *Wings*, *Spirit*, and the *Florida Magazine of Verse*. She has won first place in several national poetry contests, and has four times received the award in the *Deseret News Christmas Poem Contest*. Mrs. Wangsgaard has placed four times in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest: 1939, 1942, 1946, and 1947. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers, and of the Sonneteers. Mrs. Wangsgaard, the mother of three children, has several grandchildren. Her oldest son, a lieutenant, served in the Pacific area during the war. The poem "Release From the South Seas" is woven around the homing thoughts of this son.

Miranda Snow Walton was born in 1900, in the Bear River country, Wyoming, a daughter of Henry Brooks Snow and Anna Danielson Forbes. Writing poetry has, for many years, been a great joy to Mrs. Walton. In addition to the Latter-day Saint Church publications, her work has appeared in *Railroad Magazine*, the *Utah Magazine*, *Our Army*, *The Vet*, some twenty-five poetry magazines, and five anthologies. Mrs. Walton is the mother of a daughter Vivian (Mrs. Delbert Owens), and two sons, Jack and Claude Walton, who were the fourth generation on one line, and the fifth on another, to serve their country in the armed forces. Mrs. Walton, now a resident of Salt Lake City, is interested in writing about the Bear River Valley, in poetry and fiction.



MIRANDA SNOW WALTON

Third Prize Poem

Centennial Conversation

Miranda Snow Walton

A Great-Granddaughter Speaks:

Great-Grandmother Ann, were you sad that day
In the long, long ago, when you sailed away
From your home in a land far over the sea?
Did your young heart harbor perplexity?
Did you face your future in doubt and fear,
As your great-granddaughter is doing here?
Of what did you dream in this alien land,
As your tired feet plodded through sage and sand?
You could not have visioned the things I know
When you entered this valley so long ago,
This Inland Empire, where temples raise

Their arms in rejoicing at heaven's ways;
 You could not see then, as I do today,
 The gold of the grainfields, the orchards gay;
 The cities that lie on the valley's breast,
 Each one a jewel that God's hand has caressed;
 Then, what was the vision that made you strong,
 What dream gave you courage to journey on?

The Great-Grandmother Answers:

Great-Granddaughter Ann, the dream I had
 Was a simple one, and it made me glad;
 Though I knew the heartbreak of goodbye tears,
 It banished my doubts, and dispelled my fears.
 I dreamed of a home in a peaceful place,
 Of a good man's love, and a baby's face.
 My home was a dugout where wild sage grew,
 But our love was there, and my dream was true.
 Oh, child of my grandson, resolve this day
 To set your feet on your rightful way:
 No matter what struggle a true love brings,
 Hold fast to the good and the simple things,
 A home where no evil nor hate abide;
 Keep faith, and virtue, and truth inside;
 Hold love as a treasure that has no price,
 And a baby's laughter as paradise;
 Do your woman's work in this world of woe,
 For out of such things great empires grow.



It should be satisfactory evidence that you are in the path of life, if you love God and your brethren with all your hearts. You may see, or think you see, a thousand faults in your brethren; yet they are organized as you are; they are flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone; they are of your Father who is in heaven; we are all His children, and should be satisfied with each other as far as possible. The main difficulty in the hearts of those who are dissatisfied is, they are not satisfied with themselves (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 271).

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society General Board is pleased to announce the names of the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1946 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1946.

The first prize of thirty-five dollars is awarded to Margery S. Stewart, 1474 Hollywood Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "The Return."

The second prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Rhea Smith, 181 East Gregson Avenue, Salt Lake City, for her story "Cast Thy Burdens."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Olive Maiben Nicholes, 340 East 2nd North, Provo, Utah, for her story "The Sound of Bugles."

This short story contest, first conducted by the Relief Society General Board in 1941, as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance, was made an annual contest in 1942. The contest is open only to Latter-day Saint women who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication by the editor of a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories are to be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1947.

Twenty-two manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1946. None of the prize winners for this year had previously placed in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest.

This contest was initiated to encourage Latter-day Saint women to express themselves in the field of fiction. The General Board feels that the response to this opportunity will continue to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

The Relief Society Magazine now has a circulation of nearly eighty thousand. There are subscribers in every state of the Union, and in many foreign countries, thus providing a varied and interested group of readers. Writers, recognizing this large and appreciative audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The General Board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation to all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the three judges for their discernment and skill in selecting the prize-winning stories. The General Board also acknowledges, with appreciation, the work of the short story committee in supervising the contest.

Prize-Winning Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

First Prize Story

The Return

Margery S. Stewart

“SALT Lake City!” someone said.

Paula opened her eyes and sat up. She peered down through the windows of the plane. How the town had grown, almost up to Saint Mary's, and right up to the mouth of Parley's. “It's incredible!” she said aloud.

Had she changed as much in ten years? She took out her compact. Her cleverly painted mouth quirked wisely at one corner. “You're charming,” her mouth said. Her eyes gazed narrowly at her unlined, clear-skinned face. Naturally, at forty-two, one couldn't hope to look twenty-two, but she was doing very well. She pulled the Lille Dache beret to a more rakish slant, brushed the shoulders of her Valentina suit. Sally would be wide-eyed at the sight of a Valentina suit.

Paula obeyed the order to fasten the safety belt, and slumped back in her chair. The familiar irritation, indecision, and misery settled upon her. Why had she come? Just for the fun of surprising Sally? To dazzle her with the names of great people? Or to crawl into this corner of nowhere and lick her wounds? “I shall lie down to bleed awhile, then rise and fight again,” she quoted wryly to herself. She reached for the brief case at her feet. She put it



MARGERY S. STEWART

in her lap, and let her hands lie on it, crossed, like little swords. Which is really what they are, she reflected, because very soon, they are going to open this brief case, and very neatly destroy a woman's hopes, plans, and dreams. What a fool the girl was to give me her advertising ideas. Did she really believe me naive enough to take them in to Mr. Hanover? It would be just like asking me to put my neck in a noose. One look at her work, and mine—and me with it, would be tossed out the window.

Couldn't she guess what my job means to me? She smoothed the brief case. I've got to do it. A few changes . . . my name on it, and an end to the long nightmare about someone newer and younger supplanting me.

She closed her hands over the safety belt, as the plane landed. Slipping into her fur coat, she followed the other passengers into the biting, snowy afternoon.

She found a cab and gave Sally's address. Sally had moved since the last time . . . to a larger place, Paula hoped. She shuddered, remembering the last time, ten years ago, when she and Sally had tried to renew their friendship over the shrieks of little girls, and the stamping, mischievous feet of little boys. Six children! Paula's mouth tightened. It was a sin and a shame, and nobody's fault but Sally's. Such a waste of Sally's marvelous mind and unbelievable energy. She could have been a greater success than I, by far, Paula reflected. She could have had the world under her little pink thumb, and she threw it all away for some perfectly mad idea on religion.

SHE sat stiffly, watching the familiar streets unroll. South Temple Street. How many times she and Sally had walked under these trees in the spring, half delirious from the smell of lilacs and rain-wet leaves, and their own marvelous dreams. Why, it was right here on South Temple Street, in the fall of the year, that Sally had told her about Don and their marriage plans.

Paula remembered, as though it were yesterday, her own sick fury and disappointment. "But you told

me you were going to New York with me. Oh, Sally, you can't marry Don. He's just a dumb Mormon boy, whose highest ambition is to have a family of twelve kids and send them all on missions."

Sally had laughed. "You make it sound so dull. What a thrill twelve children will be." She added soberly, "The missions, too. I . . . I . . . guess I've always felt this way. The career business was just a foolish dream."

"No!" Paula had cried, turning to shake Sally. "Don't you see? It's all that matters. We'll climb right up to the top. We'll have money and clothes, gorgeous clothes. We'll meet the most fascinating people..."

Sally said softly, "Listen to me, Paula." Her lovely eyes were misted with shyness. She faltered for a moment. "In Sunday School they tell us sometimes about the . . . the still small voice?"

"Oh, sure, sure, I know."

Sally touched her breast lightly. "In here, there is something that tells me it's right and good to stay and marry Don. Even though everything cries out to go with you, the small voice says, 'Stay'."

For a brief instant Paula had hesitated, "I know," she said, half laughing, half in tears. "I have it, too, telling me to stay and marry Joe."

"Darling!" Sally flung her arms around Paula. "You told me you would. Oh, let's have a double wedding."

"No." Paula had stepped out of the circle of Sally's arms. "No. I'm not going to get caught like that. Not like your mother and mine, and all the women who let love and religion rule their lives. You can come with me or stay. It's up to you."

Sally's fingers had dug fiercely into the pockets of her polo coat. Paula could remember still the outline of them, against the brown cloth. "I guess I've got to stay, Paula."

"Okay, chum. I'm leaving next Tuesday night. Dad's giving me five hundred dollars for my twentieth birthday."

"But Joe? What about him?"

Paula had kicked a stone out of her path. "Joe? Joe will have to find someone else . . . so will I." But in all the twenty-three years between, there hadn't been anyone like Joe.

PAULA looked around her. The neighborhood was very good. Don must be doing a little better. Well, he needed to. Sally had looked terrible ten years ago, just terrible. Her face, drawn and haggard with fatigue, her hands like a washwoman's. Her feet, in their flat, sensible shoes, had run endlessly on household errands. In her arms, Paula remembered, she had seemed to hold constantly, a wailing, teething baby.

Paula regarded the tips of her trim alligator pumps. "I shouldn't have come. I'll wire and have them call me back."

"Here's your address, lady."

Paula looked out. "But it's lovely . . . I never dreamed . . ." She paid the driver and walked before him up the winding, neatly swept path. She climbed the shallow steps of the brick terrace and rang the bell.

The door was flung open by a young and amazingly lovely girl. Paula had a swift impression of dark blue eyes in a heart-shaped, eager face, of very white teeth that flashed

welcomingly. "Hello," she said. Then her eyes grew wide. "It can't be!" she breathed. "Aunt Paula, how perfectly wonderful. Come in! Mother will be so thrilled."

The warmth of the girl's welcome reached deep into Paula. "You know me?"

"Know you?" The girl reached out slim brown hands and drew her into the great hall. "Your picture is in my room. I'm going to be just like you. Oh, Mother . . ."

Sally came into the hall. Paula stared at her, disbelief and a dismayed envy warring within her. Sally was radiantly beautiful, more so than she had ever been as a girl. The new upsweep was enormously becoming to her small face.

"Paula!" she cried, "Paula!" and ran forward with arms outstretched.

Paula lifted her face from Sally's shoulder and saw her reflection in the hall mirror. But I look so sharp, she thought, in bewilderment, so sharp and clever. There is no softness anywhere. She held Sally out before her. "Let me look at you, angel. You look wonderful. I love your house." She turned her head as a sudden burst of laughter tumbled from the living room.

"Guests?"

Sally laughed. "Just my family. Come and meet them all over again." She put her arms around the girl who was standing wide-eyed beside them. "This is Louise, she was nine when you saw her last, ten years ago."

This lovely creature, the skinny little girl in glasses and braces? It couldn't be!

Louise seemed to read her thoughts. "Wasn't I revolting? Mom worried about my matrimonial chances."

Her mother gave her a hug. "You were a charming child." She led Paula into the large, battered, but lovely living room.

Three young men rose swiftly to their feet. Paula gasped in sheer admiration. "Sally! You certainly cornered the market. I never saw such handsome children."

Sally laughed. "Time helps. You weren't too impressed the first time you saw them, remember?" She introduced them. "This tall, red-headed young man is Don, Junior. He's leaving for a mission next month. He just received his call."

Dimly, as from down a long corridor, Paula heard a younger Sally say, "It will be a thrill, sending them on missions."

"And these are the twins, Phillip, he's going to be a doctor, and Stephen, he can make a car out of an old spool and a piece of wire, I do believe."

They smiled at her from young, gay faces, impressed, Paula could tell, by the tales they'd heard about her. She shook hands with them gravely. Sally's sons! These tall young men were bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. No wonder Sally's face held that deep contentment. Paula shivered. Instantly the family sprang into action. The boys stirred the fire. Sally forced her into a wing-backed chair. Louise brought a footstool.

"You look so tired, Paula. You must rest here."

"Mother!" A girl of ten catapulted into the room. "Guess what? I get the lead in the Primary play. Isn't it supreme!"

An older boy trotted dejectedly after her. "I gotta be in it, too. I

gotta be somethin' awful—like an old prince."

Paula looked up at the children. They looked like Sally. "I used to go to Primary all the time, with your mother. Once I was the lead in the play. What do they do these days?" She curled her lip. "The same thing, I suppose."

"We're studying about the Centennial. We're making decorations for it."

"The Centennial. Once that would have thrilled me," she mused aloud. "I never think about Mormonism any more. Too busy."

"It's been our life," Sally said simply, as she knelt to place another log on the fire. She sat back on her heels. "Tell us about New York. Every single thing."

Paula couldn't remember when she'd had an audience like this, so eager, so delighted with the anecdotes of people she knew. The moments flew by, until suddenly it was dusk and a car was turning into the driveway.

"It's Don, and I haven't started dinner." Sally sprang up in pretty dismay.

Don came in. He was grayer and heavier, but time had carved all his wrinkles into laughter lines and put a twinkle in his eye. "Welcome, welcome, my dear. We've hoped for a long time for this visit."

To her amazement, tears thickened her throat, "Why—why thanks, Don. I'm so very glad to be here."

ALONE in the little room Sally had given her, Paula lay face down on the bed. She felt so old, so tired, so finished. But I can't be old. She sat up. Sally and I are the same age, and no one could call Sally

old. But why do I have this desolate feeling that I'm standing outside in the cold, looking in on warmth and laughter? She got up and began to rub cold cream vigorously into her skin. Come, come Paula, you'll feel differently after a day or two of rest. When you hear the squabble and watch Sally try to do a hundred things at once.

She dressed swiftly and reached for her brief case. She could be working on that advertisement while she waited to be called down for dinner. She spread the copy on the dressing table.

Louise came for her, lovelier than ever in a black velveteen suit. "I'm going out after dinner . . . His name is Mark. He's really super." She came and leaned over Paula's shoulder, and read the copy with young, delighted eyes. "Aunt Paula! No wonder you've gone so far! Why this is wonderful! I can't rest until I try the lipstick. The whole idea is just scrumptious!"

Paula felt the hot color sweep up from her throat. "I'm . . . I'm glad you like it, child."

"Like it? I'm mad about it. You're wonderful." She pulled Paula's hand. "We meet early . . . for family prayers. Are you ready?"

"Family prayers?" Paula bit her lip before it could say, "How quaint."

They knelt, each one at his chair. Paula looked at their bowed heads in the brief instant before she, too, dropped to her knees. A phrase she had almost forgotten, leaped to her mind. ". . . Bring forth their fruit with patience—" Now who had said that?"

Don bowed his head, his voice was quiet and sure. ". . . We thank thee

for health and strength, food and shelter . . . the privilege of serving thee . . . for thy love which has shielded us from harm. We thank thee for the guest in our house and ask thee to bless her with the blessings thou knowest she needs this day."

There was more of the prayer, but Paula did not hear. A prayer had been prayed for her to the Lord she had forgotten.

It was clear to her, suddenly. Terrible in its clarity. The Word stood. The Word was Truth. Clever people, gay people, wicked people, foolish people could deny it. But the Word stood. Sally and Don had known it. They had given their lives to it and "brought forth fruit with patience."

She had given her life to the things of this world, and she held the empty years of the past and the empty years of the future as her portion. The knowledge seared like fire, deeper and deeper, a pain no tears could assuage.

Numbly, she rose when the others rose, and ate and talked and smiled. She tried to warm her icy heart in the fire of the children's admiration and respect.

Louise's young man came. She brought him to Paula to be introduced. They made a charming couple, so clean, so young. Love made Mark's face miserable and ecstatic all at once. It reminded Paula of Joe's face of many years ago. I can't endure much more. she thought. I must go back.

But they had planned so many things for her pleasure. A skiing trip, where she met Joe and his three sons. She watched the boys and their father. They might have been

my sons, she thought, and turned heavily away.

"You're so white," Sally said anxiously, "Don't you feel well?"

"Wonderful," Paula lied. "It's this mountain air."

She found herself skiing with Don Junior. Plodding up the white slopes, she asked him, "Since you're practically in the mission field you ought to know a thing or two about religion."

"Like what?"

She liked his young, grave smile. "A phrase has been bothering me . . . 'Bring forth fruit with patience.' Now, where did I hear it?"

"The Savior said it when he told the parable of the seeds, remember? The seeds that fell on stony soil, and some in thorns, and then the seed that fell on good ground, and the man out of the honesty of his heart brought forth good fruit with patience."

"I see. Thank you, Don."

They were in the living room that evening, talking over the day's adventures. The phone rang.

"It's for you, Louise." Sally came back. "It's Mark."

Louise's pretty face grew pinched. "Please tell him I'm not in."

Sally did so, reluctantly. When she returned, there was distress in her eyes. "Louise, what's happened between you. I thought . . . we hoped . . . he's such a fine boy . . . so in love with you."

Louise set her chin stubbornly. "I know he's wonderful and nice and madly in love with me. But I'm not going to marry him."

"Why not, dear?" There was disappointment and concern in Sally's voice.

Paula heard it. She looked sharply

at Louise. There was something so familiar about all this.

"Because," Louise said quietly, "I'm going back to New York with Aunt Paula . . . if she'll let me. I've decided I'd rather have a career than anything else in the world."

Joy leaped in Paula's heart. How wonderful it would be to have Louise with her in that cold, lonely apartment. She could give her so much . . . such marvelous contacts.

"A career?" Don said carefully. "Are you sure, Louise?"

Louise flushed. She lifted her chin. "Oh, I do have a war on inside me; the still small voice is raising the roof . . . But I won't do it. I won't have a life like Mom's. Hard work . . . worry . . . a lot of children. I want glamour in my life . . . like Aunt Paula's."

Paula sat still as stone. Oh, no! Not her life for Louise. Not the glitter that is forgotten in a day, and the husks to hold in the cold years, the lost years, the unfruitful years.

She said softly, "You think I am a success?"

"Oh, yes," Louise breathed, "I know you are."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, because I have given a great deal to it. The man I loved, for instance, the children I might have had, the home I might have made, the Church that would have fed my soul . . ."

"But you've met such wonderful people! Not like the ones here."

Paula nodded. "You are quite right. Very clever people, and if I'm clever too, they will continue to be my friends. But they won't come running over with a lemon pie if I'm ill, or to borrow a cup of sugar, and to tell me about Jimmie's school marks, or to give me a recipe for

chili sauce. I have a Picasso," she added slowly, "But I have no child. If you only knew at twenty how important a child will be to you, when you are forty."

Louise's lower lip trembled minutely, "You don't want me. That's why you're saying these things. What about your job? Isn't that enough?"

There was one more thing she could say. Paula shrank from it. It's all I have left, Sally's children's love and respect. I won't lose that, too. But the still small voice said clearly, "You must, Paula."

She heard it with joy and with sorrow. She held her head very high. "Yes, my job. It means a great deal to me, so much that I would do anything to keep it."

"I knew it," Louise cried. "I knew you loved it more than all these things you've been telling me about."

"I do love it," Paula said softly. "You'll know how much when I tell you that the copy you admired so much isn't mine."

"Not yours? But you said it was . . ."

"I'm . . . borrowing . . . it, from a girl with a lot of talent. She'll hardly know it when I'm finished."

In the stillness of the room, Louise's voice fell like a whiplash. "Aunt Paula! Oh, Aunt Paula!" She ran blindly from the room.

Paula looked from one to another of Sally's family. But they were smiling at her from shining faces, only Sally's was wet with tears. She stumbled over to Paula and held her close. "Paula, Paula, you were wonderful. How . . . how fine of you . . . What will you do now?"

"Send back the copy . . . and my resignation. I'm not going back."

"I'm so glad. You'll be happy here. Believe me, Paula."

Paula said very carefully, so that the words wouldn't break before she could get them out, because they were important. The most important she had ever used. "Ask your missionary son to tell me . . . Is it ever too late to start . . . bringing forth fruit with patience?"

Margery Stockseth Stewart, of Salt Lake City, wife of Russell Stewart, is a member of several literary organizations, including the League of Utah Writers, the Barnacles, and "The Little Group" of short story writers. She has been awarded first prize in the annual short story contest sponsored by the Barnacles, and received the Deseret News Christmas Story Contest award in 1940. Skillful and gifted in both story writing and poetry, Mrs. Stewart has had many of her compositions published in Utah periodicals, and in magazines of national circulation. She has also received the Citizenship Award of the Salt Lake City Junior Chamber of Commerce, given for outstanding accomplishments of descendants of foreign-born Americans. Mrs. Stewart is of Norwegian descent. She is the mother of two children, a daughter, age ten, and a two-year-old son. Mrs. Stewart assists in drama production in the Mutual Improvement Association of Edgemoor Ward, Hillside Stake. In appreciation of her home State, she has this to say: "My husband was in the Corps of Engineers during the war. I was lucky enough to be able to be with him. I used to think I had gypsy blood, but when I came home to Salt Lake City, after the war was ended, and saw the mountains and the familiar streets, I knew my roots went deep into this soil, and that in any other place I am just half a person."

Mary Jacobs Wilson Called to General Board

Maurine C. Neilsen

Literature Class Leader, Mt. Ogden Stake Relief Society

FOR thirty-five years, Sister Eliza R. Snow was served by a counselor whom she loved and who loved her devotedly. Later, this counselor, Zina D. H. Young, was general president of the Relief Society for thirteen years. Sister Mary Jacobs Wilson, who is now called to become a member of the Relief Society General Board, is a granddaughter of this wonderful woman, the daughter of Henry Charitan Jacobs and Emma Rigby Jacobs, both devout Latter-day Saints.

Although her heritage is indeed an enviable one, Mary Wilson deserves to be thought of as a choice person in her own right, for she is talented, humble, and deeply religious. One of her outstanding characteristics is her ability to make and keep friends. This love of her fellow men, coupled with a strong testimony of the gospel, make her, indeed, a happy choice for the Relief Society General Board.

Sister Wilson loves and serves Relief Society. She has been president of both the Ogden Twelfth and Twenty-fourth Wards. For four years she served as stake counselor to Sister Ethel B. Andrew, a former member of the General Board. Then she became first counselor to Sister Ella P. Farr of the Mount Ogden Stake. At the time of her call to the General Board, she was president



MARY JACOBS WILSON

of the Relief Society of the Mount Ogden Stake. She has also served in the Mutual Improvement Association, in both ward and stake capacities, and as a Sunday School and ward organist.

Mary is a former Weber College music and dramatics student, and a past vice-president of the student body. She still loves to read and study at every opportunity.

She was married in the Salt Lake Temple to David J. Wilson, well-known Ogden attorney. Mary's love and devotion for her husband are something her friends often speak

about, and Brother Wilson himself is a devoted and loving husband and father, a sincere Latter-day Saint, and a gifted speaker.

The Wilsons have five children, all of whom are either graduates or students of the B.Y.U. Marian is now the wife of O. Meredith Wilson of the University of Chicago faculty. They have four lovely children. D. J. Wilson is a graduate of Cornell Law School, and he and his wife, Blanche Petersen Wilson, have a small daughter. L. Keith, who was wounded at Tarawa, has entered the University of Chicago to start work on his Ph. D. in mathematics. Margaret, a senior at the B.Y.U., is secretary of the student body. Don is a freshman at the "Y".

The friends of these young peo-

ple, and the many other guests of the family, know the Wilson home to be one of the finest among the Latter-day Saints. It combines modern convenience and good taste with the homely pioneer virtues of welcome hospitality, music, laughter, humor, and the spirit of the Lord.

Lean years, sickness, crippling accidents, and the grimmest specters of war have entered the Wilson home, only to be faced and routed by courage and undaunted faith. It is this faith, and such contacts and enriching experiences as are brought about by membership in a large, devoted, active Latter-day Saint family, that will serve Mary Jacobs Wilson well in her new calling to the General Board.

PIONEER WOMEN

Olive W. Burt

I seek a phrase of sufficient strength
And grace and beauty to formulate
My concept of those women who
Now humbly stand with heroic great—

Those women stronger than hills, more tough
Than sagebrush permanent in the sand;
Persistent as the streams that cut
Their clean, deep channels through hostile land.

I was not one of these. I was born
To streets familiar with poplar trees,
To the ordered routine of church and school—
The city they built on the desert's knees.

But wherever I go among alien folk,
I hold my head at a prouder height
Because my blood is of their blood,
Their vision is my birthright.

Florence Gay Smith

Blanche B. Stoddard

Member, Relief Society General Board

RUSKIN said, "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with roses, but they fall behind her footsteps, not before."

Sister Florence Gay Smith, newly chosen member of the General Board of Relief Society, has indeed left behind her a path of roses, as she has given her life to the service of others. Hundreds of grateful missionaries are better men and women because they were permitted to come under her sweet influence.

More than twelve years of her life have been spent in the mission field. She first became a mission mother when she accompanied her husband, the late Nicholas G. Smith, to the South African Mission. They had three small sons at that time, and Sister Smith had many adjustments to make in a faraway, strange land. She learned many fine lessons of life the hard way. After returning home, she was active for many years in ward and stake Primary and Mutual Improvement Associations. She served for one year in the Seventeenth Ward Relief Society presidency. Brother Smith served as bishop of the Seventeenth Ward for twelve years, during which time Florence was by his side in the role of a gracious ward mother.

They were called to preside over the California Mission for three years, and Sister Smith had charge of fifty Relief Society organizations. At the end of this time, she became matron of the Salt Lake Temple while her husband was in the Tem-



FLORENCE GAY SMITH

ple presidency. It was she who was the originator of the lovely "brides' room." Another call came to preside over the Northwestern States Mission, where again, she headed the Relief Society work.

Sister Smith comes from sturdy Puritan and pioneer stock. She was born in Ogden, Utah, where she spent her girlhood and received her schooling. Her father was John Franklin Gay, and her mother was Tirzah Farr, daughter of Lorin Farr, the first mayor of Ogden. Her marriage to Nicholas G. Smith was a beautiful romance. They have four sons, all fine Latter-day Saints. Gerald Gay served in the district presidency of Washington D.C., before

it became a stake; John Henry is former bishop of the Arlington Ward in Virginia; Stanford Groesbeck is now bishop of the Wilshire Ward in Los Angeles; Nicholas Groesbeck, Jr. is attending the University of Utah.

Undaunted faith has characterized the life of Sister Smith. She brings to the Relief Society General Board a wealth of experience, spirituality, and graciousness, and to the women of the Church, an understanding heart.

Lillie Chipman Adams

Isabel B. Callister

Member, Relief Society General Board

“**S**AID Jesus, ‘Ye shall do the work ye see me do,’” are the grand keywords of our wonderful humanitarian organization, the Relief Society. An unwavering faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and strict obedience to all the gospel principles and to the Savior’s teachings of righteousness, love, and service, are the grand key ideals of our new General Board member, Lillie C. Adams.

To serve diligently, lovingly, and abundantly is the prime joy of Sister Adams’ life. A strong testimony of the gospel and loving service have endowed her with these rare gifts: richness of spirit, unselfishness of heart, and peace of mind. She has always shown a high degree of culture and refinement. Through a blending of the important prerequisites, spirituality, wisdom, understanding, enthusiasm, and charm, she has developed leadership and an ability to inspire others.

Her appointment to the General Board is the culmination of faithful performance in all Church auxiliaries in which women have the privilege and honor to exert their influence,



LILLIE CHIPMAN ADAMS

and give of their time and talents. For the past three years, she has served as president of the Emigration Stake Relief Society; prior to that time, she was president of the University Ward Relief Society. She served on the Relief Society and Sunday School boards of the Alpine Stake, and on the Y.W.M.I.A. board of the Ensign Stake. She was a

teacher in the Primary Association, and for eight years, was a principal of the University Ward Junior Seminary.

Sister Adams was born in American Fork, Utah, a daughter of Henry and Sarah Binns Chipman, true Latter-day Saints, who enriched their home with a spirit of harmony, industry, and reverence. Sister Adams' fervent prayer, as a child, was that she might be able to retain a knowledge of her studies. Our Heavenly Father has indeed blessed her with a great power of memory. Beautiful gems of scripture and literature are always at her command.

After graduating from the University of Utah, she taught school in American Fork. She married Arthur Adams, who was in the sheep and wool business. Their life together is a perfect example of devotion and co-operation. They were blessed with an outstanding son, Howard C. Adams, a graduate of Annapolis Naval Academy, and a Commander in World War II.

In prayerful humility, Sister Adams has always sought first the "kingdom of God and his righteousness," and all the precious things of life have been added unto her.

WINTER NIGHT

Grace M. Candland

What majesty pervades
This winter night.
The sky is one vast veil of blue,
A million star worlds shining through.

A full moon glides along
Its usual path.
While frost descends on pane and tree
To work its will in artistry.

Beneath, the earth is still;
The hour of rest
Has come, its flowering laid low,
Entombed in coverlets of snow.

This frigid scene will pass
And die away,
And leave for nature's urgent need
The nourishment for springtime seed

In all this grandeur one may see
The pattern of eternity.

General Relief Society Conference

October 2 and 3, 1946

THE annual general Relief Society conference was held October 2 and 3, 1946, at Salt Lake City, Utah, with President Belle S. Spafford presiding. All departments and phases of Relief Society work were considered at this conference due to the discontinuance, announced in January 1946, of the holding of a semi-annual general Relief Society conference in April. Henceforth, an annual general Relief Society conference each year will be held just preceding the general semi-annual Church conference in October.

The following sessions were held:

On Wednesday, October 2, morning and afternoon meetings were held in the Assembly Hall consisting of departmental sessions, which were presented consecutively to allow stake and mission officers and board members the opportunity of becoming acquainted with all phases of the year's work. The chairmen of the respective General Board committees introduced the work of their various departments. Elder H. Wayne Driggs, writer of the theology lessons, delivered an address "The Final Year in the Church History Course." A ward literature lesson demonstration was presented under the direction of Leone G. Layton, chairman of the literature committee, with the assistance of ward and stake leaders. A panel discussion "Family Problems of Today," under the leadership of Leone O. Jacobs, chairman of the social science com-

mittee, was given, with Mary G. Judd, Anna B. Hart and Blanche B. Stoddard also taking part on the panel. Counselor Marianne C. Sharp gave general instructions on the educational work for the coming year. President Amy Brown Lyman extended her greetings and blessing near the close of the morning session to the Relief Society officers present. In the late afternoon, departments in music, Magazine, and secretarial work were conducted simultaneously in the Assembly Hall, General Board rooms, and Barratt Hall, respectively.

A reception for stake and mission officers and board members was held Wednesday evening in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah.

On Thursday morning, October 3, in the Assembly Hall, an officers' meeting was held for stake and mission officers and board members. At this meeting, President Spafford gave "Official Instructions"; Elder Joseph Fielding Smith delivered an address "Hearken to Counsel"; and Elder Harold B. Lee spoke on "The Place of Relief Society in the Welfare Plan." All but one stake in the Church was represented at this meeting, and seventeen missions.

Thursday afternoon, a general meeting was held in the Tabernacle for Relief Society members and the general public. This session was addressed by the General Presidency of Relief Society, and President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. spoke on "Our Wives and Our Mothers in the Eternal

Plan.” Other members of the General Church Authorities, members of the General Church Welfare Committee and specially invited guests were in attendance at the Thursday meetings.

The music for the conference was under the direction of Sister Florence J. Madsen, member of the General Board. A duet was sung by Iris Taylor and Janet B. Peterson, with Sister Madsen as accompanist. Sister Iola Petersen played the prelude and postlude music at the three officers' meetings. Thursday afternoon at the general session in the Tabernacle, a combined chorus of Singing Mothers from the nine stakes of the Jordan Valley Region rendered the music under the baton of Sister Madsen, with Brother Alexander Schreiner at the organ. This same group was asked by the First Presidency to furnish the special music for the first two sessions of the 117 semi-annual general Church conference, held the following day on Friday, October 4, 1946.

The opening and closing prayers

at the first three meetings were offered by Relief Society stake presidents. President Amy Brown Lyman offered the invocation at the general meeting on Thursday afternoon and Sister Jessie Evans Smith gave the benediction.

On Monday morning, October 7, in the Relief Society General Board room in the Bishop's Building, a meeting was held by the Relief Society General Presidency, members of the General Board mission committee and other General Board members, with the mission Relief Society presidents of sixteen missions.

The addresses of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. "Our Wives and Our Mothers in the Eternal Plan"; "Hearken to Counsel," by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith; and "The Place of Relief Society in the Welfare Plan," by Elder Harold B. Lee, were printed in full in the December 1946 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Digests of some of the talks given at the general Relief Society conference are printed in this issue of the *Magazine*. The addresses of the General Presidency of Relief Society will appear in the March number of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

DEPARTMENTAL MEETINGS, OCTOBER 2, 1946

The Final Year in the Church History Course

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

MY dear sisters, I shall need all of your sustaining faith to carry forward what is in my heart to say in regard to the work that fell to my lot over the period of three years now past.

To talk about the final year of the Church History series, in a sense, is

like trying to paint the scenes of America on one canvas. It is breathtaking. This year we are talking about the "coming of age" period in Church history.

During half of my life I have lived around the scenes of the Church, where things began. I know Broome

County. I know the spot where Brother Knight first greeted the Prophet and permitted him to hold cottage meetings. I have been in Oakland, which was Harmony, Pennsylvania. And many times I have been to the place where John the Baptist first appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith. I spent sixteen months of my mission in and about Palmyra. So, to me, these things are not simply dots on a map, or a line indicating a river; they are far more than that.

I think now of the little branch in Binghamton, New York, where Sister Driggs and I used to go with our boys, and would meet with two or three Relief Society sisters, much, I imagine, as they did in days when the Church was referred to as the "little flock," when the word, the revealed word of God, was the important thing. The Doctrine and Covenants at that time, in the early days of the Church, had not been accepted in congregation as the word of God. They knew it to be the word of God because the Prophet had spoken it.

Now, we have had, in two years, through this study, an opportunity to have the personal side of Church history revealed through the lives of the men and women who lived it, and I should like to say that one of the most important things to remember about the scriptures is that they were lived before they were written, and that is why they are of such great import to us.

In the early days, the members of the Church relied upon the word of the Lord, and they had to take it literally to understand its significance. Now, what has happened? We have had, in the expansion of

the Church, an opportunity to see just the sort of thing I see here before me this morning—hundreds of fine women, firm in the faith, coming from many places to learn from the organized Relief Society, its president, counselors, and Board, the fine things that they have to give to carry forward the work that has long since passed the "little flock" stage, on into the "coming of age" period of this great Church of ours.

Now, I think if we can keep that in mind, it may help us more in this final series of lessons than anything else that I could suggest, because when you have the personal drama of the Church, as it was up to the time of the martyrdom, and as it was after the martyrdom, in the crossing of the plains, there is always the touch of the human hand, so to speak, in helping you to see why these principles of the gospel are true.

But now, what happens? You think of the Church collectively, and you think of the Relief Society organization, and the splendid educational system, and the Priesthood quorums, and all of the auxiliary work, and the Welfare Plan, and all these things, making it difficult to understand, and to keep that fine, warm touch of the human relations idea that came in the early days of the Church.

I have tried to do two things for you. First of all, not to confuse you with a long list of questions at the end of the lesson, which seem to get away from the central idea. Rather, I have tried to focus your attention sharply on one or two significant questions which promote thinking and discussion, first from your class, and then, after that has been carried

forward, to invite you to do some actual reading of the Doctrine and Covenants, which brings about most of the discussion, and should bring the real heart of the discussion.

NOW, there is something significant to me about the first vision, in the way in which Joseph Smith later wrote it. He said: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

He did not say: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, His Son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost." But he repeats: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

It seems to me that he placed with conviction every comma in that sentence, because he had seen the individuality of the two, the Father and the Son, and he knew that the Holy Ghost was just as distinct, although a personage of spirit.

I have suggested that you give the class a chance to think of the historical events that have come during the hundred and sixteen years of our Church, and then discuss those that are found in the lesson in the light of the Article of Faith which applies particularly to the events being discussed.

Now, there is one comforting thought, at least to me, as the writer of the lessons, and that is that we can rely upon a great deal of backlog information about these things. In other words, you have studied Church history for a long time, and you will study it for a long time more, and there will come to you added significance to these thoughts

as to the worthwhile character of the lives of the saints who gave so much to make this Church what it is today.

And like a radiant gem, meeting new light and color, there comes through a heart-warming experience of reading the word of God for purposes centered around a given ideal, which is the lesson objective, a chance to depart from the world and to have faith renewed and strength given, so that one may know in these trying times, that there is an anchorage to living.

There are eight lessons, the first one an overview, the second one in terms of the Priesthood callings.

Certainly, I will not have to say much to you on the organization of the Relief Society and its significance, but I have tried in that to give something that has a little different slant. The educational system is put forth, and also three of the auxiliary organizations.

Then, I have discussed the Welfare Plan, with all its important significance in these days. By way of summary, I felt that something should be said for the unsung heroes of the Church. What a wealth of experience this lesson can be when you bring to your class the stories of the unsung heroes of Zion, who have made the great cause what it is! The final lesson is a review of the century.

It has been a privilege to write the series, and I am certain that this experience that I have had this morning has made me realize, more than anything else, what has been meant in the phrase, "the coming of age" period of the Church. God help you to appreciate these values, I pray, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

The Worth of Testimony Bearing

Achsa E. Paxman

Member, Relief Society General Board

IT is indeed a privilege to meet today in Relief Society Conference with you women from all over the Church, who have a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The goal of Relief Society is to help women to be better mothers and wives; to be devoted Church members who teach by example, as well as precept, the principles and teachings of our Church; to help form proper attitudes through intellectual understanding gained in Relief Society work; to help gain faith sufficient to be blessed with a testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel.

It is the responsibility of every true Latter-day Saint woman, who has a testimony of the gospel, to maintain high ideals, and to develop a philosophy of life that will be an inspiration to all with whom she comes in contact.

The burden of Christ's teaching was that men should keep the commandments. He told his disciples to go out and teach men everywhere. The promise was that they who believed should be saved. There is no promise to any other.

To the multitude, who crowded around Christ the day after he had fed them, he said:

Ye seek me, not because ye saw miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you (John 6:26, 27).

What a privilege we have in our Church to give service, to prepare lessons of instructions to various groups, to attend meetings where inspired and well-prepared talks are given, and then to have the privilege of bearing our testimonies.

Brigham Young said: "More testimonies are gained on your feet than on your knees."

Testimony bearing is an expression that God is the beloved Father who rules and guides our lives. Our expressions of appreciation for our Father in heaven, for blessings and knowledge of his divinity and guidance, are a great help in our lives for righteous living. The Lord has given commandments and instructions through ancient and latter-day prophets, and bearing our testimonies to the divinity of these words is a great blessing to us.

Mental assent to the gospel is not enough. There must be a power that drives us to action. Our faith is but the motivation for action. If we have the proper faith, we cannot be restrained from bearing our testimonies, and, because of our faith, our words and actions, and our lives, will be an influence on others.

Appreciation is one of the greatest needs of the world today. A thoughtful deed, the needed praise to our associates, give encouragement and happiness. God also appreciates our acknowledgement of his blessings unto us.

Many of our boys who served in the recent World War were blessed

and encouraged through their faith in God and in the ideals taught them in our Church. Hundreds expressed appreciation of their belief in God and their faith in the resurrection, and no matter what their suffering or trials, not even the reality of death itself could keep them from worshipping God in spirit and in truth. Through their testimonies they were blessed, and many had the great joy of bringing the gospel to their companions. What a gift and power is testimony!

The strength of Mormonism lies in the individual testimonies of its members.

What a privilege our missionaries have to learn the gospel and to teach it to the people in the various missions of the Church! How they love to bear their testimonies of their faith in God and the truthfulness of

the gospel, for they are following the teachings of the Savior, "Feed my sheep."

It is hoped that the Relief Society officers of every ward and branch of the Church will consider it a special privilege of missionary service to interest all their women with a desire to attend theology testimony meetings.

The worth of testimony is great.

May we be blessed with faith that God is still at the helm of this great nation. Let us have faith in the leadership of our Church. Let us strive to keep the principles and teachings of the gospel. May our testimonies be strengthened and may we be a light and an inspiration to others through our living the gospel and expressing in testimony our faith and gratitude, I pray, in the name of Jesus.

Our Pioneer Heritage

Ann P. Nibley

Member, Relief Society General Board

THE visiting teachers' department, during the years 1946-47, deals with the general subject "Our Pioneer Heritage." This is a timely subject, inasmuch as we shall celebrate this year the one hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first Mormon pioneers in Salt Lake Valley.

Sister Amy Brown Lyman is the author of these lessons, and she has ably treated the subject under the following headings: Love of God; Love of Fellow Man; Faith; Courage; Industry; Self-reliance; Dependability; and Thirst for Knowledge.

I shall attempt to review these lessons for you in the brief time allotted to me.

First, the love of God. This quality is, indeed, one of the cardinal virtues, for did not the Savior say: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matthew 22:37-39).

The early Latter-day Saints manifested their love of God when they accepted the gospel and became

members of the Church, for Mormonism, at the time, was so misrepresented and abused that it was a very unpopular religion.

The love of fellow man was a noble characteristic of the pioneers. It was this fraternal feeling that prompted all the missionary work that was performed during the early days of the Church. The truths of the gospel, which they prized so highly, they wished to share with others, and so they went forth, without purse or scrip, enduring all manner of personal hardships, in order that they might make known to their fellow men the saving principles which had been revealed from heaven to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Faith, the ability to believe in the visions and inspired teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, was another of the great attributes possessed by the pioneers. Their faith was genuine and real, as real as life itself. They believed with heart and soul that God had revealed himself, and that his kingdom had been again established upon earth.

Courage, which is born of faith, is another admirable characteristic of the pioneers. It required supreme courage for 20,000 Latter-day Saints to leave their comfortable homes in Nauvoo, and journey into the western wilderness, in the most inclement season of the year. They were courageous when they allowed five hundred of their young, strong men to enlist in the army, to fight the battles of their country against Mexico, leaving their wives and children, mothers and fathers, stranded in an Indian country, living in wagons and tents, on the banks of the Missouri river. They were brave and courageous when they began the journey

to Utah, with inferior equipment and meager supplies; a journey over deserts and mountain ranges, which consumed more than three months time. And when they began to build a city and a temple in the barren Salt Lake Valley, their courage was sublime.

Another lesson we may learn from these remarkable people is the lesson of industry. The entire history of the Latter-day Saints testifies that wherever they have settled they have been diligent and industrious. In Utah, the beehive was early adopted as the State emblem, signifying a busy, diligent, and self-sustaining people. The teachings of Brigham Young, during the thirty years that he presided over the saints in the valleys, was to the effect that all who were able should sustain themselves by some useful work. The genius of the Welfare Plan, now being stressed throughout the Church, is that the Latter-day Saints should all be engaged in useful work and, through their labors, sustain themselves.

Self-reliance is another prominent characteristic of our pioneer forefathers. This valuable and important attribute was largely developed through the persecutions that were heaped upon them. For many years "every man's hand" was against them, and, finally, they were driven into the western desert where they had to be self-reliant in order to survive.

Dependability was a notable trait of the early settlers of these valleys. They were taught to be dependable in all their dealings, and in every walk of life. Frequently, they were called by the Presidency of the Church to leave comfortable homes in Salt Lake City, and move to out-

lying settlements, such as St. George, the Muddy River in Nevada, Cache Valley, or the Salmon River in Idaho. No one was expected to refuse such a call—they were to be dependable and carry out the instructions of those who were placed in authority to preside over them. Dependability in private matters was also to be observed, such as the payment of debts, the return of articles which had been borrowed, and the keeping of appointments.

“Thirst for Knowledge” is the title given to the eighth lesson in this course, and Sister Lyman fittingly

points out that the high ideals for education in the Church have come about through the stimulating precepts given through the Prophet Joseph Smith, such as the following: “A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge,” and “The glory of God is intelligence” (Doc. & Cov. 93:36). Surely then, of all people, we should hold the quest for knowledge uppermost in our minds.

We trust that our visiting teachers will find joy and satisfaction in carrying these messages to the membership of their various organizations throughout the Church.

The Sewing Course

Velma N. Simonsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

THIS year we are presenting to you our new course in home sewing, for optional use at work meetings. It is optional with each ward whether they teach this course or not, but we feel that it is so timely, and should be of such great worth to our sisters, that we hope every ward and branch in the Church will have one of these sewing classes in their units. We hope that no stake or ward president, will decide, in and of herself, that there is no need for the class in her ward or stake. As long as there is one member, or one potential member, of the Relief Society, who does not know how to sew, then there is a need for that class, and a need for you to get that person interested in the class.

One of the possibilities that we see for the course is to increase the sewing abilities of our sisters, and

especially of our young mothers who have small families for whom to sew.

And, aside from the economic value and help that the sisters will receive in learning to sew, there is a joy and a satisfaction that comes from the ability to create.

Another thing we think will be very fine is the bringing of new interest into our work-day meeting and, therefore, getting greater participation among the sisters. It could be a means of increasing membership, and especially in interesting those young people, young mothers in our wards, who are not now receiving the blessings of membership in the Relief Society.

We hope, too, that it will possibly improve the quality of our Welfare sewing. And, as you progress in the course, I am sure that you will see many more possibilities the course

will have to offer for improving and benefiting and strengthening the women of your wards and your ward organizations.

Again I say, much as we hope that every ward and branch will have the course, will teach a class in home sewing, it is entirely optional with the ward. Do not make it a formal lesson period for all the women who attend work meeting. It is not to take the place of the other activities of that day. These activities will go on just the same, the Welfare sewing, quilting, rug making, or the art work, needle and handicraft, and all the activities that have been recommended for use on that day.

Encourage each ward to have the textbook. The textbook that has

been chosen, we feel, is a very valuable help in teaching these sewing lessons. Have the sewing leaders familiarize themselves with the index, for there they will find many helpful suggestions and helps other than those that are printed as references in the *Magazine*. Owing to the lack of space, we are not able to print a great deal of help in the *Magazine*, but this book (*The Complete Book of Sewing*) you will find to be very, very valuable. There are other pamphlets and booklets available, also, that will be of use in teaching these lessons.

The instructor, or sewing leader, need not be a professional seamstress. To be a good home sewer is all that is required.

The Gospel as a Way of Life

Priscilla L. Evans

Member, Relief Society General Board

A FEW years ago, I stood with my husband and two young missionaries at the pier in New York City, awaiting the docking of an ocean liner which was returning to this country seventy missionaries of our Church—seventy among the many who had been recalled from their labors in foreign lands. It was a very large ship, and was filled to its utmost capacity. Following a well-arranged and successful procedure (for these missionaries were among the last to arrive), we had presented our passes and were standing in a space assigned to us near the gate. Several baggage carts were beside us and two dock

hands had been assigned to assist us.

By the time the gangplank was securely anchored, and the gate opened, one of our dock hands had made his way to the opened gate. He stood quietly at the gate as this mass of humanity surged past him. But, as each missionary passed him, he touched him on the shoulder and said simply: "Here, Elder, this way. Your mission president is right over there."

Soon, all seventy were with us, their baggage piled high in the carts. He had not missed one, though they were scattered through the crowd, and wore no identification.

When he came to rejoin us, I said, "How in the world could you recognize all of those missionaries?" He looked at me intently for an instant, and replied, respectfully, "Well, I really don't know, ma'am—they're different!"

Now, this man did not see this "difference" with his physical eyes, but felt it with his spiritual senses. This "difference" did not come from superior mental attainments, nor from physical prowess, nor from economic status, but from a spiritual strength.

All over the world, wherever missionaries have labored, humble, superior, God-fearing men and women have felt this "difference" and have been attracted to the missionary. They observe his manner of living and his attitude toward good and evil. They see, at first, only a behavior pattern which is very desirable. But, little by little, as they become acquainted with the missionary, and hear from his lips the first principles of the gospel plan, they are aware that the behavior which attracted them is but a reflection of this inner light, this spiritual strength, which the blessings of the gospel have conferred upon this young emissary.

The spirit of God bears testimony to them of the truthfulness of the gospel, and they are baptized and confirmed members of the Church. Their confirmation bestows upon them the gift of the Holy Ghost, and, with this gift, comes a burning desire to fully understand the truths of this great cause which they have espoused.

In the early years of the Church, in these valleys, when all of the saints were comparatively recent converts

from other religious faiths, there was evident the same eager desire to fully understand the gospel plan, to live up to its responsibilities, and to receive its blessings.

In the missions, the members desire, above all else, to learn the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. Associations have been known to use a doctrinal course year after year, not minding the repetition, for each year they have recognized new truths, or have learned to apply the truths better to their individual lives.

For use in the present year, a purely doctrinal course of lessons has been prepared. These lessons are designed, primarily, for the mission branches, made up of comparatively new converts—members such as I have just described. It is anticipated that all of the associations in the foreign missions will use this course for the reason that the present year's literature lessons, "America, as Revealed in Its Literature," may not be attractive to them, as it is hardly appropriate for their use. And there will be branches in the missions in this country, and some wards in the stakes, which will find these optional lessons better suited to their needs.

"The Gospel as a Way of Life" is the subject of the course. The lessons, written by Elder T. Edgar Lyon, are simple and teachable (Dr. Lyon is a teacher in our Church schools), and are replete with illustrations of common experience. References are confined to the standard works of the Church. This is for the reason that these books are available to the members in foreign lands, translated into their own language.

This course is devoted to the first principles of the gospel; to faith, repentance, baptism, and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. The final lessons have to do with the fruits of the gospel, the last one being devoted to the abundant life, meaning a life abundant with righteousness, in service to fellow men, and in obedience to the laws of God.

It will be apparent that these lessons will attain their objective—to strengthen the members in the knowledge of the fundamentals of the gospel plan, to make them more serene and sure in their faith. This will give them a spiritual strength, especially in their homes, that nothing else can give, for they will be strengthened in patience, forgive-

ness, humility, courage in the face of trials, and in kindness. The influence upon their growing children will be one of the greatest gifts to come to them from this knowledge of the gospel. For only in the home can the moral and religious virtues be ingrained into the lives of children.

This simple, teachable, faith-promoting course is designed to help us to so make the gospel a part of us, that beauty, morality, and spirituality will be present in our surroundings, and become a part of our daily lives.

May God bless us all in our efforts to interpret the gospel in the lives of the women of the Church, that all the world may be led to say of us, "Yes, they are different."

Congregational Singing and Song Practice

Blanche B. Stoddard

Member, Relief Society General Board

“THE hymns we sing, speak what we are and what we believe. Faith and sorrow, hope and courage, trust and obedience, joy and thanksgiving—all are spoken from the heart in the song.”

The Lord himself acclaimed the power of music when, in July 1830, he gave a revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith, directed to Emma Smith, in which he told her she was to make a selection of sacred hymns:

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (Doc. and Cov. 25:12).

I wonder if we realize that, for a few of our sisters, the only time they bear testimonies is in congregational singing. So, should not good congregational singing be an integral part of our Relief Society program? Do you choristers and organists realize how important you are?

The first requisite, of course, is enthusiasm. There is no substitute for that. I have in mind one Relief Society chorister who shows her enthusiasm by standing before her congregation without a book. She knows her songs, and sings them because she loves them, so we cannot help but join in. I am sure she studies ahead of time the songs she is to conduct.

I think we are too haphazard. For instance, in how many of our meetings do we see the presiding officer and the chorister hurriedly thumbing through the song book at one minute to two, trying to decide on an opening song? If the teacher for that day had waited until 2:20 to decide what she would give in her lesson, we could expect a very poor presentation, couldn't we? Why should not the chorister feel just as keenly her responsibility?

We suggest that the ward preparation meeting be the time to select the songs for every meeting of the month. The songs and the lessons should correlate, as should any special numbers to be given. Then, at this meeting, the chorister and organist and class leaders should make their selections together. The lesson work this year, especially in the literature course, will provide a splendid opportunity for correlation with the music. During the month, the organist will have a chance to practice, if necessary, and the chorister can use time valuably in studying the words and time of these songs, and really interpret them for the edification of the Relief Society membership. The success of good congregational singing is in having everyone follow the leader. And so, the leader must know definitely where she is going.

We hope sisters, that our singing will be "worshipful singing." In other words, we hope that the message of our songs will be the thing we want to get out of them.

Samuel Smedley wrote the words of "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" about 1789. It was my privilege to know very well the composer of the music as we now have it in

our hymn book. Brother Louis D. Edwards was a contemporary and very dear friend of Evan Stephens. He composed many of our Sunday School songs, among them "Hark, Listen to the Trumpeters." He moved to my home town, La Grande, Oregon, about 1915, and conducted our stake choir for many years. I was fortunate enough to be his organist. He always wrote a special accompaniment for the hymns and anthems we sang, so I learned many fine lessons from him—not all regarding music. He wore his gray hair long on his shoulders and had piercing black eyes, as I imagine the Apostle Paul had, and his testimony was just as powerful as Paul's. We sang "I Know That My Redeemer Lives" at his funeral in 1921.

Do you see, sisters, what we mean when we say "worshipful singing?"

We hope Relief Society presidents are giving the choristers time for song practice twice each month. We suggest that this be carefully prepared and worked out by the chorister and organist. We hope, also, that you will teach new songs. We are in a rut, I am afraid, and choose the line of least resistance in singing the same songs over and over. During song practice, analyze the words of the song, as has been suggested, and give the setting and background of the composition. Let all of the sisters learn the soprano part first, then those who read readily can learn the alto. The important thing is that every one shall participate, and that song practice shall be looked forward to with anticipation; a time when no one shall be denied expression; a time for testimonies to be sung.

Get the habit of singing all of the song. Usually, it takes all the verses to convey the message. To avoid monotony, perhaps you would not have an interlude between every verse, only between the second and third. The organist, in her preparation, may learn a variation in interludes, not necessarily just repeating the last two or three measures. I don't believe I have mentioned the importance of the organist. I want to emphasize that now. She can

make of a song a ragged, unpleasant thing, or a smooth-flowing, melodious thing.

Sisters, don't ever say, "I am just the organist or chorister in Relief Society." Say, "I am the chorister in Relief Society, and I am going to make my work as outstanding and lovely and educational as any other part of the Relief Society program. I am going to be indispensable in the success of my entire organization."

The Importance of Music in Relief Society

Florence J. Madsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

LET us ponder how important is the music in Church services. This is a question we all should ask ourselves. The experience of all conscientious leaders in Church activity indicates and justifies the conclusion that the music is fundamentally essential in all progressive, significant, and vital services. In fact, without the complement of music, very often the intent of worship would be very much like the letter without the spirit, and would fail to stir the worshiper with a consciousness of the values and beauties of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the message of the prophets.

"Yea," as Longfellow says, "music is the prophet's art; among the gifts that God hath sent, one of the most magnificent."

Now, we still cling to that. We feel that music comes from him and is a gift to us. The human voice is the one instrument that we have

been given. God made it, not man. All other instruments are man-made. Consider that. The same instrument you speak with, you sing with, so don't say you can't sing. I am sure that all of us, as Relief Society workers, realize that this is a fact, and that we are anxious to increase our contributions toward the constant availability of musical resources, that our religious services shall, in the future, be richer with appeals and interests than they have been in the past.

The question now arises, What can we do to make this desired and necessary musical availability certain? It seems to me, that we must emphasize certain underlying principles and steps of procedure.

The first of these, I feel, should be a complete and dynamic conversion to the necessity and value of music in relation to the Church, generally, and the Relief Society program, par-

ticularly. Conversion in anything is necessary. You, who sometimes have very little talent, if you can be converted to the thing you are trying to do, you will do it well because you will seek, and seeking, you will find it; and you will knock, and in knocking, it will be opened unto you.

Do not feel that you have to have exceptional gifts to be an organizer and conductor of a singing group. If, however, you have some special gift in this line, it will aid you materially. There are mechanics to music, and most anyone who puts forth the effort can learn them.

Don't ever tell your children, those roundabout you who are trying to sing or trying to play, not to sing or play, that they have no talent. Don't ever say that. Let them use any melody they want to use. Sometimes it is a while before a child is able to sing in tune.

Music is one of the finest cultural arts we know, and it is a thing that many of us can express at the same time.

Now, if you can just absorb some of these things, I know you can go into your wards and into your stakes, and you can organize and begin to move forward. And that is our thought now, in this Centennial year. Transportation is not such a problem, and we do want our Singing Mothers' organizations to function. I have been able to be out and hear a few of them in our conventions, and I have been delighted with the work. Sometimes the groups are very large, sometimes they are small. Let us try and see if we can bring in all the women who want to sing, and then see if we can have something to give them when they come.

After we have decided that we are definitely converted to the great power of music, and we have agreed that music is the handmaid of religion, and a great power for good, then, I would suggest an adequate musical preparation. We need that just as much as we need these lessons. We need our textbooks. We must have something we can refer to.

If you read music now, learn to read it better. Take the printed page of music, and don't feel that it is a stranger to you, that you can't read it. It takes so little to have a fervent appreciation of music, to discriminate properly between musical values, and to be able to conduct music intelligently, and with due artistry. This, naturally, involves some well-planned and systematic study and training, and, in order to secure such help, we should seek out teachers who are competent to give us the necessary instruction. Such teachers are not necessarily in remote places, but may be found in your own neighborhood. Also, such training need not be expensive. What about the school music teacher in your town? He would gladly share his learning with you, and, perhaps, just for the asking.

You choristers are working with groups, mature and young; people who have sung, and people who, perhaps, have gone for years without singing. We have that group. Then, we have the young ones who have not sung much, and who really make a lovely group. I like some younger singers with the more mature singers. In maturity, we have the body of tone; in the younger singers, we have the freshness of tone.

How can we blend these groups? Our voices, in a sense, are as individu-

al as our faces are. How are we going to help them, and how are we going to blend them in a common tone, something that we can all plan and work toward, and that will come out beautifully?

This year, I hope you can get your groups together and plan something. You all can do that. There will be music mentioned in your *Relief Society Magazine*. There was some in the *December Magazine* for 1942. In choosing your songs, choose something that has some goodness to it, and there are good things, not

all such simple things. Don't keep your repertoire down to such simple things all the time. Let's do things a little harder—let's progress. I know you people can do that, in part rehearsal. I'm stressing that—part rehearsal.

Don't have all sopranos. When you come to making your chorus, just simply say, "I've got to have so many altos; I've got to have so many sopranos." Try and get some of these younger people who are coming into Relief Society. They need you and you need them.



RECEPTION FOR STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS
Wednesday Evening, October 2, 1946

Receiving line, left to right: General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering; Second Counselor, Gertrude R. Garff; First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; General President Belle S. Spafford; Board member, Leone G. Layton.



OFFICERS' MEETING, OCTOBER 3, 1946

Report and Official Instructions

President Belle S. Spafford

SISTERS, we are very pleased to greet this large gathering of Relief Society women again this morning and to bid you welcome to this meeting.

We have a few figures from the annual report that we wish to bring to your attention, in order that you may better understand the trend that the various phases of this organization are taking, and that you may understand the phases of the program which, perhaps, require special attention during the coming year. The annual report for 1945 reveals that we now have Relief Society organizations in every state in the Union.

Membership

The membership figures for 1945 disturb us just a little, in that they show a loss of 371 members, with the total membership of the Society at the close of 1945 as 101,691. This loss in membership we attribute to the fact that many organizations which were meeting on Sunday, which was a war-time expedient, have changed, and are now meeting on a weekday. We wish you to know that we approve the weekday meeting. We feel that more advantages come to the women when they meet on a weekday.

Another thing that has interfered with our membership has been the population shift due to the close of the war. We have had some losses, also, from deaths and resignations, and a few losses from names being

removed from the rolls, names of inactive members.

Now, you do have the privilege, sisters, of removing names from the rolls under certain circumstances, but we hope that you will only exercise this privilege according to the rules set down by the General Board. It is a very serious thing to remove the name of a Latter-day Saint woman from a Relief Society roll. It should never be done without her full knowledge and full consent, and following a personal visit to her by the president or someone appointed by the president.

We feel that there is opportunity for increasing our Relief Society membership. It is presumed that there is at least one woman eligible for Relief Society membership in each family of the Church. There are 61,660 Latter-day Saint families in the stakes of Zion not represented in Relief Society, and we wish that special attention be given to these women who are not enrolled. We also wish that you would give special attention to the young women, the brides, who are just beginning to establish homes, and who need to build their homes on the foundation of Latter-day Saint standards. We hope that you will bring these young women into the organization. They need Relief Society and Relief Society needs them.

Visiting Teaching

We are very happy to report to you that there is an upturn in our

visiting-teaching program. Everywhere we note an increased interest in the work and an improved attitude toward it, and the figures also show an improvement in our visiting teaching. As a matter of fact, we had 7.2 visits to Latter-day Saint homes out of a possible 12. We think this is a fairly good record and it is particularly gratifying in that it shows an improvement over the year before.

Sewing Program

The educational courses were well received during 1945, with our class leaders doing excellent work. The Society, through the medium of the work meeting, carried forward an extensive sewing program. But only one-third of the women of our organization participated in the sewing program. This is disturbing to us in that it doesn't represent enough women doing the sewing, and this figure has persisted for two or three years. We hope that you will make concentrated effort to bring more women into the sewing program. We hope that you will do a great deal to teach the young women to sew. This is our responsibility as Relief Society workers. The goal of this Society is to have every member gain the training, and experience, the joy and satisfaction that come from participating in our sewing program.

Compassionate Service

Our compassionate services have enlisted the attention of thousands of women, and a great deal of creditable work has been done. However, this is another phase of our program that we feel we could expand with profit. We hope that you will give special attention during the coming

year to the compassionate services which are so much needed today.

European Relief

During the month of December in 1945, the Society, in support of the Church Welfare Plan, participated in an extensive relief program for the aid of the destitute Latter-day Saints in European countries. This participation included contribution by Relief Society of a total of 7,200 blankets and quilts. We also contributed 47,173 bars of soap to this program, and the sisters assisted in the collection, sorting, mending and packing of 562,279 articles of good, used clothing for distribution to the European saints. The Relief Society General Board sincerely appreciates the work that you sisters did in support of the European relief program. You not only rendered good service, but you rendered it in the spirit of willing service. You seemed happy to do it, and we were grateful for that.

Annual Report

I hope that you will look at the annual report published in the September issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*; study it carefully, sisters. It has been prepared in a new and very interesting style by our General Secretary Margaret Pickering.

Participation in Other Programs

Now, several questions have come into the office during recent months which we wish to answer for you here this morning. We have had numerous requests regarding the participation of our organization in health and other programs, worthy programs, which are wholly, or partially supported by funds other than Church funds. We have been advised by Church authorities that Re-

Relief Society, as an organization, should not undertake to promote such programs, that **the members of Relief Society** might help individually as you did during war-time in support of the American Red Cross.

Participation of Girls in Welfare Sewing

The handbook for leaders of Latter-day Saint girls indicates that in working toward the standard group award that girls participate in Church Welfare projects. Relief Society presidents have evidenced some concern regarding turning over to the girls Welfare sewing assigned to the Society which requires supervision or sewing experience, since the girls, in most instances, cannot attend our regular Relief Society work meetings where such supervision is given, and since they do not themselves have a meeting where Relief Society workers could go and give them the directions that they need in preparing these articles. We are advised by the Presiding Bishopric that it is not expected that the girls share the Welfare sewing, requiring technical sewing skill, unless you can provide some supervision for them. But, sisters, there is much sewing assigned to us by the Church Welfare Program which does not require technical skill, and we feel that it would be a fine thing to share this sewing with the girls. The participation of the girls in the Welfare sewing would be encouraging to them, and I think, too, it would be good training looking toward their eventual membership in our organization, and it would also bring them close to the Church Welfare Program. So if you have sewing that you can release to

them, we think it would be a splendid thing to do.

Quilting Rates

Quilt-making is both traditional and extensive in Relief Society, and thousands of quilts are made annually for various purposes. Relief Society women give willingly of their time in quilting for the needy, and for co-operative, help-one-another quilting projects. They also give of their time in quilting to earn funds for the local Society by the quilts being sold at bazaars, or for individual orders, for example, where people order a quilt for their own use. The women give their time in this service.

Obviously, Relief Society members should not be expected to give service on quilting for individuals who can afford to pay for this service at rates which yield too little income for the organization in proportion to the quilt-making service. Now, we don't want to be misunderstood; you should not charge prices that are too high. We want you to give full value in sewing, or any other type of service, in this organization. We stand for that.

But I wish to give you this little example to illustrate why we bring this before this meeting.

In one ward a quilt was made for a woman living in a neighboring state. It was reported to me by her stake president that at least 204 hours were required to quilt this quilt, with thirty-five women participating at different times. Had one woman made the quilt, it would have required her working seven hours a day for thirty days. The Society charged \$8.00 for the quilting service.

Now, the women give their service to the organization, but it is the responsibility of Relief Society officers to direct this fine service contribution of the women along the most economical and profitable lines to the Society. You have a responsibility to utilize this contributed service in the most necessary and profitable way. We call this to your attention for that purpose.

Now, some of you have asked about quilting prices. We refer you to *The Relief Society Magazine*, September 1944, page 526, for suggested prices.

Missionary Work Not Relief Society Responsibility

Since the opening up of missionary work, following the release of so many of our young people from war service, a number of Relief Society presidents have asked for advice as to whether or not Relief Society should collect funds or use funds which they may have on hand to support a missionary in the field. Relief Society has not been assigned the responsibility of keeping missionaries in the field. It appears that the work assigned to us is so great in scope that Relief Society should not assume added responsibilities.

Relief Society Building

Last year the Relief Society women in the general session of our conference voted to support the General Board in a building program, in the erection of a Relief Society building in Salt Lake City. Due to circumstances over which we have had no control, we have up to date been unable to go forward with our building program. However, as soon as definite plans are worked out and approved, you will be advised.

Scope of Relief Society Work

Sisters, the work of Relief Society is a great and a mighty work. It is the work assigned by the Church to the women of the Church. It takes the diligence, it takes the ability, it takes the prayer, it takes the faith, it takes the understanding of everyone of you to carry it forward, and it is the prayer of my heart that everyone of us will be endowed by our Heavenly Father with the requirements necessary to carry forward the work, and that we will experience the joy and the satisfaction that come from serving our Heavenly Father and keeping his commandments. And may he bless you in the work to which you are called, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Tribute to Sister Louise Y. Robison

President Belle S. Spafford

Delivered at the general session of Relief Society Conference, Thursday afternoon, October 3, 1946

AT our last general conference, held one year ago, we were honored by the presence of Sister Louise Y. Robison. For many years Sister Robison presided

over the Relief Society organization as its General President. At our last conference, we were inspired by her words, as she bore testimony to the value of membership in this organ-

ization for Latter-day Saint women. On March 30, 1946, Sister Robison passed away, leaving the great Relief Society sisterhood, whom she had so loved and so faithfully served, to mourn her passing. Through her graciousness and her good works, Sister Robison endeared herself to Relief Society women the world over. Revelations 14:13 says:

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

The works of Sister Robison will live on, a testimony to her faith and her diligence in promoting the work of our beloved Relief Society. We know that Sister Robison has entered into the place prepared by the Father for his faithful, who serve him and keep his commandments. We are grateful, as a Relief Society organization, for the life of Louise Y. Robison, and we pay tribute to her as a beloved and a noble leader of Latter-day Saint women.

WINTER RAIN

Marguerite Kirkham

The rain fell, cold and drizzling gray,
On the garden and on the lawn;
It beat, in a steady rhythmic sound,
From the dusk of day to the dawn.

The dead leaves clung to dampened earth,
The trees were deep in wintry sleep;
And all was drab, and bleak, and brown,
And all the willows seemed to weep.

But when I looked with different eyes,
I saw the summer garden there,
With roses smiling in the sun
And blossoms scenting soft, warm air.

And then I felt within my heart
The glory of the winter rain,
And knew its gloomy downward fall
Was summer's promising refrain.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1887

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

EVAN STEPHENS' SINGING CLASSES: For some years a great deal has been said about Bro. Stephens' wonderful faculty for teaching singing, and it is well known that his efforts in behalf of the youth of Zion have already been attended with the best success. . . . But to accomplish this the student must be interested in the work as well as the teacher. . . . Like many other professional men, Brother Stephens needs encouragement, and enthusiastic, as well as practical support from the community. . . .

THE NEW YEAR: How little any of us know, unless by the spirit of prophecy at the commencement of a new year, what awaits us or our friends, or our people, ere the year shall draw to a close. . . . Faith in God, humility and patience, will overcome, and the right will triumph. . . . And though it is not expected all who hear will believe, yet the Gospel must be sounded to all nations. . . . It is to be hoped that in the year now opening up great progress may be made in Zion, spiritual, mental and moral. . . . And coupled with this wish, the *Exponent* extends congratulations of the season and a happy new year to all.

EDITORIAL NOTES: The several wards of this city, and the country wards, as far as we have learned, have been specially mindful of the poor, the aged and the sick during the Christmas season.

CANDIES AND CREAMS: A cream made of confectioner's sugar is the basis of uncooked candies. Take a good-sized bowl and break into it the white of one, two, or more eggs, and add to it an exactly equal quantity of cold water. Then stir in confectioner's sugar slowly until you have it stiff enough to be moulded. . . . Flavor to taste with any essence liked best. . . . Another delicious variety may be made by working into the cream the juice and grated rind of an orange. . . .

BOX ELDER STAKE: The Thirty-third Quarterly Conference of the Relief Society of Box Elder Stake convened on the 14th of December, 1886. . . . After the opening exercises Prest. Harriet Snow arose and said, "I feel thankful we have the privilege to meet once more in a conference capacity. I trust we may have the Spirit of the Lord to guide us" Susannah P. Boothe, Prest. of 1st Ward, said, "Let us remember our brethren and sisters who cannot be with us. We can do a great deal of good in cheering those who are down-hearted, besides doing good to the poor. . . . I hope we will not be weary in well doing. . . ." Sister Perry, Prest. of Three Mile Creek, said, "What good we have learned will follow us into Eternity. . . . Let us be kind and helpful to those in trouble. Let us do all in our power to share their troubles and comfort them. . . ."

DANCING IN THE WHITE HOUSE: Since Mrs. Cleveland has returned home it has turned out that she went to New York to shop and buy dresses. The report is that the new dresses have been ordered without train, or dancing length, as the dress-makers say it is said that Mrs. Cleveland intends giving one or two dancing parties in the White House.—Ex.

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

THIS month marks the beginning of the Centennial celebration of the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley. As we unfurl the scroll of history these hundred years have written, we are proud of the quality of womanhood our Church has produced. The typical Mormon woman—and she is legion—has nobility, kindness, integrity, intelligence, talent, gentility, and a surpassing faith.

AN interesting highlight of the past history of our State was the appointment by Governor Heber M. Wells, in the year 1900, of a woman as superintendent of public instruction for a period of three months, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. John R. Park. The woman was Mrs. Emma J. McVicker, an instructor at the predecessor of the present Westminster College. She had been nominated for that position in 1895, running against the beloved Dr. Park. However, the supreme court ruled her candidacy illegal. (Women had not yet won suffrage.) She very graciously withdrew, urging the support of Dr. Park.

IN the national news in 1900, was a widow, Mrs. Alice Northlane, of Sioux City, Iowa, a cultured gentlewoman and a skilled musician, who won fame and affluence for herself by being one of the best judges of cattle in the United States. She felt that women

needed what the New Englanders call "faculty," which she defined as "ability, adaptability, capability."

IN the international news in 1900 was Tora, the Japanese wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, one of the most popular hostesses in London. Also, Miss Lillias Hamilton was court physician to the Ameer of Afghanistan.

MR. ANNA CATHERINE PETERSON RASMUSSEN, of Castle Dale, recently died at the age of 102 years. She was one of those most invaluable Latter-day Saints, a midwife and nurse of the early pioneer days. She was the oldest woman in Utah. That title now rests with Mrs. Sylvia Elizabeth Metcalf, of Gunnison, 101 years old. She lived through Indian uprisings and learned the Indian language. She has four daughters living (one died a few weeks ago), 50 grandchildren, 125 great-grandchildren and fourteen great-great-grandchildren.

TWELVE nations sent delegates to the board meeting in Brussels of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Many of them were not permitted by their countries to take out one piece of money, so difficulties were many. Quite a number had been prisoners in concentration camps. Their one great desire is to work for peace.



The New Frontier

“I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause; which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvelous things without number” (Job 5:8-9).

ONE hundred years ago, Latter-day Saint women and their families were preparing to travel into an unknown land, the wilderness of the great West. The places which were familiar and dear to them had already become part of the past, and most of these women never expected to see their homeland again. They looked towards the prairies that reached to the mountains, and their wagons began the long trek over the emigrant trail, where few women before them had passed.

With the pioneer women, as with us today, only the conditions of the physical world around them were strange, for in their hearts there was a steadfast surety. They possessed that “kingdom of the soul” which could not be altered, and which would never disappear.

Today, our world is strange and unfamiliar around us, and we see much that was good and strong and beautiful being swept away by forces beyond our control. It is a pity that men, formed in the image of God and destined to walk uprightly before him, should feel themselves weak and powerless before mechanical creatures of their own making.

In the presence of this great fear, our thoughts go back to former times, and we may be inclined to

look upon the past, an age of achievement and high endeavor, as a Utopia that cannot return.

And yet our thoughts should not be wholly turned in that direction. We were not made to walk backwards. Our eyes should look towards the future, the new frontier.

Nevertheless, the old solutions are still applicable to our new problems. True Christianity, the true gospel of Jesus, in all its purity and strength, has never yet been lived by any large part of the world at any one time. The practice of this gospel and its extension constitute, for us, the work of the future.

We, as Latter-day Saints, have all the guides for our personal development, and for happiness and accord within the group, which were tested of old—the ancient commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes—all of them implemented and strengthened by the scriptures and teachings given in this day. Thus, although our problems may be strange and threatening, the old answers still apply, the old virtues and the old commandments have never lost their validity. They still stand, and will stand as long as the earth endures—and after.

V.P.C.

Gift Subscriptions

The General Board of Relief Society wishes to express appreciation for the many gift subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine* being received for use in the mission field. The donors are assured that the subscriptions are gratefully received, and are valuable aids in missionary work. Where specific persons are not designated to be recipients of these gifts, the subscriptions will be sent to the various mission headquarters to be used by missionaries in furthering the work of Relief Society in the mission field.

New Serial to Begin in February

A new serial "Where Trails Run Out," by Anna Prince Redd, will begin in the February issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. This story, authentically based on the exciting and colorful exploration and early settlement of the San Juan country and the border towns of Colorado, is particularly fitting as a feature commemorating Utah's Centennial, and will prove to be of interest to our readers.

A MOTHER TO HER BABE

Roxana Farnsworth Hase

I cannot feel that I have lived in vain,
Nor do I mind the hours of bitter pain
Now I behold you, feel you in my arms,
And know the lovely beauty that conforms
The sweet perfection that is yours today.
No matter what may come, years far away,
Now you are mine, straight from beauty's realm
And I am glad that I am at the helm
Of your frail bark to chart your course awhile,
To start you on your trip around Time's dial.
You are the product of my yesteryears,
You hold my ideals, longings, hopes, and fears.
I see in you my plan of life fulfilled,
I build you castles no one else could build,
Then hold you close; all else seems far away—
I dream my dreams . . . for you are mine today.

Faith Is a Heritage

Christie Lund Coles

CHAPTER 10

AS time went on, Enid made up, in every way possible, to Sharon for the lonely little-girl years. There were barbecue suppers in the back yard, buffet suppers for the crowd, more formal dinners.

It did something to Sharon to know that she *belonged*, to know that she could carry her end in all her social contacts, that she needn't be afraid to accept an invitation for fear she couldn't return it properly.

Enid tried to give her the good things. At the same time, she had to help her keep a sense of the greater values. Sometimes, Enid wasn't too sure she was succeeding. Sharon was so alive, so full of fun, and she seemed to expect too much from life. Was she prepared to return in full for other things, as she did for the social obligations? It was hard for Enid to judge, as she had had the entire responsibility of rearing Sharon.

Yet, all seemed well. Sharon was selected valedictorian of her high-school class, which seemed to Enid to be a signal honor. She ached with pride in this tall, beautifully poised young woman, who so recently had been her baby.

On the night before the graduation exercises, Enid sat stitching on the white tulle with its delicate pink and blue embroidery. As she finished the last, tiny stitch, she laid the dress carefully over a large chair where Sharon would see it first thing when she came from the party. Enid didn't wait up for her any more.

Keeping house, teaching, entertaining, drained too much of her strength. Besides, she knew her daughter resented, just a little, her sitting up, and, after all, Sharon didn't need to be watched; she could be depended upon to do the right thing.

Tonight, however, Enid would have liked to have waited up for Sharon, to have seen her when she picked up the billowy white dress, to have heard her exclamation. Enid wanted very much to have a heart-to-heart talk with her, to know what the girl planned to say tomorrow in her speech.

Enid wondered if she were a little jealous because life was taking Sharon away from her so much of the time, a little jealous that Sharon had prepared this speech without any help, any suggestions. They had been so close, always, that it seemed impossible now that there could be any gulf between them, anything unshared.

Enid decided that she wasn't jealous, that she just wanted to be sure she had done a good job, so that whatever might happen to Sharon, she would have something within her that would give her the strength to meet life.

The next day, as she helped Sharon get ready, Enid was patient with her in her excitement and nervousness.

"Oh, Mother," cried Sharon, "I'm scared to death. I'll never get through this . . . I just won't ever."

Enid said something which she had told herself she would not say, hoping the girl herself would mention it first, "Don't . . . don't you think you should read me your speech, let me hear how it sounds before you give it? You've been so secretive about it."

Sharon avoided meeting her mother's eyes, pretended interest in the way her skirt fell about her hips. "I'd rather not, Mother . . . if you don't mind. You come up there and hear it."

"All right . . . if that's how you want it. But we haven't ever had any secrets, don't let's start."

"This isn't a secret, Mom. It's just . . . Oh, I can't tell you."

Her young face was so pained that Enid smiled at her reassuringly, "Forget it. And hurry! Ray will be here to pick you up in a few minutes."

"You like him, don't you? You think he's nice?"

"Yes, I like him very much, but I don't want you to get too serious."

"We won't . . . not for a few years. You can be sure of that."

Later, Enid dressed and went to the commencement exercises. She saw Mr. Fletcher sitting on the stand. He was to be one of the speakers. Enid knew that since she had given him a definite "no" for an answer, he had been courting a widow from a neighboring town, but it didn't mean anything to her. Even with the loneliness of her life crowding upon her, she knew that there could be nothing between them. She had known something so real, so wonderful, once, that she could not be satisfied with something inferior.

SHE took her seat as near the front as she dared to sit without appearing to be too anxious. Her heart was pounding harder than if she herself were to deliver the address. She kept praying that Sharon would do all right, would not be too nervous.

She was startled from her thoughts by a voice beside her saying, "Hello. Do you remember me?"

She looked up to see the tall figure of Mr. Richards, Billy Richard's father, who had visited her at school the day Miss Nobbit had died. "Of course I do," she assured him, putting her hand rather spontaneously into his, "How are you?"

"Wonderful," he beamed upon her, "are you saving this seat for anyone special?"

"Not unless it is for you," she told him, feeling young and gay for the first time in ages. "Sit down."

He talked to her freely until the program started, and told her they had discovered a rather rare mineral on his farm, which might mean a great deal to him. "Of course, I'll keep on farming," he said, "it's sort of in my blood. I like the look of the earth, new-turned by a plow; the first green showing above it. I like to get out at sunrise and look at the quiet and beautiful world on all sides of me, to feel myself part of it . . ."

"Why, you're a poet," she murmured, delighted, "you could convert a whole city full of people to becoming farmers with such language."

"Maybe I could convert you to coming out to see it. I've thought of you many times since that day. But . . . I didn't dare ask you for a date. I heard you were going with Mr. Fletcher. Then, just the other day, I heard he was going to marry some woman from out of town . . ."

"Is he? I hope he'll be happy," she replied. Then she turned back toward the stage. "Sh. . ." she whispered, "they're going to begin."

The first part of the program did not register much with Enid because of the excitement of waiting for Sharon, of seeing her on the stand, her slender hands folded in her lap, her head held high.

Then, it was time for Sharon's speech. She came forward rather slowly. No one would have dreamed that she was frightened, but Enid knew by the way she steadied herself with her hand on the small table. Her words began, they flowed out, thoughtful, sincere, beautiful words.

She said, in part, "We do not ask an easy life, we ask, instead, strength for a hard one if it comes. We ask courage and faith similar to that which those we love have shown through all the years that we have known them.

"We are the new leaf upon which will be written the story of our generation. We are not so different from those who have gone before us. We ask only to be worthy of their approbation, only to be deserving of their faith. For faith is the greatest heritage which anyone can receive."

Enid felt the tears sting her eyes. She remembered saying those words to her daughter. The words about faith being a heritage. Sharon had remembered. Enid felt sure she would always remember. She knew now why Sharon hadn't wanted to read the speech to her. It lay too close to her heart, too intimate. Youth had a pride that recoiled from revealing the best that was in them for fear it might appear as a weakness. But it was there, just the same . . . Enid knew. Here, in these

words, was the answer to all her questions, the recompense for all her years, fulfillment of her prayers.

Wherever Tom was, she felt that he could see and hear and understand. She was sure his spirit had been with her all the way.

The diplomas were given out, people began to leave. Bill Richards stepped back to let her go before him. He seemed not to notice her tears, and said only, "You've done a good job."

She smiled at him tremulously. He knew, as only one who had shared a similar experience could know. She appreciated his words.

They walked out together and met Sharon at the door. Enid couldn't find words to speak, neither could her daughter. They merely looked at one another and the tears welled from their bright, bright eyes.

Bill Richards said, "It's stuffy in here. Maybe you and your daughter would like to drive out to my farm and have some homemade ice cream."

Sharon wrinkled her nose at him, "O-h, boy! We certainly would. Can Ray go along?"

"Bring anybody you want," he assured her, good-naturedly, "We'll be out front."

They drove west of town, saw the green, lush fields, the tall poplars bordering the road, the streams that gurgled and sang over the rocks as though repeating the words, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Enid smiled to herself in complete contentment, in utter, joyous peace. She knew that, as the past had been good, the future, too, would be taken care of, would be rich and full.

If she kept her heritage of faith.

The End



Theology—Church History

Lesson 23—Unsung Heroes in Zion's Cause

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, April 1, 1947

Objective: To appreciate the countless unheralded men and women who have stood firm within the Church, to move forward the work of the Lord.

UTAH'S centennial year 1947 has come in with marked celebrations. Thousands of dollars will be spent to bring to mind again the men and women who crossed the plains to build their Zion. The leaders and colonizers of the great Latter-day Saint State will be fittingly eulogized, and monuments of lasting beauty will rise to tell their story. All this should be, for every cause must have great men to lead. Yet, too, in every movement, there must be those who follow in faith and devotion. It is to these unsung heroes in Zion's cause that we now most fittingly, in the year of 1947, pause to pay tribute. Their number is legion, their modest deeds and virtues countless, and without them, there could have been no kingdom of the Lord established.

Unlike the other lessons in this series, this lesson will not have questions and readings for discussion. Rather, it is suggested that the hour should be spent in recalling faith-promoting stories that certainly abound in every Latter-day Saint

home. For those classes which do not have the older saints, it is suggested that stimulating stories of the early settlers of Utah, recorded in biographical form, be assigned for telling on the day this lesson is given. It is hoped, however, that in every ward and branch Relief Society there may be found the individual stories of a local nature, which may, on this day, herald the unsung stories of men and women, whose deeds the Lord has faithfully recorded for reward.

For an example of the stories that are sure to be found for such a lesson as this, the following heretofore unwritten account of William Terry of Draper, Utah, is given:

On the pleasant countryside of Rhode Island some hundred years ago, two young hearts found companionship. The boy answered to the name of William, the girl befittingly was known as Mary. They were married. She then became a Terry, and only on occasion referred to her maiden name of Phillips. These two young people proudly traced their line back to the Mayflower stock of New England. Serious in deportment were they, for the Lord's

word had ever been a part of their upbringing.

Not many of the happy years of their married life had passed before Latter-day Saint missionaries found them and their then small family of girls. Wholeheartedly, these two embraced the faith and set out for a land unknown, which God had set aside for his people. Ere their journey to the mountains was completed, another little girl was born, who was given her mother's name. When William and Mary finally looked upon the promised land, their eyes were filled with tears. Before them lay a dry and burning stretch of earth. "Sage, sage, sage," spoke William. "Mary, if it weren't for my religion, I'd yoke these oxen again and turn them back to New England."

But they went on, and obedient to their leader's call, settled south against the sheltering upland of the Wasatch Range, to help found the town now known as Draper, Utah.

There were many hard years ahead, years of cold and hunger, before the green fields of wheat and corn blossomed in the valley sun. One winter, father William had but little food for his family. The flour sacks were empty by the time the early March winds cut through the cabin. One day, as this good man went forth to open the ditches along his acres, his youngest daughter Mary, with childlike love, saw the pain of hunger in his face. Lovingly, she found the flour sacks and set about to dust them for every precious sift. Her patience was rewarded, for by afternoon, she had enough to make two small johnnycakes.

When evening came her father did not return. At first, there was no alarm, for it was thought he had stayed late to end his chores. But when the night began to fall, the little girl helped her mother bolt the door. Indians were always near, and in their dark and quiet forms, one never knew what danger might be found.

At midnight, there came a quiet tapping at the door. The mother stirred to ask who knocked, in hopes it might have been her husband, but when no answer came, in fear, she approached the covered window.

Mary, her daughter, meantime thinking it was her father, had slipped to the door and unlatched its fastenings. To her sur-

prise, a foot was forced within. In fear, the little girl leaned with all her might against the door to pin the toe that appeared. Her mother hastened to her aid, and together they held whoever was without from further pushing. By this time, two other daughters, awakened by the noise, joined in the struggle. Presently Mary, the youngest child, exclaimed, "Mother, it is father's shoe." With an anguished cry of relief and pain, they flung open the door. There, half slumped against its frame, stood William, too faint and weak to even knock again. With loving care, the family helped him in and up to the little fire where they warmed him into life again. How sweet it was for Mary, then, to offer him the johnnycakes her little hands had dusted into being.

After several years of struggle and effort, the Terry home in Draper began to look more like the New England cottage William and Mary had left for the Church. Trees and grass replaced the purple sage, and the surrounding acres no longer baked in the sun. To add the eastern touch of their former home, they built a loom in the attic. There, father Terry, under the watchful eyes of his girls, would set the shuttles busily weaving the cloth so much in demand by the town folk and the saints on the surrounding farms. Things grew brighter, and the struggle of the plains, and the hardships of the early settlement, began to fade into memory.

One day an important letter arrived from Salt Lake City. Father Terry opened it and read. His face became grave.

"What is it, William?" asked his wife.

"We've been called on a mission to help colonize Southern Utah, where it is said, they can grow cotton and silk for weaving. President Young wants all the experienced textile workers he can enlist to move south and help develop the industry."

Mary touched the corner of her apron to her eyes and turned away. Nothing more was said about the letter that night at the supper table. When the morning came, after a night of prayers, William went out to the barn to hitch up his team. "I've been asked to report to Brother Young's office as soon as possible," he told his wife. "to discuss the matter of our move. I'll be back by evening."

The best part of the forenoon had

passed by the time William Terry arrived at Brigham Young's office. He entered the outer room, removed his hat, and seated himself. It was a busy office. Many people were there, who passed in to see the president. One after another gained conference and left, but no one of the office help inquired of Brother Terry as to his visit. The afternoon wore on. At four o'clock, William picked up his hat and left. He was an independent New Englander. That evening, when he arrived home with no report, he told his wife that they would have a few more days to wait before final word was given on the call.

A week passed. Then, one morning a second letter arrived from Salt Lake City. Unmistakably, the envelope indicated the sender. It was from President Young. In effect, he had written inquiring as to why Brother Terry had not been to see him, as requested. The next day Father Terry sat down and answered. Politely he informed the president of his trip to Salt Lake on the day following the receipt of the first letter, and of his spending the afternoon in the outer office with no results. In conclusion, he wrote, "The trip from Draper to Salt Lake is no farther than the trip from Salt Lake to Draper. I'll be at home any time you care to call."

When President Young received this reply, he immediately drove south. The two

Church members met. It was a pleasant but serious conference. They discussed the cause of Zion in its particular relationship to the Terry family. Not long after, Brother William and his family moved south. The sad part of this story is that while in Utah's land of Dixie, William Terry contracted an illness which took his life. He was then in his early forties. Mary and her large family, mostly daughters, again returned to Draper to make their home.

Unsung, but not forgotten to the Lord, are the countless acts of like devotion that made possible the building of Zion in the latter days. This is but small tribute the writer can pay to the memory of so fine a great-grandfather and great-grandmother.

References

Stories of the pioneers, extolling their virtues may be found in many sources, particularly Church magazines. Other rich sources for such stories are the lesson pamphlets issued by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, to be found in most Church communities, and the book *A Story to Tell*, issued by the Sunday School and Primary, for sale at the Deseret Book Co.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 7—Dependability

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, April 1, 1947

Objective: To understand more completely the great pioneer virtue—dependability; to show how the pioneers cherished their honor in their dealings with their fellow men.

RELIGION, which is a mighty force, and helps to bring out the best in man, was uppermost in the minds of the pioneers. It helped to confirm them in their ideal of dependability. It gave them incentive

and determination to deal fairly and justly with one another, and with all others, including the traders, the trappers, and the Indians.

The whole life and spirit of the pioneer camps, and, later, of the pio-

neer communities, was conducive to right and proper living. They could be relied upon as individuals and as groups. Their word was as good as their bond.

On the 25th of July, 1847, the day after their arrival in the Valley, the following note was made in the diary of a pioneer:

The President said he wanted the brethren in overhauling their wagons to return everything that did not belong to them, to the owner, as many things had been changed [exchanged] by the way; even to the value of 6¼ cents.

The diaries of the pioneers reveal the trust and confidence they had in one another and the neighborly spirit of co-operation and generosity which existed. So great was their trust and confidence, that both men and women exchanged labor, service, and equipment, and even made loans of cash without written agreements.

In those days, contracts for raising and feeding cattle, for clearing land, and for building homes were often only oral, but they were completed without misunderstandings, because of the honesty and fairness that existed among the people. Women, as well as men, were also generous and trustworthy. One pioneer woman has stated that she nursed a friend on three different occasions when babies were born, and that this friend extended to her the same service.

Following, are two excerpts from the journal of a pioneer of 1847. The first refers to the time he was a resident of Perry County, Illinois, and was selling his property there preparing to leave for the West:

The next day I went to the home of my brother-in-law to whom I sold some lands left me by my father. He paid me in property, and, on the 29th of January, I let Brother G. P. D., the elder who had converted and baptized me, two yoke of oxen, worth \$65.00 each, and two horses, worth \$65.00 each; and also \$10.00 in cash to enable him to remove his family to the wilderness, he not having means of his own.

In the second excerpt, May 28, 1848, at Winter Quarters, the pioneer records further:

I got my wagon and equipment I had left with Brother G. A. S. last fall when I returned from the mountains [Utah] . . . I let Brother S. have my ox team put on a plow to break prairie while I was waiting on the ferry, which was very crowded.

Dependability, as a trait of character, is as necessary today as it was in the days of the pioneers. In Church work, as in everyday living, the person who can be relied upon, whose word is as good as his bond, will be sought after, and his talents will be called into full and useful endeavor, both for the good of himself and that of others.

Anyone who lacks dependability should strive assiduously to cultivate it.

WINTER BOUQUET

Ruth H. Chadwick

Star flowers of hoary filigree
 Flank the heavy, crystal plumes,
 While frosty snowdrops guarantee
 Spring violets and crocus blooms.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Buttonholes and Fasteners

Work Meeting Committee, Velma N. Simonsen, Chairman

Objective: To complete the garment, using proper fastenings and buttonholes.

Textbook Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, Chapter 19.

Buttonholes

Buttonholes should be one sixteenth to one eighth of an inch longer than the diameter of the button. Ball buttons require a larger buttonhole than flat buttons, to allow for their height or thickness. Determine the proper size by cutting a test buttonhole in a piece of waste fabric.

Measure accurately for the placing of buttonholes. Use a ruler, notched cardboard gauge, or mark through the perforation in your pattern. Indicate the position and the length of the buttonhole by a line of running stitches. If the buttonhole is to be made through two or more layers of fabric, baste the layers of fabric firmly together, to hold them in place, before cutting the buttonholes.

It is an artistic accomplishment to be able to make perfectly horizontal, tailored, vertical, bound, corded, two-piece, or welt buttonholes. A buttonhole can either add to or detract from the general effect of an article.

Snap fasteners, hooks and eyes, zippers, and flat buttons are all used for concealed garment closings.

Shank-stem buttons, covered buttons, linked buttons, decorative buttons, tiny buttons, tape and decorative cord fastenings, and plackets, are for practical as well as decorative purposes. The closing of a garment may be concealed or emphasized for decoration, depending upon the type of garment and individual taste.

Fasteners

In choosing the fasteners, it is just as important to understand the uses of the different kinds of fasteners as it is to know how to put them on.

Fasteners should be sewed securely with a heavy cotton thread (unless used on a delicate fabric). For a large button, which will receive hard wear, use linen thread. Never use a rayon or silk thread for buttons, snap fasteners, or hooks and eyes.

BOUND VOLUMES

Those desiring to have their 1946 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound, may do so through the office of the General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost of cloth binding, including index, is \$1.75.

Literature—America as Revealed in Its Literature

Lesson 7—America Through Testing Years

Elder Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, April 15, 1947

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth (Address of President Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863).

THESE closing lines from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address ring eloquently today as they did during the testing hours of the war between our states. Serious problems then had divided our nation, with each side struggling valiantly for what it felt was right. The issues, bitterly contested in Congress, and among groups of citizens over the land, were not to be resolved through free debate; so war came with all its heartaches, sacrifice, and wounds hard to heal in our national life.

Naturally, through the times before, during, and after the war, there was literature of varied types—song, oration, story, drama—portraying the problems and the spirit of the epoch.

Since slavery was at the root of the struggle, much of this literature pictured the negro and the old plantation life. Typical of this expression, from the white folk, are the ever popular songs of Stephen Foster. With a natural gift for creating lyrics and music, this artist has left us a heritage that carries richly through the years. "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Oh, Susanna," are typical.

All of his songs reveal understand-

ing and appreciation of the folk, white or black, who are pictured. His insight into the varied master and slave relationship is suggested in "My Old Kentucky Home." Its lines make one feel, at first, the happier situation, with the singer voicing joy through these words:

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

Gloom is cast over this joyous picture. Hard times, falling on the kindly master of the plantation, it is suggested, compel the sale of the slaves. They must go "down the river," is the implication, to endure the grinding toil characteristic of the "sugar-cane region." There:

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

Then, to console their kind mistress, they sing:

Weep no more, my lady,
O weep no more today,
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

Here, in essence, is the theme of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a novel that had much to do with precipitating the conflict. Its chief character, gentle old Uncle Tom, as all who have read Harriet Beecher Stowe's famed story will recall, lived a happy life on a Kentucky plantation; then, because of reverses that fell upon it, was "sold down the ribber"—and came under the lash of Simon Legree. One bright spot, in this darker picture of slavery, was the delicate daughter of the plantation owner, Little Eva, who found some joy and uplift in the kindly old slave. Topsy, the little colored girl, a problem child, adds touches of humor to the tale. This novel, though somewhat melodramatic in cast, and provocative of strong feelings for or against it, still holds its place among our classic stories.

A play, *Harriet*, recently presented on Broadway, with Helen Hayes in the title role, very effectively portrayed the life of the author and the difficult times through which she lived and won her literary fame. In the drama, one is given also a passing acquaintance with Harriet's brother, Henry Ward Beecher, whose eloquent sermons against slavery were a potent help, as was her novel, in stirring folk to abolish the evil from our land.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that one of the greatest songs of America, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was created by Julia Ward Howe, a cousin of Harriet and Henry Ward Beecher. Lines of this great hymn pointed clearly the purpose of the fight:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that trans-

figures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die
to make men free,
While God is marching on.

America, "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," naturally could not be true to its highest ideals and sanction slavery. The Prophet Joseph Smith was opposed to this evil, and had his constructive plan by which the problem of freeing the slaves might well have been accomplished through peaceful means. It was decreed otherwise. [See D. H. C. I, pp. 204-205.]

Election of Abraham Lincoln placed at the head of our nation a firm hand, a man with kindly heart, and clear understanding of the common people. Wisely, courageously, he guided the "Ship of State" through the stormy sea brought on by the terrible winds of passion. With his determination, first and always to save the Union, he held the forces supporting it true to the course.

Lincoln's lodestar was to save *the Union*. In all the four years of war, that star was kept shining brightly before him. He believed heart and soul in the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, bulwarked by the Constitution of the United States. His attitude and actions, as President, as well as his plain and pointed statements, leave us no doubt as to where he stood, both in relation to the Constitution, and to slavery. To one general he wrote:

I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this

judgment and feeling. It was in the oath that I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

To Horace Greeley, who seemed to feel that the President was not filling the demand to free the slaves, Lincoln wrote:

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

The time came when he issued the "Emancipation Proclamation," which gave a high moral tone to the Northern cause. The proclamation declared free all those slaves in territory in rebellion against the government. It did not affect slaves in slave states which had remained within the Union, or in territory of the seceded states which had been reconquered. This action, taken only after careful, intense thought and discussion with his Cabinet, was done to help save the Union. And the Union was saved; but Abraham Lincoln became a martyr to the cause.

Around his revered name a great deal of literature has been created. Praise has come alike from friend and foe. His Secretary of War, Edward Stanton, said, when the President passed away, "Now, he belongs to the ages." In soulful lyrics, stories, dramas, orations, he is kept alive in spirit for us. Only brief reference can be made here to typical selections, with a few illustrative lines.

"O Captain! My Captain," by Walt Whitman, voices poignant sorrow, picturing the "Ship of State"

coming in with flags flying, and people naturally rejoicing in its victory and safe return; but this poet voices his sorrow with these lines:

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

William Cullen Bryant pays tribute in these soulful lines:

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

* * * * *

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

One of the sweet stories that portrays the address of Gettysburg in its human setting, is *The Perfect Tribute*, by Mary Shipman Andrews. Lincoln, pictured just before, during, and after that address was given, is represented as feeling he had failed. Alongside of the oration delivered by Edward Everett on the same occasion, his simple address of about two minutes seemed to fall with little effect. The people had listened intently to his words, but without applause.

Lincoln, dispirited, so the story goes, returned to the Capital. Next evening, taking a little walk, he was run into by an excited boy who was hurrying to find a lawyer to make a will for his brother, a Confederate captain, near death from wounds at Gettysburg. The President offered to perform this service, and was taken to a nearby hospital. The will drawn, Lincoln was about to leave, when the captain, not knowing to whom he spoke, requested that he stay a few moments. In the brief

conversation, the young officer told how his sister, secretary to a senator who had been at Gettysburg, read to him the address of the President there, and told him what the senator had said:

"What did the senator say?" asked the quiet man who listened

"He told my sister that the speech so went home to the hearts of all those thousands of people that when it was ended it was as if the whole audience held its breath—there was not a hand lifted to applaud. One might as well applaud the Lord's Prayer—it would have been sacrilege. And they all felt it—down to the lowest. There was a long minute of reverent silence, no sound from all that great throng—it seems to me, an enemy, that it was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator"

"Other men have spoken stirring words," the captain continued, "for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest that can be partisan without bitterness, and only such today may call himself not Northern or Southern, but American They are beautiful, broad words, and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies."

Though this little story is inclined a bit toward the dramatic, it does express some truths beautifully, and it brings a great event closer to us.

Another novel, of greater scope, portraying the struggle and romance of the War, is *The Crisis* by Winston Churchill. Its scene of action is laid largely along the Mississippi, centering round old St. Louis and down the river, when the fight was on to open the way of the Father of Waters for commerce to the Gulf of Mexico.

Another recent novel of great popularity, for a time, is *Gone With the Wind*. As its title suggests, it

pictures the effect of the War on the South, particularly in its effects on those of the more aristocratic class. Sherman's devastating "march to the sea" across the heart of the South is vividly portrayed. Through this novel, its author brings the reader close to the realities of the struggle.

Countless other stories, songs, lyrics, orations, and dramas have been created, and still are being created, out of the literary materials bequeathed by the testing years when the fate of the Union was in the balance. Time has softened the bitterness of the desperate fight. Heroic men and women who played their roles in it, on both sides, are placed in the all-American hall of fame. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Ulysses S. Grant, Abraham Lincoln, and other great leaders, are held in esteem by right-thinking Americans everywhere.

Literature, such as the following sweet-spirited poem, has laid a healing touch on the wounds of this war between our states, and helped to make North and South again one in spirit.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

* * * * *

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

A simple, beautiful incident inspired this lyric. Its author saw the women of Columbus, Mississippi, one day decorating alike the graves of the Confederate and the Union soldiers buried there.

Another notable expression—the address by Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, delivered before an audience in Boston on “The New South,” did much to help bring our nation together. Among the noble expressions in that fine oration are the following:

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England—from Plymouth Rock all the way—would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood.

But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance on the battle in his Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This lofty sentiment, expressed from the heart of a true son of the South, is in perfect keeping with the simple words of General Grant, when, extending his hand to General Lee, he said, “Let us forgive and forget.”

Discussion and Activities

1. a. What was the great test of our country in the war between the states? b. How does Lincoln in the last lines of his Gettysburg Address bring out this central issue? c. How do his words apply to our world situation today?

2. a. Read carefully “Old Folks at Home,” “Old Black Joe,” or “Massa's in the Cold Ground”; and point out what these songs by Stephen Foster suggest as to the old plantation life, and the poet's feeling about it. b. Procure one of the well-known negro spirituals: as, “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,” “Deep River.” Tell what these folk songs show as to the Negro's finding, in religion, expression for his soul.

3. Engraved on the “Lincoln Memorial” in Washington, D.C., are paragraphs from his Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural Address. Find and read these two brief addresses, and point out which parts of them you think might well be chosen for such a memorial.

4. From *The Golden Book of Favorite Songs*, now being used by the M.I.A., find one or more songs created during the Civil War times, by those of the North or South or both.

5. Be prepared to name one novel or one drama you have read or have seen played, dealing with a theme out of the Civil War. Give, in a sentence or two something of the story.

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Stowe, Harriet Beecher: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Optional Lessons in Lieu of Literature

Course—The Gospel as a Way of Life

Lesson 7—The Abundant Life, Here and Hereafter

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, April 15, 1947

MOST of the biblical accounts of the teachings of Jesus concern themselves with illustrative parables that he used to emphasize a principle of conduct or belief. Seldom is there a statement that can serve as a concrete summary of his teachings. Perhaps one of the best is contained in his sermon that stressed the need for reliance upon his teachings and the acceptance of him as the door to the kingdom of God. Stressing the fact that, unlike the thief who came to steal, kill or destroy, he came to give men life, he stated: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10).

This expression, "The Abundant Life," has come to be thought of as one of the finest descriptions of the purpose of life that has ever been made, and while it is true that an abundant life may be obtained in this mortal sphere of action, the Lord's real thought in this expression had to do with the life to come. He promised those who follow him persecution, hate of the world, deprivation of many things, and this has been the history of his people, very largely, when they have faithfully served him. The true meaning of the abundant life is the reward of exaltation which is to come.

For this life, it implies that the

Christian should be living a life that is full of goodness, joy, service, contentment, faith, vigor, righteousness, and all virtues that make life worthwhile.

Turning from the realm of abstract ideals to the physical world in which we live, requires that the abundant life be interpreted in terms of daily living and social conduct in our society. One of the most fundamental requirements for living abundantly is the enjoyment of good health—spiritually, mentally and physically. Nowhere is this fact stressed more clearly than in the Latter-day Saint Word of Wisdom (Doc. and Cov. 89). The Lord revealed this guide for living, stating the types of things that were detrimental to health, and then revealed a list of positive ways for improving health. It closes with a threefold promise: One who observes this law will have increased physical strength, increased knowledge, and greater spiritual power. It was not given as a restriction upon freedom, but to lead the world to a better understanding of the meaning of joyful living. Our modern world, on every hand, is full of inducements to indulge in those things that the Lord has condemned, and social pressure makes it the "smart thing" to do. But a careful observer notices that nothing tangible that can contribute

to lasting, abundant living, is offered in exchange for the indulgence.

One of the best arguments for the observance of the prohibitive elements of the Word of Wisdom that has ever come to our attention was a remark overheard in a conversation between two students at an institution of higher learning. A professor in a physiology class had stated that the smoking of six cigarettes a day apparently had no physiological effect upon the human system. A boy, addicted to the smoking habit, was trying to persuade a girl to join him in a smoke, meeting her arguments that it was unhealthy with the quotation from the professor's lecture. Finally the girl replied: "Suppose I do smoke six cigarettes a day, and suppose I have the will power not to smoke more than six a day, which I doubt I would have, if the habit were formed, what would I then have that I do not already possess, except stained fingers, a tobacco-smelling breath, and less money in my purse?" Her answer called for a statement of the merits of the habit, and he had nothing to offer. The same question might be asked whenever any food or drink that is unhealthful is offered for consumption.

Service to mankind was one of the teachings that Jesus urged upon his followers as a means of gaining the abundant life. His parable of the good Samaritan, as well as his teaching of the need to love our neighbor, as intensely as we love ourselves, are illustrations of his concept of service (see Luke 10:25-37).

The giving of our time, means, and talents for the benefit of others has proved to be one of the richest experiences in achieving abundant

life. Within the Church, there is the basic system of giving, namely, that of the tithe. The Lord requires that we return to his Church the tenth that has been designated "The Lord's Tenth." In addition to this, there is the system of fast offerings which represent the money saved through abstaining from food for two meals on the first Sunday of each month.

In addition to these fixed practices, Church members are called upon to make donations for the erection of new chapels, or the remodeling of old ones. Many individuals spend large sums in support of missionaries sent to the people of the earth. Also, donations for Church Welfare projects and quorum activities make demands upon the financial resources of the saints.

During World War I, the government used a slogan in its bond-selling campaigns that read "Give till it hurts." Latter-day Saints have a better one. They give until it hurts, then keep on giving, until it feels good. They have learned the truth of Paul's quotation of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35). Giving of one's substance overcomes selfishness, creates an interest in the great social and spiritual work of the Church, and draws one closer to God. Proof of the increased ability to give, when once engaged in the process, is found in a recent statement by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., speaking before the Welfare workers of the South California Region in February 1946. He said:

It is rather a curious thing to me that since we began this Welfare Plan and since we began calling upon the saints to give, our tithing has increased more than 150

per cent, and is still on the increase (*Deseret News, Church Section, March 2, 1946, page 9*).

The Order of Consecration and Stewardship during the Missouri period, the attempt at living the United Order in Utah, and now, the Church Welfare Plan, are all organized attempts that the Church has undertaken to afford the saints the opportunity of making their services to their fellow men more effective.

An essential element of abundant living is found in marriage and the home life built by this relationship. God instituted marriage and blessed it as an eternal institution. To mankind he gave the command to multiply and replenish the earth. The birth of a child brings with it the responsibility of parents to co-operate in the proper rearing of this child. Here is a great opportunity for service. The mother labors diligently, losing herself in service to her offspring, and the father, working diligently to provide the food, clothing, and shelter for those he loves, also loses himself in service to the next generation. In addition to providing for the physical needs, the parents have the obligation of providing further service to their children through teaching them proper spiritual habits and fine ideals (*Doc. and Cov. 69:25-31*). Co-operation, unselfishness, forgiveness, kindness, consideration, love, and duty are taught within the home better than any other place. The Latter-day Saint concept of the eternity of the marriage relationship is a dynamic power in married life, giving to it a degree of permanency that cannot be found elsewhere in the modern world.

Temple work affords one an op-

portunity to serve unselfishly one's kindred dead, with the knowledge of the joy being bestowed upon the recipients of the temple work. This represents losing oneself for the sake of the gospel, but finding a new life because of the increased joy that the unselfish service brings.

Jesus taught that not only must we love our neighbors or friends, but that we must also love our enemies. This means that we must learn the value of a forgiving mind. It is difficult to forgive when others have wronged us, yet this requirement is one of the fundamental principles of conduct. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus taught that we should seek out those whom we may have wronged and be reconciled (see *Matt. 5:23-24*). In this dispensation, the Lord has again placed upon the saints the responsibility to make peace with those who offend them (see *Doc. and Cov. 42:88, 89*). It is difficult, but it is the Christian thing to do, and is the first step toward the realization of the ideal of loving one's enemies. The Lord has said:

Wherefore, I say unto you, that ye ought to forgive one another: for he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses standeth condemned before the Lord; for there remaineth in him the greater sin. I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men (*Doc. and Cov. 64:9-10*).

An element that is essential to the abundant way of living, but often lost sight of in our modern world, is the opportunity we have to worship our Eternal Father and our Lord Jesus Christ. He has told us that on the Lord's day we are to go to our houses of worship and offer our donations, partake of the sacrament-

al emblems, and offer prayers of thanksgiving, gratitude and praise, as well as prayers for our needs (Doc. and Cov. 59:7-16).

Certainly, our prayers should emphasize our gratitude and thanks, not merely supplicate for our wants. In order to draw close to God in our devotions, we must worship intelligently. The Lord stated in Doctrine and Covenants 93:19, that he was revealing the information contained in that section that we might understand and know how to worship and know what we worship. Only when the human soul comes in tune with divinity is that soul able to live on the level of abundant life.

In spite of all the requirements placed upon members of the Church, both financial and service requirements, the gospel does not require one to live the life of an unhappy person. The ideal of joy has always been a basic interpretation of our attitude toward life (II Nephi 2:25). The joyous life is a good life. A good life is a clean life. A clean life is a worshipful life, and a worshipful life is one that is lived in conformity with the spirit of the gospel. When one is healthy, generous with his material wealth, has a good home, and a happy married life, gives himself in the service of others, learns forgiveness and love of those who offend him, and has learned to approach God in the true spirit of

worship, his life should be radiantly happy, because he has found the path that leads to the abundant life that Jesus came to give mankind on this sphere of existence, as well as in the world to come, by earning individual exaltation in the kingdom of God.

Discussion and Activity Problems

1. Have a member of the class report on the personal joys that come to those who observe the Word of Wisdom.

2. Why do you suppose that temple work for the dead is so satisfying to those who perform the vicarious work?

3. How do you account for the fact that there has been such a great increase in the payment of tithes since the Church Welfare Plan began operation?

4. What is your personal feeling toward the doctrine of becoming reconciled to those who have offended you, as given in Matt. 5:23-24 and Doctrine and Covenants 42:88-89?

5. Why is the "abundant life" a truly happy life?

6. What relationship do you see between the 13th Article of Faith and the "abundant life"?

7. What is the "abundant life" in the hereafter?

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LATITUDE

Dorothy J. Roberts

There must be winter, that no fraying leaf
Hang in shreds and thin the summer shade;
And this clean severing and harvest sheaf
Of death, and seed, and a world, remade.

Social Science—The Family in the Gospel Plan

Lesson 6—Constructive Use of Time

Social Science Committee, Leone O. Jacobs, Chairman

For Tuesday, April 22, 1946

“Thou shalt not idle away thy time” (Doc. and Cov. 60:13).

“**A**RE we getting the most out of life?” is a question worthy of serious consideration. Someone has said, “The people of America are getting nowhere fast.” The tempo of life today is such that we may easily lose sight of the course which brings true happiness and contentment. Do we follow a pattern of life which includes the real values, or do we clutter up our lives with many nonessentials?

Are our lives ruled by chance, or by choice? Do we do the things that just happen to come along, or do we choose what we shall do because it yields good returns? With our lives so full, and with so many demands on our time, discrimination is important. “Wisdom consists not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing that which contributes most to our lasting happiness.”

What are the essentials of life? What could well be eliminated? The National Safety Council puts out a little circular called “A Check List for Safety.” It points out various essentials which should be examined in each home to ensure the physical safety of members of that household. Let us consider “A Check List for Safety” to ensure a well-rounded life, not only for physical safety, but for mental and spiritual safety as well.

Religion Essential

The Savior said, “But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things (meaning food and drink and clothing) shall be added unto you.” Thus we learn that religion should be basic to our lives. It is a must on the check list for safety. Worldly pleasures and accumulations should only be added to spiritual development. The time spent in fulfilling religious assignments, attending Church meetings, in studying the gospel, and teaching it to our children, is an essential part of our schedule.

No time is better spent than that time devoted to personal and family prayers. Participating in family prayer can do much to closely unite a family and to fortify its members against each day’s temptations.

Pray always, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and great shall be your blessing—yea, even more than if you should obtain treasures of earth and corruptibleness to the extent thereof (Doc. and Cov. 19:38).

Since the gospel of Jesus Christ embraces all that is good and true, there is no danger of leaving out anything of value if we live the gospel in its fullest sense. It is part of our gospel to care for our bodies—to do everything in our power to promote good health. This means many things: eating properly, ab-

staining from those things which are detrimental to health, getting sufficient rest, and some wholesome recreation. It is unwise for people to live at such a high speed that they endanger their health.

Recreation

We know that pleasure and recreation are also important to health and happiness, but there is a tendency today to overemphasize recreation. Young people, and many older ones, feel that if they do not go out several nights a week, the world is passing them by. Many social events are scheduled for each night, so that people are forced either to choose one and miss the others or, in some instances, to visit for a short period at several functions.

This lessens the real enjoyment derived from any one occasion. When there is an excess of anything, it cannot be fully enjoyed. More pleasure is derived from one party, anticipated as a real occasion, than parties every night in the week, which become commonplace.

Many people are surfeited with pleasure and cannot get happiness from simple recreation. Does being continually on the go bring peace and contentment, more love and appreciation of each other, and of life in general? Certainly not. We hear men reminisce about the pleasant times spent with old friends in throwing horseshoes or playing checkers. These are simple, leisurely pleasures, but filled with as much interest as many we might mention. Indiscriminate attendance at movies is detrimental, although some are worthwhile, many are more degrading than uplifting.

A gentleman about sixty years of

age was asked how he had enjoyed his recent trip to Yellowstone Park. "Oh, it wasn't much," he replied. "We were gone only four days, including going and coming, and we didn't have time to see much or stop along the way to visit anyone. Just hurry there and hurry back. But the trip I really enjoyed there was the one we took about thirty years ago, when we went with a team and wagon, and were gone a whole month. We had time to get a good look at the scenery before we sped by, and to get out and fish if we wanted, or to lay over an extra night if it stormed, and to stop and visit friends and relatives along the way. Ah! the good old days!" We do need more time to enjoy and appreciate the simple beauties around us.

If the time of the Sabbath day is spent in pleasure seeking, the blessings of that day are forfeited. There is a purpose for the Sabbath day in our lives. If we abuse this day, and make of it a holiday, instead of holy day, we are depriving ourselves of a blessing—we are forfeiting a part of a well-balanced life. People should plan their recreation for Saturday, at least for Saturday afternoons. And evenings may provide time in which to participate in most forms of recreation.

Perhaps we have more pleasure seeking than is necessary, or even good for us. Maybe we affiliate ourselves with too many social organizations. More time in which to associate with our families and relatives would be beneficial. Which brings us to another "must".

Family Association

Love, and home and family associations are the mainsprings of life.

Children should be the prime consideration of every married couple, for they bring the greatest joy, and are the finest contribution to the world that it is possible to make. The home is no longer the center of association that it has been. It has become, in too many instances, just a place in which to sleep—more or less a stop-over station between appointments. If we but realized it, the members of our immediate families are the people in all the world most interested in our welfare and happiness. The more closely we mingle with them, the richer will be our lives. One writer says:

The family is that fellowship of parents and children, created and promoted through the sharing of vital interests. The relationship within the family is not a thing, a definitely and finally established bond, but is a process which goes on continuously among persons. When the interests shared are many and vigorous and significant, the relationship waxes warm and secure and precious. When the interests shared are few or weak or trivial, the relationship wanes, gets thin and illusory, becomes mechanized. Going through the form of getting married and the ordeal of having a baby does not automatically make a family. It provides the essential persons, but they must achieve the fellowship distinctive of a family before they are a family in spirit and in truth.

Is there anything we can do to further this family spirit? Some people say, "Well, that's the way the world is today. There's nothing we can do about it." But society is made up of individual families, and we can slowly, but surely do something constructive about the activities of our immediate family.

One very busy mother, who gives lessons in elocution, in addition to her household duties, drives with her husband quite often to another

town some forty miles away, on business. He likes her to accompany him, and no matter what she has planned for the day, she arranges to go with him. "First things first," she says, and she thinks her husband should be first. They are an unusually happy and harmonious couple.

An old proverb says, "Consistency, thou art a jewel." Some mothers make a fetish of keeping the house spotless, but send the children out to play with no restrictions nor supervision, in order to keep the house clean. Some wiseacre said, "Some women are so antiseptic in housekeeping that a germ can't live in it, and a man won't." Still a clean house is important, but not as important as properly training and supervising a child, and in having a warm feeling of welcome and comfort in the home. No amount of time can be spent to better advantage than in training a child.

One immaculate housekeeper says she sets herself certain duties to perform each day and, come what may, she does not stop until they are all finished. Such an attitude is not wisdom. Cleaning house is not so vital that time cannot be taken out for occasions of companionship and culture.

It behooves us to take some little time in which to read the happenings of the day and the progress of science—in other words, we should keep abreast of the times and store our minds with the fine knowledge that is around us. Reading of inferior literature is definitely a waste of time and should be discontinued.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," said Benjamin Franklin. Time is precious, and

each of us has the same amount at his disposal each day. The success of our individual lives is determined by how we use each short, twenty-four hours of time.

Brigham Young said:

Now, sisters, if you will consider these things you will readily see that time is all the capital stock there is on the earth; and you should consider your time golden, it is actually wealth, and, if properly used, it brings that which will add to your comfort, convenience, and satisfaction. Let us consider this, and no longer sit with hands folded, wasting time, for it is the duty of every man and of every woman to do all

that is possible to promote the Kingdom of God on the earth (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 330; 1941 edition page 214).

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the essentials of life?
2. Are people in general seeking pleasure too avidly? Discuss.
3. How may we slow down the pace of living?

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TO A ROBIN IN WINTER

Aileen M. Overfelt

Poor little robin, so tired on the wing,
Too late in the winter, too early for spring.
Why did you linger, why didn't you go
Before winter came with ice and with snow?

Come into my cottage, my poor feathered friend,
Stay here with me until the cold winter's end.
Then sit by my window, the first day of spring,
And caroling gaily, your happiness sing!

DESERTED CABIN

Maude Blixt Trone

The little house that knew so much of singing,
So much of laughter when the herders came,
Is locked and shuttered tight against the stinging
Of canyon blizzards; now there is no flame
To light the darkened forest; and no neighing
Of saddle horses tethered to a post;
No tinkling spurs, no stories, and no playing
Of mountain music; no table laid, no host.
The yard tree stands a dark and naked splinter;
Those who went away will never know
How desolate the little house in winter,
How deep the snow.

ACCOMPLISHMENT should always be the result when energy is expended. Yet, like a dizzily spinning top, many businesses go 'round in the preparation of advertising and get nowhere. Month after month, the same thing happens again and again and nothing is accomplished by the expenditure of dollars that could be made to produce results. The function of a printing organization today is to help clients to plan printing that builds sales—to take copy and dramatize it, make it so irresistibly attractive that it must naturally draw the reader's attention. The waste of which we speak is often due to lack of understanding. Realization of this has made us sales minded. Your selling problem, and our experience puts us in a position to print your sales story so that it will get results.

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The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE



VOL. 34 NO. 2

Lessons for May

FEBRUARY 1947

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Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Berta H. Christensen

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A man who met a crucial hour's need
As few have done; who would not nourish hate,
Who moved with humbleness among the great.
They say you paced the corridor at night
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That held, though yearning for the guns to cease,
A fettered soul too great a price for peace.
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The Cover: "Nature's Totem Pole," Monument Valley, Utah.

—Photograph by Willard Luce

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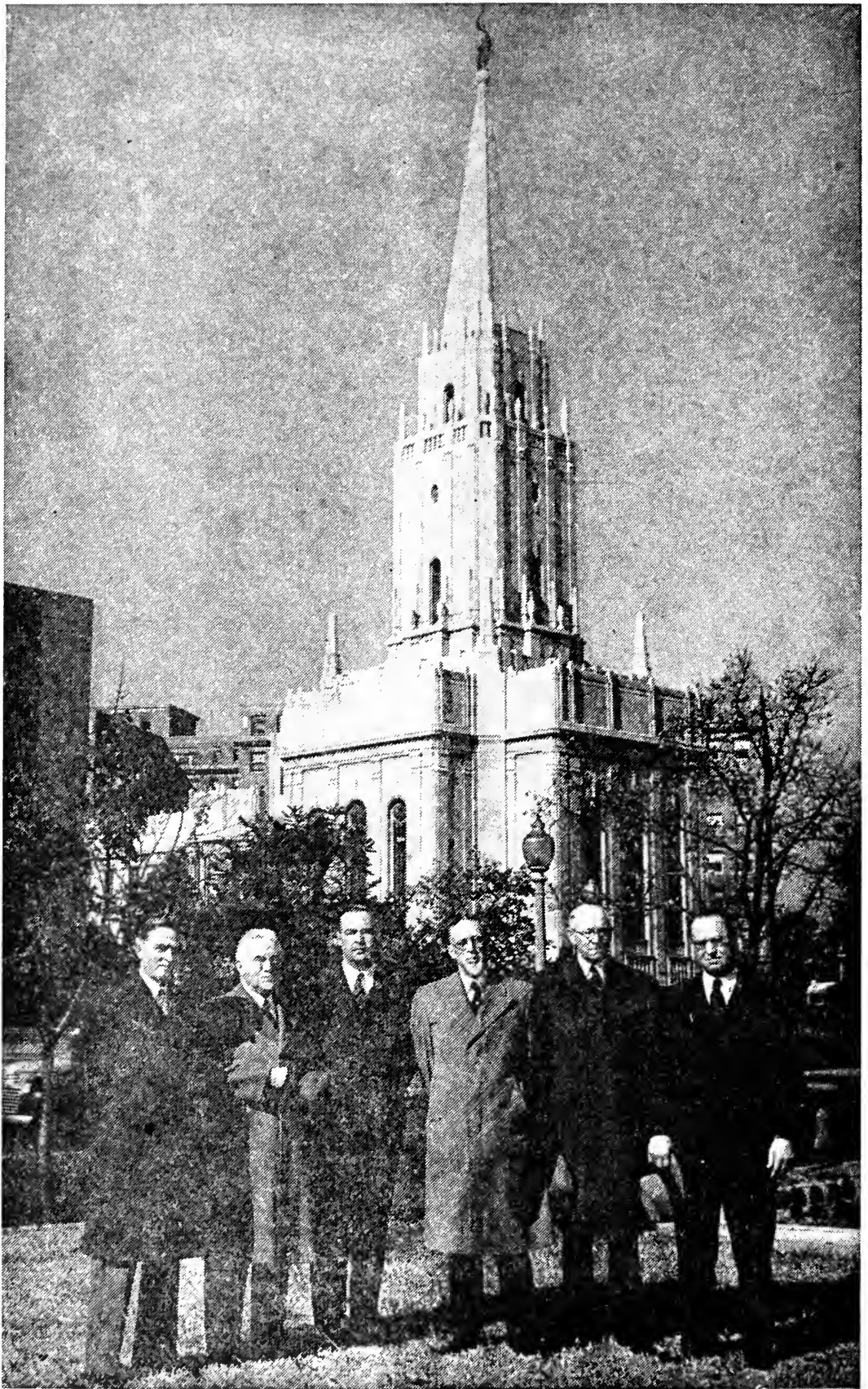
THEY SAY OF YOU

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The Cover: "Nature's Totem Pole," Monument Valley, Utah.

—Photograph by Willard Luce



Courtesy, President Brossard

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AND OTHER CHURCH LEADERS
WHO MET IN WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 1945, TO MAKE
ARRANGEMENTS FOR SENDING RELIEF SUPPLIES TO
EUROPEAN SAINTS

Standing in front of the Washington Ward chapel, left to right: Elder Joseph Anderson; Elder John A. Widtsoe; Elder German S. Ellsworth; President George Albert Smith; Elder Thomas E. McKay; Elder Edgar B. Brossard, President of Washington Stake.

European Relief

Elder Marion G. Romney

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

Report of food, clothing, and shoes sent by the Church in Zion, through its Welfare Program, to Church members (and others) in Europe, between October 29, 1945, and December 1946.

* * * *

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat . . . naked, and ye clothed me . . . 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. 25:35, 36, 40).

WHEN the "cease fire" order was given in Europe on V-E day, May 8, 1945, there were approximately 30,000 Church members in the European missions. A complete and accurate record is being compiled, but it is not yet available. The best information at hand indicates that the membership in the respective missions was as follows:

Group I (Liberated Countries)	
Swedish (Finland Only)	55
Norwegian	1,500
Danish	1,500
Netherlands (Holland)	2,990
French (Including Belgium)	700
Swiss-Austrian (France Only) ..	200
Czechoslovakian	300
	<hr/>
	7,245
Group II (German Countries)	
Swiss-Austrian (Austria Only) ..	300
East and West German	14,100
	<hr/>
	14,400
Group III	
British	5,000
(This figure is probably high)	
Swedish (Except Finland)	1,645
Swiss-Austrian (Switzerland Only)	1,500
	<hr/>
	8,145

The total of the three groups is 29,790.

The saints living in the missions located in the liberated and German countries were in desperate need. In these countries, cities had been bombed, transportation systems disrupted, industries demolished, farms and gardens trampled out and livestock driven off, and the substance of the people destroyed. For many months, the liberated countries had been occupied by a bitter and desperate invader. The people had been robbed and plundered of the present necessities of life, and, in so far as possible, the means of producing these necessities for the future had been destroyed or carted away. As the peoples in Group I were being "liberated," a conquering enemy, in some instances equally bitter and desperate, moved in upon the German countries to reap revenge. The 21,645 saints in the liberated and German controlled countries needed bedding, clothing, and shoes immediately, and most of them were suffering for food.

The saints listed in Group III were in better circumstances. Switzerland and Sweden had not been at war and were largely self-sustaining. The people in the British Isles had suffered much in the war, but were in large measure able to secure for

themselves life's necessities with money received, in the main, from the United States, through lend-lease funds and otherwise.

Some bedding, clothing, shoes, and food, however, have been sent to the saints in the British Isles from the stakes and missions in Canada. The Relief Society sisters in the Canadian Mission have rendered a most noteworthy service in this program. In this connection, the European Mission headquarters reported in February of last year that:

The many packages received by the saints (in the British Isles) through the Church Welfare Program have filled a very great need and have given the saints new hope and courage. . . . Much distress has been alleviated through the Church Welfare Program, and the packages which the saints have received, and are daily receiving, have manifested in very deed the brotherly love and affection that binds the Church together. Grateful appreciation from saints in all parts of the mission is being expressed daily.

The hearts and hands of all welfare-minded saints in the stakes and missions of the Church responded in unison to alleviate the suffering across the sea. Many sent unsolicited cash contributions to be used in defraying transportation and other costs.

Transportation and distribution was a major problem. Transportation systems were high on the priority list of the enemy war potential, and, in all countries, had been systematically bombed and otherwise destroyed. Shipping was overburdened, carrying men and war material. Restrictions and regulations incident to military government were cumbersome and delaying. In

November 1945, President George Albert Smith headed a delegation to Washington, and contacted heads of United States government departments, from the President down, building good will and clearing away transportation obstacles.

The sending of relief supplies into the German countries was absolutely prohibited through 1945 and the early months of 1946. Shipments in bulk by boat to the liberated countries were slow and extremely difficult during 1945. Under these conditions, and in view of the fact that the most urgent need of the saints in the liberated countries was for bedding, clothing, and shoes, it was determined to send these items to them by parcel post, which was by far the fastest transportation. Post-office regulations permitted the sending of packages not heavier than eleven pounds each. Arrangements were made with most of the governments in the liberated countries to admit the packages duty free.

IT was determined to send an eleven-pound package of bedding and an eleven-pound package of clothing for each of the 7,245 Church members in the liberated countries. There were available in bishops' storehouses throughout the Church, 3,326 quilts, 175 blankets, and 1,655 pairs of shoes. These quilts had been made during the war years by the Relief Societies as part of the annual Church Welfare budget. In most cases, the material had been donated by the sisters of the Relief Society or purchased with money from the Relief Society charity funds. In addition to the quilts and

blankets in the bishops' storehouses, the Relief Societies in "war risk" areas had on hand 6,636 quilts and 1,941 blankets in their war emergency kits, which they made available to the Church Welfare Program to meet this exigency in Europe. These kits had been accumulated against an emergency under the supervision of the General Relief Society Presidency at the instance of the First Presidency of the Church.

The bedding in the bishops' storehouses and in the ward Relief Society war-emergency kits was moved into stake and regional bishops' storehouses, where it was packed into eleven-pound packages (in most part by Relief Society sisters) and

prepared for shipment by parcel post.

During the latter part of November and the first part of December 1945, the Relief Society teachers left with every family in the stakes of Zion located in the United States, a written invitation to take to their ward meeting houses on December 10th and 11th, "for the suffering European saints, the good, clean clothing which has been accumulated in Latter-day Saint homes, available for this purpose." Later, a similar program was adopted and carried through in the missions of the United States and Canada.

In response to these calls, approximately 596,848 good, wearable ar-



Photograph Courtesy of the *Deseret News*

**SORTING CLOTHING FOR THE EUROPEAN SAINTS, WELFARE SQUARE,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH**

ticles of clothing and 36,341 pairs of shoes were voluntarily donated. This clothing was sorted, mended, and classified, largely by the Relief Society sisters, and moved into stake and regional storehouses, where it was packed and prepared for shipment. Frequently, a few items, such as a bar of soap, a can of concentrated food, a package of needles, or some other needed item was placed in the packages to bring them to the proper weight.

Between October 29, 1945, and March 31, 1946, 14,679 eleven-pound packages of bedding, clothing, and shoes were mailed by the Church in Zion to the saints in the missions in the liberated countries. These packages were mailed from the following welfare regions:

Bannock
Boise
Cache
Central Utah
Eastern Idaho
Jordan Valley
Northern Utah
Salt Lake
Southern California
Virgin River

Packages were also sent from the Washington, Chicago, and New York Stakes, which are not in regions, and from the New England Mission.

Where names and addresses of saints were known, packages were addressed directly to them. Most of the packages, however, were sent to the European mission and district presidents to be distributed by them, with the help of the Relief Society presidents, among the saints according to need. There were also sent to these same countries, apportioned

according to population, 4,532 packages, each containing 100 capsules of vitamins.

We do not, as yet, have a complete record from all the missions as to how many of the parcels sent have reached their destination, but we do have a report that, as of the 12th day of April, 1946, 3,384 of the 3,608 parcels sent to Norway had been received in good condition and that "fifteen of the eleven-pound packages containing a total of 641 boxes of vitamins have arrived."

Soon letters of appreciation from the European saints began to arrive. From them the following typical excerpts are quoted:

From the French Mission:

My mother, who doesn't speak English, asked me to thank you for your parcels. It was a very good surprise for us—I say for us because I benefited by them, too. My mother gave me the dress, which fits me very well, the baby clothes, and a blanket. I recently married, and it's very difficult in France to find any bedding. Before that we covered ourselves with our coats.

From the Danish Mission:

We thank you very much for the packages which we received from America. My wife was so happy that she cried for joy, and jointly we send our heartiest thanks which we ask you to forward to the Church in America. My wife says it was the greatest joy she had since May 5th (the day of our liberation). We are happy and grateful to the Church.

From the Norwegian Mission:

To those who sent those wonderful packages with clothing, I am sending grateful thanks. A thousand times thanks. It was a wonderful Christmas present to me and my two sisters. We praise those who are doing it in their life and in action. In all God's creation we see all these wonderful things.



Photograph Courtesy of the Deseret News

PACKING CLOTHING FOR THE EUROPEAN SAINTS ON WELFARE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

From the Netherlands Mission (Holland):

Herewith take I the liberty to send you this letter in reply of your parcel that you have sent us last month from your country. We will tell you, dear brothers, we are very happy with these packets that you have sent to us. All the same, we are happy with these things that we receive from the members, brothers and sisters and more from the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Never we forget these things, they are the best our life, because we found here the original faith in our Father in Heaven. As we have any food for one week much little (1 roll of 400 gram), we sing our songs by organ in the living room and no electric light, all darkness.

The parcel sent by you October 29th has been received. Accept all of you who have contributed our sincere thanks. It was a very fine variety of goods, which

enabled us to again really wash, and to sew with real thread, for we were not used to that in a great while. There has been a lot of good things gathered together by the saints in Zion and made us conscious of the unity in spirit and cause, which means to help those who belong to that same kingdom. We hope God will bless you all for what you have done for your fellow brethren and sisters.

Sometime ago it came to my mind to write a letter to thank you for the box of clothes I received from the Church Welfare. I don't know if this letter will come to the place where it belongs because I don't know to whom to write, so I am addressing it to the address that was on the box. In the box sent to me was a lady's coat, a dress, two suits underwear, a shirt, sweater, two pair stockings, and five bars of soap.

We went on our knees with thankful hearts to our Heavenly Father for the

things we needed so much. We thank the members of the Church that have done this for us. We thank the Church for this nice and wise plan and that you are mindful of us here in our so poor Netherland. Oh, how much happiness it will bring among God's children, and what happiness to receive these things at this time. We can't buy much over here and everything is so high in price and not much good, what we can get. But God is good. He knows just what his children are in need of and he takes care of us. What a pleasure it is to get things from America.

ELDER EZRA TAFT BENSON, former president of the European Mission, and his office have reported as follows as to the effect the receipt of these packages has had in the respective European missions:

French Mission (including Belgium):

February 24, 1946: The Welfare boxes have arrived in good condition.

April 12, 1946: In a special meeting in Liege with Elder Paul Devigne, acting mission president, and with his counselors, it was learned that over 600 Welfare packages have been received by the saints. All packages have been opened upon entering the country and some items have been removed by marauders, but the items received have in large measure taken care of their present clothing needs, and over 100 packages have been set aside by the saints for shipment to the members in Germany as soon as permission to do so is obtained.

Danish Mission:

February 23, 1946: A considerable number of Church Welfare packages have been received by the saints. Food in Denmark is more plentiful now than probably any other country in Europe and even during the war the saints were well fed. Clothing is still quite difficult to secure, but the welfare packages have alleviated this need and the saints are in excellent physical and spiritual health.

February 24, 1946: The Welfare packages have been received and deeply appreciated . . . None of the products received have entered the "Black Market."

Swedish Mission (Finland Only):

February 23, 1946: The Church has one small branch in Finland. These saints have been grievously impoverished by the war and are finding the Welfare packages most helpful.

February 24, 1946: Shipments to Finland should be continued and increased, with emphasis on food, shoes, and children's and infants' clothing.

Norwegian Mission:

February 23, 1946: The people of Norway are quite run down physically because of the rigors of long enemy occupation of their land. Much of the need has been relieved through the assistance received from the saints in the Danish and Swedish missions and the present Welfare shipments are continuing to give them the more necessary items of food, clothing, and bedding.

Netherlands Mission (Holland):

February 23, 1946: Much of the critical need for food, clothing, and bedding has been filled through the generous number of relief packages received by the saints from the Church Welfare project.

February 24, 1946: Welfare packages have been arriving in good condition and are being distributed through branch presidents. . . . In this, and in all other missions, there is in evidence a feeling of deep gratitude for the material assistance rendered. In no case have we found that any of the Welfare commodities have found their way into the "Black Market."

April 12, 1946: Thousands of packages have been received from the Church Welfare committee. With the exception of the occupied areas, the need for continued assistance is probably most critical and urgent in Holland and Norway.

Czechoslovakian Mission:

April 1, 1946: In Czechoslovakia they had received only 30 packages, practically all of which had been opened and

most of the readily edible food products removed.

Of interest in connection with the shipment of these parcels was a letter from a postal employee in the Amsterdam, West Holland, post office, which read in part:

Being a postal official at the Central Station Post Office at Amsterdam, charged with the distribution and forwarding of postal parcels, I picked up your address among the senders. As many articles are very scant here in Holland or even not to be had at all, I kindly beg to request you to send me a postal parcel, if possible, containing some men's and women's underwear and textile goods. I should not have had the courage to ask you this favour, but as I told you already, I need it badly. I know that the remittance of money to your country is not yet allowed, but I assure you that I shall send you the amount due as soon as it will be permitted to remit money again, and I am gladly willing to do you a service in return.

His request was, of course, granted. A parcel was sent to him and a parcel was sent for his wife, which they received and gratefully acknowledged.

WHILE the parcel post packages were being dispatched, every effort was being made to arrange shipment of relief supplies to Europe, in bulk, by rail and boat. Under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church, members of the General Authorities, the General Church Welfare Committee, and others contacted government departments and agencies in Washington, shipping companies and relief agencies in New York, and other water-front cities, and railroad officers and offices in all parts of the United States to arrange for bulk ship-

ments. The oft-repeated counsel of President Smith was, "Give the Lord a chance," and it truly seemed that the Lord paved the way for successful negotiations, for everywhere the finest spirit of understanding and co-operation was encountered. Particularly helpful and co-operative have been the American Relief for Holland, and Mr. Victor H. Scales of that organization. Ways were opened up early in 1946 for shipment by rail and boat into all the missions in the liberated countries.

It was determined to supplement the parcel post shipments with bedding, clothing, and shoes enough to provide for the needs of the saints through the winter of 1946-1947, and to send them enough soap and such foods as dried beans, cracked wheat, canned vegetables, canned fruits, canned meats, pork and beans, evaporated milk, and jams to last them through September 1946, the end of the harvest season.

The clothing was available from the collection above described, and the foodstuffs were, in the main, in the bishops' storehouses throughout the Church, an eloquent testimony to the inspiration of the First Presidency in urging the continued production of the annual Church Welfare budget during the weary war years when, to many, such production seemed an unnecessary burden. To the Relief Society is due credit for helping to carry on with the burden during that critical time, particularly in the canning of fruits and vegetables.

The first two carload shipments left Salt Lake City on February 15, 1946. They reached Norway on the 5th of April, 1946. Of them,

President A. Richard Peterson of the Norwegian Mission wrote:

On the 5th of April the two carloads of food and clothing arrived aboard the SS Idefjord. The first part of the shipment to be unloaded was the "Treet." Of the 300 cases reportedly shipped, two were lost in shipment and we received 298 cases. On the 10th we hauled this meat to mission headquarters for storage.

The rest of the shipment was not completely unloaded from the ship until after the Easter holiday, and it was not possible to have all this shipment stored until the 25th of April. We received excellent co-operation from the Priesthood. Two brethren with trucks were engaged in hauling and twenty-five others assisted in loading at the docks and unloading in the storeroom in the basement of the mission headquarters. The work progressed rapidly and the brethren enjoyed working one with another on the project. The sisters of the Relief Society arranged and prepared wonderful luncheon meals on the days we were engaged in the work.

It was pleasing to note that loss and damage were kept at a minimum. There seems to have been two cases of meat and one case of milk which were missing upon arrival. However, the cases were, on the whole, in very good shape and, of course, the contents fully protected. The ammunition boxes used were very fine, and it was found that the wire bindings used were of great value. The milk and cracked wheat, which came in cardboard boxes, arrived in good shape. However, there were a few bags of wheat which were broken and about four dozen cans of milk punctured and dented, evidently due to rough handling during transit. Four men's suits were missing from one box, and a dozen men's shirts in another. Otherwise, the clothing was in excellent condition.

There had previously been assembled the number of saints in each branch so the food could be equally distributed, and the needs and sizes of clothing compiled, in order to be able to distribute the clothing where it would do the most good and be used to the best advantage.

The saints were pleasantly surprised at the amount of food and clothing they received, and in the way it had been prepared. The saints are especially anxious for the saints in Zion to know how much they appreciate their efforts in making this Welfare contribution, and their sincere thanks is expressed to all.

With further reference to this shipment, President Ezra Taft Benson, lately of the European Mission, and his office, sent the following report from Stavanger, Norway, under date of May 2, 1946:

The carload of clothing and food already received, and on which President Peterson wrote you April 12th, has proven a great blessing to the people of this mission. We found, on our arrival, that President Peterson has made distribution of most of these two carloads. It is almost impossible to overestimate the value of these Welfare shipments to the Norwegian saints, including the mission president and his staff, who have also been short of food.

With the arrival of the carload of clothing, the carload of food, and 300 cases of meat from Zion, the saints in this mission have been adequately supplied with necessary wearing apparel and many items of food which were critically short.

To see the large number of members almost completely outfitted in American clothing makes one feel as though he were speaking to an American audience. The gratitude of the saints is reflected in their increased activity and devotion to the Church. Too much cannot be said for the feeling of brotherhood this has engendered among our people.

And from Bergen:

Here the saints tendered us a hearty reception and evidence of the invaluable assistance which has come through the Welfare Program to these good people could be noted on every hand. They look well and strong and are better clothed and fed now than the average.

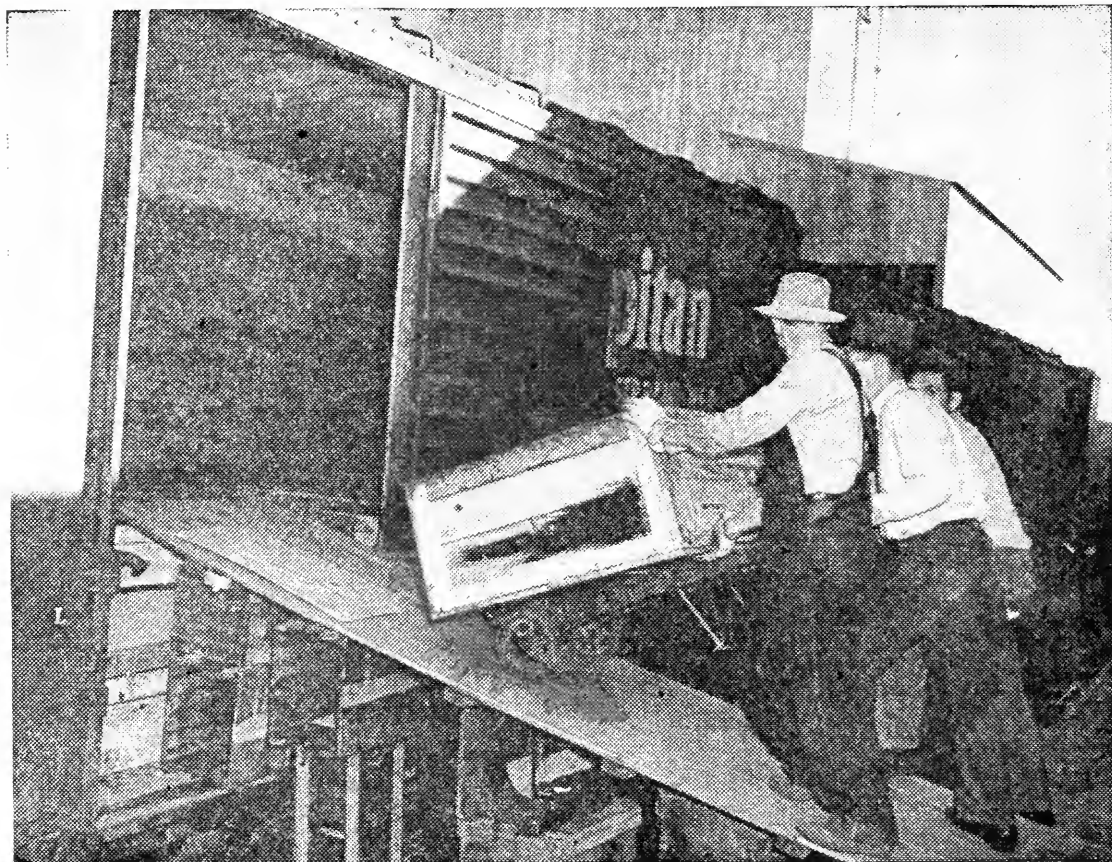
The rest of the shipments have gone forward to the saints in the liberated countries with regularity and all possible dispatch. While we do not have complete reports as to their arrival at their destination, we do have a report made by President Benson to the First Presidency, dated May 21, 1946, as to the Netherlands, as follows:

The first carloads of Welfare supplies have arrived, but most of them have not yet been unloaded due to strikes at the water front. Those unloaded thus far appear to be in good condition. A survey of the needs of all members in the mission has been conducted, and arrangements to quickly distribute the needed articles in so far as they are available have been made.

Shipping to foreign countries has

been a new procedure in Church Welfare, and it has been heartening to see how quickly and how well it has been mastered. The untiring work of men and women in the wards, stakes, regions, and missions is gratefully acknowledged. Special mention is due Brother Roscoe W. Eardley of the General Church Welfare Committee and his staff, who have directed the actual shipments.

WITH the able help of President Ezra Taft Benson, lately of the European Mission, arrangements were made for sending supplies to the saints in the missions in the German countries. On the 8th day of May, 1946, the first carload lots left



Photograph Courtesy of the Deseret News

LOADING BOXES OF WOMEN'S COATS ON A FREIGHT CAR FOR SHIPMENT TO THE SAINTS OVERSEAS

Salt Lake City, destined for Munich and Haag, Austria. On June 15, 1946, they had arrived in Geneva, Switzerland, and were being checked and divided for destination.

Since then, shipments have been made to sixteen different points within the German countries designated by Brother Benson. They have included bedding, clothing, shoes, and food. The quality and the quantity in proportion to Church membership have been comparable to that sent to the liberated countries.

Of the arrival at their destination of these supplies sent to Germany we have had no further word. Knowing the hazards of transporting foodstuffs and clothing, for which people are in such desperate need in that unfortunate country, we are anxiously awaiting a reassuring report.

A call recently reached us from the saints in Syria, where we have about 100 members. On June 14, 1946, we sent to them:

161 cases canned fruits
 268 cases canned vegetables
 25 cases canned meat
 25 cases canned milk
 10 cases grain drinks
 7 cases soap
 1,082 pieces men's clothing
 1,153 pieces women's clothing
 2,258 pieces children's clothing
 606 pieces babies' clothing

The Church, through the Welfare Program, has also contributed liberal quantities of clothing and shoes for general distribution among non-Church members in some of the European countries where the need has been greatest, notably in the Netherlands.

On the 27th day of June, 1946,

another carload of relief supplies was dispatched for Europe. These bulk shipments, exclusive of those sent by parcel post, included:

525,360 cans vegetables
 196,989 cans fruits
 29,919 cans meat
 94,272 cans evaporated milk
 11,760 cans pork and beans
 4,248 cans jam
 74,526 lbs. dried beans
 87,045 lbs. cracked wheat
 112 cases grain drinks
 16,600 bars soap
 3,888 cans sorghum
 512,848 pieces clothing
 31,341 pairs shoes
 * * * *

December 31, 1946: Since the foregoing report was prepared, there have been sent by parcel post to the saints in the European Mission, from the stake Welfare regions, and missions in the United States, seventy-nine eleven-pound packages of food, clothing, and shoes.

In addition to these parcel post packages, there have been sent, by rail and boat, three and one-fourth cars of clothing and shoes, and five cars of food, containing:

21,048 cans vegetables
 9,600 cans fruits
 21,728 cans meat
 34,416 cans evaporated milk
 13,920 cans dried whole milk
 11,520 cans pork and beans
 600 cans jam
 4,128 pounds dried beans
 168 cans honey
 220,500 pounds cracked wheat
 50 cases grain drink
 300 bars soap
 168 packages soap powder
 1,200 cans sorghum
 166,556 pieces clothing
 11,921 pairs shoes

We have the purported names and addresses of 109 Church-member families living in Japan. For

the last few weeks, United States post-office regulations have permitted the sending of eleven-pound parcel post packages to Japan. The Central Pacific Mission has sent 200 such packages, containing clothing, medicine, and food, to these Japanese saints. From the Central Bishops' Storehouse on Welfare Square in Salt Lake City, 154 packages of food, clothing, and first-aid supplies have been mailed to them. These packages have been prepared by the Japanese saints in the Salt Lake area under the supervision of the General Church Welfare Committee.

The whole program has been directed by the First Presidency of the Church, who have given it close personal attention. It has been supervised by the General Church Welfare Committee, with whom the General Relief Society Presidency has worked in the closest harmony.

* * * *

And now, what lies ahead we do not specifically know. We do know, however, that in the stakes of Zion the Welfare production of commodities was approximately three and one fourth times greater, in 1943, than was the distribution of commodities in that year through bish-

ops' storehouses; and that, in 1945, the distribution through bishops' storehouses (not counting any relief for Europe) was greater than the production of Welfare commodities in 1945 (distribution was 107 per cent of production). We know, further, that the aid extended to our saints in Europe has taken approximately two thirds of our bishops' storehouse stocks.

It is no secret that a food crisis exists throughout the world. We are feeling the pinch of it in our own beloved United States. The First Presidency of the Church has sounded the call for the expansion and further development of the Church Welfare Plan, with ever-increasing production of the necessities of life. They have said that, "If the Welfare Plan is fully operative, we shall be able to care for every destitute Latter-day Saint wherever he may be."

From the past record of the Relief Society, we know that its members can, with confidence, be relied upon to increase their efforts on Welfare production projects so that in this, the day of demonstration for the Church, it shall "arise and shine forth, that" its "light may be a standard for the nations" (Doc. and Cov. 115:5).

WHAT THE LETTER SAID

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Your letter says that you are well;
 You took a walk today;
 You visited the Andersons,
 Who live across the way.

It says you mended two long rents;
 You practiced then, and read;
 It says you had a busy day—
 But that's not all it said.

For I found in between each line
 The news I want to hear,
 That all is right within your heart
 And you are happy, dear.

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson Appointed to Presiding Bishopric

Elder Thomas E. Robinson, M.D.

First Counselor, Yale Ward Bishopric, Salt Lake City, Utah



THE THORPE B. ISAACSON FAMILY.

Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson, Lula Jones Isaacson; Joyce Isaacson Tribe; (Inset) Richard A. Isaacson.

BROTHER Thorpe B. Isaacson, who was appointed Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric, December 14, 1946, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Brother Marvin O. Ashton, was born September 6, 1898 in Ephraim, Utah, the son of Martin Isaacson and Mary Jemima Beal Isaacson.

Born of goodly parents, he also can be justly proud of others of his progenitors. His grandfather, Peter Isaacson, was the only member of

his family to join the Church in Denmark. He crossed the plains with the pioneers in 1855, and was soon sent by the Church authorities to help colonize Arizona. He later did much of the fine carpentry work on the Manti Temple, and lived in Ephraim for many years. He served the Church and the community faithfully until his death at the age of ninety-two.

Henry Beal, grandfather on his mother's side, was president of San-

pete Stake for many years. While serving in this capacity, he took a very active part in the founding of Snow College.

Brother Isaacson is a graduate of Snow College. He attended the Brigham Young University, the Utah State Agricultural College, and the University of California. He has had seventeen years of teaching and coaching experience with the youth of Utah and Idaho. He is more than favorably known among these many thousands of young people. A great athlete himself, he has inspired many boys to self-improvement. He has a very active and alert interest in all sports, and in the boys who play them.

Brother Isaacson married Lula Maughan Jones of Wellsville on June 16, 1920, in the Salt Lake Temple. They had three children, two of whom are living at the present time: Joyce Isaacson Tribe, twenty-three, the wife of Royal L. Tribe; and Richard A. Isaacson, twenty, now laboring in the New England Mission. Finer children no parents could want.

Brother Isaacson has been outstanding in his business achievements. At the time of his new appointment, he was general agent for Lincoln National Life Insurance Company in Utah, Idaho, and Nevada. He was named the most outstanding insurance man for that company in 1944.

He has had a fine experience in the Church. He was president of the elders' quorum in the Yale Ward before being called into the bishopric. In September 1941, Brother Isaacson was chosen by Bishop A. G. Olafson of Yale Ward to be his

first counselor. While serving in this capacity, he had charge of the teachers' quorum, and for five years this quorum led the stake.

He is a fine "boys' man." He inspires boys because he knows their problems and can place himself easily and naturally on their level.

Brother Isaacson is a natural leader of men; he places responsibility well; and he has the capacity to inspire men to discharge well their responsibilities. He has the ability to discern problems quickly and to make rapid disposition of them. These attributes will aid him, materially, in the discharge of his new responsibilities where great wisdom must be associated with great dispatch in handling so many of the temporal affairs of the Church.

Brother and Sister Isaacson have also drunk deeply of one of the greatest of spiritual experiences. They lost their first child in infancy. Their only son was stricken with poliomyelitis and hovered close to death for several days. In this time of deep tribulation, came, perhaps, the deepest spiritual experience for Brother and Sister Isaacson. They came to know God, and God recognized their supplication in behalf of their son. Ever since, there has existed a closeness between this family and God that will only be further enriched by the experiences which will be forthcoming in Brother Isaacson's new calling. He will be respected for his ability, as well as for his deep concern for the welfare of his country and of his fellowmen, generally. That the Lord will magnify him further, that he may meet the responsibilities of his new calling, is the prayer all members of the Church have in their hearts for him.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

“Cast Thy Burden”

Rhea Reeder Smith

THIS spring seemed different to Ann. She often wondered why. Probably because growing to an adult brought responsibilities that, at times, she heartily disliked. Ann thought bitterly, I never thought life would be like this. I always thought that dreams came true. There's so much I expected and didn't get. It seems as if I never will.

This particular thought sent a fresh wave of resentment through her, and she began the day very badly. The eternal struggle with bills wearied her. There were so many demands, and never enough money to provide for all the things they really needed, let alone a little to save, or even enough, just once, to enjoy a foolish little luxury. It had been a long time since she and Doug had left the children to go out together.

Ann prepared breakfast, noticing all over again the shabbiness of the little house. The neglected condition gnawed at her eternally and filled her with constant resolution to have a home of her own. The chipped sink, the scuffed woodwork that all her washing would not cover, but only accented, annoyed her more, daily. Yet the possibility of having their own place seemed farther away each day.



RHEA REEDER SMITH

Ann brushed her hand across her forehead, as if to wipe away the tight feeling within her. It was a futile gesture. She sighed.

Doug asked, “Don't you feel any better today?”

Ann shook her head in a negative reply. She had really meant to start this day better. She had prayed that she would. Despondency had dwelt in her too long. Her attempts to conquer it were weak, and, instead, she had been conquered. She knew she had to fight this thing herself. No one could help her. Yet the bit-

terness came back too easily. She could not overcome it. Her state of mind was perilous.

Doug suggested, "Come and eat. You'll feel better." She ignored him and did not join him at the table. He did not urge her.

She was behaving like a small child, when she enjoyed his concern and wanted him to coax her. She was ashamed and wretched that she fought her battle like a weakling. Yet, this was the way the poison ate at her spirit.

Doug picked up his things to go to work. He drew a greenback out of his wallet and put it on the table. "Go buy yourself a new hat today. That's supposed to make a new woman out of anyone."

His calmness infuriated her. She wanted him to share her own frantic desires. She snapped back. "Then what about shoes for Rick, and money for the milkman, and the coal bill? We can't afford a new hat now, or a month from now! That's what is so discouraging!"

"Ann, what is the matter with you?"

She was ashamed to confess to him the wretchedness within her. She needed his help, yet dared not ask for it. She couldn't let him know the terrible things in her mind. She mumbled. "If we could only progress a little . . ."

Doug said, "That's so like you lately, Ann, you refuse to see a bright side ahead. You fling back any attempt I make to try to help. Couldn't you possibly believe in me a little more, or find some shred of hope to cling to? You did once. There are lots of things I want for my family, but being constantly upset about not having them won't help. The two of

us can't succeed at anything with this wall between us!"

He strode out of the house and down the street. Ann watched him. A voice within her said, "I send him off to his work each day feeling this way."

Then the other Ann prompted, "A man can stand to go slowly. He sees enough progress at his employment to satisfy him. With a woman, there's so much daily routine, and not enough change, that slowness becomes almost unbearable."

Ann put her hand to her forehead again.

Young Rick tiptoed into the room and came up behind her, saying, "Boo!" He grinned. Close behind him was Cathy. They had just got up. Ann patted them and offered them a strained smile.

Cathy observed her mother closely and pleaded, "Be nice, Mamma."

Ann laughed and said, "I'll try, sweetheart."

She helped them to their places at the table. She loved them, and they were lots of fun. She was ashamed that she complained so often about the food they spilled, their grimy hands, and their little squabbles. She hadn't wanted to hurt Doug by reminding him of his inability to please her, yet she did it all, over and over again.

ANN cleared the table. She saw the money where Doug had thrown it. She put it in the cupboard, but seeing the money brought back the confusion. She thought, I know where to go to buy a new hat, but where can I go to get a new state of mind?

Today she had planned to wash the cupboards. Suddenly, she felt

as if the house smothered her. She couldn't stay inside any longer. She went outdoors and began to rake the yard. She felt a little better in the fresh air.

The mailman weaved his way down the street, with pleasant greetings for everyone he passed. He merely said, "Good morning," to Ann.

She thought, he sees this mix-up in me. He's afraid I'll snap at him, too. The bands around her head grew tighter. She shook her head to seek relief.

Doug had often told her, "You take everything too seriously, and imagine too much. You should forget yourself and the things you don't have."

The urge to get her work done persuaded her back into the house. She made the beds and dusted. Yet she was miserable. She sat on the couch in the living room and leaned her head against the wall. There was soon a cramp in her neck. She pulled at the cover on the couch, wishing it were a comfortable divan.

Cathy ran into the house. She seldom walked. "Can I have some bread and jelly?" Ann noticed the muddy tracks on the floor that followed the child in. She shook the child violently. "How many times have I told you not to track mud into the house?"

Ann knew this was an ugly scene. She relaxed her hold. Cathy ran from the house, crying.

The grime and clutter in a place like this only accented its shabbiness. Yet, it was unreasonable to expect small children not to make a muss in a home. Ann constantly nagged at the children about it.

Then there was a rap on the door.

It was Mrs. Bingham. She was old and lived in a nice, big house. She was lonely and visited around the neighborhood a lot. Ann let her in and sat on the couch. There was an awkward silence.

"Don't you feel well, Ann?" Mrs. Bingham asked.

"I'm just having one of my bad days." She bit her lip. A little moisture came into her eyes.

Mrs. Bingham offered, "I know it's hard when your children are small, and your responsibilities seem almost more than you can bear. . ." She was a great-grandmother. "But the Lord provides ways to lighten the load. You and your husband are fine people and are making a desirable home for your children. It doesn't matter a lot if it's a rich home or a poor home, so long as you love one another, and there is a good spirit there. The things you want from life will all come in time, if you live right, and things are right inside you." It was almost as if she was inspired to say these things.

Ann cried softly into her apron.

Mrs. Bingham continued, "I know this is so. There were times when I felt I could never face the dawn of another day. I went gray overnight—" Her voice trailed, and for a moment there was a troubled look in her eyes. Then she smiled. "I put up such pitiful little struggles, until at last I learned the right way to fight. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' It says that in the Psalms. You can read it there and see."

Could this be? Mrs. Bingham so sweet and poised, and with all she had, could this confusion have come to her?

"I came over to invite you to go

to Relief Society with me today. There's going to be a splendid lesson. You'd really enjoy it, Ann."

"I'd like to, if I could get through my work in time."

Mrs. Bingham advised, "Your work will wait. You really owe it to your family to get away a little. It's a soothing agent. Your children can play in the nursery. I know you'll find it worthwhile."

"Maybe, I could come. I'll try," Ann promised.

When Mrs. Bingham had gone, Ann flew about to get more work done. It really went faster when she knew there was some place to go. As she cleaned up the tracks on the living room floor, she thought of Cathy. She looked out of the door. Cathy was sitting quietly on the lawn. It was so unlike her. She was such an active child.

Ann went to her. Cathy looked up suspiciously. There were traces of tears on her face. Ann took her in her arms and held her close. Cathy responded to the caress, and burrowed her face into her mother's neck. Ann's pleadings tumbled out. "I'm sorry I was cross. Mothers get tired and say things they don't mean. The mud doesn't matter. I'm glad you're my little girl, and I love you lots."

Cathy smiled and said, "It's glad, too."

"Would you like to go to a meeting with me?"

"Is it Sunday School, Mamma?"

"No, but get Rick, and we'll go."

Cathy ran down the street calling lustily.

Ann was feeling better already. She saw Mrs. Brown in her yard. Mrs. Brown was old and knew about

everyone in town. Ann asked her, "Do you know much about Mrs. Bingham?"

"Seems like I've always known her. Why?"

"Just curiosity. She said she went gray overnight, and I wondered."

"I believe I do remember some trouble they had over one of their boys," Mrs. Brown replied. "He got to going around in a bad crowd and worried them a lot, and, finally, ran away from home. They didn't hear from him for months. It was a big blow to her, and she was ill for quite a while. But he turned out to be a pretty good fellow, anyway. I guess her bein' such a good woman had its effect."

By one-thirty Ann's work was done, except the cupboards. The children were cleaned up. Ann was combing her hair and would be ready soon.

"You're pretty, Ma," Rick said.

"Oh, blarney," Ann returned. It was an old familiar phrase she had used when Doug complimented her. She had not said it for a long time. "And don't call me Ma!"

"Okay, Ma," Rick teased, and ran from the house, challenging her to pursue him.

IT was a thrill to mingle at Relief Society meeting with busy mothers like herself, seeking companionship and enlightenment.

The lesson was about a diary of a pioneer life. Long afterwards she would remember passages from it that were impressed on her mind:

Yesterday I had to throw away my dowry. It was hard to do. With each piece, was a memory and a hope. But I saw that it must be. Our supply of food is more important, and the load was too

heavy for the team to pull. I watched the chest grow smaller in the distance as we moved away; then John said, "Some day I'll get things like those for you, and things lots nicer, too." . . .

It grows colder. Fall comes early this year. I pray that it will be good weather when my child is born, since it must be born in the wagon. . . .

Our little daughter is beautiful. I wondered if the pains would ever end. It is only through God's mercy that I live. John and the elders administered to me several times and I was spared and have my lovely baby . . .

There were no details of suffering, no hint of self-pity. How could women go through childbirth in a moving wagon and sing "All Is Well?" Ann pictured the hospital where Rick and Cathy had been born. There were doctors and nurses to attend you, comfortable beds, and women wore silk nighties. They gave you ether.

The little pioneer band was marooned in the snow. There were many deaths. Mary wrote:

Our little baby was taken from us in the cold. We had her for so short a time. We laid her away in a thin muslin gown, that another baby might use the clothes to keep warm and alive. I don't know how I will ever get over this.

The hardships continued in Utah. They fought plague, crop failure, Indians, and colonized the new land for hundreds of miles. Some turned against the Church and became its bitterest enemies.

Later in life, Mary wrote in her diary:

I gave up my family and a lovely home to marry John, because he was a Mormon. I left my first-born back in the snow. I know what it is to go hungry. More than once our all was taken from us. I never did have as nice a home or as fine linens

as the ones I gave up. It would have been easy many times to fall away. But we learned to trust in God and let him provide for us, when we needed help. That is the only way we could have endured. We saw that the things we pioneered for were the most glorious heritage we could pass on to our children. I never did give up as much as I gained.

Ann returned home, knowing that all the things she was fighting for were normal desires, but far less important than she had seen them. She had not yet seen real trouble. Mostly, she had created her own. As Rick and Cathy played outside, she went into the house and knelt in prayer. "Dear God, I have wanted to find a way out of this confusion. Today I heard an answer from Mary, the little pioneer, and Mrs. Bingham. All that mix-up I was in, is evil. I can't work things out by myself, so please, God, you take care of us and thy will be done. Above all, give me peace of mind. Amen." She rose to her feet, laughing a little.

She went to the kitchen and kindled the fire to prepare dinner. In the cupboard she saw the green-back Doug had given her. She took the money, thoughtfully, and put on her coat again. She would do things Doug's way, and buy a new hat.

Purchasing a hat didn't take long. Ann already knew several she liked and that were becoming to her. She often tried on hats, while shopping around. There was some money left over. She would save that.

She walked down the street towards home, with the twisted feeling gone. The pinched look about her eyes relaxed. She felt better inside, and looked better outside. The mood which had imprisoned her for so long slipped from her like a heavy

cloak. Now, she knew she could steel herself to accept the problems of bills, sickness, and disappointment, with no panic, for she knew the real way to face life. She wondered where along the way she had lost track of these values.

Doug came home and entered the house cautiously, as if he had to judge his activity carefully. Ann realized he had been in the habit of doing that. She hummed as she set the dinner table.

Doug and the children played in the living room. "How come Mamma doesn't tell us to be quiet, and she even sings?" she heard Doug ask loud enough for her to hear.

"She's got a new hat," Rick informed him.

"So she loosened up and did something that wasn't sensible! I never did believe in the new hat theory, but maybe there's something to it."

Ann was not stung by his sarcasm. She knew she deserved it. The barrier between them would be broken.

It was the same shabby little house. Instead of noticing all its flaws, she saw it as a comfortable, cozy place to live. It was safe and warm, and had a brightness she had never seen before. It was the same spring day, but it was spring filled with promise, as she had loved it long ago.

Rhea Reeder Smith, 181 Gregson Avenue, Salt Lake City, was reared in Corrine, Utah, and attended Utah State Agricultural College. Mrs. Smith is a new writer, and her story "Cast Thy Burden" represents her first work to appear in *The Relief Society Magazine*. One of her stories has been published in the *Improvement Era*. She has this to say of herself and her family: "I have always loved to write, but my real masterpieces are my three children, David, eight, who loves to write stories and poetry; Julia Ann, four, very blond and very dimpled; and a cute little toddler, Ronnie. My husband, Clinton Smith, teaches at Bryant Junior High School, Salt Lake City."

WINTER GARDEN

Maude Blixt Trone

I, who grieved to see them go—
 Pansy, rose, and golden-glow,
 At summer's end, have here today,
 My garden's radiant display
 On paper hearts. Here bloom again
 The lilac and the cyclamen;
 Valentines now fill my room
 With the summer's lost perfume.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

CHAPTER I

SHIVERING in the thin daylight air, Captain Silas S. Smith put on his coat, buttoned it up to his bearded chin, and stepped over the left front wheel of his wagon to the frost-covered ground. With his feet propped, alternately, on the wagon tongue, he tied the buckskin laces of his shoes; then, straightening his long frame, he recovered his Stetson hat from beneath the wagon seat and took a first day's inventory of the camp.

The twelve circled wagons of the San Juan Mission Exploring Com-

pany were intact, bows solid, covers stretched tight and fastened to the wagon beds. He looked over the camp ground—a grassy bend on the west bank of the Sevier River, not far from the town of Panguitch—and counted, by twos and tens, the eighty horses hobbled or staked between the river and the circled wagons. He took note of the two guards, erect before their fire. He threw a rock to bestir the herd of thirty cows bedded within the circle. Then he gathered his breath and gave a long summoning cry that was as clear

Anna Prince Redd, is well known to our readers. Her serial "Tomorrow's Cup" was published during 1943 and 1944. She is the author of many poems, among them "No Beauty Is" which won first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest in 1938. In 1940, she was the winner of the narrative division of the annual poetry contest sponsored by the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs. The same year, she placed second in a story contest conducted by the *Utah Magazine*, with her contribution "The Devil's Eye." For four years, Mrs. Redd was editor of a daily column in the *Provo Herald*, which featured local writers. She also conducted the radio column *Utah Verse*, over KOVO, for one year. For two years, she was featured in a column in *Speech Magazine*, Chicago, called "Poetry For Speech Practice." She has taught classes in poetry and short story technique, and was one of the editors of the second volume of *Utah Sings*. Two of her serials "The Find-Out Boy" and "Twopenny Tim," published in *The Children's Friend*, are soon to appear in book form. Mrs. Redd is a member of the League of Utah Writers, The American Pen Women, The Sonneteers, and other literary organizations.

Born in Panguitch, Utah, she was educated at the Branch Agricultural College, at Brigham Young University, and the University of Utah. Her husband James M. Redd, formerly of Monticello, Utah, has been of great assistance to Anna in her literary work, particularly in her research on the San Juan country. The Redds are the parents of four children, two sons and two daughters. Their son James filled a mission in Texas, and for two years was attached to the Allied Military Government overseas.

In addition to her literary work, her teaching, and many other activities, Mrs. Redd has for years been a literature class leader in Relief Society, and a teacher in Sunday School and the Mutual Improvement Association.

and cold as the morning itself. It rose, fell, then leveled off, breaking into a thousand splinters that hit the hills to the east, ricocheted to the west, and then to the north, dying of their own rivalry.

The company of twenty-four young men and two families awoke, shook itself, and yawned, then began shouting jovially.

"Mrs. Harriman!" Parley Butt called, slapping the canvas of the wagon next to his. "If you'll hand down those tenderfoot pioneers of yours, we'll toughen 'em up a bit. Bayles, here, has the ice all cracked from the top of the water buckets, just right for a morning face wash."

Elizabeth Harriman threw back the flaps of her wagon and beamed at the young scouts. She was as starched and clean as though she had just left her own bedroom. Her brown hair was knotted in a soft coil at the nape of her neck; her eyes sparkled in the early light.

"Yours, and welcome!" she laughed, shoving her two protesting boys into their upstretched arms. "I hope you survive the encounter!"

"Bayles and Butt, Boy Washers, incorporated," Hans Bayles wheezed, collecting the flailing arms and legs of his particular charge. "Hey, Bub," he admonished, "you're not a cub bear climbing a tree!"

"Our fee," Parley chuckled, equally involved, "is a stack of those Dutch-oven biscuits of yours, Sister Harriman."

"There you are, young fella," Hans said, dumping his boy on the wagon tongue. "Now, sit still and nice till we get the rest of our clients done."

From the next wagon, Mary Davis, who was the only other woman in the camp, looked on with laughter on her golden face.

"We'll be at your wagon in exactly three minutes, Sister Davis," Parley said, and deposited his charge next to the boy Hans had set on the wagon tongue. "Breakfast smells like it's nearly ready, boys. You be good, and we'll let you ride to the table on our shoulders!" he promised them.

There was a duet of agreement from the delighted boys. "Um-m-m. Smells good," they said, and sat obediently still, waiting for the promised ride.

Having missed none of its good-natured activity, Captain Silas S. Smith, the president of the company, directed and approved, as each man went to his assigned work. Then he called the company to order. The chorister led in the singing of a hymn, and the chaplain offered the morning prayer, concluding with a blessing on the food.

Seated in groups around small, warming fires, fussed over by the two motherly young women, the men had their meal, then were out after their teams, harnessing them and hitching them to the wagons, reloading supplies and bedding. The Davis and Harriman families were to stay in San Juan; their wagons groaned with their belongings. The other members of the company were to stay in the newly located area only long enough to help the two families get settled, and were then to return to Southern Utah to help bring on the main company, which was to follow. Their wagons were loaded with tools, blasting materials, implements, and grain for planting.

LIKE others of the company, James L. Davis and Harrison H. Harriman drove four-horse outfits. Their wives drove the only single teams.

Each of the twenty-six men of the company had his special brand of loyalty, curiosity, and love of adventure. Not one but had been tested in other missions. Young as they were, averaging in age but twenty-three years, they were still seasoned explorers and trail blazers. But, always before, they had known where they were going and, in general, what advantages or difficulties to expect. Now, their mission was to "hunt up" the place first, and explore it afterward. Taking the call of their Church literally, through the word of President John Taylor, they were to scout a route and build a road into San Juan County, an almost unknown wilderness of sand and stone, and there, to gain the confidence of the Ute and Navajo Indians, and cultivate their friendship, winning them to ways of peace and the gospel, as taught by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The call was pointed and brief: They were to explore and settle the almost uninhabitable region along the San Juan River in Southeastern Utah. They were to note the climate, the vegetation, the water sources, and the depth and quality of the soil. They were to plant crops and leave them to be harvested by a larger company that should follow them to San Juan in the fall. Second only to their own subsistence, was the task of making peace with the Indians, who for years had made war upon the Southern Utah settlers, pillaging and plundering at will.

Through their own, and the Cath-

olic missionaries, they had gleaned the little information they had about the place and, from jubilant or dubious speculation, it had come to be considered the most mysterious, the most fantastic country imaginable. A few wandering trappers had reported it to be weirdly beautiful, rich in gold and silver, furs and fish. Sketchy and inaccurate as these accounts were, they were sufficient to fire the blood and the imagination of men who lived by their courage; men who placed a call from their Church above their own fortunes or their lives.

Now, with a zest as keen as that of the April air, on the third day of their adventurous journey, in the year 1879, they re-loaded their cumbersome wagons, rounded up their teams and stock, and took to the road again, singing and jesting as they went.

But the two women, used as they were to pioneering, strangers to each other until now, had no delusions as to the dangers and difficulties of the mission, and they had talked of little else in the three days of slow travel since they had left their homes in Parowan. Now, as their light wagons creaked along behind the heavily loaded ones of their husbands, they had time to think of the things they were leaving behind; of the friends and relatives they would probably never see again; of the comforts they had been able to achieve in the few years since they had been settled in Southern Utah. Against this unfriendly country, to which they were going, they weighed the joys of the things they were leaving behind. Where there had been friendly pioneer roads from town to town, and neighbors who shared with each oth-

er the good things of their pantries and the labors of their hands, there would be no roads at all, and no friends, and no neighbors.

Few men knew what lay behind the stone and sand of San Juan. They only knew that it was cut off from Utah by the yawning Colorado River, that the Utes and Navajos held undisputed claim to it, and that outlaws, eluding pursuit, had only to lose themselves in the vastness of its walled canyons to be beyond the law, one with the savage in his stronghold.

YET these twenty-six men and two lonely women were to find their way into it, and go where white men, in numbers, had never gone before, and there, in a country unique unto itself and different from any other section of the United States or the world, were to make new homes — where even the staunchest trails ran out.

They knew that there were but few friendly towns along the way—small colonies of Mormon pioneers, who, like themselves, were fulfilling missions and making settlements on the frontiers. And, after that, the trail led deeper and deeper into Indian territory, where the warring Utes and Navajos jealously guarded their sheep and goats, in a country all their own, and as impenetrable as the workings of their hostile minds. Some missionaries, the pioneers knew, had gone into it, and had not lived to return.

But, surely, the women told each other, as they cooked the meals and tended their children, no country could be as bad as San Juan was painted. Most of the tales were just

bloodcurdling yarns, designed to stop the advance of peaceful white men into its desirable, wholly beautiful, and mysterious acres.

By this sort of reasoning, they were, at times, as carefree and as adventurous as the young scouts who treated them with such deference and respect. After all, they told each other, it was a great honor to be the only two women in such a company! And, already, they were a little breathless at the grandeur of scenery that was unfolding before them. If San Juan were better than this, it would not be bad at all. The canyon that led from the town of Panguitch to the top of an irregular divide was one of continuous surprise. The soil was a beautiful rust-red, and, out of it, grew tall pointed evergreens that clung in terraces to the very top of the ledges that formed the canyon walls. From the red of the canyon floor and lower sides, the soil gradually faded to deep lavender and on into blue, then to white, as the canyon gained altitude. At the top of the divide, the road broadened and wound in and out through the pines, fragrant with resin, and soft with needles and fallen cones.

Suddenly, the company halted abruptly. The rear outfits, wondering at the unaccountable silence at the head of the line, made a quick movement toward the front. Cattle, no longer prodded, sank gratefully into the shade. For one breath-held moment, there was no sound, even in nature. Then, as awed whispers joined the sighing of the pines, far below them, and barely ten feet beyond, lay a giant vermilion bowl, cupped to hold a thousand slender spires that rose like smoke wraiths from their purple base, thinning to

slender stems, paling to lavender, changing to alabaster in the sun. A spectacle that blurred before their unbelieving eyes. A thousand Pisas, ready to fall, fading, reforming from the mist, clear, then indistinct, glowing to steadiness, and becoming real, the great bowl challenged their credulity. In rapt wonder, they stood upon its brink. Detail led to detail: a goblet of Venus, a flag on a steeple, a chariot, a flotilla of ships, a temple, a cowed monk, a gray-cloaked nun—Bryce Canyon in all its glory!

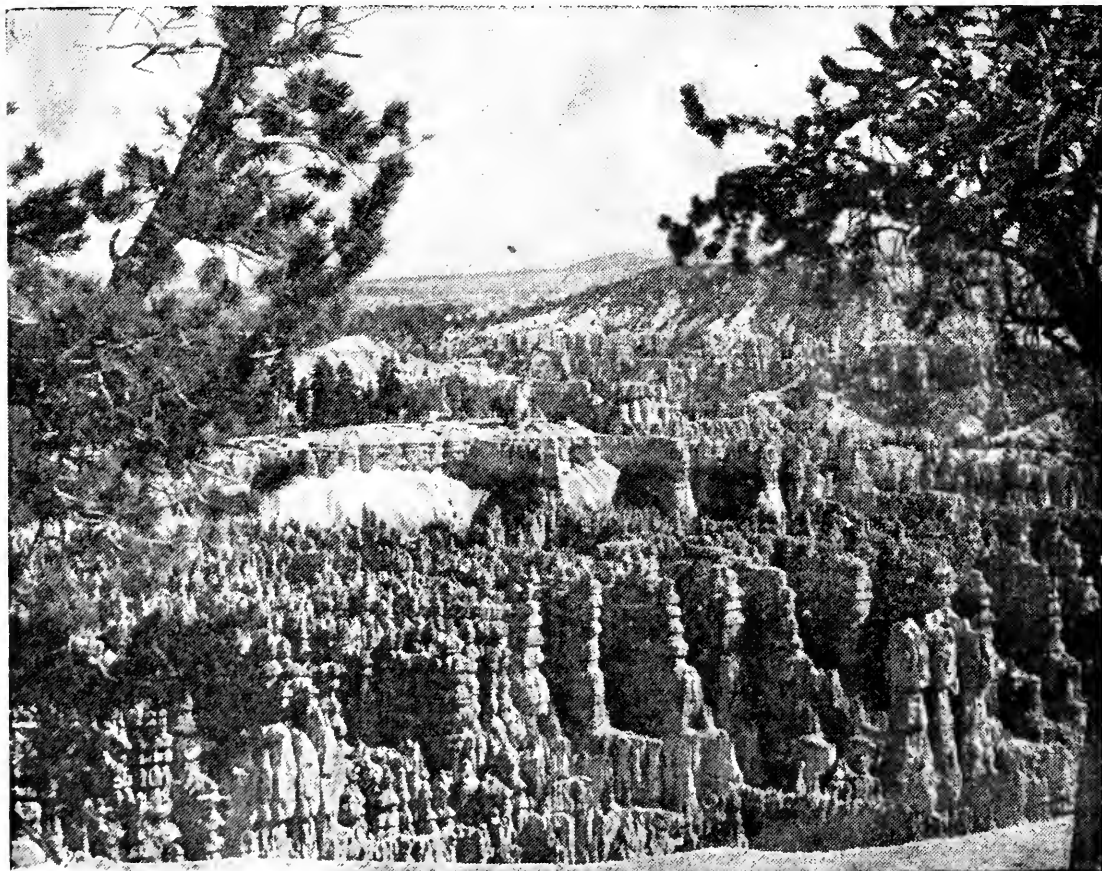
"And the morning and the evening were the first day," Kumen Jones quoted reverently, and, like the rest, stood with uncovered head.

The camp was unusually silent that night. They were too close to

the majesty of the Creator for light-hearted banter and songs. They sang a quiet hymn, offered up their silent prayers, and went to bed.

In the morning, they turned south to Johnson settlement and on, to cross the Buckskin Mountains at Ylose Rock Springs.

George Hobbs, the alert, easy-riding, loud-singing official scout of the company, and a brother of Elizabeth Harriman, led the way. Disdaining the popular beard of the day, he looked younger than the rest of the men in the company, younger than his own twenty-five years. "I'll take on the responsibility of a beard when I do a wife," he had told the girls in his home town of Cedar City. "The minute you see stubble on my chin you'll know I'm in love."



Photograph by Glen Perrins

BRYCE CANYON, UTAH

RIDING hard ahead now, he sang his loudest, for he had smelled water. He pulled up his horse, turned him on two legs and dashed up a ravine. He sized up the terrain to see if wagons could make the climb, then, satisfied that they could, he followed the trickle until it became a clear stream that finally headed in a small spring.

This would do. A bit of digging and they could slake their thirst, rest a few hours, and then move on to a regular stop after it got cool. The temperature had risen steadily since they had left Kanab Creek, and teams and stock were feeling the change.

This hunting up of new country stimulated him immensely. Though they had been settled in Southern Utah only a few years, he was already beginning to feel restless. Others might chafe at the call of the Church to this strange, wild mission, but he liked the thought of the dangers and responsibilities ahead. It was time the Indians were stopped in their tracks. Their depredations were ruinous. To beard them in their own strongholds was the thing. Through peaceful ways, of course, but beard them just the same.

Beard. What a lot of possibilities that word conjured up. As he rubbed his lean fingers over his smooth cheeks, he smiled at the remembrance of what he'd told the girls back home. His hard muscles relaxed, and he sat dreaming. That new Welsh girl Again his hand sought his beardless chin. If only she could speak English—or he could speak Welsh!

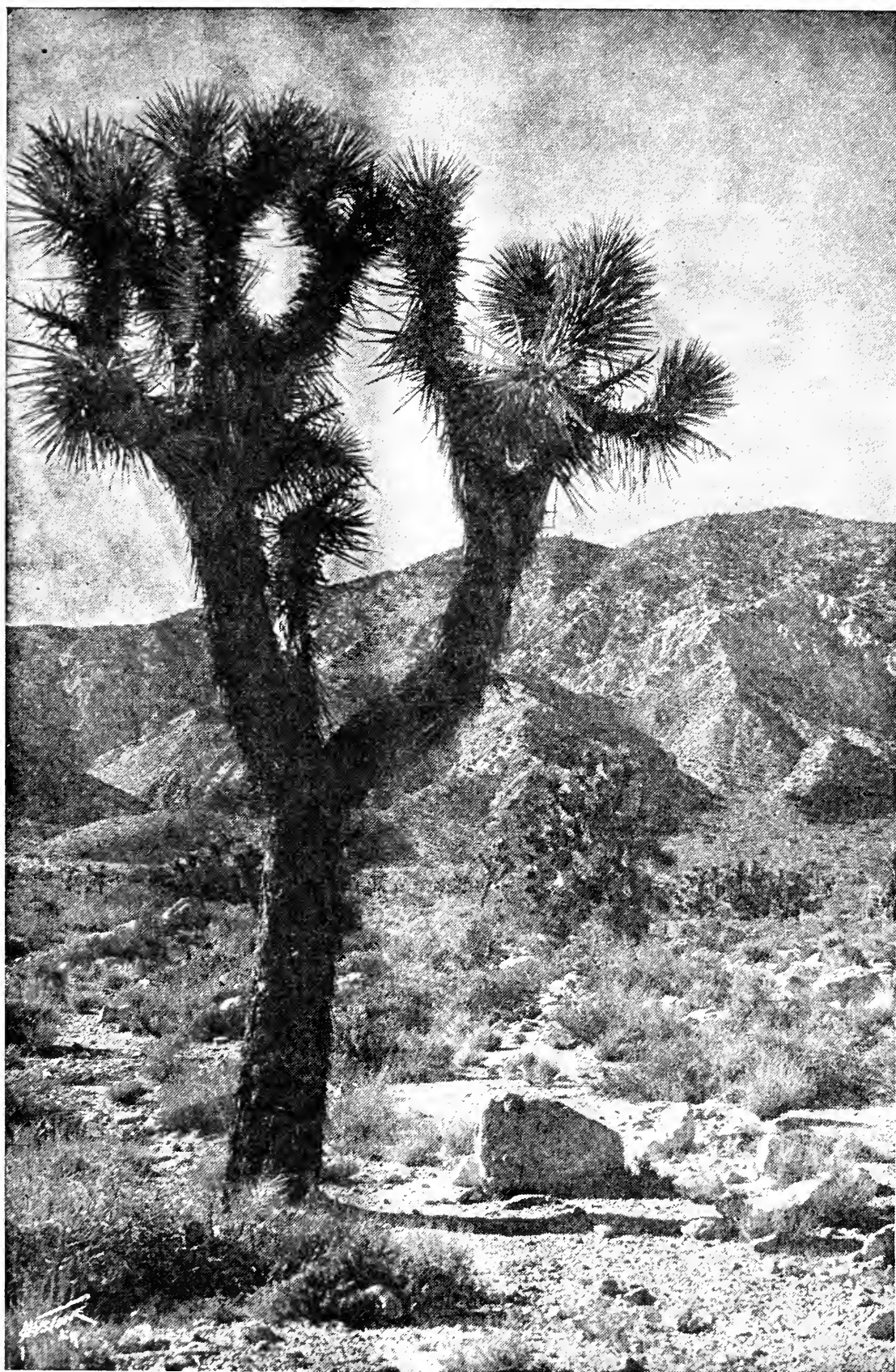
Pivoting his horse again, he swung back down the trail to the road,

where he waited for the wagons to come up.

After a few hours of rest at the spring, the company pushed on into the desert, toward Moan Copei, Arizona, a Moqui Indian village that harbored a few white people. Mile after mile they plowed ahead, making good progress, for it was cooler, and the rest and the water had refreshed the stock and teams. But Hobbs, riding ahead of the line, was unusually silent. There was a harsh dryness in the air that was not compatible with the night or the season. He knew there were but few natural stops—places where there was forage and water—and these were far apart. They would have to push the stock to the limit of endurance while there was enough coolness to allay thirst.

A drowsy silence took the place of laughter and song. The two women had put their children to bed in their wagons. This was their first experience at night driving and they were enjoying it. The noises of the day were distracting, but, here, in the desert night, even the dust seemed less active. The wagons caught mesquite and chaparral. Dry leaves, loosened by new fronds and buds, swished to the warm sand. Desert moths, drawn by the white covers of the wagons, beat against the waxed canvas. And, above their muted thuds, came the sawing of the crickets, suspended at the approach of the wagon train, and resumed at its passing. The sweet smell of night lilies drugged the air. Tall cactus shadows grouped and regrouped in lonely converse.

Elizabeth Harriman looked searchingly in all directions. Back of the beauty of the night and her enjoyment of it, was the perpetually



Courtesy, Keystone Photo Service

JOSHUA TREE ON THE DESERT, NORTHERN ARIZONA

cautious fear that the frontier had engendered. What a vast unknown lay ahead! She and Mary Davis were taking their little children and going farther and farther into its bewildering dimensions. It seemed to her that the night's very beauty was a menace, a drug to lure one's senses into forgetfulness of danger. Quiet and vast and dry, the desert seemed to tolerate their intrusion, but never to welcome it. There was no hurry, it seemed to say. It could wait, its thorns concealed, as claws are couched in a furred paw. It would wait. Two women and a handful of men were not important in its existence. Two women and their little children . . . twenty-six men and their presumptuous courage. These were as nothing in its unwall'd domain. It could rise now and strike, or lie quiescent until the company, lost in its sand and heat, perished.

Suddenly, Elizabeth sat bolt upright, fear overmastering all other feeling. She had heard no unusual sound of man or beast or desert, yet she knew that strange eyes were measuring her, weighing her courage. She was not asleep, and this was no bad dream. She did not need to turn her head to know that a strange horse and rider were close to her front wheel, waiting for her to move or speak or scream—whatever women do when they can look straight ahead and can breathe quietly no longer. The beat of moths against her wagon cover was as measured and aimless as before; harnesses creaked with the same homely assurance; nothing had changed except the beat of her heart, measuring the beat of the alien hoofs beside her. And the desert waited.

(To be continued)

WEALTH OF FAITH

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

So short a span we've come from poverty!
 A poverty which had no way to turn,
 Except to patience, faith, and being free
 To fight the desert's old, persistent burn.
 Not long ago, men shared a dwindling store;
 As neighbors, starved and struggled side by side;
 Created pleasures, lessening what they bore;
 And Eden bloomed again before they died.
 They lived with life too earnestly to fret;
 They were too near their God to feel afraid,
 Too grateful for their freedom to regret
 The price in work and suffering they paid;
 They lived, and faith enriched the fields they trod,
 Faith in themselves, the constant earth, and God.

The Tin-Can Doll

Kathelen M. Bennett

WE always took a trip on the first of May. Why, I never knew. My parents were neither English, with a May-Day background, nor Spanish, with the Cinco de Mayo tradition.

This particular excursion was the most eventful of all I remember, for it had so many exciting and strange happenings in it. We arose before the dawn, that mystical time when there is a sort of dark fragrance in the air. We hitched the horse to the wagon by lantern light, and piled quilts for us children to snuggle into, for the morning air was quite cool. We put a box of food under the seat, and started for the Dragoon Mountains, twelve miles away.

Everything looked strange and unreal, as the light quickened. We amused ourselves by pretending that the crested yuccas were Indian braves, crouching beside the trail, waiting to leap upon our wagon train and destroy us. The cooing of the mourning doves added to the effect, so that we were glad when the rising sun dispelled our pictured dangers. The air was warm and bright when we stopped for breakfast in a gulch about halfway to our destination. This was pure delight to us, for we had bacon and ham, broiled over mesquite coals, spiced with a few ashes and our ravenous appetites. We had just finished eating, when a noise in some near-by bushes brought visions of fierce wild animals, a coyote or, perhaps, one of our Indians. On closer inspection, we found that our

naughty little dog had followed us, hidden from sight. He was too tired to send back, so my father, very reluctantly, allowed us to take him into the wagon, where we put him under the quilts and warmed our feet on him.

We reached our destination, the Horse Ranch country, about noon. We had a lovely time for a while, playing exploring. Then the weather suddenly changed. A high, cold wind, loaded with fine particles of sand, blew up. We took shelter in an old adobe ruin, roofless, windowless, and doorless, but with sturdy walls. We children began to make a playhouse in the lee of the wall.

The little dog dug a cave in the soft adobe. Suddenly, he came upon a cache, and we could see something inside. We reached in and found a doll. But such a doll! Her head was a small tin can, her body, a large one. Her neck was a bolt; her arms were bolts, with nuts for hands; her legs were the same. The only thing we knew about the house was that a family with the unusual name of Smith had lived there during Indian times, and that they had had a child. The Apaches had proven too much for them, and they had departed. No one knew where they had gone, or what had become of them.

We were enchanted with our find, and spent the afternoon playing and imagining all sorts of thrilling events around the life of our little tin friend.

Finally, it was time to go, so we

took our priceless treasure tenderly to our mother to take home in style. Suddenly, we stopped. My sister and I looked at each other. Would our little lady be happy with us? Would the pretty dolls at home accept her? She had slept so long with little furry wild things for company! Her tiny cave was warm and comfortable. The young mistress of

long ago had left her there. Perhaps she was waiting for her to return. Sadly and slowly, we put her back. We made a soft bed of grass and put a stone in front of her cave for protection from wind and rain. We brushed away our tears and slipped away. We never went back, so she must be there yet, in the shadow of Cochise's rocks, waiting.

THE SKIER

Margery S. Stewart

He who is done with flying
Knows a place
Where he can touch the sky,
So long a stranger;
Where clouds will hold him
In their light embrace,
And mountains welcome him to
Awe and danger.
His poles, the stick,
His slender skis, the rudder,
He wheels into the heaven,
Rides on wind.
His heart soars, feeling the
Familiar shudder
Of cratered sky, hearing the thinned
Singing of trees. He is content,
Cleaving again the starry firmament.



Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large.—George Washington.

(Prayer after Washington's Inauguration as President of the United States, from the copy in his pew, St. Paul's Chapel, New York City)

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

ON THE RIVER PLATTE—II

President Amy Brown Lyman

(This is the sixth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration. Ed.)

THE following incident in the life of Alma Platte Spillsbury is related by his daughter, Ruby Spillsbury Brown of El Paso, Texas.

It was early in August of 1850. The weather was very hot and dry. The saints were traveling west from the Missouri River along the plains of Nebraska, and they had become short of water for both man and beast. They were being urged by the captain of the company to travel as fast as possible to get to the Platte River, and had stopped the caravan scarcely long enough for Fanny Smith Spillsbury to give birth to a child. A blanket stretched over the bows of the wagon shielded the mother and baby from the intense heat of the August sun, while the father walked along beside the wagon, prodding the lean, gaunt, thirsty oxen. Suddenly, the oxen raised their heads and began to sniff the air. They were nearing the Platte River and could smell the water. They quickened their steps. They needed no prodding now. Suddenly, they left the road and took a short cut to the river at quite a reckless speed. The young father tried desperately to get them back on the road, but did not succeed, and he was scarcely able to keep up with the wagon with its precious cargo. Other men in the caravan, seeing his predicament, rushed to help him,

but it was useless. The thirst-crazed animals smelled the water and sped on till they reached the river, then dashed over the bank, which was not very high nor very steep. The oxen went down sideways, and the wagon was overturned in the water. The running men soon reached the spot and fairly snatched the mother out of the muddy stream. "Oh, where is my baby?" she cried. "Right here," finally answered Bishop Edward Hunter, fishing the little bundle out of the water where it had been thrown when the wagon overturned. "But I am afraid there is not much life left in him," he added.

"We must bless and name him at once," said the father, and, calling the men around him, they took the child in their arms to give it a name before it breathed its last. "What shall we name him, Fanny?" tenderly asked the father. "Alma, for the Book of Mormon prophet, and Platte for this great river from which we have been rescued," she answered. By the time the prayer was finished, the baby was crying lustily, and they all knelt in prayer to thank their Heavenly Father that the life of this little child had been saved so miraculously.

* * * * *

MR.S. Margaret Judd Clawson, wife of Bishop Hyrum B. Clawson and mother of the late President

Rudger Clawson, used to entertain and amuse her friends by telling of her experiences on the plains. She was a character actress in the old Salt Lake Theater, and, therefore, her descriptions were graphic and her imitations dramatic.

She was just eighteen when her family left Council Bluffs, in 1849, for the long trek. She was young, beautiful, and healthy, and was so optimistic that, although her company experienced encounters with the Indians, severe thunderstorms, and two stampedes, she always looked on the bright side, yes, the humorous side of life.

The Judd outfit for the journey consisted of two oxen, six cows, and a wagon. The oxen were well broken in before they started, but the cows seemed to resent the idea of taking turns with the oxen in pulling the load and, in the beginning it took the whole family to put the yokes on the cows and get them started ahead. They seemed determined to go in the wrong direction. One of the cows, old Bossy, a favorite, was very intelligent and coy. She used to hide in the willows to keep from being yoked up. However, when once yoked, she was a good and faithful worker. She was also a good milker, contributing a generous amount daily for the family use.

The days on the plains, according to Mrs. Clawson, were somewhat monotonous unless it happened that the scenery was unusual, or there were wild flowers and fruits to gather—fruits such as chokecherries, serviceberries, or wild strawberries. But the evenings were different and most interesting. At that time there was real activity—work and recrea-

tion—for everybody. It was then that they bathed and washed their clothes in the river and scoured their buckets and tins and the utensils in which they cooked. And, while the women prepared the evening meal, the men cared for the cattle.

Mrs. Clawson had two youthful romances in connection with the journey. The night before she left Illinois, she parted with her girlhood sweetheart (whom she called at the time her "own true lover") with the understanding that the moment he was of age, he would follow her "even to the ends of the earth." She saw him next forty years later, when he had a wife and three children, and she a husband and thirteen children.

There were several very nice young men in the company, which made it interesting for the girls. Among them was one who became infatuated with young Margaret, telling her she was the only woman he had ever loved, and that he was sure they were exactly suited to each other. So, after he had proposed marriage over and over again, she finally consented to an engagement. The course of their love ran smoothly until they arrived in the Valley, where they had a lovers' quarrel with no making up. On the rebound, he rushed off and married another girl of the same company. "Such is the constancy of men!" Mrs. Clawson would humorously exclaim. She later found that this was a blessing in disguise, for in time she married the late Bishop Hyrum B. Clawson, business associate of President Brigham Young, and for many years superintendent of Z.C.M.I.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1887

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

DON'T WAIT

Don't wait until I'm gone, dearest,
Before you tribute pay,
Till the spirit has departed,
And left but lifeless clay;
Do not wait till all is over,
And then, with mournful lay,
In a voice of trembling sorrow,
Regret the long delay.

—L. M. Hewlings

A HUMBLE TESTIMONY: It seems that the time has fully come when the daughters of Zion are called upon to raise their voices and declare unto the nation and the world the testimonies which God has given them of His work in these last days Sisters, above all things, trust in God; have faith, and cultivate and exercise patience
—Phena

VARIOUS QUALIFICATIONS: My forte was needlework, to which I was fairly drilled, my first lesson beginning when I was so small (four years of age) that ma used to seat me on the table edge so that my work might be nearer her own eyes My very fond and indulgent father provided me with a gold thimble, made by a Spanish jeweler, from a nugget he himself had taken from the mines Afterward came long lessons from a lady teacher or governess I look around upon my almost idle young friends and think of their lack of knowledge in cutting out and making clothing and contemplate how prominent a figure the hired seamstress will be in the future family circles of these dear girls
—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

FROM MANCOS, COLORADO: There are some few that are investigating our principles, and we hope they will see the truth The various organizations are in good working order. The Relief Society is doing well, considering its numbers The weather has been unusually fine this winter, scarcely enough snow to cover the ground. This is a remarkably healthful place We should ever be on our guard, prepared to defend our religion The young can no longer depend on their parents' testimony, but must obtain one for themselves.
—Moselle Hall

ZINA D. H. YOUNG: On Monday, January 31, a party of ladies assembled by invitation, at the residence of Mrs. Maria Y. Dougall, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Zina D. H. Young. There were present some of the veteran women of the Church, among the number, Sister Eliza R. Snow Smith, Catherine Horrocks, Sarah M. Kimball, M. Isabella Horne, Susan S. Young, and others The party was a very pleasant one, and Sister Zina, whose name is a household word throughout Zion, must have realized that her friends were genuine in their appreciation.

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

MISS SALLY LUCAS JEAN, who has been a consultant on poliomyelitis in sixty countries, visited Salt Lake City in November, and, at a Soroptomists' dinner, publicly congratulated Mrs. Emily S. Stewart, daughter of President George Albert Smith, on her work as state director of women's activities for the National Foundation for Poliomyelitis. Utah, with a chairman in every county, stands at the top of the nation in organization, and in relief for sufferers, it was disclosed later, in a New York conference, attended by Mrs. Stewart, where the national president, Basil O'Connor, and Cornelia Otis Skinner were speakers. Mrs. Stewart accompanied Miss Jean to a polio conference in Arizona, and on her way home, lovely Mary Pickford, a co-worker in the fight against poliomyelitis, entertained for Mrs. Stewart at Pickfair, where, the hostess said, Mrs. Stewart won all hearts.

FOR the first time in history, a group to effect the advancement of women has met under the sponsorship of men and women, instead of women only. It is the Commission on the Status of Women, an outgrowth of the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations. The goal of this organization is to provide for women a status equal to that of men in all fields of human

enterprise—in political, social, and economic freedom; and in full personality development. Among others, women from China, Poland, India, South America, and Lebanon participated.

MEETINGS of great import to women occurred in New York in late October, 1946. Mrs. Sterling Ercanbrack, Provo, President of the Utah Federation of Women's Clubs, and dean of all state presidents and a member of the executive committee in the general federation, was, on account of these positions, admitted into many exclusive sessions. She took part in a conference of the board of directors of the National Federation, whose watchword this year is "Conservation of Youth." She attended the brilliant International Assembly of Women, the delegates to which are chosen by their governments for outstanding ability and service to their countries. Fifty-three countries were represented by 137 delegates. The German and Japanese delegates addressed the group. All participants on the program spoke in English. The theme of the meetings was "The World We Live In and the World We Hope For." Mrs. Ercanbrack also attended sessions of the United Nations Conference and the challenging New York Herald-Tribune World Forum.



Faithful to the Pioneer Heritage

OFTTIMES during the Centennial year of 1947, Latter-day Saints will recall the experiences of the pioneers, and wonder if they—descendants by lineage or tradition—are measuring up to the achievements and self-sacrifice of their pioneer ancestry.

To the pioneers came the decision to forsake worldly possessions, acquired by arduous toil and struggle, at the behest of their Prophet. Treasures brought to Nauvoo from faraway homes were abandoned, along with the homes that held them. The saints were not permitted, as were the Children of Israel, to carry off jewels of silver and of gold and raiment from those from whom they fled. The Latter-day Saints carefully packed into their wagon boxes only the dire necessities—treasures only in that they would be of most value in sustaining life on the hazardous journey across the frozen stretches of the Mississippi river, and on into an unknown land. Neither were the saints expecting to be fed by manna, nor to be led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. No visible signs encouraged them—none was needed. They relied, by faith, on the will of the Lord as spoken by his Prophet.

In this day, Latter-day Saints live in neighborly accord with all men. Passed are the persecutions, and the

call to forsake worldly possessions wrested from the sagebrush wastes. Nevertheless, difficult trials, temptations, and testing experiences await each generation. The Lord has said that this life is a state of probation and that men are free to choose liberty and eternal life, or to choose captivity and death. So, today, also, he would have a tried people. To some women of the Church, it would seem that it would be easier for them to live the gospel by forsaking all worldly possessions and to set out in the company of others who likewise had no possessions, than it is for them to live modestly and prudently, sacrificing for the upbuilding of the Church, among neighbors in more affluent circumstances. The joy which would be experienced by a faithful and devoted saint, seems to fade away before the image of a beautiful car, costly apparel, jewels, or a luxurious home. However, from the records being written, it appears that tens of thousands of faithful Church women prize the gospel as their most priceless possession, and have joy in serving the Master and living his commandments. They choose liberty, not being enslaved by worldly desires. They sacrifice their personal wishes for the Church and kingdom of God, faithful to the heritage of their pioneer ancestors, and seeking earnestly to attain eternal life.

M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the Evening Service of Fast Sunday,

March 2, 1947

THE evening service of Fast Sunday, March 2, 1947, has been assigned to Relief Society. The General Board is scheduling a special Centennial program for presentation by all of the local Societies on that date.

The program entitled "A Story in Granite and Bronze," by Sister Priscilla L. Evans of the Relief Society General Board, was inspired by the "This Is The Place" monument, to be dedicated July 24, 1947. The events symbolized by the groups of bronze figures on the monument will be presented by narrative and dramatic readers. Musical numbers by both the Singing Mothers and the congregation form an integral part of the program.

In order that the message of the program may be more deeply appreciated, five large posters (size 22x34 inches) will accompany the printed narrative. The posters are of light-weight paper which will make it necessary to fasten them to a wall, mount them on cardboard, or otherwise arrange them so that the congregation may readily view them as the program proceeds. A nominal charge of \$1.00 (postpaid) will be made for each set of five posters.

Letters containing detailed information about the above program were mailed to Relief Society stake presidents November 27, 1946. Ward presidents are urged to give publicity to the program to ensure a large attendance.

*Congratulations to President Amy Brown Lyman
on Her Birthday—February 7th*

RELIEF Society women everywhere are happy to remember at this time the birthday of Sister Amy Brown Lyman, who served for many years as a Board member, as an executive officer, and as president of the Society. Sister Lyman's work among women, particularly in the fields of social service and educational and cultural development, has been of great service to the Church. Her lessons on visiting teaching, and her interesting pioneer stories, currently featured in *The Relief Society Magazine*, are sources of inspiration that help Latter-day Saint women to realize the vital strength of their heritage and the importance of their responsibilities.

Happy birthday to you, Sister Lyman, and our gratitude for the example of effort and accomplishment that you have given us. May your continued service to women bring you much joy and satisfaction.

February Table Decorations

Elizabeth Williamson

PERHAPS you are now enjoying narcissi, tulips, hyacinths, and other bulbs you had the foresight to plant early last fall. But, if you are like most of us, who procrastinate, you are looking about for material with which to make table decorations and flower arrangements. This is the time of year when there are few cut flowers, so it is necessary to look for substitutes. Here are a few, which fall into three classes:

Dried Materials

Branches, pods, leaves, grasses, gourds, dried flowers.

These can be arranged attractively with figurines, or available fresh flowers.

Fruits and Vegetables

Pineapples, apples, pears, lemons, red peppers, eggplants, squash, cucumbers, artichokes.

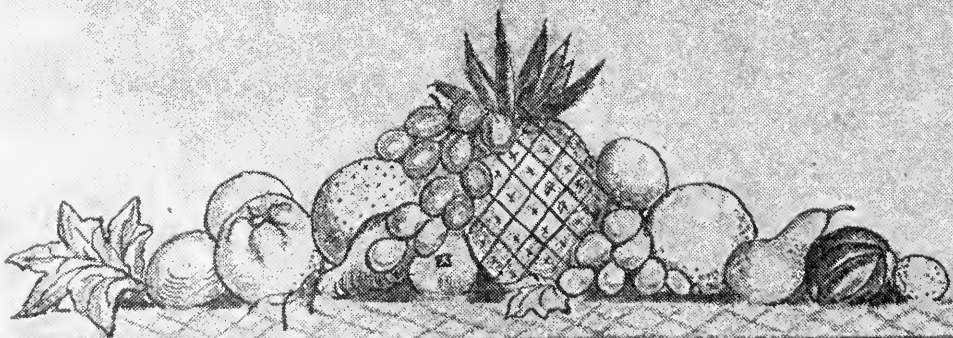
These look well in wooden bowls or on copper trays.

Cacti and Succulents

These can be arranged into charming groups, as miniature gardens, with fragments of rocks, driftwood, shells, or figures.

Flower arrangement is one of the oldest arts. The Oriental flower arrangements are symbolic, ceremonial, and religious. Although they are beautiful in composition and color, it is not necessary nor relevant for us to make a study of them to achieve a successful or harmonious flower arrangement. If we follow a few basic rules, it is easy to make a pleasing and attractive arrangement.

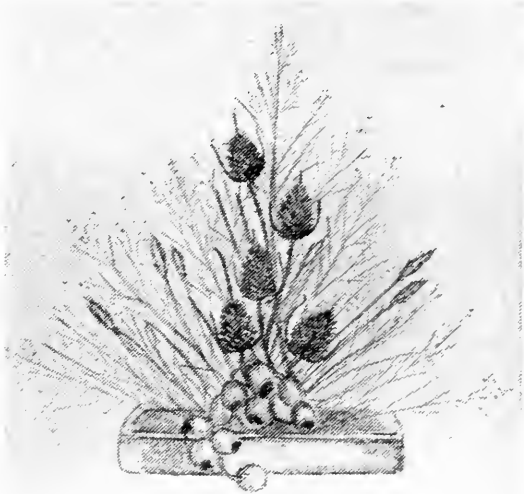
Colors in nature are harmonious. However, you may use a warm color group for cold days, combining reds, yellows, oranges, and browns, and a cool color group for warm days, using blue, purple, lavender, white and green. Color can do much to make a room cheerful, depressing, formal, or informal.



HORIZONTAL

formal. If your house is small, simplify your arrangements, and make them informal.

It is impossible to rival nature, so do not use too many flowers in one arrangement. Remember, whether large or small, to keep your decorative designs simple.



RADIATING

Curving lines possess more beauty than straight lines. A vertical or horizontal line is more attractive if it is broken. Radiating lines in composition may be based on a triangle turned in different positions.

Keep the size of your arrangements suitable to the surroundings. If your house is large, the flower groups may be sophisticated and



VERTICAL

TOLD AT SUNSET

Grace Zenor Pratt

If I might bring to skies that now are gray
 The sunset glow that charmed me late today,
 Put back the glowing crimson, saffron, blue and gold—
 Recapture that lost beauty, and could hold
 The spell of those last moments and the thrill
 When sunset kisses the last purple hill
 With glory; touches green valleys with its magic light. . .
 Then might I be content to endure one brief night.

If I might hear again the cadence of your voice,
 Waking my soul to live and to rejoice;
 If I might lay my folded hands in silent prayer
 Upon your head and let them linger there,
 And see again the light love brought into your eyes—
 Those visions fair which meant our paradise;
 Then might I wait in patience, without tears,
 However long might be the empty years.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946.

GENERAL ACTIVITIES AND SPECIAL PROGRAMS

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION

Sister Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society, reports the following successful activities from her mission:



SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, LOS ANGELES BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED TO ASSIST THE PRIESTHOOD IN MAKING PLANS FOR REMODELING THE CHAPEL

Officers: Sister Luisa Muro, President, standing in the center, second row, wearing a flowered dress and white collar; Juanita Escobedo, First Counselor, standing to the right of Sister Muro; Dora Smith, Secretary, standing in the back row between Sister Escobedo and Sister Ivie H. Jones, President of Spanish-American Mission Relief Society.

Thirty-one of the fifty Relief Society members of the Los Angeles Branch are shown in the photograph. The second counselor, Beatriz Pena, was not present when this photograph was taken.



SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, CORPUS CHRISTI (TEXAS) BRANCH
RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAYING THEIR STRING QUILT

Left to right: Josefa Ruiz, Secretary; Francisca Hernandez; Angelita Saldana; Beatriz Martinez, President; Maria Gutierrez, missionary; Encarnacion Rangel; Flora Rodriguez, Second Counselor; Victoria Ruiz, First Counselor; Maria Ruiz; Mrs. Frank Middleton, formerly from Argentina; Nellie Martinez Rodriguez, District Relief Society President; Concepcion Cortez.



SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, MERCEDES (TEXAS),
RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: San Juanita Garza; Natividad Flores; Augustina Gonzales; Estefana Trevino; Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society; Kathleen Zundel; Herculano Gonzales (in background); Domitila Trevino; Mary Ellen O'Brien; Rosa G. Gonzales.



SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION
LADY MISSIONARIES LEARNING TO CROCHET AND KNIT
SAMPLE ARTICLES TO BE TAKEN INTO THE FIELD

In circle, left to right: Lucille Beck, Tooele, Utah; Marjorie Jensen, Sandy, Utah; Ernestina Monroy, Mexico City, Mexico; Frances Neal, Salt Lake City, Utah; Sister Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society; Mary O'Brien, Salt Lake City, Utah; Ellen Weir, Salt Lake City, Utah; Betty Jean Crandall, Ogden, Utah.



SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, TYPICAL EVENING IN THE MISSION HOME

Young women making yarn dogs, left to right: Raquel M. Soto; Marjorie Jensen; Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society; Carlos Jones of Colonia Dublan, Mexico, in background; Beatriz Gutierrez; Irene Jespersen, in background; Doris Noble; Mario Marshall; Ernestina Monroy; Kathleen Zundel, in background; Virginia Gower; Rosa Mae McClellan, at machine.



WOODRUFF STAKE (LINCOLN AND UINTAH COUNTIES, WYOMING,
AND RICH COUNTY, UTAH)
SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
JULY 14, 1946

All seven wards of the Woodruff Stake participated in furnishing the music for the quarterly conference, July 14, 1946 at Randolph, Utah. Miss Nellie Davis, chorister of the Evanston Second Ward directed the chorus. She is seated in the front row, with a songbook in her hand. President Esther L. Warburton of Woodruff Stake Relief Society is seated in the front row at the extreme left.



SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH), SMITHFIELD FIRST WARD
VISITING TEACHERS

Front row, left to right: Lettie Dowdle; Mary A. Deppe; Lucile N. Erickson, President, Smithfield First Ward Relief Society; Elvina J. Ranzenberger, stake visiting teachers leader; Mary Griffiths, ward visiting teachers leader; Anne M. Farr, President, Smithfield Stake Relief Society; Selma Monson; Mary L. Merrill; Matilda Coleman.

Second row, left to right: Zelda McCombs; Wilma Nelson; Mabel Moore; Leone Watts; Jane Rich; Rachel Woolford; Rose Moffat; Myrtle Pitcher; Jessie Reese; Florence Gyllenskog; Veda Nelson, first counselor, Smithfield First Ward Relief Society; Reta Spackman, second counselor.

Third row, left to right: Myrtle Fuller; Emma Coates; Tempie Meikle; Bernice Coleman; Carrie Potts; Arley Coleman; Venna Johnson; Mary Williamson; Winona Ellett.



EASTERN STATES MISSION, PITTSBURGH BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
ASSEMBLED FOR MOTHER'S DAY, 1946

Each woman received a small potted begonia as a Mother's Day gift.

Front row, seated, left to right: Elsie Geer; Cora Wimer; Helen Hatch; Elisa Bohler; Annie Rhinehart; Minnie Moran; Marie Bigler; Margaret Jones; Rhoda Link; Maureen Johanason; Alice Carothers; Ruby Boyes.

Back row, standing, left to right: Gwen Wrathall, Secretary; Virginia Birtcher, Second Counselor; Florence P. Simmons, President; Dorothy Link; Viola Call; Bertha Greeves; Betty J. Chaffo; Jere Scott.

Sister Alberta O. Doxey, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, reports that the Pittsburgh Branch is one of the largest and most successfully conducted branches in the mission. Many of the members live a long distance from the church, and yet the attendance is excellent. An outstanding event is the annual Christmas bazaar in which the neighboring Societies are invited to participate. The women from the outlying districts travel thirty to forty miles to take part in the work of the bazaar. These visiting branches are Renfrew, Wilson, and Washington, Pennsylvania.

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), POWELL BRANCH
VISITING TEACHERS' ACTIVITIES

Grace E. Allphin, President, Big Horn Stake Relief Society, reports the overcoming of some of the difficulties of the visiting teachers' program by the Powell Branch:

Our visiting teaching, during the years from 1942 through 1945, was done under quite a handicap in our branch of about thirty members. Because of war restrictions on gasoline and tires, many of the sisters were unable to carry on their visiting teaching. To visit one district of six members, we traveled fourteen miles, and would then double back and go on another district, which covered thirty-five miles, to visit seven members—traveling a total of forty-nine miles. For nearly two years, these districts were taken by Mary Helen Giles and Elizabeth Christensen. When the husband of Sister Giles was called into military service and Sister Giles left the branch, Bettina Graham took her place as a visiting teacher. Later, when cars were showing more wear, we alternated on our thirty-five mile district with Charlotte Walker and Elaine Schnabel, who had a town district. By each of the four teachers using her car alternately, we were able to continue our visiting.



MEXICAN MISSION REUNION OF RELIEF SOCIETY MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Sister Mary D. Pierce, President, Mexican Mission Relief Societies, reports that during the general conference of the Mexican Mission May 24, 25, and 26, 1946, a special meeting of mothers and daughters was held, with more than four hundred in attendance. The talks emphasized the spiritual blessings enjoyed by the women of the Church and the teachings given to improve their temporal welfare. The highlight of the meeting was a talk by President George Albert Smith to the Relief Society women. He spoke of the duties and obligations of Latter-day Saint mothers in establishing a firm gospel foundation in the training of their children.

In connection with the conference, a sewing exhibit was presented by the Relief Society. Included were articles from all parts of the mission, a total of 170 pieces. Typical Mexican handiwork; crocheting, knitting, drawn work, and cross-stitch designs decorated the tablecloths, runners, luncheon sets, napkins, pillowslips, aprons, handkerchiefs, and many other exquisitely made articles. Hot pads, quilts, and handkerchief bags were also exhibited.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION CAMBRIDGE CITY BRANCH (INDIANA) REFERENCE LIBRARY

Elna P. Haymond, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, reports an interesting communication from Edith M. Dale of the Cambridge City Branch, regarding the establishment of a reference library:

It was felt that the branch needed a proper library. Accordingly, a librarian was set apart by the branch president, and a library started. This library is now made up of approximately 250 books, including *A Comprehensive History of the Church*, and practically every book that has been published by the Church in the last few years. Every effort will be made by us to add those books that will be of help to our teachers. The books purchased by the Relief Society have been turned over to the branch library, which is supported by a regular budget allowance. We are proud of our library here and feel that it is perhaps as complete as any in the mission.



CENTRAL STATES MISSION, EL DORADO (ARKANSAS) BRANCH
RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED FOR BREADMAKING
DEMONSTRATION JUNE 18, 1946

This demonstration was held at the home of Lucille McClurg. A quilt was also completed at this meeting. Maude Flemiken is president of the El Dorado Relief Society and Alma Redick, who submitted the photograph, is secretary. Sister Martha W. Brown is the new president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.



COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS' CONVENTION
OCTOBER 26, 1945

Left to right: Mary Farrer; Ada Greenwood; Lottie Evans; Olive Jensen; Jane Eskelson; Thelma Davis; Johanna Sanderson; Lavern Kurtz; May Olson; Martha Walker; Florence Peterson; Mildred Gerrard; Rowena Wood; Regina Erickson, First Counselor, Cottonwood Stake; Esther Moore; Lillian Candland.

These sisters, also, are all work day leaders or work directors. Part of the Welfare sewing exhibit may be seen in the background.



**PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH)
RELIEF SOCIETY (1945) CHURCH WELFARE ASSIGNMENT**

This assignment was completed September 28, 1945. The sewing was done by the nine wards and two branches of the stake. It took considerable effort to purchase the yardage for so large an assignment, but it was accomplished by each ward and branch accepting a part of the responsibility. The workmanship on these articles is of excellent quality, and the layettes are handmade, trimmed with silk crocheted edgings and lace. The pillowcases have crocheted edges. The women's and misses' dresses are individually patterned and made well.

This stake project resulted in great joy for the Relief Society workers and they have followed the admonition: "It is better to give than to receive."

Officers of the Palmyra Stake Relief Society are: President Phoebe I. Markham; Counselors LaReta E. Brockbank and Mary C. Davis; Secretary Mary W. Christensen.



**BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH) CORRINE WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY AND SINGING MOTHERS**

At piano: Evelyn Anderson.

First row, left to right: Mabel S. Rasmussen, director, Singing Mothers; Leona

Cheal; Rhoda Owens; Rose Nelson, First Counselor; Alice Norman, President; Barbara Wright, Second Counselor; Lila Rader; Hazel Christensen; Dyan Jones; Katie Nelson.

Second row, left to right: Lois Hubbard; Verda Welch; Miriam Thompson; Martha Smoot; Fay Holman; Ethel Wood; Hulda Campbell; Gwenith Rader; Elsie Burt.

Sister Margaret Hatch, a Relief Society singer for many years, was ill at the time this photograph was taken.

Mabel S. Rasmussen, director of the Singing Mothers, reports that these women travel six to ten miles, round trip, for singing practice and Relief Society meetings. This group sings whenever requested and take great joy in this activity and all Relief Society work. Most of the Singing Mothers are also visiting teachers.



SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Lillian Collings, reader; Sylvia Riggs, organist; Mabel Rice, conductor; Lucille Peel, pianist; Ruth Ryan, First Counselor, South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society; Rose Astle, President; Laveade Gervais, Second Counselor; Viola Hawes, Secretary; Laura Hatch, assistant work director; Etta Glover, Magazine representative; Florence Jepperson Madsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Mildred Clark, social science leader.

Immediately back of the piano, standing, stake board members: Nellie Hartwig, visiting teachers' topic leader; Lucille Anderson, theology leader; Reva Fleming, literature leader.

Standing at the back, soloists: Crawford Davis, baritone; Beth Ellsworth, soprano; Hyrum Christiansen, tenor.

March 15, 1946, these Singing Mothers presented the Easter Cantata: "The Seven Last Words of Christ," in the stake auditorium. The beautiful staging effects were arranged by Lillian Collings and Roy Barker. June Hibbert was in charge of the wardrobe, assisted by Monida Frey and Lela Fleming. Officers of the Singing Mothers are: Blanche Boyle, President; Arlee Collie, Secretary; Hedwig Berg, librarian. Professor Florence Jepperson Madsen, of Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, and a member of the General Board of Relief Society, was a special guest.

Photograph submitted by Rose Astle, President, South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society



UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), VERNAL SECOND WARD QUILT-MAKING PROJECT

The beautiful quilts shown in the picture were made by some of the older women of the ward for the young mothers who regularly attend Relief Society meetings.

Front row, left to right: Paula Hodgkinson; Ada Busch; Dorothy O'Neil; Ruth Robertson; Heddy Hodgkinson.

Back row, left to right: First Counselor Sarah B. Bingham; President Elfreda D. Bryson; Second Counselor Ella Y. Siddoway; Secretary Jennie Felch.



UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), NAPLES WARD EXHIBIT OF RELIEF SOCIETY QUILTS

These quilts illustrate the many beautiful block and quilting patterns worked out by the sisters of Naples Ward. Sister Lavina Chivers is president of the Naples Ward Relief Society. Sister Muriel S. Wallis is president of Uintah Stake Relief Society.



NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO), NAMPA FIRST WARD
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 20, 1946

Under the direction of Sister Minnie L. Sorensen, the Nampa First Ward Relief Society members and their husbands enjoyed an unusually successful anniversary party. The hall was decorated in blue and gold; large bowls of daffodils and pussywillows decorated the tables; daughters of Relief Society members, wearing blue and gold costumes, waited on the tables. The women in charge of the entertainment wore corsages of blue and gold. The climax of the evening was the singing of "A Hundred Thousand Strong."



SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA)
MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES

Front row, left to right: Etta Glover, stake magazine representative; Viva Wright, Walnut Park Ward.

Back row, left to right: Yelline Neilsen, South Gate Ward; Ida Snyder, Manchester Ward; Seraph Allred, Vermont Ward; Lillie Griffiths, Maywood Ward; Anna Struhs, Firestone Park Ward; Hazel Dunford, Huntington Park Ward; Ramona Wells, Matthews Ward.

Sister Rose B. Astle is president of the South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society. The stake achieved 126 per cent as their record on the *Magazine* honor roll for 1945.



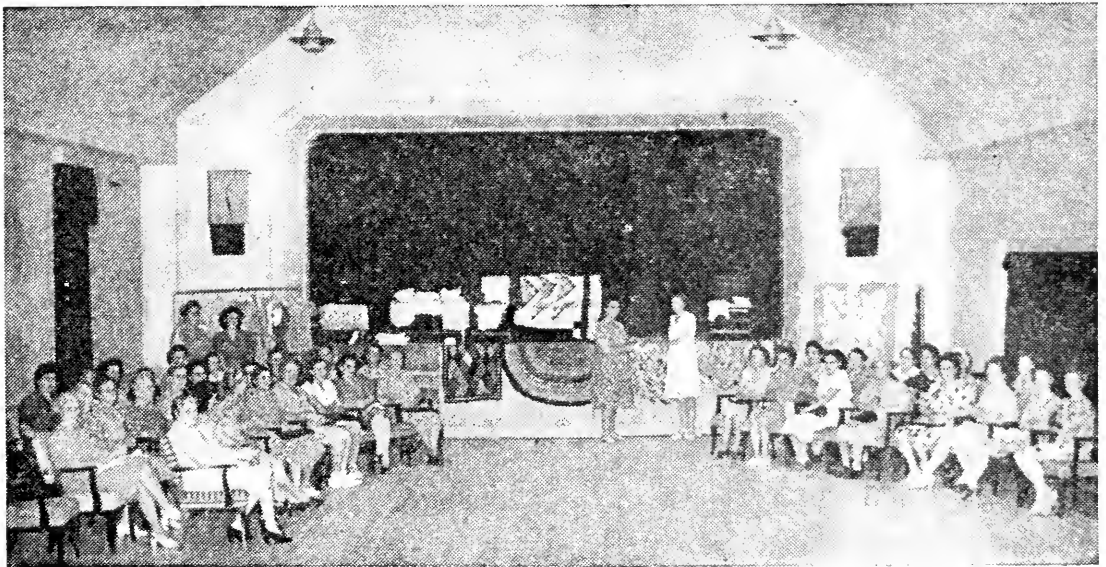
ENSIGN STAKE, SALT LAKE CITY (UTAH)
SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row: extreme left, Margaret Merrill, organist; seventh from left, Lucile B. Swenson, chorister.

Second row: extreme left, Alice B. Steinicke, President, Ensign Stake Relief Society; third from left, Lydia Smith, soloist; tenth from left, Jean Wessman, assistant organist.

Third row: ninth from left, Hilda Lance, member, Ensign Stake Relief Society Board.

These Singing Mothers practice weekly, and the rehearsals are opened and closed with prayer. A most beautiful spirit of co-operation and enthusiasm prevails.



MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA), LAS VEGAS SECOND WARD,
WELFARE MEETING, AUGUST 14, 1946

Sister Lila Leavitt, ward president, at left center, holding a corner of the rug; Stake President Mae Larson, in the white dress, standing beside Sister Leavitt.

This meeting featured a handwork display, as shown in the picture, and a special program. Refreshments were served.



Theology—Church History

Lesson 24—The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Over a Century Old

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, May 6, 1947

Objective: To review in brief the ushering in of the last and greatest dispensation—the fulness of times.

THE first hundred years of the Church, again established upon the earth, have marked the world with new light. Greater progress than has ever been known to man has come within the years since 1830. Blessings—material, intellectual, and spiritual, are here now for all God's children. As a Church, we lay claim to all of these advancements because inspiration has come to all from him who knows all truth. We know that it is by no mere chance that so great have been the strides in science, education, and culture for all living. Did not the Lord himself promise a restoration of all things, when he spoke the words recorded in the Old Testament, "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh" (Joel 2:28)?

Before we consider some of the important events studied during our Church history course these past three years, let us, in part at least, look at the material gains that are now a part of everyday living, which were unthought of in 1830.

Standards of living today have made a phenomenal advancement during the past century. The writer remembers but a few years ago an

experience at the New York World's Fair. In the electrical building, the designers of that exhibit had re-created a street of the nineties. Shops and stores, boardwalks and a cobble road, first met the eye. Then, there were unsightly telephone poles with their glass insulators. Dim lights cast a yellow glow from the high crossbars, and from the store windows. One fairly groped along the street. And this was a representation of the new electrical age, a great advance over the candle and firelight period of the 1830's!

One walked along this world of yesterday to turn the corner into today's avenue of light. It was like walking from night into day. A modern boulevard with brilliant lights greeted each visitor who gazed into up-to-date store windows. Everywhere there was brightness and life. What a contrast, and in such sharp relief, the old and the new in immediate relation to one another!

Somehow, we have slipped gradually into our modern world, and in so doing, have forgotten how great the change has been. According to

one authority, the advance in the richness of personal life, so far as material conveniences are concerned, has risen one thousand per cent.

In the field of medicine and surgery, within the past one hundred years, three of the greatest discoveries of all time have been made: anaesthesia; the germ theory of disease; and antiseptis. These have assuaged suffering and prolonged life.

One but needs to dwell for a moment on the thought of the atomic age into which the recent world war has plunged us. Truly, if ever, Christ's greatest tenet—"Love one another" must now become the greatest of forces in human life if we, as a world of human beings, are to live together. Yes, God has poured out his spirit upon all flesh, but one wonders if this, the beginning of all good gifts, can find a place in a world where God also has given man his free agency.

And what are the claims of the Church in this age of wonders? We say that all great discoveries have come because God has willed them. He is the author of all truth, his is the spirit that lightens every man that comes into the world. These things have come to mankind as but another manifestation of the Lord's will to bless his children, and with their coming, too, he has fulfilled the greater promise—that of restoring the gospel of the Redeemer. Such was the mission of the first vision of the Father, in company with the Son, to Joseph Smith. The words, "This is my beloved son, hear him," have rung through these hundred years, and the world has heard him as never before, in evidence of which, we of the Church of Jesus

Christ, point to the marvelous advancement of this age. Assuredly—

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled.

The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of true divine;

The glory bursting from afar
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

And now, to touch again the high lights of the century past, in so far as its narrative is connected with the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the Church that came again with the divine mission to elevate, to build up, to regenerate. It has taught again the ageless truths of man's correct relationship to his Creator, his true purpose in life, and the way he should go if he is to gain ultimate exaltation in his Father's kingdom.

Four things stand out: a vision; a new witness; authority; and Christ's Church. Upon these cornerstones, now rests the firm foundation of God's modern work and a wonder.

The First Vision of the Father and the Son

Joseph Smith was the instrument, and 1820 was the year. God began then, for the last time, his work of the fulness of salvation among men. And, through the efforts of this humble boy, the world has come, as of old, to know of eternal life.

Small wonder that Joseph never forgot that he had "seen a light, and in the midst of that light . . . two Personages," and they did, in reality, speak to him. And though he was to be persecuted all the days of his life for so declaring, yet he knew, and dared not deny, neither would deny, that he had seen a vision.

As he walked in the fresh spring air down the lane that led from the grove—a Sacred Grove now—his Lord, a living Savior, who called him by name, had left in his soul the music of an eternal voice. Did Joseph ever forget that voice? Never! and that voice, though it came like the rushing of a mighty wind, or with the still, quiet assurance of a loving father, was ever known to Joseph. And Joseph, like the chosen disciples of old, with ear attuned, ever listened to its solemn counsel.

Through Joseph Smith, the world today has the words of that voice, uttered for our times, “pregnant with wisdom and purpose, throwing a flood of light upon the gospel.” Blessed is he that reads and keeps these words, which may be found in the book of the Doctrine and Covenants.

A New Witness for Christ— The Book of Mormon

Within this Book of Mormon, is recorded the fulness of the gospel, once again, for the world—the Savior’s gospel, with its sweet and precious truths to enlighten the mind and quicken the hearts of all who hunger after righteousness. For God has said that in the mouths of two, or more witnesses shall all truth be established. Now, the world has another record to tell of Christ’s message—in addition to the Bible.

Authority From on High— John the Baptist and the Holy Priesthood

It was the 15th of May, 1829. There, in the brightness of the warm spring sunbeams that streamed down through the trees, two young men knelt, Joseph Smith and Oliver

Cowdery, and spoke their wishes to God. Presently, in a cloud of light that exceeded the brilliance of that beautiful day, there stood beside them a heavenly messenger. Placing his hands upon their bowed heads, he spoke:

Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 13).

The Church of Jesus Christ Again Organized

In the month of April, and in the year 1830, the following revelation came through Joseph the Prophet:

The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month which is called April—Which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jun., who was called of God, and ordained an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first elder of this Church . . . And this according to the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom be all glory, both now and forever. Amen (Doc. and Cov. 20: 1, 2, 4).

What are the future years and the blessings for the children of men? Time alone can tell, but of this we may be sure, God has said that heaven and earth shall pass away, but that his word shall not pass away. It is upon his word that we rely. That word promises a great day! To speed its arrival, his Church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with all its blessings for

mankind, is here—and here to stay (Dan. 2:44). Its mission is clear, its destiny glorious. God be praised!

Suggestions for Active Reading and Discussion

At the conclusion of any long period of work and study, one often feels like singing. Certainly, in the Songs of Zion, one may find excellent voicing of the glories of the restored gospel. Spend this discussion period studying, and singing, if you like, the words of these songs that best express the restoration of the fulness of times. Here are a few suggestions in the form of song titles:

“The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee”

“An Angel from on High”

“Praise to the Man”

“For the Strength of the Hills”

“The Spirit of God Like a Fire”

“In Our Lovely Deseret”

“Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded”

“Our Mountain Home So Dear”

“Now Let Us Rejoice”

“The Day Dawn is Breaking”

“O Ye Mountains High”

“One Hundred Years”

Have each class member come prepared to read and comment on a favorite passage of scripture from the Doctrine and Covenants.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 8—Thirst for Knowledge

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, May 6, 1947

Objective: To inspire an appreciation in us of the pioneer thirst for knowledge, that urge to progress, that search for ultimate perfection.

WHEN Joseph Smith made the statements: “The glory of God is intelligence” and “A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge,” he set up high ideals for education in the Church.

In a recent report by the director of economic and business research of the University of Utah, we learn that Utah today leads the United States in education per capita. This is not only a tribute to the State itself, but is also a tribute to the founders of the State, who opened a day school three months after their arrival in the Valley in 1847, and established a university three years later.

Going back to the early days of

the Church, we find that the “School of the Prophets” was established in Kirtland, and the “School of Elders” in Nauvoo, for spiritual culture, and that other schools, including the University of Nauvoo, were established for secular education. And, after leaving Nauvoo, schools were conducted by the Latter-day Saints in the several temporary settlements on the way to Utah. Emmeline B. Wells taught such a school at Winter Quarters in 1846-47. Even on the plains, the emigrants taught their children to read, write, and spell.

After the arrival in the Valley, and while the pioneers were clearing their land, planting crops, and build-

ing homes, they found time to provide for the education of their children by establishing schools. In fact, one of the first activities in every community was the building of a meeting house and the establishment of a school. The first school was taught by a woman—Mary Jane Dilworth. (It is interesting to note that a schoolhouse in Salt Lake City is to be erected and given the name “Mary Jane Dilworth.”)

Art culture in Utah also had its foundation in early pioneer days. Music and the drama played an important part in the amusements and the recreation of the people. Painting and sculpture were also fostered. On the plains, music, singing, and dancing gave relief from the care and worry of the long, tiresome trip. Pitt’s Brass Band cheered the travelers on their journey from Nauvoo to, and beyond, the Missouri River. Many musical instruments had been tucked away in the wagons for use later. For serious moments, faith-promoting hymns such as, “Come, Come, Ye Saints,” were sung by the campfires at the day’s end. These activities gave great succor and sup-

port, comfort and cheer. The music was both serious and gay.

The great organ, built in the Tabernacle in the '60s, made possible a culture in music that could not have existed without it. Then there was organized a splendid orchestra which furnished music of high classic and cultural quality. Only five years after the advent into the Valley, construction of the little theater known as Social Hall, was begun. It was dedicated the following year. Later, the Salt Lake Theater was built. It was opened to the public in March 1862. In both of these houses, high-class drama was presented. Soon, dramatic entertainments were also given in most of the other communities.

There seemed to be an inborn culture in the pioneers of Utah, and their descendants have inherited their idealism, which has resulted in unusually high standards in education, music, the drama, printing, sculpture, and literature. And, very naturally, the State has produced a proportionately large number of outstanding educators, musicians, actors, painters, sculptors, and writers.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 7—Fashion Show

Work Meeting Committee, *Velma N. Simonsen, Chairman*

For Tuesday, May 13, 1947

SUCCESS is to achieve that which we set out to do. Therefore, we hope that you who have participated in the sewing program have had a most successful year. We hope many of you sisters have discovered

that good dressmaking is merely a matter of “know how,” and that there is no special talent, no mysterious gift, nor special ability required to be able to sew well. We hope you have found that all that is

needed is good common sense, careful attention to small details, and a thorough understanding of the steps which must be followed to achieve the desired results—a perfect garment.

Nothing succeeds like success. So do have a fashion show to exhibit your work, and to let others share in the joy of your achievements. A display of other work-day accomp-

lishments, including articles made for the welfare assignment, might also be exhibited at the same time. This could be given as part of your Relief Society Birthday program, or at your closing social. Let as many as possible see your accomplishments and catch your enthusiasm, that next year we may have many more participants in our sewing program.

Literature—America as Revealed in Its Literature

Lesson 8—America, Land of All Nations

Elder Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, May 20, 1947

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

THESE are lines from Whittier's "Centennial Hymn," written in commemoration of the hundredth birthday of our Declaration of Independence. Our nation had come to the close of this first century of freedom with its Constitution strengthened, the Union preserved; treble the number of the first thirteen stars in its flag; and its frontier advanced "from sea to shining sea." Folk from every clime were seeking it as a homeland of greater freedom, of expanded opportunity.

Following the testing days of the Civil War, our population increased by leaps and bounds. America became, in very deed, a land of all nations. Each group of the thronging immigrants to our shores naturally sought out the regions within the free domain where they best might

thrive; and gave themselves to the development of the land, or to trade and industry and commerce.

This was brought home to the writer at one time while traveling through Wisconsin. For miles and miles along the route, he observed well-kept dairy farms and herds of milch cows.

"How did your State get such a start in the dairy business?" he asked.

"Well, the Swiss settled this section," a native of Wisconsin replied. "These folk had learned on the slopes of the Alps how to raise purebred cattle and they found here opportunity to expand the rich industry."

A little later, the train was gliding through woodlands and passing sawmill after sawmill. In response to a

like question as to that development, the fact was brought out that it was Norwegians who had come to the timber belt, and had, with their skill at lumber-making, produced the materials that transformed the sod houses of the settlers into neat, frame cottages.

To this informative experience was added another of similar import. In Scranton, Pennsylvania, heart of the anthracite coal region, it was revealed that miners from Wales had first developed that great industry. One other illuminating pleasure came during a visit there with the attending of a gathering of Welsh folk at a park. This occasion was not only a picnic, but a feast of song, story, and poetry—all in the spirit of the days of the bards and King Arthur.

These good people had come to America, like other groups, not only with manual skills, but with their native music, literature, and other means of recreation. America had opened opportunities for a richer, more abundant life; they, in turn, had helped to develop and enrich our country, not alone in a material sense, but in an artistic and cultural sense as well. To appreciate this truth is to understand better the broader sources of the strength and character of the American people.

Tolerance—one of the cardinal virtues—is cultivated as one looks for the best in folk. A first tendency in dealing with those of foreign birth is to think of their outward peculiarities—perhaps to smile at them. Time often reveals that, at heart, folk of every clime are more alike than different. To appreciate the good in folk, is generally to bring it out of them.

Literature, of the sincere, appreciative kind, opens our eyes to the lives and hearts of those portrayed. To understand those of foreign cast among us, we should turn first to the literature—the songs and stories—they brought from the old homeland; second, to their own literary expression inspired by their contacts with the new land. In the third place, there is the literature which comes from American writers who portray folk of different types in their interesting speech and reactions to our land of freedom.

So far as this last named kind of literature is concerned, it is only fair to say that it is still in the making. Our portrayals of folk from foreign strands in story, drama, song, and other types of expression, in some cases, rise to artistry. Generally speaking, however, it is clever, rather than classic—mainly creations in the varied dialects or brogues, aimed at stirring laughter. Occasionally, one gets through the lines soulful touches. Following are a few examples of such:

W'en I am com' from Eatly,
Jus' landa from da sheep,
Som' thief he tak' my mon' from me
An' - prestol - he is skeep.

I seet een street—I am so blue—
An' justa hold my head
An' theenk 'w'at am I gone do?'
An' weesh dat I am dead.

Som' peopla com' an' look, but dey
Jus' smile and notta care;
So pretta soon dey gon' away
An' leave me seetin' dere.

But while I seet ees som'thing sof'
Dat touch my cheek an' w'en
I tak' my hand for brush eet off
Eet touch my cheek agen.
I look. Ees just a leetla cur
Dat wag hees yellow tail

So, dees is Carlo, Meester Man;
 I introduce to you,
 Da true, da kinda 'Merican
 Da first I evva knew!
 "Da Besta Frand"—T. A. Daly

WHEN MITHER'S GANE

The bairnies gang wi' ragged claes,
 Sin' mither's gane.
 There's nane to men their broken taes,
 Or laugh at a' their pawky ways,
 The nights are langer than the days,
 When mither's gane.

Wha, cheers them when there's ocht amiss,
 Sin' mither's gane?
 Wha, tak's their pairt in that or this,
 An' oot o' trouble mak's a bliss
 Wi' kindly work and guid-nicht kiss?
 Dear mither's gane.

—Anonymous.

Other dialectic poetry representative of various nationalities may be found in *Interpretive Selections for Colleges*, by Maud May Babcock; and in *The Norse Nightingale*, a humorous presentation of old American favorite poems in Scandinavian style. Milt Gross has also given us similar presentations in Jewish dialect. All these creations may afford some harmless pleasure when well read; but they are not literature that portrays the inner souls of the varied folk who have made America their homeland.

One gets closer to the thoughts and lives of these people through more searching expression. Here is one story which came from one of the writer's students in New York University. It may serve to lift some of the struggle of foreign folk, who finally won their way to America, more vibrantly before us.

"My mother," said this girl, "lived in Russia during the reign of the Czar. She was a widow with three children. I was

one of them. Though I was too young to realize her hardships, I did get some feel of the struggle.

"Her dream, as we learned later, was to come to America with us. To make this a reality, she planned and worked. It would take money. We had scarcely enough to keep the wolf from the door. Yet once in a while she did get a coin she felt must be spared.

"Her bank was a bag hidden in a post-hole of our corral. Out she would steal to this in the dead of night and lift the post set loosely in the hole. Then, opening the bag, drop the coin into it, and return to the house. For several years, she persisted in this money saving.

"Finally, came her golden opportunity . . . Mother, seizing her chance, lifted her precious store, and brought us all to this land of freedom. What a priceless heritage that dear soul, now passed away, has bequeathed to me."

Perhaps a million stories of similar import and spirit might be related by other freedom-seeking folk who finally made this their homeland. Dr. Edward Alfred Steiner used to tell teachers in their institutes, of his struggle as a boy to get to this country, and of the testing days after his arrival as a lone lad of foreign tongue getting started here. One first bit of advice freely given him at the outset was, "Remember, young man, in this country, God helps those who help themselves."

He had come, he said, to a free country; yet, after the first day, with every cent of his money gone, he found that the only free thing he could get was ice water.

In *America and I*, another immigrant, Anzia Yezierska, pictures vividly her beginning struggles in America. She had come with rosy dreams of quick wealth, of opportunities for expressing her soul in a free country. Sadly, she soon found herself disillusioned. Forced to work

to keep from starving, she finally took the only job she could find, one of "sweatshop" type, sewing black buttons on shirts. It was a cruel crashing of her high hopes.

One day, in desperation, she went to a settlement house for advice. Received rather coldly there, she gave vent to her pent-up feelings. Finally, the attendant, after listening to her plea for something better than the soul-searing work she was doing, said, "What do you want?"

"I want America to want me," was her passionate reply.

"You will have to show that you have something special for America, before America has need of you," came the reply.

After another burst of pent-up emotion and appeal from this immigrant girl, the attendant said, "America is no Utopia. First, you must become proficient in earning a living before you can indulge in your poetic dreams."

Anzia says she went out of that office with the light out of her eyes, and her feet dragging like dead wood. She had not made herself understood. Something about America was different. What was that difference?

"I began to read American history," she continues. "I found from the first pages that America started with a band of Pilgrims. They had left their native country, as I had left mine. They had crossed an unknown ocean and landed in an unknown country as I.

"But the great difference between the first Pilgrims and me was that they expected to make America, build America, create their own world of liberty. I wanted to find it ready made."

This re-discovery of America by an earnest girl of foreign birth became the beginning of her future success. It is something that every new American, and those who claim a richer heritage by reason of forebears that go back to Pilgrim Revolutionary heroes must learn and keep learning to hold their Americanism true and safe. Our land of liberty is not ready made for any one of us; it is a land of opportunity of service, of freedom, for those willing to work or fight, if need be, for that boon.

Something deeper than mere material aspects explains the thronging of folk from many lands to our shores. What is it? Here is a simple answer from a fifth grade school boy. The writer had asked of a class, "Why are you glad you live in America?"

Varied replies came from the eager youngsters. Finally, this lad said, "I am glad I live in America, because in America it is not where you come from, it's you."

Everyone, even a child, wants to feel the spirit of fair play, of equality of opportunity; and that is just what the country affords for all who come with honest purpose seeking its privileges. If one poem more than another, from a foreign strand, voices the true heart of America, it is "A Man's a Man for a' That" by Robert Burns. Following are stanzas from that classic. It was written, so it is said, when this gifted poet, after entertaining some of the Scottish nobility, had been sent to eat with the servants. Burns passed back his feelings over such aristocratic treatment through a poem that has rung round the world:

Is there for honest Poverty
 That hings his head, and a' that;
 The coward slave—we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that.
 Our toils obscure an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
 Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine;
 A Man's a Man for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

* * * * *

Then let us pray that come it may,
 (As come it will for a' that,)
 That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That Man to Man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

An outstanding literary creation, whose name has become classic, is *The Melting Pot*, a stirring drama by Israel Zangwill. Its hero, David, an immigrant youth, who has escaped from Old World tyranny, finally reaches America, and as he looks upon New York, with its impressive skyline and the Statue of Liberty, exclaims:

There she lies, the great Melting-Pot—listen! Can't you hear the roaring and bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders come from the ends of the world to pour in their human freight. Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian,—black and yellow—Jew and Gentile—Yes, East and West, North and South, the palm and the pine, the pole and the equator, the crescent and the cross—how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Here shall they all unite to build the Republic of Man and the Kingdom of God. Ah, what is

the glory of Rome and Jerusalem where all nations and races come to worship and look back, compared to the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward!

Yes, America is truly a “melting pot”—yet one of her most serious problems is, and ever has been, to make the melting most successful. How can the melting, the fusing, the refining process best be promoted?

An experience of the writer, in boyhood, provides an analogy that may point helpfully to the answer. During his youthful years, he was reared near the old Jordan smelter; and often, with other young playmates, would watch, with eager interest, the magical process of extracting the precious metals from the ore. There it was, in varicolored piles from the mines of Bingham, Alta, Park City, Eureka, and other nearby camps.

Workers would cart this ore to the “melting pot” or huge retort. Then they would shovel into this receptacle some of it; and add a layer of limestone, then more ore, and more limestone. When the “melting pot” was about filled, the fire beneath it would be set roaring. Finally came the tapping of the pot, and lo! the molten stream would pour out of its spout, to fall into inverted conical, iron kettles on wheels. These would be drawn to the edge of the great slag dump and there allowed to remain until the melted ore had cooled.

A next step was to upturn the kettles, and out would fall what looked like big chocolate drops. Along a workman would come and, with his sledge hammer, give each of these a crack, and knock off its tip. That ingot contained the gold, silver, or

other valuable metal which had sunk to the bottom of the conical kettle when the melting took place. Upturned, it formed the tip of the cone.

“What had the limestone to do with the process?” someone may ask.

That was added to promote the fusing or melting of the ore. It helped to bring out the precious metals. This fact we youngsters learned afterwards in school.

Right here is the main point of our analogy. To get the best out of folk of different origins—particularly to bring them into more co-operative working relationship, there must be something to promote the fusion of their natures. This may be found in a common language, in literature of common appeal, in music, art, and education in a general sense. Most vital, however, of all the fusing elements is true religion.

In the story of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is striking and abundant proof of the beneficent effects of the gospel in promoting brotherhood, unity, concerted action for the common good. Our people, gathered from many lands, have come through testing hardships to our land of Zion, and, under the fusing influence of the gospel, performed a mighty work and a wonder in making “the desert blossom as a rose”—but more vital still in redeeming souls and leading honest, God-fearing folk along the path of righteousness.

Now the golden, the challenging opportunity to share with all the world the glories of the restored gospel has come. Our America—Land of All Nations—has the position of

leadership in the mighty development. As a people, the Latter-day Saints have had a foundational training for the great work of guiding and inspiring folk of every clime towards freedom along the way of truth and goodness. Our prayer is that we shall play the role with true faith, courage and understanding in the great drama that lies ahead.

Discussion and Activities

1. How many nations, through birth, parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, are represented in the class studying this lesson with you? Join in finding out.

2. a. Tell of special skills, trades, industries folk from other lands you know well brought to our country and state. b. What else in the way of food recipes, home helps, folk songs, games, poems, stories did they bring?

3. a. What literature created by authors from other lands: Scotland, England, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Ireland, Wales, Holland, Germany, France, Italy, enriches our American literature? b. What other contributions in art and music have been brought from these lands?

4. a. What is the great debt that folk of every land who have made this a home owe to our America? b. How best can they constantly help to pay the debt?

5. Be ready with a stanza or short poem—or a paragraph, or brief synopsis of a story or drama to join in sharing literature that portrays different types of Americans of foreign cast.

6. a. What vital problem is presented in the analogy of America as a “melting pot”? b. How has our Church succeeded in solving, with encouraging results, that problem? c. What is the great work that lies ahead?

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Optional Lessons in Lieu of Literature *Course—The Gospel as a Way of Life* Lesson 8—Education and Recreation

Elder T. Edgar Lyon

For Tuesday, May 20, 1947

FROM the earliest days of the restoration of the gospel, the Church has manifested a strong interest in the education of its members. There are perhaps two fundamental concepts that have contributed to this condition. The first is the conception that the ultimate salvation and exaltation of an individual will depend, to a great extent, upon his knowledge and intelligence. Believing, as we do, that the ultimate goal of eternal life is the attainment of a degree of Godhood, it is logical to draw the conclusion that such a position can be achieved only when the individual is sufficiently advanced in understanding to assume such a position with its powers and possibilities. The statement so often repeated, "The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth" (Doc. and Cov. 93:36), stimulated the Latter-day Saints to become interested in education. Some years later the Lord revealed:

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us

in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come (Doc. and Cov. 130:18-19).

The thought expressed in this quotation became a powerful incentive to study, learn and observe, in order to enter the next life with as much intellectual understanding as possible, thereby having an advantage over dilatory ones who failed to acquire knowledge during mortality:

Another idea that influenced the Church to interest itself in education arose from the nature of the organization of the Church. Unlike most other churches, we have neither professional nor trained clergymen. It is what is referred to as a "lay-leadership church," meaning that the laity, or members of the Church, assume the responsibility for its leadership. In order to provide effective leadership, with ability to speak properly, write correctly and effectively, interpret the relationship of religion to life, and understand the nature of social trends,

the Church needed to provide for the intellectual and cultural growth of all of its members. Furthermore, the nature of our "lay-missionary" system, in which each Church member is a potential missionary, demanded that the standard of education within the Church be high.

An organized school effort within the Church was undertaken at Kirtland, Ohio, and is known as the "School of the Prophets." It was to be primarily a leadership training school for the adult members of the Church, to prepare them for their responsibilities as Church leaders and missionaries. The following instructions, taken from revelations dated December 27, 1832, and March 8, 1833, were directed to these early Church leaders:

Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand; Of things both in heaven and in the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms . . . seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith . . . And set in order the churches, and study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people (Doc. and Cov. 88:78-79; 118; 90:15).

An analysis of the foregoing quotations will indicate that the saints were to study things that we today know as astronomy, geology, ancient, modern, and current history, domestic and foreign affairs, interna-

tional relations, geography, politics, ethnology, archaeology and foreign languages. The brethren took these instructions seriously and, while engaged in earning their daily bread, found time to improve their minds, and even undertook the study of the Hebrew language in order to better understand the message of the Old Testament, and planned to learn Greek for use in the study of the New Testament. At Nauvoo, they incorporated into their charter the right to establish a municipal university—the first in the United States. The pioneer groups brought with them to the West books and maps, which were used in the elementary schools of that day. As Latter-day Saint groups were organized and sent out to colonize the various valleys of the West, it was always arranged that a teacher or two would be included in the personnel that was to settle the new community.

Throughout the districts where Latter-day Saints predominate, the Church Board of Education, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, established academies, that were, in reality, the forerunners of the modern high schools. As the various state departments of education entered the field of secondary or high school education, the Church withdrew from it, and pioneered the junior college field. Gradually, as the states took over the junior college level of education, the Church withdrew from this field. Today, only the Ricks College at Rexburg and the Juarez Academy in Mexico remain of this once extensive system. The Church pioneered in fields where the states were not functioning, in order to

provide its members with advantages for education and training for Church leadership. When the Church withdrew from the high school and junior college fields of education, it pioneered a new type of religious education, namely, the seminary and institute of religion designed to supplement public education with religious education. It also embarked upon a program for the growth and improvement of the Brigham Young University as a great Church university of higher learning.

Today, in addition to the Brigham Young University, which has an enrollment of about 4,500 students, the Church operates twelve institutes of religion in connection with state universities and junior colleges, ninety-nine seminaries in connection with high schools, the Latter-day Saints Business College in Salt Lake City, Ricks Junior College at Rexburg, Idaho, and Juarez Academy at Juarez, Mexico. During the academic year 1944-1945, the last year for which complete statistics are available, these institutions, with 376 teachers, served 27,043 students. The Church leaders are so converted to the need of this educational work for the spiritual advancement of its membership that they appropriated more than one million dollars of Church funds for the maintenance of the department of education during the year 1945. Surely, no Church in proportion to its size has invested as heavily for the education of its members as has the restored Church.

In addition to this formal education, the Church provides educational opportunities through the Priesthood and auxiliary organiza-

tions of the Church. Lessons in Priesthood meeting, Relief Society, Sunday School, Primary, and Mutual Improvement Association classes give hundreds of thousands of members a chance for continued intellectual growth, even after school has been completed.

Another phase of activity, in which the Church has been interested since its early days, is the recreational life of its membership. Latter-day Saints have never accepted the view, so commonly held by so many Christian denominations, that mortal life began in sin, and the body is therefore evil, while only the spirit is good. The restored Church teaches that life is good, and that both body and spirit should live joyfully and happily. "Men are that they might have joy," has come to be a maxim of the Latter-day Saint interpretation of earth life. But this joy is more than mere pleasure—it is interpreted to mean something akin to true happiness, resulting from good conduct, high idealism, and good ethical living, having lasting value, followed by no regrets. Early Church leaders were practical men of vision, who knew that relaxation was needed for a well-rounded personal development. At Nauvoo, the leaders of the Church encouraged the saints to participate in wholesome recreation, and set the example by taking part in stage plays. Dramatic productions were given during the trying years of the western exodus, and continued to be given in Utah. In time, the great Mutual Improvement Association and Primary organizations developed elaborate programs for the constructive use of leisure time. They provided recreation of all

types, but arranged for it under ideal, wholesome conditions, wherein people, young and old, could have a good time in a proper way.

The prayer offered at the dedication of the Salt Lake Theater, in 1862, contains a fine statement of the Church's attitude toward recreation:

Suffer no evil or wicked influences to predominate or prevail within these walls; neither disorder, drunkenness, debauchery, or licentiousness of any sort or kind; but rather than this, let it utterly perish and crumble to atoms; let it be as though it had not been, an utter waste, each and every part returned to its natural element; but may order, virtue, cleanliness, sobriety, and excellence obtain and hold fast possession herein, the righteous possess it, and "Holiness to the Lord" be forever inscribed therein As the unstrung bow no longer retains its elasticity, strength and powers, so may Thy people who congregate here for recreation, unbend for a while from the sterner and more wearying duties of life (Pyper, *Romance of an Old Playhouse*, page 92).

Today, the Church follows this philosophy of recreation. It offers through its auxiliary associations, recreational activities designed to care for the varied interests of all groups—music, handwork, athletics, debating, oral expression, drama, outdoor camps and vacation centers, scouting, art, social dancing, and creative interpretation. These are wholesome opportunities to "unbend for a while from the sterner and more wearying duties of life." Furthermore, many of these activities afford opportunity for intellectual and cultural growth. Mormon recreation has never been viewed as an end in itself, but as a means of relaxation, creative activity, and cultural or intellectual growth.

What are the fruits of the educa-

tional and recreational programs of the Church? We have attained a high degree of leadership, with our people holding many positions of trust and responsibility in all parts of the world, in all types of human endeavor. We have a higher percentage of our young people completing high school than any other religious group in America, and the number of Latter-day Saints who attend college is more than twice the national average. Thousands of members trained in the schools and auxiliaries are today occupying positions of executive and spiritual leadership in the wards and stakes of the Church, and the organizations continue to grow. Our recreational program has been widely acclaimed throughout the nation, and has proved to be a strong deterrent of juvenile delinquency. These are fruits of which we can well be proud.

Questions and Activity Problems

1. What do you think caused the Church in the days of its infancy to embark upon a vast educational program to train its members?
2. Have a class member present the educational expenditures for 1945 from the financial statement presented at April Conference, 1946.
3. What does recreation achieve in the life of the individual?
4. What are the fruits of Mormonism from the standpoint of its educational and recreational programs today?

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Social Science—The Family in the Gospel Plan

Lesson 7—Gratitude in the Home

Social Science Committee, Leone O. Jacobs, Chairman

For Tuesday, May 27, 1947

Objective: To point out that it is not enough to feel gratitude, but that it must be expressed in word and deed, if a lasting impression is to be made upon family members.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart;
 I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.
 I will be glad and rejoice in thee:
 I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High.
 Psalm 9:1-2

SO David, one of the most beloved characters in the Old Testament, expressed his gratitude to God. Many of the psalms are revealing poems of praise and thanksgiving. (See Psalms 30, 63, 95, 98, 116, 145, 147, 148, 149, 150.)

Cicero, the celebrated Roman author, orator, and philosopher once said: "Gratitude is not only the greatest of virtues but the parent of all the others." Said another writer: "Blessed is any man or woman with a grateful heart."

Outward expressions of gratitude are good for the soul. They bring joy and encouragement to the recipient and growth and happiness to the giver. Expressions of gratitude stimulate love and, if we have love in our hearts, we will have inner peace. Our countenances will be radiant, our thoughts will be affirmative and not negative. A whole lesson might be written on the effect of our thoughts upon our health. We read in Proverbs: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones." A modern writer, William George Jordan, in his book *The Power of Truth*, states that "grati-

tude gives new life and energy to the individual from whom it emanates."

We have all had well up within us, feelings of gratitude, and, though we may not be able to express our worshipful attitude in such lofty language as did David, the psalmist, we can feel as deep a sense of gratitude as he did, and we can translate our thanks to God into the acts of our daily lives.

It has been said that *gratitude is love in action*. Henry Drummond, in his worthwhile essay "The Greatest Thing in the World," claims that love, as analyzed by the Apostle Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, is more to be desired than any other gift. If gratitude is love in action, we may apply all that Drummond says concerning this quality to that of gratitude:

The business of our lives, is to have these things fitted into our characters. That is the supreme work to which we need to address ourselves in this world. Is life not full of opportunities for learning love? The world is not a playground; it is a school room. Life is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love. What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What

makes a man a good linguist, a good stenographer? Practice. What makes a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no bicep muscles; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre nor beauty of spiritual growth.

It is, therefore, plain that the chief concern of parents should be to provide their families with exercises in soul development. And, of these, none will contribute to greater beauty of spiritual growth than the habit of sincere expressions of gratitude through the acts of their daily lives.

Politeness may be nothing more than gratitude expressed for trifles. Courtesy has been called love in little things. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman poet. "It was because he had gratitude in his heart for all things—the mouse, the daisy, and all things great and small that God had created."

It is well for newly married couples to resolve to continue the little courtesies of their courtship days, since respect, admiration, and love must be fed if they are to grow. Otherwise, the everyday affairs of life may make it prosaic. The wife who notes the discontinuance of certain small acts of gallantry in her husband, such as helping her on with her coat, putting on her galoshes, may have omitted those simple words "thank you" following these small courtesies. It should not be inferred, however, that a husband or wife should feel neglected if small attentions are not constantly in evidence.

The beauty of wedding anniversaries, birthdays, Father's Day, and

Mother's Day, and all such special occasions, is that they furnish an excellent opportunity for expressing gratitude. We may grow a bit sentimental on special occasions without feeling foolish. The person who is self-conscious about expressing appreciation, even on special occasions, can find an appropriate card to carry his thought. Let us not be like the Scotchman who, when his friend voiced the goodness of the recently deceased wife, replied, "Aye, and once or twice I almost told her so!"

A certain woman has had her widowhood sweetened by the remembrance of an expression her husband seldom failed to make at the close of each day, "God was good to give me you."

It cannot be impressed on parents too strongly that children are natural imitators. Those who grow up in homes where gratitude is habitually expressed will unconsciously acquire grateful hearts. A certain mother, who had five children, lost her beautiful, nine-months-old daughter. Her heart hungered for another baby and, when one came, the mother found herself expressing over and over her love for the child. It was not until she heard the little girl say, "Oh, Mommie, what would I do without you," that she realized her own words were coming back to her.

If the mother reminds the children of the thoughtfulness of their Daddy, she will hear them thanking their father after a pleasant outing, auto ride, trip to the movies, or some other joyful occasion. During, or after a childish illness, a father may recall to the child the tender care the mother has given him. The mother, in turn, may remind the

child who it is that works early and late to earn the means that provide all of the necessary and pleasant things the family enjoys.

One little fellow who had been unconsciously trained in these niceties, said to his mother, after his birthday party, "Oh, Mother, thank you for bringing me here." Children's birthdays furnish excellent opportunities for the parents to express gratitude for each particular child. Some families, on Thanksgiving Day, have formed the habit of going around the table before the festive meal starts and letting each family member mention at least one thing for which he or she is particularly thankful.

Parents, who follow the counsel of our Church leaders to resume the practice of having home evenings with their families, will find these occasions ideal times at which to teach children to express gratitude. Tell them that they can thank their Father in heaven just as well as the grownups, and teach them to sing the well-known, little song by Mary Maple Dodge, which is to be found in the Primary Song Book:

Can a little child like me,
 Thank the Father fittingly?
 Yes, oh yes, be good and true,
 Patient, kind in all you do,
 Love the Lord and do your part;
 Learn to say with all your heart . . .
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

Children love to recite little poems, and the intimacy of the family circle furnishes an ideal opportunity. Familiar verses, such as the following, couched in such simple language that any child can understand them, teach a vital truth in what constitutes real gratitude.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, Mother," said little John;
 Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
 And he was off to the garden swing,
 And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said rosy Nell;
 "I love you better than tongue can tell."
 Then she teased and pouted full half the
 day,
 Till her mother rejoiced when she went
 to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little Fan;
 "Today I'll help you all I can;
 How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
 So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the
 broom,
 And swept the floor and tidied the room;
 Busy and happy all day was she,
 Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said—
 Three little children going to bed.
 How do you think that mother guessed
 Which of them really loved her best?

Stories, too, without pointing too obvious a moral, can gain the attention of children and teach them to express their gratitude.

It goes without saying that fathers and mothers desire their children to excel. Then parents should express their gratitude for the well-doing of children. This does not mean flattery, for flattery implies insincerity; but it does mean honest praise for worthy effort. Unconsciously, parents are prone to remark about children's mistakes rather than to note advancement. Sometimes good behavior patterns are taken too much for granted. No matter how small the accomplishment, a parent should remark pleasantly about it.

In this connection, review Aesop's fable of "The Wind and the Sun," and take to heart the truth it emphasizes.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

The Wind and the Sun were disputing which was the stronger. Suddenly they saw a traveler coming down the road, and the Sun said, "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whichever of us can cause that traveler to take off his cloak shall be regarded as the stronger. You begin." So the Sun retired behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the traveler. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveler wrap his cloak round him, till at last the Wind had to give up in despair. Then the Sun came out and shone in all his glory upon the traveler, who soon removed his cloak.

Whether Aesop was a real or imaginary character is debatable, but the truth he exemplified in this short fable is very real and has been recognized by modern writers. One authority states, "With children, praise is much more effective as a motivating agent than reproof. In the absence of actual evidence to the contrary, there seems to be no good reason why this generalization should not be extended to include adults."

President George Albert Smith once said:

It does not pay to scold. I believe you can get people to do anything (if you can get them to do it at all) by loving them into doing it.

Prayer as an Expression of Gratitude

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:
To shew forth thy loving kindness in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night (Psalm 92:1-2)

"Prayer is a form of thankfulness communicated from man to God." One of the best ways to teach grati-

tude to children is through family prayers. As they hear their parents thank God for the everyday blessings of life, for food and raiment, for health and strength, for their comfortable home, for each other and, above all, for the gospel, they cannot help but develop a greater sense of gratitude than if they did not pray together. One father always incorporated this sentence in his prayer: "We uphold before thee, thy constituted authority here on the earth." Any family group hearing and understanding such a statement would be less likely to criticize our Church authorities and would be more appreciative of their efforts.

Teaching Children to Pray

Teaching children to pray is a sacred and important duty of parents. Froebel said:

A child's first idea of prayer comes to him when an infant, by his mother kneeling beside his crib in silent prayer. It is a recognized fact that before the child has any religious thought or religious expression, he is capable of religious feeling.

Establishing the habit of prayer is not enough. Teach the child that:

To say my prayer is not to pray,
Unless I mean the words I say.

Children should be taught the sacredness of communion with God, and yet, should feel that he is a loving Father who is ever near, and who may be approached any hour of the day or night; one to whom we can speak with love and confidence as to our earthly father; one to whom we owe all the blessings we here possess—father, mother, sisters, brothers, home, friends, and all

things which make life full and beautiful. Encourage a child to express his gratitude in his own words. Spontaneous prayer is the most significant in child life.

Giving As a Means of Expressing Gratitude

Our great Church Welfare Plan furnishes a wonderful opportunity for expressing gratitude through giving, and this is by no means the least worthwhile part of the whole Program.

Such a program gives every man an intensified interest in his brother's welfare. The program cannot succeed unless helper and helped, in brotherhood, stand shoulder to shoulder in a consecration of effort to banish the inequalities which separate them from each other and threaten their religious solidarity.

Deference to old age is still another way of expressing gratitude, and older people should expect deference from younger ones. A parent who allows a child to impose on him, is doing that child an injustice. We love those to whom we are kind and dislike those on whom we impose.

Remember that it is more than likely that your children will treat you as they are accustomed to see you treat your own elderly parents. In this connection, an indelible impression was made upon the writer at a very tender age by the following incident: A father returning home at the end of his day's labors, found his little boy laboriously carving something out of wood. "What are you doing, little son?" the father asked.

"I am making a wooden bowl," the boy replied. "When you are old and feeble like Grandfather and your hand shakes so that you cannot come to the table and eat with the

family, I shall give you this wooden bowl like the one which you have given Grandfather."

Because of the ease with which gratuities may be received from governmental agencies, the practice is becoming more and more common for children to shift their responsibilities towards their aging parents. Our General Authorities have warned and rewarned us that this is wrong. In many cases, such an arrangement is made with the full consent, even at the suggestion of the parents; but let us repeat—parents who deny their children opportunities to give grateful service to them are doing those same children an injustice. Speaking of the pioneers—not only the Mormon pioneers, but of all those who colonized Western America, President J. Reuben Clark said:

None were subsidized, none either asked for or received governmental gratuities. Had they waited for these, indeed had they got them, America would never have been built. Some justify our present economic course by saying "times have changed." So they have, but character building has not.

And, as character building has not changed, so fundamentals have not, nor ever will. In conclusion, let us return to some fundamentals mentioned by Drummond, remembering again that "gratitude is love expressed in action":

If you love you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law. Take any of the ten commandments. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." If a man love God, you will not require to tell him that. "Take not his name in vain." Would he ever dream of taking his name in vain if he loved him? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Would he not be glad to have one day in seven to dedicate

more exclusively to the object of his affection? Love would fulfill all these laws regarding God. And so, if he loved man, you would never think of telling him to honor his father and mother. He could not do anything else. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggested that he should not steal—how could he steal from those he loved? It would be superfluous to beg him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. You would never dream of urging him not to covet what his neighbors had. He would rather they possessed it than himself.

Guidance for Discussion

No questions are given at the end of this lesson, as it is felt that discussion will arise throughout the lesson presentation. Class leaders should encourage participation of class members in relating incidents and procedures from their own experiences to add enrichment to the material given in this lesson. For instance, different members might explain the ways in which and the age at which they taught their children to pray, with application at different age levels until prayer had become an integral part of their children's adult lives.

WINTER HARVEST

Ora Lee Parthesius

What topazed autumn fruit
 Could hang so temptingly,
 As a crescent moon and a morning star,
 High, in a black-lace tree?

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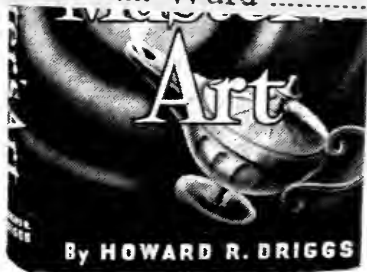
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HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS—(Harker)16
HOW LOVELY ARE THE MESSENGERS—(Mendelssohn)12
HOLY REDEEMER—(Marchetti)15
KING OF GLORY—(Parks)20
PEACE I LEAVE WITH THEE—(Roberts)....	.10
O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD—(Goss-Ray)15

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more exclusively to the object of his affection? Love would fulfill all these laws regarding God. And so, if he loved man, you would never think of telling him to honor his father and mother. He could not do anything else. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggested that he should not steal—how could he steal from those he loved? It would be superfluous to beg him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. You would never dream of urging him not to covet what his neighbors had. He would rather they possessed it than himself.

Guidance for Discussion

No questions are given at the end of this lesson, as it is felt that discussion will arise throughout the lesson presentation. Class leaders should encourage participation of class members in relating incidents and procedures from their own experiences to add enrichment to the material given in this lesson. For instance, different members might explain the ways in which and the age at which they taught their children to pray, with application at different age levels until prayer had become an integral part of their children's adult lives.

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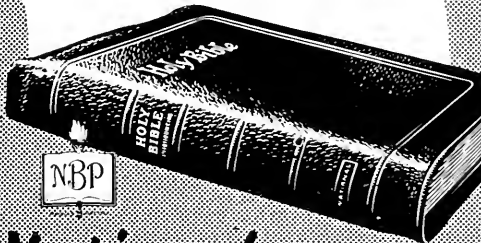
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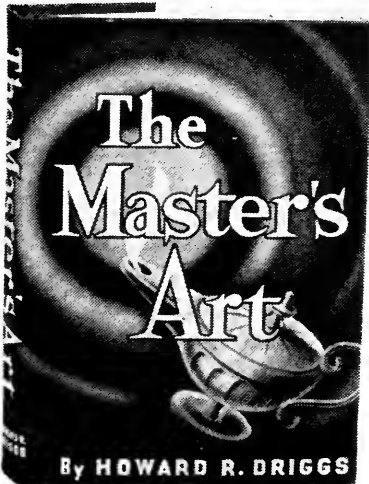
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE



VOL. 34 NO. 3

MARCH 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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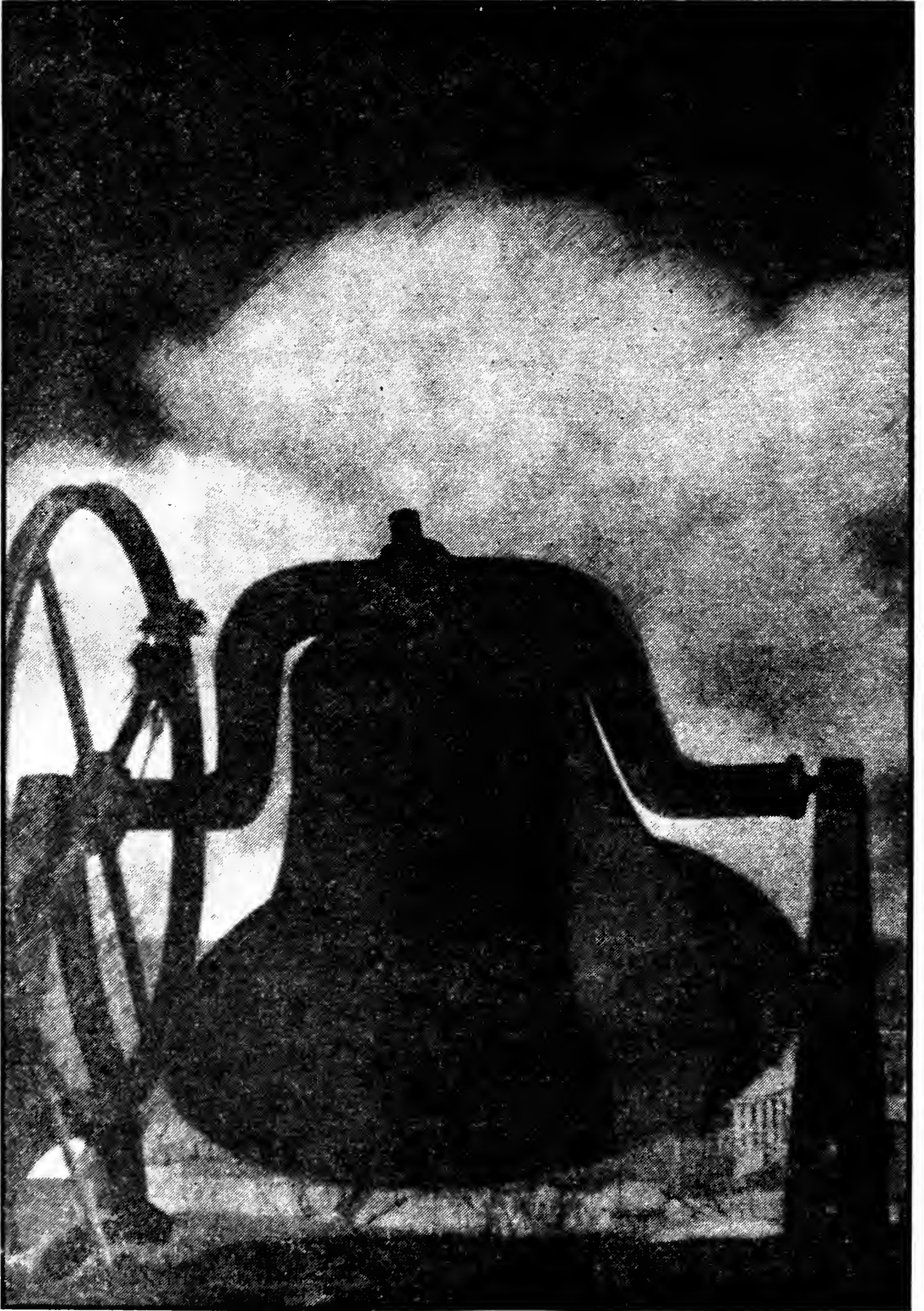
MARCH 1947

BEACONS

Margery S. Stewart

This is not mine, to walk rough wagonways,
To shield the dying from the rain, or blaze
Of prairie sun; to portion meal,
To take a doctor's role, and heal
The sick, or hold a babe, newborn;
To push a handcart so a wife might mourn
The loss of husband. This was theirs;
They met the challenge with their toil and prayers.

But this is mine, they passed it down to me,
The urge that will not rest until I see
That children everywhere are warm and fed;
That I mourn with my sister for her dead.
My fingers have no peace because I know
That half a world goes ragged in the snow
And bitter cold. All this is mine,
Because their lights before me ever shine.



BELL ON THE OLD RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING
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Photograph by Willard Luce

Compassionate Service—The Fundamental Work of Relief Society

President Belle S. Spafford

[Address Delivered at Relief Society General Conference, October 3, 1946]

DURING the month of May, I had the privilege of visiting the historic city of Nauvoo, in company with Sister Edith Smith Elliott and a group of her relatives, who are also relatives of the Prophet Joseph Smith. We stood on the site where once was the Joseph Smith store—a spot made sacred through being the birthplace of Relief Society. A few rods below us was the mighty Mississippi River, so placid at this point one wondered if it really were flowing. It was a quiet spring day. The assembled group stood silently reverent, each recalling events of that day over 100 years ago when another group had assembled there, eighteen women, standing upon the threshold of a new day, listening to words that have glowed with greater light each succeeding year, words of a Prophet of God when he declared this Society organized according to parliamentary usages, saying that all who should thereafter be admitted should be “free from censure and received by vote.”

I wondered if any of those present, with the possible exception of the Prophet, thought that day how far the work might spread. I thought of the tens of thousands who had

affiliated with this Society during its 104 years of life; I thought of the more than 100,000 who now make up its membership—women from the cities and farms of every state in our own great nation, women in the little branch organizations of far-away Tonga or South Africa, women from Old Mexico and stricken Europe, women largely “free from censure,” welded together in a great bond of sisterhood for service to those in distress, and for personal growth.

That others were similarly thinking was evidenced when one woman, not a member of our Church, but one who was entirely familiar with its early history, being a direct descendant of one of the Prophet’s sisters, asked: “Mrs. Spafford, how did you ever get to be national?”

I knew what she meant. She wondered what was the genius of this Society; what was there within it that could cause this Society, so humble and unostentatious in origin, to attract and hold the interest of women for more than a century, enlisting them from varied walks of life and many nations, causing it to grow and expand until it could claim its present-day mighty following.

Her question bears analysis. Re-

Relief Society is great because of the greatness of its birth. Under divine inspiration, a Prophet of God, one chosen to be the instrument through which the gospel was to be restored to earth, gave to latter-day women this Society, and he personally taught them correct procedures and what their several activities would embrace. Throughout its history, the Society has been guided, directed, and protected by the influence of that sacred power given to men holding the Holy Priesthood. It has been blessed in both the local and general organizations with the leadership of women of vision, faith, courage, understanding, and diligence. Its membership has been made up of devoted, self-sacrificing, hard-working women, rendering free-will service because of an inner conviction of the truth of the gospel and the importance of caring for the children of our Father and of contributing to the Master's work. A great underlying spirit has motivated all of its activities, the spirit of the gospel. This is the unifying, compelling force that has carried it ever onward and upward.

The work of Relief Society is soul-enriching. It calls for self-sacrifice, but it offers self-fulfillment. Through its program, Latter-day Saint women have experienced a century of self-development and self-refinement. The Prophet turned the key that knowledge and intelligence should flow down from that time henceforth. Whatever a woman's talents may be, Relief Society offers opportunity for her development. Since the turn of the century, a formal educational program has been carried forward where "subjects that tend toward

the elevation and advancement of women in many lines of thought and action" have been taught. Through the educational opportunities of the Society, thousands of women have become more adept in homemaking, and have been better able to intelligently participate in the civic and social life of their respective communities. Withal, they have maintained a spiritual equilibrium.

This educational activity is in keeping with instructions of our Heavenly Father:

... seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith (Doc. and Cov. 88:118).

It is in harmony with God's law of eternal progression:

Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come (Doc. and Cov. 130:18-19).

So Relief Society goes steadily forward, educating its members, helping them toward full self-realization.

THE most exalted function of the Society, however, is that in which its members lose sight of personal gains in unselfish devotion to others. The relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan; ministrations to the sick and downtrodden; comfort to the sorrowing and those whose souls are weary; the exercise of benevolence—this is the great and fundamental work of Relief Society.

Time and again, the Prophet Joseph Smith made this clear in his instructions to the sisters in Nauvoo. At the first meeting of the Society, he addressed the sisters:

To illustrate the object of the Society, that the society of the sisters might provoke the brethren to good works in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and in administering to their wants.

At the fifth meeting of the Society, he said:

This is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads.

The Prophet told the sisters that if they would have God have mercy on them they should have mercy on one another. He gave the sisters this important instruction: "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the works ye see me do.' These are the grand key words for the Society to act upon."

The works of the Master were works of love and compassion.

Compassionate service is according to the nature of woman. The Prophet recognized this, for, in organizing this work, he said, "... it is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence." Love of woman for her sister, love of woman for humanity, love of woman for that which is pure, ideal, and sacred is God-implanted in her heart. This love is the most potential service-power known to human society.

Relief Society has been rich in this service-power, as its works bear testimony. Love-inspired service is the thing for which Relief Society is best known and most highly respected.

One caution I would offer Relief Society women today, however. We must be alert to preserve, strong and active within this Society, this precious, vital element, lest modern trends and influences dull it or retard its expression.

I wonder if we are doing this, or if the recent tendency of Relief Society has not been to emphasize our educational activities, and to be less attentive to our compassionate services. Then, too, I wonder if we have not been somewhat influenced by the trend of the times which has been toward professional service in meeting human needs.

Conditions today seem to warrant a re-emphasis of compassionate service as the fundamental work of Relief Society. Evil forces are stalking the earth, spreading sorrow and distress. There is an ominous murmur of additional trials and sorrows ahead. Advanced as we are in many fields, today's world is not free from distress and suffering. There are still sorrowing hearts that need to be comforted; there are still the discouraged and weary who need to be given new heart; there are still those who are ill needing a few hours of practical nursing, for whom no nurses are available; there are still motherless homes needing the softening touch and capable hand of a good woman; there are still homebound persons among us who, through a friendly visit, need to be brought into contact with the current of life; there are still the aged with their manifold infirmities and problems calling for attention.

Relief Society women, awake to their duties and working under the direction of men holding the Holy Priesthood, can be effective in allevi-

ating these distresses among our people.

Relief Society women today must guard their trusts carefully. They must not let the hours and days slip by, unmindful of time's swift passing until their day shall be done, insensitive to the needs and the opportunities about them, unheeding the dangers lurking ahead. But, walking in the paths marked out for them by our latter-day prophets, holding fast to gospel truths, strengthened and reinforced by the knowledge and intelligence gained through the

educational opportunities of the Society, they must advance the fundamental purposes for which this Society was established.

In this trying, chaotic day, may our Latter-day Saint mothers unite as one and, clothed with the armor of faith, may we pray that the hand of evil will be stayed, and the hearts of men and nations will turn unto the ways of the righteous, that suffering, fear, sorrow, and hatred will loose their hold upon the earth. And I pray this, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

STURDY MARCH

Amelia Ames

March is a pioneering month,
Sweeping, with gallant bow,
Down from the crest of winter,
Dreaming of seed and plow;

Visioning billowed wasteland
Plushed in the jade of spring,
Daring scourge and flood to mar
The golden blossoming!

No month has the faith of March;
Through the long trek of years,
He speaks the word of promise
And the promised land appears!

MIRACLE OF SPRING

Gene Romolo

The spirit of light, from the crest of a mountain
Spreads a gold gossamer over the hills,
And lifeblood of bloom, like the flow of a fountain,
From the earth's great heart its beneficence spills,
Till limbs, winter-shrunken, grow supple and green,
And greener the blades of each grass-growing plot
However somber the time in between,
Spring has each year its miracle wrought.

Building for Eternity

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

[Address Delivered at Relief Society General Conference, October 3, 1946]

MY dear brothers and sisters, I am grateful for the privilege we have today of meeting in a general Relief Society conference; and I wish to thank my Heavenly Father, also, for the privilege I have of working under the leadership of Sister Spafford in the Relief Society, which I love so much. I also love, honor, and respect Sister Spafford.

I would ask for an interest in your faith and prayers for the few minutes that I shall speak, that the spirit of the Lord may be with us.

I have enjoyed very much, as Sister Garff did, meeting with many of you in our recent Relief Society conventions. Whenever I meet faithful Relief Society members I always feel close to them, as I do to you who are gathered here in the Tabernacle this afternoon. For, while we differ in outward appearances and circumstances, still, we hold the same great fundamental concept of life, and we are all striving for the same goal—salvation and exaltation with our families in the celestial kingdom. I say, with our families, for whenever a group of mothers is gathered together, their children are always with them in thought. We can never be fully happy without them.

As we have been sitting here this afternoon, and in the previous meetings, I feel sure that our thoughts have been with our children, wondering how they are managing in our absence. Many of the prayers

which have been given by our sisters have remembered our families who are at home. Whenever we hear any words of truth that spur us on to better living, we always wish our children were with us to hear them. Anything we have that is fine and good, we want to share with them.

There are a few words which always are close to the heart of all mankind. One of those words is "home." While all married women are not given the blessing of bringing children into this world, still, every married woman, with her husband, is given the opportunity of building an eternal home which may influence for good all those who enter.

When I say the word "home," I imagine there flashes on the inner eye of each of us a picture, which will vary even in members of an immediate family. And, when I say a picture, I don't mean a material picture of a large, stately home, or a small cottage, as the case may be. I am not referring to a picture built of bricks and mortar, but to the spiritual home which each married couple creates.

You will remember the Lord spoke to Samuel in reference to judging men and said, "for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart" (I Sam. 16:7). So, I refer not to the outward appearance of these homes of ours, but to the true spiritual home which each married couple

creates, a home built not of material wealth, but built of the riches of eternity.

I believe when we say the word "home," the first thing we think of is the home built for us by our parents, the homes of our childhood, and then, second, the homes which we are now in the process of creating. Our first homes, our childhood homes, stand completed, built by our parents; and we are the fruits of their building. We might ask ourselves the question—will our homes, when completed, be as beautiful and enduring as the homes of our parents, and are we eager to have our children pattern their homes after those we are creating?

The answers to these questions will depend upon the excellence of our building. First and foremost, are our homes built on the everlasting foundation of the eternal marriage covenant, so that all members of the family will be forever bound together in a family unit? Then, are our homes filled with the spirit of love, so full that some overflows into the homes of our neighbors? Are our homes illumined throughout by the light of the gospel, or are there shadowy corners and dark chambers, wherein the light of the gospel cannot penetrate?

Is the atmosphere in our homes kept pure and wholesome by adherence to gospel principles? Are the spiritual bodies of the members of the household being adequately nourished by the spirituality in the home? Are the fathers, the heads of our households, recognized as such, and as bearers of the Priesthood? Are we, as mothers, meriting

the utter confidence placed in us by our young children, and, as they grow to maturity, will we be growing in spirituality so that we will continue to merit their confidence? Are our children being nourished by family and individual prayer? Are they growing with the growth of their testimonies? Are they being given the opportunity of renewing their covenants by attendance at sacrament meeting? Are their spiritual bodies becoming expanded through the exercise of love, patience, and understanding? For true it is, that the greatest spiritual growth of our families will depend upon the spirituality fed them in the home; and we can depend upon no other source of spirituality for them. Thus, it is our duty to see that we feed them the bread of life.

As we grow older, we are better able to evaluate and appreciate the homes of our childhood; and we realize, more keenly, the mighty power of example as set us by our parents. We realize, also, that the great cardinal virtues are not mere words, abstract words, but that they are little commonplace incidents in our childhood. As I remember happenings in my childhood, telling the truth meant not even telling a falsehood on April Fool's Day. Attendance at sacrament meeting meant a cold walk on a bitter winter night, to meet with a household of saints in the hospitable home of Senator Smoot, for the blessed privilege of partaking of the sacrament once in two weeks.

You will all recall similar experiences in your childhood, which have guided you throughout your lives. By setting the example in small

(Continued on page 214)

The Value of Relief Society Membership

Counselor Gertrude R. Garff

[Address Delivered at Relief Society General Conference, October 3, 1946]

PRESIDENT Clark, Sister Spafford, and brothers and sisters in this great audience, this is indeed a breath-taking sight. I do not know when I have been so overwhelmed with the greatness of Relief Society, as I have at this general conference.

It has been a privilege to meet with many of you sisters at our various conventions in the stakes this fall and last fall. Last night, at the reception, as we shook your hands and looked into your smiling faces, and recognized a familiar face, now and then, it was gratifying to know that we have been in your communities and that we have partaken of your Relief Society spirit there.

Over a year has passed since the great armies of the world laid down their arms, and most of the people on this earth rejoiced, expecting peace and security to prevail once again. As the months have passed, the quiet of peace and the sense of security have failed to materialize, as had been hoped. Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints realized, anew, the futility of putting their trust in the arm of flesh; and they have remembered the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in the first section of the Doctrine and Covenants wherein he speaks of the inhabitants of the earth:

For they seek not the Lord to establish his righteousness, but every man walketh

in his own way, and after the image of his own God, whose image is in the likeness of the world (Doc. and Cov. 1:16).

The Lord then goes on to say that he called Joseph Smith, Junior, and others and gave them commandments:

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

As a Church, and as a people, we are indeed blessed, in that the Lord saw fit to establish his Church upon the earth again, and has provided us with prophets and teachers to teach us the gospel of Christ, through which we can find the only true peace and security.

Through the auxiliaries, and the Priesthood quorums, the Church has provided ways and means for the members of all ages and conditions to grow and develop in the gospel plan. The Prophet Joseph Smith, by inspiration, organized the Relief Society for the women and mothers of the Church, young and old, alike.

All women need some activity outside the home, otherwise, in time, their home duties become routinely commonplace, and women tend to become unprogressive in both mental and physical activities, and they may cease to be an inspiration to

their families. For women of our Church, the Relief Society fills this need for outside activity.

As a girl of twenty-one in the mission field, where I worked with all phases of the Church program, I, even then, hoped and prayed that, in due time, my work in the Church would be with the Relief Society. My reasons for this choice have not changed fundamentally since that time, and I believe they are similar to those of many members of Relief Society.

It is a great privilege to belong to a group of women organized by a Prophet of God, an organization that functions and receives direction from the Holy Priesthood, thereby entitling it to the influence of the spirit of the Lord. Also, the high standards and ideals of the Church, as expressed through Relief Society, inspire one to strive to be a better woman, a more understanding mother, a more helpful wife, a more thoughtful daughter and sister, and a more considerate neighbor and friend.

THE educational program for further enlightenment on matters spiritual, cultural, and practical, has limitless, untold value. I am sure that those of you who attended our departmental sessions yesterday are more fully aware of that now than ever before. Yesterday, we saw how the Relief Society teaches the sanctity of the home and provides ways of strengthening it, both in practice and in spirit.

The most important activity of Relief Society gives women an opportunity to use the talents with which God has endowed them, to help in alleviating want and distress.

The efforts of one person outside an organization would be small, but, when combined with those of Relief Society women throughout the world, they become a strong and potent force for good. All who work in Relief Society may know the feeling of well-being that comes with the knowledge that one has been of service to others.

The Relief Society is one organization where the blending of the generations brings with it many blessings. It is wonderful to partake of the freshness and enthusiasm and imagination of the young women in Relief Society. It is a great privilege to share in the dignity, wisdom, experience, and spirituality of the older sisters. I have had many young mothers say to me, "Now, while I am rearing my children, is the time I need the Relief Society lessons on family life. I'm sure the members whose families are grown could help me solve some of my problems."

One of our sisters was heard to remark, after a Relief Society meeting, that one of the primary reasons she enjoyed Relief Society was because it was the only place where she had the association of young women, which she prized highly.

We wish all women of the Church might enjoy the advantages of Relief Society membership, for we believe that the Relief Society program is so varied as to offer a corresponding interest to each of the 61,000 women of the Church who are not, as yet, members of the Society. We urge these women to join with us because we know that, in return for the personal development they receive, they will bring new talents to strengthen the whole organization.

(Continued on page 215)

Elder Charles A. Callis

Preston Nibley

FOR almost ten years I enjoyed an intimate personal acquaintanceship with Elder Charles A. Callis. During the past five years we have lived under the same roof, at the Belvedere Apartment, in Salt Lake City, and I have seen him and visited with him two or three times each week. It was his custom to walk out in the evening, for relaxation and exercise, and on these occasions he invited me to accompany him. In his death I have suffered the loss of a true friend and a most agreeable and pleasant companion.

If the life of Elder Charles A. Callis were written, it would read like a romance. He was born under poor circumstances, at Dublin, Ireland, on May 4, 1865, the son of John Callis and Susannah Charlotte Quilliam. His father died when the boy was a child, and the responsibility of rearing a family was left to the widowed mother. In order to better her circumstances, she moved to Liverpool, England. It was there, a short time later, that she heard the gospel and joined the Church. Charles was baptized at Liverpool when he was eight years old. Two years later the family emigrated and moved to Bountiful. Later, they acquired property in Coalville, Summit County, and there young Charles grew to manhood.

While he worked in a coal mine to support his widowed mother, he also read books and acquired a knowledge of law. He was admitted to the bar, and served as city attorney of Coalville and county attorney of Summit County.



ELDER CHARLES A. CALLIS

In 1902, when he was thirty-seven years old, Charles A. Callis was married to Grace Pack, daughter of Ward E. Pack of Coalville. In 1906 they went on a mission together to the Southern States. Two years later he was made president of the mission and, together, they served for twenty-five years, until Elder Callis was called to be an apostle in October 1933. Brother and Sister Callis were the parents of eight children, six of whom, five daughters and one son, are now living.

In the organization of the first stake in the Southern States he realized the ambition of a lifetime. He had finished his work. He passed away without illness, among the saints of the Southland, where he and his beloved wife had labored so faithfully and so long.

Third Prize Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Sound of Bugles

Olive Maiben Nicholes

EMILY Grafton sagged against the kitchen sink and watched for the coming day. She had been up since three o'clock, and half awake hours before that. The long night had gnawed through her resistance and dulled the edge of her sturdy self-reliance. If the sun would shine again, she could collect her scattered wits and meet the exactions of another day.

She had been awakened at midnight with the shutters banging, and a new warmth in the air. Stars, piercing the windy tangle of branches, had reassured her; and she had crept back to bed, only to be startled, later, with the rain beating in upon her face. With a lantern in one hand and a collection of buckets and pans in the other, she had negotiated the attic stairs to find pools of water already forming on the floor. It had been worse than she had guessed; the roof was a veritable sieve! There had been repeated trips to the pantry for utensils, before she had forestalled the flood that threatened the rooms below.

Her eyes strained through the darkness. Heavy silence hung over the sleeping town. A pale moon nuzzled the clouds, breaking up before the decreasing tempo of the storm. The stars paled and faded, as a watery sun dripped through the mist, and blurred shadows sprawled across the familiar dooryard.



OLIVE MAIBEN NICHOLES

Stale, soot-embroidered snow was melting under the orchard trees, dripping on untidy windrows of old leaves and twigs rotting together. The lawn was a tangled snarl of sod, where a dozen venturesome crocuses bubbled in the rank grass. A welter of old magazines, in the sheltered doorway of the deserted carriage house, thumbed their tattered pages in the wind. A few bedraggled hens, tails aslant in the stiff breeze, pecked dejectedly in the ragged garden, where battalions of weeds were already piercing the depleted soil.

"Well, the backbone of the win-

ter's broken, and so will mine be by the time I empty all that water. It's due for a freeze tonight, so I'd better get a move on, if I don't want to hack it out with the axe. Wish I could hire a man to clean up all this rubbish."

She sighed, remembering the unkept land of the past three years. No use crying for the moon! She would clean up the attic, and plan later. Maybe another trip to the employment bureau would turn up a worker with a strong back and a willing heart, though last time the agent had no one, not even a promise of one, on his hopeless list. Unless the farm began to pay, she would have to draw more money from the bank, and put it out at better interest.

A GAIN, she remembered with bitterness the young brother who packed his palette and brushes nearly thirty years before, who, deaf, alike to her entreaties and threats, had turned his back upon the farm and gone away. The older boys had already married and settled far to the north or to the south, on farms of their own. The young sisters had departed, one by one, until she had been left alone with the aging husband who hadn't been the asset she had thought he'd be. Ten years, now, since he had died, with no one

to give a rap how soon she followed. This is what the oldest sister got, who stayed on to raise a thankless brood after the mother died! She wiped her eyes on the hem of her soggy apron, and began to climb the stairs.

And so it was, as she poured the last pan of water into the shrubbery below, that she saw the boy leaning on the gate.

He stood looking over the winter's wreckage with an interest akin to solicitude. His eyes swept over the shrubbery and up the gray stone walls, until she looked down into his upturned face, and the full scrutiny of his searching eyes. For a brief moment, old recollections knocked at the door of bygone days, and she thought he was someone she knew from a neighboring farm. The thought was as quickly erased when he brought up his hand, in a mock salute, and she saw the glitter of a discharge button in the lapel of his leather jacket.

There was nothing to do but go down. Perhaps the agency had found a man for her, although she was reluctant to hire one so young. Nothing but fishing and hunting and girls cluttered up the minds of the young from daylight till dark!

She opened the side door and watched him hurry up the path, as

Olive Maiben Nicholes was born in the old Provo, Utah, Fourth Ward, a daughter of the late Henry J. and Louisa Harrison Maiben. She is the wife of Joseph K. Nicholes, member of the Sunday School General Board and Brigham Young University faculty. They have nine children and ten grandchildren. Two sons, a daughter, three sons-in-law, and their collie dog served in World War II.

Mrs. Nicholes has had stories and poems published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, *The Improvement Era*, *The Deseret News*, *The Salt Lake Tribune*, *Poetry Digest*, of New York City, and Volume II of *Utah Sings*. A volume of stories—*The Singing Desert*—is in preparation for publication.

though he couldn't wait to see inside the house. He seemed larger and stronger, at closer view, and more capable than she had, at first, thought.

"Looks like you need a hand with the farm," he ventured, stepping over the sill.

"It's worse than it looks," she apologized, as she motioned him into a chair. "Father named it 'Bradford Heights.' 'The Depths' would be a more fittin' name."

The room needed no apology. It was as clean as soap and water could make it; but she felt an increasing chagrin at her own disheveled appearance. She was angry, too, that she should feel so. Visitors usually looked away from her, but this one's eyes were candid and fearless, and never wavered from her own. Again, that odd feeling of familiarity swept over her, and she began plying him with questions.

No, the Bureau hadn't sent him. Yes, he was just out of the service. Spent the winter quarter studying soils at the college. Couldn't stay cooped up, now spring was breaking. He was past twenty-seven. His name was Karl—Karl Goodman. No, he wasn't a farmer, but he loved the land. Had a "green thumb!" He held up his hand, with a grin, and she saw it was broad and firmly textured, with long, strong fingers and a tapering thumb that sprang away from the palm, as did her own. She had inherited hers from her mother, who had boasted it "ran in her family," and that its possessor could make two blades of grass grow where one had grown before.

He turned on his own battery of questions, much to her surprise. Of course the land was run down!

What could one expect, with the war on and hired help selling themselves for baubles? No, she didn't have children; she'd raised her mother's family. The youngest brother had left home right after his father's death, married a girl she didn't know; sold his birthright for nothing! Worse than Esau, she'd say. Her tight lips expressed better than words just what she thought of men like Esau.

A tramp through the orchard and along muddy ditch banks had not discouraged him. She would have turned away from the clay slope that had so persistently evaded cultivation, but he had been keenly interested, and had picked up a ball of earth to knead between his fingers and thumb.

In the end, he decided to stay for less than she had promised the agent. He was to have a room, and board with her, although the latter offer had surprised her more than it had him. She left him to prepare a substantial morning meal while he retrieved his luggage from the lane, and wandered about the garden. She watched covertly from behind the kitchen curtains, as he tabulated his findings in a new notebook, thrust in his hind pants' pocket.

She made an extra effort to enhance the appearance of the table, and even brought preserves from the cellar—a tidbit she served only to conference visitors or to the bishop and his wife when they came to an occasional supper.

When all was ready, she was pleased to see how thoroughly he washed himself, running his fingernails over the soap—a trick she had learned from her doctor father. She

respected tidy people. His cleanliness in small matters stimulated an interest in her toward him, bordering on actual affection, that grew stronger with the hours. He glowed with health and good nature, which warmed her thawing heart that had lain, for so long, a small, frozen clod in her breast.

The days sped on, and March blew itself out with a gusto and vehemence that almost tore the climbing rose from its moorings. She thought it had, one day when she returned from the neighbors, and found a half-dozen men on the roof, tearing off old shingles and nailing fragrant new ones in their place.

"The climbing rose!" she gasped, gathering up her skirts, and dashing around the house, in spite of her seventy-five years. She stopped with relief that brought quick tears to her eyes. Karl had hung the vines from ropes tethered to the chimney top, and was pruning them with an eye cocked for summer blooming.

"I almost had a fit when I couldn't see the vines from the street. They used to run along the ridgepole," she gasped.

"They will yet," he promised, "I saw them the first thing as I came up the road that morning!"

They parried back and forth in good humor, and he took her to see the new cow chewing her cud in the tightly fenced, well-bedded enclosure, where the Bradford cows had awaited their calves in homely comfort for nearly three-quarters of a century.

"How did you know the right place?" she queried.

"Well, it looked the likeliest!" he countered, and again she had the fleeting impression that he reminded

her of someone she had fondly known.

When the calf was born and the cow was threatened with the fever, Karl knew exactly what to do. Just like her father! Couldn't be beat for doctoring sick animals, as well as sick people. Worked until he was past ninety-seven, in spite of all she could say. Sewed up a colt's leg, and set a boy's collarbone less'n a week before he died!

"Thought a lot of your father, didn't you?" he asked one day.

A sturdy little mare had nosed at her elbow from a newly repaired paddock, and reminded her of her father's "Old Dick."

"No better man ever lived," she proudly affirmed. "He was a going young doctor in Montreal when he heard the missionaries. He could've stayed and prospered, but wild horses couldn't hold him. He had heard the 'call,' he would say. He sold everything out, bought ox-teams and wagons and stocked them to the bows. Hired an old Indian to show him the way to Nauvoo. He traveled for months, and got into Winter Quarters the fall of '46. Brigham Young set him apart with his own two hands to tend the sick—man and beast, alike. So father didn't leave till the spring of '49. Then, he was called to settle this valley. Lived right here for over sixty years. He met mother and her brother—Lamonts—fresh from Brittany. He knew their lingo, and they trusted him. Knew a lot about growing fruit and the like. President Young was right pleased with them."

She sat, pleating the ruffle of her fresh gingham apron, an aura of pride, almost akin to worship, transfiguring her face.

"I knew a French farmer when I was overseas," he interrupted. "The head surgeon sent me to a village to recuperate from a serious wound. The old man had lost everything in the previous war, and was just getting things in shape again when the Nazis barged in. They didn't have time to wreck his land in this fracas, so he had things pretty nice. I used to help him with his vineyard and tie the branches of his fruit trees flat against a stone wall, with a southern exposure. I learned a lot from him. I'd sit under his fig trees and hanker for some land of my own—a hunk of land where a man could turn around twice without barking his shins."

"Well, you've got it here for as long as you want," she chuckled. "Though you'd be hard pressed to take care of it all if you didn't have all the men and boys eatin' out your hand."

HE offered his arm with elaborate gallantry, and they resumed their itinerary about the farm. It had become a week-end pilgrimage. He was more than paid by her delight. She was pleased with the new coops; the rebuilt wagon; the flowering orchard trees, holding huge bouquets to kiss the sun; the checkerboard of crops; the clay slope that had defied them all, springing green with vines. It was too good to be true! It couldn't be true! Some day she would awaken and find it all a dream!

"This is what I dreamed my brother would do, after all the others had gone!" she cried, one day when the climbing rose flamed scarlet against the gray walls, and clambered over the eaves to the ridgepole above.

"But he sold it all—all this—for a mess of pottage—a stingy, stinking mess of pottage!"

"Nourishing, soul-warming pottage for him," he gently interrupted. "If he couldn't find himself in the land, he could reproduce this loveliness with paint and canvas. I've seen this house covered with roses; I've walked through these fields, golden with grain and green with waving corn; I've climbed those orchard trees and shaken their abundance onto the grass below, ever since I was born."

They were in the kitchen, now. The western sun shimmered through ruffled curtains, poised like great white butterflies against the sparkling window panes that framed the beauty and the wealth beyond.

"You, see, Aunt Emily, I love my father, too."

"So he sent you sneaking back into my good graces, currying for favor?"

She turned on him in fury, striking down the placating hand he extended to quell the rush of words.

"I thought you reminded me of someone. Now, I know . . . my father's eyes and nose, my mother's mouth and hands! What other blood flows in your veins is no concern of mine. You're alien flesh, every bit of you. Get out! If my brother, or any part of him, comes back, he'll . . ."

" . . . 'Come crawling back on his hands and knees!' " he interrupted. "I know. I've heard the story of your selfishness, your ingenious schemes to tie him to you, to mark his path and set his pace. You, who have preached so righteously to me of man's free agency.

"Get this straight!" he command-

ed, forcing her into a chair, "My father and mother never sent me here, though I took her name and bore it with pride. They think I'm still in school. Linnie Norris takes my letters from Merton to the city, and mails them there. I've wanted to come here all my life.

"I went to school, worked on a newspaper, ran a greenhouse, but all the time my heart cried for this land. When I was discharged from the army I came West like a homing pigeon. I didn't dare come here until I'd proved in school that my ideas would work. Why, I've argued with that clay slope ever since I was knee-high!"

He broke off, and wiped the sweat from his forehead with the coarse sleeve of his shirt.

"You can't make people over. The Prophet and Brigham Young knew what they were doing when they sent missionaries to the cities and factories, as well as the villages and farms. They needed them all to build a commonwealth that has astonished the world. They heard the 'call' and they came, leaving everything near and dear behind.

"Would you have left this comfort, peace, and security to travel an unknown trail? No, you've never heard the sound of bugles, calling you to something bigger than yourself, greater than your dreams, broader than the land, higher than the sky!

"They heard—my grandfathers and my grandmothers; the grandparents of all this valley, of all this State. They heard the sound, calling across the mountains and the prairies, across the oceans and the rivers. They heard, and they came 'one from a city, two from a family.'

"But you—you're concerned only with your selfish aims, your searing hatreds, your introverted plans!"

He broke off with a sob, and gathered a sheaf of papers together.

"These are the plans I've made of the house," he sighed wearily. "Plenty of room for three families—you, Linnie and me, and my folks.

"Linnie and I had planned to be married in the fall and have everything ready for next year. My father was coming to paint the 'Sacred Grove' on the walls of the new chapel. The mayor wants him to paint the history of Merton, from the exodus from Salt Lake City to the colonization of this valley, for the great Centennial this year. There are others asking for him, too. He took the talent God gave him, and is returning it a hundred fold.

"He and mother traveled a rough road, but they never looked back. He kept the faith and brought us all up to respect and honor our heritage."

The tramp of many feet, the creak of wagon wheels, the labored breath of weary oxen seemed to press in upon her ears. She saw, within her waking brain, a distant caravan, crawling at snail's pace cross a trackless plain, then up and up, into the rock-ribbed heights.

* * * *

She struggled to her feet. Though her knees trembled, her hand was steady on the boy's bowed head.

"Harness up Dick, while I write that letter to the folks, Karl. When we drive into town to mail it, we'll call by the lumber yard, too. We'll have to begin on the house tomorrow, if we're all goin' to move in by harvest time."

“The Barren Desert Is a Fruitful Field”

Louise Lee Udall

An Account of the Exploration and Early Settlement of Northeastern Arizona

THE early settlements made by the Latter-day Saints were like the growth of certain plants that spread by sending out runners, which reach out until they find conditions favorable, and then take root, forming a new unit. Within twenty years from the time the original pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, the valleys of Utah had been colonized to the southernmost boundaries.

Scouts and explorers always preceded the settlers. The first group to cross the mighty Colorado River into Arizona, in response to instructions from President Young, was led by Jacob Hamblin. The object was to make friends with the Indians, teach them the gospel, if possible, and see what the prospects might be for colonization.

There were twelve men in Hamblin's party, including an Indian guide. They left the Santa Clara settlement, in Southern Utah, October 28, 1858, on horseback, carrying their provisions on two pack animals. After ten days of climbing dangerous and uncharted cliffs, and crossing deep and rugged ravines, they came to the Crossing of the Fathers, the place where Spanish missionaries had crossed the Colorado, in 1776. The crossing was made in safety, and a continued journey of several days brought the scouts to a Hopi Indian village in Northern Arizona,

on the south side of the Colorado River.

The Indians were friendly, providing welcome food and shelter. One very old man said that when he was young, his father had told him that he would live to see white men come among them, from the West, who would bring great blessings, and that he believed this prediction was fulfilled in the coming of these Mormons.

Several villages were visited, and good will prevailed. After a few weeks, it was decided that the main part of the group should return. It was considered advisable to leave a few of the brethren with the Indians to learn their language and their ways. Those who were to stay were determined by drawing lots. It fell to William Hamblin, Andrew S. Gibbons, Thomas Leavitt, and Benjamin Knell to remain.

At first, they were well treated. They taught the Indians to make ladders, using nails instead of buckskin string. Then, some jealous Indian priests stirred up feeling against the missionaries, and the chief advised them to leave. Their return journey, in the winter snows, was fraught with cold and hunger.

This first trip is typical of many that followed. By 1873, the point on the river known as Lee's Ferry was designated as being the most feasible route for a crossing, and a

wagon trail was charted over the cliff country from the ferry to the Little Colorado River, a branch of the great stream. Many of the hardy missionaries and frontiersmen made repeated journeys.

In the spring of 1873, the first party of prospective settlers, consisting of ten wagons, and known as the "Haight Expedition," crossed the river and went part of the way to the Little Colorado, but the maze of steep canyons and the dry barren desert discouraged this party, and they gave up and returned to Utah.

In a report which this company sent to Brigham Young, the country was described as barren, with narrow river bottoms, alkaline soil, very little water, and that bad. No spot was discovered by this company which was considered fit for settlement.

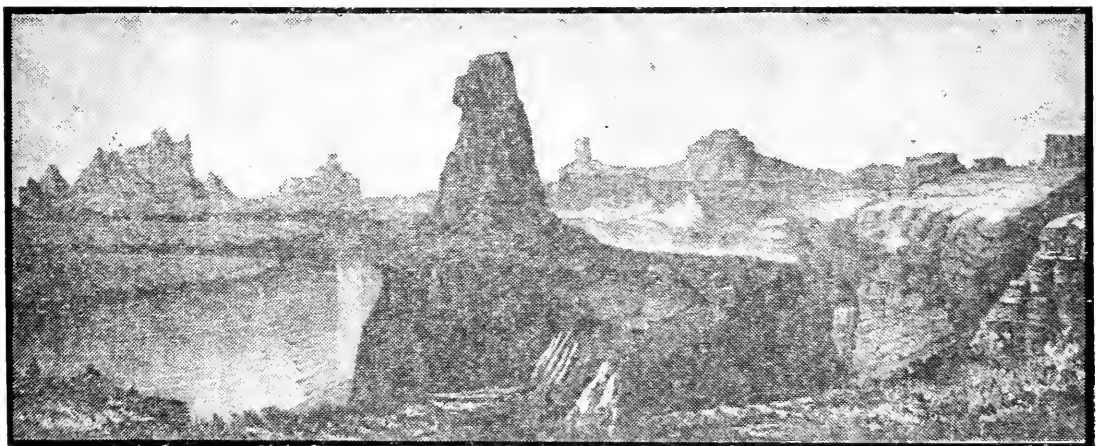
Henry Holmes, a member of this vanguard company, wrote in his journal many references to the "forbidding" country. One excerpt is noteworthy in this connection:

The country is rent with deep chasms, made still deeper by vast torrents that pour

down them during times of heavy rains However, I do not know whether it makes any difference whether the country is barren or fruitful, if the Lord has a work to do in it.

Again, in October of 1875, a scouting party headed by James S. Brown, a former member of the Mormon Battalion, was sent out from Salt Lake City. They established headquarters at Moenkopi, about sixty miles from the Big Colorado River; they explored the Little Colorado country, and returned with a favorable report. There were many springs at Moenkopi, and it became a missionary outpost and oasis for later Arizona pioneers.

BY 1878, there were four settlements in Arizona in the vicinity of what is now Winslow and Joseph City (St. Joseph) on the Little Colorado River adjacent to the Navajo lands and the now famous Painted Desert, and directly north of the wild Apache country. Thus, the settlements lay between two fierce and hostile Indian tribes. The Indians, however, gave the settlers very little trouble.



From a drawing by John E. Weyss
 Courtesy, United States Geological Survey

THE CROSSING OF THE FATHERS
 Twenty-five Miles Above Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River

These settlements were organized into the Little Colorado Stake, with Lot Smith as its president, and Jacob Hamblin and Lorenzo S. Smith as counselors. This was the first stake organization effected in Arizona.

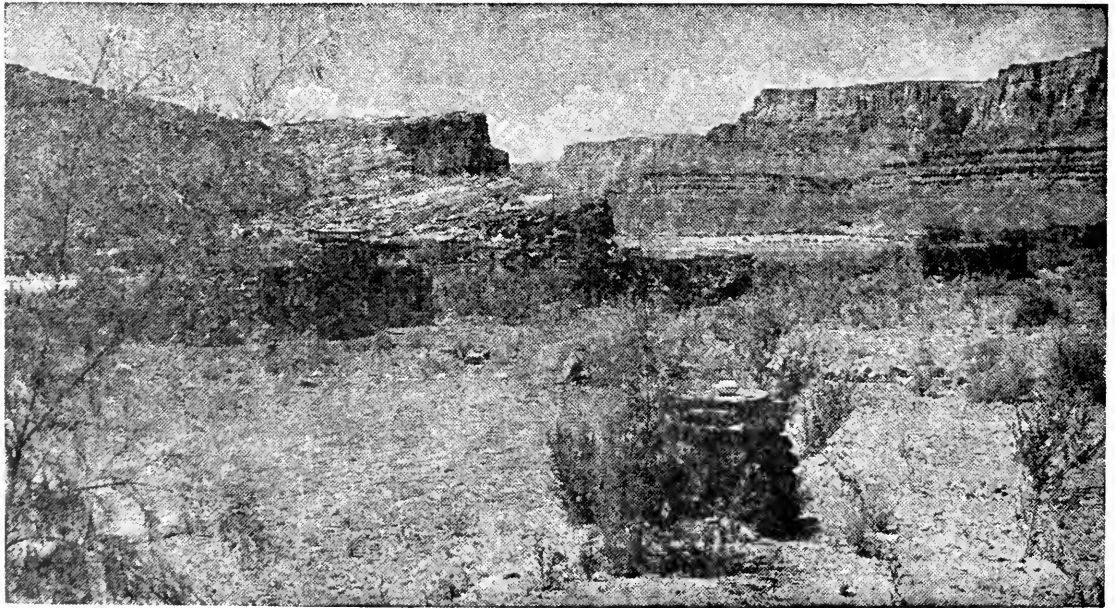
In order to exist, it was necessary for the saints to work together, and these communities lived the "United Order." Responsibility for bringing water to the land, farming, stock-raising, dairying, and lumbering was delegated to each man, according to his training and ability. A community kitchen served meals at a common table, to as many as one hundred fifty at a time. Bakers and cooks presided in the kitchen, the women and girls taking turns as helpers. Friendly Indians came to trade blankets or yards of heavy, dark jeans cloth, furnished them by the Government, for melons or fruit. Sometimes they came to get some

sewing done on the sewing machines, which fascinated them.

The four settlements on the Little Colorado were: Allen's Camp (later named St. Joseph after the Prophet Joseph Smith), Lot Smith's Camp at Sunset, George Lake's settlement at Obed, and Jesse O. Ballenger's settlement (later named Brigham City) near the present site of Winslow.

At Allen's Camp, the first plowing was done on March 25, 1876, by John Bushman and Nathan Cheney. Jacob Morris immediately began to build a house. An irrigation ditch was surveyed and on April 3, Bushman planted the first wheat. The first child, Hannah Marie Colson, was born July 17, 1876; and a year later, the first death, that of Clara Gray, occurred.

THE Little Colorado proved to be a treacherous stream. The first



Courtesy, Josef Muench

LEE'S FERRY, ARIZONA

This famous ferry is located at the point where the Paria enters the Colorado River. The bridge over Marble Gorge is seven miles downstream from Lee's Ferry.



Courtesy, Josef Muench

STREET SCENE IN A HOPI VILLAGE

The Pueblo Indians retain many of their old habits of living. Burros haul wood for the fires; corn and peppers dry at the doors; and there are always dogs running in and out.

dam, made jointly by Allen's Camp and Obed, cost the settlers \$5,000. In the first flood, the water rose twelve feet and the dam went out. In 1877, another dam was washed away. Other dams were washed out in 1881 and 1882. The Church historian, Andrew Jenson, reported that at least \$50,000 had been lost by this community in the construction of insecure dams. He called St. Joseph the "leading community in pain, determination and unflinching courage in dealing with the elements around them."

In 1894, St. Joseph had completed its eighth dam across the Little Colorado, and Joseph W. Smith, in writing of the dedication of this dam, remarked upon the rosy-cheeked, well-clad children, "showing that the people were by no means destitute, even if they had been laboring on

ditches and dams so much for the last eighteen years."

The prayer offered at the dedication of the dam was characteristic of pioneer courage: "O Lord, we pray that this dam may stand, if it be thy will—if not, let thy will be done."

When William J. Flake came to Snowflake, some fifty miles southeast of Winslow, in 1878, he found that James Stinson had been there for five years, and had three hundred acres of land under cultivation along the upper branches of the Little Colorado. Flake bought Stinson's interest for \$11,000 worth of cattle. Soon families began moving in. Apostle Erastus Snow, in charge of colonization in Arizona, organized the Snowflake Ward, naming it in honor of the first settler and for himself as a representative of the Church. A stake, em-

bracing what is now both Snowflake and St. Johns Stakes, was formed and named Eastern Arizona Stake, with Jesse N. Smith as its president.

Ammon M. Tenney led a group of settlers into St. Johns, about fifty miles east of Snowflake and near the New Mexico border, late in 1879. They found that this valley, also, was already occupied by "Gentile" ranchers. Tenney bargained to pay six hundred and fifty head of cattle in exchange for squatter's rights. By 1887, many other families had settled in this locality and the Eastern Arizona Stake was divided, creating the Snowflake and St. Johns Stakes. Jesse N. Smith and David K. Udall, respectively, became presidents.

Those who pioneered the early settlement of Arizona came from Utah in response to a call from their Church. Their average age was thirty years. They were just getting established in life. Many of them had small families. Their farms and gardens were beginning to yield the fruits of their labor. They loved Utah's mountains and valleys, and their dream of the future was rudely broken by such a call. They would have preferred to remain where they were, instead of moving to Arizona, where hard work and scanty fare awaited them.

David K. Udall, at twenty-nine years of age, had a wife and one child. He went to Glendale, Utah, thirty miles from his home in Kanab, to attend quarterly conference. There, he was informed that he was called to go to St. Johns, Arizona, to preside as bishop of that ward. He was, then and there, set apart to that calling, and directed to proceed to Arizona as soon as possible. He set-

tled his business affairs, and, after thirty days on the road, he arrived in St. Johns in October 1880.

THIS moving to Arizona was a major project, indeed. Besides leaving their beloved home and going to a new country, it meant that, with the miles between, and travel as it was then, they would see their loved ones left behind seldom, if ever, again. And, although they left with sad hearts and many misgivings, none thought of refusing the call. They took up the burden and went to work with a will to make new homes and build up the stakes of Zion.

The day-by-day journey in the covered wagon was like that of other such pilgrimages. Only a few pieces of furniture, or heirlooms, could be taken. The load consisted mostly of food, warm clothing, and bedding. The miles covered each day were gauged by watering places. The journey was slow and greatly impeded by loose stock, driven by horsemen. Threshing machines and gristmill and sawmill machinery were taken along.

Heading south from Utah, over the Kaibab Mountain, down House Rock Valley, with the towering Vermillion Cliffs at their left, they wended their way. Then, they turned and traveled for forty miles, with canyon walls closing in, until they came to the river and the ferry. Crossing the mighty Colorado was hazardous. Several days were required to ferry the wagons and swim the cattle. As they set foot on the south side, another and equally dangerous obstacle confronted them. The trail up and over "Lee's Backbone" (the rocky ridge that

juts into the river) was steep and the road narrow and rocky. A prayer of gratitude was felt in every heart, once these two milestones were passed. On and on they went until, finally, one day, they looked over the hill into the valley on the headwaters of the Little Colorado, which was to be home. And, somehow, though it was barren, it looked beautiful to them.

Soon their dreams began to develop, their towns began to grow, and the desert valley became green and beautiful.

In considering the events, big and little, that make up life under such circumstances, the fortitude of the frontiersman and his family must be recognized. Their fears must have been allayed with faith and prayers. The Lord did help them.

But hardships were many, and the Arizona settlements had their share of trouble. Once, a father, being

obliged to go to his field to reap his harvest, took his two boys with him, leaving two little girls, about three and five, alone each day. No wonder they visited the motherly neighbor often at noon, and were as often fed by her. One day, coming in just as the meal was finished, they stood looking at the table.

The mother said, "Well, girls, it looks as if we have eaten everything. There is nothing left but crumbs."

The smallest girl answered, "Well, Sister Lytle, do you care if we pick up the crumbs?"

Sister Lytle soon found more than crumbs.

Diphtheria, scarlet fever, and smallpox brought panic in their wake, in some instances taking a toll of all the little ones in a family. Mute evidence of such may be seen to this day in the older part of the cemeteries, where one may see three or four small headstones in a row,



Courtesy, M. J. Overson Studio

A TELEPHONE SYSTEM FOR ST. JOHNS
 Note the water tank at left. Drinking water, five cents a bucket.

whose names and dates show deaths of the very young, from the same family, within a period of a few weeks. In a certain family of four small children, the second child was being buried, the third was already stricken with diphtheria, and the fourth one looked up at his mother and said, "Where will we bury Harriet?" Harriet was buried alongside the others.

Diet was woefully lacking in vitamins and, often, in calories. Coarse wheat bread was literally the staff of life. White flour, freighted by team from Albuquerque, two hundred fifty miles away, was a luxury. Something to eat with the bread made a meal unusual. A craving for something sweet made the first melons taste better. Fruit and vegetables were an unusual treat. Home-made molasses made many a slice of bread into a real delicacy. A can of tomatoes was a treasure to be hoarded and used only in time of sickness. The wrapper from the can, with its big, red tomato on the dark green background, gave a bright touch to the sickroom, from its place just under the clock shelf, pinned on the newspaper-covered wall. The can itself became a cup and was placed by the water bucket on the bench.

A special event in a pioneer home in the '80's was one Sunday dinner. There were guests, a man and his wife from thirty miles away, friends of yesteryear, in Utah. And, for dessert, pie. Cherry pie, made from the first fruit of the little tree. The husband had brought his wife on this visit, hoping that new faces and scenes might help assuage her grief at the loss of her baby from

dysentery, and restore her mental balance. In her grief, this mother had "ceased her own to cherish," and was not concerned about her other children.

The pies were eaten, all but one piece, which the hostess saved to give to her married daughter, who was expecting a baby. But when the daughter came, the pie had disappeared. In her great disappointment, the young wife cried.

Seeing a grownup woman crying for a piece of pie, the woman, who was a guest, went to her husband and said, "Where are my children? I want to go to them. I am afraid they are hungry."

The horses were harnessed immediately and it was with a lighter heart the husband started home.

Another incident in Arizona pioneering illustrates the courage and the faith of Latter-day Saint farmers in the desert valleys.

It was the first time in his life that twelve-year-old LeRoy Gibbons, little brother in a large family, had been away from home. After two weeks helping his older brother care for the cattle, imagine his feelings as he came in sight of his home again. He crossed the river and came up the lane. He saw his elderly father standing at the gate to let down the bars and welcome him. The father and son were the best of friends.

As the boy got out of the wagon, his father had his hands in his pockets, and in the pockets were peaches, four of them, from the first little tree they had raised together.

Taking out the peaches, the man said, "Here, my boy, I have saved two of the nicest peaches of that first tree for you. There is one thing I want to tell you, as I give

you these peaches. Since I arrived in Utah, on July 24, 1847, I have put out thirteen orchards and have never eaten the fruit from one of them until now, and I have never once moved without being called by the authorities of the Church."

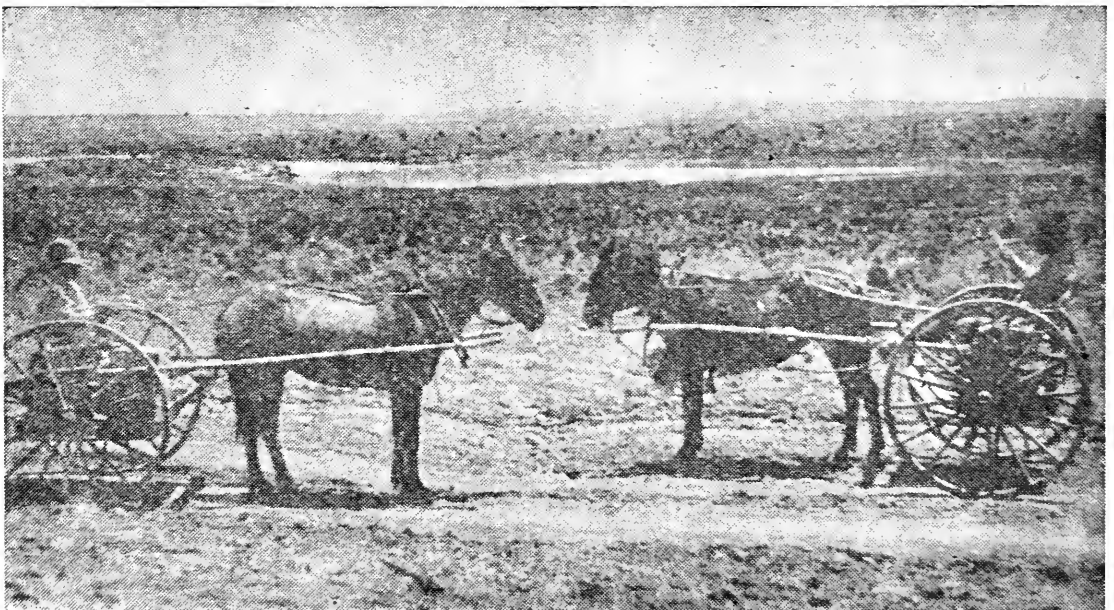
Early in 1880, the railroad company began building its roadbed west from Albuquerque. A contract for grading was taken by John W. Young, a son of Brigham Young, Jesse N. Smith, and Ammon M. Tenney, in order to provide work and food for the people. The project began in July, and about forty men and teams went to work. With their first pay, a load of flour was purchased, which brought welcome relief. Other contracts were taken and the work lasted several years.

Later, it was found that the light spring wagon in which John W. Young came to Arizona, had been abandoned near a ranch about twenty miles from St. Johns. The story was that this was the very wagon in

which Brigham Young rode into Salt Lake Valley, when he made the prophetic utterance, "This is the right place." The story was brought to the attention of the brethren in Salt Lake City and was verified by them. Then, the wagon was brought into St. Johns by David K. Udall, where it stood under a shed until 1893, when it was taken apart and shipped to Salt Lake City. It now stands, with other historic relics, in the Utah State Capitol.

The early pioneers of Northern Arizona builded with their hearts, and with their hands, and the land became to them and to their descendants, the dearest spot on earth, "home." And "The valleys sing, and the hills rejoice, and the barren desert is a fruitful field. Joy and gladness now are found therein; thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

(From the anthem "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy," words and music by Evan Stephens, based on Isaiah 51:3)



Courtesy, M. J. Overson Studio

MEETING OF THE MAIL CARRIERS IN THE ARIZONA DESERT

WHO CAN SAY THERE IS NO GOD?

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Who can say there is no God?
All earth proclaims his power;
The seed beneath the moistened clod
Now blossoms into flower;
The star, high in the firmament,
God's perfect pattern follows,
And God's own guiding love is lent
To northward winging swallows.

Who can say that God is not?
The prayer that soars to heaven,
If born of faith and child-like thought,
Will find its answer given.
And who can say no prayer is heard?
A simple copper wire
Can pluck from air a song, a word;
The soul can soar much higher.



HE LIVED AGAIN

Caroline Eyring Miner

The morn had come at last, and Mary's feet,
Stayed only by the darkness, swiftly ran;
She laid her head against the tomb, the sweet
And gracious person of the Holy Man
Of God, her Master, to adore in death,
As she had done in life. She stopped, amazed,
Was this the place? This tomb gaped wide, the earth
Where he had been, lay bare, and Mary, dazed,
Despairing, wept, and questioned him who kept
The gardens, as she thought: My Master, where
Is he? My Master? Then her sad heart leapt.
He spoke. The mystery and tears and care
That burdened her, dissolved like mist or rain.
Her Master lived; though dead, he lived again!

Daughter of the Pioneers

Inez B. Allred

President, Provo Stake Relief Society

SARAH LOUISE TURNER ALLRED, daughter of John W. and Sarah L. Fausette Turner, has seen many changes. She said so herself, when she so graciously consented to go out to Sowiette Park, where this little house stands, and have her picture taken. The picture is shown below.

“It was one of Provo’s very first houses, if not the first,” she declared. “My father hauled the logs from the East Mountain, hewed them, and built it himself. It stood on the corner of First North and First West, where the Church administration building now stands.”

Her father came to Utah in 1847, and her mother in 1851. Her husband, Silas Laufette Allred, was a pioneer in his own right. He was born at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1848, when his parents were on their way to Utah. They were married September 29, 1871. Sister Allred is the mother of fifteen children, eleven of whom are living.

“I did all my own work,” she said, “all the sewing for my family, and for others, too.”

She declared that work never hurt anyone. “It’s a blessing,” she said, “a four letter word that spells success.”

Sister Allred has been a ward Relief Society president two different times. Not long ago, the First Ward displayed some of her beautiful handwork. Sewing has been one of her hobbies. She has made thirty-five star quilts. She has given one to each daughter and to each granddaughter, and to others. She has made sixteen afghans, seven tablecloths, and hundreds of smaller articles, all of them works of art.

“I don’t do much now but knit,” she remarked, and she does that without glasses. “Bother the glasses!” she said. “I never put them on unless I lose a stitch, then I put them on to pick it up.”



If You Will Drive

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

MOONLIGHT peeped shyly through the open doorway of the sod shanty and, immediately, began pushing back at the shadows. Becky Lander sat up in bed. Two years, one month, and eight days—and she was trying to sleep. Reaching for her wrapper, she slipped it over her head, then stooped to pull on her heavy shoes.

At the door, she turned for a quick look at the children. Little Becky slept with her, but five-year-old Alex had a trundle bed of his own. Jake would smile at that trundle. She had never been handy with tools, but it was usable, thanks to Martha Baker. Always, always thanks to someone. Never anything accomplished by herself.

A stone's throw from her door, a dilapidated wagon flaunted its patched cover, its warped boards, its spliced tongue. How Ingeborg Jensen had brought it this far was a miracle. She and her cow had pulled it all the way from Nauvoo. Last week, Captain Williams had insisted she put her cow with Ingeborg's, and follow his company into Winter Quarters.

"You have been here two years," he had said. "There is no need in your waiting for your husband's return. You can meet him in Salt Lake Valley as well as here. Sister Jensen is strong and willing, and she will help you."

That was before word had come that a group of men from the Battalion were returning.

From beneath the wagon, a head

rose above the bedding on which Ingeborg slept. Becky stepped quickly back into her room. Couldn't she make a move without someone watching?

When the shadow under the wagon was again unbroken, Becky stepped quickly outside and, without sound of going, made her way along a path that led to the river. At the edge of a grove, she hesitated, her assurance gone, her body taut with fear. In spite of being alone the last two years, she was afraid of the woods. With a determined effort, she put one foot ahead of the other, and forced herself to see that the swords and arrows darting about so frighteningly were but shafts of light showing between moving branches. The farther she went, the faster her feet moved.

"How wonderful!" She stopped where her fear and the shadows ended, and looked over the silver-varnished prairie. "Oh, Jake, Jake, the years have been so long!"

To her left, a few hundred yards away, lay a camp made up of wagons, tents, and a few shanties; a facsimile of the many that marked the brutal trail from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters. Before her, the prairie swept a mile or two, or three, and then dropped abruptly to the lowlands, through which flowed the Musketo. Between the camp and the lowlands, the grass had been cropped close by cattle, and the trail was worn to dust, but Becky's feet skipped lightly over it. On the bluff, she stopped. Sitting on a tuft of

grass, she took her knees between her arms. Below, the river played at hide-and-seek with the darkness. Up here there were no shadows.

Two years! She could see the ferry on the far side of the river. Two years; and, today, the ferryboat would bring Jake back. Two years, one month, and eight days since he had marched away with the Battalion to fight the Mexicans in California. Only one letter she had had in all that time; but, today, he would be home. Two years, one month, and eight days of being helped by Ingeborg, by Martha Baker, by Angie McDonald, by all the others, until accepting had become gall and wormwood in her soul. Today that would end.

From the start, there had been the matter of food. For some reason, Jake's army pay of seven dollars a month had not reached her. She had managed—with help. She could not move with the company, so the brethren had built her a shanty and moved her into it. Her cow had strayed and had been caught and killed by the Omahas. Brother Parker had taken her calf and raised it until it could live on grass, so now she had a cow again. The new cow, Captain Williams contended, could be yoked with Ingeborg's. No, sir!

Becky did appreciate the help so freely given. That is—yes, she did appreciate it. Her heart swelled with pride and thankfulness as she watched the ebb and flow that made up the Camp of Israel. For two years, from her cabin, she had watched her people in wagons, with carts, or just walking, come with the dusk, camp for a night or a week or a month, and disappear into the morning. They were going ahead,

making certain the way that led to the Valley, where individual families were already building individual homes.

No. It was not that Becky Lander lacked appreciation. She had accepted gratefully, but now that Jake was coming back the accepting was over, and she could raise her head with independence. Again, she was going to inhabit a world of Jake's building. His was to be the voice of decision; his strength was to be her bulwark against disease, Indians, too-kind neighbors, and corroding loneliness. His hand was to provide the bread for their daily sustenance.

That was all she wanted. Just a home and the four of them in it.

WHEN dawn was beginning to dull the varnish, she returned to her shanty, but not to sleep. Bringing a bucket of water from the trickle that ran through the grove, she wet down her floor. She made a fire in the fireplace and cooked Indian meal for the children's breakfast. The sack was nearly empty, but she was not worrying this time. When the mush was done and the children still slept, she woke them; but they were cross, and little Becky refused to eat.

"Are you home, Sister Lander?"

Becky looked up from the feather bed she was smoothing. Ingeborg Jensen stood in the doorway. Beside her, were her two boys.

"I vatch," the visitor's voice faltered, "I vatch baby vile you go river." Her fine, gray-green eyes pleaded to have some part in this long-anticipated homecoming.

"Thank you, Ingeborg, but I am not going to the river."

Becky's voice was sharply imper-

sonal. Ingeborg had no judgment. She was without shoes, yet she would quit work to watch little Becky.

"Not—going?" After a moment, her face warmed with understanding. "You wait your man comes?"

Becky nodded, not trusting herself to speak. She put out her hand and held Alex from going outside.

"I wanta play with Peter," the boy whined.

"Some other time. Father is coming today."

Alex pushed Peter. "Go home," he said rudely. "I have a father. You haven't."

Peter's bland face darkened. He started to retaliate, but his mother caught his arm. "Peter. Hans. Come." She spoke in Danish. "We will go to our work. Alex is excited."

Alex had repented quickly. "I wanta go with Peter."

The child's tone and words quickened Becky's sense of her own ingratitude. "I'm so sorry," she said, and was grateful for the other woman's quick smile. Playing with the Danish boys was teaching Alex many necessary lessons.

Becky turned again to her bed. With loving care, she smoothed the hand-woven counterpane that was one of the few treasures left from her New England home. With every stroke her heart sang, "Jake is coming." It was not a smooth refrain, for it swelled and ebbed with her movements. She raised the lid of a heavy chest and withdrew a pair of stiffly starched shams. "Jake is coming," the lid cried as it banged in place. This was the first time in more than two years that she had used the shams. She would soon

have a home in the Valley, and then she could use them each Sunday.

"Jake is coming!" Every whit and parcel of the twelve-by-fourteen room was clothed with the radiance of it. Not a speck of dust remained; the cupboard held unheard of dainties. She had spent hours and hours gathering grapes and berries in the lowlands. Some she had traded at the post for sugar.

Everything was ready and waiting, and the sun was not yet above the tops of the eastern trees.

"Are you home, Sister Lander?" Martha Baker stood in the doorway, holding something covered with a napkin. "I brought a pie for your dinner."

Rebellion was hot in Becky's chest. Martha was desperately poor. Her husband had lost his feet with frost and ice during the exodus across the Mississippi. For days, until the last of the emigrants in his company were safe, he had refused to rest or to remove his wet shoes. Likely the fat that went into the pie was all Martha had, or would have, for a long time to come.

"You shouldn't—" she began, but the other cut her short. "Certainly I should. Sharing is the joy of life. I would stay to meet your Jake, but I am washing for the trader's wife."

Brushing aside Becky's thanks, she went back across the clearing and through the grove.

"Are you still here, Sister Lander?"

It was Jennie Call this time.

"Thank goodness, you will soon be going West," she said without preamble. "You will soon be in a home, as any self-respecting family should be. This moving would not be so hard, if we could get it over.

I baked, and thought you would like a loaf. It is good white bread, and well browned, if I do say so myself."

"Are you home, Sister Lander?"

Edward Parker stopped his team near her door, and called to her. Lucy Parker had brought her most cherished possession, her silver knives, to be used on this day of all days. Ed's seamed, wind-leathered face was broken into lines of anticipation.

"We thought you would like to ride to the river."

Was this to go on all day? Why must everyone leave his work to help her?

"I am not going to the river."

Disappointment darkened the man's face ever so little. "You are waiting here?"

"Yes, Brother Parker. I do not want to meet my husband with the entire camp watching."

"That is understandable." His smile came back. "Word has come that the returning men were delayed on the Missouri, but they should be here within two or three hours. I will meet Jake and bring him home to you." His eyes twinkled. "I will let him out at the edge of the grove, so you may greet him privately."

"Thank you." She thought he was laughing at her. Let him laugh. She would share her bread, but there were some things she would not share with anyone.

Ed Parker turned his team to follow the road. Under his patched shirt, his shoulders sagged with weariness. Becky moved uneasily. "When Jake is here, I shan't have this feeling of obligation."

THE hours refused to pass. Becky marked the position of the

shadows, and, two hours later, or perhaps three, she came back to find they had moved less than an inch. A queer fright went through her. The Lord had stopped the sun once. Was something momentous happening today other than Jake's coming? When, later, she found the shadow had moved another half inch, she sighed with relief.

She went to the grove for another bucket of water, and then decided the floor was already too wet, so she sprinkled the yard again. She fed the children and put Becky to sleep.

Surely, the company could not be this late arriving. Those people at the ferry were likely so anxious to share his homecoming that Jake was being delayed. He would have to answer questions about the long march through the Southwest into California, about the gold fields, and what the Valley was like, and how the saints were faring there. Anger rose, and hardened within her. At least someone might bring word that he had arrived.

From under the bed, she pulled a package wrapped with old burlap. Her hands shook violently as she tried to unroll it. Boots, leather boots. Used boots, but with any amount of good wear in them. She had come by them through a woman from the trading post, and had done an unreasonable amount of sewing for them. Jake would be pleased, especially that she had earned them. They were the size for him—he had small feet—and they would take him back into the Valley. She rewrapped and replaced them.

The shanty and the clearing were all in the shadow. Twice she had dressed the children in their best

clothes, and twice had removed them. Suddenly, she decided to go to the river. If Jake saw her, he would break away from the crowd. She might meet him in the grove. Taking a child by each hand, she started. It was cool and fragrant in the woods, but she did not meet Jake. When she had come through the shadow, the light from the prairie stopped her.

As her eyes became accustomed to the light, she could see the lines of the lowlands dark against a westering sun. Camp was deserted, and its air of desolation provoked a strange fear in her.

The sun sank lower, and then, on the path that led from the river, she saw moving figures. She watched, and her breath swelled in her throat. Yes! Yes! It was men, four at least. One must be Jake. Behind them, a wagon was just rising from the lowlands.

Catching Little Becky up in her arms, she started, half running, back to her shanty. She would meet him there. Alex ran ahead, excited with the race, but not knowing what it was all about. Back in the yard, she set them on boxes to wait. Feverishly, she looked about the cabin for something left undone. There was nothing. The prairie chicken in the oven was done. The table had been set since noon, with clean cloths spread over the dishes to keep the flies away.

She heard a grunt, and looked around. Alex had fallen, and was trying to brush the damp earth from his clothes. She shook him vigorously.

"Aren't you ashamed, with Father—?" she stopped short. There were voices and the sound of men's

feet on the path. It was true, then, it was true. All along she had fought a feeling of defeat, but she had been wrong. He was here! Her knees turned to jelly, and she leaned against the house for support. The long, weary years were over.

Now—now was the time to look. She turned her head slowly, as the men entered the clearing. But—but—there was Jim Eckhart who had gone away with Jake, and Captain Williams, and—of course, Jake was in the wagon with Ed Parker. What a scare!

"Sister Lander—." She did not hear the words he said. Jim looked so old and travel weary, and there was the shadow of something else in his eyes, but she had no time to worry over that. Why didn't the wagon come?

Jim took her hand and started speaking. She heard only snatches. "Coming over the Divide—Indians—killed." He was putting a leather pouch in her hands.

"I beg your pardon. Did you say someone was killed?" She was holding the pouch indifferently.

The men exchanged glances. She saw that so clearly. She saw their faces darken, as the shadows wrenched the last ray of light from the yard. Someone was buried on a faraway mountain top, and she was holding this pouch. "Dust," Jim said, "gold dust, from the mines of California."

"Sister Lander, you sleep."

BECKY shook off the hands that would have guided her inside. It may have been days, or hours, or minutes later, when a woman's strong arms lifted her bodily and

placed her on the bed. She felt a cold cloth on her face. She felt a pull at the something in her hand, but her fingers would not unclasp. Later, she turned her head slowly. Gray dawn was pushing through the doorway, trying to reach the candle that sputtered weakly on the table.

She watched, fascinated, as the light filled the room. Queer, that there should be light again. The children were both sleeping in the trundle bed. Ingeborg was sitting at the table, and when she turned her eyes, Becky sat up. An aching awareness ran through her muscles, and from the deepest recesses of her soul came a gnawing emptiness that could never be filled. The long years would go on and on.

Becky dropped her feet over the bed, and one struck a burlap-covered package. She raised it to her lap and began unrolling it. When the boots were uncovered in her hands, she held them for long minutes.

"Take them, Ingeborg," she said suddenly. "They will be large, but they will take you into the Valley." When she looked again, Ingeborg's head was on her arms, and she was sobbing, quiet sobs, but terrifying in their poignancy. This could not be. Ingeborg was always so calm, so full of faith and patience. Becky touched her on the shoulder.

"Why are you crying? What has hurt you?"

The woman raised her face. It had turned old and defeated. She wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. She struggled hard with her English.

"All de time—I take." She fingered the leather of the boots. "Nef-er do I gif. Always I am taking—

always, always. I try keep my cry deep inside."

And she, Becky, had resented the Danish woman because of the help she had been given by her. She had resented Martha Baker, and Angie MacDonald, and Ed Parker. Did they, too, have a "cry" deep inside? Was it that which made Jennie Call so sharp-tongued? Why, the chain was endless.

From the corroding loneliness of the long years, from the depths dug by inadequacy and despair, from all the petty annoyances and hours of hunger, understanding came to Becky. In a movement such as this, all gave, and all received in one form or another; and because of the giving and the receiving, twenty thousand people were going to have their faith justified. They were going to have new homes, permanent homes.

"We are two of a kind, Ingeborg. With your wagon and my cow, we can make it into the Valley."

"But your gold—?"

"My—?" Slowly, slowly, Becky turned to the bed where lay the pouch of gold dust. She put out her hand, but drew it back sharply. She could not use it—the price of Jake's life.

"He sent it." Ingeborg was at her elbow. "He could not come, so he sent the gold. That is his share. You can buy a wagon, a team, warm clothes." She spoke in Danish, but Becky understood.

"Yes. Yes! I can get a team, if you will drive. I can get a yoke of oxen for your wagon, and Martha and her husband can drive them. We can all be in the Valley next summer, Ingeborg, if you will take care of the horses and drive."

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

HANDCART PIONEERS

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the seventh in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

AMONG the stories which tell of the early settlement of Utah, and of the great heroism of the settlers themselves, perhaps the most dramatic, as well as the most pathetic, are those connected with the handcart pioneers—pioneers who were so-called because they crossed the plains with the aid of handcarts.

In all, there were ten companies of these pioneers, made up of 3,000 individuals, who came to Utah between the years 1856 and 1861, the first company arriving in Salt Lake Valley in September 1856, and the last one in September 1860. They came mostly from Europe—from the British Isles and Scandinavia. These daring and courageous pioneers landed at New York, or Boston, and proceeded, by rail, to Iowa City which was the western terminus of the Rock Island Railroad, and the outfitting point for the handcart companies. From there, they traveled across Iowa to the Missouri River, and on to Utah, following the old Mormon Trail.

This unique method of travel was adopted because it was inexpensive, and because it seemed to be the best means of bringing in the largest number of those who were desirous of emigrating. The rate of only \$45 to come from Liverpool to Salt Lake City made it possible for many, who had been anxiously wait-

ing and praying for an opportunity to gather to Zion with the saints, to come, who otherwise would not have been able to do so. At the same time, it brought the travelers to Utah in as little time as did ox teams. Almost anyone could walk as fast as a yoke of oxen could travel. The journey across the plains required from three to four months.

These handcart companies were made up of men, women, and children, the majority of whom walked the entire distance of 1300 miles, pulling and pushing their carts, which were loaded with their baggage and rations. Only a few wagons accompanied each group to help with the heaviest baggage and provisions, and to provide for hospital service. These noble and courageous converts waded through rivers and streams, trudged through deep sand and mud, tramped over rough and rocky roadways, and climbed hills and mountains.

Walking across the plains was not an entirely new undertaking at that time, however, as many of the covered-wagon pioneers before this had walked a good portion of the distance from the Missouri River, to relieve the tired, overworked teams; but pushing and pulling handcarts, in addition to merely walking, was real labor, which demanded both strength and courage.

The handcart companies were

carefully organized, and every effort was made to see that they were fairly well equipped. For example, the setup for one company of 500 individuals consisted of 120 carts, five wagons, twenty-five tents, twenty-four oxen, and forty-five head of beef cattle and cows. In some instances, however, in the hurry and bustle of preparations, the handcarts were not well enough constructed or were made of material not sufficiently seasoned and substantial, and therefore, much repair work was required on the way.

IN every case, handcart travel was hard and strenuous. It was especially so for the aged, and for those from the larger cities, who had worked all of their lives in shops, factories, and offices, and were thus poorly prepared for such an experience. It was also quite hazardous. These camps lacked the protection which the heavy covered wagons gave to other companies, and the people were more exposed to the elements, and to the Indians and wild animals, which were ever to be reckoned with. In one instance, the Indians ran off with the beef cattle, and, in another, a camp barely escaped being trampled underfoot by a frightened herd of buffalo on a stampede. Nevertheless, in spite of hardships and difficulties, these travelers, like those who came in covered wagons, often drew their carts together of an evening, and around the campfire sang songs, made speeches, and told stories.

In the main, handcart travel was quite successful. Eight of the companies which started out early in the summertime crossed successfully and arrived safely, often having

fewer deaths than did the ox caravans; but there were two ill-fated companies—the Willie and Martin companies, which began the journey in mid and late July of 1856, too late in the season, and suffered severely before being rescued and helped into the Valley the following November.

These companies had been delayed, in the beginning, because the carts were not ready. Then, on the way, there had been additional delay because some of the carts did not hold up, making extensive repair work necessary. These delays brought about such a shortage of food that rationing had to be resorted to. Although each emigrant was allowed only seventeen pounds of luggage in the first place, it became necessary to lighten the loads, and clothing and bedding, so much needed later, had to be discarded. Added to all this, severe cold weather set in much earlier than usual. As a result, there was great suffering from both cold and hunger, and approximately 150 deaths occurred before the rescue parties from Utah reached them.

The faith, courage, endurance, and heroism demonstrated by the members of these unfortunate companies would be hard to equal, even on the battlefield, and it is most fitting that two monuments have been erected, in Wyoming, to their memory, by the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association. One is at Rock Creek, where seventeen persons passed away in a single night, and lie buried in one grave; and the other is on the highway, across the Sweetwater from Martin's Hollow, about two miles west of Devil's Gate.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1887

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

ADVICE TO GIRLS: Young ladies, you must perceive now that you have superior advantages to improve your minds and advance in the scale of intelligence to those who have lived in generations before you. It is necessary that you should hasten to step forward and qualify yourselves for usefulness in life; housework to most girls comes first in every day experience; and every girl should strive to acquire a full knowledge of all the duties of the household; she should be taught how to work as she is taught how to read; there is art and skill in the proper use of the broom; activity and cleanliness both belong to its use; order and refinement are required in the chamber for the arrangement of the bed and furniture, but still more varied and numerous are the duties of the kitchen. . . . The necessity of industry, the obligation of each girl to work for her living, her happiness and her home, nothing is more valuable than to learn to work systematically and economically.

—D. F. Cox

THE MORAL EFFECT OF HURRY: To the thoughtful, the moral consequences of tension and hurry are very saddening; to the physician their results are a matter of profound concern; their grave evils come under his daily observation.—London Lancet

FROM GRANTSVILLE, UTAH: The sisters of Grantsville are trying to obey the counsel of Brigham Young in regard to storing grain. They are also trying to retrench from everything that is likely to injure them. The Relief and Retrenchment Societies are doing well. The former has over two hundred bushels of wheat stored away. . . . In our sewing meetings we always introduce subjects of conversation pertaining to matters of interest to us as a body of people, and no gossip is ever allowed or introduced The dancing parties here are closed at ten o'clock in the evening Our city fathers are trying with all their might to keep liquor stores out of Grantsville We are trying to do as much good as we can, not forgetting the Temple by any means.

—M. A. House, Sec'y.

FROM SPRINGDALE, KANE COUNTY: The weather is warm and beautiful; the almond and apricot trees are all in bloom, and nature's aspects are pleasant and delightful. The people feel to praise God for His abundant mercies.—Mrs. S. K. Greene

A TRUE LADY: Beauty and style are not the surest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart and the purity and sweetness of her character She has a higher purpose in life than to flaunt her finery in the streets—Anon.

GEORGE ELIOT: George Eliot is at work again on a new novel. It is said she feels very much disappointed that *Middlemarch* is considered better than *Daniel Deronda*. She herself regards this novel as her masterpiece. She produced her first original work eighteen years ago, and the whole product of the sale of her books is estimated at \$165,000.

OPINION: Dr. Holland thinks that the cure for gossip is culture. He says good-natured people talk about their neighbors only because they have nothing else to talk about.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon



DEATH has recently claimed three noble women: Mrs. Alice Kimball Smith, faithful wife and widow of former President Joseph F. Smith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; Mrs. F. I. Jones, one of the courageous band of pioneer women who settled Bluff, Utah, and later, one of the first two women to begin the settlement of Monticello, Utah; Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond, of California, who, after living a hard life for many years, won success by composing such favorite songs as "I Love You Truly" and "A Perfect Day."

MRS. WINIFRED KIMBALL HUDNUT, granddaughter of Heber C. Kimball of pioneer fame, and widow of the world-famous manufacturer of cosmetics and perfumes, Richard Hudnut, managed, through foresight, to save from the Nazis, in their subsequent occupation of her forty-four-room French chateau, a fabulous collection of antiques. There are historic Gobelin tapestries, rare furniture, priceless paintings, precious porcelains, exquisite shawls, and draperies. All these Mrs. Hudnut wishes to give to the State of Utah, if it will build an appropriate edifice to house them in Salt Lake City.

ALL but three Latin American countries named as their choice for the year's outstanding poet,

Gabriela Mistral of Chile, a charming, high-souled woman, an educator, and a diplomat. The first Chilean woman to serve as a consul, she has, as such, represented her country in Naples, Madrid, Lisbon, and Petropolis, Brazil.

A stirring romance, which grew out of the war, is that of the former Suzanne Borel, recently first lady of France, and her husband, Georges Bidault. They met on the underground while he was chief of the national resistance movement. She, under his direction, was performing feats fraught with the utmost danger and requiring skill, finesse, and strategy. Later, when he was minister of foreign affairs in France, she became director of his personal cabinet. Madam Bidault, one of the notable interior decorators of France, is also an outstanding linguist, speaking, among many foreign tongues, Chinese and Russian.

WHEN our new National Congress met in Washington, the following women took their seats: Katherine St. George, New York; Margaret Chase Smith, Maine; Georgia Lusk, New Mexico; Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts; Frances Bolton, Ohio; Mary T. Norton, New Jersey; Helen Gahagen Douglas, California.



Proper Conduct in Church Services

President Joseph Smith stated that the business of the conference had closed, and the remainder would be donated to instruction. It is an insult to a meeting for persons to leave just before its close. If they must go out, let them go half an hour before. No gentleman will go out of a meeting just at closing.

THE above quotation was taken from the *Documentary History of the Church*, and is part of the instructions given to members of the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith at the close of conference held in April 1843.

Those of us who attended both the Relief Society conference and Church conference held last October, observed the large numbers of people who, five to ten minutes before the close of the sessions, rose and left the meetings, creating a considerable disturbance and drawing attention to themselves and away from the speaker, or from the announcements being made from the stand.

It is, indeed, as the Prophet said, an insult to the meeting to leave before its close. There are occasionally justifiable reasons for leaving before the benediction has been pronounced on a Church service. Certainly, people should not deny themselves the opportunity of attending conference or Church because they must leave a little early to catch a train, or for some other reason just as valid. However, more often than

not, people leave to avoid the rush which follows the closing of any gathering where large numbers of people are assembled.

One rarely sees anyone leave the theater or concert hall before the final curtain, or before the last note has been played. People usually stay, not only because of their interest, but also out of respect for those who are performing before them, as well as out of consideration for others in attendance who are interested in remaining until the end. Should we not, then, have even greater respect for those persons speaking at and conducting Church services in the name of the Lord?

Aside from the disrespect we show those who are presiding over any Church service, when we leave early, we are depriving ourselves of the blessings pronounced in the closing prayer. The closing prayer constitutes part of the service. The benedictions of conference are especially important to us as Church members. We should not forfeit our right to them for the sake of the few minutes gained by leaving before the benediction is pronounced.

Should we not, as Relief Society women, and mothers, set an example for our children, as well as other Church members, by remaining respectfully quiet through all Church services we attend, until their completion?

G.R.G.

Luella N. Adams and Ann P. Nibley Released From the General Board of Relief Society

IT is with sincere regret that the General Board of Relief Society announces the resignations of Luella N. Adams and Ann P. Nibley in January 1947. Due to increased home responsibilities, these faithful sisters have found it necessary to be released from their work as Board members.

Sister Luella N. Adams has been a member of the Board since January 1940. She has served with the utmost devotion. Her many fine abilities and unusually good judgment, coupled with her long experience in Relief Society work, have made her assistance to the women of the Church a service of lasting value. Sister Adams is greatly loved by all

the members of the Board and by Relief Society women everywhere. As a group of sisters, the Society wishes her happiness in all her future endeavors.

Sister Ann P. Nibley was called to the General Board in December 1941. Her charming personality and her sweet spirit have endeared her to the women of the Church. She has worked for perfection in all her assignments, and her meticulous regard for the details of Relief Society work has been of invaluable assistance to her associates and to the Society. Sister Nibley will always merit the love and appreciation of Relief Society women everywhere.

THIS IS SPRING

Evelyn Fjeldsted

A radiant sunset soon to be the dawn
That lights a waiting, crocus-sprinkled lawn;
Illusive, lilting winds and bending tree;
A blossom sheltering a night-chilled bee,
Robins drifting over furrowed land,
Tiny swirls of century-driven sand;
The living, throbbing warmth of noontide glow,
A budding plum tree drinking melting snow;
Sunlight, glinting through a breathless calm,
The blending of a secret, perfumed balm;
A stormy measure gone, and hope renewed,
The stillness of a starry interlude;
Each day's unceasing versatility,
The night's capricious, feigned uncertainty,
All the subtle sweetness earth can bring,
This is restoration—this is spring.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Time for Holding Optional Sewing Class

THE General Board recommends that, wherever possible, the optional sewing course be held in connection with the regular work meeting. Where it is not possible, however, to successfully work on the Welfare sewing and also conduct a sewing course during the work meeting, the sewing class may be held at the time most convenient for those who wish to participate in this course. These Relief Society sewing classes may be held once a week if the ward Relief Society presidency deems it advisable.

If the sewing class is held in connection with the regular work meeting, the Relief Society members attending the class should be given credit for being present at the work meeting. Non-members of Relief Society who attend the sewing class should be recorded as visitors. Inasmuch as the record of sewing ac-

tivities was devised to reflect the sewing services rendered by Relief Society members to others, or for the benefit of the organization itself, articles made at the sewing class, and the number of hours required to make them should not be counted nor recorded in the record book, if these articles were made for the benefit of the individuals taking the sewing course. If the class is held at a time other than the regular work meeting, it should be regarded as a special Relief Society project, and an account of the activities, number of women participating, and any other interesting information connected with the conduct of this class should be recorded in the narrative report only. Such a class, held at a time other than during the regular work meeting, is not a part of the work meeting, nor is it a special meeting.

OFFICIAL RELIEF SOCIETY PINS FOR GIFTS

These beautiful pins are made of blue baked French hard enamel and 24 carat gold-plate. They are appropriate as mementos of appreciation for retiring officers, as birthday remembrances, and as emblems of recognition for long service in the Society. Price \$1.20 postpaid. Send orders to General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.



Progressive Leadership in Music

Florence J. Madsen

Member, Relief Society General Board

PROGRESSIVE leadership is one of the basic needs of the hour in every department of life. Its importance is seen on every hand. Without its presence, eminent success is impossible. Every great achievement is predicated upon its guidance. This is verified in the lives and works of all great persons, and in all epochs of history. In its widest sense, good leadership implies all factors that tend toward maximum results in visioning, planning, promoting, unfolding, guiding, directing, and building.

The fact that leadership involves these several factors promptly suggests that to become efficient in its exercise one must necessarily become schooled and disciplined in many branches of study. Among these, the following should claim our immediate attention: personality, tact, organizing ability, humor, and musicianship.

Personality

It is generally conceded that congenial, friendly, sympathetic, and dynamic personality is fundamental to good leadership. Such a personality emanates from the heart, and is far more appealing and persuasive in its effect than much reasoning and cultivated veneer.

Tact

Tact is the door to success in any endeavor. It is that characteristic quality which unlocks biases and

prejudices and misunderstandings. Through tactful approaches, individuals and groups are made to see newer and broader horizons and wider and higher perspectives. These urges are indispensable to wholesome and progressive results in leadership.

Organizing Ability

Proper and appropriate organization is fundamental to every enduring structure in society. Ability to effect it is, therefore, a gift to be cherished. In music leadership, this gift is of utmost importance.

Humor

Humor is a social lubricant. People of experience know that where reason fails, humor succeeds. Negative conditions are eliminated through its application. In music leadership, negative conditions frequently arise that can be corrected or adjusted only through the subtle power of humor. It is well to remember that humor laughs *with* people, and not *at* them.

Musicianship

By musicianship is meant a broad and thorough understanding of all necessary branches of music. A few of these are:

(a) Ability to read and interpret the ordinary page of music. This involves a knowledge of (1) rhythm; (2) keys (major and minor); (3) tempos (speed and rhythm); (4) dy-

namics (loudness or softness of volume); (5) clef signs; (6) notation (notes, rests, dots, etc.); (7) symbolism (signs, repeat marks, sharps, flats, etc.); (8) terminology (terms relating to rhythm, tempo, dynamics, etc.).

The following books will prove invaluable in the study of the above elements of musicianship:

- Elson: *Music Dictionary*, Ditson
 R. S. Smith: *Elementary Music Theory*, Ditson
 Gherkens: *Fundamentals of Music*, Ditson
 Gherkens: *Terminology and Notation*, A. S. Barnes
 Wedge: *Ear Training and Sight Singing*, G. Schirmer
 Diller: *First Theory Book*, G. Schirmer

(9) Aural training (ear-training), learning how to hear and to perform what appears on the printed page of music; (10) technique of the baton and the routine of conducting, (definite baton patterns and a standard system of procedure in conducting).

For the study of conducting, use:

- Gherkens: *Essentials in Conducting*.
 Wodell: *Choral Conducting*.
 Cornwall: *Conducting*.

(11) Proper discrimination in the choice of song material that is appropriate and suitable to the group; (12) the philosophy and psychology of interpretation (discovering and expressing the context of the word message and the content of the musical meaning).

For this study, use:

- Lusey: *Expression in Singing*, Novello.
 Britan: *The Philosophy of Music*, Longmans, Green.
 M. G. Evans: *Primer Facts About Music*, Presser Co.

(13) The art and beauty of singing (the correct and normal method of singing, pure and prolonged vowelings, distinct and quick consonants, resonant and rich tone quality).

The following books will be found helpful in this last named branch of study toward musicianship:

- Green: *Psychology of Singing*, MacMillan & Company.
 Witherspoon: *Singing*, G. Schirmer.
 Fillebrown: *Resonance in Singing and Speaking*, Ditson.
 Gould: *Successful Singing*, Axelrod Publications.

It should be evident, from the above discussions, that the spirit and power of leadership can be acquired through diligent, constant study, and through regular practice. It may begin from any level of present musical ability and attainment.

It is earnestly hoped that all stake and ward Relief Society officers interested in musical activities will be deeply concerned with the need and desirability of progressive leadership in their work, as briefly suggested and outlined in this article.

It would be to the advantage of all concerned to have within the Relief Society libraries, books from the above lists on the various branches of music, which can be used as needed by those who are directing the music activities of the organizations.



Herbs and Their Uses

Elizabeth Williamson

With Illustrations by the Author

“Rosemary, that’s for remembrance.”—Shakespeare

SINCE ancient times, herbs have been used extensively. The Greeks, the Egyptians, and the Chinese found their properties valuable. The Bible mentions fragrant oils of myrrh and frankincense, cinnamon, anise, and mint. Our pioneer ancestors used herbs for medicine, dyes, lotions, and culi-

nary purposes.

If you have never grown herbs, you will find a fascinating new world open to you. Easy to grow, they require little care. They respond magnificently, if given good drainage and plenty of sunshine.

Below is a chart of the most common herbs and some of their uses:

<u>Perennials</u>	<u>Use</u>	<u>Annuals</u>	<u>Use</u>
Bergamot	Flavoring, oils for perfume, tonic	Savory	Stuffings, beans, to relieve insect bites
Camomile	Beverage, dye, bouquets	Dill	Pickles, butter sauce for fish
Chives	Salad, cheese, omelets	Borage	Salad, iced beverages (use flowers and all)
Balm	Cool beverage	Marjoram	Meats, salads, stuffings
Mint	Vinegar, sauces, drinks	Cress	Salad
Parsley	Salads, garnish, soups, meats	Mustard	Salad and greens
Sage	Stuffings, cheese, beverage, flavoring for sausage and other meat	Red Pepper	For table decorations, pickling, and flavoring
Tarragon	Vinegar	Nasturtium	Leaves and buds for salads, seed pods for pickling
Rosemary	Meats, herb vinegar, fragrance	Basil	Tomato dishes, soups, meats
Thyme	Soups, stews, stuffing (poultry)	Lavender	Sachets, linens
Horseradish	Roots — used in relish and for salad, as an ingredient of mustard	Lemon Verbena	Sachets, also for iced drinks
Feverfew	Cut flowers, bouquets	Rose Geranium	Sachets, also used in jellies
Caraway	Seeds (dried) sauerkraut, baking, green leaves for salads		



Herbs make pretty borders along a path or roadway. Some of the sturdier perennials, such as sage, rosemary, winter and summer savory, can be kept trimmed back for small hedges. Parsley makes an attractive border herb. Many herbs grow well in rock gardens. Herbs are not difficult to grow—just give them good, light soil. Never use a fertilizer, because it destroys the oils in herbs. Plant herbs in a sheltered place, where they will get direct sunlight. They are ready to harvest when they begin to bloom. Tie them in small bunches and hang them upside down in a dry, airy place, away from the sun.

If you are interested, primarily, in the culinary uses of herbs, it is more convenient to have your herbs planted near your kitchen door in a compact and orderly arrangement. An old ladder may be used as a frame for a charming small herb garden.

For fragrance and flowering, use an old wagon wheel and plant a different herb between each pair of spokes. Our pioneer ancestors used this method. It is attractive and practical. The herbs are kept to themselves by the spoke divisions.

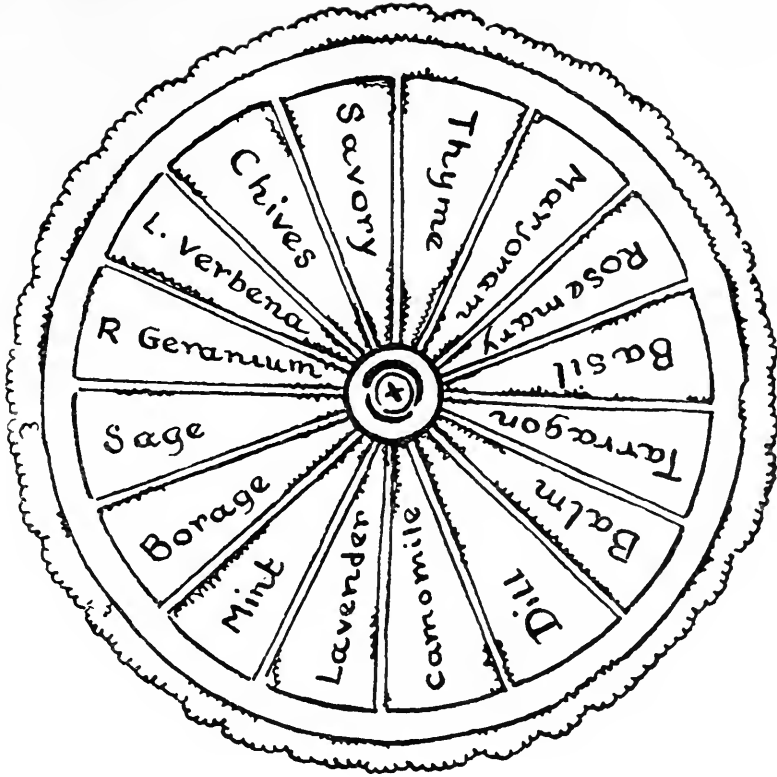
Herbs may be made into a formal

garden, a rock garden, or used around bird baths, or as hedges and borders. The possibilities are unlimited. When once you come under the magic spell of herbs, you will have many ideas of your own.

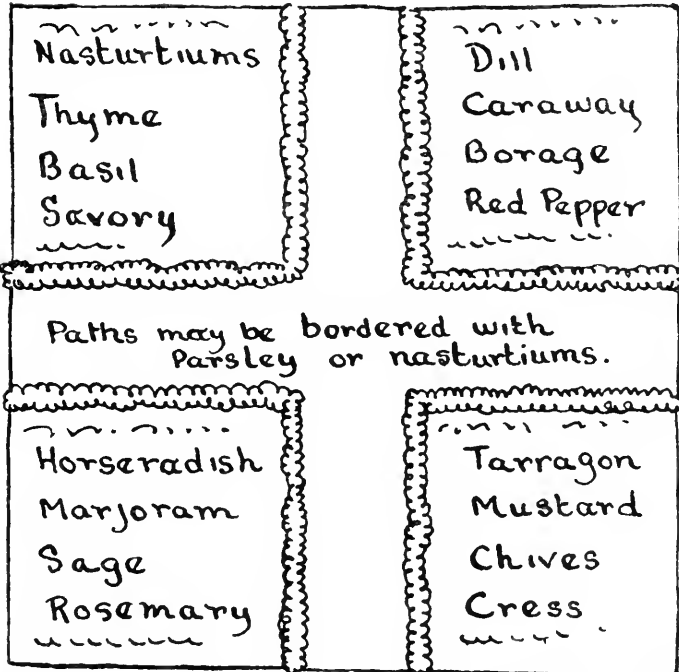
Herbs make unusual and exciting gifts for Christmas or for birthdays. If you are invited to a wedding shower, give the bride a gift of herbs. It will be unusual and yet very useful and acceptable. Put the dried herbs in glass jars and label them attractively, or paste pictures of the herbs (obtained from seed catalogues) on the jars. The label might, also, suggest uses for the herbs or, perhaps, give two or three brief recipes.

Another attractive way to make herb gifts is to sew little sacks of attractive print cloth and make a small patch of plain coloring on which to embroider the names of the herbs. The little sacks, filled with herbs, can then be placed in an attractive box, or hung on hooks on a little wooden rack or shelf. The rack, or shelf, may be gaily enameled or painted or covered with wallpaper.

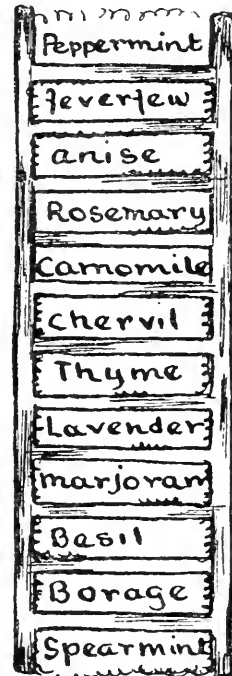
When preparing herbs for gifts, both individual herbs and various combinations may be used. Two



Wagon wheel herb garden



Culinary garden near kitchen



Ladder to separate Herbs

common mixtures of dried herbs are listed below:

- 1—Parsley
Chives
Basil
Marjoram
- 2—Parsley
Several green onions
Rosemary
Basil
A bay leaf
Thyme



If you wish to make sachets of sweet-smelling herbs, use scraps of rayon or lovely silk for making the bags, tie them with pastel ribbons, and decorate them with fancy bows

or little rosettes in the form of flowers.

A bottle of herb vinegar for salads makes an attractive and unusual gift. To make this, place a handful of basil, mint, tarragon, or a combination of these or other favorite herbs, in a pint jar. Pour undiluted vinegar over the herbs to the top of the jar and seal it tightly. Place the jar in direct sunlight for two weeks and shake it once a day. Then, strain the vinegar, bottle it again, and make a colorful and attractive label for the jar.

You will find that herbs are a delight to grow, that they will add flavor to your cooking, and will enhance the interest and attractiveness of your gift giving.



THE AWAKENING

Ruth H. Chadwick

Springtime yawned and rubbed her sleep-filled eyes;
Stretched her toes into the warm, wet loam;
Awoke to gaze at kind, familiar skies;
Then smiled with joy to find herself "at home."

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 2

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

SYNOPSIS

A company of twenty-four young men, and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County, Utah.

The two families are to remain in San Juan, and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings.

The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large and isolated country. While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a strange, mysteriously inexplicable Indian.

LIKE the tick of a loud clock, Elizabeth's heart recorded the seconds. Silence was pitted against sound; reason against fear. This couldn't be too grave a danger, reason argued, or her brother George and Captain Smith would know of it. If she needed them, they would be close by. All she had to do was to turn her head toward the thing she feared and fear would be gone.

She forced her breath to an even pulse and tried to turn her head, but she could not move. A queer feeling of suspension was making her

giddy. Fear became so overpowering that she knew she was going to scream—a long, thin scream that would throw the sleepy wagon train into a bedlam of excitement, for she was afraid of the silence.

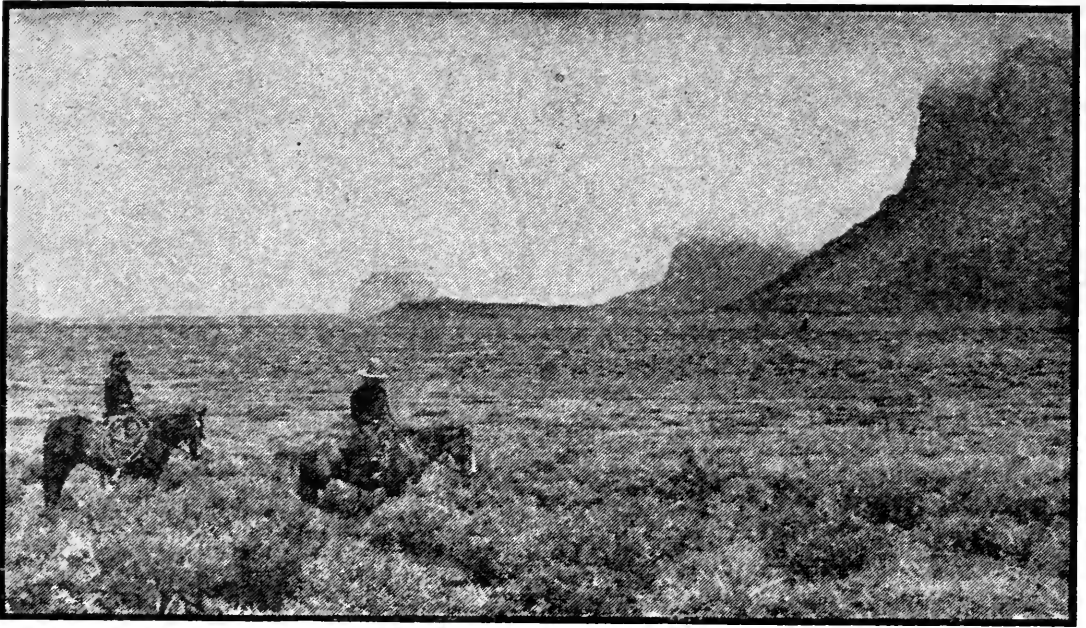
But the pacing figure beside her said one quiet word, "Chiniaga," and it released her like a spring. "Potlatch," the voice repeated. "Gimme."

Elizabeth turned toward the voice, and she could breathe again. She knew the meaning of the quiet, Indian word. "Bread?" she repeated softly, and savored the familiar sound. "Give bread? Chiniaga?"

"Gimme," the voice repeated. "Me friend. All day much ride."

Elizabeth reached out her hand in the darkness, suddenly wanting to say that she was a friend, too. But she caught herself quickly. What had come over her? This huge figure in the dark had nearly frightened her to death, yet she wanted to see his face, to shake his hand. It was inexplicable. Yet, somehow, she knew that this was no ordinary Indian. When had an Indian been known to apologize for his begging? But, to say that he had been riding all day and was hungry, was certainly an apology. It put this huge shadow of a man in a special class for his race.

From the grub box under the seat where she kept biscuits and dried



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

INDIANS OF THE CANYON COUNTRY

grapes for the children, Elizabeth extracted four biscuits. But she did not give them up immediately. Now that fear was gone, natural caution began to assert itself. She didn't want a horde of squaws and papooses coming down on their small company to beg. If she gave the impression that they were a poor company, perhaps he would go away and not trouble them again. She dropped two of the biscuits back into the box and held the other two out to the Indian. But, before he could take them, she drew her hand back, reached into the box, and brought out the other two again, together with a long bunch of shriveled, sweet grapes. She handed them to the Indian, and he was gone, as silently and mysteriously as he had appeared. Before she had time to wonder about the manner of his going, the slow, easy-going voice of her brother filled the pause.

"I'm right proud of my sister Eliz-

abeth," George Hobbs said. "I wondered if you would scream."

"George!" Elizabeth cried, laughing shakily. "You're as bad as that Indian. You frightened me, too!"

"Not much, I hope. You seem to be almost sorry that the Indian is gone. He was unusual, wasn't he?"

"Why, how do you know? Did you hear him? Certainly you could not see him. I couldn't."

"It's my business to see and hear," George said. "It could have meant trouble, you know. I'm not too sure about it yet."

"Well, I am!" Elizabeth cried, raising her voice excitedly. "I'd stake anything that he is a good Indian. We'll see more of him. I just know that we will."

"Perhaps," George answered. "But, for the present, say nothing about him to anyone. I doubt if even the captain knows we've had a visitor."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that,

George," the captain said, from the other side of Elizabeth's wagon.

"Well!" Elizabeth laughed with relief. "If this isn't a game of get there first, I never saw one!"

"George would like to have such a slip on my part to crow about," Silas Smith chuckled. "I might have missed this one, if the Indian's horse hadn't stumbled."

"And you knew, from the sound, that the animal was going west, and not east," George said. "Scouting is an interesting profession."

Telling Elizabeth goodnight, the two men dropped back to the rear of the wagon train.

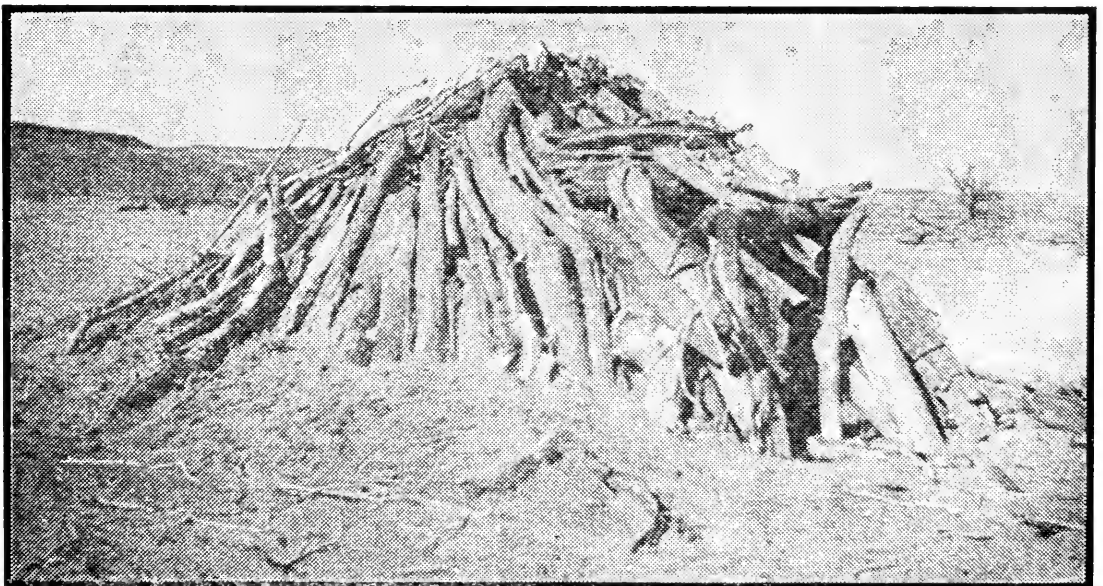
Elizabeth smiled happily. George had said he was proud of her! George didn't often compliment women, even his sisters. It was a night to remember. There would always be the feeling that someday she would see this very special Indian again. For all the rest of the journey she would scan the face of every Indian who came in sight, and maybe she would see him.

THE night hours wore slowly on. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Still there was no command to halt the company. But driving was easy, since team followed team in sleepy procession. Elizabeth wondered if Mary was asleep. What would Mary think if she knew that a big Indian had been riding along in the train with them, when they weren't even near Indian country? It was well that he knew to which woman to speak. With Mary not being well, it would have been bad if he had chosen the wrong wagon. Maybe he knew that Mary was in poor health.

And maybe he didn't, she scoffed to herself. What an imagination I'm developing! I'd better settle down and sleep, if I can.

But she couldn't. She sat erect and wide awake until Captain Smith called the company to halt for the night.

As soon as the word was given, the two women, Mary, sleepily obedient, and Elizabeth, keenly alert because of her imaginings, climbed



Photograph, Courtesy Charles Gibbons

NAVAJO HOGAN

out of their wagons to spread the men their beds for the night. A few blankets on the warm sand were enough, for the company would not rest long. As soon as it was light again, they would be on their way. The women prepared no food, and but little water was distributed to the camp, for there were still many miles between them and their next camp at Lee's Ferry, on the Colorado River. That camp could not be reached before the next night, and every drop of water must be hoarded.

"When we get to the Ferry," Mary murmured sleepily, "I'll feel like we are almost to San Juan. Will you, Elizabeth?"

She smoothed her blankets and turned them down at the top, then tucked them under tightly, all around, to keep out the scorpions and snakes.

Elizabeth answered, "It'll be a long way yet, Mary. I'm already so tired of the rocking wagon that I'd like to lie right here and sleep in the sand, scorpions and all!"

Mary shuddered. "I'd not sleep in such a place, not ever. I'd feel like there were snakes and bugs crawling all over me."

"There probably would be, too," Elizabeth answered. "But I don't mind bugs. If only the coyotes wouldn't howl, I'd be all right."

She did her bed-making in a much more casual manner than Mary. She figured that if centipedes and scorpions and snakes were going to get into people's beds, well, they just would, that was all, and there wasn't much you could do about it. Besides she didn't think they were as poisonous as people said they were.

Mary finished her beds and

climbed up the wagon wheel, then paused before going into the wagon and to bed. "I sort of hate to cross the river, Elizabeth," she confessed, looking down at her friend. "I'm afraid of water."

"I'm not afraid of water, so I don't suppose I'll mind the crossing so much. It's the Indians that bother me," Elizabeth replied, brushing the sand from her skirts.

"I worry about Indians, too." Mary laughed. "That gives me one to go on. I always have one worry ahead of you. I say I'm afraid of something, and you say you're not, but that you are afraid of something else. And then I discover that I'm afraid of *that*, too! I can't ever come out even with you."

"We're both of us fraidy cats," Elizabeth said tenderly. "But you're less of a fraidy than I am."

Mary climbed on into her wagon and, calling a muffled goodnight from the folds of her voluminous nightgown, she was soon asleep.

My fears don't come out even, either, Elizabeth thought. And the worst one is that I know so little of what to do when a baby is born. Thank goodness we will soon be at our journey's end. Then Mary can rest and get ready for her ordeal. She will need all her strength then. And, surely, there will be other women at Montezuma. Where there is a fort, there are usually a few women, at least.

Elizabeth closed her eyes resolutely on the thought, but it was an hour before she finally fell asleep, curled up on her own hard bed in her wagon.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, thirsty and scorched with heat, they neared the Colorado.

Henry came to sit beside Elizabeth in her wagon. He said: "I hope Moenkopi is a good town, Elizabeth. Captain Smith says we will stay there for a week to rest our stock and mend our wagons. After that, there will be bad roads and—well, everything."

HE flicked his buckskin whip at the desert sage as they passed, then let the thong trail in the wheel track, as he sat thinking.

"You're not good at evading, Henry," Elizabeth asserted. "Everything means Indians, I suppose?"

"Nonsense, my dear. The Indians have been friendly enough. They have given us no trouble, so far."

"But this is our side of the river. The other side is theirs, remember. And, once we cross the Colorado, it will be different."

"You mean they think the other side is theirs. We aim to teach them better."

"And that's exactly why they will fight us," Elizabeth declared.

"You're right, I suppose," Henry agreed. "We have got to make the Indians see that we bring to them more than we take away."

"Well, I hope it is that easy!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "But the fact that we haven't been bothered thus far, doesn't mean much."

She was thinking of the night visit one Indian had paid her. What would Henry think if he knew about that?

"That looks like the break where the river runs," Henry cried, leaning forward. "And it is! We are heading downward."

He leaped to the ground and ran to his own wagon, shouting, "Keep close, Elizabeth, you and Mary.

Your wagons will be loaded first!"

The teams and stock, smelling the water, though it was yet a mile or more away, quickened their feet, straining against the neck yokes in their eagerness to reach it.

"Isn't it exciting!" Mary called, as the train pulled up at the river's edge, not far from the ferryboat landing.

"It certainly is!" Elizabeth called back, gazing at the long lane of clay-colored water. Both women scrambled to the ground, almost falling from the top of their wagon wheels, in their eagerness.

"I hope you don't get seasick when we cross, Mary." Elizabeth lifted her youngest child to the ground and reached for the next one.

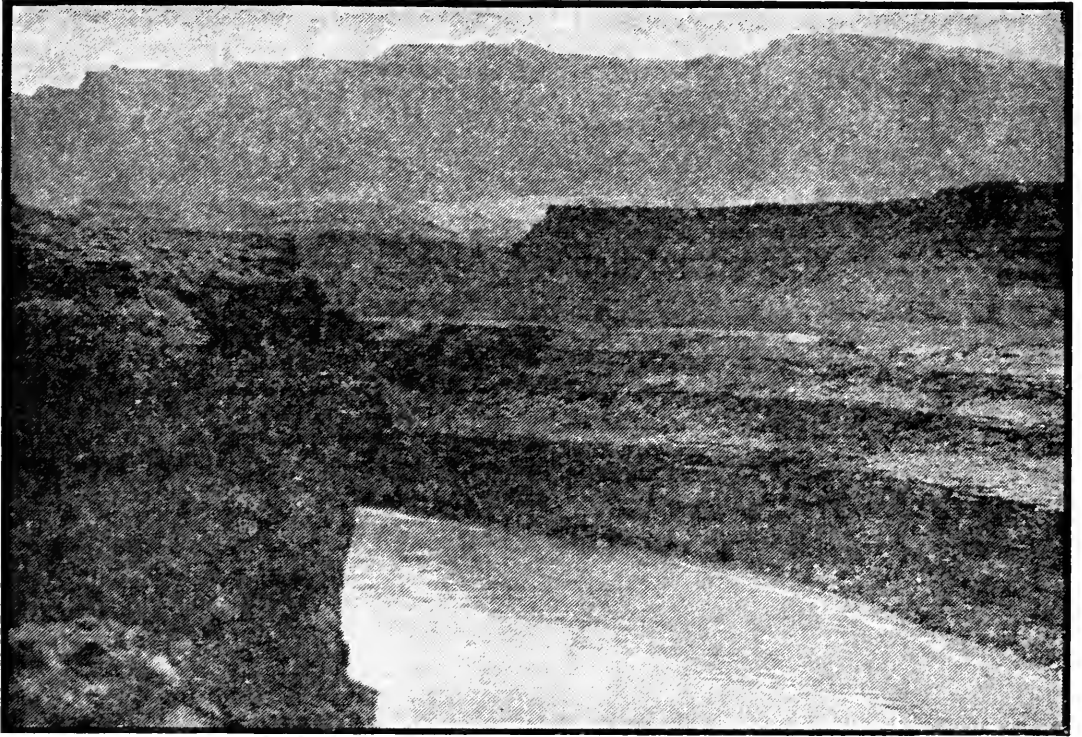
"I'll be too excited to even think of myself," Mary answered. "And look at those handsome boatmen!"

The Lee boys, John and Walter, stood close to their boat, watching the small company as it wrangled into position for the loading of the ferry. Neither had spoken, except to give a short greeting, but there was an all-encompassing expression in their eyes.

"I'll bet they know all about us," Elizabeth predicted.

"Well, that wouldn't be much," Mary laughed. "We look pretty seedy right now!"

Under the direction of the boatmen, the wagons were loaded and the Lee brothers prepared to shove the boat out into the stream. It was near sundown. John took the wheel and Walter the steering spike. The cable swayed, tightened with a jerk, and the boat began to move steadily toward the other shore, propelled by the great paddles of the



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

THE GREAT CHASM AT LEE'S FERRY

wheels that churned on either side of the big, flat ferry.

Mary and Elizabeth, sitting rigidly on the high spring seats atop their wagons, smiled at each other.

"We even have to ride when we float," Elizabeth jested.

"And *drive*, too," Mary added. "It's less jolty, however."

To Elizabeth, the crossing was a bit disappointing. "What a dreary looking river," she said to her husband, who stood close to his own outfit, next to hers and Mary's. "I'll bet the Indian trouble we've been promised won't amount to a bit more than the crossing of this river does."

"The Colorado sure looks peaceful," Henry agreed. "Except right here next to us!" He pointed to a fifty-foot tree that had just emerged from the gray water, not more than ten feet from the boat.

"Henry!" Elizabeth clutched the sides of the spring seat and clung on frantically, expecting to be catapulted from the ferry, wagon and all. But when nothing happened, she stammered, "How—how did that tree get there, Henry?"

"It passed, calm and peaceful like, right under our feet," Henry replied.

ELIZABETH'S teeth began to chatter. She looked at Mary, but Mary's head was turned toward her children in the back of the wagon. She had seen nothing of the big tree's passing.

Henry waited for Elizabeth to look his way again, and, as she did, he smiled reassuringly. "You see, Bethy," he said, using his rare nickname of endearment, "you can't tell much of what is underneath a smooth surface."

Elizabeth straightened her bonnet

with a jerk, then, because she couldn't breathe from its starchy depth, she pushed it back from her head. "The sooner I get off this boat," she declared, "the better I will like it." Then she added, indignantly, "Give me a Redskin any day!"

"That's the old spunk," Henry approved. "The Redskins had better look out!"

They laughed a little, and then fell silent. The ferry scraped bottom, hit the bank with a shiver, and was knocked back out into the river. Suppressing a scream, Elizabeth clung on while the ferrymen nosed the unwieldy boat back to the bank again. A gangplank of loose boards was laid, and she climbed out of the wagon and tottered up it to the beach.

"Never did soil feel so good!" she

exclaimed. "I'll never take my children on a thing like that again, Henry Harriman! That tree could have crushed us to pieces!"

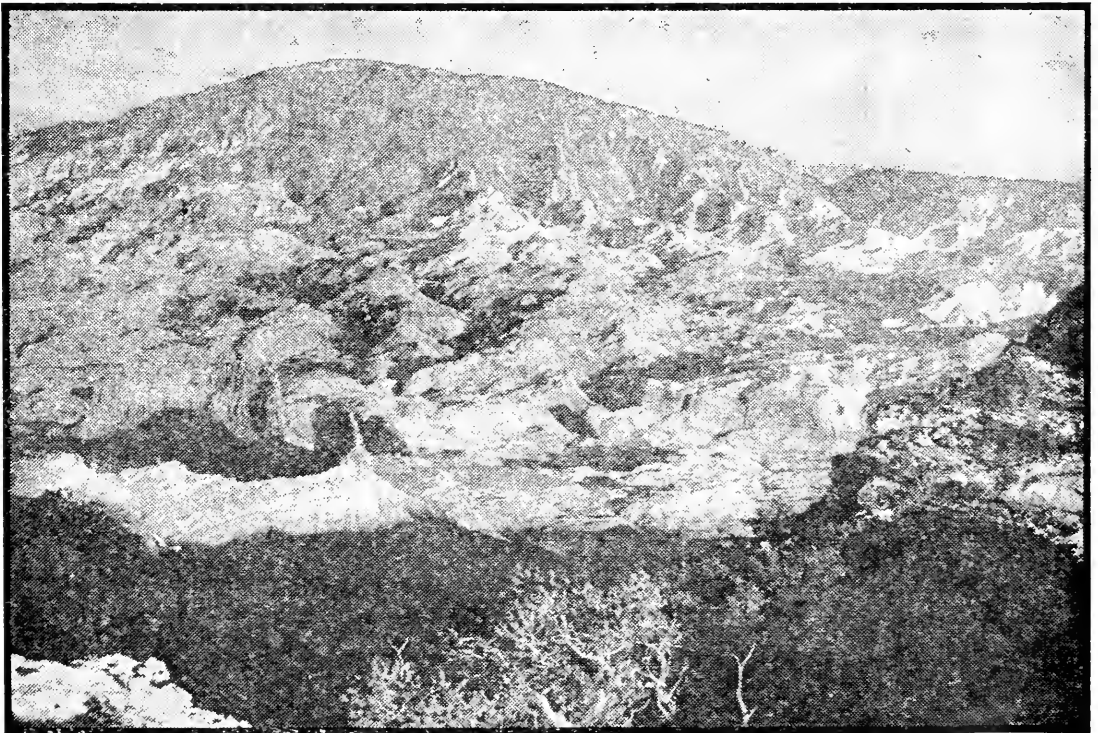
"A miss is as good as a mile," James Davis laughed, hopping up the gangplank, holding Mary's hand in mock fear of falling.

Elizabeth looked at him angrily. "You would joke at your own funeral, James L. Davis," she cried. "No wonder they call you London Jimmy!"

"I don't see what that has to do with his joking," Mary retorted, coming to her husband's rescue. "They call James that because there is another James Davis living in our town. It's distinguishing."

"If not distinguished," James chuckled, irrepressibly.

Elizabeth laughed in spite of herself. "What jumpy people we are



Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

NAVAJO MOUNTAIN, GUARDIAN OF THE DESERT

getting to be. A right good Indian scare would be good for all of us."

Mary said, "A miss may be as good as a mile, but I'll take the mile, if it leads me away from this river. I think from what your husband has just told me, Elizabeth, that you have plenty of reason for being nervous. I almost wish I'd seen that big tree. It would have made the river seem almost human. To think that it can pick up a tree that's a thousand years old, and carry it along like that!"

Walter Lee, who had been standing close to the ferry, waiting for the load to be taken off, turned to Mary, approvingly. "You are exactly right, Mrs. Davis. This old river is human in more ways than one. It is cantankerous, humorous, vindictive, destructive, and greedy, all by turns. And in between times it's as kind as a grandmother. Humans aren't so different."

He gave the boat a shove with his spiked pole, and it rocked along the cable into the middle of the river.

Mary and Elizabeth looked at each other, then after the ferryboat, with its two darkly handsome figures, and neither could express the mixture of her feelings.

The drovers had already started to swim the stock across the river. Their bawling and shouting raised such a din that the sounds struck the cliffs and were multiplied in metallic echoes. It was nearly morning before the last, straggling animal clawed its hoofs into the slippery bank and heaved itself out of the river onto the dry, warm sand.

And then the camp was quiet . . .

THERE followed days of uneventful travel through a country of

such color and grandeur that they were awed with wonder of it. Monuments as old as the ages, as scarred and beaten as time, rose from the desert on every side, and stretched away into the far, multi-colored distance. Lakes burned like craters in the sunset. Forests as old as the monuments dwarfed time into eternity, yet stood unmoved, unbent by the wind and rain and sun, marred only by the hand of man as he hewed and chopped his way into it and out again, toward a precarious destination.

On the fifth night out from the Colorado, they made camp without water. At five in the morning they were moving again, and by noon had reached such rough terrain that the going was nearly impossible. It took all their skill to keep their wagons weaving around boulders, petrified tree boles, and out of the maze of canyons and ledges that confronted them. There were no roads to follow, and often only the trails of wild animals marked the terrain. Sand was giving way to shale and clay, and the grade was steep.

"Lee's Hogback!" someone cried, pointing ahead to a steep incline that bristled with jutting layers of sharp shale rock.

"And the hog ain't been fed since the year one," another shouted.

"It looks more like a snorting, thousand-horned mammoth than a hog," Mary cried. "No hog could look as mean as that!"

Elizabeth pulled her team sharply to one side, looking back at Mary.

"Hold on there, Elizabeth," George Hobbs shouted. "You'll tip over! Keep going straight ahead."

"Over that?" Elizabeth questioned, incredibly.

"Certainly. It's the only break in this whole mesa!" George answered.

"It's like fighting a huge porcupine with bare hands." Elizabeth spoke grimly, and held her team to the tracks of the wagon ahead.

For a few minutes after the climb started, there were laughter, cheers of approval, and jesting predictions of disaster from the men. But, as the road became steeper and narrower, they settled to the serious business of getting over the hump without mishap.

The wagons crawled upward. The ridge suddenly dropped away on

both sides of the narrow spine, leaving only a fraction of earth beneath the sliding wheels.

Suddenly a wagon, with its teams and drivers, careened from the ridge, wheels skyward. It balanced, lunged over again, twisting its tongue out, then struck a cedar tree with such force that both were splintered to kindlings. The two drivers and their goods went rolling down the ledge.

Clawing at the steep sides of the ridge, neighing with fear, the teams clung on, hopelessly entangled in their harnesses and chains.

(To be continued)

THE MOUNTAIN

Jeanne Tenney

There it stands
 In the distance,
 Blue and still,
 Rearing its great hulk
 Above a ring of clouds
 At its base.
 Majestic, it stands
 Through the ages,
 And upon it the rains fall,
 And the winds blow,
 The clouds are swept
 Over its uncomplaining grandeur;
 Impervious to all
 But the ages,
 Which slowly, imperceptibly
 Wear it away.

Wild creatures
 Roam over its great sides,
 Seeking their livelihood,
 Well furnished by their host;
 While man digs roads
 Along its valleys and hills,
 Chops down its trees,
 Dams up its rivers,
 While seeking his livelihood, also.

 There it stands,
 Beautiful in the distance,
 Everlasting,
 Lonely.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of materials for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA), BOULDER CITY WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 1946

The officers of the Boulder City Relief Society are shown with the beautiful cake which was a feature of the celebration.

Left to right: Secretary Nora Jolley; First Counselor Ruby Hill; President Olive G. Reid; Second Counselor Katherine Manning.

During 1945, this Relief Society organization accomplished an outstanding service in their Red Cross work, and achieved the highest record for Moapa Stake.

Photograph submitted by Olive G. Reid



INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SANTA MONICA WARD
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 15, 1946

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Kathleen Savage; Second Counselor Myrtle Hunt; President Supara Thaxton; First Counselor Iola McBeth; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer Flora Turnquist.



INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SANTA MONICA WARD PAGEANT
"THIS IS AMERICA," MARCH 15, 1946

Left to right: Clara Humphrey, reader; Carol Goodwin, representing Japan; Edith Jex as Russia; Louise Lauenstine as Germany; Maude Whitehead as Ireland; Kathleen Savage as England; LaRue Gill as Spain; Lillian Brimley as Holland; Velma Barlow as China; Eda Rose as the Goddess of Liberty, representing America.



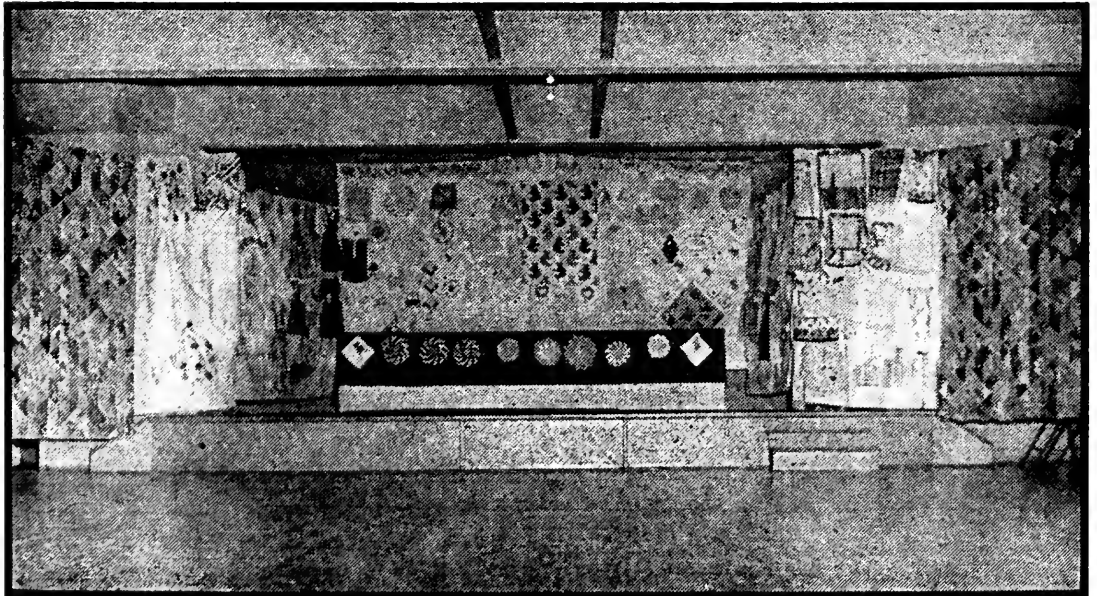
LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), LOGAN TWELFTH WARD
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 21, 1946 .

Front row, left to right: Lila Clegg; Elenora Anderson; Gertrude Tarbet, member stake Relief Society board; Selma Jeppeson, First Counselor, Logan Twelfth Ward Relief Society; Thelma Clegg, President; Ida Leskow, Secretary-Treasurer; Edith Owen.

Second row, left to right: Emma Smith; Rosella Shiffman; Mary Larsen; Helen Edwards; Margaret Wickam; Lily Beveridge; Alice Gwilliams.

Third row, left to right: Lyda Baur; Stella Alder.

Ruby Merrill, the second counselor, was not present when this picture was taken.



PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), EUGENE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
BAZAAR

Secretary-Treasurer Vivian Cowley, Eugene Ward, reports that this display, in charge of Second Counselor Leona Leavitt, was unusually varied and beautiful, containing both large and small items of excellent workmanship. Sister Dorothy A. Peterson is president of the Portland Stake Relief Society.



SUGAR HOUSE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), HAWTHORNE WARD
SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Sarah J. Brown; Ellen C. Fredricksen; Mary S. Cannon.

Back row, left to right: Pearl E. J. Lambert; Thelma B. Dansie; Amy T. McIntyre; Irva S. Dudley. Not shown in the photograph is the second president, Clarissa U. Miller, who passed away last fall.



NORTHERN STATES MISSION, SOUTH INDIANAPOLIS BRANCH
DINNER GIVEN IN HONOR OF NEW RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS

November 12, 1946

Anna E. Hill, President, South Indianapolis Branch Relief Society, in submitting the above photograph, reports that the dinner was given at the completion of the membership drive. Other guests of honor, in addition to the new members, were the Central Indiana District Relief Society officers: President Ellen Clayton; First Counselor Minnie Farley; and Second Counselor Mamie Fleming. Sister Elna P. Haymond is president of the Northern States Mission Relief Society.



SWISS MISSION, BASEL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS
IN A DANCE AT BAZAAR

Many young sisters participate in Relief Society activities in the Swiss Mission. All four of the women in this photograph are members of Relief Society.



SWISS MISSION, BASEL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS
DISPLAYING ARTICLES FOR THEIR BAZAAR

Left to right: Counselor Eva Arm; President Emma Blaser; Nida A. Taggart, President, Swiss Mission Relief Society; Counselor Krezcentia Dorer, Basel Branch.
Sister Taggart reports that nearly all of the articles offered for sale in the bazaars

of the branches in the Swiss Mission were either made or grown by the sisters themselves. Some very beautiful handwork was displayed for sale. The Swiss sisters devote all their summer work meetings to preparations for their bazaars, and in making and repairing clothing for the needy. Their spirit of co-operation is wonderful, and in all cases the branches have given exceptional support to the bazaars.



SAN FERNANDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), GLENDALE WEST WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, NOVEMBER 15, 1946

The photographs, submitted by Sister H. A. Webber, show three booths of the lovely and extensive displays at this bazaar: the handwork, flowers, dresses, and canned food departments; the quilts, aprons, and infants' wear departments; and several tables showing the miscellaneous gifts and household items displayed for sale.



SOUTHERN ARIZONA STAKE, TUCSON WARD BAZAAR, November 22, 1946

Top picture, left to right: Zina Skaggs, Second Counselor; Lola Killpack, President; Cyril B. Nolen, member, at table in front of bazaar display. In lower picture, left to right: Emma Rogers, sewing class leader and Dorothea Rogers, visiting teachers class leader, at handwork display table.

Gladys E. Huish, President, Southern Arizona Stake Relief Society, reports that a feature of the evening program in the Tucson Ward was an "all request" entertainment, which included numbers from past programs which had been particularly enjoyed by the members. All six of the booths were attractively decorated and well supervised. The homemade candies and cakes proved to be popular, and the art displays received much favorable comment. Quilts, pillowcases, tea towels, luncheon sets, chair sets, doilies, aprons, boys' shirts, laundry bags, bean bags, and stuffed animals met with favor as Christmas gifts. It was pleasing to observe the spirit of co-operation and sisterhood demonstrated in the preparation of this bazaar, which was in charge of President Lola Killpack, First Counselor Avez Goodman, and Second Counselor Zina Skaggs, Secretary Anona Haymore, and work director Viva Van Wyke.





BENSON STAKE (UTAH), TRENTON WARD
FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Former presidents, left to right: Lola Littledyke; Pearl Brown; Lydia Andrew; Elsie Eppich; Mabel Mortenson, the present president.

These women represent thirty-nine years of Relief Society work.



NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, PACIFIC GROVE BRANCH BAZAAR
November 21, 1946

Officers of the Pacific Grove Branch are shown standing in front of some of the exhibits of their varied and beautiful bazaar. Left to right: President Laura Knight; First Counselor Phyllis Boyns; Second Counselor Nora Decker; Secretary Edith Hasty.



NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, VAUGHN BRANCH (MONTANA)
MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS BANQUET, JUNE 11, 1946

This photograph was taken on the steps of the Vaughn Branch chapel. The officers of the Vaughn Branch Relief Society are, left to right: Front row, standing, second from the left, Nilda Gray, Second Counselor; third from left, Mary L. Christensen, First Counselor; fourth from left, Rachel Robison, President.

The Branch has since been reorganized, with the same president and first counselor, and Mable Erickson as second counselor. Sister Erickson stands at the right in the back row.



LOST RIVER STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS
ASSEMBLED AT SEWING EXHIBIT

Left to right: Alta Hansen, chorister; Elva Beal, organist; Evelyn Pearson, Magazine representative; Emily Muffitt, Second Counselor; Laura L. Christensen, President;

Maude Babcock, First Counselor; Luella Halverson, Secretary-Treasurer; Marion Yorgensen and Vida Waddoups, board members.

Sister Christensen reports that in June 1946, the Lost River Stake Relief Society Board started a class of instruction in better homemaking. Each month the interested members of the stake have been taught plain and fancy sewing, different kinds of darning, mending, rug weaving, braiding, crocheting, tatting, knitting, and quilting. Their plans for the winter months include the teaching of tailoring and the fitting of coats and dresses.

Also, a demonstration in breadmaking has been given, as well as a demonstration in the preparation of school lunches. On August 20, 1946, the Singing Mothers gave a concert in Arco, under the direction of Sister Alta Hansen, accompanied by Sister Elva Beal. At this time, a flower show was exhibited and beautiful needlework and quilts displayed. The Welfare work was also exhibited. The Society made a fruit cake and sent it to the Relief Society sisters in Oslo, Norway.



PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO NINTH WARD HISTORICAL PAGEANT
Presented at the Annual Ward Conference, November 1946

The nine women in the front row represent the nine General Presidents of Relief Society. Left to right: Edith Cottam as Belle S. Spafford; Abbie Dutson as Amy Brown Lyman; Pauline Clark as Louise Y. Robison; Emma Cluff as Clarissa S. Williams; Matilda Rasmussen as Emmeline B. Wells; Esther Long as Bathsheba W. Smith; Forthilda Funk as Zina D. Young; Ivie Richardson as Eliza R. Snow; Grace McConkie as Emma Hale Smith.

Ward and stake officers in the back row are, left to right: Merintha Pendleton, Secretary; Zola Peterson, First Counselor; McNone N. Perry, President; Myrtle Dean, Second Counselor; Inez B. Allred, Stake Relief Society President; Arta Ballif, reader; Hazel Watkins, pageant director.

The entire program was built around the history and progress of Relief Society under each president, stressing the fact that the Society was organized by a Prophet of God. The Singing Mothers furnished the music, and a ladies' double trio, taken from the same group, sang two special numbers. Sister Ada Wiseman is the music director and is doing a splendid service. Special guests for the occasion were Sister Achsa E. Paxman of the General Board of Relief Society and a former stake president; Inez B. Allred, President, Provo Stake Relief Society; and Edith Y. Booth, a former stake president. Each of these guests spoke briefly on the purposes and accomplishments of Relief Society.



PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR SISTER RUIA BUSHMAN ON HER 80th BIRTHDAY
October 21, 1946

First row, seated, left to right: Inez B. Allred, President Provo Stake Relief Society; Melba S. Bushnell, First Counselor, Fifth Ward Relief Society; Sarah J. Lewis, President Fifth Ward Relief Society; Lorinda C. Phillips, Second Counselor, Fifth Ward Relief Society; Anna B. Hart, member, Relief Society General Board. The honored guest, Sister Ruia Bushman, sits in the center, second row, and to her left is Ursula Gee, honored at the Ward's first party for an elderly member. Others in the photograph are members of the Society. This party was held at the home of President Sarah J. Lewis, with her two counselors assisting.



HIGHLAND STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH)
HIGHLAND PARK WARD "RAG BEE"

The Highland Park Ward, under the direction of President Octavo H. Weiler, met

Tuesday, July 9th, 1945, on the cool and inviting lawn of Sister Florence Fairbanks, where they enjoyed an old-fashioned "Rag Bee." Thirty women attended. They spent the afternoon cutting and sewing rags and winding balls. A pioneer lunch was prepared and served by Florence Fairbanks and Carrie Beardshall. Five unique prizes in the shape of doll-size sunbonnets were awarded to the women making the most rag balls. The interesting pioneer program was concluded with the singing of "Come, Come Ye Saints," which was accompanied on the harmonica by the seventy-five year old mother of Sister Unetta Rhodes. Ten beautiful rugs were later woven by members of this group.

Photograph submitted by Viola Onyon, Secretary-Treasurer, Highland Park Ward Relief Society



PALESTINE-SYRIAN MISSION, ALEPPO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

First row, seated, left to right: First Counselor Mary Bezdjian; President Mary Hundoian; Second Counselor Khatoun Bezdjian.

Second row, standing, left to right: Eliza K. Ourzonian; Muritza Berberian; Ossana Hundoian; Vartuhi Berberian.

Third row, standing, left to right: Mabel Hundoian; Vertuhi Hindian; Mary Ourzonian; Melva Hundoian; Adeline Ourzonian.

President Mary Hundoian reports as follows on conditions in her branch: "Today we are coming to give our thanks and love to you and to your good assistants. Each month we are receiving the lovely *Relief Society Magazine*, and we are enjoying the lessons and the good writers and the reports from everywhere in the Church. We are learning great lessons and experiences from the lives of our sisters. We are reading in the *Church News* what a great work has been done by the Relief Society in the Welfare Program. We send our best wishes and greetings to you and to all the sisters. May the Lord bless you and the great work which is laid upon your shoulders."





SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, JACKSON (MISSISSIPPI) OBSERVANCE OF
RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY, 1946

Left to right: Grace B. Reed, Second Counselor, District Relief Society Board; Pearl M. Thomas, Supervisor; Otilia Griner, First Counselor; Effie Meeks, President, Southern States Mission Relief Societies; Heber Meeks, President, Southern States Mission.

The chapel was filled with guests. After the presentation of an interesting and instructive program, a three-tiered birthday cake was served with a fruit juice drink. The lovely shell place cards used for the occasion were made by Mrs. Donald Reed, former president, Sylacauga Branch Relief Society, Alabama.



WEISER STAKE, NYSSA WARD (OREGON)
MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS PARTY, JUNE 4, 1946



RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO), RIGBY FOURTH WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, SEPTEMBER 28, 1945

Left to right: Leah Chapman, Second Counselor; Theo Deveraux, First Counselor; Anna L. Brady, President; Stella Livingston, Secretary.

In describing this very successful bazaar, President Anna L. Brady, reports: "We cleared \$157, and still have many pretty and useful articles left. A great number of our Relief Society members have worked in the fields nearly all summer because of the labor shortage, so I feel they did an exceptionally good job in putting on the bazaar, too."

ACCOMPLISHMENT should always be the result when energy is expended. Yet, like a dizzily spinning top, many businesses go 'round in the preparation of advertising and get nowhere. Month after month, the same thing happens again and again and nothing is accomplished by the expenditure of dollars that could be made to produce results. The function of a printing organization today is to help clients to plan printing that builds sales—to take copy and dramatize it, make it so irresistibly attractive that it must naturally draw the reader's attention. The waste of which we speak is often due to lack of understanding. Realization of this has made us sales minded. Your selling problem, and our experience puts us in a position to print your sales story so that it will get results.

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- Holy Redeemer, 25615c
- Dear Land Of Home, 25515c
- O That Thou Hadst Harkened, 2115212c
- Hear My Prayer, 894312c
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Building for Eternity

(Continued from page 152)

things, in everyday living, our parents built the man and the woman.

May we, this day, take time to evaluate the homes which we are now in the process of building. Far too soon our children leave these homes of ours and gone forever is the blessed opportunity of obeying the commandment of the Lord when he said "to teach our children to

walk uprightly before the Lord" (Doc. & Cov. 68:28). May we, as wives and mothers in the Church, so build, that no matter what storms may hereafter buffet and beat at the walls and doors of our homes, they will stand firm and true, sheltering the family within throughout the eternities, is my prayer; and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

MARCH WIND

Maude Blixt Trone

March wind is a silver stallion
Whose field is in the sky.
I, who was earth-bound when he came,
Have straddled his back, clutched his mane,
And, shouting for joy, have dropped his rein—
Together, we charge the sky!

PATTERNED BY THE FURROW

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Here lies my heart, as storm-swept as a furrow
Emerging from its baptism of snow,
Cleansed of all evil by the icy harrow,
Whose brittle teeth prepare for wheat to grow.
Though furrows never know the heart's numb aching,
However deep the drift or sharp the wind,
Nor sense the joy of herds released for flocking
Back to the hills where feed is spread unbinned;
Yet, there is hope in furrows warm and teeming
With life upreaching for the ungrown sheaf,
As there is faith, wherever ewes are lambing,
And promises in petal, blade, and leaf.
So, let my heart be patterned by the furrow,
Cleansed by world storm, expectant for tomorrow.

The Value of Relief Society Membership

(Continued from page 154)

We are aware of problems facing a mother with young children (I have three of my own under nine years of age, so I feel that I speak with some degree of first-hand knowledge about the matter) and say to them, become an enrolled member and, even though you may not be able to attend all the meetings, come when you can, and participate in the part of the program you feel will be most beneficial to you. We know that you will be well repaid.

This morning, as I listened to Sister Spafford report the past year's work in the officers' meeting, a feeling of pride welled up within me, as I listened to the accomplishments of Relief Society. The information was not new to me, as I practically memorized the annual report when preparing for fall conventions, but that proud feeling comes to me every time I realize that I am one of that great group of women whose united efforts bring forth such wonderful and worthwhile results.

I desire to thank the Lord for my membership in Relief Society, and I bear testimony that it has been a great and good influence upon my life.

May the Lord, in his wisdom, goodness, and mercy, bless us all as mothers and women of his Church, and I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Note: Three of the conference addresses were published in the December 1946, Magazine, and several others appeared in January 1947. The two remaining addresses will be published later in 1947.

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GRANDMOTHER

Eliza Carpenter

You teach me to be glad I live
In spite of tears and pain,
And show that eyes which wept with grief
Can smile with joy again;
That youth, as like a flower bud
Unfolding to the sun,
Grows sweeter, still, with fragrance
As the rose, when day is done.

WHO MAKES A GARDEN

Della Adams Leitner

Who makes a garden knows another world
Than he who lives in hurried, clamorous ways;
The joy of finding tender buds unfurled
Eases the tasks and strain of hardest days.

For flowers have a secret all their own
• To speak to those who love them, and to tell
God's way is good; in seed, his plan is shown,
And, following it, they find that all is well.

“Charity Never Faileth”

SINCE my husband's return from the hospital, I, who am past seventy-four, have had the entire care of looking after and doing everything for him. I have been, and still am, very busy, but have had wonderful help and assistance from the members of the little branch of Relief Society. Your sisters in the Society here are truly doing, or trying to do, their duty. As members of the Society, they have been most kind, although the headquarters are, and most members live, more than twenty miles from us, still they have visited us often. Sister Lucy Critchlow, president of the branch, and her daughters and daughter-in-law come often to clean up the house, and have been doing the washing and ironing all through our trouble. All members have been very kind in keeping us well supplied with eggs, milk, and butter. Although they are few in number, I wish to say the Relief Society of the Renfrew Branch is most surely trying to do good.

G. W. S.
West Sunbury, Pa.



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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

VOL. 34 NO. 4

APRIL 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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APRIL 1947

MARY MAGDALENE

Dorothy J. Roberts

Seeing the lily's white petal hold
Its tapered pistil, a wand of gold,
And hearing the hymns of Easter drift
Through sun-bright air of spring and lift
The listening heart, I think of her,
Mary of Magdala, the stir
Of her garment as she knelt, the first
In the garden when the pink light burst
Its widening bloom above the dark
Chasms of the Dead Sea, tinting the stark
Mount of Jerusalem opal and pearl.
I think of her watching the black night furl
As she uttered the motif of sound to roll
Into a world paean where glad bells toll.

Little her woman's mind understood
The mysteries. In the dew-wet wood,
Seeing the stone had been rolled away
And only his folded linen lay
Limp in the tomb, little she knew
Save his promises. As the palm leaf grew
Sharper against a coral cloud,
She could only weep and cry aloud
To a Figure near in the dim half-light:
"Where have you laid him?" Her face as bright
As the eastern sky at his answering;
To hear the voice of the Master ring
Alive and resonant through her grief.

I think of her rising in swift belief,
Her rippled hair streaming in the dawn,
Her sandaled footsteps racing on,
Faithful and unafraid, to fly
Into the ages with her cry.



From a Painting by Hofmann

EASTER MORNING

The Greatest Miracle

Elder Spencer W. Kimball

Member of the Quorum of the Twelve

“CHRIST Is Risen!” called a friend to his neighbor, and his friend, likewise a faithful Christian, responded: “He is risen indeed!” Thus, with this assuring salutation and a kiss, the brethren long ago greeted each other on Easter morning.

Again we approach the Eastertime in commemoration of the resurrection of the Lord, and though many professed Christian leaders and laity would trim from the wondrous story its divinity and supernatural aspects, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints affirms and bears testimony to a doubting world that Jesus Christ, born in Bethlehem, was the Son of God—the Only Begotten of the Father, and having fully met and conquered all enemies, including death, he was the “firstfruits of them that slept,” and opened the door to redemption to all the mortal beings with earth existence. And because he was divine as well as mortal, and because he overcame all things and became perfected, he had the power to come forth from the grave, and the long awaited resurrection became a reality.

Many are the modern doubters. They would say with doubting Thomas, “Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe” (John 20:25). And to them the Lord says: “Be not faithless, but believing” (John 21:27). And to those many who, full of faith,

accept the miraculous happening, he says: “. . . blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed” (John 21:29).

And the message of Easter comes ringing year after year, a sweet refrain: “Believe—Believe.”

This greatest miracle of all time we celebrate each Eastertime. It is the miracle of the victory over the grave, the nullification of the sting of death, the triumph over the last enemy—death.

A miracle is an event which we do not understand or explain. Since the beginning of the race, all men had died through disease, accident, or senility, and no escape from this dread fatality had ever been found, though intellectuals had studied, physicians had experimented, and all known cures had been attempted. It is true that death had been postponed by skilled technicians and, in the case of the widow’s son, Elijah actually overcame death temporarily, but for a time only, for this person, restored for a time to his sorrowing mother, must yet pass through the dissolution process of mortal death. In the case of Lazarus the Savior also delayed the death of dissolution by calling this friend from the tomb. But, here again, Lazarus was not changed to immortality, but remained still a mortal, subject to disease and accident, and must, in days to come, pass through the dreaded change again.

And so it remained for Jesus of Nazareth to have and use the power

to overcome death in oneself. And through him now comes power to all who have lived on earth to come forth in immortality. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (I Cor. 15:22).

The mystery of the resurrection was so little comprehended, small wonder that the disciples of Jesus continued to question him and to stand in awe as he spoke of his death and resurrection. Though the scriptures with which they were somewhat familiar had spoken of such a miracle, it seemed beyond their comprehension, for ". . . yet they believed not on him . . . though he had done so many miracles before them . . ." (John 12:37). How could they understand when, in their experience, nothing like this of which Jesus spoke had ever happened before! And Peter said: "Lord, whither goest thou?" (John 13:36). And "Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest . . ." (John 14:5). And, speaking wonderingly among themselves, they frequently said ". . . we cannot tell what he saith" (John 16:18).

They even supposed that he talked of buildings made by hands when he said:

. . . Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days? But he spake of the temple of his body (John 2:19-21).

Jesus frequently spoke to them of his death and of his resurrection. And the old scriptures which they read had referred to this miracle. Job had said:

If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come (Job. 14:14).

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

And the psalmist declared:

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption (Psalms 16:10).

. . . I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness (Psalms 17:15).

Isaiah promised:

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces (Isaiah 25:8).

Yet still his followers were confused and understood not.

ONLY a God could bring about this miracle of resurrection. As a teacher of righteousness, Jesus could inspire souls to goodness; as a prophet, he could foreshadow the future; as an intelligent leader of men, he could organize a Church; and as a possessor and magnifier of the Priesthood, he could heal the sick, give sight to the blind, and even raise other dead; but only as a God could he raise himself from the tomb, overcome death permanently, and bring incorruption in place of corruption, and replace mortality with immortality.

Very early in his mortal life, Jesus seemed to realize that he was of divine parentage, and that in him lay the power to effect the miracle which was yet such a deep mystery. At twelve, he reminded his family:

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them (Luke 2:49-50).

Later, he spoke of his death and of this new power which he possessed:

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep . . . and I lay down my life for the sheep . . . No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father (John 10:11, 15, 18).

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth (Matt. 28:18).

And when impetuous Peter raised his sword and inflicted damage to the mobster in Gethsemane, the calm Lord said:

Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled? (Matt. 26:53-54).

And we know that he was omnipotent, for he is God. In the writings of Moses the Lord spoke, saying:

I am the Beginning and the End, the Almighty God; by mine Only Begotten I created these things . . . (Moses 2:1).

And in the Book of Abraham that great prophet tells us that, associated with the Father, was the one "like unto the Son of Man" (Abraham 3:27), who was to become Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh:

And they went down at the beginning, and they, that is the Gods, organized and formed the heavens and the earth (Abraham 4:1).

Again the Savior identified himself before his mortal birth, saying to the Jaredites:

Behold I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold, I am Jesus Christ (Ether 3:14).

And to the Nephites he said:

Behold I am Jesus Christ the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth,

and all things that in them are. I was with the Father from the beginning . . . (3 Nephi 9:15).

Having created the earth and planned its program, he understood the processes of life and death and the resurrection, and had power to deal with them. He knew the end from the beginning, for he told the Nephites in America, on the night that Joseph and Mary were in the stable in Bethlehem anticipating his coming:

. . . on the morrow come I into the world, to show unto the world that I will fulfill all that which I have caused to be spoken by the mouth of my holy prophets (3 Nephi 1:13).

Being mortal and divine, and having suffered all things, he now became perfect. He had overcome temptations, he had restored the gospel, established his Church, and now suffered death to come upon him, ". . . to fulfill all righteousness" (Matthew 3:15), that he might inaugurate the wholly new program of the resurrection, so mysterious and unexplainable to the people.

The resurrection is literal. In accordance with the predictions made by his prophets before him and by Jesus Christ himself, he came forth from the grave and the greatest miracle of all time was a reality. He had gone below all things that he might rise above all things. He had suffered a humiliating, ignoble death by crucifixion; a death so intolerable and cruel. Extremely horrible as was his death, in contrast was his resurrection glorious.

For indeed, a death by crucifixion seems to include all that pain and death can have of horrible and ghastly dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long con-

tinuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds, inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries—especially of the head and stomach—became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of burning and raging thirst; and all these physical complications caused an internal excitement and anxiety, which made the prospect of death itself—of death, the awful unknown enemy, at whose approach man usually shudders most—bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release. (Cannon Farrar, *Life of Christ*, p. 499).

HIS death was ignominious, terrible, awful, but in striking contrast was the tranquility, beauty, and glory of his resurrection. Ever since mortality came upon Adam, men had feared death, the one enemy which could never be conquered. Herbs and medicines, prayers and surgery, medicine-men and priests, sorcery and magic, all had been used for milleniums in an attempt to overcome, or at least to postpone death but, in spite of all the machinations and efforts of men in all the earth, up to this time they had failed; and the rich and poor, ignorant and educated, black, brown, red, or white, priest and people, all had gone down in death and gone back to mother earth.

But now came the miracle—the revolution, the unbelievable marvel which none could explain and which none could deny. For the body which these hosts had seen persecuted, tortured, and drained of its life's

blood, and left dead upon the cross; the body from which all life had ebbed; the body which lay entombed those long hours in a small, closed and sealed, oxygenless room into the third day; the person who had suffered the fate of death like hundreds of millions before him was calmly walking in the garden, animated, fresh, alive!

No human hands had been at work to remove the sealed door nor to resuscitate nor restore. No magician nor sorcerer had invaded the precincts to work his cures; not even the Priesthood, exercised by another, had been brought in use to heal, but the God who had purposefully and intentionally laid down his life had, by the power of his godhead, taken up his life again. The change had been wrought in the little sealed room without help or knowledge of the sorrowing individuals who would gladly have done anything to assist. Alone, by the power he possessed within himself, came the greatest miracle. The spirit which had been by him commended to his Father in Heaven from the cross, and which, according to his later reports, had been to the spirit world, had returned and, ignoring the impenetrable walls of the sepulcher, had entered the place, re-entered the body, had caused the stone door to be rolled away, and walked in life again, with his body changed to immortality, incorruptible—his every faculty keen and alert.

Unexplainable? Yes! And not understandable — but incontestable. More than 500 unimpeachable witnesses had contact with him. They walked with him, talked with him, ate with him, felt the flesh of his body and saw the wounds in his

side and feet and hands; discussed with him the program which had been common to them, and him; and, by many infallible proofs knew and testified that he was risen, and that that last and most dreaded enemy, death, had been overcome. And they testified, also, that since he had opened the grave, many others had been likewise raised into immortality through the same program, and had likewise been identified and accepted in Jerusalem. And so, for forty days, the earth he had created was sanctified by his presence; his Church was perfected; his people were inspired with a fire that would never be extinguished; and then he ascended to his Father in Heaven.

Our abhorrence at his torture and our sorrow at his ignoble death are turned to joy and gratitude as we realize in the miracle of the resurrection the mastery over death. The Master himself predicted our deep emotions:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.

A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.

And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you (John 16:20-22).

To the Latter-day Saints the resurrection is indeed a reality, for resurrected beings have appeared in this dispensation. John the Baptist, the forerunner of the Savior, beheaded by Herod, came to restore the Aaronic Priesthood and, embodied with a

tabernacle of flesh and bones, he laid his hands upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, conferring upon them the Priesthood.

Peter, James, and John, the apostles, in resurrected bodies, came to restore to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Moroni, last heard of in the vicinity of Hill Cumorah about fourteen centuries earlier, came again in the nineteenth century to bring the Book of Mormon plates, and to teach the gospel to the boy Prophet; and God the Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, appeared in the grove to the young Prophet.

And so we bear testimony that the being who created the earth and its contents, who made numerous appearances upon the earth prior to his birth in Bethlehem, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is resurrected and immortal, and that this great boon of resurrection and immortality becomes now, through our Redeemer, the heritage of mankind, and we cry to all the inhabitants of the earth—in the words of Mary Connelly Kimball:

Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead. Awake to an appreciation of all that is highest and best. Live not the narrow sordid life, but the big life of helpfulness. Cast away the cloak of selfishness, put on the mantle of love. Awake! Arise! Go forth with a light step, a glad heart, a happy smile, for Christ is risen! He has conquered death, hell, and the grave! Honor and praise him for, through his atoning sacrifice, the grave has lost its victory, death its sting, and all shall come forth from the tomb to the judgment. Burst forth into singing, you ransomed ones. Praise him who has ascended on High.

Note: Mary Connelly Kimball will be remembered as the gracious and gifted editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, 1930-37.



Photograph by Wilford C. Wood

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AT MARTIN'S COVE, WYOMING
EN ROUTE FROM NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, TO SALT LAKE CITY,
FOLLOWING THE PIONEER TRAIL, JULY 1946

Birthday Greetings to President Smith

April 4, 1947

IN this Centennial year President George Albert Smith celebrates his seventy-seventh birthday. The General Board of Relief Society and the members in all the stakes and missions of the Church remember, with love and gratitude, President Smith whose life exemplifies virtues possessed by the pioneers—courage, patience, kindness, wisdom, and great faith.

We particularly appreciate, at this time, President Smith's efforts (as President of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association for nearly seventeen years) to mark the Latter-day Saint pioneer trails with suitable monuments so that the heroic story of our forefathers may be kept before the coming generations.

We extend our congratulations to you, President Smith, and we wish for you health and happiness and a long life in the mountain valleys you love so well.

Latter-Day Saint Pioneers in New Mexico

Estelle Webb Thomas

THE high plateau country of New Mexico is divided almost in half by the Rio Grande River, which rises in the Colorado mountains to the north and flows southward to El Paso, Texas, from which place it outlines, for many miles, the border between Texas and Old Mexico.

Before the white men came, many tribes of Indians claimed the blue hills, the high mountains, and the cactus-clad deserts of New Mexico. These were the wild and nomadic Navajos, Apaches, and Comanches, and the more civilized Pueblo people who lived along the valley of the Rio Grande in agricultural communities.

White men explored the wilderness of New Mexico long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, before Jamestown, Virginia, was settled, and very soon after the discovery of Florida by the Spaniards. Thus, the trails of white men in New Mexico are very old, and the story of early exploration in this region is linked with the conquistadors and their search for the Seven Cities of Cibola, which were supposed to contain great wealth and treasure. Between 1528 and 1536, Cabeza de Vaca visited many of the Pueblo villages. He was followed by other explorers and, by 1598, a colony of 400 white men and their families was established at San Juan under the leadership of Juan de Onate. In

1605, the settlement of Santa Fe was begun.

The advent of the Latter-day Saints into New Mexico began with the perilous trek of the Mormon Battalion. In 1846, after the saints had left Nauvoo and while they were traveling through Iowa, they were called upon to furnish 500 men to take part in the war against Mexico. With much difficulty and many hardships, the Mormon Battalion was marshalled and, during September and October, the men, in several detachments, arrived in Santa Fe. From that place they traveled down the Rio Grande almost to El Paso, Texas, and then turned westward toward the Gila River and the deserts of Arizona. Thus, the brave Battalion men crossed through a large part of New Mexico. They suffered greatly from fatigue, hunger, thirst, and from diseases of various kinds. Many of the men died en route and so were never reunited with their families in the valleys of the mountains.

Ten years after the pioneers arrived in Salt Lake Valley, Jacob Hamblin, the famous scout and frontiersman, crossed the Colorado River and began his work as a missionary-explorer of the canyon country. His contacts with the Indians eventually led him, as well as other missionaries, into the New Mexico hills northwest of the section tra-



Courtesy, New Mexican State Highways

SHEEP ON THE RANGE IN NORTHERN NEW MEXICO
Pastoral Scene in the Cumbres Pass Region

versed earlier by the Mormon Battalion.

The usual pattern of history in the Southwest was followed in the case of the Latter-day Saint settlement. First, came the missionaries, then, the settlers. The first to build homes were Lorenzo Hatch and John Maughn, who settled in the Zuni pueblo country in 1876.

Luther Burnham, who had been a missionary among the Indians for two years, brought his family, in 1877, to Savoia (later Ramah), which was named for the Spanish word "cebolla," meaning onion. This frontier settlement, almost straight west of Albuquerque and near the Arizona-New Mexico boundary, was surrounded by weird mesa mountains and a great expanse of desert.

After two years here, since the

uncertain temper of the Indians made life hazardous for a young family, Elder Burnham was advised by the Church authorities to move to St. Johns, Arizona, where the Latter-day Saints were building a settlement. Two years later he was again sent to New Mexico. This time he settled on the San Juan River, near the Utah border, where many of his descendants still live.

During the period of early settlement, the San Juan Stake extended from Moab, on Grand River, Utah, to Hammond (now Bloomfield), New Mexico, on the San Juan River. Visiting Church authorities from Salt Lake City had to travel about six hundred miles by wagon or buggy, over the roughest and most primitive roads, to cover this stake. In May 1912 it was divided and the eastern part, lying in New Mexico,

has since been called the Young Stake.

“Had a Church social last night; took in thirty dollars, guaranteeing us another month of school.”

Contrast this entry from an old Church record, and the picture it presents, with the beautiful, modern chapel, up-to-date consolidated school, fine residences, farms, and orchards of the Kirtland Ward today, and the story of the Latter-day Saints in New Mexico during the past half century is dramatically told.

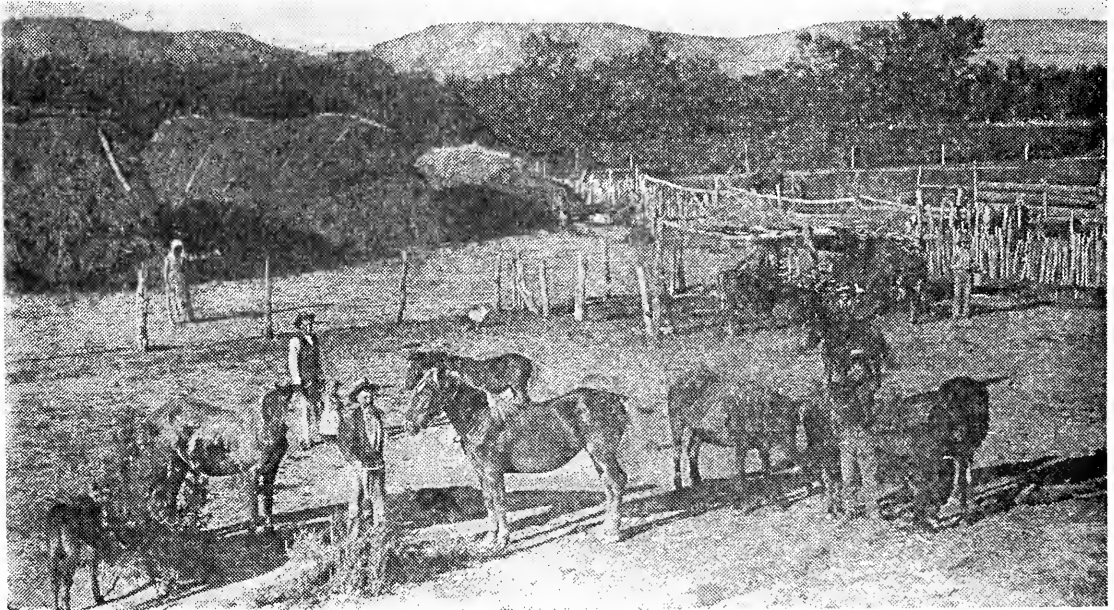
WHEN the Burnhams arrived on the San Juan there were only four or five white families in this region, although farther up the river the little town of Farmington was already well established.

The treaty of 1868 had been long enough in force so that the Indians, as a whole, were friendly and peaceable, and the attitude of the Latter-day Saints fostered this spirit. True

to Brigham Young's admonition to feed rather than to fight the Indians, the saints were quick with neighborly overtures and, though there were a few unhappy incidents and soldiers were called from Fort Wingate to restore order, it was not long before the Navajos regarded the saints as friends and benefactors.

A number of the pioneers set up trading posts and the Indians soon came in large groups to trade and barter their rugs, wool, and mutton. Sister Betsy Burnham, wife of George Burnham, a brother of the bishop, wrote to relatives that night-fall often found the house full of Indians—men, women, and children. They were always fed and beds spread down in the yard or, if it chanced to be winter, before the fireplace. Often the floor was so covered with sleeping Navajos that it was difficult to pass through the room.

The same condition obtained



Courtesy, Martin R. Young, Sr.

JOHN R. YOUNG RANCH, FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO

The hills in the distance are south of the San Juan River. Photograph taken in 1895.

wherever the saints were to be found. Leslie Clawson, of Ramah, writes:

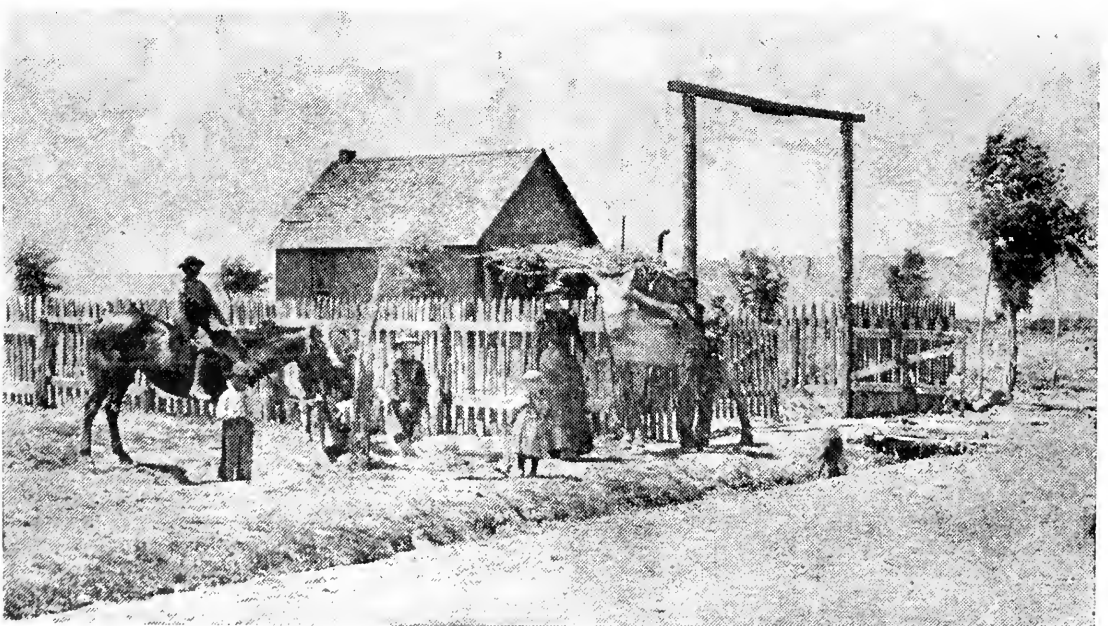
It was no uncommon thing to see twenty or thirty Navajos at our house on friendly visits for a day or so at a time. My mother fed and helped them with beds, etc. Although times were hard in this new country, the Mormons always felt it was up to them to help the Indians if necessary.

There were few Mexicans on the San Juan at this time, since the Mexicans and Indians had long been traditional enemies. There was one fellow, however, Costiano, who had maintained his standing by bullying and bombast. One night, crazed with drink, he attempted and almost succeeded in breaking up a dance in Fruitland, but Claibourne Brimhall, a fearless young fellow, braved the brandishing gun and forcibly ejected the big Mexican from the building. Next day, Costiano, sober and embarrassed, made abject apologies for his misbehavior.

The settlers lost no time in setting out orchards and laying out

farms. Harnessing the waters of the San Juan was a hard and expensive task, but the settlers were rich in the essentials of pioneering—health, energy and enthusiasm and, most important of all, faith. Soon they were harvesting hay, wheat, and corn, as well as vegetables. Though some articles were hard to get, there were no starvation periods as in some new communities. Before long fruit was so plentiful, apples especially, that they were seeking a market.

Ray Young, now laboring in the Navajo-Zuni Mission, remembers accompanying his father, John R. Young, on an apple-selling journey to Gallup and Luna Valley, New Mexico, and St. Johns, Arizona. They left Fruitland in November and returned late in January, traveling, of course, by team and wagon. Quite a contrast in transportation to the great truck loads of fruit which now roll out from this region daily during the autumn season, bound for distant markets.



Courtesy, Martin R. Young, Sr.

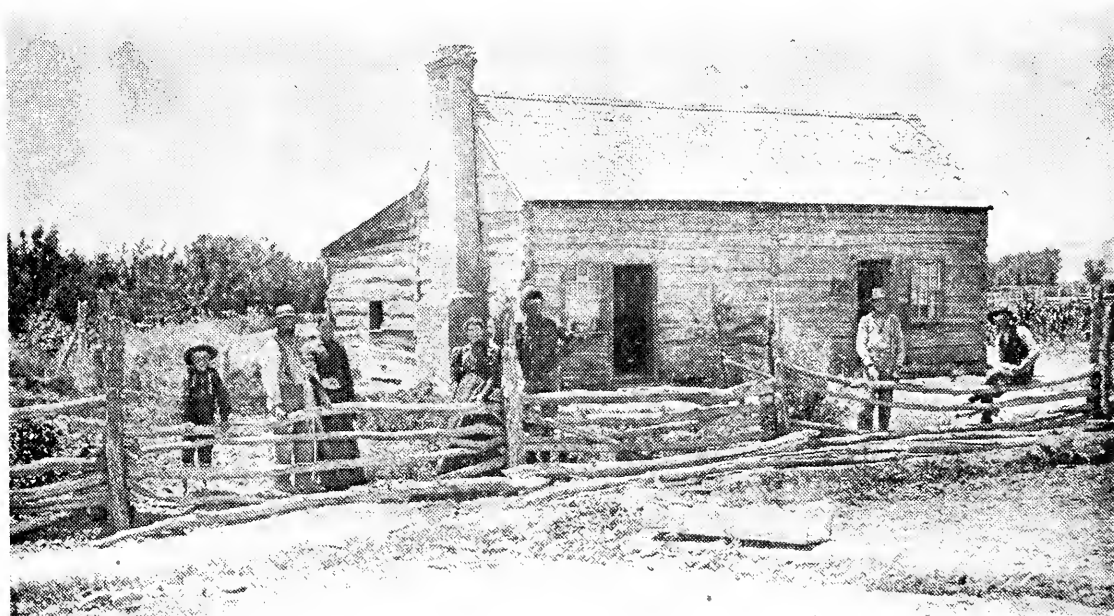
HOWARD D. ROBERTS' HOME, FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO

ALTHOUGH wheat and corn began to be raised immediately, having the grain converted into breadstuff was more of a problem. Old settlers remember the wearisome chore, which usually fell to the lot of the younger boys, of grinding wheat and corn on the creaking old coffee mills of that period. Considering the large families and the hearty appetites of those hard working people, this was no small job. In 1895, however, William G. Black erected a gristmill which served the people of the valley for several years before it was washed away in a flood. Members of the Black family still operate a gristmill on the San Juan.

This community acquired its first post office under the name of Oleo. It was located in the old Thomas Stolworthy place, then owned by a man named Moss, who was the first postmaster. Later, Oleo was divided and the western section called Fruitland; then the bishop bought the land of Oleo, cut it up

into lots available for purchase by the heads of families, and called the ward Kirtland. This was during the administration of Bishop Ashcroft, second bishop in this locality, who was later killed while making an irrigation ditch. Other early bishops who did much for the country religiously, financially, and even politically, were Elmer Taylor and Claibourne Brimhall, still staunch and influential men in the community.

Ira Hatch, famous missionary to the Indians, made his home here for many years. During the never-ending struggle to become established in this new country, the settlers somewhat neglected their little cemetery. Toward the end of Brother Hatch's life, this circumstance worried the old missionary. Although tombstones were at that time out of the question, he dreaded lying in an unmarked grave; so on his death, at his request, a large flat stone which had been used for a bridge across the



Courtesy, Martin R. Young, Sr.

HOME OF JOHN R. AND TAMAR YOUNG IN FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO



Courtesy, Sadie Dustin

ABAGAIL STEVENS
FIRST PRESIDENT, KIRTLAND
WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, AND
TWO OF HER DAUGHTERS

irrigation ditch before his gate, was placed at the head of his grave, and it still stands, a unique marker for this unique pioneer.

As in all new communities, the woman's side of the venture was, perhaps, harder than that of the man. There is a challenge in subduing the wilderness that satisfies a man's urge for adventure, while Lot's wife is symbolic of a woman's tendency to look regretfully back. The known and well-beloved give her a sense of security, and household comforts mean much to her. But in New Mexico the woman followed her husband cheerfully and loyally, and it was her hand that converted the one or two-roomed house from

the status of a camp into that of a home.

Among the first buildings to be erected, both at Ramah, to the south in Valencia County, and Fruitland, was the church, or rather community house, used for Church services, school, and all social affairs. At Fruitland this was a one-room building about twenty by thirty-six feet in size, soon enlarged into a T, and the original adobes plastered over and called "the white schoolhouse." It was used for many years.

Meetings and gatherings were appointed, poetically, for "early candlelight," rather than at some set hour, perhaps because of a scarcity of clocks and watches. But, in spite of all drawbacks, or because of them, the pioneers made merry on every possible occasion, putting the same wholehearted vim into their innocent amusements that they did into their work. Young and old took part in all social affairs, and the resulting good-fellowship is remembered nostalgically by all who still survive.

MUSIC at the dances was always good, for young Will Evans and Clint Burnham each had a gift for the fiddle, and there was always some sister who could accompany on the organ. These dances and parties filled the need for relaxation in winter, but summer was really the time for gaiety and, though the farmers worked from dawn till dark, there was always time and strength for fruit and melon "busts," picnics, and parades.

Immediately after the organization of the ward came the organization of the Relief Society. Although but a humble beginning of what this great organization has grown to be,

“Society meetings” were the highlight of the busy housewife’s week, and stood in lieu of all the clubs, parties, and receptions which fill her granddaughter’s leisure time. Each meeting helped to strengthen the ties that bound the sisters to a common cause.

The first president of the Kirtland Ward Relief Society, Sister Abigail Stevens, seems to have been a remarkable woman. She was also that most indispensable of women, the community nurse and midwife. Not one of the “old timers” but has a kind word for Sister Stevens! Not one whose face fails to light up at mention of this sister, who, next to faith in God, as one aged man remarked, was most important. There should be some fitting monument to these saintly women, who gave so freely of their time, strength, and courage; who, lacking in medical knowledge, were so closely in touch with divine power that their hands were guided and they performed miracles of healing. Though obstetrics was an important part, it was by no means the midwife’s only duty. Epidemics, broken bones, pneumonia, every misadventure that could and did befall the pioneers, demanded the presence of the local nurse. Maternity work was evidently considered most important, however, since the nurse was paid for that—sometimes! The magnificent sum of three dollars for each delivery, usually paid in work at one dollar fifty cents per day, or in produce, or perhaps by a load of wood. Unlike the Mexicans who knock off a dollar if the child is a girl, the pioneers paid full price regardless of sex!

But, if the midwife’s earthly remuneration was practically nil, she was recompensed lavishly in the immortal coin of love and trust. “Aunt” or “Grandma” to all who knew her, she went like a ministering angel, and was welcomed as such in every home. Hearts, as well as bodies, were made whole again by her gentle ministrations.

First secretary-treasurer of the Kirtland Relief Society was Betsy Burnham, wife of George Burnham. Sister Burnham filled this position with dignity, although her duties were far from onerous. At that time the “treasury” consisted of a few carpet rags, several spools of thread (very precious), and some bars of homemade soap. Meetings, after the organization on July 12, 1883, at first were held once a month. The treasurer’s daughter, Sister Sadie Dustin, remembers helping to collect the “Sunday eggs” from the members, the only source of revenue the organization had at that time. Sisters Lucretia Black and Gerda Hendrickson were second and third presidents of the fast growing Society.

There were many other early and important settlers, some of whose descendants today are influential citizens in the communities along the San Juan River. Among these early settlers were Francis Hammond, the first stake president, and Mary his wife, the first Relief Society stake president. They and a host of other faithful and courageous saints possessed the vision and faith which were common characteristics of all Latter-day Saint pioneers who traveled into unknown regions at the request of the Church leaders that Zion might enlarge her stakes.

Young Samantha

Christie Lund Coles

THERE was singing and laughter about the campfire, and good-fellowship. Yet, as the time came for each husband and wife, each family to go to their wagon, there fell a solemn hush over the group of pioneers gathered about the smoldering campfire. They knew well what dangers the night might hold . . . hungry animals seeking prey, Indians on the soft-footed prowl, and other dangers not to be put in words, illness, death, the terrors that darkness too often carried in its silken folds. Before these, they were silent now.

Samantha knew what was to come, and she automatically bowed her head, as did the others. Then, over the peaceful stillness, their leader's prayer was clear and distinct, sincere and meaningful: "Lord, protect us through this night, that all will be well with us and ours. Give us strength and courage for the morrow that we may not faint nor be afraid. Let nothing stay us from reaching our destination. In the name of him who loved us more than life. Amen."

As he finished, Samantha slipped her hand into the rough, strong hand of her husband, felt his fingers close about hers, as he said, "Guess we'd best be gittin' in for the night. Tomorrow we break camp."

She hunched her shoulders once or twice, relaxing them. She was not over the weariness of the last miles. She thought of tomorrow's walking beside the oxen, poking them, urging them on. Most of the

men pushed handcarts, most of the women walked as much as possible. At least, all of those who were able, walked, and she was young and strong. Sometimes, they rested in the wagons, taking care of the younger children. Riding over the rough, unbroken trails would have been tiresome had it not been such a heavenly relief just to sit down, to rest the feet and the aching back.

"Wish we could stay over another day here. It's been nice for the children to run and play." She started to rise as she spoke.

Still holding her hand, he answered, "Yes. But it is not safe to waste even one day. The clouds are gathering. If we get in a bad storm . . . well . . ." He paused, but she understood the implications in his words. They must reach a place of settlement before the icy blasts of winter overtook them; they must build shelter and find food.

As they were starting toward their wagon, someone in the crowd called, "Let's have one more round of singing 'Come, Come Ye Saints' to put us in fettle for tomorrow."

There were shouts of agreement, and the company, standing, their heads uplifted now, sang with sincerity and fervor the words, "Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard, 'tis not so, all is well . . ."

Samantha, as always when she heard the song, felt chills move and tingle on her spine. It made her back straighten and her eyes film with tears. She felt honored and proud to be among the select com-

pany of those who dared leave all things for the right to worship as they believed.

Yet, she knew, too, that for her it had been easy. She had Tim, who was handsome and good, and whose love made any experience an adventure. She had her lovely child, asleep now beneath the soft and beautiful down quilt which had been one of the few really nice things she had been able to bring with her.

It was not so easy for the old, for the sick, for those who had left their loved ones. Each night she said a special little prayer for these: Sister Wilkins, whose back was lame; Brother Brandt, who was so old, yet was determined to live to see his dream and his faith vindicated; and others. She had come to love them all, to feel a real kinship with them and their lives.

"What a night," Tim said, as he and his wife started again to their wagon, hand in hand. "What marvelous testimonies were borne. We're lucky, Mantha. The Lord has been good to us!"

"Oh, yes. Yes, he has," she agreed, feeling the words with her entire being. "And now for a good night's sleep so we can get an early start."

Tim went to see about the oxen and their horse while Samantha climbed into the wagon box. The moon was shining in, and she could see that the bedclothes on her child's bed were ruffled.

"You rascal," she whispered, more to herself than to the three-year-old child she pretended to be addressing, "always kicking off the covers."

She picked up the light-as-air down quilt and went to put it over

her child, to tuck it about her soft, smooth little shoulders . . . but there were no shoulders there, no tousled, small head. She reached farther down into the bed. She looked on the floor, into her own bed, a foot or two away.

She couldn't scream. She couldn't make a sound. She couldn't even move. She was a dark shaft of sudden, petrified terror until she saw Tim's figure in the entrance. Then she ran to him with a cry that seemed not to come from herself, but from something wild, caught, and dying.

* * * * *

THE light of day was breaking in thin, pale ribbons across the little valley, the hills, and the mountains surrounding it. The animals were stomping and neighing restlessly. Some of them had awakened in the night, as though aware of the commotion going on, the flaring torches, the calling, the hurried movement of anxious feet.

Samantha sat slumped beside a wagon wheel, a quilt thrown about her shoulders, her eyes circled darkly, her face streaked with dirt and tears. But now, there were no more tears, only a vacuous staring into space. The men, who had rested toward morning, were starting their search again . . . over hills, under shrubbery and trees.

The sun was high in the sky. The kindly women had tried to urge Samantha to eat some breakfast, and, out of pity for their anxious, sorrowing faces, she tried to take a little of the food they gave her. But she couldn't swallow it. She could only close her eyes, try to shut out thought and remembrance. Some-

where back in her mind the words they had sung about the campfire sang themselves over and over . . . "And if we die before our journey's through, happy day, all is well."

But oh, Father in Heaven! To die oneself was one thing. To lose that which was more than life, that which was so small, so very dear, was another! And not to know . . . alive . . . or dead . . . harmed or safe . . . where . . .

Tim came to her, his clothes covered with dust, weeds caught in his boots, his hands scratched and red. His arms went about her and he whispered, "My dearest girl, we'll search all day, all week, until we find her. And we will find her." Then his voice breaking, "Dear God, we must."

Samantha raised heavy eyes to the sky, where clouds were gathering more quickly than before. There was a coolness in the air which was more than the ice that enveloped her. Suddenly, she threw the blanket from about her shoulders and stood up. Her voice was calm, as she told her husband, "Tell them not to search any more."

"But they have started again."

"Tell them to stop the search. There are a hundred and more whose lives are in danger if we stay. We can't ask them to take that risk."

Tim, and those who were near, looked at her incredulously.

"You mean," one woman asked, "that you would let her perish?"

"That's better than that we all perish," said another. "You are a brave woman."

Her husband merely looked at her, tears streaming down his face. As one sleepwalking, she reached out to touch his cheek, and asked, "Where is our faith if it isn't for this, too?" She turned resolutely toward the wagon and the impatient oxen.

She was ready to step onto the tongue when she heard a shout, first of one voice and then of many, coming nearer and nearer. She looked toward the hillside and saw some of the men running. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them carried something on his shoulder, something . . . alive . . . calling, "Mummie, Mummie."

Samantha started to move, to run forward. Then everything began spinning about her. She sank into a deep, velvet darkness.

When she came to, she was lying in her bed, the soft down quilt over her, and her beautiful darling, her beloved baby, beside her. She wept then, wildly, sobbingly, wept until after awhile Tim said, "Samantha, you musn't. You musn't. I've never seen anybody weep like that before. You must stop or you'll be sick. Oh, 'Manthy, 'Manthy, my dear. And to think you were ready to leave her . . ."

OPINIONS

Lillian S. Smith

The esteem of my fellow men means much to me—
But the esteem of my Lord means infinitely more . . .



IN WAITING

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Within an alabaster shell
 Are hidden feathers, songs, and wings;
Encased in russet covers dwell
 The gold and green of many springs;

Within a pendant chrysalis
 A butterfly reclines asleep;
From snowbanks warmed by April's kiss
 Our wealth of silver streams will leap,

The pioneer, still journey-worn,
 Saw in the creeks his chance to live;
The melting snows, to desert-born,
 The greatest gift the hills can give.

Nature's Sculpture Work

Willard Luce

NOT all the sculptors in the world use the thumb and the chisel. Mother nature never did; and yet, in color and line and size, her monuments make the efforts of other sculptors seem puny, indeed. And in Utah she has been most prolific. Sometimes her creations have been beautiful and lovely; and at other times grotesque and horrifying. Sometimes they have been useful and sometimes "measurably valueless, excepting . . . to hold the world together."

The monuments mother nature has raised and the canyons she has dug make up the State of Utah today, determined by the contours and land forms of the remote past.

The changes that have been made since the pioneers first came into Salt Lake Valley in 1847, have come about because of the land forms already erected and the treasures already buried.

It is no mistake, no mere accident, that today over four fifths of the State's population live in the valleys crowding the Wasatch Mountains from the west. It is no mere happening that almost half the State's population live in only four cities, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Provo, and Logan. And, certainly, it was more than just chance that located the bulk of Utah's industries within this small area.

Then, the natural question arises, what is the cause? And the natural answer comes—water.

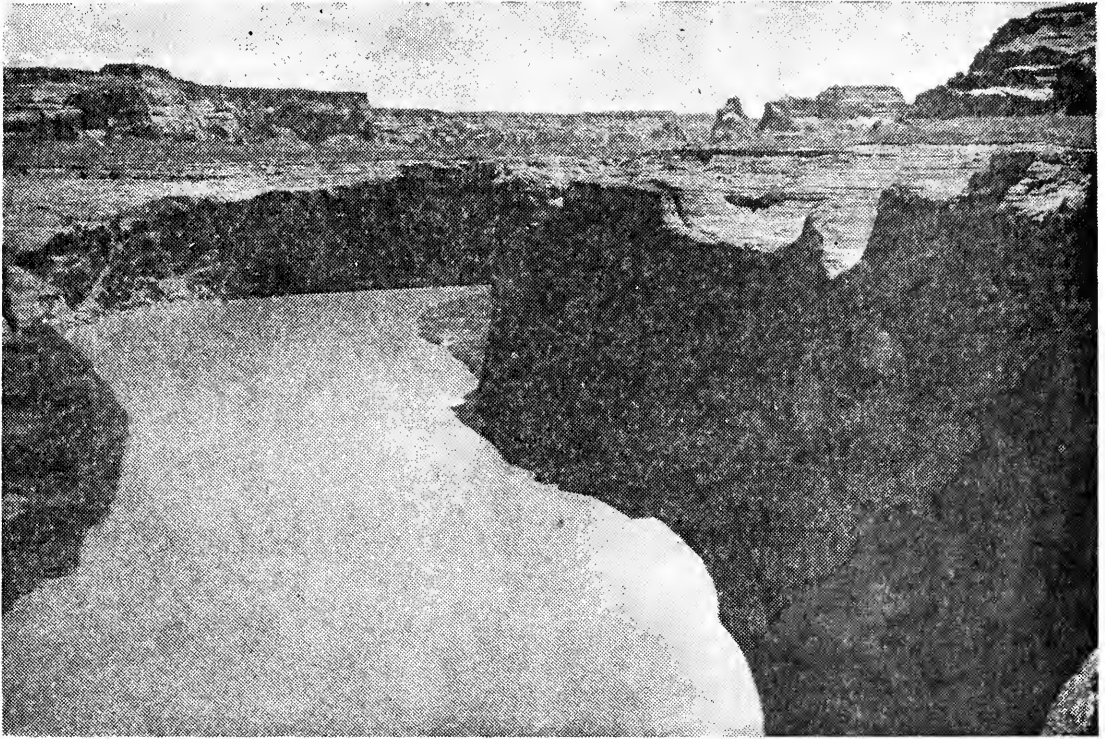
But this can only partially answer

the question. Through the eastern part of the State flows the Colorado River and its tributaries, the Green River and the San Juan River. The Colorado is one of the largest rivers in the United States, and it has been estimated that every twenty-four hours it carries 1,000,000 tons of sediment past any given point in the Grand Canyon. No mere trickle does this!

Although there are plans to utilize the waters of the Green and Colorado Rivers, at great cost, as yet these rivers have been of little value to the State. Perhaps it is as mother nature wished. For neither the Green nor the Colorado nor the San Juan head in Utah. The Green River begins in Wyoming, and the Colorado and San Juan Rivers have their sources in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and merely cross the State as any other transient crosses it. But, in so doing, these rivers have dug deeply into the soil and into the rocks, gouging out impassable canyons and deep, flaming gorges, leaving in their wake huge monoliths and natural bridges and scenes of strange and fantastic beauty, but, all the while, clinging to their water as a miser clings to his treasure.

So, the single word water cannot entirely answer our question. But, perhaps, the word *mountain* can.

All across Nevada and Western Utah are low ranges of mountains, running north and south. These are known as block-fault mountains,



Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

THE GORGE OF THE COLORADO NEAR THE CROSSING OF THE FATHERS

and they reach their climax in the Wasatch Range, rising sharply across the center of Utah. Moisture-laden clouds cross Nevada and Western Utah, but when they try to rise above the higher Wasatch Mountains they become cool and can no longer hold their moisture, and there is rain.

Most of the water which falls on the Wasatch Mountains drains to the westward, down into Utah Valley and Salt Lake Valley and Cache Valley, making of these valleys Utah's greatest agricultural regions. Utah Valley, in fact, is rated first in many aspects of agriculture, not only in the State of Utah but in the entire Rocky Mountain region, as well. This rating is given by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Thus the mountains make the water available, which, in turn, helps

to produce sufficient food to support a large population. Industries are attracted partly by the available water supply, and partly by the labor supply. So, mother nature wisely pushed up the high Wasatch Mountains. If it were not so, the moisture-laden clouds would have crossed the entire State to the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and all of Utah would have been a vast desert, as incapable of supporting a large population as is Nevada.

MOTHER nature has pushed up other mountains in the State. Along another fault line, the Uintah Mountains were pushed up, one of the few east-west ranges of mountains in the United States.

And in the southeastern part of Utah are the Abajo (Blue), the La Sal, and the Henry Mountains,



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

“GUARDIAN OF THE WASATCH”—MOUNT TIMPANOGOS
IN SPRING

known as mushroom mountains. They were pushed up above the surrounding land by the pressure of hot molten rock underneath. The molten rock failed to escape, and so the mountains never became active volcanoes; they just swelled up like a wart on the earth's already scarred surface.

But they are important, extremely important, to the sheepmen, the cattlemen, and the farmers scattered about their feet. They furnish good summer range and some irrigation water, although their value as watersheds is greatly limited by their size. They furnish beauty and a relief from the harsh surrounding deserts. And they furnish some timber.

All the eastern and the southern parts of the State are drained by the Colorado River, and a great part of it is known as the Colorado Plateau. This plateau is a huge elevated plain, comprising almost half of Utah and a large part of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. It stands from 4,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level and

covers an area of 130,000 square miles. Actually, the Colorado Plateau is not just one plateau but a great many, all standing at different elevations.

This area was once at a much lower elevation than it is today, and it has been gradually pushed up, or elevated, to its present height. And as this took place, the river dug deeper and deeper until, today, it has dug a distance of 6,000 feet from the rim of Grand Canyon to the bottom. And it is still digging.

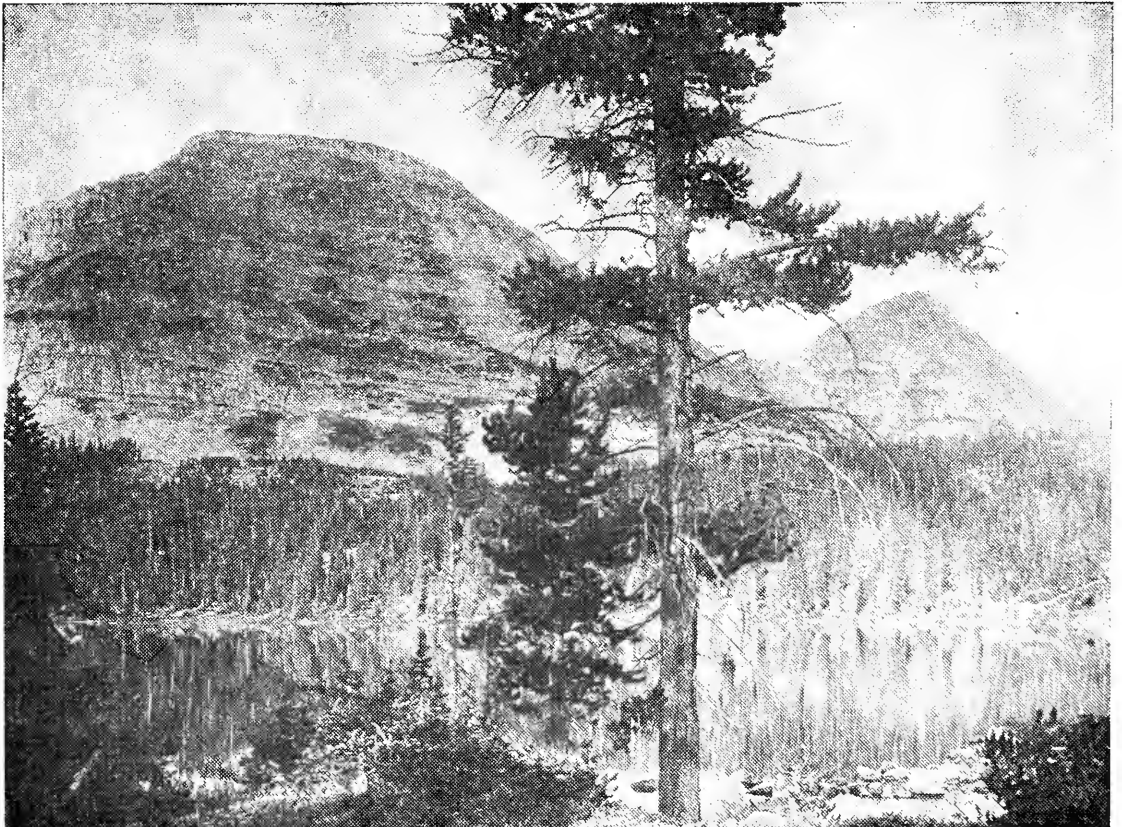
It is perhaps easier to understand just what a river can do when we consider the Mount Carmel highway in Zion Canyon National Park. The highway was tunneled along the face of the cliff for almost a mile. At frequent intervals windows were cut as lookouts. Actually, these windows were cut first, and all the debris from them and from the tunnel was dropped down into Pine Creek at the base of the ledge. Pine Creek is usually no more than a trickle, but it took it only two

months to remove all the debris, carrying it on down towards the Virgin River and, finally, to the Colorado. This, of course, was the result of "flash floods," which come off bare rocks and dry desert land with express-like speed. These same washes and creeks, which are known for their "flash floods," are usually dry for most of the year, carrying water only after heavy rains and during the early spring runoff. Then, consider what a river like the Colorado can do with constant and persistent effort.

And, while considering this, think of Zion Canyon where the little North Fork of the Virgin River has cut a gash in the solid stone nearly 2,500 feet deep.

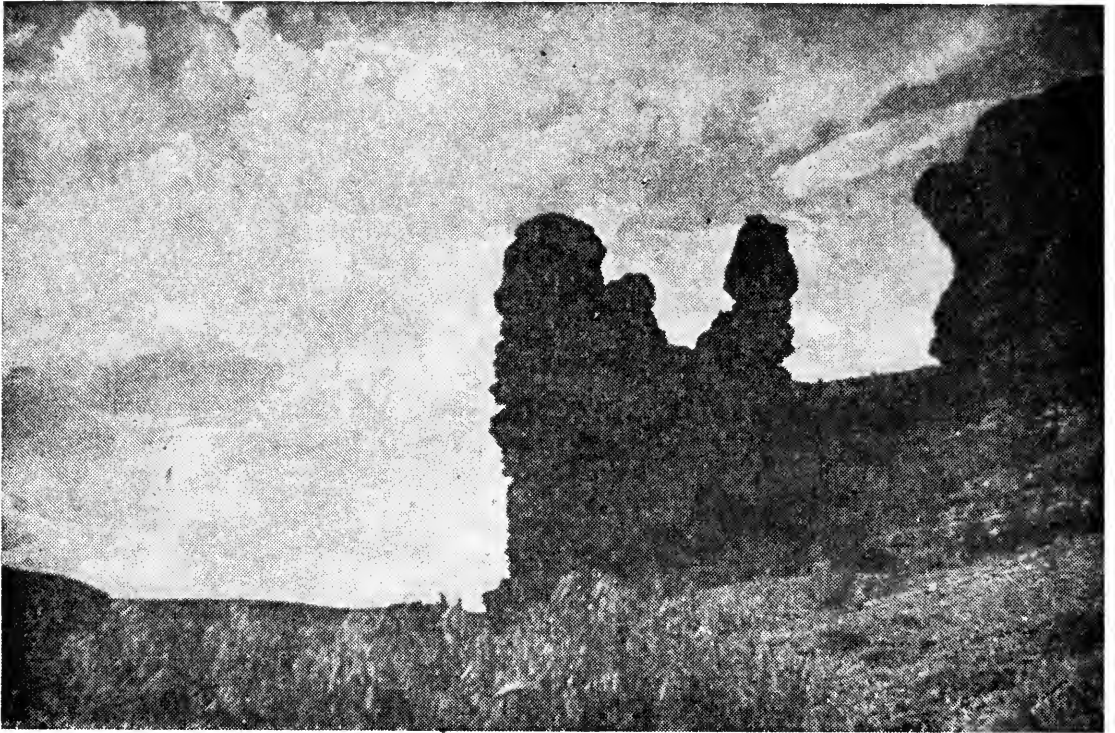
But cutting deep and rugged canyons isn't the only thing mother nature can do using running water for a tool. Fifty-one miles west of Blanding is the Natural Bridges National Monument. Here are three natural bridges carved from solid stone, having spans which vary from 186 feet to 261 feet, and openings from ninety-three feet to 222 feet in height. Near the Arizona border and close to the Colorado, is the Rainbow Natural Bridge, which has a span of 275 feet and arches 308 feet above the canyon floor. In the Wayne Wonderland, and all along the tributaries of the Colorado, mother nature has carved these and other gigantic bridges.

All of them have been made in



Photograph by Glen Perrins

MIRROR LAKE IN THE HIGH UINTAHS



Photograph by Willard Luce

LOCOMOTIVE ROCK AT BLUFF, UTAH

the same manner. Water, wearing for ages against a wall of stone, eventually wears the wall through. Loose debris from the top continues to fall, and the opening is slowly enlarged until the bridge is finally complete. So it has been with these bridges.

BUT, it was in the multicolored limestone of Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks that mother nature carved a masterpiece. Working in the modern and fantastic surrealism of Salvador Dali, she carved out huge amphitheatres, leaving in them grotesque and weird figures, spires and temples, bridges and arches, all splattered with brilliant hues of red, pink, cream, and many other colors. Here, again, water did the carving, water and eternal patience. True, the frosts and winds helped some-

what, but mainly it was the water, wearing savagely at the walls after each rainstorm, and with the melting of each snow. The soft material was washed away first, except where it was protected by a cap of harder stone. And where it was so protected, the surrounding material was washed away, leaving towers and pinnacles standing straight and tall like shepherds watching their flocks.

Although slower, wind has sometimes been an even better tool than water in carving and sculpturing the land. This is especially so in many arid desert regions where rains are few and far between.

Such a region is the Arches National Monument near Moab, Utah. Here, in an area of 33,680 acres, the wind has worn eighty-one arches in the solid red sandstone. At one time this area was a solid sheet of sand-

stone hundreds of feet thick. For some reason, the sandstone became cut by two series of master joints or cracks. These cracks passed through the entire thickness of the stone. They occurred about twenty feet apart, and crossed each other at right angles.

At this stage, water was more important than wind. It seeped into the cracks, dissolving the cementing material and gradually increasing the cracks until they became **great fissures** between two huge slabs of sandstone. These slabs are known as "fins." Today, these fins are often no thicker than twenty feet, and still they stand from 100 to 200 feet in the air, and the cracks between them are often too narrow for a man to squeeze through.

It is in these fins that the arches

are formed. With an infinite patience, mother nature has worked with wind and with grains of sand, hurling the sand against the fin time and time again until, finally, the fin is worn through. And, after that, the wind and the sand continue their work, and the arch grows. Within this area, the arches vary from a mere peephole to the Landscape Arch, which is the longest natural span in the world—290 feet.

Yes, mother nature has done well with her sculpturing, and over it all she has sown the Joshua and the mesquite, the sage and the greasewood, the Indian paintbrush and the bluebell, the cedar and the spruce, the limber pine and the alpine buttercup.

And, of course, the sego lily.



Photograph by Willard Luce

MESA TOWER IN MONUMENT VALLEY

A Place in the Country

The Arrival

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the first in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

THE four-day trip from Chicago to Southern New Mexico had been, for the Martin family, as much a journey into the unknown as any pioneer journey fifty years before. The old Ford had rattled and wheezed and, at times, stopped altogether. The canvas-covered trailer, piled high with furniture, had bounced along behind, and swung perilously around corners. In the car, boxes and suitcases barely left room for John and Ellen, in the front seat, and the two children, Betty, eight, and Johnny, five, in the back.

As they neared the place on which they had put almost their entire savings as a down payment, sight unseen, Ellen's excitement grew. This was the place in the country that she had dreamed about and planned for all her married life. Here Betty would grow strong and well, and John would lose the nagging cough which had kept him at home so much the past winter.

Finally, as they passed some tall roadside bushes, John exclaimed, "There it is! See the name *Larson* on the mail box." He stopped the car, and they all leaned out to look.

"Let me see," Johnny cried, pushing his sister aside. "Where are the ducks? I want to see the pond and the ducks."

"Will there be a horse to ride?" Betty asked.

No one answered them.

Ellen gasped, "But this can't be the place!"

Part of the front fence was down; the low frame house, back among some trees, was unpainted and two windows were broken. The grass in front was yellow, and the weeds along the driveway were waist high.

"Why, the ad said in good condition. Oh, John! What if we've made a mistake?"

All the way across the country, Ellen had entertained the children with stories of the Wisconsin farm to which her mother had taken her when she was ten. The rest of her twenty-seven years she had lived in a Chicago tenement district of narrow streets and murky atmosphere. It was not surprising, then, that the farm had remained in her memory as being in perpetual springtime. The fields were always green, the trees in blossom, lambs played in the pasture, and tiny pigs squealed from their pen. Even John, who had always considered Chicago a good enough place to live, had become infected by her enthusiasm. He had teased, "You must have had a glimpse into heaven, once."

The place they were looking at bore not the slightest resemblance to anything Ellen's stories had led them to expect.

John opened the gate and drove slowly up the driveway. When he stopped by the back porch, he said,

laughingly, as he opened the car door for the children, "I bet your mother thought the fairies would have the house all spick and span for us. I bet she expected to pull radishes for supper."

Betty's blue eyes, so like her father's, laughed back at him and a smile flitted across Johnny's chubby, tired little face.

Then to Ellen he said, "You know, honey, a house not lived in goes down pretty fast. I can soon fix it up. I'm a better carpenter than I am farmer, you know."

When she continued to stare at the house, he said, "But first I better see if the well's as good as that agent assured me it was." As he got a bucket from the trailer, and started for the pump, he began to cough.

A cold fear gripped Ellen's heart. What if the work should be too hard for John? What if he should miss the city and never let her know that he longed to go back. Buying a farm had been her own idea, really. Maybe the rest of them wouldn't be happy here, at all. The creaking of the pump seemed the saddest sound she had ever heard.

SHE walked slowly to the back door, unlocked it, and looked in. A musty, unclean smell rushed at her. When her eyes became accustomed to the dimness, she saw a rusty range in one corner. The breeze from the open door lifted a heap of soot from the fallen stovepipe and drifted it across the floor. A startled mouse scampered over some scattered papers and disappeared through a hole in the baseboard.

When the children came up be-

hind her, Ellen shut the door hurriedly and said, with forced cheerfulness, "We'll cook our supper in the yard. We'll sleep under the trees. We'll really camp out. Won't that be fun?"

As they followed her back to the car, she advised Betty, "You take Johnny to see the orchard. See if you can find some flowers."

Soon she had a small fire burning in the driveway. Then she got the food box from the car, spread a cloth on the ground nearby, and set out some bright pottery dishes.

John came with the water. "See," he said, "it's clear and cold."

Ellen took a drink. "Yes, it's fine." She dipped some into a kettle and put it over the fire to boil for the eggs. She opened a can of tomatoes and unwrapped cheese and bread. She found some paper napkins and a clean bib for Johnny. She should have bought milk in the last town, but she had been too anxious to get to the farm to remember. Oh, well, water would do this once, she supposed.

John took the canvas from the trailer, and spread it under a tree. He got mattresses and bedding and made the beds. Then he gathered dry branches and stacked them near the fire.

As they worked, a quiet settled down on the countryside. It was broken only by the occasional low mooing of a cow, or the sleepy chirping of a robin. Both John and Ellen stopped in surprise. This was something they had never experienced before. They had never been where there were no honking cars, blaring radios, and footsteps over their heads.

Ellen looked around. "The neighbors are just far enough away to make every call seem a real visit," she said. "I wonder if they have stiles. I've always wanted to walk across a field and over a stile to the neighbors. People in the country are so friendly—not always hurried and nervous, like city people."

John came to stand beside her. "You must have read a book," he teased.

The children came running back, shouting something about cherries and green apples. Betty had a bunch of dandelions and Johnny a last year's bird's nest. When Betty handed her mother the flowers, she stood in awe, pointing to the west, "What is it, a fire?"

They all turned. A brilliant red

sun was just touching the distant mountain peaks. Shafts, like flames tipped with gold, rose from it and extended both ways along the horizon. Fleecy clouds, whose undersides were tinged with pink, floated above.

"I've seen such sunsets on picture postcards," Ellen whispered, "but I never believed them, real."

John put his arm around her and the children drew close. Thus they stood, scarcely moving, till the sun was gone and swift twilight settled down, obliterating all that was old and unlovely.

"It's all right," Ellen said slowly, as she moved back to the fire and began to serve the supper. "It's beautiful. Everything's beautiful."

(To be continued)

PRISONER

Margery S. Stewart

She never watched the spring come in,
She never saw it go,
Nor listened to a robin sing
In cherry flowers and snow.

She owned a world of walls and roof
And shades to bar the light,
And dainty, needful things to do
Betwixt the dawn and night.

But once the moonlight drew her out
In shift and tumbled braid;
She saw the artistry of God
On field and valley laid.

His awesome splendor and his might
In cloud-torn sky and hill,
The endlessness of world on world,
Spring stirring, new and still.

She looked and shrank and fled within,
And, trembling, turned the key;
Her eyes sought all familiar things,
As small, as safe as she.

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

HANDCART PIONEERS—II

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the eighth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

PATIENCE Loader Rozsa Archer, a long-time and greatly beloved resident of Pleasant Grove, was well known among her fellow townspeople as one of the heroic handcart pioneers. Converts to Mormonism, and faithful Latter-day Saints in England, the Loader family had long been planning to emigrate to Utah and, on December 10, 1865, they sailed from their native land with a large company of English and Scandinavian Saints. They had a stormy voyage of eleven weeks. Their supply of fresh water became short, which necessitated their cooking with salt water and, due to the lengthy voyage, their food supply became limited. There was a great deal of sickness on board, and sixty-two deaths occurred en route.

Landing in New York the last of February, the family remained there until early summer, when they left for Iowa City, on the frontier, to make final preparations for the trip to Utah. Here they were joined by Patience's sister Zilpah and her husband John Jaques, who had recently arrived from England. Young Jaques was a man of great faith, ability, and good works. He had been a successful local missionary in England, was a scholar and a writer, and he is author of "O Say, What Is Truth?" and other inspiring hymns.

He later became assistant Church historian.

The Loader-Jaques families joined the Martin Handcart Company, which left Iowa City, July 28 and Florence, Nebraska, August 25, dangerously late in the season, and about two weeks later than the Willie Company. They had not gone very far before the carts began to give way. Even while crossing Iowa, the mechanics were kept busy evenings with repair work. The troubles increased as the travelers went on through Nebraska and came in contact with the rougher roads. Extensive repair work now became necessary, causing almost continuous delays, which brought about such an unexpected shortage of food that rationing became necessary. By the middle of September, as they approached the mountains, severe storms overtook them, and as the weather got colder and the provisions grew shorter, many perished, and probably all would have perished had it not been that rescuers from Salt Lake City reached them and helped them into the Valley.

When flour was cut to four ounces per person per day, most of the people made gruel out of their flour, but Patience and her mother made theirs into little biscuits so that when the members of the family be-

came exhausted they could eat one. The story is told of how one day when Sister Loader was walking along, she came to a man lying by the roadside. She spoke to him and asked him if he could not get up. He answered, "I could if only I had a mouthful of bread." She gave him a biscuit, which he ate, and then he got up and started on. Many months later, Sister Loader met this man on the streets of Salt Lake City and he told her she had saved his life.

AT Cutler's Park, just a few miles west of Florence, Nebraska, Almon Babbit, Secretary of Utah Territory, whose train loaded with government property was traveling ahead, called by and offered to take someone with him on his horse to catch the camp ahead. A Mrs. Williams accepted the invitation as she was walking and carrying her baby, and was anxious to reach her destination as soon as possible. Her husband was already in Salt Lake waiting for her.

"At the next stop," records Patience, "they (the Martin Company) found newly-made graves and a green sunbonnet which they knew belonged to Mrs. Williams. The company which Mrs. Williams and Mr. Babbit had caught up with had been overtaken by the Indians. Mrs. Williams was taken prisoner and never heard of again, and no one knew what became of her baby. Mr. Babbit was killed, and all the others, excepting one teamster who escaped and who told the sad story. Patience brought the bonnet to Utah and presented it to the husband, Mr. Williams

At one point of the journey, five

large, aggressive-looking Indians suddenly came out of a cave near the road and stopped the company, wanting everything they could see; but when they discovered so many were sick, they became frightened and left. On another day, Patience found a beef head lying near the road and brought it to camp where it was boiled up for soup.

There was always kindness and co-operation among these emigrants. The Loaders had two carts, and at one time for several days in succession they made room in one cart for a sick woman and two babies, and in the other they placed extras, besides their own bedding and provisions. When, tired and discouraged, they were about ready to give up, William Cluff came to their rescue. He tied a rope to his saddle and then to the cart, and helped them along for several hours over the roughest road.

The Loader-Jaques families, with all the rest of the company, suffered not only fatigue and exhaustion, hunger and cold, but also sickness and death. Two members of their family group passed away en route—the father, Brother Loader, and the little daughter of Brother and Sister Jaques. A son had been born to Mrs. Jaques near Florence at the beginning of the journey, and at Green River on the 23d of November, near the end of the journey, their little daughter passed on.

Brother Loader died on September 24th. He had helped to pull the carts as long as he could, but got weaker every day. Finally he had to give up, and was only able to pick up wood. On September the 23d, after walking seventeen miles, he

gave out, and lay down on a quilt. They tried to soothe him with hot flour gruel. The next morning the captain of the company offered to put him on a provision wagon, but his family said, "No, he is dying, and we want him on our own cart." At 1 P. M. they pitched their tent over the cart, and at 11:15 that night, he died. The next morning Samuel and Albert Jones (later of Provo) dug a grave and laid him away.

The company arrived in the Valley November 30th, just eleven months and twenty-two days after the Loaders had left Liverpool. When Patience, the city-bred maiden, looked over the Valley, she said,

"If this is the city, what must the country be like? I will not live here." She soon, however, recovered her courage and faith, and began to plan how she could be of most help to her family in establishing a home.

Patience, always a zealous missionary, converted John Rozsa, a sergeant in Johnston's army, whom she married. She accompanied him to Washington, D. C., at the time of the Civil War, and when he was mustered out, they began the journey back to Utah. On the way the husband died and, with her little children, Patience completed the journey. Later, she married John B. Archer.

A GULL AT DAWN

Jo Adelaide Stock

A snatch of life, wanton and free
From avarice, antipathy,
Nor may the din of men outcry
A sea gull wheeling in the skyl

How good you come to earth to stay
But for a moment, then away!
Go, soaring, drenched with dawning dew,
Gray-white, riding against the blue!

WALK A LITTLE WAY WITH ME

Leona Bammes Gardner

Come, Friend, and walk a little way with me,
For well I know the heavy load you bear;
Here, take my willing hand. Talk if you wish—
Let me a little of your burden share.

Come, Friend, and walk a little way with me;
The birds still sing; God hears and answers prayer.
Come, let the healing sunshine fill your soul
And wipe away your sorrow and despair.

Tomorrow, I must lift my load again
And face the day with fortitude and grace.
Today, I laid my own small griefs aside
To talk with you and find God's smiling face.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1887

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

FROM SMITHFIELD, CACHE COUNTY: Our beloved president of the Relief Society, Mrs. Moorhead, is always on the watch tower, ready to help the poor and needy, to comfort the sick and strengthen the weak, and render assistance wherever it is needed. . . . Truly this is a day of rejoicing—a temple is built to the Most High—an ensign to the people. . . . May the blessings of the Lord attend all our efforts to do good.

—Martha M. Williams

BE A TRUE WOMAN

Be a woman! On to duty!
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.

HOME AFFAIRS: We return thanks for the "Utah Musical Bouquet," edited by Daynes and Son. We watch with pleasurable interest all the improvements which tend to develop talent among the people. We are gratified to see so many home productions in songs and music.—Editorial

HINTS TO WRITERS AND SPEAKERS: Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. . . . The only way to shine even in this false world is to be modest and unassuming. . . . Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think.—William Cullen Bryant

WELCOME TO SPRING

O beauteous spring! fragrant of leaf and bloom;
Nature, with myriad welcomes, hails thy birth;
Thou breathest, and lo! a rich and sweet perfume
Rises like incense from the gladdened earth.

—Emile

FROM FAYETTE, SANPETE COUNTY: We feel that the storing up of grain is of the Lord, and we have on hand quite a quantity and will add to it as fast as we can. By courtesy of our President, John Bartholomew, our wheat is stored in his granary till we can get one built for our own use. There is a good rock meeting house in this place for which the Relief Society has made mats and carpets. We also purchased a stove and the window furniture, so you see, beloved sisters, that we can always find something to do. I contemplate introducing the silk culture.

Jane A. Brown, Pres't.

PREJUDICE: There is every day ample opportunity to observe the manifold evils arising from prejudice. How often do some of us allow ourselves to speak evil or slanderous things of those who have proved themselves friends in the truest sense. We are too willing to believe evil of our fellow beings. . . . How very careful we should be never to say a word to injure the character of any person. . . . Let us guard our own tongues, discipline our own thoughts, see that our hearts are free from impurity, and we will have no time to encourage evil.—Mary Stuart

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

THIS Centennial year a number of women writers are helping to establish Utah history and to give the flavor of Latter-day Saint character and ideals in their literary works. Mrs. Anna Prince Redd has two serials running, one in *The Improvement Era* and one in *The Relief Society Magazine*, portraying the dramatic settlement of San Juan County. Miss Jessie Sherwood, formerly of Boston and now living in Monticello, Utah, has been working on biographical sketches of San Juan pioneers, some of which are appearing in *The Improvement Era*. Mrs. Mabel Harmer has written a story entitled *Dennis and the Mormon Battalion*. Mrs. Helen Cortez Stafford of California, has given the story of Mrs. Ann Phelps Rich in her *Sweet Love Remembered*. The poems of Edna S. Dustin, many of which have appeared in the Church periodicals, have been collected and published in a volume called *Sagebrush and Wagon Wheels*. An illustrated book, recently off the press, is *A Garden of Thought Blossoms*. This is a collection of poems by Elsie E. Barrett, who is eighty years old and a member of Wilshire Ward Relief Society in Los Angeles, California. Poems of hers have also appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*. *The Hills Are Mine* is a novel of Mormon life in Utah written by Helen Hinckley (Mrs. Ivan Jones).

SEVERAL outstanding women, who have helped to make our 100 years of Utah history, have died recently. They are:

Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson Wilcox, eighty-nine, for twelve years a member of the General Board of Relief Society, who worked particularly on health education for homemakers. She was a charter member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, the principal of a school, and one of the group who helped to establish the first free kindergarten in Utah nearly fifty years ago.

Mrs. Minnie Barnes Blood, seventy-four, widow of former Utah Governor Henry H. Blood. Mrs. Blood was noted for her graciousness and the excellence of her homemaking.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Bolin, eighty-seven, a cousin of Woodrow Wilson, twenty-seventh president of the United States. She moved from New York to Utah in 1890, after she and her husband had joined the Church.

Mrs. Ann Higgs Clayton Jensen, ninety-three, a pioneer of Sanpete County whose first husband was William Clayton, author of the Latter-day Saint hymn "Come, Come Ye Saints."

Mrs. Winnifred Morris Tibbs, ninety-one, a Relief Society worker for more than fifty years, and author of *Autumn Leaves*, a collection of poems written and published after she was eighty years old.



"All These Things Shall Be Held In Remembrance"

WE know what children do and say, but where shall we find the key to their hearts? We can go back along the vivid road of memory and recall our own childhood. If we carefully reconstruct this most pliable period of life, its joys, and its griefs, we shall know our children as they are, for we shall see ourselves as we were.

Early impressions are so deep and lasting that they stay with us forever. And beyond our visible recalling there is a background of attitudes and a web of habits which affect us vitally, but which we cannot trace. The various facets of disposition and personality are first woven on the loom of childhood.

These lasting impressions are pure emotion, unmarked, at first, by logic or morality. There is but a small background of experience for their interpretation. We may lose some of the wonder and the glory, the color and the sound of childhood, but out of the tapestry of days there are treasures that remain bright as jewels, and every time the beauty-seeking mind goes back to them, their lasting luster reflects a new radiance.

Go into the treasury of your own house of memories and see what you find. How did the events which

you recall happen, and what is their significance? Think quietly of this, and let your childhood come back that you may see again the measure of life and look upon your own and other children with a new understanding.

The Bible tells us that Zacharias, rejoicing in the birth of his son, asked for a writing table and wrote, saying:

... his name is John and all these sayings were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Judea. And all they that heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child will this be?

What manner of child will this be? He will grow as you direct him, with his roots in his ancestry, and he will be swayed by his environment. His experiences will become memories, and they will affect his life when he is a man. To a large extent these memories will determine the course of his life.

The essence of childhood should be love and security. The early years are the Eden of life. Let childhood have its day. Let each little one remember his mother's face, his father's voice. Let him remember good music, beautiful pictures, quietness, kind words, and laughter.

V. P. C.

Breakfast Is an Important Meal

Hazel Stevens

Nutrition Consultant, Utah State Department of Health

THE food one eats over a period of time nourishes the body and supplies nutrients for growth, repair, and maintenance. Breakfast is an important meal because the body has been without food for ten to fourteen hours. Food of the right kind is needed for the morning's activities.

The following observations have shown the need for a better breakfast campaign:

1. Many working girls and housewives become tired, restless, hungry, and crave snacks during the mid-morning hours when they skip breakfast. These snacks include candy, "pops," and pastries, rather than essential foods. These women fail to realize how breakfast may contribute towards efficiency and enjoyment of the day's activities.

2. Too many individuals take a mere glass of fruit juice or milk, and sometimes a roll or doughnut, and consider this a good breakfast.

3. Many teachers have reported that some children come to school without breakfast. These children tend to become tired, restless, and inattentive before lunch time.

If you or any of your family members are "breakfast skippers," ask yourselves why? Then proceed to rectify this mistake. These may be among the reasons:

1. *In a hurry? Not enough time?* Most people would have time to prepare and eat breakfast if they

would get up a little earlier. For children, it may mean retiring a little earlier at night. Breakfast requires such a little time to prepare. Sometimes it can be prepared the night before. Ten to twenty minutes should be allowed for breakfast.

2. *Not hungry?* This may be because the individual has improper food, fails to get exercise, or has too little activity. It may also be a habit. If the non-hungry feeling persists, the individual should have a complete examination by his physician and follow his suggestions. In some cases, poor appetite exists because the physical condition of the individual may be below par. If one is in good physical condition, the right kind of food, properly prepared, will cause normal hunger. The non-hungry feeling may sometimes be caused by emotional upsets. Sufficient time, a happy mood, attractive and tasty dishes will help the appetite.

3. *Afraid of getting fat?* A good breakfast has fewer calories than candy, soda pop, and pastries.

4. *Dislike of breakfast foods?* This may be due to a lack of variety in foods and too little variation in preparation. For example, one can grow to dislike eggs if he is served a fried egg every morning. Eggs may be prepared in many different ways to appease the eye and the appetite. Cereals may be cooked in milk, fruit

added, served hot or chilled, or sliced and fried as scrapple. Milk can be put into many breakfast dishes so that one does not always need to use it as a drink.

5. *Think breakfast is not as important as other meals?* Authorities in the field of nutrition say the well-being of individuals can be harmed by skipping breakfast, which is the most neglected meal. From many standpoints breakfast is the most important meal. Failure to get sufficient amounts of the right kind of food may result in fatigue, irritability, and lessened efficiency.

There is no arbitrary list of foods which must be breakfast foods. One can select from the day's needs, considering the two other meals. Eggs, milk, cereal, and fruit are good choices.

The amount or size of breakfast for each individual will vary with age, activity, and condition of the individual, but the kind of food and method of preparation need not be changed for every member of the family.

Select your breakfast from these daily food needs:

MILK: 1 pint for adults, $\frac{3}{4}$ quart for children, and 1 quart for pregnant and nursing mothers.

EGGS: One.

MEAT, FISH, OR POULTRY: One serving. Occasionally, cheese or dried peas or beans may be substituted.

VEGETABLES: Three or more servings.

FRUITS: Two or more servings (one should be rich in vitamin C, for example, citrus fruits or tomatoes).

CEREAL AND BREAD: Cereal two to five times weekly, some bread at each meal.

FAT AND SUGAR: Approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of each per person per week.

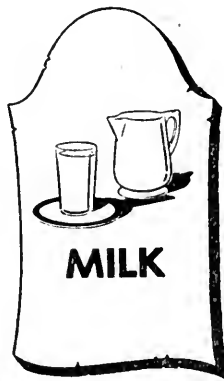
Suggested Light Breakfasts

(For reducing diets and sedentary people)

Sliced orange
Milk toast

Broiled grapefruit
Slice toast
Milk beverage

Tomato juice
Poached egg
Slice of toast



A PATTERN FOR A PROPER BREAKFAST

Baked apple or apple
sauce
Toast and beverage
(Prepared cereal
and top milk, if
desired)

Suggested Heavier Breakfasts
(For active people)

Creamed egg on toast
One half grapefruit
Cooked oatmeal in milk
Scrambled eggs and toast

Apple sauce
Creamed egg on toast
Milk to drink

Tomato juice
Creamed salmon or
tuna on toast
Beverage

Stewed apricots
Sausage with hominy
Wholewheat toast
Milk or milk
beverage

Sliced bananas in
orange juice
Cracked wheat cereal
(with top milk)
Toast
Milk to drink

THE AMARYLLIS

Evelyn Fjeldsted

We stand in breathless awe before
The amaryllis now in bloom;
In silence, it has long designed
To glorify our living room.

The bulb, so still, a secret held—
A secret of a coming dawn.
A proof of life renewed where once
Another bloom had come and gone.

“They toil not, neither do they spin”;
And yet a king was not arrayed
Like one of these, whose royalty
Presents a roseate parade.

Each lily seems to hold a scroll
That tells, in sweet humility,
The story written in a bulb,
A treatise on eternity.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 3

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County, Utah.

The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings.

The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated country. While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a strange, mysteriously inexplicable Indian.

Elizabeth is told to say nothing of her experience. She complies, but has the feeling that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company goes on toward the Colorado River. At Lee's Hogback there is an accident to one of the wagons, which careens from the ridge, and its two drivers and their goods go rolling down the steep ledge.

“**H**OLD the line! Keep moving!” Silas Smith shouted. “George, keep 'em on the move or we'll all go over!”

“No one is hurt!” George cried. “The men are already cutting the teams free of their harnesses. Don't look down! Keep moving, straight to the top!”

“Every man to the front who is not driving a team,” Silas ordered. “Hold the wagons on the trail by hand! We can't lose another outfit!”

Alternately urging and commanding, the two leaders succeeded in holding the line till the last wagon reached the top of the spiked divide. There, five men were detailed to help get the broken wagon and the crippled teams back up the sliding ledge. The other men had held the wagons to the road by sheer force of numbers and determination. And then it was over. The ridge flattened out, its sides plumed up and slid away into the desert. The mammoth hog had reclined, needing no shade and no water for its rest.

Once over the hogback, Elizabeth and Mary climbed wearily from their wagons and lifted their younger children down beside them.

“Lee's Hogback!” Mary exclaimed, and stood staring back at it.

“Let it lie!” Elizabeth said curtly. “We have work to do! The children are clamoring for food, and the whole camp needs rest and water.”

“Water!” Mary exclaimed, “I'd give a bucket of gold for a drop of it!”

“George says we can only stop an hour, Mary. The sun is getting low and we have miles to go before we

'night camp' at Bitter Springs." Elizabeth was systematically arranging utensils and food for a quick meal for the men, and as she talked she worked rapidly.

Mary spoke uneasily, "Oh, Elizabeth, what if there shouldn't be any water when we get to Bitter Springs."

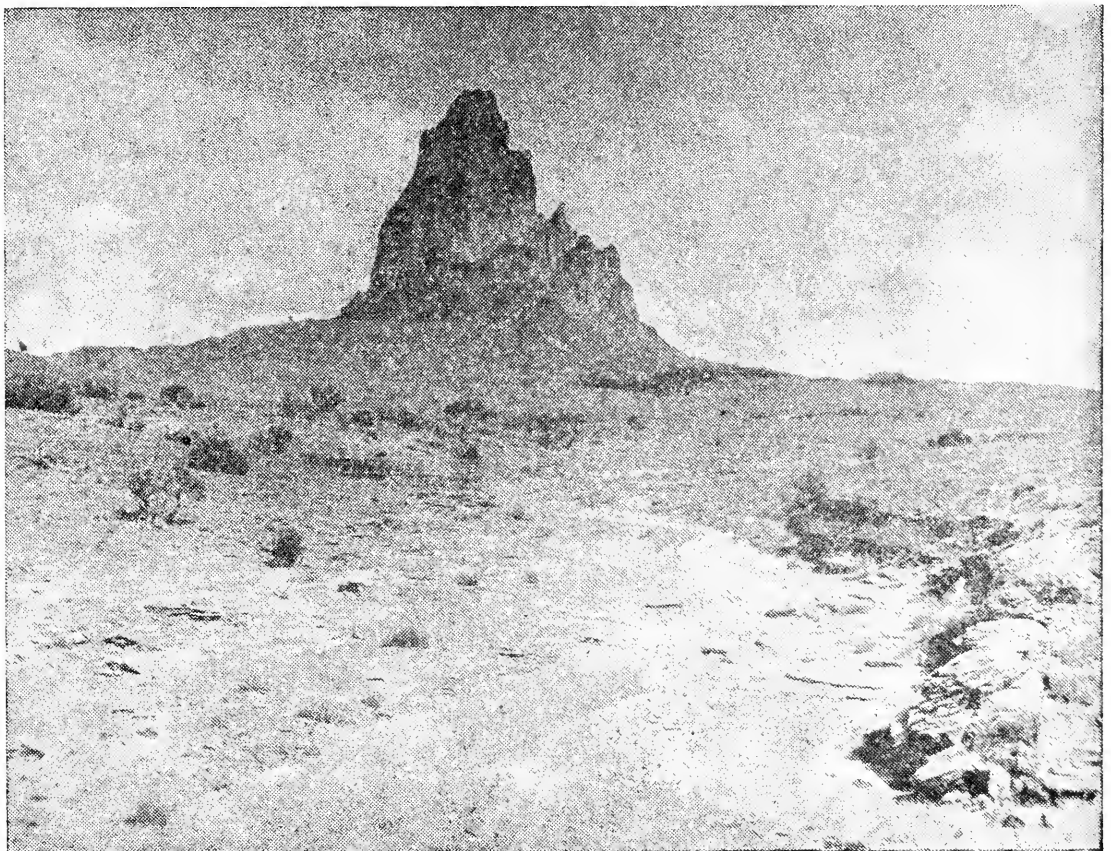
Elizabeth paused in her work to look at Mary. "Why, we'd just die, I guess," she said. "But the Lord has seen us over that place," she flung a defiant glance back at the hogback, "and my opinion is that he'll keep on lookin' after us. This is a mission. You remember in the Book of Mormon when Nephi and his brothers Laman, Lemuel, and Sam were sent back to Jerusalem to get the records from King Laban, Nephi

said: 'I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them.'"

"That is good scripture," Mary agreed, and added emphatically, "the main company had better read that passage. They're going to need that kind of faith if they accomplish the thing they have been commanded to do."

"Do you wish we could have stayed to come with the main company?" Elizabeth asked, not looking at her friend and almost ashamed of the implied weakness.

"Of course, I do," Mary an-



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

MONOLITH IN THE DESERT



Courtesy, Jen Dike Studio, Phoenix, Arizona

NAVAJO SHEPHERDESS

swered. "I don't think the Lord will blame us, either. Someone has to go so it may as well be us. The men seem to tackle a job better if there are women along to fight for."

Elizabeth said affectionately, "I wouldn't worry so if you weren't going to have a baby, Mary. You never have been strong."

"That worried me at first, too, Elizabeth. But I'm getting stronger every day."

And so they talked, snatching moments between their cooking, looking after each other's children, laughing at remembered things back home

IT was midnight before they reached Bitter Springs. The brackish water did little to relieve their thirst, but they drank it and went to bed, exhausted, on the hot sand.

Dawn comes early to the desert. The sun comes up, not leisurely as if it had rested well, but blazing wrathfully, discomfited by its bed

of prickly-pears and sand. Tall cactus trees, brittle-looking as the rays of the sun, stretch their limbs and stand in resignation.

With their thirst but bitterly satisfied, the heat soon became intolerable to the weary train which had started traveling before day-break. The children cried and tossed fitfully from side to side in their rocking wagons. Long before noon the cattle were bawling their discontent, lowing dismally to their scattered calves. The horses were white with caked lather, and sweat and sand rimmed the bloodshot eyes of the men. But in spite of it all, they made thirty miles that day—only to find a dry camp that night.

The next morning there was the same sun, the same blistering wind, the same hot sand in their eyes. And they had to go another thirty miles, without water, for the next spring had been dry.

The cattle, tongues lolling and eyes bulging, refused to take another step and gave up beside the road,

only struggling up and on again at the merciless prodding of the drovers, and then some of them falling dead a little farther along the way.

Up and down the sluggish line rode George Hobbs and Silas Smith.

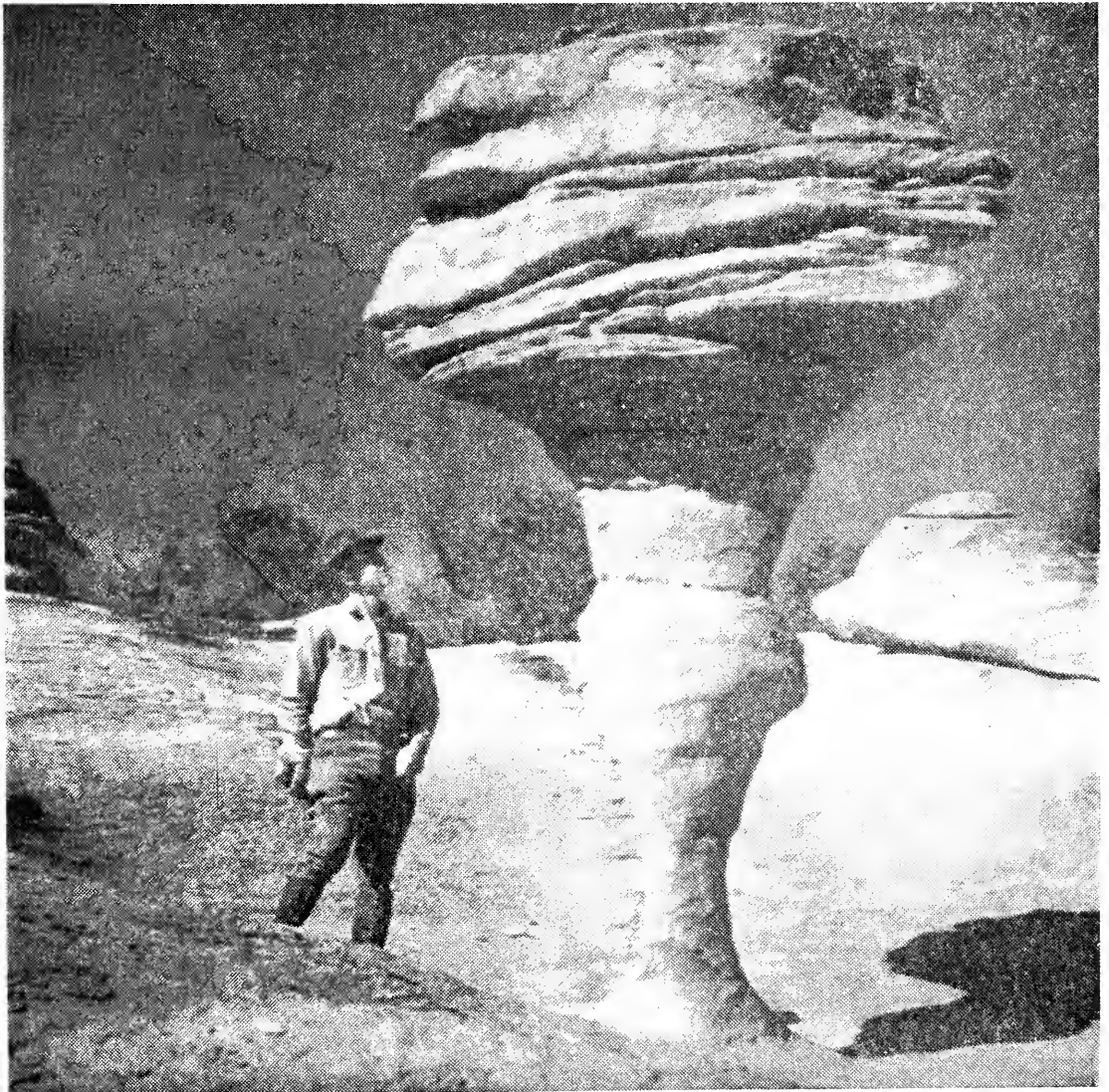
"George, we've gone sixty miles without water," Silas cried. "A fourth of our stock is dead, and the men and women are but little better. What are we going to do?"

"There's nothing to do but hold

on and keep moving!" George yelled at the line: "Only ten miles more, and we'll roll in water! Keep moving! Keep moving!"

Stoical in the face of it, Elizabeth and Mary drove behind their men. Ten miles . . . nine . . . eight . . . and, at last, only one more mile. Water! Water! They prayed. The spring could not, must not be dry!

The first men to reach Willow Spring sent up a shout and, almost



Photograph by Willard Luce

THE GOBLET OF VENUS

Seventeen miles west of Blanding, one hundred yards from the highway, this great monolith is one of the most impressive monuments in the sculptured lands of Southeastern Utah.

before their own thirst was satisfied, they began to fill their barrels, buckets, pans, and cups to take back to the parched train in the rear. Some of the boys, laughing wryly, even filled their hats with the precious water and went staggering back to help their friends.

An hour later, half dead, the company pulled up at the spring. Night, drenched with unexpected dew, cooled their veins and healed their eyes with sleep. . . .

At the Indian village of Moenkopi President Smith was warned that his company would never be permitted to cross the Navajo Indian Reservation into San Juan. Hobbs, too, had been advised to turn back. They had met at a blacksmith's shop to pool their views.

"They say it can't be done, Silas," George drawled, whittling away at a stick.

"Never mind what they say! What do you say?" Silas questioned hotly.

"I say it can," Hobbs replied, settling himself cross-legged in the shade of a squawbush near the shop. "But, Silas, we've got ten teams to shoe yet. The confounded Indians are slow as sorghum in winter. We've paid 'em in corn and shirts, now they want shoes and pants. They'll keep us here all summer!"

"Well, give 'em shoes and pants then, George."

"Whose, besides mine?"

Silas' eyes twinkled. "I used to wear buckskins," he said. "And where we're goin' there's not enough rain to worry about them shrinking." Then, serious again, he ground a rock to bits beneath his heel. "Give 'em any bloomin' thing they want, only let's get out of here!"

"I talked with John W. Young,"

George reported. "He's been here a good many months trying to build a woolen mill. So far he's met nothing but opposition all the way. He says the Indians here are used to the whites, but, once we cross into San Juan, we'll be in their territory and they'll fight us every step of the way."

"We knew that when we started out, George. And I can't say that I blame the Indians. They haven't forgotten the drubbing they got from Kit Carson and the Government. And, furthermore, it is still fresh in their minds that the whites have just killed four of their young men."

"The white men who were responsible for that were not Latter-day Saints, Silas."

"That will make little difference to the Indians," Silas answered. "With them, it's still an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

"Well," George drawled, "Brigham Young was famous for goin' where folks said he couldn't. I reckon he'd not like to hear a son of his say that a call of the Church can't be fulfilled."

"Mr. Young spoke sincerely, George. He firmly believes that we'll not get twenty miles inland from the river."

"Have you talked with Brother Wilford Woodruff, Silas?"

"Yes. He came to my camp last night and brought some missionaries with him. They are to preach to the Indians and help us out."

"Good! We'll take them right up to old Chief Peogament and introduce them to him," George said.

Silas smiled. "We can use the missionaries, all right. But what we need right now, George, is grain and wagon parts."

George reminded him that there were no wagon parts, and precious little grain in Moenkopi. "But there is wool," he added. "Could we use any of that?"

"Wool makes good pads for horses' sore shoulders, George. Take that and anything else you can get around here."

Silas sat down beside George in the scant shade of a squawbush. "I'm worried, George," he admitted. "There are plenty of white trappers and traders who would stir up trouble around here, even if the Indians were inclined to be peaceable."

George poked a deep hole in the sand with his forefinger. He picked a centipede off his sleeve and dropped it into the hole. "Yep. They're as poison as that critter I just buried," he declared, tamping the sand into the hole with angry jabs.

They were silent for a minute and then George continued, "I've been thinking about Mrs. Davis, Silas."

"We'd better leave the Davises here, George," Silas replied.

"And leave Mrs. Harriman to take care of Mrs. Davis?"

"No. We have to have one woman along to help keep the hotheads in check. They are itchin' to start shootin' as it is."

"I guess you're right, Silas, but it will be hard on the woman. I'll see that the Davises are taken care of here. And we'd better leave the stock here, too. We'll have enough to do to look after our own hides."

"That's the size of it," Silas agreed. "The sooner we hit the trail the better, too. The hardships of travel, road building, and well dig-

ging will help to keep dissatisfaction down."

The two men rose and shook hands, then each went his own particular way, George to get the outfits in shape for the rough roads ahead, and Silas to procure funds and food for his men.

* * * * *

To a woman there is no greater loneliness than being alone with a crowd of men, even when a husband and brothers are along. Women afford each other kinship that the company of men does not supply. Elizabeth helped Mary get settled in the large tent that the men had put up, and everything she did showed her solicitude. She made beds, cooked, and sewed, and left a blessing with each one of the homely tasks. Tears often welled in Mary's eyes as she lay on her bed and watched Elizabeth's deft hands.

"I'll miss you, Mary," Elizabeth confessed. The last task was finished. There was nothing more to do but talk as casually as they could and pretend to have the courage expected of them.

Mary could not say goodbye to Elizabeth. "It's not goodbye, it's adios," she said bravely. "I'll be joining you soon. James says it will only be a few weeks."

Elizabeth agreed, smiling for Mary's benefit. But she had a disquieting sense that things would never be the same with them again. Once they reached their destination, each one would settle on her own land and their houses might be miles apart. She would see Mary again, that was practically sure, but it would be different. They would never be as close to each other in the new settlement as they had been

while traveling to get there. But whatever came, she promised herself, she would always love Mary and pray that their two lives might go on together.

* * * * *

FOR two uneventful days the company drove over drab desert sand, making ten miles each day. Nothing unusual happened; then, suddenly, fear was all around them. It was nothing they could see or hear or touch, yet it was there. It followed the train in shadow by day and stalked it by night. This was a country of such vast silences that the small noises of the wheels as they churned the sand, were distracting. The creak of leather and chain was cymballed against the towering cliffs, as the wagons were catapulted from table land to canyon bottom, adding to the fear and the mystery of the unknown.

"We are surrounded, Silas," George Hobbs said grimly, riding beside Silas, his eyes straight ahead. "They have been gathering for days. Ever since the first three miles out."

"Indians?" Silas asked, showing no surprise. "I guess that's what I've been smelling. Our own campfire smells could hardly carry that strong."

They rode in silence again, keeping close watch on all sides.

Presently Silas spoke. "Where do you suppose those four scouts we sent out are keeping themselves? I should have had a report of this gathering. If there is an ambush—"

"There won't be," George interrupted. "Chief Peogament hasn't joined his tribes yet. He knows what the water layout is, and he figures the rain gods will take care of us and save him the trouble. His hordes are

following us to pick our bones."

An hour later the train climbed out of the canyon and came to a sudden halt. Not more than fifty feet from the mouth of the canyon a forest of greasewood blocked their way. Miles wide, dense as fog, gnarled, and as twisted and tangled as the tentacles of an octopus, it confronted the astonished company.

"I calculate that Peogament's got more on his side than his rain gods," Silas decided, stopping dead in his tracks. "I reckon we're here for some time. We had better start digging a well."

George's eyes were glued to the thicket. He sat his horse erect and watchful. "It doesn't look promising," he agreed curtly.

"There is double meaning in your words, George. What do you see?"

"A thicket," George answered. "What do you see?"

"A thicket," Silas replied, nettled out of his usual good-natured drawl. "A very deep thicket!"

The company pulled up beside its leaders, staring incredulously at the forest.

"Whatever that forest holds is its own secret now," Silas said, looking at George for enlightenment. But he got no response. "Make camp!" he shouted. "And pull in close together. Guards out!"

Elizabeth covered her face with her hands.

"I'm glad you are not here, Mary," she whispered to the great stretches of broken country that lay between her present dark camp and the warmth and security of Mary's tent. "I'm glad you are not here, waiting for what the night, or the dawn, or tomorrow's dawn may bring!"

(To be continued)

Mormonism in the Eyes of the Press

Elder James R. Clark

Brigham Young University
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III—THE PRESS VIEWS MORMONISM AS A ZIONIST MOVEMENT

(Third installment of a series of articles dealing with early Latter-day Saint history)

A survey of some three thousand newspaper articles written about the Latter-day Saints between 1824 and 1850, shows that editors and writers were interested in Mormonism for reasons that widely differed. Some editors were concerned only with the political aspects of Mormonism; others were concerned with the social and economic implications of the movement; still others seemed to delight only in vituperation and religious controversy.

There is one recurring theme, however, that appears in newspaper articles rather persistently from 1831 to 1848. That theme might be expressed as "Mormons take over." Newspaper editors seemed to have a firm conviction that the Latter-day Saints were attempting to "take over" America as their Zion, and the repeated publication of this conviction preceded the main body of Latter-day Saints on their westward journey from New York to Ohio, Ohio to Missouri, Missouri to Illinois, and even to California. Preceding them, it tempered the thinking of the newspaper readers in the communities where the Latter-day Saints intended to settle.

The teachings of the early Church leaders that America was in very deed a "land of Zion" and that the saints were the "chosen people of God," whose right it was to inherit such a land, have been recorded as facts by both Mormon and non-Mormon historians.

The part played by the American press in interpreting this concept to the American people, and the repercussions of this interpretation on the Mormon movement have been largely overlooked by historians.

The doctrine of the "land of Zion—an inheritance" was given as a direct revelation from God to Joseph Smith, January 2, 1831, at a conference of the Church held in Fayette, New York. It read in part:

And I have made the earth rich, and behold it is my footstool, wherefore, again I will stand upon it.

And I hold forth and deign to give unto you greater riches, even a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, upon which there shall be no curse when the Lord cometh:

And I will give it unto you for the land of your inheritance, if you seek it with all your hearts:

And this shall be my covenant with you, ye shall have it for the land of your inheritance, and for the inheritance of

your children forever, while the earth shall stand, and ye shall possess it again in eternity, no more to pass away (Doc. and Cov. 38:17-20).

The Prophet Joseph Smith and his family had been "in the news" since 1824, and were well known by 1831. I think it safe to assume that immediately following the giving of this revelation, containing a pronouncement of the destiny of Mormonism, Latter-day Saints began to interpret this concept to their neighbors and friends.

Newspaper editors, picking up news of the growing Mormon movement, began their own interpretations of this new doctrine of Zion.

Six months after the revelation had been given in New York, the *St. Louis Times*, St. Louis, Missouri, in its issue of July 9, 1831, carried an article from the *Western Courier*, Ravenna, Ohio, for May 26, 1831, which said:

We understand that a new arrival of Mormonites has taken place—some two hundred men, women and children having lately landed in Geauga county, their holy land, from New York. It is said that they are an active, intelligent and enterprising sect of people. They have commenced a new settlement in the township of Thompson, near the line of Ashtabula county, thus extending their holy land farther east than the limits originally fixed. . . . The number of believers in the faith, in three or four of the northern townships, is said to exceed one hundred—among whom are many intelligent and respectable individuals.

Two months later, on September 17th, the *Missouri Intelligencer and Boone's Lick Advertiser*, which was published in Columbia, Boone County, Missouri, republished a news item from the *Painesville Gazette*, Painesville, Ohio, as follows:

THE MORMONITES — We learn from the *Painesville Gazette*, that this infatuated people are again in motion. In their own cant phrase, "they are going to inherit the promise of God to Abraham and his seed." Their destination is some indefinite spot on the Missouri River, they say, about 1,500 miles distant.

One group of Latter-day Saints did move to their "promised land" in Missouri. With them, at the express wish of the Prophet Joseph Smith, went a printing press and William Wines Phelps, a recent convert to the Church, a printer and publisher of wide experience.

There might have been a dual meaning in the publication of the following extract from a history of Connecticut which Mormonism's first editor printed in the first issue of the first periodical—*The Evening and Morning Star*, published in the new "Zion" at Independence, Missouri:

The following is found in an ancient history of Connecticut. Soon after the settlement of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement; but finding the premises were in peaceable possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of deposing and expelling them. To test the case a church meeting was called, and the matter determined by the solemn assembly of the sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes—the first was the following:—Voted, that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. This passed in the affirmative; and, Voted, the earth is given to the Saints.—this was also determined like the former—3d. Voted, that we are the Saints, which passed without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place and relinquish the possession to the rightful owners.

It is perhaps not hard to see how this little extract from an old history book, when published in a new Church paper in a new country, into which the Latter-day Saints were just moving, might have been misinterpreted by other editors, and by readers who were not cognizant of the fact that the saints had received specific instructions to acquire all their land by regular processes in obedience to the laws of the land.

The news of the Mormon "Zion" in Missouri spread rapidly. Three months after the establishment of *The Evening and Morning Star*, the September 1, 1832 issue of *Niles Weekly Register*, a paper with nation-wide circulation, published at Baltimore, Maryland, carried this news item:

MORMONS—Two preachers of this sect have lately visited Boston, and soon made 15 converts to their strange doctrines—some of whom are respectable persons—5 also joined at Lynn. Certain of these converts have cast considerable sums of money into the stock, and all were about to depart for the "promised land" in Jackson County, Missouri—the precious spot having been lately discovered.

Although it was not the only cause of the failure of the Latter-day Saints to establish a permanent Zion, first in Ohio and then in Missouri, this opposition of the non-Mormon press was perhaps a contributing factor to their failure, because it determined to a large extent the type of co-operation, the saints, as new settlers, received from the older, established settlers.

That the blame, if such there be, does not lie wholly at the door of the non-Mormons is implied in a statement written by the Prophet Joseph Smith for another Mormon

paper, *The Latter-day Saints Messenger and Advocate*, September 1835:

But to return to my subject . . . and thus the sound of the gathering, and of the doctrine, went abroad into the world; and many, we have reason to fear, having zeal not according to knowledge, not understanding the pure principles of the doctrine of the church, have no doubt, in the heat of enthusiasm, taught and said many things which are derogatory to the genuine character and principles of the church, and for these things we are heartily sorry, and would apologize if an apology would do any good.

If it can be said that the saints failed to establish their Zion in Ohio and Missouri, their failure seemingly did not dim their spirit. One might, with justification, apply to them the earlier words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, spoken of himself:

For I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dared I do it; at least I knew that by so doing I would offend God, and come under condemnation (*Joseph Smith 2:25*).

They believed in the reality of the "land of Zion," and they were not to be daunted by their own weaknesses and failures in Ohio and Missouri, nor by outside opposition and persecution.

They built their own city in Illinois, and at Nauvoo, they were virtually autonomous. In this city of Zion, they took great pride, so it is understandable how, at the opening of the Prophet Joseph Smith's Nauvoo House, they felt impressed to pass a series of resolutions extolling the greatness of their leader and of their city of Zion.

But these resolutions, published in the *Times and Seasons*, were

picked up by the nation's press as a further indication of what they felt was Mormon arrogance and a "chosen people" complex.

The news of the Prophet's death, in 1844, was widely publicized, as outlined in the second installment of this series. The first opinion of the press, generally, was that with the Prophet's death, Mormonism and the attempts to establish Zion were at an end. The *Alton Telegraph*, Alton, Illinois, said in October, 1844:

DISSOLUTION OF THE MORMON CHURCH

. . . The elements of discord and disunion are successfully at work in the community at Nauvoo, and no doubt rests upon our mind, but that the total dissolution of the Church will be the inevitable result With the fall of the "prophet," fell also the throne of despotism he had erected in this Republic, and the charm that enabled him to delude the populace has with his death, departed, we trust, forever.

Mormonism departed from Illinois, but not from existence, as the editors had hoped it would. With the decision of the Latter-day Saints to remove West, came a revival of the Zionist fear so far as the press of the United States was concerned. This renewed interest on the part of the press may have been stimulated, in part, by an article which John Taylor published in the *Times and Seasons*, November 15, 1845.

An imperial edict has been issued in China, giving Christian missionaries liberty to preach, and the Chinese freedom to embrace Christianity

This will open the door for the Elders of the Latter-day Saints and as our future location will embrace California, Oregon, or Vancouver's Island, we may bring the Chinese with their wealth, directly into

the Kingdom of God, to "build up the waste places of Zion," without molestation. The Lord is certainly preparing the way for all nations to go up to his holy mountain, and worship Him in the beauty of holiness. Mormonism is here a little and there a little, until the whole lump be leavened.

Some of the saints did go to California with the Mormon Battalion, and with Samuel Brannan. This revived the Zionist concept in the press once more and the *Galena Gazette*, Galena, Illinois, published a letter dated October 1, 1847, from a correspondent in California, in which fear was once more expressed that the Mormons were attempting to "take over" the country.

The country is flooded with Mormons. Their regiment under Col. Cook, has been disbanded . . . besides this, Mormon emigrants are arriving daily, by sea and land, from Europe and America—all bringing arms and ammunition to fight, as they say, "the battles of the Lord," and relieve their afflicted brethren from the persecutions and bondage of the Moabite, and to build up an inheritance to the Lord in the wilderness.

These articles are only a selected few out of thousands which I have copied from newspapers covering the entire nation. I have sought to make the selection representative.

In them there is evidence of the persistent efforts of the saints to carry out the will of the Lord and establish Zion. There is also evidence that the press of the nation seemed to be convinced that the "Mormon Zionist" movement promised no good for the residents of those areas in which the Latter-day Saints wished to settle. This attitude of the press undoubtedly increased the difficulties of Mormon settlement.

The important point to remember in any evaluation of Mormon history is that these accounts were published as the views, or intentions, of the Mormons.

After careful study, I have no reason to doubt that the average citizen of New York, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri or California believed that

these newspaper accounts expressed the teachings of the Church leaders; the intentions of the Mormons to "take over" America and establish Zion; and to use force, if necessary, to accomplish their goal. The task of our pioneer forefathers was undoubtedly rendered more difficult by the opposition thus engendered.

THE CHALLENGE OF A DAFFODIL

Wanda W. Lund

The icy, sleet-filled winds of March
That drove the snow with shuddering blast
Are quieted now. White mounds piled high,
Like templed spires against the sky,
Melt silently, and spring has come at last.

Consider death—is it the end?
Its icy hand will touch all men;
And when our time on earth is through,
Are we destined to live again?

As surely as the springtime comes,
And balmy days replace the chill,
The spirit's triumph over death
Exemplifies, through love and faith,
The constant challenge of a daffodil.

WEBER RIVER

Beatrice K. Ekman

The alder branches bend and quiver,
And firmly anchored willows lean
To trail slim fingers in between
The rocks, where the eddying currents go
In effortless motion of silver flow,
Combing the banks of the mountain river;
Ageless song of undertones . . .
Ripple of water over stones . . .

Select Safe Clothes

C. Aileen Ericksen

Director of Home Economics Education, Utah State Department of Public Instruction

TODAY, as never before, woman's dress may contribute to her bodily comfort, facilitating the activities of work and play. Throughout history, so strong has been the urge "to do as others do" that women have accepted customs and styles of dress which were uncomfortable, which presented health and safety hazards, which limited activity, and which often were really ugly.

Environment and activities direct one's choice of clothing. Most of us have had the experience of owning garments unsuited for our activities and environment. Velvet lounging pajamas owned by a girl who must help with the work of her home and has neither time for lounging nor a setting suitable for luxurious fabrics; swimming suits owned by the person who never swims; and riding jodhpurs prized by the girl who neither rides nor hikes—all are examples of purchases of garments that violate a rule of fitness.

Aside from influencing the choice of article, the environment and activities also affect the colors, the fabrics, and the design deemed suitable. Perhaps the relation of environment and activity to clothing needs can be most wisely determined if the following steps are taken:

1. List all the activities in which you engage, making marks to designate relative frequency of each.

2. List the garments you will need to be properly dressed for these occasions.

3. On this factual basis, decide what influence each of the separate activities in which you engage should exert on your total clothing choices.

4. Plan so that the selection of clothing may also be influenced by safety features.

The kind of clothing a woman wears, the way she keeps it in repair, and the style in which she wears her hair can affect her living to the extent that an accident may mean permanent injury or disfigurement. The style, fit, and material are important for safety. Let us consider several important items in this connection.

1. Projecting or flowing sleeves are not suitable for kitchen wear. They catch on chairs and door knobs, and also interfere in eating. They are especially dangerous when near a fire or when worn during the laundrying procedure.

Short fitted sleeves are safe for household work. Those that are above the elbow are safest.

2. Large pockets, sashes, and bows, are especially bad when worn near cupboards and around stoves, for they catch on projecting objects and tend to tangle in flames. Pockets should be flat and should not extend away from the garment. Set in belts are safe because they are absolutely flat. Narrow flat bows are best; wide fluffy ones may catch on objects.

3. Long, large, and loose garments are tripping hazards. They are especially dangerous when the wearer is climbing or descending stairways.

4. Tight garments restrict movement. If clothes are tight they have a tendency to twist and get in the way when one stoops or climbs, and thus they contribute to fatigue.

Action-back blouses, or blouses with fullness, permit freer shoulder movements. Skirts should be moderately wide to allow free movement.

5. Wedgies, bedroom slippers, and dress shoes with high heels increase the danger of tripping. Poorly fitted shoes do not give proper support and often cause fatigue. Broken shoe laces may cause tripping. Shoe heels and soles should be kept in good repair.

6. Rayon and cotton napped fabrics that have not been given flame resistant treatment catch fire easily and burn rapidly. Extensive experiments have been conducted in making materials flame resistant, and when these are available on the market, another step will have been taken toward safety.

Plan your spending to include all your wants—and to get what you want most for your money. Consider the type of clothes which you need, and consider the design with regard to the service which you expect. Consider the whole wardrobe and make the new purchases relate to it in safety, color, and becomingness—and, above all, let us follow the old rhyme when selecting clothes so that we may improve our techniques to gain the ultimate in quality when making our selections:

Good, better, best
Never let them rest
Till your good is better
And your better, best!

CHASTISEMENT

Genevieve J. Van Wagenen

The tree held out her lovely arms
To bathe in April's rain;
The wind peeked down, while passing,
And thought her rather vain,
In need of some chastisement—
He had impressive plans:
With quick, staccato action,
He bent and slapped her hands.

APRIL WISDOM

Maude Blixt Trone

When April came I closed my books
Without so much as marking pages;
No searching there for hidden truths,
Or knowledge garnered through the ages,
When in the meadow was revealed
A chemistry unknown to student.
I knew, with warm root-pulsing loam
Against my hand, it was more prudent
To walk the hills and read the law
In everything I touched and saw.

The Woman of the Shawl

C. Frank Steele

I MET her quite casually, the Woman of the Shawl. She must have been past seventy, and she was quite bent, but there was a radiance about her face that made it saintly. She reminded me of my own mother. The goodness of her heart shone through her kindly eyes.

I can see her now, the Woman of the Shawl, going to church as faithfully as the good bishop himself. She never missed her Sunday School classes; she always said, "Living means learning." Always she went early. I remember meeting her one spring morning. The trees along the avenue were leafing out; the grass was showing green. The air was sweet and bracing.

"Good morning! And isn't this a perfect spring day?"

It was the Woman of the Shawl. She always wore a shawl, and she was smiling. There was a graciousness in her voice that warmed me.

"It is—Mother," I said. The "Mother" slipped out quite unconsciously. But I could see it pleased her. "A rare morning, indeed. You go to church early."

"Yes, always. I love the early morning air. Then I think that my going to Sunday School early might encourage others to do the same. I think one gets a little closer to God in the early morning. It's so quiet." And down the street, toward the little church on the corner, she walked.

I met her again. It was in the summer, and although the day was new, the sun was warm.

"Good morning!" she cried. "Isn't it grand to be alive?"

"It is, Mother, but aren't you suffering from this terrific July heat we are having?" I asked.

"Not at all. You see, I even have my shawl around me. Somehow, I cling to it the year round. We are such good friends. I feel lost without it. And then, how could one complain of anything when one has a bed of pansies like this?" And she pointed to a mass of lovely blooms at her feet. Her eyes fairly feasted on them. I had not noticed them before.

It was autumn, and our pansy bed was a bit forlorn and faded and the trees were shedding their first yellow and gold leaves. There was a first hint of frost in the air; the call of the birds was wistful. It was on such a morning that I again met the Woman of the Shawl, and, curiously enough, we met at our pansy bed. I had always called it "our pansy bed," after that summer meeting.

Her greeting was that same happy "Good morning!" And she added, "How nippy the air is!"

"Nippy it is, Mother. We're already well into autumn, and isn't it a shame our pansies must die? Life is cruel that way, Mother," I said.

She looked at me. "No, my son, life is not cruel. Nothing is lost. Life is kind, if we are kind. Even

in January, under the snow, everything seems dead. But there is life there. It is so comforting to know that, don't you think?"

And I confessed that it was, as I left the brave little figure in the shawl.

Came winter. The trees were bare, and a piercing wind was blowing out of the north. Under the deep snow lay our pansy bed. Would I meet her on a morning like this? Not likely, I thought, as I huddled deeper in my great coat and picked my way through the drifting snow.

Suddenly, I spied her. Her head was down and she was picking her way through the snow. I noticed, too, that she was not alone this morning. Beside her trudged a small child, a girl. The child's hand was held firmly by the old woman, as, together, they faced the raw wind.

I called, "Well, here we are meeting again! Good morning, Mother."

"It is a bit stormy, but how white the snow is!" she answered. "I nev-

er saw prettier snow." Her voice was cheery.

I looked closer. "But, Mother—the shawl, where is it?"

She chuckled. "It's here." And she patted the head of the child. Sure enough, there it was, pinned about the head of the round-faced girl by her side.

"But, Mother, you are taking such risks. You should not have done this," I cried anxiously.

She was ready with her answer, as she always was. "You see, my boy, Betty's mother is in the hospital. She—she has no father. She needed the shawl more than I did."

We, the three of us, walked on together, silently. There were few abroad. I helped the old lady and the child along as best I could. It seemed to be growing colder. I looked down at the child and ventured, "My, Betty, this is a cold day, isn't it, dear?"

She looked up at me out of the shawl and said, "It was, Sir, before Granny Mahoney came along."

RECOMPENSE

Berta H. Christensen

For bitter disillusionment,
 For hungers and their lasting scars,
 Courage there is, that gleams through tears,
 The healing night of stars;

For the great dark at journey's end—
 Heartbreak in a silent room,
 A benediction from a cross,
 At dawn an empty tomb!

Color for the Centennial Summer

Flowers for Attractive Displays and Ground Coverings

Vesta P. Crawford

THERE is still time to plan and plant flower gardens that will make Utah's Centennial summer bright with radiant color. By a careful selection of bulbs, plants, and seeds, it will be a delight for home gardeners to create brilliant displays of color that may be seen from the streets of our towns and cities, and from the highways and country roads in the rural districts.

The Utah pioneers were garden-minded, and they loved flowers. The precious plants and seeds, brought from many lands and carried in handcarts and covered wagons across a thousand miles of wilderness, soon produced the flowers that bloomed inside the rock and adobe forts and graced the yards of the humble log cabins. The heritage of culture and beauty brought by the pioneers has been nourished in the mountain valleys, and this summer, particularly, should see a flowering of the pioneer tradition.

In making garden plans, the preparation of the soil is of utmost importance, since a strong and rapid growth of plants is necessary for display purposes and massed bloom effects. Most flowers require a soil well cultivated and enriched with peat moss or old leaves, and a liberal application of old barnyard manure or commercial fertilizer. Where the soil is heavy clay, it will be necessary to add some sand, as well as humus and fertilizer to the original soil.

Even the inexperienced gardener, in making a selection of summer

flowers, will note that certain blossoms which are lovely for indoor bouquets do not make the best displays to be seen from the street. Fragile columbines and anemones, for instance, do not lend themselves to massed color effects, and the delicate cosmos and the graceful flax flowers will not make a gorgeous panorama of color. Also, it is well to remember that flowers of a single color make a more effective massed display than a mixture of colors.

Flowers for Borders

The appearance of the yard and the garden can be greatly improved by an effective use of border plants. These are used to edge lawns, paths, steps, shrubs, rose gardens, lily pools, and to provide borders in front of taller flowers. In selecting colors for the border, it is necessary to decide whether a contrasting effect is desired or whether a blending pattern is preferred. Many gardeners use blue border plants, such as ageratum or lobelia, and plant a background of tall yellow or gold marigolds or calendulas. White alyssum or rock cress (arabis) may be used in front of a bed of rose-colored zinnias. Blending of colors may be secured by planting pale pink, dwarf snapdragons as a border in front of tall snapdragons of deeper shades of pink or rose.

In choosing border plants, it is well to remember that bushy varieties make a much better mass effect than do the more spindly types of

flowers. All plants should be closely spaced in order to secure a complete ground covering.

Flowers of Medium Height

Among the many flowers which produce striking massed color effects, the most popular are the many varieties of petunias. The fringed and double petunias which have recently been developed in many exquisite varieties do not present such a striking effect, at a distance, as do the more brilliant single petunias. The so-called dwarf petunias are bushy and make a compact and colorful display. Some of the favorite dwarf varieties are:

- Rose of Heaven (medium rose color)
- Velvet Ball (deep mahogany red)
- Royal Gem (rosy carmine)
- Bright Eyes (light rose pink)
- Glow (carmine red)
- Igloo (creamy white)

Among the large flowered bedding petunias, the Black Prince (very dark red) and Blue Wonder (cornflower blue) are excellent for display purposes.

Nasturtiums have long been favorites in home gardens. These flowers grow well in poor soil and may be planted on dry, sandy, or gravelly banks. The tall Glorious Gleam Hybrids and the dwarf varieties, Globe of Fire (flaming red), Indian Chief (vivid scarlet), Orange Gleam, and Primrose (yellow), all make gorgeous displays of striking color.

Iceland poppies (which may be grown in partial shade), snapdragons, marigolds, calendulas, and zinnias may be used for massed bedding effects. They are all hardy and grow rapidly. However, snapdragons are rather difficult to grow from seed, except under very favor-

able conditions, and it is, therefore, advisable to buy plants for the snapdragon bed.

Tall Flowers for Massed Bloom

Perennial Shasta daisies are extremely hardy, and if planted in full sun and watered well, they will grace the early summer garden with the beauty of their dense whiteness. Even in poor soil near hedges or trees, these daisies grow vigorously. If the faded blossoms are cut immediately after blooming, new foliage will spring up and make a good ground cover.

The gayest of the tall summer flowers is the phlox. It is advisable to secure phlox plants, since these flowers are difficult to raise from seed quickly enough to bloom the first year. Many varieties have large florets and heavy heads of bloom. The colors occur in various dainty "art" shades, but the deeper colors make more striking displays when viewed from a distance. Flash (rich, dark red), Charles Curtis (flaming scarlet), Border Queen (watermelon pink), Caroline Vandenburg (blue) make the richest massed color effects.

Delphiniums, in many exquisite shades of blue, violet, and red, have been greatly improved within the last few years. Taller stems, with more brilliantly colored and more closely spaced florets, have been developed. They are now considered among the best flowers for perennial borders. Some of them grow as tall as six feet and produce immense flowers of great brilliance. Favorite varieties are:

- Blue Bird (clear, medium blue)
- Black Knight (dark violet)

Summer Skies (light blue)
 Belladonna (turquoise blue)
 Cardinale (scarlet)

HOLLYHOCKS, which were very popular in pioneer gardens, now present, in improved varieties, an even more stately and colorful appearance. Planted against fences, along the walls of garages and sheds, or massed against arbors or gateposts, they make otherwise plain or unsightly places beautiful with radiant color. Some of the flowers look like great double roses and some resemble the rich and exquisite camellias. Hollyhocks have been called "towers of beauty," and they are among the most easily raised garden flowers. A choice can be made from these gorgeous colors: Colorado sunset, black, deep salmon red, maroon, lilac, Newport pink, salmon, scarlet, rose, and yellow.

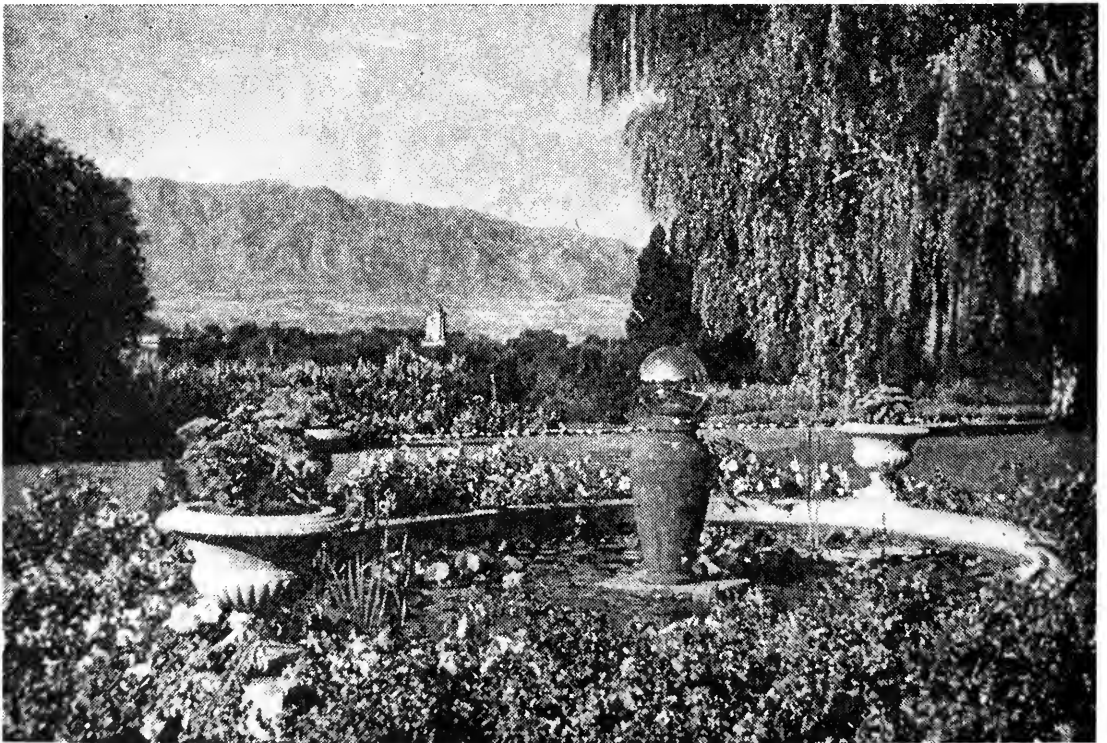
Summer-flowering Bulbs

Very large and elegant are the cannas of summertime. They have wide, tropical leaves, and their blossoms are of unusual size and richness. Dormant bulbs must be planted early in the spring, but plants which have been started in pots can be set out from April into June, thus producing blossoms for many weeks. Favorite cannas are:

King Humbert (scarlet)
 The President (very dark, glowing scarlet)
 Orange Humbert (flame colored)
 Yellow King Humbert (very deep yellow)

Gladioli, if planted close together, and selected in the richer shades, make beautiful gardens which will attract attention from the street. A few bulbs may be planted each week, from April into summer, to give a succession of blossoms until frost.

Many gardeners consider dahlias



Photograph by T. J. Howells, M.D.

A FORMAL GARDEN, SHOWING THE EFFECT
 OF MASSED PETUNIAS

as the flower kings of the garden. Some plants grow six to eight feet tall and produce blossoms as large as dinner plates. The hurried gardener, however, should omit dahlias from his planting since they require care and cultivation, and many of them must be staked so that the large flowers can be adequately supported.

Many of the hardy lilies, the red *Pardalium giganteum*, the coral lily, and the regal lily are stately additions to the flower garden, and they are particularly attractive for informal arrangements.

Hardy Flowers for Ground Cover

Many gardeners find that, in addition to their formal garden arrangements, there are plots of ground which are too large for intensive tending and cultivation. There are a number of hardy annuals which may be sown broadcast in these otherwise vacant spaces. California poppies, bachelor buttons, marigolds, calendulas, larkspur, and many other hardy flowers grow well with very little attention, and some of them do not require much irrigation. Candytuft, alyssum, and snow-on-the-mountain (*Euphorbia*), once planted, seed themselves year after year, and make a field of beauty so thick that even weeds find little opportunity for growth. Among perennial plants which make excellent ground covers are the various types of violets and violas, which do well in shaded localities and provide a thick carpet of beautiful greenery after the modest blossoms have faded.

Climbing Vines and Flowers for Backgrounds

Old fences, unsightly garages,

sheds, and tool houses may be covered by quick-growing vines and flowers which make a beautiful background and camouflage the shabby structures that give an unsightly appearance to many yards. For this purpose, morning glories are an excellent choice. They will quickly climb a trellis, an arbor, a telephone pole, or a porch post, and they will make an ugly fence into a bower of beauty. If planted early, morning glories will provide a profusion of blossoms from July until freezing weather in the fall. Heavenly Blue morning glories are perhaps the most popular variety, but there are ruby red, rose red, white, and other beautiful colors. Morning glories thrive even in poor soil, but they need full sunlight.

Other flowering vines which make rapid and dense growth are: perennial sweet peas; cathedral bells (*Cobaea*), rapid climbers with bell-shaped green flowers which turn to purple; cypress vine, with its lovely scarlet or white flowers; balloon vine (love-in-a-puff); moonflowers, which grow as tall as twenty-five feet and produce blossoms in many lovely colors; the cardinal climber, covered with a blaze of red flowers; and the popular fleece vine.

Gourd vines, with their shining foliage and varicolored fruits of strange and interesting shapes, make unusual and attractive background coverings, and the various types of flowering beans are useful for this purpose.

With foresight and planning, the Centennial gardens can be made into brilliant displays of color that will reflect the ideals of our garden-loving pioneers.

A Reward for Cheerful Service

A True Incident

Lucinda M. Chidester Harrington

IT was a cold, bleak morning. Two Relief Society visiting teachers were driving along in an old, one-horse rig. The loose tires rattled as they bounced over the rough highway, throwing dirt and clods into the laps of the sisters. The decrepit, straw-fed horse needed constant urging to keep him moving.

As the sisters shivered with cold, one asked, "I wonder if we do enough good to pay for all the freezing and thawing we go through, traveling fourteen miles to go around our district?"

"Well, Sister Marble," the other teacher replied, "we are doing our duty, and I am always reminded of a memory gem given by one of the sisters, 'Do your duty, that is best, leave unto your God the rest.'"

Just then the rig rounded a hill and the women saw a spiral of smoke rising from the chimney of a log cabin.

"Well, it looks like Sister Nettie must still be in the valley; we must stop and see," exclaimed Sister Chidester.

The cabin looked gloomy and dark, with a piece of canvas serving as the only door. On hearing the rig, a pale-faced woman came out to meet them, and burst into tears. As she talked between sobs, the sisters learned that her husband had left a while ago to find work in town, promising to return later for his family. But the days had grown into weeks and only that morning they had heard that he had left for parts unknown.

Three pale little children huddled in a corner trying to keep warm; they were wearing shoes made from an old wagon cover and very thin and meager clothing. The mother said that for days they had had nothing to eat but some rice.

The visiting teachers at once drove home as fast as they could, but soon came back through the bitter cold in a whitetop, bringing flour, butter, and eggs from their own scanty stores.

No Santa Claus was ever welcomed more joyfully than were those two humble Relief Society teachers that cold winter day, and no hearts were ever happier for having performed a simple duty in God's service.

BE STILL

Olive C. Wehr

Here a tender blade of green
Pushes its way up through the sod—
A miracle before our eyes;
"Be still, and know that I am God."
Fear not for loved ones sleeping
Beneath the cold earth clod.
Fear not for those who are asleep;
"Be still, and know that I am God."

(Psalm 46:10)

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAARS AND GENERAL ACTIVITIES



EAST JORDAN STAKE (UTAH), EAST MIDVALE WARD MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS PARTY, MAY 21, 1946

Front row, at left: Mildred Nilsson, President, East Midvale Ward Relief Society; standing back of Sister Nilsson, is Sylvia Walker, First Counselor; at left, back of Sister Walker, is Josephine Burmingham, Second Counselor; in front of the door, back center, Mima Neilson, Secretary.

At extreme right, Annie Malstrom, eighty-five, grandmother of one of the girls; back of Sister Malstrom, is Sarah Goff, chairman of the party.

Sister Vella C. Jones, President, East Midvale Stake Relief Society, reports a very successful sewing project: "The girls of the East Midvale Ward were given the privilege of assisting with Welfare sewing. At ten A.M. the work began. Sister Sylvia Walker and the mothers were there ready to teach the girls. At noon a lunch was served under the direction of Ruby Sorenson and Zoe Adams. Present were 41 mothers, 39 daughters, and 5 stake board members. One quilt was quilted, 8 handkerchiefs made, many quilt blocks cut and pressed, and other articles completed, and greatest of all, the occasion brought the mothers and daughters close together and taught them the value of helping people less fortunate than themselves."



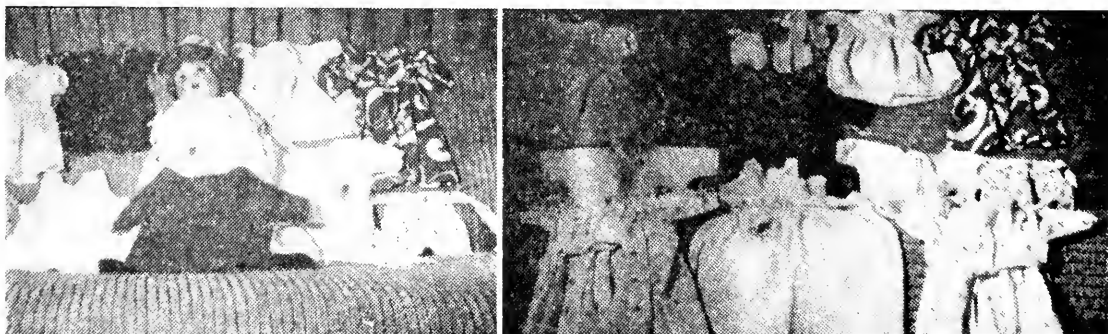
PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), UNIVERSITY PARK WARD VISITING TEACHERS

Kneeling and holding the plaque: Rhoda Walton; seated: Julia Smith.

Standing, left to right: Ada Hazel; Beth Barlow; Fontallie Gammet; Maud Woodward; Vera Farmer; Lucy Ball; Sarah Johnson; Milda Robertson; Katee Ward; Violet Kelly.

The plaque was presented to the University Park Ward by the Portland Stake Relief Society board on May 26, 1946, to honor the ward sisters as winners of a contest to determine the highest average in visiting teaching. The University Park Ward achieved 100 per cent in this activity from October 1945 to May 1946. They must hold this percentage for three full years in order to retain the plaque.

Photograph submitted by Estella Crockett, Portland Stake visiting teachers supervisor. Dorothy A. Peterson is president of the Portland Stake Relief Society.



NORTHERN STATES MISSION, LANSING (MICHIGAN) BRANCH EXHIBIT OF DOLL CLOTHING

The Lansing Branch, averaging about eight members, exhibited, at Christmas time, the articles which had been made in work meetings. Included were many lovely aprons and complete wardrobes for three dolls. The doll clothes are shown in the above photographs.

Photographs submitted by Elmira Eyre, Secretary-Treasurer, Lansing Branch Relief Society. Elna P. Haymond is president of the Northern States Mission Relief Society.

AUSTRALIAN MISSION REPORT ON THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

The Australian Mission Magazine representative sends the following interesting comments:

"In appreciation of the love, understanding, and great service rendered to us through *The Relief Society Magazine*, we, your sisters from 'Down Under,' wish to voice our appreciation. Under the guidance of the mission Relief Society presidents—Sisters Hazel B. Tingey, Florence Rees, Maude M. Judd, June Orme, and now again, our beloved Florence Rees, we have learned the value of the Magazine in our lives. In 1933 we had 39 subscribers in this mission. During the last drive, we attained the high quota of 305. Each branch Magazine agent has worked diligently to place the Magazine in many good homes, both of members and non-members of the Church. Without wishing to segregate any particular branch for special praise, I feel I would like to state that the Hurstville Branch has always shown outstanding progress in subscription sales. This branch has a membership of 23, and the subscriptions total 72. As several families have two members on the roll, I think this is a remarkable achievement.

"The placing of such high class reading matter, with the broad religious outlook depicted within the pages of the Magazine, is a means for turning the key in the doors of people's homes and admitting the missionaries, who are again entering the field."



KOLOB STAKE, (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE FIFTH WARD PARTY HONORING THE VISITING TEACHERS, JUNE 9, 1946

This lovely party was held in the gardens at the home of Florence Reynolds, under the direction of President Alice Davis, First Counselor Barbara Francis, Second Counselor Elen Erdmann, and Secretary Helen Robbins. An interesting program was prepared by Nettie Thorne, Ella Reynolds, and Delphia Hardy. Stake Board member Malinda Sumsion presented a tribute of appreciation for the visiting teachers and each of these honored guests was given a rose corsage and a copy of the poem "The Visiting Teacher's Prayer," by Eva M. R. Salway, published in the March 1945 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. During the program, Don Gottfredson gave two vocal solos, Afton Ash presented two humorous readings, and a group of friendship and cheer songs was sung by the Relief Society members. One of these was "The Visiting Teacher's Song," which was sung to the tune of "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet." The words were written by Dora Meyrick and acted out by Carrie Hansen. The singing was under the direction of Zina Condie. Climaxing the program, Jesse Dalton gave three readings.

The faithful visiting teachers of the Fifth Ward have had a 100 per cent teaching record for about two years, with the exception of one district for one month. There are twenty-six districts in the ward.



NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO)

RELIEF SOCIETY WELFARE COUNSELORS AND WORK DIRECTORS

Front row, left to right: Elizabeth Godfrey, First Counselor, Idaho Falls First Ward; Louie Stucki, First Counselor, Coltman Ward; Hannah Wilkins, work leader, Coltman Ward; Sarah Murdock, work leader, Idaho Falls Seventh Ward; Berneice Bybee, President, Hamer Branch Relief Society.

Back row, left to right: Harriet Richards, First Counselor, Osgood Ward; Mary Montague, work leader, Osgood Ward; Ellen Johnson, First Counselor, Shelton Ward; Vella Evans, First Counselor, North Idaho Falls Stake; Annie Nielsen, stake work leader; Luna Norton, work leader, Idaho Falls Fourth Ward; Olive Burtenshaw, Second Counselor, Idaho Falls Fourth Ward; Helen Skinner, Second Counselor, Milo Ward; Laura McKinley, Second Counselor, Terreton Ward.



RENO STAKE (NEVADA), RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: President Isabel Cooke; Second Counselor Blanche Bertelson. Standing, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Dolores T. Lindsay; First Counselor Hortense Shupe.



SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES

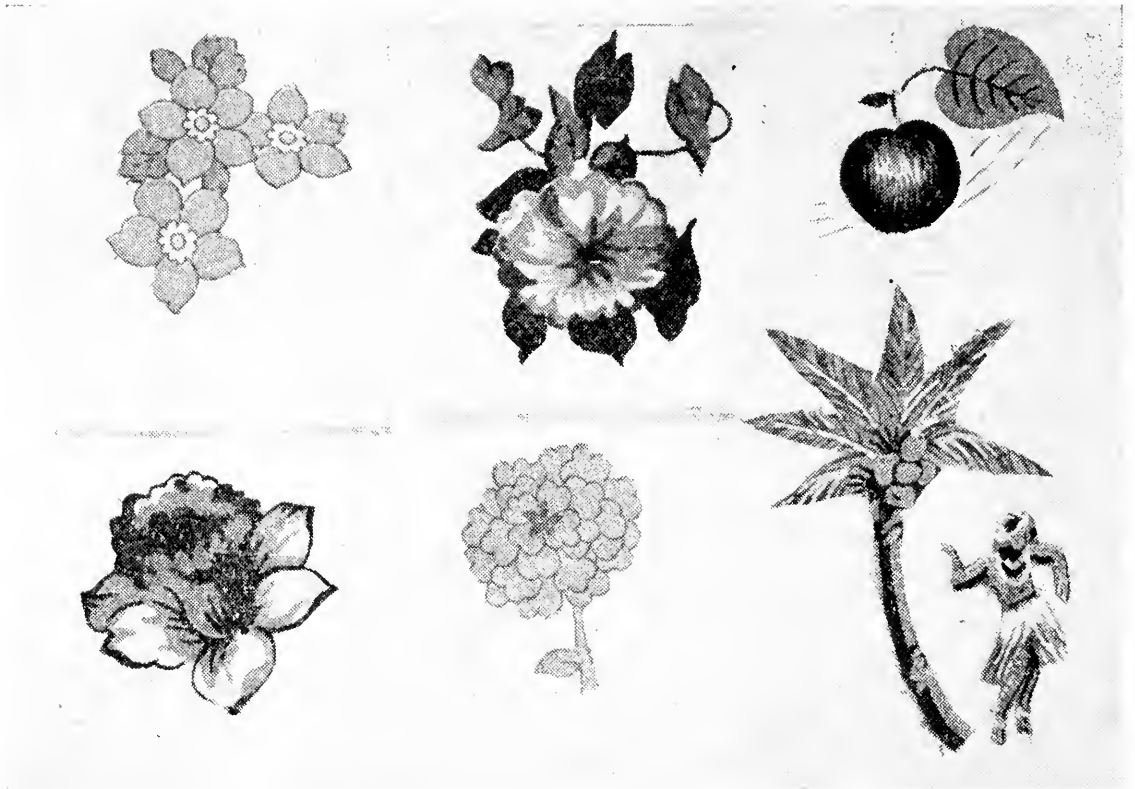
Seated, left to right: Clara T. Woodbury, Elizabeth Duckworth, Pearl Brown, of the Seventeenth Ward committee; Mary A. Kirkham of the Fourteenth Ward.

Standing, left to right: Mabel H. Burgoyne, counselor in the Relief Society stake presidency; Frieda K. Jones of the Nineteenth Ward; Melba Barnes, Capitol Hill Ward; May S. Hawkes, Twenty-Second Ward; Lona A. Nelson, Twenty-Fourth Ward; Nellie A. Harter, Twenty-Third Ward (inset).



NORTH CENTRAL STATES MISSION, WINNIPEG (MANITOBA, CANADA) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, NOVEMBER 1946

Shown with the handwork articles are the officers of the Winnipeg Branch Relief Society, left to right: President Helen Archer; sewing chairman, Belvoir McBeath; Secretary Anne Merkley; First Counselor Marjorie Berthman. Ann Jane L. Killpack is president of the North Central States Mission.



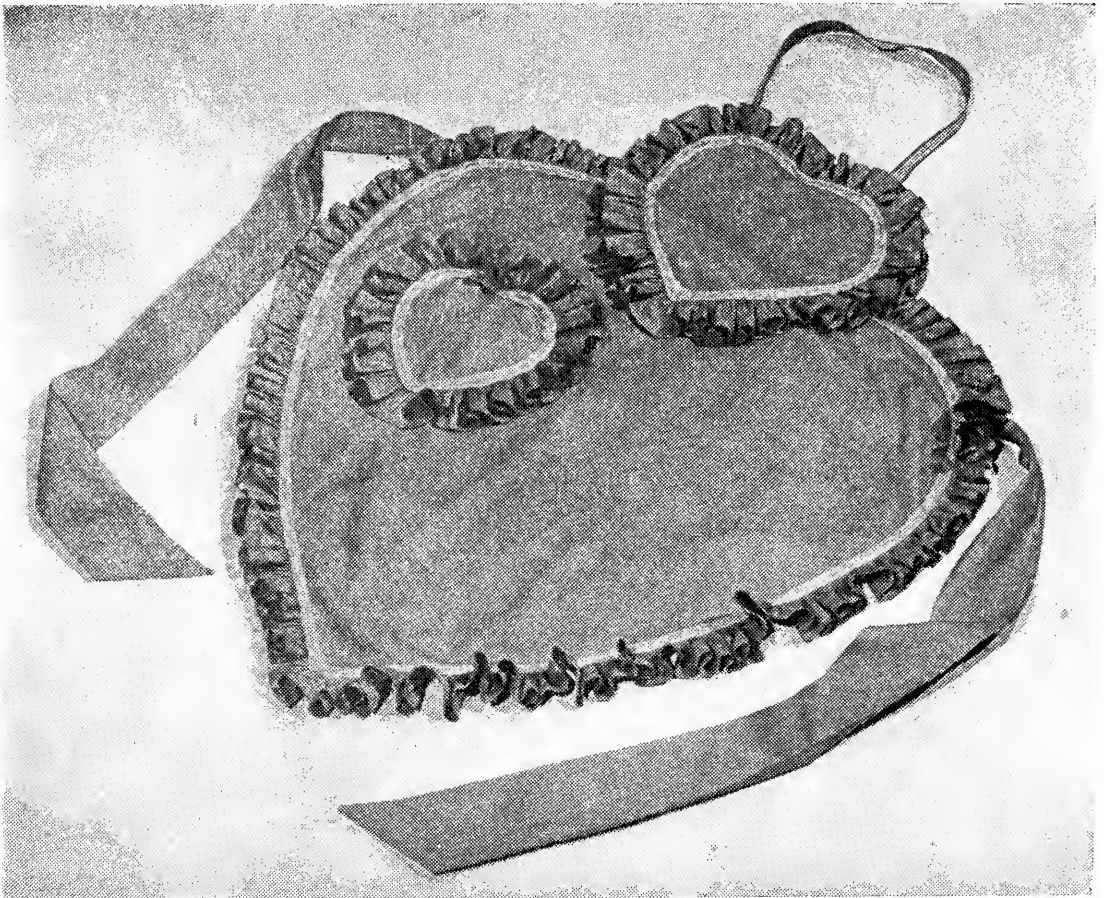
SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, MIAMI BRANCH (FLORIDA)
STATIONERY PROJECT

Effie F. Meeks, President, Southern States Mission Relief Society, reports an interesting project carried out by the sisters of the Miami Branch. For making novel and beautiful stationery, the Miami Relief Society members buy twenty-four full size sheets of stationery and forty-eight envelopes, costing thirty cents. The large sheets are then cut in half to make the note size. The edges are tinted with a colored crayon. Designs are cut from printed cloth and pasted on the stationery. Twelve sheets and envelopes sell for fifty cents. The variety of design and color which may be worked out in this stationery provides a very interesting and worthwhile project and much of the stationery is sold at the branch bazaars.

WOODRUFF STAKE, HILLIARD WARD (WYOMING)
VISIT OF PRESIDENT WARBURTON TO HILLIARD WARD

Esther L. Warburton, President, Woodruff Stake Relief Society, reports a visit she and others made to the Hilliard Ward, November 3, 1946. Hilliard, with an elevation over 7,000 feet, is in the high country eighteen miles from Evanston. A strong wind was blowing and the roads were rough and slippery. The ruts were deep, and, once in them, it was necessary to stay there. "We moralized, as we drove along, how true it was to life, how easy to get into a rut and how hard to get out of one. However, as we turned into the lane that led to the little church, a particularly slippery bypath showed that another car had already skidded off there into the ditch. Immediately, we followed suit and skidded, too, showing again that if others go astray, it is easy to follow their lead. Our menfolks got out and shoveled and tried to get the car onto the road, but all in vain. An east wind was doing its best to make things more uncomfortable, when along came the good bishop and his family in their truck. So, with all hands to the

rescue, we were finally on the way to the church. On reaching there, the men went in and kindled a fire. While we were waiting in the car the bishop's wife told of the many things they have to overcome in order to hold Relief Society meetings. Sometimes she comes on horseback, with one child back of her, holding on, and one in front. Then sometimes they come to Relief Society meeting in a wagon with the children on a bed of hay, covered with warm quilts. In spite of all these drawbacks, the Hilliard Ward Relief Society presented every lesson last year, gained two new members, completed their Welfare assignment, collected forty bars of soap for Europe, collected a box of clothing for the saints overseas, and gave a party for the returned servicemen. Two years ago the Hilliard Ward Relief Society sisters served an anniversary banquet when the temperature outdoors was forty degrees below zero.



CENTRAL STATES MISSION, EL DORADO BRANCH (ARKANSAS)
GENERAL BOARD BUILDING FUND CONTRIBUTION

This novel, heart-shaped apron was recently sent to the office of the General Board of Relief Society. Various amounts of money were pinned on the apron as a contribution to the Relief Society General Board Building Fund. The sisters of the El Dorado Branch expressed in this way their loyalty to the Society and their co-operation in planning for a home for the general offices of the Relief Society. The sisters who made this contribution are: Birdie Wright, Cora Craig, Mable Griffin, Ima Adcox, Joe Elin Griffin, and Maude Flemmekin. Martha W. Brown is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.



NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION LAYETTE ASSIGNMENT

Left to right: Elder Granville Oleson; Lenora K. Bringhurst, President Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

Sister Bringhurst reports an unusually successful project in which more than one hundred baby layettes were made, assembled, and shipped to the missions in Europe. All eighty of the Relief Societies in the Northwestern States Mission participated wholeheartedly in the assignment, many of the organizations sending in double the number of articles requested. When the layettes were received at the mission home in Portland, the missionaries assisted Sister Bringhurst in sorting and preparing the layettes for shipment. Each package included three dozen diapers, six gowns, four short jackets, three shirts, four pairs bootees, four pairs of stockings, six receiving blankets, one large blanket, one set of wool bootees, bonnet, and jacket, one rubber sheet, one soaker, sheet blankets, and such incidentals as cotton, oil, powder, soap, and safety pins.

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), CEDAR FIFTH WARD "BRIDES DAY"

Annie C. Esplin, counselor in the Cedar Fifth Ward Relief Society, reports a "Brides Day" meeting which was held in December 1946. Corsages were presented to the bride married the longest and to the bride most recently married. The oldest woman present, Sister Jane Jones, had been married sixty-eight years, and the youngest woman had been married six weeks. One of the young mothers, Sister Lois Windsor, gave a very instructive and inspirational talk, a part of which is quoted here: "It is a privilege and an honor for me to engage in Relief Society work because I am entering the most important phase of my life—the establishment of a home and the rearing of a family. The success of my home depends upon the knowledge with which I meet my daily problems. In partnership with my husband, and with faith, love, understanding, and security, we have a good chance to create a harmonious world for our children. The home is the child's world."

PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO), SWAN LAKE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PARTY
HONORING SISTER LIZZIE KAY ON HER EIGHTIETH
BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY, FEBRUARY 6, 1947

Thelma Gamble, President, Swan Lake Ward Relief Society reports a birthday party held in honor of "Aunt Lizzie" Kay on her eightieth birthday anniversary. A program of singing and readings was presented and a sketch of life history of Sister Kay was read. "Aunt Lizzie" has spent thirty-three years in Relief Society work as president and counselor. A tribute in the form of a poem, written by Sister Kay's oldest granddaughter, Gladys Heckert, was read as a feature of the occasion.

SOUTHERN ARIZONA STAKE, ST. DAVID WARD BAZAAR
December 4, 1946

Gladys E. Huish, President, Southern Arizona Stake Relief Society, reports that the bazaar held in the St. David Ward was unusually successful. Many items of food, including chili beans, tamale pie, ice cream, cake, pie, and popcorn balls were sold. In the handwork department, five large quilts, four crib quilts, dresses, shirts, baby dresses, aprons, pot holders, pillowcases, luncheon cloths, scarves, and beautiful crocheted sets were displayed for sale. Mrs. Tulley, a non-member of the Church, made some lovely figurines and contributed them to the bazaar.

Gladys McRae is president of the St. David Ward Relief Society



LYMAN STAKE (WYOMING), GREEN RIVER WARD RELIEF
SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: President Lillian Butters; First Counselor Gertrude Russell; Second Counselor Bertha Bloomquist; Secretary-Treasurer, Gertrude Anderson.



YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO), FARMINGTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
BAZAAR, DECEMBER 1946

Standing in front of the handwork articles are the officers of the Farmington Ward Relief Society, left to right: President Lucy S. Burnham; First Counselor Blanche Tanner; Second Counselor and work director, Georgana Lillywhite; assistant work director Courilla James. Secretary Beth Christensen was absent when the photograph was taken.

The articles featured at this bazaar were unusually well made of good quality materials. The quilts, especially, were beautiful and the large assortments of aprons and crocheted doilies were a real accomplishment. The organization made \$392.92 the first night of the bazaar and many useful articles were left. These were later sold for Christmas presents.

The project of the Farmington Ward this year is to enroll the young mothers as active members of the Relief Society. A baby tender is provided at each meeting.



DENVER STAKE (COLORADO) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS
Left to right: Margaret Drury, housing and employment director; Helen Walker,

theology class leader; Harriet Dalton, literature class leader; Beatrice Self, Secretary; Ilah Smith, Second Counselor; Erma Rice, President; Ellen Arrowsmith, First Counselor; May Varner, magazine representative.

Erma Rice, President, Denver Stake Relief Society, reports a project in which an apron sale was held to secure funds for buying materials for making burial clothing. Each ward in the stake donated five aprons, and the stake board donated twenty aprons. The apron sale was held as a feature of the annual stake party in June 1946. Decorations were carried out in the Relief Society colors and refreshments were served. The apron sale netted \$100.



UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), ASHLEY WARD VISITING TEACHERS

Front row, left to right: Clara Preece; Flora Winn; Nellie O. Merkle; Mary A. Preece; Annie Morrison; Erma Toone.

Back row, left to right: Beatrice Harrison; Della Chivers; Flossie Pace; Eva Mecham; Stella Freestone; Anna Smith; May H. Freestone.

These visiting teachers achieved a 100 per cent record in 1946. The two sisters wearing corsages and holding the picture have each served twenty-five years as a visiting teacher. The picture they are holding was presented to the Ashley Ward by the stake Relief Society at a visiting teachers' convention January 26, 1946. At this convention, 265 visiting teachers were in attendance, and fifty-five women were honored with corsages for having served more than twenty-five years as visiting teachers.

OAKLAND STAKE (CALIFORNIA), VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION

Mildred Pearce Morgan reports the first visiting teachers convention held by the new Oakland Stake since the dividing of the stake into Berkeley and Oakland Stakes. The convention was held February 20, 1947, in the Elmhurst Ward chapel on the Oakland hills, overlooking San Francisco Bay. Stake President of Relief Society Hilda Perkins presided and 150 visiting teachers were in attendance. Inspirational talks were given by Inez MacFarlane, Ivy Breck, Ganel Miller, and Ruth S. Hilton, former president of Oakland Stake Relief Society. Many interesting and helpful experiences in visiting teaching were related, showing the spirit of service and the accomplishments of the faithful sisters in this activity. The Singing Mothers of Dimond Ward furnished music. Two vocal solos were rendered by Mary Bolles, a recent convert to the Church. Following the convention, a social hour was enjoyed and refreshments served.



SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS
At the Visiting Teachers' Convention, January 26, 1947
in the Bountiful Tabernacle

Seated in front of the piano: Chorister Stella Mills and organist Dora H. Barlow.

Front row, left to right: Work director Lena G. Blamires; literature leader Mary F. Evans; social science leader Eveline B. Bjorkman; President Reva F. Wicker; General Board member Lillie C. Adams; Second Counselor Ruth A. Page; visiting teachers' supervisor Zelda H. Mills; theology leader Irene D. Sorenson.

The Bountiful Tabernacle is one of the oldest Church buildings still in use. It was dedicated February 11, 1857 by Lorenzo Snow and, later, the spires were dedicated by President Brigham Young. Note the bust of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the center background.

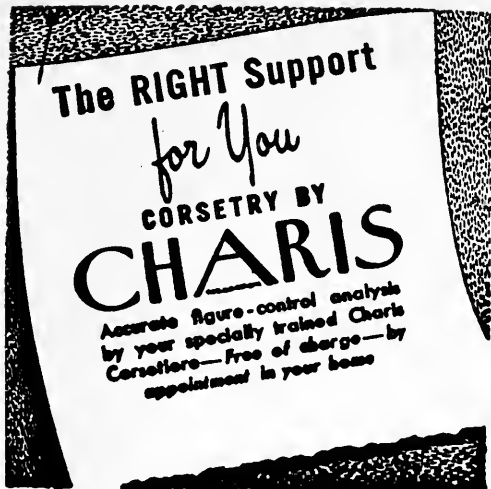
I SHALL BE GLAD

Jeanette P. Parry

I shall be glad when spring unfolds her tapestries
And daffodils sway down the garden walks;
I shall be glad when meadow larks wake up the dawn
And strutting robins give their courtship talks.

I shall be glad when men, as brothers on the earth,
Help guard the lambs within the shepherd's flock.
When all the dormant earth pulsates with eager life,
And cripples lay their crutches down and walk.

It is not new, life from seeming death emerging.
This constant challenge of the budding spring:
He who gave his life upon the cross of Calvary,
Now reigns supreme as Master, Lord, and King.



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by
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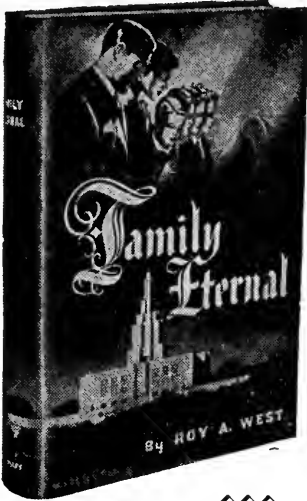
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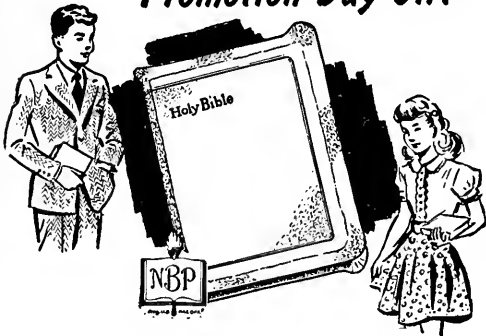
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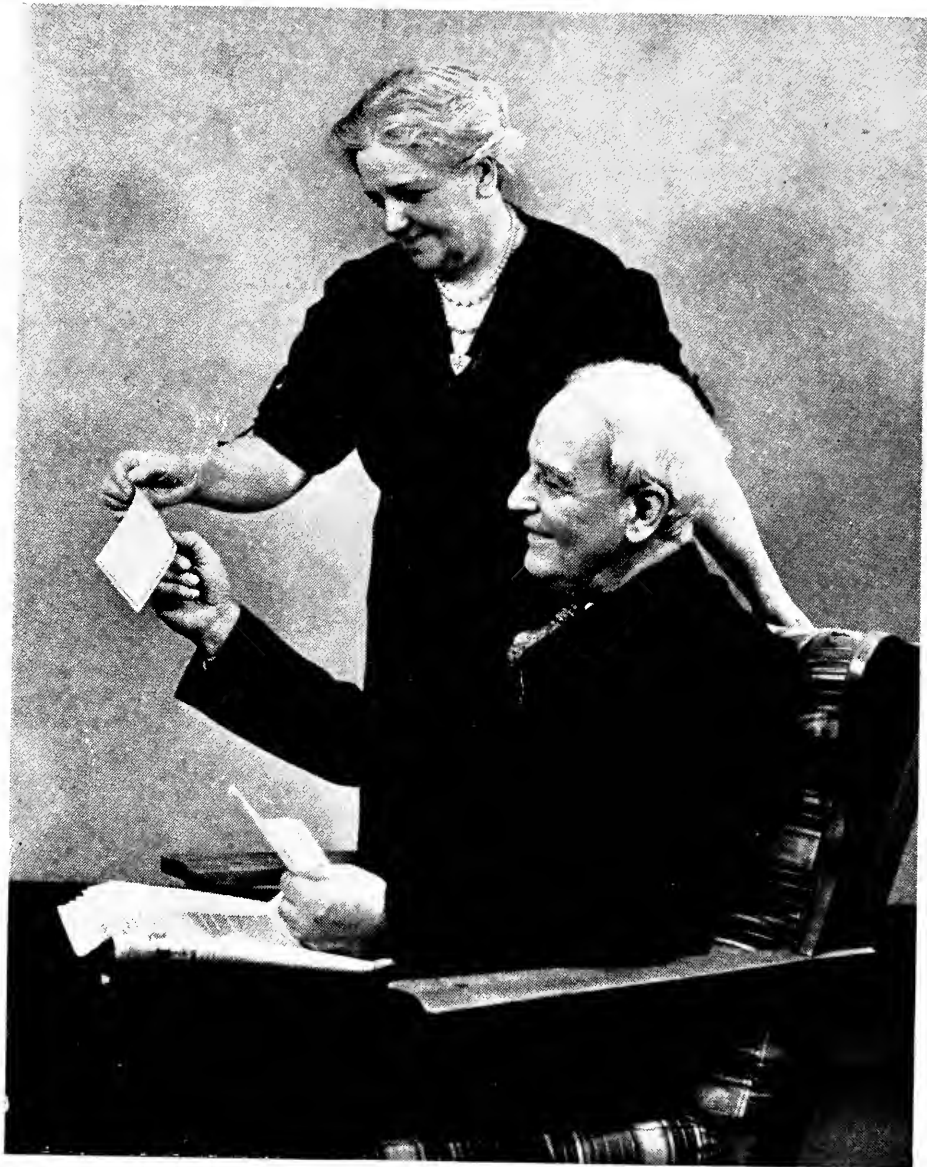
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Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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A MOTHER BUILDED

Christie Lund Coles

They say she did not know her motherhood
Had built so well the stature of her son,
Who took his place among the great and good
And shared with her the honor he had won.
She merely strove and toiled the endless day,
And watched and prayed throughout the darkest night;
She sent her boy with blessing to his play,
And marked each task to see that it was right.

She kept her faith, held it tenaciously,
She led the way and always was the one
To help him, and to strive religiously
To see that nothing good was left undone.

“The way the twig was bent,” they say, “it grew.”
She builded wisely. *In her heart, she knew!*



Photograph by Grace T. Kirton

"JEWEL IN A FLORAL SETTING"
UTAH STATE CAPITOL

Mothers—Makers of Men

The Mothers of the Members of the Quorum of the Twelve

Camilla E. Kimball

BOOKSHELVES all over the world are crowded with biographies of men who have achieved success. Scan such lives closely, and behind each you will find a woman's silent inspiration. Usually, the mother has trained her son in boyhood to bear his part in the world's work.

"For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39). With this truth in mind, could anything bring greater joy and satisfaction to a true mother than to have her son chosen as a special witness for Jesus Christ, to devote his life to the accomplishment of this lofty purpose?

How proud and happy must be the mothers of the present-day apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, most of whom look at their sons' accomplishments from the vantage point of eternity, but some few of whom are here to share the honor which comes to them through their sons' accomplishments.

The short stories of the lives of these mothers which follow, are told, in most part, by the sons themselves.

*Nanny Longstroth Richards—
Mother of Elder George F. Richards*
Nanny Longstroth Richards was born in Clitheroe, Lancaster, England, April 15, 1828. Her father's

name was Stephen Longstroth and her mother's name was Ann Gill Longstroth. Her parents were among the first in England to receive the gospel. With them she came to America when she was about twelve years of age. They came by way of New Orleans and up the Mississippi River, stopping off at St. Louis, Missouri, for a season while her father, who by trade was a cabinetmaker, earned enough money to pay their way by boat to Nauvoo.

She met and married Willard Richards, who was the private secretary of the Prophet Joseph Smith, an apostle of the Church, and later a counselor to Brigham Young in the Presidency of the Church. He was with the Prophet and Patriarch at their martyrdom in Carthage Jail, June 27, 1844. Nanny had two daughters and a son by Willard Richards, and after his death she married Willard's nephew, Franklin Dewey Richards, and by him had one daughter and two sons, one of whom, George F. Richards, is now the President of the Quorum of the Twelve.

She was with the saints when they were being mobbed and driven from Nauvoo, and in their emigration to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. With them she endured the hardships of making the barren wastes into fruitful valleys and in making the "desert blossom as a rose."

She was a modest, retiring person,



NANNY LONGSTROTH
RICHARDS



JULINA LAMBSON
SMITH



EMMA STAYNER
RICHARDS

of great faith and integrity to the truth. One outstanding characteristic of her life was the exactness with which she observed the law of tithing. She died January 7, 1911, in Salt Lake City.

—George F. Richards
* * * * *

Julina Lambson Smith—Mother of Elder Joseph Fielding Smith

Julina Lambson Smith, the second daughter of Alfred B. and Melissa J. (Bigler) Lambson, pioneers of 1847, was born June 18, 1849 in the home of her parents, which was the first house plastered in Salt Lake City.

She became the wife of Joseph F. Smith, sixth President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, on May 5, 1866.

She was chosen as the president of the 16th Ward Relief Society when eighteen years of age, and a member of the General Board of the Relief Society in 1892, when it became the National Woman's Relief Society.

She was one of the first duly qualified midwives in the State, and exerted her widely sought skill for hundreds of patients. In 1881 her rec-

ord numbered 1025; this was years before she stopped the work. She would make daily calls for ten days for \$5, if the people could afford to pay, and for nothing, if they could not. For her it was always a joy to place a tiny one for the first time in its mother's arms, for she felt again the thrill that she experienced when she looked into the face of one of her own children.

She never lost a mother, and but one baby, a twin, because of conditions which were unavoidable. Unfailingly she knelt in prayer before she went to her patients.

She was the mother of eleven children, four sons and seven daughters, and she adopted two others.

She was with her husband on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands, where she was an angel of mercy to the wives of missionaries and to many Hawaiian women.

For many years she was an ordinance worker in the Endowment House, and was set apart as one of the original workers in the Salt Lake Temple where she labored for a number of years.

A wonderful beloved and honored mother and friend, Julina Lambson Smith lived to be eighty-six years old. Death came to her on January 10, 1936.

* * * *

*Emma Louise Stayner Richards—
Mother of Elder Stephen L Richards*

My mother, Emma Louise Stayner Richards, was born in the little town of Farmington, sixteen miles north of Salt Lake City, Utah. Her parents were Mormon converts who had emigrated from England. She was the eldest child. Her mother died when she was a young girl, leaving to her a large responsibility in the care of her brothers and sisters and the maintenance of their home. She inherited a sincere love for education and its refining processes largely from her father, Arthur Stayner. He had, prior to his conversion to the Church, been educated for the ministry in England.

So thoroughly did my mother believe that education in Church and school would make for better and more efficient living that a large portion of her married life, and that of my father, as well, was filled with great sacrifice for the training of their children. She studied with us; she rewarded our efforts; and for nearly twenty-five years she never left her family alone for a single night.

Remembering today her beautiful devotion, the encouragement she constantly gave for the attainment of the better things of life, and the stimulation of her noble example, I am filled with inexpressible gratitude and thanksgiving to God for such a mother.

—Stephen L Richards

* * * *

*Anna Karine Gaarden Widtsoe—
Mother of Elder John A. Widtsoe*

Anna Karine Gaarden Widtsoe was born June 4, 1849, in the small fishing village of Titran on the famous little Island of Froya, the outermost island off the coast of Norway.

She was individualistic from childhood, knew her own mind, and made her own decisions. She was impatient with traditional practices, which her superb self-reliance enabled her to ignore. She had a clear intelligence, coupled with sound judgment. She was always religious and prayerful.

The self-willed girl sat up through long sun-lighted summer nights, reading and reading. Forever she hungered for more knowledge, more truth, more progress.

When Anna was twenty-one and a half years old, she was married to John Andersen Widtsoe, the highly respected schoolmaster. To this happy union were born two sons, John and Osborne.

When the baby Osborne was less than two months old, her husband died, and for Anna "the heavens and the earth had been swallowed up in darkness. . . ."

Some years later two gospel tracts were placed in a pair of shoes which had been repaired, and there began the years of study which finally convinced her that Mormonism was true. The widow was now well in the gospel net and the spirit of gathering to Zion came upon her.

She was an excellent dressmaker and through hard work and careful management, and with some help from friends, she emigrated to Zion with a group of saints, settling in Logan.

When stricken by her last illness,



ANNA KARINE
GAARDEN WIDTSOE



MARIA LOENZA
KINGSBURY MERRILL



ANNIE SHACKELTON
BOWEN

she said to her son John, "I want to tell you that the most glorious thing that came into my life was the message delivered to me by Shoemaker Johnsen of Trondhjem. Please bear that witness for me to all who will listen."

In the diary of her oldest son, on the date of Sister Widtsoe's funeral, occurs the following:

She was a most devoted mother, loyal to the last degree. Her devotion to the cause of truth was almost sublime. She was self-sacrificing beyond expression, in behalf of her own, and those who needed help. Her mind was transparently clear. To her I owe my inspiration. Many thanks! dear Mother.

* * * * *

*Maria Loenza Kingsbury Merrill—
Mother of Elder Joseph F. Merrill*

Maria L. Kingsbury, born in 1852 in Salt Lake City, was left motherless at the age of nine months. A kindly but childless couple named Lewis took her and a sister two years older into their home and reared them as their very own. This Lewis family was among the founders of Richmond, Cache Valley, in 1860, a town Maria called her home until

the day of her death. However, she had in the meantime lived brief periods in other places—two summers in railroad camps in Idaho and Montana, and three years with her son, Melvin, when he was a student at Chicago, Harvard, and Washington Universities.

As a girl, she was favored with robust health and a friendly disposition. Growing up as a farmer's daughter in a small frontier town where school opportunities were crude and meager, her book education was very limited, but her training in hard work was abundant.

All girls in her day and town naturally looked to the vocation of housewife and mother as a woman's proper sphere. She was popular with the boys, but when Marriner W. Merrill, twenty years her senior and the bishop of the ward, without any previous indication of his intentions, surprised her with an offer of marriage, she blushed, stammered, and ran away, only later to return and proudly accept. Everybody looked upon the bishop as the outstanding man of the town. An offer to come

into his family was an honor that no right-thinking girl would reject. So she became the bishop's fourth wife, and settled down in her own little house and gave herself to the duties of a devoted wife and mother, believing with all her heart that children would be the brightest jewels in her celestial crown. She became the mother of ten children—Joseph the oldest and Lenora the youngest. Four boys and five girls grew to maturity, married in the Temple, and presented their mother with forty-nine grandchildren, twenty-seven boys and twenty-two girls. Maria, always a loving, devoted wife and mother, died in October 1925, at the age of seventy-three.

* * * * *

*Annie Shackelton Bowen—
Mother of Elder Albert E. Bowen*

A thread of singular strength and beauty ran through the life of Annie Shackleton Bowen, mother of Elder Albert E. Bowen. It was her passion for the things that enrich and cultivate the mind. In remote pioneer settlements, far removed from libraries, she was herself a library, and from the treasure of her well-stored memory she created intellectual oases in an otherwise barren wilderness. Her knowledge of the finest things in English literature and history gained as a young girl in England was an inspiration to her children and a light in the community. She was more than a brave woman who walked almost every mile of the way from Omaha to Salt Lake, who fought crickets on an Idaho ranch, and who made all the clothes and knit all the stockings for a large family. She was also a woman who could sing and recite, who copied music for the choir, who taught her

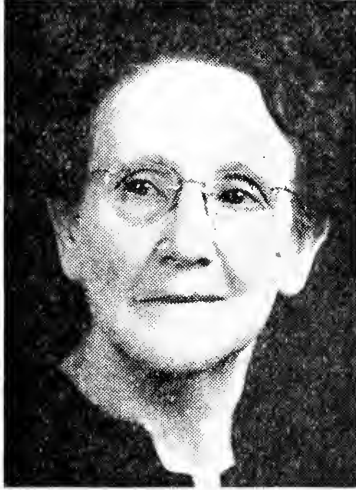
children to read and spell during winter evenings at home, and who, when books were available, bought books, and though they might be only paper bound and poorly printed, they were always classics.

Born in London on September 26, 1840, Annie never had a day of formal schooling but could remember standing as a small child at her mother's side while she was at work, and spelling out words to her. Daily, she had to read a chapter aloud to her mother from the Bible before she could go out to play. Thus, at home and at the Baptist Sunday School, the delight of her child's heart, she came to an early knowledge and love of the Book of Books.

At the age of ten she went to work at a stationer's and at fourteen she found employment at a millinery establishment. There, her associates would lend her books to take home at night on condition she would tell them the contents next day as they worked. In this way not only did she read, but she remembered what she read. She came to know **all the** writings of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Eliot, Macaulay, and knew much of England's great poetry and fascinating history.

Annie had a good voice, and somehow had learned to read music. She managed to hear some of the operas and oratorios performed in her great London and carried a good deal of their music in her head. After the family joined the Church in 1851, Annie sang in the branch choir and sang for the elders at their meetings.

Annie emigrated to Utah in 1860 and the following year married David Bowen, a convert from Wales. In 1869 the family moved to Henderson Creek in Southern Idaho to



LOUISA EMELINE
BINGHAM LEE



OLIVE WOOLLEY
KIMBALL



SARAH DUNKLEY
BENSON

undertake a new life in farming. There were neither books nor schools in the new community; as her mother had taught her, so Annie now taught her children, (there were four, and at Henderson Creek three boys were born. Eventually the family would increase to ten children.) Her retentive memory served as textbook.

Seven years later, when the family moved to Samaria, an M.I.A. was organized, and Annie's memory served her again as she filled gaps in the lessons with remembered songs and poems. Her comic readings, lively singing, and spicy dialogues drew people to the gatherings from all over the valley. It was characteristic that with the proceeds from a bazaar she should buy books, twenty-five of them, for a young people's library. And it was characteristic that as she walked through the streets she should note the good voices among the children at play and form a dozen of them into a chorus for part singing.

At her death in 1929 in Logan, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, it

could be said of Annie Shackelton Bowen that her treasures of memory had been the branches that had run over the wall and blossomed in culture and refinement in the deserts of the West.

* * * * *

*Louisa Emeline Bingham Lee—
Mother of Elder Harold B. Lee*

My mother, Louisa Emeline Bingham Lee was born January 1, 1879 in Clifton, Idaho. She was the second of four children born to Perry Calvin Bingham and Rachel Elvira Henderson.

As a young girl, she assumed much of the responsibility of caring for an invalid mother as well as performing many of the outside chores. Because of these early experiences she became resourceful, self-reliant, and inured to the hardships common to the pioneer rural life of that early day.

My earliest recollections of her untiring labors, before we were old enough to help, was of her toiling in the fields with Father, mowing and raking the hay, and plowing and assisting in other farm work.

Because of her skill as a seamstress,

her children were always considered well-dressed. Until we were almost ready to begin high school, much of our outer clothing was made over from secondhand clothes.

She is an outstanding practical nurse. That natural skill coupled with an unwavering faith has, on more than one occasion, stayed the hand of death in our home. A doctor was seldom in our home excepting when the babies came and then, usually, he made a tardy entrance.

From her early girlhood Mother was active as a teacher in the Sunday School and the Y.W.M.I.A. She presided as a ward president in the M.I.A. and as a counselor in the stake presidency of the same organization.

She is deeply religious, intensely loyal to her friends, and vigorous in her resistance to those who would attack her children. While never upholding members of her family in their misdeeds, she unflinchingly defends them against slander.

In my "growing-up" days she seemed possessed of a keen intuition of impending trouble or temptation, and more than once raised her voice in warning long before I became conscious of that danger. She has always been outspoken and has a manner of correcting errors that proves quite effective.

Even in my manhood days, I value greatly her wisdom, and in her I have a never-failing support that I feel certain will continue with me even though she should precede me in death.

—Harold B. Lee

* * * *

Olive Woolley Kimball—Mother of Elder Spencer W. Kimball

My mother was a saint. At least to

me she seemed to be through those eleven years she lived after I came into the world. Perhaps I might have received the impression of her sainthood when the light would shine through her light red hair, and make a halo to frame her lovely fair face, blue eyes, and incomparable smile—and perhaps it was because I knew no weakness or even shortcomings in her life, for to my youthful understanding, she was the epitome of perfection.

There were eleven children, and I am grateful that she did not, like so many modern mothers, decide that two or three were enough. I was the sixth.

"Pa" called her "Ollie," and we children used the old-fashioned appellation, "Ma."

For most of her twenty-eight years of married life, she was what is often termed a "church widow," and never complaining, she kept the light in the window for her husband and the home fires burning for her children those many years while Father was in the Indian Territory Mission and president of the St. Joseph Stake.

There was real sacrifice in leaving the comforts of a good, new home and the sophistication of Great Salt Lake City in the nineties, to go pioneering into Arizona in answer to the "call," but she helped burn bridges behind them, and start anew in a desert land, so recently taken from the Apaches.

She entertained presidents and apostles, governors and statesmen, and won their eternal admiration and appreciation. And during those twenty-eight years, while bearing and rearing eleven children, she played the organ, sang, and presided in ward and stake organizations in Relief So-

ciety work. Many people came under the spell of her captivating personality and sweet dignity.

I said my mother was faultless. She never spoke guile. When the group was inclined to analyze personalities with a degree of poison in their darts, my mother always came to the rescue with an enumeration of that person's virtues, which put the accusers to flight.

Though I was young when she died, I well remember many things about her: the sulphur and molasses she gave us in the spring; my childhood prayers at her knee; the family prayers with her presiding in the frequent absence of "Pa"; the Saturday night bath in the galvanized tin bathtub, with her directing; the occasional and coveted trips with her in the buggy to the store at Layton, three miles away; her scrubbing of my neck and ears, much too often to suit me; and my sitting close to her in meeting; and, finally, that tragic day when we children were all called out of school to learn that "Ma" was gone.

Her forty-six years, from her birth, June 1, 1860, till her death in October 1906, were full, rich, and abundant, and her eleven children and numerous descendants will eternally call her blessed.

—Spencer W. Kimball

* * * *

Sarah Dunkley Benson—

Mother of Elder Ezra Taft Benson

Born of staunch Scotch-English parents, Sarah Dunkley first saw the light of day in the little pioneer village of Franklin, Idaho's oldest permanent white settlement, where her father had been sent by Brigham Young as one of the leaders of a

pioneer band to establish the first colony in Northern Cache Valley.

The parents, who joined the Church in the "old country," each one of a family, were soon pioneering on a forbidding alkali farm in what later became the Whitney Ward. Thirteen stalwart sons and daughters blessed this thrifty, sweet-spirited home, of which Sarah was the oldest daughter, born June 29, 1878.

Her sparkling dark eyes and abundant black hair added to her sweet and pleasing personality. Referred to as "a little mother," she was a leader among the younger set, where her sweet spirit and fervent testimony were ever an influence for good. While still in her teens, she had completed the work at the one-room schoolhouse, the Oneida Stake Academy, and had organized and taught a summer school.

Blessed with a lovely voice, she was in demand for solos, participated in choruses, and sang in the then popular ward choir which won first prize in a valley-wide contest and was led by Elise Benson Alder, later a member of the Relief Society General Board. Early in her young womanhood, Sarah became active in the auxiliaries as teacher and executive, and at seventeen had completed a special sewing course in Logan. Known for her beautiful sewing, she often served young and old in this capacity, and later made dresses, trousers, and shirts for her large family until they were in college.

Her marriage in the Logan Temple, October 19, 1898 to George Taft Benson, joined two prominent families of thirteen children each. A model homemaker, she moved with her husband into a simple two-room

house which had been planned, built, furnished, and decorated largely with their own hands. Here, eleven children, seven sons and four daughters, were born and reared, although Sarah's life was despaired of at the birth of her oldest son, Ezra Taft.

While rearing her family, all of whom were fully active in the Church, she found time to serve as teacher, Relief Society president, stake Primary executive, choir member, and was in great demand by the sick and discouraged.

In 1912 her husband responded to a call for a mission to the Northern States, leaving her with seven children. The eighth child was born four months later. Half of the farm was sold to finance the mission and a part of the balance used to feed a dairy herd left in charge of the family. In spite of the load carried by this noble woman, it was often said, "Never at any time did we hear a murmur from her lips."

Sarah Dunkley Benson lived a life which seemed without flaw, as wife, mother, and Latter-day Saint.

From her sickbed, where she was suffering from an incurable ailment following an operation, but unknown to her children, she bade one of her youngest sons goodbye, as he left for the Southern States Mission, in these words: "No matter what happens at home, I want you to complete your mission." A few months later this heroic mother passed peacefully away. Almost a year to the day, her husband followed her.

The charge "complete your mission," was fully honored, as her name is honored, by a numerous posterity from eleven families—her sons and daughters.

*Christine Marie Andersen Petersen—
Mother of Elder Mark E. Petersen*

Christine Marie Andersen Petersen was born near Aalborg, Denmark, November 1, 1872. At the age of sixteen years she became interested in the gospel and shortly afterward joined the Church.

While still in her teens she emigrated to Utah in company with a group of Danish Saints and missionaries returning to their homes in the valleys of the mountains.

She made her home with friends, members of the Church, in Salt Lake. Here she met Christian Petersen, whom she afterward married in the Salt Lake Temple.

She is a woman of sterling qualities, staunch and stalwart in her Church affiliation. She has taught her children to be so, and takes great pride in their accomplishments. She is modest and retiring.

She is an immaculate housekeeper, an expert seamstress, and maintains order in her household.

Throughout her life she has been an active member of the Church, serving in the Relief Society over a period of years, and having done temple work in the Salt Lake Temple.

She and her husband, with their five children, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary three years ago, with a family gathering and dinner party at the Hotel Utah.

* * * *

*Abbie Hyde Cowley—
Mother of Elder Matthew Cowley*

Abbie Hyde Cowley was born January 19, 1863, at Hyde Park, Utah. She was the daughter of William Hyde and Abigail Gloyd; her father was a native of New York, as were his ancestors for some generations



CHRISTINE MARIE
ANDERSEN PETERSEN



ABBIE HYDE
COWLEY



ALICE DINWOODEY
MOYLE

back. Abigail Gloyd, her mother, was also of that sturdy and industrious eastern stock who came to America in the early colonial days. Her ancestors, and also the ancestors of William Hyde, fought in the War of the Revolution for American independence.

Abbie Hyde was reared by goodly parents in a strong, spiritual environment. She took an active part in the auxiliary institutions of the Church and earned rewards of merit for her punctuality and diligence. She obtained her scholastic training at the common schools of Hyde Park, at the Brigham Young College at Logan, and at the Deseret University in Salt Lake City. Among her teachers were Dr. John R. Park, Joseph B. Kingsbury, and Joshua Paul.

On May 21, 1884, the first day the Logan Temple was opened for endowments and marriages, she was sealed for time and eternity to Matthias Foss Cowley. President Daniel H. Wells performed the marriage ceremony. From this union were born eight children, five sons and three daughters.

She was always a constant and faithful worker in the Relief Society and held positions of responsibility in the ward and stake in which she spent the greater part of her married life. She was affiliated with the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and the Daughters of the Mormon Battalion and served as both regent and chaplain of the latter organization.

She was a faithful and dutiful daughter, a loving and devoted wife, a mother of the highest type, full of love, care and devotion for her children. She taught them righteous principles by both precept and example.

This noble woman and faithful saint passed from this life on the 25th day of August, 1931.

* * * * *

*Alice Dinwoodey Moyle—
Mother of Elder Henry D. Moyle*

Alice Dinwoodey was born in Salt Lake City, a daughter of Henry Dinwoodey, a pioneer furniture maker, and Sarah Kinnersley Dinwoodey. Her friends have continued to call her Alice Dinwoodey all through life. She is a confidant of all her

children and has always been endowed with the ability to be in her thinking at least as young as her children. She was thus able to influence the lives of her four boys and two daughters to a very marked degree. In the home she seemed more like one of the children than a parent. With her recitations and with her piano, she instilled in the hearts of her children a love for the finer things of life, especially good music and good literature. It was her interest in her children and her efforts to be one with them that helped her to lead her family into very happy marriages.

It was her early teachings that caused her sons to go on missions. It was her letters to these boys on missions that helped materially to

sustain them in their work in the mission field and, when later in life, she went with her husband James H. Moyle to preside over the Eastern States Mission, it was little wonder that she won the love and affection of the young people who labored in the mission at that time.

An alumna of the University of Utah herself, she took great pride in seeing all her children graduate from the same school and inspired most of her sons and daughters to continue their education, after graduating from the University of Utah, in schools of higher education. To this day she continues devoting herself to strengthening the faith of her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren.

A MOTHER'S POEM

Ella J. Coulam

She yearned to write a poem
To the rhythm in her heart,
But household cares were many;
No rhymed lines would start.

She washed a dusty window
And ironed dampened clothes,
Her work was done in rhythmic beat
Which every mother knows.

Her poem was a masterpiece,
A home for all to share;
Each thought was filled with mother love
Which God had planted there.



THE HENRY D. MOYLE FAMILY

Seated, left to right: Kenneth W. Yeates III (grandson); Mrs. Alice Moyle Yeates; Alberta Wright Moyle; Elder Henry D. Moyle, holding Marion Yeates (granddaughter); and Virginia Moyle.

Standing, left to right: Henry D. Moyle, Jr.; Janet Moyle; and Richard Wright Moyle.

Elder Henry D. Moyle—The New Apostle

Elder Harold B. Lee

Member of the Quorum of the Twelve

JETHRO, the wise father-in-law of the Prophet Moses, characterized an able man as one who feared God, loved the truth, and hated covetousness. As measured by that characterization, Henry D. Moyle, newly sustained member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is an able man—he fears God, loves the truth, and hates covetousness. Again paraphrasing another statement from the scriptures recording the Apostle Paul’s

appraisal of his beloved Timothy’s ancestry—“the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice . . . and in thee also”—it can also be said that not alone are these qualities to be found in this man whom the Church has honored with the highest position it can bestow, but like qualities were also in his father James H. Moyle and his mother Alice E. Dinwoodey, who are true representatives of the finest pioneer blood of this generation.

Now, to briefly chronicle the history of his life to the present time: He was born in Salt Lake City, April 22, 1889. He received his early education in the schools of Utah and received his bachelor of science degree from the University of Utah, and a law degree from the University of Chicago, and did graduate work at the University of Freiberg in Germany and at Harvard University. His scholastic education was interrupted for three years while he served as a missionary for the Church in Germany. During the first World War he served with distinction as a captain in an infantry division. As an attorney he achieved the high place of United States District Attorney for Utah. His principal business interests have been with the Deseret Livestock Company, and with three oil companies, the Inland Empire Oil Refinery at Spokane, Washington, the Wasatch Oil Refining Company, and the Idaho Oil Refining Company, all of which he was largely instrumental in organizing.

In his growing-up years he was always active in the Church, and for ten years presided as the president of the Cottonwood Stake in Salt Lake County. Because of his vigorous leadership as a stake president in getting the Welfare Program of the Church under way in his stake, he was appointed in July 1936 by the First Presidency a member of the General Church Welfare Committee where, a year later, he became the chairman, which position he holds at the present time.

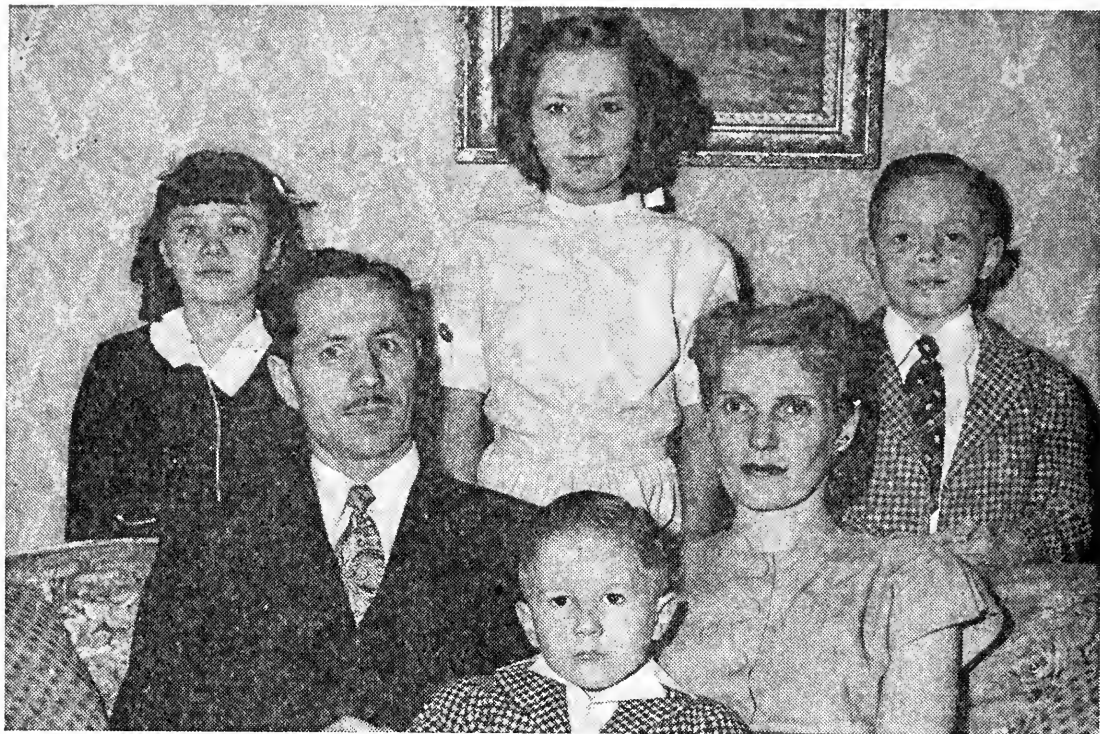
So, at fifty-eight years of age, Henry D. Moyle brings into the councils of the General Authorities of the Church a strength of character, a vigor of manhood, and a background of

experience and accomplishment that will be of inestimable worth to these councils. He is not unknown to the body of the Church, for during the past ten years he has visited many of the stakes of Zion as an able teacher and a fearless exponent of the principles of the Welfare Program.

But, as always with a man of such qualities and high attainments, there is another side less heralded or publicized. In the quiet of his beautiful home in Holladay, there are his most treasured possessions and accomplishments, his lovely wife and companion Alberta Wright, whom he married in 1919, and his four daughters, Alice, Marie, Virginia, and Janet and his two sons Henry and Richard. You haven't seen the full beauty in this man's soul until you have seen him as I have, waking his baby Richard at midnight to fondle him or to tiptoe into the bedroom as we did the other night, together, to see his latest grandson whom he calls his little "Patootie." Father love was never more in evidence than when you see this man, with pardonable pride, listening to music played by one of his accomplished daughters, or counseling with his son "Hank" about his cow or chicken projects. With the love and inspiration of such a wife, and the loyalty and support of such a family, this father has had, in them, some of the essentials to high and worthwhile achievement.

After I was asked to prepare this article I searched some of his writings and written addresses to find a statement that would reveal the source of the characteristic driving qualities of his life. I think I found it in this quotation: "With faith in God, with faith in our own destiny, and with in-

(Continued on page 359)



THE ELDRED G. SMITH FAMILY

Seated, left to right: Elder Eldred G. Smith; Gordon Raynor; Jeanne Ness Smith.
Standing, left to right: Audrey Gay; Miriam; Eldred Gary.

Elder Eldred G. Smith Named Patriarch to the Church

Elder Edwin Q. Cannon

President, Ensign Stake

BECAUSE of my privilege of close association with Eldred G. Smith, I take pleasure in setting forth the knowledge and impressions I have concerning him.

My first observance of him was when he took up his residence in the Twentieth Ward in which I resided, in November 1936.

I was especially attracted to him because of the great faith I had in his father, Hyrum G. Smith, as the Church Patriarch. I had received from him a patriarchal blessing from which I had derived much comfort,

guidance, and assurance. When, later, I became bishop, I chose him as one of my counselors. This place he occupied from May 1938 until March 1940, when he was taken into the Ensign Stake High Council. When the ward was divided in March 1941, he was chosen bishop of the North Twentieth Ward.

While occupying these positions he was faithful, unassuming, humble, and an indefatigable worker. In addition to his heavy Church obligations, he and Sister Smith had real responsibilities at home, as twins

were born during that time and, with a family of very young children, there was much to think about and things were not easy. He remodeled his home, including papering and painting, doing most of the work himself. The only time he had for this was during the night hours. I realized he had really too much to do and at times I felt concerned over his ability to keep up the strenuous life, even though he met it cheerfully and gratefully. Never did he utter a word of complaint.

In January 1944 he took a defense position at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, necessitating his resigning as bishop. He was reluctant to do this, but it was wartime.

On his way to his destination he stopped at Louisville, Kentucky, to see Brother Graham Doxey, President of the East Central States Mission, with the idea in mind of offering his service, in any way possible in that mission.

Because of the secret nature of the work being done at Oak Ridge, he was unable to get permission to hold gatherings in halls provided for such

purposes, so he invited the members of the Church to his home, where they held services, using boxes as chairs and table. These gatherings continued until thirty-five children and sixty-five adults were in attendance. Then President Doxey visited Oak Ridge and formed a branch, making Elder Smith branch president. Later, permission was obtained to use the project school building. Many activities were engaged in, such as excursions to other branches in the vicinity, and an outstanding work was accomplished in behalf of the Church. Brother Smith took great pleasure in all of this.

Between 1926 and 1929 he fulfilled a mission in Germany for the Church.

In August 1932 he married Jeanne Ness who has stood faithfully by him and their lovely family. They have four children, Miriam, twins—Gary and Gay, and Gordon.

Besides his devotion to his own family, he has always been affectionately devoted to his widowed mother, Martha G. Smith.

THESE THINGS I KNOW

Mabel Jones Gabbott

These things I know: That night will follow day,
 And bitter winter means a brighter May;
 That rain and sunshine lend a bud new life,
 And peace is sweeter after days of strife.

This, too, I know: Love never really dies;
 Its memories are mirrored in the skies;
 And pain can cease its pulsing unawares.
 Above all this: God hears and answers prayers.

Relief Society an Aid to Bishops

President Belle S. Spafford

[This talk was delivered at the request of Bishop LeGrand Richards at the Bishops' meeting in the Tabernacle, Friday evening, April 4, 1947—Ed.]

WE sincerely appreciate the opportunity afforded Relief Society of presenting to this great gathering of bishops, upon whom the Lord has placed the responsibility of caring for those in need, a few thoughts as to how Relief Society presidents may be of greater assistance to you in this important and sacred work.

"The relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow, and the orphan, and the exercise of all benevolent purposes" was one of the primary objects of our Society as set forth by the Prophet Joseph Smith. In this, as in all phases of our program, we work under the direction and guidance of the Priesthood.

Relief Society is vitally interested in the Church Welfare Program as it is being carried forward today, and it is anxious to do its part according to the desires and recommendations of the Priesthood authorities who preside over us. In fact, our success as an organization must, in large measure, be gauged by the quality of our contribution to the Welfare Program of the Church.

Every member of our Society is afforded opportunity to contribute to the Program by giving sewing service or service on canning or food processing, harvesting, or other Welfare projects. Our Relief Society presidents hold a unique position. They have been termed by Elder Harold B. Lee "the bishop's right-hand as-

sistants" in his responsible calling of caring for those in need.

As an aid to the bishop, it is our opinion that the most valuable contribution a Relief Society president can make is to visit, at his request, the home of each family or ward member in distress, study its circumstances and needs and then make recommendations to the bishop, in private, as to the care of the family.

This service is in harmony with recommendations to bishops in the *Church Welfare Handbook of Instructions*, which states:

Any family reported to be in need should be visited immediately in order that an intelligent analysis may be made. Subsequent assistance should be based on this analysis.

Responsibility for this visit and analysis rests with the bishop, but it is recommended that he call upon the ward Relief Society president to make this investigation. In making this analysis careful consideration should be given to all known factors, and recommendations should be made to the bishop for the care of the family, both as to meeting any immediate, urgent needs, and with respect to assisting the family in solving other problems with which it may be confronted.

This is a logical assignment for Relief Society presidents since they are qualified by nature and experience for this type of work. Relief Society presidents are women of judgment and spiritual strength, otherwise as bishops you would not have called them to so responsible a position as that of a Relief Society

president. They have sisterly, sympathetic insight into family problems. They are mothers and homemakers themselves. They understand the problems of homemaking and home management. They know what to look for in judging a family's situation. They are adroit in showing mothers how to get the most out of the means at their disposal. And this type of service is often much needed. In many homes where there is need, mothers do not know how to bake their own bread, remodel or make clothing; they do not know how to preserve fruits or can vegetables; neither do they know how to do their part in wisely managing any income the family may have. It is poor care of a family which fills its request for help without carefully studying its deep-seated needs and skillfully guiding and training it toward independence.

TO thoroughly understand a family's situation, and to adequately plan for its present and future welfare requires time. Often many visits to a home are necessary to understand its situation and needs. Our interest in families should be a sustained interest. Relief Society presidents are, as a rule, freer to make these time-consuming visits than are bishops. So we feel ward Relief Society presidents are eminently qualified for this work.

However, according to the 1946 Relief Society annual report, only very limited use is being made by bishops of Relief Society presidents in this capacity. The annual report reveals an average of only two family analyses per year per ward being made under the direction of the bishops. There were seven stakes report-

ing not one single analysis by a Relief Society president in any of their respective wards during the entire year. There were forty-two stakes reporting five or fewer visits throughout the entire stake during the year. The stake reporting the largest number showed an average of less than one visit per month per ward.

We feel this is particularly unfortunate in that an unnecessary burden is placed upon bishops which ward Relief Society presidents are willing and qualified to carry. Not only this, but through bishops failing to so use Relief Society presidents, Relief Society is prevented from fulfilling instructions given it by Priesthood authorities which are basic in carrying out fundamental principles of the Welfare Program.

In an address to Relief Society sisters at the Relief Society general conference last October, Elder Harold B. Lee said:

We are failing in this Welfare Program if and when we have mothers of homes receiving assistance who are able-bodied and can do so, when they are not brought into the production assignments, in sewing and breadmaking and rug weaving. You sisters must see to it that all able-bodied persons, whose home conditions permit them to do so, be brought in to help to be producers in that program from which they receive sustenance. We fail in that, and we fail in one of the prime requirements of the Welfare Program. Even though they may not be able to come to your centers, even though it may require someone being sent into their homes to teach them if they cannot come to a center, you presidents should see to it that someone teaches them, and they have work to do in their own homes where they may have to be surrounded by their own children.

In harmony with this advise we have instructed ward presidents that when a family is receiving assistance,

the mother should, if she is physically able, be brought into the production program. If, because of small children or for some other legitimate reason, she cannot leave her home to sew at the work meeting or to assist with the canning program, she should do some sewing at home, if only to make the clothing which she and her own family will use. If she doesn't know how to sew, Relief Society has a responsibility to teach her. If a sister needs a house dress, rather than to give her an order on the bishops' storehouse for a dress some other sister has made, it is far better and in line with Church teachings to provide material and allow or teach her to make the dress herself. This would reserve the house dress in the storehouse for a sister who is physically unable to make her own. If such a policy were followed, it would lessen the heavy sewing load being placed at the present time on members of the Society who are contributing such service in addition to performing their own arduous home duties. It would also encourage the sister in need to become more independent.

How many beautiful baby layettes have been made and turned into our storehouses to be drawn out on bishops' orders! Every prospective mother has a right to the joy and development that comes from creating these tiny garments herself. Because so much love and happiness do accompany the making of these tiny articles, we have no right to

deny a mother the opportunity to make her own.

When we advise our Relief Society presidents to help those in need to make their own clothing, how often do we hear: "How can we do this, since the bishop does not call upon us to assist in making family analyses; we do not know the families for whom he is caring nor their respective needs? We cannot bring these mothers into the production program, neither can we assist them to wisely use the substance supplied by the bishop, as we do not know who they are."

We feel that Relief Society could be of inestimably greater service to bishops and to the Program as a whole if our women were called into a regular weekly Welfare meeting where their vision would be enlarged and their understanding of their relationship to the bishops and the Welfare Program increased; where they might make regular reports and receive assignments, where they might be (as Brother Lee has expressed) "intelligent, inspired participants in the planning of the Welfare partnership."

We do not wish to go beyond that which we are assigned, but we are sincerely anxious to fulfill the part that has been assigned to Relief Society under the Welfare Plan and to do all in our power to help the bishops and to forward this great and inspired work. May our Heavenly Father help us to this end I pray.

Letters to President Grant From His Mother

Rachel Grant Taylor

AMONG President Grant's personal papers are about fifty letters from his mother, written from 1877 to 1895, when he was traveling, or while she was away from home. These letters were written in the fine script of that day and averaged about four pages in length. Brief excerpts from some of these letters give a glimpse of the desires of President Grant's mother regarding his course in life.

In January 1877, Rachel R. Grant, mother of President Heber J. Grant, went to St. George to stay for several months with her sister Anna Ivins, mother of President Anthony W. Ivins. On April 6th of that year the St. George Temple was dedicated. However, there was a dedication of a number of rooms in the building on January 1, 1877, so that endowment work might be carried on.

St. George—Feb. 12, 77

Aunt Anna is writing to Uncle Ise, I thought I would write a few lines and that would do for my weekly letter. There is such a good spirit in St. George. You will never know how thankful I feel to think you and Tony are such good Mormons. Tony is not in the house sitting down five minutes without the Bible, Book of Mormon or Doc. and Cov. He is a splendid good boy. I am going to commence doing some work for our dead. I never began to realize about the redemption of the dead until I came here. I intend to do all I can to help forward the temple in my weak way. If I had money that is

where I would put it. Give my love to all especially Richard, accept much for yourself from your loving Ma.

St. George—March 77

My Dear Heber,

I received your welcome letter, but do not think of coming down on horseback this time of year. Tony said if you started, you would not get farther than Provo. I wouldn't have you attempt it. I would love very much to have you come, but not bad enough to have you come on horseback, besides it would cost you so much. Try and come with someone that is coming.

I have been at the temple helping to celebrate Bro. Woodruff's 70th birthday. There were upwards of 100 sisters went through the temple for his dead.

Heber J. Grant was made president of the Tooele Stake in October 1880, before he was twenty-four years of age. In a letter from St. George in 1881 the mother wrote to her son:

St. George, Mar. 2, 1881

My Dear Heber,

You speak of your being so good for nothing. You were very trying sometimes, and so are most children. I was too. I never forget my childhood days and the patience of my mother and her kind ways, and cousin J. W.—and the cross and scolding way his wife had. I feel different towards her now, and thankful, she learned me to work. I know my jolly way tried her Quaker way. I heard her tell cousin J. once I was always singing. He replied "I love to hear her." After that I would go down in the garden and sing where I thought no one but my Heavenly Father would hear me—hymns my mother learned me. I sing them now sometimes in honor of her dear memory. I could always see

the good in you and nothing very bad. When Sister H. would be so tried, I would say, "He will make a good man." She speaks of it many times since then when she would be so tried with N. and think I was too easy. I would say you thought the same of Heber, and he has made a good man. I always try to look at the good as well as the bad traits, and see which predominate. I see my own weak points and pray the Lord to show them to me, and help me to overcome them.

On October 6, 1882, Heber J. Grant was called by revelation to be an apostle and he became a member of the Quorum of the Twelve just before his twenty-sixth birthday. In 1884, while her son was doing missionary work in Arizona with Brigham Young Jr., Rachel Grant commenced her letter as follows:

Salt Lake City, Nov. 22, 1884

My Dear Heber:

I thought I would write and wish you many happy returns of your birthday. That you may live long, be blessed with health and great wisdom, much of the Spirit of the Lord, and every other attribute that tends to ennoble and exalt men in this life and the next, is ever the wish and prayer of your Mother.

A mother's justifiable pride in the achievements of her son, and interesting and valuable comments on her own philosophy of life are revealed in the letters which follow:

Soda Springs, July 30, 85

My Dear Heber,

The more good we can do for others the

better we feel, whether it is appreciated or not. If we feel that we are pleasing our Heavenly Father that brings a good feeling. I think more of pleasing him than anyone else. I feel rewarded in this life for all I have passed through to have you feel as you do and in the position you have been honored with. My daily prayer is that you may never do anything to dishonor your position. It was always my greatest desire that you might be useful in God's kingdom. It brings joy in this life and everlasting happiness in the life to come. I love a whole soul saint.

March 1895

My Dear Heber:

I often feel the Lord has blessed me more than I deserve when I think of his calling you to the position you occupy. It was my constant prayer before you were born, and after, that I might have a noble spirited child who would devote his life to the kingdom. May his choicest blessing attend you and yours is ever the wish of your devoted Mother.

It is interesting to note that President Grant and his mother were members of the same ward for fifty years and they were very closely associated. During the time that President Grant was acting as president of the Japanese Mission, his mother wrote to him frequently and her letters were a source of comfort and inspiration. Copies of these letters are carefully bound in President Grant's letter books, showing how much he appreciated and loved the messages sent to him by his loving and faithful mother.

HEIGHTS

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Could there be heights of joy in the world
Where peace above all else is treasured,
Except there be depths where time disciplines,
Depths from which heights must be measured.

Pioneer Cookery

Beatrice K. Ekman

WHEN the persecuted saints were driven from their homes in Nauvoo in the dead of winter to brave the sweeping blasts of the wilderness storms, they took for their cooking equipment their iron pots and bake-kettles, skillets, and brass buckets, great and small. They cooked at the campfire and slept in flimsy ground shelters or in the camp wagons, grouped together for safety, along the swampy river basins, with only the slender resources of the camp to protect them from the rigorous snow and sleet of winter.

They suffered the pangs of hunger and were reduced to the most meager fare, and days on end they had nothing but water gruel, for which they gave thanks. After they had eaten their scant fare they gathered before the bonfires and sang and were merry.

When they reached the gathering place at Winter Quarters and built their one-room sod houses or dug-outs, they made their fireplaces of sod with the grass side turned to the fire. Here they cooked by means of the bake-kettles and other iron pots.

The bake-kettle was an iron pot with three short legs and a heavy convex iron lid. It could be set directly on a bed of coals raked out to the side of the fireplace. The biscuits, corn bread, loaves, or cake were put in, the lid put on, and a shovelful of live coals placed on top. Pioneers used to say that nothing baked in a cookstove ever tasted so good as the

things that came out of a bake-kettle in the fireplace.

Meat was either cooked in the bake-kettle or broiled over the red-hot coals. If one did not have a bake-kettle, corn bread and corn dodgers could be cooked on hot rocks in front of the fire. The Indians used this method for their corn bread.

In the early spring of 1847, when the first company of pioneers left Winter Quarters for the long trek across the plains, they were well prepared and organized. One historian has said:

The organization and order in the camp was so perfect that not infrequently, half an hour after a halt, the people sat down to a comfortable meal of broiled meat and fresh bread.

They baked their bread as soon as the fires were made and the bake-kettle hot, having mixed the dough on the way in the top of the sack of flour. For sour-milk biscuits, however, they stirred soda into a cup of sour milk and poured that into the flour, added a little salt, and molded the biscuits with quick fingers. They were ready for the oven in about the time it takes to toast a piece of bread in an electric toaster. Corn bread was also made and baked in the same fashion.

There was an abundance of wild game and wild geese, ducks, prairie chickens, and turkeys which were sometimes killed by the camp hunters. From the streams they obtained fish and, along the banks, they found wild berries and red currants and

yellow and black native currants, bullberries, gooseberries and strawberries. The fruit, together with pigweeds and thistles, helped to vary their diet.

When the pioneers were in timber country they burned the wood that they could obtain along the way. On the plains they burned sagebrush, which they found at times growing ten feet high. When there was no other fuel they used the dry buffalo chips, as long ago the wandering tribes on the Arabian desert used the dry dung of camels for fuel.

When wild game was plentiful, Brigham Young advised against unnecessary slaughter. The hunters kept the camps well supplied with buffalo, elk, antelope, and deer meat. After one big kill, the camps laid over to dry the buffalo meat in the hot sun. The lean meat was cut into strips and dried. This method was learned from the Indians.

In June the company found their flour almost exhausted and more was miraculously procured from a company of Oregon emigrants which an advance group of pioneers ferried across the Platte River in a skiff. These emigrants paid them \$1.50 for each wagon and load ferried over. They paid in flour at \$2.50 for each hundred pounds, when flour, at that time, was selling at \$10 for a hundred pounds. This flour was divided among all members of the camp and it amounted to five and one-half pounds for each person. "It looked as much of a miracle to me," wrote Wilford Woodruff, "to see our flour and meal bags replenished in the Black Hills, as it did to have the children of Israel fed with manna in the wilderness." When Jim Bridger ate breakfast with Brigham

Young on the plains, he said he had seen more bread on Brigham Young's table that morning than he had seen in years.

WHEN the pioneers entered the Valley they planted all the seed that they had brought for that purpose. Flour and meal were scarce and supplies were carefully husbanded. They dug sego roots, Jerusalem artichokes (perennial sunflowers), and gathered pigweeds, thistles, and dock to supplement the lack of flour. The land for miles around was dug up for sego-lily bulbs and thistles and some of the pioneers were poisoned by eating wild onion roots which they mistook for sego roots.

In the spring of 1848 flour was scarce and many suffered with hunger and they had to boil rawhide for soup. Lorenzo Young, after sharing his last pound of flour with someone less fortunate, was without meat and flour. He traded a yoke of large oxen for a beef that a California emigrant had saved. He was to give the man, also, a quarter of the beef when he had slaughtered it. He did this and hung the hide on bushes, with the meat side out, and the magpies feasted on it. The beef lasted some time and then he was again without food. He took the hide from the bush, cut it into strips and soaked it in City Creek until it was soft. He worked over it for two days cleaning it by scraping the hair and dirt from it, then he turned it over to his wife and she made glue soup of it. She set her table attractively with a favorite set of dishes she had brought from Nauvoo, and placed the dish of soup in the center of the table with a ladle to convey it to the

plates. They blessed the soup and gave thanks. This was one instance of many when people were obliged to eat this fare.

After the harvest of 1849 times were better. The people were thrifty and the gold seekers on their way to California brought in many delicacies. There was wild game in the hills, wild geese and ducks on the sloughs and springs, crops were good, and the pioneers began to prosper. There was an abundance of green vegetables of every variety, and melons and cucumbers. Their tables groaned with the best of foods.

Among the pioneers were people of many nations and they brought their knowledge of cooking to add to the skill of cookery. They practiced economy and nothing that could be used was thrown away. If a beef was slaughtered, the hide was tanned for leather, the hoofs boiled for glue, and the intestines were washed and scraped to be fried in butter. They were considered quite a delicacy and were called chitterlings. The other intestines were used for casings for sausage and headcheese. The bladder was used for casing lard. The stomach was used for tripe. The meat that was not used fresh was pickled in salt brine for corned beef, and there was no waste surplus. If any one slaughtered an animal he traded with a neighbor, and the neighbor did the same in his turn.

The housewife was expert in making cheese, butter, lard, and sausage from pork, salting down meat, and making soap and candles. Grease from the cooking and other refuse fats was stored away during the winter and the lye for soapmaking was

leached from the wood ashes that were saved from winter fires. The soap was made in the spring. A leach tub or barrel was filled with the ashes and the water poured in a little at a time until the lye seeped out from a hole in the barrel near the base. It was repeatedly poured back over the ashes and the ashes renewed until the lye was strong enough, then the lye and fat were poured into the huge brass kettle and boiled until done over a fire in the open. Saleratus was also used in place of lye for soap. When the lye was rendered and the fat was poured off, the leftovers were saved for cracklings. These were rolled into the dough and baked in flat sheets. The wood lye was also used for making the lye hominy. This was an essential food and a favorite supper or breakfast dish either fried with bacon or eaten in a bowl of milk. The hominy, as well as the sauerkraut, was always made in the fall. Headcheese, calves' or pigs' feet jelly and sausage were also made in the fall.

Tomatoes were cooked and poured into five gallon coal oil cans and the lid screwed on and sealed with beeswax. The potatoes were stored in pits, as were also carrots, parsnips, and cabbage. The cabbage was stored with the roots above the ground. These pits could be opened on a favorable day and the desired supplies removed. In the summer, starch was made by grating peeled potatoes into water and letting it stand to settle. Then the clear water was poured off and the white starch spread on sheets to dry. This starch was used for cooking as well as for laundering.

The milk was kept in spring-houses. The bladders of lard, the

headcheese, and sausage were hung from the ceilings. There was a dirt floor and the walls were white-washed. These springhouses were built of adobes, rocks, or logs, preferably over a stream or spring.

Molasses was first made in 1852 but, before this, boiled sugar cane supplied some sweetening. Much cottage cheese was made and was always on the table, as were honey and molasses. Hot milk was a favorite drink for supper.

It was not until 1852 that the iron Charter Oak stoves came into use, with their shoe-shaped ovens and four-holed tops. Before this the cooking was done entirely at the fireplace or on open fires outside by means of the bake ovens or iron pots. The stoves were usually set up on bricks or blocks to make them higher.

PIONEER RECIPES

HEADCHEESE

Take one half hog's head and one half beef shank. Scrape clean and remove ears and eyes, cleanse and wash well. Put into small amount of water and boil until meat leaves bones. Chop meat into coarse pieces, season with salt and pepper and place in muslin bag. Press under weight until cold. Remove cloth and slice for serving.

SAUSAGE

Grind shoulder of pork through sausage grinder. Season with salt, pepper, and garden sage. Shape into small cubes and fry.

CALVES' OR PIGS' FEET JELLY

After cleansing, boil either feet of a calf or the feet of a pig until tender and the meat has loosened from the bones. Strain through cloth and pour into molds. When cold, serve as dessert with cream and sugar.

SCRAPPLE

Take the head, heart, or any lean scraps of pork and boil until the meat slips easily from the bones. Remove the fat, gristle, and bones, then chop fine. Set the liquid in which the meat was boiled aside until cold. Then remove the cake of fat from the surface and return the broth to the fire. When it boils, put in the chopped meat and season well with salt and pepper. Let it boil again, then thicken with corn meal as you would in making ordinary corn meal mush by letting it slip through the fingers slowly to prevent lumps. Cook for one hour, stirring constantly at first, then boil slowly. When done, pour into a long, square pan, not too deep, and mold. Cut into slices when cold, and fry brown, as you do mush. This is a cheap and delicious breakfast dish.

LUMPY DICK

Take water that is boiling and salted and stir into it, very carefully and slowly, white flour until it reaches the consistency of mush, and serve either cold or hot with cream and sugar.

CHALLENGE

Alice Whitson Norton

The human hand, however skilled
 In witchery of art,
 Has yet a rose to glorify
 With dewdrops in its heart.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 4

[The incidents of this story are true and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated country.

While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company travels over rough and dangerous country. They cross the Colorado River, overcome the dangers of a steep ridge called Lee's Hogback, and continue their journey into the desert. After much suffering, the company finally reaches Moenkopi, an Indian outpost and a supply point for traders and pioneers. The Davis family remains at Moenkopi and the others go on toward the San Juan. They reach what seems to loom as an impenetrable forest of giant greasewood trees, mysterious and forbidding in the twilight. Elizabeth covers her face to shut out the sight of it, and she is glad that Mary is safe at Moenkopi.

FOR half a day the well diggers worked steadily, but without success. Road crews had rigged up a ten foot V-shaped wedge

from a forked cedar tree and, with it hooked to four yoke of thick-necked steers, they attacked the greasewood forest. The tangled growth went down, snapping like green logs in a furnace, while splinters corduroyed the sand.

George Hobbs sat his horse like a statue, not far from the workers at the well, paying little attention to the road builders.

"I'm a born road builder," Silas Smith announced, watching the huge wedge as it mowed the thicket down. "Any doubts in your mind about that, George?"

"My job seems to be well-digging, though I was not, fortunately, born to it. Scouting is a more interesting vocation. Any doubts in your mind about that?" George turned to grin engagingly at his superior officer. "Maybe you think I'm not a born scout, either?"

"I'm just wondering about that," Silas said, and there was a frown between his deep-set eyes. "Where are all the Lamanites you said were following us?"

George glanced uneasily at the thicket. Divining the direction of George's thoughts, Silas gave way to his own sense of insecurity, a feeling that had persisted despite the apparently calm scene of the morning's work.

George, whose eyes had not left

the thicket, nodded ever so slightly toward a clump of trees to the left of the wedge and the swath it was breaking.

Out of the trees, scarcely ten feet from where Silas was standing, emerged a single blanketed figure.

"How!" The Indian guttural, stripped of all friendliness, was packed with menace. The Indian strode toward the well.

Silas stood where he was, angry and ill at ease. George had been right. They were surrounded.

Elizabeth, seeing the tall Indian at the well, dropped the canvas flap down over the front of her wagon, where her children sat in trained quietness. With the memory of that night in the Arizona desert to reassure her, she watched the fellow with fearless interest. This Indian,



Photograph by Willard Luce

THE DOUBLE-O ARCH

This arch is the most unusual, if not the best known, of the sixty-four arches in the Devil's Garden section of the Arches National Monument, near Moab, Utah.

she knew, had not come to beg. There was certainly no apology in his bearing.

George Hobbs sat immobile, keeping his horse quiet by the pressure of his knees, ignoring the Indian completely. There was no sign that even his thoughts had been disturbed by the surly Piute. The work at the well, the raising and lowering of the big buckets that came up and down as the windlass turned, was all that seemed to interest him. The windlass brought up a bucket of earth. As it was dumped, he reached down from his saddle and took a handful of it, testing it for dampness between his fingers. Then he straightened up, still not looking toward the Indian.

The bucket was dumped and went down again. The process fascinated the Piute. Hobbs let another handful of sand strain through his fingers. Elizabeth, watching him, detected an almost imperceptible quiver of his nostrils, and knew the well-diggers would soon strike water.

The Piute seemed to smell the dampness. He leaned over and looked into the well pit. Then he straightened up and flung out his arm in an unmistakable signal. It was answered by two hundred scowling replicas of himself. Springing into existence from behind rocks, trees, and the tangle of greasewood, they crowded around the well.

"Get into the thicket with that road," Silas yelled. "We're going to need it, pronto!"

There was a shout from the bottom of the well: "Here she comes! Bail us out!"

Four men grabbed the windlass and began to turn it. There was

another shout from the well, "Hurry, she's comin' fast!"

The Indians fell back, pushing over each other in their haste. The white men began to cheer. Elizabeth grabbed a bucket, and, shoving the Indians out of her way, she drew up the first pailful of muddy water.

* * * *

THREE days away from the nerve-straining camp at the greasewood forest, the travelers had hoped that the Indians would be miles away, too. Instead, they had increased in numbers. Squaws, papposes, dogs, and ponies had joined the original band, and now trailed after the wagons. Sullenly watchful, came the males. The squaws followed, shrieking into the canyons and calling vengeance upon the whites. Not bothering to beg, they helped themselves to the company's food, cleaned out the grass with their cayuses, drank the water from the pockets in the rocks, and dared the whites to like it or not.

"How long are we goin' to stand for this, President Smith?" Hamilton Thornton asked, as he and four others of the drivers rode up to their leader. "What water the Indians can't drink, they pollute," he cried. "We're in for shootin' them back!"

"That's right!" flinging dust and sand into the already charged air, Thornton's friends rode forward.

"You men came along with this outfit to shoot game, not Indians," Captain Smith said, meeting them squarely. "Fire one shot, and those squaws will tear us limb from limb."

"They're foul with smells," Thornton grumbled. "We can't stand it!"

"And the noise!" one of the others cried. "It'll drive us crazy."

"It's when they're quiet that I start goose-pimples," Silas said, and grinned engagingly. Then he turned to regard the squaws, and concluded, "When they're raisin' cain like this I know that no real devilment is brewing. Now, you, Parley, and you, Hans; keep the rest of those hotheads cool, will you? And get back into your place in the line."

Kicking up clouds of dirt before and behind the train, the squaws, bareheaded in the blazing sun, set their dogs on the company horses and crowded their own ponies in milling dozens ahead on the trail until, tired of entertaining themselves, they finally became quiet, let their ponies amble where they would, nursed their babies, and slept in the wake of their own dust.

Believing that now, at last, the Indians would fall back and be gone, the company picked up its spirits. What were cliffs and canyons, ledges and rocks, against the screeching of that dirty pack of squaws and the imprecations of the scowling bucks? Now they could hear their own voices, the footfalls of their own horses, and they discovered that it was music.

The trail writhed in and out of canyons, around cap rocks that became tam-o-shanters, over wind-swept ledges, and back into canyons again. For an hour Elizabeth reveled in its grandeur, pointing out red elephants that marched in profile along the cliffs, tall goblets that sparkled in the sun, church towers, and engine rocks that stood panting after their long climb up from the valley floor, shimmering with

heat smoke that trailed after them back into the canyon again.

Henry Harriman tied his lines to the wagon bow and came to sit beside Elizabeth. "I never saw anything like it, Bethy," he said. "This place just isn't earth. Its castles and domes, clouds and mirrors, and whispering winds."

"Yes," Elizabeth agreed. "But at night, in the moonlight, there is a feeling I can't describe. Everything seems weird and unreal. And when all this warmth and color are gone these queer forms become ghosts. Don't all these overhanging cliff dwellings make you feel creepy?"

"Not a bit! If San Juan's like this I'll not be sorry I left Southern Utah."

They fell silent then, stirred by the thoughts that the mention of home had brought.

"It's a good thing we brought along all the water we could haul from the well," Henry said after a while. He scanned the sun for the time of day and concluded, "It looks like we'll have a dry camp tonight. We can't go much farther, and there is no water here."

"If we get rid of the Indians, I'll not care whether I have a drink or not," Elizabeth answered.

"They've been falling back for an hour, now," Henry said. "I wouldn't be surprised if we've seen the last of them."

He gave Elizabeth a bouquet of velvet-white yucca blossoms, patted her hand encouragingly, and went back to his own team.

Hours later the company was halted on a small plateau that narrowed to a neck and then dropped off into a dark canyon.

It was stifling hot. Elizabeth

hoarded the water carefully, not daring to cool the children's faces, as she usually did. Their eyes were red and swollen from the heat and the pelting sand; their lips were cracked and dry.

"Oh, my darlings," Elizabeth soothed them. "Mother knows you are hot and tired. But see, down there in the valley! That's a lake. Tomorrow my five precious ones shall wade in the water. You can splash it over your bodies. You can lie down in it . . ."

Elizabeth and Henry, two gray figures between earth and sky, felt the night close in. Though neither voiced the fear, both were worried about the descent into the canyon. Exit or not, once down, there would be no climbing back up this crumbly ledge.

"Isn't there any other way off this mesa?" Elizabeth asked, trying to sound casual.

"George says not," Henry answered reluctantly.

"Then there isn't," she said flatly, not without hope, but as an acceptance of fact.

Henry put his arm around her shoulders and with his free hand took hold of her locked fingers.

"Bethy," he said, hesitant and tender, "I'm not good at speeches, but I want you to know that I'd not be doing this wilderness-taming if it weren't for the Church." He looked at the sky, close with stars. "God's pretty near right now, it seems to me, and when we're miles away, down there, well, he'll be down there, too," he finished diffidently and kissed her finger tips.

Elizabeth's eyes swam with tears. It took but one moment like this to

keep a woman at her man's side for a lifetime.

There was the tinkle of a bell in the distance where the horses were grazing. . . .

* * * *

AS soon as it was light, the men were out making a road, and by noon they had a narrow dugway half-way down from the mesa. Things were going far better than had been expected. But, suddenly, there was a lull in the voices of the road crew, in the clank of tools.

"What is it?" Elizabeth cried, running to meet Henry as he came up the dugway.

"A twenty-five foot jump-off. We've struck a ledge!" he cried. "A hunk of rock as hard as granite!"

"Can't they blast it back?" Elizabeth questioned.

"The whole face of the mesa would slide off if we tried it. We'll have to chisel it off by hand."

"Then it may be hours." Elizabeth turned to go back to her wagon.

"More likely it'll be all night, Sis," George said, riding up in time to hear her last words.

"And no water?" Elizabeth asked.

"Not a drop! And no water pockets in the rocks, either."

Sudden, homesick tears filled Elizabeth's eyes. What a heaven of love and happiness she had left. Here it was so hot. At home there would be a breeze in the cottonwoods. She looked at the nub of a candle that stood in its bracket ready to be lighted. At home there would be lights in every window of the town. But she would never see them again! She dropped her head to her arms and began to cry.

The children came in from their

play and were hungry. She fed them and put them to bed. Then she walked away from the camp and stood looking up at the stars. "Father, help this parcel of human beings," she prayed. "Help these tired men to chisel back this stubborn ledge. And please, please, let nothing happen to the water in the canyon below."

It was noon before the ledge gave way to the hammers of the weary men, and a road, looking like a long wounded worm, was chiseled to the bottom of the canyon.

Elizabeth, ready with her team and wagon and her children, looked down the dugway in front of her, and a faint nausea attacked the pit of her stomach. The canyon was so far below! And there was nothing but dizzy space to look into!

"Drive slow, and don't crowd the wall," Silas said to her in a low, assuring voice. "You are a good teamstress, Mrs. Harriman."

Elizabeth smiled gratefully, afraid to speak for fear she would betray the giddiness that kept her head swimming. Silas looked her wagon and harnesses over carefully, tested the pin in the singletrees, and went on. Henry came to Elizabeth's side of the wagon. Weary from the long night of road work and anxious for her safety, he cast around for something to say that might help her or give courage. The answer lay in Elizabeth's parched and swollen lips. "We'll have water soon, Bethy," he promised. "Drive steady, my girl."

Elizabeth nodded. Thank goodness she was next to the lead wagon. If any of the outfits got down safely it would be the first ones. That gave the children a chance.

"All right, Brother Decker, lead out!" Silas Smith called. And the first wagon began its slow descent.

Elizabeth released her brake, gave the lines a gentle lift, and took a long, deep breath. Then she followed the first wagon down the steep and narrow dugway, looking straight ahead, keeping her eyes glued to the little round opening in the back of the Decker wagon. Through it she could see James Decker's quiet shoulders.

When the last wagon had made the descent and had joined the others in the valley, Elizabeth said to her husband as he walked beside her team, leaving his own to follow, "Henry that was the easiest driving I ever did."

Henry drew his hand across his eyes and coughed the tightness from his throat. "It was a hazardous piece of driving, girl. One wagon out of control would have sent the whole face of the cliff sliding to the bottom, a mountain of shale and broken wagons and people." He coughed again. "That's one place I never want to see again!"

"I wish we could go faster, Henry," Elizabeth fretted. "We are so thirsty. And we are still a long way from water. I gave the children the last drop in the canteen just before we started down."

"You shouldn't have!" Henry cried in consternation. "Never use the last drop of water till you can touch the next!"

"Why do you say that, Henry, with water right in sight?"

"It's just natural caution," he answered. "Just plain common sense." Then, seeing her alarm, he added hastily, "But don't worry. This can-

yon is flat and smooth. We will roll up to the lake in no time."

The teams, needing no urging toward the water, trotted down the canyon. Elizabeth struggled against an overpowering desire to sleep. Just to drop the lines from her aching hands and go to sleep. Her throat ached and her head was still light.

"Careful, there, Elizabeth," her brother warned as he rode the line. "One step into a hole or between these flat rocks could break a horse's leg."

"I'll not sleep, George," Elizabeth promised, and tightened her grip on the lines. "But I'm praying we get to that water soon."

The canyon narrowed to a mere corridor at the shore of the lake, leaving a door-wide vista of blue against the leaning cliffs that were reflected in the water. The tilted shadows made the lake look like a mirror hung on the walls of a rust-colored room. On the shore stood a lone heron, like a china statue, and it, too, was mirrored in the lake. The walls of the canyon, so close to the corridor,

changed to vermilion, to blue, to lavender, and back to dull rust shades again. It was a breath-taking scene, but Elizabeth saw only the water. She knew that if she were to throw herself into it, face down, she would be cool, her lips would be wet with it, and her tongue would cease to choke her. Would the command to halt never come, she wondered. Had she only dreamed of this wonderful place?

"Halt!" The command was sharp and imperative.

Elizabeth whirled in her wagon seat. She had never heard such a tone in Silas Smith's voice before. Every wagon jammed to a standstill. The teams and stock threatened a stampede toward the water. "Dear God, what now?" she prayed. Water was there. She could see it, she could smell it on the wind, almost she could touch it with her hand. Yet they were stopped dead against it. She buried her face in her hands. She could not bear the picture of the lake.

(To be continued)

NOSTALGIA

Merling Dennis Clyde

My heart cries out in springtime when redbuds
start to flame;
When lily leaves, upthrusting, spring's recurrent
hopes proclaim,
My eager, homesick longing for the hills will be the same;
When prescient April holds flower-laden arms to May,
And air so freshly fragrant soothes winter's doubts away,
A thousand vagrant breezes will call my feet to stray.
And when those hills of homeland,
With dogwood blooms of white,
Along the winding uptrail, appear in radiant light,
A mist of tears will silver the beauty of the sight.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1887

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

NOTES AND NEWS: Judging from the newspaper notices of President Hayes and wife, one would be inclined to think that a decided change in many things would be effected by their good but quiet example. President Hayes abstains from the use of all intoxicating drinks. Then the people will assuredly have sober decisions, and his influence will be felt for good wherever he presides in public or social circles.—Selected

GOOD NATURE: Good nature is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may win admiration, judgment command respect, knowledge attract attention, beauty inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect; it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the homeliest face.

—Anon

FROM BEAR RIVER CITY, IDAHO: We are doing our best to carry out counsel in the way of buying wheat. . . . We help the poor, and visit the sick, and are trying to be more united and live our religion to the best of our abilities. We have a good and faithful president in Mrs. Christine Albertsen and her counselors Mary C. Neely and Anna Hansen.

—Mary Hansen, Secretary

ALFRED TENNYSON: It began a new era in English verse when Alfred came caroling out of Lincolnshire. And since he has devoted his life exclusively to his calling. . . . Tennyson as a poet adds industry to inspiration. Not running to publishers with quickly created verses, he leaves them out until he has given them the virtue of the fullest possible excellence. His motto has ever been “Perfection or Silence.”

—Anon

ASSOCIATIONS OF NATURE: Spring has come again with its buds and blossoms speaking to the heart in hopeful promise, and revealing, as it were, truthful lessons of the Infinite. The glad waters have burst their ice-bound fetters, and as they flow freely along, one fancies they babble of the prison life in which cold stern winter had enthralled them. The glorious sunshine regenerates everything which it rests upon. . . . The birds returning again from their southern tour are caroling sweet melodies, as if their anthems of praise were uttered for all animate creation.

—Editorial

RUSTIC WARBLINGS

Yet, children around him feel no neglect,
The poor are blest from his ample store,
He treats the aged with great respect,
He is good to his mother—what man does more?

—Wamsusie

SYMPATHIZE WITH CHILDREN: Do you want to learn how to make the children love you? Do you want the key that will unlock the innermost recesses of their nature? Then sympathize with them always. Never allow yourself to ridicule any of their little secrets. . . . Kites and knots are only the precursors of older thoughts and deeper trials, which the parents may one day plead to share. . . . Above all, do not be ashamed to let children know that you love them. Remember, they will be men and women some day, and the slightest word which may influence their future lives should become a thing of moment in our eyes.

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

MR. MARGARET MERRILL FISHER, a granddaughter of Bathsheba W. Smith, fourth General President of Relief Society, died recently. As a young girl, Mrs. Fisher raised silkworms, spun the silk thread, and created the designs for the lovely lace made by her own hands. She also compiled a history of the Utah volunteer expeditions concerning the men who fought in the Civil War. This volume was officially recognized by the United States Government.

MR. EFFIE DIGGE HOUTZ, an Indian of Blackfoot, Idaho, is striving to inspire young Indian women to keep alive the arts, manual skills, and exquisite designs (developed from the "shifting moods" of moon, stars, sun, and mountain peaks) that are traditional among Indian tribes, but are now rapidly vanishing. Already, native basket weaving is a lost art. (As high a price as \$10,000 has been paid for the exquisite baskets of the famous, now deceased, Daht-so-la-le.) Mrs. Houtz's own beautiful creations have been exhibited and sold at the Biltmore in Los Angeles and at Marshall Field's in Chicago.

MISS MITTIE ARNOLD and Miss Margaret E. Thomas started an herb garden a few years ago, as a hobby. They now have one of the largest and most famous herb farms in the United States, at Greene, R. I.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY (1820-1906) fought for equality between men and women as to wages, education, suffrage, and property rights. At the time, "women owned nothing, not even their own wedding presents," and "controlled nothing, not even their own children." One newspaper commented: "As is the yellow fever to the South, the grasshopper to the plains, the diphtheria to our northern cities, so is Susan B. Anthony and her class to all true, pure, lovely women." Before her death, Miss Anthony was pelted with roses while driving through a street where, many years earlier, the missiles had been eggs. This year, observance of her birthday was provided by law in California, Colorado, and Minnesota. In the latter State an act was passed in the legislative session of 1941 establishing Susan B. Anthony Day, to be observed by appropriate recognition in public schools and by the display of our flag on public buildings and schools.

MISS CORNELIA M. VAN ASCH VAN WIJCK, of Holland, is president of the world Y. W. C. A. Formerly a wealthy aristocrat, she endured the poverty and starvation common to the Dutch during the war. Her great effort now is to bring help to the children of Europe, who have had their minds and characters "warped and twisted by hatreds and deceptions."



The Mother as a Teacher

PERHAPS the most important role which a mother is called upon to play is that of a teacher of her children. From the time that a child is born, the mother teaches him both by precept and example. The teachings carry over into the remainder of his life, and in times of stress and temptation there should arise in the child's mind either the admonitory words of his mother or the remembrance of her as she advocated certain actions in support of eternal principles.

The child uses as his first standard of a home the one in which he lives. If it is a home whose appearance is orderly, clean, and attractive, he will have a pattern whereby he will judge the homes of his playmates. If, on the other hand, it be one of disorder and uncleanness, as he visits other homes, his own will be revealed in his eyes in an unfavorable light. A mother should teach, by her homemaking, the type of home which is in harmony with proper living as taught by the gospel and, by setting such a standard, a mother will teach her children to establish and maintain like homes. How often one hears the expression, "Well, what could you expect, that was the kind of home in which she was reared?"

Many a young man has been advised, in choosing a wife, to notice the character and habits of the mother of the young lady whom he

admires, the better to judge the manner in which she has been reared.

Important as is the appearance of a home, however, there is also the spirit of the home with which a mother must concern herself and which she largely builds. There may be a certain amount of bickering and quarreling in any home where there are two or more young children, but that diminishes and, finally, will disappear if the mother is ever on the alert to set an example of understanding, loving kindness herself, and repeatedly teaches her children to better understand and appreciate each other, at the same time pointing out, in each instance, the manner in which the dispute might have been settled amicably.

Habits of industry and thrift will be inculcated in children if taught by the insistence and example of the mother. The mother who idles away her time at home and spends many precious hours at so-called amusement places will probably see these habits reflected in the future lives of her children. Likewise, a mother who has little time to devote to Church work may expect her children to give even less.

There is a great and grave responsibility resting upon parents to "teach their children to walk uprightly before the Lord." The mother's part of this responsibility

is one for which she will be held strictly accountable, and one which she cannot, in righteousness, shift to the shoulders of another.

It would be impossible to measure the effort which a mother puts into the teaching of her children; it would likewise be impossible to measure the joy which comes to a mother through seeing her teach-

ings reflected in the righteous and outstanding lives of her children. The proper teaching of her children is the foremost duty of any mother and nothing should be allowed to interfere, hamper, nor impair such teaching to the detriment of the eternal welfare of her children.

M.C.S.

TWO FIGURES

Eva Matson Perry

In a beautiful home of fashion and pride,
 Two figures are standing, side by side.
 One is of marble, pure and white,
 The other a child to be guided aright.
 One was paid for in yellow gold,
 The other the price can never be told.
 It was sent by God from heaven above
 And paid for by parents' holy love.
 So handle them both with tender care,
 The marble so white, and the child so fair.

THE GROWING HOUSE

Erma Barney Braack

My neighbor had a little house
 That grew and grew and grew.
 It was so very small
 At first, it fitted only two.

Soon, another room was added
 When the children came;
 A porch and breakfast nook appeared.
 It didn't look the same.

And now I see they're building.
 The little house must grow,
 For the children are all married—
 Grandchildren, you know.

And, now, three generations find
 Within the house their places.
 How grand that such a tiny house
 So much of love embraces!

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Magazine Subscription Price Raised to \$1.50 as of July 1, 1947

NOTWITHSTANDING the loyalty of Relief Society women throughout the Church who have made possible the phenomenal increase in *Magazine* subscriptions which now total over 83,000, the General Board finds it necessary, as of July 1, 1947, to increase the annual subscription price from \$1 to \$1.50. This increase in subscription price has been made necessary because of steadily increasing paper, publishing, and circulation costs which have, for the past four years, been so high as to make it impossible for the *Magazine* to be self-supporting. The only sources of income for the *Magazine* are subscriptions and advertising, which has been held to a minimum during and since the war years because of the acute paper shortage.

The General Board regrets having to take this action since the subscription price of the official publication of the Society has been maintained at \$1 per year since 1889. Every effort has been made to keep the *Magazine* self-supporting and to retain the \$1 rate through a most

careful watch over expenditures, and through editorial and other workers giving excessive hours of service. However, in spite of all that has been done, costs have advanced so much as to make an increase in price absolutely necessary.

Magazine representatives are advised that all subscriptions sent to the General Board on or after July 1, 1947 are to be charged for at the increased rate of \$1.50 per year. All subscriptions received at the General Board office which are post-office dated on or before June 30, 1947 will require only the \$1 rate.

We wish to thank the many thousands of subscribers to the *Magazine* and the *Magazine* representatives who have served so faithfully and well, and we solicit their continued support for this *Magazine* of the women of the Church, for if the number of subscriptions should drop below the present circulation, it would be impossible, under existing conditions, to continue publication without financial loss, even at the increased subscription price of \$1.50.

Summer Work Meetings

It is the desire of the General Board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through

September. In these stressful times, Church Welfare sewing should take precedence over all other work activities.

The Magazine Honor Roll for 1946

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE General Board wishes to congratulate the stakes and missions of the Church for the outstanding work they have done during the year 1946 in putting *The Relief Society Magazine* into the homes of members of the Relief Society as well as into the homes of many women who are not members of the Church. One of the great desires of the General Board is that the *Magazine* may serve as a missionary in making friends for the Church.

The number of *Magazine* subscriptions has steadily increased during 1946. In 1945 there were 1102

names on the honor roll; this year there are 1274 names, which indicates a substantial increase in the number of *Magazine* representatives who have obtained subscriptions equal to or in excess of 75 per cent of the enrolled Relief Society membership.

The General Board is very pleased, in recognition of the work of *Magazine* representatives who have obtained a 75 per cent rating or higher in 1946, to award them a free one-year *Magazine* subscription.

The following table indicates the growth during the past year:

	1945	1946
Total Number Magazine Subscriptions	74,032	79,003
Number Stakes on Honor Roll	81	104
Number Missions on Honor Roll	7	8

The stake which has achieved the highest per cent of subscriptions in relation to the enrolled membership of Relief Society is North Idaho Falls Stake with a percentage of 155. There are 35 other stakes which have made outstanding records of 100 per cent or over.

Idaho Falls Seventh Ward of the North Idaho Falls Stake stands at the head of all the wards in the Church with a percentage of 239. There is a total of 497 wards throughout the Church that have made 100 per cent or over.

The mission making the highest percentage is the Australian with 139 per cent. There are two missions

with a percentage of 100 or over. The mission district of the Church with the highest per cent is the Alabama District of the Southern States Mission with 135 per cent. In all the missions there are five districts which have a rating of 100 per cent or over. Glen Huon Branch of the Australian Mission is the top-ranking branch, with a percentage of 400. Branches to the number of 157 have reached 100 per cent or over. Sisters of all these localities are to be congratulated for the loyalty and appreciation they manifest for the *Magazine* of the women of the Church. The General Board realizes and appreciates the work which so many outstanding records have entailed.

**TEN STAKES HAVING THE
LARGEST NUMBER OF
SUBSCRIPTIONS**

South Los Angeles	1155
Long Beach	959
Ogden	903
Maricopa	858
Blackfoot	843
Pasadena	833
Sugar House	831
Oquirrh	825½
Salt Lake	816½
West Pocatello	807

It is interesting to note that no particular geographic section of the organized stakes of the Church overshadows any other in subscription accomplishment. There have been outstanding records made in many different localities with varying local conditions.

The following two tables show the six top-ranking missions in per cent of subscriptions and the six having the highest number of subscriptions:

**SIX HIGHEST MISSIONS BY
PERCENTAGES**

Australian	139
South African	112
Western States	89
Southern States	86
Texas-Louisiana	84
California	80

**SIX HIGHEST MISSIONS BY
NUMBER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS**

Northwestern States	1188
Southern States	1149
Northern States	622
California	610
Texas-Louisiana	543
Western States	467

The following listing of the stakes of the Church gives, in the order of their achievement, the per cent of subscriptions in relation to the Relief Society membership of each stake.

STAKES BY PERCENTAGES

	Per cent
North Idaho Falls	155
South Los Angeles	137
South Salt Lake	135
Nampa	123
Cassia	122
Rexburg	120
Ogden	118
West Pocatello	114
Boise	113
Wasatch	113
Oquirrh	111
Big Cottonwood	107
Big Horn	106
Granite	106
Oakland	106
Phoenix	105
Raft River	105
San Diego	105
San Francisco	105
Sevier	105
Emigration	104
Provo	104
Sugar House	104
Alpine	103
Bannock	103
Burley	103
Long Beach	103
Rigby	103
Shelley	102
Kolob	101
North Box Elder	101
Cottonwood	100
Idaho Falls	100
Park	100
Yellowstone	100
Los Angeles	99
Pasadena	99
Taylor	99
San Bernardino	98
East Mill Creek	97
East Jordan	96
Farr West	96
Liberty	96
Palmyra	93
Pocatello	93
Sacramento	93
Salt Lake	93
Star Valley	93

East Rigby	92	St. Johns	74.3
Malad	92	Southern Arizona	73.9
Reno	92	North Sevier	73.6
Zion Park	92	Cache	73.2
Ensign	91	Lake View	72.8
St. Joseph	91	Nebo	72.1
Snowflake	91	Kanab	72
South Idaho Falls	91	San Luis	72
Weiser	91	Bonneville	71.8
Wells	91	Humboldt	71.6
Young	91	Benson	71.5
Bear Lake	90	St. George	71.2
Highland	90	Lyman	71
South Box Elder	90	Teton	70.5
Uintah	90	New York	70.2
Union	90	Logan	69.7
Grant	89	Nevada	69.1
North Rexburg	89	Lost River	67.9
San Juan	88	Juab	67.7
Blackfoot	86	Alberta	67.4
Palo Alto	86	Mount Jordan	67.2
Emery	85	Montpelier	66.6
Millard	85	Garfield	66.3
Juarez	84	Twin Falls	66.1
Minidoka	83	South Sanpete	65.6
Bear River	82	Gunnison	65.3
Ben Lomond	82	Smithfield	65
Berkeley	82	Idaho	64.4
Portneuf	82	San Fernando	63.8
South Davis	82	Oneida	62.5
Tooele	81	Inglewood	62.1
Hillside	80	Lehi	61.9
Moapa	80	Carbon	60.9
South Ogden	80	South Sevier	60.6
Utah	80	Duchesne	59.7
Uvada	80	Summit	58.5
Gridley	79	Moroni	57.9
Roosevelt	79	Grantsville	57.2
Franklin	78	Lethbridge	56.4
North Carbon	78	Santaquin-Tintic	55.6
North Davis	78	Deseret	55
Timpanogos	78	Woodruff	54
Davis	77	Beaver	53.5
Denver	77	Parowan	52.5
Maricopa	77	North Weber	52.5
Morgan	77	Portland	49.9
West Jordan	77	Panguitch	49
North Sanpete	76	Blaine	44.5
Sharon	76	Mount Ogden	43.9
Weber	76	Washington	43
Chicago	75	Hyrum	42.4
Mount Graham	75	Moon Lake	41.2
Riverside	75	Pioneer	37.7
Seattle	75		
South Summit	75		
Wayne	75		
Temple View	74.4		

Note: No report was received from Oahu, Mesa, Mount Logan, North Jordan, and East Cache are not listed as they are new stakes.

HONOR ROLL

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta Stake					Big Cottonwood Stake	640	684	107	Margaret C. Perkins
Cardston Fourth	72	64	89	Sarah Quinton	Cottonwood	101	155	153	Frances Remund
Hartley	20	18	90	Annie Orr	Holladay	134	149	111	May D. McDonald
Mountain View	60	45	75	Annie Earl	South Cottonwood	89	89	100	Hilda A. Jordan
Pershing	8	7	87	Reva Stoddard	Valley View	70	70	100	Lorraine R. Miller
Woolford	22	18	82	Grace Glines	Winder	95	125	131	Ethel A. Smith
Alpine Stake	636	655	103	Edna L. Meredith	Big Horn Stake	686	725	106	Jesse J. Robertson
Alpine	89	70	79	Belva J. Strong	Basin	38	57	150	Louise Tuttle
American Fork First	64	64	100	Olive C. Kirk	Belfry	9	12	133	Mary Youst
American Fork Second	134	138	103	Myrtle Mercer	Burlington	58	57	98	Virgie Allen
American Fork Third	117	118	101	Donna Tregaskis	Byron	64	69	108	Sally Griffin
American Fork Fourth	55	61	110	Ann C. Hansen	Cody	24	22	92	Wyoming Willis
American Fork Fifth	84	72	86	Lupril Okey	Cowley	92	100	109	Hope B. Eyre
American Fork Sixth	55	66	120	Leila Abel	Iona	17	29	170	Rose H. Hoffman
Highland	38	66	174	Louella M. Binns	Lovell	149	138	93	Christina Norton
Bannock Stake	332	341	103	Ida Sorenson	Lovell West	128	119	93	Hazel Davis
Bench	22	24	109	Rose Hansen	Otto	30	30	100	Myra Anderson
Central	29	26	90	June Welch	Penrose	12	13	108	Tilda E. Wasden
Cleveland	22	22	100	Mary Anderson	Powell	34	37	109	Mrs. Elton Asay
Grace	63	83	132	Ethel Sant	Worland	31	42	135	Zella Averett
Lago	33	41	124	Dorthie Steele	Blackfoot Stake	977	843	86	Zila Clegg
Mound Valley	29	25	86	Blanche Wright	Blackfoot First	87	78	90	Mary Winkler
Thatcher	47	53	128	Alice L. Smith	Blackfoot Second	98	91	93	Mary Bills
Williams	26	22	85	Merl Kingsford	Blackfoot Third	78	79	101	Genevieve Hawks
Bear Lake Stake	492	444	90	Nina Michaelson	Blackfoot Fourth	97	111	114	Maria Buchanan
Bloomington	47	45	96	Bertha Thornock	Pingree	28	37	132	Sarah Commack
Fish Haven	32	28	87	Alicia Howell	Riverside	51	77	151	Mrs. Tacy Winmill
Garden City	37	40	108	Celia Langford	Riverton	28	26	93	Carrie Brown
Laketown	39	41	105	Bernetta Price	Rose	38	34	89	Emmeline Chaffin
Lanark	30	27	90	Fontella Parker	Springfield	23	22	96	Lois Lloyd
Liberty	29	29	100	Laura Poulson	Sterling	33	28	85	Annie R. Nelson
Ovid	36	33	92	Jessie Jensen	Thomas	45	37	82	Fay Jackson
Paris First	62	62	100	Rosa Grandy	Wapello	50	44	88	Emma J. Jensen

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Cassia Stake	180	219	122	Mrs. Jane R. Hale	Emigration Stake	705	731	104	Mary P. Jordan
Basin	15	12	80	Marion McIntosh	West Eleventh	67	81	121	Annie DeLange
Marion	30	34	133	Sarah Adams	Twelfth	96	120	125	Gertrude Russell
Oakley First	51	69	135	Ida L. Hale	Thirteenth	97	104	107	Mrs. Alma Erickson
Oakley Second	53	70	132	Jane R. Hale	Twenty-First	70	79	128	Doris H. Watts
Oakley Third	31	34	110	Mabel M. Baren	North Twenty-First	66	65	98	Mayme R. Farr
Chicago Stake	348	261	75	Annabelle Unger	Twenty-Seventh	60	64	107	Florence E. Murphy
Aurora	9	14	155	Louise Eilison	East Twenty-Seventh	74	77	104	Viola L. Walton
Milwaukee	54	64	118	Vivierme I. Hart	University	117	102	87	Clara H. Riggs
North Shore	45	45	100	Clara Force	Ensign Stake	783	715	91	Charlotte W. Spencer
Racine	20	15	75	Gladys Kline	North Eighteenth	183	190	104	Nellie DeVroom
South Shore	9	9	100	Amy M. Landeck	North Twentieth	106	95	90	Dorothy Braithwaite
South Milwaukee	15	16	107	Hertha Rathke	South Eighteenth	140	147	105	Rebecca W. Snow
Cottonwood Stake	760	761	100	Merle S. Muir	South Twentieth	125	115	92	Myrtis Thompson
Bennion	65	55	85	Louise P. James	Farr West Stake	495	477	96	Carrie J. Potts
Grant	86	90	138	Hazel Clark	Farr West	62	65	105	Elizabeth R. Garlick
Mill Creek	108	132	122	Lila Peterson	Harrisville	63	68	108	Wilhelmina L. Medell
Murray First	119	97	81	Ruth Morgan	Marriott	36	38	105	Mildred H. Slater
Taylorville	73	90	123	Edna Tye	Mound Fort	73	102	140	Phyllis Hufstetler
Valley Center	108	165	153	Myrtle Vincent	Plain City	117	101	86	Sarah M. White
Davis Stake	509	395	77	Dora M. Smoot	Staterville	32	34	106	Estella Ekins
Centerville First	103	90	87	Mrs. Lester Burgin	Franklin Stake	733	573	78	Genevieve T. Hawks
Centerville Second	42	35	83	Grace White	Fairview	71	62	87	Bertha N. Cole
Kaysville First	87	95	109	Myrtle K. Larkin	Linrose	34	27	79	Ruby J. Tanner
North Farmington	41	35	85	Doris Rigby	Mapleton	21	21	100	Cora Knapp
Denver Stake	403	311	77	Alice B. Bateman	Preston Second	83	90	108	Martha K. Belnap
Cheyenne	56	69	125	Edith Nelson	Preston Fifth	35	27	77	Emma B. Johnson
Denver First	69	54	78	Annie King	Weston	104	109	105	Eliza Binggli
Laramie	43	54	125	Rose Eads	Garfield Stake	45	36	80	Jane Black
Deseret Stake	6	5	83	Victoria Lewis	Antimony	20	24	120	Zelma Anderson
Callao	12	12	100	Sarah Church	Kingston	740	788	106	Leone E. Carstensen
Delta Third	32	33	103	Delia Nelson	Granite Stake	80	95	118	Ida Haud
Leamington	26	28	108	Lillian Ivie	Columbus	80	80	100	Blanche S. Burton
Sugarville					Fairmont				

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Idaho Stake					Los Angeles Stake	522	515	99	Mrs. Mary Fitzell
Conda	42	33	78	Ruth Lewis	Adams	131	98	75	Elizabeth R. Payne
Kelly-Toponce	28	25	89	Lenna Bowler	Arlington	87	123	141	Ethel Timms
Lund	21	22	105	Edna Darlington	Hollywood	90	92	102	Charlotte O'Connor
					Wilshire	98	139	142	Eunice Van Slooten
Idaho Falls Stake	390	390	100	Anna Schwieder	Lost River Stake				
Idaho Falls Second	106	87	82	Leah Jameson	Leadore	15	16	107	Edna Walton
Idaho Falls Fifth	70	76	108	Anna Schwieder	Lost River	37	39	105	Evelyn Pearson
Idaho Falls Ninth	65	74	114	Ruth Cook	Moore	35	30	86	Clara Bingham
Iona	97	98	101	Amanda Pearce	Lyman Stake				
Lincoln	52	55	106	Luceal Davies	Manila	26	28	108	Clifford Christensen
Inglewood Stake					Mountain View	22	24	109	Selma A. Carpenter
Brentwood	84	71	84	Frances D. Kolarik	Rock Springs	71	72	101	Elizabeth Bateman
Mar Vista	98	84	86	Mary Walton	Superior	36	33	92	Martha Rock
Juab Stake					Malad Stake	575	528½	92	Mary B. Bush
Nephi	109	109	100	Delta Yates	Cherry Creek	21	21	100	Thelma M. Jones
Juarez Stake	143	120	84	Anna T. Twiley	Holbrook	21	24	143	Alice J. Hubbard
Dublan	38	34	89	Melvina Jones	Malad First	89	91	102	Pearl W. Thomas
Chuichupa	20	20	100	Ada J. Whetten	Malad Second	103	88	85	Faye W. Hanson
Juarez	59	51	86	Montez Whetten	Malad Third	119	97	82	Mabel J. Smith
Pacheco	9	11	122	Margaret B. Clays	Pleasant View	32	33	103	Ada Ipsen
Kanab Stake					Portage	55	55½	100	Azella Gibbs
Glendale	42	42	100	Sarah E. Black	Samaria	47	42	89	Emma Waldron
Orderville	72	58	80	Hester P. Heaton	St. John	55	55	100	Sarah Pierce
Moccasin	12	11	92	Margaret Heaton	Woodruff	20	17	85	Afton Ward
Kolob Stake	667	675	101	Mrs. R. G. Thorn	Maricopa Stake	1111	858	77	Julia A. Watkins
Springville First	132	167	126	Addie Underwood	Alma	59	45	76	Lola White
Springville Second	81	101	125	Louisa Wainwright	Chandler	70	67	96	Edith Eyring
Springville Third	90	72	80	Ellen T. Giles	Coolidge	27	26	96	Ada H. Chesley
Springville Fourth	94	82	87	Rose Roylance	Gilbert	30	23	77	Betty Follett
Springville Fifth	106	128	121	Maud Peterson	Lehi	42	34	81	Naomi Nicolls
Mapleton	80	68	85	Ada L. Lee	Mesa Third	76	83	109	Nina Stapley
					Mesa Seventh	80	84	105	Lucy D. Chesley
					Mesa Eighth	48	59	123	Aurelea Kelly
					Pine	18	19	105	Ina P. Hunt

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Moroni Stake					North Rexburg Stake	631	563	89	Lucy Furness
Freedom	13	12	92	Agnes Gee	Hibbard	73	67	92	Emma Williams
Moroni West	82	69	84	Jane P. Blackham	New Dale	33	50	151	Louie Graham
Mount Graham Stake	634	479	75	Grace L. DeSpain	Plano	41	65	158	Arvilla Parkinson
Clifton-Morenci	29	22	76	Vivian H. Cox	Salem	75	75	100	Fay Mortensen
El Paso	82	65	79	K. B. Sevey	Teton City	112	101	90	Mary Nibley
Gila Cruces	14	14	100	Jennie Hubbard	North Sanpete Stake	639	484	76	Jewel G. Sorensen
Las Cruces	6	5	83	Ruth C. Romney	Fairview South	119	98	82	Thelma Anderson
Layton	137	123	90	Ella Farley	Mt. Pleasant North	107	105	98	Ada K. Syndergaard
Lordsburg	27	27	100	Arminia Richins	Mt. Pleasant South	137	103	75	Ethel C. Porter
Solomonville	27	34	126	Lucy Barney	Milburn	14	15	107	Fannie M. Graham
Virdeen	60	52	87	Edna Richins	Mountainville Branch	14	12	86	La Rue Burnside
Mount Jordan Stake					North Sevier				
Draper Second	80	83	104	Bertha C. Smith	Aurora	82	89	108	Hazel Curtis
Granite	25	33	132	Lorraine Archibald	Redmond	92	75	81	Stella Peterson
Mount Ogden Stake					Vermillion	21	19	90	May Gledhill
Ogden Twenty-Third	71	68	96	Edith Larson	North Weber Stake				
Nampa Stake	409	503	123	Gladys Squires	West Weber	79	62	78	Rena McLean
Caldwell	54	53	98	Hortence Jennison	Oakland Stake	487	517	106	Lila F. Graham
Homedale	51	58	114	Mary Leavitt	Alameda	41	50	122	Eugenia Daniels
Kuna	44	43	98	Ida Hatch	Dimond	101	106	105	Viola S. Rainey
Marsing Branch	30	34	113	Oneta Burman	Elmhurst	98	110	112	Jessie Stock
Melba	36	38	105	Myrtle Wood	Hayward	62	73	118	Sarah A. Johnston
Nampa First	84	126	150	Evelyn Raff	Maxwell Park	77	70	91	Geraldine Compton
Nampa Second	99	140	141	Lucile B. Hennis	Oakland	108	108	100	Ione Wheable
Star Branch	11	11	100	Amanda Hansen	Ogden Stake	767	903	118	Pearl G. Williams
Nebo Stake					Eden	37	42	113	Annabelle Wilson
Park	75	66	88	Ethel Hiatt	Huntsville	69	64	93	Veoma Pass
Payson Second	112	91	81	Clystia R. Powell	Liberty	23	26	113	Myrtle Clark
Payson Fourth	80	61	76	Ella Anderson	Ogden Fourth	113	136	120	Deloris Shupe
Nevada Stake					Ogden Sixth	104	116	111	Lottie Ellis
Kimberly	11	9	82	Erma Wulfenstien	Ogden Thirteenth	112	184	164	Edith Wilson
Lund	39	35	90	Edith Reid	Ogden Twentieth	97	114	117	Viola Martin

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Park Stake	750	754	100	Ruby S. Karpowitz	Reno Stake	353	326	92	Rosetta C. Gillies
Tenth	72	115	160	Rachel S. Larson	Carson	6	6	100	Viva Coleman
Thirty-First	108	113	105	Lily Haines	Hawthorne	32	27	84	Ada N. Jensen
Duncan	66	70	106	Arnie Buie	Lovelock	22	20	91	Florence Milich
Emigration	71	100	141	Margaret Runnels	Portola	23	20	87	Myrel Sarbach
LeGrand	125	126	101	Jean Mortenson	Reno	49	43	88	May Bates
Princeton	130	120	92	Hattie Hannigan	Sparks	93	110	118	Elmina Cummins
Parowan Stake					Susanville	51	39	76	Genet Johnson
College	80	60	75	Mrs. Wallace Smith	Westwood	27	27	100	Lola Thurgood
Enoch	33	33	100	Cora Muir	Rexburg Stake	540	651	120	Daphne Nef
New Castle	16	17	106	Elizabeth Hulet	Archer	78	91	117	Leah B. Cheney
New Harmony	31	30	97	Emma G. Neilson	Burton	53	54	102	Zina Clark
Pasadena Stake					Independence	35	37	106	Pauline Perry
Alhambra	839	833	99	Sadie Liebig	Lyman	54	97	180	Celia Hales
Baldwin Park	104	100	96	Thelma Vaughn	Rexburg Second	134	155	116	Ellen Cook
Belvedere	63	61	97	Affa Caldwell	Rexburg Third	64	80	125	June P. Ricks
Eastmont	86	87	101	Ivy Elwood	Rexburg Fourth	122	137	112	Mary Moore
E1 Monte	84	86	102	Elsie Phyllips	Rigby Stake	629	648	103	Alta B. Barnes
E1 Sereno	63	63	100	Mary Wilde	Annis	60	61	102	Artimissia H. Anderson
Los Flores	34	36	106	Dorothy McAllister	Beaver	11	11	100	Afton L. Thomas
Mission Park	37	37	100	Dora Larson	Grant	52	59	113	Rachel Taylor
Montebello	59	61	103	Fern Sanders	Hamer	24	25	104	Bernice Bybee
Pasadena	71	77	108	Clella Simmons	Lewisville	105	105	100	Donna Casper
Rosemead	77	78	101	Mable Martin	Menan	120	120	100	Grace Berrett
Whittier	28	28	100	Gwen Boyd	Rigby First	84	84	100	Margaret Chandler
	58	68	117	Edith Jackson	Rigby Fourth	73	73	100	Elma Holbrook
Phoenix Stake	494	521	105	Mildred Smithson	Roberts	66	67	101	Ruth Marriott
Avondale	16	15	94	Mary Hunt	Terreton	34	43	126	Marie Acor
Buckeye	12	13	108	Gertrude Skousen	Riverside Stake	745	558 1/2	75	Pearl L. Putnam
Capitol	67	95	142	Minnie Ashton	Center	74	72	97	M. W. Whittaker
Glendale	41	55	134	Julia Kremer	Sixteenth	88	70 1/2	80	Iowa Houston
Phoenix First	114	110	96	Clara Del Dewitt	Twenty-Ninth	94	76	81	Elsa Conde
Phoenix Second	73	94	129	Phoebe Thomson	Riverside	61	77	126	Helvie Daniels
Phoenix Third	134	115	86	Rintha Naylor					

Pocatello Stake	682	636	93	Alta R. Swallow	Roosevelt Stake	458	363	79	Elsie Taylor
Pocatello Second	72	62	86	Shirley Holt	Ballard	35	61	174	Fannie Todd
Pocatello Fourth	66	73	111	Margaret Heath	Bennett	17	15	88	Mary E. Horrocks
Pocatello Sixth	96	72	75	Lillie Woodland	Randlett	30	23	77	Jessie Pickup
Pocatello Seventh	69	71	103	Josephine Barrett	Roosevelt	161	161	100	Fern Benson
Pocatello Eighth	58	47	81	Allene McMillan					
Pocatello Twelfth	63	50	79	Marion Lowe	Sacramento Stake	583	540	93	Kate O. Lindsay
Pocatello Thirteenth	108	114	105	Mary Howells	Modesto	57	70	123	Fern Todd
Pocatello Fourteenth	57	81	142	Cora Hartirgsen	Stockton	76	81	106	Jennette Rooker
					Sutter	76	110	145	Olive Johns
Portland Stake					Tracy	19	24	126	Sarah Dana
Eugene	50	44	88	Mildred J. Wright	Woodland	27	28	104	Vendha Gordon
Portneuf Stake	468	383	82	Elsie Bloxham	St. George Stake				
Cambridge	25	22	88	Vella Bloxham	Ivins	14	14	100	Martha E. Hafen
Downey	119	93	78	Pearl Waldron	Mt. Trumbull	6	6	100	Rebecca Bundy
Garden Creek	26	29	111	Lucile Capell	Pine Valley	12	12	100	Elizabeth L. Jacobson
Lava Hot Springs	56	45	80	Florence Byington					
McCammon	87	71	82	Zina Orgille	St. George Center	120	93	77	Ida Y. McAllister
Merrel	13	10	77	Sovern Pilguim	St. George South	101	86	85	Nellie W. Bringham
Swan Lake	33	29	88	Marie Henderson	Santa Clara	60	50	83	Selena Hafen
Virginia	32	32	100	Marion Shappert	Washington	69	61	88	Velva Wilkins
Provo Stake	642	669	104	Elsie Moffitt	St. Johns Stake				
Manavu	102	204	200	Flora Buggert	Eagar	106	88	83	Harriet E. Pulsipher
Provo First	113	86	76	Lola D. Thurman	Luna	33	26	79	Erma B. Laney
Provo Fifth	79	69	87	Fanny S. Whippey	Nutriosio	19	17	89	Thelma L. Mangum
Provo Seventh	94	75	80	Mary Josie	Vernon	20	18	90	Hannah Goodman
Provo Eighth	75	83	111	Verna J. Black					
Provo Ninth	79	70	89	Ophelia Edwards	St. Joseph Stake	552	505	91	Lily Allen
Provo Tenth	34	42	123	Tuesa Burgi	Ashurst	22	22	100	Hazel B. Bryce
					Bryce	22	18	82	Nellie Dixon
Raft River Stake	169	178	105	Alice O. Neddo	Central	60	46	77	Laura Lofgreen
Albion	30	23	77	Alice Barrett	Eden	25	20	80	Eliza Carpenter
Almo	26	24	92	Nettie Durfee	Emery	22	20	91	Lucy A. Chesley
Malta	48	69	144	Alice O. Neddo	Globe	44	43	98	Lillian Rose
Moulton	8	11	137	Julia H. Clark	Miami	61	60	98	Ella Simms
Sublett	9	10	111	Sylvia Olsen	Pima	126	128	102	Rula Colvin
Yost	18	21	117	Eva Montgomery	Thatcher	170	148	87	Nira Lee

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Salt Lake Stake	875	816½	93	Mable H. Burgoyne	Shelley Stake	543	554	102	N. Florence Hanny
Capitol Hill	88	86	98	Melba Barnes	Basalt	45	47	104	Thehna Hoskins
Fourteenth	130	138	106	Mary A. Kirkham	Firth	60	62	103	Grace Smith
Seventeenth	318	269	84	Elizabeth Duckworth	Goshen	70	72	103	Mattie Christensen
Nineteenth	87	87	100	Frieda K. Jones	Jamestown	46	46	100	Dorothy Hampton
Twenty-Second	102	88½	87	May S. Hawkes	Kimball	16	31	194	Florence Gifford
Twenty-Third	41	66	161	Nellie A. Harter	Shelley First	83	83	100	Alice Eaton
Twenty-Fourth	109	82	75	Lona A. Nelson	Shelley Second	135	125	92	Bessie Dawson
San Bernardino Stake	411	403	98	Laura Lee Hilliker	Taylor	31	31	100	Marvel Peterson
Fontana	22	22	100	Alice S. Walker	Woodville	57	57	100	Ethel Speas
Ontario	46	38	83	Vinna F. Stuart	Smithfield Stake	78	84	108	Jessie Littledike
Pomona	61	72	118	Lois Higgins	Smithfield First				
Riverside	77	73	95	Pearl Westover	Snowflake Stake	626	568	91	Coral S. Peterson
San Bernardino First	116	118	102	Holly Jolly	Claysprings	26	21	81	Nellie M. Hunt
San Bernardino Second	38	43	113	Louis Westover	Flagstaff	62	54	87	Martha W. Thomas
Victorville	22	17	77	Fay Adams	Heber	30	28	93	June R. Brewer
San Diego Stake	374	393	105	Hanna Borneman	Holbrook	63	64	101	Evaline Palmer
College	38	44	116	Gladys Brimhall	Joseph City	56	53	95	Maurine Despain
Fairmount	75	75	100	Ruth Rigby	Lakeside	44	49	111	Louella Burke
Hillcrest	63	57	90	Luella F. Anderson	Pinedale	22	19	86	Jane M. Jackson
Logan Heights	42	52	124	Nancy Bird	Showlow	42	38	90	Sarah M. Willis
National City	50	58	116	Martha E. Snow	Snowflake	131	126	96	LaVerne R. Crandell
North Park	67	66	98	Arlie L. S. Clark	Taylor	73	56	77	Lottie Allen
Ocean Beach	39	41	105	Helen Luccock	Woodruff	19	21	110	Charlotte B. Allen
San Fernando Stake	118	90	76	Ruth Turman	South Box Elder Stake	651	587	90	Florence L. S. Bird
Glendale West	37	38	103	Lillian Kneeland	Brigham Second	107	138	129	Emma L. Knudson
Reseda	25	19	76	Fae Ord	Brigham Sixth	107	143	134	Clara Larsen
San Fernando	265	279	105	Florence M. Fitzgerald	Mantua	56	46	82	Cresta Sorensen
San Francisco Stake	265	279	105	Mary C. Sernack	Willard	113	102	92	Martha V. Wells
Balboa	31	36	116	Hulda Noether	South Davis Stake	768	630	82	Mrs. Charles C. Gardner
Mission	61	63	103	Ann E. Savard	Bountiful First	131	122	93	Ana Bangerter
San Francisco	80	87	109	Aleda Horsley	Bountiful Third	81	72	89	Mrs. Claude Terry
Sunset	93	93	100		Orchard	105	82	78	Mrs. Emer Arbuckle

HONOR ROLL

San Juan Stake	371	327	88	Lucille P. Wright	South Bountiful	90	71	79	Mrs. Sylvanus Nel-
Blanding	85	70	82	Elizabeth H. Marti-	West Bountiful	121	122	101	son
Bluff	8	8	100	neau					Mrs. Glenn E. Ingles
Grayson	99	105	106	Beatrice P. Nielson	So. Idaho Falls Stake	346	314	91	Valeria Blotter
Lockerby	13	13	100	Bernice M. Burten-	Ammon	103	104	101	Christie Heath
Moab	64	87	136	shaw	Idaho Falls Third	100	102	102	Rebecca Lenzi
				Maxine Johnson	Idaho Falls Sixth	85	65	76	Elizabeth Perry
				Mabel Johnson					
San Luis Stake					So. Los Angeles Stake	840	1155	137	June Hibbert
Manassa	120	123	102	Irene Jarvis	Downey	71	94	132	Florence Heath
Morgan	28	25	89	Grace Price	Firestone Park	39	68	174	Anna Struhs
Richfield	64	57	89	Grace H. Bodley	Grant	47	50	106	Clara Louden
Santaquin-Tintic Stake					Huntington Park	96	122	127	Esther Dunford
Eureka	80	80	100	Melba Hanson	Manchester	91	193	212	Georgetta Astle
					Matthews	104	124	119	Romona Wells
Seattle Stake	525	394	75	Wanda M. Pugmire	Maywood	100	130	130	Lilly Griffith
Bellingham	33	33	100	Ella M. Petrie	South Gate	116	144	124	Yulene Neilson
Bremerton	46	35	76	Ida L. Gould	Vermont	75	100	133	Seraph Allred
South Seattle	20	19	95	Vilate Richardson	Walnut Park	101	130	129	Viva Wright
University	59	64	108	Duckie B. Cornelius					
West Seattle	61	63	103	Hazel B. Doble	South Ogden Stake	640	513	80	Mary P. Lambert
					Ogden Fourteenth	146	110	75	Nellie Kapp
Sevier Stake	663	696	105	Vilda J. Helquist	Ogden Eighteenth	85	88	103	Mary R. Chappelle
Glenwood	64	66	103	Vera Parsons	Ogden Twenty-Sixth	86	96	112	Margaret Johnson
Greenwich	17	24	141	Mildred Nielson	Ogden Twenty-Seventh	63	51	81	Josephine Swensen
Koosharem	69	69	100	Ruby Bagley	South Weber	37	31	84	Lavern J. Poll
Richfield First	116	132	114	Lorana R. Fish	Uintah	23	20	87	Regine Anderson
Richfield Second	102	111	109	Elsie Stillman					
Richfield Third	99	114	115	Evelyn M. Shaw	So. Salt Lake Stake	498	671	135	Hedy T. Davies
Richfield Fourth	106	93	88	Marda Littlewood	Burton	73	156	214	Inga Denstad
Sigurd	42	38	90	Maurine Snedeger	Central Park	93	111	119	Margaret Crawford
Venice	48	49	102	Rinda B. Buchanan	Eldredge	90	90	100	Frances Sandquist
					Haven	80	118	147	Hanna Dietrich
Sharon Stake	640	488	76	Bertha Salisbury	Miller	96	122	127	Eliza Mechem
Edgemont	54	43	80	Flora H. Bigler	South Gate	66	74	112	Mary McCashland
Pleasant View	73	73	100	Mary C. Cluff					
Sharon	51	69	135	Lovisa A. Mangum	South Sanpete Stake	102	92	90	Clarissa Hansen
Timpanogos	63	54	86	Emma Stratton	Ephraim South				
Windsor	76	96	126	Blanche Nielson					

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South Sevier Stake	112	112	100	Sarah E. Farmer	Twin Falls Stake	25	22	88	Luna J. Cazier
Monroe North	20	20	100	Lillian Bridges	Filer	50	38	76	Nina Beth Cunningham
Sevier					Kimberly				ham
South Summit Stake	405	306	75	Mrs. Vern Huff	Twin Falls First	60	60	100	Lenore Carroll
Marion	26	26	100	Arlene B. Lemon	Twin Falls Third	62	53	85	Vera Holland
Oakley	49	39	79	Veda Snyder	Uintah Stake	676	611	90	Sarah Richardson
Park City Second	70	75	107	Mrs. Clements P. Hansen	Ashley	43	44	102	Annie Morrison
Peoa	34	28	82	Jean Crandall	Bonanza	11	15	136	Enid Devine
Woodland	32	33	103	Mrs. Everett Moon	Davis	43	42	98	Mrs. Hy Smuin
Southern Arizona Stake	52	52	100	Mary U. Haney	Glines	45	37	82	Viola Burns
Douglas	54	45	83	Florence Bateman	Maeser	71	77	108	Rhoda Hatch
St. David	36	45	125	Bertha McGee	Tridell	38	37	97	Martha L. Morrill
Whitewater					Vernal First	66	56	85	Mary Eton
Star Valley Stake	653	608½	93	Roene Barrus	Vernal Second	79	82	104	Orel Tenney
Afton North	113	92½	82	Lavon Venter	Vernal Third	74	103	139	Olive O. Billings
Afton South	106	91	86	Maud Nield	Whiterocks	18	15	83	Nora Christensen
Bedford	30	37	123	Rosina Casto	Union Stake	340	305	90	Lillian Blamires
Etna	42	44	105	Gwen Wolfley	Baker	52	56	108	Sadie Shelton
Fairview	55	61	111	Maud Ranzenberg	Imbler	23	19	83	Ella Fox
Freedom	81	93	115	Martha Brog	LaGrande First	78	61	78	Lilly Waldrop
Grover	48	49	102	Wanda McCombs	LaGrande Second	79	62	78	Geneva K. Westenskow
Osmond	28	30	107	Mabel Allred	Pendleton	37	40	108	Jessie Sullivan
Thayne	57	59	103	Leta Coffman	Union	39	43	102	Clarice Kohler
Turnerville	14	12	86	Zella Hinck	Walla Walla	32	24	75	Lucille Noble
Sugar House Stake	796	831	104	Melissa K. Wallace	Utah Stake	771	614	80	Eda A. Bingham
Bryan	129	143	111	Annie Buckway	Pioneer	61	50	82	Ella Wilkins
Emerson	145	151	104	Mary Nordquist	Provo Fourth	50	44	88	Ethella Avery
Hawthorne	115	120	104	Olive Erskine	Provo Sixth	93	90	97	Jane Evans
Marlborough	122	147	120	Ethel Arnold	Provo Eleventh	62	55	89	Ruby Peay
Richards	114	118	103	Elmea Flora	River Grove	97	85	88	Jean Paulsen
Sugar House	171	152	89	Alice Jones	Sunset	48	56	117	Mamie Collard
					University	88	79	90	Ethel Lundahl

Summit Stake	43	43	100	Jemima S. Crittenden	Uvada Stake	315	253	80	Hertha Kroenche
Hoytsville	14	14	100	Artemesia B. Powell	Hiko Branch	5	5	100	Lois Higbee
Upton					Panaca	65	49	75	Lorene Mathews
Taylor Stake	533	529	99	Freida R. S. Hender- son	Pioche	53	88	166	Hertha Kroenche
Magrath First	81	81	100	Beulah Bennett	Ursine Branch	9	10	111	Zina Hammond
Magrath Second	82	87	106	Anna S. Steele	Wasatch Stake	624	704	113	Lillie L. Duke
Raymond First	100	105	105	Minnie B. Litchfield	Center	24	38	158	Lila Christensen
Raymond Second	132	135	102	Iva Jensen	Charleston	37	46	124	Thresa Simmons
Stirling	78	68	87	Lulu Michelson	Daniels	46	48	104	Vera Cummings
Tyrells Lake	11	21	191	Clara Selk	Heber First	103	105	102	Violet L. Olpin
Welling	26	25	96	Anna Wild	Heber Second	100	113	113	Lulu Hicken
Temple View Stake					Heber Third	133	163	122	Verna M. Hicken
Arbor	105	87	83	Edith S. Jones	Midway First	67	71	106	Martha Burgi
Thirtieth	99	95	96	Alta Warren	Midway Second	75	77	103	Margaret Kelly
Jefferson	147	159	108	Rachel A. Jensen	Wallsburg	39	43	110	Ethel Mecham
Teton Stake					Wayne Stake	330	248	75	Amy A. White
Bates	28	30	107	Marine C. Dustin	Fremont	36	27	75	Dortha Taylor
Cedron	19	20	105	Leatha Kunz	Grover	8	13	162	Wyla Rymer
Darby	20	23	115	Eva Hillman	Hanksville	13	16	123	Dina Wells
Tetonia	33	25½	77	Hattie Hatch	Lynan	41	42	102	Anetta Maxfield
Victor	75	65	87	Bernice Atkinson	Teasdale	49	42	86	Angeline Colman
Timpanogos Stake	433	340	78	Nora Macfarlane	Torrey	35	27	77	Alice King
Lindon	82	75	91	Ella C. Smith	Weber Stake	652	499	76	Mildred M. Tonks
Manilla	44	45	102	Marie Brown	Ogden Nineteenth	61	69	113	Eva Richins
Pleasant Grove Third	85	64	75	Marjorie Weeks	Ogden Twenty-Second	75	97	129	Ida Cook
Tooele Stake	510	493	81	Jennie A. Wallin	Washington Terrace	50	57	114	Thelma Weir
Deseret Chemical	28	21	75	Mrs. Kyte (Pres.)	Weiser Stake	562	512	91	Fannie Chandler
Stockton	29	36	124	Elva Benson	Cascade	14	19	136	Clara McMurdy
Tooele First	89	73	82	Doris Young	Emmett First	53	58	109	Ella Scott
Tooele Fourth	100	95	95	Pearl Spray	Emmett Second	50	43	86	Kate M. Whitely
Tooele Fifth	103	105	102	Josephine Gillette	Fruitvale	6	6	100	Irene Burt
Vernon	21	19	90	Mrs. Edwin Ander- son	Huntington	11	10	91	Lucinda Marrington
					Letha	49	46	94	Edna Hunter
					McCall	6	10	167	Violetta Smith
					Midvale	4	4	100	Annabelle Preston
					Nyssa	72	56	78	Violet Riggs

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Ontario	55	64	116	Minnie Christiansen	California	764	610	80	Vivian R. McConkie
Owyhee	27	23	85	Vivian Ashby	Bakersfield	130	113	87	Maude Hutchison
Vale	49	53	108	Avis Belnap	East Bakersfield	59	62	105	Zina D. Pathe
Weiser	60	50	83	Geneva Smith	Taft	27	21	78	Luella M. Jones
Wells Stake	843	770	91	Ida Arnold Isaacson	Imperial Valley	58	52	90	Ivena Wadell
Belvedere	170	156	92	Rowena Jensen	Brawley	10	10	100	Ivena Wadell
Browning	108	109	101	Lucy Grames	Indio	7	7	100	Miriam Hale
McKay	113	114	101	Rebecca Jones	Yuma	10	19	190	Cora Rogers
Waterloo	120	102	85	Norma Broan	Los Flores	52	44	85	Lucile J. Remuno
Whittier	131	126	96	Nina Nielson	Lompoc	5	5	100	Avis D. Moscup
Wilson	81	88	109	Merle Wennhold	Santa Maria	18	21	117	Lydia B. Triplett
West Jordan Stake	778	601	77	Olivia M. Egbert	Mojave Desert	80	80	100	Addie Smith
Bluffdale	50	52	104	Vina Webb	Barstow	12	14	117	Ethel M. Wills
Herriman	51	58	114	Agnes Dansie	Bishop	17	18	106	Leone Hilton
Lark	54	41	76	June Draper	Lancaster	8	6	75	Ann Harper
Riverton First	75	70	93	Blanche Myers	Mojave	5	5	100	Albie Gagon
Riverton Second	77	84	109	Judith Morgan	Tehachapi	3	5	167	Lorraine Williamson
South Jordan	117	91	78	Elsie Merrill	Trona	11	17	154	Zelia Stevens
West Pocatello Stake	705	807	114	Reta Austin	Northern Arizona				
American Falls	43	45	105	Clara Wagstaff	Chino Valley	14	14	100	Ita H. Turley
Arbon	19	19	100	Lois Brown	Hayden	14	14	100	Lettie Pratt
Pocatello First	90	90	100	Emma Hurst	Ray	4	3	75	Inez H. Miller
Pocatello Third	127	142	112	Maude Selover	Wickenburg	14	14	100	Mrs. Carl Walters
Pocatello Fifth	96	107	111	Anna Egbert	San Geronia	60	59	98	Emilie Bradshaw
Pocatello Ninth	79	79	100	Leone Baldwin	Banning	13	10	77	Ethel A. Nielsen
Pocatello Tenth	87	81	93	Anna Martin	Beaumont	10	9	90	Eva A. Seymon
Pocatello Eleventh	94	163	173	Hattie Tolman	Elsinore	7	10	143	Virginia Gardner
Rockland	70	81	116	Zina Eliason	Hemet	30	30	100	Reva Kribs
Woodruff Stake					Santa Barbara	128	97	76	Ruth Wimer
Hilliard	12	12	100	Lucille Brown	Santa Barbara	27	27	100	Eileen Godbey
Yellowstone Stake	631	632	100	Leona Lords	Santa Paula	13	10	77	Leona Southwick
Ashton	77	85	110	Juanita Osbourne	South Coast				
Chester	34	36	106	Edna Rose	Fallbrook	11	12	109	Mary P. Peterson
Egin	33	36	109	Eva Dexter	Laguna	9	9	100	Mae Little

Farnum	19	18	95	Geneva French
Green Timber	22	4	100	Dora Stegmeier
Heman	20	23	105	Fanny F. Hunter
Kilgore	23	28	140	Hedwig Hirschi
Marysville	56	18	78	Laurena Martindale
Parker	88	46	82	Sarah Grover
St. Anthony First	70	100	114	Ada Christensen
St. Anthony Third	29	107	153	Pearl Rigby
Twin Groves	51	34	117	Alpha Hathaway
Wilford	294	43	84	Beulah Willyerd
Young Stake	17	268	91	Lois F. Palmer
Aztec	80	15	88	Ruth Crandell
Farmington	23	85	106	Margaret Dustin
Jewett	49	19	83	C. Mae Hunt
Kirtland	15	56	114	Lois F. Palmer
Kline	37	17	113	Loretta Slade
Red Mesa	37	37	100	Elizabeth Huffman
Zion Park Stake	339	312	92	Jessie Gibson
Hurricane North	77	74	96	Annabell D. Hall
Hurricane South	70	77	110	Lillian E. Roundy
LaVerkin	57	50	88	Sarah A. Sanders
Rockville	35	31	88	Mary H. DeMille
Springdale	37	33	89	Della Hardy
Touquerville	41	37	90	Gladys S. Olds
MISSIONS				
Australian	251	350	139	Violet Cook
Adelaide	13	15	115	Ivory Crane
Bankstown	21	17	81	Rea Stewart
Brisbane	40	32	80	Nell Brown
Enmore	57	52	91	Barbara Bain
Glen Huon	10	40	400	Marjorie Watson
Hurstville	24	94	392	Elsie F. Parton
Melbourne	31	35	113	Mary Murray
Nambour	11	11	100	Joyce Atkinson
Perth	14	18	128	Eunice Compton
Woollahrah	9	22	244	Florence Wardingley

Canadian	1	1	100	Edna Hammond
Bracebridge	9	7	78	Gladys Meek
Brantford	2	4	200	Delcie Nobes
Kingston	6	6	100	Ella Crouter
Oshawa	9	8	89	Elizabeth Clarke
Winder				
Central States	12	11	92	Nola Manire
Belleville	9	7	78	Reva Barnhill
Chanute	5	4	80	Myrtle M. Hampton
Claytonville	8	7	87	Viola Rudd
Hutchinson	9	8	89	Etna Smith
Junction	63	48	76	Helen McDonald
Kansas City	9	10	111	Ruby M. Freeman
Larned	9	10	111	Anna E. Bowen
Leavenworth	6	5	83	Mrs. J. Earl Sand-
Miami				mire
Oklahoma City	13	32	246	Pearl Anderson
Sedalia	14	11	78	Grace E. Furnell
St. Louis	38	29	76	Mrs. E. B. Ohsiek
Stillwater	9	9	100	Harriet V. Berry
Tulsa	15	13	87	Mary A. Robinson
East Central States	8	7	87	Ruth Blunck
Bluefield	34	30	88	Emma Atkinson
Charleston	31	29	93	Bertie Epps
Goldsboro	21	23	109	Helen Erwin
Huntington	14	15	107	Larene Green
Knoxville	14	17	121	Mona West
Memphis	12	9	75	Valarie Hodge
Raleigh				
North Carolina West	14	15	107	Louise Bryant
Aldridge	11	12	109	Georgia Bennett
Durham	11	11	100	Carrie Stevens
Greensboro	6	6	100	Betty Lee
Jackson Springs				

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Eastern States					Northwestern States				
Buffalo	15	18	120	Louise C. Winspear	West Michigan	13	12	92	Barbara Brooks
Canandaigua	7	16	228	Nellie Lodge	Jackson	48	39	81	Ila Jones Harvey
Chambersburg	9	7	78	Myra Fields	Central Ohio	19	20	105	Doris E. Hunt
Elmira	9	9	100	Marguerite A. Beach	Dayton	78	59	76	Mrs. Vernon Israel-
Palmyra	14	14	100	Grace Bump	North Ohio	33	34	103	sen
Philadelphia	29	33	114	Carrie J. Obendorfer	Cleveland	66	75	114	Hazel Robison
Pittsburg	17	21	123	Virginia Birtcher	South Ohio	23	52	157	Agnes G. Russell
Princeton	5	5	100	Marion D. Thoburn	Cincinnati	17	13	76	Adoline Taylor
Reading	5	7	140	Pearl D. Yeager	Hamilton	55	44	80	Lillian McGee
Renfrew	10	8	80	Erla L. Critchlow	Wisconsin	10	9	90	Hazel M. Branham
Rochester	20	16	80	Clasina Vander Ho-	Eau Claire	11	18	164	Luella Schroeder
				even	Lyndhurst				Selma Hoffman
Schenectady	17	17	100	Julia Shortridge	Northwestern States 1522 1188 78				
Washington	10	10	100	Ruth Rockwood	Buckley	16	13	81	Ruby M. Smith
Wilmington	13	16	123	Melba T. Hayes	Grays Harbor	9	11	122	Bertha Ellis
North Central States					Buneau	10	8	80	Evelyn P. Tanner
Bergland	9	7	78	Lillian Nelson	New Westminster	11	11	100	Winifred R. Ehlert
Duluth	12	12	100	Mary A. Hansen	Puyallup	11	11	100	Adele Sreeves
Fort Frances	3	3	100	Kathleen J. Robert-	Victoria	12	11	92	Christena Barker
				son	Butte				
Fort William	7	6	86	Florence C. Stanford	Bozeman	11	10	91	Marie J. Monson
Faribault	5	5	100	Nellie Viller	Butte	29	27	93	Erma Rowe
Glasgow	22	17	77	Betty J. Bailey	Helena	25	22	88	Lucile Rossiter
Mankato	7	7	100	Elvira White	Central Oregon	96	91	95	Ila R. Miller
Sioux Falls	6	5	83	Mary C. Mueler	Coos Bay	12	12	100	Lucile Guinan
Tower	3	3	100	Rosmyn Bruneau	Corvallis	23	19	83	Lucile Hardman
Winnipeg	24	19	79	Pearl Green	Dallas	10	15	150	Margaret Draper
Northern California					Lebanon	13	12	92	Josephine Shurts
Alturas	9	8	89	Vera Essex	Roseburg	12	14	117	Louise Duvall
Arcata	8	8	100	Veda West	Sweet Home	5	5	100	Mary E. Lewis
Brookings	15	15	100	Margery Johnson	Great Falls	140	130	93	Rae E. Austin
East Fresno	15	21	140	Hazel Facer	Bynum	19	20	105	Lucy Stott
Eureka	15	15	100	Edith Morely					
Gilroy	12	12	100	Theressa W. Bow-					
				man					

Hanford	15	12	80	Elizabeth Wray	Fairfield	21	22	105	Florence Davidson
Ione	14	16	114	May H. Frasure	Golden Ridge	13	13	100	Leah Eddington
King City	5	6	120	Bernice Cutler	Great Falls	47	44	94	Nedra Edmonds
Orland	10	11	110	May Parker	Simms	13	12	92	Anna B. Jensen
Pacific Grove	20	24	120	Lora Knight	Missoula	199	167	84	Mrs. R. E. Farnsworth
Placerville	8	7	87	Goldy T. Baker	Charlo	37	29	78	Esther B. Swainston
Santa Rosa	27	24	89	Martha Fisher	Hamilton	37	28	76	LaRene Stegmuller
Sunnyvale	11	9	82	Eva Croshaw	Kalispell	10	15	150	Lerona Mitton
Northern States	828	622	75	Elna P. Haymond	Missoula	48	49	102	Edith Duffield
Illinois	86	82	95	Mrs. Carl W. Custer	Polson	12	12	100	Venetta Brower
Bloomington	12	13	108	LaNora Bingham	North Montana	70	56	80	Olga Blatter
Champaign	4	4	100	Lillie Hood	Cut Bank	11	11	100	Nelly M. Johnson
Clinton	9	8	89	Lettie Crew	Harlem	21	18	86	Madge Johnson
Decatur	8	9	112	Freda Bell Allen	Shelby	7	6	86	Beatrice Kraut
Galesburg	11	14	127	Rena P. Custer	Oregon	217	178	82	Gertrude E. Bales
Quincy	5	4	80	Sophia Bliss	Burns	8	6	75	Lois S. Davidson
Springfield	11	12	109	Frances Canady	The Dalles	11	11	100	Hazel I. Clark
West Frankfort	7	7	100	Mrs. Coy S. Lee	Gresham	19	18	95	Juayne Farrington
North Indiana	7	7	100	Martha Hakes	Hillsboro	9	7	78	Mrs. Roy Mishler
South Bend	7	7	100		McMinnville	26	26	100	LaPreal Johnson
South Indiana	19	15	79	Nellie S. Centers	Oregon City	30	31	103	Vanda Marchant
Linton	10	8	80	Hattie Gibson	Prineville	12	12	100	Bessie L. Colomb
Terre Haute	10	8	80		Washougal	12	14	117	Mary E. Duncan
East Iowa	7	6	86	Ruth E. Felton	Spokane	22	17	77	Mary Ellen Peterson
Rockford	29	27	93	Vada Smith	Bonners Ferry	19	17	89	Leona V. Rostad
Tri-Cities	36	32	89	Winnifred Cannon	Coeur d'Alene	12	13	108	Idella Thomson
West Iowa	13	11	85	Margaret B. Reese	Creston	7	9	128	Leona Hickman
Ames	5	4	80	Inza L. Todd	Grand Coulee	24	21	87	Janet Graw
Boone	18	17	94	Eliza Christensen	Lewiston	26	25	96	Virginia Pease
Des Moines	54	45	83	Mrs. Elmer Wheeler	Sandpoint	5	7	140	Ada Richardson
East Michigan	7	6	86	Hattie Bell Ross	Yakima	18	14	78	Jennie W. Stringham
Ann Arbor	6	9	150	Cecelia Love	Klickitat	22	25	114	Norma E. Tree
Toledo	62	49	79	Lenora P. Dalley	Pasco	24	24	100	Mary L. Leak
North Michigan	13	17	130	Annie B. Watt	Sunnyside	22	24	100	Olga P. Paradis
Lansing	8	6	75	Albertine Hiltz	Toppenish	37	28	76	
Saginaw					Yakima				

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
South African	66	74	112	Ida G. Sharp	Texas-Louisiana	642	543	84	Christie J. Smith
Ramah	14	16	114	Ida G. Sharp	East Texas				
Springs	6	11	183	Ida G. Sharp	Enoch	31	30	97	Orzell Lloyd
Southern States	1329	1149	86	Effie Meeks	Gilmer	19	18	95	Sarah Chevalier
Alabama	51	69	135	Conway P. Founds (Pres.)	Longview	11	11	100	Zelma F. Alexander
Azalea	23	52	226	Mary E. McIntosh	North Central Texas	91	90	99	Mary Humphries
Montgomery	7	6	86	Ellen L. Parker	Cleburne	6	5	83	Juanita V. Hogue
Pine Level	7	6	86	Bessie Mack	Dallas	19	26	137	Mae Pool
North Alabama					Waco	16	16	100	Emma L. Bertrand
Birmingham	12	11	92	Julia Gaines	West Dallas	9	10	111	Ora S. Brown
McCalla	14	11	78	Mrs. S. J. Vining	Wichita Falls	13	14	108	Bobbie Hamilton
Florida	252	235	93	Carrie D. Valentine	North Louisiana				
Jacksonville	90	90	100	Corene J. Bethea	Alexandria	6	8	133	Willie Moore
Lake City	21	22	105	Ora Lee Milton	Farmerville	6	7	117	Elizabeth Rugg
Palatka	26	24	92	Amy I. Willis	Many	23	20	87	Ruby Eason
San Mateo	19	17	89	Evelyn Tilton	Monroe	9	10	111	LaFaye Hudnall
Springfield	51	52	102	Alice Herring	Natchitoches	16	13	81	Clara Augusta Methvin
Central Florida	79	77	97	Mary E. Watson	North Texas	34	28	82	Lanor Rowe
New Smyrna	5	4	80	Lucy Micheal	Amarillo	8	9	112	Erma Jepsen
Orlando	10	22	220	Rose Gorg	Lubbock	10	10	100	Bessie M. Ward
Tampa	29	27	93	Katherine L. Plumb	South Louisiana	91	88	97	Delores Fife
Winter Haven	8	13	162	Marie Moore	Albany	6	6	100	George Ann Murphy
South Florida	76	68	89	Violet A. Peltley (Pres.)	Baton Rouge	10	10	100	Lelia Traylor
Ft Lauderdale	11	9	82	Ida Lewis	Bogalusa	7	7	100	Sarah Ward
Miami	47	47	100	Mamie Steeper	Gonzales	21	18	86	Vernie G. Hughes
West Florida	117	89	76	Mrs. Jeremiah Sims	New Orleans	19	28	147	Mae Evans
Bristol	14	15	107	L. V. Adams	Pride	12	11	92	Gertrude Aucoin
Quincey	18	16	89	Mrs. Freddie Brown	South Texas	147	124	84	Lulu Unice
Sink Creek	20	22	110	Mrs. Leo Sims	Beaumont	7	6	86	Lola Cryer
Tallahassee	13	12	92	Stella Herrin	Calumet	35	39	111	Pauline B. Detrick
Telogia	9	8	89	Mattie Lee Duggar	Orange	6	12	200	Corrine King
Georgia	157	152	97	Bertha Cook	Port Arthur	11	11	100	Lillian Cunningham
Atlanta	43	37	86	Madeline Cassel	Tri-Cities	12	15	125	Florence Cooley
					Williamson	35	32	91	Epsie Wright

HONOR ROLL

Athens	4	5	125	Irene Dixon	West Texas	51	53	104	Louise R. Turley
Augusta	17	32	188	Bertha Cook	Austin	20	23	115	Susie Ricks
Columbus	38	32	84	Eva Shaw	Corpus Christi	8	7	87	Inez Smith
East Point	4	4	100	Geneva Dubrawski	Rio Grande Valley	7	8	114	Emma Ricker
Macon	20	22	110	Lucille Bennett	San Antonio	16	15	94	Mary E. Harris
Milledgeville	10	9	90	Vallie Taylor					
Palmetto	5	5	100	Malissa Coulter					
South Georgia	111	126	113	Bertha Cawley	Western Canadian	15	15	100	Leah Evans
Axson	24	27	112	Cappie Mizell	Cherry Grove	13	13	100	June Fitzgerald
Douglas	17	14	82	Dora Solomon					
Moultrie	5	9	180	Mildred Barlow					
Quitman	13	13	100	Mrs. W. A. Pritchett					
Savannah	26	37	142	Alberta Clifton	Western States Mission	9	8	89	Valma T. Hakes
Waycross	26	26	100	Lera Harris	Alamogordo	52	43	83	Alveretta Hastings
Mississippi					Albuquerque	17	17	100	Katherine H. Jones
Columbia					Baggs	25	31	124	Mary G. McNeill
North Mississippi					Bluewater	22	18	82	Harriette Howe
Booneville					Carlsbad	24	18	75	Geneva Drollinger
South Carolina					Casper	17	16	94	Ella Huffaker
Charleston	28	22	78	Alice Voyles	Colorado Springs	24	20	83	Eva M. Pace
Columbia	20	22	110	Breta McBride	Craig	20	20	100	Lena Elizondo
Darlington	19	15	79	Hannah Jane Wadell	Fruita	12	12	100	Katherine R. Hain-
Florence	6	6	100	Alice Dew	Grand Island	16	12	75	line
Ridgeland	12	10	83	D. A. Saxton	Gallup	17	13	76	Glenna Banks
Winnsboro	6	6	100	Katie Collins	Glenwood Springs	8	8	100	Georgia May Dil-
West South Carolina	88	83	94	Mary Parris		6	6	100	worth
Abbeville	11	10	91	Edith Smith	Hurley	18	15	83	Mary Ramsay
Aiken	2	4	200	Myrtis Jonson	Rapid City	15	14	93	Mable Thomas
Gaffney	18	24	133	Ila Black	Rawlins	11	9	82	Lucile Butterfield
Greenville	26	24	92	Mary Parris	Riverton	24	22	92	Lucille M. Jensen
Spartanburg	15	14	93	Lillie Mae Wilkerson	Scottsbluff				Mamie Reading
					Sheridan				Margaret B. Hansen

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3. Street numbers should be accurate, not "about".
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It is suggested that a subscription be taken in the name of the ward and stake Relief Societies for the purpose of binding.
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Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS AND GENERAL ACTIVITIES

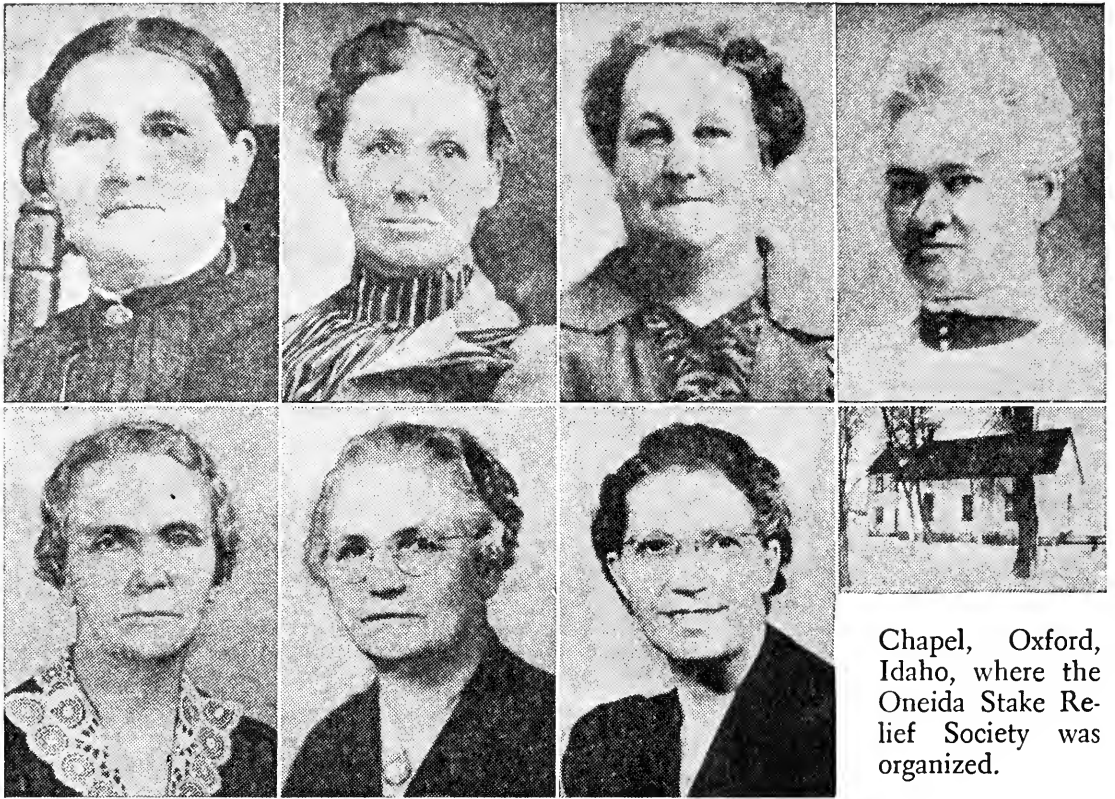


AUSTRALIAN MISSION, MELBOURNE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Counselor Elsie Kneale; President Edna Ord; Counselor Betty Hodgson.

Florence T. Rees, former president, Australian Mission Relief Society, reports that Sister Bartlett was released from her duties as president of the Melbourne Branch Relief Society after serving six years and carrying out a very successful Church Welfare Program. The new presidency are the youngest executives in the mission. Sister Ord and Sister Kneale have acted as part-time missionaries for four years. Sister Hodgson, a university graduate, has been the social science class leader.

Sister Rees reports, also, some of the interesting customs of the Australians and the arts and crafts of the country: "While quiltmaking is a national art of the American women, I would say knitting is Australia's art. Baby layettes (consisting of vest, slip, dress, jacket, coat, cap, bootees, and shawl) are knitted from beautifully white, soft yarn. They are most attractive. The patterns are varied and are made in exquisite lacy designs. Not only a few, but all babies in Australia are fortunate enough to possess several of these layettes. Knitting is taught in the grade schools. The women knit in the streetcars or in the trains on their way to work. They knit in the theatres, and they use all the free moments they have for knitting. Australia has the best yarn in the world. The climate is similar to that of California. There is no central heating plant in most of the homes. The lovely knitted woolens serve to keep the babies comfortably warm. I would say that Australian babies are beautifully dressed and well nourished."



Chapel, Oxford, Idaho, where the Oneida Stake Relief Society was organized.

ONEIDA STAKE (IDAHO), SEVEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Top row, left to right: Elizabeth Fox, 1884-1900; Louisa P. Benson, 1900-1916; Nellie P. Head, 1916-1926 and 1927-1930; Amy C. Ballif, 1926-1927.

Bottom row, left to right: Anna R. Hawkes, 1930-1934; Ellen B. Larsen, 1934-1939; Ora W. Packer, 1936—.

Ora W. Packer, President, Oneida Stake Relief Society, reports that the stake Relief Society Centennial History Book was displayed October 13, 1946, in connection with stake conference. The book shows, in pictures and narrative, the progress of the Relief Society in Oneida Stake from the time of the first organization in 1884, at Oxford, Idaho, until the present time. A review of the book was presented by having the pictures thrown on a screen and talks given on the eight Relief Society Stake boards which have served, each talk being given by a member of one of the particular stake boards represented.

Sister Letitia B. Paul, who has served on stake boards for twenty-two years, gave two piano solos. Sister Nancy Jones of Clifton Ward, who was present at the organization at Oxford, told of the event and bore her testimony. Pictures were shown of all presidents of the stake since its organization. President Ora W. Packer told of Centennial anniversary plans, which included tree plantings, ward Centennial programs, Singing Mothers concerts, and other features. One song was rendered by the Riverdale Ward Singing Mothers and two numbers by the stake Singing Mothers. The benediction was given by Sister Nettie T. Christensen, who had been a member of one of the earlier boards, but had moved away from the stake. She is the mother of Harold T. Christensen, the author of the 1941-42, 1944-45, and 1945-46 social science lessons for Relief Society.

The stake history book is in two volumes, one containing the stake Relief Society history and the personal history of all the stake board members; the other containing

short histories of the lives of most of the ward Relief Society presidents from the time of the first organization; also pictures and short sketches of the executive officers of all the wards who were serving on March 17, 1942. In all, the book contains approximately 210 pictures and 185 personal histories.

The work of preparing the book was largely under the direction of Counselors Ida E. Evans and Leona Forsgren of the present stake board; but Ellen B. Larsen and Anna R. Hawkes, former stake presidents, have assisted, together with all members of the present stake board.

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING). BYRON WARD, FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

The small ward of Byron, Wyoming, has given five stake Relief Society presidents to the service of the Church. These five stake presidents all belonged to a group who were friends. Below are listed three of the women who are now stake presidents:

Mary Easton Cutler, San Fernando Stake; Grace Alexander Allphin, Big Horn Stake; Gwendolyn Thomas Gwynn, Washington Stake.

Former stake presidents are: Hazel Till Neville, South Los Angeles; Hulda Morrell Lynn, Big Horn Stake (now of Compton, California).



BLACKFOOT STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING DISPLAY
October 12, 1946

Each ward in Blackfoot Stake contributed articles for this bazaar, which was very varied and extensive. Only half of the articles are shown in the photograph. All articles were labeled, and information regarding the materials and methods of making the articles was included.

Photograph submitted by Alice S. DeMordaunt, President, Blackfoot Stake Relief Society.



SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, MIAMI (FLORIDA) BRANCH RELIEF
SOCIETY BAZAAR, NOVEMBER 22, 1946

Relief Society officers at table in miscellaneous booth, left to right: President Edna Slay; First Counselor Iva Barfield; Second Counselor Lillian Jacobs; Secretary-Treasurer Edith Pettley; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer Belva Morris.





EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, NEWPORT NEWS BRANCH (VIRGINIA)
 ORGANIZED JANUARY 19, 1947

Seated, left to right: Beulah Gwyn, First Counselor; Leone Jones, President; Verna Quillon, Second Counselor; Sister T. M. Hill.

Standing, left to right: Doris Porter; Hope Poplin; Mary Keen; Adeline McGregor.
 Not present when this picture was taken, Alice Davis and Secretary Edna Henderson.
 Photograph submitted by Elder John Simonsen



HAWAIIAN MISSION, WAILUKU BRANCH, SIX LIVING PRESIDENTS OF
 RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Ohia Terreira; Kalua Moikeha; Rebecca Mahi; Helen Newton; Anna Mahi; Cecilia Alo.

Photograph submitted, March 10, 1947, by Verna F. Murphy, former president, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society.



WESTERN STATES MISSION, CARLSBAD BRANCH (NEW MEXICO)
BAZAAR, November 30, 1946

Many articles were included in this display: quilts, aprons, scarves, chair sets, luncheon sets, guest towels, pot holders, dish cloths, doilies, pillow slips, and sheets. Every article on display was sold. Over \$200 was taken in. Monese Flowers is the sewing director and Second Counselor Barbara Buckner is in charge of all work activities in the Carlsbad Branch.



WESTERN STATES MISSION, CARLSBAD BRANCH (NEW MEXICO)
RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: First Counselor Mary Q. Montgomery; President Jean Willia; Second Counselor Barbara Buckner; Secretary Julliett Bryner.

Lula P. Child, President, Western States Mission Relief Society, reports that the Carlsbad Branch has been very active and efficient in all phases of Relief Society work. On February 24, 1946, Sister Child held a conference in Carlsbad. On February 10th, a doughnut sale was held and a chicken dinner was served. Nearly \$100 was made on this occasion. On April 13th, a progressive dinner, sponsored by the Relief Society, was enjoyed by the branch. On May 4th, a dancing party and ice cream social was held. On May 18th, a dance was held and the proceeds were used to buy stockings, underwear, needles, and thread for the overseas shipments. At this time 22 quilts (7 donated and 15 made by the Relief Society) were prepared for shipment. Many articles of clothing were cleaned, pressed, mended, and made ready for shipments to the saints overseas. In October, a dance was held for members of the Church and their friends. There are twenty-two Relief Society members in the Carlsbad Branch.

WESTERN STATES MISSION, FRUITA BRANCH (COLORADO) QUILT-MAKING PROJECT

Lula P. Child, President, Western States Mission Relief Society, reports that the nineteen Relief Society members in the Fruita Branch recently engaged in a very interesting quilt-making project. A sheepman gave the sisters a number of sheep pelts. The sisters clipped the wool, washed, packed, and corded it, and made eighteen wool-filled quilts which they sold for \$10.00 apiece. The coverings were made from clean pieces of pants, coats, and other woolen materials. The Relief Society then contributed \$150.00 towards paying for a building lot for the branch. The sisters in Fruita have gone back to the thrifty procedure of pioneer women. They are very happy and united in their work.



NORTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH), FAIRVIEW SOUTH WARD TEN RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Seated, left to right: Sarah E. Fowles 1908-1919; Caroline Cox, 1919-1924; Hannah Tucker, 1924-1930; Nancy Miner, 1930-1933.

Standing, left to right: Ione S. Rigby, 1933-1937; Elizabeth Anderson, 1937-1938; Sarah E. Rigby, 1938-1941; Marcella Graham, 1941-1944; Emma T. Evans, 1944-1946; Valera Cheney, 1946—.

All of these former presidents are still living in the Fairview South Ward. The eldest woman in the group is seventy-eight years old and is still active in Relief Society work.

Photograph submitted by Pearle M. Olsen, President, North Sanpete Stake Relief Society.



NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, COEUR D'ALENE BRANCH (IDAHO)
PAGEANT, "THE SPIRIT OF RELIEF SOCIETY"
PRESENTED NOVEMBER 3, 1946

Front row, left to right: Luva Lee, representing modern motherhood, and Dixie and Deanna Lee; Dorothy Clark, second counselor, representing the pioneer mothers, and Merna Clark.

Back row, left to right: Ethel Galbraith, representing education; Ruth Olsen, representing thrift; President Leona V. Rostad of the Coeur d'Alene Branch Relief Society; Virginia Ericksen (seated), representing the Relief Society; Iris Smith, narrator; Madge Watts, representing music; First Counselor Hannah Young, representing recreation.

Photograph submitted by Lenora K. Bringhurst, President, Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

PARK STAKE, (SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH) LE GRAND WARD QUILT-
MAKING PROJECT

For several years quilting has been an important and popular work meeting project in Park Stake. Among the many faithful workers who have contributed towards the achievement of this project is Sister Emily La Fonte, eighty-six years old. She has bound over two hundred quilts for the Society and her work is exquisitely neat and beautiful. Sister La Fonte's support of all Relief Society activities is outstanding and she is very much loved and appreciated by all the members of her ward.



EMILY LA FONTE

Elder Henry D. Moyle

(Continued from page 303)

dividual effort expended—nothing is impossible." In a just cause which most men have thought hopeless and have quit fighting, Henry D. Moyle has just begun the fight. A man with such fighting qualities is certain to have made some people disaffected toward him, but his friends, the friends of righteousness, are legion and, as the Church members come to know him better, they will know him as an able preacher of righteousness, a fearless defender of the faith, and a loyal and powerful advocate of the truth.

Such is, in part, the man Henry D. Moyle, whom the Council of the Twelve unanimously accepts into their quorum, and the Church welcomes as one of its leaders.



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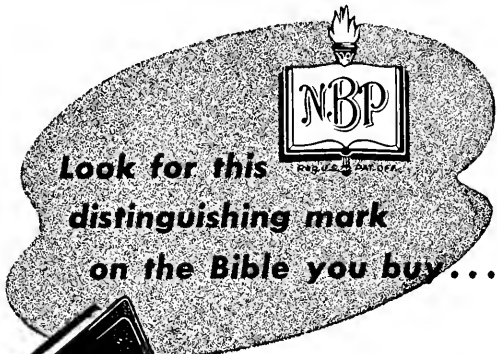
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 6

JUNE 1947

SONG OF THE WHEELS

Ora Pate Stewart

Wheels of the prairie are singing to me . . .
Chuckling wheels, in a symphony . . .

Wheels as they munch on a buffalo bone . . .
Then take up the trail through the vast unknown.

Tired and hungry, aching wheels,
Winding the miles on their axle-reels.

Sad wood winds, like a lone tree sighing
Under its load . . . the just one dying . . .
Dying! But never to foul the grave . . .
And a new note rises strong and brave!

Wheels that carve in the stony face
Of a giant mountain the time and place
When courage passed over in wagon trains . . .
A wagon wheel marks the last remains
Of one too weary to carry on,
And a choir of wheels chants a funeral song.

Wheels that chime with a wedding tune;
Wheels that muster a staunch platoon;
Marching wheels, with a martial beat;
Tinkling wheels for dancing feet;
Wheels that echo the wild wolf's cry;
Soft wheels humming a lullaby . . .

"Song of the righteous . . . a prayer unto me . . ."
Father, accept of this symphony.



Photograph by Willard Luce

"PIONEER DAYS"

The model is Mrs. Arduf Strong of Ogden, Utah

The Prophet Brigham Young

Elder William E. Stoker

Bishop, South Twentieth Ward, Ensign Stake

[This article was written by special request in honor of the birthday of Brigham Young who was born June 1, 1801, in Wittingham, Windham County, Vermont.—Ed.]

MILLIONS readily acclaim Brigham Young the greatest pioneer of the nineteenth century. William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, said, "America never produced a greater man." Some of his critics have said, "Without him Mormonism would have failed." But few have seen, behind the man, the power of God which made him great.

Just as "Joshua the son of Nun was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him," Brigham was full of wisdom, for Joseph had conferred upon him the keys of the kingdom through the Priesthood of God. Viewing his accomplishments in these valleys, he said, "It is the Lord who has done this. It is not any man or set of men, only as we are guided by the spirit of truth." Fully aware of the powers of the Priesthood he held, he did not hesitate to speak in the name of the Lord, when occasion required.

At the death of Joseph Smith, their leader, a spirit of uncertainty was upon the saints. Various men tried to assume the Church leadership. Prominent among them was Sidney Rigdon, who claimed the right to be guardian of the Church.

On August 8, 1844, thousands of the saints gathered at Nauvoo to hear Sidney Rigdon present his claims, but they were unimpressed. Then Brigham Young, as President

of the Twelve Apostles, stood up in the wagon, which was being used as a pulpit, and prefacing his remarks with, "Attention All," he proceeded to remind that vast congregation that Joseph had conferred upon the apostles, with Brigham at their head, all of the keys and powers which he, Joseph, had received of the Lord.

George Q. Cannon, a witness of this meeting, said:

If Joseph had risen from the dead, and again spoken in their hearing, the effect could not have been more startling than it was to the many present at that meeting; it was the voice of Joseph himself; and not only was it the voice of Joseph which was heard, but it seemed in the eyes of the people as though it was the very person of Joseph which stood before them.

The mantle of Joseph had fallen upon Brigham. A sure testimony had been given the people, and from that day forward he was accepted as their leader without reservations. They had heard the voice of the shepherd, and they knew it.

The spirit and the power of Brigham Young's calling were already upon him that day in August 1844, when he said:

All that want to draw away a party from the Church after them, let them do it if they can, but they will not prosper If any man thinks he has influence among this people to lead away a party, let him try it, and he will find that there is power with the Apostles which will carry them off victorious through all the world.

JOSEPH had predicted that the saints would go to the Rocky Mountains and become a mighty people, and he had visioned another leader bringing them to the valleys. The Lord had prepared a modern Moses, Brigham Young, for this task. He was sometimes called "the fulfiller." The man for this great undertaking must, of necessity, have been a great spiritual leader, for the saints would have followed no other.

Under pressure of the mob, the exodus from Nauvoo, across the Mississippi river, began February 4, 1846. The saints were westward bound, with the few earthly possessions which they could take with them. Their condition was pitiable. They had appealed in vain for governmental protection.

June 1846 found them camped on the Indian lands of Iowa, poor and in dire want. The United States was at war with Mexico, and Captain James Allen was dispatched to overtake the Mormons and recruit a battalion of 500 able-bodied men from their ranks. This was a test of loyalty seldom asked of any people. But, on the advice of Brigham Young, they were mustered in, and leaving their families, they began the longest and most difficult infantry march in the history of our land. To them Brigham Young said:

Now I would like you brethren to enlist and go and serve your country, and if you will do this and live your religion, I promise you in the name of Israel's God that not a man of you will fall in battle.

He further promised them, on the same condition, that they would not be required to fight. And so it was.

Samuel Brannon, who had brought 235 saints from England

around Cape Horn to California on the ship Brooklyn, met the pioneer companies on Green River, June 30, 1847, hoping to persuade Brigham to forsake his intention of settling in the barren desert and to come with him to the paradise he had found in California. Brannon predicted that the saints could not possibly live in Salt Lake Valley because the mountaineers had said that there was frost every month in the year.

Brigham replied:

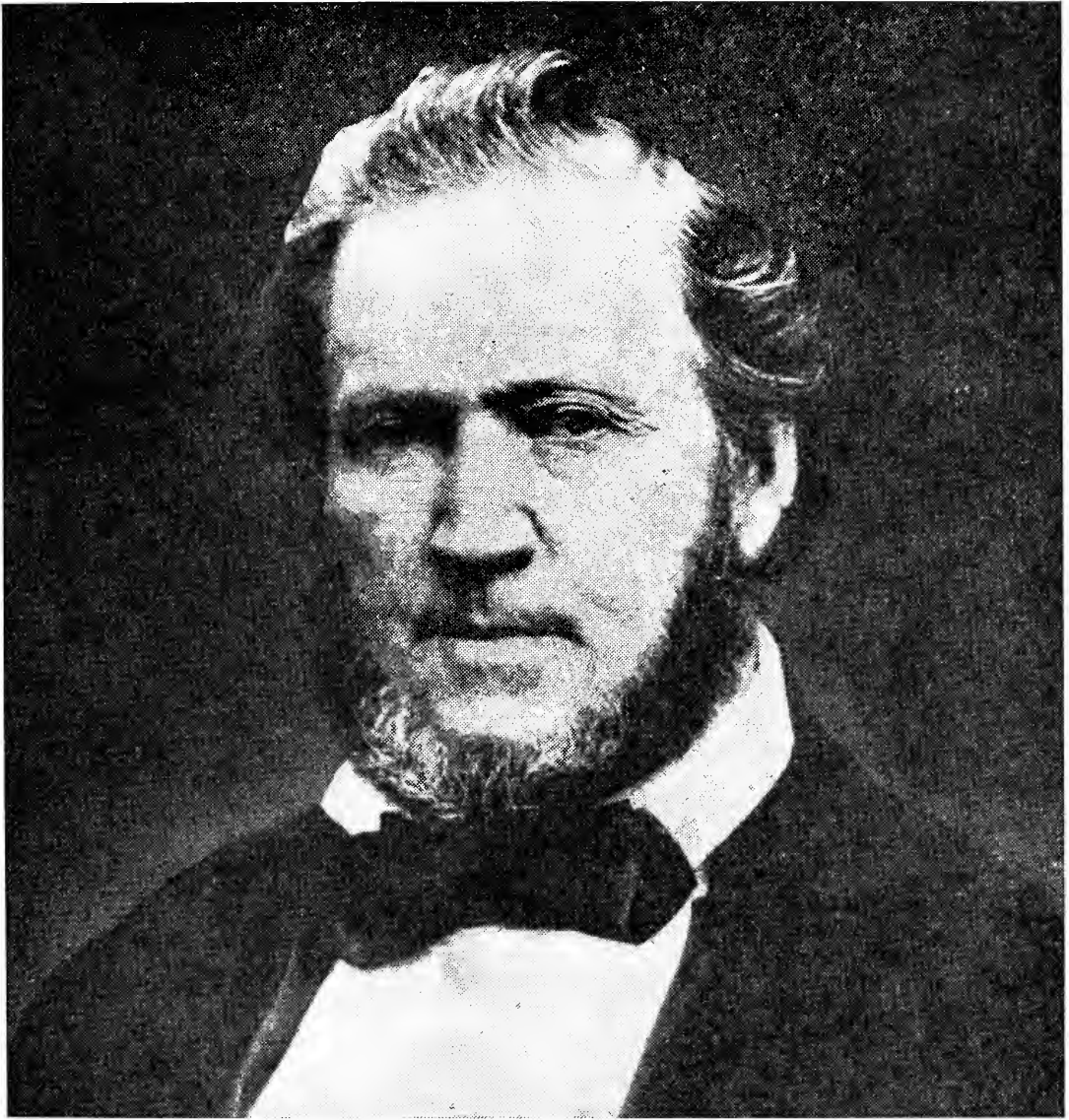
If there is any place so poor no one else wants it, that is the place for us.

Brannon, unable to persuade his leader, returned to his California paradise, left the Church, became wealthy, and later lost his wealth and was buried in San Diego as a pauper.

July 24, 1847, when the main body of the first pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, Brigham Young, ill with mountain fever, was assisted so that he could look over the valley from the site of the "This Is the Place" monument. After gazing intently for a few moments, he exclaimed: "It is enough, this is the right place, drive on."

How did he know? Because previously, in vision, he had seen this valley, with a tent settling down from heaven and resting, and a voice said to him: "Here is the place where my people shall pitch their tents."

He told the brethren who preceded him into the valley that they were to bear to the north after entering, that they would find a stream near which they should camp; they were to begin plowing and planting, and if the ground was hard and sterile, as reported, they should throw up a dam and let the water soak up the land before planting.



THE PROPHET BRIGHAM YOUNG

Thus was started the first irrigation by the Anglo-Saxon people. Irrigation has since proved to be the key which has unlocked the hidden wealth of the soil in the entire intermountain territory.

SALT Lake Valley was regarded by trappers as a "country God forgot." Few, if any, believed the saints could live here. Speaking of her first view of Salt Lake Valley, Clara Decker Young said:

When my husband said, "This is the place," I cried, for it seemed to me the most desolate place in all the world.

But Brigham never wavered in his faith that, under the blessings of God, the saints could live and prosper in the valleys of the mountains and raise anything that would grow elsewhere in a similar latitude.

July 28, 1847, Brigham Young pointed out the spot where the Salt Lake Temple was to be built. This temple required forty years of hard

labor in its construction, and was built in the poverty of the people. In 1853, at the dedication of one of the cornerstones, Brigham said he had seen the Temple in vision not ten feet from where he then stood. Further he said:

I have not inquired what kind of a Temple we should build. Why? Because it was represented before me. I see it as plainly as if it was in reality before me.

After the cricket war and near famine, there came the cry of *gold* from California. This was a great test of the faith of the saints, because of their poverty. In 1848, Brigham wrote, "My greatest fear about this people is that they will get rich and forget God. Some few have caught the gold fever."

He counseled them to remain in their comfortable homes and raise grain. Said he:

You will do better right here than you will by going to the gold mines . . . I promise you in the name of the Lord that many of you that go thinking you will get rich, . . . will wish you had never gone away from here, and will long to come back, but will not be able to do so. Some of you will come back, but your friends who remain will have to help you . . . Here is the place God has appointed for His people.

Some could not be persuaded to remain. The lure of gold took them away from the Church and many of them never returned.

Fifty years later, the writer, as a boy, filled a mission in California and met some of these men and their families. They didn't even have the gold. One old man dropped on his knees as we were holding a street meeting in San Diego and said:

I haven't heard those hymns of Zion for fifty years. I am out of the Church, and

I would crawl on my hands and knees to Utah if only I could get back where I stood with the Lord before I left the saints.

Truly, Brigham Young was a great pioneer, but he was much more than that. He was a prophet of the living God to his generation. An apostate later wrote of him:

He had the power to center in himself a thousand interests and a thousand hearts. No one could hear him pray and doubt his sincerity.

He invited his followers to test his teachings at the Throne of Grace, saying:

Every man has the right of receiving revelation for himself. It is the very life of the Church. When the saints have done all they can, the Lord will do the rest.

One of his greatest gifts was perhaps that of discernment—the power to choose the right men for special assignments. As he sent these men out from headquarters to settle the valleys close by and afar off, he blessed them by the power of the Priesthood he held. He set them apart for the tasks before them, always promising them, in the name of the Lord, success in their labors on condition of obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

An outstanding example of such promises was the case of Jacob Hamblin, whom he called to labor among the Indians during their early uprisings. Jacob's life frequently hung in the balance, and at times his death at the hands of hostile Indians seemed certain. But, always, his faith was unwavering in the promise of Brigham to him: "If you never shed the blood of a Lamanite, no Lamanite will ever shed your blood"—a promise, in the name of the Lord,
(Continued on page 431)

Contest Announcements—1947

THE Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the General Board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The General Board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of the contests in no way precludes winning in the other.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1947. Three prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	\$20
Second prize	\$15
Third prize	\$10

Prize poems will be published in the January 1948 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board, and employees of the Relief Society General Board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. *Nom de plumes* are not to be used.

7. A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted certifying:

a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.

c. That it has never been published.

d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other persons with a view to publication.

e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

9. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

10. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from

the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

- a. Message or theme
- b. Form and pattern

- c. Rhythm and meter
- d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
- e. Climax

11. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1947.

12. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1947 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1947.

Three prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	\$40
Second prize	\$30
Third prize	\$20

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1948. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society General Board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the General Board. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society General Board and employees of the General Board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten.

(A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. *Nom de plumes* are not to be used.

5. A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying

a. That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two successive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person from

the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

- a. Characters and their presentation
- b. Plot development
- c. Message of the story
- d. Writing style
9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1947.
10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

THE CYCLE

Agnes Just Reid

For weeks I toiled at some pale gossamer thing
 To fashion for her coming;
 Then when she stepped proudly off to school,
 It was I who sewed each garment, prayer-seamed.
 And at her graduation, my work adorned her
 Slim young form.
 Now I have sewed my triumph, her wedding dress.
 How flower-like she looked beside her husband!
 My work is done.
 Soon she will fashion tiny garments,
 For life and love go on.

JUNE PAGEANTRY

Amelia Ames

When June bends down the radiant bough
 And lifts the wondrous yield
 Of scintillating jewels
 Upon a jasper field,
 And calls the meadow lark and thrush
 To open up the day
 And thread the folded twilight
 With silver roundelay,
 June merely paints the landscape
 And furnishes the song
 For love's incessant pageantry
 To which we all belong
 Lovers new, lovers old,
 Broken hearts and mended,
 Living in the mystery
 That is never ended!

The Art of Poetry Writing

A SYMPOSIUM OF OPINIONS

IN order to assist the women who wish to enter their poems in the Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest, the following short articles on poetry technique are presented. The authors of these suggestions are some of the poets who have been winners in previous contests.—Ed.

POINTS TO CONSIDER BEFORE ENTERING A POETRY CONTEST

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

First Prize 1942; 1946

Second Prize 1939; 1947

BE sure that you have something to say which you feel very deeply. A poetry idea must come as forcefully from the heart as from the head or, perhaps, it should be more from the heart. The subject should have wide appeal.

Consider the audience who will read the prize-winning poem. Consider its taste, its interests, its dislikes. Then choose a poem which will please and not offend.

Write the poem as beautifully as your knowledge of poetry technique will let you. You would not send your child to a party in shabby clothes. A brain child should be dressed as well.

Use words economically. They are your working materials and a mirror of your inner self. Don't let them show that you are careless or wasteful.

Don't cheat in small ways or unconsciously. That is, don't use a word just because it rhymes, without

checking to see if it also carries the exact shade of meaning you need.

Of course, faulty poems sometimes win contests because the judges have to choose for appeal, subject matter, current interest, and many other points; and a poem, otherwise faulty, may still fill more needs than a perfectly constructed sonnet which lacks personality. Poems are like people; it is difficult to find one that has everything.

Arrange the progress of your poem climactically, so that it climbs to a good strong ending. Your poem will attract attention if you consider these four points arranged according to their importance:

1. The last line
2. The title
3. The first line
4. The body of the poem

In any general contest where the subject is not assigned, heart appeal is almost everything if the poem is written so that it comes through to the reader.

WORDS AND THEIR WAYS IN POETRY

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Second Prize 1932; 1936; 1943; 1944

POETRY is emotion expressed in rhythm. Poetry is born, verse is made. Wordsworth says:

It is the honorable characteristic of poetry that its materials are to be found in every subject which can interest the human mind.

Therefore, the raw materials of poetry are human experiences. All poetry is made from these. It is human experience, however, understood and recreated in a special way. The theme of the poet is life, and it becomes his crown.

Shelley said that poetry must be rhythmical, though not necessarily metrical. It is only the reading of poetry that can foster the love of poetry. A poem may be written in sonnet, lyric, ballad, narrative, or dramatic form, but it must have rhythm, emotion, imagination, and utterance. The sonnet is a fixed form and requires a certain train of thought and rhythm. All these forms give a vast field for the conveyance of emotion and thought, and afford good practice for the student.

A poem can express a thought, a picture, or a mood, and the beginning of a poem should set the tempo

of what is to follow.

The materials for the communication of poetry are limited to only one medium, that of words; but they must be words of a peculiar pattern and grouping. The words should be chosen with just the right atmosphere to give the feeling one wishes to express — colorful words, gay words, swift words, words of inspiration, words of courage.

It is the peculiar use of words that makes real poetry and gives us the feeling that A. E. Housman so well describes in his book *The Name and Nature of Poetry*.

In order to write a good poem, one must be thoroughly familiar with the technical knowledge for handling all the tools of the craft. The knowledge of technique makes the poetic thought easier to express when it presents itself in those rare moments of inspiration that a poet feels when something comes that must be said.

In writing poetry, I would like my poems to reach the hearts of those who love beauty as I love it and those who have had the human experience that enables them to understand what I seek to portray.

POINTS TO LOOK FOR IN POETRY

Christie Lund Coles

First Prize 1944; Second Prize 1945

SINCE, to me, poetry is not so much a communication of thought as it is an emotional experi-

ence, I endeavor when I have finished a poem to see if it has emotional appeal. Or, if it is primarily

a poem of thought, I try to see if that thought has been any better expressed in poetry than it might have been in prose. If it has not, the poem should never have been written.

Poetry is brief and very compact. It must say in a few lines what would take a page or more in prose. I try to see that it is kept as brief as possible, yet is still understandable to the reader. I have no sympathy with poetry which is so complex that even a second or third reading does not yield both beauty and meaning.

I ask myself, is this of sufficient appeal to the particular type of reader who will read it? Yet, I do not often consciously *slant* my work to

any group, because it is never as good poetry when I do.

I try to cut out all inversions, contractions, obsolescences, and anything that is archaic or trite.

I try to make sure that the poem has form, rhythm, and proper meter, yet, in preserving these things, has not lost any spontaneity or simplicity. For, to me, simplicity is the keynote of all beauty. And certainly good poetry first, last, and always should be a thing of beauty to make the blood quicken and the eye mist.

Lastly, I ask, does the poem have a universal theme, and will it leave the reader moved, uplifted, and perhaps a little better for having read it?

IMPORTANT POINTS IN POETRY

Berta Huish Christensen

Tied for First Prize 1934

Second Prize 1933; 1935

SEVERAL points seem important to me in the writing of a poem, and I try to use them as guides in judging my own. However, I realize the truth in Shakespeare's comment that it is far easier to say what should be done than to carry out one's own teaching.

Originality and freshness of expression are to me prime requisites of a good poem. Most experiences of life have been written about. If there is not a slightly new approach, or original phrasing, why another poem? Unless it fills some specific requirement which would make the treatment intentional, this original phrasing should not give a bizarre or vague effect. The purpose of language is to reveal thought, not to conceal it.

Since the rhythmical flow of language is the basis of poetry, a poem should conform to a definite metrical pattern and, if rhyme is used, a definite rhyming scheme. A sonnet should be a sonnet. But this conformity should not be achieved by the use of "padded lines" whose obvious reason for being is to meet the demand of meter or rhyme. Padded lines and obvious rhyme words are the badge of the amateur. As nearly as possible one should use the exact and most suitable word for the meaning intended.

I feel that the length of a poem should be in keeping with the nature and importance of the theme. Brevity in poetry is a precious and desirable quality.

A certain amount of accuracy and

consistency in making analogies is a point which I think should be stressed. Confusion results from too many or mixed comparisons.

To summarize concretely, one might express the essentials of good poetry in this manner:

Originality—but not vagueness

Conformity—but with no “padding” for meter or rhyme

Brevity—without sacrificing clearness

Simplicity—but not triteness

Sentiment—but not sentimentality

Length—according to the importance of the theme

I think that a poem should do something to the reader—otherwise why waste time on the writing or the reading of it? Therefore, the aesthetic effect, although an illusive thing to describe, is important. It seems to me that a poem should stimulate thought, enlarge appreciation, or enrich the soul by giving an emotional lift. Always in a good poem there is something to remember.

POETRY IS A CRAFT

Anna Prince Redd

First Prize 1938

POETRY is a craft. But a poet is not a craftsman until he has learned all the techniques that will help him perfect his art. When there are so many sources from which these techniques may be learned—textbooks, writers' magazines, workshop groups, correspondence courses—it is inexcusable for verse writers not to know them. Yet there are many who do not. They go on using outworn phrases, contractions, inversions, and shoddy poeticisms, and then they grieve because their verses do not win contests, or sell to any of the hundreds of verse markets open to them.

The reason for this is that many aspiring poets are shock resistant. They refuse the impact of self-criticism, relying upon the delusion that the enumerated faults of which they read apply to the work of others, never to their own “inspired” lines. Once we learn that these pitfalls apply to us—and do something about it—we commence to have our poems

published and to win contests. We eliminate 'tis and 'twas, and all the other objectionable contractions. We say things directly, without inverting the thought for the purpose of a lazy rhyme; we strive for new and vivid phraseology, for clarity, and for that quality of emotion required to make a poem out of what would, otherwise, be just verse.

Verse has been described as words arranged according to some conventionalized repetition. Poetry is verse which produces a deep emotional response.

One of the things that judges look for in contest poems is a quality which produces this “deep emotional response.” Verse may be technically imperfect, yet produce this satisfying response. Poetry of distinction and excellence has both technical perfection and emotional appeal.

Poetry transcends verse. It builds upon it, going back into the realm of clarified experience, or the longing

for experience. To write poetry requires work. One cannot lack the capacity for work and accomplish anything worthwhile. Revision is a

necessity. Study, and revise again! What you read applies to you. Let there be, "more poetry in life, more life in poetry!"

A FEW POINTS IN EVALUATING A POEM FOR A CONTEST

Dorothy J. Roberts

First Prize 1943

A POEM is basically emotional-spiritual, not a rhythmical scientific treatise nor a rhymed philosophy. It should be made alive by some soul quality which seems to cause the reader's heart to leap in response. Study the great poets for help.

There must be a breath of newness, something fresh in mood or outlook, in word or phrase or form, which transmits the peculiar flavor of you.

Subject matter is not as important in determining the value of a poem as are mood and treatment. The everyday things that make up the average life are rich in material. Use the plainest objects of home and garden for bold and startling effects. A safety pin, a snail, or a dandelion may as effectively inspire a poem of grace and dignity as a mountain or a sunset.

Something should be left unsaid to intrigue the reader's imagination. Your "I's" and "me's", when published, are no longer strictly your personal pronouns. Let them grow beyond you until they include your unknown kin of experience and emotion. Then allow these readers to realize their own spiritual connotation for the physical symbols you present.

There should not be too many weighty words in a line. Space heavy,

significant words in smooth-flowing settings of simple, musical phrases. Weave garlands of words, search for fitting and unusual action words and adjectives. Paint scenes with your words. Use color—amethyst, mauve, umber.

Take care that the picture and similies agree. Brooks and Warren, in their book *Understanding Poetry*, criticize, as confusing, the poet who depicts a plant as both a suckling child with its mouth pressed to the earth, and as a woman with decorated hair, and with her arms raised in devotion.

Cherish optimism and faith. Your outlook will be reflected in the essence of your lines, whatever flower-laned or cloud-hung ways your thoughts may take en route to the finale.

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We Want to Write

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

[It is hoped this article may prove helpful to Latter-day Saint women who plan to enter the annual Relief Society Short Story Contest.—Ed.]

IT might be well to state, here and now, that any similarity between the content of this article and an original idea is purely accidental. Neither does it claim to carry the stamp of authority, but it presents gleanings from study and experience which have helped this author; and that brings us to the question: What is a story?

There are, apparently, as many definitions of a story as there are writers. A simple pattern, one that is workable and high on the preferred list is: Character, conflict (struggle), solution (attainment).

Simple, isn't it? But the catch is to so integrate these elements that the reader will not be aware of any pattern in the story. If this is done, the finished product will be simple, direct, unified, with a single emotional effect.

Why use a pattern? For the same reason you would use one in making a dress, that the result may be more sure, better proportioned, and more pleasing to the senses. We know there are women who sew without using a pattern, for their dresses are proof of it. On the other hand, there are women to whom the pattern is everything. Somewhere between these two extremes is the woman who makes a pattern serve her purpose, but adds to it her personal taste and her artistry. The result, then, is original and attractive. Sometimes it is a masterpiece.

So with a story. There may have been strong stories written without the use of a pattern, but they were not written by amateurs. More likely the pattern has been so skillfully hidden that the casual reader thinks there isn't one.

Character is the writer's first consideration. For all practical purposes, there is no story until there is at least one character. The way the struggle progresses will depend entirely on the person who is doing the struggling.

Three women are widowed and each has a child. One parks her child with her mother and goes out and hunts a job so she will have a check on Saturday night. Another borrows money, hires her mother to care for her child, goes back to school and eventually becomes an executive. The third woman sends her child to the neighbor's, spends her last dollar for a new hat and goes out and gets herself another man. See what is meant? Each woman will solve her problem according to her intelligence, her initiative, and her background.

So let us have characters first—strong characters who are not echoes but individuals. You need not be too specific about personal appearances, for some readers do not think pearly teeth and golden hair are beautiful. What readers do want to know is how your character feels and why.

“Jane is a charming hostess,” is not only a trite expression but it does not say one thing about Jane. The same thing could be said about two hundred forty-seven other hostesses. How is Jane different? We do not want to be told, either. We want to see why Jane is Jane and not Dora. To be able to characterize successfully, one should have a love of people and know a little, at least, of practical psychology.

The story should be told from the *viewpoint of one character*. If it is Jane's story, all action must be seen, and heard, and felt through the eyes and ears and heart of Jane. We do not switch viewpoint in a short story; and in a three-thousand-word story the viewpoint character and two or three minor characters are all that can be handled without awkwardness. Usually the viewpoint character is the main character. She, or he, should be a strong, likable person, but not without faults. A person who knows all the answers does not need our sympathy.

The conflict, or struggle, your character is facing should be simple rather than complex, but it should be worthy of worry. While it is an individual's problem, it should be significant enough so that it will have some of the earmarks of universality. If Jane is struggling to get money to buy a new electric stove, she must have some more urgent motive than the looks of her kitchen if she wants reader co-operation. But if the grate is burned out of her old Monarch, and she is baking cookies to send her son to college and, besides, she has to chop her own wood—we are really going to struggle with her and enjoy it. The deeper the writer probes into the basic

conflicts of life, the stronger her story will be, other things being equal, of course. While problems are more or less universal, the application of them should be original and distinctive.

IN a three-thousand-word story the characters, the setting, and the problem should all be clearly defined in the first five hundred words or less. The other twenty-five hundred should be used in building up to the climax. Sometimes, for the sake of suspense, the conflict is not stated specifically at first. We may be given only a hint as to its nature, but we feel it from the start.

The story may be carried forward by one of two methods: straight narrative, where the author tells events in their chronological order, or by a series of graphic incidents. The first method has more or less lost its appeal for modern readers. Not more than three or four incidents should be featured in a story of three thousand words.

The first, or opening incident, may be told in detail, for by means of it the reader is getting acquainted with the characters; he is getting a picture of the background and the feel of the problem. The first incident makes or breaks the story to a large extent. If it is well done the reader will want to follow through to the end.

The following incidents may be given with fewer particulars, for now that we, the readers, are acquainted with the characters and the setting, we can supply some of the details ourselves. The crucial incident, however, the one that climaxes the action, should be specific, but every detail must serve a definite purpose.

This is true of the details of the entire story. Each incident, made up of detail, should, in a subtle way, hold the threads of the past, portray the present, and foreshadow the future, and should build increasing suspense and interest up to the climax.

The transition from one incident to another should be smooth and convincing, but as short as possible.

Time is of the essence in a short story, for in it we have a picture of but one climax from a lifetime. This does not allow for the passage of years. Twenty-four hours is sufficient time for all the action three thousand words can carry. Action covering, in effect, weeks or years can be climaxed in twenty-four hours if the writer works at it. A flashback sentence here and there will take the place of paragraphs. Another way is to cut the beginning. Someone has said, "We start a story where we pick up a dog, a little ahead of the middle." Discarding verbiage at the beginning makes for strength. However, one must be certain that all essential details are included in the final version.

The reader is quite well satisfied if, when Jane finds she must keep her old Monarch, she can get a new grate and be happy with it. If she gets a new grate and the air of a martyr along with it, that is not so good.

Style in stories is strictly an individualistic affair — something a writer acquires as a result of continued writing. Mood, that special feel each story has, is determined largely by the setting and should be compatible with the setting and characters.

In our first literature lesson this season Dr. Driggs said, in effect: "History is the record of what men

have done; literature is how they felt about it." In stories we call this emotional appeal, and without it a story is just words, for the purpose of a story is not to expound, or exhort, or preach, but to entertain. We, the readers, want to be entertained through our emotions. On this one thing more than any other factor lies the story's chance of being sold. Editors often overlook weakness in structure and grammar for emotional appeal. On the other hand, many beautifully written stories become duds because they leave the reader asking, "So what?"

HOW does a writer acquire this appeal and yet not indulge in sentimentality? In all phases of a story a writer must work for a nice balance, but this is doubly true when depicting emotion. Emphasis in the right place helps to give the desired effect. Place emphasis on character if you want to arouse pity or sympathy; emphasis on setting if you are working for atmosphere; emphasis on plot if it is suspense that is wanted; and emphasis on theme if you are working to change reader attitudes and appreciations.

Did you ever hear the verse, "I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day; I'd rather a man would walk with me than merely point the way"? That is the way most readers feel. Even in a thematic story, we do not make the point by repeating the theme but by the action of the characters.

All these things we have been discussing are more or less mechanical and can be learned if the writer is willing to work, but after all of them have been done, there still remains the hard part—breathing the breath

of life into a story, or, taking our former comparison, keeping the dress from looking homemade. The lines of a dress, harmony between material and style, the exact fitting are factors that give it style or the lack of it. Putting life into a story is largely something that is inborn in a writer and springs from her own personality.

Undoubtedly, the General Board of Relief Society, by the yearly contests, hopes to develop writers among the women of the Church. It is a forward-looking project and deserves the appreciation of all who hope to write. However, to make a plain print dress well is not too much of an accomplishment. To take fine material and make a dress that is perfect in fit and a pleasure to the eyes, to add the little touches that set it apart from the ordinary is really an accomplishment. We should produce stories that are works of art. Write and re-write until every rough and shapeless blemish has been eliminated. Balance your story so carefully that not one sentence, or one word, can be lifted from its place and made to fit in another.

What, then, shall we look for in the finished story? There must be characters who have the stamp of individuality, a problem to be solved

that requires work and tears, proportion in all things, interest from the first word to the last, and a single emotional appeal. In other words, a story should be a unified dramatic narrative with sufficient significance to make it live again and again in our memories. A good story is not easily forgotten.

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RESIGNATION

Etta S. Robbins

If this be the lot God meant for me,
His love shall direct my way;
And though my scope of action be
Secluded from day to day,
Yet I must serve with cheerful mien
That my light may brightly shine,
Though it be but a flickering candle power
That only God can define



JANET STEPHENS OF MONTPELIER, IDAHO, SURROUNDED BY
SOME OF HER BEAUTIFUL HANDWORK

Busy Fingers

“She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands” (Proverbs 31:13).

G. W. Staker

TEN extremely busy fingers do the bidding of the woman in this photograph. Their mistress, Mrs. Janet Stephens of Montpelier, Idaho, is justly proud of their record. Born and reared in historic Bear Lake Valley, Sister Stephens has more than fifty years of service in the Relief Society to her credit. Fourteen years as work director of the Montpelier Second Ward Relief Society have given Sister Stephens ample opportunity to employ her talented fingers in the service of others.

To count the number of stitches these ten fingers have taken would be like counting the stars on a clear winter night. Aside from the myriads of stitches taken in Relief Society work meeting, the busy fingers of Sister Stephens have known the glory of creating articles of value and beauty too numerous to mention. Over two hundred quilts, including nine of the lovely flower garden design, have known the touch of these fingers in every stitch. Their industry has been responsible for several dozen exquisite, quilted satin baby-carriage coverlets, four crocheted bedspreads, plus many lace tablecloths, pillow covers, doilies, rugs, sofa pillows, and scarves which brighten the homes of members of her family and the homes of her friends. What joy and satisfaction these busy fingers bring their cheerful mistress as she daily bids them to do their quota in creating treasures of beauty and usefulness!

It's Up to the Women

Norma Wrathall

MARIA Frances Jennings Ware had risen even earlier than usual that morning, because this May Sunday, she was celebrating her eighty-fifth birthday. She had crept from her feather bed just as the stars were fading, and had stood at the window of the upstairs bedroom in her granddaughter's house and watched the first rays of approaching day spread over the Wasatch Mountains. She clutched a little shawl over the shoulders of her long-sleeved nightgown, but her shivering was from excitement, not from early morning air. As a special treat for the day, she was to attend the Tabernacle Choir coast-to-coast broadcast.

Maria Frances J. Ware sighed happily, looking out over her waking world, beautiful Salt Lake City. She was thinking of the days when it had not been a city at all, but just the beginnings, lacking the verdure of green trees, the spires of the Temple, the wide streets upon which early busses were starting to hum. She could close her eyes, even now, and see the groups of immigrant pioneers, of whom her father had been one, camped upon Eighth Ward Square where the Eagle Gate now arches. Some had slept in covered wagons or tents, but others, like her father's family, had lain on the ground with only a blanket for cover.

She dressed quietly, being careful not to wake her great-granddaughter, Mary Frances, whose bedroom was just under her own. Time and time again, Mary Frances had offered to

trade, so that great-grandmother would not have to climb the stairs. But great-grandmother was not one to pamper herself in her declining years. She said she was spry enough for a few steps yet; besides, she liked to get a good long view from the upstairs window each morning; it sort of strengthened her for the day.

Poor Mary Frances, she was thinking, so young, with a baby, and working besides, and her husband Joe with the army of occupation in Japan. Mary Frances was very young and delicate looking, though she was seldom sick. But girls nowadays were under such a strain, dashing here and there, trying to do so many things. Lately, both her mother and great-grandmother had been worried. It was not that Mary Frances and Joe had married in haste. But he had been away so much since their few weeks of married life that the marriage had become shadowy, the baby, a tedious care to the girl. Only two days before she had told her mother, "Gee! Mom, I'm not getting anywhere, just plugging away as a steno. Today, Mr. Spindler offered me a job as his private secretary. Only he's being transferred to Denver."

She had watched her mother's face carefully. "Uh—do you think you and Gran could manage the baby for a while? Of course, I'd send the money for him. It'd be a great chance for me to get ahead, and really make something of myself." Her cheeks had been flushed

and her eyes shining with suppressed excitement.

Mary Stevens, reporting this conversation to Gran, had said flatly, "—and I don't like it. It isn't as if we couldn't manage the baby. We've been doing most of it lately, anyhow. But if she goes away like that—well, it just doesn't seem right. She'd get to going out with a young crowd. And Joe wouldn't like that! It would just lead to trouble."

Gran had answered, "You're right, Mary. And not only that, she'd grow away from her child. It's time some of these young mothers forgot about 'getting ahead' as they call it!"

Mary sighed, "I tried to show her where her real responsibilities lie. But she wants more money, so she can get more things and go out more—oh, dear!" Mary spread her hands in a gesture of despair. "Gran, see if you can't think of some argument that will convince her. I'm at my wit's end. Please!"

"Well—I'll try, but I doubt if argument will do it. Mary Frances has a stubborn streak. You know that, Mary."

Great-grandmother's only daughter, who would be Mary Frances' grandmother, had died giving birth to Mary, and so Maria Frances Ware had reared her, along with her own large family of younger boys. Now the boys were grown up and moved away. Great-grandmother and Mary Stevens had the old home. And Mary Frances had stayed right on with them through her brief marriage to Joe. When the baby was born, Mary Stevens had helped her daughter with the expense and care, though she herself, a widow for many years, worked in a store. So now Mary Frances felt that she must take

a job to help pay back what her mother had given her. And, with both of them working, it fell to great-grandmother to care for the baby.

GRAN chuckled, thinking of how the other two women in the house fretted over the fact. Once, she had overheard Mary Frances saying, "Golly, Mom, it seems terrible, leaving great-grandmother with the baby like this. She's so old. She looks so frail and wispy, a breath might blow her away. When I see her, tottering around, dangling him on one hip while she fixes his bottle—!"

Mary Stevens had answered, in her quick, hurrying voice, "Yes, it is too much for Gran, but we can't do anything else. Even if you could hire a girl—which you can't—she'd want almost as much pay as you're making yourself. We're just plain lucky to have Gran, although it does seem a shame—" And they had both sighed quickly and dashed away to their respective jobs.

But Gran reflected that, lately, Mary Frances hadn't worried so much about it.

As she stood before the mirror of her large, old-fashioned oak dresser, and ran a comb through her wispy white hair, Gran remembered how she'd made it a point to tell them that, while she might look frail, being small and wrinkled as an autumn leaf, she was really as tough as hickory—of good pioneer stock, she had reminded them. She speared some hairpins into the small knot of hair. Usually, she just gathered her locks at the back, but today she had her front hair waved, having put it up on kid curlers the night before. She

prided herself upon the fact that no one had ever had to help her comb her hair, like that helpless old Mrs. Wickers who was only seventy-nine.

Now, having finished dressing in her good black silk, Gran went quietly down the stairs, thinking that maybe she had promised more than she could do, agreeing to "talk to" Mary Frances. She turned on the lawn sprinklers, and sat on the porch to wait for the paper boy to come. Maybe she would be able to think of something in the peace and quiet of the Sabbath morning.

Presently, she heard an alarm clock ring distantly, which meant that Mary would soon be racing through the house, getting the work done before breakfast. Always, Mary Stevens rose very early on week days, went through the downstairs one morning, the upstairs the next, her hair protected by a bandana. Then, she would prepare breakfast, which they ate at break-neck speed, so Mary could finish up before she and Mary Frances caught the seven-thirty bus for town. Mary Frances, meantime, well schooled by her mother, would be putting the baby's laundry on the line, her light brown hair secure under a net, her face a mask of cold cream. And the two of them would hurl snatches of orders for the day at Gran, as she stood drying the dishes and listening for the baby's waking cry. Often, she hardly listened to the orders; one would never suppose, to hear them, that she had reared nine boys and a girl of her own, to say nothing of Mary herself, and Mary Frances.

But things would move more slowly today, because it was Sunday. They would take time to eat decently. Mary Frances would take

over the baby, sitting upstairs in Gran's room to talk while he took his bottle. And today, being her birthday, Gran would not even be expected to dry the dishes. She smoothed her silken lap and glanced down the block toward the house of a neighbor, Mr. Burbridge, who was bishop's counselor in the ward. He had offered to drive her and Mary to the Tabernacle for the broadcast. Then, in the afternoon, friends would call to visit and offer congratulations. It would be very pleasant.

AFTER breakfast, as she and Mary Fran sat upstairs, the baby peacefully taking his bottle, Great-grandmother rummaged through a burnt-wood box of clippings and keepsakes. "I like to look at these things once in a while—reminds me of people I used to know—" she murmured, holding a sheaf of clippings.

Mary Frances, on a low stool, was gazing out the window. "Well, at least, I won't have to wonder all day if I'll get a letter. There can't be one on Sunday." Her expression was a little peevisish.

Gran answered crisply, "Double chance tomorrow, being Monday. Don't worry, you'll hear soon. Maybe Joe's moved to a different place. Or maybe he's missed getting his letters off on the boat. Anyhow, he never was much of a hand at writing, was he?"

"Oh, he could write I guess, if he wanted to," grumbled Mary Frances. "Sometimes, it makes me tired when people say how lonely it is for the soldiers, so far from home, and all that. But they forget about the ones waiting at home. It's no fun, either, just moping around home every evening. I might as well be sixty!"

Gran peered over her glasses. "There're different kinds of loneliness, dear. One kind, like Joe's, means being lonely for everything, even your own home soil to stand on. The other kind, like yours, is heart loneliness. It takes courage to stand either kind."

Mary Frances moved restlessly on the stool. "They talk so much about the courage of pioneer women. But I don't know! Women today have to bear just as much, in a different way."

"Exactly." Gran leaned forward in her rocker. "What is needed today is that good old pioneer spirit, applied to things now. And the women are the ones who have to have it. Men get discouraged."

Mary Frances said nothing, but moved the baby to a more comfortable position on her arm.

Gran rocked thoughtfully for a few minutes. "Women complain so much nowadays about shortages. But it's been my experience that there's hardly been a time when there wasn't a shortage of something. Reminds me of how people were told to store wheat in the early days. Brigham Young knew there would be a shortage of food, so he told the farmers of Utah to raise more wheat than they needed and turn the rest to be stored by the Church."

"And I suppose they stored lots of it? In those days, people were more obedient than now, weren't they?"

"Human nature worked then, same as now. The men put off planting this extra wheat. Some of them didn't see any need of it. A tour of the territory by Church Authorities showed that very little wheat was being raised. So, what do you suppose President Young did?"

"Golly, I don't know, Gran. What did he do?" Mary Frances was preoccupied, her mind on her own problems.

"Called on the women, of course!" Gran asserted triumphantly. "You mark my word, Mary Frances, whenever men put over a big job, or say they do, the women are really back of it. Now, you take the present time, even, with boys like your Joe, out in foreign countries. The war's over, and lots of people have forgotten that many of our boys are still away in some far-off place. But their wives and sweethearts haven't forgotten. Where would this country be without women to carry on at home?"

Mary Frances started, her face coloring, but as she opened her lips to speak, Gran continued swiftly, "But, to get on with my story, President Young called on the women of the Relief Society to see that this extra wheat was raised and stored. And he put the Relief Society president, Emmeline B. Wells, in charge of the whole thing. And the women did it." Gran's blue eyes shone behind her glasses.

Mary Frances asked, "How could they? Women didn't plant the crops, did they?" She began to be interested in spite of herself.

"No, but they organized a drive to increase the acreage, and bought wheat, raising a fund for it in different ways. And, of course, the women who lived in the country kept after their husbands." Gran's faded blue eyes were misted in reminiscence. "Your great-grandfather and I were just newly married; we lived in the country then. One thing that was done by the women of our town was to save the Sunday eggs, sell

them, and turn the money to the wheat fund.”

MARY Frances stood up, and put the baby over her shoulder, patting his back gently.

“You handle that baby very well, my dear. Couldn’t do better myself,” approved Gran, “but I was telling you . . . everybody was interested in watching the wheat fund grow. Oh, we had entertainments, auctioned off quilts we’d made—things like that, to raise money. Well, that fall, our ward gave a harvest ball. The admission per couple was a bushel of wheat.

“Pa and I were a little late getting to the dance, because he hadn’t sacked up the wheat until the last minute. I was in a dither, wanting to get there and show off my new dress. As we came to the door of the dance hall, we could hear the dance going in full swing. They had fine music, too—there were some mighty good players in our ward. I could hear the clomping of the men’s cowboy boots on the pine floor, dancing the quadrille. I tried to push past the ticket taker, to see if my friend Romania was there yet, and what her dress was like. Just as he lifted Pa’s wheat, I bumped into him. The sack slid from his hands. The string around the top came undone, and that bushel of wheat spilled all over the floor! Your great-grandfather’s face turned crimson, and he swore at me!”

“Gran, he didn’t!” Mary Frances exclaimed in mock horror, laughing as Gran went on.

“Rowen James was standing in the middle of the hall, calling out the dance in his sing-song chant. At sight of what happened, he sang out,

‘Everybody down on the floor—Gather up wheat ’till there ain’t no more—!’ and they all fell to, gathering it, laughing and shouting. My face was red as a beet. I didn’t dare look at Pa, he hated so to be made conspicuous. I hurried like mad, scooping up the wheat into my full skirt. Then, as I partly stooped to pour the wheat from my lap into a basket someone had brought, my hoops flipped up around my waist. There I stood, in my petticoats and white pantalettes. I pulled with all my might, but my skirt wouldn’t come down. Everyone was laughing fit to kill, and someone started to clap. I’ll never know how I ran from that hall, jerking at my skirt, my feet slipping and sliding on the wheat.” Gran wiped tears of laughter from her eyes. “It took me years to live it down.”

After a moment of giggling, Mary Fran asked, “How did the wheat fund turn out?”

“Oh, fine. We went way over the quota for our ward. Pa sent another bushel of wheat down to the bishop for fear that the other hadn’t all been gathered up.”

There was a moment of silence during which Gran and the girl looked each to her own dreams.

PRESENTLY, Gran spoke gently, “Remember, dear, it’s up to the women, after all is said and done. Sometimes, the hardest part of all is just staying at home and keeping things going, little, everyday things that don’t have much glory to them. I guess it would be nice to be out in front and have people saying you were prominent and wonderful, and all. It isn’t very exciting to stay at home on the same old job when so

many opportunities are calling—but, goodness me, here I am, gabbing away. What I really wanted, when you came in, Mary Fran, was to ask your advice.” Gran began rocking briskly.

“My advice! Whatever for, Gran?” Mary Frances spoke carefully over the shoulder of the sleeping baby.

“Well, it’s about this staying home, or going on to a better job. When you get to be my age, you’ve got a right to get a mite restless with the same old grind.”

“Why, Gran . . .”

“I’ve been thinking of applying for a job.”

“A job? Gee! At your age?”

“Why not? They’re thinking of opening up the Child Center again. This is confidential, so keep it to yourself . . .”

“Oh, I won’t breathe it to a soul.”

“Fine. Now, I happened to hear that they’d need kind of an elderly woman, to help tend the children. And I figure I’ve had plenty of experience, having raised three families, as you might say. Good pay, too. But your mother’s dead set against it.”

“She is?” Mary Frances asked faintly.

“Yes, she thinks my place is here, taking care of your baby. I hate to say this, but I think your mother’s just a bit old fashioned. But after she told me you were thinking of taking a job in Denver, I said to her, ‘And leave me here to take care of her child, when I might get a job myself? I guess not,’ I said. Now, of course, I knew you wouldn’t really expect me to do that, when you wouldn’t even be here to help with him at all. But your mother’s fit

to be tied! I told her, you can put the baby in a nursery school, or something . . .” Gran waved a hand vaguely, as if the baby’s problem were the least of her concern. She leaned forward confidentially, “And now, tell me, my dear, frankly, what do you think I should do?”

Mary Frances could only stare in speechless surprise, the hot color rising over her neck and face. Suddenly, Gran could not look into that astonished face, flushed and quivering with conflicting emotions. She rose and went hastily to the dresser, put away the burnt-wood box of keepsakes, and began putting on her hat.

Mary Frances stood still, cradling the baby in her thin young arms. She looked down into his rosy, sleeping face, and didn’t dare look up, for fear the sudden tears that scalded her eyelids would spill over. At last she said slowly, “But Gran, how could I leave him with anyone but you? Gee! I just couldn’t . . .”

“Why not?”

Fran looked up, her eyes filling. “Because I just couldn’t! Something—something might happen to him. And he’s all I’ve got—and if anything did, Joe would—” She gulped. “I guess Joe would just about die, because every letter, he says, ‘take care of our boy’—and—Gran, couldn’t you—I mean, really, I didn’t intend to go to Denver, I guess. I mean, of course I couldn’t pay you as much as the Child Center. But if I stay on, I might get a raise. And I know now I haven’t really appreciated all you’ve done. You must think me pretty stupid . . .”

Gran looked steadily into the mirror, unnecessarily adjusting the little

hat, which she'd had so long she'd often said she could put it on in the dark. She longed to put her arms around the troubled girl, but she knew she musn't make it too easy for her, yet. "Well, I haven't decided definitely, either—we'll talk it over again in the morning. Now, remember, not a word of this to your mother. I don't want her bossing me on my birthday. Sounds as if she's coming upstairs now. Where's my gloves? I never did see such a woman for getting things done as your mother. Your father used to say that he despaired of ever getting her out of the house to go anywhere until the work was all done. He said once that chances are, when her final call comes, if it should happen to be in the forenoon, the good Saint Peter would have to wait, keeping the pearly gates ajar, while Mary finished her dusting . . ." Gran rattled on, leaving Mary Frances to her own feelings.

Mary Stevens put her head in at the door. Her face was a little flushed, and she was panting, but every hair was in place, and she was dressed in a trim blue suit. "What have you two been talking about so long? Ready, Gran? I just saw Mr. Burbridge drive up."

Mary Frances went slowly on

downstairs to put the baby in his bed, and Gran whispered to Mary, "I think she'll be all right now. Don't worry, Mary. Like I've always said, 'take each day as it comes. Don't look too long at tomorrow.'"

They went out, across the lawn, toward the waiting car. "My, it's a beautiful day for a birthday," sighed Gran ecstatically. And indeed it was, with happiness everywhere, sparkling in the early spring sunshine, dancing in the spray of the lawn sprinklers, and smiling in the blue eyes of the little old lady whose good black silk rustled in anticipation.

"So very good of you to call for us," she murmured to Mr. Burbridge, as she settled into the back seat.

Mary leaned forward, talking briskly to Mr. Burbridge. But Maria Frances Jennings Ware was too excited to pay attention to them. She was enjoying the fresh, dressed-up look of the people on their way to church, and the Sunday appearance of the children, walking sedately with their elders. She had always wanted to see a broadcast. Would the choir and organ sound as well as they did over the radio? And how did they go at it, anyway?

TRANSITION

Margery S. Stewart

When I was in my springtime,
 I did not deign to say
 "Good morrow," save to a chosen few
 On the king's highway.
 But now I am in my winter,
 I walk abroad to see
 If, mayhap, I find one or two
 Who nod and speak to me.

Utah Pioneer Women Poets

Rose Thomas Graham

“Poetry is the human emotion seeking a way through the wilderness and struggle.”

DRAB would have been the lives of our Utah pioneers were it not for their singers and poets. Theirs, indeed, was wilderness and struggle in sagebrush lands. But God put poetry into the hearts of these brave people, and those who expressed this poetry gave hope to the sorrowful and discouraged and received joy themselves.

Talents were not hidden under a bushel. Though poverty and hard work were the heritage of the desert, though books were few and opportunities for education limited, particularly in the outlying settlements, many women expressed themselves in poetry which reflected the courage and vitality of pioneer life, as well as the lasting beauty and culture in the hearts of the women.

Though the principal theme of pioneer poetry was the establishment and growth of the Church and the work of women as mothers and homemakers, still, many of the authors were deeply interested in national and world affairs, in history and government, in geography and travel, and in the various religious movements beyond the borders of Utah. Some of the most significant poetry portrayed the grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of the arid valleys, the color of wild flowers on the hills, and the blue depths of the mountain lakes, the peace and comfort which the “promised land” gave to the latter-day pilgrims who had

spent so many years seeking a safe retreat in which to build their homes and establish the stakes of Zion.

Eliza R. Snow

Foremost among Latter-day Saint poets, stands Eliza R. Snow, the “sweet singer of Israel,” sister of Lorenzo Snow, fifth president of the Church. She received an excellent education and was associated in young girlhood with Alexander Campbell and other well-known religious leaders. Thus she became interested in the philosophy of Mormonism and became a member of the Church. Having cast her lot with the saints, she followed their migrations from Ohio to Missouri and into Illinois. In every phase of pioneer history she was a leader among women, and became the secretary in the first Relief Society organization.

Eliza R. Snow has truly been called the poet laureate of Mormonism, for she celebrated in vibrant verse the history of the Church. For subject material she used the arrival of the saints in their various temporary homes and their forced departures to new locations. She wrote of events in the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith and portrayed his teachings in her poems. She told of the beauties of Nauvoo and the sadness of the exodus.

This cultured woman, frail of stature, drove an ox team part of the

way across the plains. She shared in all the hardships and ministered tirelessly to those who were ill or discouraged, those who had suffered the loss of loved ones, and those who seemed to regret leaving their comfortable homes for the precarious life of the wilderness.

Her tasks in the valleys of the mountains embraced a multitude of very different skills. She became proficient in spinning, weaving, sewing, and other household tasks. She was an ordinance worker in the temples; she cared for the sick, comforted those who mourned, and assisted all who came to her for counsel and advice.

While traveling in Europe with her brother Lorenzo and other Church officials, Eliza R. Snow was greatly impressed by the beauty of the landscape and by the old buildings and the history connected with them. Her description of Florence is typical of her impressions during this visit:

Beneath high, villa-dotted hills,
That in succession rise
Like rich, gemmed parapets around,
The lovely Florence lies.

It was, however, her visit to the Holy Land that touched Eliza R. Snow the most deeply, and she was forever grateful for what seemed to her a sacred privilege:

I go to place my feet upon the land
Where once the Prince of Peace, the Son
of God
Was born—where once he lived and
walked and preached

“Sister Eliza,” as she was affectionately called, became the first General President of Relief Society in Utah, and in this capacity she



ELIZA R. SNOW

traveled extensively and delivered hundreds of inspirational addresses which, in themselves, were literary masterpieces. The development of the ideals and the great accomplishments of Relief Society became marvelous as shaped by the women of pioneer times, and the intelligent mind and brilliant talents of Eliza R. Snow contributed much to this development. In writing of the Relief Society, Sister Snow explained its mission:

It is an institution formed to bless
The poor, the widow, and the fatherless;
To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
And in the holy paths of virtue lead.

“O My Father,” the famous song lyric written by Eliza R. Snow, is regarded as a masterpiece and its lines are known and loved all over the world, and revered by many people who are not members of the Church.

Here the simplicity of wording, the power of inspiration, and the theme of a great message are combined to make this song "the living letter of music." Charles Dana Gibson, Editor of the New York Sun, in 1897 listed this poem as first in his list of the ten best poems in the English language. The poet of the Mormon migrations, the sweet singer of the valleys, became known far beyond the boundaries of Utah.

It is in honor of this pioneer poet that the Eliza R. Snow Memorial Prize Poem Contest is conducted by the General Board of Relief Society, and the women of today who enter their poems in this contest are following in the pathway of one who sang her way to a place of usefulness and beauty forever in the hearts of Latter-day Saint women.

There's a depth in the soul, that's beyond
the reach
Of all earthly sound—of all human speech,
A fiber too sacred and pure to chime
With the cold, dull music of Earth and
Time

Hannah Tapfield King

Hannah T. King, "a leader from England," became a leader among the women of Utah, where she taught school for a number of years, and also contributed prose articles and poems to the *Woman's Exponent*.

Some of her poems were written as advice to young girls, and two books, popular with the English aristocracy, came from her pen: *The Toilet*, dedicated to "her girls" and *The Eras*, dedicated to "her boys."

Exemplifying her work, is this poem:



Courtesy, Kate B. Carter

HANNAH T. KING

TO A YOUNG LADY FRIEND

Walk slowly, walk softly, walk calmly
along,
Seeking wisdom to guide and direct;
That hereafter, when mingling in life's
busy throng,
It will plainly be seen to what class you
belong,
And may that be God's own elect.

Notable among the writings of Hannah King, is an epic poem dedicated to President John Taylor. Following the true epic panorama, the poem gives a view of Church history, detailing events from the time of the Prophet Joseph Smith to the arrival of Brigham Young's company at the place which was to become Great Salt Lake City. This poem portrays much exaltation of spirit and deals vividly with the stirring events of pioneer history. Going beyond the presentation of the

events themselves, the poet probes the hearts of the people to discover their motives and their purposes, their patriotic and religious sentiments.

Hannah King's poem "Let There Be Light," which was published in 1884 in the *Woman's Exponent*, reveals the poet's attitude toward faith in God and the relationship of faith to the world of nature:

Light . . . what a world of wealth is light!
In all its grandeur, all its might.
Light is indeed direct from heaven,
The grandest boon to mortals given;

.

And wheresoever it may shine
It tells of life and light divine.
This genial, life-engendering light
Brings untold beauties into sight;
No blade of grass could raise its head,
No floweret leave its leafy bed,
Did not this light upon it shine,
The very breath of light divine

Sarah E. Carmichael (Williamson)

Sarah E. Carmichael, born in Long Island in 1838, was called the "Golden Singer of the Wasatch" and the "Patriot Poet." One writer speaks of her as "a spirit throbbing with feeling and ideas." At the early age of seventeen she had many ambitious poems published in newspapers and magazines. But her mind was too big; it failed her when she was but thirty. Had she, in later life, retained the brilliance of her youth, she might have been listed among the great poets of the nation.

She wrote with acute perception, with deep significance. Her work was marked by delicacy and strength.

Her poem "Moonrise on the Wasatch" shows delicacy and a tender beauty:

The wind seemed far, yet darkness was
not deep



Courtesy, The Salt Lake Tribune

SARAH CARMICHAEL

The languid air crept to the rose's lips and
perished there

One of her poems, combining strength and delicacy, is "The Mines," which was greatly admired by William Cullen Bryant. He changed the title to "The Origin of Gold" and included the poem in his great collection *A Library of Poetry and Song*. Part of this famous poem is quoted below:

There's a light that burns with a quench-
less glow,
In the wide deep caverns of earth below;
Like the fire that lives on the Parsee's
shrine
Is the amber torch of the lighted mine.
Burning forever, steadily bright;
Burning forever, so still and deep,
Flickering never, a changeless light;
Proud and passionless, still and fair;
Burning forever, without a glare;
A quenchless flame in a dreamless sleep . . .

The matchless ode "Abraham Lincoln's Funeral" is considered Sarah Carmichael's masterpiece. Here great strength and vigor mingle with a deep compassion. Many critics have placed this great ode as equal, if not superior, to Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain."

Toll! Toll!

All rivers seaward wend.
Toll! Toll!

Weep for the Nation's friend

Toll! Toll!

Bound is the reaper's sheaf—
Toll! Toll!

All mortal life is brief
Toll! Toll!

Weep for the Nation's Chief!

.

Never again—no more—
Comes back to earth the life that goes
Hence to the Eden shore!

Let him rest! it is not often
That his soul has known repose;
Let him rest!—they rest but seldom
Whose successes challenge foes.
He was weary-worn with watching;
His life-crown of power hath pressed



Courtesy, Kate B. Carter

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON

Oft on temples sadly aching—
He was weary, let him rest.
Toll, bells at the Capital!
Bells of the land, toll!
Sob out your grief with brazen lungs—
Toll! Toll! Toll!

Augusta Joyce Crocheron

Augusta Joyce Crocheron, born in Boston, was taken by her parents, at the age of two, to live in San Francisco. Years later, she came with her family to Utah and served as secretary in both the Relief Society and Y. L. M. I. A. Her mother was called "The Mormon Nightingale." Of Augusta, herself, Emmeline B. Wells once wrote: "She seemed to me to always have the wrong setting; so refined, so gentle, so desirous of everything beautiful, and yet denied them all."

She is author of three books, *Wild Flowers of Deseret*, *The Children's Book*, and *Representative Women of Deseret*. At the time she died, in 1915, she was also working on a story

of The Book of Mormon in verse. Following are excerpts from two of her longer poems:

LUCY SMITH

The Prophet's mother! On her breast
The sacred infant slept.
From infancy to youth, her love
Its faithful watch care kept;
And from his life—a gentle child's—
Whose earliest words she taught,
Her ear and heart with joy received
The wondrous truths he brought.

SALT LAKE CITY

All the valley lay in shadows
Cast by clouds that hid the sun;
Ripened grain fields, em'rald meadows,
Shining lines where waters run. . . .

Emmeline B. Wells

"Aunt Em," a dear little lady who loved pale blue in a neckpiece or as a trimming and who, on April 29th, 1921, was laid tenderly away in a blue-gray casket, is well remembered by many still living.

Emmeline B. Wells was born Emmeline Woodward, in Petersham, Massachusetts, February 29th, 1828, of English descent. At an early age she had a strong leaning toward literature and did some writing. This probably led to her later profession.

In 1842 the fourteen-year-old girl was baptized, and, in 1844, her mother sent her to Nauvoo, fearing the influence of her many friends who were not in sympathy with the Latter-day Saint religion. She, however, remained staunch in her belief.

At Winter Quarters she followed the teaching profession until her journey to the "Valley" in 1848 where, almost from the time of her arrival, she was engaged in public labors for the benefit of women.

Two years after her husband, Bishop Newell K. Whitney, died, she married Daniel H. Wells, and



EMMELINE B. WELLS

spent the rest of her life in security with her family. Annie Wells Cannon, one of her three daughters, was a writer and well-known figure in the Church.

The *Woman's Exponent*, established in 1872, was edited by Lula Greene Richards until 1877, when Brigham Young appointed Emmeline B. Wells as the second editor. One year before this time, President Young had commissioned Mrs. Wells to head the grain-storing movement among women, which duty she faithfully performed.

In October 1910, President Joseph F. Smith appointed Emmeline as General President of the Relief Society, a position which she held until her release, only three weeks before her death, April 25th, 1921.

At a Professional and Business Women's Convention held in Mackinac Island, Michigan, in 1929, Em-

meline B. Wells was voted the outstanding woman of Utah—the one who had given the greatest service to her State. On this occasion she was impersonated by Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a little, ladylike teacher of West High School, who wore Mrs. Wells' paisley shawl, and resembled her in face and figure.

On the one-hundredth anniversary of Emmeline's birth (February 29th, 1928), a marble statue of her, the work of Cyrus E. Dallin, was unveiled at the Utah State Capitol. It was the gift of the State in remembrance of the women of the State, and the first bust in Utah's Hall of Fame. At that time the bust was draped with the same paisley shawl worn by Miss Fitzgerald.

Emmeline B. Wells wrote much prose and poetry, in the *Exponent* and elsewhere. Her second volume of poems was published when she was eighty-seven years of age. The song "Our Mountain Home So Dear" is one of her lyrics.

The following excerpts give an idea of her trials, and her later joy in the security of her home and family:

SOMEWHERE

I see adown the shadows of long years
The faint dim outlines of a dreamy land...
The keenest hopes and joys my life has
known,
And silent griefs which I have borne alone.

THE DEAR OLD GARDEN

My dear old garden! Still I call it mine;
And mine it is, for in its grateful shade
My children and my children's children
played

A FRAGMENT

I only place my hand in thine, and all my
pulses thrill to thee—
An indefinable, transporting joy which lifts
my soul in ecstasy.

Emily Hill Woodmansee

Emily Hill Woodmansee, born in England, came to Utah at the age of twenty with the handcart company of 1856. She walked the entire distance of one thousand miles, pulling a handcart all the way. Writing of hardships endured, she said: "I was the youngest of eleven living children, fully enjoying privileges accorded the youngest. . . . Truly,

I never knew what trouble was
'Til I became a Mormon. . . .

Her well-known hymn "Providence Is Over All" speaks of her faith and trust:

When dark and drear the skies appear,
And doubt and dread would thee enthrall,
Look up, nor fear, the day is near,
And Providence is over all.



Courtesy, Kate B. Carter

EMILY H. WOODMANSEE

Lines from her poem "Misunderstood" reveal her sensitive mind:

How can a stranger in their grief take part,
Whose greatest trouble can be least explained?

How can a stranger soothe the aching heart,
Whose sorrow must be silently sustained?

*Sarah E. Russell and
Isabel Russell Johnson*

These sisters, writing under the names of "Hope" and "Millicent," respectively, were born in Canada, where the gospel was brought to their parents by Parley P. Pratt.

Their family, with others, suffered mob violence and many trials. Isabel tells of a harrowing experience:

One morning the mob came, ordering father to bring out the whole family, saying they would kill them all, starting with the children. Without a word, Father brought out an old shawl, spreading it on the ground, then, one child at a time, and last, taking baby Sarah from her mother's arms, put her down. Facing the mob, he raised his right hand to heaven and said,



ISABEL RUSSELL JOHNSON
("Millicent")



SARAH E. RUSSELL
("Hope")

"There they are. Shoot, if God will let you!" Awed and subdued, the mob slunk away.

These sisters were prominent in Church organizations in Salt Lake City; later, both lived in Mexico. Poems of each, quoted in part, present their talents:

THREE EVENING SHADOWS

By Millicent

Creeping down, creeping down,
Shadows with a golden crown . . .
'Tis thus the shades of evening fall
In youth, when trustfulness o'er all
A tender beauty throws . . .

Falling down, falling down,
Shadows with a sable crown . . .

Thus when the veil is rent apart
And troubles gather round the heart . . .

Falling down, gently down,
Shadows with a snowy crown . . .

Thus when the ills of life are past,
And that far shore is won at last,
Where shadows never fall . . .

PATCHWORK

By Hope

'Tis not genteel, they tell me now,
To make a patchwork quilt;
'Tis sign of poverty they vow,
And poverty is guilt
In worldly eyes—well let it be;
But you and I should clearer see.
I think it is a branch of art
That forms a good, important part
In home economy and joy,
And pleasant hours without alloy
May thus be spent in social chat,
While fingers fly this way and that,
Forming designs of light and shade
Until a perfect piece is made. . . .

Hannah Cornaby

Hannah Cornaby wrote:

If I am given one talent, I am accountable to the Giver for the proper use of same. . . . I write the story of my life, that my poems may be better understood. Born in England, the eldest of the family, I was early taught to love the Being who made this earth so beautiful. . . .

Her story reveals a colorful and romantic life. Both she and her husband, through their wonderful faith, experienced many miraculous healings. A poem of nineteen pages, "Crossing the Atlantic," describes nine months of travel and hardship. She walked more than one thousand miles from Council Bluffs to Utah, but she said, "All was repaid at sight of the city of the saints."

Following are lines from some of her poems:

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

A Reminiscence

In January, fifty-three, we left our English home,
Determined for the gospel's sake to Zion's land to come. . . .

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS

The favored flowers of other lands
Have claimed the poet's powers;
But let our harp be tuned in praise
Of Utah's native flowers.

The hymn, "Who's on the Lord's Side, Who?" is from Hannah Cornaby's pen.

Lucinda Lee Dalton

This poet, writing under the name of Lu Dalton, was born in Alabama, in 1847. She came to Utah in 1849. She began teaching at the age of fifteen, and taught school for thirty-five years in Ogden and in several cities in Southern Utah. Her earlier years were spent in San Bernardino, California, where her father, John P. Lee, with others, had been called by Brigham Young to settle.

She was a great lover of nature, and author of many poems appearing in the *Woman's Exponent*. Following are lines from her poem "Indian Summer:"

Fair Indian Summer, mellow, calm and sweet,
Another of thy golden days is done;
In mystic silence glide thy viewless feet
While sinks again to rest thy gorgeous sun.
The herd's faint lowing from the meadow dells
Floats like an echo on the dreamy air.
The mellow tinkle of their distant bells
Suggests faint music from cathedrals fair.

Lula Greene Richards

This poet, appearing under the name of "Lulu," wrote of herself: "I was born at twelve o'clock noon, April 8, 1849, a bright, smiling Easter Sunday, at Kanessville, Council Bluffs, Iowa."

She crossed the plains when she was between three and four years of age, but she remembered the trials endured. Twice she nearly lost her

life—once when the oxen plunged over an embankment, and again when she was knocked off a boat. At this time her dress caught on a nail and a man was able to reach down and rescue her.

She wrote: "At six, I was a real Latter-day Saint." Reaching womanhood, she became a teacher in Sunday School, a secretary in Relief Society, and served in other Church capacities.

Her literary talents were discernible at an early age. She was only twenty-three years old when she was called to be editor of the new publication for the women of the Church, *The Woman's Exponent*. President Young gave Miss Greene this important work as a mission and blessed her in it. Her brilliant and well-trained mind was a significant influence in shaping the policy of this publication, and her personality and her ideals are still reflected in our Church publications. In 1873, soon after she had assumed her editorial responsibilities, Lula Greene became the wife of Levi Willard Richards, and, in 1877, because of increased family duties, she resigned as editor of the *Exponent*.

Her writing days, however, were not over and she continued to contribute to all the Church magazines and to local newspapers and periodicals as well. She became the mother of seven gifted children, among them, the artist Lee Greene Richards.

This cultured and gifted woman, who remembered the crossing of the plains, died in September 1944, at the age of ninety-five, the last of the great pioneer women poets.

Her book *Branches That Run Over the Wall* contains many beau-



LULA GREENE RICHARDS

tiful nature lyrics, as well as more pretentious poems. "The Segó Lily," quoted, in part, below, is one of her best-known compositions:

What other flower so well could represent
thee,
Dear Utah, in high courts where kings
may tread,
As the white sego, which once kindly lent
thee
For thy new guests, new hopes, when hope
had fled!

There were other women poets in pioneer days, but these are names that appeared most often, and these selections present but few of the words they wrote. Only when a book is compiled on the subject, can early songs and poems be adequately quoted and an insight be gained into the valor and sensitivity that gave expression to "human emotion" in pioneer days.

A Place in the Country

THE CURTAINS

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the second in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

JOHN and Ellen Martin stood at the window looking out over the two and a half acres that were theirs, or would be in the course of ten years or so. It was mid-July, and the scrawny apples on the nearest tree were turning red. A few daisies and pansies bloomed in the neglected garden.

"Our place in the country," Ellen mused, leaning her dark head against her husband's shoulder. "We have waited nine years for it, but it's worth it. Betty looks better already, and you've coughed very little since we left Chicago."

"I was beginning to think you'd have to give up living on a farm when you found that ad in the paper," John replied, putting his arm around her.

Then they turned and looked again at the room they had just finished arranging. The woodwork and floor were spotless, but the paper was faded and cracked. There was a worn blue rug, much too small, two rocking chairs, a small table with a vase of daisies, and a bright picture of dancing nymphs over the grate.

"Nice," Ellen said. "Sometime we'll have a davenport over against that wall and a bookcase in that corner."

"For our six books," John laughed.

Ellen paid no attention. "But we can have curtains now. I've saved fifteen dollars." She picked up her purse from the table and looked to

make sure, and then continued, "Sheer curtains that won't shut out the sunshine—ruffled ones—don't you think, draped back?"

"Yes, ruffles, by all means." John drew Ellen to him and kissed her. "I've known we'd have ruffled curtains for nine, long years."

Ellen pulled away, a little offended. Then she laughed, too. "Let's go to town now and get the material. I could have them up for Sunday—the front ones, anyway. Some of the neighbors might come to call, you know." She picked up her purse again and started for the bedroom. "You call the children while I get ready."

As the ancient Ford turned onto the highway, Ellen looked back. "It looks much better than it did a week ago. You've done wonders, John. It'll really look elegant when the curtains are up."

The town was busy as country towns are on Saturday afternoons. There were so many cars that John parked some distance from the general store and they walked slowly along, enjoying the sights so unusual to their eyes accustomed to the streets of a big city.

The children, a little ahead, had stopped in front of a grain store. "Hurry," Johnny shouted, jumping up and down in excitement. "Come, see the puppies."

There was a window full of them, all kinds and colors, rolling over each

other. "I choose that one," the boy exclaimed, pointing to a tan and white furry ball. "He's beautiful."

It had long been a game with the children to make choices of things they saw in store windows—clothes, shoes, books, toys. Of course, they never expected to have them, but it was fun anyway.

"Which do you choose?" Johnny asked his sister.

"I like the same one. He's so soft looking and, see, he doesn't bite to hurt at all. He's just playing."

"We must hurry," their father urged. "The store won't be open much longer." He took Johnny's hand and they went on.

An obliging clerk got down bolt after bolt of curtain material before Ellen saw what she wanted. It was snowy white with tiny dots. "How much?" she asked.

"Fifty-nine cents," the girl answered, and started to unroll it.

"Twice fifty-nine—one eighteen. Six windows. Twelve times one eighteen," Ellen figured scarcely above a whisper, frowning a little in her concentration. "Yes, that will be just right."

"Where's Johnny?" Betty asked in a loud, anxious voice.

"Why, he was right here," John replied, looking around the store.

"We must find him." Ellen hastily turned from the counter and they hurried out.

THEY looked up and down the street where cars were traveling in both directions and some boys were galloping their horses. Ellen's face went white. John asked all who passed if they had seen a small boy in a blue suit. His voice was calm, but he started to cough.

"The puppies," Betty cried suddenly and ran down the street. John and Ellen followed. And there he was, his little face pressed against the glass.

"Don't scold him," Ellen whispered.

"He likes me," Johnny's voice was shrill. Just then the puppy came over and licked the glass in front of the boy's face with a bright pink tongue. "Oh, I wish I could touch him just once." His voice was low now as though he did not want to startle the puppy.

"Come," his father spoke gruffly, taking his hand. "Come, or mother won't get her curtains."

"Don't want curtains. Want to watch puppies." Johnny began to cry and pulled away.

Ellen marched into the store. "How much are they?" she asked of the man who came to meet her.

"Well, different prices. Which one do you mean?"

"The tan and white one."

"The Scotch collie? He's fifteen dollars."

"So much!" Ellen exclaimed.

"That black one is ten. The little spotted fox terrier is only three. But the collie is the best. What do you want a dog for?"

"Well, for the children—and—for a watch dog."

"The collie would be fine then. All collies have good dispositions and they grow big enough to be good watch dogs."

Ellen turned to leave and saw her son's face through the glass. It was as full of happiness now as the pictured face of an angel she had seen once in an art gallery. She opened her purse. "Here," she said, "I'll take him."

The man reached into the window and lifted out the puppy as three pairs of eyes gazed in surprise.

Ellen went out of the store and put the puppy in Johnny's arms.

"Is he ours?" he asked when he was able to speak at all.

"Yes," she answered. "Now we'll go home. Let Betty carry him to the car. You have to be very careful of puppies, you know."

The children started on, talking happily.

"But your curtains," John said. "You wanted them so badly."

"Did I?" Ellen smiled at him.

She was still a little pale. "It's a bad habit I have—wanting things."

"Well, it's all that's got us this far. But you shouldn't have done it." John took her arm as she stumbled on the uneven pavement.

When she next spoke her tone was a little belligerent. "Anyway, who ever heard of a place in the country without a dog?"

"When the neighbors come to call they will probably think who ever heard of a house without curtains," John retorted.

By the time they caught up with the children, they were both laughing.

HONEYMOON GARDEN

Blanche Kendall McKey

My heart all day was a humming bird,
With never a regal song to sing—
A sun-mad fay with spirit stirred,
A tiny flame on wing.

"O gossamer flight, strain not for the blue,
Nor reach for the moving sun!"
I kissed the buds, a'sheen with dew—
The buds and I were one.

The breath of the mignonette was mine,
The gold of the daffodil;
Poor bleeding hearts forgot to pine,
And the roving wind stood still.

I heard the song of the quickened earth
In a trailing rose, arching high,
And its gentle lilt, too deep for mirth,
Seemed to reach the sky.

O silver wings, so soon to fold,
How sweet the day, how glad, how free!
I could not reach the sun, nor hold,
But the sun came down and laughed with me.

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

III—HANDCART PIONEERS

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the ninth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

THE handcart pioneers included not only men and women of faith, courage, and brotherly love, but also youths and even children who, by the manner in which they bore trials and hardships, likewise demonstrated these same qualities. In the Daniel Robinson Company, which crossed the plains in 1860, and was the last but one of the handcart expeditions, there was a little motherless girl of ten years, who courageously shared responsibility with her father in the care of her two little brothers, age eight and six.

She was Isabel Siddoway, who became a much beloved mother in Zion. She married Elder Francis Armstrong, a devoted Latter-day Saint, who later became one of Salt Lake's most successful and prominent business men, and a civic leader, serving two terms as mayor of the city. Mrs. Armstrong was the mother of eleven children and numerous grandchildren who are an honor to their parents. She is represented on the General Board of Relief Society today by a granddaughter, our own Isabel Barton Callister, who is proud to bear the name of this noble ancestor.

Robert and Elizabeth Dawson Siddoway, parents of Isabel, lived in North Cumberland, England, where

they accepted the gospel, and from which place they emigrated to America in 1855. They lived temporarily in the East, where the young mother passed away, leaving the father and the three little children, Isabel, Richard, and Robert, to continue the journey to Zion without her. They left Nebraska June 7, 1860, and arrived in the Valley on September 27. While this was considered one of the most peaceful and successful of such journeys, to little Isabel, who walked nearly every step of the way, it was a severe and trying undertaking. She feared the Indians, wild animals and insects, and was afraid to sleep out in the open. And she had never before known hunger and want.

Speaking of her pioneer journey, Mrs. Armstrong in her autobiographical sketch says:

The journey being longer than we expected, our clothing, shoes, and provisions grew very scanty long before we reached our destination. Our shoes were so badly worn that at night, after a long day's walk over the rough ground, I would have to pick the pebbles from my little brother's torn and bleeding feet, as well as my own. When we were near Laramie, Wyoming, our provisions grew very short, so much so that each person was rationed to one-half pound of flour a day. Sister Hannah Capish, one of the members of our company, had some jewelry she had brought from England with her. She took it to a trading post and exchanged it for seven

hundred pounds of flour, which greatly relieved our want until we were met by a relief party at Green River sent out by President Brigham Young with 2500 pounds of flour and 500 pounds of bacon, which lasted until we reached the Valley. We were very fortunate in only having one death during our journey, and that being a little child. After arriving in Salt Lake City, we looked upon the then almost barren country, and compared it to the green fields and comfortable homes we had left in old England. Was it any wonder that we were heartsick and disappointed with our new surroundings! With a little band of people, a scattered house, and a green field here and there, very little to eat and less to wear, the first few years of our homemaking were very trying. But with one aim, and having been driven from place to place on account of our religious belief, which made us almost as united as one large family, this little band of courageous people turned a desert into the beautiful city we now have.

Sister Armstrong often remarked, with feeling, that the Mormon pioneers were the most courageous people the world has ever known. Sister Armstrong was the second president of the Daughters of the Handcart Pioneers and served a number of years in that capacity.

* * * *

Emily Wall, a beautiful young girl of fifteen years and her brother Joseph, eighteen, traveled with the Martin Company. They had left England with a blessing and a promise that they would both reach Salt Lake Valley. The brother became ill on the way, and the company thought it best that he be left behind. They told the sister he could come on later when he was better. Emily couldn't bear the thought of this. She remembered the promise

made to them in England and she offered to pull her brother on her cart if only he would be allowed to go on. Her request was finally granted and, with the aid of a small girl, she pulled her brother for three days until they reached Devil's Gate. Here the rescuers from Utah met the party. A young man named William Cowley came to her assistance. William was so impressed with this fine, brave, unselfish girl, that he asked her if she would marry him some day. She consented, providing he received her mother's permission. Thus a romance grew out of her misfortune.

Three years later, after he had finished a special mission to San Bernardino, William came to hold her to her promise. When she reminded him that she must have her mother's consent, he replied that this he had already received by mail. The marriage took place and they were blessed with thirteen children.

In the Martin Company were two Middletons — William and John (the latter only sixteen years old), grandfather and father of Dr. George W. Middleton. Like Dr. Middleton himself, they had hearts of gold and were filled with compassion and tenderness toward women and little children who were walking day after day. This man and boy were in charge of a provision wagon of the company and it was their custom to pick up tired little children and babes from their mothers' arms and give them a ride in the wagon for a rest and change. These kind acts brought relief and refreshment to those weary ones.

(Note: The writer is indebted to Mrs. Kate B. Carter, President of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, for the substance of the last two incidents.)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1887

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

THE FIRST OF JUNE: Today, the first of June, is the anniversary of the birth of the late President Brigham Young, one of the greatest and best men that ever lived upon the earth. Brigham Young was born in 1801 . . . He died in 1877. . . . Brigham Young favored woman's suffrage, believed that women should have the privilege of voting on all questions and held liberal views in regards to the rights of women in the home and elsewhere. He was anxious that the women of Zion should have a paper which should be the exponent of their views upon all important questions of the age, and urged the sisters to give free expression to their sentiments through its columns.
—Editorial.

ITEMS FROM ENGLAND: As a mother, Queen Victoria has been an example to her subjects and from children the princes and princesses have been taught to be useful, domesticated, and as polite to the lowest members of their mother's household as to the highest. It was said that Princess Alice was ever proud she had been taught to sew, and when in her home in Darmstadt she used to make nearly all her children's dresses . . . Learning is never an encumbrance, we often need it when we have let golden opportunities pass. As a Queen our Sovereign has never been excelled, and to her credit be it said she has kept her court the most refined, pure, and cultivated in the whole world.—Marion.

THOUGHTS ON MY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY: Do we wish our dearest earthly treasures to go forth into the cold world with no pleasant reflections of their early home . . . On this day so many things of the past have come up in my memory . . . and I have been asking how well I have performed my duties as a wife and mother in Zion. . . . Is not the mother a guiding star of the daughter, and can the son be censured if he follows in the footsteps of his father? God help our children and have mercy on us as parents if we place not purity and truth before them.—V. O.

Shady bowers, restful hours,
Fill our hearts with love!
In heartfelt praise, our voices raise
To One who dwells above.

Zephyrs sighing, day is dying,
Footsteps homeward roam.
In this way we passed a day
Near our mountain home.

—May L. Marler

FROM APACHE COUNTY, ARIZONA: I would advise all to lay by such articles as they need . . . needles, pins, buttons, thimbles, thread, wool cards, bleached muslin, linen, and all needful things; we had better prepare such things and not need them, than to need them and not be able to get them.—M.B.

NEWS NOTE: Mrs. Polk, widow of President Polk, keeps her health and memory at the age of four score and more.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY: Never purchase anything too costly to correspond with your belongings, as it will only create a desire for more to match it . . . Make what you have look as nice as you can.—C. E. W.

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT died on March 9th. After Susan B. Anthony's death, Mrs. Catt became the leader of the women of America in their struggle for suffrage and their eventual victory in 1920. Her last public appearance was at a dinner in her honor, sponsored by the United Nations Association, on her eighty-eighth birthday, in January. Then Mrs. Catt urged all women of the world to work for peace.

WITH high praise from the First Presidency of the Church for her loyalty and faithfulness, Miss Bertha Irvine, a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has retired after fifty years' service as confidential secretary to the Presidency. Her first position was secretary to Wilford Woodruff, who became president of the Church in 1889 at the age of eighty-two.

MRS JENNIE CLAPLOW HOWELL, widow of Reese Howell and mother of Judge J. A. Howell of Ogden, celebrated her hundredth birthday with another son, W. C. Howell of Los Angeles. A native of England, she arrived in Ogden May 10, 1869, on the first Union Pacific railroad train to bring passengers to Utah. She remembers the Bannock Indian raids of 1878.

AT a pageant in which 150 participants presented Mount Pleasant history in tableaux, drama, dancing, and music, Mrs. Anne Porter Nelson, ninety-one, was crowned queen of the celebration. She is the only survivor of the original band of pioneers who arrived there in 1859.

DURING the past fifteen years Mrs. Alice F. Mahoney of Fresno, California, has reared seventy orphaned children. She adopted, among others, children of servicemen who were killed in the war, in cases where the mothers could not look after them.

ONE of the hard-pressed mothers of Germany helps to solve the problem of her family's existence by raising, in her overcrowded kitchen, great colonies of white mice for laboratory experiments in hospitals. Her children scour the woods daily for leaves and grass for the sustenance of the tiny creatures.

MRS. ROXEY STOWELL ROMNEY of St. George, Utah, widow of Erastus Snow Romney, is a new appointee to the Board of Regents of the University of Utah. Mrs. Romney, mother of four children, is Washington County librarian and a member of the stake Sunday School board. For ten years she was literature leader in stake and ward Relief Societies.



Fine Raiment

THE journals and diaries in which our forefathers recorded their daily experiences, their plans, and their hopes, have now become a choice part of our heritage. There is a wealth of faith, courage, and enduring wisdom revealed in the writings of the men and women who "reared stately columns in the land of Deseret."

One pioneer, who lived through the bitter cold of winter in a dugout, wrote a daily account of hardships and hunger, but he recorded, also, his wealth of faith and joy. "We were always hungry and cold, but we managed to clothe our spirits in fine raiment."

This valiant Latter-day Saint helped to build the magnificent Manti temple on the very hill in which he had once made his dugout home. He and all his people were proud of the marble edifice which they built during their years of poverty and sacrifice.

Temple workers came from the valleys to the north and from the towns to the south. They arose before dawn and made the long journey of many hours in the stinging blizzards of winter that they might perform the sacred ordinances

In subduing the arid valleys, there was much hard work and the stern requirements of making a living could never be forgotten, but there was a constant striving for fine raiment to clothe the spirit. The pio-

neers did not expect their tasks to be easy, rather they prayed for strength to overcome the difficulties and the dangers of the frontier.

Many journals speak of the responsibility which our forefathers felt towards themselves and towards their posterity in establishing an enduring commonwealth based upon the virtues which they felt would bring lasting strength and happiness to the unknown generations destined to reap a rich spiritual harvest from the ideals which the pioneers nurtured in the mountain valleys. Like all great builders, they looked beyond their own span of mortal life toward the time when their dreams would blossom for their children's children.

One devout pioneer expressed this thought as follows:

I fancy my children in generations to come wondering who their ancestor was and where he came from and what were the circumstances under which he came to America and why he came. I do not think a man does his duty to posterity when he leaves them entirely in ignorance concerning these important matters. I picture to myself the families of my descendants in the coming millenium, having in their possession a record of the labors of their forefathers.

It is the realization that no person should live unto himself alone, but rather that he should assume his responsibilities in the eternal plan, that gives the spirit its fine raiment.

V. P. C.

Instructions to Magazine Representatives and Subscribers

1. Orders should be legibly written, preferably in ink or typewritten.
2. Names, streets, and cities should be spelled correctly.
3. Street numbers should be accurate, not "about".
4. Correct city and state should be given. Many times there are cities by the same name in more than one state.
5. Subscriptions should be renewed in the same name as the original subscription. Confusion is caused when a subscription is sent in the individual's given name one year and in her husband's name the next year.
6. When there is more than one subscriber by the same name in a ward some further identification should be used, a middle initial, etc. This is especially true in a small town where there are no street addresses.
7. Subscribers should immediately notify the General Board of a change of address. The post office does not forward *Magazines* unless postage is sent and the post office *does not return Magazines* to the General Board. Subscribers many times miss numbers of the *Magazine* due to their failure to notify the General Board of change of address. *The former address must always accompany the new address.*
8. Subscribers should notify the General Board within a month any failure to receive their *Magazine*.
9. After July 1, the General Board will be unable to furnish any back numbers. Therefore, all subscriptions must reach the office of the General Board at least a month in advance of expiration. Hereafter, it will not be possible to obtain the July issue in which the previews and the first lessons appear after the month of July. Only the current issue will be furnished.
It is suggested that a subscription be taken in the name of the ward and stake Relief Societies for the purpose of binding.
10. The name of the ward and stake must appear on all orders.
11. Lists should be carefully checked to see that money remitted and the names listed on the order agree.
12. Money order or check is the best method of remittance. *Magazine* representatives are advised against remitting currency. Representatives are permitted to deduct the cost of money orders, but no deduction should be made when personal check is used by the representative.
13. It is suggested that a *Magazine* representative keep a copy of each order so that mistakes may be better understood and corrected.

Magazine representatives are advised that all subscriptions sent to the General Board on or after July 1, 1947 are to be charged for at the increased rate of \$1.50 per year. All subscriptions received at the General Board office which are post-office dated on or before June 30, 1947 will require only the \$1 rate.

Entertaining at a Cabin in the Canyon

Ethel Colton Smith

WITH summer here again and the beauties of the canyons beckoning to the out-of-doors, our thoughts turn once more to trips and outings. If yours is a family of outdoor enthusiasts, no doubt your home has already been the scene of exciting activity in preparation for the first canyon trip of the season.

If you count among your family possessions a cabin in the canyon, the conversation at your dinner table has probably been running something like this: "I wonder if that out-sized rainbow trout in the hole below the bridge will have forgotten the time we almost landed him last summer and will be lured to the hook by the special fly we have for him now." "Do you suppose the porch step has been scraped thin by the old grandfather porcupine who developed such a fondness for that spot last summer after the dog spilled his pan of milk there?"

Being the mother in a home where such things are going on, you, too, may be excited and eager to begin the summer fun. Or perhaps your enthusiasm lags a little because you realize all too well the amount of work involved in the trips now being planned. You may be seeing in your mind's eye the many little boys who are eagerly awaiting their turn to be invited by your son for two or three days at the cabin, little boys who seem to have such bottomless cavi-

ties inside their small bodies which they are intent on filling at frequent intervals all through the day. It may be your daughter's crowd of adolescent girls that you picture, who will keep you awake far into the night with their talking and laughing. Or perhaps you are thinking of different groups of your own friends whom you will want to invite for overnight or a few days, and you are wondering what dishes you can prepare that will satisfy appetites sharpened by the mountain air.

If your canyon home is situated close enough to the city so that you enjoy the conveniences of electricity, water in the house, and the many other things which make housekeeping easier, your summer entertaining will be greatly simplified. But if the members of your family are rugged individuals who prefer to take their outdoor life far from the "beaten track," away from these very conveniences, then it may appear to you that your summer is going to be filled with more work than rest.

Should you find yourself in this state of mind, you may be making more work than is necessary out of your canyon trips, and it is possible that you need to do some planning and organizing. Here are a few suggestions which may help:

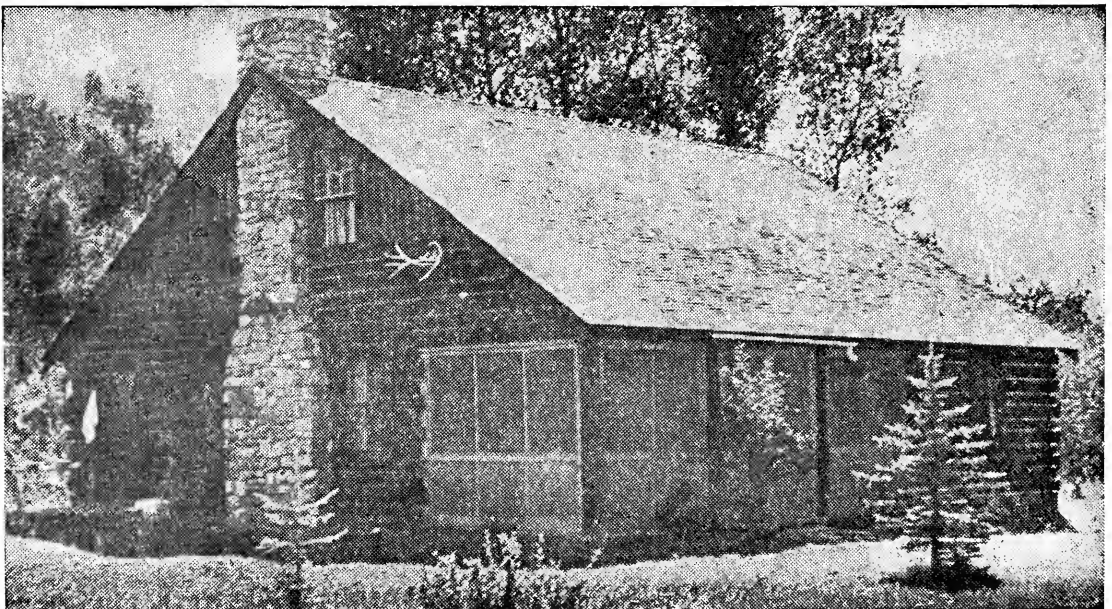
Plan your parties so that everyone will share in the work as well as the fun. If certain duties are assigned to each person, the work becomes

light and everyone has a part in the activities. Appoint a specific number of persons to take care of each meal, preparing and serving it and cleaning up afterwards. Many times the men will want to help with the cooking. Some men pride themselves on their ability to prepare a certain dish in a special way, or to cook a steak perfectly. If there are such men in any group you invite, let them display their talents along this line. Children can help by making their own beds, carrying in logs for the fireplace, and setting the table for meals.

To simplify the laundry problem have your guests bring their own bed linen if they are to spend the night. Instead of using tablecloths, cover your table with colorful, easy-to-wash oilcloth or the new plastic material now being shown in the stores for this purpose; and use paper napkins for each meal. Have a supply of

paper cups and plates on hand as there are occasions when these can be used to save dishwashing.

When given an opportunity to go to the canyon for a day or more, most people like to relax and rest from their usual strenuous activities. A thoughtful host and hostess will make available plenty of comfortable places where guests may rest and will not insist that everyone play games or go on hikes. There will, of course, be some in almost any group who will want to go fishing, or participate in some vigorous outdoor sport such as a game of baseball, horseshoe pitching, or horseback riding. Equipment should be available so that such activities may be indulged in, if desired. If an atmosphere of friendly informality can be established with guests relaxed and at ease, feeling at liberty to do just what they want to do, it is certain that everyone will have an



Photograph by Linnell Fullmer

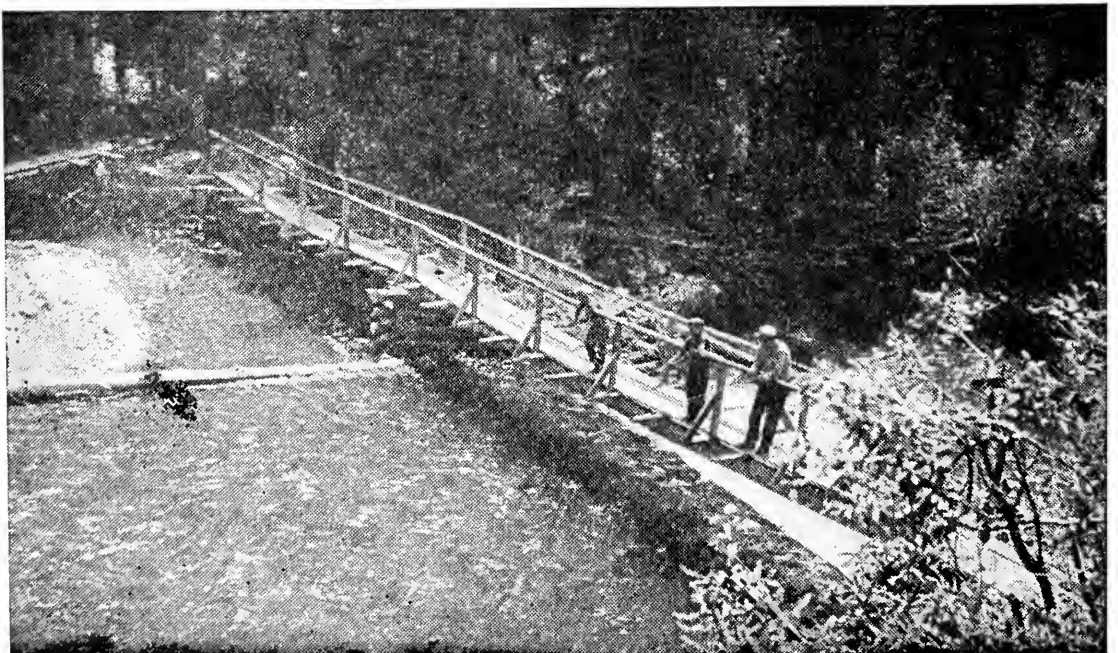
CABIN OF MR. AND MRS. FRANK J. FULLMER, PINES RANCH,
UPPER WEBER RIVER, UTAH

enjoyable time and no great effort will be required to see that guests are entertained.

With a group of children, however, more activity is demanded. They want to play games, ride horses, go on hikes, or swim. In the interest of safety, it will be necessary to make some simple rules which children should be required to follow when taking part in such sports in the canyon. An older person should accompany small children on hikes. A reasonable time should be set for the return of any group of hikers, even the older children, and they should be taught to stay together in one group, with no one wandering off by himself. A time limit should be placed on their play in the water, and their swimming in rivers or lakes should be supervised. If children are spending the night, an inspection should be made for woodticks which they may have ac-

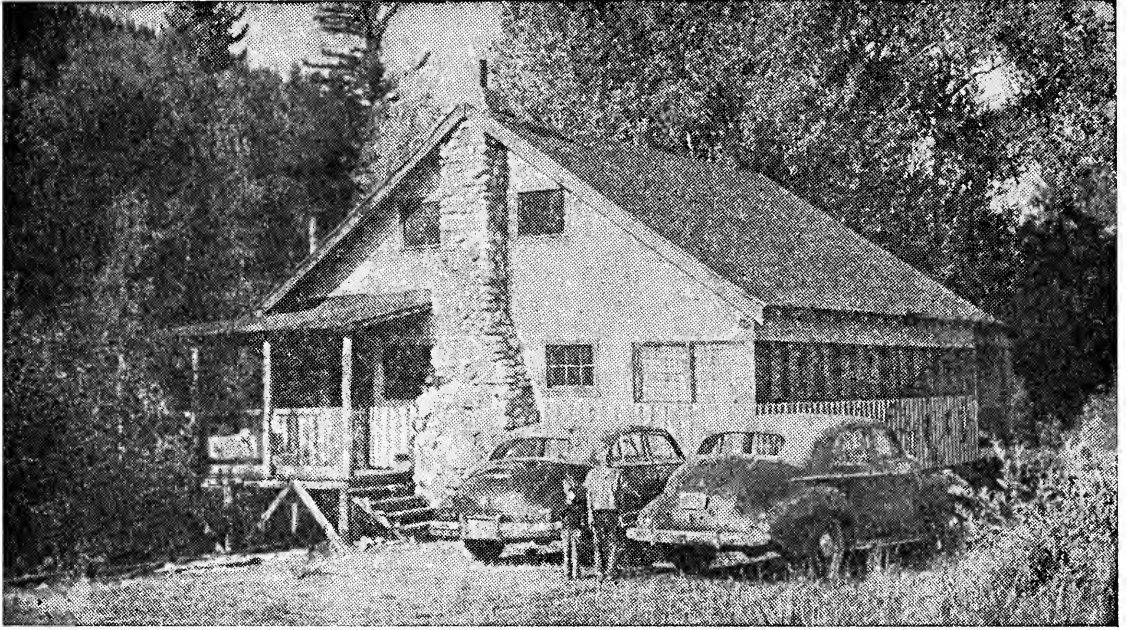
quired from contact with brush and bushes. Simple safety rules such as these are necessary although they need not be made restrictive and burdensome.

LET us consider the matter of food, which is of great importance on any canyon party. Plan menus composed of simple but filling dishes. Take advantage of the wide variety of canned foods which can be obtained today. Stock your cupboards with such items as canned soups, chili, baked beans, pork and beans, Vienna sausage, and other prepared meats, tuna fish, canned vegetables, and fruits. These can be used for hurry-up meals and can be transformed into appetizing dishes with little effort. For instance, a lowly can of pork and beans can become quite glamorous when prepared in this fashion: Brown some chopped onions, add chopped cel-



Photograph by Ralph B. Wright

FOOTBRIDGE ACROSS WEBER RIVER AT CABIN OF MR. AND MRS. ELWIN F. SMITH, PINES RANCH, UPPER WEBER RIVER



Photograph by Boyd C. Paulson

CABIN OF MR. AND MRS. ELWIN F. SMITH, PINES RANCH,
UPPER WEBER RIVER

ery, green pepper, and canned tomatoes. Simmer for fifteen minutes. Add canned pork and beans and heat thoroughly. If additional seasoning is desired, a dash of chili powder or savory salt adds piquancy. The amount of the ingredients will vary according to taste and the number of people to be served.

Canned chili, combined with canned baked beans or pork and beans, is delicious. This should be accompanied by rye bread and butter. Canned meats can be removed from the tin and browned in the oven, or sliced and browned on top of the stove. These are good served with scrambled eggs and sliced tomatoes.

A quick oyster stew can be made with canned oysters. Simmer them in their own juice until the edges curl; add a small amount of chopped onion which has been browned in butter, and milk and seasoning to taste. Serve this with

some split hard rolls or slices of French bread which have been spread with grated cheese and heated.

It is a good idea to have plenty of snack materials on hand for hungry hikers and fishermen. These may consist of sandwich fillings, fresh and dried fruits, and cookies, in addition to the items already mentioned. It is important to have plenty of cool drinks on hand. Milk, lemonade, and various fruit punches are popular. For the fruit drinks, bottled fruit concentrates may be used, or canned fruit juices, or fresh lemon, orange, lime, and other juices which have been prepared beforehand and put into bottles.

Breakfasts in the canyon should be substantial meals as most guests sleep later than they do at home and will arise with appetites whetted by the invigorating mountain air. However, this meal can be prepared very easily if you will take advantage of

the many prepared foods available. Have on hand a good variety of prepared cereals and fruits—either canned or fresh. Hot biscuits, muffins, or pancakes can be made with prepared flours; or spread sliced bread with butter, place on a rack, and pop into the oven for a few minutes until slightly browned. These breads call for jam, honey, or syrup as an accompaniment. Ham and eggs, or bacon and eggs, with hashed browned potatoes are always popular with those who like a more hearty breakfast. And, if there are fishermen in the crowd, you will, of course, have mountain trout for your breakfast. Milk, postum, and fruit juices are good breakfast drinks.

Some suggested dinner menus for canyon parties, with recipes for some of the dishes, are given below. Many of these dishes can be prepared before leaving home, which will give you more leisure time with your guests.

DINNER MENUS

Baked ham
Potato salad*
Green beans
Hard rolls and butter
Watermelon
Lemonade

Meat loaf
Baked potatoes
Platter of sliced tomatoes, cucumbers,
green pepper, onion, lettuce
French dressing
Bread and Butter
Cookies
Punch*

Hamburger-spaghetti
Fruit salad
Bread and butter
Gumdrop cake*
Milk

RECIPES

POTATO SALAD

Remove skins from boiled potatoes, and dice. Add diced cucumber, hard-cooked egg, and finely-chopped onion. Season with salt, pepper, and celery seed. Mix well with mayonnaise or favorite salad dressing, and allow to "ripen" before serving. Amounts of ingredients will vary according to number served.

PUNCH

A very delicious punch can be made by adding boysenberry juice and pineapple juice to lemonade. Ginger ale added just before serving gives sparkle to this drink.

(If you do not have refrigeration or ice, put bottles of fruit juices in the stream and allow to stand for several hours, as good punch must be cold.)

HAMBURGER-SPAGHETTI

4 pounds hamburger
2 cans tomatoes
1 green pepper
1 large onion
2 cups water
1 can tomato sauce
or catsup
1½ packages fine spaghetti

Fry hamburger (broken in small pieces) with onion cut fine. Add tomatoes, water, and green pepper, and cook until liquid has soaked into meat. Cook spaghetti in salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with cold water. Add to meat mixture. Add tomato sauce or catsup and simmer until done. (This recipe may be varied by adding whole kernel corn or chopped mushrooms to the above ingredients.)

This will serve sixteen to eighteen persons.

GUMDROP CAKE

1 cup butter or shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups unsweetened applesauce
1 tsp. soda dissolved in 1 tbsp. hot water
(added to applesauce)
1 to 1½ pounds gumdrops cut in small pieces (do not use black ones)
1 lb. white raisins

1 cup chopped walnuts (heat in a small amount of butter over low heat until slightly browned).

(This cake keeps moist and fresh for a week or more and can be made several days in advance.)

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly; add beaten eggs and vanilla and mix well. Sift and measure flour; then sift three times with other dry ingredients (except soda). Add dissolved soda to applesauce and mix thoroughly. Add dry ingredients to batter alternately with applesauce, mixing well after each addition. Mix cut gumdrops, white raisins, and nuts together and dredge with small amount of flour. Add to batter and mix thoroughly. Put into two well-greased loaf pans and bake in slow oven for two hours.

With plans carefully laid, it is almost certain that at your first glimpse of the mountains towering above you in their gorgeous new summer attire, and the feel of the refreshing breeze which runs down their green-clad slopes to greet you as you enter the canyon on your first trip of the season, you will look forward with pleasure to your summer in the canyon.

SEGO LILIES

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Beneath a rocky, hillside ledge,
Utah's own State flower fair,
The sego lily, has designed
A lone but regal garden flare.

The beauty of each waxen whorl
Enhanced by sweet serenity
Is graciously and gayly spent
In soundless closed obscurity.

But on the winds the seeds are borne
Across the moorland far and wide,
Akin with pioneers they make
The barren places bloom with pride.

Seeking only untilled fields,
Reaching ever toward the light,
They symbolize our native State,
Once a desert, now a garden site.

Plan for Christmas in June

Elizabeth Williamson

With Illustrations by the Author

PERHAPS last Christmas you received a gift made especially for you. You remembered it long after you had forgotten most of your other gifts. You may be wondering if the gifts which you dashed out to buy at the last minute were really appreciated by the recipients. Last minute thoughts and last minute gifts are not always conducive to the most pleasurable Christmas spirit.

This year you can begin to plan your Christmas gifts in June. This will give you time to make special remembrances that will appeal to the individual personalities on your Christmas list.

Here are some ideas:

1. For the Kitchen

Look in antique and secondhand stores. Pick up old kettles, trays, flatirons. It is easy to decorate them yourself. At the public library you will find books and magazines telling you exactly how to go about making interesting designs.



Decorate cookie boxes, cans, and canisters.

Cover matchboxes.

Make gay potholders.

Make chintz cushions for the kitchen rocker.

2. Block Printing

This is a simple process. Again, consult the library for help. Block print guest towels, tea towels, napkins. Your friends will be delighted with personalized gifts.

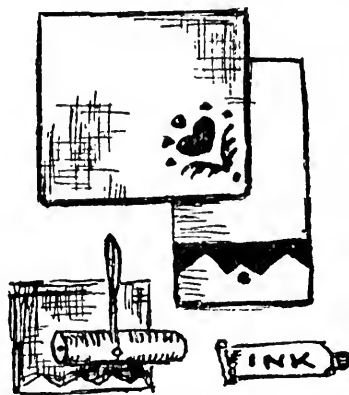
3. Decoupage

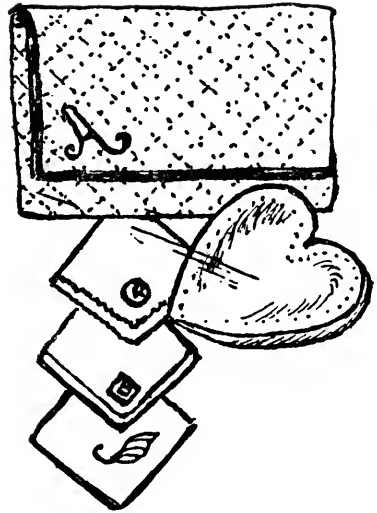
Cut out scraps of pretty wallpaper or old flower prints. Paste on wastepaper baskets, boxes, or trays. When dry, apply a smooth coat of shellac. These make stunning and practical gifts.

4. Hand-sewn Gifts

If you sew, there are innumerable possibilities. Here are a few suggestions:

Sachets (with your friend's favorite scent); lingerie and stocking cases made of quilted satin and embroidered with





initials; frilly aprons for special occasions; guest towels and napkins with applied initials in contrasting colors.

5. For Garden Enthusiasts

Make a scrapbook containing flower arrangements clipped from magazines, for your gardening friends. Buy a scrapbook with board covers, letter "My Garden" on the front, or applique flowers of felt or wood. Make garden aprons from denim or ticking with three huge pockets. Make waterproof kneeling cushions for planting and digging.

6. For Barbecue Enthusiasts

Salad sets. Paint wooden bowls with a gay design. Carve initials on the handles

of salad servers. Make chefs' aprons and caps. Collect barbecue recipes.

7. Jams and Jellies

Homemade jams and jellies with attractive labels and bright wrappings are always welcome, also herb bouquets and herb vinegars. If you live on a farm, there are many gifts your city friends will relish, such as: fresh sausage, fruits, nuts, home-made candies, cookies, and fruit cakes.

8. Plants

For Christmas giving, start slips of plants in the summer and bulbs in the fall. African violets are easy to grow. Each leaf started in sand will make a new plant. Geranium slips, begonia slips, and many other plants can be started early. Minia-



ture plants (philodendron, cacti, and ivy) started in used cologne or perfume bottles are very attractive.

You will be surprised what fun it is to discover the appropriate gift. It

will be most satisfying to know that you have chosen the "right" thing. Your friends will be pleased, too, that you have kept them in mind throughout the year.



JUNE

Alice R. Rich

Do you question it is here—
 Bluest skies of all the year,
 Sweetest perfumes from the flowers,
 Densest shade in leafy bowers,
 Gayest songs from warblers' throats,
 Lilted lays and gladsome notes,
 Reddest cherries, busiest bees,
 Gentlest breeze in orchard trees,
 Mellowest moonlit skies above,
 Dearest time for youthful love?

You have guessed it, oh so soon,
 Month of love and beauty—June!

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 5

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated country.

While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company travels over rough and dangerous country and after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi, an Indian outpost and a supply point for traders and pioneers. The Davis family remains at Moenkopi and the others go on toward the San Juan. They reach what seems to loom as an impenetrable forest of giant greasewood trees, mysterious and forbidding in the twilight. The men attack the greasewood forest and clear a way through. The company moves on, followed by a horde of interfering Indians, until they reach a lake, almost dead of thirst. There is an astonished exclamation from the captain of the company, and a command: "Halt!"

In sight of water, yet denied it, Elizabeth knows the agony of what is in store for the helpless company.

"HOW!" the guttural fell like a whiplash. The voice was low, but it jerked every chin in the train to attention.

"How!" Silas Smith flung the word back at the scowling Indian chief.

"Me Chief Peogament! White man no pass!" The Indian chief folded his arms and looked impassively at the placid water of the lake.

"Chief Peogament," Silas said, and stood up in his stirrups, "white man say 'How!'" Then, turning to his men, he called, "Company forward!"

The wagons crowded ahead—James Decker's, Henry's, Elizabeth's. Elizabeth stood up, ready to leap for the water, her dark eyes blazing, and her heart knocking her breath out. They'd show these arrogant Piutes!

But, as suddenly, she seemed to have no heart at all, for there, massed against a wall of coral rock just inside the corridor, stood several hundred painted warriors, and behind them, the horde of squaws that had followed them three days before, come again as mysteriously as they had disappeared on the trail behind.

Silas Smith rode down upon Peogament, barely missing his elbows. Peogament's arms shot out and caught Smith's bridle. "No pass!" he hissed.

"Peogament," Smith waved his

arm for the rest of the wagons to come up to the front, controlling his temper and his frightened horse, "now that I know you speak my language, we'll see about that!" he said.

Peogament clung tenaciously to Captain Smith's bridle reins, trying to maintain his dignity. But the frightened horse lashed out at him with his hoofs, and the angry chief had to leap back.

"White man no good for Indians!" he said, showing his teeth in snarling rage. "Horses eat up grass! Rain gods dry up springs if Peogament let white man pass!"

Near Elizabeth's wagon sat George Hobbs, as statuesque in his saddle as the braves who were massed against the cliffs. Elizabeth, now as angrily alive as the rest of the little company, glanced furtively in his direction. Nothing else in all the world was important but that water in the lake. Her children were dying of thirst. Let Peogament stand there till the crack of doom! Let George Hobbs take care of Silas Smith. They were equal to their job. Her job was to get water for her children.

She reached slowly under the wagon seat for her water pail.

"I wouldn't do that, Elizabeth," George Hobbs said, yet there wasn't the slightest indication that he had seen his sister's movement. And for the moment Elizabeth hated him as she did Peogament. She let the bucket fall slowly, quietly, back into its place under the seat.

Through the long minutes that ensued, Elizabeth sat inert, hearing the men's voices, low or loud with anger, but she heard little of any meaning. The effort was too great,

she was too tired even to wonder why the children were so quiet. A deadening numbness was in her limbs. It crept up and up to her brain. Water. Water. Water. Dripping—dripping—dripping her to sleep.

"Company forward!" The command dispelled the numbness in her brain. She clutched her lines. Now, now they could get to the lake!

But there was a new agitation. Every young man in the train had crowded past her wagon, swaying in his saddle, dizzy from anger and thirst.

"No much water!" Peogament cried. "Indians have stock, too!"

"Company forward!" Captain Smith shouted again, and started to ride on. Only then did Elizabeth realize they were not going to camp, not going to have water.

"Company—"

There was the crack of Peogament's buckskin quirt. It cut the air and whined to silence against Smith's unguarded face and, before he could recover from the blow, it struck again. Elizabeth recoiled. An angry shout came from the crowding cowboys.

"Out of the way, Hobbs," they yelled. "We'll take a hand in this."

"Talk! What's it to us! We've got guns that say we're goin' to have all the water we want!" Hamilton Thornton said, leveling his gun at Peogament's head.

George Hobbs had seemed to make no move, yet his pistol barrel gleamed in the sun, close to the center of Thornton's forehead.

"What's that order, President Smith?" he drawled.

"Company forward!" Smith cried. "That's my order!"

"And it's going to be obeyed," Hobbs added.

One look into George Hobbs' steel eyes and Thornton fell back. Even the grim Peogament was swayed, jostled aside by the onrush of wagons that followed the command. Then, surprisingly, the old Indian chief wrapped his arms in his blanket and stepped aside allowing the train to pass. Whether he was impressed by Hobbs' gunplay, Smith's determination, or because he believed the whites would die of thirst anyway, the scouts could never afterward decide.

Peogament held his braves in check by the mere force of his silent contempt. Not an Indian moved. Not one looked after the passing train.

Driving so close to the lake, so close that she could have leaned down and trailed her fingers in the water, Elizabeth saw it slipping from her. The teams neighed for water as they passed, too tired to stam pede. The heron went on with its feeding on the shore.

Great wrenching sobs tore Elizabeth. "We can't—we can't go on!" But only a fevered mirage taunted her with its cool blue depth. The lake was gone. The sun poured down on her bowed head.

* * * *

"WIFE!" Elizabeth tried to open her eyes but the process was too painful.

"Bethy!"

A heavenly coolness was spreading over her face and down her throat, trickling between her breasts. There was no need to open her eyes. You couldn't see heaven, you just felt it.

"Bethy, here's a drink!"

Water was pouring between her lips—cool, cool . . .

"Elizabeth Harriman!"

That sounded like Henry when he was being bossy. Her eyes came open . . . Water . . . Her face, her arms, bathed in it, began to feel like her own again, and, suddenly, her whole being was clamoring for direction. "Henry," she cried. "Where did you get this water?"

"From our own wells—three of them. We've been digging all night."

"Then we didn't kill the Indians," she said almost regretfully. Then, appalled at the thought, she added: "Henry, am I sick?"

"Of course not," he assured her.

"Then why am I in bed? I was driving—and . . . and you came and put your arms around me . . ."

"Yes," he answered. "Then I put you to bed."

"Then I am sick!" She tried to struggle to a sitting position, but Henry pushed her back. "The children," she moaned. "They need me."

"Not right now, Bethy," he said. "They've had water, too. They are still asleep."

"Water—" she began happily, but was asleep before she could finish the thought.

Henry sagged wearily to the bed beside her. Forty hours without sleep does a man in, he thought, and took Elizabeth's hand to hold while he slept. . . .

The sun was an hour high before there was the slightest stir in camp. Men slept in sprawled positions, their legs dangling half out of their wagon bunks; others had dropped beside the wells they had worked all

night to dig. Not even a guard remained awake . . .

Silas Smith yawned lazily, not bothering to move his head in the direction where George Hobbs could be expected to lie, since they were never far apart.

"Are our red brothers still with us?" he asked, squinting at the sun for the time of day.

"Yep," George answered. "Thick as ants around a honey jug."

"How are their manners?"

"Improving, I should say. At least our guards think so. They sleep like babes."

"Should I court-martial 'em?" Silas got up on his elbow to look at the camp. "Or have we been asleep, too?"

His eyes traveled around the circle of wagons and back to his own clay-caked hands and boots. "What a night!" he laughed. "I'm hungry. I doubt if there's chuck enough in this whole camp to fill me up!"

"There won't be if Peogament's Piutes ever get sassy again," George commented. "I like the Navajos better. They're farther away!"

"They are our brothers, George, all of the whole kit and caboodle of them. And somehow I like the idea. Even Peogament has the strength of his convictions. I sorta admire their stand. They have no way of knowing whether we mean well or not. We'll have to talk sign language."

He said no more, but George knew something unusual was taking shape in his leader's mind. He could wait, he thought, and set the stage ready for it.

RELUCTANTLY the camp came to life. Then, seeing the three wells flowing with clear water, the

men scrambled for another drink. At least this was no bad dream!

Silas and George agreed that the Indians had waited around the prostrate camp for hours, perhaps all the night while they had been doing the digging. For once it didn't matter. They were there, and their eyes showed satisfaction. Again the white man's water magic had done its work.

Elizabeth awoke, wonderfully alive and glad. The world seemed better than she had ever known it. She threw back the door flaps of her wagon and looked out.

"Calling Bayles and Butt, Boy Washers, Incorporated!" she cried.

"Awake, and just about ready for duty, Ma'am," the Butt end of the corporation grunted, pulling away at a water-logged boot to get it on over his still wet sock. "I used this darn thing for a goblet last night when the wells came in, and it needs a deal of coaxing now," he added.

The company cooked, sang, had prayers, and then ate. Peogament and his braves looked on. Surly, vindictive, the Indian chief took no notice of the rapidly disappearing meal, though its odors must have tantalized his nostrils. Elizabeth, watching him furtively, decided that his very ugliness was his distinction. What a horde there was! She hoped they didn't decide they were all hungry at the same time.

But the Indians made no move toward the spread of tempting food.

"Break camp as soon as you've finished, boys," Captain Smith called, wiping his brown beard on his bandana and smoothing it to a lustrous point again. "We aim to reach San Juan before the river dries up!"

When everything was in readiness for their departure, the camp came to attention, waiting his word to start.

There was an impressive silence. Hobbs and Smith alone stood within the circle of Indians around the wells. Silas took off his hat and laid it, brim down, in the circle. George took off his gun belt and laid it beside Silas' hat, enjoying the ceremony that Silas had previously explained.

"Peogament, Chief of the Piutes," Silas began, "the white man brings you water. The white man leaves you water. Are you the white man's brother?"

"White man bad for Indians,"

Peogament said, as sullenly as on the day before. "But white man's wells are good."

There was no sign of friendliness in his ugly face, no yielding in his crooked form. But among his tribesmen there was a stir of excitement, a wise nodding of heads.

Smith pantomimed broadly, indicating the gift of the wells.

George Hobbs picked up his guns and Captain Smith put on his hat.

"Company move out!" he cried, and the scouting train moved east toward Montezuma on the San Juan.

By fives and tens and fifties the Piutes fell in behind and, for the time at least, the white men and the Indians were brothers.



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

"ORGAN ROCK" IN MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH

THE company took its way into the desert, keeping to the north and east. The sun scorched their bodies, parched their tongues, and dried up the last remaining water pockets in the rocks. As long as there was water and food the Indians following them were peaceable and often helpful. Many of them worked at the road building and were paid in food, money, or clothes. Always suspicious, however, they watched the movements of the small company with jealous eyes. Never before had white men been allowed to pass unmolested through this Indian territory. Only because of the white man's "water magic" were they permitted to do so now. But there were other problems, too. Scarce as was the water supply, fuel was less plentiful. Nothing but scrawny brush grew along the way. And to make it worse, the temperature dropped with the going down of the sun each night, leaving the scouts shivering miserably by their small brush fires.

George Hobbs rode uneasily ahead of the company, wondering what lay ahead. It had been ten hours since the last water stop, and still there was no sign of the advance scouts. The air was raspy with sand that stung the skin like sparks of burning chaff. How much longer could they hold the scowling Peogament in check? At the least sign of distress because of water, the surly chief became arrogant, inciting his braves to acts of thievery and near violence.

Plowing along in the bottomless sand trenches that they called a road, George noted that the stock showed increasing signs of weariness and nervous tension. He rode back along the line. The savages were an ill-

tempered mob, ready to blame their discomfort on the first white man to cross their surly purpose. They were hungry as well as thirsty, he thought, and wished with all his heart there was food enough in camp to fill them up and stop their mouths.

Joining Silas near the rear of the line, he asked, "Shall we try for water again?"

"We've got to do something," Silas answered. "Our well digging has failed persistently these last few days. We'd better try digging again. At least it keeps these pestiferous Indians amused."

"Another twenty-four hours and we won't need water, Silas," George answered. "But what's the commotion down there?"

"The rear wagons are bunching. Come on, George!" Silas whirled his horse, scattering papooses and dogs in all directions as he galloped into the center of the milling Indians.

"What goes on?" he demanded.

George, using his broad-brimmed hat as a swatter, cleared a path for himself and halted at Silas' side.

"What's wrong?" Silas demanded again.

Hans Bayles' horse has a broken leg, busted clean in two," Parly Butt answered. "And these bloomin' cannibals want to eat the horse alive."

"Can nothing be done, Hans?" George asked, swinging out of his saddle to examine the crippled horse.

"Not a thing!" Hans exclaimed. "You shoot him, President Smith. I can't stomach to shoot my own horse."

Silas told Peogament to move the squaws and papooses and dogs out of the way so he could shoot. Peoga-

ment complied with a wave of his hand, and Silas rode up to the trembling horse and put his gun to its forehead.

Hans shuddered. He beat his way out of the laughing mass of squaws and papooses and joined Parley Butt at the edge of the camp.

"Let them gorge!" Parley exclaimed. "It may be the means of saving the rest of us from trouble."

"Yes," Hans agreed, "the Indians will be pacified for a few hours at least."

"If we don't get to water by noon tomorrow," Parley said uneasily, "we'll not care what these blasted Indians do."

"That's just it, Parley. That's what worries me. Dead or alive, I don't want no squaws a quarrelin' over my carcass!"

Parley laughed uproarously. "Well, if that's not the blamedest thing to be thinkin'!" he chuckled. "Gettin' so thirsty must've gone to your head."

"Let's move up where President Smith is," Hans said with a relieved grin. "Maybe things aren't as serious as I think they are."

"President Smith is going to send some more water scouts out. Maybe he'll choose us, Hans. He fears the other scouts have either got lost or have died of thirst."

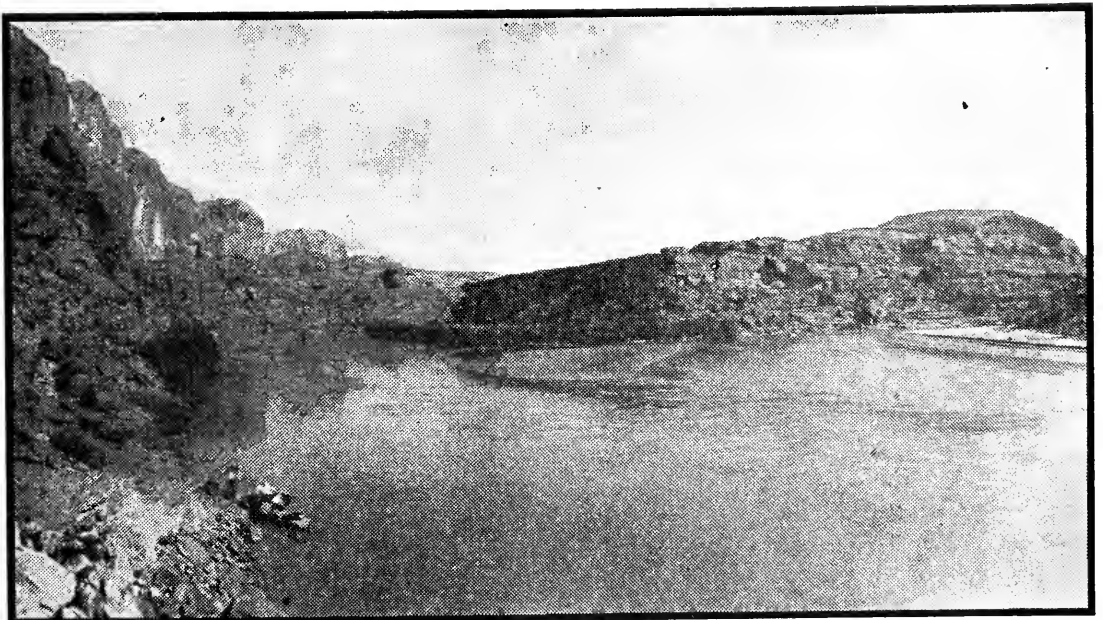
"I'd as leave die huntin' for water, as to die wishin' for it," Hans said. "We'll ask to go, whether he chooses us or not!"

Parley agreed, and they started toward the group of men that had collected in the center of the camp. But before they had gone ten steps they stopped dead in their tracks. From the ledge where the camp guards were stationed, came a long sustained cry.

"That's neither a coyote nor an Indian!" Hans shouted. "Come on!"

With Parley at his heels, he turned and ran toward the ledge. And the strange, long-drawn cry was repeated.

(To be continued)



Courtesy, United States Geological Survey

JUNCTION OF THE SAN JUAN AND COLORADO RIVERS,
THE SAN JUAN AT THE RIGHT

Divine Leadership

The Testimony of Bishop George Romney Regarding the Accession of President Brigham Young to Leadership of the Church

[This account is taken from the written report of Gustave A. Iverson who personally heard Brother Romney's testimony and copied it for preservation as an inspiration to others. The testimony was submitted to *The Relief Society Magazine* by Charles J. Ross, a grandson of Bishop George Romney.—Ed.]

IT was Sunday evening, June 22, 1919. The saints had assembled in a conference session of the Ensign Stake. The Lord had been praised in song and prayer. Silence rested upon the meeting much like a benediction of peace and good will. The venerable George Romney, pioneer builder and prominent in the affairs of his city and State—most important of all, a bishop during the major part of a generation, a leader of religious thought, was speaking. With a fervor that betokened vibrant spirituality and an emotion that only a man of God with a vital message could feel and convey to others, and with an urge not to be denied, he gave solemn utterance to facts within his own personal knowledge relating to one of the most remarkable events in the history of a Church characterized by a unique and wonderful existence. The bishop's theme was not unfamiliar to his auditors. Many of them had borne testimony, through the tutelage of the spirit, respecting an actuality about which the speaker gave primary evidence, so that what issued from his lips became confirmation of the virtue of their own.

With deep feeling, Bishop Romney made mention of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, and this was followed by a vivid word picture of

that momentous occasion when the mantle of leadership which had fallen from the shoulders of the Prophet, found an abiding place upon those of Brigham Young.

The following excerpts are taken from his testimony as it was delivered by Bishop Romney on the occasion of the conference session. The words were taken down by the writer of this article and preserved in his personal records, hoping for a strengthening of the spirit not only in his own behalf, but of those who might upon appropriate occasion hear the bishop's words repeated. They are submitted here in the spirit which the writer caught on the occasion of their initial utterance:

I have heard the Prophet Joseph Smith speak as I never heard man speak, under the influence and power of Almighty God, and I bear you my testimony, which might be the last, that I know with every fiber of my body from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet that every prophecy he ever delivered or uttered about the nations and mankind as to what would take place regarding them previous to the present awful world war has been fulfilled. I knew him personally and can scarcely restrain myself from shedding tears when I contemplate that I saw the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum—men of God, men who sought the welfare of the human family, their only wish being to do good—lying in their gore. I vividly remember seeing the two brothers lying side by side after being killed. The saints felt like little children feel when their parents are

taken away from them. Those were serious times. When the Prophet was martyred and word came to Nauvoo on that bright, sunny morning of the 28th of June, it seemed like the gasp of death. There was not a dry eye among the people.

I said the people were all children. But they knew the shepherd's voice. Sidney Rigdon and others said, "I am the man, I am the man," but it did not take. The sheep knew better. And when the Twelve returned from the East, I shall never for-

get in this world or in the world to come the scene as Brigham Young arose after Sidney Rigdon had used up an hour and a half delivering an eloquent discourse. When Brigham got up the mantle of Joseph Smith fell upon him. It was Joseph's voice; it was Joseph's appearance, and I testify to you, if I never again do so on earth, in the presence of God and angels, that this is verily the truth. This is true—that the mantle of Joseph did fall upon Brigham Young and the people knew it.

The Bright Side

Alice Whitson Norton

NO matter what happens, there is always the consoling thought that it might have been worse; there is a bright side to the darkest cloud no matter how black it may be, if we will but look for the brighter side.

It is all in the mind of the individual whether he gropes in darkness or lives in the sunshine. God did not create us for mourning purposes; and yet there are people in this world who take a great delight in looking at the black side of everything. If today is perfect, they make it unpleasant by wondering what tomorrow will be like.

Some people carry the worries of their day's work into the home. Home should be the place for relaxation of the tired, weary brain, the pleasure ground of every normal thinking individual, but the sanctuary is often abused. A man goes home taking all his troubles with him; the children come home bringing all their perplexed thoughts; the mother, tired out by the work at home, feels the mental depression, becomes irritated and nervous. The

dinner is not satisfactory, the evening is spoiled; everybody goes to bed cross, and the morning finds them unfit for a good day's work, prepared only to look for the dark side of the new day.

Carrying burdens home and cuddling them throughout the evening and night makes anyone unfit for a good day's work, while an evening spent in happy conversation, good reading, and clean amusement makes any individual feel better, makes him rest better, and prepares him for good service.

It is the bright side of things that count. The thing to do in this world is to look each day in the face, make that day stand for something, make it a bright, happy day—let tomorrow take care of itself. It is today we live, today we serve, and today for which we must account. Yesterday is gone, tomorrow may never come; only today is ours, and it is not only the privilege of every individual to make of it something worthwhile, but it is the duty of every individual, also.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



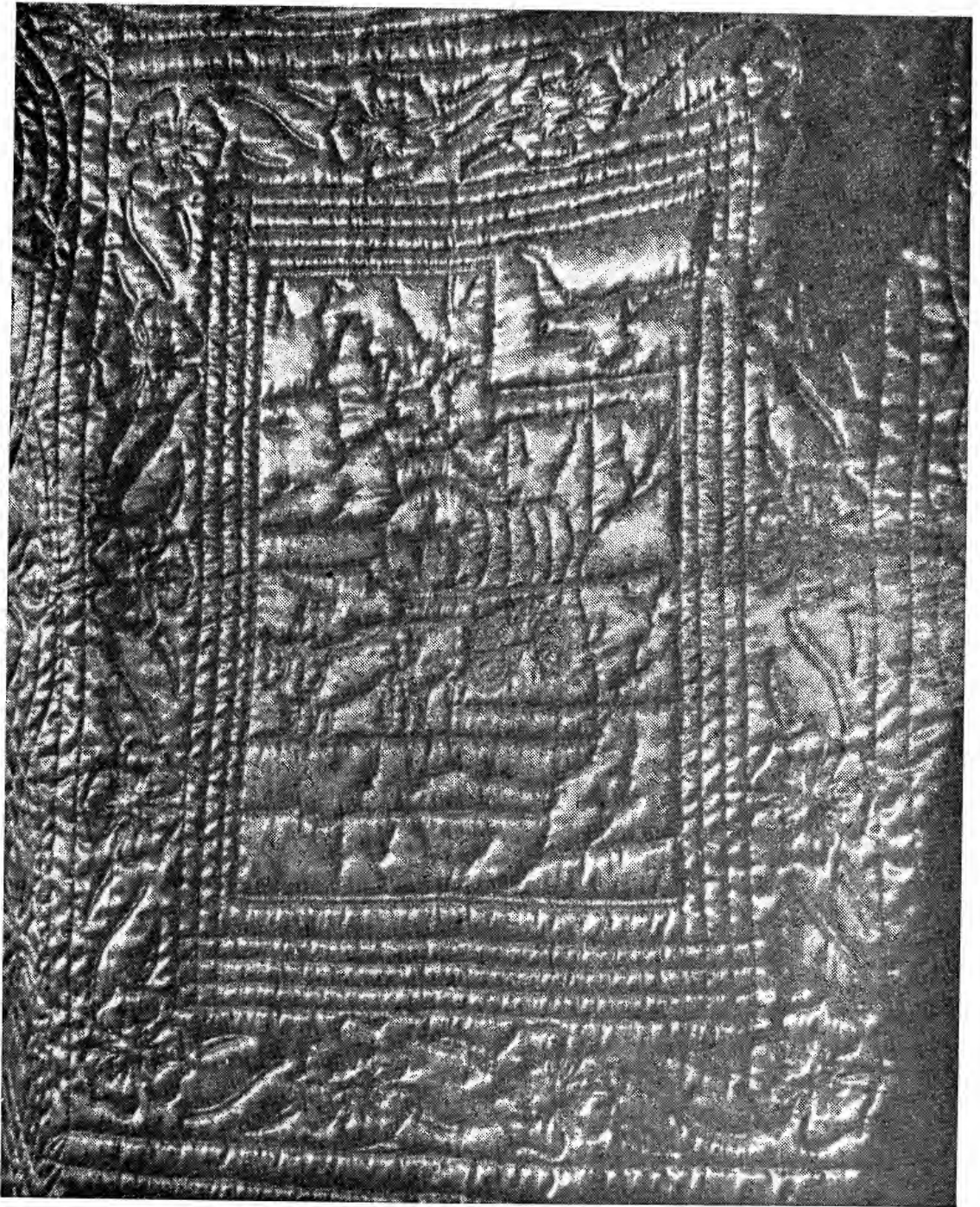
UTAH STAKE, PROVO FOURTH WARD CENTENNIAL PROGRAM "A STORY IN GRANITE AND BRONZE," MARCH 2, 1947

Seated front row, left to right: Second Counselor and accompanist Grace Judd; Lettie Hatch; President Melva B. Perry; First Counselor Lillie B. Carson; director Mabel Tanner; chorus leader Hazel Clark; Amme Ridge; Sadie Christensen; Dora Dee Barrett; Secretary Bertha Memmott.

Seated second row, left to right: Zola Quist; Venus Williams; Mary Lee Hales; Pat Stevens; Clara Jaggi; Bertha Romney; Laura Henrie; Leah Nielson; Fae Christensen; Nedra Sumner; Norma Gardner; Stella McArthur; Clara Wright.

Standing third row, left to right: Narrative reader Hattie Bown; Charlene Taylor; Joan Taylor; dramatic reader Ardell Ashworth.

For this program a replica of the "This Is The Place" Monument was built under the direction of J. Earl Johnson. The priests, trappers, and silhouettes were drawn by Roman Andrus. The pulpit was decorated with clusters of sagebrush and sego lilies. The splendid Fourth Ward chorus, numbering twenty-five, was directed by Hazel C. Clark, accompanied by Grace Judd.; A vocal solo "This Is The Place, Dear Utah" was sung by Marian Strictler. The University Ward assisted with the building of the setting and then used the same for their program which followed immediately after the Fourth Ward's presentation.



Photograph submitted by Nina G. Langford,
Secretary-Treasurer, South Ogden Stake Relief Society

SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH) FOURTEENTH WARD CENTENNIAL QUILT

This beautiful quilt, made of green and taupe satin, was presented to Bishop and Sister Olive Cramer on March 14, 1947, at a party given in appreciation of their many years of service. The quilt, exquisitely bordered with a design of the Utah State flower, the sego lily, is designed to represent the State of Utah, and portrays the sea gull and a covered wagon superimposed upon a map of the State, which shows the outlines of the counties and the principal river systems. The quilt was designed by Luby R. London, Secretary of the Fourteenth Ward Relief Society, and quilted by members of the quilting committee.



Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith
Relief Society President, Texas-Louisiana Mission

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, AUSTIN (TEXAS) BRANCH
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, MARCH 1947

Standing immediately behind the birthday cake, President Pearl Chormley; On Sister Chormley's right and a little behind, is First Counselor Othella Patterson; At Sister Ghormley's left, is Second Counselor Lula Oaks; to the right of Sister Patterson is Secretary Laura Killough.

Others in the picture are: Buena Gildart; Susie Ricks; Mona Watson; Anna Davidson; Sister Jackson (missionary); Grace Manwaring (missionary); Ella Beatty; Sister VanBose; Tempe Mason.

These sisters are very active in Relief Society and in all the work of the branch. The birthday party was held at the home of the branch president, Roy Watson.



Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith
Relief Society President, Texas-Louisiana Mission

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, HOUSTON (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF
SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, MARCH 17, 1947

Seated left to right: Viola Stone; Annabelle Rankin, First Counselor; Bertie Palmer, Second Counselor; Christie J. Smith, Mission President; Lulu Unice, District President; Sadie O. Clark, Branch President; Eloile Stone, Secretary-Treasurer; Sister McLean.

Second row, standing left to right: Sisters Vickers, Shrader, Settle, Tyler, Jelley, Vaughn, Detrick, Clark, Decker, Chalmers, Smith, Ford, Collins, Collins, Burkhardt, Turk, Stephens, Peterson, Hoke, Horn, Carlston, Floyd.

Third row, standing left to right: Sisters Rawson, Franklin, Hoffman, Stevens, Wright, Harper, Bradshaw.

After the very successful anniversary banquet, the Houston Branch presented the one-act play "Results." About 150 women attended the presentation of this drama. A very successful bazaar was held by this branch in December 1946. At this bazaar, the small Relief Society from Goose Creek, Texas, had a booth where they sold cakes, candies, and beautiful pieces of handwork.



Photograph submitted by Christie J. Smith
Relief Society President, Texas-Louisiana Mission

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, GILMER (TEXAS) BRANCH
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Martha Lindsey; Secretary Ruth Ellett; President Flossie Lindsey; First Counselor Charity Amos; Second Counselor Lona Lee.

This bazaar was outstanding in the number and variety of articles displayed, and in the excellent quality of the work. These sisters have also conducted a successful canning project, and they have been zealous in the care of the sick and needy. They have truly lived the gospel and carried out the objectives of Relief Society.

ERRATUM: The note from San Fernando Stake, published on page 205 in the Magazine for March 1947, credited the West Glendale Ward with the pictures of the November bazaar. However, these photographs were received from the East Glendale Ward. Under the direction of President Florence Hill Dalton, the members of East Glendale Ward Relief Society made the articles and prepared the beautiful displays on sale at that unusually successful bazaar.



Photograph submitted by Phebe Higbee

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, SIXTH WARD CENTENNIAL PARTY, MARCH 17, 1947

The honored guest, Mary L. Hogan, eighty-two years old, is seated in the center. Sister Hogan has served as a visiting teacher for forty years and has taken part in the canning, sewing, and lesson activities of the Society for many years.

Seated at Sister Hogan's left is Bishop Vern Bitter; at the right of Sister Hogan is Secretary Phebe Higbee.

President Sabra Allen stands second from the left in the second row, and First Counselor Mamie Edwards stands second from the right in the second row. Mary Mason, Second Counselor, was ill when this photograph was taken.



**JUAB STAKE (UTAH), NEPHI SOUTH WARD ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM
March 9, 1947**

Front row, seated left to right: First Counselor Louise Vickers; President Alligee Anderson; Second Counselor Kate Haynes.

Second row, seated left to right: Winnie Belliston; Ethel Jarrett; Beth Ostler; Ida Oakey; Naomi Belliston; Olive Broadhead.

Third row, seated left to right: Ethel Irons; chorister Alice Park; Stella Anderson; accompanist Della Tolley; Anita Park; Hazel Carter; Adele Stanley; Pearl Jenkins.

Fourth row, seated left to right: Laverne Worthington; Zelma Golden; Enid Christensen; Lavere Haynes; Mabel Golden; Lua Stephenson; Ellen Hutchings; Virginia Memmott.

Standing at back: Readers Edna Cazier and Leona Greenhalgh.

Present at the program were 110 women. Ten members of the Singing Mothers chorus were unable to be present because of sickness in their homes.

Chloe N. Bailey is president of Juab Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vida Waldorf
President, Azalea Branch Relief Society

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, AZALEA BRANCH, (MOBILE, ALABAMA) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED IN NEW CHAPEL

Front row, seated left to right: Mary Walker; Minnie Roberts; Lavonia Bradford, Second Counselor; Mary E. McIntosh, First Counselor; Vida Waldorf, President; Nina Wilkinson; Katie Parish.

Back row, standing left to right: Esther Johnson; Mattie Finklea; Barbara Walker; Navada Morris; Nancy Dunn; Maggie Greer; Amanda Dearman; Naomi Chatfield; Ruby Godwin.

The members of this Relief Society have reason to be proud of their new chapel. With the proceeds obtained from suppers and bazaars, they were able to supply a good part of the money needed for construction of the chapel. They also helped the brethren clean up the grounds, clean the windows, and decorate the building.

Sister Effie Meeks is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Thelma V. Skeen
President, Salem Ward Relief Society

PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), SALEM WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY DINNER, MARCH 1947

Standing, twelfth from left, First Counselor, Portland Stake Relief Society, Emma Baxter; twentieth from left, Second Counselor Ellen Warner; fourteenth from left, President, Salem Ward Relief Society, Thelma V. Skeen; eighth from left, First Counselor Louisa M. Veteto; nineteenth from left, Second Counselor Barbara Stumbo.

Seated, in front, fifth from left: Naomi Steed, Secretary Salem Ward Relief Society.

President Thelma V. Skeen reports that the Relief Society anniversary was a particularly happy occasion in the Salem Ward. The dinner was followed by a program and dance for all adult members of the ward.



Photograph submitted by Merle S. Foote,
Secretary, Pleasant View Ward Relief Society

SHARON STAKE (UTAH), PLEASANT VIEW WARD CENTENNIAL PROGRAM

Seated center front: Melba Cluff. Front row seated left to right: Chloe Finlayson; Alice Muhlestein; Lila Brake; Edith Snow; Lucy Tippetts.

Back row, standing left to right: Laura Perry; Mary B. Davis; Ella Muhlestein; Preal Jones; Leah A. Gleason; Florence Allred.

This photograph was taken following the March 1947 Sunday evening service when

the singers and readers wore pioneer costumes. Achsa E. Paxman and Anna B. Hart of the Relief Society General Board and Ruby Hunn, President, Sharon Stake Relief Society attended the program and spoke briefly. Edna M. Hansen is president of the Pleasant View Ward Relief Society and her counselors are Anna S. Ashton and Marian C. Ercanbrack.



Photograph submitted by Alberta O. Doxey
President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society

EASTERN STATES MISSION, SCHENECTADY BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OPENING SOCIAL, OCTOBER 5, 1946

Front row, seated left to right: Elaine Eckersley; Marilyn Olson; Ruth Morris; Norine Richards; Betty Jean Berbert; June Hopper.

Second row, seated left to right: Barbara Taylor; Beth Thompson; President Bernice Bates; Edith Neal; Olga Hopper; Anna Hicken; Julia Shortridge.

Back row, standing left to right: Levina Barton; Jean Berbert; Margaret Nielson; Margaret Schuster; Vivien Stroble; Wanda Dray; Vera Caulford; Helen Woolf; Bertha Procter; Barbara Hosten; Pete Rich.

The Schenectady Branch is one of the largest and most active in the Eastern States Mission. For this opening social an excellent program was presented and the color scheme was carried out in blue and gold. The programs served to introduce the new officers and provide a foreword for the year's activities.

The Prophet Brigham Young

(Continued from page 366)

to a humble pioneer who never doubted the power or authority of the giver.

The saints accepted Brigham Young as God's mouthpiece to

them, and he never failed them. Securely, upon the rock of revelation, he laid the foundations upon which we must build if we would honor our forebears, the pioneers of these valleys.

PERCEPTION

Clarence Edwin Flynn

Beyond the range of vision beauty dwells;
Beyond the reach of hearing music rings;
Beyond our understanding wisdom tells
The deeper meanings of created things.

Who am I to insist that what appears
Alone is real, or hold life's wonder bound,
Or to deny the music of the spheres,
Because I have no way to catch its sound?

Perhaps another world around me lies,
With higher beings dwelling near to me,
Like certain rays unnoticed by my eyes,
But far more real than are the things I see.

One day death's fingers will unveil my sight,
Unstop my hearing, and unloose my mind.
Then I shall know a universe of light
To which the flesh so long has made me blind.

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.....Twenty-third Psalm—Schubert18c
.....Lullaby and Goodnight—Brahms10c
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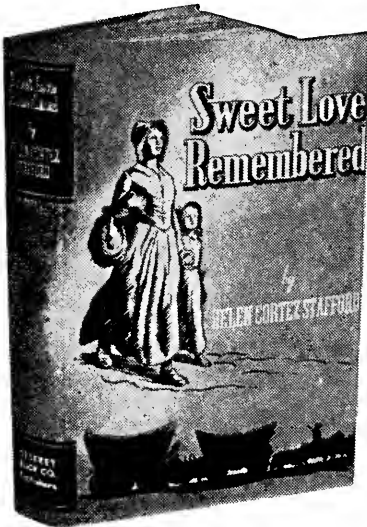
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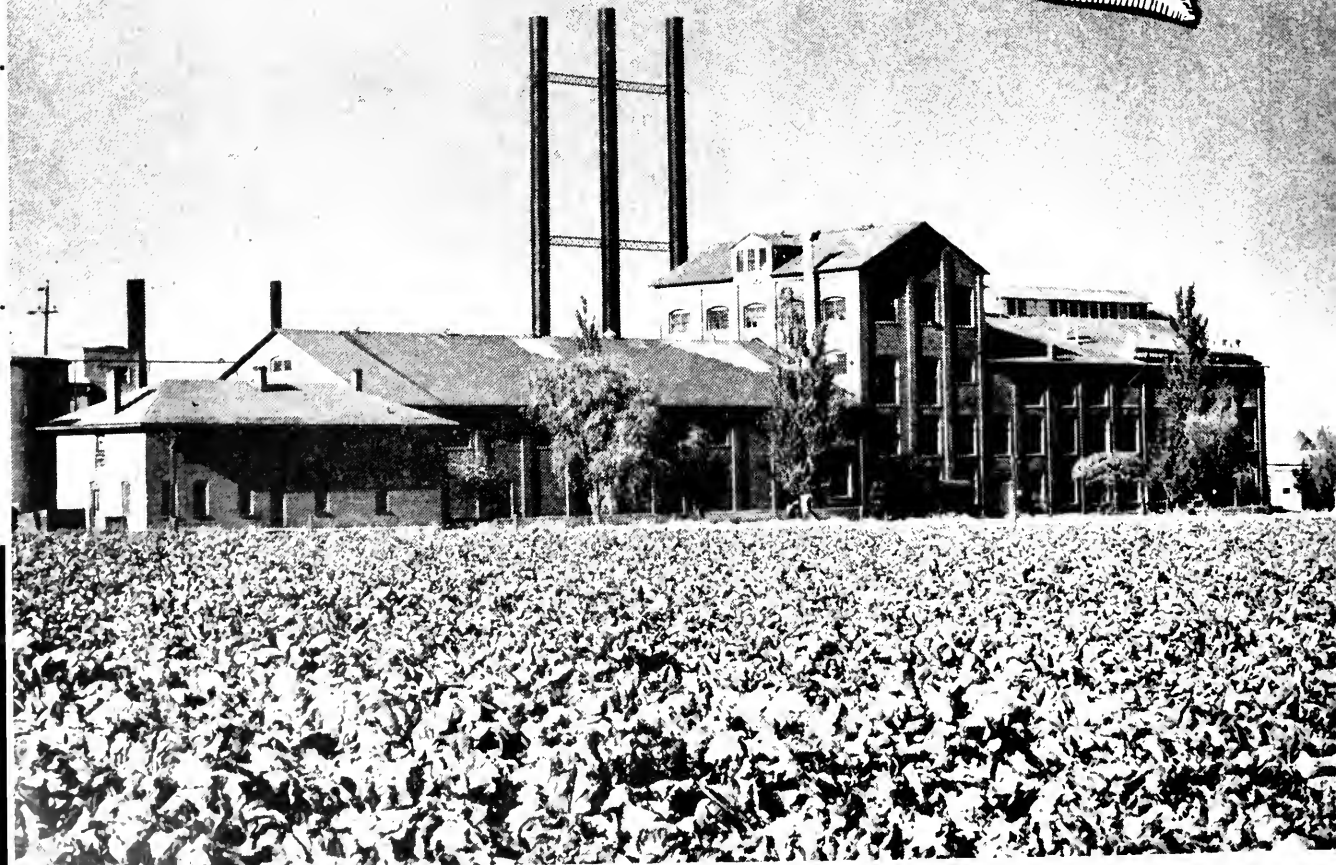
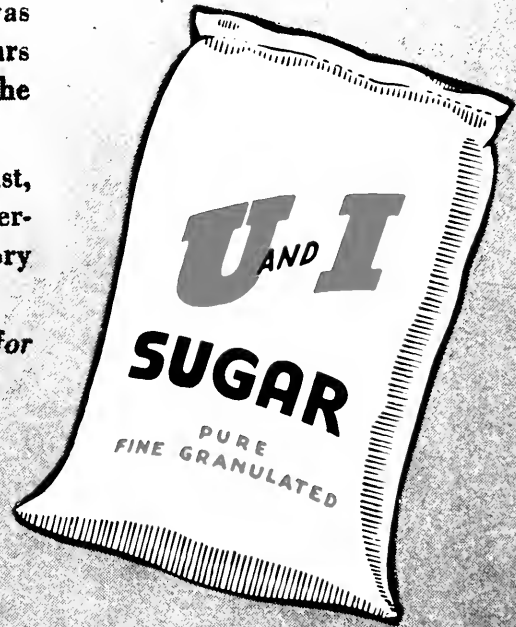
U. S. C.

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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE



VOL. 34 NO. 7

Previews and Lessons for October

JULY 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 34

JULY 1947

No. 7

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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JULY 1947

SEGO LILY

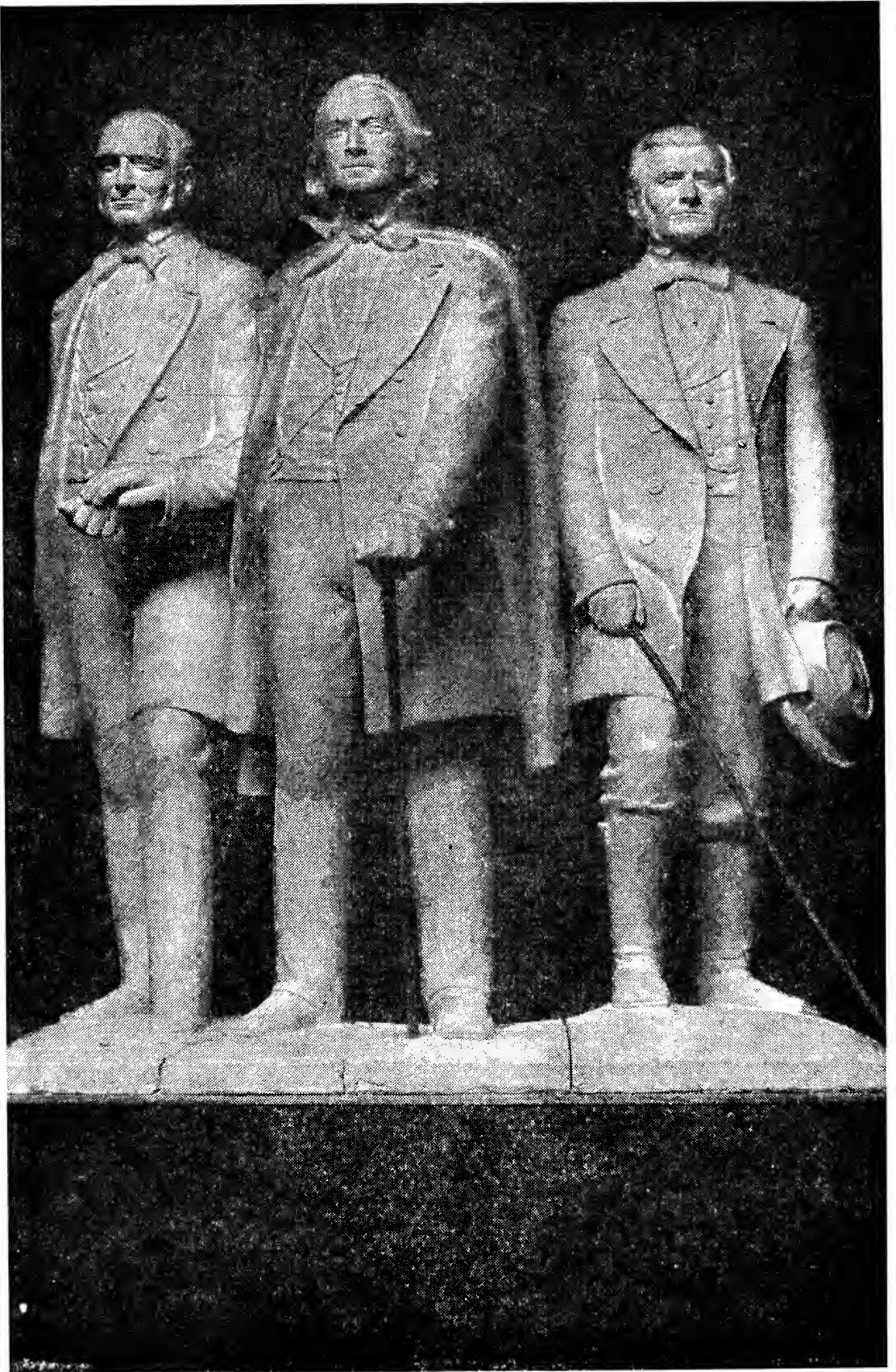
Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Have you seen the sego lily
Lift her cup upon the hills?
Multiplying willy-nilly,
Catching light the desert spills?

Have you plucked a dainty cluster?
Touched the petals, white and thin?
Thrilled to note translucent luster
Fine as Dresden's porcelain?

Have you heard the simple story
How the segos played a part
In our people's pain and glory?
See! Each wears a purple heart.

Little hillside desert flower,
Take the thanks which you deserve;
In our fathers' saddest hour
Nothing was too small to serve.



CENTRAL FIGURES FROM "THIS IS THE PLACE" MONUMENT
MAHONRI M. YOUNG, SCULPTOR

The figures, left to right, represent Heber C. Kimball, Brigham Young, and Wilford Woodruff, leaders of the "Camps of Israel."

Mahonri M. Young, Sculptor of "This Is the Place" Monument

Elder Levi Edgar Young

President, First Council of Seventy and President, Utah State Historical Society

TO create a noble memorial of a great event in history is an enduring triumph to the soul of an artist. The supreme masterpiece of the work of Mahonri M. Young is his "This Is the Place" Monument, which will be unveiled on the Twenty-fourth of July of this year.

The conscience and soul of the American Nation have been kept living and chastened by the movements of pioneers into the unknown West since the time when Thomas Hooker, in 1636, took his group of people from Plymouth into a far western territory which became known as the colony of Connecticut. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the American pioneers moved farther westward, there was always a rebirth of national conscience, the conquest of the soil, and the building of cities and schools.

The monument to the pioneers is a beautiful memorial, the fine qualities of which can scarcely be better described than by the words of Paul Cret:

In a memorial the end to be achieved, primarily, is the perpetuation of the memory of a great man or a great event to future generations. This object being granted, it follows that permanency and a clear and arresting expression of the commemorative idea are essential to the programme, and the most appropriate memorial is that which may best withstand the changes of the centuries, and by the beauty and dig-

nity of its design arouse to the attention and respect the heedless mind of the wayfarer and that of the wayfarer still to come.

Mahonri Young was born in the Twentieth Ward of Salt Lake City, August 7, 1877. His father, after whom Mahonri was named, was a son of President Brigham Young. His mother was Agnes MacIntosh, born of a distinguished pioneer family who migrated to Utah in 1849. He had little formal scholastic training, but his interpretation of external life was at once his strength and enduring power. The habits, tastes, and associations of his youth have swayed him through his life. As he sat on the banks of the little creek which flowed past his home in his boyhood days, he laughed and talked with his companions—Lee Greene Richards, Alma Wright, and Jack Sears, all of whom gave vibrant expression to youthful dreams of life.

Born of upright, self-respecting parents, he always preferred the companionship of workers to that of men of leisure. The first subjects that he did in sculpture were men who had strength of body and mind, and nothing appealed to him so much as men of rich spirituality. To this day, he is warm-hearted, generous to a fault, lavish on anything connected with his work, simple in tastes and habits of life, affectionate, and home-loving. He has been a pro-



MAHONRI M. YOUNG

found student of the Bible, and his knowledge of the world's best literature has won him friends from among professional men, doctors, and theologians of different sects and religions.

MAHONRI YOUNG is acknowledged to be one of the greatest sculptors of our day. He acquired his technical training in Paris at the Institute and Ecole des Beaux Arts after having studied in New York where he went when he was twenty-two years of age, and came under the influence of such men as Saint-Gaudens and Daniel French.

During his student years, he was particularly interested in men as they labored in construction gangs, and he made innumerable bronzes and etchings of men at work. Studies in bronze of boxers are other works of his earlier period. Examples of Mr. Young's sculptures are in the

Metropolitan Museum of Art, where his bronzes "Stevedore" and "Man with a Pick" are on display. "A Laborer" and "The Rigger" are in the Free Public Library of Newark, New Jersey. For the Museum of Natural History in New York, he made the Hopi, Apache, and Navajo groups.

His many notebooks of etchings and drawings fill several shelves in his library, and tell us much about his intensity of perception, and the extraordinary feeling and sympathy which characterize his work.

He has been awarded highest honors throughout this country, in Paris, Buenos Aires, and Panama. His famous "Monument to the Dead" is in Paris. He is a member of the National Academy, the Society of American Etchers, the New York Water Color Society, the Institute of Fine Arts and Letters, the National Arts Club, and the Century Club of New York City.

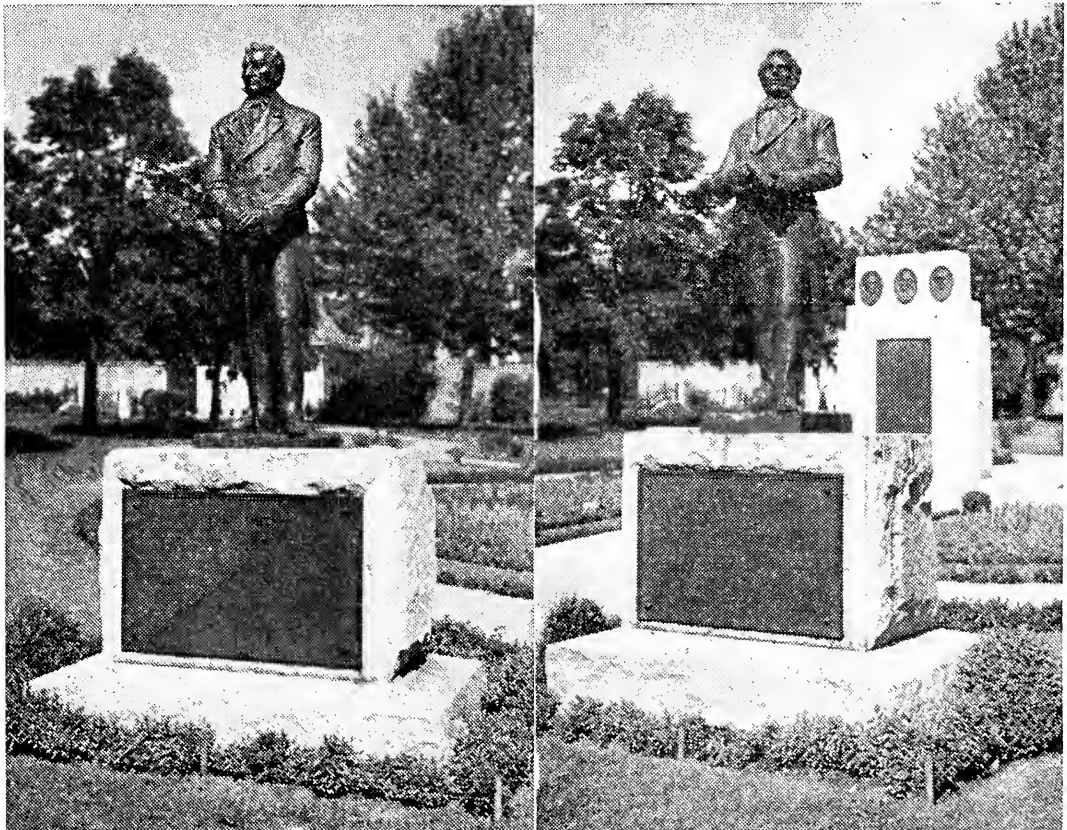
In the flower garden of Temple Square in Salt Lake City, are two of his finest creations. They are Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and his brother Hyrum, both life-size, on granite pedestals. The figures are bathed in the soft light of surrounding shadows of trees and flowers, giving them a beautiful setting. The Prophet stands with book in hand, ready to tell about the sacred scriptures, which explain the holiness of the gospel of Jesus Christ. His face is resolute, yet there is an expression of hallowed thought. Both men stand with a dignity of true greatness. The spiritual aroma of Hyrum's features, his expressive face of deep humility and simple faith, seem to give a feeling of praying as he looks into the light of a new day.

They are rich and noble compositions with certain enduring qualities showing two men serving their God.

Across the lawn in front of the Assembly Hall, a building of unique architectural beauty, is the Sea Gull Monument, one of the first creations of the sculptor to commemorate a miraculous event in Utah's history.

The people of Utah have reason for loving the gulls. In the spring of 1848, hundreds of acres of wheat had been planted in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The prospects were good for a bountiful harvest, and the people were happy in the realization that their starving days would soon be over. The plowing and planting had been done with care, and with the sunny days of

spring, the fields looked beautiful. To the south and east of Salt Lake City, fruitful gardens and grain fields had replaced the sagebrush land. A large number of immigrants were expected during the summer months, and the people were making preparations to receive them. Some had arrived in the spring, and their souls were touched with gladness as they looked for the first time upon the "Land of Promise." It had been decided to gather into a storehouse enough wheat to provide for the immigrants who were expected during the autumn. The people always thought of the welfare of one another. If one band of immigrants had plenty, they were ready to share with others.



STATUES OF PATRIARCH HYRUM SMITH (LEFT) AND THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH (RIGHT), TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

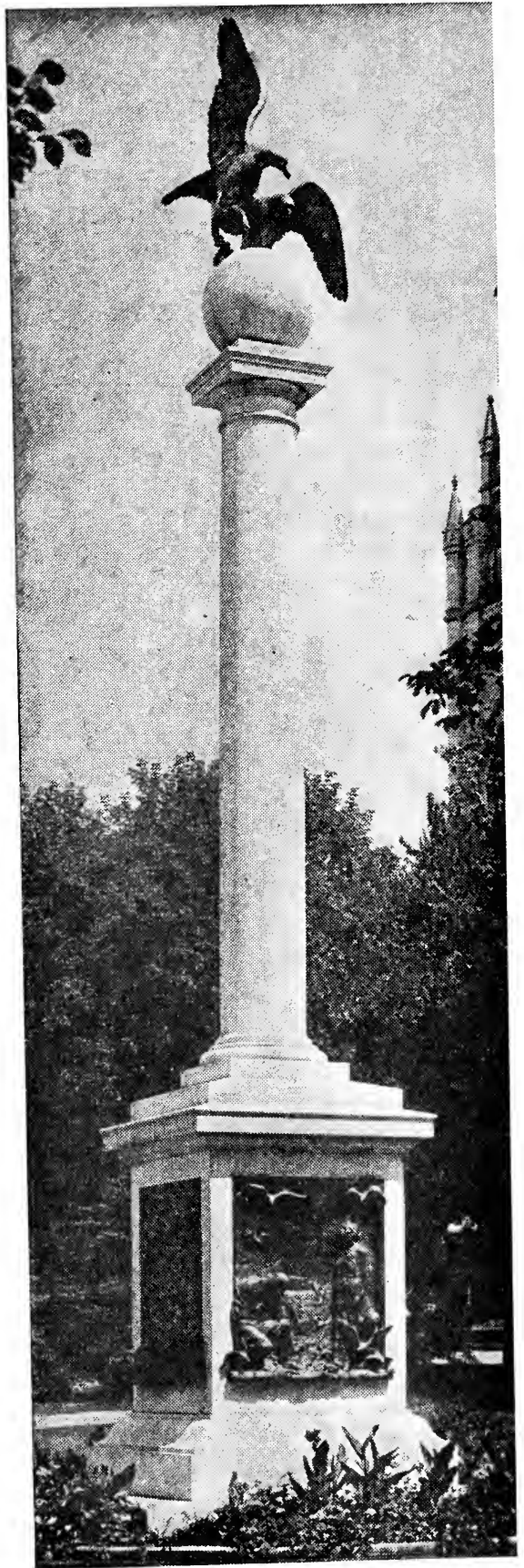
Mahonri M. Young, Sculptor

IT was during the latter part of the month of May, 1848, that crickets began to destroy the wheat fields far and wide. At first little thought was given to the pest, but, within a few days, a devouring horde swept down upon the Valley, eating everything before them, leaving neither blade nor leaf. Bancroft, the historian, says:

Men, women, and children turned out en masse to combat the pest, driving them into ditches or upon piles of reeds, which they would set on fire, striving in every way, until their strength was exhausted, to beat back the devouring host.

The crickets increased alarmingly every day. The people prayed and fasted for they had great faith as they begged their God for help. Many hundreds of immigrants were on the plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Missouri River, and were expected during the summer. One company had reached Fort Bridger, and was told by messengers of the terrible plight in the Valley.

Then a miracle happened. There came from the islands of the Great Salt Lake the gulls—myriads of these strange, snow-white birds, with wild cries—winging their way. A new fear arose in the hearts of the people as they saw the birds settling down upon the fields—a fear that another foe had come to complete the destruction of the growing grain. Great was their joy when they saw the gulls pounce upon the black crickets and begin to gorge themselves so ravenously that the birds, over-



THE SEA GULL MONUMENT,
TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE
CITY, UTAH

Mahonri M. Young, Sculptor

stuffed by their rapid and heavy feeding, would regurgitate their spoil, and then continue devouring the pest. Men and women gazed in amazement upon the birds and their beneficent work. God had answered their prayers. For days the destruction went on, then the winged deliverers, having destroyed the plague, quietly flew back to their island homes in the bosom of the Great Salt Lake. The people had been saved from starvation.

On Wednesday, October 1, 1913, the beautiful monument in honor of the gulls was unveiled in Salt Lake City. The monument consists of a granite pedestal, upon which rests a graceful column over sixteen feet high, on the top of which is a large granite ball. Upon this, gulls are gently alighting. The birds are done in bronze, covered with gold leaf, and the group weighs nearly five hundred pounds. Around the foot of the pedestal is a beautiful fountain about thirty feet in diameter and in the water swim hundreds of goldfish. On each of three sides of the pedestal is a bronze plaque picturing a scene in the Valley during those pioneer days.

The first relief shows the beginning of agriculture in the arid West. The desert is dry and parched. From the sagebrush run lizards and horned toads. A camp has been made, and a woman, the ever-constant companion of man, is preparing the noonday meal. The figures are aglow with warm, pulsating life. Oxen are plunging ahead with plow, while the man guides them, and the boy urges them on with lash and word. Determination marks the faces of the figures, and the charm of the bronze relief is in the vivid

impression it conveys. They must not hesitate. The virgin soil must be reclaimed. Wheat must be sown and potatoes planted. The oxen partake of the spirit of the people, for they bend hard to their yokes, as they tug at the plow. An Indian sits by watching the work, and on his face is a look of wonderment. He will know again the use of the virgin soil, as did his forefathers. It is savagery meeting civilization in the wilderness. The entire ensemble gives one the feeling of faith, work, and hope.

The second relief tells a dramatic story. Crickets are devouring the wheat fields. Hundreds of acres have been wasted. Men, women, and children have fought for days to destroy the pest but to no avail. A man is sitting with bowed head. His agonizing prayer has been heard, but he is fatigued with the work and worry of many days and nights. Near him is a woman holding a little child by the hand. There is a simple unconscious grace to the figure, and her appearance is symbolic of maternal purity. She stands in majestic silence, and on her face is a look of supreme faith in God. It is of such women that Benjamin Ide Wheeler once wrote:

Over rude paths beset with hunger and risk, she passed on toward the vision of a better country. To an assemblage of men busy with the perishable rewards of the day, she brought the three-fold leaven of enduring society—faith, gentleness, and home with the nurture of children.

The third bronze shows the harvest days. The wheat fields have been saved, and the people shall have bread. They praise God for their deliverance. The whole relief exhales a spirituality very beautiful.

One senses the protective grace of the Almighty, who has a far greater work for these children of the wilderness to do. The gulls are the saviors, and the destiny of the colony is assured by a miracle. Children play for joy, and the entire scene is resonant of sunshine. The fundamental industry of their new colony will be agriculture—the beautifying of the land and making it productive and useful. The men have conquered the elements, and God has sent them his blessings and help in time of sore distress.

The fourth tablet, on the north, reads:

“SEA GULL MONUMENT
ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEM-
BRANCE OF THE MERCY OF GOD
TO THE MORMON PIONEERS”

This memorial has won more admirers than perhaps any other of the sculptor's work. It conveys a human story with such precision and tender sincerity that all can read it and few can fail to be affected.

IN his etchings and drawings, we may study the character of the artist. His intensity of perception is shown in the drawing of the first school in Utah, taught by Mary Jane Dilworth. In it one notes the extraordinary feeling and sympathy for his subject. The school was held in a tent shaped like an ordinary Indian wigwam. Rough logs were used for seats and the teacher's desk was a camp stool, which had been brought across the plains from Winter Quarters. A description of the school comes down to us in the memoirs of Maria Nebeker, a sister of Mary Jane. She writes:

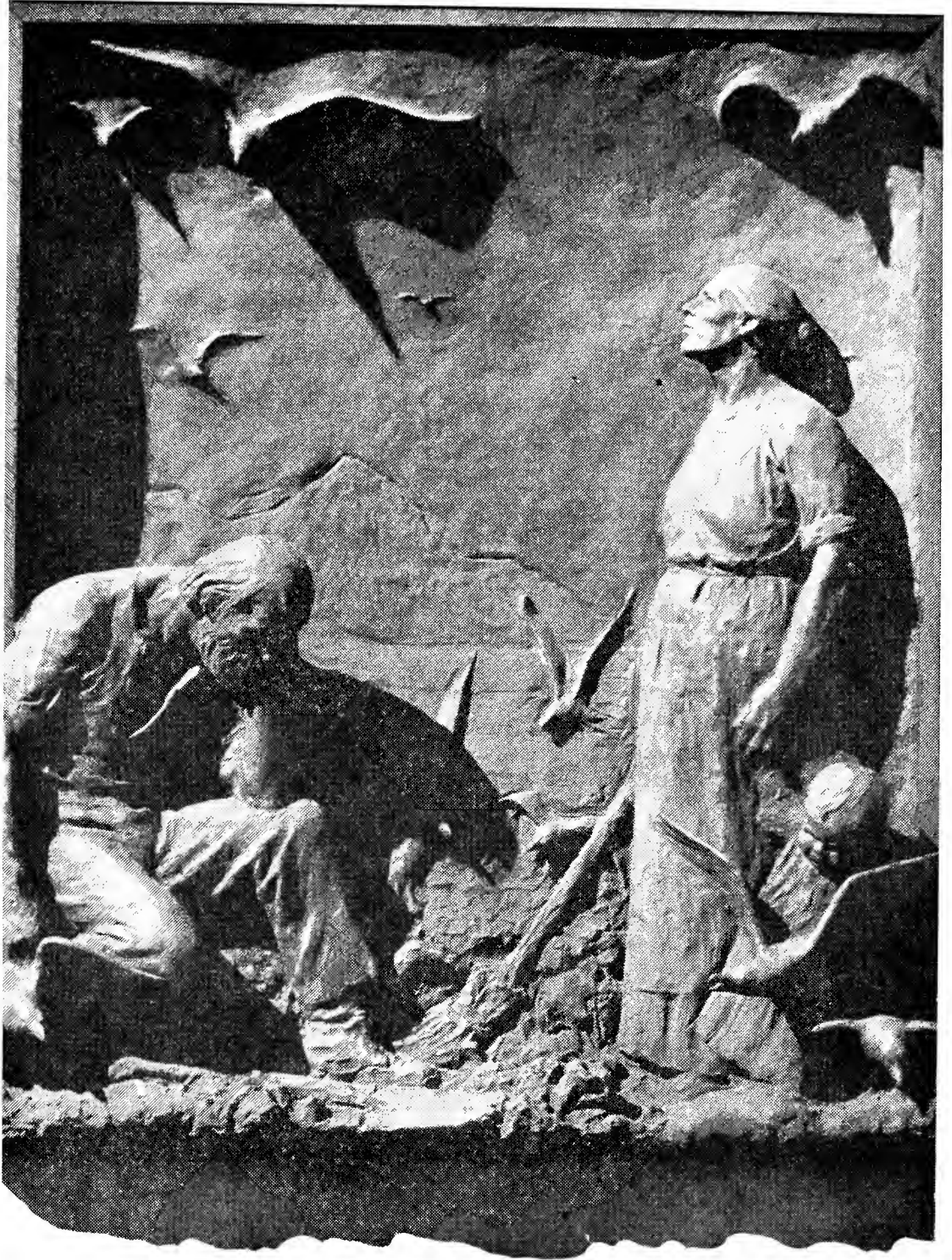
I attended the first school in Utah taught by my sister Mary Jane. The school was opened just three weeks after our arrival in the valley. I remember Mary Jane saying to us: “Come children, come. We will begin now.” We entered the tent, sat down on the logs and one of the brethren offered prayer.

In the simple drawing we see the enduring genius of youth ever struggling to learn. It is a scene of everyday life, of tender expression. The boy with bowed head is listening to the opening prayer.

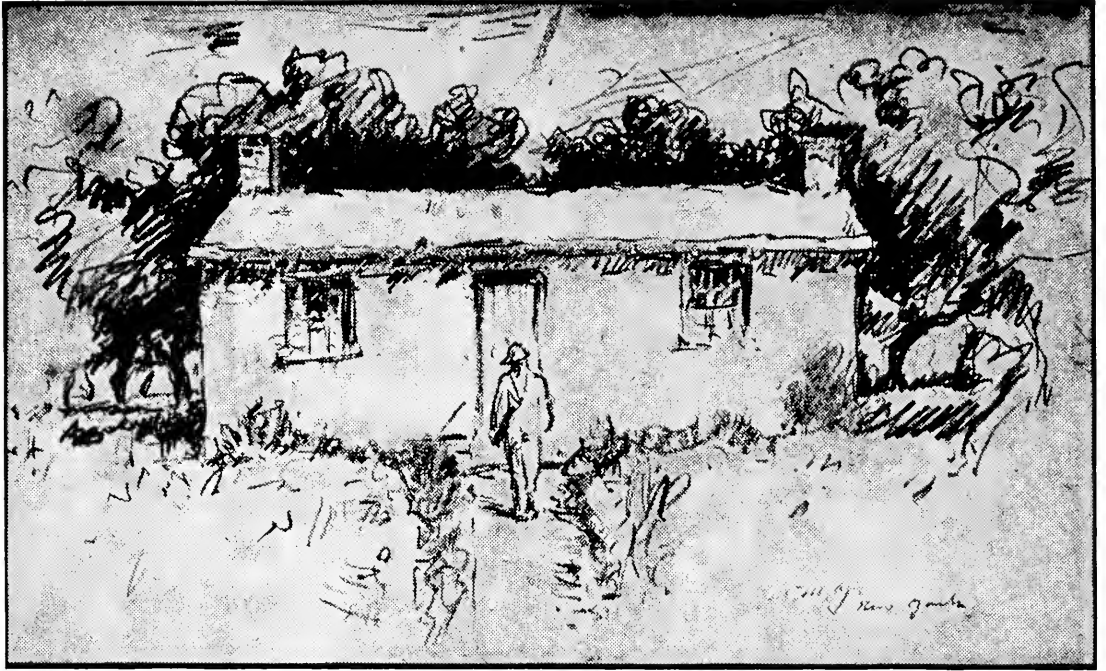
On the building of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at First South and State Streets, Salt Lake City, is a plaque made by Mr. Young of the old Salt Lake Theatre which has been demolished. Significantly beautiful, it shows the people of the sixties entering the playhouse. The women wear hoop skirts, the men frock coats. In front are the horse carriages and cabs used seventy years ago. The sculptor has preserved the spirit of the old playhouse and on the plaque are these words of Thomas Moore:

Long, long be my heart
with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses
have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter
the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses
will hang round it still.

THE “This Is the Place” Monument, to be unveiled on the Twenty-fourth of July, will be one of the largest of its kind in the United States. Placed at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, the setting of the monument with the hills and mountains as a background, gives a feeling of its majesty amid the



PLAQUE FROM THE SEA GULL MONUMENT, TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAHONRI M. YOUNG, SCULPTOR



THE JOHN PACK HOME, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Sketch by Mahonri M. Young

In this building the first sessions of the University of Deseret were held.

spaciousness of earth and sky. The base is of granite from the Cottonwood quarries, and upon it will be mounted the bronze groups of the figures and mammoth bronze panels in bas-relief. Nearly one hundred bronze portraits of heroic proportions retell the history of the settlement of Utah and the West.

In bronze relief on the west side of the base, the sculptor portrays the covered wagons, the horsemen, the children, the cattle, and the dogs who followed in the train of the pioneers. On its east face there are six portrait statues of famous trail breakers, Kit Carson, General John C. Fremont, Captain Bonneville, Father de Smet, Peter Skeene Ogden, and the Indian Chief Washakie. Washakie was the chief of the Shoshone tribe and became a great friend of President Young. During

his reign, not a single white man was molested by an Indian in his territory.

At opposite ends of the monument stand two life-size groups, one depicting the Spanish missionaries who passed through what is now Utah, in 1776, with Father Escalante. The other shows the group of explorers and trappers who trekked over the land in 1825 under the leadership of William Henry Ashley of Virginia. A sixty foot pylon rises above the center of the monument. At its base are Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow who were sent ahead and who saw the Valley from the mouth of Emigration Canyon, July 21, and who cried out in their ecstasy, "Hosannah! Hosannah! Hosannah!"

Mahonri Young's power to show action in his figures is exemplified

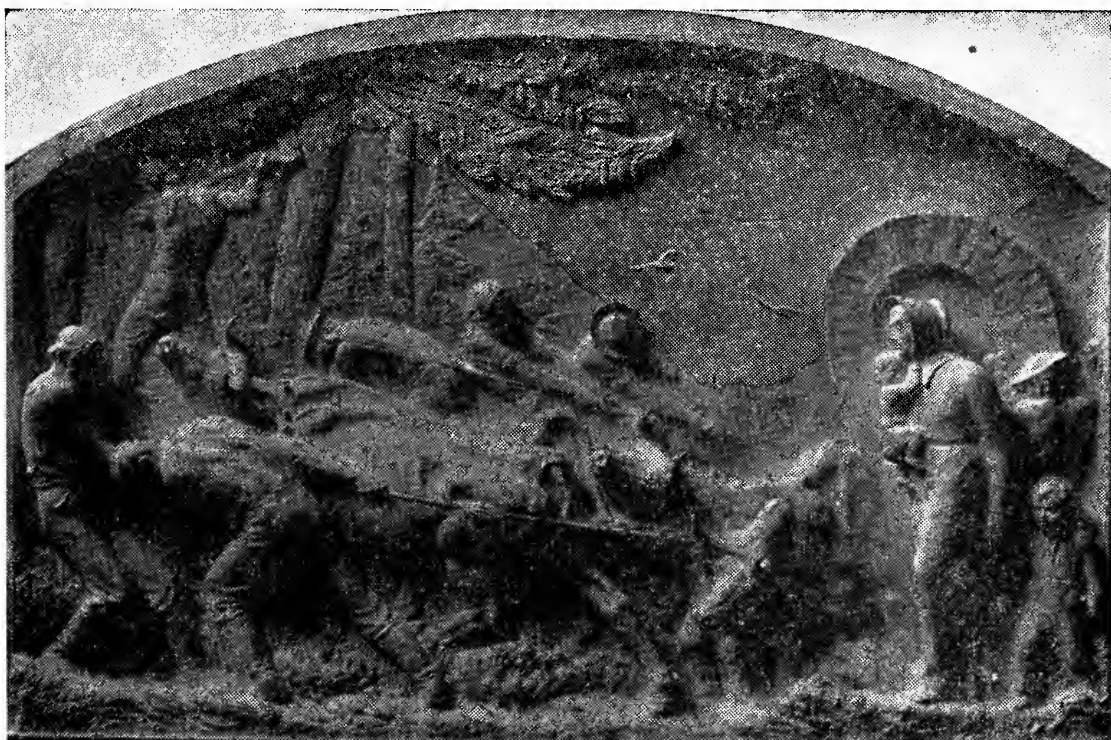
by his large plaque of the Donner party climbing the eastern slope of the Wasatch to the summit of Big Mountain whither they had been directed by Lansford Hastings. There was no trail, nor even a path to follow, nothing but thick underbrush and quaking aspen groves.

From what is now Henefer in Weber Canyon, the party was nearly three weeks reaching the Valley through Emigration Canyon. One notes the overwhelming expression of physical fatigue which the sculptor gives to his men who are helping, as they can, the exhausted oxen. He has given free reign to his imagination. The work is big with fatefulness. The mountain heights must be won. On, on the men tug at the

ropes as the oxen bend to their yokes.

At the top of the pylon are the bronze figures of President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff. The expression on the face of Brigham Young, as he places his right hand on the arm of Heber C. Kimball, is one of awe and thanksgiving, as he sees the beautiful Valley before him. The three characters are under the spell of the morning light, and they stand there in amazement, chastened, purified, elevated, drawn closer to each other by the realization that they have reached their destination. God had truly led them to the promised land.

Mahonri Young lives in Ridgefield, Conn. He works steadily on



THE DONNER PARTY

Plaque from "This Is the Place" Monument by Mahonri M. Young

The Donner Party, bound for California, left Fort Bridger, Wyoming, July 28, 1846, and passed through Salt Lake Valley. There were eighty-seven people in the company. Thirty-nine perished in the snow of the high Sierras, near Lake Tahoe.

to achieve what he set out to do in his youth. His ideal is to express in art the many fine historic events characteristic of the West. Always looking forward, he moves in a world of exaltation. He loves nature. He is ever studying human nature. He finds in man a power divine, and with ardent faith and warmth of enthusiasm, he makes the divine idea a living reality.

It is his love of work alone, his labor without respite, which gives him joy. As an example of energy, a source of force and beauty, he will always, as long as he lives, be a radiant ideal to follow. An American through and through, depicting the lives of the pioneers to Utah and the far West, he has established himself as an artist who knows the ideals of America, and the influence of those ideals he has worked out in his art. He has truthfully said: "A country which forgets its past history, will never have a future worth remembering."

AS this article concerning the life and work of Mahonri Young goes to press, news reaches us announcing the death of his beloved wife, Dorothy Weir. She, too, was an artist and well known in her native state, Connecticut. Her father, J. Alden Weir, was a famous portrait painter, and his father founded the School of Fine Arts at Yale University. Dorothy Weir was born in the beautiful old home at Ridgefield, and there she had lived all her life, with the exception of times spent in Europe studying art. She was an exceptionally fine water

colorist, with a clear, decisive style. After her marriage she and her husband made one of the old barns on the estate into a studio, and there he created the "This Is the Place" Monument, to be unveiled this month of July. She often came to Salt Lake City, where she made many friends.

Her brilliant career was arrested in its meridian by a sudden stroke of fate, for death took her at the moment when Mahonri had attained his triumph after years of hard work. The loveliness of her disposition, the gentleness of her spirit, the radiance of her cheerfulness which she always diffused, will ever be recalled by her many friends and relatives who knew and loved her.

Mahonri's grief will be assuaged by the knowledge of the teachings he received in his boyhood days in the little home on C Street in the Twentieth Ward of Salt Lake City, and by the memory of the many days of serene joy when, in golden afternoons, he and his wife walked in the woods near their home.

With the deep faith he has in God, his soul will rise triumphant over all fears, and he will go on working, and days will unfold to his enraptured gaze the many lovely things that yet must be done. Thousands of his friends in Utah and all over America think of him and send prayers for his comfort. The work appointed Dorothy to do has been done well and beautifully. The Master knows best when to make the call for his children to come home.

Call It a Day.

Estelle Webb Thomas

WHEN the early summer dawn began to break, Judith was already carrying water from the spring below the hill. She set the heavy wooden buckets down for a moment when she reached her fence and looked off across the valley. In this sweet, translucent light it was almost too beautiful.

"It's my home!" thought Judith exultantly, and wondered if it were wicked to be so happy. "But they'd want me to be happy," she mused, unlatching the crude gate and picking up the pails, "Sam and all of them."

She poured the water into the copper boiler, only slightly dented by its long trip across the plains, and, setting it on the three blackened stones, began the complicated process of making a fire under it. Gramp usually made the fires, carefully banking them in the wintertime, saving coals for months at a time, and using his flint in the summer; but she particularly wanted Gramp to sleep this morning.

Even as the thought crossed her mind, a terrific booming roar shattered the silence and shook the earth.

"That Tom Planter!" Judith spoke aloud in her vexation, "I knew he'd fire off that old cannon before it had rightly come morning! Why can't he let the little ones and the old ones have their rightful rest? Now I'll never get my wash done and ironed!" She thought ruefully that she would have been well into it now, if she could have carried the water last night, but then

it was Sunday, and one could not work on the Sabbath.

It was hard on a body, she reflected, when a Sunday was followed immediately by a holiday and one's family must be spick and span for both occasions, with never a change to their backs! Usually, Judith solved the problem quite simply by laundering Gramp's and the two children's clothing before they were awake mornings, except for Sunday, when the wardrobes were prepared after they were abed Saturday night.

Luckily, she had two dresses, her old linsey-woolsey on which she had learned to weave, and her best brown, dyed with oak bark, for Sundays. Three dresses, to be exact, but she had never worn the sprigged muslin since the day she and Sam were married. It lay now in the bottom of her little rawhide-covered trunk, wrapped in a yellowed old linen sheet of her mother's, with dried lavender tucked in the folds, waiting, perhaps, for little Sabina to become a starry-eyed bride.

She was climbing the hill with her second "turn" of water, when she heard Gramp calling her. "Sairy Ann, Sairy Ann, where in tarnation be ye?"

"Coming, Gramp!" Judith's clear voice was reassuring, and she began hurrying so that some of her precious water slopped out. She answered as readily to "Sairy Ann" as to any other of the half-dozen names Gramp called her. Gramp was ninety-two and likely to confuse Judith, in mo-

ments of stress, with the various women in his past.

He was standing now by her washing fire, clutching a large plaid shawl about his thin shoulders. "Where in tarnation's my shirt?" he greeted her, fretfully, "been huntin' my fool head off and 'taint nowhere!"

"I'm washing it, Gramp! Today's the Twenty-fourth, remember? You have to be nice and clean today!"

"Stuff and nonsense! It was clean yistidy—wasn't yistidy Sunday? Well, then, I never done no work, how in tunket would I git dirty?"

"Well, it wasn't rightly dirty," Judith soothed him, "but today's extra special for you, Gramp. You know you're the chaplain of the day and have to give the oration. Everybody'll be looking at you!"

GRAMP looked instantly mollified, and a pleased, self-conscious smile twitched the corners of his toothless mouth. "Well now, I plumb forgot that there oration! Now, why in tunket you s'pose they picked on me? Why don't they git Brother Sweigert? He's a durn sight long windeder 'n what I be!"

"You don't have to be long winded, Gramp!" Judith assured him, quickly, "the poor youngsters nearly starved last time Brother Sweigert orated. You just give them one of your good, lively talks—that's what they want! Better keep off the 'Other Side' in your oration, or they'll think it's a funeral sermon!"

"Never you mind **"T'other Side,"** retorted Gramp, good-naturedly, "when you git as clost to 'T'other Side' as I be, you'll be thinkin' a lot about it, too. Sometimes I can't hardly wait," he went on, to himself, busy with his flint and punk, "seems

like I can almost see 'em all troupin' to meet me! Yessir, that'll be a happy day fer me, a happy day!"

Judith and Gramp accomplished miracles in the next few hours. While Judith's washing was flapping on the line, she washed and fed the children, four-year-old Sabina, her dark eyes starry with excitement, and sunny-haired, three-year-old Sammy, happy just to be alive.

Gramp ate with the children, but Judith was far too busy for food. While she pressed the damp clothes with the one heavy, awkward, sad-iron, Gramp polished all the shoes. He did this by the simple expedient of turning a stove lid upside down, pouring water into it, and applying the resulting black paste liberally with a rag. When this dried sufficiently to buff with a piece of wooly sheepskin, the sheen rivaled a new stove.

"Whut do the poor souls do that don't have no stove?" he inquired, not expecting nor wanting an answer. "How in thunderation can they polish their shoes on a Dutch oven 'er fireplace? Yes, Judy, you're a lucky girl, an' I'll tell Sammy so soon as I see him on 'T'other Side.' Sammy's the one'll meet me—he wuz alus my favorite, Sam wuz. 'Sammy, you left your wife well fixed,' I'll say, 'if you had to go, it was better you than some shiftless feller, that wouldn't leave nothin.' But why did he have to go?" Gramp interrupted himself, turning a piteous gaze on Judith. "If some of us had to die of cholery on them pesky plains, why couldn't it abeen me?"

Judith had side-stepped that question so often, she answered now almost automatically. "Now, Gramp, the Lord knows who he needs

where. And just what would we do without you—this morning, for instance?"

Presently, they were en route to the Bowery, a leafy roof constructed by the young men for the day's festivities. Friends and neighbors were swarming toward this center from all directions, all in their Sunday best, and Judith in her freshly pressed homespun dress, her dark hair with its coronet of braids curling softly about her temples, her cheeks pink with excitement and haste, felt the old childish thrill a celebration always brought. After all, one cannot grieve always, at twenty-two.

Young Bill Williams had made room for them on the split-log bench beside him, but the Bishop had hustled Gramp up front to be ready for his oration. Judith could feel Bill's blue eyes on her as she gazed off across the green fields. "Those wild roses sure look pretty in your black hair," he whispered as they sat down. "Just match your cheeks!"

"Hush, Bill," Judith murmured, distressed, "Brother Jackson's going to pray!" Brother Jackson's prayer was long and comprehensive, but it was a prayer of thanksgiving and praise, and not a thought of weariness entered the bowed heads during the long petition. Even the children felt the grateful necessity of abundant thanks for this haven.

Bill whispered again, in the gentle rustle that followed Brother Jackson's "Amen," "When you going to let me come see you, Judith? I could—"

"Sh!" Judith knew what he would have said. "I could take good care of you and the children and Gramp." He had said it before. She knew

how it hurt Bill to see her working like a man. She knew she could make this new home a veritable heaven for him by giving him the right to care for her and hers. In fact, she knew Bill very well, indeed. It had been "Bill'n Judy" long before dashing Sam Martin and his "Gramp," had joined the saints back in Missouri and won Judith. He had even won Bill, too, for the boys had been friends, in spite of their rivalry, up to the dreary day Bill had helped to lower Sam into his wayside grave. Now, as the audience rose for the second song, he murmured, "Sam would be glad—"

"Yes, Sam—but not Gramp!" Judith took off her slat bonnet and, pretending to use it for a fan, whispered from behind it, "It would break Gramp's heart. Be patient, Bill. We're young!"

Bill smiled. This was the first encouraging word she had given him. Why, it was practically a promise! He could wait now. The audience sat down. Bill never knew what had been sung, but the Bishop was introducing Gramp as the first speaker, and Gramp's quavering voice was saluting them: "My dear brethren and sisters, friends, neighbors, and feller citizens—"

Judith leaned forward, tensely. If only Gramp would stick to the present, or even a recital of the oft-told tale of the journey West! But not Gramp. With despair, she heard him saying, "Well, folks, know what I'm goin' to tell 'em when they meet me on 'T'other Side?' I'm goin' to say, 'Friends, if you could see them valleys of the mountains the Prophet led us to, you'd begin to wonder who's in heaven—you or us!'"

* * * *

“JUDITH! Judith Martin!” Sister Merry’s troubled face was peering at her from the edge of the Bowery, and Judith’s name was being hissed along the row.

“I’ll look after the kids,” Bill murmured, and Judith slipped out.

“Oh, Judy!” Sister Merry wailed, after they were out of hearing, “a terrible thing has happened!”

Judith paled, and glanced instinctively toward the Bowery, though she had left Gramp and the children but a moment before.

Sister Merry, after an impressive pause, rushed on, “You know Laviny was to sing the solo in the anthem—she’s the only one can reach it by a yard. Been practicing for weeks!”

“Yes?” Judith breathed. What had happened to Lavina?

“Well, listen. She was going to wear Aunt Jane’s taffeta—you know her changeable she wore to the Governor’s ball that time. Well, Aunt Jane never would let her try it on. Simply wouldn’t get it out of the trunk. Claimed her and Laviny was the same size and she knew it would fit her, without switching it out.”

Judith could hear Gramp enlarging on the glories of the “Other Side” and, suddenly, it was clear to her that he was looking forward far more eagerly to his advent in that bright land than he ever had to the end of the weary trek which had brought them here. How tired he must be! Tears smarted her eyes and she stared blankly at Sister Merry’s dramatic, “So there you are!”

“Where?”

It was Sister Merry’s turn to stare. “You mean you never heard me? Well, as I say, Aunt Jane wouldn’t get her taffeta till the last dog was hung, and what do you s’pose? Every

single fold was cracked wide open!”

“Oh, poor Aunt Jane!” exclaimed Judith.

“Oh, poor Laviny, you mean! Been dreaming of wearing that taffeta for a month! Aunt Jane used to boast it could stand alone—was married in it twice and laid both her husbands to rest in it—her wearing it, I mean, not them. Well, as I told her, it’ll never stand alone again, but what about poor Laviny? She don’t have a second dress to her back!” She hesitated and then, looking Judith squarely in the eyes, demanded, “You know anybody got a dress stored away?”

“No-o, I don’t believe—oh, you mean my sprigged muslin? Oh, Sister Merry, I—I—you see, Sam and I—”

“Sister Judith!” Merry was stern, “You going to let a sprigged muslin stand betwixt you and your Maker? For when ye do it unto the least of these—besides the program will be ruined!”

Judith had a wild desire to laugh at this quaint application of scripture, but stifled it and answered quickly, “Of course she must wear it—I didn’t realize—send her over to my house and I’ll have it shaken out.”

The anthem was, luckily, the last number on the morning program, but Tom Planter had rendered encores of “Yankee Doodle,” his only tune, three times on his mouth organ, and was clearing his throat for a fourth time, and the Bishop was wiping his brow nervously when Lavina sailed into view, trying to look as if she slipped into a sheer, sprigged muslin every morning of her life.

The delay had been caused by the fact that there was a lot more of

Lavina than of sprigged muslin, especially around the middle. After much agonized effort on the part of both girls, and violent declarations from Lavina that she would wear it if she had to hold her breath till she burst, Judith had dashed across the fields to Grandma Wilkins', and borrowed a kerchief to fill up the gap. Lavina had wept a little at the necessity, but, as Judith pointed out, it was obviously impossible to reach high C while holding one's breath. So now she tossed her head and walked boldly to the front of the Bowery, with the muslin spliced all the way up the front of the basque with Grandma Wilkins' white silk kerchief.

* * * *

GRAMP was in high spirits when Judith, later, served him baked beans and salt rising bread. He had a place of honor at the "long table" where the women's cherished tablecloths were spread out on the grass. He was seated cross-legged near the Bishop, with Sabina and Sammy on each side of him.

Judith squeezed his hand. "You did fine, Gramp!" she whispered.

Gramp smiled happily. "Never dwelt too much on 'T'other Side,' did I, Marthy? Don't recollect if I even mentioned it, but it seems like I look foward to it like a little boy to Christmas, er Brother Brigham to sayin' 'This Is the Place'—can't help sayin' a little mite once in a while!"

"It's all right, Gramp, it was a fine speech." Judith felt not the slightest qualm of conscience at this statement, though she had not heard the speech.

There were races after dinner, and the Martin family did itself proud. Gramp was winner of the "over-

ninety" race, and Sabina runner-up in the four-year-old class. But Sammy went to sleep in his mother's arms in the midst of it all, and so put both of them out of the running. Sunset saw the tireless merry-makers sitting again at the board, with renewed appetite for the beans, mutton, and rice pudding. There was still a night of dancing ahead, and they must keep up their strength. As Judith heaped his plate, Gramp found opportunity to whisper, "Sairy Ann, I guess I done all right. Brother Sweigert told me he couldn't occypied any more time hisself!"

Gramp was calling for the first quadrille when Judith, after putting Sabina and Sammy snugly into a nest of blankets under a tree where other children were already sleeping, joined the laughing group around the hard-packed earthen "dance floor."

"Come on, Judy!" he called, gaily, "Young Bill's been lookin' for a podner! Putty near time for the second set! Swing yore podners to you know where! Now then, young folks, get set lively!"

Old Brother Beeson was scraping his fiddle and Johnny Deere and Ben Brown twanging their Jew's-harps, preparatory to bursting into full volume for the next set. Gramp, his eyes dancing, his foot tapping, was waiting impatiently to start calling again.

"Aren't you getting tired, Gramp?" Judith asked.

"Tired! Stuff and nonsense!" said Gramp, stoutly, "what if I do get tired? Have plenty time to rest on 'T'other Side,' I reckon! There's Bill lookin' for ye agin; now get on and leave me be!"

At last the moon was down and the last bonfire dying to embers. Men began harnessing and saddling horses and mothers gently roused their sleeping children and prepared to end the great day.

Gramp, looking white and frail in the fitful light, appeared at Judith's side. "Hand me Sabina. Be careful, don't wake her up! I'll tote her."

"Oh, Gramp. No! She's too big! She won't cry! Come on, honey, take hold of Gramp's hand, and Mommy'll carry Sammy!"

But Gramp was obstinate, and with an effort, he lifted the heavy sleeping child. "Guess I'm still man enough—" he panted.

Then Sabina was lifted suddenly and firmly from his trembling arms, and Bill's quiet voice asked, "Any objection to a little help here?" His arm was through his bridle reins, and glancing at his horse, he inquired, "Want to ride, Gramp?"

"Not me! I'll do well to get myself home, without foolin' with some pesky critter!" It was the nearest Gramp had ever come to an admission of weakness and Judith glanced at him anxiously. He saw, or divined, the look, and said hastily, "Now, don't go gettin' ideas in your head, Sairy Ann, and callin' someone with a wagon to tote me home. It's only a skip, hop, and jump! Now, get movin' and leave me be!"

In spite of her anxiety for Gramp, Judith felt an unaccustomed glow at Bill's nearness and quiet strength. They walked along slowly, tempering their pace to suit Gramp's and talking over the day's events.

"You sure gave us a fine speech, Gramp," Bill declared. "Everybody liked it. First time Brother Wallace

ever stayed awake through a preaching in his life, I'll bet!"

"Wasted a lot of breath on it," Gramp muttered, but Judith knew he was pleased.

At the cabin, Bill gently placed the sleeping child on Judith's bed and turned to go.

"It's too late to ask you in, but I do thank you," murmured Judith as she laid Sammy beside his sister.

"I'd like to have the right to help you always," he whispered.

Judith followed him out and stood watching while he mounted his horse and rode away. Then with a sigh she turned back into the cabin. To her surprise, it was still dark.

* * * *

"WHAT'S the matter, Gramp, can't you get a light?" she asked, a vague dread sharpening her voice. There was no answer, and starting forward, Judith almost fell over the huddled form on the floor.

The first necessity was for a light and she forced herself to kneel and search Gramp's pockets for his tinderbox. She found it in his hand and gently disengaged it from the nerveless fingers. It seemed an eternity before she finally struck a spark which would ignite the wick of the tallow candle. She stifled a cry at sight of Gramp's waxen face and glazed, half-closed eyes, but Judith had learned self-control the hard way, and she resolutely put grief aside for the moment.

Light and frail as Gramp was, it took all her strength and effort to lift and carry the inert form to his bed in the corner. With immense relief, she saw that he was breathing, although very faintly. She removed his shoes that he had blacked so care-

(Continued on page 503)



AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT, JENNETTE EVANS MCKAY, AND MARTHA JONES BALLARD, AT A MEETING OF THE WIVES OF THE GENERAL AUTHORITIES

April 3, 1947

Birthday Greetings to Sister Augusta Winters Grant

ONE would hardly think, to look at this latest picture of Sister Grant, that the ninety-first anniversary of her birth occurs on July 7 of this year. But such is indeed the case.

There are many reasons why the years have passed lightly over Sister Grant, one of which is exemplified by the accompanying picture. Through the years she has been given love and respect and support by the wives of the General Authorities of the Church.

It was not long after her husband, President Heber J. Grant, became head of the Church that the wife of one of the General Authorities suggested an organization of all the wives, for, said she, "If we become better acquainted and more united we shall strengthen each other in upholding the ideals for which our husbands stand. Thus we shall strengthen them."

This congenial group meets once a month in the historic Lion House where a modest luncheon is served and an informal program is enjoyed.

On April 3, 1947, Sister Ballard, wife of the late Melvin J. Ballard, member of the Quorum of the Twelve, acted as hostess. She chose to make Sister Grant guest of honor on that day.

"In all the years that Sister Grant has been our presiding officer never once has she put herself above us or ever hurt anyone's feelings," said Sister Ballard. "I was her pupil as a young girl and of all the women who ever crossed my path I dreamed of being like her."

Sister Jennette Evans McKay, wife of President David O. McKay, related incidents concerning Sister Grant's pioneer girlhood, her school-teaching days, and her characteristics in later life.

Now, on her ninety-first birthday, Augusta Winters Grant is serene and unafraid, for she views life, not as something detached and apart, but as belonging to a well-defined pattern which will persist.

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

PIONEER WOMEN

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the tenth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

ONE hundred years ago this month the pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley. With the group of brave and courageous men who entered the Valley, there were nine brave and courageous women. Three of these women had accompanied the original band of pioneers from Winter Quarters, leaving there April 16, 1847, and the other six women were members of the company of Mississippi saints who had wintered in Pueblo, Colorado, and joined the pioneer company on June 1, at Fort Laramie, and journeyed into the Valley with Brigham Young's company.

The three women who journeyed from Winter Quarters were Harriet Page Wheeler Young, age forty-four years, wife of Lorenzo D. Young, who brought with her two children, both boys; Clara Decker Young, age nineteen, her daughter, wife of Brigham Young; and Ellen Sanders Kimball, age twenty-three, wife of Heber C. Kimball. Ellen was a Norwegian, born at Thelemarken, Norway, and she and Hans Christian Hansen were the only Scandinavians in the company.

The six women of the Mississippi Company were Elizabeth Crow, aged fifty-two years, and her five daughters: Martilla Jane Therkell, who had a small son; Harriet Crow, Elizabeth J. Crow, and Isa Vinda,

and Ira Minda Crow, twins.

The Mississippi Company was composed of a group of Latter-day Saints from Monroe County, Mississippi, who, at the request of President Brigham Young, had been organized to accompany the pioneers to Utah. It was expected at that time that the pioneer journey would be made in 1846, and this Southern group was directed to meet them on the plains. The call by the Government on June 26, 1846, for the Mormon Battalion to assist in the Mexican War changed the plans; but the Mississippi saints were already on their way, having left their homes on April 8. When they were a few miles south of Fort Laramie, they met a company from California who told them there were no Mormon companies on the route ahead of them, so, on July 10, they decided to go south to Pueblo for the winter and wait there to hear something definite about the main body of the Church, and there they remained for one year.

On July 29, just five days after President Brigham Young entered the Valley, the number of pioneer women was increased with the arrival of a group of saints from Pueblo, including a number of Mormon Battalion families and the remainder of the Mississippi Company. Outstanding among these wom-

en was Mary Black Brown, wife of Captain James Brown of Mormon Battalion fame. She had married Captain Brown at Council Bluffs on July 16, the day the Government drafted five hundred men for the war with Mexico, and accompanied him on the long, hard journey across the plains. She washed and mended the clothing of the men in her husband's contingent, and when a number of the Battalion were sent to Pueblo under Captain Brown on sick leave, she helped to nurse and care for them there. Her baby girl was born three months after her arrival in Salt Lake Valley. The family of Captain James Brown was the first Mormon pioneer family to settle in Ogden, and here Mary Brown helped in the pioneering of that city. She was known as the first cheese maker in Utah.

* * * *

DURING the summer and autumn of 1847, thirteen companies, made up of 2,095 individuals, entered the Valley (Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, III:301). Among the interesting women who came that autumn, were Eliza R. Snow, later General President of Relief Society, and M. Isabella Horne, later General Treasurer of Relief Society, whose diaries give interesting glimpses of their experiences. Sister Snow left Winter Quarters June 15, and arrived in Salt Lake Valley October 6.

President Young had made arrangements for Eliza R. Snow to live with his wife Clara Decker Young in her log room eighteen feet square, roofed with willows and earth. In her *Sketch of My Life*, Sister Snow records:

We suffered no inconvenience until the middle of March, when a long storm of snow, sleet, and rain occurred, and then for several days the sun did not make its appearance. Mrs. Clara Young happened to be on a visit to her mother . . . Sally, an Indian girl who had been purchased from a tribe by which she was held captive, was with me. The roof of our dwelling was covered deeper with earth than the adjoining ones, consequently did not leak as soon, and some of my neighbors huddled in for shelter. . . . After they left, Sally wrapped herself in her buffalo robe on the floor, and I spread my umbrella over my head and shoulders as I ensconced myself in bed, the lower part being unshielded, was wet enough before morning. During the night, despite all discomfort, I laughed involuntarily while alone in the darkness I lay reflecting on the ludicrous scene. The earth overhead being fully saturated, after it commenced to drip, the storm was much worse inside than out, and as the water coursed through the willows and pattered on the floor, washed the stones from the earth above, and they went clink, clink, while the numerous mice which the storm had driven in for shelter, ran squealing back and forth—the Indian girl asleep on the floor, altogether made the situation rather romantic (*Relief Society Magazine*, June 1944, page 314).

Mrs. M. Isabella Horne wrote:

In June, 1847, the saints were organized into companies to follow the pioneers, and I was with the first company that left Winter Quarters. The trials, hardships and privations that the people of God endured on that long and weary journey were great and can only be understood by those who experienced them. . . .

When our pilgrimage was over we found ourselves in a barren waste, inhabited by Indians, Utah. But we were glad to find a resting place where we could worship God without fearing our enemies were coming upon us. The weather was favorable for building, and the brethren immediately began to saw logs and erect small log houses, into which many of us moved, without having either doors, windows, or floors.

Here again there were many difficulties

to overcome. The ground was full of snakes which used to crawl around and into our houses. The timber was so full of bugs that it was years before they were entirely subdued. The mice also were very numerous, running over us by day and night, and destroying considerable clothing, etc., which caused inconvenience and trouble. We were also obliged to live on short rations, digging roots to add to our store, in order to make our supplies last until something could be raised for food. During that winter many of the Mormon Battalion arrived, and we were under the necessity of sharing our food with them. We could put a little grease into a dish with a rag in it to make a light, and parch a little wheat to make a warm drink, but when it came to making soap, we were put to our wit's end to get material to make enough to do our washing.

I well remember the first harvest home we celebrated. Apostle Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor called upon the sisters to prepare a feast. They prepared what food they could from their meagre store and set a long table in the Fort. Although the food was plain and everything was done in a humble way, our hearts flowed with thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for the blessings conferred upon us. Our table decorations were sheaves of wheat and other things that had been raised. . . .

I can hardly tell today how we did succeed. But the Lord opened our way and blessed us with cheerful, contented spirits and thankful hearts.

Dr. Charles W. Elliott, President of Harvard University, in an address in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on March 17, 1892, paid the following tribute to pioneer women:

Did it ever occur to you what is the most heroic part of planting a colony of people which moves into a wilderness to establish a civilized community? You think, perhaps, it is the soldier, the armed man, or the laboring man. Not so; it is the women who are the most heroic part of any new colony. Their labors are the less because their strength is less. Their anxieties are greater, their dangers greater, the risks they run are heavier. We read that story in the history of the Pilgrim and Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. The women died faster than the men; they suffered more. Perhaps their reward was greater, too. They bore children to the colony. Let us bear in our hearts veneration for the women of any Christian folk going out in the wilderness to plant a new community (*Deseret Evening News*, March 17, 1892).

PIONEER WOMAN

Alice Morrey Bailey

They say she wept when first she saw the land
 That swept unbroken to the salten sea,
 The unfenced sage, the single cedar tree—
 The shimmering heat strained taut the last frail strand
 Of her endurance. Wagon-choking sand
 Seemed bitter lot—too hard the stern decree
 Of wilderness—too close in memory
 The empty homes of this long-driven band.

Yet, pulse with his, she caught each growing surge
 Of hope, and stretched her courage famine-thin
 To bear new life, to span the cricket scourge.
 She bent her strength to nourish, teach, and spin,
 And made her faith in God a moving stream
 To gird the spires and temples of man's dream.

The Arts Section of the Utah Centennial Celebration

Gail Martin

Art Show Supervisor, Utah Centennial Commission

WHEN the Mormon pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, they brought with them a spiritual belief for which they were willing to endure exile. But they also brought with them the seeds of culture, a way of life, which they nurtured throughout years of uncertainty, poverty, and hardship.

In planning the Centennial celebration of the Utah pioneers, mem-

bers of the Centennial Commission have tried to keep this thought constantly before them. That is why the program of the arts division has been given such prominence; that is why the Utah Symphony, presentations of drama, and the production of "Blossomtime" have been sent on State-wide tours, and the great music festival of the California-Western Music Educators Conference spon-



"SHADOWS OF EVENING" BY ROCKWELL KENT (1921)

From the Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art

sored.

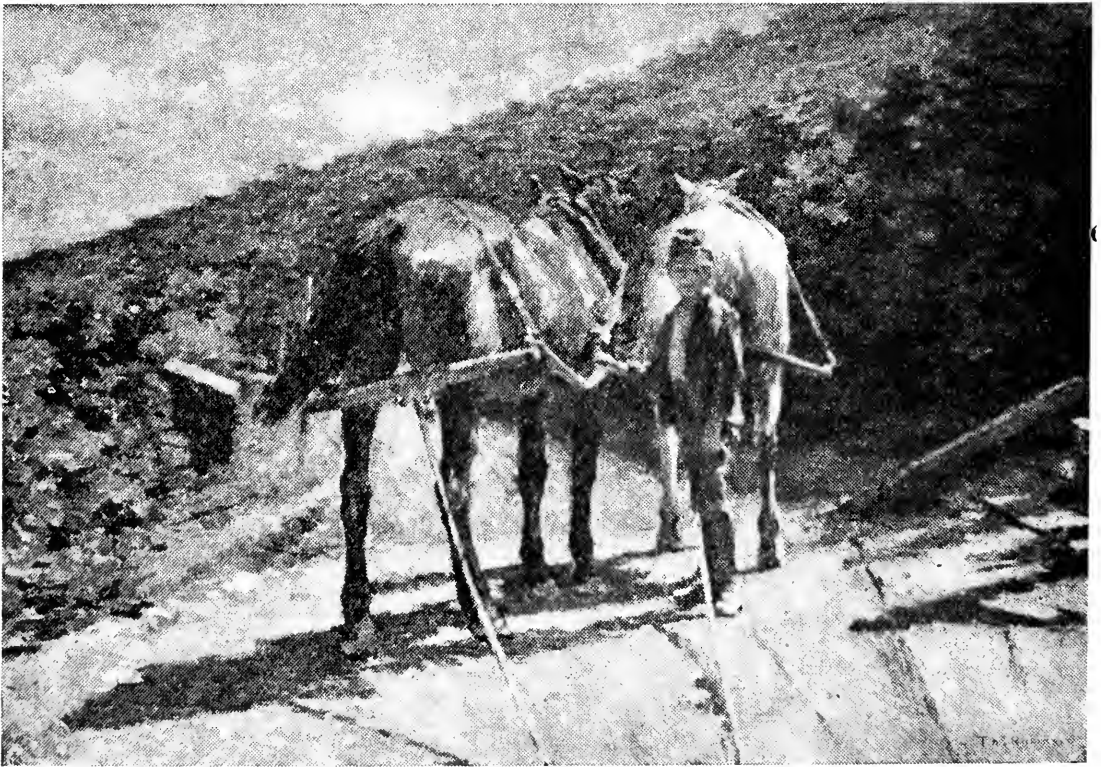
The members of the Centennial Commission have endorsed a plan which they hope will allow more people in more places, even the most remote, to hear more music, see more plays, and attend more art shows than would have been possible if there had been no Centennial celebration.

But rich and varied as the artistic fare has been, the best is yet to come. As a climax to the whole Centennial celebration program, the arts division will offer, beginning in late June and ending in August, the following cultural events:

The stirring music drama "Promised Valley" will be produced, beginning July 21, in the new Centennial open-air theater at the University of

Utah, with a full symphony orchestra and a company of 125 actors, singers, and dancers on a new stage equipped with a modern stereophonic sound system, and special scenery and lighting effects. The Centennial Symphony Orchestra of sixty-five musicians will provide musical accompaniment for the chorus, the dancers, and the soloists. Crawford Gates, twenty-five-year-old composer, whose four great-grandfathers were all Utah pioneers, has written the musical score. Dr. C. Lowell Lees, head of the department of speech and drama at the University of Utah, is general director.

The American Federation of Arts exhibit, "One Hundred Years of American Painting," a collection of 125 paintings from the Metropolitan



"ON THE TOWPATH—A HALT" BY THEODORE ROBINSON (1852-1896)

From the Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art

and Whitney Art museums, New York City, will be presented during July as part of the Centennial Exposition at the Utah State Fair grounds. This exhibit undoubtedly comprises the most valuable and significant collection of works by American artists ever presented in the Intermountain Region. Among the artists presented will be: James A. McNeill Whistler, Winslow Homer, Frederick Remington, John Singer Sargeant, Thomas Eakins, George Inness, Albert P. Ryder, Rockwell Kent, Theodore Robinson, and many others.

A series of five Sunday evening concerts will be given by the Tabernacle Choir, directed by J. Spencer

Cornwall. Two of these evenings will be devoted to the oratorios—Haydn's "Creation" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." One Sunday evening will be "Opera Night," and the other "Utah Night." Guest artists of outstanding talent have been engaged for this series.

Dr. Lorin F. Wheelwright, production manager, arts division, Utah Centennial Commission, said recently:

This ambitious program should supply a stirring close for Utah's first Centennial celebration. It should testify that we are striving to be worthy of our past. It should demonstrate to the world that the present generation of Utahns does not undervalue the priceless heritage bequeathed to us by our progenitors.

LITTLE PIONEERS

Ethel Van Hook Hopper

What did the little children do
 Along the weary way?
 As wagons rolled across the plains,
 They could not run and play.

They watched the sky, the tall wild grass.
 They called it waves at sea;
 They played the wagon was a ship;
 The wind was blowing free.

At last, the queer bark anchored fast;
 The children ran about,
 So glad to feed the tired animals,
 To build the fires . . . and shout.

When quiet night came down at last,
 They sang sweet songs, we know,
 Cheering the ones about the fire
 In the evenings long ago.

Pioneer Gardenmaking

Hazel D. Moyle

ONE of the thrills of the Centennial celebration comes when we travel to that historic spot where the pioneers first gazed out over the Salt Lake Valley; where their beloved leader uttered those famous words, "This Is the Place," now marked by a magnificent monument to commemorate this important event.

As we look out over this lovely panorama that now greets the eye from this vantage point—a valley filled with beautiful homes shaded by a veritable forest of rich green—our thoughts naturally turn to the scene as it was on that historic day just one hundred years ago. How did it appear to that footsore and weary band when they first gazed out over the new promised land?

We are told that the pioneers were awed and thrilled by the inspiring scene, with its towering mountains, its vast sweep, and its glittering lake. Yet historians also record that the women of the party were dismayed at the very immensity of the place, at its boundless silences and wide stretches of barren soil, the gray unbroken sage. The silence of centuries hung over all, for the few trappers and explorers who had ventured into the Valley had left no trace of their coming or going.

In speaking of those first days in the new land in later years, Clara D. Young, one of the original pioneers, declared: "I don't remember a single tree that could be called by that name." Small wonder that the courageous hearts of those brave

women quailed at the thought of making a home in this vast and lonely place.

But soon the long unbroken silences were disturbed by new sounds: of feverish activity—the plow as it turned the furrows and the shovels that diverted the mountain streams to the thirsty soil. Ere long the music of the hammer, the axe, and the saw resounded through the Valley as the indefatigable pioneers labored to provide shelter and food. History now gives those first few years a place as one of the greatest of human struggles against adversity, for from it emerged, in but a few short seasons, a real transformation. A bustling and prosperous new community arose from the desert, with wide and orderly streets shaded by beautiful trees. Neat and charming homes were set off and made beautiful by orchards and gardens. Visitors and travelers were astonished to find such peaceful and ordered beauty in this raw new country—so entirely different from the usual frontier community.

How was this transformation achieved so quickly in this far and isolated western country?

The answer lies in the high purposes of the pioneers. They were not seeking adventure or wealth, but were a people motivated by a single dream, by a deep abiding hunger for peaceful homes and the right to worship God unmolested. And so they worked together to make those dreams a reality.

WITH converts from all walks of life constantly arriving from many parts of Europe, as well as from all sections of our own country, the city soon reflected the finest traditions of culture in the new homes as they were built. The architecture of these early pioneer homes has been declared classic by many famous modern designers.

The plantings about those old homes were also in the traditional style, due, in some measure, to a number of the early pioneer gardeners who had been trained in some of the great garden estates of England and Germany. Their skill was naturally employed in beautifying

the new community. The majority of the gardens were of the simple cottage type, made up of plants grown from slips and starts of old, well-loved plants brought from former homes.

Incredible as it might seem to the pampered gardener of today, many of these first plants and slips crossed the plains in the covered wagons along with all the worldly possessions of many pioneer flower lovers. Our amazing pioneer grandmothers could face all the dangers and privations of building a new civilization in a wilderness, yet they cherished and knew the value of a flower. Many of them lovingly cared for



Photograph, Courtesy Hazel D. Moyle

MRS. HANNAH M. FOWLKS, EARLY PIONEER OF THE COTTONWOOD DISTRICT IN SALT LAKE COUNTY, SHOWN IN HER GARDEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY YEARS

small slips and starts of favorite plants on that long journey, and carefully nursed them into growing in the strange new location. Rare old rose varieties, shrubs, bulbs, and even trees are still persisting in many Utah gardens and are proudly cherished because their ancestors traveled across the plains in those early days.

Conspicuous among these flower-loving pioneers was Sister Hannah M. Fowlks, a native of England, who was one of the early settlers of the Cottonwood district in Salt Lake County. Sister Fowlks nearly achieved the impossible when she came to Utah by bringing on that long, tiresome journey several plants of the English primrose.

Anyone who has grown this sweet flower of spring will realize what a feat of steadfast devotion and patience this must have been, for the primrose demands constant moisture, coolness, and protection from drying winds and sun. It has a disconcerting habit of suddenly dying off if these wants are not provided. Yet Sister Fowlks was able to bring her plants safely here, and to keep them happy and growing in her new home, which, at first, was a rude log cabin entirely surrounded by sagebrush.

WATER to keep her plants growing was carried in buckets from a stream some distance away, yet she established a flourishing garden with her beloved primroses and other plants. Soon she had a better home and a large garden where such treasured plants as the old Maiden's Blush rose, the tea rose, yellow buttercups, daffodils, violas, and other

old favorites grew. The primroses responded to her love and devotion by increasing until they grew in all parts of the place, even along the ditch-banks in her orchard.

The poet speaks of a man to whom:

A yellow primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more

—William Wordsworth

But to Sister Fowlks, and, it seems, to most English-born people, this flower breathes the very spirit of the English countryside, its verdant green lanes and flowery meadows, for it grows wild in many parts of that country.

It was the writer's privilege to visit Sister Fowlks' dear old garden more than seventy years after its beginning, and it was still sweet and gay with primroses, all descendants of those first pioneering plants. Over all these years Sister Fowlks had shared her flowers with neighbors and friends, providing blooms for "weddings or a festival, a mourning, or a funeral."

Many a bride's cake was crowned with sweet white rosebuds from her garden, but perhaps her greatest pleasure was that of providing a beautiful bouquet of flowers to grace the speaker's stand each Sunday at the Cottonwood Ward chapel. She performed this service faithfully every Sunday from the time the ward was organized until shortly before she passed away in 1935 at the grand old age of ninety-three.

Yes, indeed, flowers played an important part in early pioneer life of Utah.

A Place in the Country

III—WATER

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the third in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

AS Ellen Martin washed the supper dishes, she looked out the window and saw her husband talking to Mr. Hawkins, their neighbor on the north. When he came in, John said, "It's our turn to irrigate at eleven tonight. Mr. Hawkins says he'll turn the water in when his time is up. He's been taking care of this place, you know."

"But John! Eleven! How can you see to do it at night?" Ellen objected.

"Oh, I'll take that old lantern I found in the garage." John sat down and rested his arms on the table. Ellen noticed how tired his eyes looked. She thought he was even thinner than when they came.

"You can't do it," she said positively. "You were too tired to eat your supper after working on that fence all day. Let it go."

"I can't do that," John answered, just as positively. "We get the water only two hours in about two weeks and you know how dry the orchard is. It's just one of those things that every farmer expects."

"Then I'll do it." Ellen hung the dish towel on the rope stretched over the stove. "You can tell me how."

"No!" John got up and started for the door. "I won't have my wife doing man's work. You do far too much as it is."

"Nonsense." Ellen caught John's arm and pulled him back to the chair. "Every farm woman expects to help out wherever she's needed. I'll get the lantern and fill it."

After the children were in bed, John wearily explained the little he knew about irrigation. "And do see that those peach trees back of the garage get plenty. I've an idea they'll bring in more than all the other trees put together. And we're sure going to need that fruit money." When Ellen was lighting the lantern, he added, "You'd better take your sweater. There's a cool breeze at night."

So, wearing her oldest shoes and sweater and carrying the lantern and the hoe, Ellen started out. Immediately swarms of mosquitoes circled around her head and settled on every exposed bit of flesh. She could even feel them bite through her heavy cotton stockings. She pulled the sweater up around her neck and buttoned it, even though she was already too warm. She was glad John had not thought about mosquitoes or he would have made even more objections.

As she reached the far corner of their place where the water came in from the canal, she saw dark streaks down the first two ditches. In stepping over one of these she slipped and sank into mud over her ankles.

She set down the lantern, pulled her feet free, and started to direct the water with the hoe.

When she stopped a moment to brush off the mosquitoes, she noticed how dark it was. The light at Hawkins' had gone out soon after she had started. She turned toward her own house. It was dark, too, so John must have gone to bed. She had never been out in the dark like this before, and she began to feel a little nervous. In town when she had been out at night, there had been street lights and auto lights. She looked around. There was not a light anywhere—not a sound. It couldn't be much different if she were all alone in the world, she thought. But she musn't waste time. She picked up the lantern and started over to the next ditch.

Suddenly, she heard a crunching sound and saw a huge dark shape by the fence. Without a second look, she started to run toward the house. But she stumbled on the uneven ground and fell flat, throwing the lantern before her. It went out, and as she quickly scrambled to her feet, she remembered she had brought no matches.

She looked back. The moon was just coming up over the distant mountains. The dark shape was in the same place and now she heard a low "moo." It was only a cow, she concluded, and, anyway, it couldn't get through the fence. How silly of her. She left the lantern and went back. She knew she would soon be able to see better without it.

WHEN she was about half done, she sat down on the ground to rest awhile and rub the welts that

were rising all over her legs and face. She looked towards the nearest tree and saw eyes gleaming from the shadows. All the stories she had heard of coyotes, wolves, and pumas flashed through her mind. But this time she picked up the hoe and advanced, thinking nothing much worse could happen to her anyway. She heard a friendly "meow," and laughed out loud as she reached down. A dog howled in the distance and the cat disappeared.

At last she was ready to water the peach trees. When she turned the water that way, she noticed that it wasn't flowing so freely. Soon it stopped altogether. She walked back along the main ditch and saw a man with a flashlight at the canal gate. He was shutting off her water.

"I'm not through," Ellen called indignantly. "I haven't watered the last row."

The man turned the flashlight on her face as he said gruffly, "I can't help that, sister. Your time's up."

Ellen had to turn away from the light. She couldn't see the man at all, but she knew it must be Mr. Ford from the farm to the south. What was it she had heard about Mr. Ford anyway?

"I've got to have more water." Ellen was really angry now.

"Well, you can't. Don't you know people have been shot for taking water out of turn?"

"I don't believe it. That's just silly."

"Try it and see." The man laughed harshly, and then Ellen remembered the story about a fight over water a year ago.

As he followed the canal to his place, Ellen noticed how big he was.

"Just a bully," she muttered and started back to the house. "I didn't suppose country people would be like that."

Her anger made her hot, and the heat made the mosquito bites sting. She got a pan of water and washed her muddy feet. Then she rubbed salt on the bites. She thought she had never been so miserable in her life.

When she went to the bedroom John asked sleepily, "How did you make out?"

"Fine, just fine," she answered as

she crawled into bed. She certainly wasn't going to tell John how impolite that man had been. After all, he was a neighbor and they'd have to get along with him.

She tried to lie still and not scratch the bites. Tomorrow she'd pump water from the well and carry it to the peach trees. Next time she'd take John's watch and keep track of the time. If she didn't let cows and cats and the dark bother her, she would do better.

And so, finally, she fell asleep.

(To be continued)

COVERED WAGONS

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

When the sun sweeps up from the valley floor,
And sinks along the lake's vast shore,
We see the men who are holding the reins,
Of the covered wagons that crossed the plains.

Their faces are grim as they hurry along,
But they stop at dusk with a rousing song,
And weary oxen lower their heads,
While silent women make up the beds.

The sparks burn out from the campfires bright;
Beside their families the men sleep light,
Aware of a storm, or an Indian raid,
But deep in their hearts they are not afraid.

Their bodies are strong with a dream they know,
A home, a place for their loved ones to go,
A spot to worship as God may commend,
That's the promise which lives at the journey's end.

Their courage has given to us this space,
Where cities mingle a garden's grace,
And though covered wagons will roll no more,
Their ghosts still crowd at the cottage door.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1887

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

TIMELY REFLECTIONS: Aslant the misty morning air, through glittering circlets of rainbow hue, comes the glorious orb of day peeping o'er yon snow-capped mountain peak, casting its brilliant sheen o'er the teeming valley below, where myriads of happy songsters are pouring forth their glad welcome in a grand concert of tuneful melody. . . . My spirit gathers renewed strength and buoyancy, and from my inmost soul springs forth an anthem of thanksgiving and praise for my birthplace, Zion, in whose development and progress my greatest desires are centered.—Sun Flower.

FROM ONEIDA STAKE, IDAHO: We should be kind to each other, and especially to those who are left to provide for their families without the aid of father or husband. . . . We should be very wise in counseling our children, for they are our hope and our all. . . . Mothers, I say to you all, read good books. . . . You should guard against all things which are injurious to your health. Do not neglect your duties in the Relief Society for your work; if you wait for the time when you have nothing to do, you will never go, for a mother's work is never done.—Counselor Mary Hawkes, from her address at stake conference.

LET US WORSHIP GOD

Let us worship God on the mountains,
In the valley, on the hill,
Where the wild, free harps of nature
With the grandest music thrill,
Let us worship him with singing,
And with the voice of prayer,
And, as he is ever present,
Let us worship everywhere.

—Belle Bush

A FEW THOUGHTS: How like the olden times is the present. Then it was a band of Pilgrims fleeing from arbitrary rule. . . . How like to the little band of saints who left their homes in the East, driven from state to state . . . and when, after surmounting untold difficulties, braving a thousand dangers, and suffering the pangs of hunger and sickness, they found a home in these mountains, and with their love of liberty unfurled the stars and stripes to the breeze, and pledged their lives, their honor, their all to defend it. What a noble band! . . . And now we have made the Valley to blossom as the rose, and the barren waste a fruitful field. . . . We, like the Pilgrim Fathers, put our trust in the Supreme Ruler, knowing he will defend our rights and deal out justice and equity to all. We know that God lives and that he has revealed himself to man in this day, and we know we have seen his power made manifest, and make bold to declare it to all nations.—S. A. Fullmer.

OUR RULERS: I always prefer and would vote for those rulers who obey God and keep His commandments. I feel at home in their presence because I know what to expect from them.—M. E. Kimball.

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

REPRESENTING the three women in the original band of Utah pioneers, Mrs. Acel Richardson (Nora P.), Mrs. Richard Keddington (Dorothy Kimball), and Mrs. Byron Waldram (Norma Williams) will accompany their husbands on the Sons of the Utah Pioneers trek. Charming and talented, all three are of Utah pioneer stock. The 143 men, three women, and two children, simulating the first company, will leave Nauvoo, July 14, 1947 in seventy-two cars with covered wagon tops and ply-board oxen. Camping in the open at historic sites, they will enjoy programs of dramatizations, addresses, and singing, and will enter the Valley, July 22, as did the vanguard pioneers in 1847.

CHOSEN by three out-of-state judges, from among all the queens representing the various counties of Utah, Centennial Queen Calleen Robinson, brunette from American Fork, and her maids, red-haired Marie Burnett from Salt Lake City and blonde Mary Louise Gardner from Spanish Fork, will ride in the magnificent Centennial float on July 24th. The parade will climax months of strenuous activities for the Utah beauties.

MRS. LAWRENCE GOLD, born Ruth Knowles Emerton, of Logan, was chosen Daughters of Utah Pioneers Queen Mother, by the Salt Lake County Daughters, and will ride in state in the parade

on July Twenty-fourth. In ten years of married life, Mrs. Gold has borne seven beautiful children. She is efficient and talented and loves her work as mother and homemaker.

THE Golden Rule Foundation chose as American Mother of the Year, Mrs. Frederick G. Murray of Iowa, seventy-two, author, lecturer, and mother of five children. Utah State Committee of the Foundation chose Mrs. Wilford Woodruff Richards of Logan, born Emily Randall, as Utah State Mother. Left a widow, she reared twelve children. All have been well educated and some are professional musicians. Mrs. Richards has been active in M.I.A., Relief Society, and Primary Association work, and as worker in the Logan Temple.

WHILE HELEN KELLER, blind, deaf, and formerly mute, was in Europe aiding her fellow-sufferers, her home in Westport, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire. Ruined were her irreplaceable library in Braille, the furniture designed for her special needs, and the garden planned for its variety of fragrances, which were her delight. A few years ago, when visiting the Bureau of Information on Temple Square, Salt Lake City, she displayed great interest in the pioneer relics. As her sensitive fingers explored an oxen-yoke, she remarked, "It is very heavy. Now I understand why Jesus said, '... my yoke is easy and my burden is light'."



Pioneer Example of Obedience

THROUGHOUT the Lord's dealings with ancient Israel in the centuries that followed the exodus from Egypt, there was ever kept alive in the memories of the children of Israel the loving kindness of the Lord to them, manifested in sparing the lives of their first-born, delivering them from bondage to the Egyptians, and bringing them to a promised land. Those events were memorialized by the institution of the Feast of the Passover, observed by Christ during his earthly ministry and still commemorated by orthodox Jews.

In these latter days, as in former times, the Lord guards, protects, and cherishes his chosen people in so far as their obedience to his commandments allows.

The year 1947 is being observed by Latter-day Saints throughout the world in remembrance of the goodness of the Lord to his people when he led them to their promised land one hundred years ago.

By the year 1847 the saints had been persecuted and driven from state to state but, like the children of Israel, they were finally permitted to leave their persecutors behind and journey to their promised land—a place foreseen by Isaiah:

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above

the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it (Isaiah 2:2).

When the pioneers arrived at their destination, it did not appear as a land flowing with milk and honey. Had the prophet leader not previously been shown the appointed place in vision, there would have been nothing to indicate to mortal eye that the parched land, baking under the hot sun, with a salt sea shimmering against the horizon, was the land of promise for the weary wagon train. The pioneers had traveled through greener lands and they knew that greener lands lay beyond, but, obedient to the word of the Lord, their leader Brigham Young declared that the forbidding place was the right place. That Valley of alkali, of sagebrush, without vegetation, burning under the rays of a July sun, where a living must be wrested by toil and sweat, where long hours of back-breaking work would be needed to eke out an existence, was declared to be the right place. A place which offered no worldly wealth but was destined to provide a richness in eternal values.

Viewed from the eminence of a hundred years, it is easy to trace out reasons why the Lord instructed his prophet to settle his chosen people in the valleys of the mountains. But viewed in the lights of events transpiring in that day, there were some who questioned the dicta of the

Lord's prophet, not only as regarded the place of settlement, but likewise in subsequent decisions and pronouncements by Church leaders.

Latter-day Saints living today continue to be warned, exhorted, and instructed by the Lord's prophets as to their daily conduct and dealings. Some members of the Church take umbrage at advice which to man's wisdom may seem foolish and unnecessary. Such people may know that their influence and example will melt away and vanish in the coming years as snow on a summer mountain side.

On this July 24, 1947 and in suc-

ceeding years, the love, honor, and respect of the Lord's chosen people will be poured out on those faithful pioneers who laid the foundations of this mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. Likewise, one hundred years from now, to that number so honored will be added, in remembrance, faithful, obedient Latter-day Saints living today who do not place man's wisdom above the will of the Lord as revealed through his prophets. When that numbering takes place, may it comprise the great present body of the Church!

M.C.S.

General Board Expresses Appreciation to Relief Society Members for Work in Clothing Donation

THE General Board of Relief Society extends grateful appreciation to the members of Relief Society throughout the stakes of Continental United States for the great contribution the sisters made in the recent donation of clothing and needed articles for the European saints.

Relief Society visiting teachers are highly commended for delivering the message of the General Board to Latter-day Saint families, calling attention to the donation, and Relief Society ward and stake members who received, listed, sorted, and helped label and pack the articles into boxes, are especially thanked.

The General Board recognizes and appreciates the willingness of the sisters of Relief Society to freely donate their services to any and every call made upon them by the Church.

A LITTLE OF MARY

Josephine J. Harvey

As I wash and dust and sweep,
I keep thinking of Martha.

Then I hear you coming
And my heart gives a leap.
I stop my work to listen
Eagerly to what you say—

Then I think, there must be
A little of Mary in me.

Additions to the 1946 Relief Society Magazine Honor Roll

The General Board of Relief Society wishes to add to the *Magazine Honor Roll* for 1946, the names of the following wards and branches, some of them with very high ratings, which were not included in the Honor Roll which was published in the *Magazine* for May 1947:

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions		Magazine Representative
		No.	Pct.	
ALBERTA STAKE				
Leavitt Ward	43	46	107	Emma L. Broadbent
MILLARD STAKE				
Fillmore Third Ward	84	90	107	Gussie Marshall
EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION				
Virginia East District	49	40	82	Pauline B. Hick
Elizabeth City	9	16	178	Lorna McPherson
NEBO STAKE				
Spring Lake Ward	49	51	104	Mary Johnson

Instructions to Magazine Representatives and Subscribers

1. After July 1, the General Board will be unable to furnish any back numbers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Therefore, all subscriptions must reach the office of the General Board at least a month in advance of expiration. Hereafter, it will not be possible to obtain the July issue in which the previews and the first lessons appear after the month of July. Only the current issue will be furnished.
2. It is suggested that a subscription be taken in the name of the ward and stake Relief Societies for the purpose of binding.
3. The name of the ward and stake should appear on all orders.
4. Lists should be carefully checked to see that money remitted and the names listed on the order agree.
5. Money order or check is the best method of remittance. Magazine representatives are permitted to deduct the cost of money orders, but no deduction should be made when a personal check is used by the representative.
6. It is suggested that a Magazine representative keep a copy of each order so that mistakes may be better understood and corrected.

Magazine representatives are advised that all subscriptions sent to the General Board on or after July 1, 1947, will require the increased rate of \$1.50 per year.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 6

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated county.

While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company travels over rough and dangerous country and after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi, an Indian outpost and a supply point for traders and pioneers. The Davis family remains at Moenkopi and the others go on toward the San Juan. The white man's "water magic," in the form of more well digging, saves the lives of the company. Moving steadily onward, building their road as they go, the company halts while scouts explore for water, and a way out of a box canyon. The scouts, almost unconscious from thirst, get back to camp and report that there is no water. A strange, long-drawn cry portends a warning, and the company is filled with misgiving.

THE long night hours wore on. Restless and feverish, the suffering company saw the sun come up, and prayed for respite.

Bad as the night had been, with its cold stars and its dry winds, it was preferable to the glare of the sun and the blistering sand that freighted the air. The guards came down from the lookout points and new ones took their places, to scan the horizon for a sight of the other water scouts, now long overdue.

What was the strange, long call they had heard from the ledge the night before? Was it human? No one could say. And all that the guards knew was that it seemed to come from a crevice in the rocks, near where they stood. Yet they had seen no one. There had been a quality to the call that made it seem to come from a long way off, yet everyone in camp was convinced that it came from someone—or something—near. The uncertainty of it increased the tension that gripped the company, and made their thirst and inactivity harder to bear.

What had happened to the water scouts? Did the strange long call have anything to do with them? In the minds of the leaders, it was unthinkable to move far in any direction without a report from the water scouts that water was to be found, for, without water, the company would surely die. The exertion of travel would exhaust what little reserve strength the teams and stock had, and gain nothing. There was

no alternative but to wait for the scouts.

"Can you see the water scouts, Henry?" Elizabeth asked. "Surely, surely we have not come this far only to fail in our mission. This is a lonely place to die."

"I can see nothing but heat waves," Henry answered. "And I can hear nothing but the wailing of the squaws and their papooses."

"If the scouts had found water they would have come back to tell us," Elizabeth decided. "They'd have been back long ago."

"Look, Elizabeth!" Henry pointed to the guards that were just going on duty. "They are signalling something to the camp! It's the water scouts!" he cried, and ran toward the two human figures that had staggered over a knoll, not far from the camp.

The guards began firing their guns—three salutes—the signal that the scouts were in.

A shout went up. "The scouts are in! The scouts are in!"

But the scouts had sunk to their knees. They were crawling, and falling by turns toward the camp.

"They have not found water!" Elizabeth sobbed, and she began to pray. Her arms went out to her children, holding them in a sadly frightened little group, against her skirts. "Oh, heaven help us!" she prayed. "What will become of us now!"

The men raced toward the knoll where the scouts had fallen. Strong arms lifted them and carried them to the camp. And she, the only woman, could not cry out. Yet she could not bear the agonizing conviction that the scouts had failed.

"Darlings, be quiet," she hushed

her children. "Wait with mother. When your father comes, then we will pray."

It was she, the woman, who sparingly bathed the faces and parched lips of the water scouts. She who put clean shirts on their bodies and shaded their eyes from the sun. It was she, the woman, who waited while the leaders of the company talked in guarded tones, weighing the report of the thirsty scouts.

"No water — none anywhere. Three days travel—you will not find any water," they had gasped.

"No water . . . no water . . ." The words were burned into their eyes, and they kept repeating it.

"We cannot live three days longer," Elizabeth said to herself again and again, as she worked over the scouts. "We cannot travel, and we are dying here." But to the scouts she kept repeating that President Smith and her brother would find a way to save the company and the mission. And as she repeated the words, they took on meaning for herself, as well as for the water scouts.

"There is no way, Lord," she prayed. "No way except it be a miracle. Let the Indians' prayers be heard, too, Lord, we are all thy children."

FOR days the Indians had sent up prayers to their rain-gods, and sung and danced for the rain to come. But often their praying and dancing had been interrupted by imprecations against the white men, whom they held responsible for their suffering. It was the white men who had made the rain-gods angry. It was the white men, the pale-faces, who should be punished.

"This is a desperate situation, George," Silas murmured. "We have got to try digging for water again, though it may cost us our lives. The Indians are in no mood to see us fail."

"We're dying of thirst as it is," George answered. "I've been thinking about a conversation I overheard yesterday. It was about a lost spring. Peogament has been hunting furtively for it for two days. He says his forefathers told him it was here." George paused and a sort of a desperate grin came over his face. "And you know, Silas, that forefathers do not lie. Peogament says the rain-gods took the spring away because he was angry with his people, the red men. He says the rain-god is angry now, angry because the Indians are letting white men come into Indian country. He will not show him, the great Peogament, where the lost spring is."

"Let's start digging, George. Anywhere, just to dig. The other water scouts may come in with a favorable report from the direction they have explored. The digging will pacify Peogament until we hear from the scouts."

"Where shall we start?" George asked, more to encourage thinking than because he expected an answer. "Let's try it—let's see." His eyes ranged over the ground around the camp. "Let's try digging between those two big lava rocks. The sand around there is coarse and whiter than it is anywhere else. Funny I didn't notice *that* before!"

"You don't suppose—" Silas began, and then he stopped abruptly. "It seems to me that I've seen that spot a hundred times without noticing that the sand looked washed,

even polished! I don't usually dig wells by hunches, but this one is goin' to be. It's the most unlikely place to dig a well, but—call the well diggers!" Silas cried. "We'll make these wailing Piutes shut up or dance at our funeral."

The diggers went to work, but without any enthusiasm. Hobbs watched the upthrown sand. "Dig close to the rocks, fellows," he suggested.

"Would *through* them do just as well?" one of the diggers grumbled, showing his disgust by trying to split the rock with the blade of his shovel. "There you are!" he sneered. "A nice deep well of clear, cold water!"

"You've a right to be irritable, fellows," George replied. "I guess that's the way we all feel. But, just to humor me, dig under the rocks, since you can't dig through them."

Fed to the point of good nature, the Indians had left off their wailing and had come to watch the well digging—always a point of fascinating interest for them. They laughed and pointed their fingers at the well diggers and pushed the dirt back into the hole with their scuffling feet.

Suddenly George leaned forward. The hole was about five feet deep. "Dig to the right!" he cried. "Dig fast! Silas, wave your arms above this rock. Do something to frighten the Indians. Do it, man! Hurry! Do something that will impress these redskins."

Silas looked at George with quick comprehension. He raised his arms above his head, solemnly faced the Indians, and began to pray. Not just to impress the Indians, but from a full heart. And as he prayed, the

miracle of water gushed forth . . .
Lost Spring was found again!

* * * *

THAT night Elizabeth and Henry sat a long while before their campfire, listening to the singing and chanting in the camp of the Indians not far away.

"It's a strange way to give thanks," Elizabeth said. "It's a heathen sound, but it is music to my ears."

"The finding of the spring was a miracle, Bethy." Henry looked into the fire, searching for words with which to express himself. "It couldn't just have been an accidental thing."

"Oh, of course it is a miracle, Henry!" Elizabeth exclaimed, "I wish that Mary had been here to witness it. When will the Davis family join us, Henry?"

"Possibly not until after we reach San Juan. But that will not be long now, and scouts have already been chosen to go back for them."

"I wonder if Mary is well," Elizabeth mused.

"That is another blessing, Bethy. Mrs. Davis has improved in health ever since she undertook this trip. People said she would die on the way, and reproached James for accepting the call."

"Yes, even her brother told James that he was an inconsiderate fanatic."

"James Davis is a good man, Bethy. I'd not ask for a better."

"Nor a finer woman than Mary," Elizabeth added. "I can hardly wait to see her and the children. Her new baby will be born almost as soon as they reach San Juan."

"Don't expect them too soon, Elizabeth," Henry cautioned. "It's a long way back, over the roughest

country out of doors. And traveling with the stock will be slow. But I pray they reach San Juan in time for the coming of the baby."

"Henry," Elizabeth stopped thoughtfully, then continued, trying to phrase her thoughts. "Henry, when I think of a big company coming to San Juan the way we have, it frightens me. We have had enough trouble, but a big company would have more."

"Yes, that may be so, Elizabeth. They will have to start in the fall or there will not be any water. And fall is pretty close to winter. I'd hate to try crossing a country like this in a snowstorm. Landmarks are hard to find and harder to follow. I never saw such a maze of canyons in my life. It takes more than human wisdom to find such a way."

"Yes. Just as it took more than human wisdom to find Lost Spring. I'll never get over the way the Indians looked at President Smith and George when the water gushed forth."

"It was pretty wonderful for all of us. As if Moses had again struck the rock," Henry answered.

"Henry," Elizabeth hesitated, then went on in a determined voice, "I felt rebellious about coming away out here. We had just got things fixed so nice at home. But when I saw that water gush forth from Lost Spring, my heart seemed to burst with gratitude that we had been chosen to receive such blessings."

"You are a good wife, Bethy." Henry smiled fondly. "And you are a good woman to have in such a company as this."

Elizabeth sighed happily. "I guess it is time that all good people were asleep," she laughed. "We have

stayed up as late as if we were courting!"

Henry stood up, and, reaching for her hands, helped Elizabeth to her feet. They stood there a moment, then said goodnight, she to go to bed in her wagon with the children, and he to take his turn as night guard.

THE first, long, tinted rays of the sun fell upon the gushing clear cold water of Lost Spring. All night the Indians had chanted and danced, and now they lay asleep, sunlight streaming over their faces. Again they were at peace with their white brothers.

With the first stir in camp, Elizabeth took her five children to stand by the water of the spring and dip their fingers into it. "This gleaming, silver water is Lost Spring," she said. "You will never see anything more precious than this water. God gave it to us, his servants, as surely as he leads us where we are to go, if we follow his commandments. Never doubt the miracle of Lost Spring."

The children clung to each other and to their mother, almost in tears at the solemnity of her voice.

"Will it ever get lost again, Mother," the oldest child asked, "or will Heavenly Father leave it here for the Indians?"

"I think it will be here for a long time to come," Elizabeth answered. "And we must never forget that our lives were saved by the miracle of its waters."

"I don't want to go away and leave this good spring, Mother," one of the smaller ones said. "Most of the water we have had tasted like medicine."

Elizabeth smiled. "And neither

do I, my dears. But since we can't take it with us, we will fill every jug and barrel we have with this good water and take them along with us. And maybe it will be enough to last until we reach San Juan."

Elizabeth stood silent for a time, weighing her own words. *Until we reach San Juan.* Her mind was traveling miles ahead. Would there be water and food and schools in the new country? Would she and Mary be equal to the task of shaping their children's lives to good and civil ways in such a wilderness, so far from other human habitation? Would Fort Montezuma be a haven or only just an outpost where all trails would run out, leaving want, desolation, and fear?

THE morning after the finding of Lost Spring, Silas Smith climbed a point three or four miles from the camp to look the country over and see which general direction it would be best to take. In the distance he saw two figures dragging along toward the camp. He surmised that they were the two other water scouts, and he was so filled with relief that they were safe that he fired his gun in the salute that had been agreed upon, even though he knew the volley would not be heard by his friends in the camp.

The scouts, Kumen Jones and Seth Tanner, had been all the way to the San Juan River. They had not had the hardships the other two scouts had experienced, because they had found people on the river, Clara Mitchell and her husband and two trappers who lived with them. These people had fed the scouts and had treated them well.

The scouts handed over a map of a

route for the company they had made, and, on May 29, 1879, the company broke camp, on the last lap to the San Juan.

The sand was heavy and travel was slow. Often they made no more than eight miles in a day. The last day they made fifteen miles, and camped at a place which the Mitchells had named Alkali Gulch. That night the stock was driven three miles to the river, and held there by the drovers. On the first of June, the San Juan Mission Exploring Company reached its destination on the San Juan River, near where Montezuma Creek empties into it.

After the heat and the sand of the desert it was like being in a new world to see green trees, clear water, and abundant feed for stock.

Men scrambled from their wagons and waded into the river, shouting and flailing their arms about in their exuberance. They went fishing, and one man caught a twenty-pound salmon. It was a gala day, and not a man in the company would do any worrying for that night at least.

But with Elizabeth, it was different. She, alone in all the miles of country that surrounded her, sat motionless in her wagon.

"It is the end of the earth," she said. "This is where trails run out."

She bowed her head and wept from sheer loneliness and disappointment.

"Oh, Mary," she sobbed, "don't, don't come!"

"Bethy," Henry's arms went awkwardly about her. "Don't cry, my girl. It isn't so bad. The land is good. See how green the trees are!"

"And where will we get water for our crops?"

"Why, from the San Juan, of course," Henry replied stoutly, astonished that she would ask the question when they were sitting on the banks of a river that was wide and full.

"Have you forgotten the Rio Virgin?" Elizabeth asked.

Henry's jaw dropped. "The Rio Virgin is a devil incarnate, Bethy," he said. "We'll not have the trouble the Dixie settlers had. Getting water to our land will be an easy matter. We'll throw a riprap out into the river, and that's all there will be to it."

"Oh, Henry, your faith makes you blind. Where are the settlements? Where is the fort?"

"Well, the settlements are some space away," Henry admitted. "But we'll make out. You'll see that we will."

Elizabeth climbed down from her wagon and went to the edge of the river. She stood there, listlessly, looking at the gray, slow depths of the water.

"I haven't forgotten the giant tree that you carried on your placid, deadly surface," she whispered. "I'll never forget that you taunted me, by missing the ferry only by inches. I have no illusions. You are unfriendly and cruel. I hate you!"

"Aren't you goin' to cook us this twenty-pound salmon, Mrs. Harri-man?" the men called. "We've got it all carved ready for the pan."

Elizabeth turned from the river. Life would go on. Just as surely as eating and sleeping and cooking went on. And she would go with it.

"I'm coming!" she called, and went slowly toward the camp.

(To be continued)

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES AND CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS

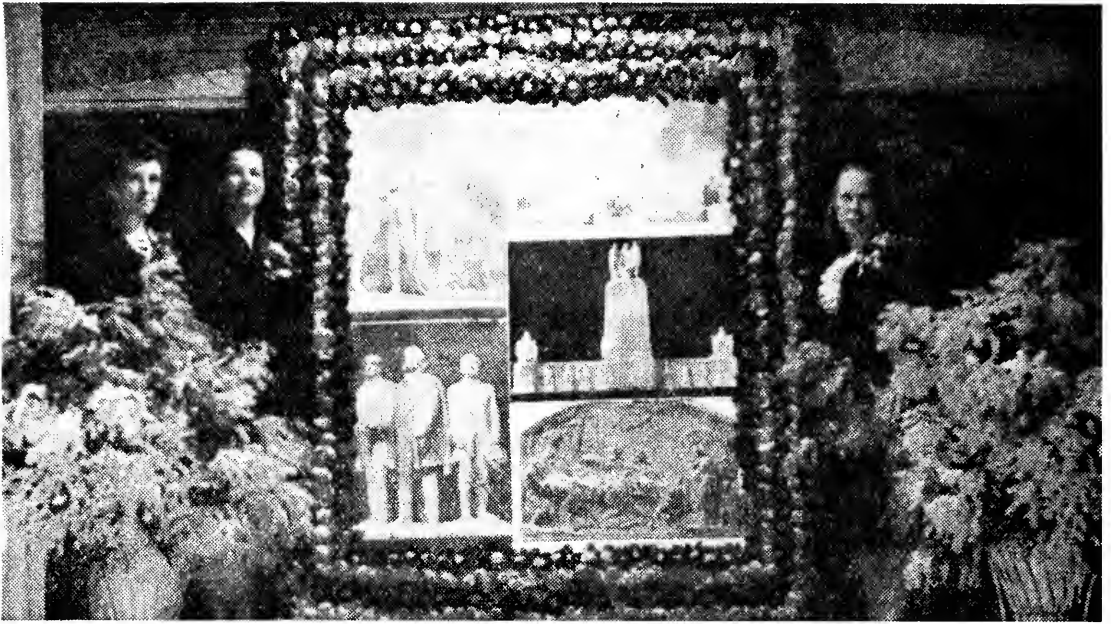


Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

NORTHERN STATES MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS STATUE TO PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

Left to right: Elna P. Haymond, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society; President George Albert Smith; Avard T. Fairbanks, sculptor of the statue.

The statue represents the Prophet Joseph Smith kneeling in prayer. It was presented to President Smith on his seventy-sixth birthday (April 4, 1947) by the combined Relief Societies of the Northern States Mission as a special Centennial remembrance. Sister Haymond, in describing the presentation, writes: "Since the Prophet was guided by inspiration to organize the Relief Society and thus set in motion the special work of Latter-day Saint women, this particular statue expressed to President Smith the message the sisters wished to convey. The statue stands for more than merely a gift. It portrays Joseph Smith in prayer. We have tried hard to make prayer a part of all Relief Society work. Where there is prayer there is love, harmony, and progress."



Photograph submitted by Grace McPeak

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, SANTA ROSA BRANCH
CENTENNIAL PROGRAM, March 2, 1947

Standing beside the flower-bordered posters, left to right: Mabel Schick, organist; Arlene Reveal, narrative reader; Edith Carlquist, dramatic reader.



Photograph submitted by Cleo B. Shirley

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, KLAMATH FALLS BRANCH (OREGON)
ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM, MARCH 17, 1947, "WOMAN'S PLACE
IN GOD'S EARTH PLAN"

This beautiful historical pageant presented the mission of women in the gospel plan from ancient times to the present. Cleo B. Shirley is president of the Klamath Falls Branch Relief Society and Mary S. Ellsworth is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lois Ann Hilterbrand

BOISE STAKE (IDAHO), MERIDIAN WARD SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM
March 2, 1947

Standing front, left and right: Readers Flora Byrne and Lois Ann Hilterbrand.

Seated first row, left to right: Second Counselor Eliza Garn; chorister Erma Walker; Edith Burnett; Grace Chaffin; Ellen McBride; Beth Walker; President Faye Wilson; Edna Fisher; First Counselor Nancy Loveland.

Standing second row, left to right: Ila Thomson; Melva Law; Edith Law; Mae Fewkes; Vertie Ann Earl; Ada Loveland; Harriet Walker.

Organist Mae McGill and Nora Farnsworth were not present when this photograph was taken. Stage arrangements and scenery are by Eliza Garn.

Maudell Harris is president of Boise Stake Relief Society.

CENTRAL PACIFIC MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY SENDS FOOD AND
CLOTHING TO SAINTS IN JAPAN

Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society, reports a recent project of the sisters in her mission, as follows:

"During the month of November (1946), under the direction of the Priesthood Welfare Committee and the Relief Society, our mission collected food and clothing and mailed over 200 eleven-pound packages to our saints and friends in stricken Japan. We have just completed our second drive during the month of January, and are now ready to begin the packing and wrapping of our quota of 500 or more boxes. The Relief Society sisters are giving diligent effort to this cause, and I am sure they will receive much spiritual benefit in knowing that they are really aiding in the relief of souls in Japan who need our help so desperately."

In further commenting upon activities in her mission, Sister Weenig reports:

"We are carrying on the work in our mission Relief Society as usual with our Sunday meetings. In October we organized two Societies on the island of Kauai, and we are now attempting to organize another on the island of Maui. Practically all of our Relief Society members are young school girls or working girls, but these members feel that they are getting a great deal of good out of the lessons, and they have a wonderfully cooperative spirit. The Relief Societies of the Oahu District recently conducted a bazaar and cleared a fairly good amount of money which was divided among the four branches."

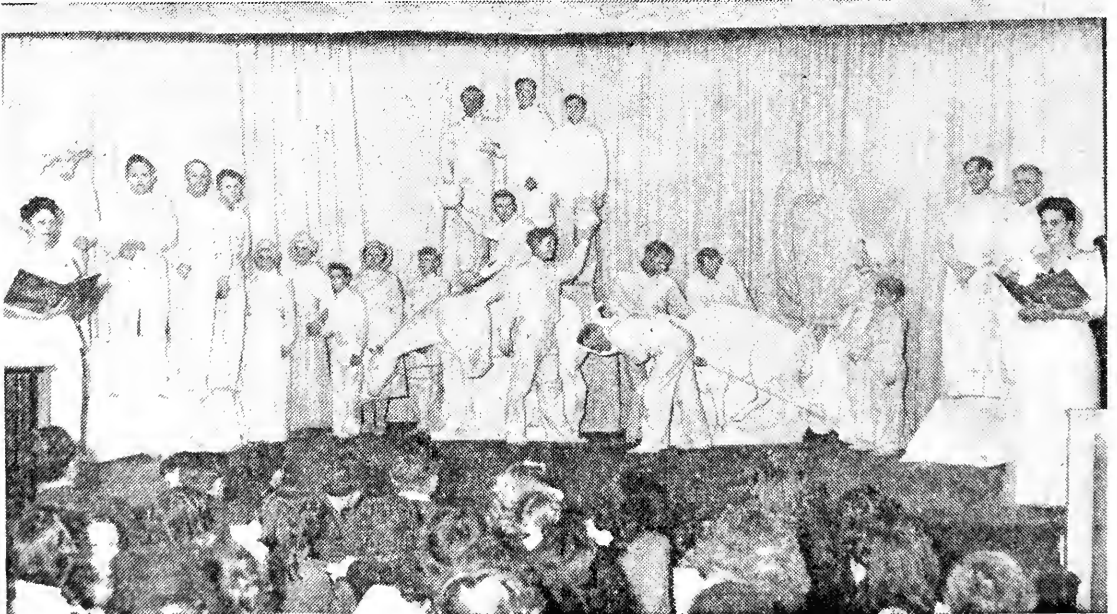


Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

**SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SOUTH GATE WARD
SIX PAST RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS**

Pictured here are the presidents of the South Gate Ward Relief Society from its organization to 1945, left to right: Henrietta B. Gill; Edna Hardman; Martha Brown; Ada Hansen; Vilate Kleven; Ruth Jarman. The present president of South Gate Ward Relief Society is Lenore Merrill.

Rose B. Astle is president of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Irene Wright

**ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK FIRST WARD CENTENNIAL
PROGRAM "A STORY IN GRANITE AND BRONZE," MARCH 2, 1947**

For this program living statues were used instead of plaques. Under the direction of the ward Relief Society presidency, Irene Wright, Helen Bennion, Dorothy Rominger,

and Ina Conder, a cast of twenty-one members was assembled and six scenes were represented. Fathers Escalante and Dominguez were portrayed by Farrell Sorensen and Edward Ludlow. The Donner party was represented by Alice Thornton, Martin W. Rominger, William Wright, Glen Robinson, and Clifford Taylor. The trappers were: Don Neaf, Erwin Bailey, Grant Bennion, Neldon Ccndor. The first three women to enter the Valley were depicted by Susie Christensen, Betty Bennion, and Vivian Ditlefson; the children were represented by David Sorensen and Jerry Wright. Astride the horse was Dale Steiner, portraying Orson Pratt, and Dean Lewis, as Erastus Snow, standing in front of the horse, as they first beheld the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Brother Afton Steiner, Bishop Leonard Howes, and Arthur Ditlefson posed for the three figures atop the monument—Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, and Heber C. Kimball.

The readers were Arsena Robinson and Dorothy Rominger. Music was furnished by a trio: Pearl Cunningham, Doris Robinson, and Ada B. Neaf. A musical selection was presented by Agnes Burr and the ward choir under the direction of Walton Foulger. R. W. Wieser assisted with make-up and lighting.

Alice B. Carlisle is president of Alpine Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Pauline Guilmette

SEATTLE STAKE (WASHINGTON), TACOMA CENTRAL WARD RELIEF
SOCIETY ANNUAL BIRTHDAY PARTY, MARCH 1947

Left to right: Secretary Pauline Guilmette; First Counselor Marion Harris; President Signe Septon; Stake board member Mabel Udell; Second Counselor Maxine O'Brien.

Guests of honor for this delightful occasion were the Relief Society officers from Lincoln Ward (Tacoma) and their husbands. All past Relief Society presidents and the stake visitor were honored with lovely corsages.



Photograph submitted by Elva Richins

SUMMIT STAKE (UTAH), HENEFER WARD CLOSING SOCIAL, May 1947

The four women in the front row, center, are: Elva Richins, Secretary-Treasurer; Margaret Richins, President; Maxine Wright, Second Counselor; Mildred Calderwood, First Counselor.

Mary E. Wright is president of Summit Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Helen Waters

**NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, IDAHO FALLS SEVENTH WARD
MOTHERS' AND BABIES' DAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1947**

Mothers were urged to bring their children to this meeting. All of the ward officers have small children. Present were 113 women and 28 children. Sister Vella Laird is president of Idaho Falls Seventh Ward Relief Society. May W. Andrus is president of North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.



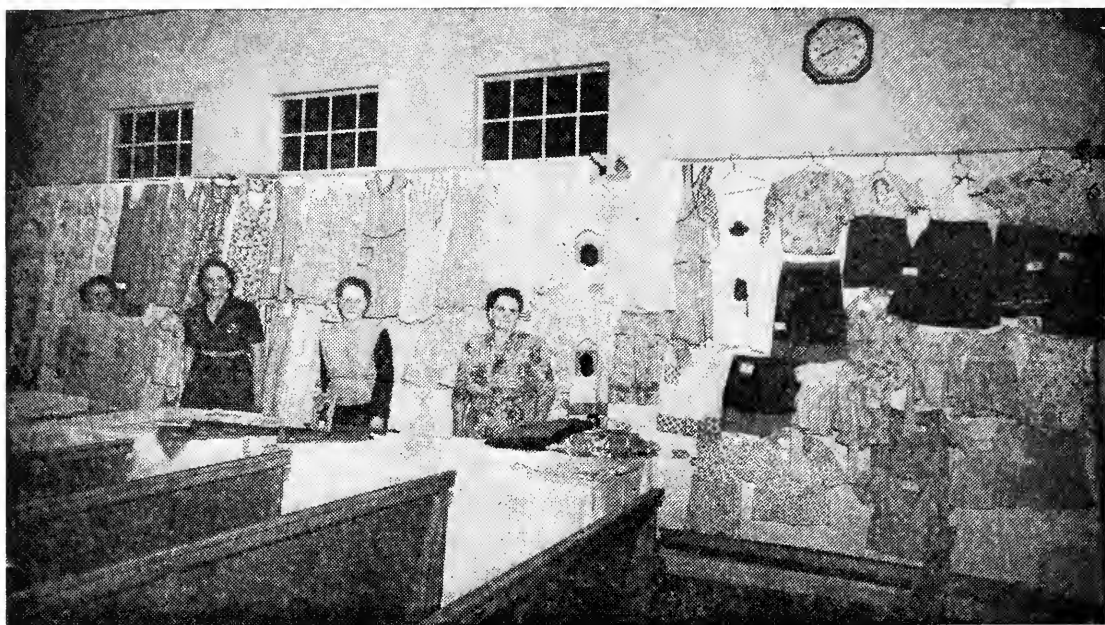
Photographs submitted by Mary Done Pierce

MEXICAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY EXPOSITION, MAY 10-11, 1947

The upper photograph shows part of the extensive display of beautiful handwork.

In the lower photograph are some of the Relief Society officers: Front row seated, left to right: Longina de Sorriano, San Pablo Branch, Camilla Eyring Kimball, wife of Elder Spencer W. Kimball; Mary Done Pierce, President, Mexican Mission Relief Society; Cleone Rogers Stahle, director of the exposition; Maria Guerrero, Ermita Branch, Mexico City.

Back row standing, left to right: Josefa de Moreno, Pachuca Branch, Hidalgo; Adela de Osnaya, San Pedro Martir Branch, Mexico, D. F.; Manuela Garcia de Rorres, San Marcos Branch, Hidalgo; Sofia G. de Palma, Chalco Branch, Mexico, D. F.; Maria Carmona, Ozumba Branch; Maria Baranca de Rivas, Cuautla Branch, Morelos; Concepcion Lara, Atlixco Branch, Puebla; Angela Lozano, Guerrero Branch, Hidalgo; Jovita de Mora, La Libertad Branch, Puebla.



Photograph submitted by Ida L. Nash

FRANKLIN STAKE (IDAHO), LINROSE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
December 6, 1946

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Clara Stevenson; Second Counselor Armina Bright; President Ida L. Nash; First Counselor Ruby Adams.

Sister Nash reports that this was an unusually successful bazaar. Aprons, children's clothing, blouses, quilts, and many pieces of lovely handwork were sold, as well as sofa pillows, art objects, and various gift articles.

Ined Fryer is president of the Franklin Stake Relief Society.

FOURTH OF JULY

Christie Lund Coles

Along the main street of the town
The children come as once we came
In gay, bright dresses, starched and new,
To watch in rapture just the same,

As floats in colorful array
And horses, pawing at the ground,
Await the signal to begin
The march . . . with drum and trumpet sound.

Here is a day of racing, fun,
Popcorn, ice cream, candy, noise
Made by horns and caps laid swiftly
By mischievous little boys.

Wars change the course of men and earth;
Youth goes, the old grow reconciled;
Yet still a holiday evokes
The same, sweet wonder in a child.

Notes on Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two authors new to Relief Society members appear as writers for Relief Society. Elder Don B. Colton, Director of the Missionary Home, Salt Lake City, has written the theology lessons which are based on Elder James E. Talmage's comprehensive and inspirational book, *Jesus the Christ*; and Elder Joseph Jacobs has written the social science course, "Essentials in Home Training."

Elder Colton, an active and devoted Church worker, was born in Mona, Utah, and lived for many years in Vernal. He attended Brigham Young University and was graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan. After holding many positions in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, (he is now a Sunday School General Board member), he served as president of the Eastern States Mission for four years. He was president of the Uintah Stake for ten years. For twelve years he represented Utah in the United States House of Representatives. He married Grace Stringham of Vernal, Utah, in 1910, and they have four children, Mera, Alice, Glade Byron, and Gwen Mary. A son Don Sterling died in infancy.

For the past ten years Elder Colton has been director of the Missionary Home in Salt Lake City, where his kindly and enthusiastic personality and his scholarly and appreciative knowledge of the gospel have been a source of inspiration to thousands of missionaries. Brother Colton's faith and diligence are reflected in

his interpretation of the new series of theology lessons.

Elder Joseph Jacobs was born in Aleppo, Syria. His parents were converts to the Church, and at the age of sixteen Joseph came to the United States. He was graduated from the Latter-day Saints High School, and received his master's degree in accounting and business administration from the University of Utah. For many years he was a teacher in the Salt Lake City schools, and for two years he had charge of the home missionaries in Ensign Stake. In 1937 he was appointed president of the Palestine-Syrian Mission. His wife, Leone Openshaw Jacobs, now a member of the General Board of Relief Society, and their two children, Geraldine and Lamont, joined Brother Jacobs a year later in the Holy Land. In 1939, at the outbreak of the war, they were recalled to the United States. At the present time Brother Jacobs is a teacher of commercial subjects in the Roosevelt Junior High School, Salt Lake City, and is supervisor of the ward teachers in the South Eighteenth Ward Salt Lake City, Utah.

President Amy Brown Lyman continues her series of discussions on "Our Pioneer Heritage" for the visiting teachers' messages, considering for this season "The Fruits of Pioneer Virtues."

The literature lessons, "Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants," have been written by Elder H. Wayne Driggs, author of the theology course for the past three years.

For information on Sister Lyman and Brother H. Wayne Driggs, see "Notes on the Authors of the Lessons" in the *Magazine* for July 1946, page 469.



Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Elder Don B. Colton

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THEOLOGY lessons for the next four years will be based upon that excellent book by the late Elder James E. Talmage, entitled *Jesus the Christ*. The book should be studied in connection with each lesson.

This preview will introduce the first eight lessons. Each year a preview will be written covering the lessons to be studied.

The main objective of the course is to give the principal events in the Savior's life in such a way as to awaken faith in the souls of all those who study. We believe in the statement of the Savior:

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (John 17:3).

To fully know him, it is necessary to study his life. To understand that life, we must know something of the antemortal existence, something of the events and purposes of his earth life, and something of our relationship to him in the life to come. We believe this can be accomplished by carefully following the plan of life mapped out for us by our Redeemer.

The titles of the lessons for the year (the names of the first sixteen chapters of *Jesus the Christ*) are as follows:

Lesson 1. *Preexistence and Foreordination of the Christ*

Objective: To show the actuality of the birth of the Lord Jesus; and that he was chosen and ordained to be our Redeemer before the world was created.

Lesson 2. *The Need of a Redeemer; and The Antemortal Godship of Christ*

Objective: To show that under the gospel plan a Redeemer was absolutely necessary; and that Jesus, our Lord, had attained godship in an antemortal existence.

Lesson 3. *Earthly Advent of the Christ Predicted; and The Meridian of Time*

Objective: To demonstrate that the great events of the Savior's life and of his plan of salvation had been revealed aforetime; and to give an explanation of the condition of the Jews during the meridian of time.

Lesson 4. *Gabriel's Annunciation of John and Jesus; and The Babe of Bethlehem*

Objective: To show that the coming of John the Baptist and Jesus Christ was announced by an angel sent from God; and that their births fulfilled great promises by angels and prophets.

Lesson 5. *The Boy of Nazareth; and In the Wilderness of Judea*

Objective: To prove that Jesus early understood his divine calling, and spent a period of careful preparation for his great ministry.

Lesson 6. *From Judea to Galilee; and Early Incidents in Our Lord's Public Ministry*

Objective: To show that Jesus gives ample evidence that he is the Christ to all who honestly seek him; and that righteousness is the greatest force in the world.

Lesson 7. *Honored by Strangers, Rejected by His Own; and Continuation of Our Lord's Ministry in Galilee*

Objective: To prove that Jesus is no respecter of persons, but that his blessings are given to all who have faith in him, and who serve him.

Lesson 8. *Lord of the Sabbath; and The Chosen Twelve*

Objective: To show that the Sabbath is distinctly sacred to the people who accept the Lord as their guide. Also, to show that Jesus does have a specific calling in the Priesthood to which he delegates the power to carry on his work in the earth.

We urge careful consideration of the great truths concerning the Lord, which have been revealed in this, our day. Probably, Joseph Smith's greatest contribution to the world was a correct understanding of Jesus

Christ. It is, therefore, necessary to understand and to be able to tell others of these great truths.

We earnestly urge that methods be used to secure class participation. It is the best way for class leaders to ascertain if the learners are really getting a clear understanding of the lessons. An effective class leader will not content herself with studying only the lesson printed in the *Magazine*. The text should be studied and enrichment material gathered from every approved source.

This course affords an opportunity to aid others in securing a testimony of Jesus the Christ. The lessons should be presented with that goal always in mind.

Textbook

TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *Jesus the Christ*, Deseret Book Company, \$2.50.

Reference

CLARK, PRESIDENT J. REUBEN, JR.: *Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?* General Board of Relief Society 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, \$1.50.

Lesson 1—"Preexistence and Foreordination of Christ"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, Chapter 2)
For Tuesday, October 7, 1947

Objective: To show the actuality of the birth of the Lord Jesus; and that he was chosen and ordained to be our Redeemer before the world was created.

MEMBERS of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will, no doubt, be thrilled at the prospects of studying, in detail, the life of our divine Redeemer. The Church does have a distinctive message concerning

him. Let us understand that message clearly.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (John 17:3).

That Jesus of Nazareth did live upon earth is a well-attested fact.

However, no adequate biography was written of him. Probably, it is better that no one attempted such an impossible task. No one ever lived of whom more has been written. No one else has influenced the world for good as much as he. Though a God, he was actually born of woman. No one can successfully disprove the story of his birth.

Through nineteen "wide centuries," the spirit of the Master has been the greatest power for good in the world. Those who believed in him have been the real pioneers. Missionaries, carrying the Bible, have been first to seek out benighted peoples in every land. A Christian woman, Florence Nightingale, really started the great movement providing hospitals for wounded soldiers upon the battlefields. A man who believed in Christ, Horace Mann, led the movement which resulted in, at least, a common-school education for all the children in the United States. It is well within the mark to say that nearly all great efforts during the last two thousand years to bring happiness and progress to the human family have been made by men and women actuated by the influence and power of our Savior. (Read statement by F. A. Francis in President Grant's book, *Treasures I Would Share*.)

One outstanding and distinctive feature of the Latter-day Saint Church is its positive affirmation of a correct understanding of Jesus Christ. As we proceed with this course, it will be pointed out that our message is unique and distinctive in many respects. This is said in humility but with boldness. In the spirit of Paul's statement to the Colossians (Col. 1:12-19), we give

"thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet [suitable or worthy] to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" [Holy Ghost].

Preexistence and Foreordination

It is usual to commence biographies or even a study of the life of an individual with a consideration of the earthly birth. We are not studying now the life of an ordinary person. We are to study the Savior in the light of Isaiah's estimate of him:

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace (Isaiah 9:6).

The Holy Scriptures are replete with passages affirming that Jesus the Christ or Jehovah existed with the Father in a preexistent state.

All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made (John 1:3).

For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him and for him:

And he is before all things, and by him all things consist.

And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence.

For it pleased the Father that in him [Christ] should all fulness dwell (Col. 1:16-19).

(See also Heb. 1:1-3; and *Progress of Man*, by Joseph Fielding Smith, page 511).

To the Latter-day Saints, the word of God is scripture whether it was given anciently or to a modern prophet. From Isaiah we learn that in the beginning another son of God tried to exalt himself. This other

son, Lucifer, offered a plan under which all mankind would be redeemed, provided that he, not God, would be given the honor. The rejection of Lucifer's plan caused what is spoken of as the "war in heaven" (Rev. 12:7-9). This plan would have taken away our free agency. The plan presented by the Lord, Jesus, gave us our free agency and gave the glory to our Father—"thy will be done and the glory be thine forever." A great majority of our Father's children in that antemortal existence accepted the plan of Jesus, even though it might entail temptation to sin, suffering of pain, and even of wandering away from the "path of life." (See *Latter-day Saint Hymns*, No. 37—"Know This That Every Soul Is Free," etc. See, also, *Pearl of Great Price*, Moses 4:1-4).

The principle of free agency is fundamental in the gospel of Christ. "Freedom and reason make us men." Many men have fought and died rather than give up their free agency and many have been willing to make any sacrifice for freedom. The difference between the Savior's plan and the one offered by Lucifer is very great.

We, as spirit children, were happy when Jehovah's plan was accepted. We voted for it. We undoubtedly joined in the glad chorus when, "All the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38:7).

The important point is, Jesus was with the Father "in the beginning." Under the direction of the Father, he made the world. He is our Redeemer and Savior. "He was ordained of the Father to be the Savior of mankind." Of course, no date is given as to the exact time when this occurred. That is not necessary.

We know only that it was "in the beginning." We do know that Jesus had been exalted to be a God while he was yet a "personage of spirit." It is very enlightening to read Ether, 3d chapter in the Book of Mormon.

More than two thousand years before his advent upon earth, Jesus the Lord appeared to a great prophet on a lonely mountain side. Even that great prophet, the brother of Jared, seems not to have fully grasped the exact form in which Jesus lived before coming to earth. Because of his great faith, the veil was taken from off the eyes of the brother of Jared, and he saw the finger of the Lord, and it was the finger of a man. "And the Lord said unto him: Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood." The Lord showed himself to this man of "exceeding great faith." Jesus was a reality before he was born of woman. He lived and was a glorified "personage of spirit"—a God.

In the day in which we live the same glorious truth was reaffirmed (D. & C. 76:13-14).

John, Paul, and other New Testament writers affirm repeatedly that Jesus lived in a preexistent state. The Savior, however, is our best witness. "For I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me" (John 6:38). Again, these words: "What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?" (John 6:62). It might be well to read the entire sixth chapter of John.

The writer of this lesson earnestly urges all members to read carefully from the text or from an original

source the third footnote following chapter two of *Jesus the Christ*.

There can come to the human mind no more thrilling thought than that Jesus our Redeemer lives. Because he lives, we will live forever. He is our advocate with the Father. He was God in a world as real as this one before he came to this earth. His place in the great plan of salvation has been clearly revealed.

How wonderful! Our Father in heaven, the Father of our spirits, exalted his beloved and worthy Son, Jesus the Christ, to become the creator of the world on which we, his spirit children, might have the glorious privilege of receiving a body and having the experience of earth life. Thereafter, we were "translated into the kingdom" of that dear Son (Col. 1:13). He is the King Immanuel—our exemplar, prototype, guide.

He marked the path and led the way,
And every point defines
To light and life and endless day,
Where God's full presence shines.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Aside from the Bible, what evidence is there that Jesus our Savior is divine?

2. How would you prove from the Bible that Jesus lived in a preexistent state and that his work as a creator was done before he came to the earth? Cite passages of scripture.

3. In what way is the salvation of mankind dependent upon the work of our Redeemer?

Note: The following quotation will be of interest to Relief Society members:

When residing in Kirtland, Elder Reynolds Cahoon had a son born to him. One day when President Joseph Smith was passing his door, he called the Prophet in and asked him to bless and name the baby. Joseph did so and gave the boy the name of Mahonri Moriancumer. When he had finished the blessing he laid the child on the bed and turning to Elder Cahoon he said, "The name I have given your son is the name of the brother of Jared; the Lord has just shown (or revealed) the name." Elder William Cahoon, who was standing near, heard the Prophet make this statement to his father; and this was the first time the name of the brother of Jared was known in the Church in this dispensation. (*The Juvenile Instructor*, Vol. 27, May 1892, page 282).

Reference

TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *Jesus the Christ*, chapter 2.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

The Fruits of Pioneer Virtues

President Amy Brown Lyman

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

"WHEREFORE by their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. 7:20).

The subject matter for the visiting teachers' department for the year 1947-48 will again be presented

under the general title "Our Pioneer Heritage." Last year the lessons featured pioneer virtues. This year the objectives will be to call attention to and emphasize some of the accomplishments of the pioneers which came as a result of their virtues and their practices, the better to emulate them.

The discussions last year recalled many incidents, family experiences, and stories which greatly enriched the messages as they were considered in both the classroom and in the home. Especially interesting and dramatic were incidents related by some of the elderly women who remembered stories told to them firsthand by the pioneers of the plains, and also incidents connected with their own personal experiences in helping to pioneer remote settlements here in the West. Interest was stimulated by some class leaders, who made it a point to announce the subject for the next lesson a month ahead of time and to encourage the members to read the lesson carefully, talk it over in the home, and come prepared to take part in the class discussion. As a result, many faith-promoting stories and interesting experiences have been related. Most interesting also were excerpts from old diaries, which were brought to class and read by descendants of early pioneers. These diaries, which bring to life thrilling human interest stories, are valuable and should be carefully preserved. Practically every visiting teacher and every individual visited has been able to contribute to the discussions.

Friendly visiting by Relief Society teachers is one of the oldest institutions in the Society. The organization was only one year old when six-

teen of its members were appointed to visit the four districts in Nauvoo. Today there are 31,678 visiting teachers in the organization, and 18,155 districts. Last year's report (1946) showed that the teachers made 1,237,906 visits to the homes. If all of the 31,678 visiting teachers would, in a given year, familiarize themselves with the messages and make it a practice to discuss them in the 177,770 homes on their visits, what a power they could be in creating desirable sentiment and influencing people for good.

It is hoped that this timely subject "Our Pioneer Heritage" has been and will be so thoroughly discussed that it will make an important contribution to the spirit of Utah's great Centennial, the prime purpose of which is to call to mind and to emphasize the deeds and accomplishments of the pioneers of Utah, and perpetuate their memories by music, song, and pageant, and by dedicating to the pioneers that mighty monument "This Is the Place."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Yes, by the fruits of our noble pioneers we shall ever know and remember them.

Titles for the messages for the eight months follow:

Lesson 1. *Organization*

Objective: To show the marvelous result of the God-inspired plan used by our pioneers in crossing the plains.

Lesson 2. *Colonization*

Objective: To call attention to the outstanding ability of the pioneers as colonizers and empire builders.

Lesson 3. *Religious Activities*

Objective: That we may review the religious practices of the pioneers and emulate their activities.

Lesson 4. *Social Activities*

Objective: To recall the genuine and friendly social activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate those of the present.

Lesson 5. *Cultural Activities*

Objective: To stimulate a deeper appreciation of the different cultural activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate in a more understanding way similar activities today.

Lesson 6. *Community Activities*

Objective: To show that many present progressive community activities originated and were stimulated by the early pioneers.

Lesson 7. *Building Activities*

Objective: To recognize the high standards in the building activities of the pioneers which act as a stimulus for us today.

Lesson 8. *Beautification*

Objective: To become acquainted with pioneer plans of beautification of homes, churches, and communities, in order to appreciate more fully the realization of those plans a century later.

General References For the Course For Enrichment Material

A Story to Tell, published by the Primary Association and the Deseret Sunday School Union.

ASHTON, WENDELL J.: *Their's Is the Kingdom*.

EVANS, JOHN HENRY: *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*.

EVANS, JOHN HENRY: *The Story of Utah*.

SMITH, JOSEPH FIELDING: *Essentials in Church History*.

WHITNEY', ORSON F.: *Popular History of Utah*.

YOUNG, LEVI EDGAR: *Founding of Utah*.

Lesson I—Organization

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, October 7, 1947

Objective: To show the marvelous result of the God-inspired plan used by our pioneers in crossing the plains.

ONE of the distinguishing characteristics of Latter-day Saints is their understanding and appreciation of the efficacy of organized efforts and the importance of co-operation between individuals and between groups.

This understanding and knowledge is a heritage from the Church itself, the organization of which was divinely inspired. The perfect organization and operation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is ample evidence of its divine origin.

The government of the Church is vested in the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve, assisted

by other General Authorities, by general officers of various departments, and boards of auxiliary organizations. It is divided into stakes and missions and subdivided into wards and branches. The organization and work is thus built and set up on order, authority, love-inspired obedience, and co-operation, and operates with precision and efficiency.

In making plans and preparations for crossing the plains, it was only natural that one of the first considerations should be the careful and proper organization of the companies, and it was largely due to the efforts in this direction that the

companies were so successful. (See D. & C. 136).

In his biography, pioneer Elijah Mayhew, who crossed the plains from Winter Quarters in 1853 and was one of the clerks of his company, shows how the company was carefully organized, and gives some interesting details regarding its organization and operation. He reports that the company consisted of 232 souls, seventy wagons, 125 horses, 360 head of cattle, and 126 sheep. Captains D. R. Miller and John Cooley were in command. The company was divided into groups of fifty, which were subdivided into groups of ten. Each group of fifty had a captain, a sergeant of guard, a chaplain, and a clerk. Following are the rules and regulations as recorded by him:

1—Camp will be called by the sound of a trumpet for prayer morning and evening. 2—Card playing will not be allowed. 3—Profane language will not be allowed. 4—Dogs must be tied up at night. 5—No noise nor confusion of any kind will be allowed after 8 p.m. 6—The horn will blow for arising at 4:30 a.m. 7—Assembly for prayers at 5:30 a.m. 8—Each man will assist in driving the cattle. 9—The

horn will blow as notice to bring in the cattle. 10—The corral, formed by placing wagons side by side, will not be broken nor any wagon move from the yard in the morning until all the cattle are yoked. 11—The rate of travel for oxen, 3 miles per hour.

The names of all individuals, he explains, were enrolled; and, for the company, he kept a daily diary. If additional individuals joined the company along the route, their names and the date of their arrival were kept. All accidents and troubles were recorded; for example, the accident of Lucy Ann Miller, in which her leg was broken but successfully set.

Upon the arrival of the company in Salt Lake City, resolutions of respect and appreciation were drafted and presented to Captains Miller and Cooley for their kindness, efficient leadership, wise counsel, and tender care.

Suggestions for Discussion

The class might be encouraged to add examples of how the Church, through its perfect organization, has been able, on short notice, to collect needed information, facts, and statistics, and to carry out necessary programs.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THE three-year series of Church history lessons brought to a close last May dealt with the theological study of the Doctrine and Covenants. It has been felt that some time could, with profit, be

spent in enjoying this modern scripture from a literary point of view. Certain it is that many in the Relief Society have expressed the hope that time might be taken in a series of lessons on the literary values of the

Doctrine and Covenants. It is with this thought in mind that a year's course of study has been written in such a field.

There are within the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith a variety of literary forms. The literary values of the Doctrine and Covenants add joy to the gospel message given.

To make a complete study of the literature of this modern scripture demands much time. In the present series of lessons in this field only the high lights of such a work may be outlined. It is hoped that such an outline will prove inviting for further study, and that much pleasure may be gained by reviewing the passages of the Doctrine and Covenants in another light.

The first lesson is introductory.

Lesson 1. *Introductory Lesson to "The Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants"*

Objective: To present a short historical account of the coming forth of the book the Doctrine and Covenants, and to call attention to the great work of the Prophet Joseph Smith as a revelator, and the necessity for Latter-day Saints to study the revelations.

The lesson titles and objectives for the literature course to follow are:

Lesson 2. *Literary Values of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the truth and beauty it contains.

Lesson 3. *Types of Literature Found In the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the various forms of literature contained in the revealed word of the Lord.

Lesson 4. *Epistles of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the letters of the Prophet to the saints and the word of the Lord to the Prophet while a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri.

Lesson 5. *Prayers of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the prayers it contains, which are not unlike the lyric or song.

Lesson 6. *Visions of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the apocalyptic type of literature.

Lesson 7. *Doctrinal Exposition of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the wisdom contained in this modern scripture.

Lesson 8. *Appreciation Values in Doctrine and Covenants Reading*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the values to be received from the Lord's word.

The writer is indebted to Dr. Sidney B. Sperry of Brigham Young University for his helpful suggestions on the series. Also, he appreciates the encouragement given by Dr. Howard R. Driggs and the literature lesson committee of the Relief Society.

Text: Doctrine and Covenants.

A \$1 edition of this book may be purchased from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

Lesson I—Introductory Lesson to “Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants”

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

For Tuesday, October 7, 1947

Objective: To present a short historical account of the coming forth of the book *Doctrine and Covenants*, and to call attention to the great work of the Prophet Joseph Smith as a revelator, and the necessity for Latter-day Saints to study the revelations.

Historical Account of the Printing of the Doctrine and Covenants

THE *Doctrine and Covenants* of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is one of the four standard works of the Church, the other three being the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and the Pearl of Great Price. The *Doctrine and Covenants* has been called the scriptures of the dispensation of the fullness of times, and contains “Revelations Given to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, With some Additions by his Successors in the Presidency of the Church.”

The first revelation in chronological sequence is section 2 which was given through the Prophet Joseph Smith in Manchester, New York, September 1823. Section 136 was “given through President Brigham Young, at the Winter Quarters of the Camp of Israel, Omaha Nation, West Bank of the Missouri River, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, January 14, 1847.” The revelations contained in the *Doctrine and Covenants* were given in preparation for the re-establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ on earth and later for the direction of the Church so organized.

The first steps taken in regard to publishing the revelations in book

form were taken in 1831. The Prophet Joseph Smith had, by the commandment of the Lord, compiled the revelations for this purpose; and at a conference of the Church held November 1, 1831, the revelation known as the “Preface” was given to be published with the compilation. It was at first decided to publish 10,000 copies of the book, to be known as “The Book of Commandments”; but later this was reduced to 3,000 copies. At another conference, held November 12, 1831, the revelations as prepared were dedicated by prayer and thanksgiving. Elders Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer were appointed to carry the revelations to Missouri for publication and the work was to be done by William W. Phelps & Company. Elder Phelps having been added to the committee with Elders Cowdery and Whitmer, these three were charged with the responsibility of seeing that the printing proceed and be completed at as early a date as possible (D.H.C. 1:270). By the summer of 1833 most of these revelations that had been given up to that time were printed, but before the work was completed the printing plant was destroyed by a mob composed of the enemies of the Church. A few copies of the printed forms were saved and were bound in the “Book of Commandments.”

A few copies of these revelations thus printed have been preserved.

Notwithstanding this calamity, the Church was undaunted in the mission laid upon it to publish the latter-day revelations of God to mankind. The first edition of the *Doctrine and Covenants* was published in Kirtland in 1835. On the title page the statement is made that the contents were compiled by "Joseph Smith, Junior; Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, Presiding Elders of the Church." The book was printed by Frederick G. Williams & Company, in Kirtland.

On September 24, 1834, at a meeting of the High Council in Kirtland, Ohio, a committee, with Joseph Smith, the Prophet and President of the Church, at its head, was constituted to publish the revelations and other matter relating to the doctrines of the Church. This committee reported the completion of its labors to a general assembly of the Church, at Kirtland, August 17, 1835. The congregation was seated in the order of solemn assembly—each quorum or distinctive body of the Priesthood being in its place—and the acceptance of the revelations contained in the book of *Doctrine and Covenants* was expressed by the separate vote of each quorum, and then by the united vote of the entire assembly.

The testimony of the Twelve Apostles of the Church was formulated, signed, and presented to the assembly in the form following:

TESTIMONY OF THE TWELVE
APOSTLES TO THE TRUTH OF THE
BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND
COVENANTS

The Testimony of the Witnesses to the Book of the Lord's Commandments, which commandments He gave to His Church through Joseph Smith, Jun., who was appointed by the voice of the Church for this purpose:

We, therefore, feel willing to bear testi-

mony to all the world of mankind, to every creature upon the face of all the earth, that the Lord has borne record to our souls, through the Holy Ghost shed forth upon us, that these commandments were given by inspiration of God, and are profitable for all men and are verily true.

We give this testimony unto the world, the Lord being our helper; and it is through the grace of God the Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ, that we are permitted to have this privilege of bearing this testimony unto the world, in the which we rejoice exceedingly, praying the Lord always that the children of men may be profited thereby.

Thomas B. Marsh
David W. Patten
Brigham Young
Heber C. Kimball
Orson Hyde
Wm. E. M'Lellin
Parley P. Pratt
Luke S. Johnson
William Smith
Orson Pratt
John F. Boynton
Lyman E. Johnson

In successive editions of the *Doctrine and Covenants*, additional revelations or other matters of record have been added, as received, and as accepted by competent assemblies or conferences of the Church.

Certain lessons, entitled "Lectures on Faith," which were bound in with the *Doctrine and Covenants* in some of its former issues, are not included in this edition. Those lessons were prepared for use in the School of the Elders, conducted in Kirtland, Ohio, during the winter of 1834-1835; but they were never presented to nor accepted by the Church as being otherwise than theological lectures or lessons ("Explanatory Introduction to the *Doctrine and Covenants*," page v).

The *Doctrine and Covenants* has been translated into the following languages: Danish, Welsh, German, Swedish, Dutch, Hawaiian, and Maori (*Essentials in Church History*, page 684). At the present time (1947) many of these translations are being revised to keep pace

with the modern language changes, and a complete translation is being made in Spanish and Portuguese (See "Church Section," *The Deseret News*, May 3, 1947, pp. 4, 12).

Prophet Joseph Smith as a Revelator

Section 135 of the Doctrine and Covenants relates the martyrdom of Joseph Smith the Prophet and his brother Hyrum Smith the Patriarch, at Carthage, Illinois, June 27, 1844. It speaks of the great work which the Prophet Joseph did for mankind, stating that:

Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it.

Among the Prophet's marvelous accomplishments is mentioned that he "has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of Doctrine and Covenants" (135:3).

The study of the course "Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants," which will comprise the seven remaining Relief Society lessons in literature for 1947-48, will call forcibly to the attention of Relief Society sisters the incalculable service performed for Latter-day Saints by the Prophet Joseph Smith in being the worthy instrument in the hand of the Lord through whom the Lord in this day revealed his mind and will to mankind.

Among other expressions, the following ones are typical of those used by the Prophet Joseph Smith before copying revelations into his history of the Church:

The following I applied for and obtained, at the request of . . . (D.H.C. 1:28); I

inquired of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim, and obtained the following . . . (*Ibid.*, page 33); In this manner did the Lord continue to give us instructions from time to time, concerning the duties which now devolved upon us; and among many other things of the kind, we obtained of Him the following, by the spirit of prophecy and revelation . . . (*Ibid.*, page 64); I inquired of the Lord and received the following important revelation . . . (*Ibid.*, page 229).

Elder Parley P. Pratt has left an interesting account of the manner in which the Prophet Joseph dictated a revelation:

Each sentence was uttered slowly and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded by an ordinary writer in long hand. This was the manner in which all his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never any hesitation, reviewing, or reading back, in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlinings or corrections. As he dictated them so they stood, so far as I have witnessed; and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of several pages each.

The footnote adds:

This statement of Elder Pratt's is true in a general way, and valuable as a description of the manner in which revelations were dictated by the Prophet; and needs modifying only to the extent of saying that some of the early revelations first published in the "Book of Commandments," in 1833, were revised by the Prophet himself in the way of correcting errors made by the scribes and publishers; and some additional clauses were inserted to throw increased light upon the subjects treated in the revelations, and paragraphs added, to make the principles or instructions apply to officers not in the Church at the time some of the earlier revelations were given. The addition of verses 65, 66 and 67 in sec. xx of the Doctrine and Covenants, is an example (D.H.C. 1:173, footnote).

There were certain acquaintances of the Prophet who found fault with him as a revelator. At one time Oliver Cowdery wrote that he had discovered an error in one of the commandments. The Prophet relates:

I immediately wrote to him in reply, in which I asked him by what authority he took upon him to command me to alter or erase, to add to or diminish from, a revelation or commandment from Almighty God (D.H.C. 1:105).

At another time the Prophet tells how a certain man:

... as the wisest man, in his own estimation, having more learning than sense, endeavored to write a commandment like unto one of the least of the Lord's, but failed; it was an awful responsibility to write in the name of the Lord. The Elders and all present that witnessed this vain attempt of a man to imitate the language of Jesus Christ, renewed their faith in the fulness of the Gospel, and in the truth of the commandments and revelations which the Lord had given to the Church through my instrumentality (D.H.C. 1:226).

The importance which the Prophet Joseph Smith himself attached to the revelations he received from God is shown by the following statement he wrote in 1831:

... in consequence of the book of revelations, now to be printed, being the foundation of the Church in these last days, and a benefit to the world, showing

that the keys of the mysteries of the kingdom of our Savior are again entrusted to man; and the riches of eternity within the compass of those who are willing to live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God—therefore the conference voted that they prize the revelations to be worth to the Church the riches of the whole earth, speaking temporally (D.H.C. 1:235).

Necessity for Studying the Doctrine and Covenants

Throughout the literature course to follow, Relief Society members would do well to bear in mind the following words of the Lord so that each class member may seek earnestly and prayerfully to learn for herself the truthfulness of the Doctrine and Covenants while she deepens her appreciation of the beauty of the language in which the revelations are expressed:

Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled.

What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken, and I excuse not myself; and though the heavens and the earth pass away, my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled, whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same (D. & C. 1:37).

Activities for Discussion

Have the class members recall or recite sections or parts of sections in the Doctrine and Covenants with which they are especially familiar.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

The preview and the first optional lesson for use at the work meeting will appear in the August Magazine.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Elder Joseph Jacobs

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THE course of study for the social science department for the coming season (1947-48) is titled "Essentials in Home Training," and is a continuation of last year's course "The Family in the Gospel Plan." Last year's course dealt with organization of the family, its practical workings, the responsibilities of each member of the family, and some phases of training which should be incorporated into children's lives.

This year we take up a study of fundamental qualities of character which are basic to righteous living and consider how to implant them in members of the family. These lessons have been chosen with the thought in mind that the family is the most important unit that exists, and that the foundation for a righteous life must be laid in the home. The home is directly responsible for the ideals and standards of conduct developed by the individual.

The important part that the example of parents plays in instilling these qualities in children is stressed.

We refer class leaders to the treatment of some of these subjects as discussed by Dr. Harold T. Christensen in the social science lessons for the seasons 1944-45 and 1945-46. While the viewpoint on these subjects is different, much help may be derived from a study of his lessons in relation to the various subjects. Particular emphasis in this year's course is placed on giving practical help in applying these qualities to

child training. Since the possession of these attributes is essential to a living of the gospel, repeated discussion will lead to better living.

We are making a slight change in the arrangement of questions for these lessons. Instead of putting them at the end of each lesson, we are inserting them at appropriate places throughout, where discussion will be profitable. We realize, of course, that most teachers use this procedure already, but for the new or inexperienced teacher it may be helpful. When the lesson is given in its entirety with questions and discussion left until last, too often the time may be short or class members may have forgotten what they had wished to contribute. Teachers should take care to keep the discussion within a proper allotment of time for each topic.

Again we say, the success of these lessons depends largely on the contribution of class members and the stimulation given for personal application. The experiences of mothers whose children are already reared is invaluable to younger ones whose children are still small, and whose methods of training may be at times experimental.

The titles and objectives of the lessons for this year follow:

Lesson 1. *Obedience*

Objective: To show that obedience is the way to happiness, and to discuss methods of teaching obedience in the home.

Lesson 2. *Honesty*

Objective: To show that honesty is fundamental to an upright character, and that teaching of this principle and a consistent example set by daily living must be given children in the home.

Lesson 3. *Chastity*

Objective: To show the necessity of living a chaste life, and to give suggestions for proper training in the home which will fortify members of the family to lead such a life.

Lesson 4. *Observance of the Sabbath Day*

Objective: To show that the command regarding Sabbath day observance is just as binding on us now as it has ever been, and that through training and the formation of proper habits in the home

the Sabbath will be spent worshipfully and the attendant blessings received.

Lesson 5. *Refinement*

Objective: To show that refinement enriches one's own life as well as the lives of one's associates, that it embodies all that is gentle, considerate, and uplifting.

Lesson 6. *Tolerance*

Objective: To show that the teachings of the Lord breathe the spirit of tolerance, and that tolerance is not acceptance.

Lesson 7. *Reverence*

Objective: To show that reverence is in-born, that it has been observed from the beginning of time, and that it needs greater emphasis in our lives today.

Lesson 1—Obedience

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 28, 1947

Objective: To show that obedience is the way to happiness, and to discuss methods of teaching obedience in the home.

How Important Is the Principle of Obedience?

OBEDIENCE is one of the great principles of life, for through it we gain salvation and exaltation. It is an eternal principle—one which will never change nor become obsolete. In the universe surrounding us we see the operation of obedience to law in every detail—in the invariable course of the sun, the changing of the seasons, the migration of birds, the growth of seeds. Obedience also operates in all human activity. Whether it be in the field of science, business, or agriculture, certain laws must be adhered to if success is to result. Do you wish to raise a flower garden? Then you must follow the laws of nature

which outline the proper cultivation of plants. Do you wish to become a nurse? Then you must obey the law which says you are to pursue its study until you are eligible for graduation. Governmental affairs, as well, are based upon obedience to law. The laws themselves are mere words in the statute books, having no meaning whatever, unless they are put into action by men. *Agnes Rand*

Do you wish to gain salvation? Then you must render obedience to the requirements prescribed by our Heavenly Father which will lead you there.

The battle of life is essentially a battle between obedience or disobedience to eternal law; between good and evil; between right and wrong (WIDTSOE, JOHN A.: *Evidences and Reconciliations*, page 267).

What Is the Price of Transgression?

Transgression of the law is primarily or indirectly the cause of all suffering (JAMES E. TALMAGE: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 388).

We read in Hebrews 5:8: "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered," showing that through our Savior's suffering he learned obedience. The important point for us to remember is that digressing from the course of obedience is like getting off on a detour and, eventually, having to work our way back to the main highway in order to continue onward. The sooner we learn to obey righteous laws, the easier it will be for us to obtain the prize we desire. Disobedience sooner or later brings suffering.

Does Obedience Curtail One's Liberty?

It is an erroneous idea which suggests that obedience takes away one's liberty. We read:

Here is a brother who says, "I do not want to be dictated; I want to preserve my freedom; I do not want to be a slave!" What an idea! It is from the enemy, and because a person has not the Spirit of the Lord to see how things are. There is not a man of us but what is willing to acknowledge at once that God demands strict obedience to his requirements. But in rendering that strict obedience, are we made slaves? No, it is the only way on the face of the earth for you and me to become free, and we shall become slaves to our own passions, and of the wicked one, . . . if we take any other course. . . . Now to say that I do not enjoy the volition of my own will just as much when I pray as I would to swear, is a false principle. . . . (Discourses of Brigham Young, pp. 347-348; 1941 edition, page 225).

"Obedience to righteous law is the price of liberty. In such obedi-

ence lies happiness," (JAMES E. TALMAGE: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 338). "By his own acts man may win blessings or bring condemnation upon himself" (JOHN A. WIDTSOE: *Evidences and Reconciliations*, page 267).

It is a regrettable fact that people, generally, will obey laws when the penalties for disobedience are immediate or apparent, but will postpone obeying or entirely disregard those laws whose penalties are not so immediate nor apparent. They are slow to learn that disobedience to these laws is as certain to bring its result as disobedience to any other law. People accept the fact, for example, that adding anti-freeze to water reduces the freezing point, and that anti-freeze must be added to prevent damage to automobile radiators during cold weather. They obey, without question, the physical law, by having a vaccination which renders the body immune to smallpox, because they have heard of the effects of that terrible disease. But they disregard or put off the law of tithing or the law of baptism or temple work, because no immediate penalty is apparent.

Is There a Lack of Control in the Home Today?

The home is the strategic place in which to instil sterling qualities of character. There, the lasting foundation is laid and habits of right living cultivated. There, also, fathers and mothers train themselves to be exemplary before their children:

If life could be lived with no laws, we could do away with obedience in the home. . . . But laws must be obeyed so that life for all will be happier and better. When

we dispense with control in the home we have at once handicapped a child for his later contacts with a life which is full of laws.

He will learn with more sorrow and difficulty when he is grown. The child who has learned obedience to reasonable laws will be best equipped to establish a home of his own. . . . Marriage and home life require forbearance, mutual respect and obedience to certain laws. Some sort of control in the training of young people must prepare them for this.

Ideas of control have undergone a vast change in the last seventy years. The father in the pioneer family might be said to have been next to God. His word was law in the family and he did not hesitate to enforce obedience by corporal punishment. In the old days discipline was often misused . . . but we now have the ludicrous example of parents who never say "No" to their children (American Association of School Administrators: *Education for Family Life*, pp. 66, 67).

Edgar James Swift, in his book *The Psychology of Childhood*, says, on page 284:

The defense mechanism of adults is working overtime today. They try to hide their own incompetence by excuses. "Children are not the same as when we were young," they say. As a matter of fact, however, human nature does not change so quickly. The difference today is in the greater opportunity for getting into trouble and in the perplexity of parents. Parents themselves have more demands upon their time. . . . The call of the automobile and of the various entertainments is as insistent for parents as for the children. Consequently, for all except the more thoughtful, there is less time to plan for the training and development of children in the home.

How May We as Parents Best Teach Obedience in the Home?

First, by example. Obedience is the very first principle a child should learn and it is taught most effectively by the example of the parents. It has been said, "Example is the great-

est character builder." No parent should expect a child to obey any principle unless he himself complies.

[Some] children expect to obey until they find that they do not have to do so. They are always trying out their parents to see how far they can go, and if given a little leeway, they invariably accept it and try to push on a little farther. . . . Children are a good deal like the lower animals. They expect at the beginning to recognize authority but when they find that the authority does not restrain they use their freedom to the limit. A horse, for example, when once allowed to run away is never wholly safe (EDGAR JAMES SWIFT: *The Psychology of Childhood*, page 285).

As Latter-day Saints we believe in obedience to the laws of the land. We read in the 134th section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

We believe that all men are bound to sustain and uphold the respective governments in which they reside . . . and that to the laws all men owe respect and deference, as without them peace and harmony would be supplanted by anarchy and terror (D. & C., 134:5, 6).

Our 12th Article of Faith states:

We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

The surest way to engender disrespect for law among the young is for the grownups to wink at minor infractions of the law or to break a law and justify themselves blandly with the statement that it is either an unjust or unnecessary law. But if the law is scrupulously obeyed and respected in the home, those same ideals will reflect in the lives of the children.

Name an orderly society, name an orderly government, name an orderly home,

and there you will find obedience to correct principles reigning supreme.

Second, we may teach obedience in the home by wise methods of discipline.

Up to about six years of age discipline to a large extent should be training in habits of obedience (EDGAR JAMES SWIFT: *The Psychology of Childhood*, page 287).

But a child should not be given unnecessary commands. If a parent is everlastingly saying, "Don't do this and don't do that," the child is apt to pay very little attention. A request or command should not be retracted nor forgotten, but should be followed to completion. The child must know that excuses and dilly-dallying will get him nowhere.

After a child passes the sixth year his reasoning powers develop more rapidly, and when he begins asking why he must do certain things, he should be given as good a reason as he is capable of understanding. Do not say, "Do this because I say so," but rather, "Do this because it is right," then explain wherein it is right.

Children instinctively like and want to obey, but they rebel at being forced to do things. If they were forced even to play ball the game would be as loathsome as any other imposed task. So it is a great principle to make as much fun out of work as possible. "Let's pretend," is a good slogan. A boy who plays that the lawn mower is a tractor and he is cultivating his field of sugar beets, is not only mowing the lawn, he is making fun out of it as well. While this is a fine thing, a child must also realize that work, hard work, is a necessary part of life and

that satisfaction may be gained by doing work well.

It has always been easier to forbid children to do undesirable things and then to punish them if they disobey than to create conditions which shall preserve discipline without punishment (EDGAR JAMES SWIFT: *The Psychology of Childhood*, page 285).

Angelo Patri once said, "Make it easy for children to obey." There are simple procedures which will help to prevent disobedience and make for harmony in the home. For instance, instead of letting John and Tommy quarrel over the use of the bicycle, bring out the clock and allow each child an equal period of time in which to ride. If candy or any other goody is to be apportioned, make a standing rule that one child may divide the treat and the other take his choice of the two divisions. This arrangement is fool-proof and any child will recognize it as fair. To go out and tell children that in fifteen minutes or at the end of the present game they are to come in to dinner or go on an errand, is far better than to expect them to immediately break away from an intriguing game of play. When you find a child with something he must not play with, either because it is fragile or dangerous, substitute another toy before taking the first one away, then his interest will have a focus before he has time to feel resentment or to rebel. For members of the family to do things together makes the work much more pleasant. Contests relative to the work are sometimes helpful. Be cheerful when asking a child to do his work. Don't tell him in the spirit of driving. Let him know that you expect the finest type of con-

duct from him. Family pride encourages a child to do his best and to conform to family standards. Show a child that you have confidence and trust in his integrity.

Obedience should receive its due compensation. A pat on the back, a smile or word of praise will show appreciation for good conduct. Emphasizing the good will naturally tend to direct a child's thoughts in the right channels.

Natural punishments are the best form of discipline. A boy who fails to do his daily chores later wants to play football. The mother is sorry for there is no reason in the world why he should not play football except that he neglected to do his work.

It is just one of those unfortunate laws of nature If we do things when they should be done, pleasures are in order, but if we fail to do them the penalty is inevitable. . . . It is one of the laws, for the violation of which we must suffer (EDGAR JAMES SWIFT: *The Psychology of childhood*, page 289).

In explaining obedience to adolescents, teach them that all the blessings of life come through obedi-

ence to law. Obedience based on full confidence and trust in the words and promises of the Lord should be the directing influence. Similarly, the child's faith and confidence in his parents should increase. It may be accomplished by being absolutely truthful, dependable to promises given, and thoroughly consistent in all dealings. The Lord has given us, in the Doctrine and Covenants, the reason why we should be obedient:

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (130:20-21).

And, again, from the Doctrine and Covenants:

I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise (82:10).

Additional References

DR. HAROLD T. CHRISTENSEN: "The Road to Righteousness," particularly that portion under sub-heading "Obedience Plus," social science lesson published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, October 1944, pp. 605, 606.

TO EACH HIS GIFT

Rose Thomas Graham

In modest brown, the nightingale
Carols all night long;
He does not pray for plumage gay—
God's gift to him is song.

A flash of color across the sky,
The bluebird never sings;
He does not pray in tuneful lay—
God gave him azure wings!

Call It a Day

(Continued from page 449)

fully endless eons ago—that morning—and pulled the patchwork quilt over him. Then she began chafing the thin, gnarled hands.

Suddenly Gramp's blue eyelids fluttered open and he looked up into her troubled face. "Now, now, Judy," he said, his voice coming as if from a great distance, "don't look that-a-way. I'm all right. I'm fine."

Judith looked at him mutely, tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks.

"Know what?" Gramp resumed presently, his voice weak but his eyes bright and clear, "I think I'm goin' to get to go at last! I b'leeve they're comin' for me from 'T'other side! Now, wait!" His weak fingers restrained Judith when she would have risen. "Don't go callin' the neighbors. They can help ye when I'm gone. Jes' stay here and wait with me till they come for me." He paused for breath, and Judith sat quietly holding his hand, his serenity and quiet happiness unconsciously affecting her own spirit.

"Sam'll be here," Gramp whispered presently, "mebbe you won't see him, Judy, but he'll see you and the little ones. I'll tell him you been a good daughter, Judy. I'll tell him—"

It was increasingly difficult for Judith to hear him and she bent closer for his feeble whisper, "I'll tell him I left ye in good hands. Young Bill'll take care of ye, Judy. Sam'll understand. Sam!"

Judith was sure the last word was not the beginning of a never-to-be finished sentence, but a greeting instead! It was an exclamation, and Gramp's voice had strengthened and

risen in an inflection of pure joy.

Judith sat on for a moment, sensing, as Gramp must often have done, the mystery and nearness of his longed for "Other Side," almost with the feeling of one who has waved farewell to a joyous traveler, rather than looked upon death.

Then she gently disengaged her hand and pulled up the sheet over the peaceful old face. She glanced at the clock which had counted out so many fateful moments of her life. It was exactly four o'clock—twenty-four hours since she had slipped out so quietly in the dawn.

"What a day!" she murmured softly, smiling tenderly through her tears, "but what a wonderful day for Gramp!"

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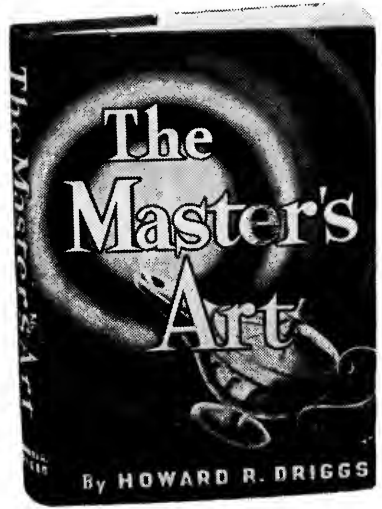
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As we go marching up the hill;
So merrily on the way we go
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Dorothy J. Roberts

What quiet understanding lies
Behind those calm and kindly eyes;
What secrets safe within that breast
Beneath her words that heal and rest,
What treasures through her mind have passed,
Unwritten tales her heart holds fast.
From every house some noble strain
Rings through the years, a blessed refrain;
What drama and what tragedy
She shares in silence, willingly;
What education of the heart
That, later, springs of wisdom start.
Where flames have pillaged, none are cold;
Her hand-stitched comforters enfold
The destitute. Her palm has eased
The mother who is terror-seized
Before the childbirth mystery;
What title may her service rate,
Who holds no college doctorate;
What power, that these homes revere
And hold her briefest visit dear.

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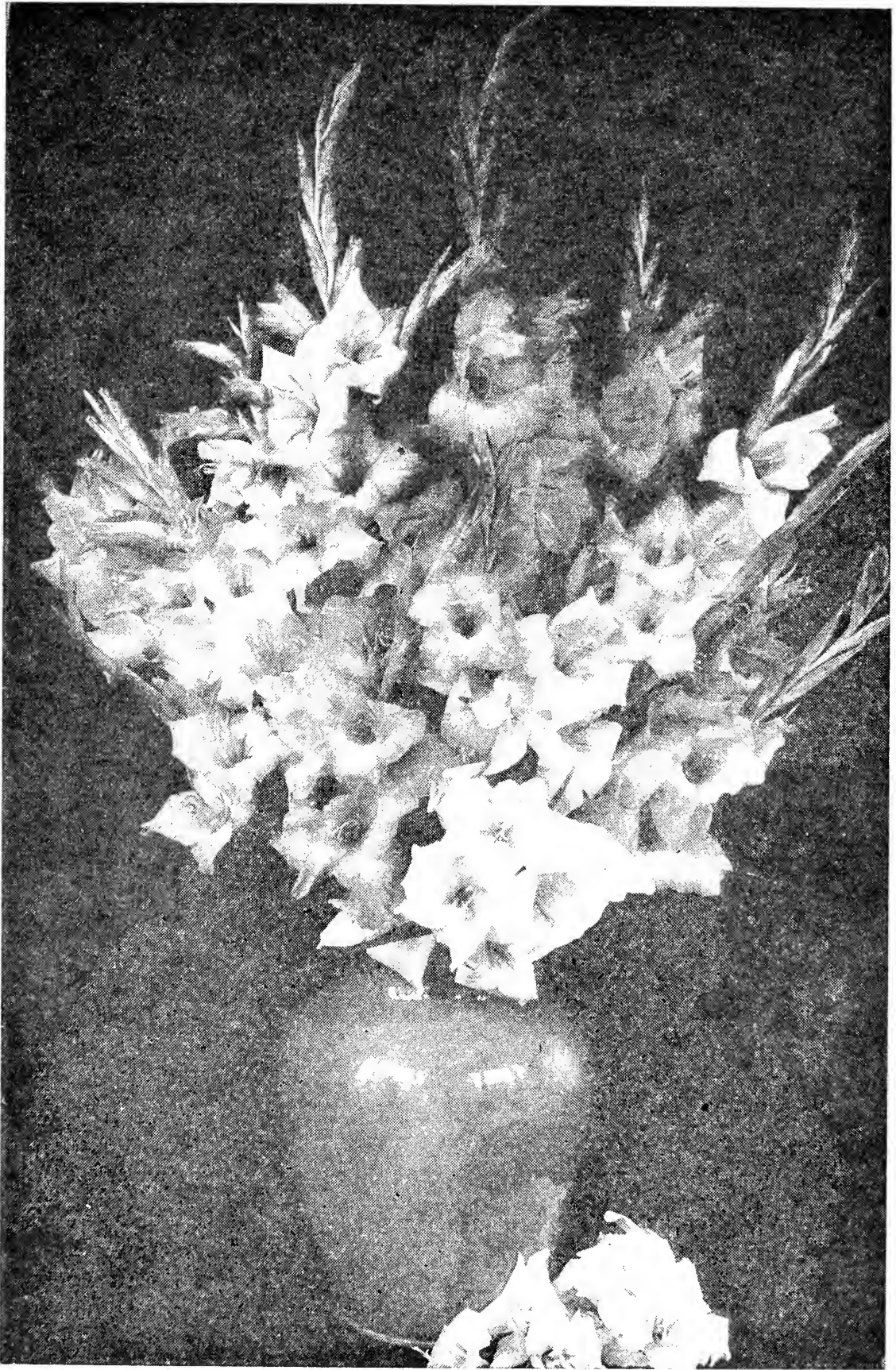
ONE WHO SERVES

A Tribute to the Relief Society Visiting Teachers

Dorothy J. Roberts

What quiet understanding lies
Behind those calm and kindly eyes;
What secrets safe within that breast
Beneath her words that heal and rest,
What treasures through her mind have passed,
Unwritten tales her heart holds fast.
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The mother who is terror-seized
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The Cover: "The Teachers Go Calling," Photograph by Willard Luce. The models are Loleta Dixon and Lois McEwan of Provo, Utah.



Courtesy, W. Atlee Burpee

GLADIOLI

Where There's a Will

VISITING TEACHERS—HOW THEY TRAVELED

Donna Durrant Sorensen

Former Second Counselor, General Board of Relief Society

WHEN the "Necessity Committee" of sixteen members was formed in Nauvoo, in 1843, to do friendly visiting, this promise was made to them: "The spirit of the Lord will help you in it," and this spirit, through the years since, has moved them to tremendous physical effort under many different conditions. How visiting teachers have traveled in paying a monthly visit to the Latter-day Saint families in the Church recounts like a saga, and one is amazed at the indomitable woman-will displayed in situations which taxed her ingenuity, but which left her undaunted in the face of the "call."

Those women of early days, chosen to represent the Society as a "contact arm," were but the first of hundreds of thousands of women whose devotion to duty, singleness of purpose, and unremitting toil have led and continue to lead them to travel many thousands of miles through the dust and heat of summer, the cold and snow of winters, along country roads and to the topmost floors of large apartment houses, all in the line of duty.

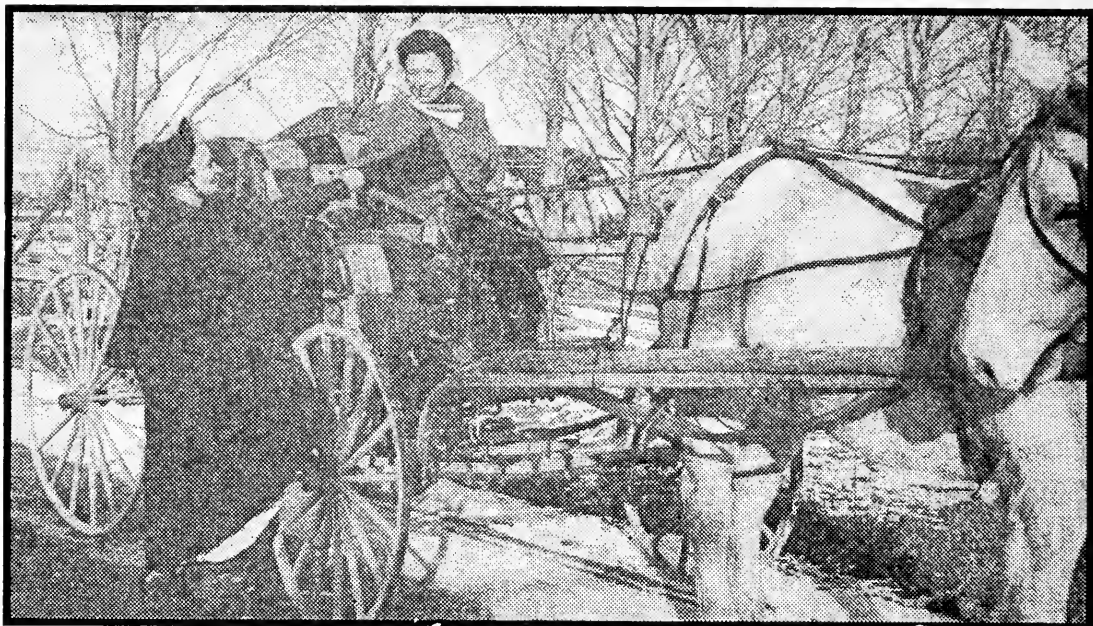
In Nauvoo the women usually walked from one home to another to gather their reports on the condition of the saints, and, since that time, walking has undoubtedly been the most usual mode of travel in doing visiting teaching.

Relief Society women in pairs have been assigned to visit each home. A visiting teacher for forty-eight years in one of the southern Utah settlements recalls that she had the same district and the same companion for ten years of that time, and they walked to do their teaching:

We were having our families then, so often had to take our babies with us. As it would take us the most of a day, we were often treated to homemade root beer in the summer, and in the winter the sisters would ask us in to the fire to warm up. . . . There were no pavements in those days, and we would have to push the baby buggy through the mud. We would often lose our rubbers and really have a hard time to cross the streets. In the summer it was hot and dusty, but, hot or cold, dust or mud, and no matter how busy we were, we always planned to do our teaching on time. And the Lord blessed us in our work.

Until 1943, the visiting teachers accepted contributions for charitable purposes, and one early-day teacher recounts:

My partner and I would receive contributions of food, soap, clothing, carpet rags, meat, butter, dried fruits, wild berries, etc. We always carried a basket and a sack. The eggs and perishable produce would be put in the basket and the rest in the sack. Sometimes we would receive so many things that we would have to leave them at the homes and go back the next day. If we came into a home where help was needed, we would often stop on our way to help care for the sick, or give a tired mother a helping hand, or take home



Photograph by L. C. Thorne

VISITING TEACHING IN A BUGGY

Sarah Bartlett Bingham and Evelyn B. Richardson of Vernal, Utah, ready for a trip in a buggy.

the unfinished knitting of much-needed stockings. Sometimes, we would return in the evening and sit up with the sick and at Christmas time we would see that each family had something special for their holiday cheer.

When the people made grain donations and contributions of like nature, the teachers would have to gather them by team and wagon. At a later period most of the contributions consisted of money.

In the colonizing of the various valleys of the Far West, small settlements were established, but still there were isolated families to be visited. In the early period of colonization wagons were used to take the sisters on their visits. Many times this would necessitate the removal of the team for the entire day from the planting and harvesting. As noon-time approached, these women would be asked to dinner in one of the homes.

ONE elderly sister, who is now nearing her ninetieth birthday, lived during her early married life in a farming community of scattered homes. On four different occasions as she and her companion went in a wagon to do their visiting teaching, she was called upon to assist at the birth of a baby. The words of Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph, at the second meeting of the Relief Society, could not have been more literally lived: "We must cherish one another, comfort one another, and watch over one another."

As time went on and people became more prosperous, the wagons used for visiting teaching were replaced by buggies. Two teachers who used a one-horse, light buggy to travel over their district in a scattered vicinity took with them their nursing babies, whom they carried with them into the homes. At one home they visited they decided the

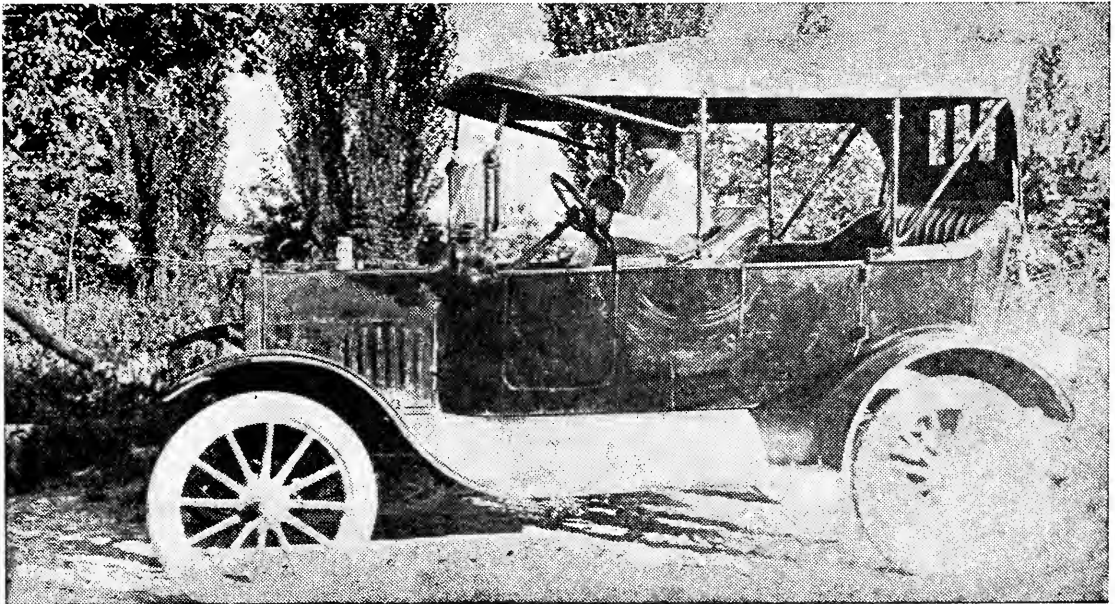
next home would be reached quicker by walking through the fields. As both of their babies were fast asleep they asked young Mrs. M———, who also had a sleeping baby, if she would mind if they left their babies there with her while they made their next visit. This was agreed upon and the teachers started out. However, they had not gone far before they heard Mrs. M——— calling in a loud voice, "Come quickly, all three babies are awake!"

Wintertime brought hazards to those who traveled long distances to visit. Many times the teachers would start out in good weather only to find themselves in a sudden severe snowstorm far from home. Although they sometimes suffered from the extreme cold and many times arrived home hours late, still they were protected and none lost her life. In midwinter, when the snow was heavy

on the ground, they hitched their teams to bobsleighs and thus covered their districts. In one community a team of mules was often used on a wagon in good weather and on a sleigh in the winter.

In many communities the women went horseback to do their teaching. A woman now in her eighties relates that she and a companion, both at the age of nineteen, were chosen to be teachers in a little Latter-day Saint settlement. They rode horseback to do their teaching in the ward, comprising twelve families who lived up and down a creek for a distance of five miles.

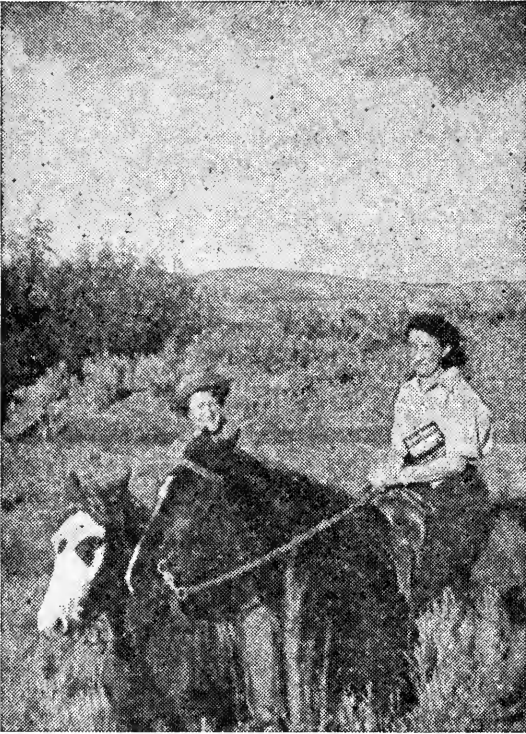
Women still travel by horseback. In one of the northern states, where the snow lies some sixty inches deep in the winter, a mother and her daughter, during the bad weather, travel in this manner because they can cover more territory in less time.



Photograph, Courtesy Muriel S. Wallis

VISITING TEACHING IN AN EARLY MODEL FORD

Parmelia F. Batty of Vernal, Utah, former stake Relief Society president, and her companion.



Photograph, Courtesy Naomi Chandler

VISITING TEACHING ON
HORSEBACK
Weiser Stake, Idaho

Naomi Chandler and Fanny Chandler

DISTANCE is not only a problem in sparsely populated districts, but in large urban centers as well, where Latter-day Saint families may be living far apart. Visiting teaching, in such cases, is done by bus, by street car, and by subway, thus requiring a tremendous amount of time to be spent between visits. However, a group in one mission field found that the visiting teachers were not able to walk the distances and so a motor corps of eighteen women was organized, composed of women with cars who could drive. These sisters called for the visiting teachers and drove them to the homes in their districts. In 1931, this group visited from two hundred thirty-five to two hundred sixty-five

families each month, and traveled monthly four hundred miles.

The second World War necessarily brought some curtailment to visiting teaching in many parts of the world. The visiting teachers in one European country, where they had used bicycles to get to the homes, found that they could not purchase new tires. This did not deter them, however, for during the war they used their bicycles without tires and rode on the rims to visit the families. In the United States, however, it was not unusual to find the visiting teachers pooling their supply of gasoline to cover the miles which intervened between families.

Not only have hundreds of thousands of women served in the capacity of a visiting teacher, but they have probably served as long, or in many cases, longer, than those in other offices within the organization. At a recent stake party, a tribute was paid the women who had the longest visiting teaching service records. Seven women, representing the seven wards in the stake, had served the following numbers of years: sixty-seven, thirty-five, forty, forty-six, forty-four, twenty, and thirty-five.

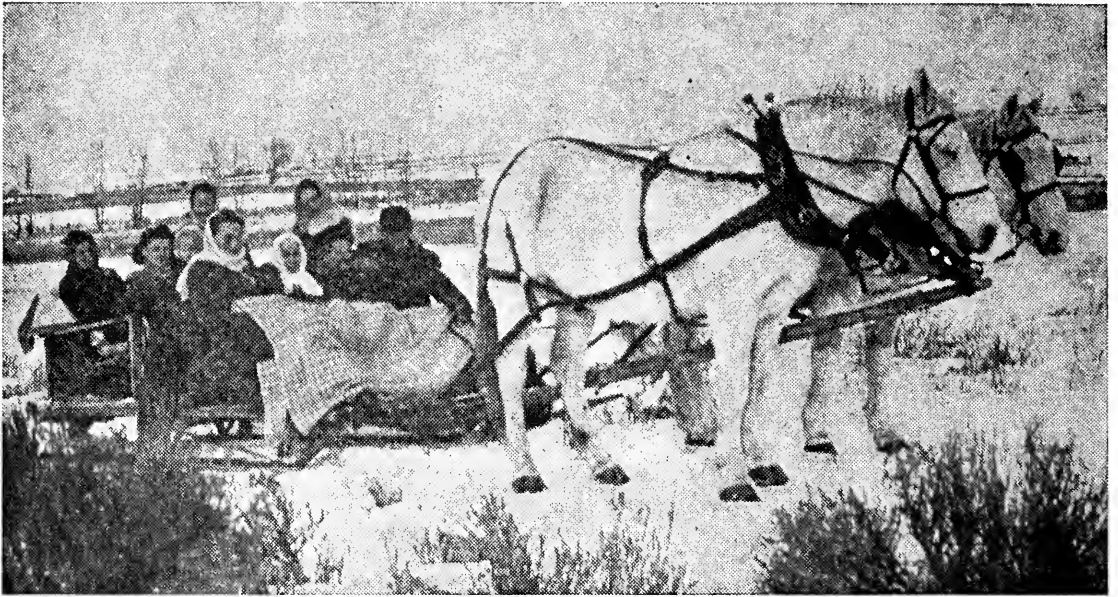
But the tale is not told in its entirety by the length of the service. Truly, we may say with Emerson, "The only gift is a portion of thyself." This the visiting teachers give through their spirits which have warmed, comforted, and blessed those whom they have visited. Their hands have been ready to help, and their hearts have led them into the ways of most helpfulness. As a present-day teacher has expressed it: "I just go and help break the measles out, when it's necessary."

Because they have been willing to



Photograph by Willard Luce

VISITING TEACHERS AT THE GATE



Photograph, Courtesy Grace E. Allphin

VISITING TEACHING IN A SLEIGH
Lovell West Ward, Big Horn Stake, Wyoming

Seated front row, left to right: Sofe Johnson; Clara Adams, the oldest visiting teacher in the ward; Rhoda Harrison; R. Fred Harrison.

Back row, left to right: Della Tippets; Elma Mickelson; Enid Bassett (child); Lea Bassett; Eva Emmett.



Photograph, courtesy Verna Murphy

HAWAIIAN RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS
MAKING A CALL

Left to right: Sister Ohia Ferriera (in chair); visiting teachers, Makaole Kaleo and Anna Mahi.



Photograph, Courtesy Lenora K. Bringhurst

DRESSED READY FOR VISITING TEACHING BY DOG TEAM AT FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

Front row, left to right: Esther Woodcox; Minnie Carroll; Thelma V. Walker; Eleanor C. Berrett.

Second row, left to right: Florence Lauritzen; Sharon Berrett; Arva Carroll; Rebecca Arend; Mae Oldroyd; Mike Agbaba, whose dog team won the first prize at Fairbanks Winter Carnival in 1946.

exchange the push of circumstances for the pull of a strong worthwhile purpose, the visiting teachers have learned the love of sisterhood, and have been a tremendous force in welding together the individual members of Relief Society into a united whole, and with a consequent

building of the kingdom. Indeed, we might say each teacher would concur with the words of Lord Shaftsbury:

During a long life I have found that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver and becomes a chain binding men with golden bands to the throne of God.

THE VISITING TEACHER

Lottie Hammer Singley

I do not have a golden voice
To sing my song to men;
I do not have a silver tongue
Nor wield a clever pen.

But I feel deeply others' woes,
My soul is gay and bright;
So I will comfort, bless, and cheer
To make their burdens light.

Ethel Colton Smith, New Member of the General Board

Reka H. Cummings

Former President, Highland Stake Relief Society

ETHEL Colton Smith was named a member of the General Board, July 2, 1947. In calling her to this position, the General Presidency of Relief Society has recognized a worker who possesses an unusual combination of characteristics which qualify her well and which will enable her to render valuable service to the women of the Church. She has a keen mind and is efficient and direct in her approach to anything she undertakes. She is painstaking and makes a work of art out of whatever she does—be it sewing a patch on a small boy's overall, wrapping a Christmas package, preparing a meal, or a project of greater proportions and importance. With all her efficiency and artistry, she is, above all, a lover of her fellow men. Some of us are religious in heart; she is religious in deed. She is generous, tolerant, and sympathetic; and the rendering of concrete service to neighbors, friends, and family has occupied her life.

The virtues of this new General Board member have had steady growth and nurture throughout her life. When she was ten years of age her mother died and she, her sister, and her brother went to live with their grandparents, Sterling Driggs Colton and Nancy Wilkins Colton. Their father died two years later and they remained in the home of these good people who brought them up



ETHEL COLTON SMITH

as their own children. Ethel assumed a large part of the responsibility for her younger sister's care. It is remembered in the family how she taught this little sister to care for her clothes, to be neat and clean; and how she worked and planned and sacrificed to give her opportunities. From her stalwart and honest grandfather, Ethel learned the value of time and the importance of being prompt and dependable. Her grand-

mother was a Relief Society stake president in Uintah Stake for many years and was beloved by all who knew her for her administrations to the sick, for her comforting and encouraging words in time of trouble, and for her generosity in time of need. Early in her life Ethel saw compassionate service, which is a vital part of the Relief Society plan, rendered in its fullest measure, and learned of the joy that comes from self-sacrifice in service to others. She has a deep love for Relief Society and is a firm believer in its divine origin and purpose.

Sister Smith was born in White-rocks, Uintah County, Utah. Her parents were Sterling LeRoy Colton and Lula Camp Colton. She received her education in the public schools and the Uintah Academy at Vernal, Utah, and at the Latter-day Saints College, Salt Lake City. She was married in the Salt Lake Temple to Elwin F. Smith, who is the appraiser for Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company. They have a nine-year-old son, Robert Colton Smith.

Sister Smith is an experienced business secretary and has been an active worker in the P.T.A. and the Red Cross organizations. She has always been active in the Church,

having taught in Primary, Sunday School, and M.I.A. organizations. For five and a half years she was a member of the Highland Stake Relief Society board, acting as secretary-treasurer for four and a half years of that time. Working closely with Ethel during those years, I learned to know her well and to appreciate her ability. Her spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation made it a joy to work with her; and to give her an assignment was to know that it would be completed promptly and well, with every detail carefully worked out. Her knowledge of the fundamental rules and policies of the Relief Society organization, and her helpful suggestions for putting them into practice were invaluable in carrying out the program in Highland Stake. She has rendered efficient, effective service to the Society and to the women with whom she worked and associated. They wish her joy and success in her new assignment. In this calling she will continue to serve well. Whatever she is given to do she will do with purpose and directness, tempered with humility, wisdom, and good judgment. And, permeating all her efforts, will be a spirit of tolerance, love, and compassion for her fellow men.

ERRATUM

Attention is called to a mistake in the July 1947 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, page 351, in which the name of Sister David O. McKay is given as Jennette Evans McKay. This is the name of Brother McKay's mother. Sister David O. McKay's name is Emma Rae Riggs McKay.

A Visit to the Hawaiian Islands

President Belle S. Spafford

ON December 12, 1850, Elder George Q. Cannon, in company with nine other elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, landed at Honolulu on the beautiful isle of Oahu. Groves of coconut trees with their tall trunks and long, graceful leaves, as well as other trees of endless variety, masses of living green from the root upward, being covered with a multitude of vines and creepers of many kinds, were growing abundantly on the isle. There were blooming shrubs, ferns and flowers. In fact, so beautiful were the isles of the Hawaiian group that Elder Cannon declared: "We longed to tread upon them."

These elders had been sent to preach the gospel to the Haole (white) people of the Hawaiian Islands, then called the Sandwich Islands. They soon saw, however, that little could be done among this class of people on the islands. Some of the elders favored returning home, but Elder Cannon, seeing himself surrounded by a whole nation who ought to be taught the message of salvation which God had empowered them to carry, was so urgently impressed with the feeling that he should stay and teach the gospel to the native people that he declared that if all should leave, he, though the youngest of the group, would remain, learn the language, and do his duty as an elder to that people even though he did not baptize a soul. Consequently, he and some of the elders did remain. They acquired

the language and were the means in the hands of God of bringing large numbers to a knowledge of restored truth.

Since that time nearly one hundred years ago, many, many missionaries have taught the gospel to the inhabitants of these mountainous isles of the Hawaiian group; and these people, the seed of Israel, have accepted the truth until, today, two fine missions and a great stake of Zion are established there; a sacred temple and a great tabernacle have been erected by the Church and are viewed with interest by thousands who visit the islands annually.

A visit to this romantic country under ordinary circumstances would be delightful; to go there and mingle with the choice, sweet-spirited women who have accepted the gospel and who, imbued with its spirit, are carrying forward the work of Relief Society, is a privilege and a blessing.

Recently, in company with Sister Velma N. Simonsen, General Board member, I enjoyed such an opportunity, when, upon assignment of the General Board, we went to the islands to conduct meetings with the Relief Society sisters there.

On April 23, we arrived at Honolulu to be greeted at the dock by President and Sister Ralph Woolley of Oahu Stake, President and Sister Melvyn A. Weenig of the Central Pacific Mission, Relief Society stake and ward officers and members, missionaries, and friends. Only one who has been greeted at the dock amid the music of the Royal Hawaiian



VELMA N. SIMONSEN, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD, AND
PRESIDENT BELLE S. SPAFFORD

These sisters are wearing the beautiful leis which were presented to them by stake and mission officers, Relief Society sisters, missionaries, and friends, on the occasion of their arrival at Honolulu to conduct Relief Society conventions.

Band, with the gorgeous, colorful, fragrant flower leis and the loving aloha of these warm-hearted people can fully appreciate the experience. All of the warmth, beauty, and hospitality of the land seem to combine in extending a lavish welcome. Although we had never before seen most of those who greeted us, they seemed not strangers to us, but dear, intimate friends.

The Relief Societies of the Islands had not been visited by a General Board representative since the visit of Sister Louise Y. Robison in August 1937. All were eager to meet

together to consider the work of Relief Society. In Oahu Stake, meetings were held for Relief Society stake executive officers, stake board members, stake and ward officers, and class leaders, as well as for the general Relief Society membership. Relief Society was favored in having Priesthood representatives in attendance at most of the meetings. Administrative and secretarial work was discussed, as well as the educational and welfare programs of the Society.

The Oahu Stake Relief Society board is presided over by Sister

Mary Tyau, with Sister Sai Lang Aki and Sister Mary Taylor as counselors, and Sister Rose Smith as secretary-treasurer. The following sisters serve as stake board members: Rachel Wakefield, Eliza Salm, Julia Doyle, Helen Ellis, Emma Mossman, and Kamaile Kauhini.

EVEN though this stake is so far removed from headquarters and visits from General Board representatives are infrequent, the programs and procedures recommended by the General Board are followed with marked exactness. The leaders in both stake and ward organizations have vision, and their understanding of the work of Relief Society is readily apparent. Visits to two regular ward Relief Society meetings, one at Kaimuki Ward and one at Waikiki Ward, were heartening, revealing administrative strength and demonstrating how carefully the sisters follow the uniform programs of the Society, how appropriate the lessons are for the sisters, and how well they are received.

The welfare work of the Society receives constant attention. Compassionate services are not neglected. In line with the teachings of the Church that the individual and the family must provide for themselves in so far as they are able, home gardens are encouraged. The sisters are urged to have welfare cupboards in their homes and to keep them stocked with commodities in sufficient amount to take care of their own family needs for at least a year and to allow some extra which may be shared with others. The women are being taught to draft patterns and to make the clothing for their

families, and to practice thrift and economy in their homes.

One of the outstanding functions held by the Oahu Stake during our visit was the program and social on Saturday evening, April 26, at the tabernacle. The affair was under the direction of the Relief Society stake board with each ward participating. Important phases of Relief Society work were depicted in story, dialogue, living pictures, and glorious music. The climax of the program was a fashion show in which attractive clothes made by the Relief Society women were displayed. The occasion was made very beautiful by the sisters, adorned with fragrant leis, wearing gorgeous colorful holokus—the formal Hawaiian dress with long train. To describe these picturesque gowns and do justice to them is impossible. Some idea of their beauty may be gained from the picture on page 523.

Following the program in the tabernacle, a feast and a program of music and dancing were held in the garden with Priesthood representatives and their wives, missionaries and friends joining the Relief Society sisters in an evening of entertainment marked by its festiveness, bounteousness, gayety, and spirit of fellowship. The music of ukelele and guitar accompanied the lovely Hawaiian women and children as they danced with grace and artistry the Hawaiian hula.

To relate the activities of Oahu Stake would be incomplete without mention of the Lanakila Ward bazaar where fine handwork of the sisters was offered for sale and native food was served. Many Hawaiian quilts, which have long been famous for their originality of design and ex-

pert workmanship, were displayed for sale. This display of quilts made us aware of the importance of preserving this unique native art.

To taste the native food, particularly poi, is an experience to which every visitor to the Islands looks forward. Poi, the principal food of the Hawaiians, is made from taro root. Taro patches are so made that they can be covered with water and the ground is never allowed to be uncovered. In making poi, the cooked taro root is pounded to a paste and allowed to ferment. Water is added and it is mixed until it is about the consistency of mush. We had several opportunities to taste poi. Although we did not eat it with the same degree of relish as did the Hawaiian people, it was not distasteful to us, and we agreed that should we remain on the islands we might in time become "poi enthusiasts."

IF one visited only Oahu he would not fully appreciate the Hawaiian Islands. A trip to the other islands of the Hawaiian group adds to his understanding and appreciation of this land of sunshine, flowers, music, and aloha. We felt fortunate in being invited by President and Sister Castle Murphy to meet with the Relief Society sisters of the Hawaiian Mission. We were welcomed to the Island of Hawaii by Sister Murphy and Sister Piilani Needham, district Relief Society president, who received us with orchid leis and the same warm spirit of sisterhood which we had felt at Oahu.

After a delightful drive about Hilo we held our first meeting with the Relief Society sisters of the Hawaiian Mission, Monday evening, April 28. The meeting followed a three-day mission conference. We were happily surprised at the large



RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI, May 1, 1947

Left to right: Hannah Apo, East Maui District Relief Society President; General President Belle S. Spafford; Verna F. Murphy, former President Hawaiian Mission Relief Society; Velma N. Simonsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Sister Rose Kaaa, West Maui District Relief Society President.



RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF OAHU DISTRICT,
CENTRAL PACIFIC MISSION

These women prepared and served a typical Japanese "sukiyaki" dinner to approximately seventy-five guests of four different nationalities: Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian, and Haole (Caucasian), May 7, 1947, honoring Sisters Belle S. Spafford and Velma Simonsen of the Relief Society General Board during their visit to the Hawaiian Islands. The girls in the picture are wearing the Japanese national costume, the kimono and obi. The evening's entertainment consisted of Japanese and Hawaiian music and songs.

Front row kneeling, left to right: Mitsuko Kaneshige, President, Lanakila Branch; Sumako Abo of Wahiawa Branch; April Hamaguchi, First Counselor, Lanakila Branch; Ann Haraguchi, Secretary of the Mission Branch; Hazel Ikenaga of the Mission Branch; Mildred Nako of Kalihi Branch; Miyoko Akagi, Secretary, Wahiawa Branch; Sharon Ikegami of the Mission Branch.

Second row standing, left to right: Grace D. Nishimoto of the Mission Branch; Sachiko Kochi, Secretary, Lanakila Branch; Teruko Akamine, Second Counselor, Lanakila Branch; Ann Doak, Oahu Stake; Mary Evelyn Bullock, lady missionary; Vera Hepworth, lady missionary; Velma N. Simonsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society; Belle S. Spafford, President, General Board of Relief Society; Almeda Forsythe, Oahu Stake; Margaret M. Mick, lady missionary; Marjory Lou Martin, lady missionary; Fudako Naka, Mission Branch; Katherine Takeuchi, lady missionary; Kimiyo Akagi, First Counselor, Wahiawa Branch.

attendance. The hall had been decorated for the occasion by the religious education class with potted plants of white and purple orchids. Here, as in the Oahu Stake, we found the Relief Society in good condition.

Throughout the Hawaiian Mission the courses of study as outlined in *The Relief Society Magazine* are taught. Lessons are translated into

the Hawaiian language for the older sisters' benefit, and the younger women have classes in English. The sisters value highly the educational program because of the personal development which they gain through it, and because of its benefit to them in their homes. The sisters understand the function of Relief Society as an aid to mission and branch

presidents in meeting Welfare needs among Latter-day Saint people.

The report of the activities of Relief Society in alleviating the distress of tidal wave sufferers was evidence of the capable manner in which the Relief Society sisters meet their Welfare responsibilities. At the time of the tidal wave, the sisters of the Relief Society worked hand in hand with the Red Cross, giving their time, supplying boxes of clothing, bedding, and food for the relief of the injured and homeless. They also stood ready to provide shelter for those in need. Many Latter-day Saints of this mission acknowledge with gratitude the work of Relief Society and testify of the goodness of the Lord to them during this disaster, telling of how they were miraculously preserved through faith and prayer.

Before leaving Hawaii, we were favored with a delightful two-day

trip around this beautiful volcanic island, viewing the great craters of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, the great lava flows, and other points of unusual scenic beauty.

We arrived at Maui on May Day —“Lei Day” in the Hawaiian Islands. On this day elaborate programs are conducted in the schools and by community groups. A May queen and native dancing are featured in all programs. Awards are given for the most beautiful and for the most original leis. We could not have chosen a more interesting day to visit Maui.

Our meeting was held at Wailuku on the Island of Maui, following a banquet at the hotel for the Relief Society sisters and their daughters. During the dinner hour brief interesting talks were presented with Sister Rose Kaaa, district Relief Society president, conducting. The meeting was a discussion meeting



LEI DAY (MAY DAY) FESTIVAL ON THE ISLAND OF MAUI

Velma N. Simonsen of the General Board of Relief Society and President Belle S. Spafford are seen in the background. The May Queen is centered in the picture.



HAWAIIAN BANQUET (LUAU) GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE VISITING GENERAL BOARD MEMBERS AT THE HOME OF MARY TAYLOR, SECOND COUNSELOR, OAHU STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY, HONOLULU, May 6, 1947

Seated on the left side of the table, left to right: Sai Lang Aki, First Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Brother Henry W. Aki; Mary Tyau, President, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Brother KiFon Tyau; Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society; Melvyn Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission.

Seated at the right side of the table, left to right: Arthur K. Parker, Counselor, Oahu Stake presidency; Sister Parker; Ralph E. Wooley, President, Oahu Stake; Sister Woolley; Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Velma N. Simonsen, member, Relief Society General Board; Elder Ross Taylor.

and the special problems of the Relief Society of this district were considered.

The Relief Society sisters of the Hawaiian Mission show special interest in the visiting teaching program. This work is gaining impetus here and the increased attendance at regular Relief Society meetings is in large measure attributed to the increased visiting teaching activities.

Returning to Oahu from the Island of Maui, we had a short, but delightful stop at the Island of Molokai where we had the privilege of meeting a number of the Relief Society sisters, although time did not permit us to conduct a meeting with them.

UPON returning to Honolulu, we were privileged, upon invitation of President and Sister Melvyn Weenig, to meet with the Relief Society sisters of the Central Pacific Mission. Most of the members are young Japanese women full of enthusiasm for the work of the Society, with strong testimonies of the truth of the gospel, and with many capabilities. Although we had met a number of the sisters from the Central Pacific Mission at meetings held for the Oahu Stake, and at meetings held for the sisters of the Hawaiian Mission, we were delighted to hold a special conference session for this group. This session was held on Fast Sunday morning at

which excellent talks were given by Relief Society sisters. These talks revealed the fine insight of these young Japanese women into the great purposes of Relief Society, as well as their deep appreciation for all that the organization offers them.

The regular Fast Day service which followed the Relief Society conference was a rich, spiritual experience. Missionaries and Latter-day Saint servicemen in attendance bore strong testimonies of the truth of the restored gospel. I could not help but feel how comforted the

mothers of these young people would be could they have heard them bear their testimonies that day. A young Japanese missionary girl received her honorable release from missionary service. Her Buddhist parents were on the stand and, although they had not accepted the belief to which she was giving her full devotion, their love for her and their pride in her work were plainly evident. The testimonies of the members of the mission were impressive, showing the deep conviction of the truth of the gospel in the



OAHU STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD ENTERTAINS GENERAL BOARD MEMBERS AT HONOLULU, May 6, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: President Belle S. Spafford; Sai Lang Aki, First Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Mary Tyau, President Oahu Stake Relief Society; Mary Taylor, Second Counselor, Oahu Stake Relief Society; Velma N. Simonsen, member of the General Board.

Standing, left to right: Helen Ellis; Kamaile Kauhini; Emma Mossman; Rachel Wakefield; Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society; Irene K. Peters; Rose Smith; Romania Hyde Woolley, wife of Ralph E. Woolley, President, Oahu Stake; Julia Doyle.

hearts of these people. One could not visit with the saints of the Central Pacific Mission without realizing that this small but growing mission is full of great promise.

A social function which we shall long remember was the "sukiyaki" dinner served at the mission home by the sisters of the Central Pacific Mission. A large group was in attendance including missionaries and many members of the Oahu Stake. Gay in Japanese kimonos and obis, with hibiscus in our hair, we sat on cushions on the floor at low tables and were served delicious Japanese food which we saw cooked on the iron kettles before us.

We enjoyed many delightful social functions during our visit. Space does not allow us to mention all. However, a report of our trip would be incomplete without reference to the luau, the Hawaiian feast, given by the Oahu Stake Board at the home of Counselor Mary Taylor, which gave us opportunity to taste foods prepared as only the Hawaiians can prepare them, and to wear our gorgeous silk holokus. Two of these lovely gowns, made by Relief Society sisters from patterns drafted by them were presented to us. We shall always prize these gowns because they represent the workmanship and love of our sisters of Oahu.

The Latter-day Saint people of the Hawaiian Islands are looking forward to observing in July the Centennial of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley. The gospel is very dear to these people. Even though they live on these faraway islands, the story of the westward trek of the pioneers and the establishment of Church headquarters in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake is the history of their brothers and sisters who pioneered that the Church which they love might become mighty in the midst of the Rocky Mountains and expand its borders to the far corners of the earth; that this gospel which was taken to the Hawaiian Islands nearly one hundred years ago might be carried to the honest in heart everywhere; that the lives of people might be sweet and pure; that they shall hunger not, neither thirst.

This trip to the Islands has further demonstrated to me the strength of Relief Society leadership and the devotion of Relief Society women to the great work of the Society; my testimony of the divine inspiration which directed the Prophet Joseph Smith when he founded this Society has been strengthened, and my knowledge of the truth of the restored gospel has been made more sure.

EVENING

Oliver K. Meservy

When, from the crowding work of day,
 At twilight I am free,
 I love to walk among the trees
 And with my Maker be.

And then my soul, in gratitude,
 Offers up a prayer;
 In the glory of the woodland,
 I feel God's presence there.

"THE PLACE"

Lizabeth Wall

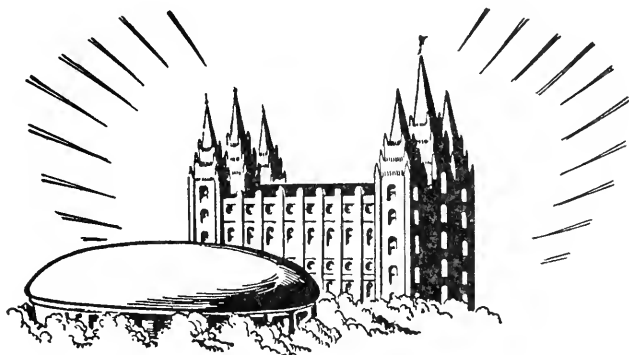
They stood for a long time, watching and wondering,
 These strange, proud people in a strange, new land,
These gentle, kindly people, plodding and pondering,
 Men and women, weary, waiting, hand in hand.

(The heat waves shimmered
 On the valley floor,
And a lake shone silver
 On a far, gold shore)

They stood for a long time. Here was the ending,
 Here the beginning of a hard-fought dream;
And the valley held them in a subtle blending
 Of sagebrush and aspen and wind-song and stream.

(The heat waves shimmered
 And a city grew
Up from the desert
 And into the blue)

Under their feet were the hot sands, sifting,
 And over their heads were the wild, bright skies,
But they saw a white city with tall spires lifting,
 And they walked toward it, singing, with glory in their eyes!



Pioneer Stories and Incidents

OXEN ON THE PLAINS

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the eleventh and final story in a series of true pioneer incidents published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

IN any consideration of the conquest and settlement of the West, the part played by oxen—symbol of pioneer transportation—should not be overlooked. And in paying tribute to the stalwart men and women who took part in this great adventure, tribute should be paid, also, to the gentle, faithful oxen, which contributed so much to the success of the undertaking.

The pioneers and pathfinders of early days fully appreciated the value of oxen, and gave these animals full credit for the great contribution they made in the winning of the West. Through early experience, the plainsmen learned that, for all general purposes, oxen were much better fitted for the rough travel of the plains than horses—better fitted for pulling heavy loads through mud and sand, and for fording streams, and for clearing and breaking up the vast stretches of virgin prairie land. Other advantages were that oxen could be purchased cheaper than horses and could be cared for at less expense, their food consisting chiefly of grass, either green or dried, while horses and mules had to be grain-fed en route; that oxen required no harnesses, merely wooden yokes; and, in addition, that their flesh in emergency or shortage could be used for food. Then, again, oxen

could not be run off by the Indians at night as easily as could horses.

Pioneer John Brown, who served as emigration agent for the Church for a number of years, and who recruited and trained hundreds of oxen, was typical of those who appreciated the faithful, obedient, and willing oxen. He seemed to understand them and to have real affection for them. He always insisted that in breaking oxen to the yoke, great care should be taken that they be not broken in spirit, also. He used to tell how, on many occasions when driving oxen and sleeping in the open, drivers would lie down beside their oxen and snuggle up to their backs to keep warm.

In his journal, written during the summer of 1862, he tells of his experience as one of the Church agents in helping to prepare companies for the journey across the plains. He first went to Chicago and purchased wagons for the trip, then had them shipped to Florence, Nebraska, which was the outfitting place. He then spent several months recruiting 144 yoke of oxen in Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa, and driving them to Florence, where they were trained, or broken to the yoke. Among his business entries is the following, which gives an idea of

the prices paid for oxen and of the average age of the oxen:

Council Bluffs, May 29, 1862. Sold to John Brown, 1 yoke of oxen, 4 years old, one white and red spotted; the other red with a white spot on a shoulder and a spot on the loin, for \$50.00. Received payment. Signed, I. H. Tooleman.

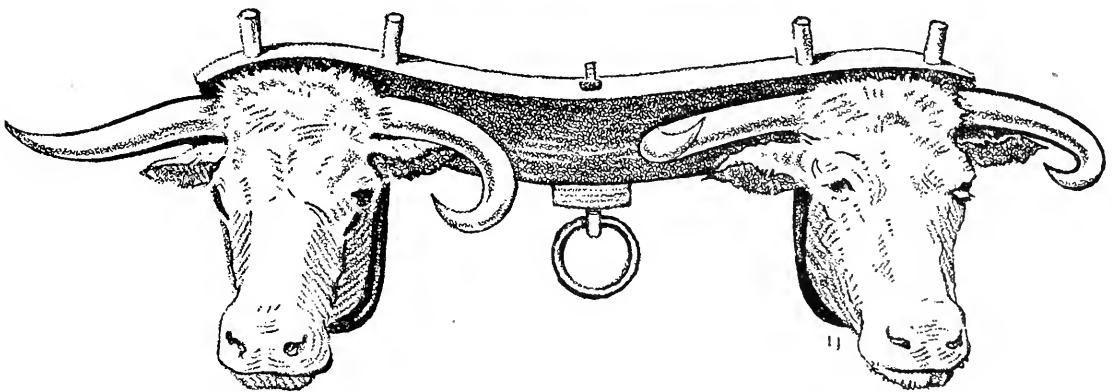
In one day when eight purchases of oxen were made, the average price paid was \$62 per yoke and the average age was five and one-half years. It appears that oxen were at their best between the ages of four and seven years, inclusive, and that their usefulness was little more than fourteen years.

Mrs. Matilda Stewart Park, widow of John M. Park, mother of nine children, lived near Council Bluffs with her family. In the spring of 1852, she decided to come to Utah, if possible. She had only an old wagon, but she purchased a yoke of oxen, secured the necessary supplies,

and came with the Charles C. Rich company.

During the long and tedious journey, one of her faithful and much beloved oxen gave out entirely and had to be left behind, which was a great disappointment and sorrow to her, for she needed the ox and, besides, had real affection for him. However, she completed the journey and located in Provo City.

One day sometime after her arrival, as she looked out her window, she saw some travelers passing by and recognized her ox in one of the teams. She rushed out and identified the ox, but, of course, she did not even suggest taking it away from the teamster, who said he felt sure that she was telling the truth. He told her he would like to use the ox until he reached his home, which was in Payson, and that he would then fatten it up for beef and bring her half of the meat. This, he did, and so she was supplied with meat for the winter.



Drawing by Evan Jensen

Be Gay, for Once

Blanche Kendall McKey

“IT’S a large sum, Mother,” said Ann tremulously, her voice sounding thick as it pushed itself through the rigid fingers she was pressing against her lips. She and Sarah both stared at the one-hundred dollar bill Sarah had laid on the white tablecloth. For the first time since Sarah’s arrival hours ago, the two women were alone. Ann’s young sons had gone to the shed for the evening milking, and her daughter Ellen had left early to direct the closing program at high school.

“It won’t be large in a day or two, my dear,” said Sarah.

Suddenly the zeroes of the “100” which still held Ann’s gaze ran together, and the piece of green paper became a misty blotch.

“I wouldn’t take any of your money if it weren’t for Ellen,” she said, brokenly. “Ellen has had the brunt of everything.”

Sarah’s gaze ran down the dim hall to a closed door. “Well, when John is about again,” she began uncertainly.

Ann’s face was forthwith swept by a wave of eating grief, impelling her to the empty kitchen. There she poured a bowl of steaming milk, made a slice of toast, set both on a tray, and returned to the dining room. She stopped beside her mother’s chair.

“At this rate, the bit of money Father left you will soon be gone. It’s not fair.” She held the tray, steadying it with tense hands lest the milk should spill, as she walked to the hall.

Several quotations sprang to Sarah’s mind, the most familiar being, “He that cometh to me shall never hunger.” But she spoke none of them. She heard Ann’s step falter, knowing that her daughter was pulling her lips into the semblance of a smile before entering John’s room, and she let her enter, uncomforted.

But what one who loved her would have noticed now—was her unaccustomed expression of perplexity.

In the ensuing silence, Sarah’s mind seeped backward through nearly four decades and she again sat at a rough-hewn table in her kitchen at home with her husband opposite and their two children between. The land was theirs, and theirs was the stout adobe house. God was the good Provider, and she was Sarah, his handmaiden, secure in his love. The kerosene lamp glowed and the burning logs gleamed through chinks of the small cookstove. She had accepted privation, sickness, and death, but never fear. And now she felt a weakness within. Did even the spirit crumble with age?

* * * * *

ANN had turned on the radio in her husband’s room, and soft strains of music now floated to Sarah, who still sat motionless. She was seeing again her son’s face as he had waited with her early that morning to put her on the bus.

“Let Maude and me rent your farm, Mom,” he had said. “I can run yours and mine together. Your land is still good—it just hasn’t been

worked right. And you've got to plant trees, not keep on cutting. What did Dad send me to college for, if I have to stand by and watch you go on in the same old blundering way?"

Sarah loved energetic Maude and her three perky little girls, but she had felt dismayed at the thought of turning the care of her chickens and all her other small chores over to Maude.

"Did you draw out the money for Ann?" she had asked, evasively. He had given her the hundred dollar bill.

"How much is left, Donny?"

"Eight hundred."

Even to Sarah this had seemed a small sum. Then he had laid a fifty dollar bill in her hand.

"You need your money yourself, Donny."

"I know, but you need some fun. While you are up visiting Ann, buy yourself some new togs. Be gay, for once," he had whispered.

"It's hard to be gay when everything is so—different," she had argued weakly.

"But surely there is something you would like to have, or do?"

"Yes. I have always wanted to go to the pioneer ball in a fancy dress with my hair puffed. I'm tired of Mother's stripe, if she did push it across the plains."

"That's the idea," Don had agreed, "you and Ann could whip up something pretty in no time."

Now, bowed over Ann's table, his vibrant words with their tender connotation came back cuttingly. It was a pity she had missed so many of the little things women cherish. She could see Don's bill tucked in a corner of her purse upstairs. But af-

fairs were worse with Ann than she had dreamed. "Be gay, for once," she said with trembling lips, and rising shakily, began to carry out the supper dishes.

ANN returned to the kitchen. The boys came in with their clattering pails. They played for a while before they climbed upstairs for the night. About ten the side door opened softly and Ellen slipped in. Her fair skin was colorless and her dark eyes looked unnaturally large.

"Has it turned chilly, Ellen?" Ann asked, concerned.

"I don't think so," said Ellen. "I hadn't noticed."

"How did the program go?"

"Beautifully. There were a lot of 'goodbyes' afterwards, so I left early."

She has walked home alone, thought Ann.

"I'm dreadfully tired now it's all over. I think I'll go to bed without disturbing Father. For goodness' sake, Mother, put away that ironing. It's lovely to have you here, Grandma. Goodnight."

She walked up the stairs slowly, and Ann remembered days when her feet seemed to fly.

Sarah stopped knitting. "What's the matter with Ellen?" she whispered after a pause.

"Everything in general. Boy friend in particular, I fear," Ann replied.

"Who is he?"

"Young principal at high school."

"Worthwhile?"

"Very much so. Every teacher likes him. I hope nothing has happened."

Late in the night Sarah heard

someone weeping. At first she thought it was Ann; but listening, fully awake, she knew that the torrent gushed not from a tragically resigned heart, but from youth's rebellious depths. When the storm had subsided, she felt her way to Ellen's door and knocked.

"That you, Mother?" came a low, startled voice.

"No, it's me," whispered Sarah. "Don't bother to make a light. May I come in for a minute?"

Sarah found that it took more than a moment to draw out the story that all through David's college years and during last winter as a teacher, he had saved every penny he could for his higher degrees, and that now he was going to summer school in California and wanted to marry Ellen and take her along with him.

"That would be wonderful," said Sarah.

"Grandma, it isn't possible. Do you think I could leave Mother with the garden and the orchard and Father and no money? I'm going to get a summer job."

"Won't David wait?"

"Of course he'll wait. But I haven't any right to hold him." She sat up, a dim, vehement wraith. "I'll be tied to this house and a dull country school until I'm a confirmed old maid."

"Your brothers will grow up, you know."

"They are a long way from that now."

"There's your Uncle Donny."

"With a wife who'll keep his nose to the grindstone as long as he lives! David has been offered a contract to teach next year in a junior college and is going to Ogden to

sign and to speak at a banquet. Then he will go to the gymnasium for the annual pioneer ball."

"Oh," murmured Sarah, "the pioneer ball!"

"David wanted Mother and me to ride with him to Ogden—he will have to stay overnight, you know. His invitation includes a partner—I could have heard his speech—"

As Sarah listened to the convulsive sob Ellen tried to smother, she felt a tightening within herself. Her mind began to shake off its daze of uncertainty. Amid the perplexities that had rushed into her life, here was a situation that she could do something about.

"I don't think it's all so hopeless as you picture," she said.

"I'm beaten flat," replied Ellen. "Even with you here, Mother couldn't leave Father. I haven't a respectable traveling suit or a presentable formal." Her voice sank to a whisper. "I've told David that I can't marry him. That I can't even go to Ogden." She sat up, rigid.

"Grandma, I don't want you to think that I haven't any backbone. I'm willing to work for Dad and Mom. And I could give up David—and—build some kind of life, I suppose. But it's killing me, what I'm doing to David. His mother died when he was little, and I think he never quite got over it. He needs someone behind him—"

"When can I meet this David?" asked Sarah.

"Never, I guess. I've sent him away for good. Oh, Grandma, nobody knows just how I feel about David!"

Sarah went back to bed and lay thinking of her own youthful mar-

riage—and of the good years—and the lean.

Before the breakfast dishes were cleared away next morning, David appeared. Sarah took him into the garden while Ellen “prettied up.” As they chatted, she noted his keenly intelligent eyes, sensitive mouth, and the reserve that surrounded his spirit like a mist. An idealist, she thought, too timid before others, and felt proud of Ellen’s discernment.

“I have no desire to push myself where I am not wanted, Mrs. Brockton,” said David stiffly. “But on the other hand, I am not going to allow a streak of bad luck to snatch Ellen from me. At least not for long.”

Sarah’s hesitation began to recede in a wave of admiration.

“Would you take me to Ogden instead of Ellen’s mother?”

“Of course.”

“Then I think you can count on Ellen, in spite of what she may say this morning.”

* * * * *

AT first, Sarah scarcely moved as she sat in the restful chair Ellen and David had found for her before they left for the banquet. The gleaming dance floor, the faint strains of an orchestra practicing in some distant room, the elaborate costumes of a group of teen-agers going through the Sir Roger de Coverley, made her feel plaintively out of her element. The lace collar Ann had made for her with loving fingers and the cameo brooch she had borrowed, now relinquished all feeble claims to glamour. She drew her long, black coat tightly around her.

Yet she was glad she had come. She had always wanted to see a pioneer ball in a “city,” and here she

was! Ellen had looked like a tea rose in the pink dress the three of them had feverishly made. Donny, thought Sarah, I am so glad we can be gay!

The old janitor in whose care David had left her came and stood before her.

“May I hang your coat, Mrs. Brockton?”

As she handed it to him with a smile, she noticed that he was studying her costume.

“Do you dance?” he asked.

“The old ones.”

“I’ll have to find you a partner,” he said heartily, appraising the striped ruffles, old-fashioned scuffed shoes, and her inward-looking gray eyes. “You might win a blue ribbon.”

Interpreting her startled, inquiring gaze as a remonstrance, he began justifying himself. “My dear lady, I have watched these balls for twenty years.”

He returned shortly with a tall, white-haired man whose solemn features harmonized with the Prince Albert he wore.

“Mrs. Brockton, this is Mr. Ludlow James.”

Mr. James sat down beside Sarah and began to unburden his unhappy mind. He had recently lost his wife and felt unanchored and out of place in his daughter’s lively home.

“Nothing seems right any more,” he said mournfully. “No person and no country acts as though it knows where it’s going.”

Sarah thought of the long roll of years, swallowing up, surging forward, coming out to some kind of fulfillment in the end.

“I guess you and I are too old to

change," she answered sympathetically.

People began arriving, young girls and boys in formal modern dress, and handsome ladies in fluted satin and lace, looking like pictures Sarah had admired for years in the Sunday newspaper society section. A few came dressed much like Sarah herself, pushing a handcart, which they placed at the end of the hall where great bunches of sagebrush were arranged.

Mr. James and Sarah had finished dancing a plain quadrille when the orchestra struck up a Strauss waltz. He rose hopefully to offer his arm, but seeing the couples whirl onto the floor, he resumed his seat.

"They have no idea of this dance," he said authoritatively, "neither the technique nor the spirit of it. I used to circle a whole ballroom with a glass of water on my head."

Sarah laughed happily. "My husband used to try, but he always spilled it."

"Yet you dance smoothly."

"My own people are natural dancers." She ran her hand lovingly over one of the ruffles. "My mother came from Kerry Gow."

Ellen and David arrived in time to see the varsoviennne.

"David has a grand contract," whispered Ellen, her eyes glowing, as Mr. James led Sarah onto the floor.

Only the older people responded, so there was no crowding. Mr. James was stately. Sarah, sunbonnet hanging over her arm, was lost in the rhythm and was reliving happier days. "Have you seen my, have you seen my, have you seen my new shoes?" she sang inwardly. At the close, Ellen and David rushed to

her.

"You were wonderful," they cried.

A young man touched David's elbow and, after a whispered word or two, led him and Ellen toward the door. In a moment they were lost in the crowd. An accordion began playing "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and Mr. James took Sarah to a spot from which they could watch the pantomime.

There was nothing new in the pitiful trek around the ballroom floor. Lights had been dimmed except for one yellow spot at the end of the hall. Heavy boots creaked as the handcart rumbled above the accordion strains of "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

A rush of tears to Sarah's eyes blotted out the entire scene. As she dried them, she saw that Ellen and David were beside her. They, too, had been deeply moved, but Sarah perceived at once that, in addition, they were the bearers of news.

"Grandma," whispered Ellen, "I can teach third grade here in Ogden next winter if I like—at a better salary."

"Here with David?"

"Yes."

She felt their taut nerves and read their serious faces.

"Well," she said, "I've decided to rent my farm to Don so that I can live with Ann. She needs me."

Involuntarily, they exchanged a glance of tenderness, then gazed at her solemnly.

"I don't know," began Ellen. "Poor Father—"

"Anyway," said David thoughtfully, "Ellen and I together can help better than Ellen can alone."

Absorbed in their own drama, they were not aware of what was happen-

ing until they heard Sarah's name being spoken from the platform. The mayor was leaning forward, extending an envelope.

"What has happened to Mrs. Sarah Brockton?" he called.

Mr. James was pushing his way through the congested groups.

"You've won first prize, Mrs. Brockton," he said happily. "The best sustained character."

"What is the prize?" cried Ellen.

"Twenty-five dollars, my dear."

Sarah felt faint and for a moment her senses swam. Then David guided her to the platform. In beruffled dress, her bonnet fallen to the nape of her neck, revealing her smooth, white hair, a wisp or two dislocated by the bonnet's fall as though a gust of wind had just swept her, she stood silent, the embodiment of a day gone forever. Even the boys and girls stopped talking. But it was not her costume that held them, it was her lighted face.

"Thank you very much," she said, at length.

Her thought-filled eyes swept the room, and she realized that more was expected of her.

"Seeing this building and hearing this music," she said, "it's hard for me to believe that so many changes could take place within a person's memory." Then she added slowly, her eyes straight ahead, "But some few things never change."

The colored scene faded. She was sensing the eternal relationship between God and his children. *He that cometh to me shall never hunger—.*

The mayor himself led her to the chair Ellen was reserving for her. "You didn't thank him, Grandma," the girl reminded her in surprise. Then, noticing Sarah's detachment, she realized with some dismay the gap of years that yawned bridgeless between them, silencing her own speech. But she felt one with her in spirit as she slipped her soft hand into the bony little claw that lay passive on the striped billows of the faded skirt.

CENTENNIAL RETURN

Andrew M. Andersen

I seemed to see him standing there
Upon the spot where once he said,
"This Is the Place,"
Looking toward the city that he loved.

Sharp lines of buildings cut into the sky
Where planes flew confident
At speeds that he had never known;
And factories toiled,
Pouring out incalculable wealth.

I looked to see amazement
Upon his regal face.

Instead, I heard his fervent plea:
"O my beloved people,
As generation swiftly follows generation,
May you always and forever
Hold first things first, and last things last."

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1887

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR:

Once more the Latter-day Saints are called upon to mourn the death of their leader. . . . In communicating this sad intelligence to the Church, over which he has so worthily presided for nearly ten years past, we are filled with emotions too deep for utterance. President Taylor departed this life Monday, July 25, 1887, age seventy-eight years. . . . He has gone to mingle with the holy and the pure . . . and though we have lost his presence here, his influence will still be felt. Such men may pass from this life to another, but the love which beats in their hearts for righteousness and for truth cannot die.—George Q. Cannon

FROM JUAB (UTAH) STAKE: Report of Quarterly Conference. Prest. Mary Pitchforth spoke of the trials of the saints and said, “There is a silver lining to every cloud.” Exhorted all to diligence and faithfulness in the performance of duty, as the Lord will not do for us that which we can do for ourselves. Advised mothers to study medical works, and qualify themselves to attend their children in cases of emergency. . . . Sister E. R. Udall, Prest. of the Nephi Society reported the Society as being in good condition and the needy well cared for. . . . “In doing the Lord’s will we do unto others as we would like to be done by in similar circumstances. We all expect to become old, and we should treat the aged kindly and respectfully and make them comfortable.”

—M. E. Teasdale

THE ZION OF THE LAST DAYS

Let Zion in her beauty rise,
Her light begins to shine,
Ere long her King will rend the skies,
Majestic and divine.

—Selected

NOTES AND NEWS: Queen Victoria has taken to carrying a walking stick, not for vanity, but because she needs its support . . . a plain, black, crutch-headed stick meant for use.

Mrs. F. C. Floyd, of South Boston, has invented a “Waterproof Bonnet,” manufactured of rubber gossamer fabrics, for which she has received a patent in the United States, and has applications pending in other countries. The material is now manufactured in many fancy designs and in every color, making a perfect imitation of the bonnets and hats now worn. Its great advantage is indestructibility by rain, the terror of ladies who wear valuable bonnets.

CHILDHOOD: How helpless is the poor little innocent babe, when brought into this world of toil and care; and how gracious in our Heavenly Father to impart such a quantity of maternal affection to the one being upon whom the child is so dependent. . . . How pure should be all the principles taught and the examples set for our little ones.

—Proxy

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

IN India today women of many political and religious faiths, uniting in the All-India Women's Conference, are working for: a minimum marriage age of sixteen for girls; elimination of religious or caste restrictions on marriage; the right of women to own and inherit property; the abolition of the dowry system, of polygamy, and of the custom of purdah—which keeps women indoors and veiled from all male eyes except those of members of the family. Prominent in the movement are Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, sister of Jawaharlal Nehru and Hindu leader of the Indian delegation to the U. N., and many other highly trained women, among them doctors and lawyers. Most of the 30,000 women of the organization are Western educated.

MISS FLORENCE ADAMS, a 1944 graduate of the Brigham Young University, is with the Public Relations Office, GHQ-FEC, in Tokio, Japan, in the radio and pictorial section. Her radio interviews with service men are released in their home towns. She has assisted in a broadcast, "English Conversation," which teaches English to the Japanese listening public. The program has inspired the largest fan mail in Japanese radio history. In answer to one month's work, Miss

Adams, herself, received more than 1000 letters.

FIVE daughters of Isaac Van Wagoner Carling, Utah pioneer, still live, their ages ranging from eighty to ninety-two years. They are: Sarah Elizabeth Carling Webb of Mesa, Arizona; Ellen Elvira Carling Chamberlain of Glendale, Utah; Catherine Aurelia Carling Porter of Salt Lake City; Lydia May Carling Covington Lang of Orem, Utah; and Martha Jane Carling Webb Porter of Blackfoot, Idaho. As young women, these sisters lived in the United Order. They have been temple workers, have held positions of responsibility in the Church, and are progenitors of many prominent leaders in Church and State.

A charming and most versatile young woman is Senorita Octava Barcia, instructor in Spanish at the University of Utah. She plays the piano, sings, writes poetry, paints, composes music. At seventeen she was graduated from a university in her native Buenos Aires. Later, she taught poetry writing to children from eight to ten years of age, and music and art to tubercular children in government-operated schools. A volume of her poems is being published in Buenos Aires this summer.



Make Home a Pleasant Place

THROUGH this past year we have heard a great deal about the fine virtues and wonderful accomplishments of the pioneer forefathers. Not least among their accomplishments were the pleasant places the mothers made of those early log cabins.

Their homes were first and foremost kept very clean; secondly, they used the materials they had at hand to beautify and make comfortable their homes. There were no shops from which to buy, even if they had had money. Braided and woven rag rugs made the bare floors both warm and cheerful. The cherished pieces of furniture which did not have to be discarded on the journey westward were kept polished and occupied the choicest positions in the rooms. Frequently, a bouquet of sego lilies adorned the one and only table in the room.

The wife and mother of today has many advantages over her pioneer ancestor, for the shops and products that offer ways and means of beautifying our homes are varied enough to suit most pocketbooks. There are books and periodicals that furnish one with ideas that not only use new materials, but show how to use and make the best of what one has on hand.

Many feel that while the children are young it is not worthwhile to

beautify a home. However, this is the age when beauty and practicality go hand in hand, and many floor coverings and wall finishes resist wear and tear, and are easily kept in good condition. Children respond to beauty and cleanliness like flowers to the sun. They soon learn to respect and take pride in helping keep home a lovely place. At the same time, a pleasant environment will give the child standards that will help him or her all through life.

The average homemaker who would like to beautify her home with good taste will use restraint in decorating and choosing the furnishings. No matter how elegant the furniture and draperies or how expensive the wallpaper, if a home is not neat and clean it is not truly beautiful.

There is an interesting old fairy tale about the three sisters who kept the world beautiful. These sisters were March, April, and May. March was the sister who swept all the dirt and ugliness away. April washed everything clean so that May could come after to polish and shine the earth to a dazzling loveliness.

While considering how to make home attractive, remember the three sisters and use their methods along with the decorators' touches, and home will indeed become a pleasant place.

G. R. G.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 7

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated country.

While driving her team at night across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company travels over rough and dangerous country and after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi, an Indian outpost and a supply point for traders and pioneers. The Davis family remains at Moenkopi and the others go on toward the San Juan. Little water is to be found in the desert country and many times their lives are endangered by thirst. Peogament, the Indian chief, continually opposes the company and causes trouble and delay. Finally, the travelers reach the San Juan, but Elizabeth is bitterly disappointed when she sees the swirling, muddy river. In this chapter, the narrative returns to the Davis family in Moenkopi.

MOENKOPI was a dry, unfavored spot. There was always a wind, always sand in the air, in the beds, and in the

food. And there was poverty everywhere. The Indians, unable to cope with their own situation, and not equal to the mode of living imposed by the white man, were an improvident lot, subsisting on corn and the money they got from their meager clip of wool. Their herds were small and poorly tended.

James L. Davis, genial, fair to the Indians, and a favorite with the white settlers, soon became accustomed to his surroundings. Being a stone mason by trade, he was given work by John W. Young on the buildings that would house the woolen mills. Edward, his fourteen-year-old son, found employment herding the settlers' sheep. With surprising ease, he learned the Indian language and could talk fluently with any of the tribes. For both father and son, the time passed quickly. But for Mary, waiting out the days, counting them by hours, the time seemed interminably long since the company of scouts had gone on to San Juan.

James loved music. He had brought his small organ with him from Cedar City, and he played and sang through the long evenings. Mrs. Young was a good musician and, together, they organized a choir, and the settlers came twice a week to the Davis tent to practice singing.

Mary missed Elizabeth. As the days became weeks and there was no

word from the scouting company, she began to fear that they had all been killed by the Indians. Word filtered into the settlement that the Indians of the interior strongholds were growing more and more resentful of the white man's intrusion, and that a renegade Ute, named Pearson, was following the scouts, gathering outlaws to himself for an attack. Suspected of being implicated in the murder of a number of white men, an outcast from his own tribe, Pearson was vindictive and vicious. Any petty excuse was enough to set him on the warpath.

Mary listened to the talk and began to fear that she would never see Elizabeth again. Almost two months had passed and there had been no official word from the company. If they had reached San Juan, the return scouts who were to come back to help bring up the stock, should be back in Moenkopi before many days more. Every unusual sound sent Mary's blood to her temples in anxiety. Every new rumor confirmed her fears.

July the first came, and with it a sickening wave of heat.

"I'm prompted to round up the stock and be all ready to go, Mary," James said that night. "As soon as morning comes, Ted and I will get the wagons ready."

Mary shook her head dubiously. "I hope you are right, James. You usually are. But we've waited so long I have almost lost hope of ever getting out of this miserable place."

"Pa, listen!" Ted Davis, alert to the conversation, had gone to the door of the tent and was staring into the darkness.

"What is it, my boy Ted?" James asked, following him to the door

and listening intently. "Do you hear something?"

"Strangers are coming, Pa."

"I don't hear anything at all, Ted."

"That's why I know someone is coming who doesn't live here. It's early in the evening. Plenty of Indians are still wandering about. A sudden silence is their way of warning each other."

"Yes. I hear the soft thud of horses walking in the sand," James acknowledged.

"They are tired, Pa. Hear 'em? The thuds are uneven. They almost stop, and then they come on!"

"It's the scouts!" James cried. "I've known all day that something was going to happen!" He ran out into the dooryard, giving a long, clear halloo. There was an answering hail, and five weary and ragged men came riding into the patch of light visible through the tent door.

"Mary, my darlin'," James cried. "It's the scouts!"

"Take it easy, Ma," Ted said, seeing the excitement in his mother's face. "You knew they'd come sometime, didn't you?"

"I'm afraid I didn't, Ted. I'm all shaken up."

"I know, Ma. Waitin' has been awfully hard for you. But we'll be off for San Juan before you know it."

"And for that I give thanks," Mary murmured, and cried for joy.

* * * *

THE five scouts—Kumen Jones, Seth Tanner, Robert Bullock, Zacariah B. Decker, and a son of Silas S. Smith—had but little to report. The company had reached San Juan, but had been near death many times. Some liked the country and some did not. Many of the

scouts were only waiting for the stock to be brought up so they could sell their share and go back home.

It was a discouraging report. But neither James nor Mary faltered. They had been called to stay in San Juan, and for them there was no alternative.

"Are there green trees there?" Mary asked, thinking how Elizabeth had missed the cottonwoods on the journey.

"Yes," Kumen Jones told her, "there are trees, and good fishing. The soil is good, and it is cool by the river. I'm going to bring my wife and come back to stay."

Mary smiled gratefully. "I want to get there just as quick as ever I can."

Kumen nodded, understanding the urgency. "We'll get you through just as fast as horse flesh can make the trip," he promised.

Mary and Ted gave the scouts a fine supper of corn, ripe fruits, and hot biscuits. And when they had finished, they rolled up in a single blanket each, and slept near the tent, in the sand.

"Mr. Young wants to buy our organ, Mary," James informed her, as they prepared for bed. "We need a span of mules."

"You need the organ, too, James. Music is food and drink to you. You'd be lost without the organ."

"It will have to go," James replied sadly. "It isn't good to set such store of earthly things, I guess."

"But the organ is all we have left of home," Mary sighed. "I wish we could keep it."

"We'll need it for church in San Juan," James said. "But first, we have to get there. Other things

must be important only in that light."

"I know, James. But I can't think that mules are more important than music, even for pioneers."

* * * *

THREE days of travel brought the Davis family, their two wagons, their children, and the five scouts with the cattle herd, to a small seep where they camped for noon.

"This is the place where the Pites stole two of our horses, Brother Davis," Robert Bullock reported. "We could hardly get on into Moenkopi without them. It was a brazen trick, and I think I know the renegade that did it. I'm going to ride up on that knoll and see if I can spot the camp of Indians that must have been skulking around."

James looked the knoll over carefully, then turned to young Bullock. "That's an open hill. An Indian could spot you a mile away. I suggest you forget about the stolen horses."

"But, Brother Davis, if the Indians are still here, the horses will be, too."

"What could you do if they are still here? We've got to exercise caution, if we avoid trouble."

"I'm riding a good horse. I guess the halters and lead ropes will still be on the horses, for they are riveted on. The Indians would have to cut the straps to get them off, and I doubt if they would do that. The Indians know how valuable such halters are."

"Are you trying to convince yourself or me?" James Davis asked impatiently. "What do halters have to do with it?"

"If I can spot the horses before the Indians see me, I can slip into

their camp and lead the horses off before the Indians find out they are gone. They'll not have time to get organized."

"That's boy talk." James spoke impatiently. "What you propose to do is too risky."

"One of those stolen horses is mine," Bullock argued, "the best horse I ever owned. I'd like to get him back."

"We are shy of good horses, Brother Davis," Seth Tanner interposed. "While neither of the horses was mine, I don't like the Indians to get off with such a trick. If they go free one time, they'll try it again."

James shook his head, looking to the other scouts for their opinions. If the Indians were still in the neighborhood there would probably be trouble enough, without the white men starting it off.

"What do you think, Kumen?" James asked, turning to Kumen Jones for advice. "You are the official Indian interpreter for the company. You probably know how to judge their tempers better than I do. I admit I'm perplexed."

"I see no reason for going out after trouble," Kumen answered. "But, as Tanner says, if the Indians are on the poke, we'll have trouble whether we want it or not. It might put a little fear into them to know that we are not afraid to repossess our own stock. Bullock's plan is not unfeasible."

"Ted, my boy," James turned to his son confidently, "you know how to talk with the Indians, and you've made friends among them. What is your opinion?"

The scouts showed no surprise that he should turn to a fourteen-year-old boy for advice. Common

sense is engendered early among pioneers.

"There might not be anyone in the Indians' camp but their squaws, Pa," Ted answered. "And if that's so, we can be miles away before the bucks can do anything about it."

"Well, since I'm not prompted one way or the other," James decided, "you boys may do as you like."

* * * *

BULLOCK spotted the Indian camp as he had expected. The two stolen horses were tied to a tree stump in a draw, and unguarded. The Indians were eating their dinners and most of them were sleepily intent on their own affairs.

Bullock went on foot down the draw, keeping out of sight by crawling in the bottom of the gully. He untied the horses and led them quietly away, without even the dogs becoming aware of his presence.

"That was the easiest thing I ever did," he laughed, coming triumphantly into camp. "They were so full of meat and cactus juice that they didn't hear or see a thing!"

"If Pearcon is their leader," James said, "I'd be inclined to doubt that. But my boy Ted says Pearcon went through Moenkopi the day we left, heading for the Colorado where he's got friends."

"Whoever is their leader, he was holding some sort of a meeting with three of the Indians," Bullock added.

James let his fork fall to his plate, forgetting to close his mouth after the anticipated bite of food.

"What kind of talk?" he asked sharply. "Could you hear what they were saying?"

"I think they were planning some devilment that would take them a

long way from here, for they kept pointing to the west."

"They know we are here!" James cried. "Let's harness up and leave as quickly as we can!"

Bullock tied the recovered horses to his wagon wheel, and deliberately sat down to eat. "I'm hungry," he said. "And I'm not running off until I eat."

"You might not run at all, then," Kumen Jones interrupted impatiently. "What makes you think they were planning devilment?"

"The leader kept jumping up and showing a wound he had, and he drew a knife across his throat to show what he meant to do."

"That's Pearcon!" Ted Davis cried. "That's his trick. He gets the young braves all stirred up by showing them how the white men have treated him. His tribesmen have told me so!"

"You fellows go ahead and pull out if you want to," Bullock said, easily persuading himself that the others were wrong. "You are all acting on the theory of what *might* happen. I got the horses, didn't I? And nothing happened. That's enough for me to go by."

"If I know anything about Pearcon," Ted said, "he already knew you were there to get the horses. He's not a dumb Ute."

He turned to his father. "Pa, Pearcon said once, and I heard him say it, that what he stole, he stole to keep. Let's get out of here with Ma and the children."

Ted had hardly finished the sentence when there was a stir in camp near his mother's wagon where the food was spread. It was Pearcon. He stood above the frightened white

woman, menacing her with a heavy quirt.

Mary screamed, and Ted leaped at Pearcon. But the Indian only grinned, and, leaping aside, he grabbed the blanket that was being used as a table for the food, gave it a jerk and sent food, dishes, and cooking utensils rolling in the sand. A large butcher knife rolled against a rock and stopped, handle up, in the sand. Pearcon grabbed it playfully and ran after Mary, drawing the knife back and forth across his throat, pantomiming what he could do to her if he wanted to.

Mary clung to the wagon wheel in terror. Ted sprang in front of her, screaming defiance.

"Don't do anything, Ted," Mary pleaded. "Let your father handle Pearcon!"

The scouts had grouped themselves, with their guns ready, shielded by boulders and scrub cedars. "Don't shoot, boys," James cried. "In heaven's name, don't shoot! That's what he wants us to do. That's why he's playing silly!"

"Davis is right, boys!" Seth Tanner lowered his gun. "All he wants is an excuse to murder us."

James had gone quietly to where Mary and Ted stood, defying Pearcon.

PEARCON, as if tired of trying to frighten a woman and a boy, ran to one of the youngest of the scouts and grabbed him around the waist, pretending he wanted to wrestle. The boy, son of Silas S. Smith, jerked away angrily. His dog, seeing that his master was being manhandled, flew at the Indian and bit his leg. Pearcon threw Smith to the ground, then turned on the dog

and struck him with a long handled shovel that stood nearby. And, before the other scouts could judge the seriousness of the tussle, young Smith had rolled to an axe that was near him. Grasping it, he raised it over Pearcon's head. But James caught his arm, deflecting a blow that would have split the Indian's head wide open. Zacariah Decker jumped for the Indian. Kumen Jones and Seth Tanner threw themselves in front of Mary, and restraining Ted by force, they kept him out of the fight.

Ted was blind with fury. "He threatened my mother," Ted sobbed. "Let me go! I'll cut him to pieces!"

Unobserved, several of Pearcon's friends had been watching what went on. Evidently deciding that the time was not ripe for a show-down fight, they pulled Pearcon away, telling the scouts they would come back and kill them all, as soon as it was dark.

Ted fought to get away. He wanted to go after Pearcon. But his father took him by the arms, and, by sheer force of will, he quieted the hysterical youth. "Ted, my boy, father needs you here," he calmed him. "You would be torn to pieces if you so much as left this camp. We'll get away, Ted. We'll get your Ma to safety. Let go your anger, my boy Ted. Pa needs you to get the teams hitched to the wagons. You hurry now. Pa'll load the things in."

Action was what Ted needed most. He raced for his teams.

In the camp were two cowboys who had stopped for dinner with the small white company. They had been ready to fight the Indians since their first sight of the malicious

Pearcon. Seeing that the white men were not going to force the issue against the Indians, they began to argue angrily.

"Are we going to sit down and eat Pearcon's dirt?" the older of the two, Bill Worthen, cried. "What are you fellows made of?"

"You'll see, when the time comes!" Seth Tanner answered quietly. "The Indians are sun worshippers. They'll not attack while their sun-god can see us and tell the Great Spirit. If we can get far enough away before dark, we'll have no need to fight."

"If we don't do something about it now, they'll come back in force and kill us all," Bill Worthen declared. "We ain't got a chance!"

"Wait, Bill," his partner said. "This outfit can't get away far enough before dark to be safe. You've got plenty of ammunition. I say get the wagons together and fort up. Let the Indians come back if they want to. Pearcon's not got many friends, and what he has got are shiftless, and scattered over the country. By the time he gets a sizable band together, I'll be back from Moenkopi with reinforcements."

"They'll riddle you, kid," Bill Worthen answered. "You better stay here and fight."

"The boy's idea is sound," Seth Tanner said. "Pearcon is a coward at heart. He'll wait to get enough renegades together to insure the safety of his own hide. Let the boy go. He'll get through and be back before our ammunition runs out."

The young cowboy rode down the draw that led to the east, away from Moenkopi.

"He knows the layout of the country," Bill Worthen reassured them.

"He'll swing back as soon as he's out of sight. I feel like a dick to let him go alone."

"You're needed here," James decided. "We're grateful for you and your rifle."

"Pa!" Ted raced up to his father. "Pa, they are comin' back. Pearcon is bringin' more of his men. He's mad as a hornet!"

"Let him come, Ted. We're ready for him." James Davis put his gun into Ted's hands. "Go to your mother's wagon, my boy Ted, and don't you leave it till I give you leave. It's you who'll look after your Ma."

Unarmed, James Davis went to meet Pearcon and his swaggering friends.

(To be continued)

REMEMBRANCE

Erma Young Gardiner

May our hearts stir in remembrance,
Our minds be brought to comprehend,
How God walked beside our fathers,
Until they reached the promised land.

May we ever shout his glory
Until the air is filled with praise,
For he meted out his sustenance
Equal to their weary days.

May we never cease to marvel
That the sea gulls filled the air,
And flocked to save the wheat in answer
To a people's humble prayer.

May our hearts swell to remember
That a desert's barren soil
Yielded grain and fragrant beauty
To reward their faith and toil!

HAPPY LANDINGS

Grace Sayre

Bless his happy, little heart!
His breakfast spoon held in mid-air,
He aims his porridge at his mouth,
But lands it in his hair!

A Place in the Country

IV—THE CHICKENS

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the fourth in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

WHEN the dishes were done, Ellen Martin brought a basket of apricots from the root cellar and sat down by the open kitchen window to pit them. It was so wonderful, she thought, to have your own fruit to put up. It had been too expensive in the city and, anyway, there had been no place in the apartment to keep bottled fruit. This winter the children were going to have all they could eat.

Just then Betty came in to ask, "There's no more wheat, Mother, what shall I feed the chickens?"

"Are you sure?" Ellen asked in surprise. "Daddy said he brought enough for a week and we've had them only five days."

She put aside the apricots and hurried to the garage with Betty. The sack was empty.

"We must have been feeding them too much," she decided. "Daddy will have to get more feed tomorrow, but what can we give them today?" She looked around. There was fruit under every tree and every step she took disturbed swarms of grasshoppers.

"I know," she said, "we'll let them out. They must know their home by this time. The lazy things can get their own food." She opened the run gate, and the eight hens filed out.

Johnny and the puppy came running from around the house, and the

hens scattered, cackling, all over the place.

"Tie 'Curtains' up, Betty," Ellen called as she ran after the hens and shooed them back towards their pen with her apron.

When they had first let the hens out of the crate, the same thing had happened. It was then that John had given the puppy his name. He had picked him up and said, "Here, 'Curtains,' let them alone. They have just as much right here as you have, even if they didn't cost so much."

The children had laughed and danced around their father and the puppy saying, "'Curtains!' 'Curtains!' Let me have 'Curtains,'" and that had been his name ever since.

Ellen stood watching the hens for awhile. They seemed busy and contented, so she said to Betty, "You and Johnny stay here in the shade and watch them. I must get back to work."

The fire in the range had gone out so Ellen made it up again and put the jars in a kettle to boil. The heat was soon almost unbearable in the little kitchen, so she moved her chair between the door and window to get any little breeze there was. Once she looked out. The hens were still eating and the children were sitting under the tree.

She began to wonder if she had been wise to ask John to get the hens. They had cost him almost

two days' work and grain was expensive. She had hoped to save buying eggs and maybe have some eggs to sell. So far the eight hens had averaged six eggs a day. If each of the family ate one a day and she made one cake a week, there would be only a dozen to sell. That would hardly pay for their feed.

She took the jars out of the boiling water and put them on a wet cloth on the table. Then she filled the stove with coal and put the apricots on to cook. As she measured out the sugar she began to worry about the first monthly payment due in ten days. She had barely half enough in the candy box behind the mush cartons. She would have to convince John that she could pick all the fruit herself. He seemed to have no trouble finding jobs and if he worked every day they might get enough.

SHE was startled out of her musing by a loud cackling and shouting. She ran to the door and saw the half-grown Hawkins boy driving the hens towards home. They were running first one way and then another, and flying over bushes. The children came from the far end of the orchard and tried to help. She went out and, together, they finally got them shut in the run.

The boy's face was red and he was plainly mad. "Your old hens ate our lettuce. They pecked at our cabbage," he panted. "They've about ruined the whole garden. Pa says don't you know there's a law?"

"Law?" Ellen asked in wonder. "You mean I can't turn them out?"

"Of course not—not in summer, anyway."

"I thought they'd stay home," Ellen answered apologetically, wiping

her face with her apron. "I thought they'd like the grasshoppers."

"Hens never stay home. They don't have any sense." He turned away then, and was soon crawling under the wire fence.

"You should have stayed," was all she said to the children.

She walked slowly back to the house. Now she knew the chickens weren't such a good idea. Everything she did seemed to be wrong. She was just too ignorant to live on a farm.

A peculiar smell was coming from the kitchen. She hurried in and found that the apricots had boiled over and burned on the stove, filling the room with smoke. She grabbed a spoon to stir the jam and found it burned to the bottom of the kettle. That was too much. She sat down, put her head on the table, and cried,

Thus John found her when he came home for lunch. "Now, now," he comforted, lifting the burned kettle from the stove and carrying it outside. "Nothing can be that bad."

Ellen raised her head and tearfully told her story. "The neighbors will never like me now," she sobbed. "They'll think I don't have any more sense than the chickens."

"Don't worry about that," John consoled, patting her shoulder. "I'll go over and pay for the damage. I'll fix it up while you wash your face. And do come out in the yard and cool off."

A half hour later when John returned, Ellen had washed and combed her hair and put on a clean apron. She was scraping the stove. "How much?" she asked.

"Only three dollars," he said, starting to make the fire. "I told him you just couldn't bear to have anything

shut up. I told him you had never seen a hen before.”

“Joke all you want,” Ellen said crossly, “but that makes three dollars less than I was figuring on for the payment. And see how much fruit and sugar I’ve wasted. I wish I had never seen those old chickens.”

Betty came in with an egg in each hand. “See,” she said, “two already. Won’t you cook one for me? I’m hungry.”

That made Ellen remember how hard it had been to get Betty to eat eggs in Chicago. She had said she didn’t like them, but now whenever

she found one she wanted it cooked, whether it was mealtime or not.

John must have remembered, too, for he said, “Anyway, Betty thinks the hens are fine.”

Maybe they were, at that. After all, she had wanted this place mostly for John and Betty. Betty certainly was better. Her face was browner than her hair and her cheeks were rosy.

“I’ll get lunch right away,” Ellen decided. “You set the table, Betty, and you, John, bring some fresh water. We’ll all have eggs.”

(To be continued)

OLD AGE

Nan S. Richardson

Hair dark and glossy now turned white as snow;
 Eyes that were bright are now groggy;
 Glasses are made of the best, we all know,
 But even, then, things look quite foggy.

While the body seems healthy, powerful, and strong,
 It has several ailments to carry along,
 One has colitis or a kink called a stitch
 Another has gallstones, or the seven-year itch.

There may be some people that with us agree
 That arms and legs are made from a tree;
 They’re stubborn and stiff, perhaps it’s an oak,
 But whatever it is, it’s surely no joke.

The tongue is one thing that never wears out,
 It can work overtime with its clatter;
 So try to remember to say pleasant things
 To relations and friends when we chatter.

And last, but not least, are two poor suffering feet,
 With bunions and corns aching while on the street;
 There may be some blessings that come with old age,
 There are always two sides, let’s turn a new page.

Be thankful we’re living, resolve not to shirk;
 If we want to be happy, keep busy and work.
 Remember it’s never too late to begin,
 Let’s keep up the spirits and hold up the chin.

How the Magazine Fortifies the Visiting Teacher

Anna B. Hart

Member, Relief Society General Board

[Address Delivered at Magazine Section, Relief Society General Conference, October 2, 1946.]

TODAY, I want to speak about two of the greatest missionaries among the women of our Church—the visiting teacher and *The Relief Society Magazine*. I want to talk about the strength of each, and the triple strength, when these two missionaries fortify each other as they go into the homes of our women.

We have always been aware of the strength of *The Relief Society Magazine* in fortifying the executive officers. Without it, they would not be able to function. We might speak of the value of the *Magazine* in fortifying the class leaders and the other officers of the Relief Society organization.

In the interesting and pictorial Annual Report of Relief Society activities for the past year, we were aware that only 74,032 members out of the 101,691 members of Relief Society were subscribers to the *Magazine*.

It should be the aim of every visiting teacher to be a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* and, as she keeps that guide in her hand, she should stimulate every home in her district to become a subscriber to that wonderful missionary.

Much of the success of our organization depends upon the visiting teachers. They are the select ones among the membership of Relief Society; they are the sympathetic and

capable teachers of the organization, the representatives of the Relief Society in the homes; they are the friends of the families of the Church; they are the bringers of special spiritual messages—these teachers in Relief Society.

When visiting teachers, inspired by the living example of the Great Teacher, are fortified, when they dedicate themselves anew to high ideals, let them resolve to teach better than they have ever taught before; to teach as though the whole structure of civilization rested upon their teaching. What strength and blessing could come from such a resolve of the 29,784 visiting teachers.

If each teacher would say to herself, in the words of William Lyon Phelps, "I love to teach as a painter loves to paint, as a musician loves to play, as a singer loves to sing, as a strong man rejoices to run a race," she, too, would win.

The visiting teacher must know that teaching is a holy calling, and that the Lord will pay her well, not in silver or gold, but in the deep satisfaction that comes to her when she has done her duty. Hers is the person-to-person teaching, as was that of the Master. She can be a Relief Society missionary and an inspiration to the homes she visits, according to her spiritual attitude and the preparation she makes. So the visiting teacher plays her instrument

in the great symphony of the Church. May there be no discords in her contribution.

The *Relief Society Magazine* is carried to faraway lands. In every continent of the world, it spreads its spiritual message and interprets the urges, the longings, the spiritual needs of the women of our Church. It goes to the rich and the poor, the invalids, and those strong in body, to those who live in the shadow of the Church, and to those in remote sections of our own country. The *Relief Society Magazine* is a real messenger of Relief Society.

If we could see the authors who have contributed to our *Magazine*, we would see prophets of God, and others of our Church authorities, civic authorities, authors of note, world travelers, professors, doctors, business men, artists, poets, and many of the great women of the world.

What a wealth of the world's wisdom has been recorded in its pages—history, travel, philosophy, ethics, poetry, homemaking, health, skills of the hands, fiction, religion in its purest and most practical form, biography of the greatest lives ever lived, and words of Jesus. It contains a library of precious information.

There is no tangible source in existence which can fortify the visiting teacher more than the *Magazine*. It represents Relief Society in its completeness—the *Magazine* gives her official status. It helps the visiting teacher to feel the objectives of Relief Society; to strengthen the testimonies of the women; to strengthen Latter-day Saint homes; and to enrich the lives of women by providing opportunities for personal development.

The *Magazine* is an important tool for the visiting teacher. It educates her, gives her ideas and skill, trains her in power to think, and the power to do. It helps her to get and to keep the spirit of the gospel. It helps her to converse on the gospel messages—the principles of the gospel. It helps her to make careful and thorough preparation of messages, gems, and sermons. It helps her to understand women—to cultivate more sympathy in the homes she visits; helps her to notice more beauty; appreciate more fully the healthy-looking children she sees; the clean homes; the virtues of the women in the homes. It helps her to strengthen her testimony through the religious experiences and the faith-promoting accounts she reads.

In this one little *Magazine* there are messages which could fortify a visiting teacher for a lifetime.

No Relief Society member can afford not to read the organ of the organization. No visiting teacher can afford to be without the strength and preparation which the *Magazine* gives.

The mission of the visiting teacher is to "carry on." To her is entrusted a glorious work, a work unique and different from that of anyone else in the entire Church. To do it well, she must emulate the Savior. We can obtain perfection only by following in his footsteps.

May we appreciate the two missionaries of Relief Society more than we have ever done. May we realize the strength of their close companionship, and may we feel their influence in the homes of our Church so that the entire world will feel the influence of the Latter-day Saint homes, is my prayer.

Magazine Promotion

Ida Isaacson

Counselor, Wells Stake Relief Society, Salt Lake City

[Address Delivered at Magazine Section, Relief Society General Conference, October 2, 1946.]

WE, in Wells Stake, have tried to promote the Magazine in three ways:

1. By the use of visual aids, posters, slogans, booklets, etc.
2. By ward check ups on Relief Society memberships and Magazine subscriptions.
3. By holding two well-planned Magazine meetings during the summer in our homes.

On June 13, the Magazine representatives and educational counselors came to the first meeting with a fairly accurate check up on the women in their wards. They had written down on slips of paper:

1. The number of Relief Society members in their wards.
2. The number of Relief Society members taking the Magazine.
3. The number of Latter-day Saint women in their wards.

On July 8, we held a second meeting for Magazine representatives only. And each was given a chart to fill out and return by September 1, which they did.

The detailed chart had eight questions to be answered by the Magazine representative:

1. Number of Relief Society members in your ward?
2. Number of Relief Society members taking the Magazine?
3. Number of Latter-day Saint women in your ward?
4. Number of subscriptions going outside the ward?
5. Number of subscriptions coming into the ward from other wards?
6. Number of non-members taking the Magazine?

7. Number of Magazines sent as gifts in your own ward?
8. Number of Relief Society working mothers?

This chart is proving to be an index to us of the women in Wells Stake. It shows that we have:

772 Relief Society members in Wells Stake
666 Magazine subscriptions
1592 Latter-day Saint women

The chart tells us that 106 of our Relief Society members are not represented by the Magazine, and further indicates that over half of our women are not members of the Society, or 820 are not members of the Society, and not represented by the Magazine. We found forty-one non-members were taking the Magazine, and thirty-seven Magazines were being sent out of the stake.

When the chart is completely finished, it will tell us more. It will tell us how many Magazines are being sent as personal gifts to members in the ward by members of the ward. And here, we believe, is a fertile field to work in. We can do something about these 820 women who are not Relief Society minded. Many of these women know very little about the Society or its work.

As a friend, a neighbor, a relative, a visiting teacher, we can give the Magazine to these homes. Each of us presenting a Magazine in one of these homes would produce a real showing.

The chart reveals a great deal of

fine work on the part of the *Magazine* representatives and educational counselors. For instance, one new ward has a membership of 101, and a *Magazine* subscription count of ninety-six. This *Magazine* representative is sixty-seven years of age, but she has had splendid help from her husband, who writes out all of her reports and takes them to the office. In fact, all of the husbands of *Magazine* representatives in Wells Stake have co-operated splendidly. And we do thank them.

One *Magazine* representative has a notebook, with the names and addresses of every Latter-day Saint woman in her ward, and needless to say, she knows her women. But, as she says, "I want to know them better." She doesn't have good health, but she uses the telephone, and also talks with her women wherever she meets them. Her achievement is one of the best, and her well-planned record is taking good care of the women in her ward.

In two new wards, the visiting teachers and presidencies have made calls on all Latter-day Saint women. This strengthens the cause of the *Magazine*, because it arouses enthusiasm among the women.

There are endless ways to attract attention to the *Magazine*—the use of visual aids, the telephone, personal calls, casual meetings; but, more than anything else, is a careful

check up of our women and a consistent following through, until, by our interviews, we have placed the *Magazine* in all our Latter-day Saint homes.

Early this spring we recognized the value of visual aids. At a visiting teachers' convention each *Magazine* representative and educational counselor, working together, made a poster. We have placed these posters in our Relief Society rooms this summer, and this fall we will make new ones. Also, at this convention, we gave each woman a little book, in which about ten women had stated their personal opinions of the *Magazine*. Over 200 women attended the convention.

I might add that another exemplary way to attract attention to the *Magazine* is for mothers and grandmothers to occasionally have their daughters, or their nieces, read to them some bit from the *Magazine*. It would have a lasting influence.

I shall welcome the day when Junior and Gleaner Girls will be introduced to *The Relief Society Magazine* by their mothers.

Our goal in Wells Stake is to make the way a happy way for the receiving of the *Magazine*. We still have far to go, but we are getting a great pleasure out of promoting the *Magazine*.

OUR BABY

Rose Thomas Graham

Two starry-eyed forget-me-nots,
 Two petal-puckered lips;
 Ten pink coral beads for toes,
 Ten pearl-drop finger tips;
 This is the only kodak snap
 We've taken of the little chap.

August Coolers

Sara Mills

IN our family we like company. Maybe it's a heritage from pioneer days when anyone who passed the door, stranger or friend, was invited in. For such company and the kind I invite by penny postal card or telephone, I keep on hand a number of cooling drinks that I can quickly bring out from the refrigerator and cupboard. They are not expensive—as expenses go these days—and they are decidedly delicious.

The grocery shelves are full of ingredients for making punch, sugar and all, ready to pour into glasses of ice water. They do very well in a pinch, or when your children bring their neighborhood friends in for a party drink.

As a foundation for homemade cooling drinks, I use lemon syrup. With a covered jar of this syrup in the back of the refrigerator, you are ready for anyone. Make this syrup by mixing the following ingredients together:

LEMON SYRUP

- 2 cups lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons grated lemon peel

You can combine this syrup with orange juice, pineapple juice, papaya juice (that one you must try), grape juice, or cherry juice. Do you know that the juice of those red pie cherries, picked in the back yard and bottled in your own kitchen, makes a drink that is superlative and entirely different? If you live where you can pick or buy a mango, peel it and

force the pulp through a sieve. Use this pulp with water, the syrup, and orange juice. It is a drink to be remembered.

The lemon syrup goes well, too, with all those pure juices and nectars on the grocer's shelves: apple juice, apricot nectar, peach, plum, and pear nectar. It is a good idea to keep a can or two of these juices chilled, ready for instant use.

The flavor and sparkle of fruit drinks are improved by adding ginger ale or lime rickey.

My party list includes the following drinks, made with ginger ale:

* * *

- ½ cup lemon juice
 - 1 ½ cups orange juice
 - 3 cups cider
 - ⅓ cup powdered sugar
 - 3 cups ginger ale
- Mix together and add ice cubes

This drink is good for winter parties, too. Don't forget that. If you care to add one cup of pineapple juice, it will improve the drink.

* * *

- 2 cups orange juice
- ½ cup lemon juice
- sugar to suit
- 1 pint ginger ale
- Mint garnish

* * *

Squeeze and strain 1 cup lime juice. Sweeten and pour into glasses partially filled with ice cubes.

Finish filling glasses with sparkling water or ginger ale.

* * *

- 1 ½ cups chilled grape juice
- 2 cups chilled grapefruit juice

Combine, and pour the mixture into glasses and fill with sparkling water, or ginger ale, if you prefer.

Grapefruit juice and ginger ale together also make a pleasant drink.

If you can get a fresh pineapple, here is a punch worth serving:

- 1 fresh pineapple
- 3 limes or lemons
- 4 oranges
- 2 quarts pure apple juice
- 1 bottle of sparkling water

First, cut the pineapple into small cubes. Mix the fresh pineapple juice with the lime or lemon juice and orange juice. Sweeten and add the apple juice and bottle of sparkling water. The pineapple cubes can then be added. The combination makes any punch bowl proud.

And now a grape juice drink:

- 4 cups grape juice
- ¼ cup lime juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup water
- Sugar to suit

If you need a nourishing milk drink and want a new taste, you might try this one:

- 1 pint of Postum made with milk
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- Add vanilla ice cream to milk Postum and whip.

Now, to quickly make something to go with the drinks! The first suggestion is good for everyone. If you

haven't made it many times, I'm sure you have eaten it at the neighbors'. It's simply the familiar graham crackers pressed together with a sweet filling consisting of powdered sugar mixed with any number of things. The preferred mix, with children, anyway, contains chocolate. If I am going to use the crackers within a few hours, I add a little cream and powdered chocolate or cocoa to the sugar. For variation, I omit the chocolate and use vanilla and a drop of mint. Orange juice, with a little of the orange rind, is good, too. You may use any jelly or jam you have on the shelf. The variations are many. Pop the filled crackers, covered, into the ice box, if you have the time before serving. If you don't want to serve sweet crackers, here is a mixture, even easier to make, to go on those round, crisp crackers:

Combine:

- 1 glass sharp, spreading cheese
- 1 cup chopped toasted almonds, or any other chopped nuts

For another quick treat, take a small square or wedge of creamed cheese and 2 tablespoons or so of crisp, crumbled bacon and about the same amount of chopped parsley. A few drops of Worcestershire sauce and a drop of Tobasco sauce help. For easier spreading, use a little milk.

For something more substantial, use whole-wheat bread and peanut butter. To the peanut butter, add some chopped green peppers and cucumbers. As one hears over the radio: "It's delicious. It's nutritious!"

SOUL FOOD

Myra Kirkman

Six stalks of rainbow gladioli
 Arranged in a crystal bowl,
 Do quite as well as white hyacinths
 To feed my starving soul.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

**ACTIVITIES FOR VISITING TEACHERS AND SPECIAL
CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS**



Photograph submitted by Rea Jorgensen

**SAN FERNANDO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), VAN NUYS WARD VISITING
TEACHERS ASSEMBLED AT A SPECIAL PARTY IN THEIR HONOR**

February 14, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Hannah Malcolm; Eileen Smith; Marlene Colarusso; Joyce Swenson, youngest visiting teacher in San Fernando Stake; Anna Smith, oldest visiting teacher in Van Nuys Ward; Reve Daily; Nellie Splaine; Geneva Hart.

Second row standing, left to right: President Rea Jorgensen; Pearl Driggs; Bessie Rich; Helen Bennett; Stake President Mary E. Cutler; Phyllis Sorber; Edna McKinney; Cleo Hupp; Emily Gledhill; Second Counselor Margaret Rotz; Pearl Garrett.

Back row standing, left to right: Ruth Christensen; Katherine Poulter; First Counselor Cleone Hacking; Katherine Duke; Marjorie Felsted; Secretary Ericka Pohlman; Edna Homer; Viola Clarke; Ivie Jamison; Mary Smith; Lois Lewis.

REPRESENTATIVE VISITING TEACHERS



Photography submitted by Maude F. Hanks

A VISITING TEACHER FOR
TWENTY YEARS

Anna S. D. Johnson of Capitol Hill Ward, Salt Lake Stake, has served as a visiting teacher for twenty years, including eighteen years of continuous service, without missing a single visit.



Photograph submitted by Louise Stephens

COMPANIONS FOR THIRTY
YEARS

Sisters Lena Laughter and Lena Sutter, visiting teachers who have been companions for thirty years. They are members of Montpelier Fourth Ward, Montpelier Stake, Idaho.



Photograph submitted by Ada Stowell

A VISITING TEACHER FOR
SIXTY-THREE YEARS

Sister Laura Waters, eighty-six years old, holding her great-grandchild. The photograph represents five generations: Laura Burr Waters, G. A. Waters, Clark Waters, Donna Waters Williams, and Janice Marie Williams.

Sister Waters began her duties as a visiting teacher at the age of twenty-two, in Burrville, Utah. She is the mother of nine children, forty-one grandchildren, seventy-nine great-grandchildren, and one great-great grandchild. At present Sister Waters is living in Idaho Falls, Idaho.



Photograph submitted by Meda J. Allen

**ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK SIXTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
BAZAAR, March 3, 1947**

The photograph shows only a small part of the extensive and beautiful bazaar, which featured many quilts, rugs, dresses, aprons, made-over clothing, and a large variety of exquisite handwork. Some of the women who contributed articles for the bazaar are seen standing back of one of the display tables. Added features, which made this an unusually successful bazaar, were a fish pond for the children, an apron and overall dance, and the cake and ice cream served for refreshments.



Photograph submitted by Evalina Payne

**MOUNT GRAHAM STAKE, VIRDEN WARD (NEW MEXICO), RELIEF
SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 26, 1946**

This is a composite photograph showing parts of three of the unusually attractive displays of this large and well-arranged bazaar. At the time the articles were made materials were scarce, and the women used great ingenuity and industry in securing cloth, thread, and trimming for the articles. Nearly all of the eighty-eight aprons on display were made from feed and flour sacks. They were trimmed with stenciling, applique prints, and embroidery. Thirty-eight pairs of hand-embroidered pillow slips were on sale. Many of these, also, were made from feed sacks. Dozens of scarves, luncheon sets, and crocheted articles formed a very attractive part of the bazaar. Nearly every one of the fifty-six members of the ward Relief Society contributed one or more articles. Sister Erma Stewart, President, Mount Graham Stake Relief Society, was present on this occasion.



Photograph submitted by Myra Patterson

EMIGRATION STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) ELEVENTH WARD CHURCH WELFARE ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED

Seated, center: President Alice Halgren; to her right, Myra Patterson, First Counselor and work director; to Sister Halgren's left, Sarah Morris, Second Counselor.

The Eleventh Ward was told it was the first ward in the Salt Lake Region to complete the 1947 Welfare sewing assignment which was turned in and accepted on March 12th, 1947. Sister Patterson, in reporting this achievement, comments: "In performing this requirement we made friends and formed ties of love and friendship that will last forever."



Photograph submitted by Carrie M. Linford

EMIGRATION STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) TWELFTH WARD FASHION SHOW, April 29, 1947

Front row, left to right: Sewing director Mary A. Coulam; Second Counselor Lynn Ferrell; President Carrie Linford; First Counselor Sarah Barrett; Secretary-Treasurer Pearl Oviatt; stake board member Sarah Jarrell; Stake President Louise Madsen; chorister Sadie Epperson.

Sewing director Clara Swan stands at the left in the second row, and First Counselor in the stake presidency Effie Yates stands third from the left in the fourth row.

Sister Carrie M. Linford, President, Twelfth Ward Relief Society, reports this very successful fashion show in which twenty-five women modeled eleven dresses, five suits, three play suits, three coats, and fourteen hats that had been made by the women of the Relief Society during the sewing periods. The Welfare assignment, also, has been completed and some of the articles made for this project were on display at the fashion show. Some of the women modeled pioneer dresses for the occasion.

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH) ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL, 1947

The four St. George wards met in the West Ward chapel for an interesting program and social. Katherine M. Larson gave an account of the activities of the Relief Society in St. George Stake from the beginning to the present time. The Singing Mothers presented music for the occasion and a delicious lunch was served to more than 400 women.

Leila K. Atkin is president of St. George Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ella E. Pendleton

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), PAROWAN WEST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY YOUNG MOTHERS AT MARCH 17th CELEBRATION, 1947

Seated left to right: Fedora Stevens; Sarah Ann Stevens; Joe Mickelson; Sarah Hulet.

Standing left to right: Evaleen George and son Kenneth; Ruby Matheson and son Bevan; Cora Hulet and daughter Margaret; Beatrice Mickelson.

The Parowan West Ward has been emphasizing the importance of Relief Society attendance for young mothers. This interesting picture shows Sarah Ann Stevens, the oldest Relief Society member in the West Ward, an active member and visiting teacher, with four generations of her family, all regular attendants at Relief Society meetings. Sister Stevens is eighty-one years old. She has twelve children, forty grandchildren, and forty-one great-grandchildren.

Edna S. Hatch is president of Parowan Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Gwendolyn Gwynn

WASHINGTON STAKE, NEWLY ORGANIZED ALEXANDRIA (VIRGINIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Naomi Clegg, assistant work director; Freida Lambert, work director; Evelyn Harrison, supervisor of visiting teachers; Elese Lundberg, First Counselor, Washington Stake Relief Society; Helen Gagon, President, Alexandria Branch Relief Society; Vivienne Woolley, First Counselor; Lyla Ashley, Secretary; Mary Hyde, stake theology leader; Gwendolyn Gwynn, President, Washington Stake Relief Society; Virginia Beal, theology leader.

This photograph, taken at the branch birthday party, March 19, 1947, shows some of the young mothers who are active workers in the new organization.



Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, HAMILTON (OHIO), BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL DINNER, March 19, 1947

The appointments and decorations for this dinner were unique and represented the journey of the pioneers across the plains in 1847. The place cards were little pioneer

women, about five inches high, each being dressed differently. Each little woman held a songbook, open to the page "Come, Come Ye Saints." The centerpiece was a covered wagon drawn by four wooden oxen. The details of the harness, yoke, and wheels were almost perfect. A pioneer woman sat on the driver's seat, driving the oxen. The food served at the dinner was all prepared in pioneer style, and nearly all of the women wore pioneer costumes.

This dinner was held at the home of the branch Relief Society president, Fern L. Wadsworth (standing first on the left). Sister Wadsworth, for many years an active worker in the Hamilton Branch, had directed much of the relief work and many hours of sewing were spent by the Relief Society sisters in the Wadsworth home. Sister Wadsworth passed away just ten days after this photograph was taken. Sister Elna P. Haymond, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, paid tribute to Sister Wadsworth in these words: "Her life was spent for others and a more genuinely cheerful disposition I have never known."



Photograph, taken in 1896, submitted by Eden H. Powell

BRITISH MISSION, FIRST RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED IN LEEDS CONFERENCE, BIRKINSHAW, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

Front row left to right: First sister's name unknown; Treasurer Lily Mosley; Secretary Eden Hopwood Powell, now of Vernal, Utah, who submitted the photograph; Counselor Mary E. Evans; Mary E. Hustler.

Second row left to right: Sally Hewitt; Aunkie Wilmott; Mary Grechan; Leah Crowther; President Emma Hustler; Emma Walker; Maria Gommissal; Annie Evans; Sarah Briggs; Nancy Schofield.

Back row left to right: Mary Bland; Eunice Balm; Sister Pickup; M. A. Briggs; name unknown; Edith Ellerby; Annis Ellis; Annie Virr; Sarah J. Walker.

Martha Hopwood, mother of Sister Powell, was the first president of this Society. After her death she was succeeded by Emma Hustler. A faithful saint for many years, Sister Hopwood cared for the missionaries, sewed for them, and did their laundry. Her example in doing works of charity was a blessing to this early Relief Society and to all who knew her.



Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage)

Elder Don B. Colton

Lesson 2—"The Need of a Redeemer"

"The Antemortal Godship of Christ"

For Tuesday, November 4, 1947

Objective: To show that under the gospel plan a Redeemer was absolutely necessary; and that Jesus, our Lord, had attained Godship in an antemortal existence.

THE Latter-day Saints affirm a belief that the human race existed as spirit children of our Father in a primeval world as real as the one in which we now live. The belief is unique in the world but is amply supported by scripture. It has already been shown that free agency has always been and always will be an essential element in God's great plan.

Eternal progress and growth are also a part of the plan of the Holy One of Israel. A body of flesh and bones—a tabernacle—in which each spirit child might live, is essential to complete happiness. It has been revealed:

For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fulness of joy; and when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy (D. & C. 93:33-34).

But behold, all things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things. Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy (II Nephi 2:24-25).

In that first estate, our Father, Elohim, knew us—his spirit children.

He knew that some would be faithful and others would choose the path of destruction. He knew that in the body, we would meet temptation and sin and many would fail; all would come short of the glory of God, and, away from his presence, men would not progress but would retrogress. They must be helped if they were to gain salvation and final exaltation in the eternal worlds. Moreover, because of degeneracy and retrogression following the transgression of our first parents in the flesh, death would come into the world. While all the evil and sin that would come into the world were known by the Father, it must not be assumed that he caused them. He permits evil but shows us a way to avoid it. We have the right, however, to make the choice. We are free agents.

Under the plan adopted in the council in heaven, the spirit children of our Father were to come to the earth, created by Jesus, and take bodies. It must not be forgotten that we elected to do this with, at least, a partial understanding of the

consequences. Whatever was done was done that man might be. The Latter-day Saints reject the doctrine that the "fall of Adam" was the result of the breaking of a moral law. Adam and Eve were noble people, and will be honored and acclaimed as our first great parents in mortal life. They did, however, break a law of God with reference to their bodies. They were forbidden to partake of certain things which had been condemned. They were told if they took into their bodies certain foods, that their bodies would lose the power which they then held to live forever. Elder Talmage teaches that the fall was brought about by eating things unfit to be taken into the body, which things made the body a thing of earth.

Only immortal bodies or beings may dwell in the presence of God. When Adam and Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, they became mortal beings and fell from a higher to a lower estate, considering it from one standpoint, however, it was a state of advancement on the way of eternal progression. With this mortal state, death was inevitable, because mortality cannot put on immortality without it.

After the fall, and in accordance with the plan adopted by the council in heaven, Adam, and the woman given to him and who was an essential part of the plan, became subject to physical ailments and human frailties. They and their posterity—being mortal—were subject to temptation by Lucifer, whose lying and deceitfulness had beguiled Eve. Death, sickness, temptation, and sin came into the world.

It seems just and logical that only those who were responsible for the

fall should pay the penalty attached to it. As Paul stated so plainly:

Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. . . . Therefore, as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life (Rom. 5:12, 18).

The atonement was made by the only One who was without sin and could pay the debt. We should not be puzzled because of vicarious work. In this case, it was "voluntary and love inspired." Latter-day Saints know that much of our temple work is vicarious. It, too, is love inspired. Much of the work of the world is done by agents. An eternal law had been broken, and there was but One who could pay the penalty. That One was the Only Begotten Son of God who was foreordained in the heavens for that work. He was chosen to do the work by Elohim—the greatest of all. "For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself" (John 5:26). Had he not come, man would have gone to his grave and the flesh "to crumble to its mother earth, to rise no more." The resurrection has come and will come to all as a glorious gift from the Son of God. (Read II Nephi, Chapter 9). Christ redeems us all from the consequences of Adam's transgressions and from our own sins if, with all our hearts, we accept him and obey his gospel plan. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (I Cor. 15:33).

The Antemortal Godship of Christ

This part of the lesson should be studied very carefully. It must be

borne in mind always that the Savior was ordained of the Father to do his mighty work. "It pleased the Father that in him [Christ] should all fulness dwell" (Col. 1:19).

Let us try to state it clearly. In the council held in the heavens "before the foundations of the earth were laid," the Savior was chosen and ordained to create the world:

For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist.

And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell (Col. 1:16-19). (See also John 1:1-5, 14).

Having created the earth, Jehovah became its father, and we were translated by choice into his kingdom. He delivered us from the power of darkness. He bought us with a price, that is, we have "redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

Isaiah 9:6 tells us:

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Having created the earth, Jehovah became its Father. While upon earth, however, he instructed us that the title "Father" should be reserved for the Father of our spirits, Elohim. Jesus was, however, the Maker, the Organizer, the Creator of the heavens and the earth. He is referred to as the Father in that sense, but we

must not confuse that title with the "Father of our spirits." A careful study of each context will show the difference.

That the Savior was in reality God the Creator is revealed in plainness in the Book of Mormon. Samuel, the prophet, said:

And also that ye might know of the coming of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and of earth, the Creator of all things from the beginning; and that ye might know of the signs of his coming, to the intent that ye might believe on his name (Helaman 14:12).

Members should read also III Nephi 9:15. The same glorious truth is revealed in this dispensation by the voice of the resurrected Lord:

Hearken, O ye people of my church, to whom the kingdom has been given; hearken ye and give ear to him who laid the foundation of the earth, and who made the heavens and all the hosts thereof, and by whom all things were made which live, and move, and have a being (D. & C. 45:1).

Upon another occasion, he said:

Behold, I am Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, who created the heavens and the earth; a light which cannot be hid in darkness (D. & C. 14:9).

Jesus Christ is also the "Father" of those who abide in his gospel:

In a revelation given through Joseph the Prophet to Emma Smith the Lord Jesus addressed the woman as "My daughter," and said: "for verily I say unto you, all those who receive my gospel are sons and daughters in my kingdom" (D. & C. 25:1).

A forceful exposition of this relationship between Jesus Christ and the Father and those who comply with the requirements of the Gospel as His children was given by Abinadi, centuries before our Lord's birth in the flesh: "And now I say unto you, who shall declare his generation? Behold, I say unto you, that when his soul has been made an offering for sin, he shall see his seed. And now what say ye? And

who shall be his seed? Behold I say unto you, that whosoever has heard the words of the prophets, yea, all the holy prophets who have prophesied concerning the coming of the Lord—I say unto you, that all those who have hearkened unto their words, and believed that the Lord would redeem his people, and have looked forward to that day for a remission of their sins, I say unto you, that these are his seed, or they are the heirs of the kingdom of God. For these are they whose sins he has borne; these are they for whom he has died to redeem them from their transgressions. And now, are they not his seed? Yea, and are not the prophets, every one that has opened his mouth to prophesy, that has not fallen into transgression, I mean all the holy prophets ever since the world began? I say unto you that they are his seed (Mosiah 15:10-13).

Doctrinal Exposition by the First Presidency and the Twelve, June 30, 1916.

See JAMES E. TALMADGE: *The Articles of Faith*, pp. 467, 468, 469.

Of Jesus Christ as the Father we read in the Doctrine and Covenants 93:2-4:

And that I am the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and that I am in the Father, and the Father in me, and the Father and I are one—the Father because he gave me of his fulness, and the Son because I was in the

world and made flesh my tabernacle, and dwelt among the sons of men.

The treatise in the text on titles and names given to our Lord should be read. Here we need only give a word of warning against the too frequent use of the name Christ. That is a sacred title and is equivalent to Messiah, signifying the Anointed One. Too frequent use of the sacred names or titles should be avoided. We should mention the name—title, God the Eternal Father, most reverently. His firstborn in the spirit and Only Begotten in the flesh is Jesus Christ. These sacred names should never be taken in vain or spoken irreverently.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. State briefly the causes which made the coming of the Redeemer absolutely necessary if mankind is to be saved.
2. Discuss vicarious work and show how so much of the work of life is done by agents.
3. Give reasons why people should not indulge in profanity. Let your answers cover also other titles given to the Lord and show why each has peculiar significance.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 2—Colonization

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, November 4, 1947

Objective: To call attention to the outstanding ability of the pioneers as colonizers and empire builders.

AMONG the outstanding accomplishments of the Latter-day Saints are their projects in colonization. They are known the world

over as successful and expert colonizers. Wherever they have settled, they have set out at once to build homes and communities, to over-

come frontier and desert environment, and to develop and utilize all available resources. Among the many factors in their success as community and nation-builders are their industry, diligence, and perseverance, and their ability to co-operate and to organize and utilize to the very highest degree all of their available manpower.

Dr. Thomas N. Carver, Professor of Political Economy at Harvard University, under the title "A Positive Religion," writes:

One good way to study the art of nation-building is to study it in miniature. One can study it in miniature . . . in the Mormon colonies in Utah. I have long been interested in the Mormon policy. It is one of the most interesting and instructive experiments in the world. It throws a great deal of light on the art of nation-building . . . They (the Mormons) started with nothing and built a great and glorious commonwealth. They found a desert and made it bloom and blossom as the rose. Such things can be accomplished in only one way. That way is the economizing of man-power.

Dr. Carver points out that manpower may be economized by discovering hidden talent and giving it a chance to function; by co-operation, or by working together harmoniously for the common good, and also by cultivating sound personal habits among the people, all of which he says the Latter-day Saints do. He says also that those who waste their substance in riotous living are wasting more than wealth. They are

wasting their own vital energy, their own manpower. He continues:

I have never found more sound and wholesome personal habits than among the Mormons. I have never mingled with people who showed fewer signs of dissipation. I have never studied groups of people who seemed better nourished and more healthful. I have never known people who took more pains to educate their children. This gives a clue to the success of the Mormons as colonizers and nation-builders.

The ability of the Latter-day Saints to organize and utilize manpower was shown as the 148 pioneers began their journey across the plains in 1847. It was shown after they reached the Valley. Industry was the keynote, and the great object was that each family should become self-sustaining. Each group and each individual had definite tasks to perform. Everybody worked.

From the beginning the pioneers operated in harmony with the admonition of Paul: ". . . this we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat" (II Thess. 3:10), and also with the revelation: "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer" (D. & C. 42:42).

Suggestions for Discussion

Through questions and discussion, show:

- a. Why the pioneers needed all manpower or working power of their men
- b. Why talent was searched out
- c. In what way habits of good living helped them.

Let the mountains shout for joy, and all ye valleys cry aloud; and all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your Eternal King! And ye rivers, and brooks, and rills, flow down with gladness. Let the woods and all the trees of the field praise the Lord; and ye solid rocks weep for joy! And let the sun, moon, and the morning stars sing together, and let all the sons of God shout for joy! And let the eternal creations declare his name forever and ever! (D.&C. 128:23).

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Work Meeting Committee, Leone G. Layton, Chairman

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THE optional sewing course was introduced into Relief Society work meeting in 1946-47 in order to give to women who so desired opportunity to learn, under helpful supervision, the fundamentals of sewing. The General Board has been delighted with the accomplishments of the stakes and wards which have followed the recommended course. Women who had never before made clothing have learned to sew and many, more experienced sewers, have been enabled to add to their sewing skill by learning short cuts and new methods. Many homes have been benefited by this learning, and many children have taken pride in wearing the workmanship of 'their mothers' hands.

In view of the success and interest shown in the course, and because of a continued need, the General Board feels it advisable to outline a course for 1947-48. There are still many women in the Church who are unable to do their own home sewing and would welcome opportunity to learn. We urge those wards which have not, as yet, organized a sewing class to make every effort to do so. We feel that in addition to the benefit derived by the individual, there is benefit to the Society as well, in that the more women who become interested in sewing and acquire sewing skill, the more will be willing and able to help Relief Society fill its sewing requirements. The course

is, however, for optional use by the wards and should in no way interfere with the necessary Welfare or Relief Society sewing.

The course, as outlined for 1947-48, will introduce material of proven benefit to women and will be suitable for classes just beginning, as well as provide additional instruction for more advanced sewers. It is the desire of the General Board that Latter-day Saint women learn to use those touches which make a garment look "not homemade but hand-made."

The same textbook may be used as was recommended for 1946-47, *The Complete Book of Sewing*. In addition to this text, many fine and helpful articles may be found in pamphlets published by the various pattern companies and in current household magazines.

Eight lessons will be published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, from August through March. A ward which desires to do so may substitute a fashion show in place of one of the lessons.

The titles for the lessons are:

Lesson 1. "Musts" for Success in Sewing

Lesson 2. *Choosing a Pattern*

Suiting the pattern to the figure and the material.

Lesson 3. *Altering a Pattern to Suit Figure Types*

Enlarging or reducing to suit figure peculiarities.

Lesson 4. *Sleeve Fitting and Shoulder Pads*

Instruction on how to put a sleeve in an armhole, and on how to suit the type of pad to the garment.

Lesson 5. *Bias Cutting and Joining, Cording, and Facing*

Proper method of using bias for finishing.

Lesson 6. *Fitted Facings*

Learning to cut facings to properly finish faced edgings.

Lesson 7. *Plackets*

Commonly used plackets for adults' and children's garments.

Lesson 8. *Make Over Suggestions*

Lesson 1—"Musts" for Success in Sewing

Jean Ridges Jennings

EVERY woman who does her own sewing, whether she is a beginner or has had much experience, hopes to have her finished garment look as professional as possible. Many times her success or failure hinges on the little things, the details that are thoughtlessly slighted or unknowingly overlooked. Our aim in this lesson is to call attention to some points that are at all times important, but frequently neglected.

One of the first really important things to watch is the color of the thread. Be sure that it matches the material exactly after it is sewed. Thread stitches up lighter than it appears on the spool. A good rule to follow is to match the color of the highlight on the spool to the goods.

Use fine pins and needles to avoid making marks in the cloth while working on it.

The less a garment is handled in the making, the better it will look when completed. Repeated stitching and picking out to remedy mistakes give the cloth a worked-over look that detracts from its newness. So get the habit of basting well and freely to make sure machine stitching will be right before it is used. Then remove bastings in short pieces

by cutting them at frequent intervals.

Pressing is all important. Be sure to press as you go. Follow the rule of never sewing over an unpressed seam. But before using the iron on a garment always make a test on a sample of material to determine what method of pressing is best. Many fabrics are injured by improper pressing. Most fabrics cannot be ironed directly. Many times moisture is harmful. Materials with a nap are more successfully pressed with two cloths, one dry, next to the material, one moist, over the dry. In some cases merely steaming with a moist cloth lightly touched by a hot iron is best. Make a test on the fabric with different methods and determine which is most satisfactory. Above all, avoid overpressing which gives a flat, shiny look.

Strive for absolute accuracy in all work. Follow pattern markings exactly so that pieces fit together in their proper proportion. Make a habit of always stitching out the full seam allowance on all seams, unless making allowance for fit. This cannot be stressed too much, because many garments are thrown completely out of line by deviating from the amount taken in at the seams.

Keep the garment hung on a clothes hanger at all times, and not just folded up. This saves repeated pressings, which take time and are hard on materials. Press as you go, and keep your dress properly hung, and it will always be pressed.

Remember there are two kinds of

trouble—the trouble you take and the trouble you make. Have one, and avoid the other. Organize your work well in the beginning. Do all steps in their proper order. Take infinite pains. Remember—“If it’s worth doing at all it’s worth doing well.”

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

Lesson 2—Literary Values of the Doctrine and Covenants

For Tuesday, November 18, 1947

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the elements of truth and beauty it contains.

ONE of the great lyric poets, John Keats, who died at twenty-six, left the world this immortal line, “A thing of beauty is a joy forever.” The oft-quoted Keats must have sensed his early death, for in his writings are found many hints of his love for life and many fears for its uncertainty. To compensate for worldly insecurities he wrote of steadfast stars, of autumn’s constant hush, of night birds’ returning songs. In his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, one senses the comfort he must have gained from knowing that such a work of art was not soon touched by time’s on-moving hand, and that though the figures engraved upon its polished clay could never move, yet, also, was it true they would remain forever beautiful.

Along with the truths which great literature propounds, may, also, be found the beauty that lives in their discovery. So it is with scripture. For its full appreciation a reader must gain more than mere mastery of facts. He must be conscious of the creative power which directs the

writing of lines, an immortal power which gives them immortal cast. Only in this way can the full joy of truth and beauty be known.

To the student of scripture there comes the double assignment. He must be enlightened with the doctrine of truth and to appreciate more fully its message to the heart, as well as the mind, he must know something of the form in which thoughts are expressed.

Our most modern scripture as understood by Latter-day Saints today is the Doctrine and Covenants. Within its inspired sections may be found the same power of literary excellence that characterizes the scriptures of old. One need not look far within its pages before he finds the marks of literary form which, if studied and understood even but briefly, will add to one’s appreciation of its truth and beauty.

Let us, then, as students of literary values to be found in the Doctrine and Covenants, seek out a few of the most characteristic marks for our study. We need to know a few

of the signposts that point the way. In good literary form may be found such things as economy of words, effective choice of words, and the forceful use of words in sentence patterns.

To understand these values in scriptural reading is truly to read literature, rather than merely to read about it. For illustration consider the following oft-quoted selections from the Doctrine and Covenants in the light of the elements of good literary form just mentioned. Let us first consider word economy.

And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father *That by him and through him and of him*, the worlds are and were created; and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God (76:22-24).

Note the placement of the italicized phrases in the sentence. They are thrown ahead of a main thought which follows. A reversal of order would demand more words and lessen the effectiveness of the sentence pattern.

Another example of word economy:

Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God; For, behold, *the Lord your Redeemer* suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him (18:10, 11).

If the italicized phrases were to read as many writers would pen it, it would be as follows: "The Lord who is your Redeemer," etc.

In the following excerpt note the word choice. Catch the force of the

italicized words which are struck with cutting edges:

How long can rolling waters remain impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it up stream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints (121:33).

In the quotation below regard the force of sentence pattern. Note especially the skill with which the words of significant meaning are set at the beginning and ending of the sentence, thus keeping a balance of thought well knit within.

Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall be fulfilled (1:37).

Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness (13).

Economy, effect, and force play no small part in literary form. In all good writing these marks are found. The simple and direct style of the Doctrine and Covenants is in harmony with this thought. The beauty of truth is borne out in such writing.

With these thoughts in mind let us consider a characteristic literary pattern found in all true scriptural writing, that of parallel structure. In this Hebraic style an emphatic phrase is echoed several times throughout a passage with pleasing effect. The Doctrine and Covenants is characteristically Hebraic in style. Note:

For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of righteousness is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads (25:12).

Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore, be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet (58:21, 22).

Activities and Readings

For Appreciation

It is the purpose of this first lesson to present three elements of literary form: namely, skill in the use of economy of words, effective choice of words, and the forceful use of words as employed in sentence patterns. Also, has been mentioned the Hebraic form of writing known as parallel structure. To be aware of such factors in scriptural reading is to increase one's appreciation of its beauty.

Other literary values to be found in the Doctrine and Covenants will be treated in lessons that follow. For our opening study let us consider the word patterns of this modern scripture. Active study of the selections given below will disclose in them the many literary values discussed in the lesson. Let class members find those values within each selection that seem apparent. Have the significant truth of the passage commented upon first, and then indicate how the form in which the truth is given enhances its beauty.

Hearken, O ye people of my church, saith the voice of him who dwells on high, and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, verily I say: Hearken ye people from afar; and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together. For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is

none to escape; and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated. And the rebellious shall be pierced with much sorrow; for their iniquities shall be spoken upon the housetops, and their secret acts shall be revealed. And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days. And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them (1:1-5).

Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers. If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming (2:1-3).

Require not miracles, except I shall command you, except casting out devils, healing the sick, and against poisonous serpents, and against deadly poisons; And these things ye shall not do, except it be required of you by them who desire it, that the scriptures might be fulfilled; for ye shall do according to that which is written (24:13, 14).

Wherefore, be not deceived, but continue in steadfastness, looking forth for the heavens to be shaken, and the earth to tremble and to reel to and fro as a drunken man, and for the valleys to be exalted, and for the mountains to be made low, and for the rough places to become smooth—and all this when the angel shall sound his trumpet. But before the great day of the Lord shall come, Jacob shall flourish in the wilderness, and the Lamanites shall blossom as the rose. Zion shall flourish upon the hills and rejoice upon the mountains, and shall be assembled together unto the place which I have appointed (49:23-25).

Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward (58:27-28).

I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise (82:10).

Therefore, verily I say unto you, my friends, call your solemn assembly, as I have commanded you. And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith. Organize yourselves; prepare every needful thing; and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God; That your incomings may be in the name of the Lord; that your outgoings may be in the name of the Lord; that all your salutations may be in the name of the Lord, with uplifted hands unto the Most High. Therefore, cease from all your light speeches, and from all laughter, from all your lustful desires, from all your pride and light-mindedness, and from all your wicked doings. Appoint among yourselves a teacher, and let not all be spokesmen at once; but let one speak at a time and let all listen unto his sayings, that when all have spoken that all may be edified of all, and that every man may have an equal privilege. See that ye love one another; cease to be covetous; learn to impart one to another as the gospel requires. Cease to be idle; cease to be unclean; cease to find fault one with another; cease to sleep longer than is needful; retire to thy

bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated (88:117-124).

And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen (89:18-21).

Wherefore, fear not even unto death; for in this world your joy is not full, but in me your joy is full. Therefore, care not for the body, neither the life of the body; but care for the soul, and for the life of the soul. And seek the face of the Lord always, that in patience ye may possess your souls, and ye shall have eternal life. When men are called unto mine everlasting gospel, and covenant with an everlasting covenant, they are accounted as the salt of the earth and the savor of men; they are called to be the savor of men; therefore, if that salt of the earth lose its savor, behold, it is thenceforth good for nothing only to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men (101:36-40).

As a second activity have each member of the class choose a favorite passage of her own to discuss in the manner outlined above.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 2—Honesty

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 25, 1947

Objective: To show that honesty is fundamental to an upright character, and that teaching of this principle and a consistent example set by daily living must be given children in the home.

IN a chemistry class in college the students were assigned several experiments to work out and hand in by the end of the term, in order to complete a certain unit. As they

were finished and handed in, the experiments were checked off in the professor's roll book and posted on the bulletin board each month. Early in the second month, Tom

Russell's name appeared on the list, but Tom had not completed those experiments. For several days he pondered this occurrence and was tempted to let it pass. Under the circumstances, no one would know or question the fact that the work had not been handed in, and he would avoid many, many hours of tedious study. At last, however, his sense of honor triumphed. He went to the professor and explained that there had been a mistake, that he had not completed the experiments and was ready to proceed immediately on the assignment.

Many people think the only point that matters is whether or not one gets caught in a dishonest act. They are fooling only themselves with this philosophy. There is One who always knows, to whom we must some day account for all our actions. And even if an evil act apparently escapes detection, it leaves a mark upon the soul which cannot be erased. A proverb of old says: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches" (Prov. 22:1).

It is a high compliment to be known as an honest man, and too much emphasis cannot be made upon this basic principle of living:

J. P. Morgan once loaned a large sum of money to a man who had very little collateral to offer as security. He was questioned for this apparent rashness. Morgan answered that he made the loan because of the man's reputation over a long period, for his high honor and integrity. When asked if collateral was not also important, Morgan replied he would not loan even a single dollar to a man he could not trust, regardless of his collateral (DR. FRANKLIN L. WEST: "Church Section," *The Deseret News*, March 30, 1946).

Integrity, or honesty, is fundamental to the structure of our so-

ciety. Business is dependent upon the honesty of the individual members of society. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent of our modern business is done on credit, which simply means that people are assumed to be as good as their word.

In his book *Fundamentals of Prosperity*, Roger W. Babson relates the following incident:

While on a recent visit to Chicago, I was taken by the president of one of the largest banks to see his new safety deposit vaults. He described these—as bank presidents will—as the largest and most marvelous vaults in the city. He expatiated on the heavy steel doors and the various electrical and mechanical contrivances which protect the stocks and bonds deposited in the institution.

While at the bank a person came in to rent a box. He made the arrangements for the box, and the box was handed to him. In it he deposited some stocks and bonds which he took from his pocket. Then the clerk who had charge of the vaults went to a rack on the wall and took out a key and gave it to the man. . . . The man then put the box into one of the steel compartments, shut the door and turned the key. He then went away feeling perfectly secure on account of those steel doors and various mechanical and electrical contrivances existing to protect his wealth.

I did not wish to give him a sleepless night so I said nothing; but I couldn't help thinking how easy it would have been for that poorly-paid, hunchbacked clerk to make a duplicate of that key before he delivered it to the renter of that box. With such a duplicate, the clerk could have made that man penniless within a few minutes after he had left the building. The great steel door and the electrical and mechanical contrivances would have been absolutely valueless.

Of course the point I am making is that the real security which that great bank in Chicago had to offer its clientele lay not in the massive stone columns in front of its structure, nor in the heavy steel doors; nor the electrical and mechanical contri-

vances. The real strength of that institution rested in the honesty—the absolute integrity—of its clerks (pp. 13-15).

What Statement Do We Have Which Shows the Latter-day Saint Belief in Honesty?

As Latter-day Saints we believe in adhering to honesty in all its varied phases. The Prophet Joseph Smith, in giving a brief summary of our beliefs, stated, among other things, "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men . . ." (13th Article of faith).

What Does It Mean to Be Honest With One's Self?

Being honest with one's self is a noble ambition. It means living up to one's highest ideals. It means not succumbing to petty practices (even though they might never be discovered by others) that may jeopardize one's reputation or character, or that may injure someone else. It was Shakespeare who said: "To thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man." No matter what the world thinks of us, we must live with ourselves and a clear conscience is worth more than all the money or power in the world. The business man who misleads or overcharges and then salves his conscience with the doctrine that such practices are necessary in business, is untrue to himself and to others. The politician who shifts and stalls to keep in the good graces of different groups, that he may benefit personally, is a menace to society. The person who adroitly phrases a statement to give the wrong impression is untruthful in a very cowardly way. William George Jordan says:

He who is careless of his appointments is the thoughtless thief of another's time. The man who makes truth his watchword is careful in his words, he seeks to be accurate, neither understanding nor over-coloring. He never states as a fact that of which he is not sure. What he says has the ring of sincerity, the hallmark of pure gold. If he praises you, you accept his statement as "net," you do not have to work out a problem in mental arithmetic on the side to see what discount you ought to make before you accept his judgment. His promise counts for something. . . . His honesty is not policy. The man who is honest merely because it is "the best policy" is not really honest, he is only politic. Usually such a man would forsake his seeming loyalty to truth and would work overtime for the devil—if he could get better terms.

Man is usually loyal to what he most desires. The man who lies to save a nickel, merely proclaims that he esteems a nickel more than he does his honor. He who sacrifices his ideals, truth and character, for mere money or position, is weighing his conscience in one pan of scale against a bag of gold in the other (*The Power of Truth*, pp. 5-8).

Can the Golden Rule Be Used as a Guide to Honesty?

The Savior gave us a yardstick with which to measure honesty. It is so simple that even a child can understand it, and yet the whole world is suffering today from the lack of its application. It is stated in what is commonly referred to as the Golden Rule: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. . ."

Is it a Form of Dishonesty to Neglect Church Obligations?

One phase of dishonesty is revealed in the matter of how we carry out our obligations to the Lord, although many do not look upon it in that light. When we become members of the Church, we are under ob-

ligation to support the Church by attending sacrament meetings, the payment of tithes, and living upright lives. When we receive the Priesthood or are appointed to any office we assume other obligations, the performance of which is entirely dependent upon our own honesty. To fall down on these responsibilities is to be untrue to those obligations.

How May We Teach Honesty at Home?

The foundation for honesty should be laid very early in a child's life. From its very infancy a child should be shown the straightforward way. Example is always better than precept. A child is very quick to see any inconsistency between the spoken word and the actions of his parents. The procedures in the little happenings of everyday life sink deep into a child's consciousness. Parents must live the truth if they desire their children to do so. A mother cannot successfully teach honesty at home and then lie about the child's age when buying a ticket to a movie. A mother cannot give a visitor a false impression and expect the child to be frank and trustworthy in his expressions. If a child returns from the store with more money than is due, he should be told to return it immediately. If he is found to have in his possession a toy which does not belong to him, he should take it back. Do not scold and reprimand with anger. Gently explain that one must not take that which belongs to someone else as it is not right nor fair to others. It is well to have a child account for money given him to buy groceries or to make other purchases and to give him an

allowance for personal needs. It is well to keep in mind that one act of dishonesty may wreck the confidence which it has taken years to build. Therefore no promise should ever be given to the child with the intention of pacifying him for the moment. Punishment or reward should follow the promise as sure as the rising of the sun. Then the child will understand that his promises, too, are not to be idle words but something to be depended upon.

What Is the Proper Treatment for Lying?

A child should not be scolded and threatened for telling a lie. Lying is not a disease but a symptom. There is always a reason for a lie. It may be because of fear, to escape punishment, or to cover up some deficiency. It may be the result of a desire for praise or an urge to gain recognition from one's friends. It may even be an overabundance of imagination which leads a child on and on in a recital of some fantastic story.

If, through careful observation and kind treatment, the reason for the lie can be detected, then some corrective measure may be taken and a cure effected. Perhaps a child needs a little spending money of his own, or more praise and encouragement at home. Maybe he needs an opportunity to excel in something that he might make a favorable impression on his associates. Perhaps he needs help with his studies or training in courtesy or any number of things which would help him to feel secure and at peace with the world and his associates. J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation once made this statement: "If I had a son I would be afraid. He would never

catch me in a lie because I would never tell one." He added, also, that criminals have one thing in common—they are all liars. Angelo Patri says:

A child of five has no concept of truth for truth's sake. That is a concept of a matured mind and spirit. It comes late to most of us. There are some of us to whom it never comes. It is too much to expect of a little child. Truth-telling must be made beautiful, rewarding, before he can be expected to practice it much, especially in the face of fear. A frightened child has lost his grip on his mind and must fall back on his instinct for self-preservation. . . . The sure child, the one secure in his faith in his people, is much more able to see and tell the truth.

Go gently with this trait of childhood. Listen. Try to find what moved the child

to the wrong expression. Set the stage for truth by gentleness, by faith in the child's fundamental honesty, by patient listening and more patient correction.

"We should ever speak the truth—but only in love and kindness. Truth should ever extend the hand of love; never the hand clenching a bludgeon.

"No matter what price a man may pay for the truth, he is getting it at a bargain" (WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN: *The Power of Truth*, pp. 18, 19).

Additional Reference

DR. HAROLD T. CHRISTENSEN: "Honesty, the Core of Character," social science lesson published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1945, pp. 59-63.

FIELDS OF GRAIN

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Let us walk through fields of waving grain

Where clouds sail high and soft winds blow,

Where sunshine like a halo falls

On ripening grain, now bending low.

Where startled pheasants fly away

To hide in willow reefs near by,

While rows of blackbirds on the fence

Soon disappear in sheaves of rye.

Like shadowed folds of sun-dyed silk,

Broad acres of ripe wheat are spread;

Enchanting music may be heard

As zephyrs touch each golden head.

It is hallowed ground where grain fields sway;

That his great truths they might attain,

The Master his disciples taught

The while they walked through fields of grain.

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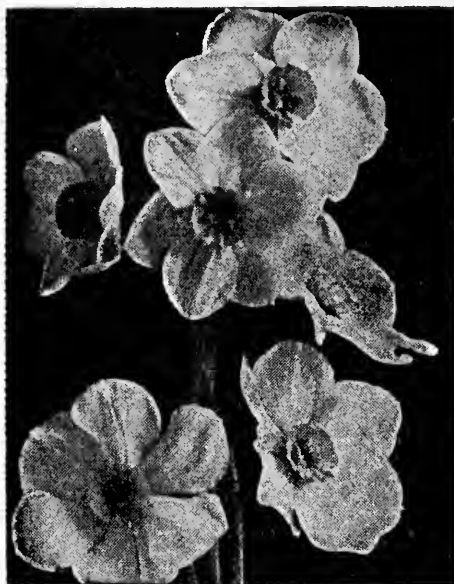
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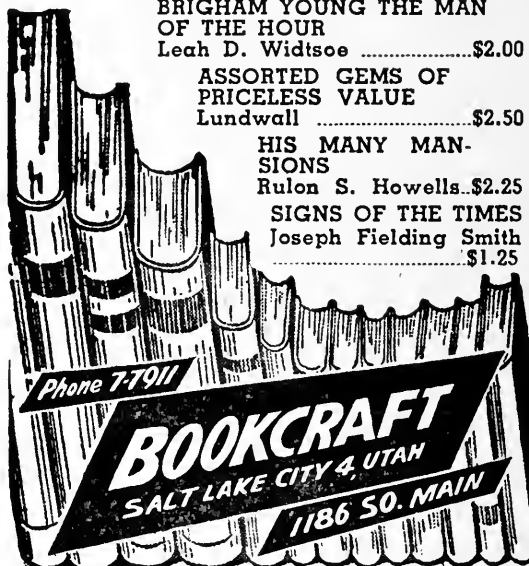
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

VOL. 34 NO. 9

Lessons for December

SEPTEMBER 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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SEPTEMBER 1947

No. 9

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 9

SEPTEMBER 1947

WITHIN THESE CADENCES

(The drafting of the Constitution of the United States was completed one hundred sixty years ago this September.)

Alice Morrey Bailey

These are simple words that all may read—
A land's majestic law, a free man's creed
Supreme in power and liberty, distilled
From patriot's blood that flowed at York, and spilled
At Brandywine. The warning hoofs yet beat
On Concord's roads; still sounds the fiery heat
Of orators within these cadences.

Here God-given rights, the premises
Of man, are prime—his right of speech
And worship, to assemble, to impeach.
None is slave, and none of titled note,
He stands secure in ownership. In secret vote
His is the right of choice, and he may rise
Above his lot in birth by enterprise.

His laws of life and trade are just and fair,
Bound in this document of answered prayer.
The sovereign states are one beneath its arch;
Behind these deathless words, the people march.

The Cover: "Reflections"—Photograph taken in Manti National Forest, Utah, by Grace T. Kirton.



Photograph by Willard Luce

"THE SOLDIER"—MORMON BATTALION MONUMENT
Gilbert Riswold, Sculptor

Utah State Capitol Grounds, Salt Lake City, Utah

New England and the Church

Elder William H. Reeder, Jr.

Former President, New England Mission

IN the heart of old downtown Boston stands historic Faneuil Hall—a gift, in 1742, to his fellow citizens by a patriotic and public spirited immigrant who had come to Boston and done well. It is a huge square building with market stalls occupying the first floor and all above it being devoted to use as a public auditorium in which there is a gallery. The hall is never rented, but is dedicated to the use forever “by the people whenever they wish to meet together to discuss public affairs.” It is called the “cradle of American liberty.” “Here were held some of the most momentous early meetings, including that which, several years before Lexington and Bunker Hill, stated the rights of America so plainly and imperatively as always to be held by the British to mark the real beginning of the Revolution (Shackleton, *The Book of Boston*, page 135).

On the walls of the auditorium hang two notable paintings, one by Gilbert Stuart, representing General George Washington about to mount his horse at Dorchester Heights in the siege of Boston, which resulted in its capture—the first major victory of the American Army against Britain; the other picturing Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States during his celebrated reply to Senator Hayne. There have been many fiery orations in this famous old hall, but these pictures are symbolic of two of the most important events and achievements in Ameri-

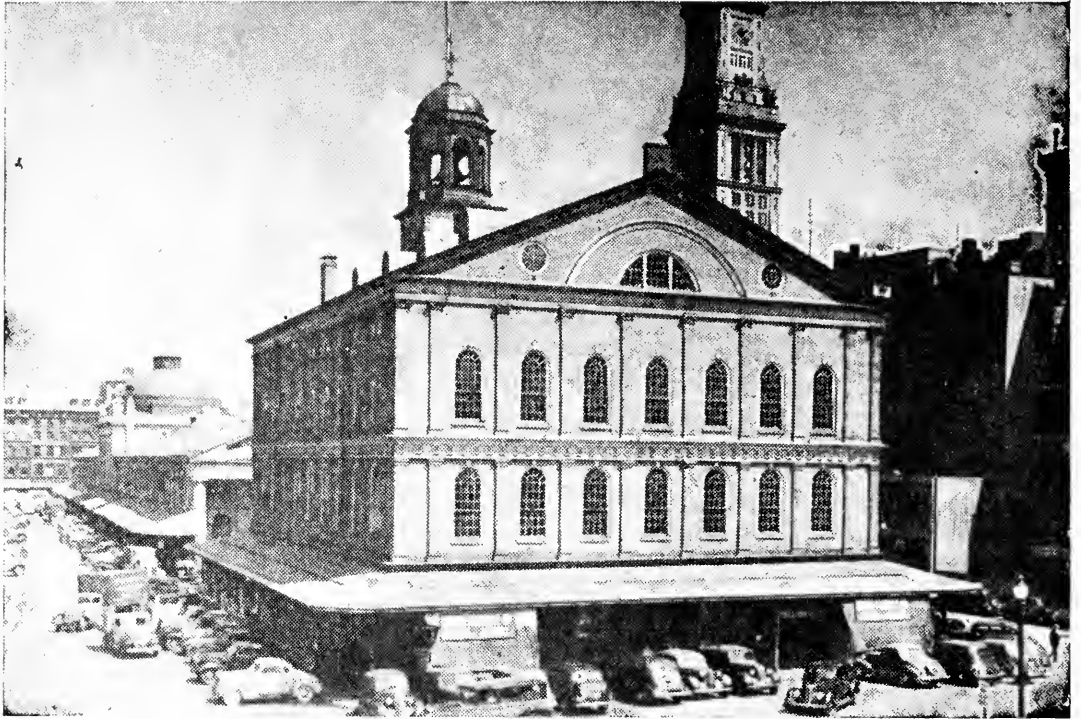
can history, namely: “Down with Tyranny,” and “Liberty and Union Forever.” Faneuil Hall is preserved and held in most sacred memory by the liberty-loving people of our country. Truly, the inspiration for liberty and union are found there.

New England was founded by the Pilgrims and others who were seeking freedom, including freedom to worship God in their own way. They left persecution, and suffered trials and tribulations, and in it all displayed a conquering fortitude. Against great odds they established themselves on inhospitable shores, on rough and rocky lands surrounded by hostile Indians.

They developed sturdy bodies, stern minds, and indomitable wills. The best the land afforded was wrested from it for their subsistence and comfort. Others came after them to enjoy grants which were liberally given by the Crown of England. The population increased and, spiderweb-like, the people spread the circle of new ventures in all the country roundabout them.

Those Pilgrims were so jealous of their own freedom that they became puritanical and intolerant of all who were courageous enough to differ with them. Many decried and defied the iron fist of those who, by self-righteous force, sought to impose their will upon the group. The erstwhile persecuted became the persecutors.

Roger Williams was one who would not bend his will to theirs,



Photograph by William H. Reeder, Jr.

FANEUIL HALL—CRADLE OF LIBERTY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

and who preached a new doctrine. He had left England because of his views, and would not abandon them in New England. Said he: "Civil places of trust and credit need not be monopolized into the hands of Church members (who sometimes are not fitted for them) and all others deprived and despoiled of their natural and civil rights of liberty. I affirm there was never a civil state in the world that ever did or ever shall make good work of it, with a civil sword in spiritual matters. Hence I affirm it lamentably to be against the Testimony of Jesus Christ, for the civil state to impose upon the souls of the people, a religion, a worship, a ministry, oaths (In religion and civil affairs) tithes. . . .

"Instead," he proclaimed, the state should give "free and absolute permission of conscience to all men

in what is merely spiritual" (James Ernst, *Rodger Williams*, pages 95-96).

The assumption of civil authority by ecclesiastics was thus declared to be wrong. This bold challenge was accepted by a government that was both Church and State. Refusing to recant, Roger Williams was banished from the Massachusetts Colony on pain of death if he returned. He founded Providence upon the basis that the people are the sovereigns and civil officers are their servants, and he continued to preach the separation of Church and State. He took part in the establishment of a new and liberal church with laymen as ministers, for "The hireling minister is none of Christ's" (Ernst, page 159).

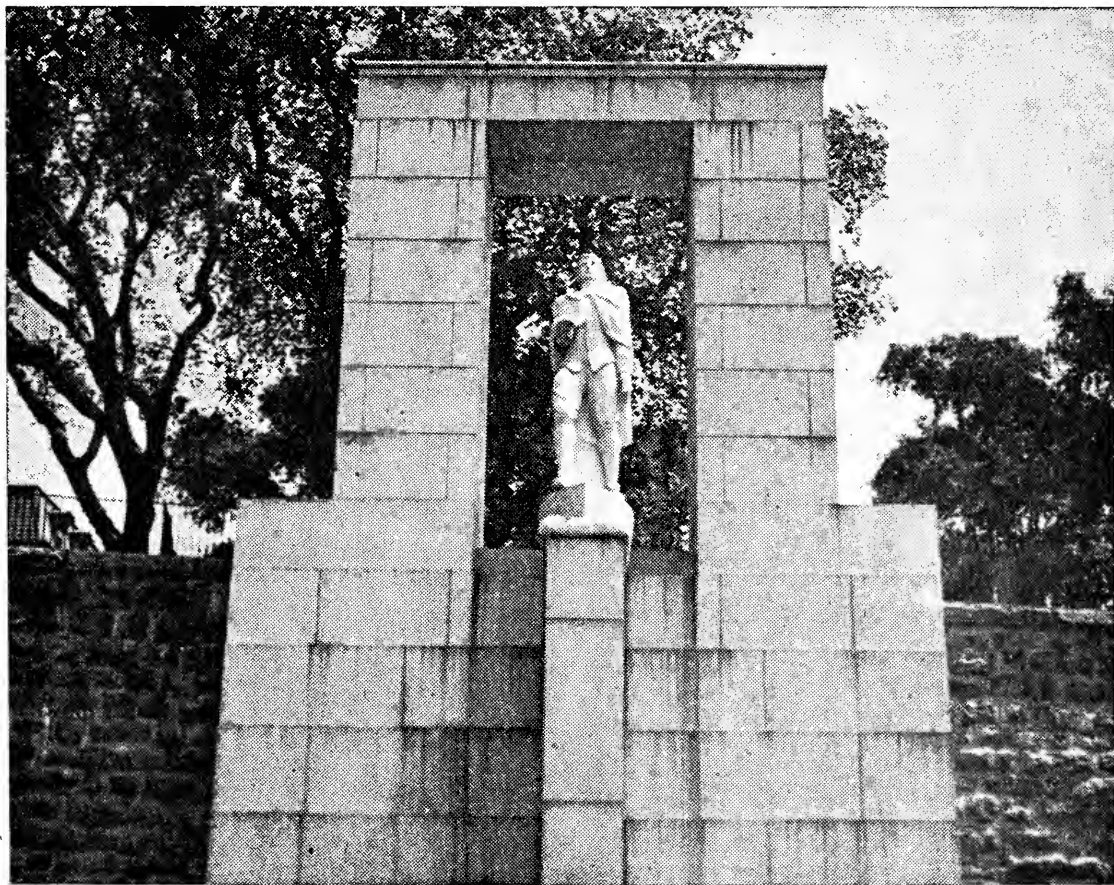
As his colony grew, he acquired additional territory by purchase from the Indians and a charter from the

king, thus establishing Rhode Island. Because of his fair dealing and friendliness with the natives, he lived to intercede with them in behalf of the Massachusetts Bay Colony which had banished him.

In Rhode Island the inhabitants could establish any religion and worship as they pleased. Those who were unhappy elsewhere in the colonies were welcomed by Roger Williams. Even the Hebrews came, and the first Jewish synagogue in America was built in Newport and may still be seen. Of the new Baptist Church, which came into being in Providence, Roger Williams said: "Their baptism could not be right, because it was not administered by an apostle." To him there was no

real church on earth, "till God shall stir up himself or some other new apostle to recover and restore all ordinances and churches of Christ out of the ruins of the Anti-Christian Apostate" (Ernst, page 207).

Roger Williams, the New England "Fire Brand," as he is called, continued to write pamphlets in America and in England and to preach his doctrines of freedom; and out of these were born new ideas. James Ernst summarizes the beliefs and the accomplishments of Roger Williams, as follows: "The civil state founded by Rodger Williams was a democratic federal commonwealth. His doctrines of state are people's sovereignty and rights of men: government by consent of the people



Photograph by William H. Reeder, Jr.

ROGER WILLIAMS MONUMENT, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

with a written social compact giving only limited powers to civil government . . . the natural and civil right of man to liberty of conscience and worship, and freedom of press, speech, debates, and associations. . . . Jefferson in his Declaration of Independence has not added anything to the revolutionary doctrine proclaimed by Roger Williams."

NEW England has a rock-bound coast. It is equally true that all of the six states of New England are underlaid with a bed of solid rock. The average depth of soil, it is said, is about six inches. The general terrain is hilly and mountainous. In the valleys, where the soil is deepest, are to be found farms, none of large area, and grazing lands which support numerous dairy herds. Precipitation is almost excessive, resulting in the land being luxuriantly covered with trees, shrubs, and grasses. There are no barren spots; even the cracks and crevasses in the rocks contain sufficient soil to sustain foliage. In the summertime it is green everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, interspersed with clean villages and prosperous cities. It is beautiful to behold.

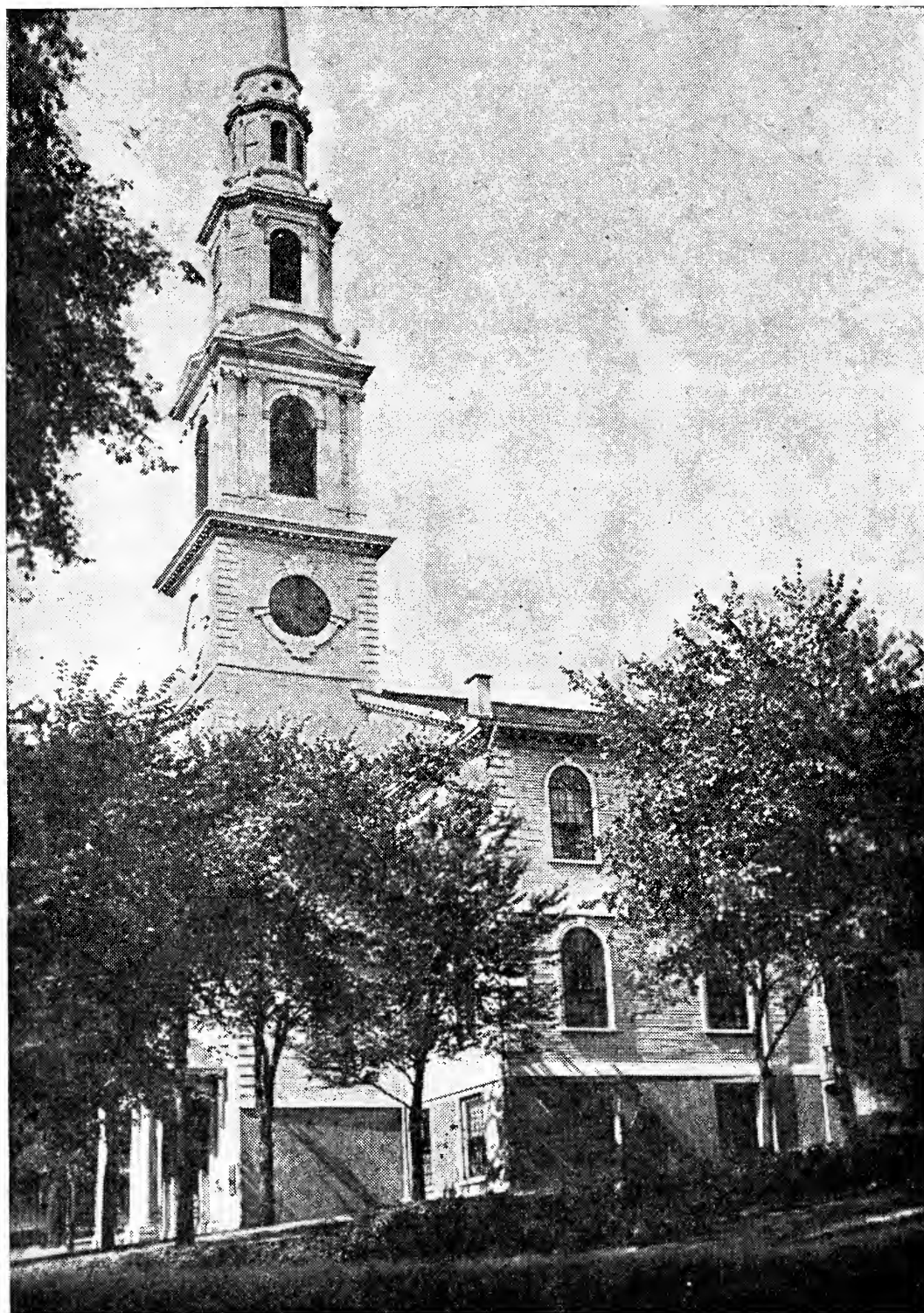
Everywhere, abundant streams run from the highlands to the sea. In their descent, numerous waterfalls and rapids are formed, which provide water power for mills and factories. A large percentage of the people of New England depend upon these industrial plants for livelihood, either as owners or workers. One sees factories on every hand where nationally advertised articles and goods are made. These articles range through the whole gamut of

manufactures, from huge machines to needles and thread.

The New Englander was frugal, thrifty, and resourceful—he had to be. It was certain and natural, therefore, that a restless search for better fields and opportunities should develop early in the settlement of New England. It was natural, too, that the stress and strains of life should accompany these people as they reached out for something better. The concepts which had become imbedded in their characters followed them from colony to new colony, and from New England to territories lying in the West. They were a sturdy people, accustomed to winning their way and willing to do so.

The conflict of ideas in the days of Roger Williams made deep and lasting impressions upon the colonists, were transmitted to their descendants, and were carried by the emigrants into the West. They had definite ideas of right and wrong in social life and in government organization and administration. They had minds of their own, and they were not backward in expressing them; and when the time came to fight against the mother country for their conception of freedom, they were unafraid, for their heads were clear and their hearts courageous. Their descendants, as they moved elsewhere, were proud of their New England fathers.

When Washington came to Cambridge to take command of the Continental Army, his mind was fixed, and he found men's minds everywhere set upon the great ideas and ideals that had become a part of the very beings of the people. There were numerous patriots, such as Hancock, Adams, Jefferson, and Hamil-



Photograph by William H. Reeder, Jr.

THE ROGER WILLIAMS CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

ton, over the length and breadth of the land.

The "shot heard round the world" was fired in Concord, but the powder for its discharge had been igniting for years. The force and the purposes of these early Americans and their will to accomplish them were irresistible. To succeed and establish that great "land of the free, and home of the brave" required much, and much they freely gave. They did not count the cost; they measured their success only by what they could set up as a permanent heritage for those who would come after them. The Republic they fashioned and the liberties for which they fought and bled are in our hands and must be preserved.

Washington and his compatriots were triumphant in the battle of Boston and the war for independence was won; Webster, Lincoln, and others achieved their purpose of preserving the Union so that this Nation, "conceived in liberty . . . shall not perish from the earth." Rodger Williams had not only done a lion's share in provoking the thinking of men in his time, and subsequent times, into crystallization of ideals and principles for a free nation, but he had expressed a faith in events which that Nation, when it came into-being, made possible: namely, the restoration of the Church and authority of Christ.

IS it any wonder, then, that New England, a battleground of thought, as well as armies, should have been the "seedbed" in preparation for the birth of the American Prophet? Rodger Williams' ideas of freedom and sovereignty of the people, Washington's leadership in

arms, and in the establishment of the Republic, and Webster's insistence that the Union be preserved—all laid the ground for the opening of this dispensation of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The time was ripe. New England had no little share in the preparation.

The Prophet's parents and grandparents were in the thick of the conflict; they were imbued with the quest for truth, as well as for the enjoyment of freedom. The Prophet's grandfather, Asahel Smith, while living in Topsfield, Massachusetts, revolted from the orthodox and moved to Vermont. His great-grandfather, Samuel Smith, was a patriot who made a notable record in revolutionary days. They were independent and self-reliant, and they passed on to their descendant Joseph Smith the Prophet, sterling qualities of virtue. His was a fortuitous birthright that was to be propitious for a divine calling.

The Prophet Joseph Smith was born in Vermont, on December 23, 1805. What had been progressively transpiring in the years before his birth was still the center of lively and patriotic conversation in his home. The great concepts of truth which had gradually evolved and become fixed in the life and government of the people as the culmination of a primary struggle of a new Nation, were still fresh in the minds of all. Joseph saw the light of day at the right moment for the dawn of the new dispensation. Joseph's parents were impelled by circumstances and inspiration to move on! The physiography of Vermont was against them, and so, participating in the spirit of progress, and seeking something better, the family moved

into Western New York, where the soil was deep, and the prospects were better for an increasing and growing family. With the birth of the Prophet, the forces which impelled them onward were irresistible; the new dispensation was inaugurated. The fertile field for its establishment and development was in the West, and thence they made their way.

Contemporaneously with the birth of the Prophet, here and there all over New England, men and women were being born who were to share in the establishment of the new dispensation and to become stalwarts in its behalf.

Brigham Young, Oliver Cowdery, Heber C. Kimball, and Erastus Snow came out of Vermont; Wilford Woodruff from Connecticut; Eliza R. Snow from Massachusetts. There were others, but each of these made a substantial contribution to the progress of the Church; each performed a special mission that left its impression upon the work of the Lord in the establishment of his kingdom in this latter day.

As the Church grew, there were thousands who, having their roots in New England, joined the Church and remained faithful to the end. Indeed, the New England influence in the Church was a dominant one. Those qualities of thrift, frugality, resourcefulness and the restless urge for improvement were in evidence throughout the entire early history of the Church. Even New England architecture is apparent in the early homes and buildings of the saints.

In July 1844, there were a number of the leading brethren doing missionary service in New England, namely: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, Orson

Pratt, Lyman Wight, Erastus Snow, and Daniel H. Spencer. They heard that the Prophet had been martyred, but they could not believe it. Letters soon confirmed the fact. In preparation for their departure, the saints were admonished to be courageous and faithful in the hour of tribulation. Matters were put in readiness, and the missionaries left for Nauvoo in the last week of July, 1844.

In the early days of the Church New England was a fertile field for converts. There were sizable branches in New England, sufficient to attract such great missionaries for the Church as those above named. They went about preaching to the people and holding conferences with the saints. After the news of the death of the Prophet was verified, these missionaries assembled in Boston and then went to their several fields before departing for the West. The history of Peterborough, New Hampshire, says that a whole group of converts numbering "136 leading citizens" sold everything they had and moved to Nauvoo, to follow Brigham Young, who had been their pastor.

At the present time the people of New England are backward in listening to the message of our missionaries. In the six New England states there are approximately 1200 members. (The New England Mission comprises those states and three provinces in Eastern Canada.) The Church owns eight beautiful pieces of property in excellent localities, seven of which are used as chapels, and one as the mission office and home. The members are generally enthusiastic about their religion and are very hopeful that great progress will be made in the future.

Always a Frontier

Christie Lund Coles

SOPHRONIA tried for the third time to thread the needle. For the third time the slim point of thread missed the small, mocking eye. Her hand trembled; it was no use. She laid it down on the table near the billowy white tulle she had been sewing, put her hand over her eyes, pressing hard, trying to shut out her weariness and the innumerable things that she had to do.

Maisa's dress must be finished for the dress rehearsal of the pageant tomorrow night; her own radio talk on the frontier woman must be made letter perfect (she had barely started it); John's suit must be taken to the tailor; his shirts and Tom's must be done up. She had promised Tom she would go with him to see a used car he wanted to buy. There was the cake to bake for the bazaar Wednesday, and guests coming for over the Twenty-fourth. And . . . oh, but there was the telephone again. Something jerked inside of her. If it rang once more . . . just once, she would scream.

As she walked toward the telephone she knew why it had been so difficult to finish her speech. It was hard to feel pity or understanding for the pioneer woman who had so much peace and none of the distractions and nerve-wracking worries that she herself seemed to have. Her grandmother's children had stayed safely home, no seventeen-year-old boy had wanted to race dangerously about in a convertible coupe. No daughter had rushed to this and that

as the Centennial queen's attendant, admired and courted. No phone had jangled, no radio or phonograph had blared, no insistent doorbell had had to be answered.

She sighed deeply as she took the receiver from its hook, then said, "Hello," as pleasantly as possible.

She was relieved to hear her husband's deep, resonant voice saying, "Hello, Sophie? How's everything?"

"All right, I suppose," she told him, wondering what new chore he had in mind for her.

"You know," he went on, "I was just sitting here watching the people in pioneer costumes go by. I got to thinking how nice it would be to drive out and see Grandfather Storey's old place just as part of the celebration. Would you like to do that this afternoon?"

She wanted to laugh loudly, hysterically. Instead, she managed to say, "Oh, John, it would be lovely, but I really haven't time."

"It's a nice day for a picnic, Sophie, and you and I haven't had a picnic alone for a long time. Come on, let things go."

There was an almost boyish insistence in his voice, a persuasiveness that she could not resist. She thought swiftly: she could finish up the dress tonight or in the morning; she could take a pencil and paper along and might get an idea or two for her talk. She was much too on the ragged and irritable edge to do much here, anyway. It might do her good.

He was repeating, "Well, what do

you say? Shall I pick you up in half an hour?"

"Yes. Yes, do that, John dear. I'll be ready."

She hurriedly slipped into a clean print dress and went to the kitchen to make a few sandwiches, a salad, and a thermos bottle of lemonade. As she was putting a dish towel over the basket, her daughter, brown and straight, and utterly lovely, walked in.

"Hi, Mom," she greeted her mother, "what are you up to?"

"Your father and I are taking a lunch out to the old farm."

"But I was hoping you would press my white skirt while I bathed. We're playing tennis."

"It's too hot for tennis. Besides, if you want your dress finished for tomorrow night you had better do a little on the basting. You can sew as well as I can."

She didn't mean to sound abrupt, but her daughter looked at her in surprise, protesting, "But, Mother."

"There's your father now. If Tom comes in tell him to take your father's suit to the cleaners. Sure now. Goodbye, darlin'."

The girl's surprise seemed to grow as she answered, "Goodbye. Have a nice time."

AS Sophronia and her husband drove down the country road, away from the city's rush and heat, her tenseness seemed to gradually leave her. She leaned her head on the seat, sang snatches of song.

"Oh, it is beautiful out here, isn't it?" she asked. "I imagine it was fun living here."

"Not much fun I'd say, the way grandmother had it," her husband answered, "it was a hard life."

Irritation rose in her again. She wanted to protest, to say she had heard Grandmother Storey tell about it. She wanted to cry out, "I'd like to see her take just one day of mine. Just one." It was by sheer will that she was silent, that she smiled at him as he assisted her from the car.

When they had finished their lunch and rested awhile in the tall grass, her husband told her, "I think I'll walk down through the fields, see the canal where we used to swim. Want to come along?"

"No. Lying here in the shade seems too good to me. You go."

"Sure you won't be lonesome?"

She laughed, "Quite, quite sure." She was eager to have him gone that she might close her eyes, soak in the silence and the cooling air, the sound of meadow lark and blue jay. It would be so restful.

And it was. Yet, when after what seemed like hours, she looked at her watch and found that only half an hour had passed, she got up and looked around her, at the small rock house, the well set back a hundred yards or more from the house. She could still hear the little old lady who had been John's grandmother saying, "We were lucky to have a well, though I usually carried my wash water from the canal."

Sophie could see the blackened bricks still forming part of a circle where grandmother had done her washings winter and summer—for ten children, where she had boiled lye and grease to make soap. Sophie saw the long rows of deserted garden which the little lady had said were hers to weed and plant, since the menfolks had too much else to do.

Oh, it hadn't been easy. Sophie admitted that.

SHE walked into the house and shrank a little from the musty darkness of the place, the small rooms, the few, small windows, the remains of a blackened fireplace in which had been done most of the cooking. She stood in what had been the parlor, listened for a sound, a car, a step, a neighbor, but there was nothing but utter silence, deep and stark and unutterably lonely, on all sides of her. She rushed outside, looked anxiously to the west for John. There was no sight of him, so she sat down again in the tall grass and began writing a few notes for her talk.

In the distance she heard what must have been the sound of a dog, though for a moment she shuddered, fearing it might be a coyote or some wild animal stalking near, hungry and vicious. That fear, too, must have been with Grandmother Storey on nights when her husband had gone to the city for supplies, and she was alone with her helpless brood.

Another hour passed. It seemed eternities. Oh, she couldn't have borne this silence and this isolation, this being cut off from the whole

world, working from dawn to dark, no music, no friends.

She saw John, then, coming through the fields. He saw her and his step hurried, he waved. Her heart leaped at the sight of him, with love, with welcome and tenderness. Just so, the woman before her had watched for her man, been eager for his coming.

She understood it all so well, now. It would never be easy for a woman and a mother. There would always be a frontier to face, to conquer, to rise above. Love was the dream—no, the reality that made it all possible, that made the past good, the future full of hope.

She could write her speech now. She could finish the dress. It would be fun to take the receiver from its hook and hear a friend say, "Hello," even to hear someone ask a favor. So good to help her children with their problems.

How proud she was to be one in the long procession of women who were indomitable and unafraid, who were so richly blessed.

She ran forward to meet her husband.

MEMORIES

Louise Sill

Apricot blossoms—his pink and white cheeks;

Autumn leaves rustling—his scurrying feet;

A rippling brook—his childish laughter!

Father, forgive my tears after

You took him home!

Silk, Cotton, and Wool Produced in Utah

Julia A. F. Lund

Former Secretary-Treasurer, Relief Society General Board

THE year 1947 brings with it a challenge! Janus-like, we stand facing both ways. It is well that it should be so, for the past always offers the key to the meaning of the present, and renews faith and courage with which to meet the future. As this message of the history of the past century is reviewed, it creates a fuller realization of the glorious heritage coming to us from our pioneer mothers and fathers. It brings great happiness to find so much in the spirit of those times with which today we can be in harmony. While history is a record of what has been achieved, it is most uninteresting unless it is illuminated by an understanding of the men and women who lived it. One writer has observed that "The Mormon people are not a religious sect—but an empire building people." Certain it is there were two dominant motives in all they did: the practice of their religion in peace; and the establishment of homes for their families where they could enjoy security and opportunities for advancement.

The three basic needs of humanity—food, shelter, and raiment—presented especially acute problems to Utah's founders. In their struggles to meet the "three existence wants," there is an eloquent but realistic picture of the glory of the commonplace. This struggle depicts the dignity of real usefulness and the good

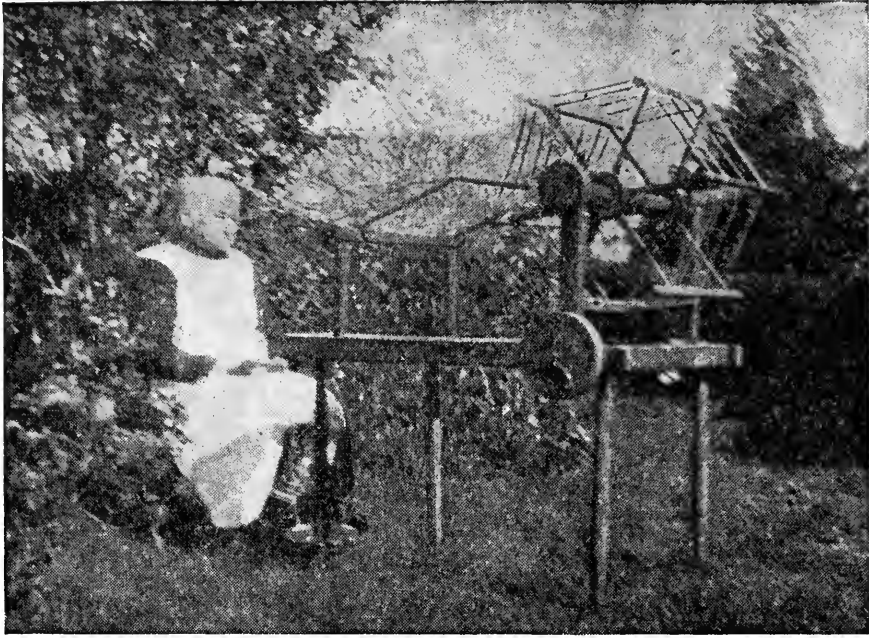
old-fashioned virtues of thrift and frugality, of resourcefulness and hospitality, of taking the long view, which required endless patience and complete self-forgetfulness.

Many examples of great courage in the face of hardship have come down to us. The farming on the plains and leaving the harvest for those who were to follow; the story of the young man from the Mormon Battalion, who, in the fall of 1847, walked every step of the way from California to Utah, carrying on his back the bushel of hard wheat seed for the next spring. No matter what the pangs of hunger might have been, that precious seed was not touched!

These are but dramatic examples of the labors and spirit and heroic sacrifices made by all the pioneers in solving the food problem. As a necessary part of providing shelter, the churches and schoolhouses arose along with the first dwellings—a vital part of community building.

The pioneers believed that this region would provide the means for meeting the needs of the people. In the words of the historian Neff:

The soil demonstrated its willingness to yield abundantly under irrigation, a world of building material was available; but the gratification of the clothing needs, while simple enough in theory, was accompanied by a multitude of difficulties the surmounting of which required heroic efforts and measures.



ELIZA FORSGREN AT HER SILK REEL

She demonstrated reeling, spinning, and weaving at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893.

The story of the pioneer textile industries is a most important page in the history of Utah's development. Very little could be expected from the outside, at that time, so the people realized that the answer to their great needs must be in the training of their own hearts, minds, and souls. They learned to avoid mistakes by making a great many. Is this not an application of the theory of education advanced by our great modern philosopher John Dewey: "Learn to do things by doing them"? Our pioneers taught by example the real message of history.

According to Whitney's *History of Utah*, from the beginning, President Young and other leaders were most zealous in promoting manual training and home manufacturing. Brigham Young, as Governor, in his message to the Legislature in January 1852, said:

Deplorable indeed must be the situation of that people whose sons are not trained in the practice of every useful avocation and whose daughters mingle not in the hive of industry. . . . Produce what you consume; draw from the native elements the necessities of life; permit no vitiated taste to lead you into indulgence of expensive luxuries, which can only be obtained by involving yourselves in debt. Let home industry produce every article of home consumption.

No sounder principle of political economy was ever taught and, at the Governor's suggestion, appropriations were made by the Legislature to encourage the local manufacturing interests. He also asked protective legislation to foster infant industries. The problems of food and shelter being solved, attention was then called to the need for clothing.

THE Church leaders all urged the people to bring to their new homes tools of every description.

They enumerated especially tools required for spinning, weaving, and dressing silk, cotton, and wool. These cards, spinning wheels, and hand looms found a place in the pioneer wagons, and mechanical ingenuity quickly supplied them if they were lacking.

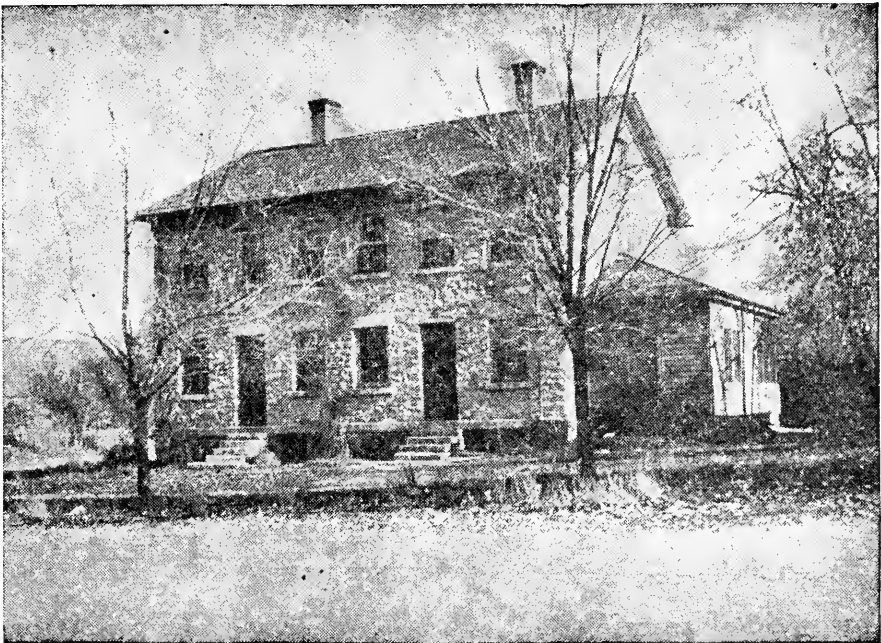
Silk

President Young affirmed that this country was the finest in the world for silk raising. Practical experience proved that Utah is well adapted to the culture of silk. This was satisfactorily demonstrated through the efforts of The Deseret Silk Association of Utah Territory, in 1877.

One of the few reports of this industry in Utah is found in "A Treatise on Sericulture," on file in the Church Historian's office. This relates the efforts of the Society, combined with individual labors, which

seemed to assure the success of this important branch of home industry at a time when it was greatly needed. The following is from the introduction to the treatise, and expresses the spirit with which every enterprise was undertaken:

In the silk growing countries of Europe the feeding and care of the silk worm is mostly done by women and children. This employment affording them means for subsistence. With us, when it becomes a staple production, through its extensive culture, it will not only prove a source of self-sustaining as a clothing department, but of commercial wealth. In its culture and manufacture it will create profitable employment for thousands of the coming generation, who, otherwise, in all probability, would grow up in idleness, the direct road to vice. This should be a weighty consideration with those who regard the future welfare of society and should stimulate to earnest and determined efforts in laying the foundation of this grand enterprise. The elements of Utah abound with the materials which only wait the creative wand of industry to beckon it forth.



THE OLD COX HOME, MANTI, UTAH

Where silk worms were grown and silk spun from cocoons.

This quaint exhortation is followed by a description of the silk-worm—its hatching, feeding, moulting, spinning cocoons, producing eggs, and how to best preserve it, detriments and antidotes—and last, but very important, the cultivation of the mulberry tree.

In *The Contributor*, 1881, appears an article by George D. Pyper on silk culture in Utah. This is of special interest to Relief Society women as it gives an account of the organization of The Utah Silk Association, founded in 1879, with William Jennings president, Eliza R. Snow vice-president, and Zina D. H. Young as a member of the board of directors.

In 1868, a cocoonery was built about four miles south of Salt Lake City, and twenty-five or thirty acres of land were planted with mulberry trees. Zina D. H. Young was the first person to take care of the cocoonery. Later, a small building to house the silk industry was erected at the mouth of City Creek Canyon.

The silk enterprise was not confined to Salt Lake City alone. The whole Territory was more or less engaged in it. The cocoon raising and all phases of the industry required great patience and care, but there were competent people to handle it. The following is an expression of their faith:

Silk will be one of the most important branches of Utah's industry and will add greatly to our character of an enterprising and self-sustaining people.

Kanab, Orderville, and other places in Southern Utah became interested in producing silk, but it did not prove to be a success financially in those places, though some beautiful dress silks, handkerchiefs, laces,

and scarves were made; also the elegant fringe used in the trimmings in the St. George Temple.

The longing for beauty and the fine things of life, coupled with the pride in home industry, so strong in the pioneer mothers, found expression in the loyalty with which women supported the silk production. Samples of raw silk sent to New York and European countries were found to be equal to that made anywhere. In fact, Italian and French experts pronounced it the best silk produced in America. The elegant curtains which hung in the woman's building at the World's Fair, in 1893, were a fine example of what could be done with the native product.

Margaret Caine, a former member of the General Board of Relief Society, was the last secretary of the Utah Silk Association, the records of which are now on file with other valuable historic papers, in care of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers.

Cotton

According to the historian Neff, the earliest attempt to grow cotton in Utah was doubtless that of Reddin A. Allred of Davis County, who, in 1851, demonstrated that cotton could be grown on the benchland near Kaysville. It soon became evident, however, that the only section commercially satisfactory for this much desired staple was the extreme southwestern portion of the Territory, popularly known as "Utah's Dixie."

Under date of October 1, 1858, *The Deseret News* published an article under the title "Cotton and Its Culture in Utah." This article reports that, in 1855, the first at-

tempts on a large scale to raise cotton in the Territory were made at Fort Clara on the Santa Clara River, three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City.

This effort was followed by the Washington colony, in 1861, when several hundred families were called from the northern and central parts of Utah to go to the South and aid in the development of the cotton industry. The people chosen for this enterprise were those who had been familiar with such work before coming West, and who were experienced not only in the treatment of the cotton, but in the manufacture of cloth. Before the Washington Cotton Factory was built, this work was mainly done by the women in the homes on hand rollers and hand cards.

The first big cotton crop of the Territory was about one hundred thousand pounds, which showed that the production of cotton in this section was an assured possibility. In Mary Henderson's manuscript *History of Utah*, under "Historic Sites and Landmarks," there is a report on the Parowan cotton factory. This factory, it said, was doing "tolerably good work, with a fair prospect that it will be a success, both to the proprietor and the public" (Vol. 1, p. 332). A description of the machine which cleaned and prepared the cotton, with other details relative to the manufacture of the finished product follow. The factory was then making yarn of a very superior quality.

There were many small cotton plants, especially at Toquerville and Heberville, in the Dixie country. But with cotton, as with silk, the people realized little from the industry other than to meet the needs of the



ZINA D. H. YOUNG

Zina D. H. Young was the wife of President Brigham Young and was first counselor in the Relief Society General Presidency, 1880-1887, and general president 1888-1901. Sister Zina was given the special mission of forwarding the silk industry by appointment of President Young. She became president of the Deseret Silk Association which was organized in 1875.

hour. The difficulty of procuring cotton factory machinery, which was almost unavailable at that time, and the pound cost of production made it impossible to throw the stock on the open market, and caused the discontinuance of the industry at the beginning of the present century.

Wool

While the West proved a paradise for sheep, the hazards of Indian marauders and wild beasts required eternal vigilance on the part of the early settlers. It is recorded that Parley P. Pratt's company of pioneers brought 358 sheep with them, in 1847, and there were others of which we have no report. In 1848, 654

sheep were imported, and the census of 1850 records 3262 sheep in Utah.

Since the factory system was not yet in existence, the centers of the textile industry were in the homes. The wool industry was much more extensive and general throughout the entire Territory than was either the silk or cotton industries.

The story of wool is an excellent illustration of the independence of the sheep-owning family. The herders of those days were the younger boys and girls who grazed the sheep on the outskirts of the towns. The father or, often, the mother clipped the fleece from the sheep's back. Grandmothers brought most valuable experience to the washing and carding of the wool which prepared it for the spinning wheel and the loom.

In September 1851, John Taylor wrote:

A larger company of woolen manufacturers will come from France next season, bringing with them all necessary machinery and the best of sheep, all of which are necessary.

In 1849, there was established a carding machine on Mill Creek. The first rolls, made by Amasa Russell on this machine, were spun into yarn by women and woven into cloth on the old hand looms. In March 1851, the Territorial Legislature appropriated two thousand dollars for the benefit of the woolen mills which, the next year, turned out flannels, linseys, jeans, and yarn for knitting. It is said that Russell's Mill, the ma-

chinery for which was brought to Utah by Brigham Young, was the first woolen mill on the Pacific slope. Another woolen mill was established at West Jordan in April 1853, as reported in *The Deseret News*.

The decade of the fifties saw considerable progress in the development of the wool industry due to the mill facilities. The machinery for these mills was often conveyed by ox teams to its destination.

The wool industry has always been of immense importance to the people of Utah, from the days when our pioneer grandmothers patiently retraced the path taken by the herd and carefully picked from the bushes the precious bits of wool left by the sheep in passing.

In the consideration of the textile industries of Utah, one is impressed with the variety and excellence of the articles that were manufactured. They met the needs of the people and served them well. They were an example of the co-operative efforts of our pioneers resulting in real functioning power. That spirit will never die. It set the standard for all time and its message is as clear today as it was one hundred years ago. Far more than a great commercial need was met. It was the expression of real co-operation with a great social and spiritual background. It was the voice of a people crying—in the words of the old folk school leader: "Of myself I am nothing—all that I have—all that I am, I owe to God and to my fellow men."

Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves.—D. & C. 58:27-28.

A Place in the Country

V—NEIGHBORS

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the fifth and final story in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

ELLEN Martin climbed down from the stepladder with her bucket of peaches. She wiped the perspiration from her forehead on her sleeve as she walked over to empty the peaches into the basket. She had only three bushel baskets full to show for her afternoon's work, yet her arms and back ached and her feet felt like lead. But she musn't let John know. He worried over having her do what he called "man's work."

John lay on a camp cot in the shade of the apple tree by the back porch. Ellen went over and took the cloth from his forehead. She wet it with cool water from the pump and put it back. She thought he looked even paler than when she had last changed it. He didn't open his eyes or speak, so she sat down on the bench beside him to rest a few minutes.

John had got the job of painting the big barn down the road. Yesterday, when it was almost finished, he had been overcome by the heat, and Mr. Adams, the owner, had brought him home. Ellen had been frightened, but Mr. Adams had insisted that plenty of salt and rest were all he needed. But he didn't seem to be getting better. He had eaten nothing and had been too listless to move. Ellen took hold of his wrist. His pulse was still too weak to count. He'd never be able to take the fruit

to the store tomorrow. Why, oh, why hadn't she learned to drive the car!

And, if John didn't get his money till the barn was finished, how were they ever going to make the September payment on the place. What would happen, she wondered, if they didn't make it. It was in the contract, of course, but she had been so sure that all their troubles would be over as soon as they got to the country that she hadn't paid much attention. But she wasn't ready to give up. She'd think of other ways to make money. She seemed to see the year stretching before her, not as a series of months, but as twelve monthly payments gathered together in dollars and dimes as though they were weeks and days.

Ellen wanted to cry, she was so worried and so tired. She felt desperately lonely, too. Not a woman except clerks in stores had spoken to her in the six weeks since she had arrived. She had so hoped to make friends. "Ah, well!" she sighed, getting up to go back to her picking, "maybe I expected too much. Maybe they just don't like city people."

When she was back on the ladder, Betty called to her. She looked down and saw the Hawkins boy with her two children.

"Hello," she called.

He smiled shyly and held up a sack of fresh corn. "Mother sent this," he

explained. "She said you weren't here in time to plant any."

"How nice," Ellen said, getting down from the ladder again. "We like corn so much and we've never had it just picked before."

The boy still stood after she had taken the corn, scuffing his bare feet in the dust. "She said I should help you with the peaches," he muttered, "while Mr. Martin is sick."

Ellen could hardly believe her ears. After the chicken episode, the Hawkins family were the last people on earth from whom she would have expected help. "Help me?" she queried, "pick peaches, you mean?"

"Yes," he said, "I could come tomorrow." He turned then and ran towards home.

Well, Ellen thought to herself as she climbed back, and for some reason she didn't feel quite so tired and the bucket seemed to fill without so much effort.

A half hour later, Johnny called, "Mummie, see who's coming!"

Ellen peered through the leaves and saw a car coming up the driveway. Slowly she got down, knowing she had never looked worse in her life. Her hands were stained, her face streaked. Her head was tied in a red bandanna, and she felt dirty all over. The children weren't cleaned up either. And she had planned to have things so nice for her first callers. It took all the courage she possessed to walk over to the car that had stopped by the back porch.

Mr. Adams got out. "I brought the missus," he said. "How's John today?"

Ellen took Mrs. Adams' hand and looked into the kindest of blue eyes.

Before getting out, Mrs. Adams

reached for a basket on the back seat. "I brought you some fresh bread and a jar of strawberry jam," she said.

Suddenly Ellen's eyes filled with tears, and she wiped them unashamedly. "Everyone is so kind," she murmured, and forgot to apologize for her appearance.

They went over to the cot then, and Ellen got chairs from the kitchen. John sat up and smiled, and Ellen noticed that his eyes looked more natural. Mr. Adams handed him a check, as he said, "I thought you might need this. You can finish the barn after it gets cool this fall. But do hurry and get well, for the missus is expecting you to paint the kitchen. We sure needed a handy man around here."

"Thanks." John spoke gratefully, folded the check and put it in his shirt pocket. "I'll be all right next week."

The children, with the puppy, came from their playhouse in the orchard. Betty's fair hair was a tangled mass, and the knees of Johnny's overalls were worn through, but Ellen couldn't help but be proud of them, anyway. She introduced them, "Elizabeth, John Junior, and 'Curtains.'"

"Well, now," Mr. Adams observed, lifting Johnny to his lap, "quite a family. But 'Curtains!' That's a funny name for a dog."

"It's just a joke," Johnny answered, and all the Martin family laughed.

"Seems to be a family joke," Mr. Adams laughed with them. "You know, that's the nice thing about families that they can have jokes that nobody else understands."

Mrs. Adams smiled at Betty. "You're about the age of my grand-

daughter. You must get acquainted so you can go on the school bus together this fall. Shall I send her over to play sometime?"

"Oh, yes," Betty replied eagerly, her thin face lighting up.

"She has some kittens. Maybe your mother will let you have one."

"Oh, yes," Betty said again. "We need a kitten 'cause we have mice."

They all laughed as though that were a joke, too.

When Mr. Adams got up to leave, he offered, "I see you have some peaches ready. I'll take them to

market tomorrow and every day till John is well."

* * * *

Ellen sat a long time after they had gone, holding John's hand. At last she said, "I'm not afraid or lonely any more. We have neighbors and friends. Oh, John! I'm so glad we came."

"Sure," he said. He turned on his side and closed his eyes. "I think I'll have a nap, and then I'll be ready for a good supper."

Ellen was humming when she went back to her work.

UNION FORT MONUMENT

Salt Lake County, Utah

Dorothy J. Roberts

Dedicated by President George Albert Smith
July 3, 1947

Today no feathered arrows fly
Around a mud-chinked parapet.
Only the old trees face the sky
With rusty pod and fine-leaved fret.

No rocky wall now holds this field,
A fort, against the enemy,
For, ever-widening boundaries yield,
Beyond our scope of memory.

Now, stone on stone, we build again,
Not ramparts of hostility,
But beauty, where these rocks retain
A grace—outgrown utility—

To link forever the hardened palm
Of some forgotten pioneer
With all who come in peaceful calm
To mark the place and year.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1887

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

THE LAND OF YESTERDAY

Alas, we never, never more may stand
Again within the Land of Yesterday—
Never may hope to clasp with eager hand
The days that were too bright, too sweet to stay!
But, lest our sinking hearts should wholly die,
There comes the promise of a dawn so bright
That all the mists and all the gloom will fly,
And all sorrow pass in golden light.

—A. L. B.

CHARITY: Why is it that women have so little charity for one another? . . . The God who measures our charities is able to look beyond the action to the motive which first prompted that action. In his eye, the widow's mite counted for much, simply because it was given freely. . . Giving our goods is only one way of showing that we possess charity. To me, it seems that generous sympathy, freely expressed in time of sickness or trouble, where no material help is needed, will be accounted to us for charity.—Emma M. Myers.

SCHOOL: In the last century wonderful improvements have been made in regard to establishing and improving the system of schools. . . The diffusion of knowledge, through the medium of schools, has now become general in all enlightened countries.—Selected.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS: The first great prophet of this dispensation said, in language not to be mistaken, get knowledge from the best books. The Latter-day Saints should certainly be the best informed of any people on the face of the earth, but it is not expected that knowledge will be gained without an effort on the part of the individual.

—E. B. W.

Fear not, ye Saints—you who indeed
Are living as the Lord requires,
To sacred cov'nants giving heed,
And every word which God inspires.

E. R. S. S.

ITEMS FROM UTAH STAKE: The Relief Society conference of this stake was held last week. We had good meetings, good and timely instructions. Much was said concerning our children. I feel it is a day of warning to the saints, as well as to the outside world, and we should be on the alert in word and deed to forward the cause of the kingdom of God on earth.—Mary John.

MISCELLANEOUS: It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon



THROUGH experimental research, Dr. Ruth Moore Graham has developed a technique for discovering, in the early stages of certain types of internal cancer, whether or not X-Ray treatment is proving effective. Heretofore this important knowledge was unavailable. Dr. Graham is a native of Paris, Idaho, and was a student at Westminster College, Salt Lake City. She lives in the suburbs of Boston, and has two children.

THE American Association of University Women, under its international study program, has brought thirty-seven brilliant professional women from Europe to the United States for additional university training. One of the group, Miss Helga Pedersen, a noted lawyer from Denmark, was personal assistant to the Danish Minister of Justice and helped to try 20,000 cases of war treason and collaboration.

SOIA Mentschikoff, on a leave of absence from a Wall Street law firm, is teaching commercial law at Harvard law school. She is the first woman to break into the ranks of men instructors in that school.

AT the Governor's Conference in Salt Lake City last July, Miss Lisle Bradford, of pioneer ancestry, learned that she and Robert F. Bradford, Governor of Massachusetts, are both descended through nine gen-

erations from William Bradford who came to this country on the Mayflower and was the first governor of Plymouth Colony. He was elected president of the first confederation in America, as attested by a document signed by Miles Standish. Governor Bradford has this original document in his possession and will send a photostatic copy to his "cousin." Miss Bradford is head of the music department at East High School, and recently directed a well-trained chorus in a long series of weekly broadcasts.

AT the great tennis tournament in England, Margaret Osborne, of San Francisco, won the women's singles, and Patricia Canning Todd, of La Jolla, California, and Doris Hart, of Miami, Florida, won the women's doubles. Also, Louise Brough, of Beverly Hills, California, was the winning woman in the mixed doubles. In golf, Babe Didrikson Zaharias became the first American winner of the British women's amateur title.

IN May, Princeton University celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of its founding by conferring honorary degrees upon thirty-five outstanding Americans. Among them was one woman, Mildred McAfee Horton, President of Wellesley College, who, as Captain McAfee, organized and directed the Waves.



A Testament of Liberty

And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose (D. & C. 101:80).

AGAIN September has come, and the people of America are gathering an abundant harvest. The granaries and the storehouses of our country are overflowing with the bounty of fields and orchards. We see once more the evidence that the earth is good, that it will provide for the physical needs of the people. Our gratitude for food, and the opportunity for storing it against a time of need, should be unbounded, particularly at this time when there is so much hunger in the world.

We should not think, however, that the abundance which we enjoy is entirely a result of the richness of our land, its sunlight and soil and rainfall. Nor should we consider our other blessings and privileges—our civil liberties, public schools, free assemblies, our press, our churches—as a natural consequence of the inherent wealth of our Nation.

The greatest riches of any country lie in the character of its people and in the type of government which they establish and support.

On the 17th of September, 1787, one of the most important documents of all time was completed. The Constitution of the United States was ready to be submitted to the states for their consideration. Capable and patriotic statesmen, realizing the magnitude of their task,

had worked untiringly to formulate an instrument which might direct the building of “a more perfect union.”

This document, destined to become “the tree of liberty,” emphasized and guaranteed fundamental rights of individuals. Thus the founding fathers based the structure of the new federation upon the ancient principle that men are free because God has given them freedom and free agency.

During 160 years of testing, the Constitution of the United States has weathered many storms. In times of peaceful development, and in times of crisis, patriotic citizens have spoken of their Constitution as a living document of greatest value. Devout and grateful people have appreciated it as a standard “to which the wise and honest can repair.”

Today, there are some who not only profess no allegiance to the Constitution, but seek to supplant its provisions with the tenets of another social order. They speak of the Constitution as an outmoded instrument, no longer capable of protecting certain groups against exploitation by others. A dangerous division in ideals and loyalties is becoming increasingly apparent, and many people are using their privileges as citizens to work against the very in-

strument which guarantees them free speech and free endeavor.

As Latter-day Saints we have been given prophetic enlightenment concerning the observance of law. Our presidents and leaders have emphasized our responsibility in giving undivided allegiance to our country and its lawful institutions. Let us, today, live in accordance with the

words of the Prophet Joseph Smith which he offered as part of the dedicatory prayer for the Kirtland Temple in 1836, in which he voiced this hope for the Nation:

Have mercy, O Lord, upon the rulers of this land; may those principles which were so honorably and nobly defended, namely, the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever.

V. P. C.

BEAUTY

Sylvia Probst Young

Today I saw them pass along my street—
Three people clothed in beauty each his own:
One was fair and young, with dancing feet,
And eager eyes that sought a world unknown;
In his round, boyish features I could see
All of the beauty of expectancy.

The second trod on tired feet and old,
His hoary head was bowed, and on his face,
Deep furrowed, was a story time had told
Of patient toil within a humble place.
His faded eyes were warmed by memory—
Beauty I saw in silent reverie.

The last, a girl who, in her quiet way,
Did so much good, passed so much cheer along,
While deep within her heart a sorrow lay;
But no one knew, they only heard her song.
Beauty—she wore it like a shining dress,
A beauty nurtured by courageousness

NOSTALGIA

Myrtle Dean

The ceaseless throng moves down the busy street;
Planes, droning in the sky with tireless wings,
Defy earth noises, and drown the sound of feet.
I walk with them, yet loneliness still clings.

Instead of all this clamor, I can hear
The call of meadow larks, the sound of rain
Upon a cottage roof; I see you, dear,
Walk down the path and take my hand again.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual Relief Society General Conference

THE annual Relief Society general conference will convene Wednesday, October 1, and Thursday, October 2, 1947, on Temple Square, Salt Lake City. Departmental sessions will be held Wednesday morning and afternoon for stake and mission officers and board members to consider the educational courses, secretarial work, and *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Wednesday evening, a Singing Mothers Concert will be presented in the Tabernacle for the general public, as a feature of the Utah Centennial celebration.

Thursday morning, an Officers' Meeting will be held in the Assembly Hall for stake and mission of-

ficers and board members. The standing roll call, and President Belle S. Spafford's official instructions will be given at this meeting.

A general session to which the general public is invited will be held in the Tabernacle, Thursday afternoon from 2:00 to 4:00 P.M.

Stake and mission officers and board members will be the guests of the General Board of Relief Society at a reception on Thursday evening in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah.

It is hoped that every stake will have at least one representative present at the general Relief Society conference and that as many missions as possible will be represented.

Ward Relief Society Conferences, November 2, 1947

CONTINUING the plan first adopted in 1942 for auxiliaries to hold special meetings and annual conferences on Fast Sunday evenings, the Relief Society has again been assigned the evening of November 2d. Ward Relief Society presidents may therefore arrange with their respective bishops for holding ward Relief Society conferences at this time.

It is recommended:

1. That each ward conference be attended by a representative of the stake

board who should be present at both the officers' meeting and the general session.

2. That each conference consist of two meetings:

- a. An officers' meeting to be attended by the ward executive officers, special workers, and class leaders, the ward bishop or his representative, and the visiting stake board member.
- b. A general session for all Relief Society members and for the general membership of the ward.

A suggestive program for use at ward conferences will be sent to ward and stake presidents in bulletin form.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 8

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.].

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and prepare for the coming of the main company. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians.

While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company, after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi. The Davis family remains there and the others go on toward the San Juan. Peogament, the Indian chief, continually opposes the company and causes trouble and delay, but finally, the travelers reach the San Juan. Scouts return to Moenkopi and report the arrival of the Harrimans on the San Juan.

The James L. Davis family and the scouts leave to join the Harrimans. Pearson, a renegade Piute, and his band block the trail into the wilderness.

EVIDENTLY, Pearson and his renegade Piutes had not seen the young cowboy leave the camp of the scouts, for they came back almost immediately, threatening vengeance for the wound the dog had inflicted in Pearson's leg. Yet they were obviously careful not to bring on open warfare. Content to make things as unpleasant as possible, they went swaggering about the camp, demanding this and that as pay for the dog bite.

Then, suddenly, a new figure appeared on the scene. Riding down from the knoll west of the camp, came an Indian, evidently a chief, for Pearson cowered at sight of him and began limping off, followed by his friends. The big chief called to him, imperatively, to come back, and Pearson returned sulkily, exaggerating his limp.

Seeing that James was the oldest one of the white men, the Indian addressed him respectfully, telling Pearson's angry followers to sit down. Then seeing the blood on Pearson's leg, an angry scowl crossed his face, and he turned to the white man for an explanation.

Speaking quickly, James called to his son to come and explain what had happened.

In clear and simple words, Ted told the chief, in his own tribal language, how Pearson had behaved.

As a result, the chief had Pearson sit on a high rock for a conference, and gave him a chance to answer the charges of the white men.

Pearson, in his turn, silently pointed to his leg. He then told how he had come into the camp to have fun with the white boys and said he was only fooling, but that the white men had become angry and had set the dog on him. It was he, the proud Pearson, who had been mistreated! Had not the white man's dog bitten Pearson on the leg?

Clearly puzzled, the chief told James the white scouts would have to pay for the dog bite. That was Indian justice. It would help to win Pearcon's friendship.

Much as the scouts disliked doing so, they gave Pearcon some money, a pair of shoes, and a belt. He accepted the payment, but demanded young Smith's ax also, as being the weapon the white man had started to use against him. The chief told James that Pearcon should have the ax.

James didn't like the way matters were going, but he felt that they must play for time. He knew Pearcon would use the ax and the bite on his leg to get his friends to come to his aid when he wanted revenge, and so he offered Pearcon more money and another ax, but Pearcon refused the offer. James thereupon gave Pearcon the ax he wanted, but asked the chief to send Pearcon and his friends away so there would not be any more trouble. James pointed to his wagon, and had Ted tell the chief that a sick squaw was in it, and they must go on to a doctor, a white medicine man.

After a long parley, the chief sent Pearcon and his men away, telling them he was pleased with the white men's payment for the trouble. Pearcon went grudgingly back to his camp.

The chief, however, warned the scouts to be on their guard against Pearcon. He, the great chief, would do all he could to help the white men. They must sit down there until sunup, or Pearcon would wax brave and attack them. With the coming of the sun, Pearcon would be afraid of the sun-god, and the white men would be safe.

It was a long, vigilant night. Every preparation was made for an attack. Mary lay, fully dressed, wide-eyed in the dark, listening to every twig that cracked, to every breath she and the children drew, praying that it would not be their last.

DAYLIGHT came, and no Indians. Sunup, and still no Indians.

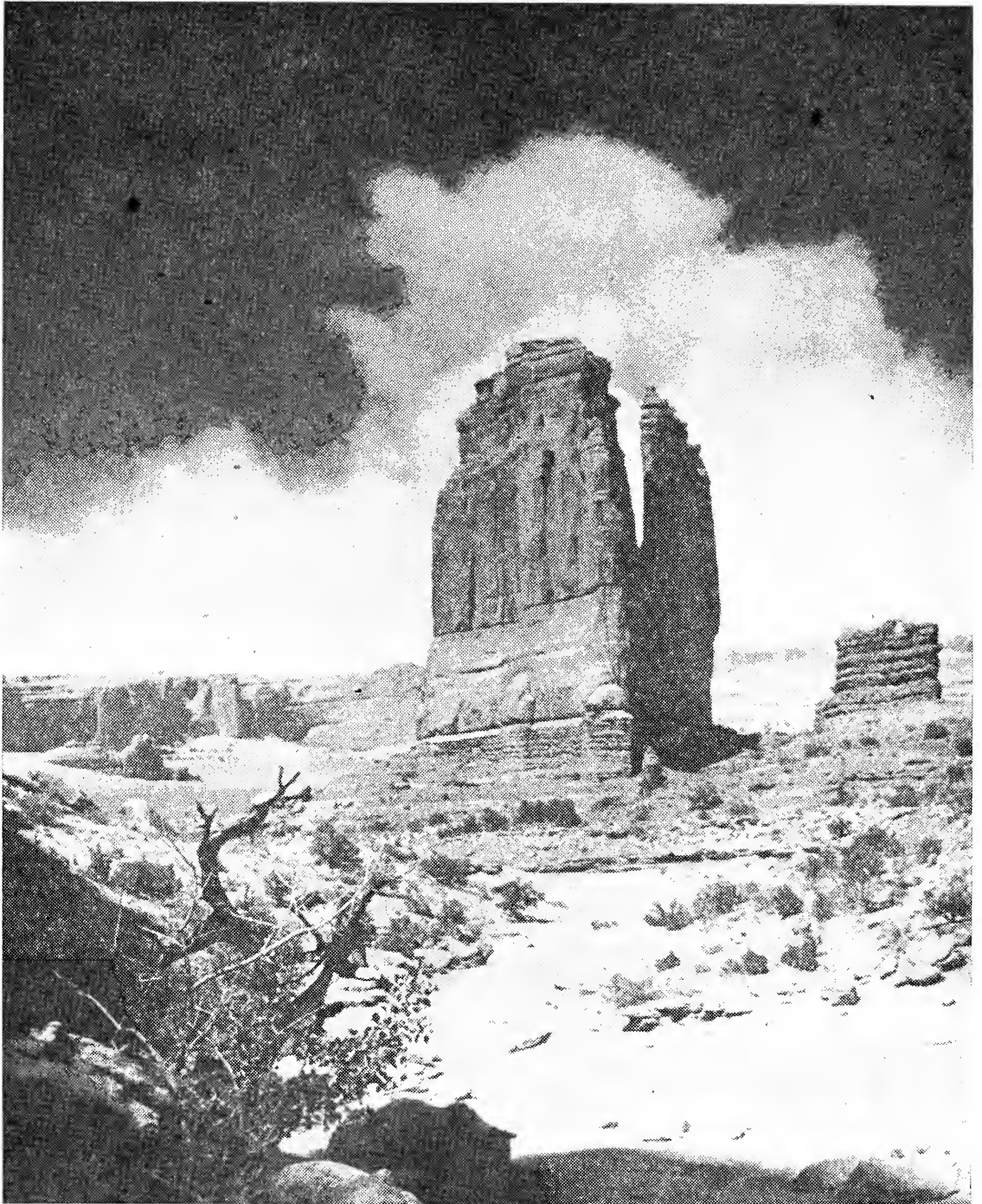
The scouts sighed with relief. Pearcon had not attacked in the night, and now, when the sun was high, he would be afraid, for the sun-god would see his bad acts and tell the Great Spirit. Mary came out of her wagon and washed the children and combed their hair while Ted and James cooked breakfast.

While they were eating, there came a strange, long call. The men leaped to their feet in consternation. Was it Pearcon? Had he decided to avenge himself in the daylight? Drawing their guns, they stood waiting. Ted Davis led his mother to her wagon and stood beside it, his heart beating against his ribs with the violence of a trip hammer.

The call was repeated, a long, cold, faraway cry, that yet seemed strangely near.

Ted's eyes lighted up. "Pa," he cried, "I think I know why Pearcon did not attack last night. While I was in Moenkopi, the Indian boys told me of a human spirit that goes over the country doing good deeds. They said the Indians were afraid of the spirit, for none had ever seen it. They had only heard it call. And always the call came when bad Indians were making the Great Spirit angry."

"That is so," Seth Tanner agreed. "I have heard the story whispered



Photograph by Willard Luce

“THE MITTEN”—PICTURESQUE ROCK FORMATION
IN MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH



United States Geological Survey

“MOST BEAUTIFUL OF BRIDGES”

Rainbow Bridge, Utah

The Latter-day Saint pioneers, on their journey into the Indian country, passed near this famous natural bridge, which, at that time, had never been seen by white men.

after dark. I have waited many times, hoping to hear the call, but it never came.” He scanned the horizon, but when he could see nothing, he concluded that, as usual, the mystic figure would remain a tradition, and sat down to his meal.

Before the meal was finished, a tall, strange Indian appeared suddenly in camp. He walked straight up to James Davis and greeted him. James looked around for Ted to tell

him what was wanted, but the Indian said in plain English: “White man take squaw and papooses and go in wagon. Long way he must go. I will ride with him.” The men looked at each other suspiciously, thinking the Indian was leading them into a trap.

James studied the Indian thoughtfully. He was tall and very straight, neither young nor old. In his eyes was a wise kindness. His whole bearing was one of poise and dignity.

“A man above his kind,” James thought, and felt impelled to extend his hand. He controlled the impulse, however, and, looking squarely at the Indian, inquired, “You friend?”

The Indian looked at him in surprise, but said nothing.

“What are you goin’ to do, Pa?” Ted asked. “Let Ma say what we should do. It’s Ma we care about.”

“I’m prompted to go, Son,” James Davis replied, “and I’ll follow that prompting. Get the teams to the wagons.”

To the Indian he said: “We will go.”

Ill with worry and fatigue, Mary had sat listening to their voices. She had not seen the Indian, but, at the sound of his voice, she seemed to be home again, safe, happy in her own dooryard, waiting for James and Ted to come from work. She sat for a time, trying to fix the illusion in her mind. When James asked, “You friend?” the certainty that this strange Indian had helped them before, became sure in her memory. She smiled and waited for her husband’s answer. Yes, she thought, when she heard James say that they would go, James was prompted . . . God is guiding us. . . .

BEFORE Ted had the last tug hitched to the singletrees, the Indian was on the wagon seat. "Toweenie," he shouted. "Fast!"

James cracked his whip and the team sprang forward, but were jerked to a stop when the wagon wheels, almost buried in sand, could not turn.

Digging with their hands, the scouts cleared a trench and gave the wheels a hard push that sent them whirring out along the trail.

The Indian stood up in the seat and, shading his eyes from the sun, looked the country over anxiously. Then, apparently satisfied with what he saw—or failed to see—he sat down again.

"To 'hadena," he cried, and grabbing the whip from James' hand, he lashed at the team.

The horses lunged forward, slowed to a brisk trot and held the pace. Mile after mile they went, not stopping. Every time the team slowed at all, the Indian jumped to the seat to scan the horizon. The pantomime was repeated for ten or fifteen miles, until the horses could go no further.

The Indian leaped upon the seat and made another careful study of the landscape. Then he jumped to the ground. "It is good," he said. "Pearcon's land is far behind. You go slow now. Indian custom say one Indian not attack on another Indian's claim. It is a very strict law. Pearcon is bad. He is showing his leg to all the mean Indians around. And the ax is making them very mad. He says he will get many Indians and kill white men. I come. White man now safe."

James looked at the Indian and solemnly offered his hand.

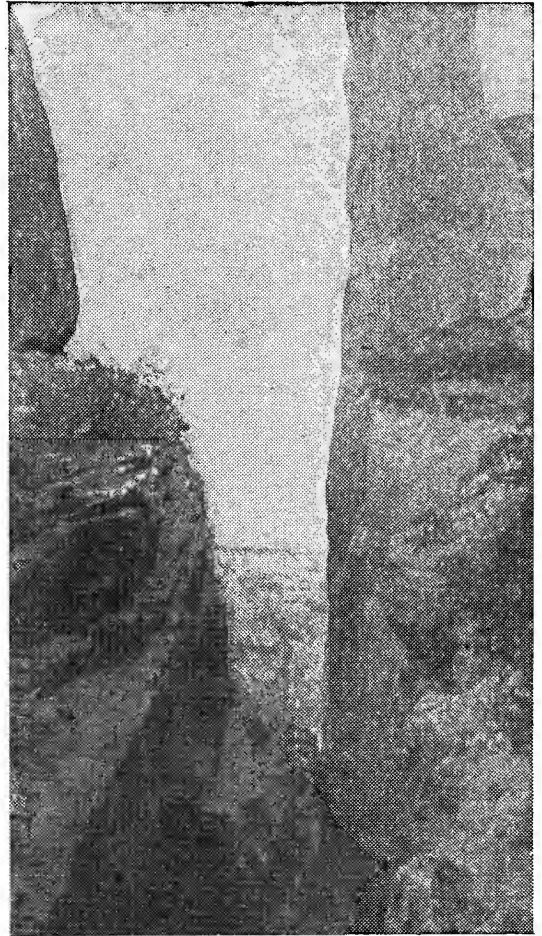
The Indian took the white man's hand and shook it awkwardly. "You not know me?"

"Where you see me?" James asked in surprise. "No savvy."

"Cedar City," the Indian answered proudly. "Your squaw, my friend. Many times I come to house for cheese. I listen to Indian talk. I come to help white squaw."

"White man and Indian eat together now?" James asked.

"It is good," the Indian stated solemnly. "Will white man's Mary be well to cook?"



United States Geological Survey

THE "HOLE IN THE ROCK"

The main company of the San Juan pioneers took their wagons down this deep and narrow chasm to the Colorado River.

"She will cook for our friend," James answered.

There was a broad smile on the Indian's face, and he promptly went to sleep in the sand, his face uncovered to the sun.

In the wagon, Mary whispered, "Thank thee, Lord. He even remembers my name."

At dinner time, James presented the stately Indian to the scouts in a very formal manner, and they shook hands quite as solemnly. He ate heartily, thanked Mary with his best smile, and rode over the hill into the sunset.

"He came, he asked no reward, and he is gone," Mary said regretfully. "There are but few men like him."

THE next ten days of the hard journey were slow and uneventful. Then, one night they camped at a place called Gulch Creek, and saw an animal whose existence they would have questioned, had they not seen it themselves. A cross between a sheep and a goat, the animal stood four feet high, had six large horns, and was covered with a mixture of yellowish wool and hair.

"What a critter," James Davis exclaimed. "How in the name of common sense did it come to exist?"

"The Indians at Moenkopi told me about this place, Pa," Ted cried excitedly. "They say it's the water of Gulch Creek that does it. I used to laugh at the kids when they'd tell me such wild stories. But gosh, it's true!"

"How do they account for it, Ted?"

"They say that when a goat and a sheep drink together out of this creek, a new animal is born!"

"It's funny," the children cried. "We want to take it with us!"

"We can't, unless we leave you kids here," Ted teased.

"Now, my boy Ted, you stop teasing the children," James admonished. "Let's be glad there is one thing to laugh about on this long journey. It will be something to tell your grandchildren."

"And they won't believe it, Papa," six-year-old Emily said sagely, "cause we don't either."

FOURTEEN days later the company reached the San Juan river. They crossed it at Montezuma Ford, just inside the Utah line, in the extreme southeast corner of San Juan County.

Mary cried, knowing that the nightmare trip was ended.

"Well, here we are," James shouted. "Look across the river! There are our folks. There are the scouts in a band coming to meet us!"

"James," Mary cried in dismay, "it's a terrible place! We can't stop here. There isn't a single house—not even an Indian camp!"

"It's good land," James reassured her. "We'll make a good place of it, Mary darlin'. Just you wait and see."

"You can talk, James Davis," Mary stormed, "talk just like men always do. But you're not the one that's going to have a little helpless baby, right here in the sand and sage. I can't stand it, James. I can't stand it!"

"There, Mary, my darlin', don't cry," James pleaded. "Let me get you across the river to Elizabeth Hariman. You need a woman's shoulder to cry upon."

At Elizabeth's name, Mary smiled,

even while sobs were still shaking her. "I want to see Elizabeth," she cried. "Let's hurry and cross the river."

"My boy Ted, where are you?" James called. "You come and drive your mother's wagon across the ford."

"Ted will do nothing of the kind, James Davis," Mary scolded, indignant at the mere suggestion that she could not drive across the river herself. "I've driven this wagon every inch of the way from Cedar City, and no one is taking the job away from me now!"

Ted looked at his father, caught the gleam of fun in his eyes, and backed away, brushing the tears from his own eyes. "I guess Ma's the boss," he said proudly. "She can beat us at driving any day!"

Mary drove across the ford and up

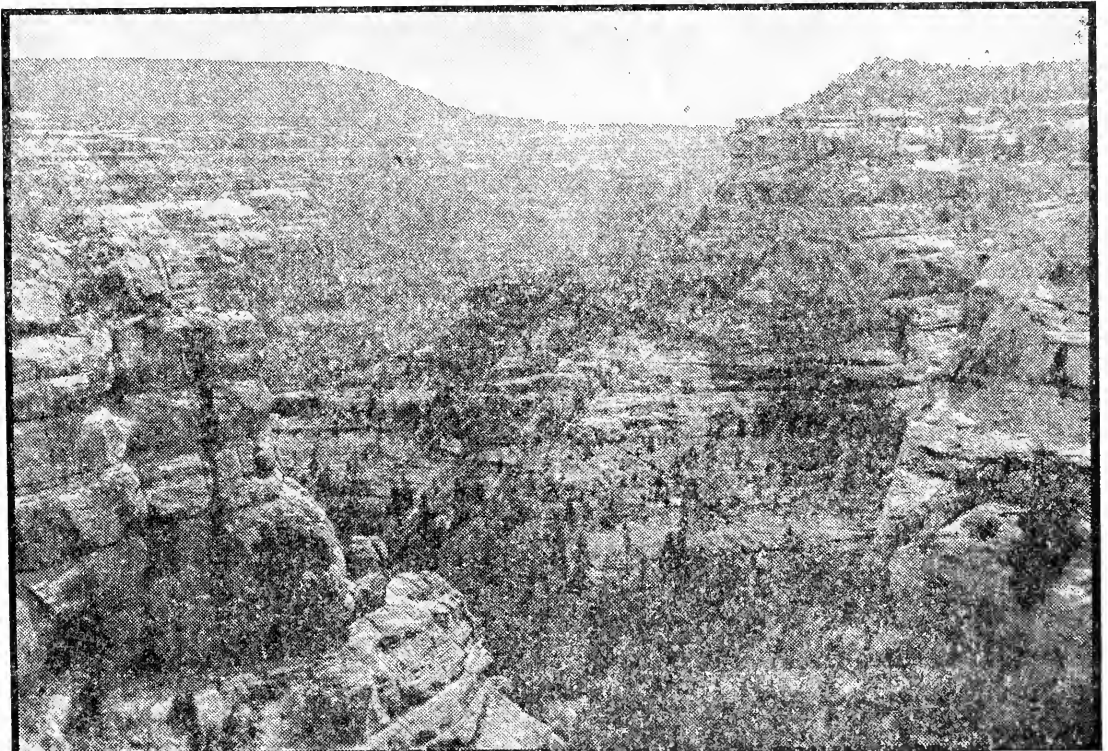
the slippery bank, letting the horses lunge ahead without direction, for she was calling to Elizabeth, who was running along, beside the wagon, laughing and crying, "Oh, Mary, it's wonderful that you are here!"

Mary swung her wagon expertly into position beside that of Elizabeth. The moment the team was stopped, Elizabeth was up and over the wagon wheel, so she and Mary could cry together.

The Montezuma scouts gathered around the Davis wagon, greeting everyone affectionately, shaking the hands of the scouts who had come in with them.

Silas Smith stood by until the excitement had died down a little, and then he said: "Let us bow our heads in prayer."

* * * *



Photograph by Dr. Walter P. Cottam

ARCH CANYON, A TYPICAL GORGE OF THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY

WORKING unitedly, the scouts built two, one-room log cabins for Mary and Elizabeth and their children. There were no doors to hang, but there was a small window fitted with panes of glass for each house. The women had seen to that, carrying the frames in their wagons, packed with their best dishes and quilts.

"We can make our own doors," James told Henry Harriman, "and as soon as we get settled, I'll build us each a big fireplace."

Ever since the main party of scouts had arrived at Montezuma settlement (as the place was called by them) they had worked tirelessly, building dams in the river, digging ditches to carry water to the homesteads, plowing acres and acres of land, and planting it in corn and wheat and oats. They had explored the country for miles around, and felt that now the two families were housed they should go home as quickly as they could. Most of them hoped secretly that they wouldn't have to return to Montezuma when the main company came. They had built hundreds of miles of road to the new mission, and felt that their job was done.

Seeing that dissatisfaction was growing, President Smith released those who wished to go, telling them to return by a northern route, by way of the Blue Mountains of San Juan, through the scattered settlements of central Utah and down through Salina Canyon to their homes. He and his sons, and a few others, would stay on until Mrs. Davis' baby was born and she was well again. Those who accepted the release were to wait at the Blue

Mountains until President Smith could join them there. They were to explore the country and be ready to make a report of their findings.

Six miles up the river lived some prospectors, a Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, and two men who posed as trappers, but who were really looking for a fabulous, lost gold mine.

James hired Mrs. Mitchell to come to Montezuma and be with Mary during her confinement, since, except for Mary and Elizabeth, she was the only other woman within sixty-five miles.

"She's a good woman, but no midwife," James confided to Elizabeth. "I'm worried, but it is the best we can do."

From the moment that confinement began, Mary was very ill.

"She's awful sick, Mr. Davis," Mrs. Mitchell said, coming to the door, exhausted from the long hours of anxiety and work. "I got to go huntin' herbs. And maybe I'll not find the kind I want. I dunno what more I kin do, Mr. Davis. I guess the pore girl's a gonna die."

James would have protested, but Elizabeth silenced him, waiting for Mrs. Mitchell to leave the yard. Then she said: "I'm glad to get that woman out of the house. We can pray now, James. Not that we haven't done before, but President Smith can do more at that than we can."

Silas went humbly to Mary's bed, and, laying his hands upon her head, he asked God to deliver the child and spare the mother's life. Standing beside the bed, James, Ted, Henry, Elizabeth, and George silently repeated the prayer, faith their only weapon against death.

(To be continued)

SELECTED DATA
Annual Report-1946.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

THIS report represents activities and accomplishments of the Relief Societies throughout the Church during 1946. While it records activities for just one year, we are pleased to publish it during this very significant year of 1947—Utah's Centennial—because the achievements shown here are the culmination of the labors of Relief Society women during the hundred years that Utah has been the home of the Society. Relief Society meetings were suspended in 1844 due to the persecution of the saints in Nauvoo and subsequent migration to the West, so that when the pioneers arrived in Utah the assets of the Society consisted of the precious "Book of Records" in the keeping of the first secretary, Eliza R. Snow, and, more precious still, the spirit and ideals of the Society carried in the hearts of the pioneer women.

After arrival in Utah, the overwhelming task of providing the bare necessities of life absorbed most of the time and energy of every able-bodied man and woman, so that formal Relief Society meetings were not held until these pressing needs were satisfied. In the absence of formal meetings the ideals of the Society were carried forward by the women through individual ministrations to the needy and ill. Early in the settlement of Utah, President Brigham Young called Eliza R. Snow to assist the bishops in organizing Relief Societies, and, as early as 1851, there were organizations in a few wards in Salt Lake City and nearby communities. In December 1867, President Brigham Young, recognizing the blessings that had come to the sisters and to the Church membership generally through Relief Society, instructed the bishops to organize Societies in all the wards of the Church.

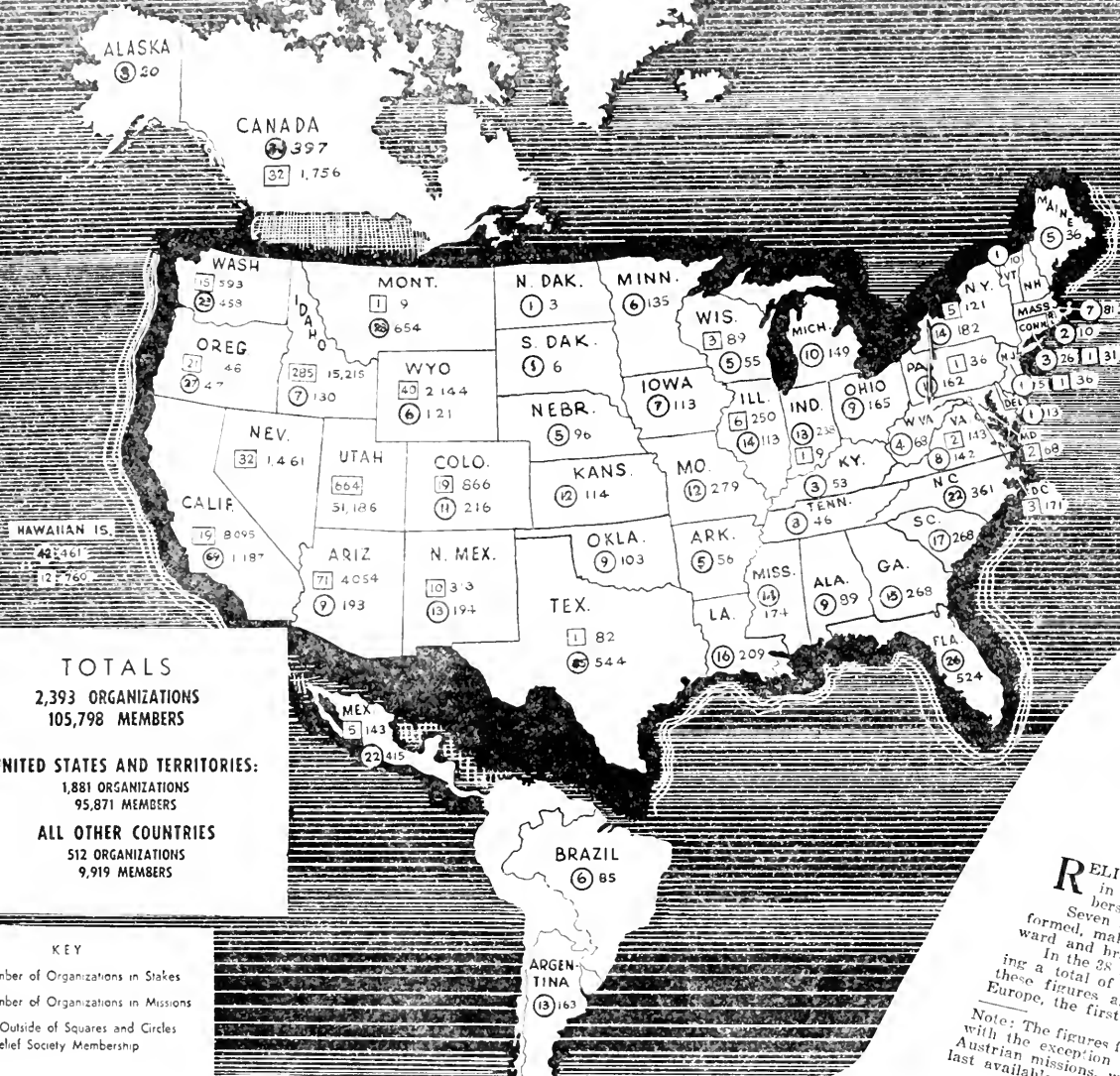
From this beginning, Relief Society has grown steadily until it now has a membership of 105,598 and financial assets of \$1,616,098.51. While we are proud to report these tangible assets, the spiritual and cultural development that has come to the many thousands of women who have been associated with Relief Society during this past century, and blessings that have come to those thousands more who have been encouraged and helped by its compassionate and welfare service, are intangible assets that never can be shown in a statistical report.

We are grateful to the women who kept Relief Society alive through their individual devotion to its ideals during the time the Church was seeking a permanent home; we are grateful to those early leaders who guided the Society through its formative period; and we are grateful to the leaders of its more mature years, who not only perpetuated the worthy objectives of the Society, but whose vision and devotion expanded its sphere of influence and service to the far corners of the earth.

We love and honor Utah as the home in which Relief Society was nurtured until it attained the strength and stature which enabled it to go forth and spread its benefactions throughout the civilized world.

The following pages portray the record of service and achievement of the Society in the first full calendar year of post-war adjustment. We are pleased to include the reports of several European missions that had not reported since 1938 due to war conditions.

Illustrated by Dorothy Platt Handley



TOTALS
2,393 ORGANIZATIONS
105,798 MEMBERS

UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES:
 1,881 ORGANIZATIONS
 95,871 MEMBERS

ALL OTHER COUNTRIES
 512 ORGANIZATIONS
 9,919 MEMBERS

KEY

□ Number of Organizations in Stakes
 ○ Number of Organizations in Missions
 Numerals Outside of Squares and Circles Indicate Relief Society Membership

GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS

RELIEF Society, world-wide in scope, as shown here, increased in the number of organizations and the number of members in stakes and missions during 1946. Seven stakes were created, and 42 local organizations were formed, making a total of 159 stakes in the Church, with 1,352 ward and branch organizations.

In the 28 missions, 121 new organizations were formed, making a total of 1,041 local Societies in the missions. Included in these figures are the reports from 4 missions in Continental Europe, the first received since 1938.

Note: The figures for the missions located in Continental Europe, with the exception of the Danish, French, Swedish and Swiss-Austrian missions, were taken from the 1938 annual report, the last available.

TABLE OF DISTRIBUTION

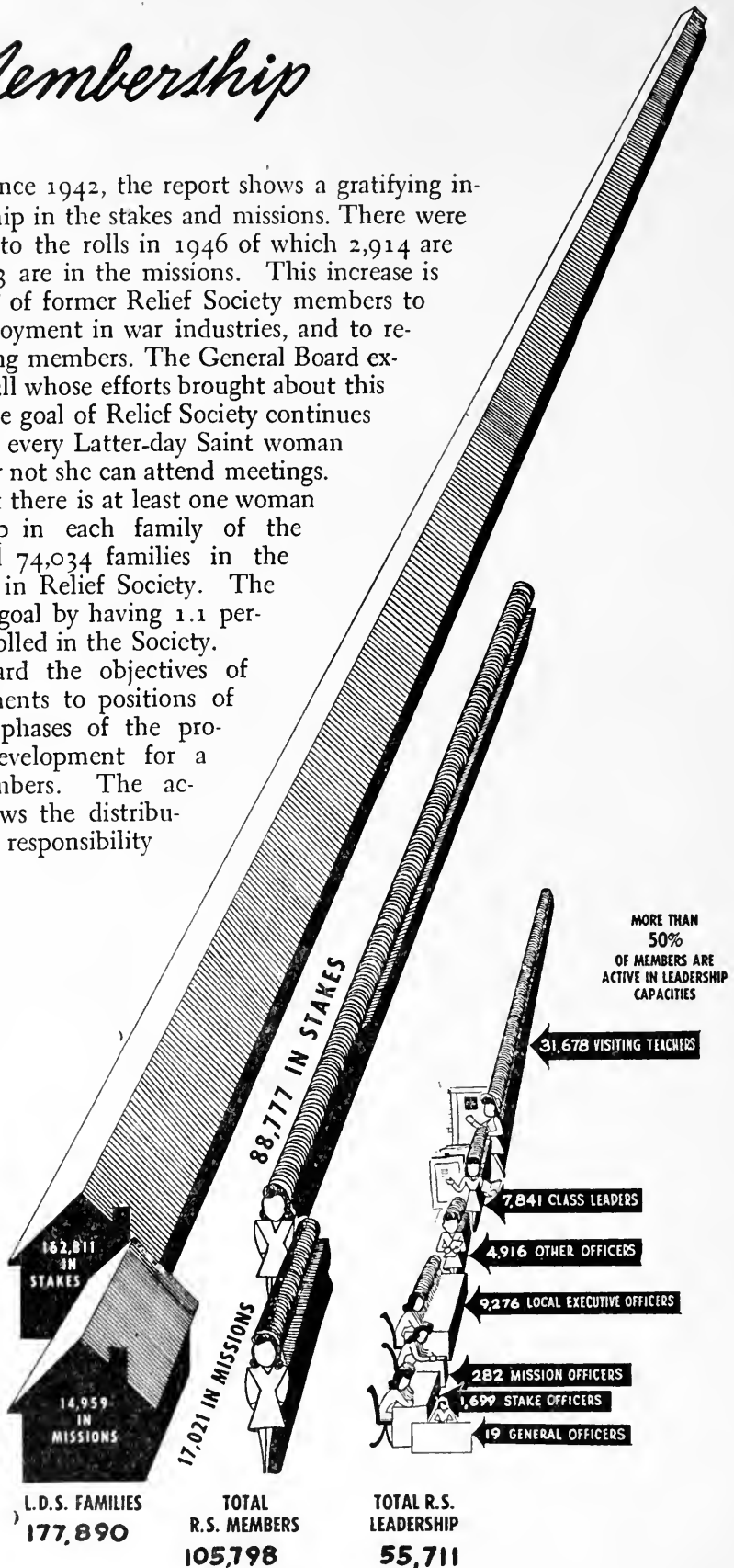
LOCATION	STAKES		MISSIONS		TOTALS	
	Organi- bers	Mem- bers	Organi- zations	Mem- bers	Organi- zations	Mem- bers
United States and Territories	1,315	86,878	566	9,001	1,881	95,879
Other Countries	37	1,899	475	8,020	512	9,919
Argentina			13	163	13	163

Australia	10	240	10	240	Netherlands	18	526	18	526		
Austria	1	47	1	47	New Zealand	54	689	54	689		
Brazil	6	85	6	85	Norway	13	360	13	360		
Canada	32	1,756	30	397	Palestine	2	16	2	16		
Central Pacific	6	6	6	6	Samoa	46	731	46	731		
Czechoslovakia	2	51	2	51	South Africa	8	66	8	66		
Denmark	5	206	5	206	Sweden	12	264	12	264		
France	9	96	9	96	Switzerland	11	217	11	217		
Germany	107	2,230	107	2,230	Tahiti	15	247	15	247		
Great Britain	54	554	54	554	Tonga	31	420	31	420		
Mexico	5	143	22	415							
					GRAND TOTAL	1,352	88,777	1,041	17,021	2,393	105,798

Membership

FOR the first time since 1942, the report shows a gratifying increase in membership in the stakes and missions. There were 4,107 members added to the rolls in 1946 of which 2,914 are in the stakes and 1,193 are in the missions. This increase is attributed to the return of former Relief Society members to their homes from employment in war industries, and to renewed efforts in enlisting members. The General Board extends sincere thanks to all whose efforts brought about this substantial increase. The goal of Relief Society continues to be the enrollment of every Latter-day Saint woman as a member whether or not she can attend meetings. Since it is assumed that there is at least one woman eligible for membership in each family of the Church, there are still 74,034 families in the stakes not represented in Relief Society. The missions exceeded the goal by having 1.1 persons in each family enrolled in the Society.

In carrying forward the objectives of Relief Society, assignments to positions of leadership in various phases of the program provide added development for a majority of the members. The accompanying chart shows the distribution of positions of responsibility among the members.



WARD AND BRANCH
Meetings and Attendance

VISITING TEACHER TRAINING REPORT MEETING



AVERAGE ATTENDANCE OF THE VISITING TEACHERS—49.28%

NO. OF MEETINGS IN STAKES

9,070



NO. OF MEETINGS IN MISSIONS

5,293

REGULAR MEETINGS



28.83% TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE



28.40% OR 25,215 AVERAGE ATTENDANCE IN STAKES



31.09% OR 5,292 AVERAGE ATTENDANCE IN MISSIONS

NO. OF MEETINGS IN STAKES

10,205

THEOLOGY MEETINGS
 "CHURCH HISTORY"



NO. OF MEETINGS IN MISSIONS

5,218

WORK MEETINGS



13,925

6,182

LITERATURE MEETINGS



9,906

4,466

SOCIAL SCIENCE MEETINGS



8,711

4,118

ALL OTHER MEETINGS

NO. OF MEETINGS IN STAKES

11,362

SUNDAY NIGHTS, 5th TUESDAY, EXTRA SEWING MEETINGS, ETC.



NO. OF MEETINGS IN MISSIONS

2,897

Visiting Teaching SERVICE

1,237,906

TOTAL VISITS

WERE MADE TO L. D. S. FAMILIES

to Carry the 1946 R. S. Messages—

"SOURCES OF STRENGTH" and "OUR PIONEER HERITAGE"

391,841

NOT HOME



DURING THE YEAR FAITH SUSTAINING MESSAGES WERE CARRIED BY 31,678 VISITING TEACHERS IN 18,155 DISTRICTS

EACH L. D. S. HOME SHOULD BE VISITED BY R. S. ONCE A MONTH OR 12 TIMES A YEAR

An average of 7 visits were made to each L. D. S. family in 1946

571,825 MESSAGES WERE DELIVERED TO 67.58% OF THE FAMILIES FOUND AT HOME

THE General Board deeply appreciates the very heartening impetus which visiting teaching, in all its phases, received during 1946. This was brought about through visiting teacher conventions held in many of the stakes throughout the Church, through the personal enthusiasm and interest of the stake and ward presidents who are responsible for the visiting teaching program, and by the devotion and service of the visiting teachers themselves.

There were 927 visiting teacher districts created in 1946, and 646 additional visiting teacher meetings were held. Monthly friendly visits increased 97,533 and were made by an additional 1,894 visiting teachers during 1946.

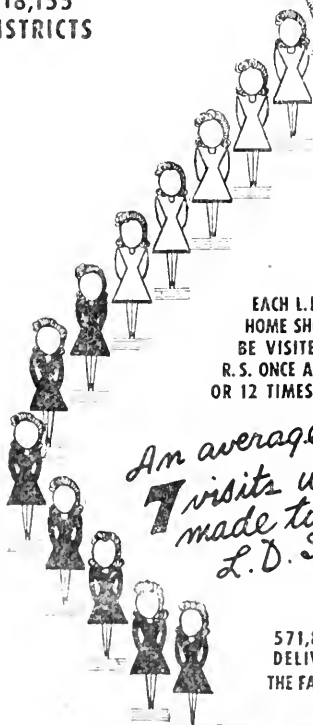
Communications made by mail or telephone in lieu of visits decreased 7,606 or 30.92%. It is expected that these communications will continue to decrease now that travel facilities are available for making personal visits to the homes.

846,605

AT HOME

COMMUNICATIONS IN LIEU OF VISITS

16,992



Rev

Educational SERVICE

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE IN THE STAKES



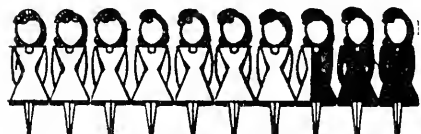
31.07%



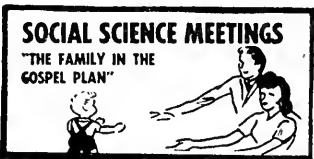
27.09%



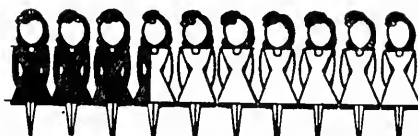
28.32%



27.13%



AVERAGE ATTENDANCE IN THE MISSIONS



33.55%



30.28%



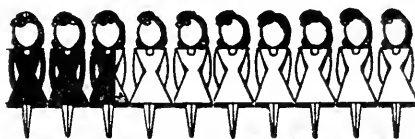
30.53%



30%

THROUGH A TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE OF 30,507

OR



28.8% OF R.S. MEMBERS

17.6% OF L.D.S. HOMES WERE BENEFITED BY THIS PROGRAM



Compassionate SERVICE

THE care of the sick and the needy is fundamental to Relief Society and has engaged the time and attention of thousands of members from its beginning.

Visits to the sick and homebound increased 2,975 or 2.50% and the number of days' care of the sick decreased 269 or 2.07%.

The decrease in 1946 is attributed to the General Board's re-emphasis of the rule that 8 hours of service constitute one day's care, and to the further fact that nursing services and hospital care are more available since the close of the war.

The marked decrease (88 or 48.08%) in the number of complete preparations for burial indicates a wider use of mortuary service. The increase (100 or 24.33%) in the number of bodies dressed for burial shows that this sacred service is being extended. Assistance at funerals decreased slightly (.65%).

121,705
VISITS TO
SICK AND
HOMEBOUND

12,677
DAYS' CARE
OF THE SICK



NO. OF
FUNERALS
AT WHICH
R. S.
ASSISTED

4,379

DRESSING
ONLY

511

COMPLETE
PREPARATION
FOR
BURIAL

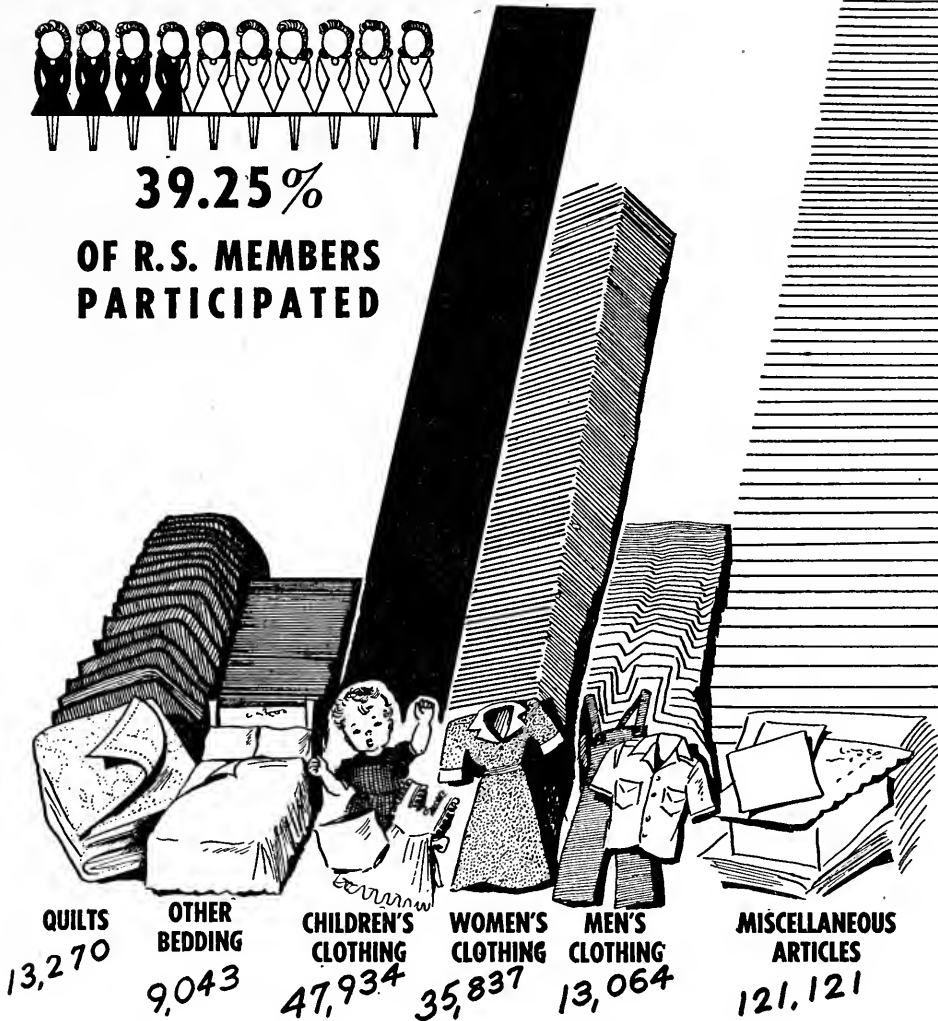
95

Sewing SERVICE

**2 4 0,2 6 9 ARTICLES
WERE COMPLETED IN
8 8 0,1 5 0 HOURS**



**39.25%
OF R.S. MEMBERS
PARTICIPATED**



THE average number of women participating in the sewing program each month during 1946 increased 9,213, from less than 30% to nearly 40% of the total membership. The number of hours spent in sewing activities increased 138,782, and the number of completed articles increased 34,035 over 1945.

**NUMBER
OF ARTICLES
COMPLETED
FOR:**

CHURCH WELFARE	121,083
RELIEF SOCIETY	86,251
RED CROSS	23,510
ALL OTHER	9,425

Church Welfare SERVICE

A MAJOR ACTIVITY OF RELIEF SOCIETY

339,784

TOTAL HOURS OF SERVICE BY R.S. WOMEN ON CHURCH WELFARE

9.32%
OR

31,680 HRS.
BY R. S. WOMEN RECEIVING AID

(NOT INCLUDING WORK DONE AT R. S. MEETING)

90.68%
OR

308,104 HRS.
BY ALL OTHER R. S. WOMEN

93,614 ARTICLES IN STAKES



1,161 PERSONS IN MISSIONS

27,469 ARTICLES IN MISSIONS



121,083

ARTICLES COMPLETED FOR CHURCH WELFARE AT R. S. MEETINGS

490 FAMILIES IN MISSIONS

FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE

THIS SERVICE, GIVEN UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BISHOPS, INCLUDES FAMILY ANALYSES AND FOLLOW-UP VISITS BY WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS AND IS IN ADDITION TO OTHER TYPES OF SERVICE RENDERED BY RELIEF SOCIETY TO THE WELFARE PROGRAM

3,530 FAMILIES IN STAKES



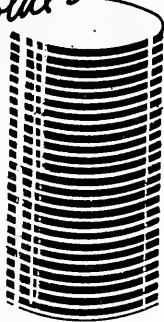
10,998 PERSONS IN STAKES

IN 4,020 FAMILIES—12,159 PERSONS WERE GIVEN FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE

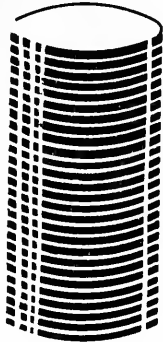
Financial Report

\$2,144,604.92
1946 *Total Assets*

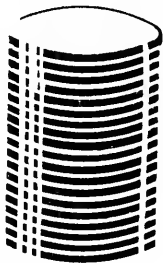
\$532,024.82
CASH BALANCE
JAN. 1, 1946



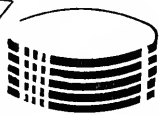
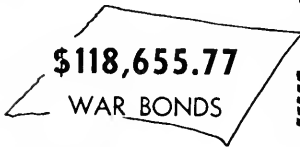
\$569,395.16
CASH
RECEIPTS



\$422,882.22
WHEAT
FUND

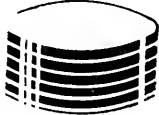


\$118,655.77
WAR BONDS

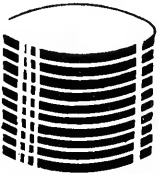


\$146,772.02

REAL
ESTATE



\$251,098.71
FURNITURE



\$103,776.22
OTHER
ASSETS



THE assets shown here in dollars represent the accumulated earnings of Relief Societies for almost a hundred years. Of greater value than the dollars, however, is an intangible asset—the development which has come to thousands of Relief Society women working together in various activities to acquire these dollars.

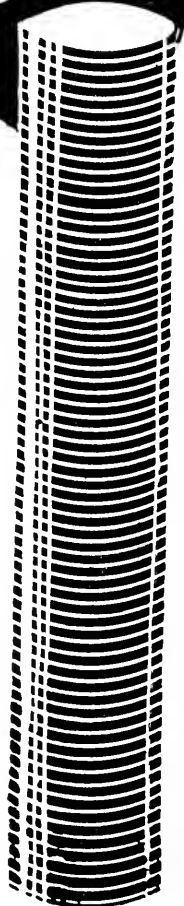
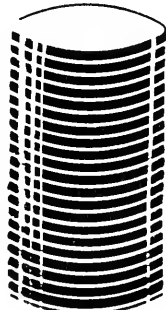
\$1,616,098.51
Balance
Net Assets

\$528,506.41
1946 *Total Liabilities*

\$2,413.23
ACCOUNTS
PAYABLE



\$526,093.18
CASH
DISBURSEMENTS.



COMPARATIVE *Financial & Statistical Data*

		1946	1945	Change 1945 to 1946	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
ORGANI- ZATIONS	STAKES AND MISSIONS, TOTAL	197	190	+7	+3.68
	Stakes	159	152	+7	+4.61
	Missions	38	38		
	Local	2,393	2,230	+163	+7.31
	Wards in Stakes	1,352	1,310	+42	+3.20
	Branches in Missions	1,041	920	+121	+13.15
MEMBERS	Membership, Total	105,798	101,691	+4,107	+4.03
	General Officers and Board Members	19	17	+2	+11.76
	Stake Officers and Board Members	1,699	1,606	+93	+5.79
	Mission Presidents and Other Officers	282	229	+53	+23.14
	Ward and Branch Executive Officers	9,276	8,897	+379	+4.25
	Other Officers	4,916	4,836	+80	+1.65
	Class Leaders	7,841	7,335	+506	+6.89
	Visiting Teachers	31,678	29,784	+1,894	+6.35
	All Other Members	50,087	48,987	+1,100	+2.24
	L. D. S. FAMILIES	L. D. S. Families, Total	177,770	158,063	+19,707
In Stakes		162,811	147,523	+15,288	+10.36
In Missions		14,959	10,540	+4,419	+41.92
MEETINGS AND ATTENDANCE	MEETINGS HELD, TOTAL	90,219	87,533	+2,686	+3.06
	In Wards and Branches	86,577	84,477	+2,100	+2.48
	Regular Ward Meetings for Members	62,731	62,745	-14	-.02
	March Sunday Night Meetings	3,853	1,315	+2,538	+193.00
	Visiting Teachers' Training Meetings	9,633	8,987	+646	+7.18
	Ward Preparation Meetings	7,222	8,432	-1,210	-14.35
	Ward Conferences	1,890	1,633	+257	+15.74
	Ward Conference Preliminary Meetings	1,248	1,365	-117	-8.57
	In Stakes and Missions	3,606	3,031	+575	+18.97
	Stake and Mission Dist. Board Meetings	1,868	1,689	+179	+10.59
	Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Mtgs.	1,362	879	+483	+54.94
	Meetings in Lieu of Union Meetings	376	463	-87	-18.79
	General Board Meetings Held	36	25	+11	+44.00
	VISITS TO WARDS BY STAKE OFFICERS	10,415	8,329	+2,086	+25.04
	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS				
	For Members	30,507	29,697	+810	+2.72
	In Stakes	25,215	24,499	+716	+2.92
	In Missions	5,292	5,198	+94	+1.80
	PER CENT OF MEMBERS REPRESENTED BY AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS	28.83	29.20	-.37	
	In Stakes	28.40	28.53	-.13	
In Missions	31.09	32.84	-1.75		
ACTIVITIES	VISITING TEACHING				
	Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	18,155	17,228	+927	+5.38
	Family Visits, Total	1,237,906	1,140,373	+97,533	+8.55
	Home	846,065	777,025	+69,040	+8.89
	Not Home	391,841	363,348	+28,493	+7.84
	Per Cent Home	68.34	68.13		+0.21
No. Communications in Lieu of Visits	16,992	24,598	-7,606	-30.92	

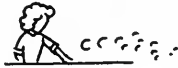
COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA (Continued)

		1946	1945	Change 1945 to 1946	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
EDUCATIONAL SERVICE					
Average Attendance at Relief Society					
	Theology	33,299	32,882	+417	+1.26
	Work (Sewing)	29,206	27,920	+1,286	+4.60
	Literature	30,334	28,588	+1,746	+6.10
	Social Science	29,189	30,399	-1,210	-3.98
	Women Completing Red Cross Courses	471	806	-335	-41.56
	Home Nursing	297	382	-85	-22.25
	First Aid	28	105	-77	-77.33
	Nutrition	90	177	-87	-49.15
	All Others	56	142	-86	-60.56
SEWING SERVICES AT MEETINGS					
	Av. No. of Women Sewing Monthly	41,533	32,320	+9,213	+28.50
	For Red Cross	2,919	7,825	-4,906	-62.69
	For All Other	38,614	24,495	+14,119	+57.64
	Number of Hours Given	880,150	741,368	+138,782	+18.71
	For Red Cross	30,729	143,378	-112,649	-78.56
	For All Other Purposes	849,421	597,990	+251,431	+42.04
	Articles Completed	240,269	206,234	+34,035	+16.50
ACTIVITIES (Continued)	For Relief Society	86,251	75,525	+10,726	+14.20
	For Church Welfare	121,083	42,527	+78,556	+184.72
	For Red Cross	23,510	74,203	-50,693	-68.31
	For All Other	9,425	13,979	-4,554	-32.57
	Kinds of Articles				
	Quilts	13,270	11,449	+1,821	+15.90
	Other Bedding	9,043	7,268	+1,775	+24.42
	Children's Clothing	47,934	30,160	+17,774	+58.93
	Women's Clothing	35,837	22,531	+13,306	+59.05
	Men's Clothing	13,064	13,708	-644	-4.69
	Other (Miscellaneous)	121,121	121,118	+3	
COMPASSIONATE SERVICES					
	Visits to Sick and Homebound	121,705	118,730	+2,975	+2.50
	Number of Days' Care of Sick	12,677	12,946	-269	-2.07
	Bodies Prepared for Burial	606	594	+12	+2.02
	Complete Preparation	95	183	-88	-48.08
	Dressing Only	511	411	+100	+24.33
	No. Funerals at Which R. S Assisted	4,379	4,408	-29	-.65
CHURCH WELFARE SERVICES (In Addition to 121,083 Articles Completed at Relief Society Work Meetings)					
	Hours Church Welfare Projects	339,784	191,053	+148,731	+77.84
	By R. S. Women Receiving Aid	31,680	17,808	+13,872	+77.89
	By All Other Relief Society Women	308,104	173,245	+134,859	+77.84
EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS					
	No. of Ward First Aid Kits	782	783	-1	-.12
	No. Ward Home Nursing Supply Chests	372	419	-47	-11.21
	No. of Wards with List of Nurses	882	678	+204	+30.08
FINANCES					
	Cash Receipts	\$ 569,395.16	\$ 474,286.61	\$ 95,108.55	+20.05
	Cash Disbursements	526,093.18	434,016.32	92,076.86	+21.21
	Net Assets	\$1,616,098.51	\$1,481,890.93	\$ 134,207.58	+9.05
MAGAZINE					
	Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	80,558	74,032	+6,526	+8.81



IN BRIEF!

2,393 Organizations
WITH **105,798 Members**



HELD **86,577 Meetings**
WITH **30,507** AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT
"REGULAR" MEETINGS-



1,237,906 Visits
WERE MADE BY **31,678** VISITING TEACHERS
TO L.D.S. FAMILIES-



AN AVERAGE OF **30,507** R.S. WOMEN
RECEIVED *Education*
IN THEOLOGY, SEWING AND
HOMEMAKING, LITERATURE, SOCIAL SCIENCE



121,705 Visits to Sick & Homebound
12,677 Days Care of the Sick WERE GIVEN



240,269 Articles Sewed
BY R.S. WOMEN —



FOR *Church Welfare*:
121,083 ARTICLES COMPLETED
BY R.S. WOMEN IN ADDITION TO WORKING—
339,784 HOURS ON OTHER CHURCH
WELFARE PROJECTS



and
RELIEF SOCIETY'S *Financial Report*
SHOWED **\$1,616,098.51** NET ASSETS

September Fruits

Sara Mills

“EVERY herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof; all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.” That is a part of the Word of Wisdom that sings to me in September. Fruit there is in abundance, weighing down the trees, lying flushed in the hot dust of the orchards, sending out sweet, heavy odors from the drying kilns, and filling the kitchens with a hot steam that is a promise of summer’s goodness for winter’s days.

You may be too busy preparing for winter to think overmuch of the bounteous supply of food that is yours for today’s use. School is starting. There is the blue haze of Indian summer in the air, bidding you to enjoy these last warm days. But the fruits of the orchard are waiting, offering you their best in taste and texture.

I have chosen three recipes that are “tops.” I use them when a well-loved person is coming to break bread with us, or when I am overflowing with good will towards my family and feel that they deserve a little extra of September’s opulence.

PEACH COBBLER

Pastry:

- 2 ½ cups flour
- ½ cup vegetable shortening
- ¾ cup milk
- 3 ½ tsp. baking powder
- ¾ tsp. salt.

Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt. Chop in vegetable shortening

until the mixture looks like coarse meal. Stir in milk quickly with a fork. Fold and carefully turn on a lightly floured board. Roll out into a thin sheet and cut into 8 five-inch squares.

Fruit:

- 1 quart fresh peaches (measured after peeling and slicing)
- ¾ cup sugar
- juice of ½ lemon
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg

Mix peaches with sugar, juice of lemon, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Place the peach mixture on the squares, one at a time, and pinch the corners together. Then set them in a baking pan.

Syrup:

- 2 cups dark corn syrup
- ¾ cup water
- juice of one lemon
- 3 tbsp. butter or substitute

Bring mixture to a boil and let simmer for ten minutes or so. Sugar can be used in place of the syrup if the latter is not available, but the syrup is best. Pour the syrup over the peach squares and bake in a 425° F. oven for ten minutes. Reduce to 350° F. It will take about half an hour longer to complete the baking.

APPLE PIE WITH CIDER

Pastry (for two pies):

- ¾ cup vegetable shortening
- 2 ¼ cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 3 tbsp. milk

Sift flour and salt. Divide the shortening, cutting in one half at a time. Instead of the usual ice water beat up the egg until it is frothy and add milk, if you need more

liquid. Toss the liquid into the flour mixture lightly and mix with a fork, then chill the pastry.

Fruit:

- 1 ½ quarts apples (measured after peeling, coring, and cutting)
- 1 cup apple cider
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 ½ tbsps. cornstarch
- 2 tbsps. lemon juice

Make this pie out of the September apples, juicy and tart, that are hanging high in your orchard. After peeling, quarter, then cut the quarters into threes and place in a stewing pan. Pour cider and sugar over the apples. You defeat the sweet tang of the cider if there is too much sugar. Let the apples boil gently until they barely look transparent and begin to soften, no longer. Just before removing from the stove, add cornstarch in lemon juice. Before the top crust is put on, dot the pie well with butter, and give it a shake of cinnamon. Bake in a 450° oven until the crust is lightly browned, then reduce to 350° F. You will find that the milk and egg crust browns quickly, and that the pie cooks more quickly.

If I didn't have this pie freshly made on my kitchen table, I'd stop right here to pare the apples. It's that good.

You may substitute pineapple juice for cider. The master of this household says he prefers pineapple juice; I still hold to cider. I once used apricot nectar. It was delicious.

BAKED APPLES

- 6 large apples
- ¾ cup brown sugar

- 3 tbsps. butter
- 2 ½ cups boiling water
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tbsps. cornstarch
- ¼ cup cold water

Wash and pare apples. Place in a small, deep baking dish. Add brown sugar and butter, which has been mixed with boiling water. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake at 425° F. until apples are tender. Pour off liquid into small pan. Make a paste of cornstarch and cold water. Add slowly to the liquid, and stir constantly until boiled. Pour over apples and serve warm. You will feel as if you are tasting baked apples for the first time.

A graham cracker pie crust is never amiss. You can fill it with sliced, chilled, and sugared peaches, to which cinnamon and nutmeg have been added. Top it with whipped cream, and have a dessert fit for the season. Berries (and there are places where berries ripen in September) may be done the same way. Or they may be cooked, thickened, and poured into the crust.

Peach parfait, my own christening, is made by slicing and sugaring luscious peaches and chilling them. Then in your tallest glasses, put layers of vanilla ice cream and layers of peaches, topping them with a swirl of peaches.

To show that we haven't forgotten the herbs in the season thereof, take some of the leaves of the sweet basil that should be growing in your garden, and cut them into every tomato salad you make this month of September.

How wonderful it is to live at this time, and how marvelous it is to dwell in a land where freedom abounds. If the people of this Nation will turn to the Lord and keep his commandments, they will enjoy happiness, and our Heavenly Father will continue to bless them.

—President George Albert Smith

A Strange Ransom

A TRUE PIONEER STORY

Ellen Redd Bryner

THEIR cherished homes in the beautiful city of Nauvoo were still mourned by the Latter-day Saint refugees. The hardships of their trek across the State of Iowa were still remembered. Camped on a tributary of the Missouri River, they were building temporary living quarters. Thrift and industry prevailed among this group of suffering people. Men were busy sawing and dragging logs for their cabins, which must be built and chinked to shelter the families before the cold winds and storms of autumn came. Wives and mothers, too, found little leisure time. In addition to household duties, there were berries, which grew in abundance near the encampment, to be picked and dried to add to the scanty store of food-stuffs. Also, the surplus of the wild game, one of their main sources of food supply, must be cut into pieces, soaked in brine, and hung to dry.

The children of the company were happy when following their fathers about and watching them chain several logs together to drag to a home site. Sometimes a group of the children would climb on a pile of chained logs and have a ride as the team of oxen dragged the logs to the place of building.

In the forest a short distance away, a band of Indians had set up their wigwams and settled down as neighbors to the Latter-day Saints. Some of the Indian children became friendly with the white boys and girls and sometimes shared in their

play. One day, four or five of the Latter-day Saint children and an Indian child climbed on a pile of logs for a ride. Unfortunately, the logs had not been chained firmly. As the oxen started, the logs slipped, throwing the children to the ground. All were unhurt except the Indian boy, who was seriously crushed between two logs.

A great agitation arose among the Indians, and the disturbance brought a threat which caused much uneasiness among the saints.

"If this papoose die, we kill one white child"—these were the words of their chief. Anxiety prevailed in every Latter-day Saint home. The women were untiring in their efforts to assist in caring for the injured boy. They carried food to the wigwam. They bathed and poulticed and prayed unceasingly for the restoration of the afflicted Indian child, who was seriously ill for a long time.

Caroline Butler had given of her strength and energy many times to soothe, comfort, and feed the sick child. Then she, herself, became dangerously ill. Her husband John Lowe Butler had gone with his teams and wagons to assist the poorer saints across the State of Iowa, hoping to bring back with him some flour and other provisions for his large, hungry family.

In her anxiety over the health of her children, Caroline had regularly given her portion of bread to them so that, though the weather was hot, her diet consisted almost entirely of

fresh meat. This unbalanced diet, combined with the heavy work of caring for a large family, storing food for winter, and her nursing the injured papoose, had made her ill with dysentery. As the days passed she grew weaker from lack of proper food. Her neighbors were kind and anxious for her welfare, but they were unable to furnish her with the food she needed for her recovery.

As this good woman lay sick and discouraged, while two neighbor sisters were bathing her almost death-like face, the Indian chief came from his camp to her door. He was frightened by her appearance and learned from her neighbors the cause of her condition.

My mother, Keziah, then a child of about nine years, stood by her mother's bed, feeling the need of a little comfort and encouragement that can only come from a mother to her child. The chief, without explanation, took this child by the hand and led her out of the house

and through the forest to the wigwam. The sick mother who saw her child led away, thought, the Indian papoose has died; my little girl is the ransom; my child is the price of that death.

The two neighbor women were speechless and Caroline was too weak to plead in protest, or even to pray. Not a word was spoken as they sat for about a half hour until little Keziah walked in the door with a quart bowl of white flour, a cup of sugar, and a small bag of coffee. The chief had made it plain to the little girl that her mother must not eat any more meat, but should have a cake of bread made from this flour every day.

The fulfillment of the prayers of this faithful group came with the restoration of the injured papoose. From Caroline's difficult experience, from her extreme suffering and sickness, her soul developed strength and she learned that there is good in the hearts of the red men.

THE SPINNING WHEEL

Mabel Jones Gabbott

The spinning wheel
Went round and round,
And spun fine flax
For Grandma's gown.

And sometimes it spun
Woolen thread,
To make a cap
For Grandpa's head.

But now it doesn't
Spin at all,
It stands so quiet
In the hall.

Perhaps it dreams
Of other years
Of handcart trails,
And pioneers.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

FASHION SHOWS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Minnie Du Frain

SACRAMENTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), HOMESTEAD WARD FASHION SHOW, April 9, 1947

The women, wearing the dresses and hats which they made in Relief Society work meeting, are:

Front row seated, left to right: Fay Blanchard, Second Counselor; Lou Hamilton; LaRue Yeates, First Counselor; Charlotte Andersen; Yvonne Hammond, work director and general chairman of the fashion show; Leah Huntsman; Edith Sellers.

Back row standing, left to right: Ila Anderson; Marie Gibby; Roma Clawson; Alice Tingey; Emily Burr; Minnie Du Frain, President; Hazel Busath; Vada Crabbe; Valoie Hill; Rowane Strain; Melba Pinnegar; Elayne Leavitt, commentator for fashion show.

An unusual feature of this fashion show was the presentation of interesting skits between the different appearances of the models. The women who appeared in the skits wore costumes of the 1800-1900 period, which contrasted vividly with the modern fashions made by the Relief Society members. The stage was decorated beautifully, and soft music was played during the promenade of the models. Two hundred guests attended the fashion show which was a credit to the women for the careful designing and expert sewing of their costumes.



Photograph submitted by Lucy Kenny

**RENO STAKE, PORTOLA (CALIFORNIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
ANNIVERSARY DINNER, March 17, 1947**

At the head of the table, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Mabel Humphreys; First Counselor Lucy Kenny; President Ada Neubert; Second Counselor Leah Williams.

Also seated are the class leaders and visiting teachers; standing are other Relief Society members and the husbands and partners.

Isabel Cook is president of Reno Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Beatrice Self

**DENVER STAKE (COLORADO), DENVER FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1947**

Standing back row, left to right: Second Counselor Elsie Ballard; President Elizabeth Hales; First Counselor Ann Ellsworth.

Seated front row, second from left: Secretary Lucy Thompson.

Erma A. Rice is president of the Denver Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Agnes Gross

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, SANTA ROSA BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR THE CENTENNIAL PROGRAM, MARCH 2, 1947

Front row left to right: First Counselor Mary Sanders; President Agnes Gross; Second Counselor Ada Wilson; Secretary Grace McPeak.

Second row, standing, left to right: Sophia Carey; Martha Byrne; Essie Blackner; Martha Fisher; Alice Rain; Edith Carlquist.

Back row standing left to right: Arline Reveal; Gertrude Ray; Trene Hartup; Mabel Schick.

In the background may be seen the large framed picture (83 by 73 inches) which was used in the program. The ten-inch border is made of 600 gold and blue flowers.



NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, SANDPOINT BRANCH (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS IN PIONEER COSTUMES ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, March 2, 1947

Seated, left to right: Rose Scott; Elda Hatch, Secretary; Selma Parr, President.

Standing, left to right: Emma Deeter; Ada Roos, Counselor; Amy Lee; Wilma M. Marshall, chorister.

Sister Marshall reports: "We do enjoy our work in the Relief Society and feel the blessings of the Lord in it. We are located away up on the north end of Lake Pend Oreille in the Pan Handle. We wanted to send this picture in to show that we enjoy our work here both in singing and in all things we are set to do."

Photograph submitted by Wilma M. Marshall



Photograph submitted by Reta Broadbent

**BONNEVILLE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) THIRTY-THIRD WARD
QUILTERS, ASSEMBLED FOR WORK MEETING, April 1947**

Left to right: Marianne Christensen; Elizabeth Grey; Cassie Saunders; Catherine Collett; Nellie Oswald; Pearl Saunders; Phoebe Morrell; Eleanore Olsen.

Nearly all of these women have attended all of the work meetings during the year. They have completed ten very beautiful quilts, some of them in unusual and difficult patterns.

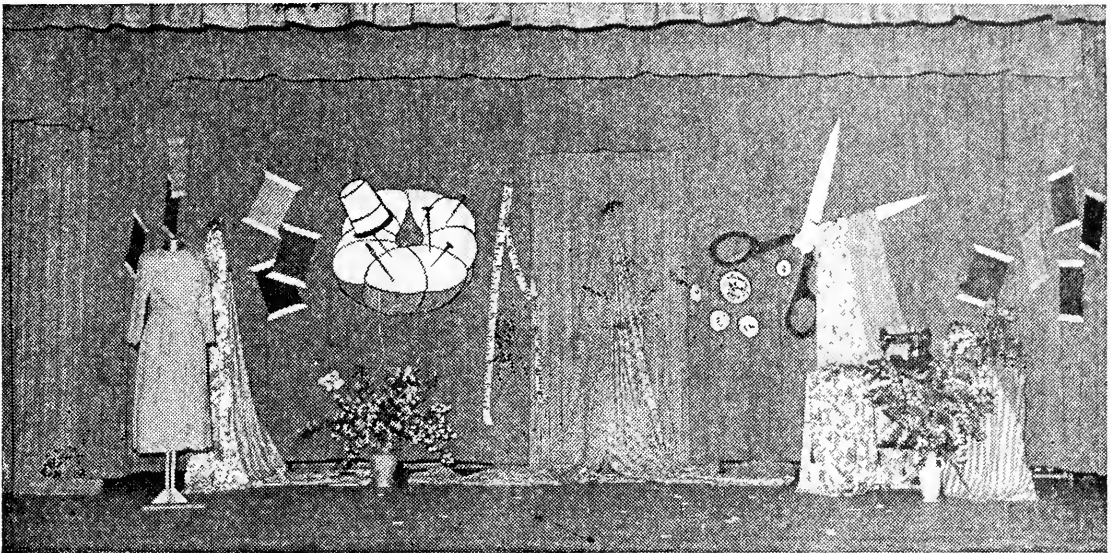
Reta Broadbent is president of Thirty-Third Ward Relief Society, and Aliene M. Young is Bonneville Stake president.

**BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), BYRON WARD, SIX STAKE RELIEF
SOCIETY PRESIDENTS**

In the May *Magazine* (page 353) the names of five stake Relief Society presidents who had lived in the small town of Byron, Wyoming, were mentioned. Since the publication of this item, information has been received regarding another stake president who once was active in the Byron organization—Lida Perry Call, President, East Rigby (Idaho) Stake Relief Society.

ERRATUM

The note from the South Gate Ward, in the *Magazine* for July 1947, page 478, lists this ward as being in the South Los Angeles Stake. The note was from the South Gate Ward of Grant Stake (Salt Lake City). Ruth Jarman is the president of this ward Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Dorothy C. Robinson

BOISE STAKE (IDAHO), STAGE SETTINGS FOR FASHION SHOW May 1947

As a climax to the sewing and remodeling activities of Boise Stake, the ward work directors sponsored a fashion show to display the work completed. Seventy articles were exhibited, including suits, coats, dresses, housedresses, negligees, formals, knitted articles, and children's clothes. The unusual stage setting shown in the photograph added interest and atmosphere for the occasion.

Maudell Harris is president of Boise Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Nida Taggart

SWISS-AUSTRIAN MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED FOR CONFERENCE IN BERN, SWITZERLAND, March 1947

Left to right: Sister Gigen; Maria Margeney, President, Bern Relief Society; Anna Stoeklin, assistant to the Mission Relief Society President; Sister Rindlisbacher; Sister Schmidt; Nida Taggart, President, Swiss-Austrian Mission Relief Society; Freda Hubacher, District President, Bern.



Photograph submitted by Elder William R. Callister

BRITISH MISSION, DERBY BRANCH (NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT), SAINTS
ASSEMBLED FOR BIRTHDAY IN HONOR OF RELIEF SOCIETY
PRESIDENT ELIZABETH BRADLEY

Shown in the picture are a number of active workers in the Church auxiliary organizations and friends of Sister Bradley (standing at the right, back of the table, and in the inset). Sister Bradley was born in 1852 and has served as the president of the Derby Branch Relief Society for the past thirty-seven years. Under her direction the branch Relief Society has grown in membership and in the spirit of the gospel, and has accomplished much charitable work, answering the many calls for assistance that have been made during two world wars.



Photograph submitted by Leona Hansen

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), FOURTH WARD PAGEANT
"Our Relief Society, Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow," March 17, 1946

Left to right, representing Relief Society of Yesterday: Barbara Cook; Jane Cook; Ruth Hart; Ellie Forbush. Representing Relief Society Today: Mattie Colson; Olive Burtenshaw; President Hazel Wright; Opal Nixon; Pearl Jordan; Annie Nielson; Veda Howard; Leona Hansen; Beulah Johnson.

Not present when the picture was taken: Maxine Hansen and Kathleen Johnson, who represented Relief Society Tomorrow.

May W. Andrus is president of North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Verna F. Murphy

HAWAIIAN MISSION, WAILUKU BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
February 1947

This photograph was taken on a regular meeting day and shows the children whom the sisters bring with them to the meetings. At the right in the front row is Sister Verna F. Murphy, former president, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society.

INSPIRATION

Eva J. Lillywhite

Whatever sunshine touches, it leaves a violet ray,
Whenever faith awakens, it leaves a perfect day,
Whenever kindness lingers to heal a broken heart,
Then someone is really doing more than his part.



Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 3—"Earthly Advent of the Christ Predicted"

"The Meridian of Time"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ* (Chapters 5 and 6), by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, December 2, 1947

Objective: To demonstrate that the great events of the Savior's life and of his plan of salvation had been revealed aforetime; and to give an explanation of the condition of the Jews during the meridian of time.

"SURELY the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets" (Amos 3:7).

Three outstanding prophecies run all the way through the books of the Old Testament:

1. The coming of Messiah or a king.
2. The scattering of Israel.
3. The gathering of Israel.

We shall consider only the first. For more than a thousand years prior to the Lord's advent in the flesh, the tribes of Israel had been looking for a great deliverer and leader. Only the prophets seem to have realized fully in what manner he would appear.

Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or the five books of the law, in about 1451 B.C. There followed after him a long line of prophets, nearly all of whom promised the Jews that their king was coming. These promises, though more or less indistinct and uncertain, were a great comfort and

source of hope to the chosen people. They are edifying and stimulating today.

We should remember that the twelve books following Deuteronomy were written by appointed historians. These historians wrote much that is difficult to understand, because we are unfamiliar with many of the events of their day. The history which was written was and is priceless. Truly, the Lord verified his promise to Abraham. He made of Israel a great nation (Gen. 12:1-3). Whether we study the utterances of divinely commissioned prophets or the writings of inspired poets, we will find they are all rich in promises of the coming of a Messiah.

Adam, the father of the human race, knew of the coming of a Savior and rejoiced in the wonderful explanation given by the angel (Moses 5:6-9). Other great prophets between Adam and Abraham knew and rejoiced because of the great

plan of salvation. The first great prophecy recorded in Jewish scripture of the Messiah's coming is recorded in Gen. 49:10.

A learned Jew in New York once said to the writer of these lessons: "We think also Jacob referred in that promise to the coming of a king or Messiah, but we have no proof that Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled that prophecy." He was invited to study the history of Judah. He was willing to admit that "Shiloh" meant king—one yet to come—and that scepter connoted kingly authority. Judah was to reign in Palestine and interpret the law until Shiloh came. Herod, who was king of the Jews when Christ came, was the first foreigner to reign over Judah after the settlement in Palestine. After the Savior was crucified and the temple destroyed, no direct descendant of Judah has since reigned over Palestine. Reread the prophecy in the light of these statements.

Moses spoke of the raising up of a great prophet (Deut. 18:15-19). In fact, the system of sacrifices established by Moses was "essentially a prototype of the sacrificial death to be accomplished by the Savior on Calvary." The prophets all knew that the sacrifices offered up were in similitude of the final offering of the Son of God. In the Psalms, we find frequent reference or allusion to the coming of and the work of Christ.

Probably, no prophet of pre-Messianic time had a clearer vision of the Redeemer than did Isaiah:

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the

chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken (Isaiah 53:4-8).

The entire chapter should be read. Zechariah interrupted his prophecy concerning the restoration of Israel in the latter day to tell that the Savior would come and that his hands would be wounded in the house of his friends.

Nearly all of the books of the Old Testament are rich in the promise of the coming of a Messiah.

The visions concerning the coming of our Lord, given to the prophets upon the eastern hemisphere, were also given explicitly to the prophets on the western hemisphere. The Book of Mormon is a history of a colony of Israelites, descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt. This group of people left Jerusalem about 600 B.C. Some of them were devout and wonderful prophets to whom the knowledge of the coming Redeemer was given with great plainness. Perhaps none saw more clearly than Lehi, the leader of the colony. His son Nephi records:

Yea, even six hundred years from the time that my father left Jerusalem, a prophet would the Lord God raise up among the Jews—even a Messiah, or, in other words, a Savior of the world (1 Nephi 10:4).

(It is recommended that members read all of Chapter 10.)

Nephi saw not only that the Savior would be born, but saw also in vision many of the events which would occur following the birth. The prophet Abinadi speaks of the Godship of the Christ and says that he is "the very Eternal Father of heaven and of earth" (Mosiah 15:4). He meant, of course, in the sense that he created the world and is, therefore, its father. This great man saw that Jesus the Redeemer would be God and would come down among the "children of men, and shall redeem his people." Furthermore, just five years before the event, it was given to Samuel, the Lamanite, to know the time of Messiah's birth.

The Meridian of Time

This expression is frequently used. In its broad sense, the word *meridian* connotes principal divisions of time and space. Usually, it means noon-time or the highest point the sun attains in its daily course. In all Christian countries, the years of human history are divided by the time of the birth of Jesus Christ. We speak of the time before that event as B.C., meaning *before Christ*, and after as A.D., or "in the year of the Lord." A.D. comes from the Latin words *anno Domini*. The plan of thus dividing time was also used by the Nephites.

An understanding of the political, social, and religious condition of the world when the Savior was born, is necessary to a clear comprehension of his life and works. It seems necessary to give just a brief resume of the Israelitish history. The name of Jacob, a grandson of Abraham, was changed to Israel. The descendants

of Abraham became known as the children of Israel. They were designated as Israelites from the time they were in bondage in Egypt until the conclusion of the reign of Solomon. After his death, the tribe of Judah, part of the tribe of Benjamin, and remnants of other tribes remained loyal to Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, while the rest of the Israelites made Jeroboam, an Ephraimite, their king. The latter group came to be known as the Ten Tribes, sometimes called Ephraim, or the kingdom of Israel.

The two kingdoms maintained a separate status for about two hundred and fifty years. In about 721 B.C., the kingdom of Israel was destroyed and the captives were carried to the nations lying to the north. They later disappeared so completely as to be referred to thereafter as the Lost Tribes.

The kingdom of Judah continued for another one hundred and fifty years when the people were made captives and taken to Babylon. Judah was in exile for about seventy years, when they were liberated by decree of Cyrus the Persian. Most of the Hebrew people returned to Judea. However, this constituted only a fraction of the original Israelitish people. While they tried hard to re-establish Jewish greatness, the Jews were never again an entirely independent people. The temple service was again established. The sacred temple was rededicated about 163 B. C. Under Roman domination, the Jews were permitted to carry on their religious ceremonials and to exercise judicial powers except in cases of capital punishment. They could put no one to death without the consent of the Roman officials.

Under the law of Moses, the Jews had been required to keep apart from other nations. They were proud of their lineage and took a "holier-than-thou" position. This attitude frequently caused clashes with other peoples. They were allowed to read only Jewish books. They were enjoined to study and become thoroughly conversant with Jewish laws. They, however, were not a united people. In fact, after their return from the Babylonian exile, they divided into many sects and other contending organizations. The scholars—and there were many of them—were known as scribes. Many of these were honored with the title of rabbi or teacher. Many of these men rendered an excellent service by compiling and preserving sacred records. Ezra and Nehemiah were leaders in this work. We are indebted to the scribes for some of the finest literature, philosophy, and ancient history found anywhere in the world. The twelve historical books of the Old Testament are invaluable. The five poetical books contain gems of philosophy unsurpassed. These, of course, were inspired of God.

The scribes and rabbis were more highly honored by the people than were the orders of the priesthood.

The people became divided into many religious sects. The leading orders or denominations were the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Essenes, the Nazarites, the Herodians, and the Galileans. The Pharisees were, by far, the largest group. The scribes usually united with them. Paul said in his defense before Agrippa: "After the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee."

That sentence gives us a key. They all professed a belief in the Mosaic Law, but differed in their interpretation thereof. The Pharisees were very strict in their interpretation not only of the law of Moses, but also all rabbinical teachings were closely studied and often disputed. They contended much with other sects and among themselves.

The Sadducees contended for strict compliance with the Mosaic law as they construed it, especially the penalties—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." They did not believe in the resurrection.

Space will not permit a more detailed examination of the various Jewish sects. We must mention that the authority of the priesthood was, at least, outwardly recognized by the Jews, when the Savior came. While the priests were inferior to the scribes, they were permitted to officiate in the sacred ceremonials of the temple. However, the religion of the day consisted almost entirely of forms and ceremonials.

The state of the world, at the time the Savior was born, was one of comparative peace. There were fewer wars than the Roman Empire had known for many years. The time was favorable for his advent.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Point out some of the outstanding prophecies of the scriptures concerning the coming of the Messiah. Illustrate the clarity of the Book of Mormon prophecies.
2. Discuss the religious and political condition of the Jews during the meridian of time.
3. To a study of what subjects was Jewish learning restricted?

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 3—Religious Activities

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, December 2, 1947

Objective: That we may review the religious practices of the pioneers and emulate their activities.

THE religious zeal of the pioneers was due to their testimonies of the truthfulness of the restored gospel; and their desire to live up to this knowledge. Because of their testimonies they were willing to leave their homes and friends, and to give up their former religious affiliations; willing to endure hardships and persecutions and to undergo physical and mental suffering; willing and determined to live the gospel, cost what it might. And because of their testimonies they were strengthened to endure their hard and trying experiences, and in turn, by these very experiences, their testimonies were strengthened. From the time the new light came to them, it was the great and driving force in their lives.

Religion with the pioneers was not merely a Sunday affair, but played a most important part in their daily lives. Religious observances and activities were fostered and practiced from the beginning, in the homes, in the temporary settlements en route to the West, on the plains, and, finally, in the permanent settlements, and all in spite of physical hardships and handicaps, limited resources, and long and arduous hours of toil and labor for mere subsistence. There was always time for religion. The pioneers were a praying, church-going,

scripture-reading people. The holding of family prayers was a common practice, with each member, in turn, being voice. The Sabbath was strictly observed. Churchgoing was popular, even with children, and partaking of the sacrament was regarded as a privilege and special blessing.

One of the most interesting places for children to go was to Sunday School, even though, in most instances, those in classes sat on long benches, and one Bible was passed along, giving each child a chance to read a verse. Fast Day was observed on Thursday, a weekday, a working day, when the fast was observed by every faithful member, and men and women, farmers, merchants, and all the people left their work, whatever it was, to attend meeting, where they opened their hearts to one another in testimony, and were comforted and uplifted.

Conferences, ward, stake, and general, provided opportunity for broader experiences, for widening horizons, and for general standardization of work.

Most of the pioneers were familiar with the Bible. It, with other Church works, was found on the old center tables in the parlors. One of the vivid memories of the writer is that of her mother reading aloud

from the large, attractive, old "Family Bible," with its heavy cover and large print, and quoting lovely passages from it to fit any conversation. The "Family Bible" was sacred, not only because it was holy scripture, but because it contained the vital statistics of the family, such as marriages, births, and deaths.

With all the duties and heavy responsibilities of the pioneers, they did not forget nor overlook the importance of missionary work, in accordance with the command of the Savior, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).

Men responded promptly to calls to serve as missionaries, even in their darkest, most trying days, leaving their homes and their families, at a time when they seemed to be in desperate need of life's bare necessities. The faithful, understanding wives and children, however, supported their husbands and fathers in this great and vital service.

Suggestions for Discussion

Let the teachers:

- a. Tell of religious activities in their own pioneer homes and communities;
- b. Tell of early missionary experiences of members of their families.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Choosing a Pattern

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, November 11, 1947

CHOOSING a pattern for the garment to be made is a very important step in the process of acquiring something to wear, and, as many women have discovered, can be a very difficult task. A pattern well-selected goes a long way toward insuring the success of the finished article.

It is often very difficult for an inexperienced person, and sometimes even for one who has had extensive training, to visualize just how a certain fashion feature will look on her. Often the attractive drawing of a dress on the figure in the fashion magazine bears little resemblance to the picture of the finished gar-

ment on oneself. We must remember that the pictures portray ideally proportioned figures which may be taller and slimmer than our own.

Unless you know how well you can wear a flared peplum, a cutaway jacket, a barrel sleeve, the new tiered skirt, or similar fashion foibles, you should, if possible, first try on garments that have these details before buying a pattern which features them. You may discover that your dreamed of dress is not for you. No matter how much you admire certain styles, you must leave them alone if they do not become you. Strive always to suit your own personality in selecting your clothes.

When you go to the store to

choose your pattern, keep in mind the following points:

1. Be sure the style you choose is appropriate to the occasions for which the dress is to be worn.
2. Select a style that will be suitable for the material to be used.
3. Suit the pattern to your figure type.

When we tell you to choose a style appropriate to the occasion, we suggest that you first take into consideration the type of life that you lead. Simplicity is the keynote to a well-balanced wardrobe. By selecting simple lines and avoiding the pitfalls of too many intricate details, you can save yourself many disappointments and insure yourself of more happiness in wearing your clothes.

In selecting a style appropriate to the material to be used, we suggest that you remember that cottons and washable materials should be made

up in styles that are simple and easy to launder. Soft silks, sheers, and jerseys lend themselves nicely to the currently draped and softened lines. Stiffer, heavier materials must be used for the more tailored styles and they depend largely on self-trim for interest.

Last, but most important, is to suit the pattern to the figure type. Strive to play up your good features and minimize your bad ones. Large figures should avoid slick, shiny, heavily figured fabrics. They should also avoid styles with a great deal of detail or too many lines. Slight figures can better use more elaborate features. If in doubt, be moderate. The first rule of good fashion is suitability and becomingness to you as an individual. Be true to yourself. If the current trends are unsuited to your particular type, stay in the conservative middle lane, and you will always appear more attractive.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 3—Types of Literature Found in the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, December 16, 1947

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the various forms of literature contained in the revealed word of the Lord.

IN the Doctrine and Covenants there are many forms of literature. There are examples of epistles, apocalyptic literature of the visionary type, prayers, exposition of a doctrinal nature, erotesis, the rhetorical question type of writing, which is often used with impressive literary effect, and Targums, known in Hebrew literature as the type of exposi-

tion which explains the scripture. Yes, and there are even examples of the lyric or song, together with the exalted rhapsody which includes a fusion of literary form such as the drama, vision, judgment, and revelations.

Of all the forms mentioned in the Doctrine and Covenants, four are more complete in sufficient amount

to study in separate lessons. These may be named as epistles, visions, prayers, and doctrinal exposition or instruction. Since, in this lesson, we are considering a survey of the types of literature found in this modern scripture, we will include all the forms but briefly to carry out an over-all review.

The direct and fervent appeal of one who cannot be present to carry his message in person, but must live out his thoughts through his pen, is found in the type of literature we call the epistle. Often such writing reaches the literary heights. Note the following section of the Doctrine and Covenants in this light:

Now, what do we hear in the gospel which we have received? A voice of gladness! A voice of mercy from heaven; and a voice of truth out of the earth; glad tidings for the dead; a voice of gladness for the living and the dead; glad tidings of great joy. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things, and that say unto Zion: Behold, thy God reigneth! As the dews of Carmel, so shall the knowledge of God descend upon them!

And again, what do we hear? Glad tidings from Cumorah! Moroni, an angel from heaven, declaring the fulfilment of the prophets—the book to be revealed. A voice of the Lord in the wilderness of Fayette, Seneca county, declaring the three witnesses to bear record of the book! The voice of Michael on the banks of the Susquehanna, detecting the devil when he appeared as an angel of light! The voice of Peter, James, and John in the wilderness between Harmony, Susquehanna county, and Colesville, Broome county, on the Susquehanna river, declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom, and of the dispensation of thefulness of times!

And again, the voice of God in the chamber of old Father Whitmer, in Fayette, Seneca county, and at sundry times, and in divers places through all the travels

and tribulations of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints! And the voice of Michael, the archangel; the voice of Gabriel, and of Raphael, and of divers angels, from Michael or Adam down to the present time, all declaring their dispensation, their rights, their keys, their honors, their majesty and glory, and the power of their priesthood; giving line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little; giving us consolation by holding forth that which is to come, confirming our hope!

Brethren, shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. Courage, brethren; and on, on to victory! Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained, before the world was, that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prison; for the prisoners shall go free.

Let the mountains shout for joy, and all ye valleys cry aloud; and all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your Eternal King! And ye rivers, and brooks, and rills, flow down with gladness. Let the woods and all the trees of the field praise the Lord; and ye solid rocks weep for joy! And let the sun, moon, and the morning-stars sing together, and let all the sons of God shout for joy. And let the eternal creations declare his name forever and ever! And again I say, how glorious is the voice we hear from heaven, proclaiming in our ears, glory, and salvation, and honor, and immortality, and eternal life; kingdoms, principalities, and powers!

Behold, the great day of the Lord is at hand; and who can abide the day of his coming, and who can stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap; and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Let us, therefore, as a church and a people, and as Latter-day Saints, offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness; and let us present in his holy temple, when it is finished, a book containing the records of our dead, which shall be worthy of all acceptation.

Brethren, I have many things to say to you on the subject; but shall now close for the present, and continue the subject another time. I am, as ever, your humble servant and never deviating friend, Joseph Smith (128:19-25).

The lofty type of literature that upholds and sustains the saints often was given in periods of travail and suffering. This kind of writing is visionary in style and is exalted in tone. Note this passage from the Doctrine and Covenants:

The veil was taken from our minds, and the eyes of our understanding were opened. We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us; and under his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like amber. His eyes were as a flame of fire; the hair of his head was white like the pure snow; his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun; and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying: I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father. Behold, your sins are forgiven you; you are clean before me; therefore, lift up your heads and rejoice. Let the hearts of your brethren rejoice, and let the hearts of all my people rejoice, who have, with their might, built this house to my name (110:1-6).

An example of an inspired prayer of the Prophet Joseph Smith, written in jail at Liberty, Missouri, follows:

O God, where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye, yea thy pure eye, behold from the eternal heavens the wrongs of thy people and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries? Yea, O Lord, how long shall they suffer these wrongs and unlawful oppressions, before thine heart shall be softened toward them, and thy bowels be moved with compassion toward them? O Lord God Almighty, maker of heaven, earth, and seas, and of all things that in them are, and who controllst

and subjectest the devil, and the dark and benighted dominion of Sheol—stretch forth thy hand; let thine eye pierce; let thy pavilion be taken up; let thy hiding place no longer be covered; let thine ear be inclined; let thine heart be softened, and thy bowels moved with compassion toward us. Let thine anger be kindled against our enemies; and, in the fury of thine heart, with thy sword avenge us of our wrongs. Remember thy suffering saints, O our God; and thy servants will rejoice in thy name forever (121:1-6).

The Lord often speaks to his children through his Prophet in language powerful and quick. From a literary point of view such writing is expository and doctrinal in nature, but often, too, it is filled with poetic figures. Study the lines of this revelation explaining a pattern of good life:

Wherefore, lift up your hearts and rejoice, and gird up your loins, and take upon you my whole armor, that ye may be able to withstand the evil day, having done all, that ye may be able to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, which I have sent mine angels to commit unto you; Taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of my Spirit, which I will pour out upon you, and my word which I reveal unto you, and be agreed as touching all things whatsoever ye ask of me, and be faithful until I come, and ye shall be caught up, that where I am ye shall be also. Amen (27:15-18).

Divine instruction is often given in literary forms. Note the effect of the rhetorical questions used by the Lord in the following section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

Verily thus saith the Lord unto my servant William Marks, and also unto my servant Newel K. Whitney, let them settle up their business speedily and journey from

the land of Kirtland, before I, the Lord, send again the snows upon the earth. Let them awake, and arise, and come forth, and not tarry, for I, the Lord, command it. Therefore, if they tarry it shall not be well with them. Let them repent of all their sins, and of all their covetous desires, before me, saith the Lord; for what is property unto me? saith the Lord. Let the properties of Kirtland be turned out for debts, saith the Lord. Let them go, saith the Lord, and whatsoever remaineth, let it remain in your hands, saith the Lord. For have I not the fowls of heaven, and also the fish of the sea, and the beasts of the mountains? Have I not made the earth? Do I not hold the destinies of all the armies of the nations of the earth? Therefore, will I not make solitary places to bud and to blossom, and to bring forth in abundance? saith the Lord. Is there not room enough on the mountains of Adam-ondi-Ahman, and on the plains of Olaha Shinehah, or the land where Adam dwelt, that you should covet that which is but the drop, and neglect the more weighty matters? Therefore, come up hither unto the land of my people, even Zion (117: 1-9).

Another form of the Hebraic style of writing is classified as the Targum. Here, other existing scripture is interpreted or explained:

Q. What is the sea of glass spoken of by John, 4th chapter, and 6th verse of the Revelation? A. It is the earth, in its sanctified, immortal, and eternal state.

Q. What are we to understand by the four beasts, spoken of in the same verse? A. They are figurative expressions, used by the Revelator, John, in describing heaven, the paradise of God, the happiness of man, and of beasts, and of creeping things, and of the fowls of the air; that which is spiritual being in the likeness of that which is temporal; and that which is temporal in the likeness of that which is spiritual; the spirit of man in the likeness of his person, as also the spirit of the beast, and every other creature which God has created (77: 1-2).

For the pure element of literary excellence in emotions, perhaps none

is greater than the song or lyric and the rhapsody. Consider the next two selections, the first might be called a psalm or poem, while the second, a rhapsody in type, is a fusion, in part, of literary forms such as would be found in drama, lyric, narrative or prophetic writings:

The Lord hath brought again Zion;
The Lord hath redeemed his people, Israel,
According to the election of grace,
Which was brought to pass by the faith
And covenant of their fathers.

The Lord hath redeemed his people;
And Satan is bound and time is no longer.
The Lord hath gathered all things in one.
The Lord hath brought down Zion from
above.

The Lord hath brought up Zion from beneath.

The earth hath travailed and brought forth
her strength;

And truth is established in her bowels;
And the heavens have smiled upon her;
And she is clothed with the glory of her
God;

For he stands in the midst of his people.
Glory, and honor, and power, and might,
Be ascribed to our God; for he is full of
mercy,

Justice, grace and truth, and peace.
Forever and ever, Amen.

(84:99-102).

And now, verily saith the Lord, that these things might be known among you, O inhabitants of the earth, I have sent forth mine angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel, who hath appeared unto some and hath committed it unto man, who shall appear unto many that dwell on the earth. And this gospel shall be preached unto every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. And the servants of God shall go forth, saying with a loud voice: Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters—calling upon the name of the Lord day and night, saying: O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence. And it shall be answered upon their heads;

for the presence of the Lord shall be as the melting fire that burneth, and as the fire which causeth the waters to boil. O Lord, thou shalt come down to make thy name known to thine adversaries, and all nations shall tremble at thy presence.

When thou doest terrible things, things they look not for; yea, when thou comest down, and the mountains flow down at thy presence, thou shalt meet him who rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, who remembereth thee in thy ways. For since the beginning of the world have not men heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath any eye seen, O God, besides thee, how great things thou hast prepared for him that waiteth for thee. And it shall be said: Who is this that cometh down from God in heaven with dyed garments; yea, from the regions which are not known, clothed in his glorious apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? And he shall say: I am he who spake in righteousness, mighty to save. And the Lord shall be red in his apparel, and his garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat. And so great shall be the glory of his presence that the sun shall hide his face in shame, and the moon shall withhold its light, and the stars shall be hurled from their places. And his voice shall be heard: I have trodden the wine-press alone, and have brought judgment upon all people; and none were with me.

And I have trampled them in my fury, and I did tread upon them in mine anger, and their blood have I sprinkled upon my garments, and stained all my raiment; for this was the day of vengeance which was in my heart. And now the year of my redeemed is come; and they shall mention the loving kindness of their Lord, and all that he has bestowed upon them according to his goodness, and according to his loving kindness, forever and ever. In all their afflictions he was afflicted. And the angel of his presence saved them; and in his love, and in his pity, he redeemed them, and bore them, and carried them all the days of old; yea, and Enoch also, and they who were with him; the prophets who were before him; and Noah also, and they who were before him; and Moses also; and they who were before him; and from Moses to Elijah, and from Elijah to

John, who were with Christ in his resurrection, and the holy apostles, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, shall be in the presence of the Lamb. And the graves of the saints shall be opened; and they shall come forth and stand on the right hand of the Lamb, when he shall stand upon Mount Zion, and upon the holy city, the New Jerusalem; and they shall sing the song of the Lamb, day and night forever and ever.

And for this cause, that men might be made partakers of the glories which were to be revealed, the Lord sent forth the fulness of his gospel, his everlasting covenant, reasoning in plainness and simplicity—to prepare the weak for those things which are coming on the earth, and for the Lord's errand in the day when the weak shall confound the wise, and the little one become a strong nation, and two shall put their tens of thousands to flight. And by the weak things of the earth the Lord shall thrash the nations by the power of his Spirit. And for this cause these commandments were given: they were commanded to be kept from the world in the day that they were given, but now are to go forth unto all flesh—and this according to the mind and will of the Lord, who ruleth over all flesh. And unto him that repenteth and sanctifieth himself before the Lord shall be given eternal life. And upon them that hearken not to the voice of the Lord shall be fulfilled that which was written by the prophet Moses, that they should be cut off from among the people. And also that which was written by the prophet Malachi: For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch (133:36-64).

Activities and Readings for Appreciation

In this lesson time should be taken to consider the truth and beauty of the various types of literature found in the Doctrine and Covenants. This can be done by a study of the selections included in the lesson itself with the help of the following questions. Have the passages read aloud

after the questions have been answered.

1. Why should a prayer border on the lyric type of literature?
2. Doctrinal exposition is direct. The Lord's word is as a two-edged sword. How is this clear-cut effect of such writing obtained?
3. What is a rhetorical question and how is its use effective as a literary pattern of writing?
4. To what does the lyric or psalm appeal? How is its effect carried out in writing?
5. What element of literature on a grand scale is suggested in the rhapsody?

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

No social science lesson is printed in this issue of the *Magazine*, as no lesson for this department is planned for the month of December, due to the holiday season.

RHYTHM

Rosella F. Larkin

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As waves upon the sea,
And human life must play in tune
In God's immensity.

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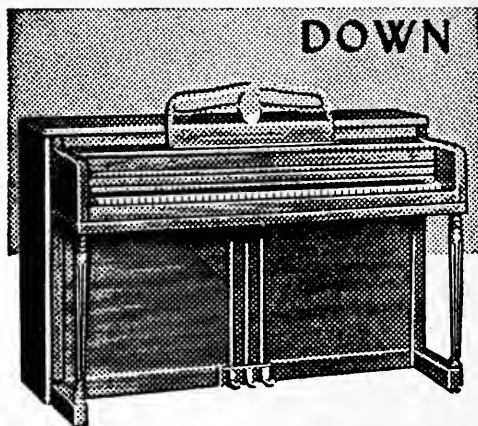
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PRAYER OF A PIPE ORGAN

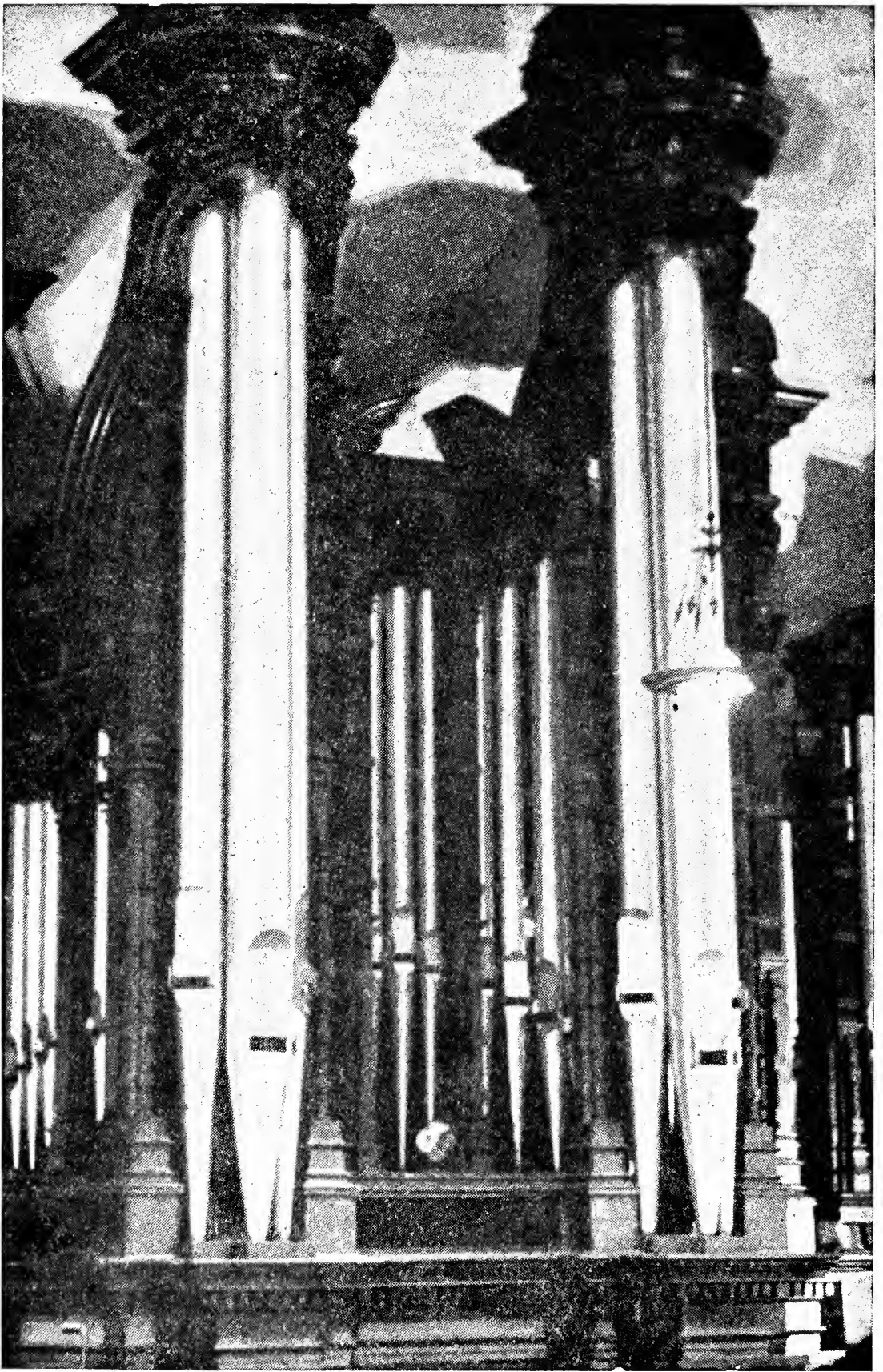
Julia Nelson

Lord, I have breathed into still, tapered gloom,
And light, unmasking muffled, weak despair,
Has touched a wordless thought, a mute desire
That soared, in purest harmony, to prayer;

And I have rung white bells of sound to some
Who walked in joy, perfecting their rich peace
With music's benediction; through the years,
An echoing comfort stayed, when rapture ceased.

My chords are vibrant underneath the roll
Of surging voices; when a thousand sing,
I bear their last and holiest amen
To thee an organ's reverent whispering.

Lord, I am but an instrument, a frame,
Cold hollow veins, mere wood and bone and steel;
In all thy gifts to man, save yet for me
This glorious power to show what others feel.



Photograph by Willard Luce

CENTER PIPES OF THE TABERNACLE ORGAN
L. D. S. Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah

Seventy-fifth Birthday Year

Rosannah Cannon Irvine

Former Member, Relief Society General Board

(On June 1, 1947, the woman's periodical of the Church marked its seventy-fifth birthday, known as *The Woman's Exponent* until 1914 and thereafter called *The Relief Society Magazine*.—Ed.)

“WHO can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies . . . She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy . . . Strength and honour are her clothing . . . Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.”

It is probable that the Prophet Joseph Smith was familiar with these passages from Proverbs. And it is more than likely that he had listened to the quietly insistent voices of the wives and mothers in the Church seeking an opportunity to share, in greater measure, the burdens and responsibilities of the organization of which they were members. Whatever the cause may have been, no one has ever doubted the wisdom and inspiration of the founding of the “Female Relief Society of Nauvoo” as a potent, working auxiliary to the Priesthood. In time this name was changed to the “Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.”

Thirty years later, the need of this organization for an official medium to transmit instructions, news, and other matters of interest to the women of the Church became apparent. In this, as in so many other ways, Mormon women were leaders in progressive movements. It was then that

the *Woman's Exponent* came into existence. It was the second woman's paper west of the Mississippi.

Almost isolated from the rest of the world, having few of the modern means of communication, it is remarkable how this little sheet kept abreast of the times. Besides reports and instructions, there were items of special interest, bits of local, national, and international news, household suggestions, home economics, training of children, hints on beauty, fashions, and good manners, poetry, humor. Wit, philosophy, and wisdom were in its contents, and, with it all, the charm and impressiveness of good literature. And there were advertisements of local products, even in those early issues of the *Exponent*. These attracted much attention. Many of them were amusing, and often the items advertised seemed so intriguing that one could wish they were on the market today. This co-operation with the merchants was a financial aid to the infant periodical, and helped to popularize the *Exponent* as well as the goods advertised.

To the retrospective mind, reading the old volumes of the *Woman's Exponent* is an inspiration and a delight. To those who haven't access to the old volumes, there is a page of excerpts from the original numbers in the current *Magazines*. These give a fascinating insight into the intellectual activity and courage



LULA GREENE RICHARDS 1872-1877 EMMELINE B. WELLS 1877-1914 SUSA YOUNG GATES 1914-1922

EDITORS OF THE WOMAN'S PERIODICAL OF THE CHURCH

of the early writers who twice monthly published this miniature newspaper.

The following excerpts are representative:

As we enter upon the rugged pathway of life, glowing with health and anticipation, what a bewildering panorama opens up before our eyes.

To talk well and just enough is wisdom, an accomplishment possessed by few.

Utah, in its Female Relief Societies, has the best trained benevolent institution of the age. Yet but little is known of the self-sacrificing labors of these Societies. In the *Woman's Exponent*, a department will be devoted to reports of their meetings and other matters of interest connected with their workings.

Who are so able to speak for the women of Utah as the women themselves? It is better to represent ourselves than to be misrepresented by others.

THE first editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, Mrs. Lula Greene Richards, was a poet, with a gentle, poetic soul. It must have required almost superhuman heroism and

faith on her part to accept such a position of trust and responsibility as editor of this new periodical representing the women of her Church. It was a startling and almost unheard of adventure. Those who knew Mrs. Richards can readily understand the valorous character which lead her to accept the assignment. Contending with her inherent desire to yield obedience to any call from the Authorities, was her natural disposition, youth (she was only twenty-three), inexperience, humility, and innate modesty. Soon after accepting the commission, she was married; and after five years as editor she had to resign because of increasing family cares.

Mrs. Richards was succeeded by Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, who had been her assistant for two years. Mrs. Wells was also a poet, a woman of exceptional intelligence, with a strong and pleasing personality. She was known, not only throughout America but also in Europe, for her rare ability, her culture, and her

strong support of women's rights. One very interesting point in her career was that President Woodrow Wilson called to see her when he was in Salt Lake City. "Aunt Em," as she was affectionately called by friends and acquaintances, was as stalwart in spirit as she was fragile in appearance. As assistant and editor, Mrs. Wells was connected with the *Exponent* thirty-nine years. At the end of that time the publication of the *Woman's Exponent* was discontinued.

When the pioneer magazine ceased publication, there came into being a small pamphlet called the "Relief Society Bulletin." There were twelve issues of this, and, in it, outlined lessons for use in the ward Societies were printed. At the end of the year, the larger, more complete *Relief Society Magazine* was started.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates, a daughter of President Young, was appointed the new editor. She was very much like her father, forceful and capable. She had his quality of mind

in leadership and clear, progressive thinking. Many outstanding changes were made in the policies of the General Board while she was a member of that body. With her gift for writing, and her experience as former editor of the *Young Woman's Journal*, she brought to the Relief Society publication a strength and vigor characteristic of her nature. In her first editorial, Mrs. Gates announced the ideals of the *Magazine*: ". . . . we would make of this *Magazine* a beacon light of hope, beauty, and charity."

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, who was largely responsible for the scheduled lessons, did the editorial work for one year following the resignation of Sister Gates. Since her labors along other lines were so heavy, however, she was not named as editor.

ERUDITE Miss Alice Louise Reynolds, professor of literature at the Brigham Young University, well beloved by those who knew her best,



ALICE L. REYNOLDS MARY CONNELLY KIMBALL
1923-1930 1930-1937

EDITORS OF THE WOMAN'S PERIODICAL OF THE CHURCH



BELLE S. SPAFFORD
1937-1945



MARIANNE C. SHARP
1945—

EDITORS OF THE WOMAN'S PERIODICAL OF THE CHURCH

followed Sister Gates as editor. She made a unique and valuable contribution to the General Board as well as to the *Magazine*. Her editorials were scintillating, illuminating, and informative. She was an ardent student of world affairs and a great traveler. Her mental hunger was as acute as the distress induced by physical starvation. Twelve months of the seven and one half years she was editor, she spent in Europe. In that time she sent to the *Magazine* each month an article on world affairs, interesting and educational.

During the time of Miss Reynold's absence in Europe, sweet, gracious, artistic Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans assumed the duties of editor.

When Miss Reynolds resigned as editor to devote her entire time to teaching in the Brigham Young University, Mrs. Mary Connelly Kimball became editor. Able, experienced, kindly Mrs. Kimball justified the expectations of her multitude of friends and associates.

Mrs. Belle S. Spafford, who is now

the General President of the Relief Society, followed Mrs. Kimball. Young and clever, trained under the tutelage of her predecessor, she filled the position with tact and ability, until called to her present high place.

The present editor is Mrs. Marianne Clark Sharp. Combined with her own intelligence and individuality, she has inherited many of the good qualities of her parents; vitality and forcefulness from her father, gentility and sweetness from her mother. With these endowments, she cannot fail in making a success of her work.

Through seventy-five years of its life, the Relief Society organ has affected the results—the hopes, the faith, and the vision—of its originators. It has evolved from the humble but valiant first issue of the *Woman's Exponent* to the compact, modern, enterprising *Magazine* of today. In keeping with the Latter-day Saint belief in eternal progression, some new features are constantly being added.

It would be a difficult matter to separate the editorial work from the policies of the General Board. While each editor has put into her work much of her own personality, she has adhered strictly to the spirit of the Society. The editors, with the exception of Mrs. Richards, have all been General Board members. Being the official mouthpiece of the General Board, this priceless journal has expounded the decisions and policies of that body for the benefit of its readers, keeping them in keen awareness of the workings of the heads of their Society.

AMONG the many progressive ideas put into effect by the General Board in their weekly meetings, the following two are worthy of note in connection with this article and its subject. As in the beginning, when the *Exponent* published much excellent poetry and special articles, through the years encouragement has been given to writers to contribute to the publication. Many new writers, with this opportunity, have developed embryonic talents and an appreciation for good literature. To further this valuable design, yearly prize poetry contests and short story contests have been added. These competitions afford an incentive to all Latter-day Saint girls and women to develop their powers of expressing their thoughts and

emotions. The contests have a tendency to develop mental energy and ambition, and have resulted in bringing forth many poems and stories of real merit which have been published in the *Magazine*.

Through the years, the women's publication has been guided and directed by the General Presidents of Relief Society. They have met and advised with the editors constantly concerning the broad policies of the *Magazine* and lent their wisdom to necessary decisions.

There is no truer saying than that, "The old order changeth." And while the present *Magazine* is vastly different from the *Woman's Exponent*, the high standards of the original have been maintained. But in many respects it has kept pace with its three quarters of a century age, its editors believing that "Where there is no vision the people perish."

So now in its seventy-fifth birthday year, the official organ of the women of the Church is carrying on the work, progressing with the times, constantly seeing visions of future advancement, and still sustaining the ideals of its inception. It is a living, vital medium of inspiration and guidance to Latter-day Saint women throughout the world, a magazine of which every Relief Society woman, and in fact every Church member, has reason to be justly proud.

VIGNETTE OF OCTOBER

Ruby Baird Andersen

October shouts of scarlet hills,
 And purple canyon walls,
 And ochre carpets under trees
 Where lavish glory falls.

Utah Entertains the Governors

Edith S. Elliott

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE State of Utah was honored with the privilege of acting as host for the annual governors' convention, July 14, 15, and 16 this Centennial year of 1947. The general business program was outlined by convention officials in Chicago, but to arrange for the social events of the conference, Governor Herbert B. Maw appointed his wife, Mrs. Florence B. Maw as general chairman, with the following women as committee members: Mrs. R. B. Maw, Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart, Mrs. E. E. Ericksen, Mrs. George O. Elliott, and Mrs. Gus P. Backman.

To the convention came the largest group of governors ever assembled in one of their conferences. There were representatives from forty-six states, plus the governors of the territories of Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico. In many instances, along with the governors came their wives and children, aides, secretaries, relatives, friends and the press.

On Sunday evening, July 13, the governors and their parties were guests of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in a specially conducted tour of Temple Square. The friendly and efficient guides gave interesting information about the buildings and monuments and explained, briefly, Latter-day Saint doctrines. The guests seemed extremely interested, so much so, that many expressed appreciation for the experience and asked further questions concerning

the Church during their stay in the city.

A religious service and concert sponsored by the Tabernacle Choir followed the tour of the Square. The governors' group occupied a section of seats in the center of the Tabernacle. Elder Lester F. Hewlett, as president of the Tabernacle Choir, served as chairman of the evening's service. Introductory remarks were made by Elder Richard L. Evans. The opening prayer was offered by President David O. McKay. A speech of welcome on behalf of the State of Utah was given by Governor Herbert B. Maw. President George Albert Smith then greeted the visitors on behalf of the Church, welcoming them to the Tabernacle and relating incidents relative to the Centennial. The Choir performed magnificently under the direction of J. Spencer Cornwall, with Alexander Schreiner at the console of the great organ. Miss Helen Traubel, Metropolitan soprano, was guest artist. To share a talent with others is a gracious act, and Miss Traubel did this with charm and friendliness. Her wonderful voice was appreciated by the many thousands assembled.

Following the concert, the governors' groups and invited guests attended a formal reception given by Governor and Mrs. Maw at the Executive Mansion on East South Temple Street. This reception was the first social function of the convention. Governor and Mrs. Maw's hospitality and personal interest in

each guest set the keynote for the days ahead.

Programs were arranged for the children who had accompanied their parents. On Monday they were taken to the beautiful country homes of Mrs. Charles Allen and Mrs. R. W. Madsen in Cottonwood, where they enjoyed swimming in the crystal clear pools and a barbecue supper.

Tuesday, the young folks were carried by bus into one of the nearby canyons for play and a picnic lunch. Wednesday, all of the children were again put into a bus and whisked out to Great Salt Lake where they enjoyed the uniqueness of a briny swim, a trip on a sailboat, and tasty refreshments.

MONDAY morning in the Lafayette ballroom of the Hotel Utah, the business sessions of the governors' convention began.

At noon, twelve hostesses, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Gus P. Backman, met the wives of the governors in the Hotel Utah lobby and took them by automobile to the Salt Lake Country Club for lunch. Here, at the foot of the rugged Wasatch mountains, the "first ladies" had their first "just ladies" party. The decorations were fuchsia gladioli. At each place, as a favor, was a rose pink ceramic lily.

Mrs. Maw gave the welcoming speech with her usual charm of manner and gracious dignity. Each governor's wife was invited to introduce herself and tell some interesting, personal incident. Good, wholesome fun was the result, and a spirit of friendliness prevailed. The "Evans Sisters" furnished the music, which included a string quartet interspersed with vocal solos and duets.

On the way back to the Hotel Utah, which was the Salt Lake City home for most of the visitors, a tour was made of Liberty Park, the University of Utah campus, and the State Capitol building.

At the Capitol, Mrs. C. Rosanne Gibbs displayed the "National Tapestry" which she has been sixteen years in assembling. The wife of each state governor has contributed a hand embroidered block, representative of her state, to make up this interesting project. Mrs. Henry Blood, wife of former Governor Blood, contributed the Utah block. The permanent home for the "Tapestry" will be the National Museum in Washington, D.C.

Monday evening the formal state dinner was held at the Hotel Utah. Tables were set in the Lafayette and Junior ballrooms, and on the mezzanine floor. State flags were the central theme for decorations. Mrs. Maw and the wives of the governors were seated immediately in front of the double row of speakers' tables. Each one wore orchids—a gift from the State of Utah. Invited guests found their places at the tables according to a printed seating plan.

At a given moment the governors marched in and took their places at the speakers' tables. It was very impressive to see so many of the executive leaders of the states thus assembled.

Following the banquet, the tables were cleared away and chairs were arranged to allow the 600 guests to hear the specially prepared program. Host Governor Herbert B. Maw introduced each governor, in turn, to the invited guests, and told something interesting about each one. (Each governor was seated according to



Photograph, courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

GOVERNORS' LADIES IN FRONT OF FAMOUS "NATIONAL TAPESTRY" Utah State Capitol, July 14, 1947

Left to right: Mrs. Earl Warren of California; Mrs. Ernest Gruening of Alaska; Mrs. Millard F. Caldwell of Florida; Mrs. Herbert B. Maw of Utah.

the sequence of his state's admission to the Union.) As each governor stood, his wife was invited to stand also, and both received welcoming applause from the audience. At the close of the introductions, Governor Maw asked his own lovely wife to stand, who was greeted with acclaim.

Governor Millard F. Caldwell of Florida, chairman of the convention, made a few introductory remarks and introduced the speaker of the evening, Secretary of State George C. Marshall, who gave a brief resume of present world problems.

TUESDAY morning before the business meeting began, gifts from the State of Utah were delivered to each governor. One of the gifts was a beautiful white virgin wool blanket bound with white satin and made of Utah wool. The second

gift was a copper tray, made of Utah copper, designed by Rondo Hoglund and purchased at the Mormon Handicraft Gift Shop.

During the noon hour, the "first ladies" attended the organ recital in the Tabernacle and heard Elder Alexander Schreiner play a program in their honor. In addition to the regular classical numbers and the typical Latter-day Saint hymns, he played a medley of state melodies which were appreciated by the listeners.

Luncheon at the Lion House, one of President Brigham Young's homes, was next on the agenda. Mrs. E. E. Ericksen served as chairman of the novel affair, and was assisted by several hostesses, among them the women presidents of the auxiliaries of the Church.

I repeat, it was a novel affair, because an old-fashioned theme was

carried out. The ladies were received in the parlors and then escorted upstairs to the large front room where Mrs. Maw gave a speech of welcome. There, they were fascinated to see the tables set as they used to be in pioneer times. Prairie and desert flowers with small cat's-tails, yarrow, sagebrush, and milkweed served as centerpieces. Spaced along the tables were antique castor sets. The dinner plates were turned upside down over the knives and forks, with the folded napkins on top, and the spoons were placed in spoon dishes along the tables.

Relief Society President Belle S. Spafford asked the blessing on the food. The food for the entire luncheon was already on the table, steaming hot, in large bowls and platters. Each lady was invited to help herself and then pass the food on to her neighbor.

And oh, what a menu! Creamed chicken and rice, mashed potatoes, lettuce salad, cole slaw, sliced tomatoes, pickled beets, corn on the cob, hot cinnamon rolls, "honest to goodness" old-fashioned lemonade, and layer cakes filled with jelly, covered with whipped cream, and placed high on quaint, glass-footed cake stands spaced down the length of the tables. The favors at each place were figurines of an adorable pioneer woman, designed by Marjorie Petersen, who explained, in a little talk, that the figure was that of her grandmother.

A musical program was given by four ladies dressed in picturesque pioneer costumes, calling themselves the "Singing Grandmothers." They sang sweet old songs that caught the interest of all.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, the governors arrived in time for a



Photograph, courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

PIONEER LUNCHEON AT THE LION HOUSE

July 15, 1947

Admiring the pioneer figurines, left to right: Mrs. Charles A. Robins of Idaho; Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey of New York; Mrs. Herbert B. Maw of Utah; Mrs. E. E. Ericksen, Chairman, Lion House Luncheon.

tour of the Lion House. After being served lemonade and cookies, they, with their wives, enjoyed the life story of the great colonizer and leader, and events which took place in the Lion House, as related by Rehan Spencer West and her sister, Jean Spencer Farr, both granddaughters of President Brigham Young, who acted as guides through the historic old building.

Walking next door to the Church Office building, the distinguished group was received by President George Albert Smith and his two counselors, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and President David O. McKay, in the beautiful walnut and marble office in the north end of the building. After a short, friendly visit, the group was shown through the building, which had been attractively decorated with garden flowers by Mrs. Lillie C. Adams of the Relief Society General Board.

Following a very short rest, the visiting delegation, seated in open, convertible automobiles, took part in a "Parade of the Governors" through downtown Salt Lake City, then south and east to the home of President George Albert Smith at 1302 Yale Avenue, for a garden supper.

Early in the year when President Smith learned, for a certainty, that the convention was coming to Utah, he sent a letter to Governor Maw inviting the guests to his home for dinner during their stay in Salt Lake City. He asked his two daughters and their husbands, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. George O. Elliott, to plan the entertainment and remarked, "Our home isn't a palace such as some of the guests are used to, but it is clean,

comfortable, and attractive, and the garden large and beautiful. The governors can go no place where they will be more genuinely welcome than in my humble home and its pleasant surroundings."

And so, to the home of the President of the Church came the executives of the states and territories of the United States of America. President Smith's garden is informal and charming. There are spacious lawns set with flower beds or scalloped at the edges to permit shrub and flower borders. Large shade and ornamental trees invite rest and observation. Flowers of every color and kind vie with each other for prominence. Comfortable garden furniture is grouped in the shade of trees, on lawns and terraces, and along the cool banks of the spring-fed creek. Paths leading down into the canyon retreat are bordered with scrub oak, iris, myrtle, Oregon grape, and wild lilies of the valley.

"The Parade of the Governors" stopped in front of President Smith's home. The guests were met by a group of hosts and hostesses, relatives and close friends of the President and his family, and were shown through an opening in the huge sweetbrier rose hedge into a charming old-fashioned garden. Here, beneath a beautiful English walnut tree, stood President Smith and his two daughters and their husbands, to extend a hearty welcome to the governors and their parties.

Host couples then directed the guests to the buffet tables. There were three of them, each thirty feet long, decorated with large, shiny South Sea Island leaves. The tables were a picture of beauty, laden with exquisitely arranged viands. Under



Sego Lilies

*Like manna,
 Sego Lilies proved to be
 God given, in extremity.
 Thrice blessed,
 They served a triple good:
 The bloom, to lift
 men's souls,
 The root, for food,
 The surety, that God
 foreseeing need
 Stretched forth His hand
 And scattered lily seed.*

Vilate Raile

STATE FLOWER OF UTAH

A copy of this beautiful envelope containing sego lily seeds and painted in natural colors by Mary Moorehead, was presented to each guest at President Smith's reception. The poem is by Vilate Raile.

the direction of Guy Toombes, manager of the Hotel Utah, Arnold and his efficient helpers had charge of tables and catering. The three-foot, stuffed, whole salmon was an eye catcher, as were the roast turkeys, baked hams, salads, relishes, olives, and celery curls, chilling in scooped-out blocks of ice; hot orange bread rolls, and individual lemon chiffon pies. Fruit punch was served from smaller tables placed throughout the garden. The guests were seated at tables or were free to wander through the house and garden as they ate. Musical numbers were rendered by a quartet of young men who sang as they strolled about the garden.

Typical of President Smith's love for "scouting," he invited a patrol of scouts from his own ward to keep a bonfire burning down by the creek. The fire added cheer and warmth where the chilly air, rising from the water, calls for a bit of tempering even during the hot months of July and August.

It had been the hope of the general committee that the governors could see a preview of the successful music drama "Promised Valley," but rehearsals and costuming were not far enough along to make this possible. So, as a "teaser," Dr. Lorin F. Wheelwright brought the chorus over, and they sang several of the popular numbers from the operetta. The guests were delighted with the sample and expressed regret at not being able to stay and see the finished production.

Inasmuch as President Smith's party was a garden party, favors of beautifully packaged sego lily seeds were given each guest to take home and plant in his or her garden as a memento of the visit to the State of

Utah. Miss Mary Moorehead furnished the painting of Utah's State flower, and Mrs. Vilate S. Raile, the poem, which were engraved on the front of the packets. Along with the lily-seed favors were given boxes of Cummings Studio chocolates by young girls dressed in bouffant garden formals. Added to all this beauty was the fairylike effect of flood lights—and the result was a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

When the program was completed, the governors' parties were invited to re-enter their convertibles and were taken to the Centennial Exposition grounds for further entertainment.

THE last session of the conference convened Wednesday morning, when the governors again assembled in the Lafayette ballroom.

At noon, the ladies of the conference were taken to Pinecrest, in Emigration Canyon, for luncheon. The chairman for the affair was Mrs. Raymond B. Maw. She was assisted by several hostesses. On the way to the canyon, the cars took the route past the "This Is the Place" monument. This remarkable piece of sculpture was greatly admired by the ladies. At Pinecrest Inn, the tables in the dining room were decorated with covered wagons, sagebrush, and wild mountain flowers. Favors at each guest's place were little ceramic covered wagons.

Mrs. Maw spoke a few words of welcome, after which a delicious luncheon was served.

Mrs. Sterling Ercanbrack rose as the meal ended and told several humorous pioneer stories. Miss Becky Almond and Mrs. Virginia Freeze

Barker gave a musical skit about pioneer hats.

The governors' wives enjoyed the cool of the canyon after the heat of the city. It seemed that even Mother Nature was eager to lend her talents to the occasion, because she sent a thunder shower, punctuated with flashes of lightning, for real mountain atmosphere. When it was time to leave for the city, however, the sun came out and the ride down the canyon was delightful.

The last official party for the governors' groups was a Wednesday night dinner dance given by the Sons of the American Revolution at Hotel Utah's Starlite Gardens. The scenic outlook, alone, from the hotel roof, makes any occasion a success.

Dr. John Z. Brown, Chapter President of the Utah S.A.R., greeted the guests. Mr. Harold Fabian was toastmaster. Responses were made by Governor Herbert B. Maw and convention chairman Governor Millard F. Caldwell of Florida. Governor Caldwell expressed appreciation for Utah hospitality and thanked all those who had made the convention an outstanding success in every way. He announced that the chairman for the next annual convention would be Governor Horace A. Hildreth of Maine.

There was a deep note of sincerity in the thanks that accompanied the goodbyes and good wishes from the visitors to their Utah hosts, as a most successful convention came to a close.



Photograph, courtesy The Salt Lake Tribune

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AND DAUGHTERS
GREET STATE EXECUTIVES

At President Smith's home, July 15, 1947

Governor William Preston Lane, Jr. of Maryland shakes hands with President Smith. The President's two daughters, Mrs. Robert Murray Stewart and Mrs. George O. Elliott, stand in the receiving line.

Vesta P. Crawford Appointed Associate Editor of The Relief Society Magazine

Marianne C. Sharp

First Counselor, General Presidency of Relief Society

THE General Presidency of Relief Society is pleased to announce, as of October 1, 1947, the appointment of Vesta Pierce Crawford as associate editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Sister Crawford has served as editorial secretary for the past two years. During that time, she has exhibited a keen interest and competency in all phases of editorial work.

Vesta is richly endowed with creative powers as a writer of both poetry and prose. It was a happy discovery to find that these gifts were combined with a capacity for hard, methodical work and a care for details — a combination but rarely joined.

Vesta has manifested her love of the gospel by her willingness to serve in Church auxiliaries in different capacities.

She is the daughter of Sylvester Pierce, a rancher of Gunnison, Utah, and the late Alice Maude Redington Pierce. Her husband, Arthur L. Crawford, is a Commissioner in the Utah State Department of Publicity and Industrial Development. Without his understanding and patience, it would be impossible for Vesta to devote so much time to duties outside her home. They have one daughter, Marian, a student at Brigham Young University.

Vesta's prose and poetry have won recognition in many national periodicals, as well as in *The Relief Society Magazine* itself. She won first place in the Eliza Rox-



VESTA P. CRAWFORD

ey Snow Poem Contest in 1935 and 1945, first place in the short story contest in 1944, and over a period of years has been a contributor to the *Magazine*. Alice Louise Reynolds, a former editor of the *Magazine*, Vesta's teacher in literature at B. Y. U., was most kind and helpful in urging her to develop her writing skill. Vesta continued to study at Stanford University and later at the University of Wyoming, where she won her master's degree in English.

The General Board of Relief Society is proud of the new associate editor and expects, with her great talents, to have *The Relief Society Magazine* grow and deepen in significance to the women of the Church.

The Kidnaping

Fay Tarlock

BEFORE we came to Mexico during the late war, we lived on a country hillside in California. Danny, our not-quite-three-year-old son, had never known the pleasures of a sidewalk. To acquaint him with pavement, his daddy bought him a little vehicle called an Iron Mike. Danny would ride on the tile walks in the front and back gardens, and circle the fountain made of many-colored Puebla tiles, a wondrous thing with the drain pipe on the uptilted side. The long tiled corridors were forbidden, because of the Senora's fear that he might crash into the expensive leaded panes of the long Gothic windows.

Outside the iron-grilled gate of our casa, there were always children playing. Mostly they belonged to the maids who lived and worked on Calle Aguas Calientes. In late afternoons, however, there would be well-dressed little boys and girls, attended by white uniformed *nanas*. Both groups welcomed Danny and taught him Spanish. Whenever he tired of pedaling his Mike, the children would race for turns.

Children were only part of the sidewalk's attractions. There were street vendors with their loads of baskets, feather dusters, and fruits. Country men strolled by, herding their lean turkeys. Donkeys, laden with *bano* wood, rested while their masters negotiated. The maids, with their heavy braids of black hair and their vivid aprons, were always hurrying by. There were the rag pickers in their long, full skirts, the omni-

present beggars, creeping by in rags. One of these beggars held his matted locks high and recited poetry. I loved the street outside my white garden wall, and my son shared my enthusiasm.

We had only one maid, Dolores, a quiet little girl from silver-mining Guanajuato, and a laundress. More help would have been opulence to me. When I was too busy to stay with Danny on the street, I would leave the heavy gate slightly ajar. Every few minutes I would look out to see that he was playing with the children or riding his Mike.

One noontime I was in a great rush preparing dinner, for we had adopted the Mexican custom of early afternoon dining. The national stadium, where the *campesinos* were being processed for agricultural labor in the United States, was close by. My husband was home for every meal. Dolores, who should have been helping me, had stayed overlong at the *mercado* and was still busy with the upstairs work.

I heard a loud knock on the glass door that separated our baronial living room from the corridor.

"Senora! Senora! Senora!" The voice grew louder with each repetition.

I ran, knowing from experience that it was useless to call. My Spanish needed visual contact.

A stout, amiable looking workman stood in the doorway.

"Que es?" I asked, holding my floured fingers away from my apron.

"Senora, do you speak English?"

he asked seriously. He spoke almost without an accent.

"I speak nothing else," I assured him.

"So I thought! No one else would do such a thing."

"And what have I done?" I asked him lightly, trying to keep my irritation from showing. The servants were always showing astonishment and amusement at what I did. Was it this stranger's business if I did my own cooking?

"Senora, is that your little boy?" He pointed to the garden, where Danny, astride his Mike, was watching with big-eyed curiosity.

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Wrong! Senora!" The man lifted his hands high, then dropped them on his jeans in despair. "Do you know what you have done? You might have had him kidnaped!"

He stopped my protest with another upward flinging of his hands. "Ay, Senora, you do not know. Had I been a bad man, Senora, he would not be here now."

The anxiety in my eyes pleased him. "You read the papers, no? You do not know of the terrible things that go on. Many men are not working. They steal. They kidnap children. In the park the *ninios* disappear while their *nanas* are talking. A beautiful boy like yours," he went on without stopping, "he should never be on the streets unless you or one of your maids is with him. I am a good man. The Senora of this house knows me. I deliver here many times. Do you understand that with your houses together like this, with only the *pasillos* to separate you," he waved his hand towards the Senora's corridor, "it is easy for a person to gain admittance. And you

leave him alone on the street." He shook his head in sorrow.

I tried to interrupt him to tell him that Danny was watched, but he continued, apparently not needing to breathe. "In the United States it is different. I have lived there. I know. But here, believe me, Senora, it is not the same. If anything should happen to that little boy, ay, Senora!"

There were tears in his dark eyes, and I leaned against the Chinese chest that was placed near the entrance. His emotion had exhausted me.

"I myself would turn this city upside down," he assured me. Then he looked at me sternly. "You must never let him outside alone." He started toward the door that led to the Senora's corridor. Turning, he gave a last admonishment. "You must watch him all the time, even in these *pasillos* and in the garden. The wire on top of that wall," he dismissed with scorn the two-foot high barricade of barbed wire, "it would not hold back a man who wanted to come over."

I was a little amused. Here in the bright sunshine the streets seemed as safe as those at home, though more exciting. I had never left Danny for more than three or four minutes. I wanted him to be self-reliant, not afraid of barbed wire or of people.

I had barely lighted the gas under my floured meat before I heard the soft, clear voice of the Senora calling, "Please, may I come into your house a minute, Mrs. Tarlock?"

I took off my apron, turned the gas low, and went into the living room, hoping my hair was neat.

The Senora stood in the doorway, dressed in her modish town suit and carrying her hat in her hands as if she had just come in. She was a beautiful lady, small, but looking taller because of the elegant way she held herself. Her hair was brushed into a silver pompadour. Under it her brown eyes were sorrowful.

She might as well get used to seeing me in the kitchen, I thought.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Tarlock, please, but I could not help overhearing what Javier said just now. It is most true. You must be more careful. Many times I have wanted to warn you. I myself have seen our little Danito," an extra softness crept into her voice, the softness that all Mexicans seem to have when they speak of children, "and I have brought him into my house. Oh, Mrs. Tarlock," she placed her hands gracefully over the region of her heart, "you must never leave him so again. And at all times you must see that the doors and windows are locked." She smiled charmingly. "It is not so bad once you get used to it."

She bowed her lovely head. "Now, if you will excuse me, please, for coming in and making your good husband angry because of his late dinner, I will go."

THE Senora was a woman of much worldly wisdom. After her warning and that of Javier, watching Danny became an obsession with me. In the mornings I carried a stout little Mexican chair and sat in the open doorway. Afternoons, Dolores was with him unless Tiz, the nursemaid of little Marcita from next door, was watching.

Our American friends also added to my feeling of danger. Soon, I be-

came afraid to let Danny play with only Dolores watching him, although Dolores was faithfulness itself. I would wear myself out peeping through the gate. Every time I went to town without Danny I was nervous. I began the practice of slipping Mercedes, the Senora's cook, a peso a week to watch Dolores watching Danny.

As the season wore on, the campesinos poured into Mexico by the thousands. Mr. Tarlock was gone from dawn until dusk. Occasionally, to have some companionship with his son, he would take Danny to the stadium. Danny was known there as "Jefecito," and walked fearlessly among the dark-eyed men.

Earlier in the quest for farm laborers the men had been wary. Then came the day when some of the first men to fulfill contracts returned. "You want money?" they would call to the beggars, throwing handfuls of nickels and dimes and even quarters of good Gringo money into the streets, and laughing at the scramble. After that the men left their plows in the field and their work benches in the shops to come to the District Federal. Their tickets to the land of fantastic wages were the little white *tarjetas* handed them gratis by their government. These *tarjetas*, especially when they had an early date, became increasingly hard to get. There were rumors of sudden wealth in certain circles.

From the beginning, the American officials, in order to help needy men, had been able to get *tarjetas*. Mr. Tarlock had brought home six for relatives of Dolores who had left their farms and were living on the streets of Mexico while they awaited

their turns. Enrique, the Senora's gardener, had asked for and obtained three for his nephews, he said. Now the crowds at the stadium had grown to over twenty thousand, and the Americans had to almost fight their way through pleading men. Favor seekers became so troublesome that an order was issued for American officials to help no one.

One unclouded morning there had been groups in front of our place since sunrise. Not knowing the men, I refused to let Danny outside the house. Some of the men lingered even after Mr. Tarlock dismissed them when he came home for dinner. Afterwards, he spent a few hours with us, there being some holiday that gave the Mexican office workers a free day.

THAT afternoon the rain was over early. We relaxed in our garden chairs, enjoying the sunshine. Danny, glad to be outside, was riding wildly around the fountain.

I heard the house bell through the open doors. Dolores, her *huaraches* flapping with each step, came running to the gate. Four men, headed by Enrique, each clutching a plump black chicken, stood respectfully in the gateway. My husband reluctantly left his chair. From the comfortable depths of mine, I heard scraps of the conversation in Spanish, punctuated by squawks from the chickens. The gardener wanted *tarjetas* for his friends, all worthy farmers from Xochimilco. The black chickens, unworthy for such honor, but the fattest to be had in all the town, were merely to show their respect and friendship for "Don Antonio." As the gardener pleaded, each man held out his chicken.

Sorrow crossed the face of "Don Antonio" as he waved the chickens back.

"No es posible!" he said with determination and closed the gate.

Before he was halfway to his chair, the bell rang again. This time the gardener stood alone with four chickens in one hand. The beady eyes of the chickens, I thought, had the same humble, supplicating look of Enrique's round, black eyes.

"Don Antonio," Enrique begged, "as a great favor to me, accept these poor fowl."

This time "Don Antonio" slammed the gate.

"It was tough to refuse those chickens," Mr. Tarlock murmured, lowering himself into his chair.

I knew how "tough." Chicken was our favorite dish, and the price of the birds had shot up from four pesos to fourteen, skinny birds at that.

"If that man had just gone through the Senora's house and handed the chickens over the fence to Dolores, we could have feasted all week. I've sent north one lot of his relatives, and I'll help these fellows just as soon as the card situation clears up. But I can't tell him that." Mr. Tarlock laughed and relaxed in his chair. "I can't even accept a chicken. If I took those chickens, we'd either have half of Mexico dumped on our lawn before morning or I'd be arrested for bribery."

Sorrowing for the lost chickens, I went into the house to make a mango drink. In the corridor I remembered I had not heard Danny for several minutes. I ran through the house, upstairs and down. He was not in the back garden. "Dolores,"

I called, forgetting Spanish, "is Danny with you?"

She understood and came out of her apartment, calling, "No, Senora, no."

I gave my instructions. Dolores was to run to the house of Marcita. My husband was to go out on the street, while I went into the house of the Senora. Danny, I felt, was there. None of the family was at home. In the servant quarters I found Mercedes, drying her hair from her recent *bano*.

"No esta, Senora, no esta," she told me placidly, but she put down her comb and trotted amiably up the back stairs. I could hear her calling through the bedrooms and out on the roof.

"No esta," she announced, smiling, on her return.

Danny was not with Marcita. I began to know panic.

"You go down Chilpancingo," I called to my husband. "See if he has started to the park."

I sent Dolores up Avenida Insurgentes, one of the main traffic avenues of the city. I would go to Iztacihuatl, where Danny often accompanied me to the *panaderia*.

I sped along, passing Dolores by the court. I thought of all the men who might wish my husband harm: the policeman whom he had refused consent to go to the States, the drunken *campesino*, he had ejected from a train, the officials with whom he had had trouble. I was tearing down Iztacihuatl then, dimly conscious that people were staring at me. A crazy Gringo woman, no doubt, they thought.

THOSE men on the street this morning! The beggars! Danny

could have been snatched away while the gardener and his men were at the gate. Enrique himself might have been a tool. So many men knew Danny. My throat was burning, and my head was light from running in the thin air.

Far down on Iztacihuatl a group of children were standing in a tight circle. Many of them were children of the street, barefooted, with worn overalls, I noticed, as I came closer. Panting, I pushed my way through the circle.

There, in the center, with a slightly fatuous grin on his face, was my son, seated on his Mike and enjoying the attention.

Close to him, protecting him from the pressing group, was a woman dressed in brown, with red-gold hair. She was, I thought in my first second of relief, either a Spanish refugee or of Spanish origin.

"You are the mother of thees boy, yes? You theenk we have keed-naped heem, no?" she asked, with a disarming smile.

Relief left me weak and unable to answer her.

"I tell the children," the woman said, carefully picking each English word, "that thees ees an American keed. I tell them, 'look at these straight legs, the flesh so firm on heem.' I tell them, 'look at these round cheeks,' not lean like theirs. 'Look at the color of health een them,' I say, 'the quality in the way he holds hees head. Eet ees because of being an American that he ees so.' The good food you feed him. All the meelk and veetameens. And no candy, for how could he have teeth like that and eat of the sweets? I tell them that een your United

(Continued on page 694)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1887

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

WOMAN'S VOICE: The Gospel, or the building up of the kingdom, gives all who desire to be useful an opportunity to cultivate their talents, extend their usefulness and be a blessing to mankind, by assisting to build up and promote all the interests of Zion.—M. E. Teasdale

HOME MANUFACTURES: The manufacture of soaps of various grades has now become a settled and paying business. A fine quality of hats is also made. Boots and shoes and clothing, glass, white lead, lead pipe, native paints, brushes, paper, printing type, starch, pearl barley, and oatmeal are all manufactured in the Territory, and many of these articles in sufficient quantity to meet the local demand and to export to some extent.—Wilford Woodruff

IDLENESS: Industry is honorable; idleness is degrading. Girls, in making choice of a husband, shun the idler, or the person who wishes to make a living without work. If there are any of your acquaintances who think there are better ways of making a living than by honest labor, they are mistaken, and beware of allowing your affections to go out toward them in the least.—Hattie Adams

A DELIGHTFUL MEETING: The meeting of the sisters, held in the 14th Ward (Salt Lake City) September 3rd, was of unusual interest. Counselor E. Howard was addressing the congregation from the stand, when surprise and joy suddenly filled every heart and lighted up every countenance. This happy effect was occasioned by the entering, unannounced, of Zion's venerable, honored and beloved poetess, Sister Eliza R. Snow. This being her first appearance in public since her recovery from the very severe illness which she has lately endured, it was no wonder that the hearts of her sisters should overflow with unspeakable pleasure and gratitude at again beholding her in their midst.—L.G.R.

REMINISCENCES

I stood beside the self-same rippling brook,
The soft winds whispered to me as of yore,
And all the landscape wore the conscious look
Of having known me many years before.
All things familiar seemed, and yet how strange,
To think in me how passing great the change.

—Selected

MAKE FRIENDS: Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even among joy and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our consciousness, would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are?

—*Munsford's Magazine*

GEMS

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kindly feelings and affectionate manners.

I believe in the democracy of the family. If in this world there is anything splendid, it is a home where all are equal.

—Selected

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

WOMEN have contributed considerably to the ambitious, year-long Utah Centennial program. Rosella F. Larkin serves on the Centennial Commission. Maud Hardman, assistant chairman of the Art Committee, helped to select the Utah artists' exhibit that toured the State, and conducted tours of the "One Hundred Years of American Art" exhibit, lent by the Metropolitan and Whitney Museums. In the Arts Division are Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society, and Kate B. Carter, President of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, which organization has been of great service throughout the Centennial. On the drama committee are Irma F. Bitner, Marba C. Josephson, Lucy G. Cannon, President of the Y.W.M.I.A.; on the music committee, Glenn W. Wallace. The Utah pioneer dance chairman is Jessie Schofield. Fairfax P. Walkup did the costume section of the source book and supervised costuming of the July parade.

The exquisite Utah-theme coronation gowns of the Queen and her two attendants, the "nations" costumes, and some others were designed by Lester and Margaret Essig, noted costumers of Chicago. Margaret is a daughter of the late Apostle Orson F. Whitney.

In January, Alice M. Horne exhibited at Z.C.M.I. six murals by

Minerva H. Teichert, movingly portraying pioneer scenes. She lent pictures by Hafen, Harwood, Fairbanks, Ottinger, and Clawson to the exhibit of pioneer art at the Exposition.

The beautiful Church pageant, *Message of the Ages*, was written by Bertha A. Kleinman. Irma F. Bitner and Charlotte Stewart directed two of the four sections. Bea T. Thomas, Becky Thompson, Rowena J. Miller and May Green assisted. Lorna Taylor designed costumes.

M.I.A. contest prizes were won as follows: three-act play, Ruth Hale, with her husband, Nathan; one-act play, Alice M. Bailey; song, Beth H. Moore; short story, Estelle W. Thomas.

Florence Ware supervised beautification of the Exposition grounds. She also supervised the exhibit of Utah art, changed weekly. Artistic Barbara V. Fealy was landscape gardener. Vassie O'Brien and Ethleen Hillman supervised the flower shows and the lighted shadow box decorations. Secretary of the State Fair Board, Elsie Van Noy, was very co-operative.

Noted Helen Tamaris, choreographer for the musical, *Promised Valley*, was ably assisted by the Salt Lake dancer, Virginia Tanner. Sereeta Jones, of Salt Lake, designed the lovely costumes. Sarah Mallory was a judge for the prize Centennial play.



Diamond Jubilee of Women's Periodical

LATTER-Day Saint women have always been in the fore in advocating and upholding proper issues concerning the status of women. It has never been necessary for them to ask for rights for themselves, however. From the establishment of the Church in these latter days and the colonization of communities by Church members, the women, in so far as it lay in the power of Latter-day Saints to grant, have been accorded religious and civil liberties and rights for which the women of the world have had to struggle for long years. The Church, moreover, does not grudgingly accord mere rights to women, it adds protection, privileges, and blessings as well, commensurate with woman's mission on earth.

Seventy-five years ago, in June 1872, only twenty-five years after the first pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, the women of Relief Society talked of establishing a paper of their own. It was at a time when living conditions were still harsh and trying and, often, even dangerous. The brethren gave the women every encouragement. President Brigham Young even went so far as to call the first editor "on a mission," so young and inexperienced did Louisa L. Greene (Lula Greene Richards) feel at being entrusted with such a new and important undertaking. Eliza R. Snow served as advisor, as she did

in all the work of the women of the Church. Brother Edward L. Sloan was especially helpful and suggested the future name of the periodical the *Woman's Exponent*. The first issue appeared on June 1, 1872, in honor of the birthday of President Brigham Young "who was always its staunch friend and advocate."

Once the periodical was launched, it called for the unselfish, untiring efforts of its humble staff and the sacrifices of Relief Society women to guarantee its continuance. Many hours of tedious labor were given by the women to earn \$2, the price of the new publication. It travelled to lonely communities by slow-moving conveyances, to be eagerly read by candlelight at the end of the day's toil by the subscriber. It was then customary to pass it around among friends, that all might become better informed on both the work of the women in the Territory, and the work of women throughout the world. "For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All nations," its motto read.

Since it was the second woman's publication west of the Mississippi River, most of the early readers of the *Exponent* never read another woman's magazine. Today, however, women of the Church are surfeited with magazines for women, published by some of the most powerful

financial interests of the country. Still *The Relief Society Magazine* continues to be unique. The staff consists entirely of women, and it maintains the same purposes for which it was originally established:

It is the official publication of Relief Society, including the lesson material and instructions to Relief Society members. It contains inspirational articles for encouragement to better living. It offers opportunity to Latter-day Saint women to develop their writing skills, and offers inducements to write through conducting poem and short story contests. It carries articles of special interest to women in homemaking and, in all its varied interests, its contents are kept in strict harmony with Church standards and beliefs.

It is a woman's magazine which can safely be put in the hands of any growing girl who, from its pages, may receive a vision of the great work of Relief Society which lies ahead for her.

As in the days of President Young so in this day, the brethren of the Church are its "staunch friends and advocates." They are always ready to lend their wisdom and experience to further the work of the periodical.

There should be a spirit of jubilation in the hearts of the women of the Church in this Diamond Jubilee year of their publication, and a feeling of thanksgiving for the vision and courage of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers who pioneered in this specialized field for women. There should also be a spirit of dedication—that Relief Society women today will uphold and raise to new standards of excellence *The Relief Society Magazine*, the periodical by and for the women of the Church—and when Relief Society women unite behind any movement, success is insured.

M.C.S.

Isabel B. Callister Resigns from General Board

IT is with keen regret that the General Presidency of Relief Society announces the resignation of Isabel Barton Callister from the General Board as of August 6, 1947. Sister Callister has been a member of the General Board only one year and three months, but during that time she demonstrated her great ability and fitness for General Board work as well as her deep love and interest in Relief Society. During her service as a Board Member her contribu-

tion to the Relief Society program reached throughout the Church.

The resignation of Sister Callister was tendered because of her prolonged illness, since it is felt that all her energies should be used for the improvement of her health and for the care of her family.

The prayers and love of the members of the General Board and Relief Society members everywhere will be with Sister Callister for the full recovery of her health.

In Memoriam

Edith Grant Young Passes

THE General Board and Relief Society women throughout the Church who have known and loved Sister Edith Grant Young mourn with her husband Elder Clifford E. Young and his family in her passing on Wednesday, August 20, 1947.

Edith Grant Young, daughter of the late President Heber J. Grant and Lucy Stringham Grant, was a devoted wife and mother and, with her husband, has reared a noble posterity. In addition to the loving performance of her home and family duties, Sister Young increased the talent given her of the Lord—her beautiful voice. She did not refuse a request to sing for her Church even though, by reason of her health, at times it would have seemed wise for her to do so. Just a day or two before her death, she was practicing with the Singing Mothers for this October conference. The example of her beautiful life will long be remembered as a source of inspiration to all who knew Edith Grant Young.

DISCOVERY

Margery S. Stewart

Lock the door and bar the door
And may I cease to hear
The cries of far-off children,
Shut out in cold and fear.

Light the fire and tend the fire
And let the flames reach high,
Is it for lack of smallest warmth
A little girl must die?

Baste a seam and sew a seam
With stitches neat and fine,
For stoutest buttons, fairest lace,
For every child of mine

Child of mine? Child of mine?
Now fiercely in my heart
There leaps the truth—in every child
I somehow have a part.

The Gift Drawer

Ivie H. Jones

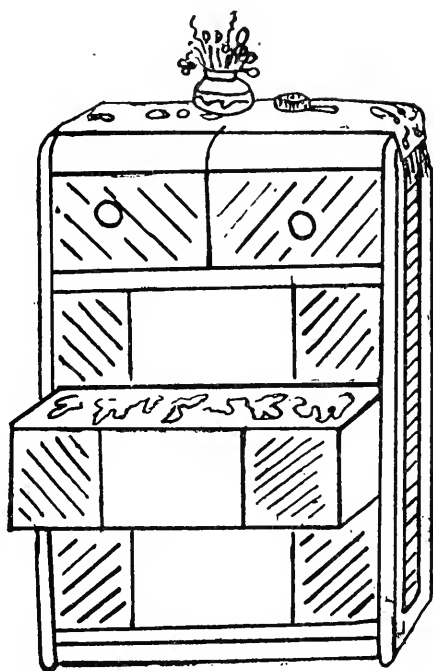
President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society

At first we called it the "White Elephant Drawer," because we put into this drawer all of the small toys and storybooks, and some of the good used clothing that we had outgrown or had little need for. The children loved to go to this handy drawer and select a book or a tiny toy for some sick playmate at the hospital. We soon, however, discarded the name, "White Elephant," and called it our "Gift Drawer," by which name it has been known for many years.

All types of gifts have graced this drawer, ten-cent store, and good jewelry, lovely linens, less expensive cottons, ornaments, and accessories, odd and attractive buttons. This gift drawer could have been a junk heap, except for our collecting suitable boxes and wrappings for our gifts, thus keeping the drawer in order and reducing the labor of mailing to a minimum.

We have especially enjoyed the card section of our gift drawer. This consists of seven small, fairly flat cardboard boxes all the same size. Each box is held shut with a heavy rubber band, and on each box is written in large letters one of the following: *Birthday Cards, Sympathy, Get Well, Hospitality, Christmas, Special Occasions, and Cards to Accompany Gifts.*

It has been a delight to be able to go to this gift drawer and select an appropriate gift for any occasion, without having to hunt all over the



house for something which has been misplaced. It has been fun making and buying to replenish our supply. A lovely handkerchief, an apron from a Relief Society bazaar, remnants, dishes, and odds and ends sold by stores at reduced prices during January and February inventory sales, including attractive ties for men (not usually found in the picked-over group displayed at Christmas time), pillow cases made by ourselves, a bit of crocheted or knitted lace—all find their way to our gift drawer.

Never at any time since the gift drawer idea was conceived, when the children were tiny, to the present time when they are all married and have families of their own, has our gift drawer been entirely empty.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 9

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife, Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and prepare for the coming of the main company.

After much suffering, the company finally reaches Moenkopi. The Davis family remains there and the others go on toward the San Juan. Scouts return to Moenkopi and report the arrival of the Harrimans on the San Juan.

The James L. Davis family and the scouts leave to join the Harrimans. Pearson, a renegade Piute, and his band block the trail into the wilderness. A friendly Indian chief intervenes and sends Pearson away. The company arrives safely at Montezuma on the San Juan, and Mary and Elizabeth are reunited. Mrs. Mitchell, the wife of a neighboring prospector, comes to help Mary in her confinement.

JAMES held Mary's straining form in his arms, felt her relax, and thought that she was dead. A long, dry sob shook him, and he raised his sunken eyes to Elizabeth, praying for denial.

"Don't you dare give up, James Davis!" Elizabeth commanded sharply. "The baby is coming! Mary will live."

There was a high, strangling wail, and Mary's baby came into the world.

Mrs. Mitchell returned to the cabin, so certain that Mary would be dead that she had brought her hus-

band and the prospectors with her, so that they could dig the grave.

"The good Lord save us!" she cried when she saw that Mary was delivered, and that she was well enough to smile. An expression of fear came over the woman's face, and she backed out of the door, muttering, "Mormons, Mormons," as though for the first time in her life she had come in contact with the supernatural.

They named the baby *Ethel* and wrote the date, August 2, 1879, in the old family Bible, thus recording the birth of the first white child born in the San Juan Mission.

Silas Smith and George Hobbs, and the few other men who had stayed with them at Montezuma, left two days after the baby's birth to join the scouts at the Blue Mountain, where they had been instructed to wait. Harvey Dunton, a man seventy years of age, decided to stay at Montezuma with the Davis and Harriman families.

"I will try to persuade some of the other scouts to return and stay here with you, Brother Davis," President Smith said. "It's not safe for so few of you to be left here alone."

But no one ever came back to Montezuma. James and Henry, Ted Davis, and the aged Mr. Dunton, were the only men left at the lonely little mission. Mancos, Colorado, a struggling town of twelve families,

was sixty-five miles away. The nearest market was three hundred miles away.

"It's us, and no more," Ted sighed, choking down his homesickness. "But," he added manfully, "I guess we men can take care of Ma and Sister Harriman, while they take care of the children."

Mary looked at Ted, a world of pride in her eyes. "We'll be the best-taken-care-of ladies in this whole mission," she exclaimed, passing an infectious smile along to Ted, "I'm not one bit afraid."

JAMES and Ted began at once to build a stone fireplace in their cabin, for they expected the winters to be long and cold. Ted chipped the stones and shaped them while his father laid them, firmly packing the mortar in between.

"We'll cut cordwood and stack it next to the house, Pa," Ted suggested. "Ma's not very strong, yet, since the baby came. We don't want her to work too hard while we are away at our work on the ranch."

"I hope we'll never both be away at the same time, Ted," his father answered. "I'd feel better about things here if the Indians were showing a little more natural curiosity."

"You mean about us?" Ted asked. "I'll ride up to the Mitchell ranch and see if they know any news. They can tell us about the Indians."

James smiled. "News, my boy, Ted, will be as old as human nature before it gets to us here. We'd best stay at our jobs."

He danced a jig to cheer himself up, and went to work.

That night one of the men from the Mitchell ranch came down to warn the new settlers that the

Indians were on the warpath. The Navajos across the San Juan were friendly, he said, but the White River Utes were in a bad temper. They had just killed the Meeker family and were swearing to get all the cattle along the river, and then kill the whites—men, women, and children. They were, even then, nearing Montezuma.

"Us is got help from up the river," the prospector said. "Us'll build a fort and shoot our way clear. And you's best do the same, likewise!"

"Our houses are small and not fit for forts," James replied. "What are we to do? You see that Brother Harriman has one whole end of his house torn out so we can build him a fireplace."

"Wells, then, I s'pect you gotta do the best you can," the man said indifferently. "Us is warned ya!"

He started to leave, but when he saw Mary, frail, and still very weak, standing in the door with her baby in her arms, he hesitated, then offered reluctantly, "I guess ya could move in with us folks. You'd likely be safe with we uns. Us could hole you up."

James looked at Mary, but she shook her head.

"Thanks, brother," James said. "We'll take our chances here."

The prospector pursed his lips several times, then rode away without looking back. "Them folks sure puzzle we," he muttered. "They shore does!"

Henry came in with a load of rock for his chimney, and James explained the situation to him.

"You did right to say we would keep to our own premises, James. I'm not one for running away," Henry assured him.

"Now that you've got the rock hauled in, Henry, it won't take long to lay up a fireplace. We'll work all night. The women can take turns holding the lanterns for us to work by." Then, turning to his son, James told Ted to see that the guns were in shape, and for him never to leave them, even for a minute. The boy obeyed promptly, glad to be relieved of the tedious job of stone chipping.

Outwardly calm, Mary and Elizabeth made all preparations for the night, trying to feel as brave as they talked. "I'm a coward at heart, Mary," Elizabeth murmured in an undertone. "I'm trembling till I can hardly stand."

"Somehow, I don't feel afraid," Mary answered. "James was prompted to stay here, and his promptings are always for our good. Frankly, I'm not much more afraid of Indians than I am of trappers and prospectors!"

"Well, I'd not sleep a wink if I went to bed, so I'll hold the lantern for the men to work by. I can at least act like I'm brave," Elizabeth declared.

"You are brave, Elizabeth," Mary assured her. "I've seen the time when you stood up to danger better than most men."

Elizabeth smiled gratefully. "I guess I'll make out," she said, and went into her own cabin.

SHORTLY after dark as the men worked on the chimney, a friendly Navajo came running with the word that the Utes were within two miles of the settlement, and that there were at least three hundred of them. The warning threw Elizabeth into such a state of fear that she

dropped the lantern she was holding above her head, and crumpled to the ground. Mary and Ted helped her into the house.

"You go and hold the lantern, Ted," Mary told her son. "The chimney has to be built. It is our only chance. I'll mind the guns."

Ted went quietly to the end of the house and took up the lantern, assuring the anxious men that Mrs. Harriman was all right.

"Ever since we came she has wanted me to promise that I'd kill her before I'd let her fall into the hands of the Indians," Henry said. "I declare, I don't know how to pacify her."

"There're two things we can always do, Henry," James spoke with assurance, "and that is to pray and work. And I've seen that it's a medicine that women have to have, too. There's not been much for the women to do, the houses not being finished, and all. It's no wonder they are fearful. Once we get this end of the house rocked in, Sister Harriman will feel safer."

The children said their tearful prayers and went to bed, too quiet, too wide-eyed for sleep.

By midnight the chimney was even with the roof of the cabin.

"I guess that will do until we need to build a fire in it," James decided. "I have the feeling that we had best get into our house and stay there till we know what's goin' to happen."

Each of the families had an extra large, fine dog. Closing and barring the door of the Davis cabin, with the dogs crouched low in the dark room, the men took up their vigil. Mary and Elizabeth waited with their children. The dogs growled

often, low, angry growls that answered the slightest sound outside.

An hour went by. The strain of waiting and listening, yet hearing nothing, was almost unendurable. In the dark, the breathing of the alert dogs conveyed a new and sudden uneasiness. The men tightened their fingers around their gun barrels. The dogs stood up. They remained motionless, listening. Then, without any apparent warning from outside, they sprang against the bolted door.

The children began to whimper.

"Hush, Orson," Mary whispered to her eight-year-old son, "little Emily hasn't made a sound!"

Orson stopped crying, but he crouched against his mother. Mary could feel the trembling of his little body against hers.

Not being let out, the dogs set up

such a barking that even the baby began to scream in fright.

"Open the door, Ted!" James Davis cried. "Let the dogs loose!"

Ted drew the bolt, and the dogs hurled themselves into the pitch-black darkness.

"Hush, my darlings," Mary soothed, and when Orson again began to scream, she held her hand over his mouth, talking in low, prayerful tones.

"Be with us, Lord," Elizabeth prayed. "Keep these little children in thy hand."

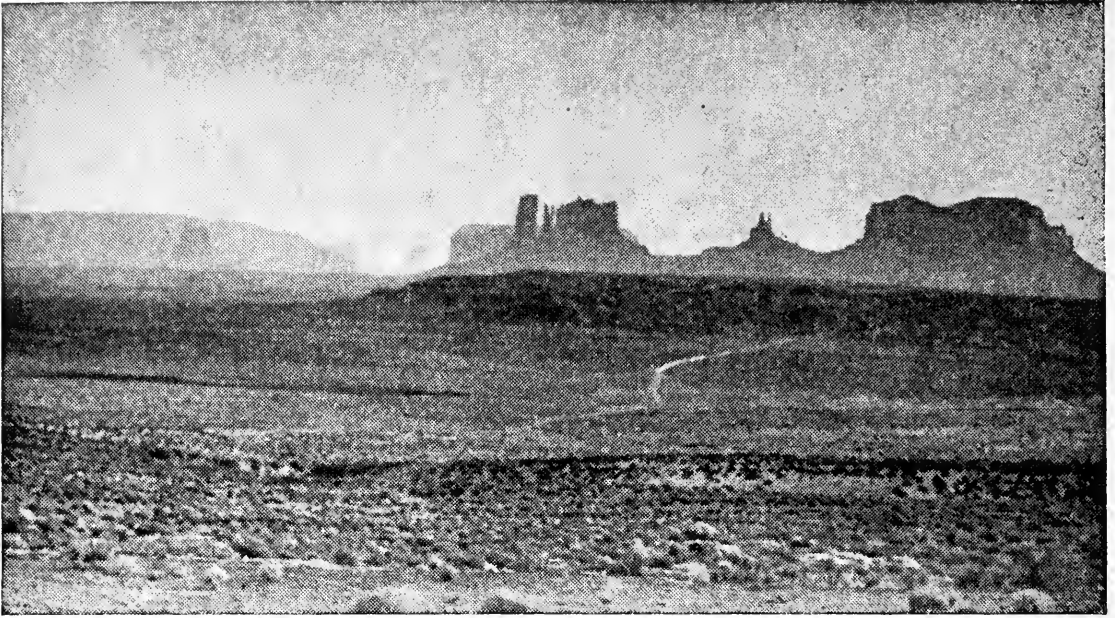
"It's strange that we hear nothing," Henry said. "The dogs are more wrought up than I've ever seen them."

"I hope they get back to us," James muttered. "They are more help than ten men."



Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

"SLICK ROCK" AT GUNSIGHT PASS
Southeastern Utah



Photograph by Willard Luce

DUST STORM OVER MONUMENT VALLEY

The dogs came back, but they were still bristling with anger. The Indians had crossed the ford less than a mile above the two small cabins, not stopping for minor raids, in their hurry to join forces with some renegade Navajos from the reservation.

FOR a few weeks the Indians were fully occupied with their own tribal wars and left the white settlers to work in peace. Taking advantage of the situation, James and Ted began work on a larger house, a half mile east of the Harriman claim. If they were to be ready for winter, no time was to be lost.

As the weeks went by, and no Indians appeared on the scene, James decided to go to Mancos, Colorado, for supplies. Taking a pack horse and one to ride, he took a round-about route far to the southeast to avoid going through Ute territory. While many of the Navajos were

willfully mean and lawless, most of them were friendly to the white people. If they were well-treated they gave little trouble. James preferred to take his chances with them. He made the sixty-five mile trip and back again within four days, but he had been able to buy very little food. There was no surplus anywhere, and with winter only a few months away, each man was jealously hoarding his meager store.

At James' home waiting to see him was the famous Thales Haskell, a man who had spent many years as missionary to the Indians. President Erastus Snow had heard that the Montezuma families had been killed by the Indians, and had sent the missionary from the outpost headquarters at Moenkopi to investigate.

"Seeing your smoking chimney was a thankful sight, Brother Davis," Haskell affirmed, coming out into the dooryard to greet James. "I have brought you a little flour, all that I could carry horseback. It is good to

see that you and Brother Harriman are alive and well."

"We have lived on wheat, ground in a coffee mill," James confided, shaking hands with the missionary. "We've come to like it. Your flour will be saved for special occasions. But tell me, Brother Haskell, what has become of the second company? We have almost given up expecting them."

"We have heard nothing concerning them," Haskell answered. "There are some at Moenkopi who fear they have been killed by the Indians."

"I pray that such a rumor is unfounded," James replied. "We may be too prone to blame things onto the red men."

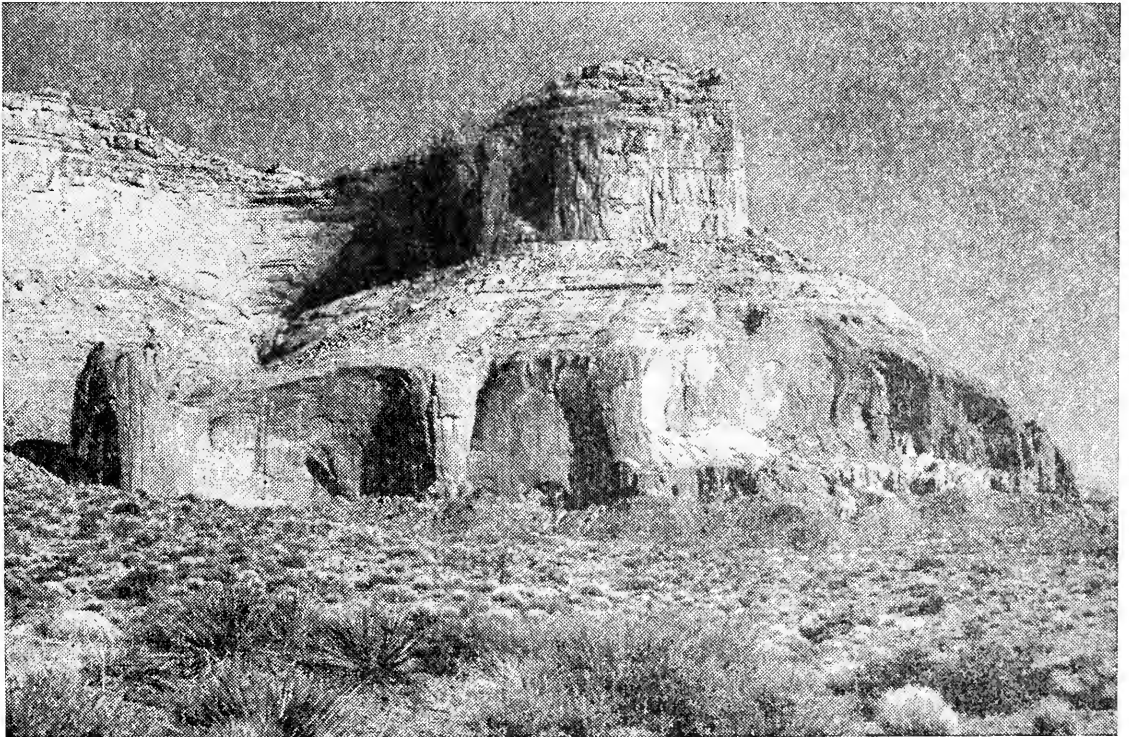
Haskell looked at James with a new interest. "If you are as tolerant as your words imply, Brother Davis,"

he said, "you will have little trouble from the Indians."

They shook hands again, and James led the way into the house.

MONTH after month passed, but the second company did not come. The two families at Montezuma had no food left, not even wheat, and there was too much Indian trouble around for either of the men to leave the mission long enough to go the long distance to Mancos to buy provisions. During the past month they had saved the bran from the wheat which they had ground for food, and this remained their only means of subsistence.

"What are we going to do?" Mary questioned Elizabeth, looking out over the country, vainly trying to hide her tears. "James is too ill to work, and the children have such



Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

ARCHED FORMATION ON ROCK CREEK
Southeastern Utah

stomach pains that they do not sleep at night. Your children have fared no better."

"Mary, we must find a way to supplement our diet," Elizabeth answered. "Let's go hunting sego lily bulbs."

Mary shook her head. "It is useless. Ted has hunted for bulbs for days." She sighed. "The rodents have eaten them, Elizabeth."

"If we can only hold out a little longer," Elizabeth tried to be encouraging, "the second company will surely get through to us. I cannot believe they have all been killed!"

"We'll kill a cow," James decided, coming in at the door of the Harri-man house where the two women sat. "We'll not starve while there is meat."

Mary turned white. "I can't eat meat any more, James, the very thought of it nauseates me."

"I'll have Ted roast it in the coals until it is so charred it has lost its flavor, Mary. Then you can eat it."

James looked to Elizabeth and Mary for encouragement. "Some-day," he said, "all this will be forgotten."

Mary shook her head. "Our stomachs will quit clamoring for food, but our children's cries will always be in our ears!"

"We must not let Brother Haskell see that we are discouraged," James advised. "He will be in from the reservation tonight. Perhaps he will have heard more of the rumors about our friends in the main company."

"That's right," Elizabeth agreed. "Somehow we'll just have to go on until help does come."

THAT night the aged man, Harvey Dunton, sat with the Davis fam-

ily long after his usual time for retiring. Usually he kept to his bed in his wagon when night came. But, though he had eaten his meal of bran and charred meat, he made no move to go.

"Is something troubling you, Brother Dunton?" Mary asked, fearing that he, too, was getting sick from the coarse, inadequate diet.

"I'm well," the old man answered. "I stayed to tell you that I am going away, Sister Davis."

"Oh, no!" Mary cried. "Where would you go? How would you live?"

"Those same questions are confronting me here," he answered. "I am one more to feed, and too old to do much but sit by the fire and dream."

"And when we reach your age, that is what we shall all want to do," Mary answered, sorry that she could offer no real comfort.

"I shall go," the old man reiterated. "My musket is good, and snake meat is as palatable as squirrel and rabbit."

"But your going will not give us more to eat!" Mary reminded him, aghast at the prospect of an old man, undernourished and thinly clad, going alone into hostile, desert country. "You have helped to keep us in food by sharing your horse feed with us," she added.

"Soon what little bran you have will be gone, Sister," the old man spoke firmly, "and then your children will cry for that, too. I have made up my mind."

Mary's eyes swam with tears as she bade him good night. "I wish you well," was all that she could say.

"I will travel toward the Colorado River," he explained. "Yesterday

while I was out hunting, a friendly Navajo told me that other Indians had told him that there were many white men and families on the other side of the Colorado, and that they cannot cross. I'll go toward the river in the hope that I will see them there."

Thales Haskell leaped to his feet. He had listened intently, feeling more sympathy than he had cared to express. "That must be the main company," he cried. "I feel that I should go to investigate this rumor. We must know if our friends are still alive!" He looked to James for his approval.

"By all means, go!" James decided. "You have lent us all the aid a man can give. What we must have now is the assurance that help is on the way. We will be safe, Brother Haskell. Our trust is in the Lord."

"You and Brother Dunton can travel together!" Mary exclaimed with satisfaction. "That will take a big load off my mind."

"I'll come back as soon as I can," Haskell promised, "and somewhere along the line, I may be able to buy a little flour from a hunter or a trapper."

"While you are gone," James promised, "we will get moved into our new house. Christmas is only a few days away, and it may storm. There is no time to lose."

The moving was accomplished with difficulty, for no one in the family was well enough to work more than a few hours a day. When they were finally settled, Mary felt a great sense of relief. At least they had room enough to set a small native Christmas tree where the firelight would shine upon it. She had knit

warm stockings, mittens, and scarves. Ted and James had whittled toys from pine blocks, and she had painted them with dyes extracted from berries that grew along the river banks. They would have these for the children, but, without food, it would be hard to pretend that it was a happy Christmas. If only there could have been a little candy, Mary felt that she could have managed the rest.

On Christmas day it snowed six inches of heavy, wet snow, and that night there was an unprecedented drop in temperature. But, with wood piled high beside the door, the great fireplace was kept roaring and the day was not an unhappy one. The children played games and danced around the Christmas tree. At last, they slept, dreaming of the food they could not have.

Another week passed. Too dispirited to pretend that he was well, James sat by the fire and tried to figure a way out of their troubles, but he was not able to think clearly. Hard pains wrenched his stomach and bowels, and his head ached constantly. What would Mary do if he should die? That seemed to be all that he could think or feel. He could not let Ted go alone to get supplies, for probably there were none to get, and the boy's life might be the forfeit if he should try. They must have the faith to wait, and the determination to keep on living. . . .

Mary was busy with her house and her children. James dropped into an unrestful sleep.

Unexpectedly, there was a long, clear hail from the direction of the ford, and Ted came running into the yard.

"Pa!" he cried, "some white men

are crossing the river, down at our old place, Pa! And George Hobbs is one of them!"

"Ted, my boy, go to meet them!" James ordered, shaking visibly. "I'm just too excited to walk!"

Ted raced away, leaving his father and mother clinging together in the doorway.

THE four men were scouts from the main company of the San Juan Mission. They confirmed the report that the company was at the west ledge of the Colorado River, blasting their way down through a crack in the ledge, stair-stepping their way to the river.

James and Mary had taken their children and hurried to the Harriman home, where the scouts had gone as soon as they crossed the ford. Elizabeth was in such a state of excitement that she was almost incoherent.

"Oh, Mary, George has come!" was all that she could say.

George Hobbs met James and Mary with such a handclasp that words would have been an anticlimax. There was a tribute of pride and understanding in his eyes that started James to shaking hands all over again. Mary tiptoed to kiss George's cheek. His arms enfolded Mary and his sister in one embrace.

"And now you must meet the other Georges," Elizabeth reminded. "My George, you do the honors."

The scouts were introduced as George Sevy, George Morrell, and Lemuel H. Redd. They, with George H. Hobbs as their leader, had been given a difficult and dangerous assignment—to scout the country east of the Colorado River and find a way through to Montezuma for

the wagon train of the main company, or die in the attempt. And as the two families listened to the almost unbelievable story of what that assignment had cost in suffering, cold, and starvation, and of the bewilderment of being lost for days and days at a time, they knew that only men of indomitable will and courage could have come through.

"The main company is as hungry and discouraged as you people are here, James," George Hobbs confided. "But they'll get here. Silas S. Smith is their leader, as he was of our exploring company. He'll get them here, somehow, but no man can say when."

"But that will take too long," Elizabeth protested wearily. "I doubt if we can live until you can get back."

"By using your seed grain," George told James and Henry, "you can hold out for sixty days."

Elizabeth went to her brother and brushed her face against his sleeve. "We'll make it, I guess," she promised, "for I know you'll come, if you say you will."

James and Mary said goodbye to the scouts.

"We'll get home before dark," James said. "The darkness holds too many real and imaginary dangers, to make even a short walk pleasant after night."

Ted Davis walked ahead, thinking he would get the fire burning, so the house would be warm for his mother. As he neared the house, he stopped in consternation. There, in the doorway, stood three tall, young Indians.

"Pa!" Ted cried in warning. "Pa! Stop! It's Indians!"

(To be continued)

THE SHALLOW STREAMS

Dorothy J. Roberts

The shallow, rushing streams hold no reflection
Of tinted blossoms nor of boughs that lean,
But shatter all the calm blue peace of heaven
And break like brittle glass the summer's green.



STORM AND CALM

Beatrice K. Ekman

All through the day the sullen clouds had gathered;
At eventide the lightning slashed the white-lipped troughs at sea.
All through the night the rain's strong, silver fingers
Strummed on the lighted ships and wharves along the quay;
The morning sun rose over rain-washed mountains,
The dripping trees and grass wore greener hue;
The steaming docks and wharves and flowing pavement
Warmed in the sun beneath the sky's clear blue.
The shrinking tide drained from the rocks and sand dunes,
The fishing boats at quiet anchor lay;
The fishermen will bring their catch to harbor,
The faithful tide return at close of day.



AUTUMN DAY

Christie Lund Coles

Wordless before the beauty of this place,
I stand receiving further testament
Of the wonder of earth, the subtle grace
Of tree and grass, and leaning willows bent
Above the transparent stream that sees the face,
The golden splendor of this quiet spot;
The brightly colored flowers, the shadowed hills,
The cobalt sky, clouds delicately wrought.

What phrases, now, can catch the changing scene,
The great, resurgent loveliness of earth,
Express the tremulous magic of one green
And saffron afternoon, or match its worth.
Yet, this communion with the earth is good—
It seems God speaks from tree and solitude.

Co-operative Dinners

Emily H. Bennett

IS your life busy, full "to the brim," but you don't want to give up entertaining completely? Do you want to see your friends, and want your home to be hospitable? Then try co-operative dining. It is fun and it may be a perfect answer to your problem.

This is the way to do it: choose four congenial couples to form the nucleus. Choose friends who are at ease with and thoroughly enjoy each other, and plan to have dinner together occasionally. It is best to agree, at least tentatively, on a regular time—alternate Thursdays, say, or the first Monday of each month—the most convenient time for all of you.

The hostess roll is rotated. The division of work is also arranged. In some groups the hostess does nothing but set the table and put her house in order. Another couple bring the main course; another the salad, rolls, and appetizers; and the fourth pair provides the dessert. In another group, the hostess arranges the table and is responsible for the main dishes, a second couple brings soup; a third, salad and hors d'oeuvres; and a fourth, dessert.

In the group to which I belong, the hostess provides the more substantial part of the dinner, which has been limited to a meat dish and one vegetable; the couple who last acted as hosts brings rolls; and the other two groups provide the salad and dessert. Since we meet rather frequently, this arrangement was designed to make each evening—the

roll bringing night—a holiday for one couple. Actually, I am, probably, the only one who always avails herself of the opportunity of reheating bakery rolls on that one night.

In our group, also, the hostess has guest privileges. She may invite four extra friends—or even more if she likes. This gives everyone a chance to widen his group of acquaintances.

If you want to be sure of a very finished effect, with every detail perfected, it is well to take time to plan your dinner together. We never do. Aside from a casual, "We're having cracked crab," or "Bring something that will go with curry," we do not plan. We are very informal, and we risk having a fruit salad and a fruit dessert at the same meal, or of providing a rich dessert to follow a very hearty main course. With so little planning, it is surprising how beautifully things "go together" and how seldom we have brought food combinations which do not harmonize.

Service is easily worked out. The main course and salad are arranged for "self service" on a table or buffet, and then each person carries his own plate to a well-set dining table or to small tables, depending upon the number and accommodations. The couple who brings dessert clears the table and serves the final course. The hostess manages the dishes, either after the others have gone home, or the next morning, or by persuading her children—if they are old enough—to perform maid service.

If special guests are invited, the hostess makes any additional plans

she desires. It may be a little extra attention to table decorations or to service, but it is never so elaborate that it defeats the benefits achieved by the division of labor.

ALTHOUGH these dinners, as we do them, are informal and fun, they are never careless. All of us have a healthy respect for the cooking abilities of the others and a real desire to make our contribution add flavor, beauty, and distinction to the whole arrangement. Salad bowls and platters are usually works of art. Desserts are taste triumphs and, although good natured "ribbing" takes place if effects are too spectacular or experimental, we all enjoy trying new and engaging ideas.

One of the best parts of the evening, is the hour or so following dinner. Regular and frequent meetings add zest to the original congeniality, because you will find yourselves doing things together. Perhaps you will go to a concert or to a dance. Perhaps you are camera "fans" and will want to show each other your work. Maybe you are musical and would rather sing or play together than anything else. You may find you like to study together.

We read plays. Sometimes they are short, sometimes long, but they are never practiced. The host assigns the parts, and we go to work struggling with dialects, cues, and characterizations at this first reading. I am not sure our special guests, with some exceptions, enjoy play reading as much as we do, but they always take it in good spirit. We do not always read; sometimes we relax lazily into an evening of talk, which is one of the best ways to spend an

evening, because if it is a good group it will be good talk.

If you decide to try the play reading, you will need at least one copy for every three readers, or the "performance" will be badly slowed up. You will also need good lights and you will have to persuade the ladies to put aside their knitting, needle-point, or stocking darning during the reading time. It is not necessary, however, to find a play with the same number of characters as guests. "Doubling up" can be done. Roles can be passed around between acts or scenes, and alternated with listening.

Like a good marriage which "halves the troubles, and doubles the joys," co-operative dining quarters the entertaining anxieties and multiplies the fun by four. The one inflexible rule we have is that no one worry about his contribution. If a dinner ever happens to be "under par," everyone shares in the embarrassment which, by the sharing, turns out to be no embarrassment at all. And if the dinner is superlative, four couples are filled with pride.

I am intrigued in this Centennial year with the possibilities of pioneer dinners prepared co-operatively. I wish someone would compile a cookbook of our grandmothers' recipes which contained "a little bit" of this and a "handful" of that—the sour cream cole slaw, the six-layer jelly cakes, the currant tea cakes, the ox-tail stew, the native dishes from other lands which contributed to pioneer history—Scandinavian, Dutch, German, French, Scotch, English. What a treasury of co-operative dining inspiration!

In the meantime, here are a few suggestions from today's experience:

MENUS

I

Ham loaf with horseradish sauce*
 Scalloped potatoes
 French style green beans
 Sweet rolls
 Tomato aspic salad*
 Fresh coconut cake

Green beans which have been cut lengthwise (Frenched) are now available in cans or frozen, or, if they are fresh from your garden, cut them yourself. Dress them with a little salad oil or butter.

II

Breaded veal cutlets
 Green rice*
 Glazed carrots
 Parker House rolls
 Molded fruit salad*
 Chocolate ice cream in meringues

Precook the carrots—a little undercooked, as the Chinese do them—retaining their “chewy” quality. Then glaze gently in skillet or shallow pan in oven. A little thinned honey and butter and a touch of salt make a beautiful glaze. Use small, whole carrots or cut lengthwise in halves or quarters.

Use any good meringue recipe for the dessert, or cream-puff cases may be substituted.

III

Broiled lamb chops or roast leg of lamb with mint sauce
 Tiny new potatoes and peas in cream sauce
 Hard rolls
 Tossed green salad
 Strawberry shortcake

Use frozen or fresh peas. Make the cream sauce thin and well seasoned. Combine peas and potatoes and sauce gently so as not to mash the vegetables. Keep hot.

Any number of combinations may be tried for your salad, but be sure the greens are clean, dry, and crisp. Break them in small pieces (you will, of course, have to cut some things, but break lettuce, etc.) Toss at the last minute with a little favorite French or Italian dressing.

Use a biscuit shortcake for your dessert. Serve the cake hot, the berries slightly crushed and sugared, cold, and real cream whipped or unwhipped, as you prefer. Garnish with whole berries.

RECIPES

MIRA'S HAM LOAF WITH HORSERADISH SAUCE

1 ½ lbs. ground smoked ham
 1 lb. ground lean pork or veal
 1 cup bread crumbs
 2 eggs lightly beaten
 1 cup milk

Mix thoroughly. Place in loaf pan. Mix ½ cup pineapple juice, 1 tbsp. mustard, and ¼ cup brown sugar, and pour over loaf. Bake 1 ½ hours at 350° Fahrenheit. Serve with

HORSERADISH SAUCE

3 tbsp. fresh horseradish (ground)
 1 tbsp. prepared mustard
 ½ cup whipped cream

Mix gently together. If the sauce must stand for a time, fold in 1 tsp. gelatine which has been dissolved in a little milk.

RUTH'S TOMATO ASPIC SALAD

3 ¾ cups tomato juice
 1 bay leaf
 2 drops tabasco sauce
 4 slices onion
 ½ tsp. salt
 3 envelopes unflavored gelatine
 ¾ cup water
 2 tbsp. vinegar

Simmer first five items together for ten minutes. Sprinkle gelatine on water. Let soak five minutes. Add to hot tomato mixture. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add vinegar. Strain. Pour into seven-inch mold. (Diced celery, sliced pitted ripe olives, or avocado slices may be added to tomato mixture in mold, but it is good plain.) Cool and then refrigerate until set. Unmold on lettuce or other greens and garnish with celery curls, avocado slices, or cream cheese balls. Serve with mayonnaise or other preferred dressing.

ALICE'S GREEN RICE

- 2 cups cooked rice (a little undercooked is best)
- 2 cups grated cheese
- ½ small green pepper (chopped)
- A few sprigs of parsley (chopped)
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ⅓ cup salad oil
- 2 eggs (beaten)
- 1 ½ cups milk
- Salt to taste

Mix well, cover with grated cheese. Bake 45 minutes with heat at 350° F.

EMILY'S MOLDED FRUIT SALAD

- 2 pkgs. of your favorite jello
- Miscellaneous fruits

Prepare according to directions on package. Rinse a 2-quart bowl with cold water and coat with a little jello at the stage when it is just beginning to set. Arrange fruit in artistic pattern in this thin jello with a layer at bottom. Halved pears, maraschino cherries, and halved pineapple rings lend themselves well to this arrangement. Let set thoroughly. Then add rest of jello (at cool, syrupy stage) and 3 or 4 cups of diced canned or bottled fruit. Let chill thoroughly. It is best to let gelatine mixtures set over night.

Unmold on platter or tray. Slip lettuce around edges afterwards because it is easier to unmold with platter empty. Garnish with fresh fruit. Use canned fruit for mold but fresh fruit for garnish and let your artistry be your guide. Grapefruit segments, avocado slices, berries, and grapes are all good. Marinated pears, peaches, and bananas may be used. If not marinated, they will turn dark in air.

If you can get fresh pineapple, it makes a beautiful garnish. Be sure to keep the halves of the shell whole. Clean thoroughly, trim off the rough greenery at end, and slice through both skin and green. Cut out the fruit and slice in neat segments for garnish, leaving the shell hollowed with a tuft of leaves at the end. Use this shell at one end of your platter to hold salad dressing, either a thin cream mayonnaise or French made with fruit juice or a boiled fruit salad dressing. Ring the edge of the pineapple shell with halved maraschino cherries. This salad may also serve as dessert.

And remember that this is co-operative dining. Your husband helps. Maybe he can do much more than "hew wood and carry water." Perhaps he is a better cook than you are. Let him share the fun.

THE JOY OF DOING

Caroline Eyring Miner

I'm sorry for you, I confess,
Who never made a lovely dress;
Who never had the chance to spread
Your table with your own fresh bread.

Who never saw your kitchen shine,
Nor pinned white clothes upon the line;
Who never made the dishes gleam,
Nor froze a batch of rich ice cream.

How dull to have another do
Every single task for you;
To only get to eat the cake
Another had the joy to make.

Vanity Stool and Hamper

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A vanity stool and hamper combination is both decorative and useful. The process of assembling the materials, cutting the pattern, and finishing the design appeals to individual resourcefulness and creative ability.

To make the round combination stool and hamper illustrated here, the following materials are needed:

- 1 ½ yards of brocade or nylon taffeta upholstery material, 39 inches wide
- 1 batt, part wool
(For opaque material, the reconditioned batts are cheap and resilient, but, being colored, they show through taffeta, and, for this material, a white batt is required.)
- 2 yards of unbleached muslin or two washed flour bags, large size
- 1 nail keg, 13 inches in diameter
- 1 plywood lid (15-inch circle)
- 2 yards of quilted rayon lining
- 3 yards of grosgrain ribbon

For the round hamper shown in the picture, I used a nail keg 13 inches in diameter and had the top cut off, using a power saw, leaving the keg 15½ inches tall. The inside I lined with heavy wallpaper as a guarantee against slivers, and the outside was given a coat of batting, twice the thickness of the opened bat. This was held in place by tacking unbleached muslin over it, so that fitting of the upholstery would not pull the batting loose.

Next, I cut strips of the unbleached muslin 17 inches wide and joined them to make a strip 42 inches long. This was the upholstery foundation and was worked flat. It was folded into sixteen equal parts (leaving an allowance for the final

seam), pressed with a hot iron, and the folds marked with a pencil, as guides.

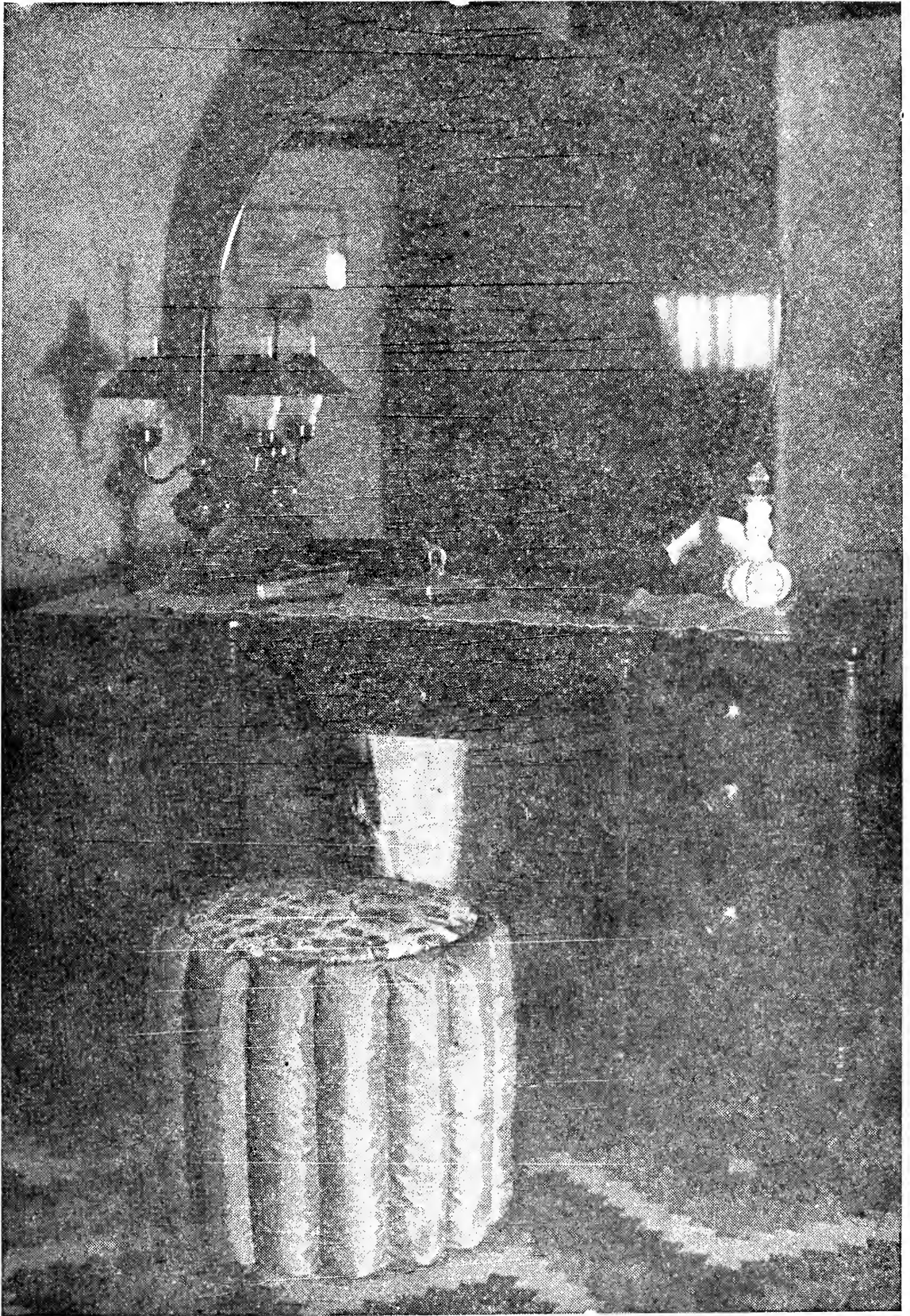
The brocade was cut next. These strips were 5 inches wider than the muslin and the two full widths of the material in length. Like the muslin, this material was folded into 16 equal parts, pressed, and marked with chalk.

Then the brocade was pinned on top of the muslin, crease to crease, chalk mark to pencil mark, with 3 inches extending above, and 2 inches below the width of the muslin. These were then basted into position and sewed on the machine, running the stitching the full width of the brocade as added strength and as guides for future pleating.

Strips of batting were cut 10 inches wide and 17 inches long and rolled into firm rolls. These were inserted into the loops formed between the brocade and the muslin.

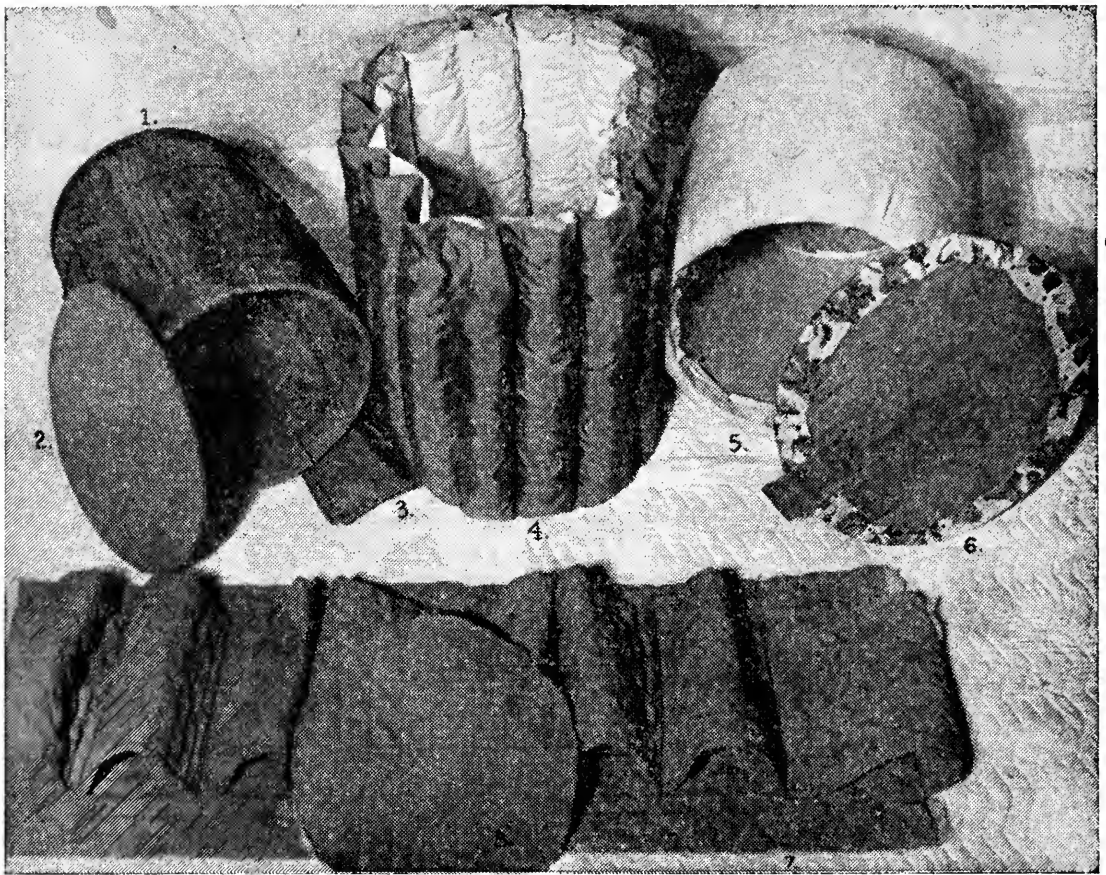
The lining was cut 1 inch shorter than the depth of the keg, and, since the quilted rayon ran 39 inches wide, one width was enough. Next, I cut two strips of the lining material, the full 39 inches long and 20 inches wide, and joined them into one continuous strip. This strip I folded inside out, and lengthwise, and seamed it as for a belt. When it was turned right side out, the seam was tailored back. This made a firm edge for the top of the pockets.

The lining was folded into 8 equal parts, creased, and marked. The long double strip was treated in the same manner, pinned, and basted,



ROUND HAMPER SERVING AS A STOOL FOR THE DRESSING TABLE

Note the top of the hamper made of floral-patterned material, and the sides made of plain goods.



LAY-OUT FOR MAKING ROUND HAMPER

1. Foundation; 2. Lining for lid; 3. Hinge; 4. Upholstery; 5. Foundation padded; 6. Lid, showing the under side and the lifting tab; 7. Lining, before seaming; 8. Lining for the bottom circle.

and sewed on the machine, crease to crease, in the same manner as were the brocade and the muslin, while it lay flat. A final seam was allowed for and joined when the process was completed, making a circular set of pockets. The pockets were 1 inch from the bottom of the lining and 3 inches from the top. The loops are of a generous size, 5 inches of lining and 10 inches of fold, and will hold a pair of slippers or a roll of knitting or crocheting.

A circle of lining 13 inches in diameter was cut and joined to the pocketed lining at the bottom after the final seam.

To make a hinge, a piece of bro-

cade was cut, interlined with firm cotton, seamed like a belt, reversed, and tailored. When finished it was 7 inches wide and 9 inches long, and was sewed to the upholstery on the sewing machine at a line directly over the padded curve at the back of the finished stool.

A deep pleat in the upholstery, taken at the right side of each padded loop, fitted the brocade to the lining. Both upholstery and lining were seamed and were cylindrical in form at this stage. The lining and upholstery were joined on the machine, face to face, and care was taken to insert the down flap of the hinge in the seam.

Then the lining was slipped inside the keg and the upholstery was eased down over the outside. A few well placed tacks held the lining and the top of the upholstery in place while the upholstery was stretched taut and tacked to the bottom of the keg, making pleats to correspond with those at the top. A piece of cardboard the size of the bottom of the keg was tacked over the whole, hiding all raw edges.

For the lid, heavy layers of batting were cut a little larger than the plywood and a circle of brocade, 18 inches in diameter, was fitted over all with care being taken to center the design. This was tacked on the reverse side.

Next, the hassock was laid on its side and the lid laid alongside, touching at a tangent. The hinge was nailed to the inner side of the lid. A small tab of brocade was made and attached to the lid in front to serve as a lifting handle. A circle of cardboard was cut 14 inches in diameter and one of lining material 17 inches in diameter was laid over the cardboard. A length of twine sewed in a running stitch around the lining circle and drawn tight on the reverse side of the cardboard made a lining for the lid. This was tacked over the hinge, tab, and raw edges for a neat finish.

The lid was supported by gros-grain ribbon of a color to match the



RECTANGULAR HAMPER

Note the attractiveness of the brocade covering and the handy pockets.

lining, being tacked on each side to the middle of the lid and to the middle of the keg. The tacks were hidden under tailored bows. Fancy cord could be used for the same purpose.

The round stool holds shoes and stockings and is used regularly as a vanity stool and has served, also, as an occasional chair.

The oblong hassock serves as an ottoman by my slip-covered chair, and holds shoes and fancy work which may be tucked away and taken out again in odd moments.

In the illustration the hinges in the rectangular hassock are visible on the outside. It would be better to insert them in the seam, or still better to use pin hinges of metal.

The Kidnaping

(Continued from page 669)

States all the keeds are like that.

"If you will pardon me, Senora—my English, eet ees bad." She smiled apologetically, and the children still listened with rapt attention. "I tell them that thees boy ees of no great wealth."

We looked at Danny's white overalls, bought in the *mercado* to resist the cement wash tray, and at his brown "meeky" shoes.

"I want them to know," her voice was sad now, "that such theengs as

the health and speereets of thees child are possible some day to all in Mexico." Then she bowed quickly and said, "Con permiso."

Before I could say a word in appreciation, she was lost in the fast moving traffic. The children, too, broke away and let Danny ride past them.

He pedaled slowly so that I could walk by his side.

"In Mexico," he told me, the slightly fatuous grin still on his face, "everyone seems to like me."

DUSK ON THE BEACH

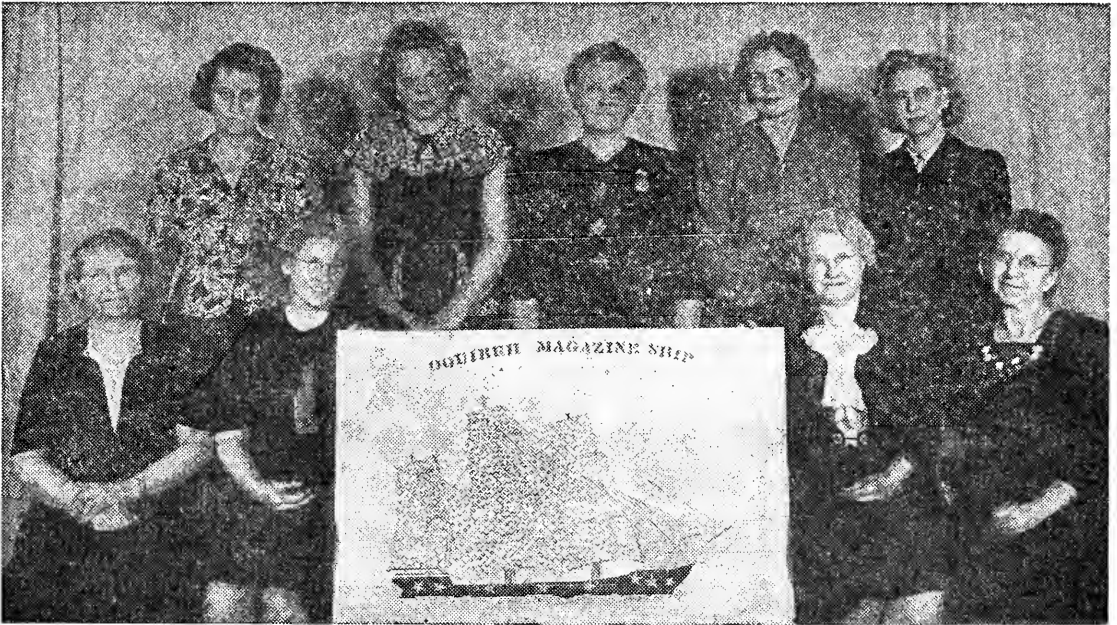
Melba S. Payne

I stood at dusk upon the sandy beach,
 And watched the foamy whitecaps rise and fall,
 While gray gulls dipped and brushed their wings on each,
 Then soared into the blue, with mating call.
 The sun splashed copper glints on waves that curled,
 While, half immersed in ocean's greenish blue,
 They slowly slipped into a swaying world,
 And changed the colors all a darker hue.
 And while I watched, my senses were replete
 With ecstasies I had not felt before.
 The fresh salt spray upon my face was sweet;
 The full-tide mark was left upon the shore.
 Reluctantly, I left this peaceful sight
 Of ocean slowly fading into night.

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

MAGAZINE PROMOTION WORK AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



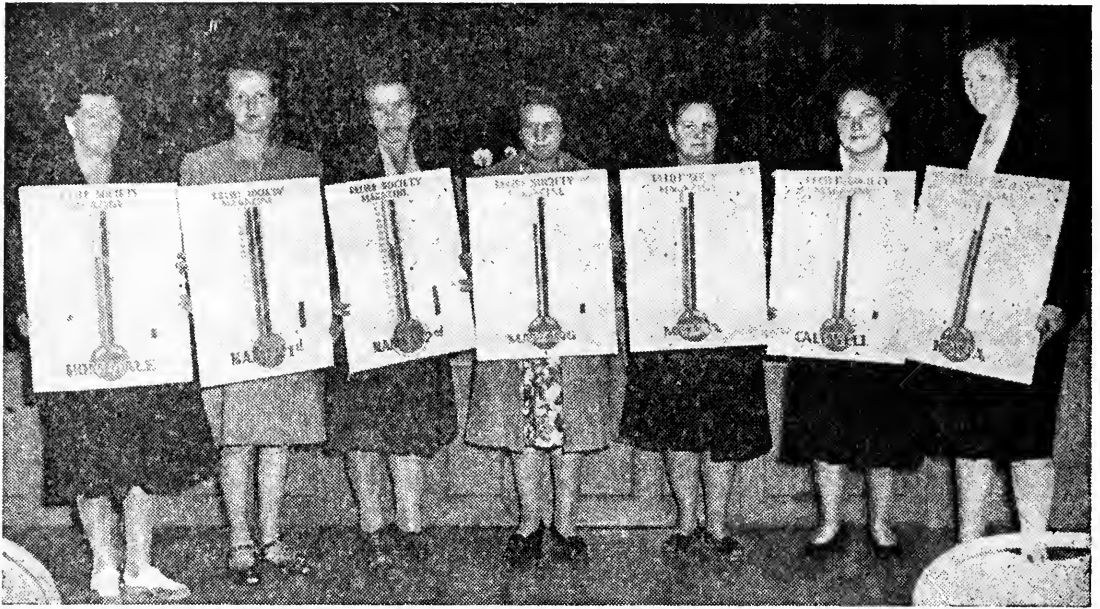
Photograph submitted by Hazel Jones

OQUIRRH STAKE (UTAH), MAGAZINE SHIP

Magazine representatives, seated, left to right: Hannah Coon, Spencer Ward; Edna Hill, Granger First Ward; Myrtle Russon, Pleasant Green Ward; Hattie Woodbury, Granger Second Ward.

Standing, left to right: Izella Jeppson, Magna Ward; Agnes Yates, Hunter Ward; Hazel Jones, stake Magazine representative; Hazel Bertoch, Hercules Ward; Katie Cahoon, Garfield Ward.

Hazel Jones, reports that the stake "Magazine Ship" (1946) sailed into port with 103 subscriptions above the quota. For each subscription a gold star was added to the sails, making a total of 826 Magazines, some of which were sent to many parts of the United States and to several foreign countries, including Austria and England.



Photograph submitted by Ethel B. Andrew

NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO), "MEASURING THE MAGAZINE"

Left to right: Mary Leavitt, Homedale Ward; Evelyn Roff, Nampa First Ward; Lucille Hennis, Nampa Second Ward; Oneta Burman, Marsing Branch; Stella Armstrong, Melba Ward; Hortense Jennison, Caldwell Ward; Ida Hatch, Kuna Ward.

Ethel B. Andrew, President, Nampa Stake Relief Society, reports that the goal of the 1946 drive in her stake was to place the Magazine in every Latter-day Saint home. Each ward Relief Society organization secured more than 100% subscriptions. The column at the left on the posters represents the percentage in 1945. The column on the right is the 1946 record; the top represents 100%. The small column at the extreme right represents the percentage above 100. The list of subscribers is printed on the right of the 1946 column, and gift subscriptions are shown by a gold star at the end of the name.



Photograph submitted by Kathryn Merrill

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, May 22, 1947

This group also furnished the music for the morning session of stake conference, May 25, 1947. Sister Bertha Brown is director and Verla Moss is the accompanist. The lovely singing of this chorus enhances many programs throughout the stake.



Photograph submitted by Reda R. Allen

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), RIVER HEIGHTS WARD BAZAAR
May 1947

Standing in front of one of the many beautiful exhibits are the officers of the River Heights Ward Relief Society, left to right: Secretary Anna O. Smith; First Counselor Annie Liechty; President Reda R. Allen; Second Counselor Ida Wood.



Photograph submitted by Verna F. Murphy

HAWAIIAN MISSION, WEST MAUI DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD

Left to right: President Rose Kaaa; Counselor Rebecca Mahi; Verna F. Murphy, former president, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society. At the back, extreme right, Harriet Teshima, Secretary-Treasurer, West Maui District Relief Society Board.



Photograph submitted by Fern Ladle

NORTH REXBURG STAKE (IDAHO), SALEM WARD SUNDAY
EVENING PROGRAM, March 2, 1947

Left to right: Ethel Lynn Shirley; Guinivere Taylor; Mildred Mortensen; Delpha Jensen; Lillie Archibald; Emma Wasden.

Fern Ladle, Secretary, North Rexburg Stake Relief Society, reports that the Salem Ward recently turned over \$685.04 to the ward building fund. The Relief Society was able to obtain fifty steel chairs and a cabinet, also two sewing machines, one of them a new electric model. The Society also had a sewing table made. This ward was able to fill the Welfare assignment at the work and business meetings. Lucy Withers is president of the Salem Ward Relief Society, with Mabel Belnap and Thelma Hope as counselors and Anita Mortensen as Secretary-Treasurer.



Photograph submitted by Hattie S. Shurtz

ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA), MIAMI WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING GROUP

Children seated front row, left to right: Glenda Wilson; Meredith Beutel; Jimmie Philip; Aileen Holyok; Martha K. Campbell.

Women seated, front row, left to right: Armilda Bodine; Phoebe Gardner; Laura Rose; Secretary Sabra Lunt; President Zorabelle Lee; First Counselor Pearl Campbell and baby Lois; Second Counselor Violet Allen; Burton Campbell; Hulda Layton; Sarah Rogers.

Second row standing left to right: Lottie Mack; Laura Fautz; Maud Valentine; Lorraine Bodine; Mabel Brown; Grace Spaulding; Fidelia Philip; Zetta Smith; Sara Hales; Mildred Beutel; Ella Sims; Hazel Layton.

Back row standing left to right: Sally Philip; Eleanor Holyok; Julia Wilson; Esther Riggs; Luella Brown; Sylvia Campbell, holding her baby William.

During the summer of 1946 this Relief Society made twenty-eight quilts. On July 23d a turkey dinner was served. At each regular work meeting during the summer, a birthday cake was served in honor of the sisters whose birthdays occurred in that month.

Hattie S. Shurtz is president of the St. Joseph Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Myrtle Altman

CALIFORNIA MISSION, OXNARD BRANCH ANNIVERSARY PARTY,
March 18, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Hazel Crawford; Viva Tanner; Nellie Fitzgerald; Emma Welte; Mary Hegna; Emma Martin; Melissia Camomile; Hattie Baker; Effa Smith; Margaret Jorgenson.

Second row standing, left to right: Marguerite Dykes; Jean Taylor; Pearl Jenkins; Jewel Fisher; Marguerite Harris; Fae Netzley; Ina Bushman; Thelva Bell; LaVonne Thomas; First Counselor Nina Eastwood; Second Counselor Cecile Richards; President Ivie Anderson; Secretary-Treasurer Myrtle Altman; Lenore Wignall; Josephine Bartlett; Jenny Jensen; Bernice Humphrey; Marjie Kortum; Norma Stevenson; Frances Bushman; Helen Pratt; Ruby Simpson.

Vivian R. McConkie is president of the California Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Florence Ritsch

EASTERN STATES MISSION, SCRANTON (PENNSYLVANIA) BRANCH
BAZAAR

April 12, 1947

The photograph shows only part of the extensive and beautiful bazaar which was prepared and conducted by the six active members of the Scranton Branch Relief Society. Several beautiful quilts, aprons, embroidered scarves, dolls, and other toys were also displayed. Sister Alberta O. Doxey, President of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society, in commenting on the activities of this small branch, says: "The enthusiasm and earnestness with which the members participate in an activity of this kind is gratifying. The articles made by these Relief Society sisters are of high quality. It should be added, of course, that the sisters were aided in the making of some of these articles by non-member friends." Sister Florence Ritsch is president of the Scranton Branch Relief Society.

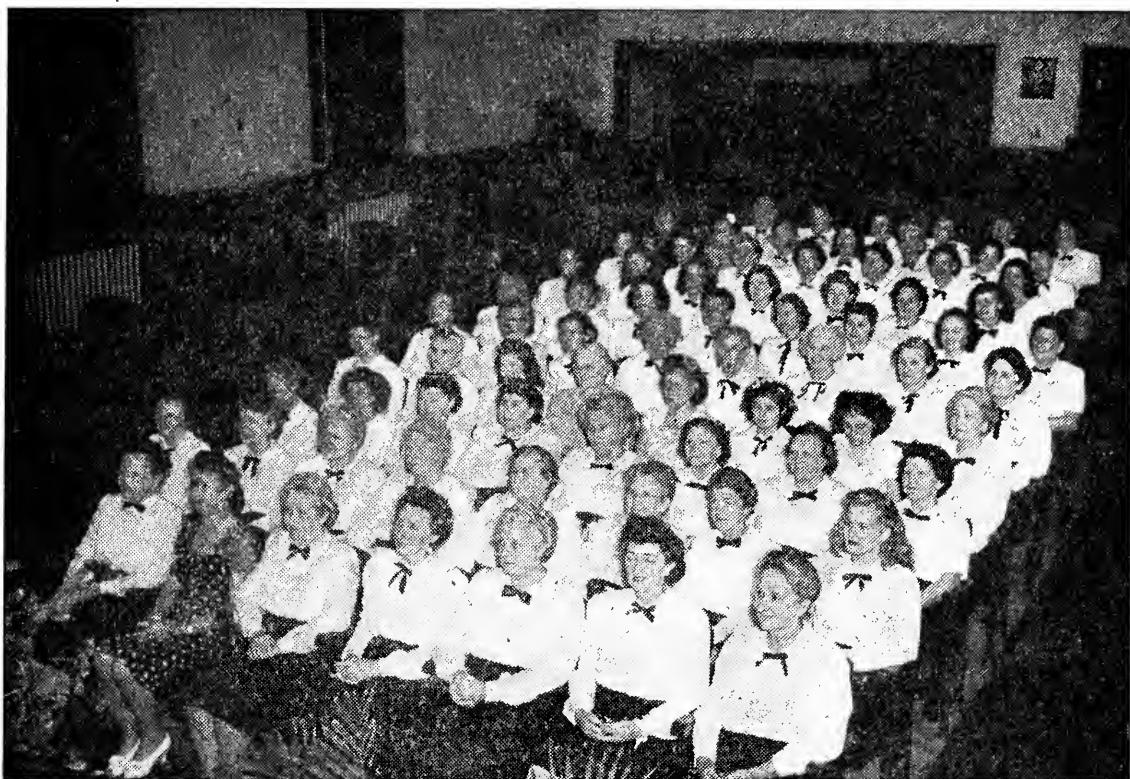


Photograph submitted by Alice C. Bishop

RIVERSIDE STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), SIXTEENTH WARD, SEVEN
PAST PRESIDENTS STILL SERVING RELIEF SOCIETY IN VARIOUS
CAPACITIES, AND THE PRESENT PRESIDENT

Front row seated, left to right: Cornelia I. Bridge; Alice C. Bishop, the present president; Janet Purdy.

Back row standing, left to right: Blanche T. Tew; Clara B. Wright; Signe Dickman; Susie R. Earnshaw; Vera S. Bult.



Photograph submitted by Nancy Sellers

FLORIDA STAKE, FIRST MUSICAL PERFORMANCE BY RELIEF SOCIETY CHORUS

Jacksonville Chapel, July 11, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Ida Starling, work group leader; Marie Shuman, Second Counselor; Josephine Jenkins, President; Minnie Dills, First Counselor; Ollie McAvery, Secretary; Nancy Sellers, chorister; Adeline Chase, organist.

The Florida Stake was organized in January 1947, the 163d stake in the Church. In July there were seventy-five members in the stake Relief Society chorus, with an expectation of one hundred members for the September conference. The black and white costumes worn by the women are very attractive and lend distinction to the appearance of the chorus.

NORTH REXBURG STAKE, NEWDALE WARD (SUGAR, IDAHO) ATTENDANCE CONTEST

Anita Schwendiman reports an interesting contest recently held in her ward. "Two years ago we were very discouraged about our attendance, sometimes having as low as six or seven ladies present, mostly grandmothers. Our executive officers consist of two grandmothers and two mothers, so we challenged each other to a contest which was to finish with a good party for the winners, given by the losers. Last year the grandmothers won. It was great fun and the party they gave was lovely. This year the contest has been very close. Monday evenings and Tuesday mornings the sisters would go rushing about inviting friends and neighbors to attend the meetings. Cars were sent to bring the grandmothers to meetings. The contest ended with the mothers winning by one point. The winners were given a fine pioneer party and prizes of potted plants were presented to the oldest member, the youngest member, the mother with the best attendance record, the grandmother with the best record, the member enrolled longest in Relief Society, and others. Our average attendance has increased from ten in 1945 to twenty-six in 1947."



Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 4—"Gabriel's Annunciation of John and Jesus" "The Babe of Bethlehem"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapters 7 and 8, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, January 6, 1948

Objective: To show that the coming of John the Baptist and Jesus Christ was announced by an angel sent from God; and that their births fulfilled great promises by angels and prophets.

THE circumstances surrounding the birth of our Lord are hal- lowed by heavenly manifestations. One who believes is always inspired and lifted up by the story that "never grows old."

There was a very close relationship between the coming of Jesus, the Savior, and the birth of John the Baptist about six months before. The latter was a great prophet, whose mission was closely identified with the beginning of the work of the Redeemer.

Zacharias was a priest of the Aaronic order, who officiated in the temple. His wife Elisabeth was also a descendant of Aaron. It had been a source of deep regret to this couple that they were childless, and they were well stricken in years. On an important day to the Jews, it had fallen to the lot of Zacharias to officiate during one of the most sacred ceremonies of the temple. He was separated from the Holy of Holies by the veil of the temple. At the supreme moment of his sacred

service, an angel of the Lord appeared to the astonished priest. So far as we know, this was the first appearance of a heavenly messenger to a Jew in many generations. No doubt, they had grown to believe, as most Christians now believe, that such things were of the past and did not occur.

The messenger announced that he was Gabriel, an angel who stood in the presence of God; that he, Gabriel, had come to apprise Zacharias that his wife Elisabeth would bear him a son; that the child to be born would be a great blessing to the people; and that he would be great in the sight of the Lord. He was to be reared a clean young man, and guarded against the use of strong drink. (The writer asks indulgence to digress long enough to urge the sisters of the Relief Society to study the first chapter of Daniel. You will get the reason for this injunction to the parents of John the Baptist. It will be an excellent opportunity to emphasize the relationship between

a clean body and a calling in the service of the Master.)

The promise to the priest and his aged wife seemed impossible, and he asked the angel how it could be. Because of his doubt, Zacharias was stricken dumb until the promise was fulfilled. He remained dumb until the day that John was named at the time he was circumcised, at which time, also, there was a great manifestation of the gift and power of the Holy Ghost (Luke 1:57-80). There was no greater prophet in Israel than John the Baptist.

About three months before John the Baptist was born, the angel Gabriel was sent, also, to a devout young woman living at Nazareth, in Galilee. This young woman was of the royal lineage of David, and her name was Mary. She was unmarried, but

was betrothed to Joseph, who was also a descendant of David, Israel's greatly revered former king. The angel's message to Mary was, perhaps, the most beautiful that had yet fallen on women's ears: ". . . . Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women" (Luke 1:28).

It is reasonable to believe that all of the faithful daughters of Israel looked forward with joy to the time when the Messiah would come. They knew that some pure Jewish maiden would be his mother. Surely, no greater honor or blessing could come to a woman.

The angel told Mary that she would conceive in her womb and bring forth a child and should call his name Jesus (Luke 1:30-33). That he should "be called the Son of the



A Perry Picture

JESUS AND JOHN

From a Painting by Guido Reni (1575-1642)

Highest and of his kingdom there shall be no end." To her inquiry as to how it could be, seeing that she was a virgin, the angel explained:

The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God (Luke 1:35).

This humble and pure girl replied:

Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word . . . (Luke 1:38).

The joy that came to Mary with the knowledge that she was to be the mother of "the Only Begotten" Son of Elohim, the Eternal Father, in the flesh, was also accompanied by some natural misgivings. Mary had visited her cousin Elisabeth in Judea and had, no doubt, received strength and assurance when informed of the approaching birth of the latter's child. The Holy Ghost prompted Elisabeth to say to Mary:

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? (Luke 1:42-43). (Read also Luke 1:46-55).

When Mary returned from her visit to Elisabeth "she was found with child." Joseph, a just and good man, was much troubled when:

. . . . behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost (Matt. 1:20).

Joseph's joy was great. He was of royal descent, and he knew now

that there would be no shadow cast upon his family status. The angel's greeting: "Joseph thou son of David," is very significant. Joseph immediately married Mary, ". . . . and knew her not till she had brought forth her firstborn son: and he called his name Jesus" (Matt. 1:25). The Son of David born to Mary was, in reality, the King Emmanuel, the Redeemer of the world.

The Babe of Bethlehem

The prophets not only foresaw the birth of the Messiah, but they also fixed the place of his birth at Bethlehem, a small village in Judea. Both Mary and Joseph lived in Nazareth, a considerable distance from Bethlehem.

We must bear in mind that the Jews were subjects of the Roman Empire, and that Herod was only a dependent king, an appointee of the Emperor. A decree had been issued by Augustus, the Roman Emperor, that all of the Jewish people must be enrolled for the purpose of taxation. In obedience to the requirements of this decree, Mary and Joseph went to Bethlehem, their city, and the city where David, their royal ancestor, spent much of his early life. No doubt, Herod arranged all the details of the census, and for the collection of the taxes. It was while on this trip that one of the earth's greatest events took place.

Our Lord was born amidst humble surroundings. He was born during a "camping out" trip, but, probably, considering the customs of the day, not in such abject poverty as is sometimes pictured. Nevertheless, it is marvelous that Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten in the flesh of the

Eternal Father, was cradled in a manger. Later, it was said that he descended below all things that he might rise above all things.

There is nothing more beautiful and thrilling in all literature than the description found in Luke 2:8-14 of the birth of the Master. It would be well for all to memorize those verses. No wonder a heavenly choir was sent. If that same angelic choir could again sing of a time when, in reality, there would be universal peace and "good will toward men," it would be the sweetest music of all the ages. Well might it be said, "But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart" (Luke 2:19).

Joseph and Mary, both being Jews, strictly obeyed the Jewish laws and its requirements. It was required that every mother remain in retirement for forty days. Joseph became the legal father of Jesus. In accordance with requirements, Jesus was taken to the temple by his parents and all ceremonials strictly observed. Simeon, one of the few Israelites who had remained true to God and who had been promised by the Holy Ghost that he would not die until he had seen the Christ, was in the temple when the baby Jesus was presented. By the same spirit, Simeon recognized the Child and, lifting him up, said: "Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation" (Luke 2:29-30).

It is but natural that rumors of all these wonderful happenings should finally reach the ears of Herod. He was disturbed. He was not a Jew. He was a bitterly hated Edomite, one of the posterity of Esau, who had

pretended to be converted to Judaism.

Herod summoned the wise men and the scribes and chief priests to ascertain where Christ should be born. He was told that the birth would be at Bethlehem. He directed the wise men to find the Babe and, as soon as he was found, to bring word to the king, "that I may come and worship him also." These wise men found Mary and Joseph and immediately recognized the Royal Child. However, as soon as they had given him costly presents, they did not return to Jerusalem. "And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way" (Matt. 2:12).

Joseph was directed by an angel to take the young Child into Egypt and remain there until directed by the same personage to return. He was obedient to this command and thereby escaped the terrible massacre of all children in Bethlehem "from two years old and under."

All of the worthwhile events surrounding the birth of Jesus were made known to the Nephites on the Western Hemisphere. The Lord kept the faithful advised of developments.

Because of our imperfect chronological records, it has been very difficult to fix the exact date of the Messiah's birth. We have good evidence that it was not December 25, but April 6 (D. & C. 20:1). Certainly, the events surrounding his birth would indicate springtime rather than winter when there were "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Tell the story of the birth of John the Baptist (Luke 1).
2. What were the outstanding events

connected with the birth of Jesus Christ? No more beautiful account has ever been written than the one found in Luke 2:8-14.

3. Relate the incidents of the early life of the Savior until he went to live in Nazareth.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 4—Social Activities

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, January 6, 1948

Objective: To recall the genuine and friendly social activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate those of the present.

A much-heralded feature of the Church is the friendliness and sociability that exist among the people. In this respect the Church resembles a large, closely knit, united family which is held together by love, sympathy, common interests, and mutual understanding. This friendliness and brotherhood date back to the time of the organization of the Church, when the small group of Latter-day Saints rejoiced together in their new-found faith and fellowship.

Other factors which have contributed to friendliness and comradeship were the trials and persecutions through which they all passed at the hands of their enemies; their long and tedious journeys across the plains with the attendant hazards; their arduous task of building a kingdom in the wilderness, a task which required not only courage, but united faith and prayers, close co-operation, and loving service. Then, there was the close communal life

resulting from the organization of Church members into small, democratic local units—wards and branches—where the members all became acquainted with one another and worked and associated together, both inside the Church buildings and in all the activities of the neighborhood.

But, most important of all in creating friendliness and brotherhood, has been the spirit of the gospel, which teaches love of God, and love of neighbor, forgiveness, and the Golden Rule, and which transforms strangers into friends.

As we look in retrospect at the early pioneer communities, we find interesting, wholesome social activities, such as house-warmings in the modest, unpretentious homes, home parties, family and Church dinners, dances, often with intermission for basket or home suppers, picnics in the open, corn huskings, fruit cuttings, quilting bees, band concerts, serenading, excellent dramatic per-

formances, carefully prepared and executed by the home dramatic clubs, celebrations on July Fourth and Twenty-fourth, with interesting programs, and unique and colorful street parades. The parades featured, among other things, traders, trappers, pioneers, Mormon Battalion boys, Indians, and historic episodes; also, they displayed interesting costumes worn by natives of foreign countries.

When basket suppers were served, the gentlemen drew the baskets by number, and then ate the supper with the ladies whose baskets they had drawn. Often, suppers were partaken of in the various homes during the dance intermission, the couples returning later to resume the dancing.

The successful, early-day social ac-

tivities of the pioneers are not to be wondered at, as there was much and varied talent in the local communities, which were made up of people with interesting backgrounds from a number of different foreign countries, as well as from many states in the Union.

In an interesting social survey of one of our Utah towns, with a population of 806, made in 1932 by Dr. Joseph A. Geddes, it was found that the people living there were descended from the following nationalities: English, Danish, Irish, Scotch, Swiss, Italian, Dutch, Norwegian, German, Welsh, and Swedish.

Suggestions for Discussion

Let some of the teachers tell of their early-day favorite recreation and pastimes, also, those of their parents before them.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Altering the Pattern to Suit the Figure Type

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, December 9, 1947

SINCE all patterns are drafted and cut to fit figures that are more or less ideally proportioned, it is frequently difficult for the home dressmaker to cut her dress from a commercial pattern and have the proper fit. Very few women are as symmetrical as the patterns from which they wish to make their clothes. It is impossible to have patterns for every figure type. They can only be made to fit an average of all figures. As few women are trained to draft their own patterns, we are faced with

the problem of altering and adjusting commercial patterns to fit individual figure types.

Most patterns are sold according to bust measure, so that if a woman measures 36 inches bust, she would expect to buy a 36 pattern. However, this is not always a good rule to follow since, quite frequently, the bust measurement is out of line with all her other measurements. In such cases it is well to buy the pattern according to the rest of the figure, and make adjustment for the bust. A

woman who is overly full in the bust will have great difficulty fitting the shoulders and sleeves of her dress if she buys a pattern large enough to fit her in the bust line, when she is, generally, full of figure. The same difficulty will arise from buying a pattern to fit overly small busts.

The adjustment in a pattern for hips that are out of line in size is much easier to make since there are fewer lines to be altered.

After you have decided on the size of pattern that is best for you, find out where you need to make adjustments. To do this compare your own measurements with those on the pattern envelope and then actually try on the pattern. If there is more alteration necessary than can be made in the seams, you will need to cut your pattern and actually enlarge or decrease it in some sections. The pattern itself will give general rules for altering each main pattern section, but these are not specific for all needed changes. For instance, a

woman who is short but full-figured will not need the extra underarm length allowed by cutting the full length of the blouse pattern and adding extra width all the way. She may want a short underarm and a long center front line, or a narrow shoulder and a wide front across the bust.

These adjustments can all be made by cutting the pattern at the place to be altered and spreading it to add extra fullness or taking a fold in it to make it smaller. All of these alterations in the pattern must be made before cutting. They can and should be made on each and every piece of the pattern that does not fit the individual figure.

Measure yourself carefully and measure the pattern. Then before cutting at all, change the pattern pieces that are wrong for you. After one pattern has been altered to properly fit your figure, it can be used as a basis or foundation on which to work in future sewing.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 4—Epistles of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, January 20, 1948

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the letters of the Prophet to the saints and the word of the Lord to the Prophet while a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri.

THE Prophet Joseph Smith wrote many epistles during the closing years of his earthly ministry while he was in and about Missouri and Nauvoo, Illinois. His persecutions had become so great that he was constantly sought by the law. He

would be taken for no just cause and forced to spend some time in prison. Here, under the most trying conditions, he sought and found his Maker. Then, in the true spirit of a prophet, he poured forth his heart in love and understanding. This was

done by means of his pen. How often, either in jail or in hiding from his enemies, did he write to the saints is not exactly known. However, there are recorded for our edification and instruction many beautiful, inspired passages of his work as sections of the Doctrine and Covenants. It is to these writings that we would now address our thinking.

There is something about a letter considered from a literary point of view that is different from an expression of thought delivered in person. A servant of the Lord may with fervor hold a listener as he relates a principle of the gospel. The tone of his voice, the intense look in his eye, the turn of his head, the gesture of his arm, all will add to his message—even compensate for any lack of literary excellence. Have you not sometimes been impressed by the fiery words of a speaker only to learn, later, when you read what he has said, that in print much of the force of his address has gone? It is true that in writing one must substitute form for personality. By this we mean, in part, the literary qualities about which we have been talking in these lessons. The economy of words, the choice of words, the effective use of words in sentence patterns—all must take the place of the personal power that holds a listener in platform delivery.

In the main, the epistles to the saints found in the Doctrine and Covenants are prose in style. There are places where a lyric quality breaks through and the reader is made to feel the song of praise in the writer's heart.

One such type of writing is to be found in the 122 section of the

Doctrine and Covenants, in the word of the Lord to Joseph Smith the Prophet while a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri. Here the Lord speaks to the troubled heart of the Prophet with comforting assurance, and he feels in his inner soul the earthly sorrow through which he must pass even unto death. The Lord gives solace, then, by helping him to understand that the greatest blessings come to one who endures all to the end, even as the Savior did. Note the beauty of this writing:

The ends of the earth shall inquire after thy name, and fools shall have thee in derision, and hell shall rage against thee; while the pure in heart, and the wise, and the noble, and the virtuous, shall seek counsel, and authority, and blessings constantly from under thy hand. And thy people shall never be turned against thee by the testimony of traitors. And although their influence shall cast thee into trouble, and into bars and walls, thou shalt be had in honor; and but for a small moment and thy voice shall be more terrible in the midst of thine enemies than the fierce lion, because of thy righteousness; and thy God shall stand by thee forever and ever. If thou art called to pass through tribulation; if thou art in perils among false brethren; if thou art in perils among robbers; if thou art in perils by land or by sea; if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations; if thine enemies fall upon thee; if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters; and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife, and of thine offspring, and thine elder son, although but six years of age, shall cling to thy garments, and shall say, My father, my father, why can't you stay with us? O, my father, what are the men going to do with you? and if then he shall be thrust from thee by the sword, and thou be dragged to prison, and thine enemies prowl around thee like wolves for the blood of the lamb; and if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death passed upon

thee; if thou be cast into the deep; if the billowing surge conspire against thee; if fierce winds become thine enemy; if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good. The Son of Man hath descended below them all. Art thou greater than he? Therefore, hold on thy way, and the priesthood shall remain with thee; for their bounds are set, they cannot pass. Thy days are known, and thy years shall not be numbered less; therefore, fear not what man can do, for God shall be with you forever and ever (122).

The characteristic love which the Prophet had for his friends is to be found in the 123 section of the Doctrine and Covenants. This inspired epistle was written in the same month of March and in the same year, 1839, as was section 122. The subject to which he addressed himself was the "Duty of the Saints in relation to their persecutors."

He tells his followers that they must be diligent in keeping records of the names and deeds of those who have wronged them, which can be used as a witness against the evil doers. Even as he writes, there is a spirit of love for those who strike at him and his cause. He lashes out in figurative language against the sin, not the sinner, in such phrases as "the combinations of darkness," the "iron yoke," "the very handcuffs, and chains and shackles, and fetters of hell." His words would stamp out iniquity with cutting sharpness, in writing at least, since he was denied, in person, denunciation of these wrongs. He concludes:

Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, let us cheerfully do all things that lie in our

power; and then may we stand still, with the utmost assurance, to see the salvation of God, and for his arm to be revealed (123:17).

Activities and Readings for Appreciation

In this lesson the class might well assume the role of a group of saints who lived in the troublesome days of Nauvoo. In such an imaginative thought, one may come close to hearing the Prophet actually speak. Such is the effect of having some good reader of the group read aloud an epistle from Joseph Smith. Use the 127 and 128 sections of the Doctrine and Covenants in this way. For example, in the following selection:

As I stated to you in my letter before I left my place, that I would write to you from time to time and give you information in relation to many subjects, I now resume the subject of the baptism for the dead, as that subject seems to occupy my mind, and press itself upon my feelings the strongest, since I have been pursued by my enemies. I wrote a few words of revelation to you concerning a recorder. I have had a few additional views in relation to this matter, which I now certify. That is, it was declared in my former letter that there should be a recorder, who should be eye-witness, and also to hear with his ears, that he might make a record of a truth before the Lord. Now, in relation to this matter, it would be very difficult for one recorder to be present at all times, and to do all the business. To obviate this difficulty, there can be a recorder appointed in each ward of the city, who is well qualified for taking accurate minutes; and let him be very particular and precise in taking the whole proceedings, certifying in his record that he saw with his eyes, and heard with his ears, giving the date, and names, and so forth, and the history of the whole transaction; naming also some three individuals that are present, if there be any present, who can at any time when called upon certify to the same, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. Then, let there be a general recorder, to whom these other

records can be handed, being attended with certificates over their own signatures, certifying that the record they have made is true. Then the general church recorder can enter the record on the general church book, with the certificates and all the attending witnesses, with his own statement that he verily believes the above statement and records to be true, from his knowledge of the general character and appointment of those men by the church. And when this is done on the general church book, the record shall be just as holy, and shall answer the ordinance just the same as if he had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears, and made a record of the same on the general Church book.

You may think this order of things to be very particular; but let me tell you that it is only to answer the will of God, by conforming to the ordinance and preparation that the Lord ordained and prepared before the foundation of the world, for the salvation of the dead who should die without a knowledge of the gospel. And further, I want you to remember that John the Revelator was contemplating this very subject in relation to the dead, when he declared, as you will find recorded in Revelation 20:12—"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." You will discover in this quotation that the books were opened; and another book was opened, which was the book of life; but the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works; consequently, the books spoken of must be the books which contained the record of their works, and refer to the records which are kept on the earth. And the book which was the book of life is the record which is kept in heaven; the principle agreeing precisely with the doctrine which is commanded you in the revelation contained in the letter which I wrote to you previous to my leaving my place—that in all your recordings it may be recorded in heaven.

Now, the nature of this ordinance consists in the power of the priesthood, by the revelation of Jesus Christ, wherein it is

granted that whatsoever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Or, in other words, taking a different view of the translation, whatsoever you record on earth shall be recorded in heaven, and whatsoever you do not record on earth shall not be recorded in heaven; for out of the books shall your dead be judged, according to their own works, whether they themselves have attended to the ordinances in their own propria persona, or by the means of their own agents, according to the ordinance which God has prepared for their salvation from before the foundation of the world, according to the records which they have kept concerning their dead. It may seem to some to be a very bold doctrine that we talk of—a power which records or binds on earth and binds in heaven. Nevertheless, in all ages of the world, whenever the Lord has given a dispensation of the priesthood to any man by actual revelation, or any set of men, this power has always been given. Hence, whatsoever those men did in authority, in the name of the Lord, and did it truly and faithfully, and kept a proper and faithful record of the same, it became a law on earth and in heaven, and could not be annulled, according to the decrees of the great Jehovah. This is a faithful saying. Who can hear it? And again, for the precedent, Matthew 16:18, 19: "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven (128:1-10).

Pause long enough to gather the full meaning of the Prophet's words. Invite class discussion of the same. Note the manner in which the points of doctrine are made clear through the principles of good writing as we have come to know them. Enjoy this ever present opportunity of meeting Joseph Smith firsthand through the means of the literary epistle.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 3—Chastity

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 27, 1948

Objective: To show the necessity of living a chaste life, and to give suggestions for proper training in the home which will fortify members of the family to lead such a life.

Of How Great Importance Is Chastity?

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are (I Cor. 3:16, 17).

IN many other quotations the sanctity of the body is stressed. We know that to receive a mortal body is a great privilege and blessing, for without that body we cannot progress. We also know that we are to have our bodies with us throughout eternity. What then could be more important than keeping them free from pollution?

It has been recognized that the lessening of religious belief and the decay of family life develop simultaneously. The strength of any civilization is in direct relation to the stability of its individual homes. And the strength of the home lies, in a great measure, in its fidelity and morality.

Sodom and Gomorrah were ripened in iniquity and were destroyed by fire from heaven because of sensual wickedness.

The grandeur of ancient Greece, the majesty of Rome, once the proud rulers of the world, have disappeared; and the verdict of history specifies the prevalence of sensual immorality as among the chief of the destructive agencies by which the fall

of those mighty peoples was effected.

Is our modern nation to bring upon itself the doom of destructive depravity? The forces of disintegration are at work throughout the land, and they operate as insidiously as does the virus of deadly contagion (JAMES E. TALMAGE: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 219).

During the last half century, standards of sanitation and health have improved tremendously. Today, we demand that the water supply be pure, that milk be pasteurized, that foods on the market be inspected for their purity through enactment of the pure food laws. We want only the choice, the genuine, in our diet. How much more should we desire the choice, the genuine in purity of mind and body? And how much greater is the need for the prevention of "soul erosion," for the preservation of chastity. Education in purity of life has not received the attention which has been accorded many far less important matters.

As Latter-day Saints, we regard marriage as fundamental to the greatest development and exaltation for man and woman. But, on the other hand, perversion or abuse pertaining to marriage is one of the most grievous sins.

In the scriptures we are told that man is not without the woman neither the woman without the man in the Lord, indicating that the two comprise one whole or a unit in

his sight. And in more modern scripture we read: "For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39). Combining the above thoughts, we understand that our chief concern in mortality is to prove ourselves worthy to help our Heavenly Father in furthering his work so that man might be, and that man might have joy. The question may be asked, what does chastity have to do with all this? Simply this: that chastity keeps the fountain of life pure and clean so that through proper lineage children may be begotten, that the spirit children of our Father may have fit tabernacles in which to dwell when they are sent to this earth.

What Are the Physical Effects of Unchastity?

In *The Improvement Era* of March 1946, in an article entitled "The War We Haven't Won," by Robert Reese Dansie, we read:

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

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

From Pearl Harbor to February 7, 1944, the Germans and the Japanese killed 36,000 Americans. Syphilis killed 33,000 Americans at home during the same period. In those twenty-six months, 45,545

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

Over six million people in the U. S. have syphilis or gonorrhea. They are more prevalent than any communicable disease except the common cold. Syphilis causes over ten per cent of all blindness and insanity, ten to twelve per cent of all deaths from heart trouble. Countless thousands of broken homes, damaged lives, and heart-breaks follow in the wake of these enemies of mankind. . . . These diseases strike mainly at the young. Over one half of the infections are in young people under twenty-five years of age.

* * * *

No more loathsome cancer disfigures the body and soul of society today than the frightful affliction of sexual sin. It vitiates the very fountains of life and bequeaths its foul effects to the yet unborn as a legacy of death (JAMES E. TALMAGE: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 217).

President Joseph F. Smith said:

. . . The immortal spirits that come to earth to tabernacle in bodies of flesh have the right to be wellborn, through parents who are free from the contamination of sexual vice.

Like many bodily diseases sexual crime drags with itself a train of other ills. As the physical effects of drunkenness entail the deterioration of tissue, and disturbance of vital functions . . . so does unchastity expose the soul to divers spiritual maladies, and rob it of both resistance and recuperative ability. . . .

We hold that sexual sin is second only to the shedding of innocent blood in the category of personal crimes (PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH: *Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 387, 388).

There is nothing more disappointing than to see a lovely face and figure but to learn that the beauty is only skin deep—that bad habits and

evil practices have marred that outward form of loveliness.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life (Proverbs 31:10-12).

What Is the Single Standard of Morality?

One distinctive Latter-day Saint tenet is our belief in and acceptance of what is called the single standard of morality. By single standards we mean that the same degree of purity and chastity is expected of men as of women. Men are just as accountable as women for their moral conduct and the same standard applies to both. Our boys are taught to observe the same purity of life as are our girls.

What Benefits Are to Be Derived From Living a Chaste Life?

The benefits are mental, physical, and spiritual—a peace of mind, a clear conscience, a sense of well-being and contentment in the knowledge that one has brought no dishonor to himself, his family, nor to any other; a personal satisfaction at having gained the power to resist the temptation of the flesh. A chaste life insures one against the physical suffering of social disease and keeps the life stream pure for the children that may follow marriage. It gives one a knowledge that he has obeyed one of the cardinal commands of God and that by so doing he will be, provided he is obedient to other commands also, heir to the highest glory in store for human beings, that of the celestial kingdom. Are not these benefits worth any price?

How May We Teach Our Children to Be Strictly Virtuous in Their Lives?

There are many things which will contribute to this important part of a child's education.

First, the atmosphere of the home should assure children that marriage is a sacred institution, that happiness is there, and that love and consideration exist between father and mother.

As the children grow up, attention should be called to the fact that mothers and sisters are protected by the men of the family. When boys are old enough, they should be taught to feel it their responsibility, along with the father's, to accompany or call for mother or sister when they are going out at night alone.

Most children will ask questions relative to sex, and that is the psychological and most natural time for parents to discuss such matters with them. But if a child never asks these questions, do not assume he has never wondered about such things, but realize that more than likely he is getting the answers from someone else other than his parents.

A feeling of trust and confidence should be cultivated between parents and children so that children will feel free to go to parents with questions and problems and receive sympathetic consideration.

Companions have a great influence on the ideas and conduct of young people, especially during adolescence. Parents can do much to suggest or encourage certain friends and wholesome activities. There should be games available and facilities for favorite sports at home. Children and their friends should feel

free and welcome to spend all the time they wish in their home and should be encouraged to do so. Special effort should be put forth by parents to provide refreshments for young people who assemble in the home. The little expense and work entailed will prove to be very much worthwhile.

Adolescents should be instructed carefully and repeatedly regarding the grave dangers of permitting improper liberties and of being out alone with a partner until late hours. A boy should be taught to honor womanhood and to guard a woman's virtue with his life. A girl should be given to understand that the way in which a boy treats her depends upon her—that most boys will respect a girl's ideals, and that she is the stronger of the two in resisting temptation. Quoting from an article published sometime ago in *The Reader's Digest*, entitled "Does Your Daughter Think She's in Love?":

The right thing is to use your intelligence to check, before they get a good start, the emotions that might lead to trouble. Never hesitate to put a stop to a situation that is going too far. Never consent to do something against your better judgment to please an escort. You run that department as you feel it should be run. The kind of man you'll want to tie to some day for life will thank you for it. And there's nothing but heartache in getting mixed up with the other kind.

President J. Reuben Clark gave some very timely advice (to girls and women) at a stake conference meeting recently. He referred to the matter of women's dress and especially to the way in which they outfit themselves at the beaches and other places of amusement. He said, in effect, that man is only human and

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has human emotions, that he is not made of iron, and that no girl has a right to tempt him beyond his power to resist by the way she exposes herself or by any other enticement. Modesty is still a virtue, and a girl is largely responsible for the conduct of her male companion by the allurements she displays and the conduct she exhibits in his presence.

President Grant, in his book *Gospel Standards*, page 55, has this to say of the influence of tobacco and liquor upon one's virtue:

I want it understood—that the use of liquor and tobacco is one of the chief means in the hands of the adversary whereby he is enabled to lead boys and girls from virtue.

Nearly always those who lose their virtue, first partake of those things that excite passions within them or lower their resistance and becloud their minds.

Parents should explain to boys and girls that virtue is one of the requirements for entering the temple and that marriage in the house of the Lord should be the culmination of courtship. They should be taught also that it is very important to think pure thoughts because back of every evil act is an evil thought. Thoughts are father to the deed. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he:" (Proverbs 23:7).

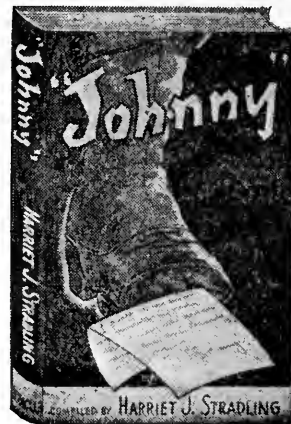
Many, many temptations and suggestions of evil beset young people on every hand today through cheap magazines, current books of fiction, motion pictures, etc. Earnest parents realize that the greatest safeguard comes from proper training in the home. The right kind of periodicals and books should be left lying around within easy reach of young people. A very successful way to create a desire for good literature is

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to introduce the habit of reading aloud from good books in the family when the children are small. In this way they acquire a taste for that which is best. Suggestive stories, off-color jokes, have no place in the home, and children should be instructed not to listen to them outside the home. Wholesome recreation is the best outlet for the emotions. Skating, horseback riding, dancing, swimming, tennis, baseball, or other similar sports should be encouraged and planned for.

Young people should be urged to avail themselves of good courses on marriage and courtship, matriology, and child psychology. In our universities today young people clamor for such instruction. Long waiting lists attest the fact that they are eager to prepare themselves for the important responsibilities of life.

Our religion is a great checkrein to temptation. It gives us a long-range program of life and shows us that committing certain evils retards our progression and will keep us out of the celestial kingdom. It gives us spiritual food from which we derive strength to combat the temptations of everyday life and an assurance that the price of obedience is cheap for the reward we ultimately gain.

Parents should be ever on guard to let nothing attack the citadel of chastity. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Additional Reference

DR. HAROLD T. CHRISTENSEN: "Problems of Personal Conduct," particularly that portion under sub-heading "Unchastity," social science lesson published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, August 1945, pp. 509, 510.

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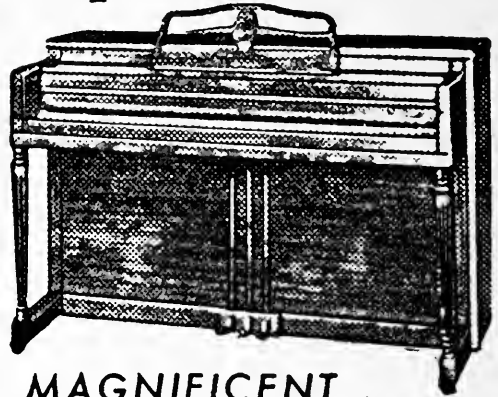


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ALL THAT LIFTS TO BEAUTY

Berta H. Christensen

We thank thee Lord for the intangibles
We cannot weigh or hold within the hand,
Yet are as integral to life as breath,
And less elusive than the shore's white sand.

Thanks for the faith that goes with every seed
Into the quietly receptive loam,
For faith that lights a candle in the dark
Of windows, for a loved one coming home.

For truth, which is not bounded by a line,
Or margined by the years. Beyond the scars
Of doubt and disillusionment, it lives
Lasting and bright as the eternal stars.

Thanks for the tender reach of thought; the dream
Of spring beyond the ice-encrusted tree;
For laughter in a baby's eyes, and all
That lifts the heart to beauty—thanks to thee!



A Perry Picture

PILGRIM'S MONUMENT, PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

The Joys of Welfare Service

Elder Marion G. Romney

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve and Assistant Managing Director,
Church Welfare

(Delivered at the Officers Meeting of the Annual Relief Society General Conference held in the Assembly Hall, Thursday morning, October 2, 1947.)

PRESIDENT Spafford and counselors, members of the Relief Society General Board, and my beloved sisters from the stakes and missions of the Church: I deem it a high privilege to be requested to participate in your annual Relief Society conference. I sincerely thank you for the invitation and I pray that the spirit of the Lord will direct me, both in what I shall say to you and in the spirit in which I shall say it.

I love the Relief Society workers throughout the Church. I enjoy working with them. They give enthusiasm, spirit, and refinement to the things they touch. One of the great joys which come to me in my Welfare service is the association I have with the General Presidency of the Relief Society—Sister Spafford, Sister Sharp, and Sister Garff—and the members of the Relief Society General Board. I am persuaded that they are among the elect daughters of our Heavenly Father. They are able and accomplished women, and they have the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ in their souls, which clothes them with charity, humility, and willing and obedient spirits.

Not only do I love the Relief Society workers, but I love the Relief Society work, particularly that part of it which distinguishes the Relief Society's assignment from those given to other Church auxiliary organ-

izations. This assignment, in the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, "is the relief of the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan, and the exercise of all benevolent purposes," for, said he, "the best measure of or principle to bring the poor to repentance is to administer to their wants. The Ladies' Relief Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls." To accomplish this, he said, the Relief Society sisters "will pour in oil and wine to the wounded heart of the distressed. They will dry up the tears of the orphans and make the widow's heart to rejoice."

Preliminary to the accomplishment of this assignment is the arduous task of providing clothing, food and fuel for those in need. In large measure this is done on Welfare production projects. I would like to make a little explanation about the relationship of the Relief Society to this production program and their responsibility in it.

THE annual Church-wide Welfare production budget is prepared by the General Church Welfare Committee. The committee is guided by the First Presidency of the Church. They (the members of the First Presidency) approve the budget (1) as to its nature (that is, as to the things included in it), (2) as to its size (that is, the quan-

tities to be produced), (3) as to where it is to be produced, and (4) as to the general manner in which it is to be produced. All three members of the First Presidency have already met with members of the General Committee and its staff, the Presiding Bishopric, and the General Relief Society Presidency, and have so approved the proposed Church-wide production budget for 1948. In the office of the General Committee that budget is now being readied for presentation to the Welfare regions and the stakes and wards of the Church.

I tell you these things that you may know with what care the Welfare work of the Church is directed, and that it receives the personal attention of the First Presidency of the Church, as do the missionary work, salvation for the dead, and the other great Church programs. It is part and parcel of the fundamental program of the Church for the salvation and exaltation of its members.

Among the most valued advisers to the General Church Welfare Committee in the preparation of the budget is the General Presidency of the Relief Society and their Board. Particularly is this true with respect to food and clothing. They prepared the food distribution guide from which we work out the food budget. They advised as to what clothing items should be placed on the budget for production, and as to the manner in which and where they should be produced. It is my personal hope that they will soon be given a greater responsibility than they have hitherto borne in supervising the production of clothing for the Welfare Program, because while most of it is well done and looks like

Relief Society work, some of it does not measure up to that high standard.

From the foregoing it is clear that the general officers of the Relief Society have a great deal to do with the preparation of the Welfare production budget. They do not, however, take that budget direct to stake and ward Relief Societies. The assignments to these organizations reach them over the following route:

Under the direction of the General Committee, a fair portion of the Church-wide budget is accepted for production by each of the nineteen Welfare regions of the Church. (Stakes not in regions receive their budgets direct from the General Committee. Welfare production in the missions is directed by the mission presidents, pursuant to instructions from the General Committee given in special bulletins dealing with Welfare work in the missions.)

Representing the regions in accepting the regional budget are the regional council (consisting of all the stake presidents in the region), the regional bishops' council (consisting of the chairman of the respective stake bishops' councils in the region), and the stake Relief Society presidents of the stakes in the region. These people should be careful to make sure that the regional budget as accepted is consistent with the natural resources and prevailing conditions controlling production in the region, as also with the established Welfare production projects and other facilities already set up or in the making within the region.

UNDER a similar procedure, each stake in the region accepts a fair portion of the regional budget, and

each ward in the stake accepts a fair portion of the budget of the stake.

Let me here emphasize the fact, which is apparent from what has already been said, that Welfare production assignments, whether on a Church-wide, regional, stake or ward basis, come through the regular Welfare organization and not from the general Church officers of the respective organizations which receive production assignments; that is to say, for example, the ward Re-

lief Society officers should receive their assignments for ward sewing and food processing projects from the ward Welfare committee of which the bishop is chairman, and not from the stake Relief Society officers, and the stake Relief Society officers should receive an assignment for a stake-wide sewing or food processing project from the stake Welfare committee, of which the stake president is chairman, and not from the general Relief Society officers.



Photograph submitted by Hilda M. Richards

DISPLAY OF QUILTS MADE BY THE RELIEF SOCIETIES OF THE EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION

Standing in the rear, left to right: Neva Wright, mission secretary; Mable Waldron, mission stenographer; Evelyn Tate, mission bookkeeper; Thora Swallow, mission recorder. At right, Sister Hilda M. Richards, President, East Central States Mission Relief Society.

The quota for this mission was thirty quilts, but eighty, very beautiful and well-made quilts, were received.

In this procedure, however, the Relief Society officers have a vital function at every step. The General Relief Society officers advise with the General Church Welfare Committee in the preparation of the Church-wide budget; the respective stake Relief Society presidents in each region advise with the regional council and bishops' regional council in accepting from the General Committee the regional production budget; each stake Relief Society presidency advises with the stake presidency and other members of the stake Welfare committee in accepting from the regional council the stake production budget; and each ward Relief Society presidency advises with the ward bishopric and other ward Welfare committee members in accepting from the stake Welfare committee the portion of the stake budget which is to be produced in the ward.

A few budget items, as determined by the General Church Welfare Committee, are produced on a Church-wide basis, such as flour and cereals and evaporated milk. Some, as determined by the regional officers with the approval of the General Committee, are produced on a regional basis, such as fresh milk in the Jordan Valley Region and citrus fruits in the Southern California Region. Others, as determined by the stake and ward officers, are produced on a stake basis. The bulk of Welfare production, however, is, as it should be, done on ward Welfare projects. These projects, under the direction of the ward bishop, should be determined upon and given direction by the ward Welfare committee. In the ward Welfare committee meeting, at which all

three members of the ward Relief Society presidency are to be present, should be determined what these ward projects are to be, where they are to be established, how they are to be financed, and who is to do the volunteer work to insure their success. Always it must be kept in mind that those receiving support through the Welfare Program are to work on these and other projects to the extent of their ability.

IN most instances the responsibility for the sewing budget, which includes clothing and bedding, as also the responsibility for a good deal of the work in processing foods, is assigned to the ward Relief Society officers. This is as it should be, because the responsibility for the financing and for the work necessary in producing the clothing and food for the ward Welfare budget should be borne by the men and boys and the women and girls of the ward in about the same proportion as is done in a family. I have in mind, of course, a well-balanced and well-regulated Latter-day Saint family, not a primitive family where the women do it all, nor one in which there is no sewing machine and no needles, and in which the only kitchen utensil is a commercial can opener.

In discharging this responsibility, I feel that the Relief Society officers—general, stake, and ward—should fully understand and keep in mind that they may call upon all the women and girls of the ward to lend a hand in this budget production work. By no means are they limited to the regular attenders at the Relief Society meetings. Many Primary Associations and some Young Women's Mutual Improvement As-

sociations have inquired as to what they can do to help. Use them and the other organizations of women and girls as the wisdom of the bishopric and yourselves dictate, and then give all the women and girls individually, if they have not been reached through an organization, an opportunity to work at the cannery, the sewing center, or some other project. If they are unable to go to such projects, take some work to their homes. Remember that these projects are ward-wide assignments.

I cannot say too much for what the women of the Church, under your leadership, have already done in this program. I am sure that your record is unequalled. I would be surprised to learn that any produc-

tion assignment properly entrusted to Relief Society officers had failed because of reasons within their control. They uniformly get it done.

I would like, however, to discuss briefly with you procedures in getting it done. The most important thing in the Church Welfare Program is people—not people in the mass, but individual men, women, and children. It is for their salvation that the Welfare Program was inaugurated, and for their salvation it persists. Announcing the appointment of the General Church Welfare Committee and the inauguration of the Welfare Plan, the First Presidency of the Church did not say that their primary purpose was to produce the necessities of



Photograph submitted by Reta Broadbent

WELFARE SEWING EXHIBIT, THIRTY-THIRD WARD, BONNEVILLE STAKE
April 29, 1947

Front row seated, left to right: Maude Melville; Harriett Worthington; Ida Johnson; Ella and Lynette Hunter.

Back row, standing, left to right: Elizabeth Stevens; Fannie Nuttall, First Counselor; Alida Larsen; Brett Johansen; Margaret Burns; Reta Broadbent, President.

Included in this ward's Welfare sewing were thirty children's dresses, sixty-one pajama suits, and many other articles.

life for the needy, although such production was then and is now a major part of the program. But they said, and I quote:

Our primary purpose was to set up, insofar as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of a dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift, and self-respect be once more established amongst our people.

The aim of the Church is to help the people to help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle of the lives of our Church membership.

TO carry on our production program and all other Welfare activities in a manner which will make a maximum contribution toward the realization of these fixed objectives is at once our greatest task and our major challenge. To collect cash and purchase wearing apparel, quilts, and blankets and turn them in to the bishops' storehouse before the end of January, is one way in which budget assignments have been met. Another, and a very much better way is to purchase the required materials with money provided for at the ward Welfare meeting, and then have the already overworked, faithful attenders at Relief Society meetings make them up on regular work and business days and on special work days. In either of these ways the needed clothing and bedding can be placed at the bishop's disposal for distribution to the needy.

But neither of such procedures does anything to help the families who will use the purchased and Relief Society made items, avoid the curse of idleness, or abolish the evils of a dole, nor to develop within themselves independence, industry, thrift, or self-respect. They do nothing

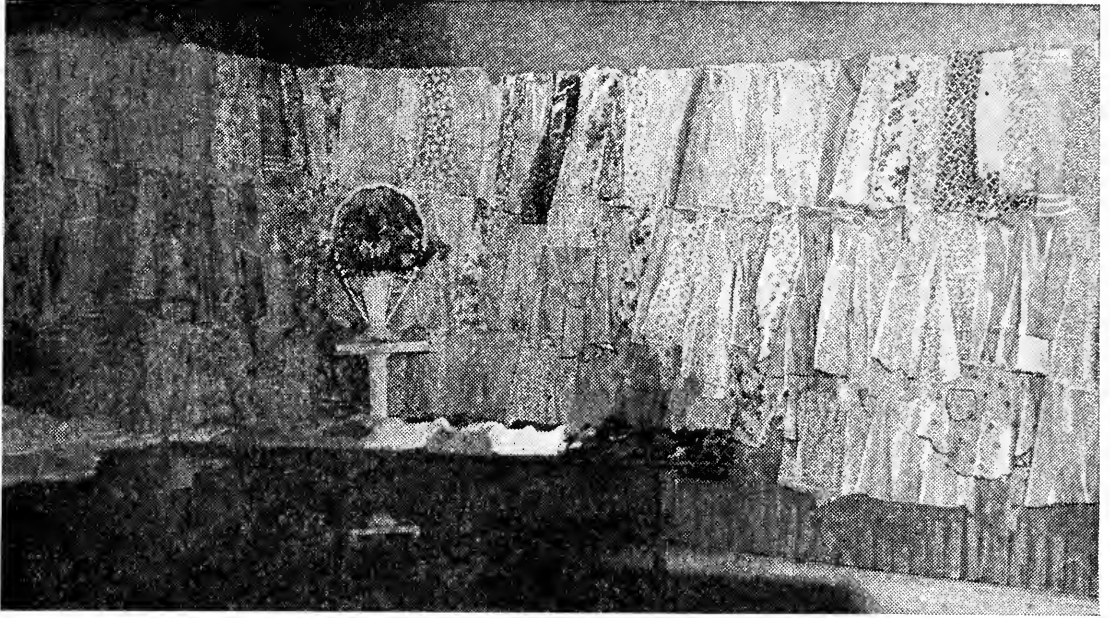
toward re-enthroning work as the ruling principle of their lives. These exalting objectives can be promoted only by putting the consumer in the way of helping himself.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not advocating the abandoning of these procedures now in use, at least not the one through which the Relief Society sisters do the sewing. I know that for the present, at least, the major part of the sewing budget will have to be met in this way. I recommend, however, as already suggested, that every effort be made to bring all women of the ward into the producing programs, whether they are active Relief Society members or not. This will lighten the load on the faithful few, and it will give opportunity for our sisters who have not learned to sew to be taught. Every Latter-day Saint woman should be taught and should learn how to sew and cook, and should become accomplished in all the arts of homemaking. In the revelation which the Prophet Joseph Smith said embraces the law of the Church, the Lord said:

And again; thou shalt not be proud in thy heart; let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands; and let all things be done in cleanliness before me (D. & C. 42:40-41).

THEN, too, it will give all an opportunity to get the spirit of Church Welfare and to be warmed up with the joy of service. It will do much to build unity among the sisters of the ward, which I feel should be one of the objectives of the Relief Society.

I call to mind an instance where a ward Relief Society president repeatedly visited and invited an inac-



Photograph submitted by LaVon Stuart

NORTH DAVIS STAKE WELFARE SEWING EXHIBIT
June 28, 1947

This photograph shows only one booth of the extensive display of beautifully fashioned clothing and other high-quality articles completed for this assignment. Other booths included many fine quilts, blankets, blouses, and women's and children's clothing.

tive ward member to Relief Society meetings. The member consistently replied that she was not interested and did not have the time, but the Relief Society president was persistent. She said to the member, "Well, if you cannot come yourself, will you let us borrow your sewing machine?" Assent was given to this request and the president promised to call for the machine on the following work and business day. When she called, the member was prepared to go along with the machine and help out with the sewing. It turned out that she was an accomplished seamstress. She enjoyed the work and her association with the other sisters. The next year, when the ward Relief Society sewing director was called by the bish-

op into another office, this member was in line to be the sewing director.

I am sure you could all relate out of your own experiences incidents which would illustrate the great possibilities for the development of the women of the Church in the sewing, canning, and other activities of the Welfare budget production program. What I desire particularly to impress upon your minds at this time, however, is the urgency that you give more and an ever increasing amount of earnest and prayerful attention and effort to placing the needy in the way of helping themselves by providing ways for them to do more and more of this production work. Invite them to the sewing centers and let them work along with the rest of the women of the ward. The women of the Church

should be one great sisterhood of equals.

Give women whose support comes from Welfare production work right through the year. They will feel happier with a full-time job and they will then be in fact self-sustaining. In some cases sisters will not be able to leave their homes. Take work to them. At a recent stake conference I learned of a woman past ninety years of age who was knitting mittens for the Welfare Program at her home. The Relief Society kept her supplied with yarn and she kept happy and contented in the realization that, instead of living on a dole, she was self-sustaining in useful service provided through the Lord's great Welfare Plan.

I call to mind a young mother left a widow with a family of small children. She was unhappy because, to earn a livelihood, she was required to leave her children at home alone during the daytime. Her desire was to stay at home where she could teach and train her children, and at the same time provide a living for them. Arrangements were made through the Church Welfare Program to place a sewing machine in her home. She was supplied with materials for a large part of the sewing budget, including the needs of her own family, and she worked at home sewing as her time would permit, throughout the whole year. She had fully earned all that she had received.

I could give more illustrations, but these two will suggest others to your minds. The opportunities are limitless. The ingenuity of the Relief Society sisters, if applied with all their hearts, will find a solution to

every need, for the Lord will add his inspiration.

NOW, the saving of souls in this manner demands unending application, endurance, patience, and true charity, which is "the pure love of Christ." It means painstakingly and laboriously teaching the elementary practices of cleanliness, the simplest principles of hygiene, of sewing, of cooking, and of homemaking, and above all it requires conversion—conversion of the Relief Society workers first, and then the conversion of those whom they would save.

Does it sound like drudgery? Well, there will be a lot of drudgery in it so long as what is done is done only because of the letter of the law and without the spirit. For the letter killeth. I am persuaded that in some of our Welfare work there is too much drudgery and not enough joy. I remember hearing of three men working with a building crew. All were employed at the same labor. Each in his turn was asked, "My good man, what are you doing?" The first replied, "I am carrying brick;" the second, "I am working for \$8 a day;" and the third, "I, Sir, am building a temple."

Service performed in the spirit of the third one of these men brings joy. That performed in the spirit of the first two is drudgery. Oh, it may enable us to fill in our reports and it may to an extent relieve us from that uncomfortable feeling, familiar to all of us, of having some undone task hanging over our heads, but the true joy of service in the Master's cause it will not bring. To participate in that reward is to taste

of "the love of God, which sheddeth itself abroad in the hearts of the children of men," which Nephi described as "the most desirable above all things," to which the angel responded, "Yea, and the most joyous to the soul."

"In the wisdom of him who knoweth all things," such joys are reserved for those who have qualified themselves to receive them, by entering into the work with full purpose of heart and rendering service above and beyond the call of duty. They are of divine origin. They are priceless. They are not the fruits of a superficial, hurried, spare-time performance. The Master said if one would really find his life, he must lose it in the service of others, and that he who sought his own life in serving his self-centered interests, would lose it.

Yes, my beloved co-workers, the real joys of Welfare service begin to be revealed to us when we have completely surrendered to the spirit of the work; when in service to others

we have forgotten the great sacrifices we think we are making; when we cease to begrudge the loss of the pleasures we might have had at bridge, at literary clubs, or afternoon teas. They are revealed to us when, partly as a result of our own labors, we see the rejuvenated life in one who was lonely restored to the company of understanding, sympathetic friends; or in one once discouraged taking heart again; or in one who had fallen rising again with her own strength; or in one who had quit, trying again; or in one who was bitter and rebellious beginning to soften under the benign influence of the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Herein lies joy akin to divine joy, because it arises from service which is akin to divine service, and promotes the Lord's great objective "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man" (Moses 1:39).

May each of you hunger and thirst for, and be filled with, the joys of Relief Society Welfare service.

ANCHORED

Andrew M. Andersen

My father paused as he plowed his land
When a sudden wind turned the emerald fields
Into billowing seas.

The fields in motion, the undulating hills,
The Sawtooth Mountains, and the transfixed crests
Of the royal Tetons
Became northern seas on the Danish coast.

And his strong hands
On the handles of a plow
Felt a helmsman's wheel.

But his feet stood firm on this land that he loved
And his heart was anchored to a mighty faith.

Reading and Writing in Deseret

Anna Boss Hart

Member, Relief Society General Board

Illustrations by Dawn Andrus

WHAT a record of achievement is the story of the Latter-day Saint pioneers from the time of Deseret to the Centennial! During this greatest of years—the Centennial Year, the lives of the pioneers have been re-evaluated, hearts have been turned to their greatness and achievement. We have marveled at their clear vision, their love of the graces and refinements of life, their zest for learning, their eagerness for searching truth, and their accomplishment.

Our present streamlined educational system, with its towering buildings, its elaborate methods of instruction, its rigidly trained group of specialized administrators and teachers, is a contrast to the humble school of the pioneers, with its primitive buildings, its meager equipment, its precious, but simple course of study, and its poorly equipped students.

After the first thought was given to the tilling of the soil, the next thought was given to the developing of the soul, which must also have food and sustenance. The pioneers recognized that power would be theirs through knowledge.

How symbolic was the name they selected — “Deseret” — meaning honeybee! As the honeybee has come to mean industry, the pioneers sucked the honey of truth and built a hive of industry and wealth—temporal and spiritual.

The urge for education penetrated the souls of the early pioneers before they left Nauvoo. The Prophet Joseph Smith, a great educator, preached the furtherance of learning with eloquence, strength, fervor, keen desire, zest, and earnestness.

In 1831, two leading elders were given the assignment “to do the work of printing and of selecting and writing books for the schools of this Church, that little children also may receive instruction” (D. & C. 55:4).

The University of Nauvoo came into being in 1840. Arts, sciences, and “learned professions” were planned for the curriculum. The Nauvoo City Charter obtained by the saints provided for the “first municipal university in America.” One of the first free schools in Illinois was opened by Parley P. Pratt.

At Winter Quarters, during the frigid winter of 1847, a log house with dirt floor and dirt roof was converted into a schoolroom, with Emeline B. Wells as the instructor.

The prophetic urge for education was also in the heart of Brigham Young. Before leaving Winter Quarters he urged the pioneers to bring “a copy of every available treatise on education—every book, map, chart, or diagram that may contain interesting, useful, and attractive matter to gain the attention of children and cause them to learn to read; and every historical, mathematical, philosophical, geographical,

geological, astronomical, scientific, and all other variety of useful and interesting writing, maps, etc.”

We can imagine the many saints who “heeded his words” and how many old textbooks found their way into precious corners with rare china, a priceless wedding dress, or a bit of old lace.

WHEN the pioneers came to the valleys of the mountains, among the first institutions to be provided were schools and seminaries for the training of the saints. What an accomplishment—a victory was won when the first school was organized in the Rocky Mountains! What happy students must have trudged the first dirt paths to that school!

Historians tell us that just three months after the pioneers came to Salt Lake Valley in October 1847, Mary Jane Dilworth, a seventeen-year-old Latter-day Saint girl of Quaker descent, could not wait “until rocks, logs and adobes were available to build the school house, but used the military tent shaped like an Indian wigwam to house her students” of assorted ages. What strides have been made in the West since that time!

One student writes that Mary Jane Dilworth had nine pupils on that first day. Prayer opened the class. She had a Noah Webster speller, half a dozen readers, one arithmetic book, and a Bible. Rough logs were used for seats and a camp table for a desk. The old camp stool which she used had been brought across the plains.

Mary Jane Dilworth arrived in Salt Lake Valley with the second company of pioneers, in September

1847. She later settled with her husband Francis A. Hammond in Huntsville, where she was an active worker and held the office of Relief Society president, being the first sister to hold the office in that ward.

Her name will be remembered as the first teacher recorded in the history of Deseret and the one who placed the “first stone in the foundation of the present magnificent school system of which Utah is proud.”

In the fall of 1847 Julian Moses taught school in a log schoolroom. “For tables some man’s wagon was torn to pieces and laid on trestles. In some schools the pupils used logs to write on. Seats or benches were made in the same way. The stove was a real fireplace in which sagebrush was burned.” Milking stools, benches, and logs were used for chairs. Once in awhile some seats were fashioned with buffalo robes. One teacher was given a willow chair which the schoolboys made. Slabs were sometimes used for benches. Some chairs and benches had five legs, two in each end and one in the middle.

Clarilla Browning, Ogden’s first schoolteacher, arrived at Brown’s Fort, October 27, 1849. She states that during that winter she taught school in a log house:

We had to collect letters from scraps of papers and old books; these we pasted on paddles. We also made letters on the inside of our hands. In this way the children learned to read.

Six months after the founding of Manti, in 1850, Jesse W. Fox opened a school “for juveniles, and was reading to the adults, evenings, by the light of a tallow-dip and the campfire.” Lydia Stanley was the teach-



RUNNING FOR A DRINK
OF WATER

er who opened a school in "a hut of logs and brush on the banks of the Jordan."

What a contrast in school buildings from the humble shelters of early pioneer days to the spacious and stately buildings of today!

SCHOOLS were held in all types of buildings. The first school was housed in a military tent shaped like a wigwam. Groves and boweries were used, private houses, and public buildings. The log house was common, with "roof garden of mud and sunflowers; a dirt floor packed hard by feet, which were mostly bare." Sometimes the floors, consisting of split logs, were smoothed with an adze. Sometimes the walls were split logs "laid close together and covered with cedar bark or rushes that grew about the marshes."

Windows were sometimes covered with cloth greased with fat. This was used instead of glass. Sometimes they were covered with white cloth to admit light. One schoolhouse was part of a fort wall, with

portholes for defense against Indians.

Adobe houses were often used. The red ones were especially colorful. The size varied from small twelve-by-twelve foot rooms to two-story frame buildings with the stairs to the upper story built on the outside wall. Even garrets were used, and a "lean-to-room near the United Order storehouse."

George A. Smith's first school is pictured in his diary, March 3d, 1851:

My wicky-up is a very important establishment, composed of brush, a few slabs and 3 wagons. A fire in the center and a lot of milking stools, benches and logs placed around, two of which are fashioned with buffalo robes. It answers for various purposes, kitchen, schoolhouse, dining room, meeting house, council house, sitting room, reading room, store-room. To see my school some of the cold nights in February, scholars standing around my huge campfire, the wind broken off by the brush and the whole canopy of heaven for covering.

George A. Smith was a colorful figure conducting classes "by the light of the campfire during the founding of the far southern settlement of Parowan."

Ada Arvilla Burke Earl, born in Farmington, Utah, May 28, 1857, said in her diary:

We started school at a very early age and I remember carrying bread and a jug of milk for our lunch and Mrs. Lyman would give us dishes and spoons to eat our bread and milk in.

Another pioneer wrote:

When nothing better was available for the mid-day meal, the children went out and dug sego roots.

The schools created an atmosphere of industry, co-operation, and happiness. The pupils made their

own entertainment and jollity. What fun they would have on Friday afternoons at the "spelling down" matches! Then there were declamation contests, organ solos, singing programs, and occasional plays or concerts. In the Brigham Young School they would often finish up a Friday afternoon with the reading of the weekly paper made up entirely from contributions from the scholars and edited by one of them.

Games played during recess might have been baseball, or steal-the-stick, or drop-the-handkerchief. "At times we played Indian and made bows and arrows," says Lorenzo D. Young, who attended Miss Dilworth's first school.

PUNISHMENTS were also necessary at times. Silas Hillman said



"YOU'RE ASKING FOR A SPANKING"

that, although punishment was used, little whipping was done. The other forms of punishment were as follows:

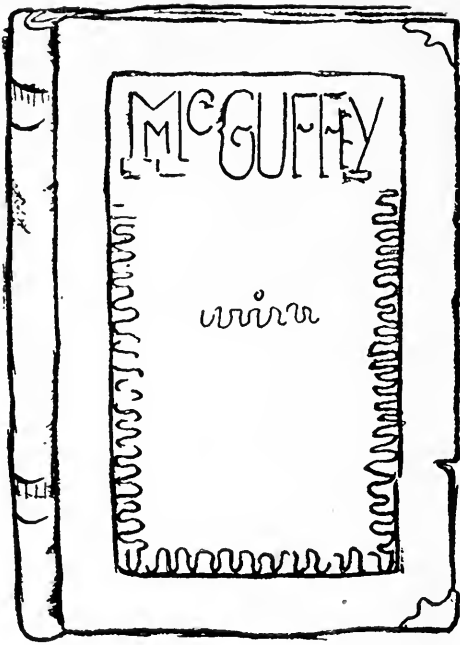
The first offense was punishable by having the offender stand in the middle of the floor; the second, to stand on one foot; the third, on one foot with one arm raised; the fourth, on one foot with the raised arm holding a stick. Next came the dunce cap and various other unique ways of trying to keep order.

In the Brigham Young School the individual desks were painted green, with drop lids. These could be raised and, as Clarissa Y. Spencer expressed it: "It was very convenient to raise the lid, and behind it, eat a choice apple or read a note from one of the boys, being quite sure the teacher would not see us."

Later, more fortunate teachers had some charts on the walls for the youngest children and slates and pencils for the older ones. In imagination we can hear the scratchy slate pencils, which had been made from slate rock whittled down. Later, when paper could be obtained, quills were used for pens, and sharpened by the teacher with her sharp knife. Oak bark and copperas were boiled together for ink. Those who had neither pencils, slates, pen, nor ink took charcoal and "wrote on smooth logs or dried bark of the white mountain birch."

There was a great scarcity of books in pioneer days. Bibles and other standard works of the Church were available, but references and textbooks were limited.

What rapture must have been felt by the saints when Wilford W. Woodruff arrived from the States with nearly two tons of school books. This event was recounted in the



Deseret News of November 27, 1850.

Some of the books used during the first brief school year in Utah were the Bible, Noah Webster's *Spelling Book*, the *Lindley Murray Readers*, and *A New and Complete Arithmetic Composed for Citizens of the United States*. Others available at that time were a medical work by Dr. Gunn, a universal history, and occasionally there would be found a Blackstone and other legal books. Dr. Bernhisel brought a large number of books of every type from the East. Mention is also made of *Kirkham's Grammar*, *Smith's Arithmetic*, the *Wilson Readers*, *Cornell's Geography*, *Ray's Arithmetic*, and *Elementary Arithmetic*. Spencerian copybooks were often used to perfect writing.

With what pride the owners of a McGuffey's First Reader, published in 1836, studied its contents. The owner of this book cherished the illustrations "designed and engraved specially for the lessons in which

they occur." The illustrations served also for oral lessons in language, for spelling, word pronunciations, stories, and memorization. Many pictures were carefully traced by lovers of art. This book was handled almost reverently and placed on the shelf or table with the carefully dusted and much used Bible and other cherished and treasured books. Lessons of courtesy and morals were almost shouted at the end of each story.

IN 1848 the Legislative Assembly "enacted its first law which provided for good roads. Its second law provided for a University of the State of Deseret, claimed to be the first institution of higher learning west of the Mississippi."

In February 1850 Orson Spencer was appointed chancellor. Twelve members to make up the Board of Regents were also appointed. "Until 1869 its existence was little more than nominal. . . . Then the annual grant of \$5,000 for its support came from an empty treasury."

Three men comprised the first faculty—Orson Pratt, Cyrus W. Collins, and Orson Spencer. Each of the forty students paid \$8 or its equivalent every ten weeks.

For a time the University was a "Parents' School." It was held in the front parlor of the John Pack home on the corner of West Temple and First North Street in Salt Lake City. After awhile the "Parents' School" was discontinued. It was one of the most interesting experiments conducted in Utah education.

Tuition and salaries were problems in those early days. The parents often paid for their children's schooling in produce, such as potatoes,

eggs, and butter. Nearly a century ago, a student registering at the "Parents' School" could pay his tuition with lumber, flour, wheat, building stone, or potatoes. Someone wrote that the "teachers' salaries instead of being drawn on the bank were drawn on wheelbarrows."

How resourceful were those early teachers! Even a new alphabet, called the Deseret Alphabet, of thirty-two letters, was created for the use of the Latter-day Saint people. Probably the purpose for creating this alphabet was to "simplify the reading of the English language." The new alphabet, although it possessed many meritorious features, was used very little even in pioneer days, and was finally abandoned.

The "Charter granted Salt Lake City in 1851 by the Territorial Legislature provided for the establishment and regulation of schools. Similar provisions were made in the charters of all the early Utah towns."

By 1850 "common schools were

beginning in all parts of the city for the winter." Then the Territory of Utah next came into existence. September 23, 1851, addressing the Legislative Assembly, Governor Young "advocated the encouragement of primary schools and suggested that the Legislature consider the propriety of requiring the inhabitants of each neighborhood to maintain a school."

American Fork is credited with being the first town to sponsor a school "entirely supported by taxes." It was the first school in Utah that was free to all children.

THE history of Latter-day Saint schools of higher learning, headed by the Brigham Young University in Provo, shows that the pioneers were staunch friends of religious education, "which should be free from prejudice and free for all."

Karl G. Maeser's name is indeed "a benediction to the name of education" in Utah. What an impor-



SPELLING LINE-UP

tant place he made! Beloved, master teacher, he did a great part in establishing schools throughout Deseret, and for about sixteen years "he directed the growth of the Brigham Young Academy at Provo." He was called by President Brigham Young to direct this institution which opened for instruction in January 1876, although Brother Maeser did not begin his work as a teacher until April of that year. He was a cultured gentleman in every way, an orator, "a technician in character building," who understood and endured hardships cheerfully, served unselfishly, and enshrined himself to his students forever.

In the midst of all this college making, the Utah State Agricultural College was established at Logan as a land-grant school. This college was founded by the Territorial Legislature to take advantage of a succession of Federal Acts which provided for support of agricultural colleges and experiment stations throughout the Nation. Instruction was started in the fall of 1890, with nine teachers and 135 students.

The university programs were supplemented by Latter-day Saint junior colleges and by mission schools established and directed by other religious denominations. These schools, which resembled our present-day high schools in some respects, helped to prepare students for work in the universities and gave others a background for beginning their life's responsibilities.

What a foundation in education has been made in Utah from "Deseret to Centennial!" And as Daniel Webster once said, "We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation."

As we face the future, let us think of the brave and valiant ones who made this firm foundation.

May the educators of the future realize that excellence comes from planning over a long period of time, as the pioneers did. May they rededicate themselves, may their classes be as miracles; may the teachers of the future enrich the vision of the students and thereby shape characters and destiny.

FIRST SCHOOL—1847

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Their schoolhouse built of logs, a single room,
 A floor of earth well-packed by unshod feet,
 A roof of mud made bright by sunflower bloom,
 A window casement near a dusty street;
 A paddle made of wood to serve as chart
 With pasted letters cut from an outworn book
 And scraps of papers, poems learned by heart
 And copied on the flat stones from a brook;
 And lacking these, a chappy, outstretched hand
 Became a slate where charcoal could write
 The numbers which a child must understand
 Before he solved a problem to recite—
 How could they see with eyes still hunger-blurred
 An empire dormant in the written word?

A Man Must Work

Alice Morrey Bailey

IT was hard for Helen not to open up her heart to hope again. The day was perfect for Thanksgiving. Outside the bare branches of trees rose from carpets of bronze-yellow leaves, to stand purple against the clear, turquoise sky. There was a turkey in the oven, a pumpkin pie cooling on a grate and all the "fix-in's" in the refrigerator. Rance's bass voice was roaring, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" in the bathroom, but for Helen it was a day of last resort after a year of frustration. She hadn't known what it would be like to be a doctor's wife.

"Which towel do I use?" Rance interrupted his song to shout.

Your own, Dumb, Helen thought. Aloud she called back, "The one on the south rack." If this was to be the last day she would play it straight and fair, and right up to the hilt. No one would ever say it was her fault their marriage failed.

Rance came out of the bathroom, slipping the knot into his necktie. He came over to tip her face to his for a kiss, and her heart turned over. Score one for marriage, she thought. He might even say he loved her, but he didn't.

"Where's my anatomy book?" he asked, and her heart registered zero.

"What is this, mutiny? I thought you were going to help me with dinner."

"Can't. Have to assist with an operation in the morning. Have to brush up on my anatomy."

"Rance, no one knows anatomy like you do."

"That I humbly acknowledge, but this is a lip cancer that has spread into the fascia of the neck. Cut one artery there and the whole field is flooded."

"Ugh! Rance, do you have to be so graphic?"

Rance went into the study and closed the door, without answering. Helen looked at it with hatred. It was a long established rule that when Rance studied there were to be no *interruptions*. She hated the books behind that door. She even hated the stethoscope that dangled so casually from his pocket, and the little black bag that went everywhere with him.

SO! This was to be my day, she thought bitterly. It was the first anniversary of their wedding, but did he remember? Not as of eleven A.M. on this fine Thursday. And would she remind him? She would not. She had reminded him of every holiday since their marriage, to say nothing of various dinners and scores of special occasions. This one he had to think of all by himself, and if he didn't it was *the end!*

Without exception, he had spent the anniversaries and holidays riding ambulances, delivering babies, answering night calls, and performing emergency operations. What good was it to be connected with the largest firm in the state when he was the junior member and the leg-man for the whole outfit? When she pointed it out to him, he answered: "But think of all the valu-

able experience I'm getting. This is all right, Baby. This is swell."

Well, it isn't swell for me, she thought, slamming the oven door. Why had he married her at all, if all he wanted was to put her light under a bushel? She could have married any one of dozens—Hilliard Baker for one, whose father was a banker. Betty Fenn, who had married him, had her own car, scads of clothes, and was the young social matron of the town. Hilliard was attentive to Betty and there were parties and dances every night.

Why had Rance wanted her if she was to be nothing except part of the furnishing for his house—the tap you could turn on and off, the toaster, to burn hot or cold as he desired, a chair that could sit inanimate and still as he wished?

I have to calm down, she reminded herself. She had to be honest. She hadn't wanted Hilliard Baker. She had wanted Rance. This was pure jealousy—not of people, but of time-consuming work. It was loneliness. A person could be very lonely in a world of people.

At any rate, there was still the dinner, and there was the afternoon ahead, and the evening. Helen gave herself a mental shaking and began spreading pimento cheese in the hollows of crisp white celery. This was really going to be a dinner! She would fix the sweet potatoes with marshmallows.

At one o'clock Rance came out to get a drink of water. "Um! Good!" he pronounced, sniffing the odors of the kitchen. He had to peep into the oven at the turkey, and, if Helen hadn't caught him in time, he would have pinched the crust of the pie.

"How soon is dinner? I'm caving in, and these aromas are devastating to my will power."

"At two o'clock—one more hour."

"Sixty whole minutes? I don't think I can bear it, but it will work out just right. One more hour with Morris will just about do it." Morris was the anatomy text.

He went back to the study, this time closing the door reluctantly after a rueful wink and grin at Helen. She set the table with a lighter heart, getting out her wedding silver and lace, and making an attractive centerpiece of fruit—apples and pears, peaches and grapes, sprinkled with nuts and small, colored candies, pouring from a horn of plenty she had shaped and gilded days before. It looked classic on a mirror ringed with leaves and blue plums.

WHEN Rance came out, he whistled in surprise and examined the horn with flattering interest.

"So! You made it yourself! How clever!"

"Oh, Rance, I had a terrible time making it come right with that papier-mache."

"Why didn't you tell me? I'd have got some casting plaster from surgery. I might even have made it myself. I'm pretty handy putting on a cast, you know."

"You'd have been too busy, Rance. You'll just have time to change while I'm serving the dinner."

"Right," he said, and went to the bedroom. When he came out, handsome and distinguished, the turkey was on the table, little bubbles of juice still sliding under the transparent golden skin, the dressing emitting sage and onion-laden

steam, and the rolls hot under a napkin. Sweet potatoes and celery were flanked by buttered Brussels sprouts and cranberry sauce, and the pie, heaped with whipped cream, was waiting in the kitchen to be served later.

"You should try the view from this altitude," said Rance. "It's simply ravishing!"

His praise made all her efforts worthwhile, and Helen found resentment slipping away fast.

"What are we going to do after dinner, Rance?" she asked, as he slid her chair under her.

"Follow your prescription," Rance said, "take in a show, go to a dance, or just loll around and catch up on a little love-making. Whatever you say."

"Oh Rance!" she decided, "I only want one thing—to be with you!"

It was going to be a good day, after all, not the last day. It was going to be all right. "I'm so thankful for you, Rance," she said.

"And I for you!"

BUT it wasn't all right. Rance was actually raising the knife to carve the turkey when the telephone rang.

"I'll get it," he said, and Helen waited, her blood jelling in her veins.

"Hello? Dr. Moore speaking," and, after a pause, "I'll be right there."

"Rance, you can't go without eating," Helen protested as he passed the table on the way to the study.

"Hand me my coat," Rance said, and his voice was almost curt.

"Rance, this is Thanksgiving!"

"And this is an emergency!"

He was gone, slamming the car

door, turning the key, stepping on the gas and shifting gears in what seemed to be one motion, without so much as waving to her.

Helen had followed him to the steps, but now she turned and went slowly back into the house, dark with resentment, sick with disappointment. She sat and stared at her food, not wanting to eat. Maybe if she waited he would be back to eat with her. At least, she told herself hopefully, he would telephone and let her know when to expect him.

An hour later she had had no word from him, and she was angry. Now she wouldn't eat. Not understanding her own reasoning, she made up her mind that the table could stay exactly as it was, biscuits and turkey cold on the table, until he came to eat with her. It might be five hours and it might be five minutes. It didn't matter.

After they had eaten this one last meal she would make a little speech, and then she would leave. She'd had all she could take, she would tell him. She was sure, she would say, cuttingly, that he would never miss her from his busy life. She went angrily and packed a bag. And if he ever remembered it was their anniversary she had an answer for that, too.

"At last I know why you wanted to be married on Thanksgiving," she would tell him. "It was so you wouldn't have to take two days from your precious work!"

At five there was still no word, and she walked the floor, building up the case against him, tearing it down with some small, sweet memory, building it up again with tim-

bers of disappointment from other days like today.

Waiting, she decided, was the most dreadful thing that could happen to anyone. She couldn't do a thing like this to a person she loved. In fact, Rance had never done it to her before. He always called up, if only to leave word where he could be reached in the event of other calls.

There usually were other calls. The telephone was curiously silent. The whole house was silent, except for the hum of the refrigerator, and that sound was peculiarly grating today.

SHE tried to play the piano, but came across an old song of fishermen who went to sea and perhaps did not return.

For men must work
And women must weep,
And the sooner it's over
The sooner to sleep.

It depressed her. Not for anyone would she spend her life like this!

It was getting dark when a car slid to the curb. Her heart leaped, but it was Betty Baker. She came in in a little rush, sobbing and catapulting herself into Helen's arms.

It seemed she was going to leave Hilliard. "Helen, he's lazy!" she summed up. "All that money and nothing to do. You know how ambitious I am!"

"But you have him all the time. Your car and your lovely clothes. All the parties and fun—" wondered Helen aloud.

"All that can be pretty tiresome," complained Betty. "And having a man around underfoot—I guess I oughtn't to say this, but even love-making gets monotonous."

"Why don't you get him to leave it all—get him out on his own?"

"And leave all we have? I couldn't! I couldn't live in poverty," declared Betty. "I guess I don't appreciate Hilliard. Helen, you're so wise."

It was quite devastating, even disgusting to Helen, because it gave her a new view of herself, planning to leave Rance for the very opposite reasons Betty had. What's the matter with us, Helen wondered? We're smart and ingenious about other things. Why do we think divorce is the only solution for marriage difficulties? It's a mental disease. And it's catching!

As Betty was leaving to "try it again," she popped her head back in to say: "I wouldn't have come if I could have reached you on the telephone. All I got since two o'clock was the busy signal. Bye, darling."

The telephone hadn't rung once, and it was a one-party line. Wondering, Helen went to it. Surely enough, the receiver was placed improperly in its cradle, leaving it open. The operator, trying to ring her, explained the maddening hum. Rance had done it in his haste. No one could have called in, not even Rance himself.

"I don't deserve a man like Rance," she told herself, and went shamefacedly to unpack. She would tell him about it when he got home, and start all over again, for those were the very traits she had loved him for—his love for his work, his passion for knowledge, and his desire to be on hand when he was needed.

She returned the foods to their kettles and set them in the oven, and was just washing the platters and

serving dishes when she heard Rance's car in the driveway. She lighted the oven and ran to meet him at the door.

"How lucky! Just in time for Thanksgiving dinner, Dr. Moore. Won't you come in?"

"I tried and tried to get you."

Rance's face was gray with fatigue. He looked as if he had used his last spurt of energy to get home.

"Sit down, dear. Dinner will be ready as soon as the turkey gets heated through. You left the receiver off its hook, and I just found it out."

"Great Scot! I thought all kinds of things."

"I'll bet you haven't had a bite. Was it bad?"

"A terrible smashup. Two major operations, and I couldn't locate a soul. The intern at the hospital assisted. We saved their lives, but we wouldn't have saved the girl if I had been a second later. She looked so much like you it was like fighting for your life."

"If you had stopped to eat—?"

"Exactly, but listen to the news I wanted to tell you. Dr. Randone came in as I was mopping up. He said a lot of nice things, mainly that I'm to take the permanent post of surgery. Mort is retiring and they'll have a new man in for the leg-work."

"Oh, Rance!"

"This last year has been stiff, but I'm over the hump, and I couldn't have made it without you. Imagine a woman waiting dinner six hours! But I'm one up on you. I'll bet you forgot it is our wedding anniversary."

"Yup!" gulped Helen, taken by surprise. "Rance, I—" She started to tell him about the day, but thought better of it. That self-centered girl of the morning was gone. "Don't give me credit. Remember that song: 'Men must work and women must weep?'"

"Weep no more, my lady, then," countered Rance, and kissed her. "Now let's eat!"

THANKSGIVING GRACE

Dorothy J. Roberts

Place the bird breast upward on the platter,
Ringed with ears of tapered, golden maize.
The Pilgrim's sleek head—by the chieftain's feather—
Was first to bow above this fare in praise.

He left the masonry, the yielding garden,
The ballast and the comfort of the known
To fill his sails with stranger-winds, to harden
His palm upon a distant, unhewn stone.

In his somber costume towered spirit
Helmeted with a warrior's classic plume;
The oppressed one, always taller than his tyrant,
Had bent the unseen bars about his room.

Snare the tender, choice white meat of plenty
They captured from the wilds, alert and dim,
But fold the hands in grace for the spirit's bounty
Which shall dare reaches unsubdued by him.

Sewing in Pioneer Days

Leda Thompson Jensen

Former Member, Relief Society General Board

TO the increasing number of households in which sewing and needlework are almost a lost art, a recital of these activities in the homes of the pioneers reads like a page from a dusty old book of adventure. Great industrial plants and mass production have released the descendants of the early pioneers from what to many would seem real toil and drudgery, but to those who still find joy in the making of clothing in the home and take pride in the creation of lovely home decorations, the sewing activities of the pioneers strike a responsive chord and call forth deep appreciation and admiration for their resourcefulness and ingenuity.

Being isolated and poor, having brought little or nothing with them, the pioneers were dependent upon themselves for necessities and comforts. They had to use their own hands. Many of those early settlers were of the best of European artisans, workers in wood, iron, wool, and cotton. They set about to remedy the situation in which they found themselves and they taught others what they knew.

Very soon after the pioneers reached the Valley, new clothes were needed. Even with good care, with patching and mending, clothing was bound to wear out. In some instances, until better materials were acquired, old wagon covers and bed-ticks which had served their original purpose were made into some articles of wearing apparel such as

men's pants and women's waists. These, also, at last wore out.

Many had not sufficient clothes to last the first year, but no fabrics were available, so they set about to produce their own. Nearly every family acquired a few sheep from which the wool was sheared, washed, carded, spun, and woven into cloth. Handmade cards, spinning wheels, reels, and looms were used until it was possible to import the necessary machinery.

Black and white cloth came from the natural wool of black and white sheep. If black and white wool were mixed before carding, gray yarn was the result. If other colors were desired, the pioneer women used rabbit brush for yellow dye, the root of the madder plant for red, and imported indigo for blue. This indigo was almost worth its weight in gold. With the three primary colors, it was possible to make combinations which produced many different colors.

Wool was the first available fiber, but Brigham Young and his people were not satisfied with woolen material alone. It is doubtful if a more resourceful people ever lived. No venture was too difficult to try, if effort and hard work could bring its fruition. Cotton, linen, and silk were all successfully produced and used for fabrics.

The very first goods brought into Utah for sale were brought from Fort Hall in Idaho. Among other things, calico was sold at fifty cents



WOMEN'S FASHIONS 1850-1880



Courtesy, Violet D. Pierce

“EMBROIDERY AND TUCKS”

to seventy-five cents a yard. In 1849, the first regular stock of goods for the Utah market was brought in by Utah's first commercial merchants, Livingston and Kinkead. Goods sold by these first merchants, and others who followed them, were freighted across the prairies in wagon trains until the advent of the railroad in 1869.

WITH fabrics made available either from home factories or from goods shipped into the Territory, home manufacturing ceased, but the sewing of the clothing was a problem for every home.

A girl's life was one continual round of sewing, from the cradle to the grave. Even before she was born her layette must be prepared and the task was a much greater one then than it is now. Fashion and customs, as well as the uneven temperature of fireplace and stove-heated homes, called for more and dif-

ferent clothes than the baby wears today. Shirts, bands, pinner, a woolen flannel petticoat, a muslin petticoat, dresses, blankets, and shawls were all made by hand. All the little petticoats and dresses had to be trimmed with hand-crocheted lace and insertion and tucks, or decorated with hemstitching and drawn work. Sometimes eyelet embroidery extended from the bottom of the dress upward on the skirt for twelve or fifteen inches. Dresses for babies of both sexes were long. To be really fashionable, they had to touch the floor when the baby was lying on his mother's lap.

When baby began to sit alone and his feet were freed from the pinner, then the shortening process took place. Usually, the first long dresses were laid aside for future use, while new dresses and petticoats of a shorter length were substituted and home-knit stockings were added to the wardrobe. If the long dresses were not saved for other babies, then they were shortened by cutting off the bottom. Lace and insertion had to be taken off and sewed on again. When the baby reached the walking stage, in many cases, a second shortening of the baby clothes took place.

Nearly all the stockings were long, woolen for winter, cotton for summer; white for Sunday, black for everyday. All these stockings were hand-knit. Much of the underwear was made by hand of woven fabrics.

Children's clothes were similar in style to those of their parents, long pants on the boys, belted dresses with skirts to the shoe tops or ankles for the girls, and always the woolen petticoat with two or more muslin ones trimmed with tucks, insertion, and lace. Had styles for children

been as simple as they are today, many stitches would have been saved for busy mothers.

Settlers in the communities removed from Salt Lake City and other larger towns made trips to trading centers in the fall and spring for fabrics from which to make winter and summer clothes. Bolts of factory (unbleached muslin) would be purchased in the fall. Underwear for the family, petticoats, chemises, sheets, pillow slips, and tablecloths were all made from the factory. During the winter these articles were washed several times and left on the clothesline between washings until they were bleached white. Lace and insertion, which had been crocheted or knit during the winter, were sewed on the new garments before they were worn in the spring.

As soon as the girls in a home were old enough to assist with the problems of clothing a family, they were expected to help. All girls learned to knit and crochet, and they often had to combine their work with their play by determining who could knit so many rounds on a stocking or crochet so many inches of lace in the least time. One pair of little girls used to unwind enough yarn from their balls to reach around the outside of their house, then they played a game to see which girl could first knit into her stocking the unwound yarn.

Many were the girls who sheared the sheep, washed the wool, and carded it, spun the yarn, dyed, and wove it into cloth from which they made their own dresses and clothing for other members of the family.

Necessity is the mother of invention, so women learned the art of patternmaking and every available

scrap of paper was saved for that purpose. It is said that one woman, who had been a seamstress in England, brought with her a pattern for men's pants. That pattern was altered to fit the small or large man, and from that one pattern many pairs of pants were cut. The exchanging of patterns and cutting many patterns from an original were common practices.

Naturally, the size of most wardrobes was extremely modest. One best dress was the most the average girl had. It was brushed and mended and carefully cared for, but when no longer nice enough looking to be worn away from home, or when a new one was available, it was used to wear around the house, being protected by long front aprons from the dirt and grime of household tasks.

For Sunday and dress-up occasions those front aprons were made of



Courtesy, Dr. Emerson Young

"BUTTONS AND BRAID"



Courtesy, Minnie Margetts

“LACE AND INSERTION”

white material, often elaborately and artistically trimmed with tucks, lace, drawn work, or embroidery.

WHAT multitudes of stitches and long hours of labor could have been saved had the styles been as simple as they are today. But the full, many-gored skirts that swept the ground, the long, full, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, basque waists with whalebones sewed to every seam, bustles and hoops, all multiplied the stitches needed to make one dress.

The pioneer women loved beautiful things and they were amenable to the dictates of fashion, as are we today. So, no matter how much cloth or how many stitches were needed, dame fashion was obeyed.

Hats were probably the first accessories to be made. The first ones, after the sunbonnets, were made from straw gleaned from the fields.

The straws were sorted as to fineness, soaked in warm water, and braided. The braids were pressed flat, and then sewed together to form hats. Colored straws were used for trimming, being made into bands, ribbons, and flowers. Sometimes very elegant hats were made entirely of horsehair. Cloth hats of denim were made for everyday use, and for better hats, calico and muslin were used. Flowers were made from a material called book-muslin, resembling present-day organdy. Some hats were quilted for variety. Brims were often heavily stitched, sometimes with fancy stitches to help them hold their shape. Other hats were crocheted from wool and cotton yarns.

Accessories such as collars, berthas, fichus, head scarves, fascinators, handkerchiefs, gloves, mittens, and mitts were knit, netted, or crocheted to add that little different touch that women have always desired.

The problem of clothing was not the only one for nimble fingers. Carpets, rugs, bedding, tablecloths, towels, and decorative touches for the homes were all part of home sewing and handicraft. Here again fashion's dictates were very demanding. Cushions and chair backs or tidies, throws over the top of large portraits and pictures on the wall; covers of all types for the tops of tables, dressers, buffets and sideboards; bedspreads, and curtains were all part of the up-to-date home, and all helped to satisfy the woman's desire for cultural and beautiful surroundings.

Some of the social activities of pioneer women were rag bees and quilting parties. The making of patch-

work quilts was a fascinating subject in and of itself.

Clean, sweet straw from the threshing floor filled the first mattresses, and feather ticks were a must in every household. Sometimes even milkweed down was gathered for mattresses and pillows.

Girls in the homes helped their mothers provide all these things and very laborious the tasks were at times, even though the girls were apt and willing, for all the sewing done in early pioneer homes was done by hand. The first practical sewing machine was not patented until 1846, and many years passed before machines were brought to Utah and found their way into the small towns and villages of the State.

WHEN a girl left her home to be married she was very fortunate if she had a new dress for the occasion. Often her "best" dress had to suffice. Most girls took to their new home a piece of homemade carpet, a rag rug or two, a patchwork quilt, a feather bed, a tick for straw, and, if very fortunate, a factory tablecloth, sheets, and pillow slips.

No matter how humble the home

to which her young husband took her, with her two hands the young wife began to make that home as attractive as possible. When babies were due to arrive she began to stitch and stitch to prepare for their coming, and so the cycle began all over again.

Very early in every Latter-day Saint community, a division of labor naturally came about. Being a good seamstress is an art and a definite accomplishment, a talent which all women do not possess. Among the pioneers were women who loved to sew. Those who found it a difficult task were only too glad to hire the services of others. So each community had its dressmakers, its weavers, its women who carded and spun wool, who pieced quilts, and who knit for others in exchange for services or for produce and commodities rather than for money, which was often very scarce.

The many activities reviewed in this recital seem very remote, something of the long ago, but they are worth reviewing and remembering as part of the complete pattern of pioneer living that made Utah and the West what they are today.

CONFIDENTIALLY

Josephine J. Harvey

He laughed when I showed him
My new hat with the fur trim.

"Don't tell me you'd call that
Tiny ball of fluff a hat!"

I said with my coolest smile,
"Why, that's the latest style!"

Of course, he would never guess
And I'd never confess

That when I see it on the shelf
I even have to laugh myself.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1, and November 16, 1887

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

TRAINING CHILDREN: Many a child is ruined by wrong tuition, and it is high time that we understand true government; first to govern ourselves. Of all people we should practice that which will result in beneficent ends. The child should be taught not to destroy things. And, dear sisters, never counteract the commands of your husbands to your children, but teach them to obey and respect him and his word. Here is where our heaven is to begin, in the family circle. Then let us all strive together to have happy homes, lovely and obedient children, not to be selfish. . . .—Mary Ann M. Pratt

D. M. MULOCK CRAIK: Mrs. Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, who died in England on the 13th of October, 1887, was born at Stoke upon Trent in 1826. Next to George Eliott as an authoress in modern times her name must stand. Her books have a very refined character, taken as a whole. She has studied human nature and woman's nature pretty thoroughly. Her books are as popular in America as in England. . . . Among literary people Mrs. Craik was a great favorite. . . . To me she seems a woman of wonderful imaginative capacity. . . . Well acquainted with English life in its reality. I hope some day to see in print a sketch of her home life written by one who would do her ample justice.—Ed.

FEAR NOT, ZION

Fear not, Zion! countless hosts
Help thy cause behind the veil;
Zion's friends are uppermost,
Zion's Founder will not fail;
God his purpose will fulfill,
God is Zion's refuge still.

—Emily H. Woodmansee

PROCRASTINATION: Secretaries should be prompt in their duties and have their books posted and make their reports in good season, for it takes no more time to copy a set of minutes, or make a report today, than it will to-morrow and it avoids anxiety and saves hurry and confusion. We should learn while young that there is a time and a place for everything, and perform every duty in its time and season and not let them accumulate on our hands. . . . Let not the sly old thief, called Procrastination, rob us of our laurels.—M. E. Teasdale

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS: There are 22 societies in all, in which there are 514 members. . . . We are laboring as energetically as possible to introduce all kinds of useful work . . . and to make this pleasant and interesting, we purpose having a fair before our next conference.—Libbie Noall, President

THE MAORI VILLAGE: In Taranaki, the largest native village in New Zealand, is the home of Ti Witi, the great Maori Prophet . . . who was visited in March, 1885 by Elder Amasa Aldrich and myself, as the first two Mormon elders to present to him the only true Gospel. On that occasion we made a trip of 600 miles in six weeks, mostly on foot.—Eurini Ruihi Reweti

—Edwin Lewis Davis

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon



THE two surviving daughters of President Brigham Young, Mabel Y. Sanborn, 84, and Fannie Van Cott Y. Clayton, 77, have been featured at many Centennial events. When the cornerstone of the "This Is the Place" monument was laid, they placed the historical records in the copper box which was sealed and deposited in a vault in the cornerstone. At the unveiling of the monument, they participated in drawing the cover from a plaque depicting their father with other figures. Mrs. Clayton was unable to go, but Mrs. Sanborn rode to and from Nauvoo in the luxurious drawing room of the airplane of the president of the United Air Lines, the "O'Connor," named for the first stewardess of the line, who was also a guest on the ship. A Latter-day Saint girl, Dorothy Lundgreen, was stewardess, and Captain Claron U. Pratt, a grandson of Parley Pratt, was pilot. They returned from Nauvoo in six hours, as compared with the 106 day trek of the pioneers.

CADDIE DAVIS VINCENT, a granddaughter of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon, died July 29, at the age of 83, in Cutler, Ohio. In 1869, Edward Stevenson, returning from a mission, met his old friend, Martin Harris, going into the Kirtland temple with a Book of Mormon under his arm, and the following year was instrumental in per-

suading him to come to Utah, where he bore testimony, from the Tabernacle pulpit, to the divine origin of the sacred book. Caddie was born in Utah, a daughter of Julia Harris and Walter Davis. She later married Mr. Vincent and lived in Ohio. She is survived by three sons, some grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A noted painter of church murals, Mrs. Velda Buys Gately, living in California, was born in Heber, Utah, and attended the University of Utah. She recently completed an assignment of seven years' duration decorating the Church of the Transfiguration in Los Angeles. One of her paintings hangs in the McKinley ward chapel in Salt Lake City. Two secular scenes are exhibited by Alice Merrill Horne in the downstairs lobby of the Hotel Utah. The artist hopes to paint some of the great scenes from Latter-day Saint history.

SOME recent experiments at Johns Hopkins University indicate that in a given time women can do more mental work than men can, and that they do it more accurately.

MISS MITTIE ARNOLD and Miss Margaret E. Thomas, started an herb garden a few years ago, as a hobby. They now have one of the largest and most famous herb farms in the United States, at Greene, R. I.



Bless the Food

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice (Psalms 55:17).

THERE are many ways in which families and individuals may acknowledge their belief in the gospel of Jesus Christ and in which they may demonstrate their allegiance to him as Lord of this earth. One of the simplest, and yet a most gracious and sacred expression of faith and belief, is the blessing of the food. We are advised in the Word of Wisdom that all food is to be used "with prudence and thanksgiving," and many passages in the Doctrine and Covenants emphasize the obligation and the opportunity of giving thanks "for whatsoever blessing ye are blessed with."

In the complicated rush of our modern ways, it is a practice of great reverence and dignity for the father of the household to preside at the family table and designate someone to give thanks unto the Lord.

Even a little child can offer a blessing of great sincerity, if the true meaning of the prayer is explained. Asking a blessing on the food should never be a mere matter of routine, to be quickly accomplished and forgotten. Rather it should be a sincere and devoted expression of gratitude, whether it is uttered by the grandfather in the home or by a child who is petitioning the Heavenly Father for the first time.

The blessing asked upon the food,

if properly done, serves not only to bring the family nearer to the spirit of true obedience, but it also helps the members of the family to feel their own unity and their precious nearness to each other. Then the meal may commence with thanksgiving, and the atmosphere more easily becomes permeated with love and dignity. Many mothers have found that it is much easier to establish desirable conversation habits and better table manners after the blessing has been asked with reverence and sincere gratitude.

In some families it is the custom to give thanks for more than the food which has been prepared. If relatives or friends are present, a special word of appreciation for their presence may be expressed, and thus the ancient and honored custom of breaking bread and sharing food with loved ones may be renewed and the bonds of kinship and friendship may thus become stronger. More beauty and more strength are added to our daily living by the gracious simplicity of this prayer.

Each household, acknowledging gratitude to the Supreme Being, and constituting a unit of the community and of the state, thus becomes an integral part of our country and contributes to the religious integrity of the Republic. If America is to be

known as a Christian nation, then it must acknowledge and worship the Lord of the land. This thought is beautifully expressed in the Book of Mormon in words of great significance:

Behold this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven, if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ (Ether 2:12).

V. P. C.

GEMS

Ora Pate Stewart

My cellar is a vault . . . a treasury,
 Where amber jewels of peach and apricot
 Are mounted with the golden filigree
 Of ripened corn. I count it not
 As one who counts his gold, but still I gaze
 In thankfulness upon it, and in praise
 For jellied rubies, labeled plum and cherry,
 The liquid amethyst of grape and berry,
 Jade beads of peas and beans; and emerald gherkins;
 Sardonyx mottled mince in wooden firkins. . . .

Rare gems, distilled from shrubs and vines and trees . . .
 "Lay not up . . . treasures" was not meant for these.

A HOME

Thelma Ireland

It is nice to have a house built new,
 According to one's wishes,
 And carry out the color scheme
 With curtains, rugs, and dishes.
 But give to me an old farmhouse
 With the rooms built on in tiers,
 To accommodate a family
 That increases with the years;
 A house with family albums
 And old portraits here and there,
 And a raveled, crocheted tidy
 Hiding scars on some old chair.
 No, it may not be artistic,
 Sort of motley, as a whole,
 But give me a house that's lived in,
 A house that has a soul.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 10

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife, Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and prepare for the coming of the main company.

The company, after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi. The Davis family remains there and the others go on toward the San Juan. Scouts return to Moenkopi and report the arrival of the Harrimans on the San Juan.

The James L. Davis family and the scouts leave to join the Harrimans, and Mary and Elizabeth are reunited. Mary's baby is born after a difficult confinement. The families at Montezuma are destitute for food. Four scouts from the main company arrive, but bring no supplies. James and Mary Davis, returning to their homestead from a visit with the Harrimans, are confronted with trouble.

"Pa! It's Indians!" Ted Davis cries.

A small, startled group, in sight of their lonely, dark home, James Davis and his family stood and faced the Indians, three of them, young and belligerent, arrogantly possessive.

"How!" James Davis cried. "Discause?"

"How!" The Indians repeated his greeting. "Discause," they said, affirmatively.

James turned to his son. "My boy Ted, you take your sister by the hand and go to meet them," he in-

structed in a quiet voice. "We have no cause to fear. They say they are cold. We will ask them in to get warm at our fire."

Ted looked at his mother in questioning surprise. Her lips formed the word yes, and she gave Emily a little push toward him.

But Emily drew back, hiding her face in her mother's skirts, whimpering in fear.

Mary whispered to her, "Be brave, sweet one, your papa will not let the Indians hurt his little girl. You can show the Indians that we put our trust in Heavenly Father."

Emily lifted her head and gave her hand to the big brother whom she adored. Ted clasped her fingers tightly, and they went forward till they were at the edge of the doorway. James and Mary came behind them, each with a child by the hand, the baby held comfortably against its father's shoulder.

The Indians showed plainly that they were surprised at the manner of their approach.

As they got closer to the Indians, Ted tried to speak to them, but his tongue was stiff with fright. Emily tugged at his hand to remind him that he should greet the Indians. Ted opened his mouth, but no sound would come. He tried again, but did no better. Emily pinched his arm, looking at him in surprise. Ted looked at her helplessly. To save

his life, he could not speak or move. He had never known fear in his life before, and could not understand it now. Usually, if things threatened him, he became angry. And under that impulse he would tackle anything. This feeling of fear left him helpless and ashamed.

Emily pulled her hand from his stiff fingers and marched straight up to the scowling Indians. She smiled an entrancing smile and asked, "Discause?" She shuddered, suggesting that they must be very cold. "O-ooo-o," she said, and smiled again.

The pantomime was engaging and fearless. To the Indians it was unexpected. They looked the white family over with pleased approval. "Discause," they agreed, "muncha discause!" They repeated Emily's pantomime of being cold, and laughed at each other's performance.

EMILY reached out her hand and took hold of the nearest Indian's sleeve. "You can get warm at our house," she said. "Can't he papa?"

The Indians hesitated. James said "How!" again, and opened his door. Mary followed him, and at the door she turned and motioned for the Indians to follow her into the house. Mechanically, Ted followed the Indians. He uncovered the coals from the ashes, piled the split pitch-pine kindlings on the darkened coals and blew them to life with long trembling breaths. He was grateful for something to do that would help him hide the tears he could not choke back. He had been a coward, outside, and now he was acting like a baby. He brushed his sleeve across his eyes, more ashamed of his tears than he was of his show of

fear. It had been such a paralyzing thing that he had been powerless against it. But acting like a sissy was his own fault. His little sister, six years old, was a better pioneer than he was!

He gave the coals a poke, blowing on them with short, angry breaths, until they flamed to a blaze. Emily knew her big brother was afraid. That was why she ran ahead to meet the ugly smart alecks of Indians, he thought, and felt like running away and hiding himself.

James, keenly sensitive to his children and their needs, saw the drama that was taking place in Ted's soul, so plainly written in his face. "My boy Ted," he spoke naturally, as unconcerned as he would have been if he were going to tell the boy to do his chores, "you take the Indians to the barrel down by the canal, so they can wash for supper. It's so darn dark they'll not be able to find it alone. And by the time you and those big fellers get back, your Ma will have the food on the table."

Ted looked up at his father with adoring eyes. "You bet, Pa," he answered. "That's just what I was goin' to do!"

He motioned for the Indians to follow him, and they all left the house. Pa don't think I'm a coward! he thought, pride in himself returning as he walked along in the lead, an'—an' I'm not! I just lost my nerve!

Not knowing that Ted could speak their language, the Indians began talking freely, laughing and fooling with each other. "The white man is good," they decided. "The boy is brave. The little papoose is nice. She is very happy and nice!"

Ted smiled, and was tempted to

start talking to them in their language, but decided that his father had had a purpose in not letting them know that he could talk with them. He walked rapidly toward the barrel of water which was kept for washing purposes. He showed the Indians how to fill the basin that stood on a bench by the barrel, then he sat down cross-legged in the sand to wait for them. When the Indians finished washing, Ted ducked his own head and face, and laughing with the Indians, came filing back to the house.

WHEN they entered the room, Mary and James welcomed the Indians again, and told them to sit down at the table with the family. The Indians hesitated, but James motioned to them that it was all right, and they sat down to eat. Mary asked the blessing on the food, and the family said "Amen."

Ted had watched the Indians furtively, hoping the Lord would not think him irreverent. But he wanted to know what the Indians would do while his mother prayed. To his surprise, they folded their arms and, sitting very straight, looked only at Mary. Ted's eyes followed theirs. In the glow of the firelight, his mother looked very beautiful and very good.

Mary served the Indians bran pancakes, stewed beef, and a cup of precious molasses that she had been saving for cough medicine.

The children eyed the molasses longingly, but watched the Indians eat it without saying a word.

"Weno," the Indians said, smacking their lips over the rare sweet. "Weno!"

When they had finished eating,

James told them in sign language that they could sleep by the fire. He and his family would sleep in the only other room in the house.

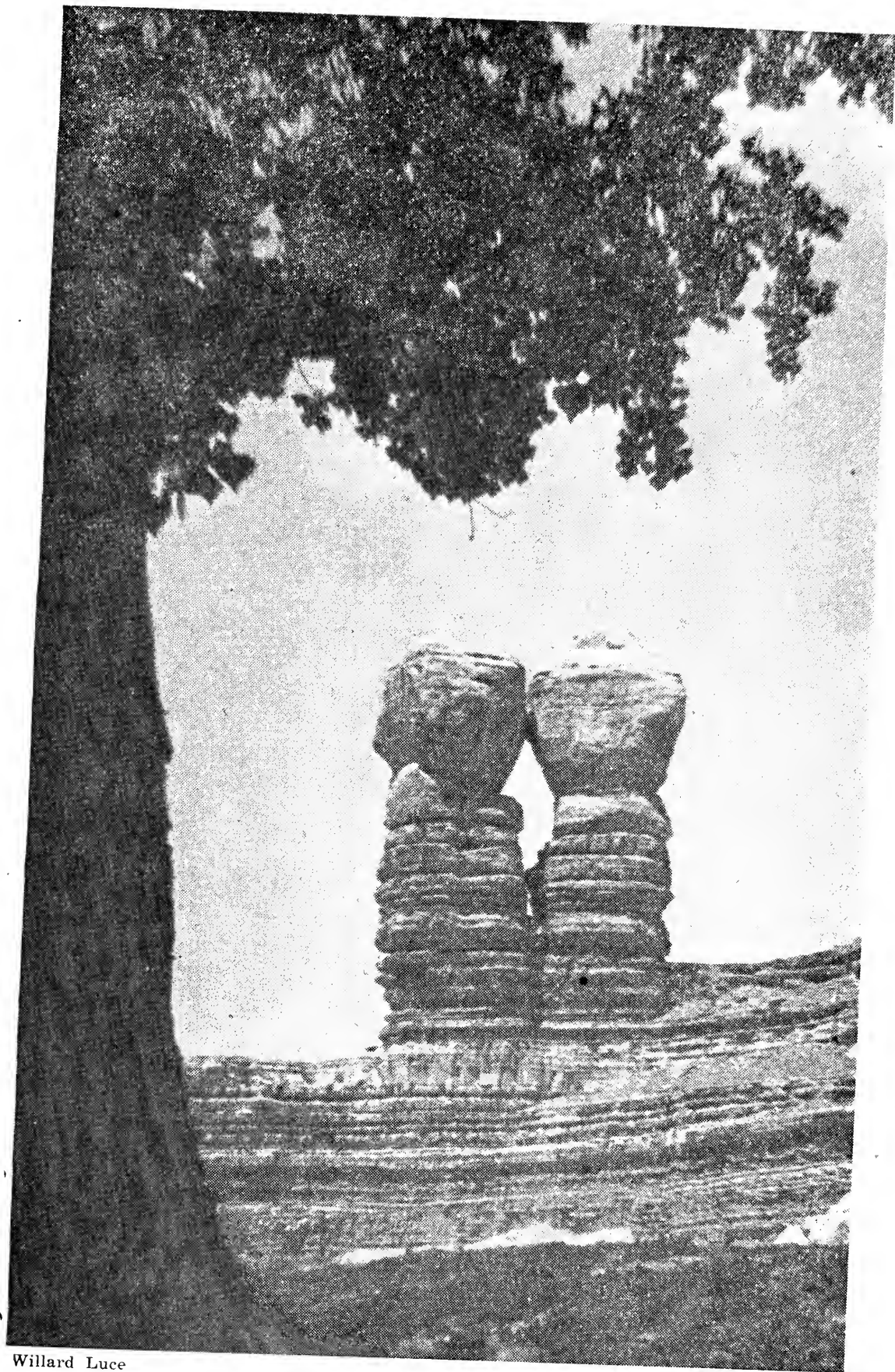
Above the fireplace hung his loaded gun, and he left it hanging there, though he had seen the Indians eyeing it furtively.

In the dark, in their room, James and Mary lay for a long time, listening for any stealthy tread that would warn them of their danger. Ted, too, had lain tense and wakeful, reviewing in his mind the events of the day—the coming of the four scouts, the thrill of getting news from home, and then the Indians, who had come with evil intent, who might be, even then, plotting how to kill the white family that was so trustful. But as the hours wore on and there was no sound beyond the thin board partition, he fell asleep. Mary, assured by the steady and regular breathing of the Indians, followed Ted into a relaxed sleep. James, alone, kept the full night's vigil.

Morning came. The Indians began stirring, unguardedly. James combed his hair, made a great show of getting dressed, and went into the main room. He stirred the fire and stood before it with his hands at ease behind his back.

"Weno se kish," the Indians said, and shaking James' hand, each in solemn friendliness, they went away. The gun above the mantle had not been touched. On the table lay a string of bright turquoise beads beside Emily's crumpled little hair ribbon.

THERE followed long days of cold and hunger. The children, improperly nourished, had wasted in



Willard Luce

"NAVAJO TWINS" AT BLUFF, UTAH

flesh. But there would soon be milk, Mary promised them, for they had six little new calves coming. Then there would be nourishing food for everybody. Mary counted the days anxiously, praying for strength to care for her family in their great need.

"If only the second company would get here," she said over and over again. But the four scouts had been able to give them no definite time to look forward to. It all depended on how the company could manage to work, on the little food that was left to them. The rumor the Indians had brought that a white company was camped on a high ledge above the Colorado River was true. The scouts had confirmed it. But it might be a long time before they got a road chiselled down through the crack they had found in the ledge, and which they were widening into a road.

When Mary, no longer able to endure the suspense in silence,

would question her husband about it, James would say, "They'll come, Mary darlin'. They will come."

One night James came from his field fencing, weary and discouraged.

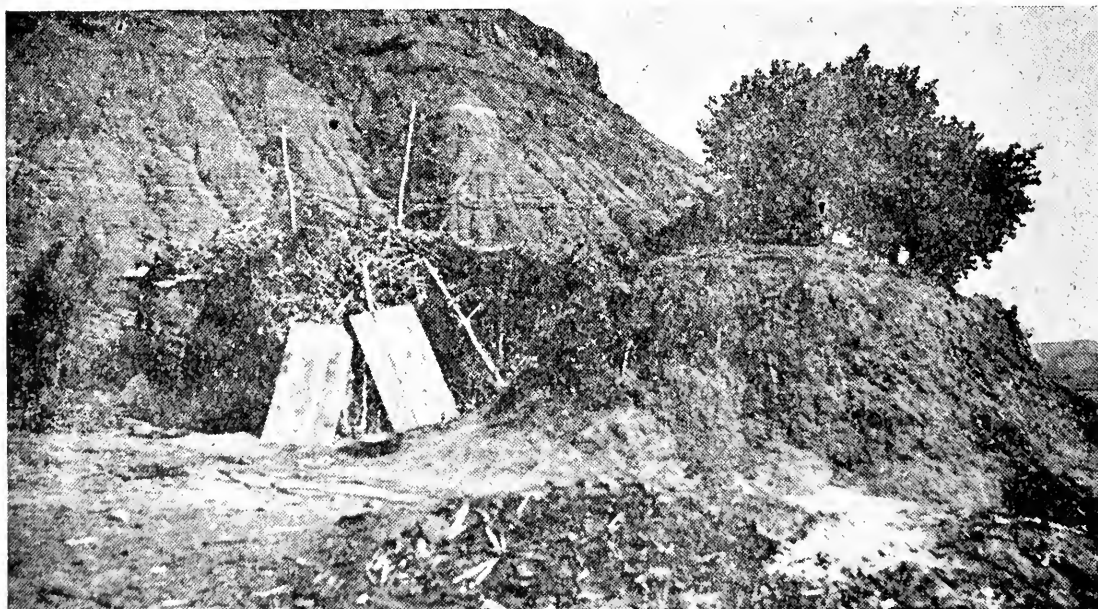
"More of the stock is missing," he said, sitting down to a supper of dry bran, moistened with warm water. The children had been given a little bran mush, and were tossing feverishly in bed.

"Not the milk stock!" Mary cried. "Oh, James!"

"The milk cows are safe, darlin'," James assured her. "But," he added, "if more of our stock is stolen there'll be none to sell for food, even when the spring breaks so we can get to a market."

Mary dropped to her knees beside James, and put her arms comfortingly around him. "Don't worry, James. There is still the seed wheat. If the worst comes, we can eat that."

"Which would only postpone the end, for if we do not plant we will continue to have nothing to eat."



United States Geological Survey

NAVAJO HOGAN IN THE ECHO CLIFFS, UTAH

"It looks like we are abandoned to our fate, James," Mary agreed, "but, even so, we must not give up. We will live through this terrible winter somehow. Already a month has passed since the scouts returned to the Hole in the Rock, where the main company is camped. They promised that if we could hold out sixty days, they would be back with food for us, whether the company had got through or not."

"Yes," James said. "We will have to eat a little of the seed grain."

"Elizabeth's children are worse off than ours are, James," Mary reminded him. "They were very sick today. Her boy came to tell me. I must go down there tonight, James."

"You don't seem to understand, Mary. The cattle were *stolen*. That means Indians. They are raiding again. They are mad at the White Father in Washington for sending the soldiers against them. I think, myself, that it does more harm than good."

"Indians, or no Indians, James Davis, I am going to see Elizabeth. She needs me. I will take Ted. You keep our children here."

Mary stood up, smoothed James' hair tenderly, and went to put on her shawl and gloves. James called Ted in from the woodpile, and told him to accompany his mother.

MARY found Elizabeth bending over a very sick child, helpless to give it relief.

"It's the bran, Mary," Elizabeth said apathetically. "My little one needs food. Our last milk cow sank into the quicksand nearly a month ago. Since then we have had nothing but the culls of the wheat. What can we do?" she cried.

Mary stood watching the convulsive retching of the sick child.

"If there was milk, Elizabeth, it would ease these terrible stomach pains. Where can we go for help?"

"No place," Elizabeth answered. "Henry has even tried to find female animals that he could tame and milk."

Elizabeth's voice was harsh with misery. Her eyes were dry and dull.

"Cry, Elizabeth," Mary pleaded. "Let go and cry!"

Elizabeth's lips twisted into some sort of a smile. "I can't," she said, "the children would start crying, too."

"And that would do you all good! This unnatural fortitude is killing you. Why, we all cry like boobies, when we're too hungry." She looked at Elizabeth, and the tears glistened on her own lashes. "Why do you suppose the good Lord made tear ducts, honey? He gave us tears to keep the heart from breaking."

She bent over the sick child and felt its faint, uneven pulse. The child, she knew, was beyond all earthly help. It breathed its last, feebly sucking its own little lips in vain longing. Mary held her hand on its head, weeping that Elizabeth had to lose her child.

But Elizabeth was past all sense of grief. "I would not have had it live," she murmured. "It is too pitiful to hear it cry for food."

Mary washed and dressed the tiny little body and wrapped the child in a soft, warm blanket. Elizabeth put a little, homemade lamb in its arms.

Ted dug the grave, and just as the twilight closed sharply around them, they buried the baby. The next day James erected a slab of sandstone to mark the grave. He had carved the

name, the date, and a little inscription, "At Rest," on the slab—with a broken butcher knife.

THE lonely hours dragged to midnight, but still Elizabeth sat before the fire. The Davis family had long before gone home. Henry and the children were in bed. Elizabeth had promised that she would only sit by the fire a while, and then she would go to bed, too. But the hours passed and she had not moved. Her body, as inert as her mind, seemed incapable of action. The only thing she seemed to think was that she was waiting for someone.

She was not surprised, when, hours later, just as the gray morning light came over the hills, her brother George rode into the yard. He spoke to the yelping big dog that bounded to meet him, and dismounted.

"George." Elizabeth had come to the door. There was no excitement in her voice, no welcome, and no relief. "You came too late," she said.

George asked no questions. He took his sister back to the fire, and stood beside her chair.

"You said you would come, George, or die in the attempt." Elizabeth looked steadily into the fire. "I've been waiting for you all night."

George smoothed her hair, letting Elizabeth get around to telling him in her own way what had happened. He dropped wearily to his knees, relaxed to a sitting position on the floor, and put his head in her lap, waiting for her to continue. Elizabeth took a lock of his hair and twisted it around her finger, letting her hand rest on his head. George sighed. His body sagged against her

knees. Elizabeth relaxed in her chair and closed her eyes. She heard George's horse shake himself and then lie down, saddled as he was, in the dooryard.

"There'll be food for breakfast," she said, and went to sleep.

SPRING brought new life to the countryside. But the two families had eaten all their seed grains, so it meant nothing to them to feel the warmth of the sun, or to know that it was time to plow and plant.

George Hobbs had gone back to the camp of the main company. The food he had brought to the mission had saved their lives, but now it, too, was gone. Unless they could get through to Mancos to buy food, they would not be able to live more than a week longer. And in neither family was there anyone well enough to make the long and dangerous trip into Colorado for food. Their only hope was that the main company would come soon.

"But we've been hoping for that until hope is a mockery," Mary asserted.

As usual, James answered: "They will get through, darlin', they'll get through!"

Lewellen Harris, a missionary, came to the Montezuma settlement. He told them that the company would come in about ten days. They had finally crossed the Colorado, and were slowly making their way, through the wildest country on earth, to the San Juan.

"We haven't food enough to last even that long," Mary answered. "There is seed wheat to last for two days, and that," she said, "is for my children! Grownups must do the best they can."

"That is right, Sister Davis," Lewellen Harris replied, "but your wheat will last much longer than that."

Mary looked at him in surprised disbelief, started to protest, and then accepted his words.

That night, and for three more nights, she made wheat bread. She sent half of each portion to Elizabeth and her children. Her own portion, she contrived to give to James without him knowing that she had done it. For days he had been too ill to work on the river dam that he and Ted had started, to divert water to their farms, though what good that would do when there was nothing to plant, she didn't know.

She went into the yard, so that she would not be tantalized by the delicious odor of the warm wheat bread, trying to keep her mind on just ordinary things—like water, and

land, and the coming of the second company.

Lewellen Harris stayed with the Davis family six days, and each night Mary made wheat bread. When he had gone, James said to Mary: "Darlin' I thought you said there was only wheat enough to last two days?"

"And there is wheat enough for two days still, James." Mary offered no explanation, for there was none.

James and Mary sat before their fire that night until long after their usual bedtime.

"Lewellen Harris is a good man," James said fervently. And they knelt and gave their humble thanks that his words had been fulfilled.

Ten days later, April 1, 1879, as Lewellen Harris had predicted that they would, the main company of settlers of the San Juan Mission entered San Juan County.

(To be continued)

THE GOLDEN THREAD

Renie H. Littlewood

Into the tapestry of this great land
 Are woven, warp and woof, the noblest dreams
 Of many peoples, and they ever stand
 As beacon lights that cast refulgent gleams
 Athwart our paths. All through the weaving run
 The golden threads of humble gratefulness,
 Set in a pattern that was first begun
 By men who deemed their blessings measureless.

In early days when Pilgrim Fathers gave
 Full thanks to their Creator's gracious hand
 For bounteous harvests garnered, and the brave,
 Undaunted folk were fed, the little band
 Became the first to use the golden thread
 That weaves a bright design repeated through
 The years. Whenever men give thanks for bread,
 The pattern reappears in brighter hue.

Breakfasts

Sara Mills

FALL and winter breakfasts should be ample and hot, and they should be varied. I have in mind, particularly, appetite-filling breakfasts for holidays, special company, and Sundays—not the first Sunday in the month, of course. Yes, I know about households where Sunday breakfast has to be a rushed affair. I belonged to a family of eight, with all eight of us going to Sunday School on time.

The first breakfast listed below can be cooked and served in a very few minutes and it does not take all the dishes in the cupboard. It also lasts.

MENUS

1

Orange juice, grapefruit, or a fruit compote
Hot oat cereal
Danish pastry or buns
Milk

Follow the fruit with a big dish of hot steel-cut oats, cooked for at least an hour in your double boiler on Saturday. Use brown sugar or honey to sweeten it. End with the best piece of Danish pastry or bun you've been able to buy or bake the day before. With the pastry goes a tall glass of milk, either warm or cold.

2

Fruit compote*
Orange bran muffins*
Cheese omelette*
Jam
Warm milk drink

If you feel opulent, add ham or bacon.

3

Fresh fruit or fruit compote
Welsh rarebit on toast*
Bacon or sausages

A neat trick with the bacon is to bake it. Place the slices on a wire rack and set in a dripping pan. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes or so.

4

Special pineapple dish*
Hot muffins

This is a dish to be cooked when you feel like pleasing someone or indulging yourself. It may take some juggling of the budget.

RECIPES

ORANGE MUFFINS

1 cup bran
1 cup flour
½ cup orange juice
¼ cup milk, preferably canned
1 egg
¼ tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder
2 tbs. shortening
2 tbs. sugar
Grated rind of one orange

Let the bran soak in the orange juice, milk, and grated rind for five minutes. Cream the shortening and sugar, add the egg, and beat together. Then add the bran mixture and the flour, sifted with the salt, baking powder, sugar, and soda. Bake in a 400° oven for about 25 minutes. (Makes 12 muffins.) You may use the same proportions of orange, bran, and soda for waffles.

CHEESE OMELETTE

1 egg
1 half eggshell light cream
1 rounded tbs. grated cheese
Salt to season

Break the egg into a shallow bowl, add the cream, cheese, and salt. With a fork beat the mixture lightly a few times, then pour it into a butter-greased hot, but not sizzling, frying pan. When it is done, and easy does it here, flip it over with a turner and serve it at once, hot and tempting in odor. Carefully prepared, this omelette will make any breakfast.

WELSH RAREBIT

- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated American cheese (slightly nippy, if possible)
- 1 rounded tsp. butter
- 2 eggs
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 tsp. flour
- Salt, pepper, paprika, a dash of cayenne, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce

Put the dry ingredients, along with the sauce and vinegar, into the top of a double boiler. Stir together and add the eggs and cheese. Beat these together with a fork. Then add the milk and butter. Cook over boiling water and stir all the time. When the spoon coats properly, the dish is ready. Pour over hot toast and serve at once. Don't let it overcook. The recipe serves two or three people.

SPECIAL PINEAPPLE DISH

(This recipe is for individual portions)

- 1 banana
- 1 slice pineapple
- 1 slice ham
- 1 egg
- Pineapple juice contained in the can
- Brown sugar to sweeten
- Lump of butter

Split the banana and fry it in butter and fry a piece of ham in another skillet. Place the pineapple on top of the ham and quickly scramble an egg in the other frying pan. Top the pineapple with a serving of syrup made from the leftover pineapple juice, the brown sugar, and butter. Then place the scrambled egg next to the ham on a serving plate.

FRUIT COMPOTE

- Orange juice base
- Fresh, dried, or canned fruits

A favorite fruit compote for wintertime is made of stewed dried fruits—peaches, pears, apricots, and a few prunes, if you wish. Use an orange juice base for this and all fruit compotes. For variation, you may slice the oranges. Sliced pineapple, fresh or canned, or pineapple juice enhances almost any combination. Sliced bananas are never amiss either. Perhaps the compote many of you will use most will be made of your own canned fruit. You may use any combination, but peaches, apricots, and cherries are particularly appetizing.

In the season thereof, there is nothing like a fresh fruit compote. Strawberries blend with orange juice. Fresh freestone peaches, sliced with pears and covered with orange juice, with maybe a sprinkling of lemon juice, and garnished with seedless grapes, make a dish to be seconded. If you live where papayas and mangos are not luxuries, don't forget to use them in combination with orange juice and other fruits. Stewed rhubarb, while not exotic, is more than good served with sliced oranges and bananas.

There is something new to be added, papaya juice, packed in Hawaii. It can and should be used freely in fruit compotes.

VIGIL

Matia McClelland Burk

Dark was the night when the bird came flying
 Over the desert's lone expanse;
 Swift was its flight, and strange its crying.
 Was it sent, somehow? Did it come by chance?
 All I could do was stand and wonder,
 While the lightning echoed in distant thunder.

Christmas, Or a Reasonable Facsimile

Mabel Harmer

ELLA raised her head with a slight start as she heard her niece's voice in the next booth. She knew that Janet was an old patron at the salon—that was why she had come herself—so there was not too much cause for surprise.

"I guess you'll want something extra swish this time," the operator said. "You'll be going to the dance at the Country Club on Christmas night, of course."

"No," answered Janet in a flat tone. "On Christmas night I'll be going, as usual, to my aunt's place to gorge on an old-fashioned, homey dinner, sit around a tree with a hoary angel on top, and sing carols with all my relatives. I tried to get out of it last year, but Father says that we can't let her down, that she starts planning for one Christmas the day after the other is over. You can't tell me that he wouldn't like to go to the club himself."

"But, why do you have to go?" asked the operator.

"No special reason," Janet replied, "only that she helped bring the family up, and everybody is afraid of hurting her feelings. Oh, I guess the folks don't mind so frightfully, but I hate to lose out on a holiday dance."

Ella shot a quick glance at the operator to see if she had understood, but there was no change in the girl's expression as she slipped on the hair net and arranged the dryer. She

turned on the heat and left Ella to the turmoil of her own thoughts.

There had been other times when she had experienced this same feeling of complete desolation, but then she had been younger and more hopeful. What a silly old thing she had been, anyway, to suppose that the rest of the family had as much joy as she in coming back for Christmas. They all had their own families and nice, modern apartments.

When her hair was dry and Maizie was taking pains to put in the pins just so, Ella wanted to stop her and cry out, "It doesn't matter. Nobody is going to see my hair, anyway." But she kept very still and even refrained from jamming her hat down over it.

The jostling crowds on the street seemed different than when she had gone into the beauty shop. They were no longer gay but merely intent on pushing a way through. The Salvation Army Santa Claus shifted his weight from one foot to another in an attempt to warm his feet, and the little bell sounded dismal and ineffectual.

AT home she dropped her bundles and sat down at once to telephone each of her relatives. She decided to start with Nancy, her sister-in-law, who would probably be the only one to mind having the dinner called off because she hated to cook one herself.

It was easier than she had hoped.

"Hello, Nan," Ella spoke cheerfully, "I know it's dreadful of me to call you so late, but would you mind too much if I don't have you for dinner this year? I have some friends coming"—she had a moment of panic, that wasn't what she had intended to say at all—"and I'll be glad to have you some other time, perhaps later in the week."

"No, we won't mind," answered Nancy, obviously taken very much by surprise. "We'll miss your lovely party, of course, but there's no reason why you should go on doing all this work for us indefinitely. I would have cut it out long ago had it been I."

Ella was quite sure that she would. She couldn't imagine Nancy doing all that work for a family gathering or for anyone else.

When she called her sister, June promptly said, "I think that there's too much fuss made over Christmas, anyway. Emery and I will probably go to a movie and have a snack at the hotel."

She put the phone back and walked absently into the living room. The tree stood tall and moody, its green arms hungering for the bright baubles that would bring it to charmed life.

I might just as well trim it, she thought. I can't just let it stand there like that. Besides, some of the folks may be dropping in and they'll think it queer if I don't.

When it was all trimmed, even to the last of the icicles placed carefully on the boughs, she sat back to look at it.

It's beautiful, she thought, really beautiful. It almost makes a Christmas, or at least a reasonable facsimile. Somebody ought to have a

chance to enjoy it. She wondered if there was possibly anybody she might ask in. She had told Nancy she was having friends and with her inquisitive nature she wouldn't rest until she found out who.

Perhaps if she tried real hard she could think of someone who wasn't tied up with a family. She started to go down the street, house by house. The Clowards, no, they always had their children come. The Arthurs went home to her mother. Who was it that lived in their basement apartment? She remembered now, the Giffords, the young man and the German girl he had married while he was overseas in the army. The girl probably didn't know a soul in town. She might ask them. They couldn't do more than turn her down.

There should be someone else, perhaps that fellow Munsey who lived alone in the stucco house. He hadn't been there very long and nobody but Keats, the mailman, seemed to know anything about him. Keats said that he got a lot of mail. He could be a secret agent for all she knew.

There just wasn't another soul in town unless she asked the Adams sisters, and folks thought them a little queer. Well, maybe people thought that she was queer, too, and just hadn't said so to her face. She'd ask them all.

SHE started out just after breakfast the next morning, while her resolve was still high.

Young Mrs. Gifford was dusting her living room, her blond hair tied up in a blue kerchief that made a pretty contrast with her pink cheeks. Ella was surprised that the girl spoke

such good English. Of course, she had a heavy accent but, at least, she knew all the words.

"I'm Ella Mathews, the music teacher," she explained. "I live two blocks down the street in the big, red house. I wondered if I could persuade you to come to dinner on Christmas night. I've known your husband for years."

Her throat grew tight at the expression which came over the young woman's face, and she knew that the girl had been hungering for a little show of friendliness.

"It is so very kind of you," she answered, "and I am sure that Robert and I will be most happy. And you are a musician," she went on eagerly. "I like music, too. I sing. But I have not sung much since I came to America."

For more reasons than one, thought Ella. Aloud she said, "Then perhaps you will sing for us. I shall look for you at seven."

Heartened by this first success, she rushed on to Mr. Munsey's house. When she reached his door, however, her courage wilted and she felt an overwhelming urge to turn back without knocking. She might have done so if he had not come out just then to put some letters in the mailbox. He was rather tall, or perhaps he just appeared so because he was thin and stooped just a trifle, but he had the nicest eyes Ella could ever remember seeing, and when he smiled she thought he was almost good looking.

He was so much more startled and confused than she that her own shyness vanished and she said pleasantly, "I'm Ella Mathews. I hope you won't think it too odd, but I'm inviting a few newcomers to dinner

Christmas night. I happen to live all alone, and this is one of the times I don't like it. Will you come?"

She had obviously taken him so unawares that she wasn't at all sure whether he really wanted to accept or just couldn't think of an excuse. At any rate he said, "Why, thank you very much, Miss Mathews. It's very good of you to take pity on us lone ducks. I'll be very glad to come."

Quite elated now, she hurried the remaining block to the Adams house. The "girls" seemed more than glad to have her come.

"I was just telling Ethel the other day," chirped Henrietta, "that we ought to call on you. It's dreadful how we let old friendships go by."

Ella might have found their little airs amusing if it had not been for the worn rug and the old-fashioned stove which failed to keep the room very warm. When she gave her invitation she saw the glad light flash into their eyes and Henrietta said, "I think it would be lovely to come to your affair, don't you, Ethel?"

Ethel beamed in agreement, and Ella walked out into the crisp air with a heart that was almost light.

She never would have dreamed of asking Roberta Hubbard if she hadn't run into her on the way home so that they walked a couple of blocks together. Roberta was the widow of Hoyt Hubbard who had made a lot of money in automobiles. For over thirty years Ella had never said more than a greeting, but now they began chatting like the old friends they used to be.

"And you're alone, too," Roberta merely stated an unpleasant fact that included them both. "It's worse at Christmas time, isn't it?"

Ella looked up in amazement. It hadn't occurred to her that anyone as rich as Roberta could also be lonely. "Yes," she answered. "It's a great deal worse. That's one reason why I'm having a small dinner party. Will you come?"

"I'll be glad to," said Roberta, frankly. Evidently it hadn't occurred to anyone else either that the rich Mrs. Hubbard could be lonely.

ELLA opened her gifts half-heartedly on Christmas morning. They were all nice, useful things, quite suitable for a maiden sister who didn't dress up much to go places, didn't entertain, didn't do a thing more exciting than teach the chromatic scale to the neighborhood children. Then she waited until the time finally dragged around to when she could put the turkey in the oven.

She had just started to set the table when Clay phoned. "I'm in a bit of a tight spot, Sis," he began. "It looks as if you might have to ask us to dinner, after all. That is, if you can possibly manage."

Ella hesitated. Except for Mrs. Hubbard, her guests were definitely not Clay's idea of the "right people."

"It's like this," he went on, "Mrs. Hubbard just called and asked us to pick her up. She took it for granted we'd be coming. I hardly know how to explain and, besides, I'm trying to keep in touch with her right now. I'm struggling to sell her a big annuity."

"That's all right," Ella said, anxious to get on with her dinner. "Shall I set for all three of you?"

"No, just Evelyn and me. Janet is going to the Country Club."

She hurriedly put another leaf in the table and made up place cards.

There would be eight, just the number she had counted on in the first place for the family. She surveyed the table with pleasure. It looked better this way. More like a party. She started back to the kitchen when the phone rang again. This time it was Nancy who spoke plaintively, "Ella, could you possibly squeeze us in? Ted absolutely refuses to go down town to dinner. He says the last time he ate turkey at the hotel he got ptomaine poisoning. I know it's just an excuse—and the boys aren't even speaking to me. They think it was all my idea."

"I can manage," said Ella shortly. "Dinner is at seven."

She cleared off one end of the table and put in another leaf. Might as well put in two while I'm at it, she thought. It will save time when June calls. For that matter, I might just as well call her myself. That will save time, too, and explanations.

She had to take off all the place cards now because there weren't enough to go around, but that didn't matter too much. There was plenty of turkey and trimmings.

The Adams sisters were the first of her guests to arrive. In fact, they came half an hour early, and Henrietta said, "We couldn't remember whether you said six-thirty or seven. I hope it's all right?"

"Of course. I'm glad you came early," said Ella heartily.

The Giffords arrived just before seven, Erna Gifford looking very lovely in a blue velvet dress. "My Christmas present from Robert," she confided when Ella complimented her upon it. "It is so wonderful to have nice clothes again."

The introductions were barely over when Mr. Munsey arrived, looking

almost distinguished, thought Ella in surprise, with a snowy silk muffler inside his blue topcoat.

Clay and Evelyn ushered in Mrs. Hubbard with exactly the same deference they would have shown to the First Lady. The rest of the family, a bit breathless, arrived just in time for dinner.

Ella could never remember of being so happy. When dinner was over and they had returned to the living room, Mrs. Gifford suggested shyly, "Won't you play for us, please?"

"I'll play for you to sing," answered Ella promptly and brought out her book of Christmas carols. Erna Gifford didn't have to be coaxed. She seemed eager to sing again. Quite naturally she went to the piano and sang "Holy Night, Silent Night."

They were all amazed at the beauty of her voice. "Why, you're a real professional, aren't you?" exclaimed Ella.

"Oh, no," she smiled and then added, "Do you mind very much if I sing it in German?"

"We'd love to hear you," answered Ella, without even glancing at Clay.

Erna sang "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" with such feeling and nostalgia for something that was gone forever that Ella felt her throat tighten, and Mrs. Hubbard exclaimed with genuine warmth, "You really are an artist!"

A minute later Ted, who had been talking to Mr. Munsey, boomed out, "By Jove! Then you must be the J. B. Munsey who writes the mystery stories." Scarcely waiting for Munsey's nod, he called out to Ella, "Why didn't you let us know you

were entertaining a celebrity? I haven't missed one of his stories in years."

She was not too much surprised when Janet dropped in about ten o'clock, followed by two gangling youths. The girl made no apologies beyond, "There wasn't a thing but punch and wafers and we're starved. I knew you'd have oodles of food. May we have just a few slivers of turkey?"

"About three inches per sliver?" added one of the boys.

She set food on the table and, as she went back into the living room, she heard Mrs. Hubbard say, "Yes, there's a stability about our old homes and families that one seldom finds in these days."

"Indeed you are right," answered Clay, as heartily as if he had been president of the "Love the Old Home" society. "That's our idea exactly."

It was after midnight when they left, with Nancy saying, "I had no idea you knew so many interesting people," and Ted adding in an undertone, "But I don't think it was quite fair for you to ditch your family for them."

"I never shall again," promised Ella.

In the rush of goodbyes Mr. Munsey managed to say, "Thank you for a most delightful evening. I do hope that I may come again."

"Of course," smiled Ella. "I hope that you will."

She closed the door and began in a sort of happy trance to clear up the dining room table. She believed that the next time she went to the beauty salon she'd try that new hair-do with the swirls!

Real Bargains

Ivie H. Jones

President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society

A bargain is not a bargain unless it is the proper size or is usable. I carry in my purse, at all times, a small flat notebook in which is written the sizes of some of my windows, length and width for tablecloths, amount of material needed for dickies, blouses, etc., and numerous other measurements, so that when I see a bargain I will know the correct sizes and amounts to buy.

On another page in my little memo book I record the sizes for hats, shoes, hose, underwear, coveralls, and shirts for the children, in-laws, and grandchildren. Whenever I get a chance, without them catching me, I also measure the width of their clothes across the shoulders, the length of their sleeves, length of their hose from heel to toe, length of the little girl's skirt, boy's trousers, or any other measurements that would be helpful in determining

their size should I run across a bargain or something especially attractive. About twice a year I try to bring this list up to date, making a note of the changes in size.

In the bottom of my purse I keep a tiny, flat, metal tape measure. It is only a foot long when opened up and folds up to four inches in length, so it really takes up very little space in my purse. Sometimes garments at sales are not correctly marked for size. If there is a question, out comes my metal tape.

It is always thrilling to receive a letter saying: "The things you sent the children for Christmas fit perfectly, how did you ever guess the size?"

It is easy to guess when one has correct measurements, and when I see a bargain I can buy unafraid, for I know how much to buy and what size!

REVEALED

Ora Lee Parthesius

Those lemon-yellow leaves, the last that cling,
Accentuate the darkened symmetry
Of barren branches; then, that fluttering
Of color goes; there is the poignancy,
The innate strength of every twig revealed
In nakedness. Whatever be the cost—
Our youth, our visions—when the scars are healed,
The skeleton of faith will not be lost.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

WELFARE WORK, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Viola Onyon

HIGHLAND STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), HIGHLAND PARK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS PREPARING FOR THEIR BAZAAR

Front row seated, left to right: Margaret Wells, quilting director; Evelyn Lewis, First Counselor; Octavo Weiler, President; Ruby Peterson, Second Counselor; Ella Smith, sewing class leader.

Back row standing, left to right: Hannah Johnson; Hazel Tingey; Florence Fairbanks; Otilie Lake; Elsie Nordberg; Elsie Higgins; Rozella Thorpe; Viola Onyon; Nedra Strong; Pearl Fisher.

The 120 members of this Relief Society sponsored a very successful bazaar and cafeteria, from which money was obtained to purchase two new electric sewing machines and to reimburse the treasury, which had become depleted during the war years.



Photograph submitted by Hazel West Gunderson

NORTH WEBER STAKE (UTAH), OGDEN THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED FOR WELFARE SEWING, June 10, 1947

At left of quilt in foreground: Brother and Sister John Hill. Brother Hill is eighty-six years old and Sister Hill is eighty-three. She is a visiting teacher and has been *The Relief Society Magazine* agent for eighteen years.

In the foreground at quilt: Almarinda Gregson, age ninety-four. Back of the quilt: Edith Owens; at right: Katie Doman.

First row, standing, seventh from the left: President Jane P. Obray, with First Counselor Mary M. Wiggins on her left and Second Counselor Cindy A. Bartell on her right.

Melva O. Stratford is president of North Weber Stake Relief Society.

DANISH MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY CHRISTMAS SOCIAL IN COPENHAGEN

Elder Alma L. Petersen, President of the Danish Mission, reports a Christmas party sponsored by the mission board and the Relief Society of Copenhagen in December 1946: "The spirit there was wonderful. The hall was beautifully decorated in Christmas colors; refreshments were served, Christmas carols were sung, and a nice program was given. But the thing that, more than anything else, will make us remember particularly this party was the Christmas pageant sent out by the mission board and written and directed by Sister Johanne Ostrup. While we were all sitting at the tables the three Wise Men came into the hall, perfectly costumed in raiment designed by Sister Louise Sorensen. Slowly the Wise Men walked down the hall to the stage where the blue velvet curtain was covered with hundreds of little stars, with one big, shining one hanging at the top. The curtain was then drawn aside, and we could see the virgin Mary with the Christ Child on her lap and Joseph standing behind her. The Singing Mothers then began the lovely song 'A Child was Born at Bethlehem.' The Wise Men walked up to the child, knelt down, and brought him their offerings. There were tears in many eyes, and everyone felt that he had been on sacred ground. The Relief Society sisters have once more made many people happy. May God bless them in their great work."



Photograph submitted by May Greenwood

ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK FIFTH WARD WELFARE ASSIGNMENT

Standing back of their display of Welfare sewing, are, left to right: Mary Brooks, sewing director; Myrtle Saxton, sewing director; Hannah Aydelotte, First Counselor; May Greenwood, President; Rachel Bell, Second Counselor; Harriett Barratt, Secretary-Treasurer.

This Welfare assignment, in a new ward, was finished in an incredibly short time, the completed articles being turned over to the stake March 1, 1947.

Alice W. Carlisle is president of Alpine Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Orlene L. Henrie

GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH), GUNNISON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY QUILT MAKERS

Front row, left to right: Lydia Duggins; Matilda Hill; Chrissie Farr; Lizzie Baxter; Birdie Prichett; Belle Sanderson.

Back row, left to right: Mary Roberts; Naomi Anderson, President, Gunnison Ward Relief Society; Eva Christiansen; Minnie Edwards, Second Counselor; Tene Neilsen; Dagmar Munk; Stena Larsen; Laura Jensen; Lillian Condor; Linda Myrup; Julia Lund; Orella Wilkensen; Inez Modeen.

This group has completed many beautiful quilts, some of them stitched in intricate and exquisite designs.



Photograph submitted by Orlene L. Henrie

GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH), FAYETTE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT WORK MEETING

Front row, left to right: Florence Bartholomew, Secretary; Dianna Christensen; Sarah Hill; Jane Hill; Annie Robinson.

Second row, left to right: Lillian Lyman; Melba Mellor; Ruth James; Elaine Mellor; Belle Mellor; La Dean Mellor, Second Counselor; Catherine Bartholomew, President; Fern Mellor; Ruby Olsen; Ethel Christensen.

Back row, left to right: Emma James; Izola Bartholomew; Rachel Mellor; Bonnie Mellor; Ella Bown; Melba Bartholomew; Christena Jensen.

Fifty per cent of the ward Relief Society membership attended this meeting.

Orlene L. Henrie is president of Gunnison Stake Relief Society.

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), PROVIDENCE SECOND WARD, STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL, June 17, 1947

Lovisa H. Maughan, President, Mount Logan Stake Relief Society, reports an unusual summer gathering of the Providence Second Ward Relief Society members and the presidents, their counselors, and secretaries of Riverside, Logan Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, and Providence First Ward. The tables were beautifully decorated with summer flowers, and nut bread and strawberries were served in abundance.



Photograph submitted by Alberta O. Doxey

EASTERN STATES MISSION, CUMORAH DISTRICT, ROCHESTER BRANCH
(NEW YORK) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, May 2, 1947

Seated in front of one of the booths in their large and beautiful bazaar: Jennie Vander Hoven, First Counselor; Mae St. Amour, Second Counselor; Helen Boas, sewing leader, who also made the quilt; Emilie Gerloch, President; Clasina Vander Hoven, Secretary.

Included in the bazaar, in addition to the quilt, were many aprons, children's and babies' clothing, sweaters, toys, towels, blouses, shopping bags, and many pieces of lovely handwork.

Alberta O. Doxey is president of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Bertie Epps

EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, GOLDSBORO (NORTH CAROLINA),
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Posed in front of their display of sewing and handmade articles, are, left to right: Henrietta Ham, sewing class leader; Henrietta Codgell, President, Goldsboro Relief So-

ciety; Bertie Epps, District Relief Society President; Roberta Buck, First Counselor, Goldsboro Relief Society.

Many articles not shown in the photograph were made for this bazaar, including a table of cakes and pies which were sold, making a total income of \$250. Picnic lunches of fried chicken, sandwiches, and other treats were served.

Hilda M. Richards is president of the East Central States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Natella L. Nelson

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), MANAVU WARD PROGRAM HONORING TEN
PRESIDENTS OF RELIEF SOCIETY, March 17, 1947

Seated, left to right: Emily H. Nielson; Clara B. Warnick; Adehlia G. Jackson; Annie S. Huish; Hattie T. Snow.

Standing, left to right: Ida A. Taylor; Amanda Johnston; Odessa Cullimore; Mazie C. Knell; Gretta P. Romney, present president of Manavu Ward Relief Society.

Nine past presidents and the present president were honored at this reception. Later, they all took part in a dramatization "Through Memory Lane," and each was presented with a favor. Many of the Relief Society members, as well as the honored guests, appeared in pioneer costumes. Pioneer relics belonging to members of the ward were on display and refreshments were served from a unique table covered with a checkered cloth and centered with a small covered wagon and miniature pioneers.

Rozella J. Collard and Celia R. Geertsen are Sister Romney's counselors.

Inez B. Allred is president of Provo Stake Relief Society.

PASADENA (CALIFORNIA) STAKE VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION
May 23, 1947

Three hundred women attended this very successful convention and awards were presented to the Belvedere Ward for having 99% visiting teaching since August 1944; Eastmont and Montebello wards for achieving 96%; to Mission Park and Monrovia wards for having 100% of their visiting teachers present; to Grace M. Abersald, age seventy-eight, as the oldest visiting teacher; Mary Reed and Margaret B. Black for fifty years of service as visiting teachers; and Dorothy W. Hales, age twenty, as the youngest visiting teacher. Madge P. Fowler is president of Pasadena Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Zelma P. Beardall

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), MAPLETON WARD SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Zina Dibble; Beth Jensen; Lora Bird; Lenore Bills; Laura Bennett; Jayne Jensen; Hannah Binks.

Back row, left to right: Pearl Holley; Senate Mendenhall, president of the group; Birdie Nielsen; Ella Johnson; Brother Elmo Jensen, director; Norma Cox, accompanist; Norma Adamson; Martha Houtz; Eva M. Bird, President, Mapleton Ward Relief Society; Olive Whiting.

This group has rendered much service to the ward and to the community. They have presented many exceptionally fine programs, including a sacrament meeting program given last December.

Zelma P. Beardall is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.



AUSTRALIAN MISSION, RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT DISTRICT CONFERENCE, BRISBANE, April 27, 1947

Seated in the center of the front row are Sister Florence T. Rees, retiring president

of the Australian Mission Relief Society, and Sister Blanche Kimball Richmond, the new president.

Standing back of Sister Richmond is Sister E. Orth, President of the Brisbane Relief Society, with her counselors, Norah H. Waters on her right and May Sharman on her left.

Sister C. Christie, First Counselor in the Nambour Branch Relief Society, is seated in the front row, fourth from the left; Sister S. Wilkin, President of the Woowoomba Branch Relief Society is standing in the rear of the second row, third from the right, and her second counselor Lucy Bailey stands in the back row third from the left.



Photograph submitted by Edna H. Perry

POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), FORT HALL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
MONTHLY PREPARATION MEETING, February 1947

Seated left to right: Elgla Perry; First Counselor Jane Allred; President Edna Perry; Second Counselor Lucile Cutler; Secretary Verna Green; Zella Hansen.

Standing left to right: Ruby Siller; Norma Orchard; Hazel Davis; Nona Ashton; Helen Kotter; Mildred Claunch; Helen Sokolik; Bengta Lennon.

The monthly preparation meetings are held in the evenings at the homes of the visiting teachers. Outlines of the lessons for the next month are presented and the visiting teacher's topic is discussed, followed by an open forum in which the problems and the work of the Society are presented for comments and suggestions. All the members of the Fort Hall Branch Relief Society are very much interested in the work and the attendance is very good. There are twenty members.

ON A FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Eunice J. Miles

Their marriage moved on wings of understanding,
The salt of laughter livened somber days;
They steered their love-ship to a happy landing
With steadfastness, and hope, and mutual praise.

2-8-14

LESSON



DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 5—"The Boy of Nazareth"

"In the Wilderness of Judea"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, Chapters 9 and 10, by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, February 3, 1948

Objective: To show that Jesus early understood his divine calling and spent a period of careful preparation for his great ministry.

JOSEPH and Mary, upon their return from Egypt, established their home in the small town of Nazareth in Galilee. They fain would have gone to Bethlehem, the city of their ancestors, but Joseph, "being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee" (Matt. 2:22). It had been said by a prophet of old that "He shall be called a Nazarene."

Here, the boy Jesus grew to manhood. Because so little is known of his boyhood, the sacred word is, no doubt, wisely silent on the events of his early years. His infancy and boyhood were natural and actual. Though a God before his birth, the veil of forgetfulness common to all who are born to earth "shut off the vision of his primeval existence." He came to earth to have, and did have, the experiences of mortality.

We are justified in saying that he was taught well in the Jewish law and the Old Testament scriptures. "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him"

(Luke 2:40). Later in life this was fully shown, though he offended the Jews by not quoting more frequently from the scriptures.

Both Joseph and Mary seem to have been strict observers of the law of Moses. Its provisions required the men, and allowed the women, to observe the Feast of the Passover annually. (The establishment of this sacred ceremonial should be reviewed, Deut. 16:1-6 and Ex. 12)

The twelfth year was extremely important to every Jewish boy. During that year he became "a son of the law." He was recognized as a member of his home community. When Jesus was twelve years old, his parents took him to Jerusalem to observe the Feast of the Passover:

This journey has particular significance because it is the first appearance of Jesus in the sacred record, following His return with Mary and Joseph, to Nazareth from Egypt. After this appearance in the Temple, the record is silent about the next succeeding eighteen years, when Jesus, being about thirty years old, appears on the banks of the Jordan to be baptized of John. (PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.)

President Clark has written an excellent treatise entitled "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?" It appeared first in *The Relief Society Magazine* (December 1943 issue and the first five issues of 1944), and may now be purchased from the General Board of Relief Society. Anyone who reads this will be greatly enlightened.

During these annual gatherings Jerusalem was a city of between two and three millions of people. "Innumerable multitudes" came from all the provinces of the Holy Land.

Usually, the feast, or celebration, lasted several days. On the memorable event of the first visit of Jesus, and after the feast, Joseph and Mary had gone a "day's journey" toward home when they discovered the boy was not with the company. There can be but little doubt that he had planned to stay behind and do the work in the temple necessary to fit him for his future tasks. He felt the urge of his great work. When his parents, after three days of searching, found him conversing in the temple with the learned priests and scribes, he must have known his mission. In answer to their anxious inquiry, he said to his mother: "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke 2:49).

With our knowledge of the pre-existence, we are sure he had begun, at that early age, to understand the full import of his calling. It is stated: "And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them." He knew whereof he spoke, but even his mother seems never to have fully understood.

All that we have recorded in the scriptures concerning the events of

the eighteen years following the visit of Jesus to the temple is found in one meaningful sentence: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" (Luke 2:52).

In the Wilderness of Judea

Attention was called in a previous lesson to the birth of one of the great characters of the Messianic period. The son of Zacharias, known as John the Baptist, commenced his preaching in the wilderness. He had evidently spent much time preparing for his great work. His teachers were divinely appointed, and he had communed with God apart from the busy "marts of trade." John lived the simple life. He wore a "raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle



A Perry Picture

MADONNA AND CHILD
From a painting by Janßen

about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." His message was one calling for repentance and a clean life. Ceremonials and outward forms of Jewish origin would be no longer the only criterion for religious life. He called upon the people everywhere to repent "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." One mightier than he was soon to appear.

John's mission was one to prepare the people for the coming of their Lord. He baptized with water, but one should come who would baptize with "the Holy Ghost and with fire." It was a new message. He scathingly rebuked hypocrisy and called for a humble life, devoted to serving God and keeping his commandments in the truest sense of the term. The people were in the fold of Abraham when they lived the gospel as taught by Abraham.

Many people were convinced by his burning words and asked: "What shall we do then?" Though revolutionary, the answer was plain and clear-cut: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise" (Luke 3:11). It was a call for love, for service to fellow men, for helpfulness and good will toward those in distress. His call to repentance was not limited to one class or creed. It was to all men everywhere. Mark, a youthful convert, said it was "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God" (Mark 1:1). John not only preached "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," but that the King was there.

Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jor-

dan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins (Matt. 3:5-6).

Then came one lesson for all men everywhere to remember. The Creator of the world—the Lord Omnipotent—came from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. It is doubtful that John's recognition was full and complete at first, but he did recognize the sinlessness and greatness of the character before him. Knowing that baptism was for the remission of sins, "John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?"

The Mighty One replied: "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness" (Matt. 3:14-15).

Jesus humbly complied with the same law that is required of the lowliest of the candidates for the celestial kingdom:

And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased (Matt. 3:16-17).

In addition to the form and necessity of baptism, the incident also teaches unmistakably the distinct individuality and personage of the three members of the Godhead. Note our first article of faith with reference to the account in the New Testament of the baptism of Jesus. The lesson should be very carefully studied. It is vital.

Following the baptism of the Savior, occurred one of the most remarkable episodes in history. The Lord decided to go into solitary se-

clusion while he worked upon, may we say, "mapped out," his future course of action. He must not be disturbed while he studied, fasted, and prayed. It must not be assumed that the chief purpose of the experience in the wilderness was to be tempted and to show that the Lord could withstand temptation. It was a period of communion with God and his angels, a period to prepare for some of the greatest events of all time. He needed and wanted preparation. He was the "master teacher." The clarion call is for all who teach to prepare. The Savior "progressed step by step," as all must do. To begin with, he must have known something of his particular mission and status. His Father acknowledged him; the Holy Ghost had come to him, and had surely borne witness to his glorious divinity.

For forty days and nights he fasted, prayed, and studied. His physical being was brought into perfect subjection to his spirit. At the end of that strenuous period, he was hungry. Who wouldn't be? Lucifer, the proud and crafty archenemy of all righteousness, knew the power of hunger and what men will do to satisfy its cravings. Here was another chance to thwart the designs of the Father. Not only was food a great temptation to the hungry, but the chance to exhibit great power was, to the natural man, a sore temptation. Lincoln once said, in effect, that the desire for power is one of the most compelling passions of the human heart.

Here was Satan's double opportunity. Satan: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Jesus, under the direction of his Father, had made the

world. Surely, the Father would not be offended at the exercise of creative powers again. He knew now that he was the "beloved Son" of the Father. Why not satisfy his intense hunger and demonstrate to his fallen brother the power which the Creator possessed? Note the reply: "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4). Satan was apt at quoting scripture, a practice often resorted to by those who are working his terrible will. The humble Nazarene came back with a ready quotation from the scriptures, which he knew so well, and which he could apply so well. Jesus had met triumphantly the first satanic onslaught. The temptation had failed.

Lucifer changed his tactics. He would try once more the appeal to power and vanity. Jesus was standing on the high pinnacle of the temple. Satan first reminded Jesus, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down." Again, he appealed to the scripture to prove that God would be mindful of his Son. And, again, the Lord met the challenge gloriously by quoting scripture: "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Of course, to have yielded, our Lord could have exploited a great feat and been advertised far and wide. That, however, is not his way of doing things, as we shall show by subsequent events. Jesus had been victorious and retained his own innate greatness. God alone determines the time and place when miracles will be performed.

Satan probably reserved his greatest temptation for his last great effort. The appeal to vanity and pow-

er is intriguing. From the top of a high mountain, Satan promised Jesus wealth, power, and glory if, in return, the Master would worship the tempter. Whether Lucifer had power to make good on his promise is beside the question. The glittering temptation was held out. Certainly, between the two of them, it could have been accomplished. The strength of Immanuel is clearly shown in his reply:

Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve (Matt. 4:10).

No wonder that, after the devil

left, angels came and ministered to Christ the Lord.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Relate the circumstances leading to the visit to the temple when Jesus was twelve years old. What convincing statement did he make which shows that he clearly understood something of his divine calling?

2. What was the outstanding message of John the Baptist? Tell briefly the incidents of his ministry.

3. Describe the baptism of Jesus. How does it prove that there is more than one member of the Godhead?

4. Discuss the experiences of the Lord in the wilderness and the preparation for his ministry.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 5—Cultural Activities

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, February 3, 1948

Objective: To stimulate a deeper appreciation of the different cultural activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate in a more understanding way similar activities today.

THE foundation for cultural activities among Latter-day Saints was laid in pioneer times. Education, with drama, music, and other fine arts, all received attention and were fostered according to the resources of each community and each period. In Kirtland and in Nauvoo, schools of learning were established; and in temporary settlements on the plains, schools were held in private homes. In Nauvoo there were music and art classes, lecture courses, a debating society, and a home dramatic club.

For the encouragement of the drama, a combined theater and dance hall was provided. The Latter-day Saints believed in a high type of recreation, and encouraged their children to sing, and to read and recite good literature.

In Utah, elementary schools were established at once, and, soon afterward, these were followed by Church schools, high schools, and universities. In the beginning books were scarce, but, in 1852, a library of 2,000 volumes was hauled across the plains

by ox team, and in the autumn of the same year, Wilford Woodruff arrived with two tons of books.

The drama flourished in Utah, even in the first and second decades. In the Social Hall ("Little Theater") and in the Salt Lake Theater, called by Henry Miller "a cathedral in the wilderness," first-class drama, including Shakespeare's plays, was presented by the home dramatic company, assisted later by nationally known artists.

The great Tabernacle organ, the Tabernacle Choir, and the orchestra all did their part in producing cultural atmosphere in Utah.

The Tabernacle itself, famed for its acoustic properties, was one of the great community assets, attracting many noted singers and musicians, all of whom left their impressions on the public. Adelina Patti is quoted as saying:

Never have I encountered such perfect resonance as here in the Tabernacle. Why, my voice is twice as large here. It carried farther and with ever so much more tone than in any other hall I have ever sung in.

Salt Lake City was the natural center of cultural activities, and the patterns set there were soon followed throughout other Church communi-

ties. In every local community there was a day school, and in many of them a night school for adults. There was a choir for Church services, a singing school, some stringed music for concerts and dances, a brass band, and a dramatic club. Pageants were early introduced to portray religious and historical themes. The auxiliary organizations, avenues for individual self-expression, encouraged literary and religious study, thus developing much talent.

Many people have marvelled that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, small as it is, with less than a million members, and young as it is, just 118 years old, has been able to produce so many specialists in cultural fields; such as education, science, music, drama, art—painting and sculpturing—public speaking, and writing. The answer is that these are the fruits of the high ideals, standards, practices, and virtues set up by the Church, and of the opportunities and environment it provides.

Suggestions for Discussion

The class leader might mention a few of the Latter-day Saint educators, musicians, actors, artists, orators, and writers, and discuss, briefly, some of their accomplishments.

SILVER DEATH

Melba S. Payne

The night had cast a silent spell
 Upon the scene below my window
 Where the flowers sleep.
 There was no way for me to tell
 That night would bring a withering breath
 Of hoary frost upon the vines.
 How could I know that with the dawn
 I'd find this silver death?

Work Meeting—Sewing

Lesson 4—Sleeve Fitting and Shoulder Pads

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, January 13, 1948

WELL-fitted sleeves and shoulder pads have a great deal to do with the good appearance and comfort of clothing. Too often mistakes in the fit of sleeves are made through a misunderstanding of the pattern. First of all, the sewer must realize that for proper freedom and ease the armhole of the sleeve itself must be larger than the armhole of the dress or jacket. Beginners are prone to think that the average sleeve is too long around the armhole and attempt to make adjustments by altering its shape or size.

We must caution you first against making any change in the sleeve as cut from the pattern unless it is done for proper fit and the armhole of the blouse has been altered to correspond.

Sleeves with puffs, gathered fullness, or darts over the shoulder do not often give much trouble. But a plain sleeve that is meant to fit into the armhole of a blouse or jacket, with the finished seam fitted and smooth, does frequently cause difficulty. The extra fullness must be worked out carefully so that when complete it does not show as fullness but merely gives the room needed for the upper arm and shoulder.

When the garment is completed, the grain of the material in the sleeve should fall in a straight line down

the shoulder seam. Therefore it becomes necessary to be careful to match the top of the sleeve as marked on the pattern to the shoulder seam. Do not shift the sleeve at all, either forward or backward.

With the top of the sleeve pinned properly in place and the underarm seams pinned together, work out the extra fullness that always appears in a sleeve by manipulating with the forefingers and thumbs. Stretch the armhole as much as possible and ease the sleeve into it, pinning at frequent intervals and being careful not to allow any little pleats to appear. When properly pinned in place, baste carefully with a small stitch, and finally machine stitch. If the sleeve is not put in straight as directed, it will have a tendency to pull and be uncomfortable.

Shoulder pads should be used to enhance the appearance of the garment and flatter the wearer. They should, therefore, be made to suit the individual and fit the garment. A woman with naturally broad shoulders will need less padding to adhere to the prevailing fashion than one with sloping or narrow shoulders. Each person will need to experiment with different types of pads to find out what she can best wear.

Some shoulder pads fit better placed in the armhole more to the

front. Others need to be shifted to the back, but all pads fit better if they do not extend too far beyond the shoulder. A good rule to follow for this is to have the edge of the pad extend out just far enough to make a straight line with the arm

as it hangs down. Use a ruler against the arm to line it up.

Shoulder pads should not look like lumps under a dress, but should be so tailored and fitted that they do not seem to be there but merely hold the garment to a flattering line.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 5—Prayers of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, February 17, 1948

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the prayers it contains, which are not unlike the lyric or song.

THE prayer, as such, is not classed with any distinct literary form of writing. It is defined as a supplication or petition which is thought of, generally, in connection with sacred matters. If compared directly to a literary form one would think of a prayer as having several qualities not unlike the poem. There is first of all a meditation of a single individual in the voicing of a prayer whether it be for personal reasons or for one acting on behalf of a group. Again, there is the element of praise which lends itself to the quality of song in speech. Third, there often is the figurative language of the lyric to enhance the beauty of the petition. Then, there is the compact phrase in the wording of a prayer that presupposes a listener's knowledge of the facts behind a supplication.

Soon after the completion of the Kirtland Temple, the Lord gave to Joseph Smith through revelation the prayer which later he used in the dedication of the building. Certain

it must have been that during those hard and trying days of the saints in the then frontier country, Joseph Smith stored up in his mind and heart the struggles and heartaches of his people. The experiences, welled up over the years, gushed forth in words of supplication and praise in the day of accomplishment. To build a house to the Lord through sacrifice and tribulation expands the soul. The Prophet and his people desired a voice of gladness to echo their pent-up thoughts, and the Lord responded in a way which, today, we know as the 109 section of the Doctrine and Covenants. We will consider this prayer at length in the discussion period.

Two other beautiful prayers in the Doctrine and Covenants may be found in section 65, and section 121:1-6. The first of these is listed as a revelation and is designated as a prayer committing the keys of the kingdom of God unto man. Note the parallelism that runs throughout:

Hearken, and lo, a voice as of one sent down from on high, who is mighty and powerful, whose going forth is unto the ends of the earth, yea, whose voice is unto men—Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. The keys of the kingdom of God are committed unto man on the earth, and from thence shall the gospel roll forth unto the ends of the earth, as the stone which is cut out of the mountain without hands shall roll forth, until it has filled the whole earth. Yea, a voice crying—Prepare ye the way of the Lord, prepare ye the supper of the Lamb, make ready for the Bridegroom. Pray unto the Lord, call upon his holy name, make known his wonderful works among the people. Call upon the Lord, that his kingdom may go forth upon the earth, that the inhabitants thereof may receive it, and be prepared for the days to come, in the which the Son of Man shall come down in heaven, clothed in the brightness of his glory, to meet the kingdom of God which is set up on the earth; Wherefore, may the kingdom of God go forth, that the kingdom of heaven may come, that thou, O God, mayest be glorified in heaven so on earth, that thine enemies may be subdued; for thine is the honor, power and glory, forever and ever. Amen (65).

In the prayer of supplication found in verses one to six of section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants there is much of the creative power sensed in the lines not unlike that found in lyric poetry born of suffering.

Activities and Readings for Appreciation

During the time for reading and discussion of this lesson some part may well be spent in a study of modern prayer found in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 109. The following may possibly be classified as a poem of exaltation:

. That thy church may come forth out of the wilderness of darkness, and shine forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners; and be adorned as a bride for that day when thou shalt unveil the heavens, and cause the mountains to flow down at thy presence, and the valleys to be exalted, the rough places made smooth; that thy glory may fill the earth; that when the trumpet shall sound for the dead, we shall be caught up in the cloud to meet thee, that we may ever be with the Lord; that our garments may be pure, that we may be clothed upon with robes of righteousness, with palms in our hands, and crowns of glory upon our heads, and reap eternal joy for all our sufferings.

O Lord God Almighty, hear us in these our petitions, and answer us from heaven, thy holy habitation, where thou sittest enthroned, with glory, honor, power, majesty, might, dominion, truth, justice, judgment, mercy, and an infinity of fulness, from everlasting to everlasting.

O hear, O hear, O hear us, O Lord! And answer these petitions, and accept the dedication of this house unto thee, the work of our hands, which we have built unto thy name; And also this church, to put upon it thy name. And help us by the power of thy Spirit, that we may mingle our voices with those bright, shining seraphs around thy throne, with acclamations of praise, singing Hosanna to God and the Lamb! And let these, thine anointed ones, be clothed with salvation, and thy saints shout aloud for joy. Amen and Amen (D. & C. 109:73-80).

The following questions may help in the study:

1. What are the things a prophet requests in prayer upon an occasion of great public moment?
2. Where are the lyric qualities of the prayer most pronounced?
3. Why would a prayer such as this be recorded in holy writ?

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 4—The Observance of the Sabbath Day

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, February 24, 1948

Objective: To show that the command regarding Sabbath day observance is just as binding on us now as it has ever been, and that through training and the formation of proper habits in the home the Sabbath will be spent worshipfully and the attendant blessings received.

Why Do We Have the Sabbath Day?

THE laxness that exists today in Sabbath observance is one manifestation of the letdown in religion. When the majority of people disregard the "Lord's day," it is a sign of decadence in spiritual matters—a spiritual lethargy. It would appear that many question the need of a day in which to worship God.

The setting aside of one day in seven to worship an Almighty Creator has come down to us from the very beginning of time. The earliest record we have of a sacred day, as recorded in the Book of Abraham 5:1-2, says:

And thus we will finish the heavens and the earth, and all the hosts of them. And the Gods said among themselves: On the seventh time we will end our work . . . and we will rest on the seventh time from all our work which we have counseled.

Also, in Genesis 2:1-3, we read:

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it.

Thus, even before the foundation

of this world was laid, the blueprint of its creation called for one sacred day in seven.

We read elsewhere, referring to this day, that the Lord hallowed it and called it a day of rest. And, again, from amidst the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai, the word of Jehovah expressly forbade any kind of work to be performed on the Sabbath because it was a holy day. We know that the Savior recognized the Sabbath day as a day of worship, for we read in Luke 4:16, 31:

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. . . . And came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on the sabbath days.

Does This Command to Observe the Sabbath Day Apply to Us Now?

To those who think that this commandment applied only to ancient Israel and that times have changed now, the following revelation, given in our day, is called to their attention:

And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day; for verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy de-

votions unto the Most High. . . . But remember that on this, the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thy oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High, confessing thy sins unto thy brethren, and before the Lord. And on this day thou shalt do none other thing, only let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart that thy fasting may be perfect, or in other words, that thy joy may be full (D. & C. 59:9-14).

Is the Sabbath Day Designed for Recreation?

Every president of the Church has felt impressed to make some positive statement regarding the observance of the Sabbath. We quote from only two. President Brigham Young spoke as follows:

Now, remember, my brethren, those who go skating, buggy riding or on excursions on the Sabbath day—and there is a great deal of this practiced—are weak in the faith. Gradually, little by little, the spirit of their religion leaks out of their hearts and their affections, and by and by they begin to see faults in their brethren, faults in the doctrines of the Church, faults in the organization. . . . (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 255; 1941 edition, page 165).

President Joseph F. Smith said:

The Sabbath is a special day for you to worship, to pray, and to show zeal and ardor in your religious faith and duty—to pay devotions to the Most High. . . . Men are not resting from their labors when they plow, and plant and haul and dig. They are not resting when they linger around the home all day on Sunday, doing odd jobs that they have been too busy to do on other days.

Men are not showing zeal and ardor in their religious faith and duty when they hustle off early Sunday morning on the cars, with teams, in automobiles, to the canyons, the resorts, and to visit friends or places of amusement, with their wives and children. They are not paying their devotions in this way to the Most High.

Not in seeking pleasure and recreation do they offer their time and attention in the worship of the Lord, nor can they thus rejoice in the spirit of forgiveness and worship that comes with partaking of the holy sacrament. . . . Such is not the course that will keep them unspotted from the world, but rather one that will deprive them of the rich promises of the Lord, give them sorrow instead of joy, and unrest and anxiety instead of the peace that comes with works of righteousness.

Let us play and take recreation to our hearts' content during other days, but on the Sabbath let us rest, worship, go to the house of prayer, partake of the sacrament, eat our food with singleness of heart, and pay our devotions to God, that the fullness of the earth may be ours, and that we may have peace in this world and eternal life in the world to come (PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH: *Gospel Doctrine*, Chapter 14, pp. 307, 309).

To advance arguments in favor of taking no daily nourishment for the sustenance of the physical body would be considered very foolish. Yet there are many who fail to take seriously the advice of our leaders who tell us that our spirits need nourishment and strength just as well as our bodies. The Lord has ordained that we spend six days out of seven for the maintenance of the body and one day out of seven for rest and the feeding of the spirit. We are human and subject to many temptations. This being so, it is the tendency to favor the physical desires far above their due proportion. President Brigham Young said:

We are under the necessity of assembling here from Sabbath to Sabbath, and in Ward meetings. . . . to teach, talk, pray, sing, and exhort. What for? To keep us in remembrance of our God and our holy religion. Is this custom necessary? Yes; because we are so liable to forget—so prone to wander. . . . (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 256; 1941 edition, page 165).

What Factors Influence Sabbath Day Observance?

There is much in the attitude families take toward Sabbath day observance, and in the habits they incorporate into their lives. Certain standards must be set up and adhered to. If the mother and father from the outset of marriage set the proper example, then the children will grow up accepting the proper procedure for that day. They will usually conform willingly if the proper type of Sunday conduct has been the rule. True, especially when boys and girls reach adolescence, if their associates take part in unseemly activities on the Sabbath day, they may want to go along with them. They may be ridiculed if they do not, and many young people are not strong enough to take ridicule, and so they rebel at the restraint imposed upon them. This is one big reason why they should be particular in choosing friends. We are all influenced greatly by the companions we have.

In an article titled "Companionship," Elder Adam S. Bennion tells of giving a talk to a group of men in a penitentiary and of some of the things they told him after the talk:

But what they did say without exception was: "We're here because we got in with the wrong crowd." Will you be good enough to look across your friendship list? Who are your friends, and how did you come to have them? Don't you sometimes look back and wonder? . . . I have talked with boys and asked, "Why do you go with this particular boy?" Almost invariably the answer is, "I just picked up with him" Out of ten thousand people that may live in your vicinity particularly, how many do you know? What friends have you chosen and why? I'd like to offer this suggestion while you're young. Why not cast about to find the friends that you'd choose to put in the roll that

you're going to keep. That's a matter of choice. There isn't a boy who can't go out and in a few days meet ten other boys, one of whom will make his whole life different. Have you met the kind of fellow who is lifting you up? Are you meeting the kind of people that you are proud of or happy to meet, or have you just chanced into a friendship? Consider carefully, the C of chance and the C of choice.

How May We Prepare for Sunday?

When the Sabbath approaches, we must be prepared to observe it in a proper manner. We should do all we can to feed and elevate the spirit and give it the bread of eternal life. And, conversely, we should refrain from doing those things that are contrary or out of harmony with the spirit of a sacred Sabbath. Nothing should be done which will detract from the sacredness of that day.

Concerted effort should go toward planning for the Sabbath day. The preparation beforehand of clothing and food for that day contributes greatly to its proper observance. Many of us remember the days of our childhood when Saturday night was spent in polishing shoes, bathing, and laying out freshly laundered clothing for wear at Sunday School the next morning. Planning for the Sunday dinner on Saturday will eliminate unnecessary work. Many mothers work more in the preparation of the Sunday meal than any other; but we should remember the words of the Lord: "Let thy food be prepared with singleness of heart." There are many dishes that can easily be prepared the day before.

One family had the habit of spending Saturday evening studying and preparing Sunday School lessons for the following day.

"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Such was the rebuke of the Master to those who prescribed ridiculous and fantastic rules for Sabbath day observance and tried to trap him. Since the Sabbath was made for man, man should have the right attitude toward it. The Sabbath is not a deprivation designed to impoverish, but is rather a high privilege designed to make life truly rich and joyful. It is largely a question of one's spiritual and intellectual capacity to devote one day out of seven to high spiritual pursuits. That capacity should be developed by all if they would truly live. Since the Creator ordained one day exclusively for rest and worship, the Church, of course, offers its members opportunities for worship on that day. A member who faithfully observes the Sabbath will probably be led to faithfully discharge his other obligations to the Lord.

No, the law of the Sabbath has not been abrogated. It has been reiterated. It is the counsel and the commandment of

a loving Father, suited to his children living in this earth he created for them, to enable them to be true to themselves and to him. These are his words concerning it: "And inasmuch as ye do these things with thanksgiving, with cheerful hearts and countenances, not with much laughter, for this is sin, but with a glad heart and a cheerful countenance—verily I say, that inasmuch as ye do this, the fulness of the earth is yours (ELDER GEORGE Q. MORRIS: Why The Sabbath?" "The Relief Society Magazine, September 1941).

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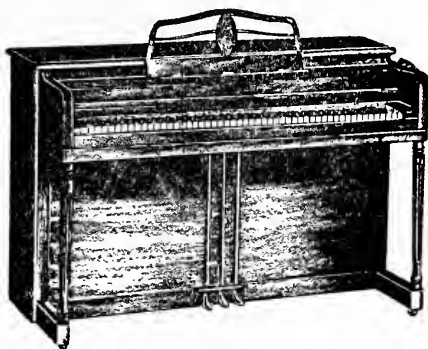
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE



VOL. 34 NO. 12

Lessons for March

DECEMBER 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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TO HIM AGAIN

Dorothy J. Roberts

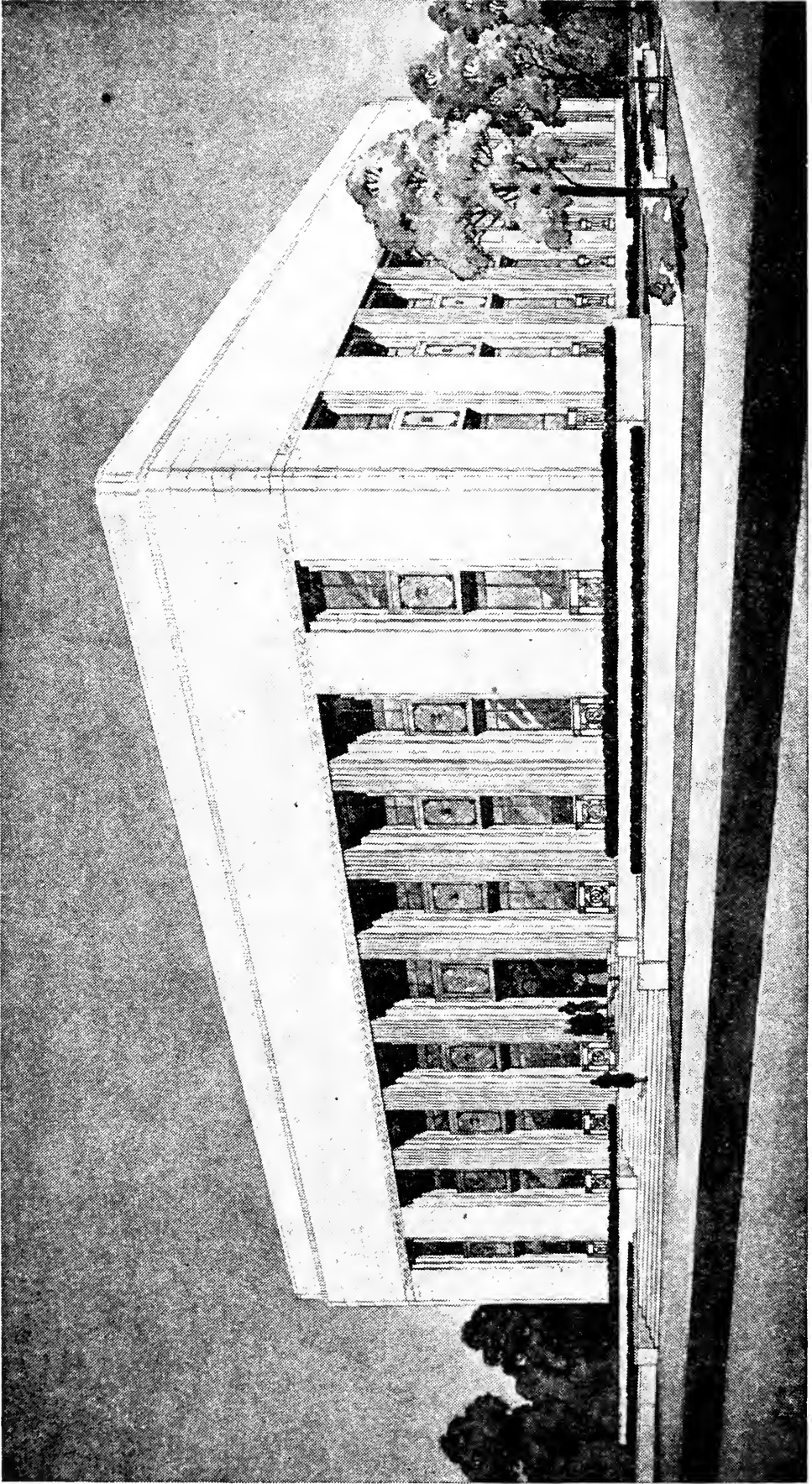
Let us hear the story told
 Afresh each Christmas time,
Repeating all the stirring words—
 The inn, the Babe, the chime;

The shepherds hearing through the night
 The glad hosanna song,
The Magi bringing frankincense,
 And Mary, waiting long;

Judea, domed and turreted,
 And humble Bethlehem—
The words that light the star anew
 Illuminating them:

“For unto you is born this night
 A Savior, Christ your King . . .”
Till through the long-loved syllables
 We hear the angels sing.

And lay the holy scene once more
 Within the heart's domain
Where thoughts, like camels with their myrrh,
 Make trails to him again.



ARCHITECT'S FIRST DRAWING OF THE PROPOSED RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Plan for Financing a Relief Society Building

President Belle S. Spafford

[Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, in the Tabernacle, October 2, 1947.]

IN the Book of Psalms we are told: “. . . the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.” The gospel of Jesus Christ teaches us to hold in sacred remembrance the righteous who have gone before us, to search out their good works, and to venerate their names. This Centennial year has been a good year, adapted to this useful end. Through the activities of this year, we have become more familiar with the personalities that have established the Kingdom of God in this dispensation and built this great commonwealth. We have been made to more fully appreciate the qualities that make a people strong and the values that endure. We have seen that great achievements do not come through walking the easy, comfortable road, but that vision, faith, diligence, and sacrifice, though grappling with the severest type of disappointment, discouragement, physical suffering, and disheartening conditions, can triumph gloriously, and make possible the erection of a mighty structure that will win admiration and perpetuate in loving remembrance the names of those who built.

We know that it has not been by the wisdom and works of man alone that our people have attained their present favored position in the Intermountain West and in the world.

We know that the wisdom of him who is above man, whose knowledge is greater than man's, and whose power is above the power of man, has directed the saints in their course, through his inspired servants.

The womanhood of the Church has shared in the blessings of the Lord and has been a recipient and beneficiary of his inspired guidance. In building this commonwealth and establishing the Kingdom of God, the women of Mormondom have stood side by side with the men of the Church, accepting the responsibilities as well as the joys. In the face of unspeakable persecution and hardship, the pioneer women did not flinch. They met the required sacrifices with a courage born of sublime faith.

IN the work of religious empire-founding, the women had no thought of making history; yet they played a stirring role. They trained nurses, established a hospital, engaged in industry; they did their part in the erection of temples, tabernacles, and meetinghouses; they gathered grain, from which activity we today enjoy a sense of security; they were active in the National Suffrage Movement; they worked earnestly in the interest of statehood for Utah and rejoiced when this was granted on January 4, 1896.

Mormon women have been honored with political office, both elective and appointive, and have been able, effective public servants.

Irrespective of their civic activities, Latter-day Saint women have been devoted mothers and homemakers. While bearing children and caring for their households, they have carried forward the work of the women's auxiliaries of the Church. They have supported the missionary program. They have done vicarious work for the dead in the temples of the Church, and they have rendered countless hours of compassionate service to the living. They have given untiringly to the building of the Kingdom of God, responding unselfishly to the many and diversified calls of the Church. This they have done because of their firm conviction of the truth of the restored gospel.

Eliza R. Snow beautifully reveals the spirit of these Mormon women and the influence that motivated their lives in lines from one of her poems, as follows:

My heart is fixed—I know in whom I trust.
 'Twas not for wealth—'Twas not to gather
 perishable things . . .
 That I forsook the home of childhood;
 that I left the lap of ease—
 Oh, no! A holier purpose fill'd my soul;
 A nobler object prompted my pursuit.
 Eternal prospects opened to my view,
 And hope celestial in my bosom glowed . . .
 The proclamation sounded in my ear—
 It reached my heart—I listened to the
 sound—
 Counted the cost, and laid my earthly all
 Upon the altar, and with purpose fixed
 Embrac'd the everlasting covenant,
 And am determined now to be a saint,
 And numbered with the tried and faith-
 ful ones,
 Whose race is measured **with** their life;
 whose prize

Is everlasting, and whose happiness
 Is God's approval; and to whom 'tis more
 Than meat and drink to do His righteous
 will.

The women of the past built great because of the strength of their testimonies; they built great because they dreamed great, because they had faith in their cause, because they loved the organization which had been given by a prophet of God through which they might work, because they placed the welfare of the whole above that of the individual, because they humbly accepted the decisions of the Church Authorities with faith as being in their best interests, because they were righteous women whom the Lord blessed.

TODAY, at the beginning of a new century, we stand humbled by all that the women of the past have accomplished and by all they have done for us. They have passed on to us a great heritage and a strong organization through which we, too, may express ourselves, and consummate praiseworthy achievements. They have passed on to us, too, their unfulfilled dreams and desires with which we must keep faith.

Two years ago at our Relief Society general conference, there was brought to your attention a deep-seated and sincere desire that had persisted in the hearts and minds of Relief Society women year after year as the century rolled by—the desire for a Relief Society building, one that would beautifully and adequately represent the women of the Church, one that should be a symbol to all people of the lofty position accorded faithful daughters of our Heavenly Father in the gospel plan. We told of our earnest desire to

bring to fruition this long-cherished dream. We told you of the continuing growth of the Society, with the continuous expansion of the various departments conducted by the General Board to serve the Society and the Church, and which demanded that provision soon be made to more adequately house the general offices, the Temple-Burial Clothes Department, the Magazine, the Welfare, and other departments.

Just as our sisters of long ago had called for a vote on this identical proposition forty-nine years before, we called for a vote of the great congregation of Relief Society sisters assembled in the Tabernacle, representing most of the stakes and missions of the Church. It was proposed that a Relief Society building be erected that would be monumental and beautiful and adequate to serve the Society not only for the present but for years to come. One of the most stirring experiences of my life came when, like one great wave, thousands of uplifted hands unanimously voted in the affirmative.

At that meeting, President Smith, addressing the sisters, endorsed the building program as follows:

If you are going to have a house large enough to hold yourselves from now on, you may as well plan to build it. I am delighted to know that you are thinking of erecting such a structure. Don't you think it would be appropriate for you women of the Church of Jesus Christ, the only Church that bears his name by divine authority, to have a home of your own into which you could invite the spirit of the Lord when you hold your meetings? I realize you have been disappointed in the past; you thought you had a house once before, but it turned out to be the Presiding Bishop's offices also. But now your prospect seems to be better, and as you think about it and plan for it, you

will be very happy. I don't care how fine it is, how large it is, or how beautiful it is; it will not be better than you deserve. There isn't anything too good for you as long as you keep the commandments of the Lord. You know he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

It will be a gratifying experience for the daughters of Zion to feel that they have been able to provide themselves a suitable home, and that day is not far away.

We have now been authorized by the First Presidency to present for your sustaining vote a plan which has the approval of the First Presidency for financing the erection of the proposed building. The letter from the First Presidency reads as follows:

September 16, 1947

President Belle S. Spafford
and Counselors
Relief Society

Dear Sisters:

We acknowledge your letter of August 25, in which you ask permission to have Sister Spafford announce the financial plan, as approved, for a new Relief Society building, setting out the details of a fund-raising campaign of one year, the campaign to end at the Relief Society General Conference in 1948.

We are happy by this letter to give to you this authority and we wish for you a most successful campaign. We have never known the sisters to fail in anything they have undertaken in the past and we feel sure they will not fail in this.

Praying the Lord to be with you and with your Board and with all the Relief Society organizations of the Church and their officers in their great work, which was outlined for them by the Prophet Joseph himself, and which over the years they have carried on with such marked success, we are

Faithfully yours,

George Albert Smith
J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
David O. McKay

The First Presidency

THE General Board therefore proposes that a fund-raising program for the erection of a Relief Society building be conducted as follows:

1. That it commence as of this day, October 2, 1947, and close with the Relief Society general conference in October 1948, a period of one year.

2. That each local organization within the respective stakes be made responsible for submitting to the stakes for transmittal to the General Board a sum of money equal to \$5 for each member enrolled as of December 31, 1946; this amount to be raised, insofar as possible, by \$5 donations from each individual member, with any deficit to be made up from accrued earnings of the Society or from conducting special fund-raising programs, such as bazaars, dinners, concerts, or other activities.

3. That each stake contribute one half of the total amount of its cash on hand in stake board funds as reported in the 1946 annual report.

4. That each stake board be responsible for seeing that the full amount assigned to the stake board and to the wards within the stake be turned over to the General Board.

5. That contributions which have already been made by wards, stakes, or mission branches be credited in accordance with this plan. That where such wards or stakes have since been divided, credit be taken for the contribution according to the division of Relief Society members.

6. That missions, other than those in Europe, participate in the fund-raising program in accordance with the advice and judgment of the respective mission presidents.

7. That, in addition to contributions given by Relief Society members, as already specified, additional money needed to finance the building be obtained from memorial or other special gifts.

8. That the names of all contributors be recorded by the Society accepting the contribution, and that the record be filed with the permanent records of the Society; that duplicate copies of names of contributors be given the General Board in order that a complete record may be inscribed by the General Board to be placed in the cornerstone of the building.

All in favor of this financial proposition signify it by the uplifted hand. [The proposed plan was adopted.]

Detailed plans will be mailed at an early date, but we call upon you sisters to begin at once on this program.

You will be pleased to know that in addition to the money raised by the Relief Society, the Church has promised to help us.

On the easel is the first drawing of the proposed building—beautiful, substantial, classic in design, with due allowance for expansion as the future needs of the Society demand.

No site has as yet been chosen for the building. We hope that one will be granted us wherefrom we may look out upon the temple.

TO obtain the funds for the erection of this building is the first step in a big and wonderful undertaking for the present-day women of the Church. It is one requiring the devoted support of every Relief Society member. Nothing must be allowed to deter us nor turn us aside

from the great goal which we have this day set for ourselves. It has been considered wise to work intensively for one year in raising the fund, even at the cost of our Relief Society setting aside other projected fund-raising programs. Every effort must be bent toward the accomplishment of this one great undertaking.

The First Presidency has expressed its faith in the women of the Church. We must not fail. With success will come to us the satisfaction of an important task well done. We will all know the joy of having participated in a great project that will not only meet an urgent present-day need, but will stand as a monument to Latter-day Saint womanhood throughout the coming years. We will have the peace of mind of having kept faith with those noble women of the past—your mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers—by bringing their

dreams to fruition. We will have the assurance that we are passing on to women of the future a magnificent symbol of our faith, diligence, and devotion. We will have the pleasure of coming to this building, free to enjoy its service and beauty.

It is my firm conviction that God is mindful of our great Relief Society and that he blesses Relief Society women in their righteous endeavors. He is mindful of his people everywhere, and he rewards them according to their faithfulness and diligence in observing the laws of righteousness and truth. May he bless you during the coming year that your testimonies may be strong. May he bless you individually; may he bless you in your homes and in all of your righteous undertakings. May the spirit of this conference continue with you to encourage, and sustain you is my sincere prayer.



CHRISTMAS EVE

Mary J. Morris

The sand has slowly and without a sound
 Dissolved the year. I never know it's gone
 Until I see the presents heaped around
 The Christmas tree. Again, I hear a song
 I've known and loved since I, too, was a child
 And stood beneath the star-dressed sky
 To sing the holy hymn. Although self-styled
 In grown-up ways, my happy heart is shy
 And awed of such a light as shines tonight.
 Inside the house the air has warm, spiced wings,
 And holly berries catch the candlelight
 That keeps within this room—the King of Kings.
 This night is his; and candles cast a glow
 On childish silhouettes against the snow.

The Importance of the “Family Hour”

Elder Ezra Taft Benson
Member, Council of the Twelve

[Excerpts from an address delivered at the first session of the 118 Semi-Annual General Conference, October 3, 1947].

THE desire for home and family is a strong and natural impulse The family is a divine institution established by our Heavenly Father. It is basic to civilization and particularly to Christian civilization. The establishment of a home is not only a privilege, but marriage and the bearing, rearing, and proper training of children are duties of the highest order

This is a serious obligation. Down through the years the First Presidency of the Church and other leaders have counseled us and have admonished regarding the sacred obligation of parenthood and the teaching of children in the home. It was during the ministry of President Joseph F. Smith that a new project was organized and announced in the Church, and a letter directed to presidents of stakes, bishops of wards, and parents in Zion, from which I quote the following:

We advise and urge the inauguration of a “Home Evening” throughout the Church, at which time fathers and mothers may gather their boys and girls about them in the home and teach them the word of the Lord. . . .

Subsequently, President Heber J. Grant reaffirmed the instructions previously given and officially endorsed the holding of a family hour in the home as an effective means through which the gospel might be taught to our children and the bonds of love and affection strengthened between parents and children

During the past few months, the Council of the Twelve, under the direction of the First Presidency, have given further consideration to the powerful influences which tend to destroy the home and weaken the relationship between parents and children. As a result, a letter has been directed by President George F. Richards to presidents of stakes and bishops of wards recommending a revival and further motivation of this project inaugurated under the leadership of President Joseph F. Smith many years ago. The Council has called to its aid the Presiding Bishopric, heads of the Church auxiliaries, and, of course, the local Priesthood in the stakes and the wards. A major responsibility has been delegated to the Relief Society, and through this great organization of women, mothers in Israel—those who play such an important part in the training of our children—has been given the responsibility of the preparation of certain materials, as helps to parents. This material will be carried into the homes by the Relief Society teachers and the ward teachers

Velma N. Simonsen Named Second Counselor in General Presidency of Relief Society

President Belle S. Spafford

ON October 2, 1947, Sister Velma Nebeker Simonsen was named second counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society to succeed Sister Gertrude R. Garff whose resignation was made necessary because of increased home responsibilities.

Sister Simonsen is well known to Relief Society women, having served as a member of the General Board since April 1945, during which time she has visited many of the stakes of the Church where she has conducted Relief Society conventions and where her capabilities and friendly personality have won her a host of friends.

In addition to conducting Relief Society stake conventions, Sister Simonsen has filled many special assignments as a member of the General Board and has served as chairman of a number of standing committees. Her work as chairman of the work meeting committee has been particularly successful as is evidenced by the great interest shown in the activities of this day and in the increased number of women participating in the sewing program.

Throughout her lifetime, Sister Simonsen has been active in Church work, serving all of the auxiliaries at various times. She has filled two missions in the Northwest, teaching for two years the Indian mission



VELMA N. SIMONSEN

school in Montana. She has had wide experience in both ward and stake Relief Society work. At the time of her appointment to the General Board she was president of the Yale Ward Relief Society. Her experience in ward and stake Relief Society work has given her an unusually fine understanding of the program of the Society and a deep appreciation for the workers who carry it forward.

Her love for Relief Society and for the sisters who comprise its membership is constant and sincere.

She is faithful to duty and an energetic and indefatigable worker. She is possessed of many capabilities which, coupled with her great enthusiasm and friendliness, inspire in those with whom she works a confidence in her leadership, a desire to further the program which she espouses, and a love for her as an individual.

In filling a position such as that to which Sister Simonsen has been called, the full support of husband and family is of great importance. This she enjoys to a marked degree. Her husband, John O. Simonsen, is a member of the Bonneville Stake High Council. Brother and Sister Simonsen have four children, Winona, John M., now a missionary in the East Central States Mission, Robert, and Richard.

In her new position as counselor

in the General Presidency, Sister Simonsen will be assigned, in addition to her regular duties as counselor, the general supervision of the Temple-Burial Clothes Department of the General Board and the Mormon Handicraft Shop, positions she is well qualified to hold through aptitude, interest, and experience.

In her new and important assignment, Sister Simonsen enjoys the full confidence of her fellow members of the General Board. It is our prayer that in this position, her firm testimony of the gospel, her capabilities, and her lovable spirit will further reach out to the sisters of Relief Society to influence and bless them, and that she will enjoy and find great satisfaction in her new opportunities for service to her Church through Relief Society.

WINTER DELIGHT

Grace M. Candland

The snow has fallen turbulently all night.
The scars of yesterday in field and town
Are hidden in a coverlet of down,
Agleam in morning light.

Today I catch a falling flake to see
The fragile beauty of its every part
And marvel how some strange and magic art
Perfects its symmetry.

Each has its own design, distinct and true,
And comes to earth intact in shape and form,
Despite the whirling friction of the storm
And irate winds that blew.

Combined, they have a power none can guess;
Their frozen vaporlets are held at bay
For mountain freshets on a summer day
In silent loveliness.

Gertrude R. Garff Released as Counselor in General Presidency

President Belle S. Spafford

AT the officers meeting of the general Relief Society conference held Thursday morning, October 2, 1947, the announcement of the release of Sister Gertrude R. Garff as second counselor in the General Presidency of Relief Society, and as a member of the General Board, was announced by President Belle S. Spafford. This action was made necessary because of Sister Garff's heavy home responsibilities. In tendering her resignation, Sister Garff stated, "The additional care of my six months' old baby is very time-consuming, and I find that my older children are in greater need of my personal attention to their problems now than they have ever been before. My home responsibilities are becoming ever greater from day to day."

Sister Garff was named a member of the General Board of Relief Society in January 1940 at the time Sister Amy Brown Lyman was called to preside as General President of the Society. In April 1945 she was called to serve as counselor to Sister Belle S. Spafford in the General Presidency. Since her appointment to this position, Sister Garff, in addition to her general duties as counselor, has had general supervision of the Temple-Burial Clothes Department of the General Board and also of the Mormon Handicraft Shop. She served as chairman of the October general conference committee for 1945 and



GERTRUDE R. GARFF

1947 and as chairman of the stake convention committee for 1946. She has also served continuously as a member of the General Church Welfare clothing committee.

Sister Garff's strong testimony of the gospel, her training, experience, and charm of personality admirably fitted her for the work which has been hers as a member of the General Board and as counselor in the Presidency, and her contribution to the work of the Society is deeply appreciated. Her good judgment has made her a wise and valued counselor. She has endeared herself to her associates, and it is with a sincere sense of regret that the members of the General Board part with her as one of their number.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

October 2 and 3, 1947

THE annual general Relief Society Conference for 1947 was held Wednesday and Thursday, October 1 and 2, at Salt Lake City, Utah, with President Belle S. Spafford presiding.

There were three sessions for officers, two on Wednesday and one on Thursday morning, in the Assembly Hall. The general session was held in the Tabernacle on Thursday afternoon.

A Singing Mothers Centennial Concert, Relief Society's official contribution to the Utah State Centennial celebration, was held in the Tabernacle, Wednesday at 8:15 P.M. A chorus of more than 500 singers, from the following stakes, participated in the program under the direction of Sister Florence Jepsen Madsen of the General Board: Ben Lomond, Big Cottonwood, Bonneville, Cottonwood, Davis, East Jordan, East Mill Creek, East Provo, Emigration, Ensign, Farr West, Granite, Grant, Grantsville, Highland, Hillside, Lake View, Liberty, Mt. Jordan, Mt. Ogden, North Davis, North Jordan, North Weber, Ogden, Oquirrh, Park, Pioneer, Provo, Riverside, Salt Lake, South Davis, South Ogden, South Salt Lake, Sugar House, Temple View, Tooele, Utah, Weber, West Jordan, and West Utah. Brother Frank W. Asper accompanied the

Singing Mothers at the organ and rendered two organ solos. Sister Arta Ballif was narrator of the script written by Sister Vesta P. Crawford. Sister Katherine Hess Peterson played a violin solo.

A reception for stake and mission officers and invited guests was held Thursday, October 2, in the Lafayette Ballroom of the Hotel Utah from eight to ten P.M.

The attendance at the conference was the largest at any Relief Society conference held to date, the officers meetings completely filling the Assembly Hall. President George Albert Smith attended the first session of the conference and gave the workers his blessing. The general session, which filled the Tabernacle, was especially significant. President David O. McKay paid tribute to the women of the Church, past and present. At this session President Spafford, upon authorization from the First Presidency, presented the plan for financing a Relief Society building, the erection of which was unanimously approved at the general Relief Society conference in October 1945. The fundraising plan, as adopted, commenced October 2. During President Spafford's talk the first color drawing of the building was placed upon an easel at the pulpit where all could see it.

At the officers meeting Thursday morning, President Spafford announced the resignation of Sister Gertrude R. Garff, Second Counselor in the General Presidency, due to increased home responsibilities with the coming of her fourth child, and the appointment of Sister Velma N. Simonsen, a member of the Board since April 1945, as the new second counselor. Both made brief talks, expressing their love for Relief Society work.

Elder Marion G. Romney, Assistant Managing Director of the Church Welfare Committee, addressed this session on "The Joys of Welfare Service," which was published in the November issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

The Presiding Bishopric and President Antoine R. Ivins of the First Council of Seventy were present at the general session Thursday, and members of the Church Welfare Committee and representatives of the auxiliary organizations attended the various sessions.

SPECIALY featured at the officers meeting were the demonstrations of a theology class lesson; a visiting teachers meeting; a fashion show, in which representatives from ten stakes modeled clothing made by Relief Society members; a social science department demonstration entitled "We Found the Way," emphasized the need for proper family training. At the afternoon session Wednesday, Sister Vesta P. Crawford, new associate editor of the *Magazine*, was introduced, and in

recognition of the diamond jubilee of the Latter-day Saint woman's publication, a commemorative skit was presented in which the six women who have served as past editors were impersonated and honored. A separate departmental meeting for secretaries was held in Barratt Hall.

The music for the conference was unusually beautiful. At the Assembly Hall, Sister Beulah Huish Sadleir sang a lovely solo, and Lily M. Priestley, at the organ, played beautiful and appropriate prelude and postlude selections. At the general session in the Tabernacle, a chorus of Singing Mothers from the twenty-nine stakes in the Salt Lake and Jordan Valley regions and from the Provo, East Provo, Utah, and West Utah Stakes furnished the music. For the first two sessions of the general Church conference the following day, October 3, a Singing Mothers chorus from the Alpine, Kolob, Lehi, Nebo, Orem, Palmyra, Sharon, and Timpanogos Stakes furnished the music. Thus a total of more than one thousand Singing Mothers, under the direction of Sister Madsen, made a notable artistic and spiritual contribution to the Relief Society and general Church conferences.

All the stakes of the Church and nine missions were represented at the conference. The mission presidents of Relief Society in Continental United States did not attend the conference this year, due to unusually heavy responsibilities in their respective fields.



A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Bouguereau, 1825-1905

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

IMMORTAL SONG

Sadie Ollorton Clark

Once, in a world of doubt and fear,
The shepherds heard an anthem clear,
A wondrous song of hope and cheer,
On Christmas day.

Until then few men would maintain
That peace on earth could long remain,
Or myriads sing that sweet refrain,
On Christmas day.

Since then a special spirit strives
To keep the stars in children's eyes,
This Gift of love immortalize,
On Christmas day.

And who can say that all is wrong,
That hope is lost, and love is gone,
If we still sing that holy song
On Christmas day?



CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Christie Lund Coles

This is my prayer for Christmas, Lord,
Let every soul accept your word;

Let every heart forget its fears,
Keep trust in thee as Christmas nears.

Let every night be one of stars,
Let peace wipe out the stain of wars;

Let all men kneel to Jesus' birth,
Let his pure spirit rule the earth.

Christmas by Emergency

Alice Morrey Bailey

AMY Crandall looked around at her family with dissatisfaction. Her husband, Jim, was passively reading the evening paper. Francine was painting her nails, and Paul was idly thumbing through the Christmas cards. There was an air of complete boredom on their faces, no enthusiasm whatever, though Christmas was the day after tomorrow. Her own mind was a hodgepodge of petty worries.

Aloud she said, "I can't get Rita and those children off my mind."

"Oh, Mother!" groaned Francine. "Do you have to spoil Christmas?"

"Christmas!" said Paul contemptuously, "who knows anything about Christmas around this joint?"

"I thought you were going to bring a tree home, Paul," said Amy. She had said the same thing every evening for two weeks.

"Why do we have to have a tree?"

"Because everybody on the block has one, silly," answered Francine. "Our house looks funny without one."

"That's a swell reason," said Paul sarcastically. "Personally, I could sleep the day in and skip it. If anyone's determined to give me a present, let it be in the form of a check, seeing that I'm between jobs right now, and the payment on my car is due."

"That goes for me, too," Francine said. "Expecting me to work on Christmas! I was never so mad!"

Francine had quit her job at the telephone office last night.

"A commercial racket!" exploded

Jim. "That's all Christmas is, any more."

"Well, I never!" said Amy, feeling injured. "I'm sure I've done my best. I've cleaned every room in the house and sent cards to all our friends, shopped for gifts all round. I haven't left out a soul."

"That should do it, Mom," said Paul. "Christmas all printed out on a card with a rhyme to match:

Let Christmas live in your hearts so sweet
A Merry Christmas is here, Tweet! Tweet!"

He pushed the cards aside with disgust.

"Children! Respect your mother!" Jim reprimanded, and there was a little, resentful silence.

"I wonder if Rita has a tree?" asked Amy, and Francine heaved a long-suffering sigh.

"Here we go again," she said.

"Francine!" warned Jim.

"Well, it's all mother's talked about since she saw them in church. I should think Rita'd have more pride than to bring her children into public dirty like that, and flaunt her poverty."

"I'm not sure it's poverty," said Amy. "I've heard that the boy Rita married made a comfortable living. It seems deeper than that. I've lost track of Rita since her mother died last March."

"Then it must be a plain case of laziness. I never saw such unkempt children. Whatever it is, it's none of our affair."

"Her mother was one of my dear-

est friends," said Amy with dignity. "A better housekeeper never lived. She asked me to look out for Rita with almost her last breath."

"Pete Hill hauled her up from the station," Paul explained. "He said he never saw such a conglomeration of boxes and paper bags. He was ashamed to come through town with them."

"I understand she's opened her mother's house," put in Jim, looking over his paper. "There's no heat there, but the kitchen range."

"Pack a basket, Mother," said Francine, "and let's get on with Christmas."

"Well, that is a good idea," said Amy, brightening. "It wouldn't take long and it would dispose of one worrisome detail."

"Now, if Paul'll get a tree—" began Francine.

"For Pete's sake! We're all grown. I'm of age, and Francine—"

"Don't say it!" warned Francine. "If a girl gets to be twenty-three she's an old maid."

"Rita's not that old, and she has four children."

"Rita married at seventeen. If you think—" flared Francine.

"Take it away, Sis. I was just teasing."

"It would surprise all of you if I came home some evening with a diamond."

"Has Phil asked you?" Jim questioned, too eagerly.

"Maybe," evaded Francine, "and maybe not."

AMY sighed. She knew Phil hadn't asked Francine, and for the life of her she didn't know why. The thing had started off with all the earmarks when Phil came to

teach in the fall. Moreover, Francine was in love with him, and who wouldn't be—such a big, good-looking fellow, so able to converse, so ready to laugh. Francine was beautiful, well-educated, and as smart as a page from *Vogue*, a good match for him. But what could her mother do about it? Nothing, except to strike the right note of impersonal hospitality. Men shied away from too much attention, as from a trap.

"Let's see," she said, getting back to the basket for Rita, "some butter and eggs, and I could take her that chicken. The turkey'll be enough for us . . ."

Jim rustled his paper. "Go a little easy, Amy. Butter and eggs and meat are like gold."

"Why don't you leave it until tomorrow, Mother?" Francine asked.

"I wouldn't sleep a wink!" said Amy. "I should have gone last night, but I was so busy hanging those curtains, and tomorrow will be another busy day, Christmas Eve."

She got some bottled fruit and jam, put in a loaf of bread, and dipped into the Christmas candy and nuts.

"Paul, will you drive me?" she asked.

"If you'll make it snappy. I've got a date in about an hour. Thought I'd take my girl to a dance."

* * * *

THE place looked dark and forbidding when they drove up.

"Doesn't look as if anyone's at home," said Paul.

"There's a little light in the kitchen. I wonder if Rita didn't have the lights turned on."

Paul carried the basket to the door. "I'll wait in the car and listen

to the radio, but remember that date."

Her knock on the door was answered after some delay by a little mite of a girl, hardly able to reach the knob. Two more children, an even smaller girl and a little boy were foraging for crumbs on the kitchen table. Rita was sitting in front of the open oven door, the baby on her lap. They were all even more unkempt than they had been in church.

"It's Amy Crandall, isn't it?" said Rita, without getting up. Rita had been a pretty little thing, with small bones and a piquant face. Her dark-circled eyes and pale lips smote Amy's heart.

"I brought you a basket," she said, setting it on the table.

A candle, burning on a tin lid in the middle of the table, fought back the shadows as hopelessly as the small fire fought back the cold.

"I haven't seen your children before, Rita. How old are they?" Amy asked.

"Steven's four, Betty Kay is three, Alene's a year and a half, and the baby's five months," intoned Rita.

Amy looked sharply at the baby. "I thought it was much younger. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a boy," said Rita listlessly. "I named him Tommy."

The baby wasn't asleep, but it was thin and unmoving. Its open eyes were as lusterless as its mother's hair. Amy hardly noticed the other children, who crowded around their mother shyly, but she thoughtfully spread them some bread and butter, eyeing the baby with growing misgivings, turning Rita's strange behavior over in her mind.

"Your baby's sick, Rita," she said

finally. "What in the world are you doing here at this time of year? Where's your husband?"

"I don't know," said Rita dully. "We quarreled. He said I was lazy. He went away angry. I can't go back. I can't stand any more. I thought if I could get home, something would work out . . ." Rita's mouth was trembling.

"You poor child! You're sick, too," said Amy.

THE car honked outside. That would be Paul, getting impatient. Amy looked around the room. No lights—no hot water. What could be done? The children were cramming the bread and butter into their mouths, their round eyes fastened upon her. It was plain to see they were neglected and hungry.

Steven thrust out his small hand. "More bread and butter," he said.

"Mo', mo'," the little girls echoed. It was more than Amy could stand.

"Paul, you'll have to help me," she said, coming out to the car. "I'm going to take them home with me."

"Now, Mother!" protested Paul. "Why don't you just drop a bomb down the chimney and let it go at that? But why?"

"I knew you'd be angry—think me sentimental and stupid—insane, but it can't be helped." She outlined briefly what she had found in the house. "Of course, it will just ruin Christmas, but Paul, that baby is going to die if something isn't done right away."

She waited for the explosion, but to her surprise Paul got out of the car and came soberly into the house. He bundled the children with an experienced hand, coming back two or

three times for bundles of dirty clothes Amy had gathered. Finally he took the baby and the basket she had brought, while she helped Rita to the car. Steven was sitting beside him, worshipping him with wide, dark-fringed eyes.

"He'd be a cute little shaver if he—" he began, and stopped. Amy knew what he meant, if he were cleaned up.

"Paul, I thought you'd be upset."

"I had a job like this once before, gathering babies after the Germans had retreated," Paul said gruffly.

* * * *

AMY bustled into the bathroom to run a bath as soon as she was home, leaving the little group huddled in the living room. Francine followed her in.

"Mother, what is this? Don't tell me you've brought these creatures home for Christmas!"

"I don't just know how long they'll be here, Francine."

"But Mother! I've invited Phil for Christmas dinner."

"We'll have everything under control by that time."

"I can imagine!" said Francine bitterly.

"These people are in trouble. They have to be helped."

"Well, it's your project," shrugged Francine. "Count me out."

"I hoped you'd help me, Francine. The whole bunch has to be fed and bathed. The children have cute little clothes, but they're all dirty. I'll run them through the washer when things quiet down, but right now I have to call Dr. Kane."

"Dr. Kane? You mean they're sick?"

"I'm afraid so—both Rita and the baby."

"Really?" asked Francine. "I suppose I could bathe the baby," she went on grudgingly. "I learned how in my homemaking class at the University. Can't Paul dunk the others?"

"And now about Rita . . ." began Amy.

"I know," Francine anticipated ungraciously. "Yes, you can put Rita in my bed, and yes, I'll sleep on the living room couch."

Amy hadn't had a minute to explain things to Jim. She had glanced at him a time or two in passing. His face was noncommittal, and she knew he was not reading the book he held before it. To be honest, she was afraid to broach him about groceries for a bunch like this. Not that she would blame him. Jim was industrious and honest, but not a brilliant lawyer. He worked hard for his money, and the children seemed to think his pocket-book was a bottomless well of supply.

* * * *

WHEN the doctor arrived an hour later the sleepy-eyed babies were just finishing their soup. They looked like three little angels in some of Paul's white tee-shirts, their hair hanging in clean silken rings. Rita was in bed, staring at the ceiling, and Francine was bending anxiously over the baby.

"He doesn't move, even to cry. When I turned him over I had to lift his arm. Do you think he'll die?"

"I'd better see the mother first," Dr. Kane said when Amy had explained the circumstances.

She took him in. He went over Rita thoroughly, keeping up a running fire of conversational questions

which Rita answered in monosyllables or not at all, questions that seemed superficial, but which were cleverly put to conceal a deeper probing.

Finally he beckoned Amy out. "I think you got her just in time," he said, and went to look over the baby.

"How old is this baby?" he asked.

"Five months," Amy told him, and they stood silent as he turned the infant, moving his stethoscope over its tiny chest. Jim got up to peer over Amy's shoulder.

"Nothing organically wrong," the doctor finally pronounced, "seems to be malnutrition and toxin from the mother's feedings. Can you care for this child here?"

Amy was searching her mind with some misgivings, trying to take all factors into consideration.

"Weren't you in one of my classes at the University, young lady?" the doctor asked, addressing Francine.

Francine gasped. "Yes, I was," she admitted, "but . . ."

"Fine! Fine!" said the doctor brusquely, "I'll give you detailed instructions. This will be a good workout for your knowledge. We'll need some prescriptions."

"I can do it if . . . if . . ." Her eyes sought her father and Paul.

"I'll foot the bill," said Paul. "I'll land some kind of job tomorrow."

Dr. Kane sat at the desk and wrote a full page of instructions which he handed Francine.

"Now, the mother," he said. "Her immediate need is hospitalization."

"Hospitalization?" repeated Amy.

"Yes. I'll want her there to clear up some physical disturbances of long standing, and for observation.

A good psychiatrist may be in order. I want to know how it can be handled financially."

"I don't know," said Amy. "Her husband seems to have left her. I know she hasn't any money."

"There are agencies for family help if someone can unsnarl the legal difficulties. How about it, Jim?"

"Why, sure, sure!" agreed Jim, taken by surprise. "That's right up my alley."

"I say, it's pretty decent of you people. Right at Christmas time, too, upsetting all your plans. Looks like you caught them just in time, though."

"It's nothing," said Jim, expanding. "When will you want her? In the hospital, I mean."

"In the morning, early, as soon as I can make arrangements."

"I'll guarantee the money," said Jim largely. "I might be able to locate that father and get him back onto the job."

"He may need a boost himself. He's pretty young, too, I understand."

Paul came out of his room as the doctor was leaving.

"The bairnies are cuddled doon in my room," he said. "How's that for a second-rate papa? Now may I go on my date? I can take a cot in the basement when I get home."

"Paul, you're late. What will your girl friend think?"

"I called her and told her there existed a state of emergency. She was a good sport. We can still get a little dancing in."

"Could you get to the drugstore before it closes, Paul, and get some things I need for the baby?" queried Francine.

"Well," said Amy. "Looks as if

there's nothing left for me to do but the washing."

* * * *

THE house next day was a madhouse. Alene ate all she could hold, and then plastered her bread with the remaining cereal. She smiled enchantingly when Amy went to fetch her.

Silken little things, they were, quick in their fluid baby motions, their sunny heads bobbing everywhere.

"No wonder Rita got sick. I'd be a wreck in a week," said Francine, "but aren't they adorable?" she added.

Phil called while Francine was making up the formula.

"Tell him I'll call him back, Mother. I can't come just now," she said, but it was more than an hour before she could call him, and then he had gone.

"Mother, I wanted to make this Christmas a once-and-for-all with Phil. I can't go on any longer with things at a standstill between us. If I lose Phil because of this baby . . ."

"Well, I'm sure I could relieve you with the baby now that Rita has gone," said Amy.

"Oh, no! I couldn't trust him with anyone else," Francine told her.

Amy opened her mouth in astonishment, and closed it again.

"Those little ones should have something for Christmas," Francine worried, "though I don't suppose they know much about it."

Paul came home that evening with a tapered Christmas tree, and with bulging packages of brightly colored balls, lights, and tinsel decorations.

"I got a job," he announced, "beginning the day after Christmas!"

His face was shining with excitement. "I'm getting my electric train out for Steven."

"Guess who I saw?" he asked the round-eyed children. "Old Santa Claus himself, loaded right up to his ears with gifts for you."

"Santa Claus bring me a 'lec'ric shaver like Uncle Paul," Steven said.

Betty Kay and Alene clapped their hands. "Santa! Santa!" they shouted.

"Well, whatdya know about that? Uncle Paul!" He tousled Steven's hair lovingly. "And I thought Christmas was spoiled for me for good."

JIM came in the back way, wearing a look of sheepish guilt and walking in an aura of conspiracy.

"I've located Rita's husband," he said triumphantly. "Talked to him long distance."

"I gave it to him straight, and he's pretty cut up. He's catching the night train and will be here by morning. Dr. Kane thinks that'll do a lot to get Rita ticking again."

"Well, he should be made acquainted with some of the damage he's done," said Francine indignantly, going back to the kitchen. She was there when Phil came.

"Francine's giving the baby his evening rub," Amy said, "I'll call her."

"No, don't. Let me go in." He tiptoed awkwardly, balancing his big frame, and stood in the doorway, watching Francine.

"Mother! Mother!" she was saying excitedly, "Tommy smiled at me! Isn't that wonderful? Come and see if you don't think he is plumper and brighter already." She looked up then, and saw Phil, and

Amy had never seen her more beautiful, her face flushed and shining, her hair tumbled in soft curls about her face.

"Phil, I look a sight!"

"You surely do, but don't worry. I'm a man that likes to take off my shoes after a hard day's work. So this is the rival I've come to joust with! Well, I brought his choice weapons," he said, fishing a rattle box out of his pocket.

"Phil, who told you?"

"I got it straight from Dr. Kane, and when this little guy nosed me out on the telephone, I was jealous, I'll have you know."

Amy decided this was her cue to retreat from the door where she had followed Phil. In the living room

Paul and Jim were decorating the tree, retrieving the fragile balls from Betty Kay, rescuing the strings of lights from Steven's wild assistance, and untangling Alene from yards of flashing tinsel.

"There are bushels of jeeps and dolls in the basement," Jim said, "oranges and gimcracks to put in the stockings. It will be something to see their faces in the morning."

"Christmas is a wonderful time of year," sighed Amy happily.

"You know, Amy! We need some grandchildren of our own."

"In due time, Jim," said Amy complacently, indicating a rapturous shadow on the kitchen door. It showed a perfect outline of Phil kissing Francine.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

In Memory of My Mother

Alice Whitson Norton

Along a gaily festooned street,
I walked amid a happy throng,
And with them listened eagerly
To puppets sing a Christmas song.

In crowded shops I purchased gifts,
Recalling wishes I once knew,
A watch, a ring, a silver vase,
And then, Beloved, I thought of you.

You always asked for little things
Like thimbles—scissors—mending thread;
And instantly my poor heart broke—
Remembering that you were dead.

Then I bought toys and gave them out
To urchins round me, sad of face;
This was my Christmas gift to you,
Filling, as best I knew, your place.

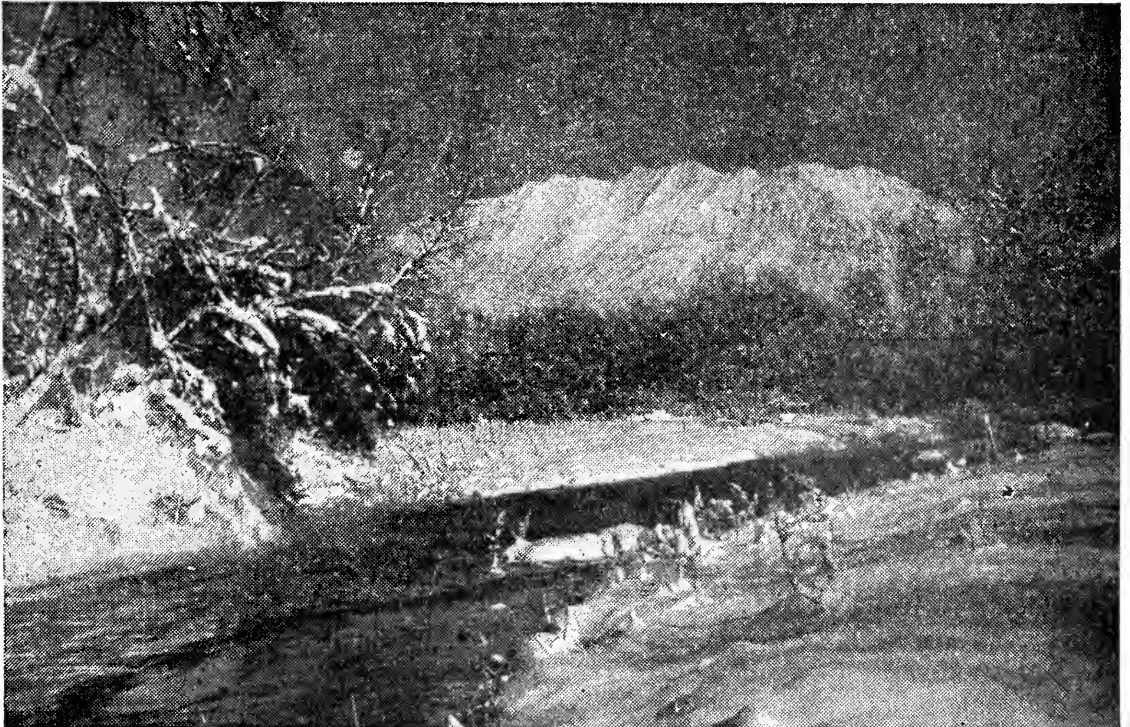
WINTER BLOSSOMING

Beatrice K. Ekman

I who cherish beauty shall remember
No flowering more lovely than the sight
Of winter-blossomed boughs in late December
With tremulous impermanence of white.

Snow had caught and clung to rain-washed hedges;
The fragile blossoms piled on bush and tree,
The garden pool was dark to shallow edges
Where reeds were regal as the fleur-de-lis.

I looked in awe upon this world transcendence
Beneath ephemeral gray of opal sky,
And found no word portraying the resplendence
Of beauty's silence . . . piercing as a cry.



Walter P. Cottam

MOUNT TIMPANOGOS, UTAH, IN WINTER

Skids for Santa

Grace Cozzens

LOUIS Stuart was a natural-born rhymer, but he could see no rhyme or reason for the jam they were in. Stella was right, he should have listened to old trapper Pete and got off the dry farm and out of the hills by the middle of November, then they wouldn't have been snowed in.

"We gotta get out of here, Daddy," seven-year-old Roy was saying. He climbed astraddle his father's knee. "Even old Pete'll have turkey and plum pudding. It won't seem like Christmas up here all alone."

Lou stroked Roy's brown, curly head. "Sure it will, Son. Don't you see, we're not up here all alone? Listen to this:

Let Christmas morning come,
We'll beat a milk pan for a drum,
And call the forest folk together—
Beasts of every fur and birds of every
feather;
And we'll give them Christmas cheer
They've missed for many a year

"We'll have fun. Don't you worry about that."

Five-year-old Ann climbed on his other knee. "How about Sandy Claus, can he find our house?"

"Course he can, big silly," Roy shouted. "Old Sandy Claus can find kids anywhere." He shoved his hand into his pocket. "Look, here's my letter to him. Read it, Daddy."

Lou took the slip and read:

Dear old Sandy Claus: Please bring me a jumping jack rabbit a monkey and a sock full of candy and nuts.

Roy Stuart

Lou folded the note and handed it back. He cleared his throat. "Could be that the storm king has put the skids under old Santa Claus. Could be he can't make it up here any more than we can make it down the canyon."

Ann's small voice quivered, "And not bring our toys?"

"He's only teasing you," Roy laughed. "Daddies always talk like that before Christmas."

Louis looked at the glowing faces before him and his breath frittered away. Words failed him. How could he make them understand that Santa wasn't coming?

If the storm had held off one more day, he would have had his little family settled in town for the winter. The day the last load of grain was sent off to the elevator the sky gave promise of a bright tomorrow, but somewhere between midnight and dawn snow began to fall and a wind came up, blocking the road, and for over three weeks he had been trying to dig out.

NOW it was Christmas Eve and two starry-eyed tots were looking forward to Christmas morning. He looked across the room at Stella, with her brown hair wound into a heavy bun on the back of her neck, unpacking the things she had packed weeks ago to take along in case there was a chance to get away. Her eyes met his. She smiled, but her lashes were wet.

"Jumping junipers!" he thought. "Just what are we going to do?"

Roy slid off his knee and began hauling a handful of things from his pocket. He sorted out two nails. "Get the hammer, Ann," he said. "Here, Daddy. If we've gotta stay we better drive these nails in the wall to hang our stockings on."

Louis took the big hammer from Ann's small hands. "We'll drive 'em," he said slowly. "But don't forget what I told you about old St. Nick maybe getting stalled in the snow up the canyon."

"You're only teasing," Roy giggled, handing his father a nail. "Sandy's reindeer sail right through the air over house tops."

Lou drove the nails in the rail above the fireplace and stepped to the window. He fingered his chin and stared hard at the glistening snow over the landscape and at the glittering stars overhead. It had been so for weeks. The sky would hold clear and blue for days while he dug like a rat through the snowdrifts, four and a half miles, to the top of the hill and within a couple of miles of the highway, then it would cloud up and storm again before he could get the family out.

But he never gave up hope of getting out, really, until that afternoon. For two days he had used his scraper and team, and this time he was within a stone's throw of the highway, when a breeze stirred up from the north, clouds drifted up from the west, and the sky ran down like a leaden screen, behind the sawtooth ridge. And in no time the storm ruined his work. His trenches were packed with fresh white snow which no automobile or team and wagon could buck.

STELLA came and stood at his side, looking out upon the far stretch of snow-capped trees. "If old Pete had stayed," she murmured, "the smoke from his chimney would have made it less lonely."

Lou snorted. "If I hadn't given the old scalawag a lift to town after he helped me dig out the first time, he could have helped me get packed and we would all be out."

"Don't blame Pete," she said. "He warned you not to tinker around. Said rats and mink were taking on extra heavy fur."

Roy ran up to them. "I'll bet it's Pete's fault. He got mad at me for springing some of his traps. He said he'd bet Sandy would skip right past my stocking this year. Is he a witch, Daddy?"

"No, Son," Lou said vacantly, "you should be more careful around his traps."

Stella turned away. "Come on, Children. Now you have your stockings hung you had better get to bed." Roy and Ann scampered into the bedroom, unbuttoning as they went.

Lou swung round and looked sharply at Stella. "For the love o'Pete!" he gulped. "Now, what did you say that for?"

Stella stood smiling. "I have it."

"Have what?" Lou squinted.

"A bright idea," she whispered.

"Spill it," Lou said. "We need ideas."

"Gingerbread men!" she whispered.

Lou grabbed at the straw and led her to the kitchen. "In nothing flat," he grinned, "all in shapes of camels and St. Nicks."

She nodded. "With red and green coats."

He stirred the fire and added wood. "Let's get started," he mumbled. "I'm going to try my hand at cutting out a rabbit, a monkey, and maybe a jumping jack. And how about you dressing up a fancy doll?"

"Quit talking," Roy called. "I can't go to sleep."

Stella put her finger to her lips. "Let's be quiet till they're asleep."

They sat still as mice. Outside the night wind whistled and moaned over tall, snow-decked pines, and a bright moon was slowly climbing upward in the east. A huge star beamed, as if to reiterate the ancient message, "Holy night. All is right."

Stella whispered, "Think of the different scenes that old moon and bright star are looking down upon."

LOUIS nodded. He tiptoed across the room and closed the bedroom door.

"Don't shut it. I can't go to sleep," came Roy's drowsy voice. Lou opened the door again and sat back down beside Stella and waited. After awhile he stirred the fire and added wood. It was nearing midnight when Stella got out the sugar, flour, shortening, eggs, and spices. Lou tied on an apron and found a paring knife. Stella mixed and rolled the dough. Together, they cut out shapes, chuckling and laying them carefully on a wide cookie sheet. While the cookies were baking Lou helped Stella mix red, green, and yellow icing.

In twenty minutes she pulled the pan of golden-brown spicy ginger-breads from the oven.

Lou looked over her shoulder and gripped her arms warmly. "Yummy!" he chuckled. "Look at that

monkey and those rabbits, and your St. Nicks and camels! Now for the frosting . . ."

He stiffened. A hinge had creaked behind him. He turned, guiltily. Roy stood in the doorway, rubbing his eyes. Stella's hand flew to her throat. Lou stepped forth with apron spread.

"Hey, Daddy," Roy grinned sleepily. "You look like a old woman shooin' chickens."

"I am," Lou fumbled. "Shooin' you back to bed, Mister, if you want Santa Claus to come."

"Gimme a cookie and I'll go," Roy yawned.

"NO!" Lou snapped. "You'll get crumbs—What cookies?"

"A camel you were talking about. Please, Daddy."

Louis shoved a camel into his hand and shoved him back into the bedroom and banged the door shut. Stella just stood, looking.

Lou shrugged. "Skunked again. The innocent little rascal. I never could sleep on Christmas Eve, either. You look pale, Stel. Don't go to fainting. I feel like jumping out the window." He began pacing the floor. "What in Sam Hill will we do now?"

Stella began frosting cookies. She sighed, "Put these in—"

Lou barked low. "No! Roy'll catch on."

Stella took a hard breath. "We'll have to explain . . ."

"Not as long as I remember what Christmas meant to me, we won't!" Lou announced. "Not if I have to . . ."

"What?" Stella sighed.

He dropped astride a chair. "That's the rub."

THE latch hadn't caught and the bedroom door swung slowly open. Roy was sitting up in bed. "Know what I dreamed?" he called out. "I dreamed I saw Sandy Claus coming up the canyon, with a whip whirling over his head and he was driving four old black bears. The bears had bells around their necks and there was a sack of toys in the back of the sled."

Lou shut the bedroom door and shot a sidelong glance at Stella. "In after years, it might be fun telling the kids all about it," he mumbled, in an undertone, "how I ran myself down trying to catch a fawn or a rabbit. How I tried to snare a bird. Anything to make a little excitement for Christmas morning. How I even jimmed old Pete's window and searched his house for a pelt or two to make furry toys. But the old scamp had left his hut as clean as a whistle." He ran his fingers through his hair. "And now the cookies . . ."

Lou lifted his chin and leaned forward. Were his ears ringing? By golly, had he gone plumb daffy? He must be, to hear bells in this neck of the woods. But Stella was listening, too, not only to bells, but to something else screaming across the night like a siren.

Lou sprang to the door and swung it open. Stella darted to his side. He barked. "Look! There it is coming down bald ridge like a bullet.

Past old Pete's hut, in a beeline for here!"

Roy jumped out of bed and ran to his father's side. Lou caught his hand and Stella's arm. "Look out!" he cried, pulling them aside. The next second the flying object skidded in through the door on a pair of skiis that reached half across the room. On them was a squat form in a red suit and cap, with hair and beard as white as cotton and all matted with frost and icicles. A strand of sleigh-bells was around his neck and on his plump back was a pack with a red and yellow striped whistle sticking out of the top. Lou grinned. Stella gasped.

"It's Sandy Claus," Roy yelped, darting for the bed, diving in and covering up his head.

Louis closed the bedroom door and made sure the latch caught.

* * * *

"Hey!" Roy shouted the next morning, while he danced with Ann around their stockings. "Old Sandy Claus didn't bring me a thing I asked for, except the nuts and candy. But, boy! He knew what I wanted better'n I did."

After awhile he called, "Look, Daddy, smoke is coming out of old Pete's stovepipe."

Louis Stuart strode to the window. "By golly, there is," he said. "Guess we'll have to ask the old skate over to Christmas dinner."

DILEMMA

Grace Sayre

When Autumn draws the purse strings
That hold the summer's gold,
How can Winter warm himself
Against the season's cold?

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1887

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

FROM HUNTINGTON, UTAH: Our Society is in a thriving condition considering that this is a new place. We have a granary nearly completed which will hold about one thousand bushels of grain, and hope to have it filled some day. I think we will have it all paid for this fall. There is a good spirit in our Society. Our monthly meetings are well attended.—Julia Whitney, Sec.

ITEMS FROM ENGLAND: The Queen (Victoria) is now staying at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice, who has just given birth to an infant Princess. . . . The Prince and Princess of Wales are having a little trouble; their three daughters while abroad contracted the measles. . . . The Princess has nursed them with untiring devotion, and by so doing sets an example to all mothers worthy of imitation, and although a Princess, she never for one moment forgets that she is a mother, and her children claim her attention and care before all else.—Marion

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH

Would that my muse might fitting numbers wake,
Mem'ry sweet echoes for a loved one's sake;
But, oh! too feeble and too sad my voice,
Hers spoke but to make music and rejoice—
Supreme o'er sorrow and life's varied wrongs,
Her soul learned lessons that she wrought in songs.

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION: Early on the morning of Monday, December 5, 1887, in the Lion House, Salt Lake City, at five minutes past one o'clock, the spirit of our beloved "Sister Eliza" passed away from earth, as she herself had so beautifully expressed, "To unite with the choirs in celestial love" Her name is engraved imperishably in the hearts of the people. Her life and character were in perfect keeping with the holy religion she had embraced. Her example is before all Israel, and accords harmoniously with the teachings she has given, and the precepts she has taught.—Ed.

LETTER FROM ARIZONA: Dear Sisters:—Letters are the links that bind us to our old homes, friends and associations; the carrier doves bearing the messages from heart to heart. Would it not be terrible if we could not write to our absent ones, and yet how many fail to improve this great privilege. We have moved our "camp" again (it seems to me that all Israel is one "tented field" just now), this only makes nine times that I have changed my abiding place since I came here. . . . We are located at present near a very large ruin, one of those monuments of a departed race, that are found to be everywhere in this land. . . . This place is improving slowly; it takes hard work, time, patience and perseverance, with the blessings of God to redeem the waste places of Zion.—S.E.R.

MISCELLANEOUS: We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health, and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.

—Seneca.

Woman's Sphere



Ramona W. Cannon

THE custom of sending Christmas cards to friends had its origin in England in 1846. It was introduced into America in the late '70's. During the last decade America's most renowned artists have designed holiday cards. Among them is one noted woman, Andree Ruellan.

MISTLETOE, still used by housewives as a Christmas decoration, has had special significance since primitive times. The druids believed it had magical healing powers and called it "all-heal."

OF the seven Americans who shared in the 1946 Nobel international prize awards, one was a woman, Miss Emily Greene Balch, then 79, Wellesley, Massachusetts. The peace prize of \$34,000 was divided between her and an American man. Born in Boston and educated at Bryn Mawr, Miss Balch taught economics and sociology at Wellesley College. In 1915 she was a delegate to the International Congress of Women at the Hague. In 1936 she was elected honorary president of the Women's International League for peace and freedom. Towards the end of 1946 she spent twelve weeks at the Luxembourg Congress of that organization.

THE women of Britain, still suffering rigorous postwar hardships, were grimly relieved when

Princess Elizabeth wore a new trousseau suit with the skirt but a few inches below the knees. "I should think so," was the sentiment. The British public heartily approves the marriage of the Princess to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten. It also approved her joining, at her own insistence, the Auxiliary Territorial Service, during the war, and working from ten to five daily, as an auto mechanic and truck driver.

PRINCESS Juliana of Holland has become queen regent during her mother's illness.

MR.S. JENNIE M. THOMAS, of Salt Lake City, was one of the first seventy-four Americans to serve as postwar exchange teachers in England. Her post was in a secondary girls' school in Sussex, with headquarters in Mayfair, London. She considers the exchange experiment successful and feels great admiration for the people of Great Britain and their Spartan attitude in the face of physical discomfort.

IN order to carry out President Truman's wishes for savings by the American housewife, so that America may meet her proposed quota of food shipments to Europe, Mrs. Bess Truman has taken over the direction of the White House kitchen herself. While Mr. Truman was Vice-President, Mrs. Truman did her own cooking.



Where Peace Begins

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid (John 14:27).

THE yearning for peace is always with us, an urgent desire of those who seek the true meaning of life. Particularly at Christmas time our hearts are filled with a great longing to see the establishment of peace upon the earth, that other gifts may be added unto it.

And yet the path to peace is not easily ascended; the path to peace is little understood. It is a way that few individuals, few nations have found. The world, as a whole, has never achieved it.

Long ago in the hill country of Judea the Savior taught that peace must begin with the individual. It must first be a spiritual attainment. When all the intricate values of life are weighed and given their proper proportions, then personal peace is established. It does not depend wholly upon time or place or age, nor even upon the conditions of health or economic position, for peace is essentially an attitude whereby a person realizes that he may control his own spiritual destiny. As Paul, the apostle, explained, "to be spiritually minded is life and peace" (Romans 8:6).

The individual does not stand alone, however. The phases of life are like the ripples from a stone thrown into a placid lake. Each

ripple reaches out and becomes a part of a larger circle. Each well-adjusted and harmonious family brings relatives and friends and social groups into an ever-widening circle of accord.

Thus, we who hope for peace in the world should remember that our own houses must be set in order before we can be an example which will merit the respect of other people and will be an influence in creating harmony in the world.

Peace, moreover, involves the ancient truth: *I am my brother's keeper*. No group can find an ideal peace when want and insecurity exist among its members. This principle was clearly understood by our early Church leaders and is recognized today in our extensive and effective Church Welfare Program, and in the unity which binds Church members together for a common purpose.

A nation which has not established peace within its borders is fundamentally weak whatever be the surface veneer of power. When strength and well-being and opportunity are sacrificed to strife, the strong, high walls of a nation begin to crumble.

In this season of Christmas let us remember the significance of the

angels' message, which was intended for all men everywhere to hear. It is world peace for which we must work and pray. No lesser objective will satisfy our highest hopes. It is world peace for which the cherished anthems are sung. It is world peace of which carolers think as they sing

the well-beloved songs of many nations.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: And the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace (Isaiah 9:6).

—V. P. C.

Support the "Family Hour"

AT the recent great October general Church conference, the sisters of the Relief Society—the women and mothers of the Church—were called upon to support the "Family Hour" observance, with the promise of blessings which would be given their families by such action. Relief Society visiting teachers were authorized to serve as messengers to deliver an instruction pamphlet "The Family Hour" in every Latter-day Saint home.

The General Board calls upon the sisters of the Church to lend their active and persistent support to this worthwhile Church program. It is designed to be a year-round activity held usually in the home, but at times out-of-doors or at other places. Its prime purpose is to bring the family members closer together that eternal bands may be tightened around them, with love, unselfishness, obedience, and understanding.

As the families in the Church become more righteous, the entire Church will reflect this spirit and the Lord's work will be pushed forward at an accelerated pace.

The "Family Hour" is intended to be a happy, natural family gather-

ing, permeated with joy. Upon the mother in the home will depend much of its success. She can, by her influence and encouragement, see that each member participates. She can make it a special occasion which will stand out in the memory of her family throughout its life. By careful planning, the gathering may be of such interest as to appeal to each member. After the "Family Hour" is successfully launched, then turns may be taken by different family members in planning future gatherings. Special refreshments will add to the occasion.

Mothers should never lose sight of the great underlying purposes of "The Family Hour" and should devote themselves unselfishly to the perpetuation of this observance in their families. The rewards which come to fathers and mothers by closer association with their children will be everlasting rewards which will endure throughout the eternities.

May every mother in the Church help establish a "Family Hour" in her family, to be conducted under the direction of the Priesthood in her home.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies

Since the last report, printed in the December 1946 issue of
The Relief Society Magazine..

ORGANIZATIONS

<i>Missions</i>	<i>Formerly Part of</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>	<i>Date of Appointment</i>
Finnish	Swedish	Mae P. Matis	July 18, 1947
Uruguay	Argentine	Corraine S. Williams	July 22, 1947
<i>Stakes</i>			
East Cache	Cache	Lois W. Sorenson	March 3, 1947
East Provo	Provo	Amanda Johnston	May 1, 1947
Florida	Southern States Mission	Josephine Jenkins	January 19, 1947
Mesa	Maricopa	H. Lila Newell	December 11, 1946
Mount Logan	Logan	Lovisa H. Maughan	December 19, 1946
North Jordan	Pioneer, Oquirrh, Cottonwood	Ella P. Bennion	January 12, 1947
Orem	Sharon	Winnie T. Graff	May 6, 1947
Spokane	Northwestern States Mission	Gladys O. Groesbeck	June 29, 1947
West Utah	Utah	Rose Goates	May 4, 1947

REORGANIZATIONS

<i>Missions</i>	<i>Released President</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>	<i>Date of Appointment</i>
Canadian	Jessie R. Ursenbach	Blanche LaPriel R. Eyre	August 14, 1947
Czechoslovakian	(Husband in charge)	Martha S. Toronto	May 16, 1947
Danish	(Husband in charge)	Eliza Petersen	June 11, 1947
Hawaiian	Verna F. Murphy	Mary H. Smith	May 6, 1947
Navajo-Zuni	Emma B. Evans	Caroline Lillian D. Flake	May 4, 1947
New England	Bertha S. Reeder	Gladys P. Young	May 7, 1947
West German	(Reopened)	Jane B. Wunderlich	May 9, 1947
Western Canadian	Pearl C. Card	Holly Wood Fisher	May 9, 1947

Stakes

Bear Lake	Amy M. Athay	Clarissa Ward	March 9, 1947
Beaver	Melba T. Yardley	Phylis S. Warr	April 24, 1947
Cache	Alice Christiansen	Annie J. Carlton	July 13, 1947
Davis	Effie J. Webster	Abby W. Webb	December 15, 1946
Emigration	Lillie C. Adams	Louise Madsen	February 7, 1947

Stakes (Continued)	Released President	Appointed President	Date of Appointment
Granite	Beth C. Cannon	Ida Dean	June 1, 1947
Grant	Maude P. Allen	Lorena Harline	March 23, 1947
Grantsville	Carrie Wrathall	Annie J. Williams	October 13, 1946
Highland	Reka H. Cummings	Josephine S. Jones	December 15, 1946
Hillside	Violet W. Duncan	Lucille S. Condie	September 23, 1947
Idaho	Louie A. Call	Elizabeth W. Hatch	October 27, 1946
Lehi	Ethel S. Hunger	Lileth Peck	February 16, 1947
Los Angeles	Nellie Q. Mack	Julia T. LeCheminant	February 5, 1947
New York	Grace C. Woolley	Louesa R. Macdonald	June 18, 1947
North Box Elder	Beatrice B. Hansen	Lucille L. Wight	July 7, 1947
Oakland	Ruth S. Hilton	Hilda E. Perkins	January 19, 1947
Oneida	Ora W. Packer	Ida E. Evans	January 19, 1947
Oquirrh	Ella P. Bennion	Laura M. Wilkin	February 3, 1947
Palmyra	Phoebe I. Markham	Twila A. Isaac	June 8, 1947
Park	Hildur E. Johnson	Ruby S. Karpowitz	September 28, 1947
Portneuf	Lera C. Maughan	Emeline W. Marley	February 2, 1947
Provo	Inez B. Allred	Gretta P. Romney	June 29, 1947
Reno	Bertha J. Purdy	Isabel Cooke	October 20, 1946
San Luis	Jane C. Anderson	Lela Bailey	August 25, 1946
South Ogden	Olive M. C. Christian- sen	Reka V. Parker	November 24, 1946
South Sanpete	Vera C. Erickson	Ann Bell Hansen	August 18, 1946
Taylor	Myrtle N. Passey	Lisadore B. Crookston	July 20, 1947
Wasatch	Nellie C. DeGraff	Violet Olpin	February 2, 1947
Yellowstone	Vivian H. Orme	Elva O. Swensen	July 13, 1947

Watch This Month



..... the month stamped along with your address on every copy of the Magazine you receive. It shows the month in which your Relief Society Magazine subscription expires. By watching this month, you can renew your subscription early enough so that no issues of the Magazine will be missed.

Renewal subscriptions must be received at this office one full month in advance of expiration in order to avoid missing an issue.

Make the Children Happy

SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Elizabeth Williamson

YOU can look forward to a lot of fun if you decide to make presents for the children this Christmas. If you sew, crochet, knit, or paint a little, there are endless possibilities. If you have no talents whatsoever, there are many simple things to make that children will love. Here are a few suggestions:

If You Sew:

- Aprons, organdy for dress-up, chambray for everyday
- Pinafores
- Doll clothes (You can get doll clothes patterns)
- Doll hats
- Stuffed animals, made of calico scraps and yarn
- Felt bags and purses, using pinking scissors for trimming effects, and appliqued flowers, birds, or animals of felt
- Bean bags
- Marble bags Initialed, or names
- Jack bags embroidered in yarn
- Leather pouches, nice and sturdy for boys

If You Knit:

- Mittens
 - Gloves
 - Sweaters
 - Scarves
 - Caps
- } All personalized, so the child will feel they are meant especially for him

- Balls, made of soft, knitted, triangular pieces, sewn together and filled with kapok or cotton

If You Crochet:

- Bed slippers
- Little lace collars and cuffs for velvet party dresses
- Jackets, caps, robes for babies

If You Paint:

- Plastic glasses in bright colors, child's name in contrasting enamel paint. Add a few polka dots, stars, crosses, or scallops around the top and bottom. With this, and a gay new toothbrush to match, you will have a gift to delight any child.
- Plain glasses, decorated with little designs in enamel—something characteristic of the child, plus his name, is certain to please.
- Miniature drums made from round, pint ice-cream cartons. Paint the drum navy blue, insert red cord diagonally around the carton. Make two slits at the top, add two drumsticks, painted red.
- Baby's rattle. Decorate cartons with gay designs, fill with small pebbles (four or five are sufficient). Be sure the top is fastened securely with glue or stitching.

If You Own a Jig-Saw:

- Cradles
- Rocking horses
- Puzzles
- Little shelves
- Doll furniture

If You Cook:

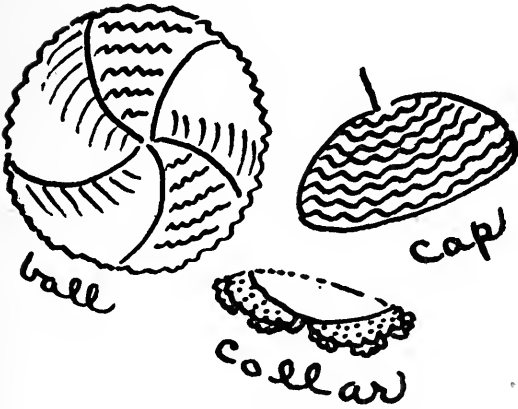
- Cookies in various interesting shapes: stars, hearts, Santas, bells, popcorn balls, pink popcorn, lollypops, and candy canes. Packaged attractively, these are very welcome gifts.



doll clothes



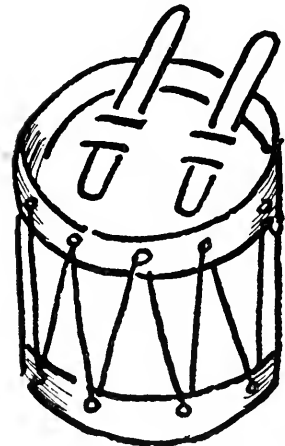
Plastic cup



ball

cap

collar



drum



cookies and candy

Peace, Be Still!

Marguerite J. Griffin

LAST night an electric storm came to our valley. In the darkness of midnight its brazen white flashes illumined the velvet hills and exposed them in their slumber. Intermittent streaks, more brilliant than man's neon, shot across the starless heavens and were punctuated by earsplitting blasts of thunder. To the north, old Squaw Butte was spasmodically silhouetted with startling brilliance, but only for a moment at a time, as though it were a mighty citadel being bombarded by nature itself.

And I thought, as the wind mourned through the trees outside my little house and brought to my nostrils the odor of raindrops on hot, dry soil, how great, yet how terrible is the power of God. In the words of the psalmist:

The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils (Psalm 18:13-15).

And I thought, what could be the power of men, even with their atom bombs, if God our Heavenly Father chose to strike them with his great power?

I could not sleep. I could only watch through my open window, fascinated, yet distinctly uneasy, too. I was not used to thunder and lightning. It frightened me. It was so

big, so noisy. It filled my world with flashes of light and crashing din, and my lips involuntarily breathed a prayer: "Dear Lord, protect our home, our loved ones, our animals, our flocks."

In crying out to him, I thought quite clearly of him who has the power to still the storm, who has the power to preserve and to protect. It seemed as though the flashes of light outside silhouetted in my mind that story of long ago, when Jesus and his disciples were in a ship upon the sea, and a great storm of wind arose, "and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full." But Jesus was undisturbed through it all, for "he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow"

Yes, he had been full of compassion for the lame, the halt, the blind. He had taught saving parables of eternal life to the multitude for long hours, and now he was weary and his physical body lay relaxed, asleep. He who was to know all depths of sorrow and of pain, knew no fear at this moment. Yet his disciples in their anxiety, yes, in their terror, ". . . . awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

As simple as that. He had known his power was greater than that of wind or wave or storm. He could sleep quietly through it all, knowing that "the earth is the Lord's, and

the fulness thereof;" and that while he was about his "Father's business" he would have his full protection. No force of nature could subdue the Son of Man.

"And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?

"And they feared exceedingly, and said one to another, What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?"

YES, indeed. What manner of man is this? Oh, ye nations of the earth, he is your Lord, your Redeemer, the Prince of Peace. This is he who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This is he who is the light shining in darkness and the world too long has comprehended it not. This is he who taught, "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

And strangely enough all fear left my being as I watched the shafts of light cut across the night sky, for I remembered what I had forgotten—that God, who lives as surely as you and I, controls the power of the elements and governs the destinies of all men who will serve him. These flashes of light and peelings of thunder, this rush of wind outside my

house, these were spectacular but they were nothing to dread. Instead, there were bigger things to fear, quiet things that could creep like shadows into the dark places of my life, or more subtly, more dangerously, into the tender lives of my children, tentacles from the sins of the world that reach out gently at first, only to crush finally with the grasp of hopeless servitude. Yes, rather we "should fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body" and shun him and build a barricade of righteousness about our hearts to keep him out.

Tonight, all nature was in protest against the summer heat, but my children were safe in their own snug beds. Tonight there was no danger. That would come in unexpected moments tomorrow, next week, next year. Dear Lord, protect my children. Help me make them strong.

I crept back into my own bed, and when next I opened my eyes, the world was calm, the skies were blue, and the sunshine bright. And now where the wind had last night vexed the leaves of the trees, hosts of birds were warbling a glad welcome to the new day.

Dear Heavenly Father, give me the strength of the birds, the ability to sing after any storm that may beset my life!

WINTER SPLENDOR

Thelma Ireland

The sun has stripped our house of snow;
The roof is bare and fleckless,
But icicles hang from the eaves—
It wears a crystal necklace.



Courtesy, The Salt Lake Tribune

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

Josephine J. Harvey

The Christmas lights are shining,
They seem to cast a glow
Of loveliness and peace,
For all the world to know.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 11

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife, Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife, Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and prepare for the coming of the main company.

The company, after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi. The Davis family remains there and the others go on toward the San Juan. Scouts return to Moenkopi and report the arrival of the Harrimans on the San Juan.

The James L. Davis family and the scouts leave to join the Harrimans, and Mary and Elizabeth are reunited. Mary's baby is born after a difficult confinement. The families at Montezuma are destitute for food and there is much trouble with unfriendly Indians. One of the Harriman children dies; George Hobbs arrives with word that the main company will soon join the pioneers on the San Juan.

JAMES and Henry Harriman were at work on the river dam, when a friendly Indian runner came dashing across the ford and up the bank, waving his arms and shouting: "Many white men and their squaws have come! On the banks of the San Juan, they sit down. Heap tired. Horses no pull. All the time the white men sit down!"

"It is the second company!" James and Henry cried in unison. And away they raced to James' house, where Mary and Elizabeth were.

"They've come, girls!" they cried. "Our friends have got through at last!"

"God be praised!" Elizabeth exclaimed.

Mary had not taken her eyes from James' face. He began to shift uncomfortably, and avoided her eyes.

"Why don't we go to meet them, James?" she asked, knowing from his nervous shiftings that something was wrong.

"We can't go to meet them Mary," Henry replied, relieving James of the responsibility of answering. "They are miles down the river. This good Lamanite brought us word."

The women sat down, suddenly, too disappointed for speech.

The Indian stepped forward and began to explain as fluently as he could: "Two suns, and white men come here. River place no big! Some move wagons. Some stay!"

Relief and joy were unmistakable in everyone's face. The Indian smiled proudly. Turning to James and Henry, he asked: "You squaws heap glad! Like um more folks to come here, huh?"

"White men bring us food," said James.

"Long time, no eat," Henry added for good measure.

The Indian shook his head negatively. "Long time, no eat?" he

questioned. "White men on river want food, too!"

Not grasping the full import of the Indian's words, Henry explained patiently, "Long time, no eat. Two moons, only little bit bread. White men come. White men bring food to Montezuma."

Again the Indian shook his head. "No savvy," he said. "Heap no savvy! Maybe so paper talk tell about food."

From a pouch that hung from his waist, the Indian extracted a crumpled bit of paper.

"A letter!" Elizabeth exclaimed. And then in a voice that was mixed with eagerness and dread, she asked James to read the letter. Mary just stood still and listened.

James smoothed out the bit of wrapping paper, and read aloud:

Bluff, Utah
San Juan County,
April 1st, 1880

Elder James L. Davis
Montezuma Settlement,
San Juan Mission, San Juan

Dear Brother Davis:

This is to inform you that this day the San Juan Mission Company reached the San Juan, and, unable to continue on up the river to your location, have designated a town site here, and we have named it "Bluff City." We are very worn out, and our food supply is low. But we are instructed to send a generous portion of what we have to you, at the outpost of this mission.

We, therefore, have dispatched this food supply to you, by those of the company, who, having drawn blank slips in the land lottery here, will go on to Montezuma Settlement and live near you.

May God bless and prosper you in your faithful labors.

Your brother in the Gospel,
Platt De Alton Lyman,
First Counselor to Silas S. Smith
President of the San Juan Mission

THERE was a profound silence during the reading of the letter and for some minutes afterward. Then everyone began to talk at once.

"Isn't it wonderful!" Elizabeth cried. "I can hardly believe that we shall see our friends so soon. People from our very own homes!"

"We can hold Church and have a real school!" Mary exclaimed. "There'll be other women like ourselves," she added. "Neighbors and friends!" And for sheer joy she began to weep.

James Davis executed a dance step, and swung Henry Harriman around the room with him. "There'll be people to buy things, Henry," he contributed. "Now I can have my long-dreamed-of store!"

They stopped dancing, and James blew his nose vigorously.

"We'll have a post office, and get the news," Henry said, as though he could not believe his own words. "It's really so."

James grabbed the ladies' hands, and they caught hold of Henry, and away they circled, too happy to wonder why they were frightening their children so. Wide-eyed, the children watched their parents, too dazed by the sudden excitement to show any feelings at all.

In the midst of this rejoicing, Ted Davis came racing into the yard. "Pa!" he cried. "Pa! The milk cows are gone!"

James Davis whirled toward his son, consternation and disbelief written in his face.

"Ted, my boy," he said thickly, "don't joke with your Pa. Not at a time like this!"

"I'm not joking, Pa!" Ted cried. "Come and see for yourself!"

Walking like an old man, tired

of his years, James Davis followed his son to the enclosure where the last of his cows had been guarded. Waiting for them to calve, promising the little ones plenty of good milk to drink, had been all that had kept the family from complete discouragement. Now, even that hope was gone!

"I'll follow the Indians, Pa!" Ted cried. "It's my fault that the cows are gone. I went to set my coyote traps and the Indians came."

"You have done the same before, my boy Ted, and the cows were safe. You couldn't stay by the enclosure all the time, there was other work to do."

"I'll find our cows, Pa. I've got to find 'em—for Ma and little Ethel."

"It's too risky, Son. Your life is more to us than a herd of cows!"

"But little Ethel's got to have milk, Pa!" Ted insisted. "I got to go, Pa!"

James turned back to the house. "We'll let your mother say, Ted. I think you best not go."

"Ma, I'm goin' after the cows!" Ted cried. "Say that I should, Ma."

James looked at Mary, sitting apathetically before the fire, her hands locked in her lap.

"What do you say, Mary?" he asked. "He may fall into the hands of the Indians."

"He has to go." Mary's eyes were anguished, her voice was unnaturally tense.

"I'll be careful, Ma," Ted promised. "I think I know right where to look for the cows."

"You be home by tomorrow at noon," Mary said sharply. "Cows or no cows!"

James followed his son into the

yard, saw him mount his pony and ride away. "May the Lord protect my boy," he prayed.

NIGHT came down, quietly as dew falling, and the stars came out, shining like tinsel. Mary stood in the open doorway, numb to the April air, breathing each breath as a painful duty.

James came in from the woodpile with his arms piled up with pitch faggots.

"We'll not need to make a light down the path, James," Mary said. "Our Ted will not come tonight."

She closed the door and went to sit before the fire to knit and wait. Wait and knit! She counted the coyotes by their yelping, the hours by the beat of her heart.

Morning came. Its clear, thin light dimmed the fire embers and rested on James' features as they sagged in sleep. Mary's eyes ranged over the distant hills. She watched the shadows until they climbed to the summits. She awakened James and the children and gave them a small portion of bran, browned and made into broth.

"I hoped there would be clouds," she said to James. "An Indian could spot Ted for miles away, in this clear light. God might have helped us with some clouds."

James gasped. Never had Mary spoken like that before. He could not reproach her nor comfort her. He could only wait.

Mary marked the sun's height. She saw it go higher and higher, until for one suspended instant it centered the sky. Then it moved lower and lower toward the west.

At two o'clock James came back from working on the river dam. "I'll

go hunt for our boy Ted," he announced. "I must go."

Mary said, "Yes, James. But you won't find him."

James answered wearily: "Try to believe, Mary. You have always had faith. Try to exercise it now."

"You had better go, James." Mary got up and went to the door to look out. "Go, James! Go now, or I'll start screaming and never stop!"

James stood helplessly. "I can't leave you like this, Mary," he said. "I just can't."

Emily took her father by the hand and led him to the door. "Mind Mama," she said imperatively. "Mama knows what is best. She has to have Ted."

James left on foot, not stopping to look back. After a long walk, he climbed to the top of a peak and looked in every direction. But it was such broken up country that he could not see far ahead. At a loss which way to go, he stood still and tried to think. Almost as if it were a voice, the thought came to him: *The Lord knows where your boy is, ask him.*

Feeling very unworthy, James began to pray. He asked the Lord to overlook his human weaknesses. He reminded the Lord that he had given the work of his hands and the love of his heart to the furtherance of the Church. He asked the Lord to help him now.

He arose and looked out over the country again, and, on a hill three miles away, he saw Ted, as plain as life, riding his horse, with his gun against his shoulder. With a joy that could only be expressed in tears, James turned home. Ted was alive! He had not found the cows, but

that did not matter. His boy Ted was safe!

WHEN the hills were too steep for upright locomotion, James slid or rolled down them. Mary was waiting for him at the ford.

"I saw Ted!" James cried. "He is safe!"

Mary looked at him skeptically. "If you saw him, why didn't you bring him home to me?" she asked sharply.

"He will be home in about an hour," James assured her. "I tell you, I saw him."

"You are quite sure?" Mary asked.

"I saw him as plainly as I see you, Mary," James repeated, "but he did not have the cows."

Mary began to laugh—shrill, high laughter that sent the blood in purple waves to her face.

"You saw him! You saw him!" she screamed. "Yet it is dark and he is not here!"

"Mary, stop it!" James commanded. "Stop laughing or I'll throw you in that water there. As I stand here, I tell you I saw my boy Ted! Something has happened to him since then."

Mary began to cry, pitifully, like a little girl. James took her in his arms, comforting her awkwardly, praying for wisdom.

It came to him, then, that he had asked the Lord to show him whether his son were alive or dead. Saying that Ted would be home in an hour, was anxious presumption. He would take Mary to the house, and, dark as it was, he would go out to look for Ted.

He had gone only a few yards from the house, when he heard the

whinny of a horse. It was Stag, Ted's pony. Straining his eyes to see past the barrier of darkness, the father waited, counting the lagging steps of the horse, dreading to see that it was riderless.

"Pa!" Ted's voice rang in the darkness. "Pa! Is that you standing there? Or an Indian?"

"It's Pa, Edward!" James called back. "Thanks be to the Lord, you've come."

Ted slid from his pony and embraced his father. "I—I—didn't find the cows, Pa," he choked.

"I know, Edward, but we'll manage somehow. You run to the house to your mother. I'll take care of Stag."

"BUT Pa, I was miles away from that peak at the time you say you saw me!" Ted's voice was grave and positive.

James and his son were finishing a new log building which was to be a store and post office for the new Montezuma settlement, a straggling line of twenty families, strung up and down the San Juan river.

"I know the peak you mean, Pa," Ted said, "and I wouldn't a rode Stag on it, even if I could have. It would have been too easy for Indians to spot me. No horse could get a footing on that peak, anyway, Pa." He waited for an answer, but James Davis just pounded away at the board he was nailing. There was a set line to his jaw that kept Ted from arguing the point. Instead he went on casually, "I rode the bottom lands, out of sight."

After a little while, James said: "I've been back to that peak since, Edward, and I couldn't climb it on foot."

"Then how do you make out that you saw me, Pa?" Ted stopped his work and looked earnestly at his father.

"I don't know, and I don't try to explain it, Edward. I just accept it as the testimony it is."

"I guess you're right, Pa."

They worked in silence for a while, and then Ted asked diffidently, "Why don't you call me your boy Ted any more, Pa?"

"I can't, Edward. Since that night your rightful name has seemed good to me."

"I guess I grew up that night, Pa."

"It seems so, Edward. It seems so."

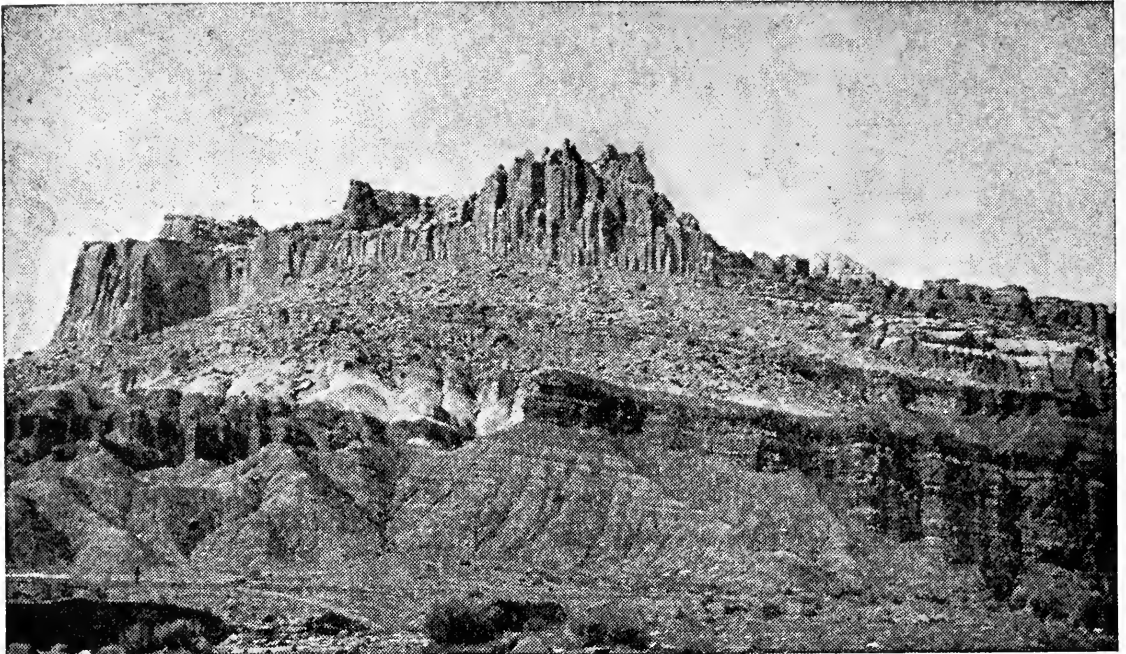
* * * *

MARY and Elizabeth often talked of their experiences. Though many new families had moved from Bluff to the Montezuma, the homesteads were too far apart for daily intercourse, and the original families were still left to their own resources.

"Do you think you will ever like this place, Elizabeth?" Mary asked one afternoon, as she and her friend picked bullberries from the long, thorny branches of the bullberry trees that grew like a thicket along the river land.

"I don't know, Mary. I'm still frightened of the river. If the trouble with the Indians ever ceases, I might be able to like it here a little better. But we wouldn't dare be this far from our houses, if we weren't in plain sight of your husband and Ted at work there on the water wheel. But I hated the river the minute I looked at it. I guess I always will."

"Well, at least we have food, now,



Grace T. Kirton

ROCK TOWERS IN WAYNE WONDERLAND Southeastern Utah

Elizabeth. And we are doing pretty well financially," Mary said.

"Yes, we have food," Elizabeth replied sadly. "And the more we have, the more I think of how our children cried for even a little dry crumb of bread."

"It's good to have a branch of the Church here, to celebrate the holidays, and visit with friends and neighbors," Mary reminded Elizabeth. "I try to forget those bitter first years."

"I'll never forget them," Elizabeth answered. "Nor the trip to San Juan, either."

Elizabeth lowered her voice confidentially, and, leaving her bucket of berries hanging on a limb, she went over to Mary.

"There is something I've wanted to tell you for years, Mary," she confided. "It seems so foolish to be remembering it all this time, but I just have to tell it to someone."

Mary looked at her friend in surprise. "Why, Elizabeth!" she exclaimed. "We've had so many lonely hours in which to talk, that I didn't dream you had a secret."

"It's not, exactly," Elizabeth laughed. "It's just an experience that keeps me guessing."

She told Mary about the strange Indian who had frightened her so that night on the desert when they had first begun the trip to San Juan.

MARY looked at Elizabeth speculatively. "And all these years you've been expecting to see him again?" she asked.

"That's exactly it. I feel sort of foolish, waiting for him, trying to see him in every unusual Indian that comes to the settlement," Elizabeth answered.

"Did you ever find out who, or what, made that strange, long call that night, just before you discovered

Lost Spring, that wonderful spiritual experience that you had, Elizabeth?"

"Why, no, Mary. I'd sort of forgotten about that."

"I'll bet it had something to do with your Indian friend," Mary surmised, thinking of her own Indian friend, Jim Joe, who had led James and her out of Pearson's country. "I've always had the feeling that the mysterious 'human spirit' the Indians whisper about is none other than Jim Joe, the best friend a white man has in this reservation."

"I wonder," Elizabeth mused. "Describe Jim Joe to me, Mary."

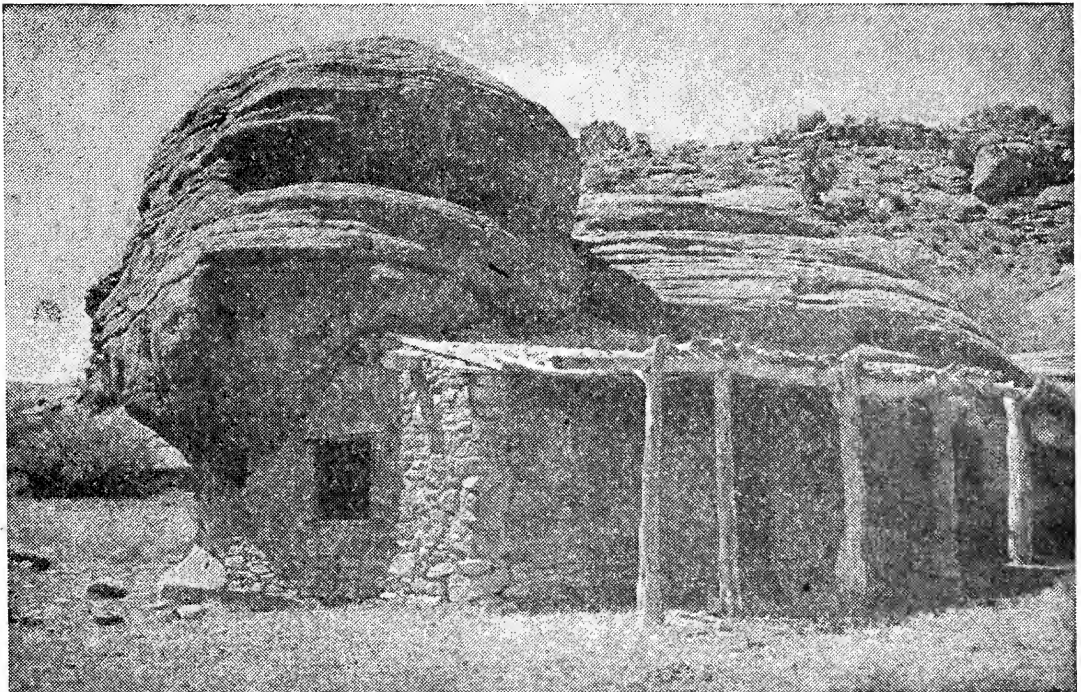
"In looks, he's not much different from any other manly Indian," Mary replied, "but his bearing is that of a proud, freeborn citizen of America, and of any land, for that matter. He is tall, straightforward and fearless—and, well, sort of mysterious."

"But you know at once that he is a friend?" Elizabeth queried.

"Yes. That is the most unusual thing about Jim Joe." Mary looked at Elizabeth speculatively. "You are expecting to hear from him, or see him, soon, aren't you Elizabeth?"

"Yes. There is trouble brewing with the Indians. We might need such a friend as Jim Joe before we get through with the next few months. Word has just come that a tribesman has been killed by the whites, and the Indians are seeking revenge. The Indians who told Henry about it were excited, and afraid of being seen by their own tribesmen, but they took the risk and came to warn us. They are gathering near the Mitchell ranch!"

Mary looked nervously toward the Mitchell place. "I guess we have enough berries," she suggested. "Let's go home, Elizabeth."



Philip Tompkins

KITCHEN HOUSE IN SOUTHEASTERN UTAH

THAT night, James Davis closed his store early. "This is the first place the Indians will come," he thought, as he locked the door. He stood with the key half-turned in the lock, thinking. Then he re-entered the store, took up the gun he always kept loaded beneath the counter, threw the lever, and put the cartridges in his pocket.

"Now, I wonder why I did that," he mused aloud, as he walked to his house. "I better not let anyone know I did it."

The Indians came, and were angry that the store was closed up. James tried to talk to them, but they were too excited to be reasoned with. Thinking that he would be as wise as he could, James told Ted to open the store and give them what they wanted. By doing so, he hoped to keep them from stealing or destroying everything he had.

Ted was unwilling to do as his father said, and when the Indians got impudent and quarrelsome, he kept answering them back.

"Don't talk so, Edward," James commanded sternly. "You are inciting the Indians to do almost anything."

But Ted was too angry himself to be reasoned with.

"You are sick!" Ted cried to a big Indian that took hold of him. "You are heap sick!"

The Indian drew back in fear, "Mormons talk to Great Spirit!" he cried, "make Indians sick!" And he drew his gun on Ted.

James jumped in front of him and made Ted open the store door. As

it swung open, Ted jumped for the needle gun, but it was gone, for James had put it away when he unloaded it.

The Indians held back. They knew that James worked for the Government. They understood about the post office and knew that if they killed James or his boy, the soldiers would come after them. They talked excitedly, pointing to Ted, who, now that the gun was gone, stood defiantly watching them.

James began to talk to them in a friendly, reasonable tone, and invited them to come into his house and eat. They complied, but their anger still smoldered, and, shortly after leaving the Davis house, they ambushed a cowboy and a Government scout. There was little security for anyone for some time after that.

One night, Mary, alone at home, suddenly slipped outside and returned with twenty warriors at her heels. She had heard their approach, and, though she was expecting a baby very soon, she had walked down a long, dark bowery to meet them.

"Why you no scared?" the chief asked Mary when they got into the house. "Indians heap mad!"

"Indians return good for good," Mary answered fearlessly.

The answer pleased the Indians. They shook hands with Mary, told her to keep her family inside their own fence for safety, and departed, as quietly as they had come.

(To be concluded)

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Rose B. Astle

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION March 14, 1947

Stake officers seated front row, left to right: Lela Fleming; Leveade Gervais, Second Counselor; Ruth Ryan, First Counselor; Rose Astle, President; Irene Dalglish, Secretary; Lucille Peel.

Standing, left to right: Lucille Anderson; Lillian Collings; Nellie Hartwig; June Hibbert; Mildred Clark; Bertha Kehrer.

This birthday fete was attended by ward officers, teachers, and members of Relief Society, with their husbands, numbering about 450 guests. The forty-two sisters over seventy years old were especially honored and each received a corsage. Among these honored sisters was Mary Rockwood, Utah pioneer, who will be ninety in October. Other special guests were former presidents of the stake Relief Society: Laura Hoteling, Blanche Høglund, and Hazel NeVille. Following a very fine musical program, refreshments were served. Tables were decorated in Relief Society colors, with blue and gold tapers in crystal candelabra.

Rose B. Astle is president of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Pearl H. Crockett

SUGAR HOUSE STAKE (UTAH), RELIEF SOCIETY PAGEANT
 "THE GATE BEAUTIFUL," May 23, 1947

Left to right: Ruth B. Hewlett; Naomi T. Matheson; Louise Wheeler; Luceal R. Curtis; Ada H. Wood; Vauna S. Jacobsen, President, Sugar House Stake Relief Society; Ruby B. Jones; Ruth Hook; Frances Schade; Lilly H. Peterson.

More than 500 people attended the presentation of this pageant, written and directed by Lucille Jensen, and depicting the accomplishments of Latter-day Saint women in the past 100 years in the fields of art, drama, music, literature, religion, and public service.

Vauna S. Jacobsen is president of Sugar House Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vida F. Swenson

UTAH STAKE, PROVO THIRD WARD EXECUTIVE OFFICERS HONORED
 March 18, 1947

Front row, left to right: Nellie Taylor; La Priel Halladay; Sarah L. Dixon, the first president of the ward Relief Society; Vivian Taylor; Mertis Russell; Esthma Tanner.

Second row: Jennie Hobbs, Second Counselor, Utah Stake Relief Society; Josephine

Bird, President, Utah Stake Relief Society; Rose Goates, First Counselor; Wm. J. Lewis, First Counselor, Third Ward bishopric; Arthur D. Taylor, Bishop; Grant F. Larsen, Second Counselor; Relief Society stake board members, Erma Boshard and Loleta Dixon.

Third row: Mildred Hall; Reva Bullock, fourth president; Vera Hunter; Estella Burch (wearing hat); Lacy Swain; Nettie Madsen, third president; Rose Bushnell; Marie Gammell; Florence H. Clark, fifth president; Wilmirth H. Brown; Maurine Taylor (wearing hat); Vida F. Swenson, present president, and her counselors Alice B. Stephenson and Rena Hoover; Leda Larsen; Nellie Bullock.

All living women who have served as Relief Society officers since the organization of Provo Third Ward in 1868 were honored in connection with the anniversary party. Four former officers were absent because of illness. The pioneer theme was used for the party, many of the women wearing historic costumes or pioneer dresses especially designed for the occasion. Sister Swenson read a letter dated March 17, 1892, written by Mary Elizabeth Hoover, which described the anniversary celebration of that year. Achsa E. Paxman and Anna B. Hart of the Relief Society General Board took part in the dramatization of a "Sight-seeing Bus," in which Salt Lake City's pioneer buildings were described. Hattie T. McClellan, eighty-nine years old, gave an interesting talk on her experiences as a child in England and detailed the incidents of her coming to Utah.

Josephine S. Bird is president of Utah Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Josephine B. Prestwich

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), BOARD MEMBERS AT CENTENNIAL RECEPTION, May 2, 1947

Left to right: Josephine Bird; Lucy Barlow; LaVena Rohner; Lydia Anderson; Celeste Bridges; Second Counselor Lena Robinson; Sue Bateman; Secretary Grace Godd; Vera Larsen; Margaret Sorenson; President Josephine Prestwich; First Counselor Myrl Gudmundson; Lucetta Later.

More than three hundred people enjoyed this delightful program of music and readings which was followed by a buffet luncheon served from beautifully decorated tables. Centennial cakes and lighted candles were arranged as centerpieces, with blue and yellow flowers completing the decorative arrangements. Honored on this occasion was Sister Lucy Barlow of the stake board who has resigned because of illness.

Josephine S. Prestwich is president of Inglewood Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Sadie Lewis

PROVO STAKE (UTAH), PROVO FIFTH WARD CENTENNIAL BANQUET
May 29, 1947

President Sadie Lewis and her counselors, Melba S. Bushnell and Lorinda Phillips, and secretary-treasurer, Edna H. Bentwet are seen standing in the background at the right.

This banquet was held in honor of the visiting teachers. The display in the background represents the articles made for the 1947 Church Welfare Program. A delightful program was presented and refreshments were served.

Gretta P. Romney is president of Provo Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vera H. Mayhew

BERKELEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA), RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL
PROGRAM, June 1, 1947

Second row, standing, fourth from the left, Lavon B. Johnson, director of the pro-

gram; front row, second from right, Ila M. Mortensen, Second Counselor, Berkeley Stake Relief Society; back row, directly in front of center pipes of the organ, left to right, Vera H. Mayhew, First Counselor in the stake Relief Society and author of the script; Emma B. Taylor, portraying Emma Smith; Wanda B. Harmon, wife of Stake President W. Glenn Harmon, portraying Bathsheba W. Smith.

About 700 attended this excellent program which was planned around the theme: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Incidental music was furnished by the combined ward choruses of the Singing Mothers and the explanatory reading presented a synopsis of Church history from the time of the first vision to the operation of the Welfare program at the present time. Many of the participants in this Sunday evening program traveled as far as fifty miles to attend rehearsals and to take part in the final production.

Louise O. Knight is president of Berkeley Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Deborah Huntsman

EMERY STAKE (UTAH), FERRON WARD,
ELEVEN LIVING RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Millie Christensen; Iva Killpack; Ella Lemon.

Second row, left to right: Eva Killpack; Deborah Huntsman; Mary Funk; Emma Barton.

Third row, left to right: Henrietta Killpack; Catherine S. Killpack; Myra Hansen; Surelda Ralphs.

Orlinda N. Ware is president of Emery Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Zella B. Johnston

**SOUTH SUMMIT STAKE (UTAH), RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AT
CLOSING SOCIAL, June 4, 1947**

Front row, left to right: Nevada Best; Ruth Huff; Luella W. Walker, Second Counselor; Velma Marchant.

Back row, left to right: Lois B. Lewis, First Counselor; Josephine Wagstaff; Zella B. Johnston, President; Edna B. Taylor; Pearl W. Lewis, Secretary.

Zella B. Johnston is president of South Summit Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Zelma P. Beardall

**KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE SECOND WARD, FIVE PAST
PRESIDENTS AND PRESENT PRESIDENT HONORED AT
ANNIVERSARY PARTY, March 17, 1947**

Left to right: Emily S. Crandall; Florence Simpkins; Lydia Billings (now of Provo, Utah); Katherine Sumsion; Margaret Miner; Romola Norton, the present president.

This delightful entertainment was directed by Norma Strong, literature class leader. The honored guests were presented with corsages and a banquet was served at beautifully decorated tables, carrying out a color scheme in blue and gold, the Relief Society colors. With the exception of the late Zebina Alleman, who was the first president of this Relief Society, all presidents were in attendance at the social.

Zelma P. Beardall is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Gwendolyn T. Gwynn

WASHINGTON STAKE, BALTIMORE (MARYLAND), WARD FASHION SHOW, April 25, 1947

Modeling clothes which they made under the instruction and encouragement received in the Relief Society sewing course, are, front row, left to right: Lillian G. Taylor; Jennie B. Kosko; Bonnie Lynn Rosenthal; Glen K. Rosenthal; Mary C. Disney. Second row, left to right: Beatrice Cornell; Cora Lee McLenden; Annabelle Taylor; Geneva Warner.

Several other members also took part in the fashion show but were not present when the photograph was taken.

In the inset photograph at left is Sister Mary Fehle, eighty-three years old, at whose home the Baltimore Relief Society was organized in 1914. A true Relief Society worker, emphasizing charity and love and devotion to the gospel, Sister Fehle has long been an active member of this Society as well as a friend to the missionaries. Sister Fehle's hobby is making dolls and giving them away to make children happy. She donated seven dolls to the recent Relief Society bazaar.

Gwendolyn T. Gwynn is president of Washington Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Thelma D. Brimley

GRANITE STAKE (UTAH), WELLS WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE RECORD

Stella Widdison, supervisor, front row, sixth from the left; Eulalia Dorius, visiting teacher message leader, front row, fifth from the left.

Every district in this ward has been visited for nineteen consecutive months (October 1945 to April 1947). There are twenty-two districts in the ward. A number of teachers were absent when this photograph was taken.

Thelma D. Brimley is president of Wells Ward Relief Society, with Stella Rhoades and Henrietta Allmark as counselors. Ida Dean is president of Granite Stake Relief Society.

DAY'S END

Ella J. Coulam

I love the joy of eventide
When shadows softly fall,
When thoughts turn back to home again
And peace comes over all.

I love the sweet contentment
When we are all together;
The cares and worries of the day
Seem crowded out forever.

I love the darkness of the night
With you and me alone;
A silence grips the whole wide world
And tranquil is our home.



Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 6—"From Judea to Galilee"

"Early Incidents in Our Lord's Public Ministry"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ* (Chapters 11 and 12), by Elder James E. Talmage)

For Tuesday, March 2, 1948

Objective: To show that Jesus gives ample evidence to all who honestly seek him, that he is the Christ; and that righteousness is the greatest force in the world.

WHILE the Lord Jesus was in the wilderness, John the Baptist was continuing the work of his ministry. Strong and mighty in his denunciation of sin and sinners, he was humble and sincere in his attitude toward the Savior. He earnestly affirmed, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord" (John 1:23). He spoke of the Savior as the "Lamb of God." "He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose" (John 1:27). The Lord was to "take away the sin of the world;" he was to send the Holy Ghost, which John had seen descend "from heaven like a dove;" the Holy Ghost was to be given, because of Jesus, to all who would come properly into the fold. It was a great demonstration of a true servant magnifying and glorifying his master. Great as was the Baptist, he sought to forget self in truly magnifying his Master. One of the truly great lessons of humility and self-effacement was taught by the life of this prophet

of God. Many important lessons concerning the Savior can be learned from a careful study of the first chapter of John.

Jesus was now to play the chief role in earth's greatest drama. His method of making friends is intriguing. When two of his early converts, Andrew and John, went to him, he looked upon them kindly and asked, "What seek ye?" With great deference, they asked, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?"

Where does the Lord dwell, and how may we find him? That question wells up in every honest human heart. It is never an intrusion to seek him. Every true teacher must help others to find him. Our missionaries are doing that very thing; so, also, are the members of the great organization of Relief Society.

John and Andrew were thrilled with their first meeting with the Lord. The former seemed ever to be his warmest friend, and the latter, immediately, went and brought Simon, later called Peter, and introduced, or presented, him to the

Savior. Peter was later to be made head of the Church. One marvels at the simplicity of true greatness. "Come and see," or "Follow me," was all that was necessary to induce men to give up all and follow him. "Never man spake as he spake." When he summoned, men obeyed. His innate greatness of character appealed to the nobleness in others. Note the conversation with Nathanael: "Whence knowest thou me?" Jesus replied, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." He knew, too, the man was without guile. Nathanael, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God." In the incident is illustrated the power of penetration possessed by Jesus; also, that clean living—being without guile—brings testimony to the honest seeker.

Elder Talmage, the author of the book we are studying, stresses the title, "The Son of Man." A careful study of pages 142 and 143 will be helpful.

We shall concern ourselves presently, however, with the beginning of some of the marvelous miracles which were performed for the blessing and benefit of his followers. During one of the Lord's journeys into Galilee, we read of his being present at a marriage party at Cana, near Nazareth (John 2:1-11). Mary, the mother of Jesus, was at the feast and manifested concern because the supply of wine was exhausted. When she came to Jesus about it, he addressed her as "woman." No one doubts that the Lord held his mother in the highest esteem. His filial love for her was worthy and genuine. The salutation "woman" was not in the slightest degree disrespectful. The custom of the day permitted such

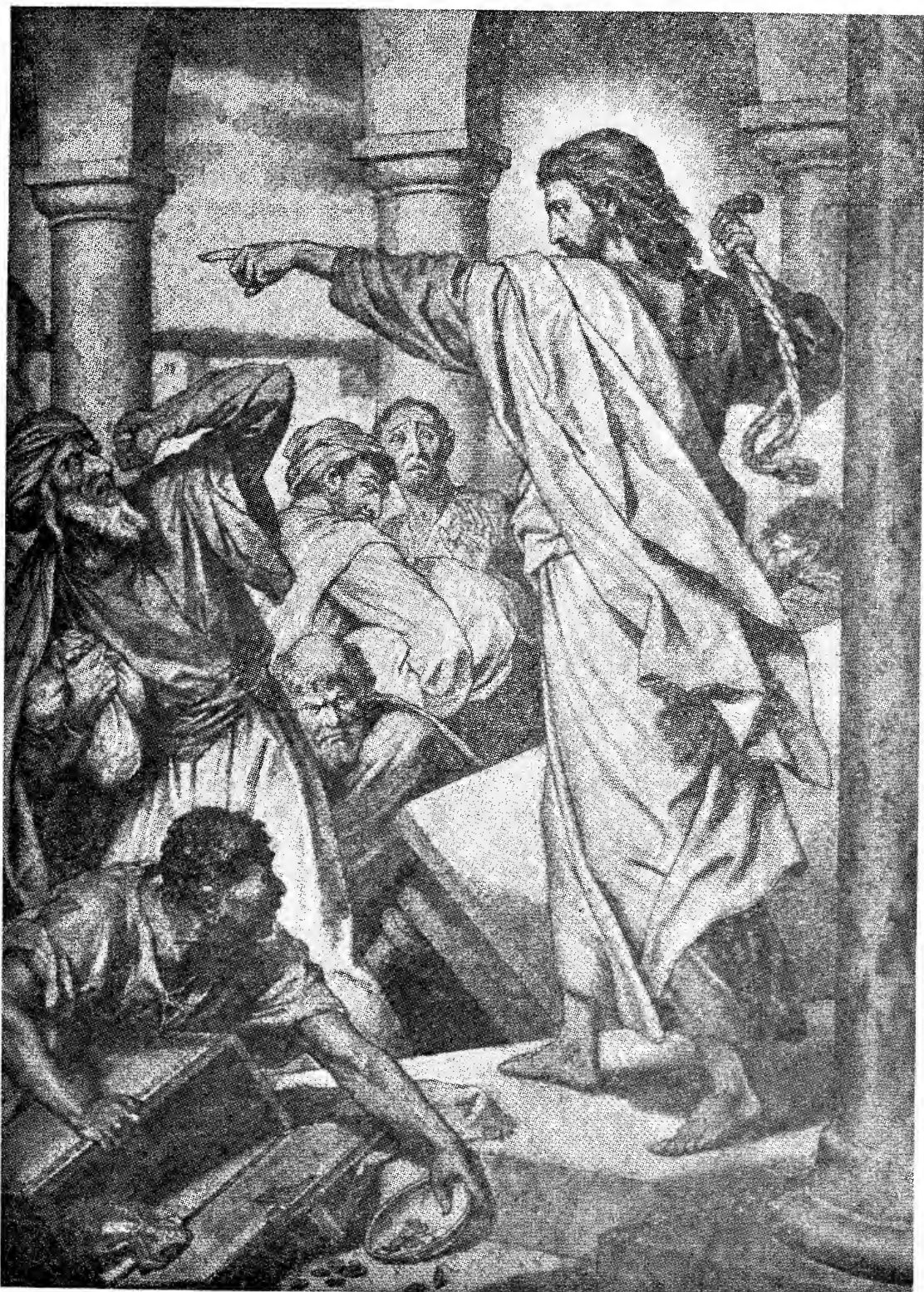
usage. In one of the most distressing moments of his life, he again addressed his mother as "woman" (John 19:26).

In this first miracle of turning water into pure wine, Jesus set his seal of approval upon marriage and also upon proper recreation and social life. He was not opposed to legitimate and wholesome merriment and even celebrations and amusements.

We hear much said concerning miracles. Anciently, those who believed and obeyed were promised signs and miracles. What appears to be a miracle may, or may not, be a proof of God's approval. Every true miracle is probably a suspension of natural law, or the operation of higher laws of the universe by God's power. He alone gives the sign, or works the miracle. Anything short of this is not of God. Only those to whom the Holy Ghost is given may know the difference between the genuine and the fraudulent. However, God does not leave us to guess, if truly we seek him. Everywhere in nature we see the operation of laws which we do not understand. They are miraculous to us when we do not understand the power transcending our human knowledge. The nearer we approach the Lord, the more we may understand his ways and works. When a baptized believer is "born of the spirit," he knows by the assurance which comes to his soul whether a manifestation is from God. The Holy Ghost is the only true guide in such cases.

Early Incidents in Our Lord's Public Ministry

It was but natural that the Savior's attention would be called early



A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Hoffmann, 1824-1894

CHRIST DRIVING OUT THE MONEY CHANGERS

to conditions at the temple. Prior to his coming, not all of the work now being done in the temples of God was being performed at Jerusalem, but, nevertheless, that temple was considered the house of the Lord. It was in the temple where the Boy had said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Therefore, when the Savior discovered that it was being used as a place for barter and trade, he was righteously angry. Even within the inner precincts, which were supposed to be most sacred, the work of making and changing money and collecting taxes was being carried on. The outer courts and grounds, during the time of the Feast of the Passover, were little more than corrals, pens, and cages for cattle, sheep, and pigeons. Using freely an improvised whip, the Lord drove the traders out, liberated the animals, overturned the tables, and scattered the ill-gotten money on the ground. Before the majesty of the King, the traffickers quailed and slunk back. None dared resist him.

It took the learned time to get their breath before they could weakly ask, "What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?"

Jesus made a remark that was afterwards used against him: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up" (John 2:18-19). He referred to his body, but they construed the remark to refer to the temple, which had taken forty-six years in building (John 2:20). Their own words later proved that they knew he referred to his body (Matt. 27:63). The clearing of the temple advertised his work far and wide.

Among the learned who seemed

to believe in Jesus, and yet who were afraid to openly espouse his cause, was one, Nicodemus, who occupied an important position among the Jews. This man said to Jesus, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." In answer, Jesus told him that a man must be born again or he could not see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus marvelled, "How can a man be born when he is old?"

Jesus answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John 3:1-5). Then, the Master Teacher gave one of his fine lessons. Nicodemus, a learned man, knew that there were other meanings to the word "birth" than a literal mortal birth. Jesus used an auricular aid: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit" (John 3:8). Jesus took occasion to explain, in detail, several points of doctrine, in addition to being born of water and of the Spirit. (To get additional light on the full meaning of water baptism and its significance, read Romans 6:1-5).

On the occasion just mentioned, Jesus told Nicodemus:

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3:16).

Later, the Lord interpreted what is meant by "belief" that saves (John 14:12).

This interview furnishes an opportunity for one of the most in-

structive lessons in the scriptures. Do not pass over it lightly. Faith in Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world can be taught. In the Book of Mormon we read:

And moreover, I say unto you, that there shall be no other name given nor any other way nor means whereby salvation can come unto the children of men, only in and through the name of Christ, the Lord Omnipotent (Mosiah 3:17).

Salvation comes only through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. After one has turned away from evil, one must then have a new birth by being baptized in water. As Paul said: "We are buried with him by baptism unto death." We will walk thereafter in "newness of life." These and other scriptures would be meaningless unless one is immersed in water by one having authority.

One further word regarding John the Baptist must be said. The burden of his message was, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He baptized only with water, but always explained that the Greater One would come and baptize with

the Holy Ghost. Now that he had come, John withdrew somewhat from the scene, but urged that all good comes from God and not man. It is God, the Holy One, who will "shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalms 16:11). Righteousness is the greatest force in the world. Jesus was the most righteous being who ever lived in mortality upon this earth. He is the world's greatest power.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. The ability to discern the true character of men was shown early in the Lord's ministry. Select and relate a number of incidents which prove this.
2. What evidence have we that Jesus was not opposed to legitimate celebrations and recreations?
3. Relate the incident of the Savior cleansing the temple. Show his courage in the act and his fearlessness in proclaiming his power.
4. What principles of the gospel are taught in the incident of the conversation with Nicodemus?

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

Lesson 6—Community Activities

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, March 2, 1948

Objective: To show that present progressive community activities originated and were stimulated by the early pioneers.

THE type of settlement adopted by the pioneers was most advantageous for the development of the

country and for the well-being of the people, as it made possible the early promotion of joint community ac-

tivities and interests, which, to the people, were beneficial and helpful.

The Latter-day Saint plan of settlement was the farm-village type, with the well-laid-out village as the center, surrounded by farms. The farmers lived together in the village, going out to their farms in the morning and returning in the evening. In the beginning it had been quite necessary for the people to settle together on the streams which furnished the water supply, and, also, for safety from the Indians; but they wisely saw to it that they did not become a mere aggregation of dwellings with no co-operation. Consciously and premeditatively, they organized and developed social units.

Rural sociologists in America today recognize the fact that organized rural community living has many advantages over the early American plan of isolated homesteads which had been the rule when land was free or cheap, and unlimited. They also recognize that the Latter-day Saints developed this plan of living to a very high level, perhaps a higher level than most other groups have achieved.

A vigorous spirit of co-operation and neighborliness was developed among the pioneer settlers. The people joined together in laying out and planning villages and in developing canals, irrigation ditches, roads, railroads, bridges, sawmills, gristmills, dams, telegraph lines, and in building churches, schools, and homes. They established co-operative stores, newspapers, and periodicals; the first newspaper in Utah was *The Deseret News*, established in the year 1850.

The saints met together frequently as friends and neighbors in the Church, or in the school building, to discuss problems as they arose, and to devise ways and means of making their communities interesting, attractive, and productive. They strove together for economic independence.

The Church Welfare Program, today, in its production projects, demonstrates what can be accomplished through co-operation.

The pioneer Relief Society women, ever active, alert, and progressive, established, in 1872, a woman's periodical—the *Woman's Exponent*—at that time the only woman's paper between Boston and the Pacific Coast. They also joined together in building women's co-operative stores and Relief Society halls as centers for their activities. In the interest of health, they introduced classes in nursing and obstetrics, and established the first Latter-day Saint hospital—the *Deseret Hospital*—in 1882. They also encouraged the education of women physicians with the result that a number of Latter-day Saint women were graduated from eastern medical schools and were among the first women doctors in the West. These accomplishments set the pattern for present and future activities.

Suggestions for Discussion

Mention some of the advantages of the farm-village type of settlement. The class leader, by consulting some of the oldest residents in her community, may learn how the pioneers co-operated in the building of canals, irrigation ditches, and other projects.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 5—Bias Cutting and Joining, Cording, and Facing

Jean Ridges Jennings

Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, Chapter VIII

For Tuesday, February 10, 1948

BIAS strips are commonly used as a finish for suits and dresses, either as a decoration or in a utilitarian capacity.

The purpose of this lesson is to suggest ways of using bias for finishing garments and also to give the proper methods of doing so.

Three of the most popular edge finishes involving bias strips are: binding, facing, and cording. For any one of the three treatments it is first important and necessary to obtain a true bias strip. If the material is not cut accurately on the true bias grain, the results will be distressing. The material may not lie flat and will launder poorly.

The true bias grain is the diagonal of both lengthwise and crosswise grain. To obtain this, bring straight crosswise edge parallel with the lengthwise edge and the resulting fold is the true bias. The diagonal ends of these strips will be on the grain of the material, either lengthwise or crosswise. In joining the bias strips lay the two diagonal ends together, right sides together, and stitch. Then press seams open and flat. Remember that when the strips are laid together for stitching, the points will extend beyond the strip just the width of the seam taken. Always take care to cut and join bias strips accurately.

For sheer materials, bindings are always more attractive when made as narrow as possible. They are usually better when applied double. Cut the bias strip six times the width you wish the finished edge to be, fold the binding through the center evenly, with the right side out, and press. Pin the binding to the fabric smoothly with all of the edges even, baste in place, and then stitch on the sewing machine. Bring the folded edge over the seam to the wrong side and hem down by hand, catching the stitches under the machine stitching, being careful not to have them go through to the right side.

For heavier fabrics, use a single binding, cutting the bias strips four times the width of the finished binding. Pin, baste, and machine stitch with the two right sides together, having one edge even with the edge of the garment. Turn under the other raw edge once, then turn the folded edge over the seam and stitch.

A bias facing is made by cutting the bias strip as wide as desired and sewing the edge to be faced in the same manner as the single binding. Press the seam open and flat, then turn bias to the wrong side at the seam edge, being careful that none of the facing shows on the right side. Turn under edge of facing and stitch flat. Blind hem it to the garment.

Cording as an edge finish or a trimming is extremely attractive when used at the neckline, on the bottom of sleeves, or to outline any structural detail. Space does not permit a lengthy discussion of uses for cording, but the possibilities are unlimited. (See *The Complete Book of Sewing*, pages 47, 48, 51, 57, 105, 132.)

To cover a cord, prepare bias strip wide enough to go around the cord

and allow for seam. When the bias strip that covers the cord is to be used also as a facing, it should be 1½ inches wide, and one edge should be allowed twice as deep as the other. Lay the cord in the fold and stitch close to the cord using machine cording foot. Stitch to edge of garment allowing cord to extend beyond the edge evenly all the way. Blind hem the lower edge of the facing to the garment.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 6—Visions of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, March 16, 1948

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the apocalyptic type of literature.

A vision of the future, especially the future of what life holds in another world, can bring the brightest hopes of mankind. In our day the Lord, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, has blessed us with glimpses of the celestial realm. In company with a companion on each of two occasions, the Prophet saw the throne of God and bore witness of its beauty and joy. Once in the year 1832 with Sidney Rigdon, and again in 1836 with Oliver Cowdery, did he see and make an inspired record of these most soul-searching experiences. So real were the visions that the brightness of detail is not lacking in the words that record the happening:

The veil was taken from our minds, and the eyes of our understanding were opened. We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us; and under

his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like amber. His eyes were as a flame of fire; the hair of his head was white like the pure snow; his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun; and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying: I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father. Behold, your sins are forgiven you; you are clean before me; therefore, lift up your heads and rejoice. Let the hearts of your brethren rejoice, and let the hearts of all my people rejoice, who have with their might, built this house to my name. For behold, I have accepted this house, and my name shall be here; and I will manifest myself to my people in mercy in this house. Yea, I will appear unto my servants, and speak unto them with mine own voice, if my people will keep my commandments, and do not pollute this holy house. Yea the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands shall greatly rejoice in consequence of the blessings which shall be poured out, and the endowment with which my servants have been endowed in this house. And the

fame of this house shall spread to foreign lands; and this is the beginning of the blessing which shall be poured out upon the heads of my people. Even so. Amen (110:1-10).

In the two great visions of the Prophet Joseph Smith recorded in sections 76 and 110 of the Doctrine and Covenants, there may be found a touch of rhapsody, that hope eternal in which the soul can vision God's goodness to those who love him, evidence that he surely has done nothing except he has revealed it to his servants the prophets.

The 76th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, coming as it does in answer to the Prophet's and Sidney Rigdon's questioning of the resurrection, throws new light upon the Savior's phrase, "In my Father's house are many mansions." But here are the stirring words of the vision itself and the manner by which it came into being:

We, Joseph Smith, Jun., and Sidney Rigdon, being in the Spirit on the sixteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two—by the power of the Spirit our eyes were opened and our understandings were enlightened, so as to see and understand the things of God—even those things which were from the beginning before the world was, which were ordained of the Father, through his Only Begotten Son, who was in the bosom of the Father, even from the beginning; of whom we bear record; and the record which we bear is the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, who is the Son, whom we saw and with whom we conversed in the heavenly vision. For while we were doing the work of translation, which the Lord had appointed unto us, we came to the twenty-ninth verse of the fifth chapter of John, which was given unto us as follows: Speaking of the resurrection of the dead, concerning those who shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth—they who have done good in the resurrection of the just,

and they who have done evil in the resurrection of the unjust.

Now this caused us to marvel, for it was given unto us of the Spirit. And while we meditated upon these things, the Lord touched the eyes of our understanding and they were opened and the glory of the Lord shone round about. And we beheld the glory of the Son, on the right hand of the Father, and received of his fulness; and saw the holy angels, and them who are sanctified before his throne, worshipping God, and the Lamb, who worship him forever and ever. And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—that by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto god (76:11-24).

Such writing as this is apocalyptic in style. It is exalted in spirit, for it carries the mind beyond any earthly experiences into a realm beyond. While we are warned not to delve into the mysteries, yet we all yearn to have the soul comfort such writings can assure. As is recorded in Proverbs 29:18: "Where there is no vision the people perish:"

Activities and Readings for Appreciation

In today's discussion period the class might well devote its thinking to the degrees of glory as outlined in the 76 section of the Doctrine and Covenants. This may be found in verses 38 to 119 inclusive. The following verses 50-70 refer to those who will inherit the celestial glory:

And again we bear record—for we saw and heard, and this is the testimony of the gospel of Christ concerning them who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just—

they are they who received the testimony of Jesus, and believed on his name and were baptized after the manner of his burial, being buried in the water in his name, and this according to the commandment which he has given—that by keeping the commandments they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins, and receive the Holy Spirit by the laying on of the hands of him who is ordained and sealed unto this power. And who overcome by faith, and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds forth upon all those who are just and true.

They are they who are the church of the Firstborn. They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things—they are they who are priests and kings, who have received of his fulness, and of his glory; and are priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchizedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son.

Wherefore, as it is written, they are gods, even the sons of God—wherefore, all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are theirs and they are Christ's and Christ is God's. And they shall overcome all things. Wherefore, let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God, who shall subdue all enemies under his feet. These shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever and ever.

These are they whom he shall bring with him, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven to reign on the earth over his people. These are they who shall have

part in the first resurrection. These are they who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just. These are they who are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly place, the holiest of all. These are they who have come to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of Enoch, and of the Firstborn. These are they whose names are written in heaven, where God and Christ are the judge of all. These are they who are just men made perfect through Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, who wrought out this perfect atonement through the shedding of his own blood. These are they whose bodies are celestial, whose glory is that of the sun, even the glory of God, the highest of all, whose glory the sun of the firmament is written of as being typical.

For an introduction to these verses, have the class consider the following found in Revelations 14:13:

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

How does the added light, as given through the beautiful passages of the 76 section, bring new meaning to this statement made by John the Divine?

What are the lines in this revelation that give poetic hope and joy to those who are faithful?

SINCERITY

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Grieve not for days of autumn,
Grieve not for the setting sun,
But grieve for tasks unfinished
When daylight hours are done.

Grieve not for pain and heartbreak,
Grieve not for friends untrue,
But grieve if you are false
To that which dwells in you.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Lesson 5—Refinement

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 23, 1948

Objective: To show that refinement enriches one's own life as well as the lives of one's associates, that it embodies all that is gentle, considerate, and uplifting.

REFINEMENT includes all that is fine in manners, taste, and feeling, and discards all that is coarse, vulgar, and low. It is a subtle something that one instinctively senses in another, but which is difficult to adequately describe. One who is refined has trained and disciplined his nature over long years, until the fineness of character is deeply ingrained.

A person of refinement need not dress expensively nor in style, but must be neat and dressed with a dignity that denotes something money cannot buy. He is gracious to those he contacts. His demeanor sets people at ease and he is conscious of others' well-being rather than his own. Refinement excludes vanity. The truly great are not snobbish, but the would-be great oftentimes are. Illustrating this point, an interesting incident is told by a house guest of Jeritza, the noted soprano:

I was staying once with the famous opera singer, Jeritza, in her lovely home in the Tyrol (Austria), when some street singers from Vienna asked to be allowed to come and sing to her. They came and gave us a concert in her garden. It was a picturesque scene, the low white house with green shutters, the blazing garden sleeping in the heat, the vast lake with its ring of majestic mountains. The singers were admirable, but it was the great prima donna's demeanor toward them which made the occasion really memorable to me. She applauded with obvious enjoyment and laughed whole-heartedly at their humor

like a joyous school girl. She treated them quite naturally as her equals in the equality of brother and sister artists. She went in and out among them without a shadow of patronage. Afterwards I said to her, "You may be a great singer, but unquestionably you are a greater audience" (ALBERT VICTOR BAILLIE, the Dean of Windsor: *The Making of a Man*, pp. 57, 58).

Our pioneer ancestors were among the truly refined and cultured, and they did not allow the long, arduous trek across the plains to rob them of that refinement. By great effort and inconvenience, they brought with them a few treasured possessions—some good books, a musical instrument, or a choice picture. Flower seeds were carefully tied in a sack and carried with them so that their new homes, no matter how crude or small, could be beautified with the color and loveliness of growing things. Their ideals were high and their attention concentrated on the worthwhile values of life. Food and shelter were not the only things of worth to them. They were not content with mere existence—they desired an abundant life. They did everything in their power to improve themselves along cultural lines—in education, music, drama, and art.

How Can Refinement Be Made a Part of the Home?

Everything in the home may bespeak refinement. It matters not whether the home is costly or has elaborate furnishings. Even modest

homes can have a few good pictures which leave a lifelong impression on members of the family, or some good books and periodicals which instill an appreciation for good literature. Good music may be had in every home, if through no other medium than the radio. The selection of the music is what matters. Participation in any of the arts has a refining influence upon one's life. It is possible for one to appreciate the arts merely through observing and listening, but the appreciation will be enhanced if one studies or actually takes part in one of them.

Courtesy is one phase of refinement. It is generally agreed that children of the present generation do not manifest the courtesy of former days. In fact, it would appear at times that they take pride in being rude. Whether the cause of this is the modern idea that children should not be inhibited, we cannot be sure, but it is certain that most parents do not teach nor stress nor demand courtesy, as in days gone by. And children do not often, of themselves, pick up those ways.

Courtesy is nothing more nor less than consideration for others, or as the oft-repeated phrase says, "Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way." Many illustrations of the lack of courtesy may be observed. One will serve as an example: a very refined, scholarly young man whom the writer knows, was seen seated near the rear of a bus. At one of the high schools, a large group of noisy boys and girls boarded the already crowded bus, with the result that many of the girls had to stand. The young man, before mentioned, stood up and, in his very precise language, said to a



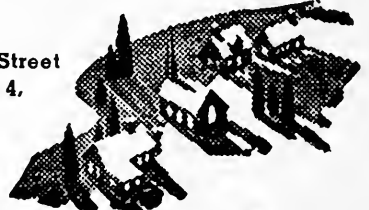
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girl standing near, "Would you care to sit down?" With a toss of her pert little head, the girl mimicked his manner and language, as she said, "No, thank you!" The young man flushed. He did not resume his seat, but remained awkwardly standing, and you can imagine the thoughts that went through his mind. Thus we see that there are two sides to courtesy—one in showing it to others and the other in accepting it graciously. There is no situation which calls for rudeness.

Courtesy begins at home. Parents should set the example by their own conduct, and they should see that the habits of courtesy are made a part of the lives of their children. Little drills and demonstrations are very helpful. They might be carried out as games. Have the children, under mother's supervision, pretend they are introducing people to each other, or leaving the table. The time when a child commits a social misdemeanor is the psychological occasion to correct it, if the time is opportune. Obviously more harm than good may result if the children are embarrassed when corrected.

Angelo Patri says:

Manners are the passport to friendship. They open the doors to pleasant places that are guarded by people of power. Knowing what to do and how to do it impresses those who are benefited by such understanding and reflects benefits on the well-mannered young person. It pays to be good-mannered.

Good manners do not grow overnight, or in the face of emergency. They must have the sureness of habit behind them. When one is faced by a sudden demand for behavior one responds by habit, does what he always has done Use the family for practice. They will like it and you will benefit. By and by, you, too, will prefer good manners.

Sometimes amusing or critical remarks are made concerning the technical rules of etiquette, but Emily Post points out that these rules were given with only one thought in mind—that people may feel at ease, and that certain procedures may be uniform. Any conduct which adds grace and charm to an occasion is not only worthwhile, but is correct.

It is reported that one of the First Ladies of the Land broke many precedents of long years' standing while she was at the White House, but those precedents were always broken in the interest of kindness or to get away from rigid formality.

A prominent society woman was giving a formal dinner. During the course of the meal, it happened that one of the ladies near her picked up the wrong fork. The hostess, observing her mistake, immediately picked up the corresponding fork at her own plate and used it.

How Important Is the Use and Tone of the Voice in Refinement?

The voice is a very important factor in refinement. It can be either an asset to one or a liability, depending on the control exercised over it. If one's voice is kept under control, it proves that the emotions also have been controlled. When a soft, gentle voice is cultivated by parents, the children, for the most part, will naturally adopt the same tone.

Respect is another phase of refinement which needs careful cultivation in children. Respect for parents, respect for authority, for elderly people, for the opinion of others and the belongings of others, all must be taught and exemplified at home. Parents who allow their children to speak rudely to them are doing the

children a great injustice. They are encouraging a lack of respect. Parents who allow children to be disorderly or destructive are failing in the training of refinement. The habits a child needs should become a part of him when he is small, then the training will be much easier. Children should extend occasional little courtesies to their parents. The son might hold mother's chair when she sits down at the table, open the car door and help her into the car. Sister might take the evening paper to father. See that children express appreciation for services performed for them. One mother said:

If I had it to do over again, I would have my children wait on me instead of waiting on them so much. I think they would honor and respect me more. And someone else said, "The measure of a happy person is his ability to be tough with himself and tender with others" (Readers' Digest, August 1946, page 39).

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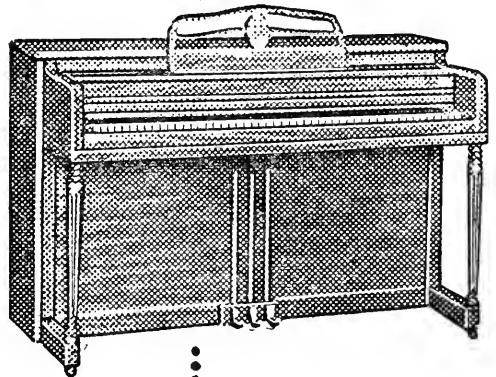
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Comments From Magazine Readers

I'm twenty-two years old. I have been a Latter-day Saint since I was eight years old. I quit going to Church three years ago, but in reading the wonderful lessons and quotations in your *Magazine* I have resolved to do all I can in renewing my faith in our beautiful Church. I have never read more inspiring articles than I have in the past week in your wonderful *Magazine*. I just couldn't refrain from letting you know my honest feelings.—Salt Lake City.

I have enjoyed reading our *Relief Society Magazine*, ever since it was published as the *Woman's Exponent*. I was ninety years old on the 6th of March. Most of my life I have spent helping to build up branches, wards, and stakes in five different states. My first pioneering was a mission to help colonize Arizona.—Salt Lake City, Utah.

I gave, as Christmas presents, seven subscriptions to the *Magazine*, to one daughter, three daughters-in-law, and to three sisters. I feel that I am doing my bit of missionary work in putting our *Magazine* into their homes, and I have received grateful remarks from all.—Logan, Utah.

I want to take this opportunity of telling you how much I have enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*, for the helpful hints and instruction. Ever since I have been able to read, I have read each issue, for Mother has had it in her home for

twenty-five or thirty years, and I have had it in mine for two years now, and hope to as long as I have my own home.

May the Lord bless you in your efforts to keep *The Relief Society Magazine* coming to the many homes it reaches each month, and bless you in finding the best material possible.—Oakland, California.

Received my splendid reading book called *The Relief Society Magazine* today. I wouldn't take dollars for the spiritual values and information contained therein. I sincerely appreciate this book and value its contents highly. I am just a young girl, single, but I wish all young girls would attend Relief Society. They would benefit greatly.—Kansas City, Missouri.

I have been going to write for a long time to tell you how very much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is well worth its weight in gold and so reasonable in price. I wouldn't be without it.—Rexburg, Idaho.

I feel I must express my appreciation to those of the General Board who have put so much time, work, and prayer into making the *Magazine* possible for the sisters of the Church. I say prayer, for I feel that the *Magazine* is inspired by our Father in Heaven and I thank him for the help and encouragement it brings into my home every month.—Mesa, Arizona.

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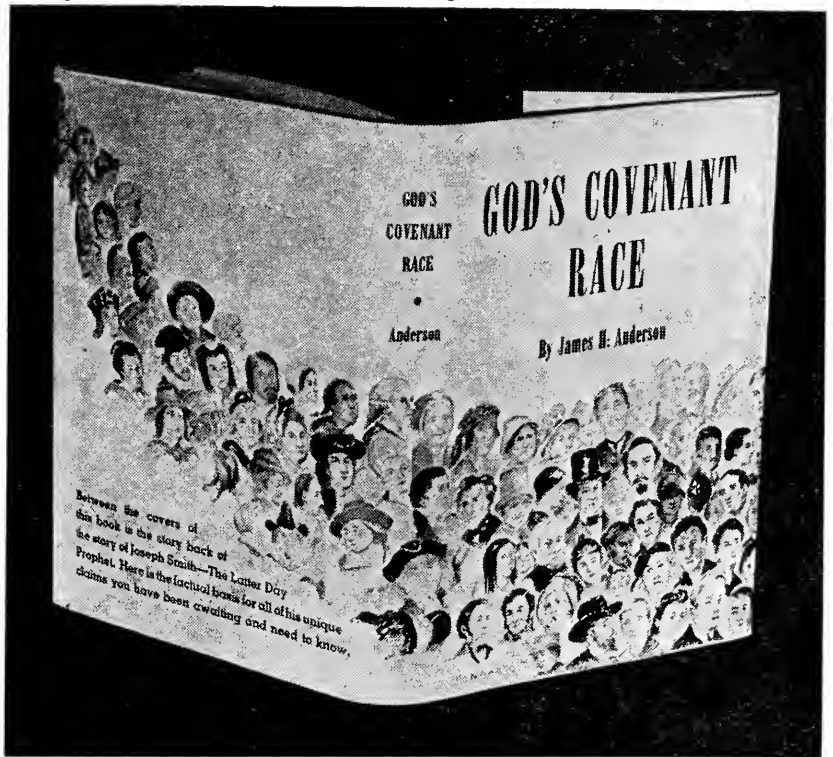
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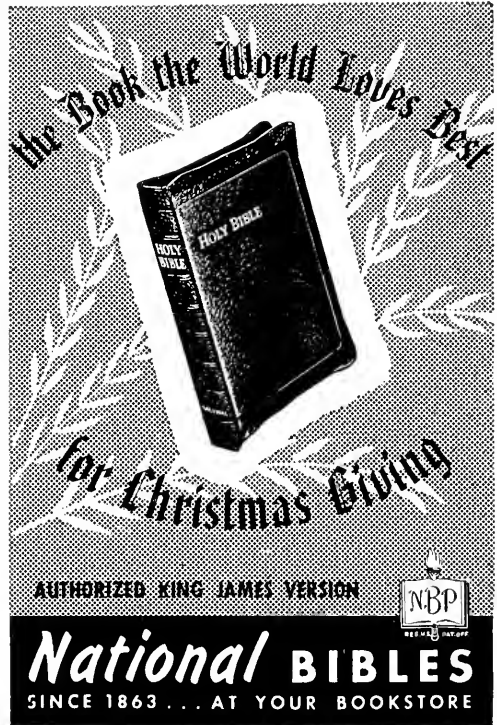
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