



The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

VOL 38 NO 1

Lessons for April

JANUARY 1951

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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

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Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

A New Year Wish	General Presidency of Relief Society	5
Ernest L. Wilkinson, President of Brigham Young University	Ivor Sharp	5
Award Winners — Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest		10
Lot's Wife — First Prize Poem	Alice Morrey Bailey	11
Old Home — Second Prize Poem	Julia M. Nelson	12
Pioneer Wagon Wheels — Third Prize Poem	Ruth Horsley Chadwick	13
Award Winners — Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest		15
"But Covet Earnestly" — First Prize Story	Mirla Greenwood Thayne	16
Polio Strikes Again		37
Pioneering in the Big Horn Basin	Botilda Berthelson McBlain	39

FICTION

A Christmas Gift for Teacher	Fae Decker Dix	23
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GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago	Ramona W. Cannon	28
Woman's Sphere	Vesta P. Crawford	30
Editorial: The Old and the New		31
New Serial ("For the Strength of the Hills") to Begin in February		31
Notes to the Field Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March		32
Bound Volumes of 1950 Relief Society Magazines, 32; Award Subscriptions Presented in April, 32; Relief Society Not a Selling Agent, 33; Pictures of all General Presidents of Relief Society Now Available, 33.		
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Socials, Bazaars, and Other Activities		43
From Near and Far	General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering	72

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: "The Long Night of Apostasy"	Don B. Colton	50
Visiting Teacher Messages: "And Jesus Answering Saith Unto Them . . ."	Mary Grant Judd	54
Work Meeting: Pictures, Mirrors, and Wall Accessories	Christine H. Robinson	55
Literature: Oliver Goldsmith	Britant S. Jacobs	57
Social Science: The Role of Ancient Israel	Archibald F. Bennett	63
Music: Theories Underlying Singing, Accompanying, and Conducting	Florence J. Madsen	67

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

A Gingerbread House	Phyllis Snow	34
The Low Cost of Happiness	Caroline Eyring Miner	40
From Commode Into Buffet	Rachel K. Laugaard	41
Crocheting Keeps Her Busy and Happy	Rosella F. Larkin	42

POETRY

The Heart Will Find It — Frontispiece	Dorothy J. Roberts	4
"Boys Are Dear," by Christie Lund Coles, 22; "Letter From a Daughter," by Clara Laster, 22; "Rosemary," by Margery S. Stewart, 31; "The Wild Geese Fly," by Marvin Jones, 33; "Progress," by Anges Just Reid, 36; "The Dying Year," by Beatrice K. Ekman, 38; "Sketches," by Evelyn Fjeldsted, 40; "Recompense," by Matia McClelland Burk, 40; "Mirror, Mirror," by Mabel Jones Gabbott, 49; "My Choice," by Marion W. Garibaldi, 71; "My Child," by Marylou Shaver, 71; "Within My Heart," by Grace Sayre, 71.		

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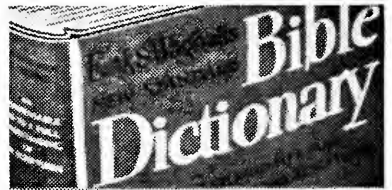
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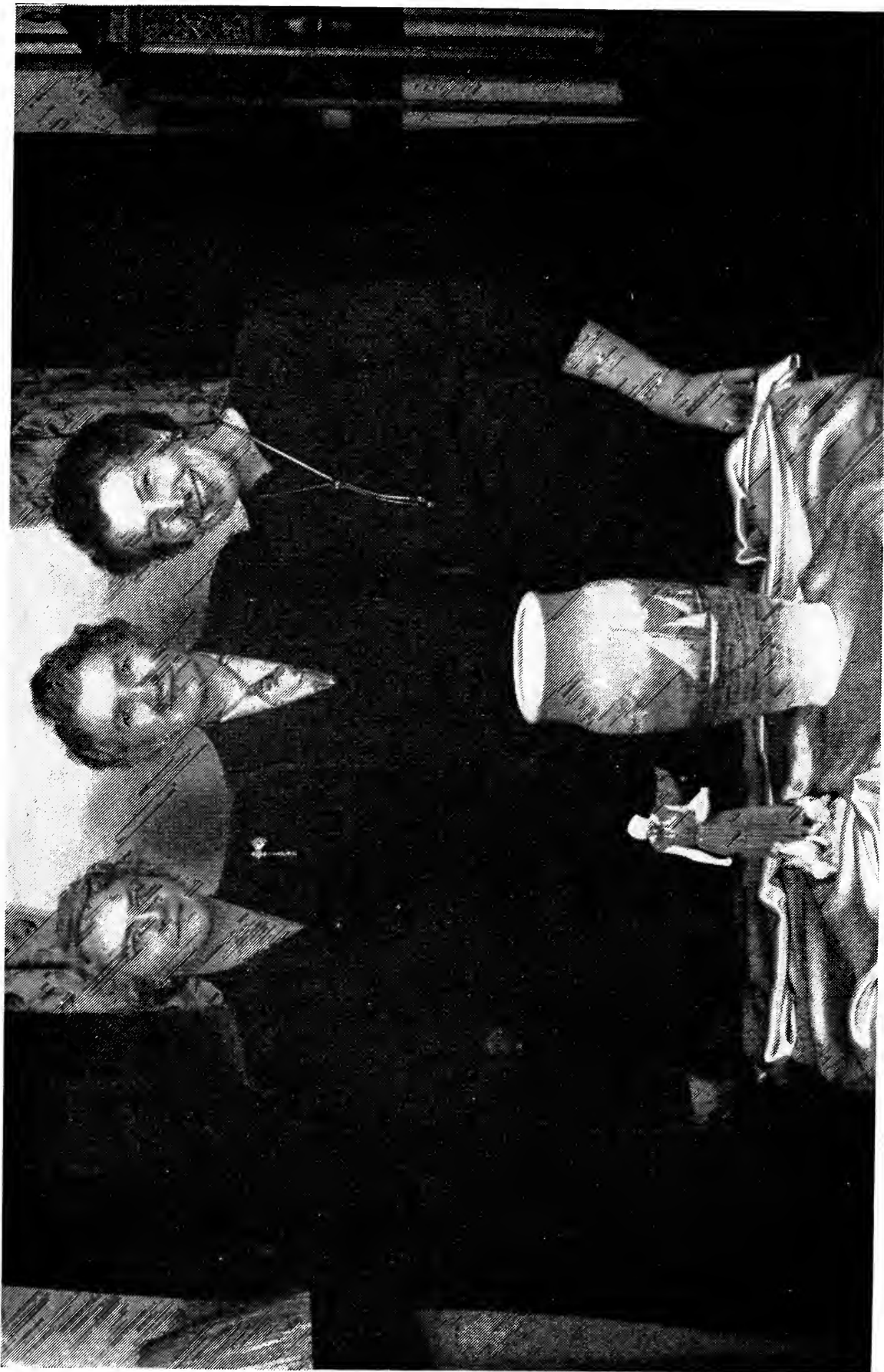
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Left to right: First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford; Second Counselor Velma N. Simonsen.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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A New Year Wish

The approaching year 1951 sails from the horizon freighted with fears and blessings, with despair and joy, and each person will unload from its cargo that portion which he chooses for his own. Moreover, each individual may lay hold an anchor to his soul which will keep him from drifting to his destruction onto the shoals of unbelief and unrighteousness.

Ether describes this anchor in these words: "Therefore whoso believeth in God might with surety hope for a better world . . . which hope cometh of faith, making an anchor to the souls of men."

It is the wish of the general board that, during the year 1951, service in Relief Society may strengthen Latter-day Saint women, "making them sure and steadfast, always abounding in good works, being led to glorify God." This service will return to bless the giver and will increase her hope and faith to forge an anchor to weight her soul in the stream of eternal life.

May the New Year bring these rich blessings and joy to all Relief Society members.

Affectionately,

BELLE S. SPAFFORD

MARIANNE C. SHARP

VELMA N. SIMONSEN

General Presidency



The Heart Will Find It

Dorothy J. Roberts .

There should be, always, some rich echo stored
Within the spirit's vault as flaming dower,
Some golden fruitage of a season kept
As sustenance saved for a darkened hour.

There is one long, unbroken thoroughfare
From grace to grace forever for such eyes;
The heart will find it, if it has not yet,
The heart, grown glad, will learn it—and be wise.

Then shall beauty have no death nor end,
For when the autumn fades there is the dream,
The lucent amber threaded on the mind,
The coral heaped as by the canyon stream.

Memory can bridge the winter's white abyss
And stir the flame still embered in its sight,
The little space till glory shall return
In some new guise, and all the land be bright.

The Cover: Cabin at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Photograph by Ray Loomis.
Cover Design by Evan Jensen.

Ernest L. Wilkinson, President of Brigham Young University

Ivor Sharp

Executive Vice-President, Radio Service Corporation of Utah (KSL—KSL-TV)

ONE cannot work with Ernest L. Wilkinson without recognizing and appreciating his great ability. Also, one is soon impressed with the meticulous and scholarly way he goes about his work, with the vast amount of energy that he puts into it, and the steady way he moves forward with dogged determination, plowing into the furrow behind him all of the disappointments and discouragements that may have beset his efforts. And, quickly, one will observe that here is a man who places his Church obligations first; a person never too busy for Church service.

To set aside for a later day a measure of worldly success that might be had today; to postpone home comforts comparable to those enjoyed by one's friends; to curtail entertainment and to stand with a tiny group in a great city for a cause, takes faith, courage, and the will-to-do—all essential qualities of leadership. Ernest L. Wilkinson did that. In so doing, he was sustained by a small group of friends who did likewise, but none of them gave more generously of time, ability, means, and energy. And in the background he had the full support of his wife, Alice Ludlow Wilkinson. Alice, loved and respected by all her associates, moved with quiet and gentle dignity. Endowed with an unusual intellect and devoted to

her Church, she kept their home in good order, joined her husband in Church service, and serenely and cheerfully met each day with calm assurance.

In those New York days President Wilkinson was associated with the law firm of Charles Evans Hughes, then Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He had been selected for a position in this firm on the basis of his excellent record at Harvard Law School. He had earned and won the right to test his legal ability in company with men standing high in that profession. And if he were to succeed, he would do so by reason of his own ability and strength of character; there was no one supporting him for any other reason. During those years and all the years since, he worked each day and well into the night. Often he undertook assignments that others considered too unlikely of success. The four legal cases involving claims for settlement from the United States Government to certain Ute Indian tribes were undertaken by him after others had decided the prospects too improbable.

For over fifteen years Ernest L. Wilkinson fought in behalf of his Indians. He was facetiously referred to as "that Indian man." His greatest trial during that period was that of staving off discouragement. And anyone closely associated with President Wilkinson will understand

that days are very dark indeed when he despairs. Many times he would be seen briefly in Salt Lake City, when he was hurrying to or from some Indian reservation. In Washington he was ever working and rushing; his office seemed literally bulging with work and activity. Into those cases on behalf of the Indians he poured his full ability, his vast source of energy, and practically all of his own resources, excepting only that part of his life always reserved for his Church.

The magnitude, as well as the importance, of the decision recently handed down by the Court may better be understood from the following:

1. The Court awarded final judgments in the four cases aggregating \$31,938,473. The largest prior final judgment ever entered by the United States Court of Claims was around \$7,000,000 plus interest.

2. One hearing in the Court of Claims on one of the Ute cases involved over 11,000 pages of testimony and 23,000 pages of exhibits.

3. One of the hearings was the longest continuous hearing on trial in the history of the United States Court of Claims.

4. Work on these cases extended over a period of more than fifteen years.

5. Relative to the services of President Wilkinson, the Honorable Seth W. Richardson, formerly Chairman of the President's Loyalty Board and now Chairman of the Subversive Activities Control Board, in testifying before the United States Court of Claims recently, stated:

"Neither you nor I ever had an opportunity to contact human work in the profession of the law that compares to this case. It is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw."

WHEN success comes to one under such conditions, those on the outside, those who have little knowledge of what has gone before, are prone to be mindful only of the moment. To them the disappointments, the difficulties, and the darkness along the way are not understood. They fail to comprehend the sheer tenacity necessary, at times, to continue the work; to appreciate that most of that time, victory, if ever to be attained, seemed so very far away. To pursue wisely, intelligently, relentlessly, doggedly, the ramifications of law cases of that nature takes the kind of substance that only leaders possess. President Wilkinson's resolute steadfastness is further evidenced by his strict adherence to principle. No matter how great the financial pressure upon him, and most of the time during those "Indian" years and earlier, it was heavy indeed, he always found a way to pay his tithing. He believed in the law of tithing and honored it, he had the strength of purpose to hold to standards and ideals. That is the way he conducts his life; that manner of living explains why he won his cases, why he succeeds in doing the things he undertakes.

Accordingly, to those who knew him, it was not surprising that when a new president of the Brigham Young University was to be selected the name of Ernest L. Wilkinson was soon heard as a possible choice. He has always had a love for the institution, as has his wife, Alice; and this love they have passed down to their children. Their son Ernest L. graduated from the "Y" in 1946; their daughter Marian, in 1949; a daughter Alice Ann is at present a



Photograph by Glogau

· PRESIDENT ERNEST L. WILKINSON AND FAMILY

Alice Ludlow Wilkinson; Marian; Alice Ann; Douglas (sitting in front); Ernest Ludlow, M.D.; David; Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson.

student there. President Wilkinson has demonstrated his devotion and loyalty to the Church; his training has prepared him for the great responsibility of being President of the Brigham Young University.

WITH ripening wisdom he approaches his task humbly. He exhibits a spirit of deep appreciation for those who, in the past, have served, as well as for those who are now serving Brigham Young University; for all that the faculty and others have done to build a great institution. Upon the announce-

ment of his selection as president of the University, he made the following statement, which is significant:

I accept in a spirit of humility and with the hope I may be of assistance to the great faculty of that institution in causing the Brigham Young University to fulfill the measure of its destiny. Because I am convinced that the ills of the world will never be cured by purely political action whether that action be translated into international pacts, atom bombs, burdensome armament, or otherwise.

I welcome the opportunity of returning to my alma mater where chief emphasis is placed on individual responsibility and

righteous living—the only key to personal and international peace.

I anticipate, barring another world conflagration, that it will not be many years until the Brigham Young University will have a regular enrollment of around 10,000 students, who will come from all parts of the Christian world. Already over fifty per cent of its students come from without the State of Utah, nearly every State being represented. I will be happy to devote my energies to encouraging that growth.

President Wilkinson will work with the faculty and with others concerned to make the Brigham Young University a leader in all fields of University training. He and Mrs. Wilkinson attended the exercises commemorating the 75th anniversary of the founding of the University held the week of October 16, 1950, and they will move to Provo shortly after January 1, 1951.



Biographical Data

Birth and Parents:

Native of Ogden, Utah. Born May 4, 1899, to Robert Brown and Cecelia Anderson Wilkinson.

Education:

Graduate of Ogden public schools and Weber College, where he was student body president two years, represented the school in debating two years, and a member of the State championship debating team. Awarded Lewis Efficiency Medal for highest standard in scholarship.

Graduate of Brigham Young University, Class of 1921, with B.A. degree. At the "Y" he was editor of the school paper, president of his class, member of several debating teams, winner of speaking contests, founder and first president of the Public Service Bureau.

Graduate 1926 *summa cum laude*, George Washington University Law School with LL.B. degree. Graduate 1927 from Harvard Law School with degree of Doctor of Juridical Science. Under Harvard standards this degree was awarded only to students maintaining straight "A" average.

Marriage and Family:

Married Alice Ludlow of Spanish Fork, Utah, a graduate of B.Y.U., teacher in Provo High School and, later, teacher in high schools in Washington, D. C.

Children: Ernest Ludlow Wilkinson, M.D.; Marian; Alice Ann; David, and Douglas. Dr. Wilkinson, a graduate of John Hopkins Medical School, is practicing medicine in Salt Lake City, and Marian is on a mission in the Texas-Louisiana Mission.

Work:

Organized the Ogden Transportation Company in 1918.

Member of the faculty Weber College, 1921-23.

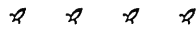
Member of the faculty Business High School, Washington, D. C. 1923-26. Superintendent—Camp Good Will—operated by Associated Charities of Washington, D. C.

Full professor of law at New Jersey Law School—Newark, New Jersey. Member of the law firm of Charles Evans Hughes, New York City.

Partner—Law firm of Moyle and Wilkinson, Washington, D. C..
 Own law firm, Washington, D. C.

Church Service:

Superintendent Tenth Ward Sunday School, Ogden, at age fifteen.
 Member of the North Weber Stake Sunday School Board at twenty-one.
 Counselor to the late Fred G. Taylor, President of the Manhattan Branch, Eastern States Mission. (Dr. Carl Eyring, now Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Brigham Young University, was the other counselor.)
 President of the Manhattan Branch, New York District, Eastern States Mission.
 President of the Queens Branch, New York District.
 First bishop of Queens Ward, New York Stake.
 Counselor in the Washington Stake presidency for eight years under both Edgar B. Brossard and Ezra Taft Benson.



Hal Rumel

WINTER SOLITUDE, ALTA, UTAH

Award Winners

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the names of the three prize winners in the 1950 Eliza R. Snow Poem contest.

This contest was announced in the June 1950 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1950.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Alice Morrey Bailey, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Lot's Wife."

The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Julia M. Nelson, Mountain View, Alberta, Canada, for her poem "Old Home."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Ruth H. Chadwick, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her poem "Pioneer Wagon Wheels."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1932, in honor of Eliza R. Snow, second general president of Relief Society, a gifted poet and beloved leader.

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 poetry.

Prize-winning poems are the property of the Relief Society general board, and may not be used for publication by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board also 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 one hundred eleven poems submitted in this year's contest, as compared with ninety-seven entered last year. Many of the poems submitted this year revealed beauty of thought, and nearly all of the subjects of the entries were based upon an interesting and significant theme.

Sixteen states and the Dominion of Canada were represented in this year's contest, the largest number of entries coming from Utah, with seventeen from California, ten from Idaho, seven from Colorado, six from Arizona, four from Nevada, three from Massachusetts, two each from Florida, Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, and Canada. One entry each came from Texas, Wisconsin, Montana, Minnesota, and Connecticut.

One of the 1950 prize winners has received previous awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, and two new poets are represented. 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 judges for their care and diligence in selecting the prize-winning poems. The services of the poetry committee of the general board are very much appreciated.

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

Prize-Winning Poems

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest



ALICE MORREY BAILEY

First Prize Poem

Lot's Wife

Alice Morrey Bailey

She merely turned for one last, stolen look
Before her woman's lingering mind forsook
The home her hands had decked, her smile made sweet,
The memories of her children in the street.
A spirit, set on right, must keep front-face
Forever rigid toward the chosen place
And eyes firm-narrowed in the lane of duty.
No wayside resting place and no lush beauty
Should tempt the soul to longing, no lost
Love or glory, and no treasure mete their cost
In nostalgic indecision, not even pity
For a wanton, doomed, and wicked city,
Lest the will be drawn into the sucking blaze,
Consumed to smoke and ash. The backward gaze
Can bend desire, compel the step to halt,
And slowly, slowly turn the heart to salt.



JULIA M. NELSON

Second Prize Poem

Old Home

Julia M. Nelson

Come this way, it is softer even now
To walk where he has labored with his plow
Between these rows; how proudly tall they stand
That once were saplings on the barren land.

Not that way; tangled vines have overrun
The garden path . . . She stood there in the sun
To breathe the warming fragrance of her flowers;
She bought their beauty with such precious hours!

Step lightly, for the robins come each spring
To rear their nestling brood beside the swing;
They loved the laughing noise that children made.
The silence has been long . . . they are afraid.

Come softly through the door; the house is old,
Love's fire is out, the sheltering walls are cold . . .
The windows dark where shone a sacred light
Of trust and harmony into the night.

Pray humbly that the choice and fruitful years
Upon this altar laid with joy . . . with tears . . .
May reach to heaven from this dead home, until
It stands a city, set upon a hill!



RUTH HORSLEY CHADWICK

Third Prize Poem

Pioneer Wagon Wheels

Ruth H. Chadwick

They screeched against the river's icy crust
And groaned in protest to the freezing night;
Behind, the inky skies were red with lust,
A crimson emblem formed by fires of might.
Through dust-green grasses, seared by summer's sun,
They cut with steady unrelentless pace
A double line of etching, slowly spun
Across the lonesome prairie's swarthy face.
They strained beneath perpetual wear and weight,
Defying nature's cruel, untamed force
Of ruthless weather spelling out their fate,
And craggy mountain peaks that blocked their course.
They built new worlds for men who would be free;
Then on they rolled to their eternity.

Biographical Sketches of Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest Winners

Alice Morrey Bailey, musician, composer, sculptor, artist, and writer, is a remarkably gifted Latter-day Saint woman. Alice and her husband, DeWitt Bailey, have three children.

Mrs. Bailey has served in all of the Church auxiliary organizations and is now organist in the Sunday School of the Eleventh Ward, Salt Lake City.

The literary work of Mrs. Bailey has been recognized by many publications and has received awards in several contests.

Readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* are familiar with Mrs. Bailey's poems, many of them frontispieces, and with her excellent short stories and serials which have appeared from time to time in the *Magazine*. Her story, "The Wilderness," placed first in the 1941 Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest, and "The Ring of Strength" placed second in 1945. In the 1948 Relief Society contests, Mrs. Bailey was awarded first prize in the short story and second prize in poetry. This is her first appearance as winner of the first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.



Julia Mecham Nelson was born in Taber, Alberta, Canada. She married George A. Nelson and now lives on a ranch near Mountain View, Alberta. They have three daughters and two sons, the oldest is twelve years old and the youngest three and a half.

Mrs. Nelson has contributed stories and poems to the Church magazines and has been represented in *The Relief Society Magazine* by several poems. This is her first appearance as a winner in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Mrs. Nelson has always had a strong urge to write, she tells us. "I taught myself touch typing at home, about two months before my fourth child was born. I have often tried to give up writing, but I can't."

Over a period of twenty-five years, Mrs. Nelson has served in all the auxiliary organizations of the Church. In October 1950 she was appointed president of the Mountain View Ward Relief Society.



Ruth Horsley Chadwick was born in Brigham City, Utah, the daughter of May Mathias Horsley, and the late Ernest P. Horsley. She graduated from Box Elder High School and studied at the University of Utah and the Utah Agricultural College, graduating from the latter with a teaching major in English. Marriage cut short her teaching career after one year at Logan High School. She is the wife of LeRoi C. Chadwick. They have three children.

Mrs. Chadwick is an active member of the League of Utah Writers, the Utah Poetry Society, and the National League of American Pen Women, of which she is now Utah State President.

In January 1944, Mrs. Chadwick was called to the Primary general board, and soon after was appointed a member of the editorial staff of *The Children's Friend*. In that capacity, she spends most of her time editing and writing.

Award Winners

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the short story contest which was announced in the June 1950 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1950.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Mirla Greenwood Thayne, Provo, Utah, for her story "But Covet Earnestly."

The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Inez Bagnell of Kamas, Utah, for her story "We'll Always Remember."

The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Frances Carter Yost, Bancroft, Idaho, for her story "She Shall Have Music."

All three winners in this year's short story contest are busy mothers and homemakers.

This 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 a periodical of recognized merit.

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of the *Magazine* for 1951.

Thirty eight manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1950, as compared with twenty-four for last year. All three of the women

receiving awards this year are making their first appearance as winners in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, although each of them has previously contributed to the *Magazine*. Most of the stories entered in this contest were well-written, many of them revealing professional quality in organization and technique.

The 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 has 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

“But Covet Earnestly”

Mirla Greenwood Thayne



MIRLA GREENWOOD THAYNE

MONDAY dawned blue for Marcia, blue as indigo, though the sky was cloudless, and the sun rose triumphantly over the rain-drenched hills. Marcia had said that Monday need never be blue. Synonymous with the first day of creation, each Monday to Marcia meant a new beginning. She invariably arose early and by the time old Sol made his singular appearance her washing was usually well underway. She rather liked the clean smell of suds against duds,

and the rhythmic swish of the swirling dolly often set her to singing.

This morning there was no sun in Marcia's heart. Her throat was too tight for singing. She worked mechanically, her lips drawn into a thin line.

“Whatsa' matter, Mommy?” Young Stephen followed her from the kitchen to the screen porch, his brown eyes registering concern. “Is you tired, Mommy?”

“Yes Stephen, a little tired,” Marcia answered petulantly. She brushed a damp hand across her eyes and turned her head quickly to hide the signs of a deluge that she knew were beginning to appear.

“Run in the front room, Stephanie, pick up the Sunday paper for Mother, hustle now!” She gathered up a basket of clothes and hurried to the line.

Other Mondays Stephen had followed her there. They had chatted joyously together, about the flowers, the tiny red-winged humming birds that nested in Marcia's Dianthus. Stephen had handed her the pins while her deft fingers secured a panorama of clothes to the line. This morning she could not bear his questioning, so she was relieved to hear the story hour coming over the morning broadcast. Stephen would be lost in fairyland for a while.

Not many Mondays ago she had found joy in so many little things; the cool grass beneath her sandled feet; the flowers that were yielding to her own nurturing; neatly folded linens that seemed to retain their share of the subtle satchet of growing things. Then, at the close of day, there was the satisfaction of work well done and, as she relaxed her strength to the coolness of fresh sheets, she imagined she realized, in part, how God must have felt when he viewed his labor of the first day and saw that it was good.

But something had happened to Marcia lately. The children annoyed her. The little house smothered her. Stephen was right, she was tired; tired of crowding a million thankless tasks into a single day. She was tired of the endless molehills that kept her from scanning the mountains of her dreams. Lately her thoughts had been taking detours into the past.

"Things could have been different for you, Marcia," her conscience chided. "You were not meant to wear the shoes of a Biblical Martha. If you had married Brad Stanley, things would have been quite different."

True, Doc Stanley had appreciated her abilities. He still did. Last week she had met him quite by chance. He had seemed pleased to see her.

"Are you still writing, Marcia?" he had inquired.

Marcia's negative answer had brought exclamations of regret.

"Marcia," he had said, "you are not being true to yourself. Your talent is you, Marcia."

NOW, as she folded soft towels, Marcia remembered that somewhere in the scriptures a penalty was prescribed for procrastination such as hers. She couldn't recall just what it was. Perhaps she should have followed Miss Holten's advice and considered her career first.

"Marcia, you have an unusual talent," Miss Holten had said. "Keep writing. The time will come when you will enjoy real success," and the elderly teacher had returned the manuscript that she had just finished reading to the English class.

Marcia had often noticed a look of loneliness foreshadowing the face of the gray-haired teacher.

"I shall keep writing," Marcia had told herself, "but please God let me live first."

THE next time they met Marcia showed Miss Holten a small diamond on her engagement finger.

"I'm disappointed in you, Marcia," Miss Holten had said. "What about your talent?"

"Oh, but I shall write, too," Marcia had said, and she was sure then that she spoke the truth.

It had all seemed so right then. She and Jim had little in the way of worldly possessions, but they had young strength and the faith of the untried. They had bought the little house on Lake Street, not because it suited their needs, but because it was within their means.

"It's small now, Honey, but we'll make it grow with us," Jim had said.

However, the little house had grown only smaller as its contents increased.

Each baby contributed its share of happiness. Marcia had loved the little tasks of preparation, tiny embroidery on soft flaxen garments, the poignantly clean smell of cedar from the little chest Jim had made especially for her baby things; the morning ritual of bathing her babies, their tiny bodies warm against her own. This was real creation. Marcia had been happy then, and at times so full of the sweetness of living that she would find release for her emotions through the written word, and when time refused to allow for their completion, the unfinished manuscripts found their way into a little drawer in the old mahogany desk.

This little drawer, with its disheveled heap of papers, was partly responsible for Marcia's present frustration. She had labeled it "Tomorrow," and its deserted contents waited on for a tomorrow that just didn't come. Lately it had tugged at Marcia and appeared as forlorn as a neglected child.

Yesterday's experiences had added another unfinished poem to the little drawer. It had also added fuel to the fire of Marcia's discontent. Jim had come in from Sunday School, followed by Stephen and Brent.

"Want to go for a ride, Momsey?" Jim had inquired. "There's something on East Drive that you must see!"

So they had all clambered into the little car, with Jim in the driver's seat, Stephen perched on his knee, ready to match miniature man hands with his father's at the wheel.

The road stretched before them like a silver ribbon. Newly budded

trees wove variegated green lace against the sky.

JIM swerved the car eastward and brought it to a sudden stop. There it was! Iris on tall stems, a field of them, orchid, yellow, royal purple, a fusion of many colors, all washed by rain!

"Flowers!" cried Stephen, clapping chubby brown hands. "Flowers, Mommy, more'n forty of 'em."

Marcia was silent. Carelessly spoken words could not justly describe this sudden beauty.

They are like real orchids, bathed in rainbow mist, she thought.

April was being temperamental. She banished clouds enough to make way for a sudden shaft of sunlight. A rainbow arched across the sky.

A radiant trellis, an ethereal line, Marcia visioned. No wonder the makers of myths called the rainbow their roadway to Valhalla.

Her mediation was interrupted by the approach of Eric, the tall, lean keeper of the Lawn Dell Iris Farm.

"You like flowers?" he asked Marcia.

"They are beautiful," she responded almost reverently.

Proudly Eric pointed out his most prized species, while Stephen listened in wide-eyed wonder.

"I crossed this White Goddess with the Golden Eagle variety," Eric said, handing a hybrid bloom to Marcia. "See the bright yellow of the father plant blended with the delicacy of the mother." He plucked another iris. "This orchid bloom resulted from crossing the Great Lakes species with the Angeles pink."

"Mommy," Stephen broke in, "do flowers have mommies and daddies, too?"

"Yes, Stephen, all living things have fathers and mothers."

Stephen's wide eyes searched the garden as if he expected the lithe flowers to adopt human forms.

"Come here, Sonny." The gentle caretaker had drawn Stephen to his side and, taking stamen and pollen from the delicate blooms, he explained to the curious child the miracle of the flowers.

On the way home Marcia remained silent, trying to hold fast to the words that had come to her in the garden. The loss of a single simile would be abortive to this conception of beauty that was hers.

Back in the confines of her own little room, she wrote swiftly, confidently. Here was one word picture that would not go into the drawer unfinished—she hoped.

* * * *

"I'M hungry, Mom," young Brent boomed into the kitchen. "When do we eat?"

Marcia's throat tightened. She tried not to hear.

"I'm hungry, Mommy," Stephen echoed. "When do we eat?"

Marcia walked into the kitchen. She might as well care for their needs now.

"You don't know what hunger is," she told them, trying to keep the bitterness out of her voice. Didn't the male of the species ever consider anything but his stomach?

"But, Mommy, a man gets hungry often and we ate 'bout forty hours ago." Forty had been Stephen's pet number ever since Marcia had told him the story of Ali Baba.

"Of course you are hungry, Son." Marcia looked at the clock. True, Stephen had exaggerated, but it was past supper time.

Their hunger appeased, the children went back to their play. Marcia resumed her writing.

"Where's Mother?"

She was suddenly brought to reality by Connie's tremulously young voice. Marcia's frustration mounted. The door opened gently.

"Hi, Mother! Busy? I have a problem. Let's just talk for a few minutes, Momsey?" Connie sat on the edge of the desk, her slim legs dangling. "Shall I ask Ken to go to Cynthia's party with me tomorrow night? Jean is going to take Hal. What do you think of Ken, Mother?" Connie talked on and on.

Marcia anchored her attention to the problem of the hour and counseled her daughter lovingly.

"You are sweet, Moms," Connie said, as she planted a breathlessly soft kiss on Marcia's cheek and flitted from the room on butterfly wings.

Just fourteen, thought Marcia, a living poem of fourteen years, but surely not a sonnet, just a sweet simple lyric.

The old-fashioned clock struck seven. Where had the day gone? Time seemed to deliberately evade her.

"Time for church!" Jim's big voice boomed through the little house. "Come on, Kids, let's get ready."

Marcia heard the back door slam, and she knew that Brent had answered the summons. She heard Stephen calling for the towel.

"Ready, Mother?" Jim queried.

Marcia stepped to the door. "I believe I won't go tonight, Jim," she said, hesitantly, knowing full well the outcome of such a suggestion.

"I don't want to go tonight, either," said Brent, and Stephen made a beeline for the back door to resume his play.

"Oh, let's all go," Marcia had said, as she gathered her little brood around her. "Church is our place on Sunday night."

* * * *

WHEN, after church, Bishop Callister approached Marcia and asked her to accept the position of president of the Relief Society, she felt that she had reached the acme of her defeat.

Her first impulse was to say no.

"I am sure the Lord will bless you, Marcia," the Bishop said. "He'll make you equal to this calling."

Marcia wanted to tell the bishop that he was asking too much, that she had other plans, but all she could do was to answer simply, "I'll let you know. I must think it over."

And she had thought it over, and over, and over, while walking home, while reading Stephen his bedtime story and when, after hours of thinking, she finally gave herself up to Morpheus, it was to restless dreaming of long hours of welfare work, of planning and organizing, of visits to the sick.

A far-flung deviation from iris and rainbow mist, she thought.

* * * *

BY bedtime Monday, Marcia had made up her mind. Her answer was going to be an emphatic "No."

There were others who could devote their time to the Church. From now on she was going to be unselfish to herself alone, while she pursued her ambitions.

She would begin this minute. She drew the little drawer from its place and set it on the front room floor. Seating herself beside it, she began exploring its contents.

There was a feeble knock at the door. Marcia looked up, to see the pallid features of her neighbor Nedra Cowan.

Oh, no, Marcia said to herself, not her again. She was in no mood to hear her distraught neighbor tonight. Night after night she had listened to the same agonizing story. She had wanted to help, but Nedra had refused to be comforted.

Marcia opened the door. Nedra was twisting nervously at the print apron that hung from her waist.

"I'm glad you're home, Marcia." Nedra's swollen eyes searched Marcia's pleadingly. "I must talk to someone. Oh, Marcia, what can I do?" The words ended in a sob.

"Nedra, Nedra, get hold of yourself." Marcia put her arm around her troubled neighbor.

"Marcia," Nedra sobbed, "will you walk with me? I can't sleep. All night I think of Bob. He was alone, Marcia. He died all alone out there. He needed me, and I was not with him. He had so much faith, too, Marcia. Before he left he said to me, 'Mother, keep praying that I shall never be forced to kill.' He was all that I had, Marcia. Why did God take him from me? How could he, if—if there is a God?" Heartbreak, fear, and disillusionment combined in agonized weeping.

"Nedra, oh, Nedra," was all that Marcia could say. Of what use were words and the gift to use them if they failed you at a time like this?

Nedra continued, "When he came home from the last war I thanked God every day of my life. I had given one son to the cause, but I still felt that God was good. He had given back one of my boys. Then they took him again, and I kept saying, 'He'll come back. God will take care of him. He did before. He will again.' But now he's gone and something has happened to me. I can't pray anymore, Marcia. I can't be sure that God lives. Oh, Marcia!"

Marcia's arm tightened around her neighbor. She wanted so much to give Nedra of her strength.

The two women walked along the moonlit path. The air was still; silver shafts of light interspersed the shadows of the lilac trees that bordered the walk. Nedra's sobs continued. Marcia prayed secretly again. She must do something to relieve this burdened soul. "Please, God, give me words," she prayed.

From somewhere out of the still night, words came to Marcia.

"Nedra, dear, death is not dreadful. People have seen beyond the veil and they all say that if we knew the sweetness of death we wouldn't care to live. I wish you had been to church last night. Brother Clayton gave a wonderful talk. He said that God has promised us that the righteous of our loved ones who die, die in Christ and do not really taste of death, but death will be sweet to them. From the Book of Mormon he read a promise that God gave to those who die for their country. The promise is that they shall find

happiness in death. From Alma he read that God allows the righteous to be killed to bring judgment upon the wicked. God says we needn't suppose that the righteous are lost when they die in the war, because they go to their Father in heaven. Nedra, I believe that angels minister to the wants of those boys whose loved ones are praying for them, just as they ministered to Nephi and to Daniel of old. Bob did not die alone, Nedra."

MARCIA talked on into the night.

Nedra's sobs had ceased, and a serenity seemed to prevail over the women as they walked arm in arm through the stillness.

"Now is the time we all need God and his gospel, Nedra. Promise me, you will never doubt again."

"Thanks, Marcia," Nedra said. "I promise."

Marcia walked slowly back to the house. It was late. Jim and the children were asleep. The little drawer was still on the floor where she had left it. She knelt down beside it and began to explore its contents, reading a line here, a verse there. Somehow, tonight, the little unfinished manuscripts seemed for the most part quite shallow and immature. She wondered how she could have imagined that they were good. She must live much, much more, if she would write. Everything that she had ever written was an outgrowth of her own experience—and for a moment she had thought to shut herself off from the main source of her inspiration.

Tonight she had learned the need of a greater gift, so she prayed; not for her selfish ambitions, but for her grief-stricken neighbor, and for

other mothers who must walk the "way of Calvary." Only once did she pray for herself, and the words of this prayer she wrote and placed above the little desk where she could see them each day.

Give me this gift, an understanding heart.
Of all life's gifts—this is the master art—
The power to comfort those who pass
my way.

Give me the strength to do—the words
to say.

Now Marcia was sure that she understood the words of one of Tarsus, that man of letters whose deep discriminating spirituality enabled him to always put first things first.

"But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity it profiteth me nothing Charity never faileth."

* * * *

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

Mirla Greenwood Thayne, daughter of Thomas F. and Emma Greenwood, and wife of Clifton E. Thayne, Provo, Utah, is the mother of four children.

Mrs. Thayne's literary work has been published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, her latest publication being an article, "The Vow of Oberammergau," in June 1950, and in *The Improvement Era*. She is the composer of several songs, one of which, a sacred anthem, has been published. Recently Mrs. Thayne won two first prizes and one second prize in a Provo, Utah, literary contest. She is a member of the League of Utah Writers and is affiliated with the writer's section of the Provo Women's Council.

As an active Relief Society leader, Mrs. Thayne has been literature class leader in the Provo Eighth Ward, and is at present a counselor in her ward Relief Society presidency.

* * * *

Boys Are Dear

Christie Lund Coles

Boys are dear, but they're off to find
New worlds to conquer beyond the fence,
For wherever wonder and mystery lie
They seem to know with their boys'
sixth sense.

They must build a plane and fish and swim,
Play with pebbles in silver water.
Boys are dear . . . but for company
A mother needs a daughter.

Letter From a Daughter

Clara Laster

Words link hands across the page,
Like actors on a square-white stage.
Words that tell of falling snow,
And nights of doing thus and so.
"Hope you are well. I'm feeling fine,
The days are long, but I don't mind."
Just bits of news from someone dear—
Brief happenings a mother likes to hear.

It's strange how youth creeps into age,
When words link hands across a page.

A Christmas Gift for Teacher

Fae Decker Dix

MISS Brown was staying late the night before school closed for the holidays. She must rearrange the last bit of tinsel, and set the star aright at the top of the tree, and hang the candy canes just so along the red and green paper ropes that the children had stretched across the back of the room. The candy canes were her gift to the children. Each year she saved carefully from her salary check to buy sizable ones for every child.

Being a stickler for sanitation, she re-examined the canes to make certain their cellophane wrappings were secure, and that each bore its own Christmas tag tied on with red ribbons. To Mary from Miss Brown, To Paul from Miss Brown, To Joe—Miss Brown sighed. To think of Joe was to stir in her heart the old longing to help him find status in the room with the other children. Perhaps her own love and understanding were the only way now. To Peter from Miss Brown, To Sharon—To Jimmy. Her blue eyes lighted with laughter as she thought of Jimmy Mack's grimy hands which would have the cellophane peeled and gone in no time, and the bright red and white stripes of the candy cane interspersed with smudgy stripes of his own making. Phyllis Lawn, who sat next to him, would look with immaculate disdain upon his greed, but Jimmy would be happy with the elaborate unconcern of most third grade boys.

Miss Brown sat for a moment upon the edge of the sandbox and

permitted herself the luxury of slumping. It might ease the ache between her shoulder blades. She pushed her hands up through her smooth brown hair, removed and replaced her side combs, sighing a little as she contemplated the bustling tomorrow ahead. Getting ready for the holidays of a school year was one of the fun things in a school teacher's life, and one of the hard things, too. You barely had the Halloween goblins behind your back, when Thanksgiving was there in the hall, and the children were brimming with ideas for painting turkeys and filling cornucopias with the colorful harvest from their own autumn gardens. The turkeys had only just had time to follow the Pilgrims down from the borders and bulletin boards, when holly and mistletoe and gay Christmas bells trooped in for their place.

Billy Jenkins had announced on November thirtieth that he and his daddy would bring the class their Christmas tree this year. On December first it was there, with wide green boughs outstretched like benevolent arms. The children beamed and screeched in delight when they came next morning to be greeted by the woodsy odor of the pine. They began at once to think of the proper ornament for each twig, and what to put at the top, and what to wrap around the base. They wanted to make their own Christmas chains for it. And for weeks the room had shimmered with red and green circles linked together in long, pasted chains.

And teacher's desk was piled high with pictures of the Christ Child, and of Santa Claus, and reindeer on the rooftops, always rooftops with the high, imaginative chimneys a young child draws with his own free abandon.

Thinking of the chains brought another smile to Miss Brown's face—the day she looked up from hearing group two read, and saw Susan Beeley, a small elflike child taut with anger and humiliation, standing over Peter Fromm, the biggest boy in the room. Susan had just slapped him hard on the cheek. Peter stared at her with guilt and surprise and a bright pink spot written on his face.

"I couldn't help it, Miss Brown. I just couldn't help it. He broke my paper chain and I'd worked so hard on it," cried Susan.

The whole class could see the bright evidence of Peter's crime still dangling from his clenched fist.

He looked down at his seat-work a moment and then suddenly he was saying, and with true repentance, "I'm sorry, Susan, I'll give you my paper, the red and the green both. Here . . ." And he pushed his own share of the colored squares not yet cut toward Susan, who sat down and grimly began again.

THERE are priceless gems along the way of a teacher's day, Miss Brown thought, as she turned from the sandbox to watch the sun sink into the lavender of winter twilight. For eleven years she had taught in this same room. It had become a part of her. She loved the wide west windows that looked across weaving fields into the flaming winter sunsets. She loved the

warped window sills, with their rows of potted plants in fluted crepe-paper coverings, and the long blackboards with erasers and chalk neatly spaced along the troughs, and the gay and newsy bulletin board. There was a rough place on the east blackboard so she kept it covered with the monthly calendar, designed and painted by the children.

Thinking of the calendar brought her mind back to Joe Grandon. It had been his turn to design the December calendar. Miss Brown had purposely seen to that. Her face clouded now as she thought on the ways of saving Joe from the scathing jibes of the other children. How is it, she found herself wondering, that children are so loving and so cruel? It would be part of their long growingup to learn to drop this cruelty in favor of kindness and understanding.

She had tried first to block the taunts meant for Joe by approaching Peter and Billy, who most frequently headed the "peer group" in the room. They were housekeepers during an early week in September, and, while they were vigorously dusting the books and banging them into their places on the corner book shelves, she had spoken matter-of-factly.

"I couldn't help noticing," she said, "that Joe wasn't playing in the ball game at recess time this morning."

"Um-mm," muttered Billy.

But, Peter, being the open one, immediately blurted out, "Nope, he's part Injun. Besides he don't know how to play ball."

Miss Brown flushed with quick anger, but minded her words, "No

one knows how if he doesn't get a chance to play."

The boys had moved over to the windows now and were busy pouring water in the plant pots along the sill. Billy set his watering can down and observed casually, "He might could play with Jake." Jake was the only full-blood Indian boy in the room.

"Yeah," agreed Peter readily, "they'd make a good team—good idea."

Miss Brown saw there was work to be done, and she began by finding ways to interest the class in the Pahute legends of Jake's people. Thanksgiving Day had been a good time to use Jake in a program depicting the Pilgrim's first feast day. He wore the native dress of his people and shyly repeated a chant that old Minnie, his grandmother, had taught him.

BUT Joe's was a different problem. She had called at his home and found his parents helpful and willing, despite their poverty. The dark eyes of the mother, looking out upon the world with patience and without complaint, told her there would always be an ally in the home for Joe.

Dear, quiet Joe, with his own great dark eyes looking up from the desk in the middle of row four. He would push his grubby little hands through his hair as he struggled to understand the words in his reader, and look up with pleading in his gentle face each time he realized he couldn't say the word. And, if he got it right, he would look up again with enchanted anticipation for the friendly word he

knew she'd say. "That's good, Joe. You keep trying and I'll be back to help." And his face reflected a glowing light rippling from childish curved lips to the roots of his hair, as she smilingly passed onto the next pupil, her heart falling as she sensed how much he needed her to stay. But there were forty others in the room, each with a different need. Shy and fearful to the point of muteness, Joe would shrink back into himself, darting frightened side glances across the aisle, expecting disapproval, but hoping always for acceptance.

The day came for him to choose his helper for the Christmas calendar. Humbly he glanced at Peter, strong and tall, and full of confidence—but he dared not ask Peter. His eyes fell upon Billy. Maybe Billy would work with him. Miss Brown was ready to offer protection if Billy said no—but he said, "Sure." And again there was the momentary light of pure joy rippling up in Joe's face, for he was now one of the class.

The next morning Joe had brought many things to choose from, worked out with the help of his mother the night before. Mrs. Grandon was an artist in many ways, and Joe came bearing a lovely figure of the Christ Child in his mother's arms, and many shepherds to kneel outside the stable which he and Billy would draw, and a glorious shining star that his mother had helped him make from scraps of tinfoil. It was all for the precious calendar. And he brought it with happiness on his countenance, and a feeling of belongingness singing in his heart. Billy,

falling in with the spirit of Joe, worked hard, measuring and drawing and helping to mount the lovely Christmas figures.

Miss Brown turned back to the room and noticed how the last rays of the sun lingered on the star. It gave her an idea. She would make a halo for the Christ Child's head, and one for the Mother Mary, too. It would please Joe tomorrow when he saw what she had done.

* * * *

THE children came in at one o'clock, all eager with anticipation. The girls wore their best dresses, and the boys had clean shirts and slicked-up hair. They were going to sing together in the hall—all the grades together, before they distributed their class gifts. Miss Brown struck a chord on the piano, and they began rehearsing. It lifts the heart to hear them, she thought, and pondered over the grace that little children find under the guardian eyes of heaven at Christmas time.

The bell rang to call the school to assembly in the hall. Solemnly the children took their places before the towering Christmas tree, which bedecked the front entrance. The smaller children settled first and turned to watch the upper grades come down the steps and rustle into their places on the long stairs flanking each end of the hall. Three boys from the sixth grade stood at the top of the stairs and lifted their trumpets to play the strains of "Deck the Halls," which was the signal to come to order for the caroling.

Miss Smith, the music teacher, raised her hand to give the second signal, and the young voices rose in high, silvery tones, the pure cadence of their blithe songs swelling, advancing, receding into the unchecked joy of the Christmas spirit.

"Up on the Housetop," they sang—and "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas," and then the tender songs, "O, Little Town of Bethlehem," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," "Luther's Cradle Hymn," and "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains." Then, finishing with the loving words of Longfellow's benediction, "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day," they turned back to their rooms softly singing the last verse:

Till ringing, singing on its way
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will toward men.

They had behaved like angels all during the singing, and now Miss Brown smiled upon them at their neat desks, sitting in stiff and unaccustomed politeness under the magic of their own goodness. Christmas was good for them—very good. The giving and the singing together, and now the waiting for what came from the Christmas tree. Some of the boys were self-consciously nudging each other and smirking a little. The girls, with hands neatly folded on top of their desks, looked upon these disturbers of the spirit with adult sternness in their dark glances and pursed mouths.

Miss Brown looked down at Joe, who sat proud and still, glancing now at the bespangled tree and now at his beloved calendar. John

and Mary Beth were to be messengers to carry the gifts which each child had brought for the name-drawing in the room. Miss Brown began taking the gaily-wrapped parcels down from the tree, and a gradual murmur of pleasure broke into gleeful outbursts as the children unwrapped gay and funny things and shared them with their classmates. She passed the cookies and apples donated by the mothers, and the children were soon gathering their possessions together ready for the long winter holiday.

BACK at her desk, she looked down upon a stack of beribboned gifts meant for herself. Their gifts always embarrassed Miss Brown. She loved them, but she felt so sorry about the youngsters who could not bring something for teacher. The deepest wish she could have was to make each child feel his own excellence and worth in his world.

They were filing out of the room now. "Goodbye, Miss Brown. Merry Christmas, Miss Brown. See you after holidays. Goodbye."

The room was filling with quiet after the festivities. A few stragglers were still fumbling with their wraps and galoshes in the hall. Miss Brown sat down at her desk and stared at the packages for herself. She knew there would be many handkerchiefs, which she always loved, and some sweet-smelling soap from Phyllis and Jean—they had told her ahead of time—and some bath salts from Virginia. All of it was too much to give, but she appreciated the thoughts behind the

giving. And she must get busy now for there was much to be done before she took the night bus home.

Light footsteps caught her attention. Joe was crossing the room. His great velvet eyes were fastened upon her face, and his breath came in quick little gasps as he marched steadily toward her.

"Miss Brown—Miss Brown," he said coming up to the desk, "here is something for you. I brought this—for you." And he thrust out his tightly closed fist and opened it to display two shining copper pennies—warm from the sweat of his hand. He turned them over and laid them on her desk.

"Why, Joe." She looked into his proud young face. "Thank you—thank you very much for thinking of me, Joe." And she moved the pennies over with the rest of the gifts. Joe still lingered. His eyes were still fastened upon hers and he swallowed quickly against the revelation of some other pent-up excitement. Miss Brown knew the strange wonder of the grownup before the guileless innocence of the child.

"Are you going to have a happy Christmas at your house, Joe?"

He nodded. "The best one. My mother says it's the very best one. Look . . ." and again he was thrusting something toward her. A crumpled slip of paper. A grocery list from the corner store. "The strike's off at the mines and my daddy bought all this list of groceries last night with money. He didn't have to charge a thing. He paid for all of these. My mother says it'll be the best Christmas we've ever had."

(Continued on page 70)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1, and January 15, 1891

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

A HAPPY NEW YEAR: Here let us pause for one retrospective moment, and look back over the hills of the radiant past, and ask our own hearts some solemn questions, which each one is best prepared to answer for himself. What precious fruit have we garnered for the soul's heritage? What evil have we overcome in our own erring natures, and what sacrifices have we made of self? If we have not been seeking wisdom from the living fountain of knowledge, it is a good time now to commence. The year is slipping fast away, soon the New Year will be upon us. It is an eve of sadness and yet of joy; there are many pleasant realisms, which fill the lap of life with blessings; and if there are some sorrows, some regrets, some human pain, let us acknowledge God in all things, and trustful in His providence, look into the bright new year with hopeful glance, never doubting His kind care and protection. Let it be one of the fresh, green places in our lives towards which, in after years, we may turn with a sense of infinite restfulness, a refuge of peace in moments of pain.—Aunt Em.

MEMORIA

If only in my dreams I may behold thee,
Still hath the day a goal;
If only in my dreams I may enfold thee,
Still hath the night a soul.

Ten thousand blossoms earth's gay gardens cherish;
One pale, pale rose is mine;
Of frost or blight the rest may quickly perish,
Not so that rose divine.

—Florence Earle Coates

HOME THOUGHTS: To make home a delightsome and an attractive place, does not depend upon a large, fine house, with plenty of costly furniture, and expensive surroundings, although these are very pleasing and attractive to the eye; but the true secrets and attributes of a happy home are not purchased with gold or silver, but are placed there by the hearts and the united efforts of the inmates of that dwelling. What are riches compared with the love of sincere and honest hearts? It does not matter if the floor is bare, the rooms limited and the furniture unpainted, the home may be far more pleasant and enjoyable than the finest mansion that is without the peace and quietude of loving hearts. In a home where the Spirit of the Lord is an inmate, the husband and wife are each striving for the welfare of the other, and unitedly striving for the welfare of their children.—M. E. H.

DAVIS STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Bro. Wm. Muir, being called upon said, I feel to add my mite to your Conference, it really does me good to look at these aged sisters, I think they are the ones who stand at the helm—they are the ones who have rocked the cradle, and their course has been onward, and the Latter-day Saints do not stop progressing. It is what we do we get credit for, and not what we leave undone. Pres. Z. D. H. Young then addressed the meeting. . . . My heart aches for those who do not come to meeting, for we need the bread of life for our spirits. By and by, when pay day comes, those who do not attend to their duties will want just as much as those who do, but they will fall short.—Phebe C. Sessions, Secretary



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MR. BELLE S. SPAFFORD, general president of Relief Society, has been re-elected third vice-president of the National Council of Women in the United States. Mrs. Spafford conducted two of the general sessions of the National Council convention held in New York City in October 1950, and presented the annual report of Relief Society. Mrs. Florence Jepsen Madsen, a member of the general board of Relief Society, accompanied Mrs. Spafford to New York City and presented the annual report of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. The members of the National Council were greatly interested in the outstanding activities of these two auxiliaries of the Church.

"DON CARLO," the first performance of the Metropolitan Opera's 1950-51 season, heard over the air, was staged by Margaret Webster, a famous figure in the theater of both Great Britain and America. Miss Webster has revived many classical plays, one notable example being *The Trojan Women*, which she directed and in which she played the leading role. Included in the cast was Miss Webster's mother, the famous Dame May Whitty. Miss Webster has also directed her mother very successfully in plays in New York.

Dame May, beloved in Britain and America, and a very popular actress in our moving pictures, died in 1948.

JANE COWL, playwright and actress, noted for several Shakespearean roles on the American stage, died last June.

RUTH MAY FOX, former president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday on November 16, 1950. Among other accomplishments, she walked about after having been invalided for several months by a fractured hip. Though her eyesight has failed considerably, she still writes poetry and memorizes entire chapters of scripture.

CLARA BRYANT FORD, eighty-three, widow of Henry Ford, died in September 1950. She kept up his hopes and his spirits during the difficult years of experimenting with the "mechanical buggy." He often called her "the believer."

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX, ninety-two, died in September 1950. When her husband, the gelatine manufacturer, died in 1908, she took over the tiny factory and made it into a model business. Her explanation of her success was: "I just used common sense."



The Old and the New

Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew and for the deep . . . and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun . . . and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills . . . (Deuteronomy 33:13-15).

IN this time of the year's beginning, we look toward the new days with a desire to enrich our lives and the lives of our associates. We wish to use our limited time with prudence and with rejoicing. Moments of evaluation come to us, when we seek to find "the chief things" of the earth. Again we ask ourselves if we have found steadfast wisdom and guidance for our lives.

Many people are perplexed regarding the seeming conflict between the old and the new, between that which is traditional and that which seems to be newly discovered. There are those who say that because an idea or a possession is old it should be discarded, and all new thoughts and new things should be accepted without question because they are new.

There is no depth of thought beneath this surface generalization. Shall we throw away something beautiful because it has been in the family a long time? Shall we refuse to listen to the wisdom that has been tested through the ages? Shall we say that faith in God is superstition because it has long lived in the hearts of men? To do so would be to deny the testing power of time. It would be to say that the efforts of the good and the great have been in vain, that the work of their hands

and the majesty of their words have passed away. To forget the long-cherished ideal of life would be to deny that there is an eternal plan, unchanging and unchangeable, in its law and order, by which all men are bound.

Everywhere the old and the new are inseparable. The young mother who first looks into the face of her child, and the elderly woman who looks with faith upon her return to the spirit world are both a part of eternal life.

The clean snows of January cover the old leaves and the stubble fields of many seasons, and the green leaf of April springs from a dark and seemingly barren bough. Think of walking on the turf of pine needles in the forest—how deep with years—and yet looking up and seeing the fresh green plume shining on the end of the bough. Everywhere the old and the permanent, the enduring things of earth, are linked inseparably with renewal, and with the spirit of morning.

The old and the new are one. They are the cycles of eternity, and that which we call change is but the turning of a wheel bringing us to a time when our troubles and perplexities shall be made plain, "for now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." Even the

new discoveries in science are but the application of laws and forces that have existed before the world was formed. Many of the so-called new social theories, some of them already found wanting, many of them misguided and unprogressive, are but an attempt to find a way that men may deal justly with each other. That way has long been found. It was set forth on the enduring tablets of stone. It is not a new pattern which we need, but a new devotion to an ancient plan.

When Jesus stood upon a mountain in the Holy Land, his words fell upon the multitudes as a new light, as a great illumination, but he spoke the truth of the ages—even that gospel which was established

in the spirit world. When the young boy, Joseph Smith, prayed in the grove of tall trees, an olden truth was restored to him, and he saw it with the wonder and the glory of youth.

It was given to a great poet to ask: "Why wander round . . . why wander vainly round? What canst thou find with seeking, which hath not long been found?" It is the cry of many "Oh, that I might believe, for then I should be strengthened. I would not be alone." Those who recognize in their own lives and in the world the operation of divine and eternal law, find a stability and a serenity unknown to those who seek, unguided, for that which is new. —V. P. C.

~ ~ ~ ~

New Serial to Begin in February

The first chapter of "For the Strength of the Hills," a new serial by Mabel S. Harmer, will begin in the February issue of the *Magazine*. The story relates the problems which confront a young schoolteacher who leaves her California home to live in an Idaho ranching community.

Mrs. Harmer, an experienced and widely published author, writes with ease and distinction, and presents her characters realistically and with sympathy. The close relationship between people and their home environment is well presented, and Camilla Fenton, who tries to change her home and her surroundings, is a girl you will like to meet.

Rosemary

Margery S. Stewart

In my mother's window there were
Green things growing,
Violets, begonias, and ivy
Of her sowing.
It was as if in winter months
She fought against the dearth
Of dipping yellow butterflies
And warmly prescient earth.

And I have seen her eyes grow dark
In wonder and delight
To find the frail Narcissi
Had blossomed in the night.
Now, though our roads be far apart,
I know her presence still,
In windows where the summer blooms
All winter on a sill.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Relief Society Assigned Evening Meeting of Fast Sunday in March

THE Sunday night meeting to be held on Fast Day, March 4, 1951, has been assigned by the First Presidency for use by the Relief Society.

Suggestive plans for this evening meeting are being prepared by the general board and will be sent to the stakes in bulletin form.

It is suggested that ward Relief Society presidents confer with their bishops immediately to arrange for this meeting.

Bound Volumes of 1950 Relief Society Magazines

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1950 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is \$2.25, including the index. If the leather binding is preferred the cost is \$3.25. If bound volumes are requested and the *Magazines* for binding are not supplied by the person making the request, the charge for furnishing the *Magazines* will be \$1.50, which will be added to the cost of binding, thus making the total cost for cloth-bound volumes \$3.75 and for leather-bound volumes \$4.75. Only a limited number of *Magazines* are available for binding.

It is suggested that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1950 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

Award Subscriptions Presented in April

THE award subscriptions presented to *Magazine* representatives for having obtained 75 per cent or more subscriptions to the *Magazine* in relation to their enrolled Relief Society members, are not awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Award cards for these subscriptions for the year 1950 will be mailed to ward and stake *Magazine* representatives about April 1, 1951.

Relief Society Not a Selling Agent

All Relief Society presidents are requested by the general board to note the following counsel which was given by President Belle S. Spafford in her "Official Instructions" in the 1949 annual general Relief Society conference:

We are aware that you are occasionally approached by commercial institutions or by individuals for the purpose of having you sell their product on a commission basis. Such an undertaking should be weighed carefully and the counsel of the Priesthood should be sought. Care must be exercised to make sure that Relief Society does not become a selling agent, and that people are not solicited in the name of the society to the point where the society becomes subject to criticism (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1949, page 808).

Pictures of All General Presidents of Relief Society Now Available

To complete the set of pictures of the general presidents of Relief Society, prints of a photograph of President Belle S. Spafford are now available. Pictures of the other general presidents are also available: Emma Hale Smith, Eliza Roxey Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba W. Smith, Emmeline B. Wells, Clarissa S. Williams, Louise Y. Robison, and Amy Brown Lyman. These prints, in oval form, appropriately $3\frac{3}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches in size, may be ordered for 25c for the complete set, or 5c for each individual picture. Address: General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

The Wild Geese Fly

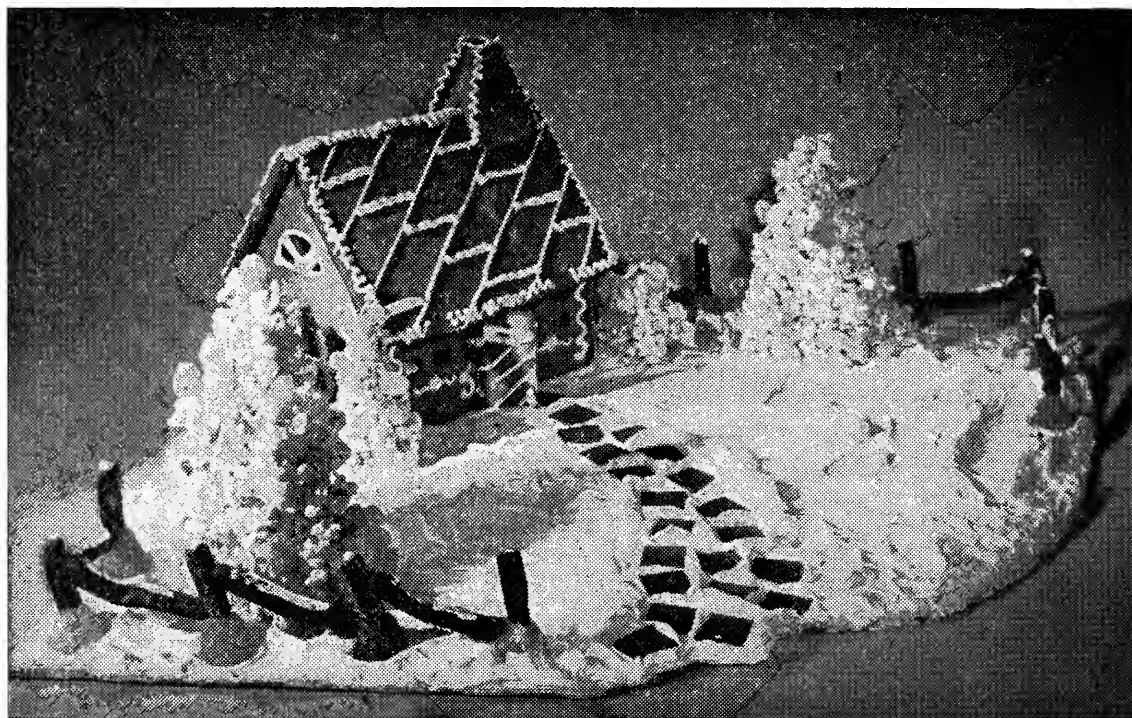
Marvin Jones

Pencil lines etched in a wind-swept sky,
Far over the river the wild geese fly,
High-wavering wedges, a tremulous skein
In the yarn of adventure; their wild refrain
An undulant, resonant, vibrating call
Echoing, beckoning wanderers all.
Far-ranging nomads, unfettered—free,
Seeking instinctively life's destiny;
Beating their way through a wind-weary sky,
Far over the river the wild geese fly.

A Gingerbread House

Phyllis Snow

Home Service Department, Mountain Fuel Supply Company



Photograph by Hal Rumel

GINGERBREAD HOUSE

[As shown at the work meeting demonstration of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 27, 1950]

Baking temperature: 375°

Time: 12 Minutes

1. Sift together—

- 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. cloves

2. Combine—

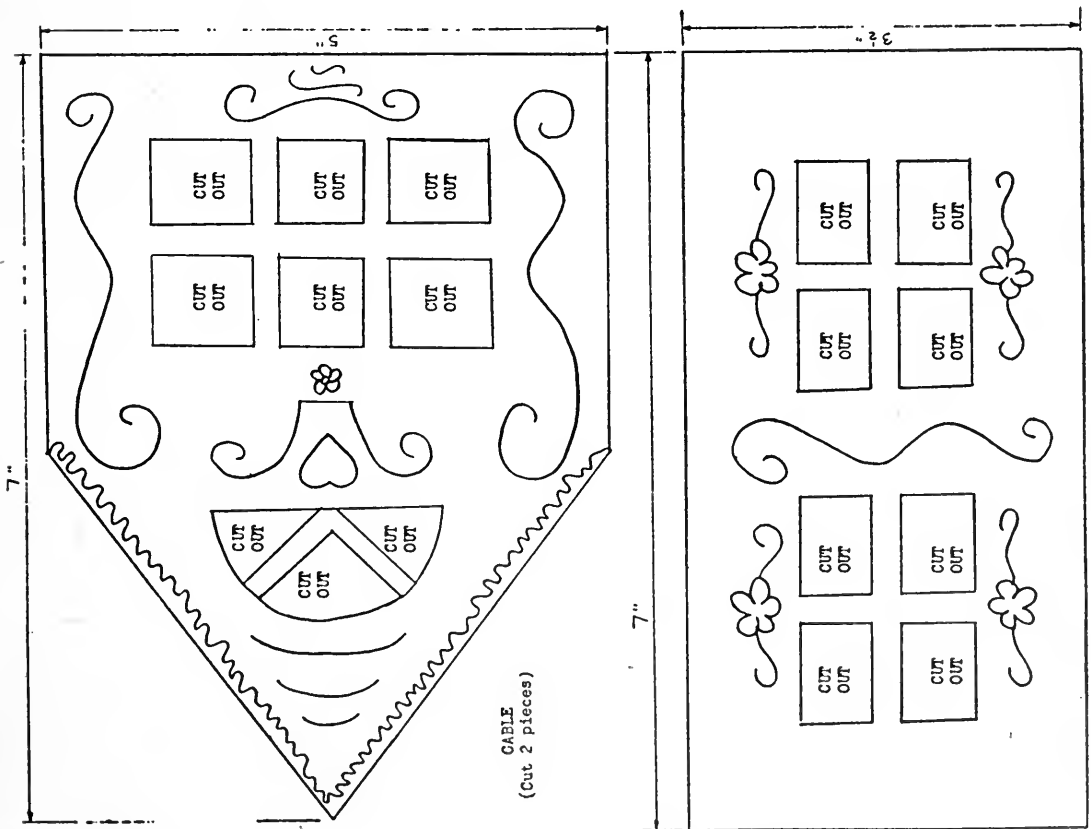
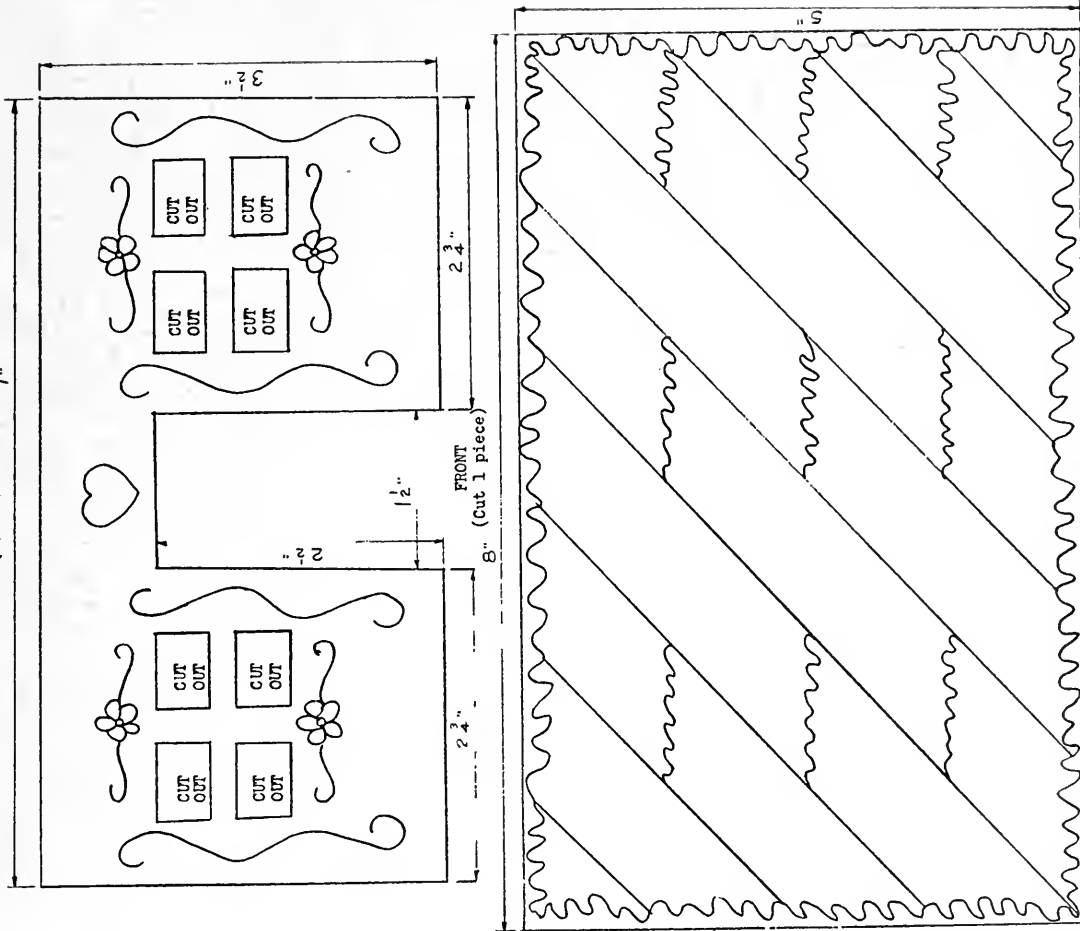
- $\frac{2}{3}$ c. molasses
- $\frac{1}{3}$ c. brown sugar
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ c. shortening, melted

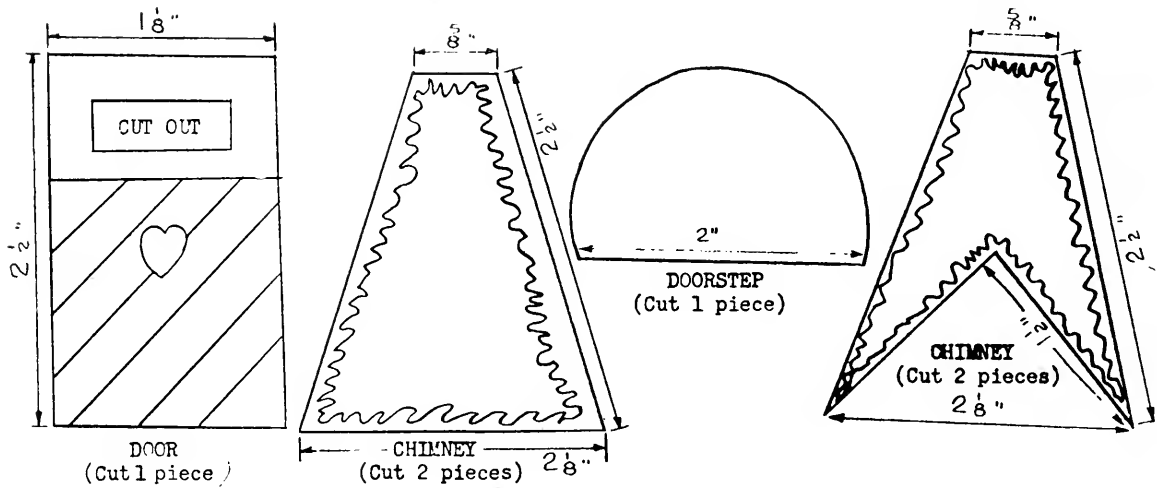
3. Combine the two mixtures and chill one hour.

4. Roll dough on the back of cookie sheets. Cover with paper patterns and trace with a sharp knife. Remove extra dough. (Scraps may be re-rolled for other sections or figures, but must be kept chilled.)

5. Bake.

GINGERBREAD HOUSE
(7" x 5" x 7")





6. Remove to cake racks and cool thoroughly.
 7. Beat until fluffy and thick—
 - 1 egg white
 - 1 c. powdered sugar
 8. Tint as desired and use to decorate the house.
Decorating lines are indicated on the pattern pieces.
A cake decorating set helps.
 9. Melt (caramelize)—
 - 1 c. sugar
 10. Use to hold pieces together when combining them into the house.
 11. Make a Christmas star tree.
 12. Make a fence of orange chocolate sticks, held together with toothpicks and gumdrops.
 13. Make a seven-minute icing or a divinity icing, and spread thickly over a cardboard square large enough to be the yard.
 14. Center Gingerbread House as desired.
 15. Locate Christmas star tree or popcorn tree and fence.
 16. If figures are made, they may also be added.
 17. Let all stand until firm in a cool, dry place.
- Yield: 1 House

Progress

Agnes Just Reid

Great-grandma had a cabin,
No windows at all, I'm told,
Just a tiny shelter
To keep out the winter cold.

Grandma had some windows
To let in sun and light,
But she was very careful
To keep the shades drawn tight.

Mother had a mansion
With windows on every side,
But covered them with heavy drapes
When she came in as a bride.

I have a picture window,
And oh, what a welcome change,
It has no blinds, no curtains,
And it lets in a mountain range.

Polio Strikes Again

Information Compiled by
The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis

Polio struck again in 1950. For the third consecutive year, infantile paralysis went on a rampage across the nation, striking more than 30,000 men, women, and children.

Only once before—in 1949—had polio attacked with greater violence. The toll of that tragic year was still being counted as the fresh onslaught began. Hospitals and clinics were still crowded with polio patients from previous epidemics who were depending upon MARCH OF DIMES aid for continuing treatment. Polio played no favorites in 1950. Every section of the country suffered heavy attacks.

The last three years have been the three blackest polio years in the nation's history. Cumulative incidence for this period reached the monstrous total of 100,000 cases—almost as many as the entire case load for the preceding ten years.

Fortunately, wherever polio hit, a Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was on the spot, ready to help the patient, his family, and the entire community, as necessary.

The staggering blow of the 1950 epidemic was absorbed—the shock eased—by prompt and efficient use of MARCH OF DIMES funds.

MARCH OF DIMES money paid hospital bills for thousands of families who could not meet the high cost of polio care unaided. Four out of every five of the stricken needed—and received—financial assistance from the National Foundation and its chapters.

MARCH OF DIMES money paid for nursing care, physical therapy, transportation, wheel chairs, braces, and crutches wherever necessary. Help was given to all who needed it, without regard to age, race, creed, or color.

MARCH OF DIMES money paid salaries, travel expenses and maintenance of more than 1,600 desperately needed nurses recruited for the National Foundation by the Red Cross for emergency service in high-incidence areas in 37 states. Other personnel furnished on the same basis included more than 100 physical therapists and approximately 120 nursing consultants.

MARCH OF DIMES money shipped more than \$1,000,000 worth of iron lungs, hot pack machines, and other vital equipment on spot notice from seven equipment depots strategically located throughout the Nation. Up to mid-October these depots had rushed into epidemic zones 521 respirators, 299 hot pack machines, more than 200 cribs and beds, and a heavy volume of miscellaneous hospital supplies and equipment.

If polio strikes again in 1951, we must be prepared to strike back. Epidemics cannot yet be prevented. We can no longer anticipate "light" polio years. More people are being stricken, more patients need care, more money is needed than ever before.

Your Chapter stands ready today to serve you when polio strikes. It will continue to serve as long as you give it your wholehearted support. Please give generously to the 1951 MARCH OF DIMES.



Hal Rumel

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE

The Dying Year

Beatrice K. Ekman

Where storm has laid covers of white down
Over roofs and gardens silently,
The bright, full moon has spread spun-silver now,
And snow-wrapped hills add grave austerity.

Behind a passing cloud the round moon flees,
And down the little street a cold wind blows,
A sudden tremor shudders through the trees—
Another year is drawing to a close.

Some, on this last and fleeting old year night,
Sit by the hearth in warmth of fireglow
And hug their old and happier memories tight,
Living again the days they used to know.

They, who have grown more patient and more wise,
Remembering other hearths and other fires,
Look to the New Year with expectant eyes—
Forsaking old regrets for new desires.

Pioneering in the Big Horn Basin

Botilda Berthelson McBlain

THE early settlement made by Latter-day Saints in the Big Horn Basin in the early 1900's was like the growth of certain plants which spread by sending out runners which reached out until they found conditions favorable and then took root—forming a new unit, and only God could see the results of the early starts. Strange that the gospel of Jesus Christ should bring my husband and me to the land of America, gathering us from the pathway of Denmark. Strange that we should meet here in America and establish ourselves in the valleys of the mountains, but stranger still, how we came to the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming.

In 1905 the Berthelson family included four living children, two had passed in death. The first steps in community pioneering in Sanford, Colorado, were past, and we were settled in a comfortable pioneer home among relatives and friends. Why then should our eyes and fancy be caught by the headlines in the paper on that spring morning?

LAND IN THE BIG HORN BASIN FOR HOMESTEADERS. TEN ACRES WOULD MAKE A LIVING FOR A FAMILY. EVERY OPPORTUNITY FOR BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND FINE LIVING.

THE advertisement didn't mention that the Big Horn Basin at that time was one of the most desolate, barren-looking places ever to meet the eye, or tell of the big responsibility of bringing water to

the land, only later to have fertile fields disappear in alkali that had to be drained, and the land reclaimed. The advertisement didn't tell that my quilts, which had been so carefully cleaned for my new home, would find their first use in a cow barn—cleaned for our occupancy, and that the built-in cupboard which I had planned so carefully would be forty years in the making. But nothing is done without dreams—and working to fulfill those dreams—and it was work to feed and clothe and educate a family of eight children. It meant planting a garden and carefully conserving, and then selling the surplus. It meant working together as a family and a community. Friends were friends who stood by you in sickness and in health, and joined in the work and the fun.

There was the first log cabin that served for church and school and social life. There was the first community Thanksgiving, with the best of everything saved for the occasion. There was singing and reciting and dancing on the crude rough floor. The first Christmas was a community Christmas, and though the hills were silent and deserted, the hearts were full of the Christmas spirit, and the children were impatient for Santa to come. And the Fourth of July was really an affair, with bowers and programs and contests.

SO many memories run from the one-roomed barn we borrowed for our temporary home, then two

rooms, and then six, and on through time to our own present home, with electricity and all its modern conveniences.

The small farms now right in the center of town, and tractors, trucks, and other modern conveyances have taken the place of the horse and wagon. The good neighbors and their kindly deeds are not forgotten, and a few remain in the place where they started together, but others have found new communities, and many have gone on.

In our comfortable car we travel at will from place to place, scarcely remembering the long and cold ways of traveling when we first came to Penrose. I used to wish not only that the desert would bloom like a rose, but even that a few weeds would grow for the pig; and so in time all of our wishes have been granted, and we now produce enough of everything for a good living. As we look back over the ups and downs, we know we were given strength and courage for the task, and life is good.

Sketches

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The silver mist around the moon
Is but the shadow of a storm;
The golden leaf that falls too soon,
A hurried sketch of winter's form.

Recompense

Matia McClelland Burk

I shall not rue my grieving
If God still lets me sing,
Nor count all loss a broken heart
If I have wrought one perfect thing.

The Low Cost of Happiness

Caroline Eyring Miner

WE hear constantly now about the high cost of living, and it is true that food and clothes, and housing cost a great deal. Living happily, however, means much more than just keeping our bodies fed and clothed and housed, and the cost of most things that make for happiness is still surprisingly low.

Free of charge are the glory of a sunrise, the magnificence of a sunset, the rising of a full moon over the mountains, the ever-changing variety of the clouds, the wonder of growth. Free for the taking are walks in the summer rain, or through the crisp newly fallen autumn leaves, or through the freshly fallen snow. It costs nothing to sit in the sunshine of a bright fall day with the heat penetrating every part of you and filling you with health and strength.

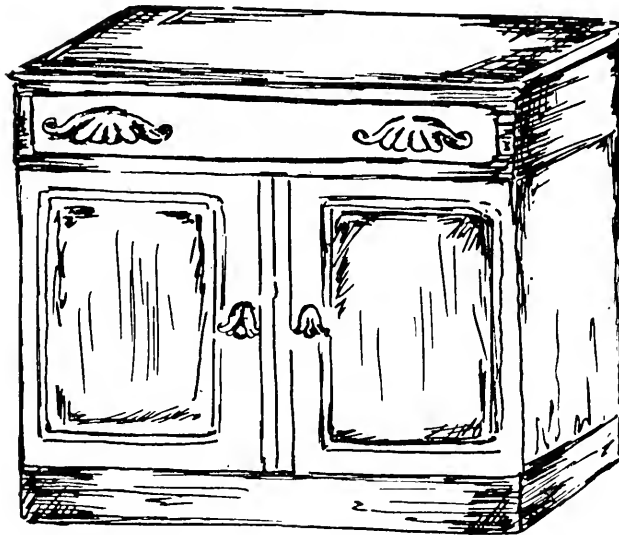
Free are the confidential talks with old friends, the warm handclasp of someone who sympathizes. I don't know of any excessive cost of a glass of sparkling cold water, of a good healthy supply of fresh air, of the song of a bluebird in spring, of the babble of a mountain stream, or of the musical rustling of the wind in the pines.

No matter that the cost of material living soars, the cost of happiness is still low because the best of its ingredients are free.

From Commode into Buffet

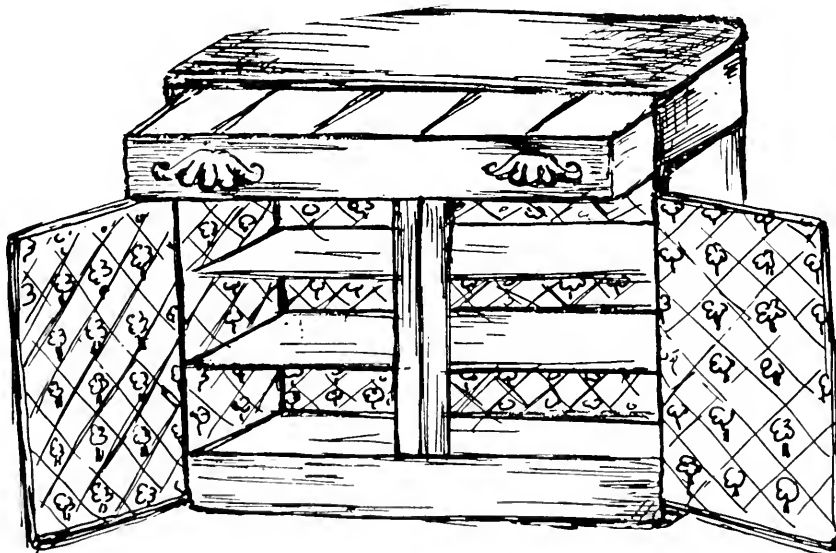
Rachel K. Laugaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson



SO many dining rooms these days are just not large enough to hold that most useful of pieces—the buffet. And yet there are those table linens to store, and the most convenient place for them is in the dining room.

Did you ever think of converting a double commode—the old-fashioned kind with two doors and a drawer, made of walnut, with beautiful leaf and fruit carving on the handles—into a neat little depository for linens and silver? It can be done.



If you are lucky enough to find a walnut, rosewood, or mahogany commode, re-finish it in its natural wood finish, by all means. If it is oak, or something not so pretty, put a carefully painted finish on it. Paint or paper the interior to make

it fresh and clean, and fit it out with shelves. Firtex or beaver board are inexpensive shelving materials, so put in several. These shelves are perfect for storing linens neatly.

Tarnish-proof flannel can be purchased at jewelry stores for lining the silverware drawer, and you will find it possible to store away in this modest little cabinet almost as much linen and silver as the larger buffet would hold.



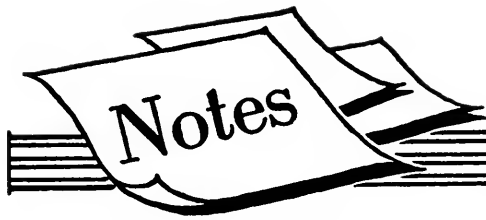
Crocheting Keeps Her Busy and Happy

MRS. Alice Maw Poulter, Ogden, Utah, keeps her fingers flying and her heart happy with her crochet hook. Hot pads, afghans, tablecloths, doilies, dresser scarfs, pillow tops, and many other items are skillfully made by her nimble fingers, and the intricate designs and beautifully even stitches are a joy to see. Mrs. Poulter, as she sometimes says, laughingly, gives herself away in crocheting. Her entries in the Arizona State Fair in 1949 were awarded the first prize.

Another "happiness hobby" of Mrs. Poulter is reading. She owns a much-read copy of the Book of Mormon, an edition of 1879, with an inscription in gold letters "Miss Alice Maw." She reads on Sundays, and every night before she goes to bed she reads from the Doctrine and Covenants, the "Church Section" of *The Deseret News*, or some other inspirational material. At present she is reading *The Life of Karl G. Maeser*.

Mrs. Poulter was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1859, and her third birthday came while she was aboard the ship *Tapscott*, enroute to the United States. The family settled in Ogden, and later moved to Plain City. Now, after a full life of work, service, and happiness, with her family grown and living in homes of their own, Mrs. Poulter refuses to give up and grow old. She makes her home with a daughter, Mrs. A. J. Knapp, of Ogden, and there she is busy and useful, bright-eyed, and contented.

—Rosella F. Larkin



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Ivie H. Jones

SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION, LAREDO (TEXAS) BRANCH VISITING TEACHERS

Left to right: Celedonia Duarte; Noemi Dorado; Raquel Rodriguez; Lorenza Duarte; Arminda Rodriguez; Margarita Duarte; Ofelia Alday; Dora Elia Ruiz.

Sister Ivie H. Jones, President, Spanish-American Mission Relief Society, reports that the young women of this branch are assuming their share of responsibility. They have the youngest branch presidency in the mission and a very high percentage of young women members. The membership of the branch is scattered, and bus service is inadequate. To solve this problem and to give the young members the blessings that come from faithfully discharging this duty, the young members go out two by two and visit the active members, while the Relief Society presidency visits the inactive members and investigators. The idea originated in the branch itself and is working in a very splendid manner. The branch organization began in 1936, when Sister Julia Cervantes Duarte, a widow, with four sons and one daughter, was chosen president.



Photograph submitted by Sadie Kamaile Kauhini

OAHU STAKE (HAWAII) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSICAL
PROGRAM AT HAWAIIAN MISSION CENTENNIAL
August 12, 1950

Ruth Ah Nee, the chorister, stands at the right on the third row, and Lei Sniffen, the organist, stands at the left on the third row.

Seven hundred and eighty-one Relief Society workers of Oahu Stake and the Hawaiian Mission attended the Relief Society Centennial meeting. The Singing Mothers, beautifully attired in white blouses and dark skirts, and wearing leis, presented a varied program which was outstanding for its sincerity and the quality of its musicianship.

Sadie Kamaile Kauhini is president of Oahu Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Irene P. Clissold

HAWAIIAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND OAHU STAKE
RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD
September 26, 1950

Front row, left to right: Lydia Spencer, Oahu Stake sewing leader; Joyce Teruya, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society; Irene P. Clissold, President, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society; Stella Nelson, Hawaiian Mission Relief Society; Lillie Deering, member, Oahu Stake Relief Society Board; Hana Kaahanui, Oahu Stake Board member.

Back row, left to right, Oahu Stake Board members: Angeline Nahoi, Secretary; Louise Haanapu, Magazine representative; Ann Doak, First Counselor; Sadie Kamaile Kauhini, President; Lydia Colburn, Second Counselor; Ama Bodnar, board member; Ruth Ah Nee, chorister.



Photograph submitted by Florence P. Nielson

ROOSEVELT STAKE (UTAH), RANDLETT INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY
 DISPLAYS QUILT

Left to right: Lucy Ashta; Hazel Brough; Etta McMullin; Lula Wash; Madge Wall; Gladys Chegup; Permania Trujillo, who pieced the quilt.



Photograph submitted by Helen W. Anderson

BIG COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH), HOLLADAY FIRST WARD RELIEF
 SOCIETY BAZAAR, March 1950

Ward officers in insert, left to right: President Blanche J. Richards; First Counselor Vera S. Summers; Second Counselor Sarah D. Linton; Secretary-Treasurer Margaret B. Jensen.

This was the largest and most successful bazaar ever held in the ward. On display were 137 aprons, 14 articles of children's clothing, 10 pairs of pillow cases, 4 guest towels, 10 hot pads, as well as many other articles, including mat sets, needle-point pillows, luncheon cloths, dish towels, toys, rugs, and quilts. Dinners were served and a baked goods and candy sale conducted.

Helen W. Anderson, now a member of the general board of Relief Society, is former president of Big Cottonwood Stake Relief Society. The new president is Grace E. Berndt.



Photograph submitted by Rose B. Astle

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES ATTAIN HIGH SUBSCRIPTION QUOTAS

Front row, seated, left to right: Betty Gleason, Grant Ward (130%); Marie DeSpain, South Gate Ward (224%); Sarah Bullard, Maywood Ward (111%); Nancy Rupp, stake Magazine representative; Villet Trip, Vermont Ward (120%).

Back row, standing, left to right: Letha Henrickson, Downey Ward (105%); Irene Bracken, Manchester Ward (130%); Josie Newy, Matthews Ward (134%); Delpha Watson, Walnut Park Ward (107%); Rhea Warren, Huntington Park Ward (124%).

Insert: Anna Struhs, Miramonte Ward (177%).

Rose B. Astle, President, South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society, reports that these energetic Magazine representatives placed 1193 Magazines in the homes of Los Angeles Stake during 1949 and sent 150 subscriptions to European and other missions.



Photograph submitted by Eva L. Clinger

SHELLEY STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT CONCERT April 30, 1950

Front row: at left, Barbara Larsen, organist; fourth from left, Eva L. Clinger, stake Relief Society president; seventh from the left, Melba Longhurst, pianist; eighth from left, Florence Dye, director.

This chorus was organized in January 1950, and the group presented a concert in April, sang at the stake Relief Society convention, and plan to sing in the Idaho Falls Temple. The April concert featured the following compositions: "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings," by Liddle; "Thanks Be to God," by Dickson; "The Lord's Prayer," by Francois Copee; "The Twenty-third Psalm," by Malotte, as well as several other chorus numbers, an organ and piano duet, a violin solo, and a musical reading.

Ward choristers of Shelley Stake Relief Society are: Berneice Balmforth, Woodville Ward; Doris Cox, Jameston Ward; Lela Wiseman, Basalt Ward; Florence Dye, Firth Ward; Shirley Teeples, Goshen Ward; Carrie Nielson, Kimball Ward; Edith Hanks, Shelley First Ward; Rosetta Jensen, Shelley Second Ward; Mona Leavitt, Shelley Third Ward; Janice Priest, Taylor Ward.



Photograph submitted by Harriet P. Mack

PALO ALTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED FOR MUSIC FESTIVAL, May 5, 1950

Front row, left to right: Ruby Slade, music director; Marion Vernon, assistant work director; Leila A. Gates, President; Chloe Nelson, visiting teacher leader; Beryl Warner, theology class leader.

Back row, left to right: Erma Hannibal, pianist; Ethel Beckstrand, work director; Harriet P. Mack, counselor; Myra Thulin, literature class leader; Julia Webb, secretary; Sarah Avery, Magazine representative.

The printed program and the presentation of the numbers in this festival were outstanding. The program featured the Relief Society colors, a gold background, with blue printing. Theda Farnsworth, who acted as the reader, also prepared the script. Each of the seven wards of Palo Alto Stake (Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood City, Palo Alto, San Jose, Willow Glen, and Naglee Park) presented a number and the combined chorus of the stake Singing Mothers rendered "Song of the Soul" and "Let All My Life Be Music," with Fredona Neilson as the organist, Irma Hannibal at the piano, and Ruby Slade as the chorister.

Leila A. Gates is president of Palo Alto Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Emily S. Romish

**WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS ASSEMBLED
FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, August 13, 1950**

The chorister Idalia Huff, and the organist, Sadie Stolworthy, are seated at the organ.

This chorus also sang at a three-stake Relief Society Convention, held in Pocatello, Idaho, September 8, 1950. Ten members were not present when this photograph was taken.

Emily S. Romish is president of West Pocatello Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Marjorie M. Ward

**SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), FOURTEENTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS
HONORED AT A LUNCHEON IN THE LION HOUSE, September 7, 1950**

Front row, left to right: Officers of the Fourteenth Ward Relief Society, left to right: Secretary Maud S. Richins; First Counselor Allene B. Keeney; President Martha McDougall; Second Counselor Ida A. Sessions.

Second row, elderly visiting teachers who have long served Relief Society, left to right: Alice B. Hoagland; Sylvia A. West; Agnes M. Merrill (over ninety years old); Anna Hamilton (an Indian Relief Society member and visiting teacher); Pauline B. Wale; Alice M. Hansen; Margaret F. Eccles; Emma R. Jacobs (mother of Sister Mary J. Wilson of the Relief Society general board).

The luncheon at which these sisters were honored was held in the garden of the historic Lion House, Salt Lake City, and the photograph was taken in the Fourteenth Ward chapel.

Marjorie M. Ward is president of Salt Lake Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Georgia R. Livingston

EASTERN STATES MISSION, CATTARAUGUS (NEW YORK)
BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Left to right: Secretary Florence Parker; Rhoda Parker; Louise Tallchief; Blanche Maybee; Genieve Mohawk; Anna Weaver; Margaret Seneca; President Inez Maybee.

Georgia R. Livingston, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, submits a very interesting article by Elder James R. Dixon, describing the activities of this branch. Excerpts from his letter follow.

“Last year we did not know the meaning of the word Relief Society, but look what has happened now.’ Those words sum up the initial year of Relief Society work among the Seneca Indian women on the Cattaraugus Reservation . . . a year of growth and development for the members, the raising of funds for a chapel, and a firm entrenching of Latter-day Saint standards, action, and ideals on the reservation. . . . The original craft work of the Senecas—beadwork, basket and moccasin making—has been turned into useful projects . . . and the Relief Society has established a flourishing Indian curio project. . . . All through the late winter and early spring the women prepared warm, nourishing meals for the men who, each Saturday, contributed their time to cutting logs and preparing them for the wood pulp mills, as their contribution to the building fund. When land and seed were needed for a branch welfare project, members of the Relief Society donated two and one half acres of land, with sufficient lima bean and corn seed to plant the entire plot . . . Red letter day of the year was the visit of Georgia R. Livingston, President of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society. The occasion was highlighted by a beautiful testimony meeting, following Sister Livingston’s inspiring talk. Signal recognition came to Sister Livingston when she was adopted by the sisters into the Snipe Clan of the Seneca Nation and given the Indian name meaning ‘White Flower’”

Mirror, Mirror

Mabel Jones Gabbott

I need no mirror on the wall
To tell me I must mend my ways;
My daughter, playing with her doll,
Reflects each manner, tone, and phrase.



Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 31—"The Long Night of Apostasy"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 40.)

For Tuesday, April 3, 1951

Objective: To prove that there was an apostasy from the Primitive Church and that the Lord Jesus ceased to reveal himself to men for centuries.

IT is doubtful if there are any Christian churches that claim there was direct revelation from God after the apostles were taken from the earth until the year 1820. In fact, most of these churches insist that no new revelation has yet come. Indeed, they say it is not necessary; that the Bible is a sufficient guide. This position is taken in the face of the plain declaration of the Bible: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets" (Amos 3:7).

"The passing of the apostles was followed by the rapid development of a universal apostasy as had been foreseen and predicted." Both external and internal causes were back of this apostasy. The Church, from the beginning, met with opposition from both Jews and pagans. The severe and cruel persecution caused many to desert the cause. This was true of many of the officers holding positions of responsibility in the Church. There were some whose zeal was stimulated, but many more could not endure and

fell away. The worst cause, however, was the internal dissension, division, and turning from the truth, all of which resulted in a complete apostasy.

It has already been shown how bitter most of the Jews were and how relentlessly and cruelly they persecuted the members of the Church. The Romans soon joined in vigorous hostilities. These persecutions were general during Nero's reign and extended from about 64 A.D. until about 305 A.D., with only occasional respites. History records the cruel, inhuman, and barbarous atrocities of that period. We do not have space for details.

Early in the fourth century, Constantine the Great became emperor. He made a complete change. He soon made Christianity the state religion within his empire. The church of that day, however, had been almost completely changed and bore little resemblance to the Church founded by the Savior and named for him. There was only a crude outline of the original organization. The emperor had not been

baptized, but he made himself the head of the church. Paul said: "And no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron" (Heb. 5:4). Church offices were more widely sought than either military or political positions. The bishop of Rome, without direct revelation, claimed supremacy over the other officers of the church, but when Constantine made Constantinople his capital, the bishop there claimed equal authority with the one at Rome. The dispute divided the church, a division which has continued to this day. As a result, we have the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches, both of which have been in existence since the fourth century, each claiming to be the church of God. The bishop of Rome assumed secular as well as spiritual powers, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, his authority was superior to kings and emperors. The spiritual powers claimed were even more audacious than the temporal powers. He pretended to forgive sins and remit penalties here and hereafter. He even sold the right to commit future sins in this life and extended forgiveness on earth and in heaven. Read Paul's prophecy of the powers that would be usurped (2 Thess. 2:3-4). (Isaiah 24:5) prophesied that the earth itself would be "defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant," which is the gospel of Jesus Christ. The apostate church changed the ordinance of baptism. The Holy Ghost can be

received only after proper water baptism by immersion and the laying on of hands by authorized servants of God. Therefore, the members lost the only means by which man can say that "Jesus is the Lord" (See I Cor. 12:3). Baptism, having been changed, lost all its symbolism and meaning. Instead of administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper as emblems of his broken body and spilt blood, they invented the doctrine of transubstantiation. (This false doctrine claimed that by priestly power the emblems of Christ's flesh and blood are transmuted into the actual flesh and blood of the Redeemer.) The practice of celibacy among the clergy was established. The people were penalized for reading the scriptures. In short, the church completely departed from the plan of life as taught by Jesus and substituted doctrines and practices wholly at variance with the simple gospel of the Lord. (See CLARK, J. REUBEN, JR., *On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life*; and BARKER, JAMES L., *Protectors of Christendom*.)

The author of our text summarizes the important internal causes of the apostasy under the three following headings:

- (1) The corrupting of the simple doctrines of the gospel of Christ by admixture with so-called philosophic systems.
- (2) Unauthorized additions to the prescribed rites of the Church and the introduction of vital alterations in essential ordinances.
- (3) Unauthorized changes in Church organization and government.

The world commenced to emerge from the period known as the Dark Ages in the fifteenth century. The movement is known as

the Renaissance or Revival of Learning. Strong men arose in a determined effort to arouse the people from indolence and ignorance. We regard it as the work of God in preparation for the restoration of the gospel and the establishment of the true Church of Jesus Christ.

With the intellectual awakening and material betterment, people began to protest and then revolt against the abuses of members of the clergy who represented the ecclesiastical authority of the Pope at Rome. There was revolt in France as early as the thirteenth century. Early in the fourteenth century, John Wickliffe of Oxford University in England refused to comply with the order that the people should not study the scriptures, and he gave to the world a version of the Holy Bible in English. For this he suffered severe persecution and, after his death, officials of the Roman church had his body exhumed and burned and his ashes scattered to the wind. Many other similar instances occurred. In the year 1517 Martin Luther, a German monk, led a revolt in Middle Europe which resulted in the establishment of Protestant churches in many countries, known as the Reformation. These Protestants, however, soon became divided on church government and doctrine. There was no divine authority in any of them and consequently they could not properly be guided in the gospel of the Savior.

The Roman church resorted to extreme cruelty in trying to crush the Protestant movement. The tor-

tures inflicted on those accused of heresy are beyond description and, perhaps, no good would come from a detailed recital. We are interested more in the churches that came into existence as a result of the Reformation instigated by Luther.

We must bear in mind that many honest men and women were still trying to follow Christ and many gave their lives rather than to stultify themselves by denying that which they believed to be true. On the other hand, many wicked men used the "cloak of religion" to gain desired results. As an example, Henry VIII, King of England, in the early stages of Luther's movement, declared that he was a supporter of the Pope and was given the title of "Defender of the Faith." A few years later, however, this king wanted to divorce his wife, Queen Catherine, in order that he might marry another. In 1534, the British Parliament passed an act declaring the nation free from all allegiance to the Pope. It also passed an act making the king the head of the Church of England. It cannot be denied that this church came into existence as the direct result of the "licentious amours of a debauched and infamous king" who provided his own clergy and proclaimed himself the head of spiritual as well as temporal matters. There was no divine commission, notwithstanding Paul affirms: "no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron" (Heb. 5:4), as stated above. Aaron was called by direct revelation.

In Great Britain and in many other countries of Europe there

was bitter hatred and warfare between Catholics and Protestants. The latter, especially, went to excesses with their newly acquired liberties. "The mis-called Age of Reason, and the atheistical abominations culminating in the French Revolution stand as an ineffaceable testimony of what man may become when glorying in his denial of God." The world today is threatened again by forces that deny God and reject his love and mercy.

Men, unauthorized of God, have organized literally hundreds of churches. These churches have been named for men or "from the circumstances of their origin"; some are known because of distinctive doctrines. It is significant and challenging that in the beginning of the year 1830 there was no church on the earth that bore the name of Jesus Christ. Further there was only one church—the Catholic—that claimed authority to act for the Lord by succession, and none by direct revelation. If we are convinced that the original Church lost its authority through apostasy, then surely no other church could claim the right to officiate in the laws and ordinances of the gospel until divine authority was again restored.

Many thoughtful men have admitted frankly the lack of divine authority in the world. It is worthy of note that the Church of England admits an awful state of apostasy in the "Homily Against Peril of Idolatry," published during the sixteenth century. Let us consider one sentence:

So that laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of

men, women, and children of whole Christendom—an horrible and most dreadful thing to think—have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry; of all other vices most detested of God, and most damnable to man; and that by the space of eight hundred years and more.

So, we may conclude that God always gives to people "all that he seeth fit that they should have" (B. of M, Alma 29:8). We may well add that he gives them all that they will receive. During the period of the universal apostasy, the spirit of God strove with men and influenced them greatly. John, the apostle, and the three Nephites ministered somewhere on the face of the earth. No doubt during that time good men and women did the best they could in carrying out what they believed was the will of God; but the churches organized by human beings were without divine authority. Only one church claimed a direct line of authority back to Jesus Christ and we have shown how that church completely lost its power through apostasy and sin. This is all in accordance with the prophecies found in the Holy Bible. Individual characters such as Columbus, Washington, the Pilgrim Fathers, and others too numerous to mention, were led by the inspiration of God to do great and marvelous things in preparation for the restoration of the gospel. We have direct revelation affirming that God raised up wise men to write the Constitution of the United States. He guided the founders of this great Government.

But this inspiration and help from the Lord must not be mistaken for direct revelation given to

prophets and apostles who stand with power and authority at the head of the true Church of Jesus the Christ. "Through the operation of the genius of intelligence, which is the Spirit of Truth, the soul of the race had been undergoing a preparation," and, in 1820, the Eternal Father and Jesus our Lord came to earth and inaugurated the great dispensation of the fullness of times.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Enumerate the main causes which led to the apostasy.
2. What led to the division of the Roman and Greek Catholic churches?
3. Name some of the principles and ordinances of the true gospel which were changed during the apostasy.
4. What led to the establishment of the Church of England?
5. Discuss the Renaissance.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 15—"And Jesus Answering Saith Unto Them, Have Faith In God"
(Mark 11:22).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, April 3, 1951

Objective: To point out that faith in God is fundamental to true success in life.

"**FAITH,**" says President David O. McKay, "is an anchor to the soul of man which brings blessings and peace."

The trouble today is that modern man, in his self-sufficiency, depends upon his own strength, failing to even admit the need for the anchor of faith in God. Indifference is one of the dangers that seriously threaten us. When man finds the world in chaos, he fails to blame himself. And yet whose fault is it, if not his? Chase S. Osborn, one of America's hopeful philosophers, in a letter to a friend recently said:

You ask when things are going to be better. I might retort by asking "what things?" There is absolutely nothing wrong with the earth. The sun performs its functions. The earth is still in its orbit

and on its axis. The clouds move hither and thither as usual and drench the thirsty footstool. The soil has all the elements of nourishment that sustain human life and everything else that it ever had. There is nothing wrong with the earth and with heaven, but somewhere between there has been a good deal of a mess. What then is wrong? It must be man.

As Shakespeare expressed it, "The fault . . . is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Charles A. Lindbergh, the first man to solo the Atlantic, recently called upon scientists "for a reorientation of our standards to place the character of man above the value of his products."

It was a simple, childlike faith in God that was taught by the

Christ. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," he told his disciples (Matt. 7:7). These promises our Savior is ready to make good in our day. But it must be realized that it will only be through our individual effort. The acquiring of faith is a personal thing. No one else can give it to us, although they may help in its attainment. It must come from

within as a result of a quickening of the spirit which produces an inner conviction. Faith must come from the spiritual part of our beings. It is the eternal part of our natures that is nurtured when we increase our faith in God.

Let us understand the importance of this admonition of Christ and make it active in our lives, "Have faith in God."

Work Meeting—The Art of Homemaking

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

Lesson 7—Pictures, Mirrors, and Wall Accessories

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, April 10, 1951

CONSIDERABLE time and thought can be expended in selecting colors and arranging furniture, but, if any important decorative details in your home are overlooked, the attractive, livable results desired may not be achieved. One of these important details, all too frequently overlooked, is the proper use of wall hangings, including pictures, mirrors, brackets, and other wall accessories. Wall hangings of all types provide an unusual opportunity for you to give your home that personal touch. With the possible exception of draperies, there is no other phase of home decorating in which individuality can be expressed so quickly, effectively, and inexpensively as in the selection and placement of pictures and other wall hangings.

Pictures can flatter and dress up a wall; they can dramatize a furniture grouping; they can make a small piece of furniture appear important and they can provide that added touch which gives a room interest, balance, and hospitality.

In selecting pictures, avoid the error of buying just anything to fill up wall space. Select your pictures as carefully as any other item in your home furnishings, paying particular attention to color, size, and type. Remember that color in pictures can make or break a room's decoration. If colors in a picture clash with patterned wallpaper, or with colors or design in furniture, the effect will be confusing and uninteresting. If, on the other hand, your pictures pick up and accent the colors in your draperies, upholstery,

rug, and walls, the effect will be pleasing and harmonious.

The size of pictures, also, is important. The picture or picture grouping should bear a proper relationship in size to the furniture with which it is used, and also to the wall area occupied. In determining the size of your pictures, do not feel that you must always choose single, large ones. A wall area which requires a considerable amount of coverage often can be more effectively treated with a group of smaller pictures than with a large single one.

Good decorating recommends that small pictures should not be scattered around the room, but, rather, should be grouped together on wall areas or over furniture groups or pieces which you wish to emphasize or dramatize. In creating these groups, the pictures should be arranged to form horizontal and vertical rectangles, squares, or triangles. Pictures should not be hung in step-up fashion unless running up a staircase. All pictures in the group should be hung close together so that they form an integral unit, to give a feeling of one large picture. In forming a group of pictures, be sure the subjects are related. For instance, you would not hang oil paintings, flower or bird prints, and etchings in the same group. You can, however, use various types of pictures in the same room, but not in the same group. One way to be sure of an interesting arrangement without marring your walls, is to arrange the pictures first on the floor, and then cut patterns of them out of brown paper and attach these together with Scotch tape. Try this

pattern on the wall for size and interest. If it creates the desired effect, then hang the pictures themselves exactly as the pattern.

For interest and balance, pictures should form a part of a furniture grouping, and not hang in independent areas of their own. When hung over a chest or sofa they should be hung close enough together to form a single unit. Pictures should be hung low, placed flat against the wall, and set so that neither cord nor nails show. When two or more pictures are hung together, the bottom line of the frames should be on the same level regardless of the size of the pictures.

In order to get the maximum pleasure and decorative effect from your pictures, they need not be expensive commercial oils or prints. You can have fun assembling and framing your own. Try cutting various flower pictures from a seed catalogue, arranging them artistically to form a bouquet on a large colored piece of blotting paper. Frame the pictures yourself with molding purchased from your lumber dealer, after painting the molding a harmonious color. Flower or bird prints can often be found in magazines. You can mount these on colored mats that pick up a color from the print and hang in groups for an effective splash of color in your room. Use your imagination, and you will think of many more interesting and helpful ideas. Remember, in framing your pictures, the rules are simple—express your own personality, suit the frame to the picture itself and to the character of your room.

The same basic principles of good taste and judgment applied to the

use of pictures also apply to the selection and hanging of mirrors. Mirrors add life, gaiety, and spaciousness to a home and perform a function which cannot be filled by any other type of home furnishing. In hanging your mirrors, see that they reflect something interesting and that their size is appropriate to the wall space.

If a mirror is too small for proper balance over a piece of furniture or on a wall area, it can be built out by hanging, on each side, a group of pictures, colorful china plates, or wall brackets holding interesting objects.

In decorating your walls do not overlook the possibilities of brackets and colorful plates. These can be used to add importance and size

to a picture or mirror, or they can be used in interesting groups of their own. In using plates as wall decorations, again make sure they express the feeling of your room, formality or informality, and that they have the same general coloring as the rest of your room.

Discussion Points

1. Discuss the importance of pictures and wall hangings which express the character of a room.
2. Give ideas on framing pictures. Why, with the exception of oil paintings, should most pictures have mats?
3. Demonstrate various ways of hanging a group of pictures.
4. Show how a small piece of furniture can be made to look important by the use of suitable wall decorations.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 15—Oliver Goldsmith

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 17, 1951

THE need to look at a man's face in order to "know" either him or his works is a strong and natural one, but there is something of the mystical about it as well. In seeing an author's likeness, most of us like to flatter ourselves that in his features we can discern the qualities which characterize the most intimate self-revelation which, recorded in communicable form, has come to be known as literature. The process also works in reverse: oftentimes, while reading a passage which is so particularly immediate that it comes alive in our imagination suddenly,

and without being summoned, the image of the author looms heavily across our subconscious mental screen, almost like Hamlet's ghost. Instantaneously, we relate the essence of the passage to the personal traits we like to see in his face and say within ourselves, "Yes, this indeed is his. I see it all, now, and all is one. His looks are of the same breed as his poetry. I like them both."

When Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the portrait of his friend Oliver Goldsmith, he caught those qualities (or at least seemed to) which

made Goldsmith the most charming, graceful stylist of his century, and one of the most pleasant writers one will ever read. A full, high forehead, heavy eyebrows, large, alert eyes, a mouth delicately shaped, yet full, and rounded cheeks, still scarred by the pox which had disfigured him as a child and which made him resent his ugliness even as he did his poverty. "Here," we might say, "is a man neither cunning, aloof, nor profound. His eye seems poised between a wink and a perpetual twinkle. From the side view portrait he might well turn to us full face, with warmth and cheer radiating toward us, unknown to him as we are. Having just met him, nonetheless we feel him to be one of us. Even as he seems to enjoy life, here is someone to enjoy. Tell us more about him." Whether such thoughts originate from the portrait alone, from his works alone, or from a combination of the two, is a mystery, but an unimportant one. The fact remains that such impressions arise, and pervade our acquaintance with every aspect of the man.

But there is one other significant point in Reynolds' interpretation of Oliver Goldsmith that merits comment. In the portrait Goldsmith's left hand rests upon an open notebook; his right hand, holding a nibbed goose quill, is poised above the page, as if waiting for the proper phrasing to come before recording it. While he did not find himself as a writer until he was nearly thirty years of age, Goldsmith for decades fought off starvation with his pen as his sole weapon. During these desperate years of struggle he pro-



A Perry Picture

Copyright 1909

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728-1774

duced a volume of work which even by his fellow hack writers would be considered vast. He contributed to at least ten different periodicals, and wrote, revised, translated, compiled, or supervised at least forty volumes of work, some of them as sizeable as his eight-volume *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. Nor did he receive just pay for his labors, since he was helpless to prevent his work for periodicals from being pirated by other publications. As he once remarked, "If there be a pride in multiple editions, I have seen some of my labors sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own."

We must also credit his achievement on a level higher than writing

to keep from starving. Like Dryden, in the generation preceding, Goldsmith wrote and excelled in drama, poetry, and essay. Goldsmith wrote as well the most popular novel of the century, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which has also proved to be one of the best-known novels of the English people. Judging by his versatile excellences in polite literature, we can see how far he rose above a lowly beginning and long years of wasted young manhood.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in 1728 in rural Ireland, and though he left Ireland forever at twenty-three, he always carried in his heart the warm Irish virtues; he was care-free, considerate, and willing to give his friends whatever he had. His kind uncle sent him to Trinity College in Dublin, but school work bored him. After dunking a teacher in a well, Goldsmith impetuously sold his books and was ready to seek his fortune in America, but his uncle persuaded him to return to college. He finally managed to graduate at twenty-one, but he was near the bottom of his class. Behind him he left a reputation for unpaid bills, and for selling his ballads for five shillings apiece, then sneaking out at night to hear them sung in the local taverns.

After college he enjoyed life and youth by staying for a time with various relatives, fishing and hunting in the countryside, playing his flute to the accompaniment of his cousin at the harpsichord, and enjoying the local tavern society. When his application to take religious orders was denied, Goldsmith started for London to become a lawyer, but in Dublin he gambled away the fifty

pounds his uncle had given him and returned home. Next his uncle financed him in his desire to become a doctor. He stayed in Edinburgh for a time, then Leyden, and finally walked throughout most of the countries of Europe on a grand tour of enjoyment and ease, paying his way by playing the flute and debating before learned groups. He returned penniless, and in rapid order was an apothecary's assistant, a school teacher, a poor man's physician, a printer's devil, and finally a hack writer in London's famous Grub Street.

In 1760-1761 Goldsmith wrote his most important series of essays, which were collected the following year as *The Citizen of the World: Or, Letters from a Chinese Philosopher Residing in London to His Friends in the East* (text, pp. 1024-1032). Here, as always in Goldsmith, we see him drawing almost entirely on personal experience for material; he appraised England with the traveler's eye which he had acquired during his European jaunt. Because of the intensifying interest in the Orient, he found it advantageous to make the narrator a Chinese. The Oriental viewpoint was also useful because Goldsmith wished to point out the foibles of England by showing how unreasonable they were, and the Chinese were noted for their cool wisdom and common sense. But it was not so much this device as it was his style which charmed his audience. These essays, written in the manner of Addison and Steele, are not only smooth and graceful; they are informal, and warm, flowing with the freshness of a personality who

writes for the joy of writing, just as he lived and laughed and sang for the joys of living happily. The charm of his style is unique, since it is the charm of Goldsmith himself, who was vivid, fluent, and always at his ease. The musical, flowing quality of his style is undeniable from the first sentence:

May the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling, and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery! (text, page 1025)

These essays are satirical, but of a warmer, kindlier tone than we have studied earlier. After poking mild fun at the British for being such sea-dogs, he calls London gloomy, and describes "a great lazy puddle" which were her streets, her dingy architecture, and the unimaginative quality of her riches: "A man's riches may be seen in his eyes: if we judge of the English by this rule, there is not a poorer nation under the sun." Letter III praises reason, points that such variables as the definition of female beauty depends on the point of view, and chides the English gentleman and gentlewoman for the foolish fads they worship as aids to what they define as personal beauty. In Letter IV he finds the English proud, unwilling to be the first to speak, ignorant of the true meaning of liberty, far too willing to tell the King how the country should be run, and valuing esteem and position more than love and social enjoyment of friends. Letter CVI satirizes the custom of honoring the dead by writing poetry which is mechanically written by the undertaker as a part of his service. The

following passage might well be autobiographical:

. . . I am induced to pity the poet, whose trade is thus to make demigods and heroes for a dinner. There is not in nature a more dismal figure than a man who sits down to premeditated flattery: every stanza he writes tacitly reproaches the meanness of his occupation, till, at last, his stupidity becomes more stupid, and his dullness more diminutive (text page 1030).

His creation of Beau Tibbs (text, page 1031) is a masterful piece of writing. In less than a page and a half we come to know him intimately: his pretense at wealth while he is in want; his ability to lie so habitually that he cannot remember truth; his fawning agreement with whatever is said in order to please; his fundamental hypocrisy; and finally, the climax of all his previous small talk:

. . . but dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you (10, text, page 1032).

Herein is the very stuff of which we weak humans are made.

Soon after coming to London, Goldsmith became an intimate of Samuel Johnson, a great distinction for anyone. When Johnson founded his "Club" in 1764, "Goldy," was a charter member—"Goldy," whom everyone liked—even Boswell, who sometimes seemed slightly jealous of his wit and nearness to Johnson. It was Goldsmith who stood alone against the great roarings of Johnson, ignoring the condemnations and bluster as if he

didn't know he was the object of the "Great Bears," attack, and soon they would once more be on the friendliest of terms. And it was Johnson who rescued "Goldy" from a landlady who had him arrested for not paying his rent by taking Goldsmith's novel to the printer and returning the sixty pounds to the author. It was in this novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that Goldsmith immortalized his clergyman father as Dr. Primrose, the simple, kind, but impractical man who has stolen the hearts of generations of readers. Later on, in 1771, Goldsmith achieved equal success on the stage when, in his *She Stoops to Conquer* (text, page 1039), he also used an actual incident from his own boyhood as the plot for this comedy, which still remains one of our best. But now we should consider his verse, particularly his best and most famous poem, *The Deserted Village* (text, page 1032), published in 1770.

Eight years earlier Goldsmith had published an essay, "The Revolution in Low Life," in which he stated the same convictions as those of his greatest poem. England was rapidly being transformed from an agricultural nation into an industrial one, and in this transition the rights, and consequently the innocent happiness of the rural peasantry, were being harshly violated and finally made extinct. *The Deserted Village* appears on the surface to be a satire on the luxury-loving wealthy class and their callous destruction of entire villages in order to enlarge their estates and beautify them through extensive landscaping. Elsewhere he had praised material

progress, nor does he oppose it now; he does oppose the insane love of luxury which sudden industrial and commercial wealth had brought to the upper classes.

The poem consists of the poet's memories of his boyhood village of Auburn as now he pokes among the uncultivated wildernesses where once it stood. Frequently he pauses in his bitter comparison between *then* and *now* to exclaim,

O luxury, thou cursed by Heaven's decree
How ill exchanged are things like these
for thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

(385-388, text, page 1038)

Actually, the poem achieves its universal appeal, not in condemning luxury, but in presenting, through selected detail and powerful sentiment, the bygone days of the pure rural virtues and the complementing joys of youth and old age living together. Here we find the melancholy longing for the blissful yesterdays which was to play so strong a role in nineteenth-century Romanticism. Indeed, the range of sentimental appeal is so broad that almost everyone finds in the poem a description somewhat approximating his present frame of mind, whatever it might be.

If the reader is young, he identifies himself with

The bashful virgin's side-long looks of
love.

(29, text, page 1033)

If he is old, he reads most carefully the following:

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down;

To husband out life's taper at the close
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.

(85-89, text, page 1034)

Should the reader be a mother,
she sees herself as she

. . . Kissed her thoughtless babes with
many a tear
And clasped them close in sorrow doubly
dear.

(381-382, text, page 1038)

The father consoles his homeless
wife in "silent manliness of grief,"
recalling that

A time there was, ere England's griefs
began,
When every rood of ground maintained its
man . . .

His best companions, innocence and
health;

And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
(57-61, text, page 1033)

Further to intensify each reader's
identification with the glorious past,
Goldsmith next describes the
church, the school, and the tavern:

Yes: let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

(251-254, text, page 1036)

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its
play,

The soul adopts and owns their first-born
sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:

But the long pomp, the midnight mas-
querade,

With all the freaks of wanton wealth ar-
rayed,

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts
decoy,

The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

(255-264, text, page 1036)

Thus, in his flowing lines, Goldsmith described the warm humanity, the fruitful, carefree life of his boyhood in tones so rich with nostalgia and melancholy that the poem has come to be a minor English classic.

His "Retaliation" (text, page 1039) reveals the convivial, hearty fun Goldsmith found in supping and talking with a group of the keen, accomplished men who above all else, were his friends. When David Garrick, the great actor, spontaneously composed the following epitaph for Goldsmith,

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness
called Noll,

Who wrote like an angel, but talked like
poor Poll,

he "retaliated" some weeks later with a friendly satirical sketch of each of his friends. While sometimes his tone bears a mild cutting edge, here predominantly is the sparkling wit and the joy that comes when "Good fellows get together."

When Oliver Goldsmith died in his forty-sixth year, he took with him certain weaknesses which he never overcame. He spent far too much of his substance on elegant clothes; and was always giving far more than he should to his needy friends; consequently throughout his life, even when he made a good wage, he was so deeply in debt that at critical moments he had to leave town to escape his creditors. He was so engrossed with the joys of living that in many ways he was irresponsible. Yet beside his accomplishments such details hardly deserve mention. While he was not a great thinker, he was interested

in ideas; in presenting his own to us he is never tedious nor depressing. Because of the charm of his personality and his style, his writings are pleasant and familiar. He enjoyed writing his views on a life which he found congenial and good; therefore we enjoy reading what was so happily penned. As Samuel Johnson said of him, "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man." The verdict of time has not proved Johnson wrong.

Questions for Discussion

1. Characterize Oliver Goldsmith: (a) as a man; (b) as a writer.
2. Was Goldsmith's youth entirely wasted? Discuss his early years as source material for his writings.
3. Discuss Goldsmith's literary productivity and versatility.
4. Why is Goldsmith's style so pleasant to read?
5. Why did Goldsmith write *The Deserted Village*?
6. If time permits, have several choice passages read from *The Deserted Village*.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part I—The Lesson of History

Lesson 6—The Role of Ancient Israel

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 10.)

For Tuesday, April 24, 1951

Objective: To portray how Israel's mission, as the Lord's chosen people, was to preserve in the world the knowledge of God and the true gospel, and to exercise divine authority for the good of all mankind.

The Call of Abraham

SOME seventeen hundred years before the birth of our Savior there lived in Ur of the Chaldees a young man who found himself very much out of harmony with his surroundings. The city of Erech, or Ur, as it is called in the scriptures, was a place of considerable importance in the land of Chaldea, about two thousand years B.C. At the time of which we write it was under the dominion of Pharaoh, King of Egypt. The inhabitants of the land had turned from the worship of the true God to the worship of the gods of the heathen. Abraham writes of these times as follows:

My fathers having turned from their righteousness, and from the holy commandments which the Lord their God had given unto them, unto the worshiping of the gods of the heathen, utterly refused to hearken to my voice;

For their hearts were set to do evil, and were wholly turned to the god of Elkenah, and the god of Libnah, and the god of Mahmackrah, and the god of Korash, and the god of Pharaoh, king of Egypt;

Therefore they turned their hearts to the sacrifice of the heathen in offering up their children unto their dumb idols, and hearkened not unto my voice, but endeavored to take away my life by the hand of the priest of Elkenah. The priest of Elkenah was also the priest of Pharaoh (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1:5-7).

Now Abraham had refused to follow the teachings of his fathers for he had in his hands the records which had come down from the earliest fathers, containing the history of the patriarchs from the days of Adam to his own time, which the Lord had preserved in his hands. In this manner, and perhaps because Abraham had also listened to the teachings of Noah and Shem, he understood the truth. Under all these conditions, and finding opposition even in his own household, Abraham found it necessary to leave his place of residence. Abraham was a prayerful man, and it was in answer to his fervent prayer that the Lord spoke to him saying: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee" (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 2:3). Therefore he left the land of Ur to go into the land of Canaan, taking with him his wife, his brother's son and his wife, and also his father who had consented to go because of the severity of the famine.

The Lord's Covenant with Abraham

For a time Abraham and his colony dwelt in a place they called Haran, presumably named after Abraham's brother who was the father of Lot. In the land of Haran the word of the Lord came to Abraham again:

. . . Arise, and take Lot with thee; for I have purposed to take thee away out of Haran, and to make of thee a minister to bear my name in a strange land which I will give unto thy seed after thee for an everlasting possession, when they hearken to my voice (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 2:6).

Terah, the father of Abraham, found Haran a pleasant place and he remained there, having turned again to his idolatry. Abraham, in answer to this call of the Lord, journeyed on until he arrived in Canaan. Here Abraham manifested his faith and integrity before the Lord in his willingness to offer his dearest possession, his son Isaac, upon the altar of sacrifice, at the command of the Lord. Thus being proved and found not wanting, Abraham was greatly blessed. (See Abraham 2:8-11.)

We have already mentioned the fact that the Lord would have gladly conferred the blessings of the gospel and the power of the Priesthood upon all peoples, if they would have received it, but in their failure he called Abraham and placed upon him this wonderful blessing, because of his faithfulness. This honor and blessing places Abraham as the father of all those who receive the gospel from his day to the end of time. No person can receive the gospel and the Priesthood without becoming of the seed of Abraham. The scattering of Israel, which came because of rebellion, the Lord turned into a blessing in behalf of other nations by infusing the blood of Abraham among other peoples.

The House of Israel

We are informed that there were certain intelligences who were entitled to come to the earth through a chosen lineage. These are the spirits who have belonged to the house of Israel and who were separated before the Lord divided the inheritances among the nations. (See Deut. 32:7-9; Acts 17:26.)

The promised blessings given to Abraham have come down more particularly through the seed of Isaac and Jacob, son and grandson of Abraham, respectively. Jacob, son of Isaac, is spoken of as the founder of the house of Israel. His name was changed by divine edict from Jacob to Israel. Jacob had four wives and twelve sons. These twelve sons became the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel, with this exception: When Jacob went down into Egypt and found Joseph there, who had been sold by his brothers, he also found that Joseph had two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. The Lord directed Jacob to adopt these two grandsons as his own. Jacob, by blessing and adoption, took these two sons of Joseph and numbered them with his own sons, saying that all the other children of Joseph should also be named after Ephraim and Manasseh and be numbered among the tribes issuing from these two sons. The choosing of these two grandsons to be the heads of tribes in Israel did not increase the number of tribes from twelve to fourteen, however. The Lord blessed Joseph with a double portion because of his faithfulness. He does not appear by name as a tribe, but is represented by his two sons. Later, when the children of Israel came out of Egypt, the Lord instructed Moses to take the males of the tribe of Levi and make them priests of the people. In this capacity, they were not to be numbered as a tribe, but were to be scattered among the people. We see, then, that the number of the tribes remained at twelve, two of the sons of Joseph replacing

two of the sons of Israel in the reckoning.

The Day of Israel's Greatness

It was decreed by the Almighty, according to the promise of Abraham, that the Israelites should remain in Egypt for a period. During this time they were to grow into a mighty people. In keeping with this prediction Israel went down into Egypt and there remained four hundred years. In the fourth generation under Moses a great multitude of people came out of Egypt, for the time had come for them to possess their inheritance in the land of Canaan.

When they entered into the land to possess it, the Lord gave them definite and pointed instructions. They were admonished and commanded to keep the statutes and judgments thus given unto them. They were promised if they would do so that they would always possess the land in peace and safety, the land would produce in abundance, happiness and prosperity should follow them all their days; and they would have the constant companionship and blessings of righteous leaders, and the revelations of heaven.

Israel was duly warned that if the people rebelled against the Lord, and refused to accept his statutes and judgments, and to hearken to his prophets, that a curse would be placed upon the land. All kinds of trouble and sorrow would be meted out to them, and they would find themselves in bondage to other peoples. Nor was this all, it was predicted the time would come when they would be driven forth

from the land and scattered among all peoples.

From the days of Moses until the days of the prophet Samuel, Israel was governed by judges raised up from among the people. In the days of Samuel they demanded a king. They desired to be ruled by a king as were the nations around them. So Israel was given a king. Saul, son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin, was chosen. His story is a sad one. In course of time Saul became arrogant, selfish, and cruel, and lost his kingdom. He was succeeded by David, son of Jesse, of the tribe of Judah. Once again a righteous and goodly person was chosen, for David was a man of exceptional faith and great ability. Yet, even with David, power brought him to the verge of destruction.

Apostasy and Captivity

Following the reign of the third king, Solomon, who was honored with the duty of building the temple, there came a division among the people. Ten of the twelve tribes rebelled, and set up another kingdom. These two kingdoms existed side by side until about 730 B.C., when the ten tribes, known as the kingdom of Israel, were carried off captive into Assyria by Shalmaneser. From that captivity they never returned to their own land, and are known as the Lost Tribes to this day. The Lord had set prophets among them, but their warnings were not heeded and the Lord fulfilled his promise made through Moses that they should be banished from the land.

The other kingdom, comprising the tribes of Judah and Benjamin,

and known as the kingdom of Judah, remained in their inheritance until about the time that Lehi left Jerusalem, 600 B.C. The people were inclined to repent more readily and therefore the Lord spared them a little longer than their kinsmen of the northern kingdom. Eventually, however, their iniquity brought this kingdom to its end. They were carried off captive by Nebuchadnezzar in the reign of Zedekiah and planted in the land of Babylon.

A State of Wicked Rebellion

They remained in Babylon seventy years. Then under the reign of the Persians, they were privileged to return. In the land of Babylon, under their suffering, they had lost their besetting sin, that of idol worship. Again they built the temple. Again a measure of prosperity came to them. And again their repentance did not last very long before once more they had fallen into grievous sin.

Much of this time was spent in spiritual darkness, and a portion of their subsequent history is recorded in the Apocrypha. When Christ came he found the Jews in a state of most wicked apostasy, perhaps such as had never been known among their people amidst their darkest hours of unbelief while governed by their kings. When they cried out against the Son of God, who came to bring them the fulness of salvation, the anger of the Almighty was kindled against them, and they were persecuted, driven, and scattered, until they became a hiss and a byword among all nations.

A Day of Fulfillment Promised

Today the words of the prophets are being fulfilled. Judah is being gathered. Jerusalem is being rebuilt and the Lord is preparing to redeem his ancient people. Eventually they will be sitting under their own vine and fig tree, enjoying the fulness of the gospel, and the blessings of the house of the Lord, in fulfillment of the words of Ezekiel:

Moreover I will make a covenant of peace with them, it shall be an everlasting covenant with them: and I will place them, and multiply them, and will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore (Ezekiel 37:26).

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What was the distinctive mission of Israel in the world?
2. Why was Israel made a chosen nation so greatly blessed?

3. What is the chief lesson to be learned from the history of the house of Israel?

4. Are there evidences of progression and retrogression in the history of Israel?

5. Have a class member assigned to prepare and enumerate the essentials of the covenant the Lord made with Abraham and his posterity as to:

- a. numbers
- b. bearing the gospel to all nations
- c. the Priesthood
- d. bringing blessings to all families of the earth
- e. everlasting land inheritance.

6. Have parts of the covenants been fulfilled? If not, will they yet be?

7. Show how the dispersion of Israel has proved a blessing to the nations.

8. Will any of the covenants of the Lord with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph and Ephraim fail to be fulfilled? (Compare Book of Mormon, Mormon 8:21-23; D. & C. 1:37-38; Genesis 28:13-14.)

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department at Union Meeting)

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.

Lesson 7—Theories Underlying Singing, Accompanying, and Conducting

Florence J. Madsen

Objective: To focus attention on the importance of harmonious activity between singers, accompanist, and conductor.

1. *Interpretation of Song Material*

- (a) The duty of the interpreter of music is to bring out of a composition its full meaning and significance; to express beautifully and simply the intent of the composer.
- (b) In singing there are two mediums through which to work—the music and the text. The first consideration should be given to the text. The poem which, though lovely, might have lived only in the memories of the few, when

united with a melody of sustaining tones, with repeated sentences, declamatory words, increasing volume and height, or diminishing power and range, evolves as a message of lasting worth and lives in the hearts of the many.

2. *Theories Underlying Singing*

“ . . . I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also” (St. Paul, I Cor. 14:15).

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.....1233	He That Keepeth Israel— Schloesser15
.....8943	Hear My Prayer—James15
.....312-05984	How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings—Smart16
.....8723	I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked—O'Hara.....	.20
.....8942	I Will Thank Thee, O Lord— Moir12
.....962	Invocation—Moore16
.....	My Soul Is Athirst for God— Stickles15
.....CM650	O Day of Rest and Gladness —Schumann15
.....337	O, Shepherd of Israel— Morrison (SSAA)15
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“The training of the Voice to sing, without training the Singer’s Mind, and the Singer’s Body, is no training at all” (Withrow).

“Every vocal tone is, in fact, a mental concept reproduced as voice by the physical organs of voice-production, so that every vocal tone is, in its origin, a mental phenomenon” (Frane E. Miller, M.D.).

“Sing as if the breath remained in the body, never as if blowing the breath out . . . Attack (tone) almost as if continuing to take breath” (G. B. Lamperti).

“He who knows how to speak and to breathe, knows how to sing” (Pacchierotti).

“When you can start your voice with your mouth shut as well as you can with it open, you can sing. When the voice retains the same hum-like sound and feeling after the lips part, as it has before they separate, you can sing” (Lamperti).

Great singers have applied the theory that to sing correctly one must stand erect, with the torso comfortably expanded, and with weight of body on the balls of the feet.

3. Theories and Practice of Accompanying

- “The minds of conductor and accompanist must work as one” (Dr. Gehrrens).
- The accompanist should be able at all times to see the conductor without having to turn her head.
- To fully express the intended mood and message of a song the accompanist should become familiar with the words and be guided in her playing by their inspiration.
- Practice playing the following hymns and apply:
 - Correct tempo
 - Appropriate mood
 - Proper style
 - Consistent nuances (variation of volume)

L.D.S. Hymns, pp. 75, 82 (marcato, accented rhythm), 76, 111 (legato, smooth and connected).

Deseret Sunday School Songs, pp. 13, 22, 33, 138.

Hymns (new book) pp. 51, 85, 162, 163

4. Conducting

(a) Study the $\frac{3}{4}$ baton-pattern in the textbook, page 11, fig. 4. Practice this pattern thoroughly in both maximum and medium beats and apply to the following hymns:

Deseret Sunday School Songs, pp. 215 (sing the correct words), 124, 254 (arranged differently in new Hymn Book) 126, 139, 141, 147, 148, 151, 174, 220 (Begin hymn 220 by counting and conducting the complete measure of which only half appears in the beginning of the song; the missing half is in the last measure. This song appears in another rhythm in the new Hymn Book, pp. 97 and 366. 5, 11 ($\frac{3}{2}$) 12, 13, 14, 162, 167, 206, 239, 246, 257 ($\frac{3}{8}$) 252 ($\frac{3}{2}$) 16, 259, 273. In this hymn, page 16, observe the fermati—the hold over the notes.

5. The Fermata or Hold

A note, or rest, having a fermati over or under it, should be sustained until the sense of rhythm is satisfied. This is done by continuing the baton-beat more slowly toward the next beat. (See textbook.)

L.D.S. Hymns, pp. 2, 10, 15, 85, 87, 98, 148, 393 (page 393— $\frac{3}{2}$, start with up beat.)

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What is meant by interpretation?
 - (a) Name several of the important points.
2. What should the audience expect to hear and feel through music?
3. Name a few of the philosophies underlying singing:
 - (a) What is singing? (b) Who should sing? (c) Why? (d) How may the tone quality in singing be improved?
4. Should the accompanist know the words of the song? Why?

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A Christmas Gift for Teacher

(Continued from page 27)

He folded the paper up again and pushed it deep into his pocket. "I have to take it back to mother. I only just borrowed it for you to see a minute."

"Thank you, Joe. You take it back safely to mother. I'm very happy for all of you."

There was Yuletide gladness still echoing from the school halls, but the greatest gladness rang in Joe's soft voice, "Well, Merry Christmas, Miss Brown, and good night."

"Goodnight, Joe." And Miss Brown put two shining copper pennies away in her heart forever.

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While some men strive toward distant
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And scorn the path they tread,
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With love, and work, and bread!

~ ~ ~ ~

My Child

Marylou Shaver

My child is April,
Young as spring,
New as baby grass and thirsty seeded earth.
My child is springtime
Warm as April's sun,
Soft as baby duck down, smooth as bee's
wings.

My child is summer's laughter
Gay with life,
Springing from her tiptoes, singing from
her eyes.
My child is fall's companion
Warm as fire,
Hushed as flying west wings, calm as
gold-tipped noon.

My child is winter
Bright as snow,
Loud at morning, soft at moonglow.

~ ~ ~ ~

Within My Heart

Grace Sayre

You waved your hand to me far down
the street,
But though you were at least a block away
The distance telescoped, and you were
here
Within my heart today.

You smiled at me across a span of years;
Your smile has nourished tenderly the
flower
Whose fragrant beauty lives within my
heart
Through every lovely hour.

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JOSEPH WM. TAYLOR

Eldest son of Joseph E. Taylor,
starting his career with his father
as a boy of 13 years, established
his own business in 1882 — 69
years ago this month.



MARGUERITE TAYLOR BECK

Daughter of
JOSEPH WM. TAYLOR

who now is carrying on the family tradi-
tion, assisted by her husband Charles
Asher Beck, daughter Gloria, and a com-
petent staff.

From Near and Far

Fae Decker Dix, author of "A Christmas Gift for Teacher," wife of D. C. Dix, and mother of two children, is a former school teacher now acting as co-ordinator for community councils and other adult education programs in Iron County, Utah. She has served for many years as literature class leader in Cedar City First Ward and as a teacher in other auxiliary organizations of the Church. She has written many poems and pageants, and much of her work has been published in poetry magazines and in Church publications. She was awarded the Deseret News Christmas Story prize in 1936 for her offering "Empty Stocking."

I wish to express my thanks for the fine work done by *The Relief Society Magazine*. I find that too often we take things for granted and do not express our thanks and appreciation of the Church. I enjoy the variety of things that can be found in *The Relief Society Magazine*, because this is evidence of the well-rounded life of Latter-day Saint women. I'm not the only one to give praise to the *Magazine*, because I know of a small branch here in England which gets a few copies of the *Magazine* and each copy goes from hand to hand until everyone in the branch has read it. There isn't much left of the *Magazine* when they get through, but each copy shows how well it has been used.

—Elder Robert William Smith
Halifax, Yorkshire, England

I have just read the formula for homemade soap in the November issue of the *Magazine* (page 758). May I make an addition? If one cup of Clorox and three tablespoons of powdered borax are added to the soap while it is cooking, the soap will be whiter and there will be no smell to it, even if rancid grease is used. I also add a finely ground bar of good perfumed toilet soap.

—Mrs. L. H. Merriam, Grace, Idaho

I have taken the *Magazine* for many years, and it has given me many happy hours. I love every part of it, and the sermons from our great leaders have given us faith and understanding.

—Mrs. Genevieve Moreton,
Pasadena, California

The brief message by Caroline Eyring Miner in the November issue of the *Magazine* (page 773) should be put in a frame and hung before us at all times. Our ultimate acceptance of the words of Jesus, without reservations, is my desire. It is my prayer that in time all men will come to know that the kingdom of God is to be found in the brotherhood of men.

—Laura R. Merrill, Logan, Utah

My mother not long ago having been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine*, I had the pleasure of reading and enjoying it very much, especially the poetry, as reading and writing poetry is one of my favorite pastimes.

—Melva Cox,
Cane Beds Valley,
Moccasin, Arizona

I do so much appreciate *The Relief Society Magazine*—a gift from a dear friend. To me the most challenging and thrilling things I ever heard are the stories of the power of God in the lives of those who contribute to it.

—Mrs. Muriel Goodnight
Mesquite, Nevada

I was president of a ward Relief Society when we had the *Woman's Exponent* and also when the first issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* was published, and have taken it ever since. I have found the *Magazine* to be a great help and it is so dear to me that my home would not be complete without it. I have had a number of the *Magazines* bound and have used them for birthday and Christmas gifts and my family use them as references for lessons in other organizations, for readings and poems, and for other purposes. I very much enjoy the "From Near and Far" page.

—Mrs. Janet M. Ott,
Tropic, Utah

I am proud to be a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* (see November, 1950, page 731) because I think the *Magazine* is one of the finest of publications.

—Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah

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Vol. 38

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Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Great Mission of Relief Society	LeGrand Richards	76
A Key to the Occurrences of History	Archibald F. Bennett	86

FICTION

We'll Always Remember — Second Prize Story	Inez B. Bagnell	81
For the Strength of the Hills — Chapter 1	Mabel Harmer	92
Miss Breech's Boy	Pansye H. Powell	97
"In the Twinkling of a Toe"	Maryhale Woolsey	108

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		102
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	103
Editorial: "Say Nothing But Repentance Unto This Generation"	Marianne C. Sharp	104
Birthday Greetings to President Amy Brown Lyman		105
Notes From the Field: Conventions, Welfare Work, Bazaars, and Other Activities		
General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering		113
From Near and Far		144

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: "Personal Manifestations of God and of His Son Jesus Christ in Modern Times"		
and "Jesus the Christ to Return"	Don B. Colton	118
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Lo, I am With You Alway, Even Unto the End of the World"		
Mary Grant Judd		124
Work Meeting: Table Settings and Service	Christine H. Robinson	125
Literature: Samuel Johnson and James Boswell	Briant S. Jacobs	128
Social Science: Universal Peace Must Come From God	Archibald F. Bennett	133
Music: New Hymns, Anthems, and Standard Literature About Music	Florence J. Madsen	137

FEATURE FOR THE HOME

Buying Food for the Family	Ruth P. Tippetts	106
----------------------------	------------------	-----

POETRY

February Thaw — Frontispiece	Margery S. Stewart	75
Dawn Is the Gateway	Ruth H. Chadwick	80
Too Bound of Earth	Berta H. Christensen	91
Defaulted	Bertha A. Kleinman	107
Where Glory Lies	Dorothy J. Roberts	117
Blackbirds in Winter	Clara Laster	117
The Perishables	C. Cameron Johns	139

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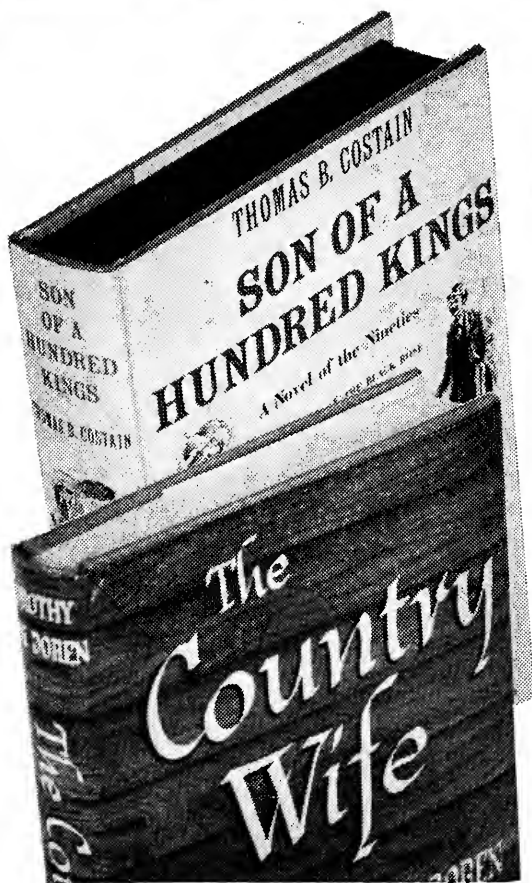
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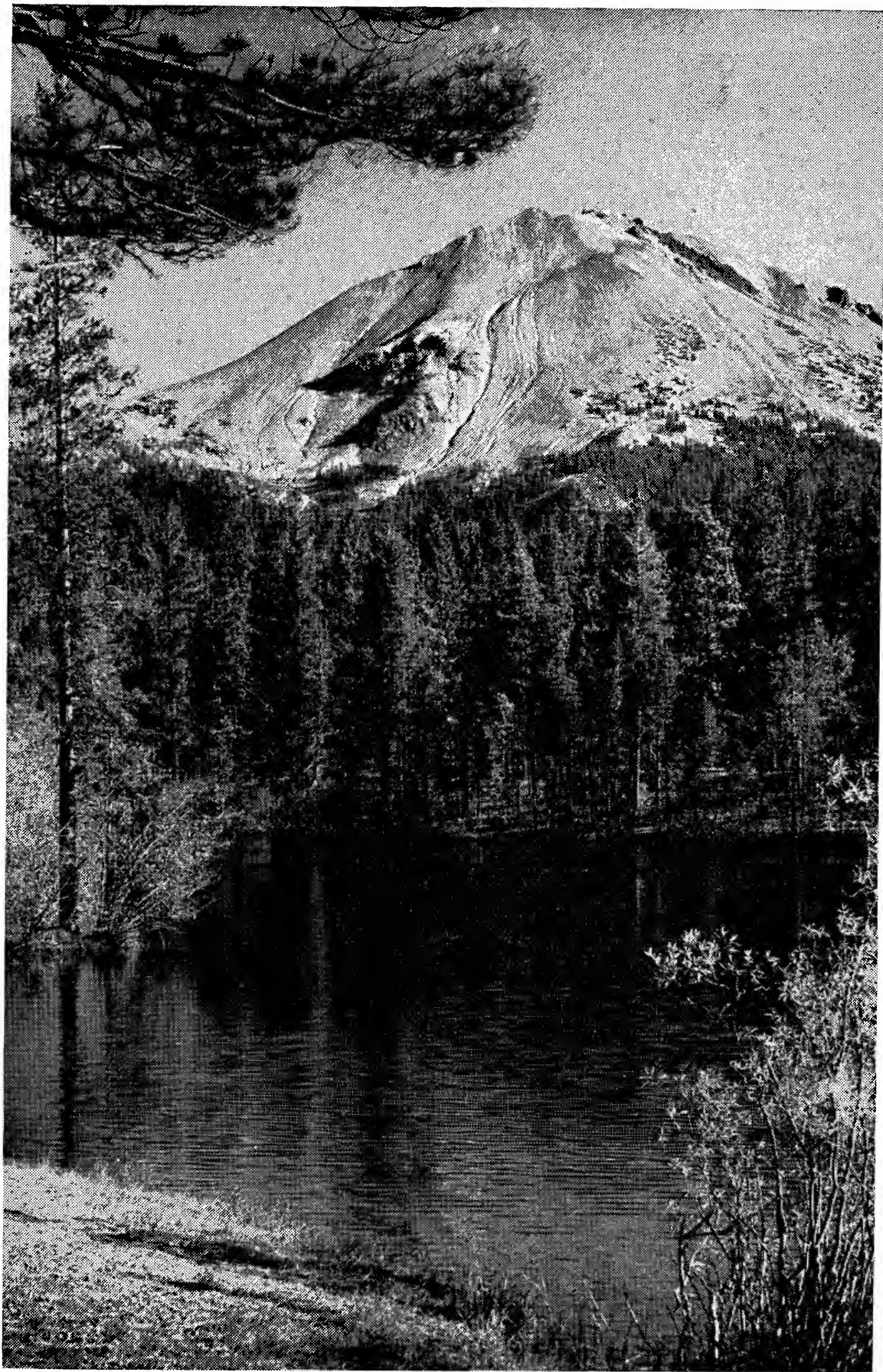
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February Thaw

Margery S. Stewart

Last night I heard across the sky
The star-spurred horseman riding by;
Hand light upon the silver rein,
He galloped through the moon-white plain.
I heard his thundering horse's hooves
Splinter the ice-held mountain grooves.
His hot breath flared upon the lake
And life leaped up in willowed brake;
Naked of snow the trees sprang up
Caught at his presence like a cup.
High above the earth he fled,
But in the darkness woke the dead;
Seed and root, they woke and heard,
And in their icy prisons stirred.
Last night I heard across the sky
The star-spurred horseman riding by.
Out I ran in roar and rain
To watch his fearsome flight again,
Across my face his mantle swept
And my heart, too, awoke and wept.

The Great Mission of Relief Society

Bishop LeGrand Richards

Presiding Bishop of the Church

[Address delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28, 1950.]

YOU just don't know how nervous I feel up here with all you women, being the only man, surely the black sheep in the herd. If I didn't know that you women can and do do things so much better than we men can, probably I wouldn't feel so nervous. I was telling my wife that this morning, and she said, "Well, Daddy, don't worry, those wonderful women will pray for you and you will be all right." So you must pray for me this morning. And then, besides that, I think so much of Sister Spafford and her counselors, and as she has already indicated, we work so closely together, that I wouldn't want to disappoint them. I told them that I didn't know what in the world I could say to the women, but I am supposed to say something about your work and your relationship to the Welfare Program.

I do mean it when I tell you that I think Sister Spafford and her counselors are doing a great work in this Church, and they love the Lord, and they love his work and they love you sisters, and the way you get back of them and sustain them is a marvelous thing. I think the Relief Society is wonderful. Of course, I have had a little experience, too, with the Relief Society, because I have been bishop of three different wards, and I have always said I thought my Relief Society president was worth as much to me

as my first counselor in each case. And then I was president of a stake and I felt the same in the stake. They used to say, if you want anything done, give it to the busy man. Now I paraphrase that and say, if you want anything done, give it to the Relief Society because they never fail when you make them an assignment.

I think the women of the Church are marvelous. When I was president of the Southern States Mission, Sister Richards and I had the privilege of taking her mother to North Carolina where she was born and where she spent her youth, before she came West for the gospel's sake. We met many of her old friends and associates. We were in a group one night and a lady told us this experience unsolicited. She said:

I went out to Utah to teach school, but I didn't stay very long. I came home. I couldn't keep up with those Mormon women. They raise large families; they work in the Church; they work in civic organizations. They made me tired. I had to come back where I could take it a little easier.

Last spring I picked up the newspaper and read an announcement of one of my missionary girls from the South who had just achieved her master's degree here at the University of Utah. The paper also reported that she had filled a mission

for the Church and was the mother of five children. This week we had a phone call from one of our own daughters in California who is the mother of five kiddies and she told her mother she had just registered at college. So you see you really do things, you women, and we are proud of you. You have great capacity, even the raising of families.

Now that I have told you how wonderful I think you are, I want to tell you how wonderful I think your organization is. I feel that when the Prophet of this dispensation organized the sisters, gave them this Relief Society organization and gave them their charge in taking care of the sick and the afflicted and the poor and the oppressed, that that was one of the greatest steps forward in the development of social work in all the world. And I think it is pretty well conceded that it was the stepping-stone, largely, to woman's suffrage even here in our own country. We recognize the ability of our women and their capacity and feel that through their efforts, leadership of women throughout the land began to spread.

We are told in Holy Writ by the apostle James of old that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." If this is pure religion, pure religion can't then be exercised and carried on nearly as well on an individual basis as it can in organized form. In other words, if we individually do all we can do, we still cannot accomplish what could be accom-

plished when we are united and organized. I tell the brethren of the Priesthood quorums that if they have never been in an auto assembling plant they should go. You will see 5,000 men or more enter the gates in the morning. If they were not organized there wouldn't be very many automobiles run off the conveyor during the day. But each man has his work to do, and each man takes his place and, in that organized form, automobiles start with just a chassis thrown on the conveyor, and they run off almost like running dishes out of your pan—fully assembled automobiles on their own power.

THE greatest good and greatest achievements in the world call for organization, and the Relief Society is an organization for carrying on pure religion and undefiled before God.

Think for a moment of what was accomplished during the World War and following the World War when we sent all those supplies to Europe, over 130 carloads, besides all the packages. That couldn't have been done to help our distressed people and members there on an individual basis, but in organized form it was not a great task because each contributed his and her part.

As you travel through the Church and go through the great Welfare storehouses, you see the evidences of the handiwork of our women. You can't help thinking how marvelously God inspired his Prophet of this dispensation when he set up this organization. All through the years thousands and tens of thousands have borne testimony of

the loving touch of the hands of the Relief Society women in the service they have rendered to those who are in distress.

We were holding a conference in South Georgia one Sunday, and a knock came at the door during our conference; and I learned after that there was a death in the community, not in the Church, but they wanted the Relief Society to come into that home. So they got the Relief Society sisters and they went and organized the work necessary to meet the emergency. And all over the world the superior work of our Relief Society is felt. I went into an office in Atlanta, Georgia, one day, and a man came rushing in. He said, "They tell me you are from Salt Lake City," and I said, "Yes, Sir." Then he said, "Put her here." So we shook hands. His story was that he had lived here in Salt Lake, and he wasn't a member of our Church. He engaged in business here, and when he sold out he did it with the understanding that he wouldn't come back and go in business for at least ten years. He said, "Every few days my wife keeps saying, 'When can we go back to Salt Lake?'" Now there isn't time to tell you all he said, but one thing he did say, "When we went to move into our home, it took us a few days to assemble furniture, to get a stove; but the Relief Society was there when we brought our first things. They came with dinner for us, and they said, 'We knew you wouldn't have a stove to cook on, so we thought we would bring you a little dinner to take care of you.'" He told me they did that for several days until they got all their furni-

ture together. When he got through and gave me a chance I was going to ask him why he didn't join the Church. He said, "Wait a minute, I know what you are going to ask me, you are going to ask me why I don't join your Church?" I said, "You took the words right off the end of my tongue." He answered, "Well, I will tell you why, I am not good enough to belong to your Church." But he couldn't forget the work the Relief Society had done.

THE Savior gave us a marvelous parable when he told how the Son of man should come in his glory and with him all the holy angels, and before him should be gathered all nations of men, and as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats, the king would say unto those on his right hand:

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

And then the righteous should say to the king, "When saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?" and so forth. And then the King should answer: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I think in all the world you couldn't find a parallel for organized effort of women who are so capable in doing the very things the Master mentioned as in the great Relief Society organization of the Church. Furthermore, the develop-

ment of the Welfare Program of the Church has added to the facilities, the vehicle, as it were, for the women to carry on this great work of ministering to those who are in need and distress in our communities. And the bishop is the head of it, the Relief Society president is his right-hand assistant. And just to the extent that the Relief Society and the bishop work together can they really perform the work that the Lord expects them to do.

Now there may be times when requests will come from people that you almost, from your natural impulses, feel like you don't want to help. You say that they ought to know better, they ought not to be in the condition they are in. Maybe they shouldn't, but it is just because they lack that judgment, and that wisdom, and that ability, in many cases, that they are in the condition that they are in. Probably there is a reason for that, too.

You know, Paul tells us that the Church is likened unto the human body, and every member is necessary. The eye cannot say to the ear, I have no need of thee, and then he adds that even the least member is necessary. If we did not have any poor, we did not have any sick, how could he say, "I was an hungry and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink. . . . Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me." You see, with these weak members, there is an opportunity for those who are strong to serve.

THROUGH the great Welfare Program of the Church, God has organized his people with the

help of the Relief Society so that they can really render the assistance that the membership of the Church is so much in need of. Now I take it that this conference is being held to increase your ability to render your part of the service, and I know how the Relief Societies are attempting throughout all their organizations to teach and train the sisters so that they can render this efficient service. And I would like to say to you that you should do it with an eye single to the glory of God, knowing that even God cannot take care of all his people in the way that he would have them taken care of without someone through whom he can work, and the Relief Societies are the ones who are charged with carrying forward this great program of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father.

Speaking of the Lord having to have agencies through which he works, a few years ago I was invited to speak before a high priests' group here in the city. I said, "I'll meet you at the meetinghouse," and the brother who invited me said, "No, I want the privilege of taking you there and bringing you home." I said, "All right." I never refuse to let them serve me because they like me better when they do. I found that to be true in the mission field, and on the way to the meeting this man told me of an experience he had.

He was engaged in work for the city. One day he was driving up Main Street, and saw a boy in uniform who was drunk, and a wicked street woman trying to lead him away.

He said, "Something said to me, 'you rescue that boy.' I found a place to park my car, and went back and took the boy by the arm and said, 'You come with me,' and the woman said, 'Oh, no, you don't, he's mine.'"

And this man said, "There is a policeman right on that corner, and if you want to be turned over to him you just interfere."

She saw the policeman and walked away. He took the boy and drove him around until he sobered up, and then took him to a hotel and got him a room.

The man said to me, "I don't know why I did it. I have never done a thing like that before in my life." This good brother left his calling card with the boy, and a little later he received a letter from the boy's mother. As I recall, it came from New Jersey. She wrote: "I don't know why you stopped to help my boy that night unless it was

that I prayed for him that night as I think I had never prayed for him before."

You see, God wanted to answer her prayer, but he had to have someone through whom he could answer it.

As far as I can see, you women are the ministering angels through whom God blesses so many thousands of people, so I say, "God bless you." I leave you my love and blessings. I leave my love and blessings with Sister Spafford and her counselors. I love and admire them for the things they are doing. I know that all over this Church you are doing a magnificent job to help our Father's children in the execution of the work that he would have done, and he must have instruments through whom he can work. And he will say to you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," when your work is completed. God bless each one of you, I pray.

Dawn Is the Gateway

Ruth H. Chadwick

The night draws close her tattered, graying shroud,
 Worn thin by lengthened hours of somber toil;
 She prods her lagging feet while pungent soil
 Breathes out a fragrant, cool farewell; a cloud,
 White-frilled and pale among the dimming stars,
 Salutes night's weary wending toward the gate.
 Exhausted, still she does not hesitate
 Before the dawn's majestic, lucent bars.
 The lintelled arch of opalescent light,
 Upheld by shafts of rainbow brilliancy,
 Reflects its aura, pearl-edged filigree,
 As purpled space and living gold unite.
 Dawn is the gateway, sparkling, crystalline,
 Through which the night must pass and day come in.

We'll Always Remember

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Inez B. Bagnell



INEZ BLAZZARD BAGNELL

DINNER was over and the dishes were still on the table. Just for a moment Sue stepped onto the porch and sat on the steps breathing in the fragrantly cool evening air. Neil came through the kitchen door, a tall slim figure whose shoulders were square and straight, in spite of the hours he spent bent over a desk.

He dropped down by her, his hand resting quietly on hers, while a stray breeze lifted a lock of his unruly blonde hair. His face was relaxed, temporarily free of the little creases that were lately becoming a part of his face.

He turned and smiled good-naturedly at her, his face and voice

full of contentment. "I like this rambling old place of ours. I even like the nice people who live here."

"It's a wonderful place," Sue said. "So much room."

"Those boys of ours need a lot of room. They cover the territory, don't they?" Neil chuckled.

If it could just last, Sue thought. If they could just spend one precious hour, or half hour, in complete relaxation. But already his restless blue eyes were studying the expanse of green lawn.

"The boys didn't do such a good job of mowing the lawn today," he said.

"No," Sue answered. "I guess they were in too big a hurry. Neil, aren't the roses lovely?"

"I'll say they are." But his pensive eyes had left the roses, finding the weeds, all the small imperfect places in the garden. The frown creased his forehead again, and his eyes became preoccupied, shutting out Sue and the loveliness of the evening.

"Someday I'm going to make enough money so that we can hire a gardener. You and the boys won't have to grovel in the dirt to keep things nice. Someday, I'm going to give you everything."

"Neil, dear, we like to do it," Sue protested.

"It's nice of you to say it, anyway." He rose and started for the door. "Well, I'd better get busy.

Sitting here won't accomplish anything."

He stopped with one hand on the screen just as three shouting boys came running around the corner of the house. Gerald, the tall gangling one, carried a baseball. Tim, a smaller edition of Neil, had the bat. Cory, the freckled four-year-old, was the last one to come running around the corner on short legs that never seemed to go fast enough to get him there as quickly as the other two.

"Hey, Dad, come and play flies and rollers with us," Gerald invited.

"Yeah, Dad," Tim put it hopefully, "come and show us how you used to throw those curves when you played with the Cubs."

Neil hesitated. "Sorry, boys, I'd like to, but I can't. I've a ton of work to do."

"Ah, that's what you always say," Gerald pouted. "You haven't played with us for a long time."

Cory jumped up on the porch and fastened both arms around one of Neil's legs, pulling and tugging at him. For a moment Neil wavered, undecided, then he picked Cory up in his arms, kissed him soundly, and set him firmly on the ground a few feet in front of him.

"Go on, boys, and have yourselves a good ball game," he said. "I'll play with you some other time." He went into the house, the screen banging decisively behind him.

For a moment the boys stood in a small disappointed cluster. Then they straggled on around the corner of the house.

"Oh, well, I knew he wouldn't, anyway," Gerald said. "He's always too busy."

Watching them go, Sue was seized by an impulse. I'll play with them, she thought. I'll bet I could still knock a pretty wicked one. After all, she was still young and pliant, without an ounce of extra padding to slow her down.

Then her eyes caught sight of the belated dishes gleaming through the window. It was a curious thing, she thought, that a table which looked so attractive and appetizing before dinner could, by the passing of a few short minutes, be rendered so untidy and distasteful in appearance. She went into the house.

Dishes done, she idled into the homey living room. Neil was at the small cluttered desk in the corner, utterly engrossed, figuring, drawing lines with a ruler, turning the paper this way and that. Sue gave one wistful look toward the piano in the corner, then picked up her darning box and started on the stockings.

As she darned she was very conscious of Neil's bent head, his absorbed expression. I wish I could understand more of what he's trying to do, she thought. It looked so complicated, all those figures and lines that a draftsman used.

He was so determined, she thought, to make her and the boys happy by giving them all the worldly possessions he could accumulate for them. His ambition was a driving force that gave him no rest, leaving him so little time for the family which hung on his every word, loving the precious moments he gave them, hungering for more of him.

Sue thought of all the things they missed—the times she and the

boys went alone to church and to the movies, the family picnics they hadn't had, the silent piano, the unshared thoughts, the house she tried to keep so quiet so that Neil could work. She knew that it wasn't worth it. No amount of fancy clothes, cars, or furniture could make it worth it. An uncontrollable desire to tell him, to make him understand, swept over her, and she fought with it. She had tried before and failed.

Neil looked up. "Hello," he said softly. He came over to her, a disturbed look on his face. He seemed to read her thoughts, and his lips were warm on hers. "Someday," he said, "I'm going to make it all up to you. Someday, Sue, I'm going to give you everything."

Sue sighed helplessly as he went back to the desk.

A few days later when Neil came home from work Sue knew the moment she looked at him that something wonderful had happened. He was like a small jubilant boy, struggling as long as he could, to hold back a surprise.

"How did everything go today?" she asked innocently.

"Oh, so, so," Neil smirked madly.

AT last, when it seemed that he was never going to tell her, he came around behind her and put his hands over her eyes. "Shut them tight. Don't open till I tell you to. Now, open easy."

In front of her face was a long yellow check. "Pay to the order of Neil Patterson," she read breathlessly, "five hundred and no one hundredths dollars."

She whirled around. "What's this all about? Explain yourself, Neil Patterson. Don't keep me in the dark."

Neil grinned proudly. "That, my dear, is a small remuneration for an idea I had for cutting down expenses on the assembly line. A token of gratitude from my employers, you might say. And that was just one small idea. There's plenty more where that came from." He tapped his forehead.

"Who'd have thought it?" Sue scoffed. "Who'd have dreamed there was anything besides sawdust in that old blonde head." She ruffled his hair till it stood on end.

Neil's face became very serious. "What do you think we ought to do with it? There are so many things we ought to do that I don't know where to start. Of course, five hundred dollars doesn't sound like much, but when it's entirely extra it's quite a bit. Sue, this money represents sort of a milestone to me, a symbol. I'd like to use it for something very special that would make the whole family happy, something that we will always remember. What do you think?"

"That sounds wonderful. But right quickly I can't say what we want most."

"What are some of the things we've been wanting so badly? Bicycles and electric trains for the kids, and a play room. A movie camera for the family, and you need clothes and something nice for the house to make things easier for you. And we've been wanting a trip. Sure," he said ruefully, "it should have been something like five thousand instead of five hundred."

"Well, if you want to start figuring that way I dare say the five thousand wouldn't amount to much either. Personally, I think five hundred dollars is a lot of money, and we should appreciate having it."

"Okay, Susie, I guess I deserved that little lecture. I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's find out what the boys would like most of all to do with it, and do it."

The boys didn't find it any easier to decide in a hurry than had Neil and Sue.

"Do you mean we can do anything we want to?" Gerald asked.

"Well, not exactly anything, but as near as we can on five hundred dollars."

"I'll have to think," said Gerald.

"Is five hundred dollars a lot of money?" Tim asked.

"How much money is five hundred dollars?" Cory wanted to know. "Would it buy a new baseball bat? We've cracked ours."

Neil and Sue exchanged a helpless glance. "I'll tell you," Neil said, "don't worry about the amount. Just each of you think of the things you would like most to do or have of anything in the whole world. We might go on a trip or buy something we've all wanted. Well, anyway, think it over. We'll get together and decide what we can use it for that will please all of us the most."

"I know what I'd like," Gerald offered.

"Let's not decide so quickly. Let's give us all time to think it over and be sure. Till tomorrow, anyway."

"We can make a game of it," Sue suggested. "You could write your

wish down on a piece of paper and we'll read them all at once."

"We could all drop them in a box—like valentines," Tim piped. "Say, Cory, do we still have that old valentine box in the basement?"

There was a regular traffic jam in the doorway leading to the basement as Gerald, Tim, and Cory all tried to be the first one through it to bring up the suddenly important old valentine box.

ALL next day the boys whispered and planned together. Then there was a spell when they scribbled and erased and asked Sue how to spell words. Then they were quiet, and first thing she knew they were erasing, tearing up, and writing again. Cory worked doggedly over a small piece of paper, bothering the older boys to make letters that he clumsily copied. Cory printed very well for a four-year-old.

By late afternoon it seemed that the boys were at last content with the slips of paper. They dropped them into the box and went out back for a game of ball before dinner.

Sue was setting the table when Neil came in, looking tired and strained. His eyes went immediately to the box, then grinning self-consciously, he bent and peeked through the slot.

"Aren't we silly?" he laughed.

"Not so silly, I don't think. After all, it's something that's pretty important to all of us."

"Sue, do you think it would hurt—do you think the kids would mind if we just peeked at them now? After all, I'd like to get an idea whether we can do what they'd like

to on five hundred dollars. Sort of prepare myself."

"I can't see that it would do any harm. They needn't know."

Neil removed the lid from the box and took out three dog-eared pieces of paper. "Come on, let's go out on the porch where there's a breeze," he said.

Gerald's paper was the largest and had the most writing on it. Neil pressed its folds with loving fingers. "Our oldest son," he whispered. "His heart's desire. How I'd love to be able to give it to him." Then he unfolded it and began to read.

Dear Dad and Mom,

I have decided that more than anything in the world I would like to have Daddy stay home from work and help us build a fireplace out of those old bricks and everybody have a weenie and marshmallow roast. Then sing songs while Mother plays the piano.

Lovingly,
Gerald.

Neil didn't look up for a while. When he did there was a baffled expression on his face. "Well, that shouldn't be hard. And it will leave the five hundred practically intact. Well, what do you suppose our son Tim wants?" He unfolded the paper slowly, then sat staring at it, not reading aloud. Sue slid over so she could see.

Please, could we go fishing and Daddy teach me how to catch a big one. With love, Tim. P.S. We could fry chicken. P.S. number 2. We could eat watermelon.

NEIL'S face began working, playing havoc with his features. Cory's paper hadn't been folded. It lay face up, its ill-shaped letters strung together in one unbroken line:

I want to go to church with you and not alone.

Neil looked stunned, his face was white. "With you and not alone," he repeated numbly. "And that's what they want more than anything." He sat without moving, staring at nothing in particular. Sue watched him anxiously, her heart reaching out to him as one emotion after another was mirrored in his sensitive face.

"I wouldn't have believed it. All the things I've worked and worried and fretted about, they don't mean a thing to them, do they?"

"You, and what you do means everything to them," Sue said carefully. "And to me."

"But I've tried so hard . . . I thought . . ." Neil floundered helplessly. "Well, it's for sure I haven't sold them my idea that it takes money to make them happy."

"I'm not so sure that's really your idea. Neil, if you had written a wish yourself what would you have chosen to do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Buy you a new coat and an electric dish washer, I guess."

"But, don't you see, that would be for me. You're supposed to wish for something for yourself."

His look silenced her. "You should know by now that your joy is my joy," the look told her plainer than words.

"All right, Sue, while we're at it, what would you have wished for?"

"I don't know either, except maybe just to have the money in the bank so you wouldn't have to worry about what would happen if you missed a day's work or if any of us got sick."

He laughed. "Now who's making a wish for whom?" He took her hand and held it tightly. "Sue, maybe we needed that five hundred dollars to show us just how rich we already are."

He looked deeply into her eyes and she knew that now he was seeing only her and the richness that was theirs. The roses unshadowed by the weeds. Their life, free from the marring specter of unattained wealth.

He folded the papers and tucked them into his shirt pocket just as three shouting boys came around the house.

"Come and play flies and rollers with us," Gerald invited.

Neil jumped up. "Come on, Mom."

"The last one to home plate is a rotten egg," Tim yelled, and everybody started to run. Cory's short legs churned desperately. There was an anguished look on his face as the others passed him by. Neil turned, grabbing him up in his arms.

"Come on, Son, we'll both use my legs."

Sue panted after them. No star-studded event could ever be better than this, she thought. This was the simple joy that they would always remember, this and rows and rows of moments like it.

The flying feet of her men were leaving her farther behind every second. Well, one of their group had to be the rotten egg, and this time she didn't mind if it were she. No, this time she didn't mind at all.

* * * *

Inez Blazzard Bagnell

Inez B. Bagnell was born in Ashurst, Arizona, and came to Utah at the age of five, with her parents John and Laura Pack Blazzard. She attended Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. She is the wife of Kenneth Bagnell, Kamas, Utah, and the mother of three children, thirteen-year-old Loa, ten-year-old Glade, and Carma, age six.

Mrs. Bagnell has had three stories published. One of them, "I Know Where You Are," a beautifully written story, published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, February 1950, has received much very favorable comment from our readers. Mrs. Bagnell is now working on a novel, which, she says, "goes very slowly as homemaking is a full-time job. I love to write, and there is a constant tug of war between my sewing machine and my typewriter. I am very proud and happy to have placed in the Relief Society Short Story Contest. It gives me great encouragement."

Active in Church work, Mrs. Bagnell is a Sunday School chorister and a member of the Relief Society Singing Mothers chorus in her ward.

A Key to the Occurrences of History

Archibald F. Bennett

Secretary, Genealogical Society

[Address delivered at the afternoon session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 27, 1950]

THIS is indeed a great privilege, my sisters, to meet with you, and to feel the spirit of this fine gathering.

Perhaps I can help most today by presenting briefly a key to the interpretation of the events of history, past, present, and future.

As Sister Elliott has pointed out, the world today is perplexed and confused, on the brink of a great crisis. Amid wars and rumors of wars, tribulation and suffering, hatreds and antagonisms, men's hearts are failing them, and there is a fearful looking forward to that which is to come, even to the prospect of perhaps world-wide and total destruction. Beset with a bewildering outcry of conflicting theories and plans of government, we need some key to the meaning of all these events taking place around us today, to those that have occurred in the past, and to those events still greater that are yet to come.

Many persons studying history and these present events have grown bitter and cynical. Some declare openly that Christianity has utterly failed, that all religion has failed. I heard one army general declare, "There have always been wars; there will always be wars, despite anything we can do." Even the great and eloquent British statesman,

Lloyd-George, in his later years, wrote that many have fondly believed that right has always triumphed over might and over wrong. But history, he announced, proves that it is always the strongest who win wars and dominance over the weak, and that it is preparedness that will always win wars in the future, and not the righteousness of the cause.

The American poet Lowell was privileged to glimpse a greater truth. He saw behind the apparent truth of this conclusion a loftier conception. Although he recognized that through the centuries wrong has always seemed to triumph, yet he could write:

Truth forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

The truth of that inspired view of the poet is borne out by a study of history. But it must be history rightly interpreted! Most authors of histories take the ground-view of events, as did Lloyd-George. What we need today is a sky-view of human happenings, history read by the light of revelation, interpreted by the vision and power of God.

The Lord gave such a sky-view of history to Enoch. The record says that Enoch was high and lifted up; and he beheld all the nations of the earth, generation after generation:

. . . and behold, the power of Satan was upon all the face of the earth . . . And he beheld Satan; and he had a great chain in his hand, and it veiled the whole face of the earth with darkness; and he looked up and laughed, and his angels rejoiced (Moses 7:24, 26).

At the side of Enoch stood the Lord himself, to show him the meaning of all these things. What a pity it is that the writers of the world do not accept this divine interpretation. It shows plainly that when men and women in any age of the world have obeyed the commandments of God they have been blessed with peace and prosperity, harmony and happiness; when they have forsaken God and rebelled against his commandments they have been led captive by Satan down to misery and suffering, contention and strife, war and bloodshed, degradation and death.

The Lord gave a similar sky-view of world history to the brother of Jared and to Nephi. Each saw the destruction of his people through wickedness, proving convincingly the truth of the statement in the Book of Mormon that "wickedness never was happiness" (Alma 41:10).

In my younger years, while studying and teaching history, I was troubled in accepting the current theory that mankind has made a gradual up-climb, a continual ascent from the brute-like, savage, almost bestial cave man, to the present high pinnacle of civilization,

so-called. For at our highest pinnacle, it was all too evident that man today is more capable of the wholesale destruction of his fellow man than ever before, and we are far from a state of peace and happiness.

THEN one day I was fortunate enough to come across an article printed in the *Improvement Era*. It provided a true key to the interpretation of history. It bore the title, "Progression and Retrogression," and was written by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. He pointed out the fact, quoting scripture to prove it, that the first man Adam was a highly intelligent and civilized man, an almost perfect being. He showed that Adam had a language that was pure and undefiled; that he and his wife were instructed by God himself. They and their children were blessed as long as they kept the commandments of God; yet when their descendants rebelled against God, and "loved Satan more than God," then they fell from their high estate and descended to war and murder, contention and savagery.

There was another upclimb in the days of Enoch, when his people reached an almost perfect state; but succeeding generations declined rapidly to the almost total destruction at the time of the flood. They rose in civilization under Abraham and Isaac and Israel, but in sin went down to the crucifixion and the long night of the apostasy, when darkness covered the earth, and Satan could look up and laugh, and his angels rejoiced.

History, then, has been a series of ascents with righteousness and

descents through wickedness. The degree of civilization of a people has been determined by the extent to which they kept the commandments of God.

It has been a long climb from the days of the Dark Ages. The Spirit of the Lord touched the hearts of good men. They sought for freedom, because freedom is a cardinal principle of the gospel. The Book of Mormon speaks of "the foundation of liberty which God had granted unto them, or which blessing God had sent upon the face of the land for the righteous' sake" (Alma 46:10). There came brave souls who struggled for political freedom and those who fought and died as martyrs for religious freedom. In our own land and in other lands the fight for liberty went on; and the liberty thus gained made possible the restoration of the Church.

The battle is not yet over, but we are assured of the final victory. We fondly look forward to the time when peace shall reign over all the earth, and the will of God will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Satan is determined. He wants to win, and he sees the danger of every new gain now being made. But God has told us in the Doctrine and Covenants (10:43): "I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil." So we do know something about the outcome, even though there are troubles ahead between now and that period of victory.

That first helpful article on "Progression and Retrogression" by

Elder Smith has since been expanded into a volume called *The Progress of Man*, the chosen text for the Social Science course for the next three years. The world needs such a book today; we in the Church need to study and understand its message. Elder Smith is a life-long student of history; he is also thoroughly versed in the revelations of the Lord. His is a precious contribution.

True social science in its purest form is the gospel of Jesus Christ. This gospel—this art of human beings living together successfully and happily—has been tried and proved effective in leading the people of innumerable myriads of worlds to exaltation and eternal happiness. The immense number of these worlds may be faintly indicated by what the Lord showed to Enoch. When Enoch saw the worlds the Lord had created, he exclaimed in awe, "Were it possible that man could number the particles of the earth, yea, millions of earths like this, it would not be a beginning to the number of thy creations" (Moses 7:30). Surely a plan that has proved successful so many times before can be trusted here. Whenever it has been given a full chance here by any considerable number of people, it has proved an effective plan, as on all other worlds.

IN the days of Enoch it brought peace and happiness for 365 years. Of Enoch's people, Zion, it is written:

The Lord came and dwelt with his people, and they dwelt in righteousness . . . great was the glory of the Lord which was upon his people. And the Lord

blessed the land, and they were blessed upon the mountains, and upon the high places, and did flourish.

And the Lord called his people Zion, because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness; and there was no poor among them (Moses 7:17-18).

And all the days of Zion, in the days of Enoch, were three hundred and sixty-five years.

And Enoch and all his people walked with God, and he dwelt in the midst of Zion (Moses 7:68-69).

What a pity that such plain and precious teachings are not known to the leaders of nations and the students of the history of the world!

Following the Savior's visit to America:

. . . the people were all converted unto the Lord, upon all the face of the land, both Nephites and Lamanites, and there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another.

And they had all things common among them; therefore there were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free and partakers of the heavenly gift (4 Nephi 1:2-3).

You will notice that freedom is spoken of as a gift from heaven.

There was no contention among all the people in all the land, because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people. And there were no envyings, nor strifes, nor tumults, nor whoredoms, nor lyings, nor murders, nor any manner of lasciviousness; and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God . . . And how blessed were they! For the Lord did bless them in all their doings (4 Nephi 1:15-18).

That beautiful condition endured for 165 years.

Now, in conclusion, I should like to read to you some inspired interpretations of history by the Prophet Joseph Smith. He wrote an article (it is the last chapter for this year's study), called the "Government of God." Here was a prophet of the Lord qualified to interpret the events of history, as the Lord would have them interpreted. We might call these sayings "axioms of social science from a prophet."

The government of God has always tended to promote peace, unity, harmony, strength and happiness; while that of man has been productive of confusion, disorder, weakness and misery.

Man is not able to govern himself, to legislate for himself, to promote his own good, nor the good of the world.

If there was anything great or good in the world it came from God.

Other attempts to promote universal peace and happiness in the human family have proved abortive; every effort has failed; every plan and design has fallen to the ground; it needs the wisdom of God, the intelligence of God, and the power of God to accomplish this. The world has had a fair trial for six thousand years; the Lord will try the seventh thousand Himself.

This course of lessons leads up to the final destiny of the earth and man when they shall, if faithful, reach eternal perfection and eternal happiness.

The designs of God have been to promote the universal good of the universal world; to establish peace and good will among men; to promote the principles of eternal truth; to bring about a state of things that shall unite man to his fellow

(Continued on page 141)



Don Knight

Too Bound of Earth

Berta Huish Christensen

Let me not grow too fond of life to leave
The mellow, emerald earth; too fond of light
Cut to a summer's length. Let me not cleave
Too ardently to winter's sheltered night.
Let me not hold too close the amber cord
That threads the autumn's intricate design,
Nor cling to heirlooms from a treasured hoard,
Too transient and elusive to define.
And I would not be captive to the cry
Of sorrow, nor too closely housed by mirth,
Nor hemmed in flight by traveled lanes of sky.
I must not be too bound or fond of earth,
For I would go unfettered to the door,
To meet with eagerness, one gone before.

For the Strength of the Hills

CHAPTER 1

Mabel Harmer

CAMILLA stood on the platform in front of the little station and watched the train grow small in the distance. It finally disappeared around a hill and left her feeling very much a stranger in a strange land. What if Idaho was just a thousand miles from California? To all purposes, for the time being, it might just as well have been a hundred thousand. Well, she had insisted upon coming and here she was.

She picked up her bag and walked around to the other side of the station where a short, plump station master was hauling some express packages into the side room. "You stoppin' here?" he paused to ask.

She resisted an impulse to answer, "Obviously," and said instead, "I'm going to Crandall. Can you tell me how to get there?"

"On shanks' ponies, unless you can catch a ride with Stan Rodgers," he said cheerfully. "He come in for a piece of machinery, but I reckon he could make room for you. Or you can wait and go out with the mail in the morning."

"Where would I be able to find Mr. Rodgers?" she asked, brushing aside the suggestion of a ride with the mail.

"Hard to say. Maybe over at Peeble's store. Most everyone who comes in goes there sooner or later."

"Thank you. I'll just put this bag with the others, if you don't mind, until I'm ready to leave."

"Not at all," he replied, picking up the bag and placing it on top of the two that she had checked. "The store is at the other end of the block. You can't miss it."

Not until Camilla had started down the unpaved sidewalk did she begin to wonder how she would identify Mr. Rodgers. She hadn't even asked his approximate age. Well, she could always ask his name.

Peebles' store had the combined odors of practically everything from leather goods to candy. There were half a dozen customers, but only two of them were men, so she took a chance on the younger and said, "I'm looking for a Mr. Rodgers."

"Speaking," he answered briefly and to the point. "What can I do for you?"

"My name is Camilla Fenton, and I'd like a lift to Crandall, if you can manage the room. I have three bags."

"I can manage if you can," he countered. "I only have a jeep. Think you want to ride in that?"

"I want to ride in anything that will take me where I'm going," she said with a faint smile.

"Okay. I'll be leaving in about a quarter of an hour. Want me to pick you up over at the station?"

"If you will, please," she answered gratefully. "I'll have my luggage ready."

She walked back, feeling very much cheered and, this time, took occasion to look around at the town. There were half a dozen stores, in-

cluding a movie house that advertised shows Wednesdays and Saturdays, and a few groups of houses, each with lawn and flowers in front and a vegetable garden at the rear. There seemed to be sunflowers everywhere, and over to the east rose a high range of purple mountains.

"I'm going to like it," she promised herself defiantly. "It will be high adventure."

The defiance was to her aunt in California, who had "raised the roof" at her proposal to teach school in Idaho, and to her friends, who had expressed skepticism and disapproval by everything from raised eyebrows to open scoffing.

"Did you get 'im?" asked the plump station master.

"Yes, thank you. He'll be around in a few minutes."

She brought out her checks and assembled her luggage at the end of the platform so that it could be easily picked up. Then she waited while a quarter hour passed and dragged into a half hour, standing first on one foot and then the other. She had to remind herself very forcefully that the man was doing her a favor to take her at all, and that if his business kept him longer than he had thought, it was up to her to make the best of it.

THE jeep finally rattled up and the young man jumped out. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he called with a grin, piling her bags in the rear of the jeep alongside his purchases. He helped her into the seat beside him and, with a couple of jerks, they started down the road.

"Schoolteacher," he said above the clatter.

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Oh, the time of the year and general get-up. They're not hard to figure out. Where do you come from?"

Santa Monica, California," she replied, trying not to say it boastfully.

To her satisfaction, he was properly impressed. "Well, we've had them from most everywhere else, but you're the first I ever heard of coming from California. I don't suppose that anyone ever left there of his own free will. Or is that only Chamber of Commerce publicity?"

"I guess not many people leave," she agreed. "Not for very long, anyway."

She had no intention of explaining why she herself had come. It wasn't something that one could explain to a complete stranger. "I think it's fun to go different places," she said, "and I'm sure that I'm going to like it here."

"I hope so. I wouldn't trade our town for the whole State. It gets sort of cold, though," he ended cheerfully.

"How cold?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, sometimes ten below. There's a good stove in the school-house," he grinned.

She couldn't tell if he was joking, so she let it pass and asked instead, "What's growing in the fields? It looks like all the same crop."

"It is. Spuds—you know, the famous Idaho potato. That's all we eat out here. That and a bit of bacon once in awhile."

"That will be a nice change," she replied airily. "At home we eat nothing but oranges and avocados."

From an occasional glance she could see that he was quite good looking—that he just escaped being handsome, in fact. He was very tanned, and his hair seemed to be just a shade lighter than his skin. In contrast, his eyes were a very deep gray, set off by black eyebrows and lashes. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a blue plaid shirt in best western style.

They rode along in silence for a time until she ventured, "How far is it to Crandall?"

"Thirty miles. Getting tired?" he asked. "Old Betsy here sure bumps along."

"No, not at all. I just wondered."

They swung into a small ravine lined with aspen trees, and when they came up again he exclaimed, "That's it."

Camilla saw farms here and there, the barns usually larger than the houses. There was a small center with a church, schoolhouse, and one or two other buildings. The mountains seemed very close, and it reminded her of what Uncle Evan called "a jumping off place."

He gave her a moment and then asked, "Well, what do you think of it?"

"It looks very pretty and—peaceful," she replied trying to think of something nice to say.

"It's peaceful all right," he agreed. "I guess you want to go to Mrs. Whipple's?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"She always boards the school-teacher. There's a different one every year."

"Don't they ever come back a second year?" asked Camilla in vague concern.

"Nope, but some of them stay. The good-looking ones always get married."

"Then I'm safe," she said, and immediately wanted to bite her tongue. It was exactly as if she were inviting him to say that she was good-looking.

Unexpectedly, however, he answered, "Oh, I don't know about that. We hang on to the red-headed ones whether they're good-looking or not."

And, with feminine contrariness, Camilla found that she was annoyed with him now instead of with herself.

THEY stopped in front of a small weatherbeaten cottage, and he said, "This is it. I'll carry your things in."

Camilla wasn't at all sure just what she had expected, but she knew that it wasn't this. For a fleeting moment she contrasted the gracious white stucco house in Santa Monica, and once more she reminded herself very vigorously that this was what she had asked for.

Mr. Rodgers was already on his way up the walk with the two larger pieces, and she followed with the smaller. Before they reached the door it was opened, and a small, wiry woman, looking almost as weatherbeaten as the house, was smiling at her.

"Miss Fenton," she said, reaching out a hand, "I'm real glad to see you. It's nice you were in town today, Stan. Bring the things right in here. How's your digging coming along?"

"Okay, I guess," he answered easily. "We'll be through in a couple of weeks if the weather holds out."

Camilla stifled an impulse to inquire if the weather sometimes gave out, and instead asked, a trifle self-consciously, how much she owed him for the ride. She could see at once that the comment on the weather would have been more in order.

"Forget it," he said with a slight shrug.

"Then, thank you very much indeed," she said stiffly. Why did he have to make her sound like a nit-wit for asking a perfectly natural question? She wished that he would get out before he made her feel even more ill at ease.

He might have done so had not Mrs. Whipple invited him to have a look at the big squash she was sending to the county fair and sample the blueberry pie she had just finished making. That, together with a string of lively chatter, made Camilla sure of one thing. Her landlady was decidedly social-minded and would be good company.

He finally left, with the piece of pie in one hand, and Mrs. Whipple took Camilla into her own room, a front bedroom just off the living room.

"I'll set on supper and call William," she said. "I guess you must be hungry and tired, too."

Camilla was more confused than ever, but she smiled and Mrs. Whipple went out.

She hung up her clothes and put her toilet articles out on the dresser, along with Boyd's picture. He looked handsome and even more

correct than usual. Maybe I am in love with you and just don't know it, she thought. Anyhow, this should be one way of finding out.

William turned out to be a twelve-year-old-son, and during the course of the evening she learned that Mr. Whipple had passed away five years ago. Since that time the widow had made her own way by running the small farm as best she could, and boarding the school-teacher.

Camilla wished that she could think of some subtle way to find out whether or not Stan Rodgers was married. Not that it mattered, really, but the winter would pass much more happily if there were some congenial young people about. Finally the talk came around to the school, and she asked casually, "Does that Mr. Rodgers have any children in school?"

"He doesn't have any, period," answered William helpfully.

"He isn't married yet," Mrs. Whipple added, "although he goes quiet a bit with Marcia Ellertson. I expect she'll get him, in time."

Not married yet, but had a steady girl—or almost. The picture, on the whole, was not too bad, Camilla decided.

LATER, as she lay in bed in the sparsely furnished little room, she had the first real misgiving about her venture. Since her parents' death, almost ten years before, her home with Aunt Lillian had been more pleasant than otherwise. If only Aunt Lillian weren't so domineering and so determined to shape every detail of one's life. There had been times when Camilla felt that she would stifle unless she got

away. Then there was Boyd. He was everything that a sensible girl could want, as her aunt had pointed out many times, good-looking, proper background, a rising young architect, and their interests, on the whole, were the same. What more could a girl want? She wasn't sure, but she had a vague idea that there was something—at least a feeling that it mattered whether or not he came or went. Maybe that was the trouble. He was always coming. Well, she would have a wonderful opportunity now to find out if she missed him, and the chances were that she would.

The next day was Saturday, and she awakened to leaden skies, a steady downpour of rain, and a case of appalling homesickness.

All the reasoning of the past night was swept away. She had been every kind of an idiot to come out here, and she would give her front teeth to be back among the palms and flowers of Santa Monica. Even Aunt Lillian assumed the role of a charming, solicitous guardian, and Boyd was a paragon among young men who would surely be plucked off before she could get back to him again. The odor of frying bacon was of some consolation, and she got up and dressed.

Mrs. Whipple was bustling about and the table in the kitchen was set for one.

"I'm glad you could sleep late," she said. "It will help the time to pass away, because I guess there isn't much you can do in this rain. There's a dance in the recreation hall tonight, though, and I asked Emery to come and take us over. I thought it would be a good chance

for you to get acquainted with some of our young people. Emery's my brother," she explained in answer to Camilla's look of surprise. "He's never married, and he isn't much to step out, but he'll take us over tonight."

It seemed like an odd arrangement for a dance date, but it sounded better than nothing. One thing she was sure of, she couldn't sit around letting this drizzle nurture her homesickness or she wouldn't last the month out.

She wondered what to wear to the dance, and finally decided on a kelly green crepe that contrasted well with her auburn hair. She supposed that she would be looked over rather carefully by old and young alike.

Emery drove up about nine, and they left—William included—for the dance. Mrs. Whipple instructed her brother to dance with Camilla first and then to bring over some of the young folks. He did his duty with some slight embarrassment, and she danced with one boy after another, acknowledging to each that she was having a very good time, thank you, and that she was sure she was going to like teaching in Crandall. All the time she was searching each new group that came in to see if Stan Rodgers was among the crowd.

It was ten o'clock before he came, bringing a pretty, fair-haired girl—probably the Marcia Ellertson Mrs. Whipple had mentioned. He danced twice with his partner and once with another girl before he came over. Then he said easily, "Good evening, Miss Fenton. May
(Continued on page 142)

Miss Breech's Boy

Pansye H. Powell

PING!

A snowball flattened itself against the white clapboard of Miss Sally Breech's house.

Miss Breech sighed exasperatedly. "Drat those boys," she exclaimed—to no one in particular, since she lived alone, and there was no one to exclaim to.

She did not rise from her chair to investigate the origin of the missile. In the first place, she knew that the neighborhood boys, out of school for the Christmas holidays, were probably the instigators of the attack. She had been aware all day as she went about her cleaning that the street was alive with boys. They had played fox and hounds on the next door neighbor's yard, and now they were holding a mimic battle in the street in front of her house. Even Butch, the little boy from next door, was out there, getting wet and probably "catching his death of cold," as Miss Breech put it.

In the second place, Miss Breech was too tired to be chasing boys away. She was too tired to do much of anything. She had worked all day, cleaning her little house, which was perfectly clean when she started; but Miss Breech was a good housekeeper and would have thought herself remiss if she had not gone over her house thoroughly on this day before Christmas. She had swept and dusted and waxed and washed windows. Now she sat in her comfortable overstuffed chair, her feet placed on the otto-

man, her weary head resting against the soft cushion.

There was more than physical weariness and exasperation with a bunch of exuberant boys in Miss Breech's sigh. It was true that at sixty-five she could no longer do the work she once could; she had learned to rest frequently, but she was still much more energetic than many of the teachers who were still going to classes every day, while Miss Breech stayed home in the ranks of those recently retired. No, it was not physical weariness nor entirely her vexation at the neighborhood boys that made her sigh, as she sat relaxing after her day of housecleaning.

Miss Breech's sigh came from something she would have scoffed at, had she known anyone was going to label it spiritual fatigue. "Rats," she would have said, "I've nothing on my mind. Free as the birds—no school, no pupils to worry about, no Christmas program to prepare for the first time in forty years. Wonderful feeling, this!"

That is what she would have said, but that would have been camouflage. Deep down in her she knew that she was lonely and a little depressed. This was the first Christmas in forty years that she had not been busy every minute, decorating a tree, putting on it the little gifts brought her at school by her adoring third graders. Several times today she had thought of those gifts, awkwardly wrapped by the pupils themselves or daintily packaged by willing mothers. Though Miss

Breech had never opened her gifts at school, she knew by long experience that the little square packages with small round ends were bottles of dime store perfume, usually gardenia; that the thin flat packages were handkerchiefs; and the long wide boxes were probably chocolates. She had always brought them all home from her room at school, placed them on or under the big tree, and opened them on Christmas morning, writing down each child's name and gift so she could thank him personally. But this year she had no eager roomful of third graders; there would be no tree, for pension money didn't stretch so far as that; no gardenia perfume would be stored away unopened.

ALL this Miss Breech had been thinking as she rested in her living room. It was an attractive room, neat and clean, not elaborately furnished but tastefully arranged with old walnut furniture that had been her grandmother's, and brightened with chintz slipcovers and drapes that Miss Breech had made herself.

Miss Breech had always enjoyed her home and had never felt lonely in it before. Even though she had no near relatives to join her on Christmas Eve, always there had been school to keep her busy right up to the very night. But today she felt tired and lonely and depressed by the yelling voices outside, as the snow fight in front of her house waxed more lively.

She brushed her hands across wet eyes and then said to herself—she had developed the habit of

talking out loud to herself only this winter: "This house looks peculiar without a tree. I really can't remember a Christmas when I didn't have a tree. I've bought forty trees and have seen them set up in my room at school. Anyway, those silver bells over the doors and windows do look pretty, and those holly wreaths are beautiful, with the big red ties on them. Christmas trees aren't really necessary to a Christmas at all."

Miss Breech jumped nervously as a snowball slithered over her veranda. But she did not rise from her resting position. She continued thinking aloud: "Does seem odd not to be getting a program ready. Guess that part's all over by now. School let out yesterday. I ought to know. Those pesky boys on this street have been yelling and throwing snowballs all day. They've had Butch out there all day, teaching him how to make snowmen and to throw balls."

The thought of Butch irritated Miss Breech so much that she rose from her chair and went to the front window. Peering out through the clean shining surface of her recently washed window, she looked for a familiar little figure among the swarm of older boys in the front street. There he was—sturdy and independent—trying so hard to be big with the boys who were not his companions during school hours, since he was too young to be in school yet.

"He's just getting too smart," Miss Breech soliloquized. "Not good for little fellows to be around those older boys so much. No wonder he's such a noisy child all the time."

She watched the chubby little figure in the red woolen coat and cap and blue overalls scampering around, making snowballs, and delivering them to an older boy who promptly hurled them at his opponents in the fight. The scene was a lively one and would have provided amusement to an ordinary observer; but Miss Breech was no ordinary observer.

SHE had reason to look with disfavor on Butch. The family had moved next door to Miss Breech in June, and from the first day of his arrival Butch had made himself at home on Miss Breech's lawn. He ran through her back yard, pursued by a yapping scraggly terrier. Neither of them regarded her zinnias and marigolds as more than pretty colored grass, a little nicer to step on than ordinary lawn covering. The terrier had a propensity for sleuthing in hedges, and Butch had no respect whatever for Miss Breech's elaborately worked out borders. That first day, when she recovered from the surprise of their unannounced visit, she had stopped Butch in a pre-emptory manner as he ran wildly through the yard a second time in pursuit of an imaginary robber.

"Little boy," she had said in her best school teacher manner, "I want you to be careful not to run over my flowers."

He had paused momentarily in his mad flight, and the yapping terrier had yanked at his heels to prompt him to move on. Butch had looked up at Miss Breech with sparkling blue eyes from under a bemedaled beanie.

"Sure," he had answered in a startlingly loud voice. "We'll be careful. Come on, Chippy," and away they had scampered, lopping off a branch of a chrysanthemum plant as they rounded the corner of the house.

That was only the beginning. Numerous episodes followed. Most of them involved the terrier, which Butch stoutly defended from all attack. "Chippy is a good dog," he would say. "He doesn't know they are roses."

Miss Breech would answer, "Butch, you will have to keep that dog off my yard, or I'll have to tell your mother to put him on a chain."

"Okay, I'll tell him," Butch promised, and Miss Breech later heard him doing just that.

"Now, Chippy," he was saying, on the other side of the hedge between the two yards, "you will hafta stay out of Miss Breech's flowers. You'll hafta, do you hear?"

But Chippy was back before evening, chasing butterflies and beetles, regardless of Miss Breech's protestations.

Finally she went to Butch's mother, a warm, friendly person, much disturbed by Miss Breech's disapproval of Butch and Chippy, and trying to curb the lively spirits of both offenders with small success.

"If you wish, Miss Breech," she said on this occasion, "we'll give Chippy away. We know he is causing you trouble, and Butch's father and I have talked about what we could do about it."

"Oh, no," Miss Breech hastened to reply, "you musn't do anything

like that. Butch is so fond of Chippy. It's just that I've always been able to have a nice garden, and they do run across things without much consideration for what they may be doing."

After this visit of Miss Breech, Butch and Chippy made fewer forays into her yard. Then had occurred the case of the missing galoshes.

HAVING come home rather late one rainy night, Miss Breech removed her galoshes and left them on the front porch. Usually she was very careful to leave nothing loose around the house, but tonight she had been late and ready to go to bed, so the galoshes were left outside. The next morning—no galoshes. Miss Breech looked everywhere; being a systematic person, she knew she had left her galoshes outside the door, but being also more absent-minded than formerly, she knew it could just be possible that they were somewhere in the house. But no galoshes could be found.

Later that day Miss Breech went out into her yard to do her daily stint with her flowers. Under the forsythia bush where she had recently freshly spaded the dirt before watering the lawn, she saw a suspicious hump in the soil. Just at that moment Chippy made a sortie into the yard, approached the hump of dirt, and sniffed reminiscently. As Miss Breech approached, he withdrew hastily to a safe distance.

Then she saw a bit of dark gray rubber protruding from the side of the hump. She jabbed her garden fork into the dirt and unearthed

one galosh in a decidedly debilitated state. There were unmistakable signs that something had tried to masticate the galosh. Chippy was guilty on circumstantial evidence. Miss Breech saw red. She dashed at Chippy and managed to land on him one blow from the handle of her fork. Chippy departed, after giving an anguished howl, his tail between his legs.

Miss Breech went to Butch's mother again, and from that time on the two malefactors were not seen in Miss Breech's garden, except once in a great while when Butch, a naturally friendly child, would come over briefly to admire some flowers that particularly caught his eye. On these occasions Miss Breech now and then gave him some flowers to take home with him, and so a kind of peace had been established; but it was an armed truce liable to break out into open warfare at any time. What the family did to keep Chippy home Miss Breech did not know, and she told herself she did not care, but secretly she felt a little bit ashamed of herself, although she felt at the same time that she was right.

That was why Miss Breech looked with disfavor at Butch's activities in the snow fight. "They're teaching him more meanness," she soliloquized, "like as not."

Just as she turned away from the window to go back to her chair, a plump snowball landed squarely in the middle of the big clean pane. Luckily, the pane did not break, but the spattered snow immediately removed all traces of Miss Breech's labor of the morning. She

quickly opened the front door to catch the person who had done this. The street was empty, except for Butch and Chippy, both of whom were looking at her with fear. Not an older boy was in sight. Chippy crept over close to Butch's feet.

"Butch," Miss Breech called, "come here, Butch."

Butch started toward her obediently. Chippy cocked one ear inquisitively, then followed at a discreet distance. As Butch stepped up on the porch, Miss Breech demanded, "Did you throw that snowball?"

Chippy remained at the foot of the porch steps, an expression of suspicion upon his bristly face. Butch faced Miss Breech's frown and spoke right up, "No'm!"

"Well, if you didn't, I'd like to know who did. Somebody threw it. I'm sure Chippy didn't."

At mention of his name Chippy barked inquiringly, but settled down dejectedly with his head on his paws when Miss Breech sharply reprimanded him: "Hush! Be quiet!"

"Well, Butch," she reiterated, "I want to know who threw that ball. If you didn't, do you know who did?"

Butch had learned his lesson well from the neighborhood boys. It was not in his code to tell on anybody. He did not answer Miss Breech, but looked past her through the open door to the living room, brave in its Christmas green and red. His eyes played around the room, searching. Then, because it was more important to him to have Christmas trees than to know who threw a snowball, he

abruptly changed the subject by demanding, "Don't you have a Christmas tree?"

"No, I don't have a Christmas tree. But that is not what I asked you. Do you know" Miss Breech stopped suddenly. Years of experience in the ways of boys warned her that this was not the way to go about this matter. Why should she force little Butch to tell on his friends? But there was little relenting in the tone with which she said, "All right; you go on home now, and take that dog with you. I don't want him muddying up my steps and porch."

IT is doubtful that Butch registered her tone or what she said. After his discovery that Miss Breech wasn't having a Christmas tree, his little one-track mind had refused to admit more than the one idea.

"Okay," he said with his usual cheerfulness. A moment later he and Chippy were gone, neither giving so much as a backward look at the lonely spinster who was watching their departure.

Miss Breech closed the door with a bang and went to hunt up her window cleaning tools, which she had put away earlier in the day. It did not take long to clean up the effects of the snowball, but anything is a hard chore when one is tired and lonely and a bit sorry for one's self on Christmas Eve.

Miss Breech made herself a simple supper of hot milk and toast. She was too tired to do more. She was finishing the last piece of toast when the doorbell rang. She slowly walked to the door and opened it.

(Continued on page 140)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1891

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

THE BABY: We love the baby and at all times we bid it a hearty welcome. With its hue of pinks and carnations and roses, its eyes bespeaking the tenderness just brought from a shore we cannot recall even in dreams, its voice so plaintive as to defy rudeness, and its whole presence so like the embodiment and eternal fitness of things superanimate—the angels themselves—how purifying is its presence and how sacred the influence which its presence implies!—*The Standard*

SHADOW-LAND

Oh, what is this longing, this yearning to know?
This germ of an impulse we cannot restrain?
And why should it haunt me and follow me so,
If the quest it awakens is fruitless and vain?
Nay, I feel that beyond the scope of my dreaming,
The star of intelligence onward is streaming.

I call in the night-time for strength from on high,
To open the flood-gates of knowledge for me,
I wait and I listen, but only the sigh
Of the murmuring winds, in quaint melody,
Chant the song of my heart tho' its music is clear,
We've lived heretofore in some loftier sphere.

—E. B. W.

MALAD STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Pres. O. C. Hoskins felt happy to hear the testimonies of the sisters. Spoke of the progress the Church is making; said it has cost the best blood of the nation, besides thousands of dollars, to bring us to the place we are standing in today. Spoke of the condition of our day schools and the necessity of teaching our children in the ways of the Lord. Pres. Lucinda Hoskins felt thankful for the good instructions given in this conference; said as mothers we need information on a great many subjects especially those things pertaining to our religion.—Eliza A. Hall, Sec.

NOTES AND NEWS: The Princess of Wales has given orders that nothing need be submitted for her inspection, or that of her daughters, in which birds are used as trimming.

George Bancroft, the historian, is dead. He passed away at the age of ninety, full of years and honors. Tributes sent by the sovereigns of Europe, on the announcement of his death, were added to many similar ones here. The following fitting and appreciative words were spoken of him by A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, between whom and Mr. Bancroft the warmest personal friendship existed for many years: “His is the most beautiful old age I have ever seen; calm, peaceful, cultured, surrounded by friends, and admired and revered by a whole nation, the drawing to a close of his life is as grand and beautiful and peaceful as the gradual fall of night on a mountain peak.”—Ex.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

WHEN Ellen Wilkinson, "beloved rebel," of Britain's Labor Party, died during the past year, both Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee and opposition leader Winston Churchill paid her high tribute. Red-haired Miss Wilkinson worked her way from dire poverty through higher university training and into the British political scene, where she has been a dominating figure for more than twenty years, fighting with fiery oratory for what she believed to be just. She was Minister of Education in the Labor Government, the second woman in British history to hold a cabinet office.

MARYHALE WOOLSEY, contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* and other western periodicals, and author of the words to "Springtime in the Rockies," won the *Deseret News* Christmas Story contest with her offering "Anything Lovely."

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN of Mesa, Arizona, won third place with her poem, "The Empire of the Free," among 3,000 entries in the National Thanksgiving Association's annual poetry contest. The purpose of the organization is to render Thanksgiving Day a more religious and patriotic celebration through the expression of higher sentiments, displaying of the flag,

and by study of the Mayflower Compact, and other historic documents. Her poem appears in the anthology *This Is America*, which also contains poems by two other Utahns, Grace Candland and Betty Wall Madsen.

MR.S. RUTH WAHLQUIST, of Ogden, is state president of the American Association of University Women. Recently in this column we referred to Dr. Olivia McHugh as state president. This was an error. Dr. McHugh is president of the Salt Lake City chapter.

THE Bronte sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, and their unheroic brother, Bramwell, are once again the subjects of a biography, this time by Lawrence and E. M. Hanson, *The Four Brontes* (New York, Oxford University Press.) Readers become aware of their inmost reactions and of the intertwining of their lives. Charlotte's *Jane Eyre* and Emily's *Wuthering Heights* both appeared in 1847. An earlier excellent biography is Fanny Ratchford's *Web of Childhood*.

QUEEN ELIZABETH and King George of Great Britain sent to Mrs. Matilda Coppins, of Hastings, birthday greetings in late September. Mrs. Coppins, believed to be the oldest woman in the United Kingdom, turned 108.



*“Say Nothing But Repentance Unto
This Generation”*

IN May 1829, almost a year before the organization of the Church, the key of the second great principle of the gospel—repentance—was restored to the earth. Repeatedly thereafter the Lord declared, “Say nothing but repentance unto this generation” (D. & C. 6:9). From that time it would seem conditions in the world have been such as to demand that the cry of repentance be heard continuously. The gospel message with its word of warning has spread slowly but irresistibly throughout the world. Still there remain large areas of the earth where the cry of repentance may not be heard, where any faithful are denied the voice of warning and the blessing of drinking of the waters of everlasting life.

The tempo of world affairs accelerates and the wicked are rushing to their own destruction. In June 1829, the Lord warned, “The world is ripening in iniquity; and it must needs be that the children of men are stirred up unto repentance, both the Gentiles and also the house of Israel” (D. & C. 18:6). In February 1831, the Lord issued a warning, proclamation, and commandment. Upon his faithful servants he enjoined, “Lift up your voices and spare not. Call upon the nations to repent, both old and young, both bond and free, saying: Prepare yourselves for the

great day of the Lord” (D. & C. 43:20). Ever since that time the Church has obeyed this commandment through pronouncements and writings of the prophets of the Lord, and the call to repentance by the missionaries.

A Latter-day Saint, viewing the dread situation which the world has brought upon itself through wickedness and iniquity, may question the power of an individual repentance. Let him recall these words of the Lord, “Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God . . . And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth” (D. & C. 18:10, 13). Let him also recall that Abraham bargained with the Lord and was given the promise that the Lord would spare all the place, (Sodom and Gomorrah) if ten righteous should be found in it. Let him recall also that the city of Nineveh, comprising more than sixscore thousand persons, was spared from destruction because the people repented at the pleading of Jonah.

Individual repentance can change the course of events. Parents in Zion not only are responsible for their own repentance, but the Lord has stated, “Inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance . . . the

sin be upon the heads of the parents" (D. & C. 68:25). Children must be taught the meaning of repentance, "By this ye may know if a man repenteth of his sins—behold, he will confess them and forsake them" (D. & C. 58:43). The Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance, but he promises, "Behold, he who has repented of his sins, the same is forgiven, and I the Lord remember them no more."

The person who is striving for perfection, continually repents of his past evils. When one fault or sin is overcome, there always remain other failings to conquer, if

he would become perfect as his Father in heaven and love his neighbor as himself. Repentance leads him along the pathway to eternal life.

The one hope of the world today lies in the repentance of the individuals comprising the nations of the earth. To all people everywhere the Lord will extend mercy if they come to him with broken hearts and contrite spirits. May the world heed the cry to repentance of the prophets of this day, and may every Latter-day Saint look to himself that he will be counted as a part of the leaven which will leaven the whole.

—M. C. S.



BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO PRESIDENT AMY BROWN LYMAN February 7th

ON this seventh day of February, 1951, Relief Society women in many lands, throughout the stakes and missions of the Church, extend their love and congratulations to Amy Brown Lyman, former general president of Relief Society.

A brilliant, well-trained, and capable leader, Sister Lyman became a member of the general board in 1909. In 1940 she was appointed general president and served in that capacity until 1945, giving freely of her broad vision, and her varied experience. Sister Lyman was president of the society during the centennial year of 1942 and officiated in the events of that memorable year.

Sister Lyman is now literature class leader in her own ward, the East Twenty-seventh Ward in Emigration Stake, Salt Lake City, where her gifts of educational and cultural background and her love of literature are being shared with her sisters in her ward Relief Society.

Devoted to *The Relief Society Magazine*, Sister Lyman has worked for its success by urging all Latter-day Saint women to keep the *Magazine* in their homes and use its messages of inspiration for the benefit of their families.

Buying Food for the Family

Contributed by the Utah State Nutrition Council

Ruth P. Tippetts

Consumer Education Specialist, Utah State Agricultural College

WOULD your habits bear a microscopic inspection to see how many buying judgments are based on "accurate information," and how many are just "taking a chance"?

Can you pick the right cut of meat for the price you want to pay, or does it seem to be sheer luck that one time you get a tender steak, and the next time, for the same price, a tough one? If canned salmon is available at several prices, can you tell which can is suitable for salmon loaf, salad, or a main dish? Do you give up in trying to evaluate, and just buy the cheapest? Or do you try to "play safe" and buy the most expensive?

The job of purchasing the family food is a hard one, because the number of products to choose from is almost endless and, in some cases, there's no way of telling good from bad. A retail grocer, in talking about the different grades and price variations of tuna, said one can't always depend on either price or label to determine the quality of tuna. Often, in order to sell, a grocer will mark down the price on a first grade product, but the consumer, thinking it second or third grade, will avoid it. Producers and sellers often add to our confusion by pressuring us to buy their products. They appeal to our hidden desires and emotions, and we buy against our best judgment.

In order to know quality in products and receive the most satisfaction for money spent, the consumer can do three things:

1. Ask the advice of the person who sells the particular product.
2. Compare the labels on various brands of the same canned item for whatever information each gives.
3. Buy various brands of the same product and compare the contents, then buy whichever brand is most satisfactory.

Some information may occasionally be gained through the experiences of friends and neighbors, or from listening to advertisements of products over the radio. However, care must be taken in buying highly advertised products, for many products not so highly advertised are of equal value and yet less in price.

An honest analysis of needs and wants is the cornerstone of good shopping. Planning before buying saves both time and money. If you select what you want, after careful investigation, you get more for your money, and it's far more sensible to buy what you want than what you run into.

To determine requirements before buying there are three decisions that must be made:

1. How much money can be spent?
2. What nutritional requirements must be met?
3. What are the taste preferences of the family?

How much money can be spent will be determined by the food

budget. In buying meat, for instance, if the budget is rather limited, stew cuts of meat give as much food value as more expensive cuts. But for taste preference and ease of preparation, perhaps the choice would be a T-bone steak.

There's another thing not to be overlooked, and that is the matter of family happiness. Kale may be the best buy in the market, and of course it is filled with good vitamins and minerals. But if, no matter how deliciously you prepare it, the family refuses to eat it, then it is hardly a good buy.

NOW let's take the weekly food shopping expedition. All through the week notes and ideas should be jotted down concerning the items needed and wanted. Perhaps on Wednesday the market adviser said that the strawberry season is in full swing and it's time to check on them for canning. Maybe Friday morning the advertisement from the corner grocery store listed reduced prices on canned peas and several citrus juices. Suppose the order would look something like this:

Meat Department:

- 2 lbs. round (or flank) steak, commercial grade for stew
- 1 lb. bacon

Fresh Produce:

- 1 head lettuce
- 1 ½ lbs. broccoli, if fresh
- 1 crate strawberries

Groceries:

- 5 lbs. granulated sugar (However, it is more economical to buy sugar in larger quantities.)
- 1 No. 10 can orange juice (check price and brand)
- 1 large box quick-cooking oatmeal
- 2 No. 2 cans peas (check brand)
- 1 No. 2 can corn, cream style

In the meat department the meat dealer will help you make selections, and your own experience and information will help in final choices. In the fresh produce department, you will be free to pick up and inspect the items, if done carefully, and perhaps you will select the nice-looking tomatoes if they are in season, in place of the broccoli, which looks rather tired.

Yes, a weekly session with yourself — planning, giving serious thought to balancing your food budget, and also to balancing the diet itself — can bring dividends. What makes the greatest difference in the quality of your shopping may well be the half hour spent at home getting ready to buy, and in this way learning something about what you plan to buy.

Defaulted

Bertha A. Kleinman

Don't weep too much if one you idolize
Should totter on his pedestal and fall—
From out the ruins he may still arise
To find your friendship wasted—not at all.
Conserve your tears, your powers to amend,
For when you stand defaulted as a friend!

“In the Twinkling of a Toe”

Maryhale Woolsey

THE sun was climbing up the brilliant sky and growing warmer by the minute. Madge Riley leaned on her garden rake and wished Janice Dowson would say what she had come over to say. Madge had so much to do today—grape jelly and jam to make, and pears to can; already they were over-ripe.

She eyed Janice again with the incredulousness she always felt for Janice's plumpness. It made Madge overconscious of her own still slender figure, and her energy, though she was past fifty-seven, and her hair was graying. Janice's was, too; but Janice retained an endless joy in living, whereas Madge had long since lost all will for anything but work.

Of course, Janice had her jolly big family—married sons and daughters and adorable grandchildren. Madge had only her one granddaughter, Colleen—who had never seemed close to her. Colleen had been a care, really!

“I hope you're going to the harvest ball tonight, Madge,” Janice was urging suddenly. “I hear it'll be quite a celebration.”

Madge stiffened. This was it! “Oh?” she questioned.

“Yes. Those kids have really accomplished things. Brenda—my Jerry's wife, you know—has been advising them a little. I'd be going myself, except that it's my teaching night. I may come later, anyway.”

“I never go anyplace like that, Janice. You know that. I don't know why I should. Colleen has

told me almost nothing about it—except that Hap Franklin's so wonderful to let them use the company auditorium, and that the harvest ball really should have been held before school started. I don't even know what the girls have been doing, except working a lot harder at their projects than they're willing to work at” She stopped abruptly. Did she know what any girls, other than Colleen, did at home? And even Colleen does what I've asked her to. It's her always hurrying to get away, as if home's hateful, that hurts!

“But you really should be there tonight. It's not right that Colleen should be without anyone of her own to take an interest in what she's done Please, don't be hurt, Madge. I know how it's been for you; you've had my sympathy, and other folks'. But Colleen needs you—in ways she hasn't had you. Oh, my phone's ringing. Might be Jim calling from Woodside—he was going to!” Away Janice ran, awkwardly as a puppy, and as happily.

Madge resumed her leaf raking. She worked rapidly; she'd have to hurry things a little . . . Surprisingly, she felt no negation in her. Not, “Shall I go?” Simply, “I'll have to hurry!” Perhaps it was because Janice had made her see it as a duty.

Even her intense dislike of crowds—amounting to a phobia these recent years—seemed now a minor consideration. Over her work, Madge found her mind ex-

ploring unaccustomed paths. What had been behind Janice's resolute admonition? Her hesitancy might infer something disagreeable; Colleen's wilfulness, her uncommunicativeness, her eagerness to be anywhere but at home—all these had indicated to Madge that Colleen was a "problem." She had been an ordeal from the beginning, her very presence a continual reminder of their bereavements, too many and near together, and too shocking not to have induced serious reaction. First, Madge's husband had died, then her son Gilbert had been killed in the war, and last, his young wife had been killed in an automobile accident—all within the space of a year. And Madge had been far from well, herself. No wonder she and Colleen had got off to a bad start, the sick and grief-stricken grandmother and the bewildered, frightened child! But Madge had regained health and strength; Colleen had adjusted. What was the distance between them which could not be bridged?

COLLEEN, fourteen now, was older than her years, with an air of knowingness and self-sufficiency which could easily have led her into difficulties. Still, in that case Madge surely would have heard; there would have been someone who would feel it a duty to inform her!

Madge prepared dinner early and let it wait while she dressed, putting on a becoming full-skirted print dress she had bought a year ago but had never worn. Colleen, dashing in to bathe, eat, dress and "take off again," regarded her with surprised and wordless questioning.

"I'm coming to your ball. I hear it's too good to miss," Madge said quietly.

"Why—that's fine!" Was there a flash of consternation, turning to defiance, behind the widening brown eyes, an unsteadiness in the red lips, so quickly pressed into a firm set line? Madge half smiled, noticing all at once how like her own firm jaw was the line of Colleen's!

She went on talking matter-of-factly, "I guess your club has been a good thing for you. For all of you girls, I mean."

"Of course it has. We'd have hated this long, hot summer if we hadn't had our projects to keep us busy. We're going to have it next summer, too, we think." There was a vehemence in Colleen's tone, and a guardedness. She determinedly picked up her fork and began to eat. "Oh, I have to go early, Grandmother. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. I wouldn't expect you to change any arrangements because I decided at the last minute to come."

"Okay, then . . . thanks." Uncertainly, Colleen bent her face over her glass of water. A small frown wrinkled her smooth forehead.

The meal continued in its customary silence, but with an undercurrent of tension. Having finished, Colleen hurried to her room to dress. Madge was hanging up her dish towel when Colleen reappeared in the kitchen. "I'm taking off," she said. And hesitantly added, "Grandmother, did you know I'm singing on our program?"

"Why, no! Didn't you want me to know?"

"I sort of wanted to tell you . . . but it might have seemed like I was—well—trying to get you to—to . . ." Confused, Colleen stopped.

Madge spoke gently, "To come, especially to applaud you? It could have seemed that way, all right. Don't let it bother you."

The frown disappeared. "Okay, then . . ."

"You look very pretty," Madge called hurriedly. From the front door Colleen looked back, a picture-book gypsy. Her dark hair lay like a smooth satin cap. She wore a yellow-flowered, short-sleeved blouse of yellow cotton drawn up around the shoulders with a black ribbon, and a full skirt, black with colorful daisies and tulips bordering it. She could be going to a costume party, Madge thought, as she watched Colleen hurrying down the path.

MADGE brought out her coat and purse, and went out to sit awhile in the old rocking chair on the porch. In the west a faint rosy glow lingered from the sunset. Madge felt a nostalgia for sunsets of old days when broad green fields had stretched away to the hills; acres and acres of them had belonged to Mart and Madge Riley. Madge had sold them, piece by piece, reluctantly but profitably, seeing only folly in holding land she could not successfully employ. Her son had wanted only to be a flier; flying had taken him away—eventually, not to return. In the postwar building period Madge had continued selling, keeping for herself only an acre, with her house—old and shabby now among the smart, modern homes rising around it. The Dowson's place was nearest. The

road was hard-surfaced and had attained a name, Broadview. Along it at nights lights glowed and twinkled on and off; voices and music and traffic noises replaced former silences, and Madge learned deeper loneliness than ever. Colleen, presumably, found satisfactions elsewhere, as she was always "taking off."

Madge stood up, drawing a long unsteady breath. She tested the lock of the door, and started down the path. Walking was pleasant; the staccato tap-tap of her heels on the sidewalk had a good sound.

She arrived early, as anticipated; only a few seats were occupied by young people she did not know. She took a place near the front, and avoided looking back at the gathering crowd. For the first time, she felt a resentment at her continued aversion to social contacts; she wondered if she ever would overcome it. She was relieved when finally the lights dimmed and the stage curtains opened.

It was a good program, she thought, watching skits, stunts, and tap dancing. Hearing Colleen sing a couple of popular songs in the crooning, throaty modern style, was a surprise, but not too exciting, she decided Or could it be she couldn't appreciate it, she wondered as she left, lingering behind the crowd.

Janice Dowson met her at the auditorium door. "I saw you and waited, thought we'd like seeing the exhibits together."

They made the rounds of a miniature fair, viewing displays of handwork, paintings, wood carvings. Madge looked in each space for Colleen's name, finding it at the

very last table with what at first seemed to be a doll's house. Then she saw that it was, instead, a home decoration project, with a cardboard house as a model, and sketches accompanying it. Madge caught her breath then, for the house was—her own! With a few alterations: a widened window, the fireplace reopened and restored, the "front room" and dining room made into one large lovely space by removal of the dividing wall. The "Before" sketches were flawless. Madge groaned inwardly. Did her house really look so unattractive, so uninviting?

Janice, beside her, said softly, "You may as well look now, Madge. You've got a gifted girl on your hands."

"It's my house." Madge's voice was flat. "She seems to have looked at it more than I ever thought she did."

"No drastic changes," Janice murmured. "Mostly, she's done a bringing alive of it . . . What a sense for color!" Janice's tone spoke only honest admiration for Colleen's work.

Madge was silent, trying to fathom Janice's deep thoughts and her own strange emotion.

THEN Janice was saying, "Shall we go in? They've cleared the floor for square dancing. It'll be fun to watch."

It began as special exhibition dances, but, presently, the urge to participate took over the audience and soon the whole scene was one bright kaleidoscope of colorful animation and gayety. Madge found her own feet tapping in time with the music, old tunes she had not ex-

pected ever to hear again in such surroundings. Time slid backward, unrolling memories of decades . . . and she found herself smiling back at smiles from old friends, some of whom she had not seen in years.

Suddenly, a white-haired but lively man was standing in front of her. "Madge Walters Riley, it's been a long time since you and I ornamented a dance floor together. Winnie and I are both in favor of our doing it again."

"Well—Frank Peters! What are you doing back in this town?"

"Vacation trip—visiting Ralph's folks. Come over and see Winnie. She saw you first and sent me over." He was leading Madge along the edge of the dance floor, in front of the seated spectators. Madge saw Winnie Peters' eager smile first, and then the wheel chair. Pity swept her as she took Winnie's hand.

"Madge—after all these years—wonderful to see you! We must have a good visit, but right now, dance with Frank, will you? He loves it so—and I can't; darn my legs. You two used to dance together so beautifully!"

"They're starting the varsoviene," Frank said. "Come on, Madge!" He had drawn her onto the floor before she knew what was happening. Dismay filled her . . . this was ridiculous! Oh, she couldn't!

But she could; her feet remembered! And into her mind came silly little words learned long ago in a dancing class to help her master this very dance: ". . . Do you see my, do you see my, do you see my new shoes? . . . With the tips on, with the tips on, with the tips on the toes!" With a sudden recklessness,

a surging will for adventure, Madge lifted her skirt in one hand, let her body sway into the music. Forward, back . . . glancing down, she could see her patent-leather toes twinkling in and out beneath her skirt.

She did not notice the crowd's thinning until all at once she realized that she and Frank alone were dancing in the center of a watching circle. Frank's smile and nod, his gay whispered, "Doin' okay, aren't we?" impelled her to continue. When the music stopped, applause roared around them. "Keep going!" someone shouted; the music began again and, as if hypnotized, Madge nodded and took Frank's arm.

IT was later, after the adventure was ended and Madge was at home, getting ready for bed, that the reaction came. What had possessed her? She'd made a fool of herself . . . the applause, the laughing compliments, must have gone to her head completely. Oh, well, to those youngsters she was just an old lady, cutting capers—What did it matter? Besides, the dancing had been fun! She stretched her toes pleurably between the cool sheets.

She thought of Colleen. "Grandmother, you were wonderful!" Colleen had said. "I didn't know you could dance like that!" Then, "Kay's folks will bring me home . . . you'll go with Mrs. Dowson, won't you?" Colleen had not been smiling. What had been in her mind, behind the wide brown eyes? Madge lay still, trying to puzzle it out. And dreading the morning . . .

She slept at last and wakened to a gray sky and a wind gusty with

storm threat. Colleen was already up, and almost ready for school. Her "Good morning, Grandmother," was quiet as usual, but her eyes still wore the questioning look, and her young body was tense.

"You sang very nicely, Colleen. And I thought your exhibit was lovely—and well done."

Colleen's tenseness relaxed. "Did you? I didn't know whether you'd like it."

"I did wonder why you chose this old house instead of a new modern type," Madge ventured.

"Why—because this one interests me more," Colleen answered, surprised. "It's the one I like best."

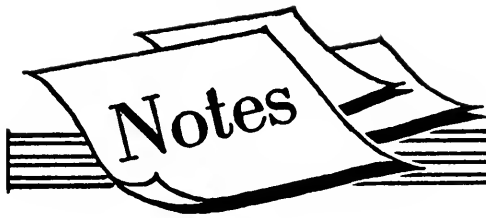
"You—like it best? Really?"

"Of course. It could be lovely," Colleen faltered, her cheeks flushing. "Of course, I understand it's already lovely to you, Grandmother. But I had to experiment with my ideas, I guess; you see, I want to be an interior decorator, some day. There can't be anything more wonderful to do, than making homes beautiful!" For one brief moment the wide eyes let fall their guarding mask. Madge could look behind and see the wistful dreams. . . . *She wants to make homes beautiful!*

In that moment Madge Riley made a decision faster than ever before in her life. Watching Colleen's face closely, she asked, "Would you like to begin on this one, in reality?"

Colleen gasped and stared. Then acceptance of what she had heard, transformed her . . . as the sun for a moment pierced the clouds and beamed across the kitchen, touching its dullness with gold. "Oh! You don't mean . . .?"

(Continued on page 142)



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

CONVENTIONS, WELFARE WORK, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Ida M. Dean

GRANITE STAKE (UTAH), FOREST DALE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL, October 2, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Nellie Whitaker (1946-47); Sentella Pace, present president; Printha Bitter (1929-30 and 1939-40).

Back row, standing, left to right: Jennie Naegle Biesinger (1936-37); Eva Tobiasson (1944-46); Ida M. Dean (1942-43); Laura Bradshaw (1937 and 1941); Agnes Lundgren (1938).

Inset photographs: at left, Jeannette J. Fullmer (1931-35); and at right, Lucille C. Bennion (1940).

These women represent twenty-one years as presidents of Forest Dale Ward, 1929 to 1950.

Ida M. Dean is president of Granite Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Laura M. Hawkes

NORTH CENTRAL STATES MISSION, VIRGINIA (MINNESOTA) RELIEF
SOCIETY MEMBERS WHO SUPERVISED A RUMMAGE SALE
September 9, 1950

Left to right: First Counselor Maxine Crapo; Charlotte Bagley; Mary Culver; Secretary-treasurer Clara Niemi; Esther Moyle; second Counselor Violet H. Larson; seated, President Elvira Erspamer.

This photograph was taken in April 1950, when the women met to discuss plans for the rummage sale. The sale, held on September 9th, was the first project of this kind sponsored by the Virginia Relief Society, and the profit made was \$102. Missionaries assisting on the day of the sale were Donna Bird and Betty Ann Martinson.

Laura M. Hawkes is president of the North Central States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Annie M. Ellsworth

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, EAST OKLAHOMA DISTRICT RELIEF
SOCIETY CONVENTION, September 26, 1950

Front row, left to right: Laura Stephens, regional supervisor; Annie M. Ellsworth, President, Central States Mission Relief Society; Mary Krider, supervisor, East Oklahoma District.

The other sisters in the photograph represent seven of the eight Relief Societies in the district.

This convention, the first one ever held in the East Oklahoma District, was planned by the mission Relief Society President, Annie M. Ellsworth, with the assistance of Sister Stephens and Sister Krider. Sister Katherine Vaclaw, President, Bartlesville Branch, assisted with the various demonstrations, with the co-operation of the visiting teachers of her branch. Other officers who assisted with the convention were: Ella J. Hubler, Gore Community Relief Society (Oklahoma); Effie Reynolds, President, Ft. Smith Branch (Arkansas); Gladys Fortner, President, Muskogee Branch (Oklahoma); Joan Venable, President, Seminole Relief Society (Oklahoma); Hilda M. Barker, President, Henryetta Branch (Oklahoma); Margaret Oliver, President, Tulsa Branch (Oklahoma).

Some of these sisters traveled as far as three hundred miles in order to receive instruction in the history, organization, and procedures of Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mabel A. Price

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, NORTH CAROLINA EAST DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION AND FASHION SHOW, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Children in the foreground, left to right: Cheryl Padrick; Mary Henderson; Sarah Lee Flowers; Sandra, Lynn, and Karen Henderson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lillie Leandis; Helen Henderson; Doris Flowers; Sister Durance (hidden); Eugenia Cochran; Myrna Henderson.

Sister Mabel A. Price, President, Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society, reports that the fashion show, held in connection with the annual Relief Society convention, was a very fine demonstration of what can be done in the way of made-over clothing, with little or no money. Sister Myrna Henderson, with her three daughters, all had dresses made from scraps or remnants, at very little cost. Sisters Helen Henderson and Doris Flowers spent as little as \$2 for both their mother's and daughter's dresses.

In the background of the picture are quilts made with the star and crescent pattern by the different branches of the district. Some of the sisters who made these beautiful quilts had never worked on quilts until recently. Quilts were submitted by Dulah, Ash, Harkers Island, Chinquapin, and Wilmington Branches. Many of the articles of clothing and the handwork showed marked ability and skill.



Photograph submitted by Mildred G. Lamb

CANADIAN MISSION, BROCKVILLE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
November 18, 1950

Left to right: Ada Whiteley; Juliette Brown; Mildred Lamb; Joy Heckman; Miriam Forrester; Edna Morrison; Luella Ross; Vivian Wood Hill.

The time and talents of these Relief Society sisters for the past six months were much in evidence at the first bazaar sponsored by this small branch. Ten women worked diligently in the preparation of home cooking, sewing, and handwork articles. The enterprise was successful not only in a monetary sense, but also as a means of introducing the Relief Society and its activities to the community. This Relief Society, as yet, is not fully organized and is presided over by young women missionaries.

LaPriel R. Eyre is president of the Canadian Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mima C. Hainsworth
and Georgina F. Richards

PORTLAND STAKE AND NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION DISPLAY
OF PART OF THEIR WELFARE ASSIGNMENT

October 23, 1950

The photograph represents only a small part of the articles completed for the 1950 Welfare assignment, which was exhibited during Relief Society convention.

Mima C. Hainsworth is president of the Portland Stake Relief Society; Georgina F. Richards is former president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society, and Mavil A. McMurrin is the newly appointed president.



Photograph submitted by Daphne B. Smith

GARFIELD STAKE (UTAH), CIRCLEVILLE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL, March, 1950

Left to right: Mary C. Norton; Indra C. Johnson; Daphne B. Smith (now stake Relief Society president); Lois W. Haycock; Eventa H. Fullmer; Eva N. Dalton, present president, Circleville Ward Relief Society.

Under the direction of these presidents an effective program of visiting teaching has been carried forward for many years. In 1938 a one hundred per cent record of visiting teaching was achieved, and this record, with few exceptions, has been maintained to the present time. Hazel W. Cannon, deceased, served as ward Relief Society president from 1932 to 1934, and served later as a stake Relief Society president.

* * * *

Where Glory Lies

Dorothy J. Roberts

Glory is heaped upon the hills forever;
Only its pattern alters to the view.
Dull mauve which follows scarlet on the ridges
Is the slate of the artist showing through.

Glory is heaped within the heart forever
That finds a joy in such monotony,
That learns to love the plain, gray stitch of duty
Which forms the background of her tapestry.

Blackbirds in Winter

Clara Laster

Today I saw a thrilling sight,
Blackbirds on a tree of white.
Against the silent winter's rage,
They sat like words upon a page,
Until an angry, driving breeze
Erased them from the frozen trees.
They fell to earth, then soaring high,
Became a smudge against the sky.



Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 32—"Personal Manifestations of God the Eternal Father and of His Son Jesus Christ in Modern Times"; and "Jesus the Christ to Return"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapters 41 and 42.)

For Tuesday, May 1, 1951

Objective: To show that God, the Eternal Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, have manifested themselves on earth in modern times, and that Christ the Lord will return as a resurrected, glorified being to reign on earth.

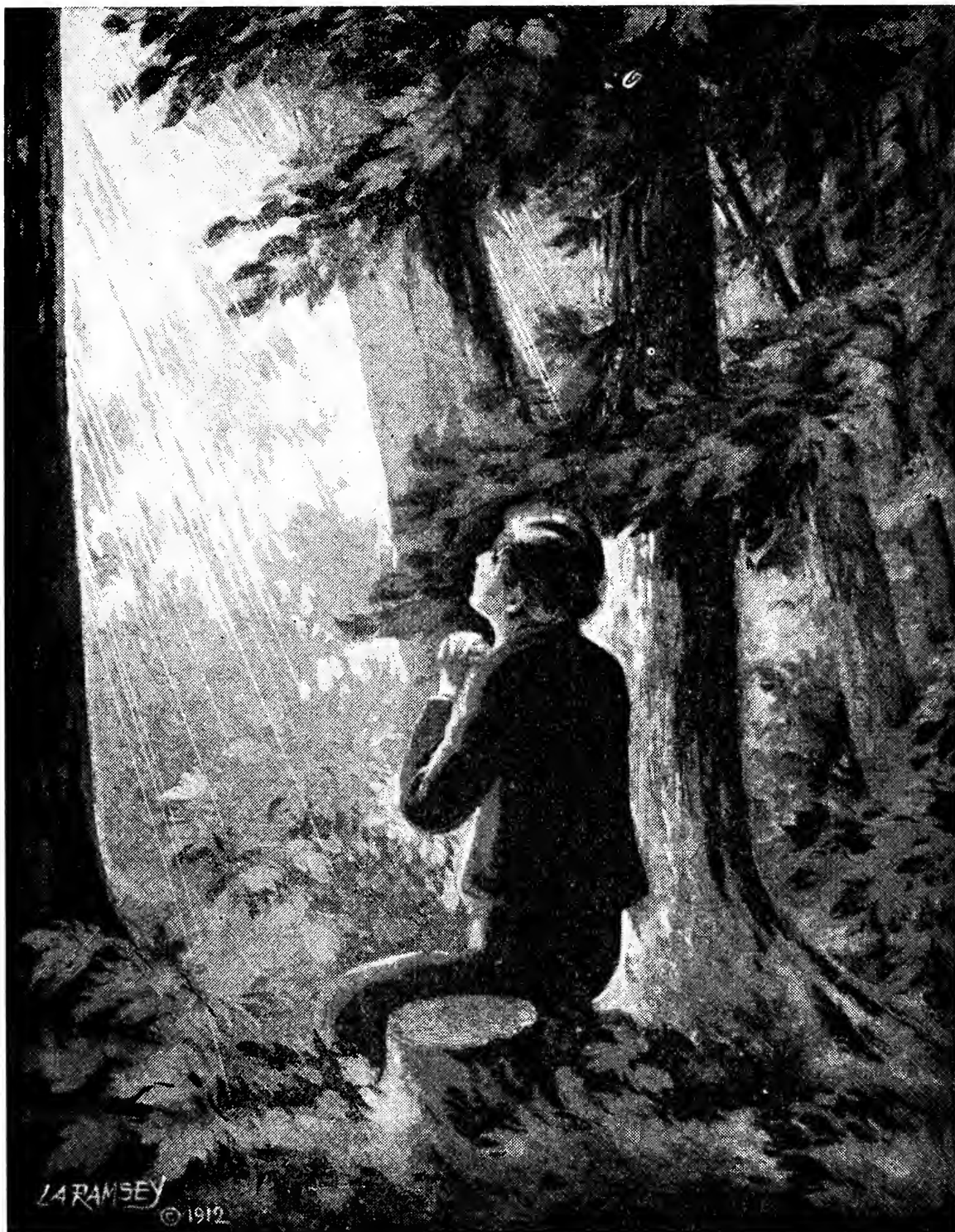
EVEN though it is well known among Latter-day Saints, the account of the Prophet Joseph Smith's first vision in 1820 ought to be read as a part of the preparation of this lesson. (See Pearl of Great Price, Joseph Smith 2:5-26.) The boy Joseph had been profoundly affected by the wave of religious agitation which swept the neighborhood in western New York where he resided. He came from an honorable, intelligent family. Most of the members had joined one or the other of the churches at Manchester. Young Joseph was puzzled. He was especially concerned because of the bitterness among believers and even among the ministers when the so-called converts began to choose "or file off, some to one party and some to another." In the midst of this confusion he often asked: "Who of all these parties are right? . . . If any one of them be right, which is it, and how shall I know it?" Under all

the circumstances, that was a perfectly natural frame of mind.

A New Dispensation

One day, while the boy was so disturbed, he was reading his Bible and came to James 1:5, which reads: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Is it not perfectly natural that this scripture should sink into the mind and soul of this boy? He had not been schooled in the man-made doctrine and sophistry of men that God no longer answered prayers directly when the necessity arose. He came ultimately to the conclusion that the only way he could get light was to ask God. He selected a secluded place in the woods and went to make the attempt.

Surely, there was nothing wrong or irregular in his actions thus far. He was doing only what he had been told to do. Others had done



JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST VISION

it in ancient times, why could he not do it? After earnestly and sincerely praying, the heavens opened and there stood before him two glorious Personages. Their brightness and glory defied all descrip-

tion. One of them spoke unto Joseph, calling him "by name, and said, pointing to the other—*This is My Beloved Son, Hear Him!*" Critics have gone far out of their way to vilify and condemn Joseph

for saying that God heard and answered his prayer. Why? He answered the prayers of Adam, Enoch, Moses, Abraham, Isaiah, the apostles whom Jesus called, and scores of others. Why was it wrong to answer Joseph? Surely the world needed direct communication from the heavens which were sealed during the Dark Ages.

The boy's prayer was answered. He beheld and listened to the Father and his Beloved Son. He was told that none of the churches were right and he was not to join any of them. They had a "form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." Except by members of his own family and a very few others, wherever he told of his experience, he was ridiculed and persecuted. One cannot help but wonder why there was not a Gamaliel in that community. (Read Acts 5:34-39.) The boy prophet had seen a vision; he knew he had and he knew that God knew. Praise be to his memory, he bore that testimony to his dying day.

The dispensation of the fulness of times was ushered in by the personal appearance of the Eternal Father and Jesus, the Redeemer. It was the beginning of a glorious era of revelation and restoration of power from heaven. Note the logic of events.

A Messenger Sent From the Presence of God

About three and one-half years after the appearance of the Father and Son to Joseph Smith and in answer to earnest prayer, a heavenly "messenger sent from the presence of God" appeared to the boy and

visited with him during most of one entire night. The angel announced himself as Moroni, an ancient Nephite prophet, and, among many other things, told of a record engraved on plates of gold which contained a history of the ancient inhabitants of America and it contained also the fulness of the gospel of the Redeemer. In vision, Joseph was shown the place where the record was deposited. So clear was the vision that he had no trouble in finding the place the next day. The boy was directed by Moroni to tell his father of the vision and all that he had seen and heard. This he did and was told by his father to obey implicitly all the instructions given by the angel. Four years later the record was given to Joseph and, when translated by the gift and power of God, was published as the Book of Mormon.

The Aaronic Priesthood Conferred by John the Baptist; the Melchizedek Priesthood Conferred by Peter, James, and John

On the 15th day of May, 1829, the Aaronic Priesthood was conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery by a heavenly messenger, John the Baptist, who acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John. John the Baptist predicted that the higher or Melchizedek Priesthood would be restored later. This prediction was fulfilled shortly after when the three presiding apostles came to Joseph and Oliver, conferring upon them the Melchizedek Priesthood and ordained them to the holy apostleship. The first baptisms in this dispensation were supervised by John

the Baptist at the time he conferred the Aaronic Priesthood.

Establishment of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; Further Communications from the Heavens to Man

The New Testament clearly bears record that Jesus organized his Church while upon earth. By revelation to Joseph Smith the Lord directed that his Church should again be organized in this day. Instructions were given as to how and when this should be done. In the revelation, the plan of Church government was given and detailed instructions as to baptism by immersion; the duties of the various offices in the Priesthood; confirming members; the correct form and meaning of the sacrament; and many other essential principles and ordinances were explained. "The Author of these several revelations declared Himself definitely to be Jesus Christ, God, the Son of God, the Redeemer, the Light and Life of the World, Alpha and Omega, Christ, the Lord, the Lord and Savior." There was no doubt of the necessity of the inauguration of a new dispensation of the gospel and a restoration of the Priesthood following the universal apostasy. All the power, keys, and authority necessary for the complete establishment of Christ's Church were given to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. The gospel is the "power of God unto salvation" and every key and power necessary has been restored in this day. Read D. & C. sec. 76:11-24 for an account of a glorious revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Personal Appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Kirtland Temple; Jesus the Christ Is With His Church Today

It is a great tribute to the faith and integrity of the early members of the Church that, within six years after the organization of the Church, the first temple in modern times was erected by them. Temples are distinctive and are "sacred to the ordinances of the Holy Priesthood" which may not be performed in chapels, or tabernacles. The first temple was built at Kirtland, Ohio. On the Sunday following the dedicatory service, after a service of solemn worship, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared to the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery in the temple (D. & C. 110:1-10). Visits of other heavenly beings were made to Joseph and Oliver. Moses came and committed the keys of the gathering of Israel; Elias committed the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham; Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, came and delivered the sealing keys of this dispensation (D. & C. 110:11-16).

While the Prophet Joseph was martyred June 27, 1844, other apostles and prophets have been raised up, and the glorious work of the Redeemer has been carried forward.

We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God (Articles of Faith, No. 9).

Jesus, our royal Leader, has and does manifest himself whenever it is necessary. "He points the way."

"Jesus the Christ to Return"
(chapter 42)

*The Lord's Second Advent Predicted in Ancient Scripture;
The Coming of the Lord Proclaimed Through Modern Revelation*

"By the second advent we understand not the personal appearing of the Son of God to a few, such as His visitation to Saul of Tarsus, to Joseph Smith in 1820, and again in the Kirtland Temple in 1836; nor later manifestations to His worthy servants as specifically promised; but His yet future coming in power and great glory, accompanied by hosts of resurrected and glorified beings, to execute judgment upon the earth and to inaugurate a reign of righteousness."

That Christ the Lord will come again is clearly foretold in the scriptures. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1:11). The statements of Jesus himself, during his ministry upon earth, are direct and sure. Space will permit only one or two quotations: "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works" (Matt. 16:27). When before the high priest as a prisoner, Jesus answered that official's adjuration, "that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God," by saying: "I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right

hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven" (Matt. 26:64). Class members should read carefully the 24th chapter of Matthew as revised by the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Pearl of Great Price.

The Lord revealed to righteous Enoch that he would come in the last days. In answer to that worthy man's question, the Lord said:

As I live, even so will I come in the last days, in the days of wickedness and vengeance to fulfill the oath which I have made unto you concerning the children of Noah. . . . And it came to pass that Enoch saw the day of the coming of the Son of Man, in the last days, to dwell on the earth in righteousness for the space of a thousand years (P. of G. P., Moses 7:59, 60, 65). (See Isaiah 35:4; and 40:10.)

The Book of Mormon also is clear and definite as to the second advent of the Savior (B. of M., 3 Nephi 26:3, 4 and also 3 Nephi 28:7-8). In many places in the Doctrine and Covenants it is clearly and definitely revealed that the Messiah will come again to earth to rule and reign (See D. & C. 33:17-18; 34:4-12; 64:23).

The Time and Accompaniments of the Lord's Coming

It has not been revealed to man just when the second advent of Christ will occur. We have the words of Jesus himself on this subject: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only" (Matt. 24:36). In this day the Eternal Father has made one of his rare announcements: "I, the Lord God, have spoken it, but the hour and the day no man knoweth,

neither the angels in heaven, nor shall they know until he come." The faithful will watch and pray that the signs which are to precede his coming may be recognized. The wicked will not recognize the signs anyway. Prior to the second advent the land of Zion will be the only place of safety.

There will be two capitals—one on the Western Continent and one on the Eastern Continent. The lost tribes shall come forth and Jesus will reign over all the earth. While his coming will not be the final judgment, it will be a time of great rejoicing for the righteous. At the final judgment the whole race of mankind shall stand in the resurrected state before the judgment bar of God to receive just recompense for the deeds done in life. When Jesus comes, he will bring those already resurrected and there will be a resurrection of the righteous dead. The pure and righteous who are still in the flesh shall be caught up to meet the Lord. (See I Thess. 4:14-17.)

The Kingdom of Heaven to Come

A distinction is made in modern revelation between the "kingdom of God," which is the Church with full and complete divine authority, and the "kingdom of heaven," which is the "divinely ordained system of government and dominion in all matters, temporal and spiritual; this will be established in earth only when its rightful Head, the King of Kings, Jesus the Christ, comes to reign." (Read D. & C. sec. 65.)

The Millennium

When the kingdom of heaven is established upon earth and Christ reigns personally, a new era will be ushered in and for a thousand years peace and good will among all people will prevail. During that period Satan will be bound and the wicked who have died will remain unresurrected until the end of the Millennium. The faithful in Christ may look forward to a glorious period in earth's history. (Read P. of G. P., Moses 7:63-65.)

The Celestial Consummation

The vanquishment of Satan and his hosts shall be complete. The dead shall all be resurrected and shall stand before God to be judged according to the record, and the glorious mission of the Christ shall be consummated.

Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death (I Cor. 15:24-26).

Then shall he be crowned with the crown of his glory, to sit on the throne of his power to reign forever and ever (D. & C. 76:108).

The earth shall become glorified and celestialized and those who have been exalted will abide there forever. "Forever shall they reign, kings and priests to the Most High, redeemed, sanctified, and exalted through their Lord and God, Jesus the Christ."

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Relate Joseph Smith's account of the First Vision. Show its consistency with

God's previous appearances.

2. Enumerate the keys which have been committed or restored in this generation.

3. What are some of the signs which are to precede the second coming of the Savior?

4. What is the Millennium?

References in the Gospels

Matt. 16:27; 19:28; 24; 25:13; 26:64.
Mark 8:38; 13:26, 32-37.

Luke 9:26; 12:39, 40; 21:5-36.

John 2:28.

See also, B. of M. 3 Nephi 12:9, 10; 26:3, 4; 27:27; 28:7, 8; 29:2; Mormon 6:6; Moroni 10:2.

D. & C. sections 5, 6, 8, 10-20; 21:11; 27:8, 12, 13; 29:8-17, 22; 33:17, 18; 34:4-8; 36:8; 42:36; 43:18, 30-34, 40; 45:37-44, 68-71; 49:7, 23-25, 28; 63:50, 51; 64:23-25; 65; 76:11-119; 84:63, 64; 88:86-92, 95-98; 95:4; 97:15, 16; 101:23-32.

P. of G. P., Joseph Smith 1:31, 36; 2:5-59, 68-69. Moses 7:59, 60, 63-65.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 16—"Lo, I Am With You Always, Even Unto the End of the World"
(Matt. 28:20).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, May 1, 1951

Objective: To leave a concluding message of hope and comfort in all of the homes visited.

DURING a period of three years there have been carried into tens of thousands of homes (through the efforts of a vast corps of faithful visiting teachers), inspirational sayings of the Savior. Twenty-three messages in all have been given. Now, with the twenty-fourth, with which we conclude this series, "Our Savior Speaks," it seems desirable to have left with those visited the following appropriate declaration of the Master, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:20).

What reassurance and comfort, in this day of perplexity, to know that this promise is to each one of us who is willing to keep Christ's

commandments. In a time of fear and uncertainty we may have assurance, for he has said: "Let not your heart be troubled: neither let it be afraid" (John 14:27).

These words are to be found in the fourteenth chapter of John, one of the most impressive and beautiful chapters in the whole of the New Testament. We suggest that the beauty of this chapter be pointed out and that the following excerpts from it be read in the homes visited as a fitting conclusion to this series of visiting teacher messages:

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you . . . I will come again, and receive

you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. . . . If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments. . . . I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me:

because I live, ye shall live also. . . . 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.

“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

Work Meeting—The Art of Homemaking

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

Lesson 8—Table Settings and Service

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, May 8, 1951

ALTHOUGH the previous articles in this series of lessons have emphasized primarily the home decorating aspects of homemaking, a discussion of this important subject would be incomplete without a consideration of table settings and the art of serving food attractively.

It is not the purpose of this lesson to discuss the preparation of food nor the development of recipes. Rather, we are concerned here with how to achieve attractive and inviting table settings.

There is little doubt but that the way food is served is second in importance only to the food itself. The same good wholesome food can be made more or less appetizing, depending upon the thought and care used in serving it. Furthermore, mealtimes and the serving of food offer the thoughtful homemaker some important and unusual opportunities:

First, in most families, mealtime provides the best regular occasions for getting the members of the family together as a group, and for establishing a home atmosphere of friendliness, understanding, and thanksgiving.

Second, well-served food sets the pattern for the development of correct social habits on the part of the children, which will do so much to help them develop well-balanced personalities.

Third, the serving of food has important social implications. It is a fundamental part of the entertainment of friends and relatives. On those occasions when neighbors and friends are invited into the home, the way refreshments are served, formally or informally, can make lasting impressions, and can do much to strengthen the bonds of friendship and understanding.

In today's decorating, table settings are considered a fundamental

part of the over-all decorative scheme. Many of the new books on interior decorating have separate sections which treat this important phase of homemaking. There is hardly a home magazine which does not feature ideas and suggestions for attractive table settings and food service.

One of the first steps in achieving attractive table settings consists in the choice of table coverings. Fundamentally, the same basic principles which are used as guides in the selection of home furnishings may be applied to the choice of table linens, china, and glassware, and in the creation of table decorations. This is true in respect to formality and informality in table settings, as well as in the use of color.

Fragile porcelains with traditional designs and colorings seem naturally to suggest a more formal type of table setting. With this type of china we would use fine linens, organdies, laces, or finely woven rayon cloths and table mats. This does not mean, however, that with this type of china we must always be content to dress our tables in traditional white cloths. Color can be a fascinating and stimulating part of our table settings. In fact, china with a cream or ivory background, often looks more at home on a delicate pastel cloth of pink, ivory, green, or blue. If your dinnerware is one of the lovely semi-porcelain patterns or a gay pottery, there are limitless possibilities in colors and fabrics which can be used to help put gaiety into table setting and fun into house-keeping. Table coverings of a

more rough type of texture, in brighter colors, with bold designs, plaids, and stripes can be used effectively with pottery, as long as it is in keeping with the general color and design of the dinnerware itself. Table coverings which harmonize, contrast, or pick up and emphasize some hue in the china can make table setting fun and food look glamorous.

One important guide to follow in choosing table linens is similar to the "rule of three" in home decorating. A dinnerware bold in design, with a conspicuous pattern, usually looks its best when set off with a plain white or solid colored cloth. A stripe or plaid can be used with an informal patterned pottery. On the other hand, solid colored dinnerware often takes on new life and freshness when used with a gaily patterned cloth. All china used on the table need not be of the same pattern or color. Effective table settings can be created by using patterned dinner plates with solid blending colored cups and saucers, dessert or salad plates. Variety in table settings can also be achieved by using colored glassware and crystal which contrast or harmonize with a hue in the china.

In the field of table accessories and centerpieces, imagination and ingenuity can be exercised to the maximum as long as the elements of good taste dominate. Of course the more conventional type of table decorations are always appropriate, such as the use of flowers or fruit. In addition to these more common types of table decoration, there are countless and unusual possibilities

in various garden vegetables and berries. For example, highly polished purple egg plant, green peppers, and, for texture, dark green artichokes skillfully arranged with a few sprays of ivy, or some other garden green, look cool and inviting. This type of centerpiece would be especially appealing if arranged on a light pink table cloth and used with china with a pink and purple design.

As emphasized in the beginning of this lesson, food itself, to be appetizing, should also look appealing. Color, too, plays an important part in the selection of foods. Bright red tomatoes, white potatoes, green peas, or a similar green vegetable, cooked to retain its color, then served with dark brown meat, is not only highly nutritious, but appealing looking as well. Rich color contrasts in food not only flatter the food, but by so doing actually make it more digestible. On the other hand, a meal composed of white fish, white potatoes, turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, or onions, would probably meet the needs of wholesome nourishment, but would fall far short of attractive appearance. Such a meal, because of lack of color contrasts, would be drab and unappetizing. The thoughtful homemaker plans menus which are

not only nutritious but colorful as well.

To summarize, care and thoughtfulness in the serving of food are essential to successful homemaking. Lasting satisfactions come from serving simple foods in appealing ways. It is important, too, to remember that these satisfactions can be obtained with little expense to the family in the purchase of china, table linens, and other table accessories. It costs no more to achieve sparkling colorful combinations than it does to do it the drab, uninteresting way. It all depends upon the employment of a little imagination and good taste.

Discussion Points

1. Discuss: the care of table linens; importance of removing stains promptly; how to store table linens (keeping in mind that they should be stored in a cool, dry place, away from radiators and steam pipes). Why should linen, to be stored for a long time, not be starched, and why should creases be avoided?
2. How table silver can be cared for? Why is rinsing so important in the washing and care of silver? What can be done to avoid scratching silver?
3. Discuss how the serving of food attractively can help children develop well-balanced personalities.
4. Why is food that looks appealing actually more digestible?

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“I have always thought that all men should be free; but if any should be slaves, it should be, first, those who desire it for themselves, and, secondly, those who desire it for others.”

—Abraham Lincoln

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 16—Samuel Johnson and James Boswell

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

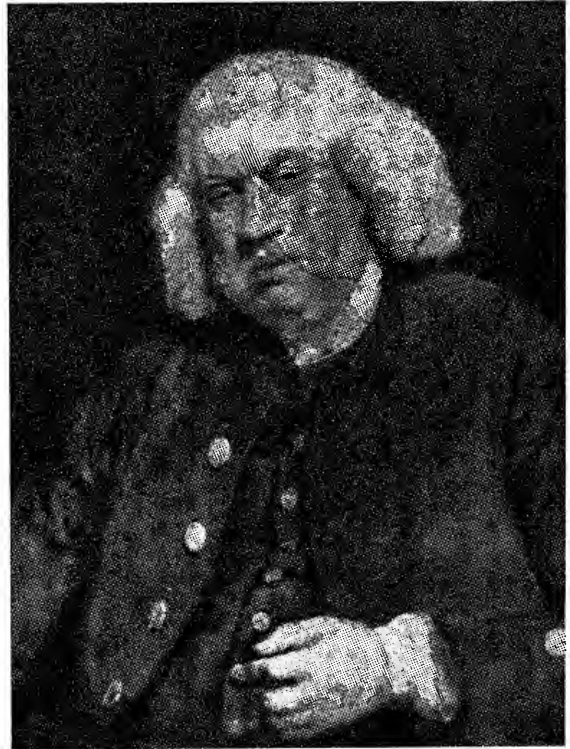
For Tuesday, May 15, 1951

DURING our present course of study various authors have passed before us, each bearing upon his tray that gift, or that combination of talents, in which he excels and which will most ravishingly dazzle us. Alternately, their high achievements, conveying to us beauty, power, majesty, depth, wit, satire, moral force and whimsical play, have exacted from us willing tributes of admiration, respect, and gratitude. It is now fitting that our season end by our studying a man who brings to us many gifts, while demanding of us nothing but a sharp attention; and yet to him we are inwardly forced to give that which neither can be demanded nor priced; our understanding and our love.

It was one of Samuel Johnson's most powerful critical beliefs that literature is not an end in itself. He believed, and practiced, that

Virtue is the highest proof of understanding and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake and ends in ignominy (*Rambler*, No. 4; text, page 1048, lines 82-6).

For him the greatest justification of literature was its ability to teach religion and the moral virtues. "Religion is the only source of whatever happiness we have," he wrote, and early in his career he states as his own purpose, which was also that of the *Rambler*, "the propaga-



A Perry Picture

SAMUEL JOHNSON

tion of truth . . . to inculcate wisdom or piety." Throughout his life he was devoutly religious, Christianity and the moral virtues being the values which he loved more than literature and criticism. The relationship between these realms is clearly pointed out in Johnson's observation that "He who thinks reasonably must think morally," a surprising statement indeed from England's last literary dictator who, as the final dominant voice of the Neo-Classical Age, honored reason as the cornerstone upon which all

great art and philosophy must be built. Always he took refuge from his own abysmal spells of melancholy in his simple, unswerving Christian faith. Here was his truth, his rock. What Taine said of him in criticism of his failure to compromise, we can repeat in praise: "His truths are too true." Here we find that rare integrity of thought and action which ever walks hand in hand with greatness.

From another point of view, Johnson made literature, particularly biography, a means to another end. One of the greatest biographers in English literature, Johnson particularly valued this form of literature because he believed it to be "of all kinds of narrative writing that which is most easily read and applied to the purposes of life" (*Idler*, No. 84). But in his excellent *Life of Savage*, as in the fifty-two sketches which comprise his *Lives of the Poets* (text, page 1053), Johnson was interested in the literature each man wrote only so far as it revealed to us the qualities of the poet himself; always his great aim was to define the man behind the work. But in doing this, Johnson never sugar-coated his subjects in order to prove a moral or preach a lesson. He told the whole truth; then the evident morals to be drawn were true as well. As he said to Boswell,

The value of every story depends upon its being true. A story is a picture whether of an individual or of human nature in general; if it be false, it is a picture of nothing (*Life of Johnson*, II, 496).

Thus, for Johnson, biography was a useful tool whereby a skillful

artist might reveal and perpetuate great human personalities.

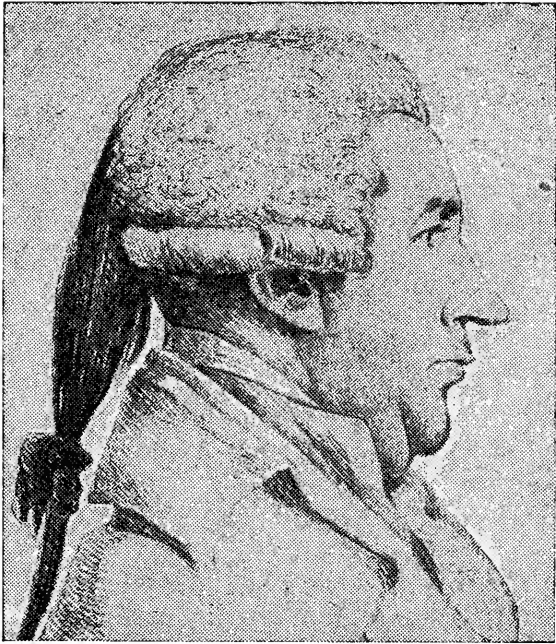
Never did teacher teach so well as did Johnson when he taught his critical principles of the art of biography to James Boswell. Johnson himself, at the hands of James Boswell, became the subject of the greatest biography in all English literature, if not the greatest ever written. At the same time he became the best-known and best-loved figure in the English tradition. Thus it is that generations have known him more intimately than any other literary personage, without ever reading a word he has written.

In the century following Johnson, Walt Whitman wrote of his own *Leaves of Grass*:

This is no book
Who touches this, touches a man!

This also might be eminently true of Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* (text, page 1067), but it is not the whole truth, since it presents only the oral Johnson, magnificent as this portrait is. In order to know the complete man, we must allow him to "speak for himself." But before we go to his writings, we should first sketch the events of his life.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield in 1709 to a bookseller and his middle-aged wife who, typical of their trade, were respected but poor. At school, where he had a great deal of Latin whipped into him, he was brilliant, but far more interested in reading voraciously in his father's bookshop. He attended Oxford a little more than a year and then his poverty forced him to leave. While still in his twenties,



JAMES BOSWELL

he married a woman almost twenty years his senior. He did hack writing before and after this marriage; he also attempted school teaching. Failing in this, he went to London where he continued grinding out enough words to make a living, but he was terribly poor, and was imprisoned several times for debt. He loved his wife devotedly, and when she died he was still obscure and in need; losing his companion was therefore a crushing experience.

He had won praise from Pope for his poem "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and the worth of his *Life of Savage* in 1755, the first enjoyable, comprehensive dictionary in English. With no encouragement or financial aid (see his letter to Lord Chesterfield, text, page 1051), he worked on the project for eight years. Still notable for its spontaneous humor and excellent definitions (see text, page 1045), the *Dictionary* was long the standard of English usage.

During this period, Dr. Johnson also published the *Rambler* (1750-52) and the *Idler* (1758-60), periodical essays which revealed his scholarship, intellectual honesty, warm-hearted kindness, and above all the intense, masculine power of his literary style (text, pp. 1046-51). Not only do we find herein illustrious common sense seen with a keen eye, but also a certain direct, condensed quality of style which at once gets to the heart of the problem and in few words clarifies the issue and states the author's usually reliable opinion. "Romances and Morality" discusses the problem of teaching virtue to the young and innocent through fiction which is not factually accurate and which might contain evil examples which the author might define as good. "Mr. Minim as a Critic" (text, page 1048) is a telling satirical attack on a typical literary critic, whose "opinion was asked by all who had no opinion of their own, though they loved to debate and decide," yet who, until he . . .

. . . knows the success of a composition, . . . intrenches himself in general terms. . . He has several favorite epithets of which he has never settled the meaning, but which are very commodiously applied to books which he has not read, or cannot understand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *stiff*, and another *flimsy*; sometimes he discovers *delicacy of style*, and sometimes meets with *strange expressions* (text, page 1049, 87 ff.).

In the essay on "Books" from the *Idler*, Johnson is concerned that so many books promise their readers short cuts to learning and wisdom "on easier terms than our progenitors." He also finds most new books

but rephrasing of older books which in themselves might have been valuable.

It is observed that "a corrupt society has many laws," and I know not whether it is equally true that an ignorant age has many books. When the treasures of ancient knowledge lie unexamined, and original authors are neglected and forgotten, compilers and plagiarists are encouraged, who give us again what we had before, and grow great by setting before us what our own sloth had hidden from our view (text, page 1050, 72 ff.).

In 1762, for what he had done and not for what he was to do, Johnson was granted an annual pension of three hundred pounds by the Tory government; henceforth his life was ease, good food, good talk, and doing as he pleased. He became the Johnson whom Boswell immortalizes, who "loves to fold his legs and have his talk out." His greatest sin had always been indolence, and this new carefree existence did not encourage him to create and write (which is the hardest work in the world) when he could visit a coffee-house or tavern where, as he wrote:

As soon as I enter the door, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude. . . . I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight.

However, in 1756, when he had been famous but destitute, he had received money from many subscribers for a new edition of Shakespeare which he planned to edit and publish. His refusal to face this task became disgraceful, and he sent himself reproachful notes. In 1764 he wrote, "My indolence has sunk into grosser sluggishness. A kind of

strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year." Finally, after being publicly nicknamed "Pomposo," the "great moralist" who had cheated his subscribers, Johnson produced the promised work in 1765, nine years after it was promised. The preface was particularly excellent, showing how he fearlessly denied whatever artificial rules of Neo-Classicism interfered with a just evaluation of Shakespeare's genius.

When he was seventy-two and had long been unchallenged as the greatest power and literary critic in England, he published his *Lives of the Poets* (text, page 1053), still one of the best critical works we have. While Johnson made such notable mistakes as underestimating Milton; particularly his "Lycidas," his critical insight was usually nothing short of brilliant, as was his balanced, majestic style. Consider, for example, the following:

The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller (text, page 1059, 46 ff.).

Such a diet must be taken in small bites and chewed slowly; rarely is writing so concentrated. But it is rich to overflowing, as was the mind that produced it.

Throughout the selections in our text from Johnson's writings one

can find similar passages: clear, precise, energetic, sometimes humorous, and always dignified and polished. If occasionally he uses big words, the rugged strength of his thought soon carries us away. The direct forthrightness of his manner reminds us that Johnson had throughout his lifetime thought intensely, and now knew what he thought; he believed in the rightness of his judgment. At times he was bullheaded (he was called the "Great Bear"). Often he was brusque; rarely was he impolite. But for his sins we forgive him, particularly when he not only defines as the true enemies of criticism, "the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of prescription," but throughout his life so scrupulously avoided these timeless hazards to forming a "just estimate" of literature, and of life.

Johnson's letters (text, pp. 1051-1052) are as a bridge between his more formal writings and his completely informal self brought to life in the pages of James Boswell. But, for a completely intimate picture of this slovenly, eccentric, lovable genius, we must go directly to Boswell, who until recently was not acknowledged as the great artist that he was.

Born in 1740 in the Edinburgh which Johnson roundly abhorred, as he did all Scots, James Boswell was born into a wealthy family, educated at Edinburgh and Glasgow University, and reared as the son of a gentleman. When he was twenty-three years of age he first met Johnson; then he made a grand tour of the Continent, and later returned to London where, after some

hesitation because of his somewhat unstable habits, he was admitted as a member into Johnson's "Club." He told Dr. Johnson of his desire to record his life, and Johnson agreed to assist him. At Boswell's suggestion, the two friends made a tour of the Scottish Hebrides Islands when Johnson was well past middle age, all to enable the reporter to study his subject more carefully. Although the two knew each other for more than twenty years, they were together less than three hundred days. In this relatively brief time, Boswell caught the essence of Johnson with such reality that oftentimes in reading Boswell's book we forget there ever was a Boswell, so actually does Johnson seem to be with us in the room, shaking his head, rubbing his knee, and blowing out his breath like a sperm whale to show his disgust.

Boswell, of course, could not have succeeded so brilliantly had he not chosen so salty and vigorous a subject. But, having recognized in Johnson the great character he had always dreamed of sketching, Boswell followed him about with a faithfulness no less remarkable than his ability to write down in his notes every evening the pertinent conversations—not word for word, but so skillfully selected that he made Johnson more Johnsonian than he really was, as recent scholarship has proved. By such skillful selection of the most characteristic words and gestures of Johnson; by being able to catch the significance of the most minute detail, Boswell re-created the very texture of Johnson's speech, habits, manners and mind. Concerned only with representing the

true Johnson, he exaggerated nothing, nor did he omit unflattering details—he merely told what he knew to be so. Had he used any other method, he would not have succeeded so magnificently as he has in making Johnson immortal.

To someone who has never tasted it, the taste of strawberries and cream cannot be described; neither can the feeling of transport, and nearness to a great man, which one receives repeatedly from each page of Boswell (see text, pp. 1067-1083). Here indeed is great literature, written about the great character, by a skilled, self-effacing, but nonetheless great artist. Few passages should be more enjoyable than those you select from Boswell to read aloud to your group. While, in Dryden's phrase, "Here is God's plenty," it will probably but whet

your desire to read more of Boswell than our text contains.

Katherine Mansfield has told us that "Literature is an initiation into truth." Here we find truth and goodness and greatness; equally important is our realization that, here at least, these high virtues can be coupled with great delight and humanity as well.

Questions for Discussion

1. What was Johnson's theory of biography? What was it for? How could it achieve greatness?
2. Why was Johnson called "the great moralist"?
3. Why is his Dictionary important? Why memorable?
4. Why is Johnson referred to as the "last of England's literary dictators"?
5. Suggest reasons to justify the statement that Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* is perhaps the greatest biography ever written.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part I—The Lesson of History

Lesson 7—Universal Peace Must Come From God

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 4.)

For Tuesday, May 22, 1951

Objective: To prove that man-made governments have always failed tragically; and that it needs the wisdom, intelligence, and power of God to bring universal peace and happiness.

Joseph Smith on Government

THE following article was written by the Prophet Joseph Smith when he was editor of the *Times and Seasons*, a publication issued by the Church in Nauvoo, Illinois. This editorial appeared in the issue

for July 15, 1842, and is found in Vol. 3, pages 855-858. It would seem that this editorial was prepared expressly for our present day. If it was timely in 1842 as a warning and for instructions, it is much more so today. The remainder of this les-

son consists of excerpts from this editorial written by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The Government of God
by the Prophet Joseph Smith

“The government of the Almighty has always been very dissimilar to the governments of men, whether we refer to his religious government, or to the government of nations. The government of God has always tended to promote peace, unity, harmony, strength and happiness; while that of man has been productive of confusion, disorder, weakness, and misery.

*Man's Government Brings
Misery and Destruction*

“The greatest acts of the mighty men have been to depopulate nations and to overthrow kingdoms; and whilst they have exalted themselves and become glorious, it has been at the expense of the lives of the innocent, the blood of the oppressed, the moans of the widow, and the tears of the orphan.

“Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Persia, Carthage, Rome—each was raised to dignity amidst the clash of arms and the din of war; and whilst their triumphant leaders led forth their victorious armies to glory and victory, their ears were saluted with the groans of the dying and the misery and distress of the human family; before them the earth was a paradise, and behind them a desolate wilderness; their kingdoms were founded in carnage and bloodshed, and sustained by oppression, tyranny, and despotism. The designs of God, on the other hand, have been

to promote the universal good of the universal world; to establish peace and good will among men; to promote the principles of eternal truth; to bring about a state of things that shall unite man to his fellow man; cause the world to ‘beat their swords into plowshares, and their swords into pruning hooks.’ make the nations of the earth dwell in peace, and to bring about the millennial glory, when ‘the earth shall yield its increase, resume its paradisaean glory, and become as the garden of the Lord.’

Failure of the Governments of Men

“The great and wise of ancient days have failed in all their attempts to promote eternal power, peace, and happiness. Their nations have crumbled to pieces; their thrones have been cast down in their turn, and their cities, and their mightiest works of art have been annihilated; or their dilapidated towers of time-worn monuments have left us but feeble traces of their former magnificence and ancient grandeur. They proclaim as with a voice of thunder those imperishable truths—that man's strength is weakness, his wisdom is folly, his glory is his shame.

“Monarchial, aristocratical, and republican governments of their various kinds and grades have, in their turn, been raised to dignity and prostrated in the dust. The plans of the greatest politicians, the wisest senators, and most profound statesmen have been exploded; and the proceedings of the greatest chieftains, the bravest generals, and the wisest kings have fallen to the ground. Nation has succeeded na-

tion, and we have inherited nothing but their folly. History records their puerile plans, their short-lived glory, their feeble intellect, and their ignoble deeds.

Has Man Increased in Intelligence?

"Have we increased in knowledge or intelligence? Where is there a man that can step forth and alter the destiny of nations and promote the happiness of the world? Or where is there a kingdom or nation that can promote the universal happiness of its own subjects, or even their general well-being? Our nation, which possesses greater resources than any other, is rent, from center to circumference, with party strife, political intrigues, and sectional interest; our counselors are panic stricken, our legislators are astonished, and our senators are confounded, our merchants are paralyzed, our tradesmen are disheartened, our mechanics out of employ, our farmers distressed, and our poor crying for bread, our banks are broken, our credit ruined, and our states overwhelmed in debt, yet we are and have been in peace Man is not able to govern himself, to legislate for himself, to protect himself, to promote his own good, nor the good of the world.

The Design of Jehovah

"It has been the design of Jehovah, from the commencement of the world, and is His purpose now, to regulate the affairs of the world in His own time, to stand as a head of the universe, and take the reins of government in His own hand. When that is done, judgment will be administered in righteousness; an-

archy and confusion will be destroyed, and 'nations will learn war no more.' It is for want of this great governing principle, that all this confusion has existed; 'for it is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps;' this we have fully shown.

"If there was anything great or good in the world, it came from God. . . . Wisdom to govern the house of Israel was given to Solomon, and to the judges of Israel; and if he had always been their king, and they subject to his mandate, and obedient to his laws, they would still have been a great and mighty people—the rulers of the universe, and the wonder of the world. . . . So will it be when the purposes of God shall be accomplished: when 'the Lord shall be King over the whole earth,' and 'Jerusalem His throne.' 'The law shall go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.'

"This is the only thing that can bring about the 'restitution of all things spoken of by all the holy Prophets since the world was'—'the dispensation of the fulness of times, when God shall gather together all things in one.' Other attempts to promote universal peace and happiness in the human family have proved abortive; every effort has failed; every plan and design has fallen to the ground; it needs the wisdom of God, the intelligence of God, and the power of God to accomplish this. The world has had a fair trial for six thousand years; the Lord will try the seventh thousand Himself; 'He whose right it is, will possess the kingdom, and reign until He has put all things under His feet, iniquity will hide its

hoary head, Satan will be bound, and the works of darkness destroyed; righteousness will be put to the line, and judgment to the plummet, and 'he that fears the Lord will alone be exalted in that day'

Earth Now Groaning Under Corruption

"The earth is groaning under corruption, oppression, tyranny and bloodshed; and God is coming out of his hiding place, as he said he would do, to vex the nations of the earth. Daniel, in his vision, saw convulsion upon convulsion; he 'beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit;' and one was brought before him like unto the Son of Man; and all nations, kindred, tongues, and people, did serve and obey him. It is for us to be righteous, that we may be wise and understand; for none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand, and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

It Behooves Us to Be Wise

"As a Church and a people it behooves us to be wise, and to seek to know the will of God, and then be willing to do it; for 'blessed is he that heareth the word of the Lord, and keepeth it,' say the Scriptures. 'Watch and pray always,' says our Savior, 'that ye may be accounted worthy to escape the things that are to come on the earth, and to stand before the Son of Man.' If Enoch, Abraham, Moses and the children of Israel, and all God's people were saved by keeping the commandments of God, we, if saved at

all, shall be saved upon the same principle. As God governed Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as families, and the children of Israel as a nation; so we, as a Church, must be under His guidance if we are prospered, preserved and sustained. Our only confidence can be in God; our only wisdom obtained from Him; and He alone must be our protector and safeguard, spiritually and temporally, or we fall.

"We have been chastened by the hand of God heretofore for not obeying His commands, although we never violated any human law, or transgressed any human precept; yet we have treated lightly His commands, and departed from His ordinances, and the Lord has chastened us sore, and we have felt His arm and kissed the rod; let us be wise in time to come and ever remember that 'to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. . . .'

The Saints Subject to Divine Counsel

"In regard to the building up of Zion, it has to be done by the counsel of Jehovah, by the revelations of heaven; and we should feel to say, 'If the Lord go not with us, carry us not up hence.' We would say to the Saints that come here, we have laid the foundation for the gathering of God's people to this place, and they expect that when the Saints do come, they will be under the counsel that God has appointed. The Twelve are set apart to counsel the Saints pertaining to this matter; and we expect that those who come here will send before them their wise men according to revela-

tion; or if not practicable, be subject to the counsel that God has given, or they cannot receive an inheritance among the Saints, or be considered as God's people, and they will be dealt with as transgressors of the laws of God. We are trying here to gird up our loins, and purge from our midst the workers of iniquity; and we hope that when our brethren arrive from abroad, they will assist us to roll forth this good work, and to accomplish this great design, that 'Zion may be built up in righteousness; and all nations flock to her standard;' that as God's people, under His direction, and obedient to His law, we may grow up in righteousness and truth; that when His purposes shall be accomplished, we may receive an inheritance among those that are sanctified" (D.H.C. V, pp. 61-66).

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Under what conditions have nations prospered?

2. When have nations crumbled and fallen?

3. Cite examples from the Book of Moses in the Pearl of Great Price, the Book of Mormon and the Bible to show that God's government promotes happiness, peace, unity, harmony, and strength.

4. Prove from other examples that man-made governments are productive of confusion, disorder, weakness, misery, bloodshed, oppression, destruction, and ruin.

5. Justify the statement that without God, the plans of the wisest statesmen and the greatest rulers have fallen to the ground. Are there modern examples of this?

6. Present evidences that "if there was anything great or good in the world it came from God."

7. In the light of the lesson of past and present history show that this conclusion of the Prophet is correct: "Other attempts to promote universal peace and happiness in the human family have proved abortive; every effort has failed; every plan and design has fallen to the ground; it needs the wisdom of God, the intelligence of God, and the power of God to accomplish this."

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department at Union Meeting)

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall

Lesson 8—New Hymns, Anthems, and Standard Literature About Music

Florence J. Madsen

Objective: To bring to our organizations added interest through new music and a wider knowledge and a deeper appreciation of its value and importance in our lives.

INTEREST is revived or increased in a singing group or organization in proportion as new, stimulating songs are learned, and correlated materials are presented. Suggested lists of new or unfamiliar hymns and anthems, together with essential books

for reference and guidance, are submitted. From these lists the music directors and the accompanists may select the needed music and books for use during the current month and also as bases for the preparation and presentation of the lessons to be given throughout 1951-52.

It is important that those in charge of the musical activities in the Relief Society shall have a definite goal in mind and this should be to help our organization consummate its spiritual, educational, and cultural program. This necessitates an acquaintance with the Bible and other Church books, authentic books pertaining to education, great literature, and standard books appertaining to music, the other arts and culture.

New or Unfamiliar Hymns

L.D.S. Hymns (Green book): pp 3 (transpose to B flat); 13, 27 (transpose to C); 91, 115, 227, 273, 349.

Deseret Sunday School Songs: pp. 10 (transpose to A flat); 94, 135, 210 (transpose to A flat or G); 223 (transpose to D flat) 241, 249, 287.

Hymns (New *L.D.S. Hymn Book*) pp. 5 (Christmas); 22, 32, 35, 38, 53, 59, 63, 72, 113, 335, 361.

There are various ways of transposing music. Perhaps the easiest way is through a combination of letter and interval (association of two tones). For example: if the original melody is in the key of G Major and reads g-a-b-d and you wish it

transposed a whole step (major second) lower, change the key signature from G Major (one sharp) to F Major (one flat). The melody g-a-b-d will now read f-g-a-c.

When possible sing the hymns in two parts (soprano and alto); or, in three parts, if so arranged. Be sure that the tempo (speed of rhythm) is not too fast for the singing group. Transpose hymns that are too high to a more suitable key. The accompanist should make a copy of the hymns in the new key and have it ready for use when needed.

Before practicing a hymn, and, if the necessary information is available, tell briefly something about the author and the composer. Also draw attention to the message and philosophy present in the text. Emphasize important words and sentences. Have a good reader from the group read the words before practicing the hymn. Have the accompanist play it through. Note the style and character of the music. Sing the first stanza. Single out and practice difficult phrases. Sing the complete hymn. Observe all punctuation and expression marks.

Make the practice period an enjoyable experience.

ANTHEMS, (Three-part, S.S.A.)

	COMPOSER	PUBLISHER
Come Gracious Spirit (Chorals)	Bach-McCurdy	Boosey & Hawkes
The Birthday of a King (Christmas)	Neidlinger	G. Schirmer
Build Thee More Stately Mansions	Andrews	G. Schirmer
Sheep and Lambs May Safely Graze	Bach-Trehayne	G. Schirmer
Unto Thee I Lift Mine Eyes	Beethoven-Wilson	Lorenz
The Twenty-Third Psalm	Malotte	G. Schirmer
How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings	Smart	Presser Co.

ANTHEMS (Two-part, S.A., not difficult)

The Good Shepherd	Barri	G. Schirmer
God Bless Our Land	Kountz	G. Schirmer
I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked	O'Hara	G. Schirmer
The Lord Is My Shepherd	Smart	G. Schirmer
Grateful, O Lord, Am I	Roma	Witmark
At the Cradle (Christmas)	Franck	E. C. Schirmer

Use the same procedure for practicing and learning the anthems as suggested for the hymns.

Books

- FAULKNER, *What We Hear In Music*
- BARTHOLOMEW, *The Relation of Music to Psychology*
- PYPER, *Stories of Latter-day Saint Hymns*
- PRATT, *The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians*
- SEYMOUR, *What Music Can Do For You (Philosophy of Music)*
- LINDO, *The Art of Accompanying*
- WODELL, *Choir and Chorus Conducting*
- STEINER, *The Music of the Bible*
- SWISHER, *Music in Worship*
- WEDGE, *Ear-training and Sight-singing (Volumes I and II)*
- GEHRKENS, *Music Notation and Terminology*

These books may be ordered from the following Salt Lake City music dealers:

- Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main.
- Daynes Music Company, 45-47 South Main.
- Glen Bros. Music Company, 74 South Main.
- Summerhays Music Company, 21 East 1st South.

~ ~ ~ ~

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C. Cameron Johns

I am a silver note
 And the silence conspires against me.
 I am a fragile wing
 And the wind is my foe.

I am a scented flower
 And the thick air engulfs me.
 I am a cold black stone
 And the hill-spiced waters erode me.

I am a single breath
 And the deeps of earth aspire me.

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.....8943	Hear My Prayer—James.....	.15
.....312-05984	How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings—Smart16
.....8723	I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked—O'Hara20
.....8942	I Will Thank Thee, O Lord...	.12
.....962	Invocation—Moore16
—	My Soul Is Athirst for God—Stickles15
.....CM650	O Day of Rest and Gladness—Schumann15
.....337	O, Shepherd of Israel—Morrison (SSAA)15
.....6221	Unto Thee I Lift Mine Eyes—Beethoven16

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Miss Breech's Boy

(Continued from page 101)

There stood Butch in his warm red jacket and overalls. At his side was Chippy, who evidently thought amicable relations had been resumed with the woman in the white cottage. Without a word Butch walked into the room, wet galoshes and all. Chippy followed, his tail frisking merrily.

Miss Breech shouted at them: "Butch, you get out of here. And take that pesky dog along. Look at my clean carpet! Don't you know better than to walk in here like that? Get out!"

Without a word Butch turned and started for the door. Chippy had left at the first angry tone. Butch slowly walked across the porch and down the steps. Only when he was on the walk did Miss Breech look up from her angry stare at the muddy wet tracks on her living room rug. Then she saw what she had been too angry to notice before. Under Butch's coat and protruding in the rear of his stocky little body was a little artificial Christmas tree.

"Oh," she gasped. "Oh, what have I done?"

Grabbing her big woolen shawl, she hastily set out for her neighbor's house. When she knocked on the door, Butch's mother opened it. Butch was standing by the door to the kitchen, big tears streaming down his face. Chippy was gently licking Butch's one free hand that hung by his side, while the other still was helping to hold up the little tree under his coat.

"Come in, Miss Breech," Butch's mother said. "I hope Butch did

not annoy you. When he found out you did not have a tree, nothing would do him but he must take over his own little tree that Aunt Mary sent him. We have the other big tree, and he thought you wouldn't have a real Christmas, if you didn't have a tree."

Miss Breech cried, "Oh, Butch," and ran to him. She gathered him in her arms, dog, tree, and all. "Oh, Butch, you bring that tree right over to my house and we'll put it up right now."

Butch's tears disappeared like magic. A smile that exposed every absent tooth in his head was on his face as Miss Breech clasped his sweaty little hand in hers and led him out the door. "We'll be back after while," she said to Butch's mother. "Come on, Chippy," she called, "you're coming, too."

Such goings-on as there were in Miss Breech's house that night! Popcorn was popped and paper decorations were pasted. When the last little trinket was in place and the lovely silver star was atop the tree, Miss Breech sat down in her big chair with Butch on her lap and read, as she had on so many days at school, "'Twas the Night before Christmas," as a tired little boy rested his head against her shoulder, and an equally tired little dog looked up at them in perplexed acceptance of his new role.

After Butch and Chippy had taken a somewhat belated departure, Miss Breech straightened up her living room once more. She didn't feel lonely at all; in fact, she

was humming "Up On the House-top, Click, Click, Click," as she straightened the runner on the table under the little tree. It was then she discovered what she had been too busy to note before. Under the tree lay a little parcel; clumsily tied in colored paper and tinsel ribbon. She did not open it. Instead she did what she had always done with her children's gifts. She carefully placed the package on the tree, to be opened in the morning.

"Bless his little heart," she murmured softly to herself. "Bless his little heart!"

A Key to the Occurrences of History

(Continued from page 90)

man; to cause the world to beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, make the nations of the earth dwell in peace, and to bring about the millennial glory, when the earth shall yield its increase, resume its paradisaean glory, and become as the garden of the Lord.

Then he tells us in simple and understandable terms how to achieve this glorious objective.

As a church and a people it behooves us to be wise, and to seek to know the will of God, and then be willing to do it.

If Enoch, Abraham, Moses and the children of Israel, and all God's people were saved by keeping the commandments of God, we, if saved at all, shall be saved upon the same principle.

Finally a statement from the Prophet that I wish could be framed and kept before us as a motto every day of our lives:

"Happiness is the object and design of our existence; and will be

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the end thereof, if we pursue the path that leads to it; and this path is virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, holiness, and keeping all the commandments of God" (*The Progress of Man*, page 448).

That is the magic key to the occurrences of history that can help you throughout your three year study of these fine chapters by Brother Joseph Fielding Smith.

President George Albert Smith has often taught us how to use this key. He has what he calls a "formula for happiness."

"Happiness is what we are all seeking, and it is what our Father in heaven desires for us. . . .

"I think the finest recipe that I could give to obtain happiness would be: *Keep the commandments of the Lord.* That is easy to remember, and if we will do that, we may

be sure of success. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only code of conduct whereby prosperity, peace and happiness may be preserved" (*The Improvement Era*, January 1950, pp. 13, 43).

God bless you all, that you may obtain that abiding happiness.

**For the Strength
of the Hills**

(Continued from page 96)

I have a dance with visiting royalty?"

"If you happen to mean me—yes," she answered, hoping that she looked much calmer than she felt.

She slipped into his arms, trying to decide whether it was his manner that made her temperature appear to rise, or if it was all within herself. Were her pulses really throbbing, or did she only imagine it? No country boy, she decided haughtily, was going to make her act like a stammering schoolgirl. No, indeed. To her chagrin, she was practically a silent schoolgirl, while he quipped and wise-cracked, and left her at the end of an all-too-brief dance with an absurd feeling of standing about in a vacuum.

(To be continued)

**"In the Twinkling
of a Toe"**

(Continued from page 112)

MADGE nodded. "I guess it does need fixing up. I guess I haven't cared enough about keeping it up-to-date."

"Oh, Grandmother! Would I like to! And would I love having the girls come then, sometimes! Can we really?"

So that's it. I should have guessed! "I don't know why not. We'll get that window fixed right away, before winter sets in. The rest—the inside things—we could do as we get time. I mean, you could by yourself, if that's . . ."

"Doing it together would be more fun. Grandmother, you know, last night when you danced, you were so cute and I was so proud of you! I had a sort of funny thought. Here I've lived with you more than half my life and never knew you!"

"Grandmother, you're just—wonderful! 'In the twinkling of a toe!'" Again the exuberant laughter trilled. "How come we haven't understood each other before?"

"I don't know, dear. Maybe we had to grow up to each other. We might make a project of getting acquainted."

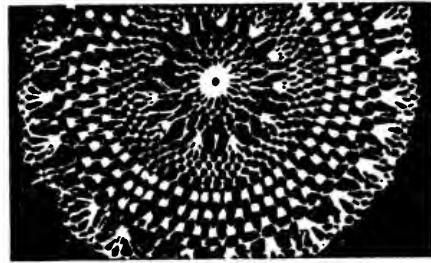
Colleen giggled. "We'll take that one on, Grandmother. I'll be seeing you. I almost can't wait to get home, today . . ."

The outside door sounded an exclamation point after the final words. Madge looked around comfortably, feeling warmed and companioned. "I'll be seeing you," Colleen had said, not, "I'm taking off." Was the difference symbolic of something joyful coming into her life through this granddaughter she had understood so little?

Clearing the table, Madge heard herself humming a tune. Words slipped into place: ". . . Do you see my new shoes . . . with the tips on the toes . . .?" Recklessly she executed the steps down the narrow space between the table and the cabinets. And then she stood still, and threw back her head, and listened to laughter of her own.

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From Near and Far

Mabel Harmer, author of the new serial "For the Strength of the Hills," tells us something about herself in the following note:

"I was born in Logan, the eldest in a family of seven girls—all of whom have been more or less interested in writing. After being graduated from the Utah State Agricultural College with an English major, I taught school for several years. Since my marriage to Earl W. Harmer, we have made our home in Salt Lake City. I began writing about midway in the production of my family and have kept an even balance, having five children and five books. There are also three lovely grandchildren. The books are *Brigham Young at Home* (written in collaboration with Clarissa Young Spencer); *The Story of the Mormon Pioneers*; *Dennis and the Mormon Battalion*; *Famous Mascots and K9s*; and *Storytime*. My activities seem to have followed the same number, for I have also served on five stake boards. I believe that I have held every position in the women's Church organization from organist to president, with the exception of secretary. Most recently, and I believe the most enjoyable, was as literature leader last year in the Thirty-First Ward Relief Society. Our family has since moved into the Garden Park Ward. I have been chairman of the Barnacles writing group, president of the Salt Lake Chapter, League of Utah Writers, and am currently State president of the League. My hobbies are music, needlepoint, and gardening—the latter much more in theory than in practice."

I am sending a number of new subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine*. The first name on the list, is a man, Brother Reginald D. Shaffer, a new convert to the Church. He is a very faithful member.

—Ruby H. Lundberg, Malad, Idaho

Please renew my subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is all I have of Relief Society since moving out here, and as there are no visiting teachers, I still get the messages from the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Luetta Gilchrist, Mackay, Idaho

I am sending a number of new subscriptions. The *Magazine* always gives me a thought for each day.

—Iletta D. Reid, Panguitch, Utah

It is a pleasure to again this year receive *The Relief Society Magazine* as a gift from my mother. I wish to express my appreciation to all of you for the continued variety of inspiring messages it brings each month. Kindly note address change, as I am anxious to receive the *Magazine* after my arrival in the Near East.

Miss Maud Pearson, Baltimore, Maryland
New address: Beirut, Lebanon

In 1948 the April issue of the *Magazine* published a special short story by Dorothy Clapp Robinson entitled "The Gift" (page 224), which is one of the many short stories I have enjoyed reading. But there is not a gift more tenderly received by me than *The Relief Society Magazine*. With every number there is a new, original design on the cover shining with beauty. One special feature article, "And This Is Life Eternal," written by Elder Harold B. Lee (April 1949, page 222) should be a lasting memory to everyone who reads it. The features and the poetry are all timely contributions to literature, and are indeed a rich inheritance gained from our pioneer parents, as of my own mother, Eliza Stephensen Winn, who gave immeasurably to the cause of Relief Society. She was a guiding light to a large family where she resided seventy years ago in Richfield, Utah.

—Mrs. John Gee, Rexburg, Idaho

We want to tell you how much the Relief Society sisters in our ward enjoy the *Magazine*. It contains so many things of interest to our Latter-day Saint women. Our advice to the class leaders is: Be sure to use the material given in the *Magazines*, together with the listed references. Also, the stories, articles, and poetry are very fine. Of course, I especially enjoy the poetry. We are happy that we have reached a 100 per cent quota for our ward.

—Iva Lou Nebeker, Perry, Utah

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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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Vol. 38

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No. 3

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Highlights of the Past	Amy Brown Lyman	148
The Prophet Joseph Smith	M. Isabella Horne	158
The American National Red Cross		169

FICTION

She Shall Have Music — Third Prize Story	Frances Carter Yost	153
The Sewing Kit Speaks	Lillian S. Feltman	162
Growing Pains	Dorothy Clapp Robinson	182
For the Strength of the Hills — Chapter 2	Mabel Harmer	192
Anniversary Alms	Mildred R. Stutz	199

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		170
Woman's Sphere	Romona W. Cannon	171
Editorial: "Now, Let Us Rejoice"	Vesta P. Crawford	172
Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue		173
Notes to the Field: Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies....		174
Notes from the Field: Bazaars, Conventions, and Other Activities.....		
.....General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering		202
From Near and Far		216

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Spring House Cleaning	Caroline Eyring Miner	175
Flower Arrangements for Springtime	Dorothy J. Roberts	177
Be a Guest at Your Own Party	Phyllis Snow	186
Three Hobbies	Gladys K. Wagner	191
Soup Makes the Meal	Sara Mills	197
Pull a New Apron From the Rag Bag	Rachel K. Laurgaard	209

POETRY

The Miracle Returns — Frontispiece	Christie Lund Coles	147
Love Story	Sadie O. Clark	152
A Robin's Cheer	Grace Sayre	160
After Deep Winter	Katherine F. Larsen	161
Beyond This Moment	Pansye H. Powell	173
To a Fountain	Dana Benson	196
A Square of Grass	Ida L. Belnap	201
Another Spring	Nyal W. Anderson	201
The Silent	Margery S. Stewart	201
The Story Hour	Norma Wrathhall	209
The Awakening	Celia Van Cott	213
Against the Breath	C. Cameron Johns	213
Visiting Teachers	Eva J. Lillywhite	214

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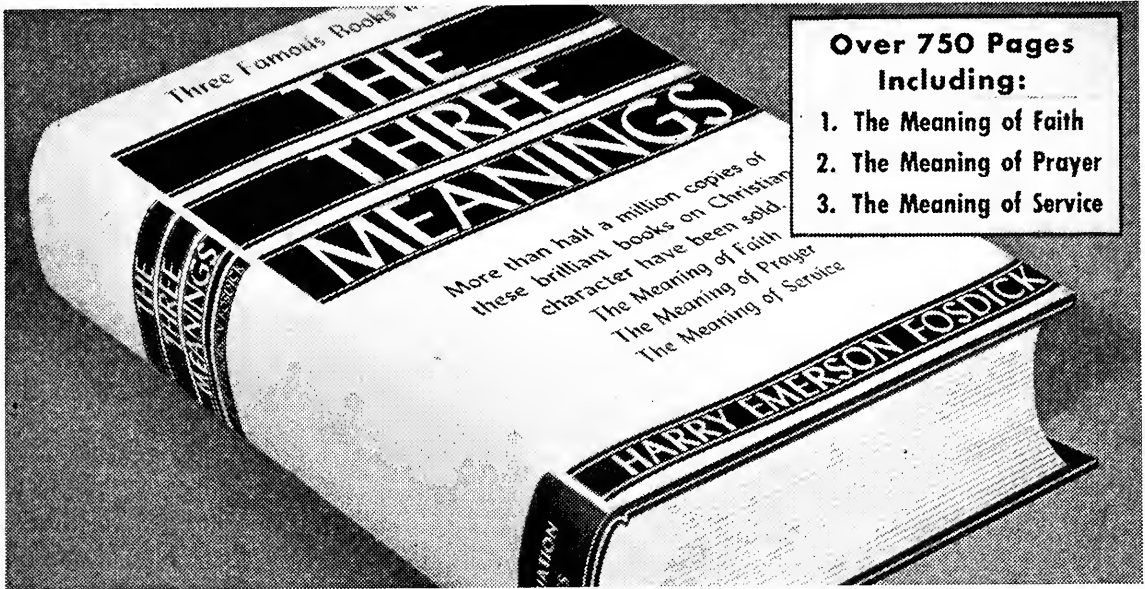
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 38, NO. 3

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The Miracle Returns

Christie Lund Coles

The lengthening sunlight spills across the floor,
The shadows softly, delicately trace
The beauty of the lilac by the door
In an intricate, dark filigree of lace;
Music peals forth as birds in upward flight
Brush wings across the morning-glory sky.
The spirit, too, soars up to tiptoe height
As awareness moves us like a sudden cry.
The miracle returns, and with it comes
The old, wild longing as an ancient hope
Pounding against the veins like beat of drums,
Timeless and lovely as the mind's wide scope.
All that has questioned, doubted, reaffirms
Faith in the verities . . . as spring returns.

The Cover: "Picture Window," Monument Valley, Utah, Photograph by Ray Loomis. Cover Design by Evan Jensen.

Highlights of the Past

President Amy Brown Lyman

[Address delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 28, 1950.]

THE life of the Relief Society has covered what is considered one of the most interesting, important, and eventful periods of history—the last half of the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. It was a period of scientific discovery and invention, a period of transition and change, which included the emergence of American women into public life. It was the period when the gospel was restored.

And in this changing world the Relief Society, wherever it has functioned, has, in addition to its immediate “home work,” made its full share of helpful contributions to society. Many a stream of progress has sprung from its sources. In its program of self-improvement and community betterment it has many achievements to its credit, with which we are all familiar. A few examples only we shall be able to mention today.

As early as August 1842 (when the Relief Society was only five months old) and at a time when “females” (as women then were designated) were not supposed or even permitted to take part in public affairs, the president of the society bravely disregarded all conventions of the day and assumed the role of ambassador to the governor of her State in the interest of her people.

On that August day, when the persecution of the saints in Nauvoo

seemed at its height, Emma Smith, accompanied by Eliza R. Snow and Amanda Smith, journeyed to Quincy, Illinois, the capital of the State, and presented a petition or memorial to Governor Ford in behalf of the Mormon people, asking for justice and protection.

Soon after the *Deseret News* was established in 1850, Relief Society women began to contribute to its columns, both prose and verse. This step inspired them with the idea of publishing a woman’s paper, and, in June 1872, they established the *Woman’s Exponent*, forerunner of *The Relief Society Magazine*. This paper opened new avenues for women writers, developed talent, and gave opportunity for women to express their views. As a result, a sizable group of writers and journalists was produced, and, within a few years, several books of poems and prose were published by them.

Through their interest in health and welfare work, Relief Society women felt the need of educating themselves in this field. As early as 1873, when women doctors were just beginning to appear in the United States, a Relief Society woman, Romania B. Penrose, set out for Philadelphia where she entered the newly established Woman’s Medical College, and completed the four-year course. She was soon followed by two others, then four more, and finally there were a dozen Utah women doctors.

A few years after this the society established the Deseret Hospital, the first Latter-day Saint hospital, and introduced training courses in obstetrics and nursing. Then there were the wheat storage movement, sericulture, and the building of Relief Society halls.

Several decades later (1914), an educational program for members was inaugurated with uniform courses of study and with formal class instruction.

In more recent times, after a few years' study of mental hygiene, Relief Society women, convinced of the need of an institution for the training and care of children who never grow up, were the chief factors in the establishment of the Utah State Training School at American Fork. The state legislature could not ignore the petitions they received from the women of this organization with hundreds of signatures.

The establishment of the Mormon Handicraft Shop, and the introduction of choirs of Singing Mothers throughout the society, are high points of later day activities of which we are justly proud.

One of the outstanding and satisfying experiences of the organization, which came in the seventies, was the recognition it received outside the confines of the Church. I refer especially to that recognition coming from the national leaders of the Women's Movement, which later resulted in an affiliation between our women and the organized womanhood of America, and which was a means of allaying much prejudice against the Latter-day Saint people.

It was remarkable that the comparatively small group of pioneer Relief Society women in this, the isolated West, should have attracted the attention and aroused the interest of the great national leaders in the faraway East; and to such an extent that they invited the Utah women to co-operate with them, first in the campaign they were waging for national woman's suffrage, and, later, in other important movements in the interest of human welfare. Such a step would not be surprising in this more liberal day, but it was a surprise in those days of intense prejudice against Latter-day Saints, and even persecution and prosecution of the Latter-day Saint people.

Accepting this invitation, the Utah women, from this time on, worked in the suffrage cause both locally and nationally, and attended the national conventions. Salt Lake City soon became a continuous rallying ground for suffrage.

There is no doubt but that Mormon women were a real asset to the suffrage cause for they had had some unique political experiences at home, which had sharpened their wits and made of them wise and capable workers. During their first few years in Utah, they enjoyed the franchise. This right, however, was taken away for a period of eighteen years when Utah became a territory. Later, in 1870, it was granted for seventeen years, then lost once more for eight years. Then finally it was restored permanently when Utah became a state in 1896.

When the national and international federations or councils of women were formed in Washing-

ton, D. C. in 1888, Utah women were not only invited to attend, but also to become, through their organizations, charter members of the national group. At a preliminary meeting on arrangements for the convention, when a prejudiced committee member asked, "Why this invitation to Mormon women?" the great Susan B. Anthony, general chairman, and president of the National Suffrage Association, replied, with some spirit:

These are among the first I would invite. I know them well. I have worked with them. I have visited them in their home state, and have seen them in action. They are earnest, progressive, able women, valiant champions of every worthy cause. They stood firmly for anti-slavery, although they were far removed from the campaigns and agitation while pioneering in the far West. And today, they stand for peace and arbitration, for temperance and even prohibition, for woman suffrage, and for all other humanitarian causes. These Mormon women know how to organize, they know how to preside over and conduct large assemblies, they can debate, they can preach, they can pray.

I might add here, in passing, that this era was the era when oratory was a major art, different from today, when oratory has declined to mere plain, logical speaking; and that the American women of the seventies, eighties, and nineties compared favorably with men as orators and public speakers. And the Relief Society women of that period were not found wanting. Many of their leaders were eloquent and stirring public speakers, reaching a peak of perfection that few can attain. They not only excelled in delivering prepared addresses and orations, but also in giving ex-

temporaneous speeches. In this latter respect they would have made excellent impromptu radio commentators—and their earnest prayers were classic.

These stirring, bold, and genuinely great accomplishments, which no doubt resulted from their often trying and soul-testing experiences as refugees and as pioneers, I myself witnessed as a young woman. The thrilling impressions they made upon me I can never forget.

Again, Utah women were honored by being invited to participate in the great Woman's Congress which was held at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. This was the greatest gathering of women that had ever convened. The Congress proper consisted of general sessions by the Congress itself, and sub-congresses or section meetings where national and international groups were invited to hold their own separate meetings to present their own work to the public.

All meetings were held in the many-roomed Women's Building, at times several sections being held simultaneously. The Relief Society readily accepted the invitation to be represented at the Congress, and availed itself of the opportunity of holding a session and presenting and explaining its work.

The following few extracts from a report made by Mrs. Gilchrist, a news columnist, for her Ohio home paper will show the degree of success that followed the efforts of the Relief Society on that important occasion:

This morning we attended one of the most interesting of the Congresses thus far, to me, that of the Utah women, in

the National Women's Relief Society Congress. Among the speakers were Madame Zina D. H. Young, wife of Brigham Young, or one of the wives, who as President of the Society, made the opening remarks, although my friend, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, widow of President Daniel H. Wells, acted as chairman and introduced the speakers. They were Sarah M. Kimball, and Jane S. Richards, wives of Mormons high in the Church; and Isabella M. Horne, one of the mothers in Zion. Mrs. Horne told the story of trials and privations, as she was one of those who were driven from Nauvoo that dreadful winter of 1846, as through ice, snow and rain they made their weary journey across Iowa, taking them three and one-half months to accomplish. A child was born to her on the way. To hear Mrs. Horne one could not but think of the Bible story of the Hebrews and their deliverance from the Egyptians.

Zina Young Card, daughter of Brigham Young, a very bright and comely woman, spoke of the children of Utah and told how they are taught lessons of patriotism and purity.

Nellie Little told of their amusements and referred to the time when they were having a celebration, singing patriotic songs and listening to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, news came to them that U. S. troops [Johnston's Army] were on the way to quell a supposed insurrection. The dance and the theatre are their universal amusement. They always invoke the blessings of Deity at the beginning and end of all entertainments. Brigham Young was a great patron of the theatre, his name a monument of the drama.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, a sweet faced mother in Zion, spoke of the authors and journalists in Utah, and the grain saving women. She said they had known what it was to be hungry, to hear their children cry for bread, and, said she, "If ever there is a famine, come to Zion."

Dr. Mattie Hughes Cannon, a beautiful, bright, young woman, gave a wonderful

address upon the "types of women in Utah."

Before the session closed, Mrs. Wells called me to the platform and I went and sat by Brigham Young's wife and took by the hand each of those women with whom my sympathy has been so long. Truly their forbearance and kindness is saint-like. This one meeting was to me worth coming to Chicago for.

Both Susan B. Anthony and Anna Howard Shaw visited briefly the large Relief Society session, as they made their rounds calling upon other groups meeting at the same hour.

The address of Emmeline B. Wells on "Utah Women Authors and Journalists" was published at this time in the *Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean*.

These experiences and this co-operation show the greatness of the women of that day—of both national leaders and the Latter-day Saint women of Utah.

But over and above all the other achievements of the Relief Society, and by far its greatest asset, is the spirit of the organization—the spirit which has been created and developed within it—and which distinguishes it and makes it so potent in its life and efforts.

This spirit, which seemed to come with the very inception of the organization, was nurtured, and shaped, and developed, by the pioneer women of the society; and made by them so permanent that it has persisted continuously for these 108 years.

And in turn it has motivated the society itself and inspired it to great deeds and achievements. It has also motivated and inspired the mem-

bers, guided their footsteps, and safeguarded their activities.

The Relief Society spirit was born of the circumstances under which the organization was effected—of being instituted by a Prophet of God under direct inspiration, who recognized the potentialities of women; and of a sublime belief in him and an unflinching faith in his mission.

This spirit has been fostered and accelerated by the following factors: (1) by the burning testimonies of the individual members of the Society of the divinity of the restored gospel; (2) by their abiding and unflinching faith in God and their strict obedience to the laws and commandments of the Church; by a deep-seated recogni-

tion of the divine authority of the holy Priesthood and a willingness to follow its leadership; and, by a sincere belief in the great destiny of the organization as a sure and important aid to the Priesthood in the establishment, finally, of the kingdom of God here on the earth.

Let us of the present day, who are the beneficiaries of the great accomplishments of pioneer women of the past, give proof of our appreciation and gratitude for their noble efforts by dedicating ourselves to the carrying forward of the work, and to the keeping fresh in our souls and in our hearts this spirit which has made our organization so truly great.

That we may do this is my earnest prayer.

Love Story

Sadie O. Clark

In March the dogwood bloomed beneath the pine;
She clothed herself in white from twig to stem,
Lace scarf on head, embroidery to the hem,
And to him whispered, "May your strength be mine.

"Your arms protect me from the wind and sun,
I could not live without your gracious shade."
She spread her blossoming petals; through the glade
Her slender form and sweet perfume were one

The pine tree's lifted arms were eloquent,
His silence seemed to mark him unaware,
But one stray branch, its shining needles bent,
Caressed the flowering fragrance of her hair

Third Prize Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

She Shall Have Music

Frances Carter Yost

THE warm golden sunlight poured over the valley like butter and honey. The leaves of the climbing vine outside the window turned listlessly. As Ann Marley watched Parley working in the nearby field, time seemed to dissolve with the sound of his mower.

For three days now Ann had wanted to tell Parley about the spinet piano the Warrens had for sale, but every time he was around words congealed in her throat. If it had been a new washer, or a sewing machine, or even a deep freeze, practical Parley would understand the need. He would even get busy doing some dickering to see that she had it. But a piano, to Parley, would be considered a toy, something to play with. Parley wouldn't want to pay his hard-earned money for a piano. Parley didn't know either about the inward music in Ann's soul, the deep desire which had somehow spun itself, through the years, into a hard ball of dissatisfaction.

Then from nowhere and everywhere the memory came. It surged into Ann's mind like a wave breaking on a beach and washed away the view of vine and scented hay fields. Ann fought against the memory, for the recollections were distasteful

Ann was twelve years of age, twelve, with its problems and per-



FRANCES CARTER YOST

plexities, and a deep urge for music. "Daddy do you s'pose we could buy a piano? Oh, it doesn't have to be a brand new one," Ann added quickly, "just an upright that has keys and will sound the right notes."

Jacob Coles looked over his newspaper at his youngest daughter, a thin, gangling, skimmed-milk slip of a girl. "What do you want with a piano?" Ann's father inquired. His older daughters hadn't pestered him about such things. Ann seemed to be different.

"I want one to play, Daddy. If I had a piano here at home to practice on I could learn to play well enough to play for church. I just

know I could, Daddy!" Ann pleaded her case with her eyes water-logged, and her hands tight clasped.

"How do you know you can play?" Jacob Coles hadn't taken the time to get acquainted with this daughter before. It was hard at this late date. He found himself wishing she would go about her play, so he could return to his newspaper. What was she saying?

"Oh, I can play, Daddy. I can! I play on the church piano every day the doors are open." Ann blurted out her secret and immediately regretted it.

"And who gave you permission to enter the church?" Jacob Coles snatched at an opportunity to be done with the piano subject. His long, narrow eyes were surprisingly green, like blades of grass.

"Why . . . Why no one," Ann stammered. "But nobody would care. I just play the piano. I don't hurt anything." Ann made an impulsive gesture with her hands.

"Don't raise your voice, Ann." Jacob Coles modulated his own voice and turned the corners of his mouth into a somewhat uncertain smile. "Who taught you to play, Ann?"

"Nobody, Daddy. I just pick tunes out by ear. I know they aren't exactly right," Ann added, hopefully, "though they do sound good. If I had a piano I could take some lessons." Ann regretted this last statement. She hadn't meant to approach the subject of lessons until she had safely acquired a piano.

"I couldn't give you advantages your older sisters didn't have, Ann," Mr. Coles said, fairness and firm-

ness being his policy. "And remember, no going into the church again except for services."

Mr. Coles resumed his reading. Ann knew her interview was over. She had humbled herself, had revealed her secrets—her innermost desires. Even the daily rendezvous at the church must stop. She had gambled everything she had on a chance of getting a piano in her home, but she had failed to convince her father.

Ann never mentioned the piano, or music lessons to anyone from that day forward. She hadn't gone to the church to play the piano, for Jacob Coles' family followed his wishes to the letter. Ann had grown up, had moved about in the whirlpool of life, with the desire for music burning in her being.

* * * *

"I must talk to Parley about the Warren piano right today," Ann said aloud, though no one was within earshot. "If I don't someone else will buy it first." She opened the screen door and started walking toward the hay field.

Now the logical time to bring up an important subject with Parley was when he was rested and well-fed, and sitting in his chair with his slippers on and his evening paper in his hands. But Ann saw again, in her mind's eye, her father's long, slit green eyes as they peered at her over a newspaper. That approach hadn't worked out then, and she wouldn't risk it now. She decided to try the hay field this time, and hurried faster toward the moving mowing machine.

As Parley mowed the fresh green hay, the scented clover sprayed the

air with sweet perfume. Ann watched him riding the mower around and around the field, cutting wide swaths. Usually he reminded Ann of a Roman in a two-wheel chariot when he worked on the tractor. Today, however, her mind tugged at the spinet piano which the Warrens had for sale. She started to run through the cut hay, then stopped, for she didn't want to appear like a house afire. She must be calm and collected with her approach. She musn't fumble now as she had done so many years ago. As she neared the mower, Parley stopped the tractor and wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his glove and jumped off into the shade of the tractor.

"I made some punch," Ann said, pouring out a glass, "and some cookies."

"Good girl," Parley said, with a grin. "Let's sit here in the tractor shade and eat some together. The hay is clean and cool."

Parley Marley was a handsome fellow, even with the dirt of the day upon him. He had a lean, brown face under thick waves of dark, unruly hair. He had won his callouses as an honest hard-working farmer, and enjoyed the fruits of his labor. He drove a good bargain in selling his product, and was known for his ability to get the better of a deal in all tradings.

Within Ann's soul, timidity fought a battle with desire. To approach the subject of the piano was now or never. Parley noted a bright pink flush on her cheeks, and her lips trembled. When she spoke, however, it was with her usual calmness.

"Parley, the Warrens have their spinet piano for sale. I . . . I want to buy it." Ann had laid her problem out in one sentence. She realized she should have been more conniving, but it was good to have worded her desire, as if she had dispelled a large gas balloon from around her heart.

"A spinet piano! Good grief, Girl! What are you thinking of?" Parley whistled. Then he smiled at Ann as if she were joking.

"I mean it, Parley, I want to buy it." Ann's blue eyes looked directly into his brown ones. Now the subject was out, she had to see it through. "We can manage. I'll skimp and save, honest I will."

Parley pointed to the sky getting black behind the deep blue of the afternoon. "See those clouds, Ann. I've got to get this hay down and baled before the rain breaks."

With one leap Parley straddled his tractor seat, and started the motor. Ann called above the tractor's hum: "What about the piano?"

Parley merely waved as he started mowing again.

Ann picked up the empty pitcher, the glasses, and the cookie plate. Again she had gambled everything on her inward desire for music. Again she had failed. She found herself balancing her father's answer—"I couldn't give you advantages the older girls didn't have," with that of Parley's, "Good grief, Girl, a spinet piano! What are you thinking of?" The scales balanced.

* * * *

ANN had fried chicken, hot rolls, and sliced tomato salad arranged attractively on the table when Parley entered the cheery breakfast

nook after his shower that evening. He was dressed in a tan sports shirt and gabardine slacks. He hadn't said he had a Farm Bureau meeting, and it wasn't ball practice night.

"Going places?" Ann questioned as they finished eating.

"Yeah, yeah. I have to see a fellow. I'm dickering on some machinery," Parley said, wiping his mouth with his napkin.

"Machinery?" Ann almost bit the word. Why, Parley had the latest and best machinery for his farming. Was machinery always more important than a piano? Was it wrong, Ann asked herself, to invest in inner qualities, the heart, the mind, the spirit? Yet to bring up the subject of the Warren piano again would be useless.

Parley folded his napkin carefully, pushed in his chair, and went over to the back of Ann's chair and tipped her chin up. "Good supper. Good girl. Now excuse me, honey. I gotta hurry, but I'll be back soon." He kissed her on both cheeks and was gone.

"More machinery," Ann sobbed, "more machinery." Tears so veiled her vision that she didn't see the car drive away.

Ann was in the living room embroidering some dish towels for the Relief Society bazaar, when the car slid to the curb. Parley unfolded himself as he got out of the car, and walked up to the house. He wasn't whistling, which meant one thing, he hadn't been successful. He dropped into his favorite easy chair, not even bothering to take off his sports jacket. But he didn't pick up the evening paper as usual. He just sat, chewing on the end of a

match, a trait he always had when he figured and dickered.

After a long silence, Ann said: "Did you buy?" She kept her eyes glued on her sewing.

"Buy what?" Parley questioned back. He had thrown one leg over the arm of the chair, but still chewed on the match and mentally tabulated and figured.

"Why the machinery you went to see about," Ann answered. Her outward placid disposition was a triumph of mind over matter. There was a long silence.

"Ann," Parley spoke at length, his voice almost inaudible, "is a piano worth two fifty?"

"Piano!" The word lifted Ann's soul, and sent it off into space again.

"Yeah, a piano like that spinet of Warren's," Parley said in a wry way of his, still chewing on the match and making mental tabulations.

"Oh, Parley!" Ann dropped her sewing and came over and put her arms around his neck. "You're a dear."

"Wait a minute!" Parley chewed his match and stopped to reconnoiter. "I didn't say I bought a piano. I merely stated that they wanted two hundred and fifty dollars for it."

"Then you turned that grand offer down? Oh, Parley, that was a wonderful buy," Ann reasoned unreasonably. Her arms fell limp from his neck with disappointment and hung at her sides.

"What else could I do? They wouldn't dicker, Baby." It was not so much a question of money with Parley, as a question of values. "They wouldn't even knock off ten bucks. What was I to do?"

ANN felt the tears streak down her face. She turned to run to her bedroom before Parley saw that her emotions were out of control, but it was too late. Parley was out of the chair and was at her heels. She felt his arms, like bands of steel about her. Parley was behind her walking her to the large dressing mirror. Panic made her rigid in his arms.

Parley stood her in front of the mirror and jokingly said: "See how pretty you are when you cry!" His arms held her firmly, she could not escape. Since she could not break the bands of his grip, there was but one way to avoid her reflection in the mirror, drop her eyes. Through the veil of moisture Ann saw Parley's checkbook lying open on the vanity. There it was in black and white, the stub of a check which was made out to Mark Warren, for two hundred fifty dollars.

Parley still held Ann's hands firmly. She bent her face and wiped the tears on her sleeve, then looked

at Parley's reflection in the mirror. His smile was different now, not teasing, not blundering, but touching the corners of his mouth and gently.

"But, Parley, I don't understand. You said the Warrens were asking two fifty. That's what you paid!" Ann was baffled.

"Well, I made Warren come through with delivery at that price." Parley smiled. Parley had capitulated without losing his pride. Everything was wonderful.

It seemed to Ann the world had never been so beautiful. She could take lessons now. She would make up for every wasted moment since she was twelve. It was never too late to begin a life's dream. She would still learn to be an accompanist for the church.

It had been a queer day, like a patchwork quilt, with light and dark places. Ann blinked the last tears from their ducts and smiled
(Continued on page 214)

* * * *

FRANCES CARTER YOST

Frances Carter Yost, Bancroft, Idaho, daughter of Leo T. and Caroline Webb Carter, is the wife of a rancher, Glenn F. Yost, and the mother of four children. Mrs. Yost collaborated in writing and compiling Bancroft's *Book of Remembrance*, published in January 1949. Proceeds from the sale of this book are being used for Bancroft's new Latter-day Saint chapel. Her book of poetry, *Brim With Joy*, was published in 1950, and is receiving praiseworthy recognition. At present, Mrs. Yost writes a column for two weekly papers, the *Soda Springs Sun*, and the *Grace Herald*, and she is correspondent for *The Deseret News* (Salt Lake City), and the *Idaho State Journal*. Three of Mrs. Yost's stories have been published in *The Relief Society Magazine*: "Filleth the Hungry Soul" (May 1946); "There Is Still Life" (September 1946); and "Prelude to Christmas" (December 1946). This is her first appearance as a winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest.

Active in Church work, Mrs. Yost is now the president of the Bancroft Consolidated Primary, which includes five wards.

The Prophet Joseph Smith

TESTIMONY OF SISTER M. ISABELLA HORNE*

(Found in the papers of Martha Horne Tingey, daughter of M. Isabella Horne, and submitted to the *Magazine* by Bertha K. Tingey)

HAVING been requested by the late apostle, Abraham Owen Woodruff, some months prior to his death, to leave my personal testimony to my children concerning the life, character, labors, and mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith . . . I cheerfully comply, as follows:

I first met the Prophet Joseph Smith in the fall of 1837, at my home in the town of Scarborough, Canada West.

When I first shook hands with him I was thrilled through and through and I knew that he was a Prophet of God, and that testimony has never left me, but is still strong within me, and has been a monitor to me, so that I can now bear a faithful testimony to the divinity of the mission of that great man of God.

During the three days series of meetings held in a new barn which my husband had built, the Prophet made his home with us. The use of this barn became a necessity because the Methodists, who were bitterly opposed to us, refused to let their churches to the Prophet and saints.

As an example of Brother Joseph's humility, as well as his respect for authority, I mention the following: As soon as he reached Toronto, Canada, he inquired who the presiding officer was. On learning that it was the late President John Taylor, the Prophet said, "Send for him, as I desire to hold a meeting with the people." When President Taylor arrived, Brother Joseph said, "Brother Taylor, I am the Prophet Joseph. I want you to call a meeting, as I would like to talk to the saints."

While in Canada he visited all the branches of the Church, and gave the saints instructions on the organization and order of the Priesthood, respect for proper authority, corrected some of the mis-translations of the Bible, and took pleasure in answering questions pertaining to the gospel and the organization of the Church. Brother and Sister Taylor, my husband, and I enjoyed the privilege of accompanying the Prophet on these visits.

During the year following the Prophet's visit to Canada, my husband and I removed to the United States, and finally settled in Quincy, Illinois.

*Sister M. Isabella (Mary I.) Horne, a prominent pioneer leader in Relief Society activities, was born in Kent, England, in 1818, the daughter of Stephen and Mary Ann Hales. The family moved to Canada in 1832, and in 1836 Isabella married Joseph Horne. That same year she became acquainted with the missionaries Orson and Parley Pratt and soon thereafter joined the Church. The Horne family later made their home in Nauvoo, Illinois, and were close friends of the Prophet Joseph Smith. In Utah, Sister Horne served for many years as general treasurer of Relief Society and was a member of the executive board of the Deseret Hospital Association, which was organized in 1882. For thirty years she was president of the Senior Retrenchment Association. She also served as president of the Woman's Co-operative Mercantile and Manufacturing Association, established to encourage manufacturing in the mountain valleys and to give women an opportunity to use their sewing skills. She was counselor to Sister Zina D. H. Young in the Silk Association of pioneer days, and was outstanding for her leadership in the suffrage movement. Sister Horne died in 1906. Many of the descendants of her fifteen children are now active and outstanding social and religious leaders.



PIONEER RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERS

Many of these women were friends and associates of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and some of them officiated in Relief Society work.

Front row, seated, left to right: Phebe C. Woodruff, wife of President Wilford Woodruff, and an active organizer of pioneer Relief Societies; Mary I. Horne, Relief Society general board member from 1888 to 1905; Eliza R. Snow, poet and leader of women, present at the first meeting of Relief Society in 1842 and appointed secretary at that time; general president of Relief Society from 1866 to 1887; Zina D. H. Young, general president from 1888 to 1901; Marinda N. Hyde, wife of the apostle Orson Hyde, and prominent leader of Latter-day Saint women, admitted to membership at the first meeting of Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Romania B. Pratt (Penrose), physician, educator, and member of the general board from 1888 to 1921; Bathsheba W. Smith, present at the first meeting of the Relief Society in Nauvoo, Illinois, and general president from 1901 to 1910; Elizabeth Howard, prominent leader of early Relief Societies, member of the executive board of the Deseret Hospital Association, and general board member 1892 to 1893; Jane S. Richards, wife of the apostle, Franklin D. Richards, and member of the general board 1888 to 1910; Emmeline B. Wells, poet and editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, and general president from 1910 to 1921.

In compliance with a revelation from the Lord commanding him to lay our grievances before the judges, governors, and even the President of the United States, the Prophet Joseph, in company with a number of the brethren, came to Quincy, and the Prophet laid the condition of the affairs of the Church before Governor Carlin.

On his return from his visit to Governor Carlin, the Prophet sent the brethren ahead on their return trip, telling them he would follow later. When he reached Lima, where they intended to remain over night, he found officers of the law awaiting him. They arrested him and brought him back to Quincy. This was Friday evening. About noon the next day the Prophet came to our house and said, "Sister Horne, the Spirit always draws me to your home." "Brother Joseph," I said, "you are always welcome. But how is it you are here when I thought you were almost home?" "Haven't

you heard that I have been in court all morning?" he asked. I replied that I had not. "Well I have," he said. "I told the officers that I would be forthcoming at any hour in the morning they might name, if they would let me go, so here I am. What am I to do? They won't let me have my trial in Nauvoo, but are going to take me to Walla Walla. I thought I should be at home by this time where my wife would look after my clothing, as it is in need of attention." "I will wash your clothing," I answered. "Indeed, Sister Horne, you do not look able to do it." I insisted, and he finally consented, as I told him my Saturday's work was all done. I prepared his clothing that afternoon, so that he was ready for his journey in the morning.

Sister Cleveland, who had heard of the Prophet's arrest, came to see him, and met him at the door just as he was leaving. As she shook hands with him, she began speaking in tongues. Brother Joseph listened until she had finished, then turned to us and said, "You need have no fears for me, as Sister Cleveland says, I shall have my trial and be acquitted." He was acquitted, and was received with great honors on his arrival at his home.

The last time I shook hands with the Prophet was at the Mansion House, on an occasion when I had called to see part of the family.

I testify that Joseph Smith was the greatest Prophet that ever lived on this earth, the Savior, only, excepted. There was a personal magnetism about him which drew all people who became acquainted with him, to him.

I feel greatly honored when I realize that I have had the privilege of personally entertaining this great man, of ministering to his temporal wants, of shaking hands with him, and listening to his voice. I heard him relate his first vision when the Father and Son appeared to him: also his receiving the Gold Plates from the Angel Moroni. This recital was given in compliance with a special request of a few particular friends in the home of Sister Walton, whose house was ever open to the saints. While he was relating the circumstances, the Prophet's countenance lighted up, and so wonderful a power accompanied his words that everybody who heard them felt his influence and power, and none could doubt the truth of his narration. I know that he was true to his trust, and that the principles that he advanced and taught are true.

A Robin's Cheer

Grace Sayre

Here upon the window sill,
Singing in the rain,
An early robin pours his heart
Out to her again.

She who looks upon the spring,
From a rocking chair,
Knows he comes to cheer her, with
A jubilant refrain.

And to make her doubly glad
He will wed and nest
Where her square of windowpane
Frames a bit of the west.

Robin, with his cheerful song,
With his red-gold breast,
Here he'll sing his happy tune
Joyfully expressed.



Willard Luce

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH

* * * *

After Deep Winter

Katherine F. Larsen

Spring will come like a thunderclap,
After winter's still, white cold;
Trees will burgeon suddenly,
And the robin's song be bold.

Spring will strike across the land
With full impact of surprise,
Breaking the breath-held iron spell—
Green astounding snow-blind eyes.

Spring will be a trumpet call
Clear and challenging, a sound
To mark the swell and surge of life
Teeming up from underground.

The Sewing Kit Speaks

Lillian S. Feltman

I'M not a very big person. And I'm really not important at all.

Mostly I just sit in my own little spot back on the shelf, and usually no one notices me. I'm not a bit fancy. On the outside I'm a warm brown wood, and on the inside I'm green velvet. Trudy's father and mother planned me from start to finish when Trudy was a sweet little girl with yellow curls and big blue eyes and chubby dimples and smiles. Trudy was just eight years old then, and I was waiting for her on Christmas morning when she came down the wide stairs in her woolly pajamas, brushing the sleep from her eyes, to see what Santa had left for her under the Christmas tree.

Trudy gave a little inarticulate series of "ohs" and "ahs" and picked me up. She looked at herself in the little mirror that's glued on the inside of my lid. I guess I must have looked very interesting that morning with my imposing array of spools of different colored threads, many-sized buttons, neat pin-cushion, a package of needles, and another of pins, blunt scissors, and a measuring tape. There was a card of snap-fasteners, some scraps of dress trimming and material, and some hooks and eyes for Trudy's family's wardrobe.

Throughout the years Trudy and I were together many hours each day. And we had such fun watching her dolls' various articles of clothing take shape and grow under Trudy's nimble fingers. Trudy loved

her family very dearly, and every scrap of material her mother gave to her was used to make them beautiful. And it made me happy, too—to think that I could help her a tiny bit. I always felt so warm and cozy holding the lovely pieces of cloth close to me as I watched Trudy at her work with other bits of silk or lace or calico or woolen.

I remember when Trudy graduated from high school, and how she cut off a too-long end of her sash and tucked the piece in under my lid. I was very proud of Trudy that day, I can tell you.

And then I wakened one afternoon from my nap to hear Trudy say, "Mother, do you think it's too soon to marry him next month?"

And Mrs. March, Trudy's mother, said lightly, "Why, no, dear, not if that's when you and he want to be married."

And not long afterward I began to get glimpses of white satin, now and then, as the day of the wedding drew near.

Trudy was very happy those days, always humming gaily to herself. Once, when she picked me up to carry me out onto the porch to do some sewing, she hugged me close in her arms and said, "Oh, I love him so!"

My, you'd have thought I was "him" the way she squeezed me!

I wasn't in on the wedding reception because I was back on my shelf. How I wished Trudy would forget and leave me in an inconspicuous spot; but Trudy is a very

tidy girl, so of course that was wishing for too much. Finally I went to live in Joe's and Trudy's house, such a dear little dream house tucked away under the maples that grew tall and stalwart, as if to guard it from the outside world.

ONE day a button from Joe's shirt came in to keep me company. And not long after, there was one from his coat, and then another off his vest. I guessed Trudy must be awfully busy not to put them back in their proper places.

Then I learned that Trudy had met some new friends, and just knowing them took up so much of her time that there wasn't much left for other things. And one night I heard Joe say, "If you'd spend more time at home and less running around with *that* crowd, you wouldn't be so rushed all the time and could get around to these things that need to be done."

And Trudy snapped — really snapped—at Joe. "Don't you criticize my friends. You're always so busy and I have to have *something* to do!"

"I have to keep busy to get ahead," said Joe. "And if you could see straight you'd see there was plenty to do here at home—if you'd run things right."

"Oh!" gasped Trudy. "I think you're horrid!"

Trudy slammed the door then, so I didn't get to hear any more, but I wondered what had become of Trudy's good nature. It wasn't like her to shout at Joe in that fashion.

The buttons kept coming in—one or two at a time—and occasionally one was taken out, but not very often. I began to wonder how clothes could hang on when so many buttons were off. One of the shining, beautiful buttons from Trudy's wedding gown came too, and I loved having it there among all the rest. But when it stayed and stayed I fretted and worried about it. Though I loved having it, it should have been with me for only a short while. It belonged back on the white satin gown, and being off so long made it look like neglect on Trudy's part. And that didn't look good to me.

ONE night Trudy carried me into the living room after supper. I wondered where Joe was. Trudy looked a bit unhappy. She tried humming a tune as she started some embroidery work, but it didn't go so well. Trudy's heart wasn't in it. Presently the doorbell rang and some of Trudy's new friends greeted her noisily.

"All alone again!" one of the girls said in mock disbelief. "Well, nobody can tell me Joe needs to work late *that* many nights!"

"He'd rather work than do anything else," Trudy explained ruefully.

"Well," someone else chimed in, "we're not going to stand by and let you wear yourself out just sitting at home, waiting for *him*! Grab your coat and let's go! We're on our way out to the Sapphire Club. You should see it. It's really something!"

"Oh, I couldn't go there without Joe," Trudy protested.

"Sure you can," a girl named Mavis contributed. "Neddie's working late and I'm going without him. Rita's going without her husband, too."

It didn't take much persuading after that. Trudy put her coat on and went on out with them. She had forgotten all about me.

They had been gone only a few minutes when Joe came home.

"Hi, sweetheart," he called, as he shut the door and threw his hat expertly in a certain spot on the couch. He frowned at the silence that greeted him.

"Trudy, are you here?" he called.

He went on into the kitchen and the house was quiet for a few minutes. Then he came back, growling to himself. "If that bunch of playwomen would leave her alone she'd be all right. I shouldn't have stayed so late, but Perrson wanted that report first thing in the morning. . . . She was busy, too. There's her fancywork. . . . Why can't they leave her alone?"

Trudy came in a little before midnight. Joe was sitting in a big chair doing exactly nothing.

"Oh, Joe," Trudy said breathlessly, "I'm sorry to be so late. I wanted to come home hours ago, but no one else was ready, and I hadn't any way to come by myself."

Joe gazed at her for a long moment.

"I suppose you couldn't have walked!" he volunteered sarcastically.

"Why, no," Trudy answered honestly, "not from the Sapphire Club. It's too far."

"The Sapphire Club!" Joe exploded. "Is that where you've been?"

Trudy's face turned white. "Don't be angry, Joe," she pleaded softly. "The crowd said it was all right if I went while you were working. Others do it."

"Oh, the crowd says it's all right, so that makes it just ducky!" Joe snapped. "Don't you know what people think of a girl who goes there without an escort?"

"But I'm married!" gasped Trudy.

"Yes, you're married! And does it look any better for you to go there without me, just because you happen to be married to me?"

"I don't just happen to be married to you," Trudy said, still gentle. "And I didn't know it wasn't all right to go there unescorted, as long as there was a crowd of us. I wouldn't have gone alone."

"Oh, you wouldn't have gone alone!" Joe echoed.

"That isn't necessary," Trudy answered tiredly.

BUT Joe had spent the evening alone, brooding over too many possibilities of things that might have happened to heed the warning note in Trudy's voice.

"I wouldn't mind knowing just what you do think is necessary," said Joe, steel in his tone. "Isn't keeping up your home necessary—and having some sort of a meal ready when I come in from work?"

"I never know when you're coming," Trudy defended herself.

Joe went on as if she hadn't spoken. "And sewing on a few much-needed buttons. . . . By

George, I could do the whole thing better by myself!"

Trudy looked as if he had slapped her face, hard.

"Then perhaps you'd better do it by yourself—and leave me out of it," she said icily.

"Perhaps I'd better," Joe agreed.

"You can begin any time you like," suggested Trudy.

"And the sooner the better!" snapped Joe. "No time like the present!"

Trudy shrugged.

"Tonight!" Joe said firmly, and went out of the room.

Presently he came back with a suitcase in his hand, a tie sticking out one side and the edge of a sock from an end.

Trudy hadn't moved, and she kept her gaze fastened carefully to the opposite wall as if she were studying some remote aspect of a certain spot on the wallpaper.

Perhaps Joe expected her to make some move to let him know that he was still welcome to stay—that she wanted him to stay. But she just stood there stonily, not moving, not saying anything.

Joe picked up his hat and jammed it on his head. He looked at Trudy once again, speculatively, before he opened the door and went out into the midnight air, closing the door solidly behind him.

Trudy stood motionless for two whole minutes, and then she crumpled up into a corner of the couch and sobbed heartbrokenly.

I wished that there was something I could say or do to help her. But then I guess there wasn't any-

thing anyone could do or say after what had happened.

Trudy was still in a corner of the couch when a knock came at the door next morning. I had watched her sobbing fitfully there all night, and had seen daylight come through the little window in the front door and, later, the soft rosy rays of the morning sun.

Trudy raised her tear-streaked face when the knock came and tiptoed warily to where she could see through the tiny square of glass. She tiptoed back again and sat down. Plainly she didn't want to see whoever it was.

Presently footsteps sounded on the walk and Trudy looked out to see her visitors go. Then she came over and sat down by me.

"I guess Mavis and Della couldn't wait to see what came of my staying at the Sapphire so late with them. Well—they can just wonder. They don't need to know!"

IN the days following Trudy moved about the house like a little gray ghost. She didn't go outside, and when someone knocked at the door—as they did several times—she waited quietly for them to go away again. Until one day, Mrs. March—she lived across town—came to the door. Trudy let her in, and then she closed the door quickly.

Trudy's mother is a very wise woman, and one look at her daughter's face told her that everything was not just right. But she sat down and said in an ordinary tone of voice, "Just thought I'd drop in and

see how you were. We hadn't seen you around for a day or two."

Day or two! It had been more than a week since Trudy had seen anyone.

"No," Trudy offered, "I haven't been out. I haven't wanted to see anybody."

"Oh," said Mrs. March. "Well, I'm glad you're all right."

"Yes," said Trudy. She glanced at the clock. "It's almost time for lunch. Will you have lunch with me, Mother?"

"Why, yes, thank you," Mrs. March answered. "I set something on for your father in case I didn't get right back."

"You wait here, Mother," Trudy said, "and I'll have it ready in a jiffy."

Mrs. March waited. It was just twelve o'clock when Trudy came to the door from the kitchen and announced, "You can come now. It's all ready."

Mrs. March got up. "Aren't you going to wait for Joe?"

"No," Trudy said, too quietly. "Joe isn't coming—not ever."

"Well, let's eat, then," Mrs. March suggested briskly, "and we can visit afterward."

I could hear the dishes clinking softly from where I sat, and the occasional murmur of their voices, and after a while they came back into the living room.

"You're a good housekeeper," Mrs. March observed matter-of-factly, "and your house shows it. It keeps you pretty busy, doesn't it?"

"Not busy enough," Trudy answered. "It leaves me too much time to think."

"Does us all good to think once in awhile," her mother replied.

"I guess that was the trouble," Trudy said quietly. "I was too busy—outside my house—to think soon enough. Now it's too late."

"Thought is never wasted," Mrs. March commented. "We can always use it to good advantage—if not now, at some later time."

"I've been very foolish, Mother," Trudy confessed, holding her voice steady. "And now I suppose everything's finished. Joe's been gone nine days."

"Do you know where he is?" Mrs. March asked calmly.

"No," Trudy replied. "I haven't the faintest idea. I've not been anywhere—and when someone comes I just wait till they go away again."

"Perhaps Joe was one," her mother said.

"No—he has his key," Trudy answered. "He could come in. And I look through the glass to see. Except at night. That's how I knew to let you in. I suppose I shall have to go to the grocer's soon. But I don't want to. I won't go until I just have to."

"I'll bring some supplies after dark," said Mrs. March. "Write down what you want. It's better not to go out. The fewer people seen, the less said. And the less said, the less to live down later."

"If I hadn't gone to the Sapphire Club it wouldn't have happened," Trudy said, and went on to tell her mother about that evening.

"We're all just learning," said Mrs. March, when Trudy had finished. "No one knows all the answers. We learn as we go along, just as you're learning now. And

that's how we learn to help ourselves later on. Your father can find out where Joe is—and ease your mind on that point. But this is something that will have to work itself out in its own way. And it will. You are wise in keeping away from everyone. Let them think you've gone away on a little trip somewhere. Would you like to come home with me for a few days—after dark, of course?"

"Oh, no," answered Trudy. "I want to be here—if Joe does come."

"That's right," Mrs. March nodded. "I'll bring some groceries then, tonight."

TRUDY'S mother stayed until along in the afternoon, and after she had gone Trudy sat down by me and took up her embroidery work.

After a while she picked me up and began searching through my contents. As she picked up one button and then another that had come off Joe's clothes, she began to cry. "I should have sewed them right back on," she sobbed forlornly. "He needs them—wherever he is—and they're here where they can't do anyone any good."

Mrs. March came back later with her arms full of packages. "Joe has an apartment not far from us," she reported, giving Trudy the exact address.

"Oh, then he's all right," Trudy said with relief.

A day or two later Trudy sat down beside me and took out all the buttons that belonged on Joe's clothes. She laid them on the little table top, and it was awfully quiet for a long time, while Trudy just sat

there looking at them. And then, after a time, she sighed, and all of a sudden she put her head down on her arms and cried. I wanted so to comfort her, but if I could have talked I could only have said, "Maybe you could sew them on again. . ."

When the storm had passed Trudy dried her eyes and said, sensibly, "The least I can do is to sew these buttons on where they belong, now. Joe won't ever know how sorry I am about everything—and he won't notice the buttons on again. I'll go while he's at the office so he won't know anything about it." All at once she seemed to have forgotten that she didn't want anyone to see her. The buttons had become more important.

She tucked me under her arm and walked across town. The door to Joe's apartment wasn't locked. It was almost like he was hoping she'd come, and Trudy opened the door and went in without having to bother the janitor.

Sunlight slanted across the small bed-sitting-room, and Trudy walked over and set me down on the desk. I heard her catch her breath in a small gasp as she looked at the large framed picture of herself that was the only thing adorning the desk. The only thing, that is, beside a tiny scrap of crumpled paper that had been tossed to one side.

Trudy picked up the paper and smoothed it out in an absent sort of way. She stood there looking down at the few scribbled words that stared up at her. Words that didn't make sense at all, but were criss-crossed any old way on the paper. There were a half-dozen "darlings," interspersed with a few

"Trudys," and down at the bottom of the page the heartbroken words "I can't stand it."

Trudy's head came up when she read that. "He doesn't have to stand anything with me," she whispered fiercely. "I only came to sew on some buttons. I won't bother him. He doesn't have to stand me!"

I thought, Trudy how can you be so dense? You're supposed to have a brain!

TRUDY settled down to work, sewing on buttons here, patching a spot there, darning in another place. The afternoon sped and soon it was almost time for Joe to come home from work—if he came straight home. I was hoping Trudy would forget the time, but she remembered, and put everything away. She stood by the door and took one last look around the room to be sure that she hadn't left any tell-tale signs of her presence there that day.

She had left nothing. Nothing that is, except a few buttons and bits of thread, and material applied to the proper unnoticeable places in Joe's wardrobe. There hadn't been any dishes that needed washing in his tiny microscopic kitchenette. Everything had been shipshape. Joe didn't need a wife, I guess. He was an excellent housekeeper by himself.

Trudy closed the door with a tiny click and back we went across town to the little house. Trudy sat down on the couch, with me on her lap, and sobs shook her slender shoulders as she clutched me like I was the only friend she had left on earth.

But Trudy isn't one to mope. Presently she set me to one side and dried her eyes. She got up and wandered through the house and back again. She started to look through a magazine, then put it carefully back in its place. "I'll have to get a job," she murmured. "I can't go on like this day after day."

She went into the bedroom and came back with a bit of sewing in her hands and sat down again. It was very cozy with her sitting there, sewing—except that I knew she missed Joe, and always would.

Someone knocked on the door, and there were women's muted voices. Trudy went on calmly sewing, and the ladies at the door went away. The clock went on ticking very faintly, and I looked at it after a while and saw that it was time for Trudy to eat her supper.

But she was still sewing, minutes later, when a little click came at the door and it opened and Joe came in.

He pushed the door shut and didn't even wait to sail his hat onto the exact spot on the couch. In just two steps he was beside Trudy, and had her gathered into his arms—sewing and all. Goodness! You'd think he would be afraid he would get a needle stuck into him—accidentally, of course.

I just sat there and beamed at them as he murmured over and over, "Trudy—darling!" And her soft white arms went around his neck, holding him close to her.

Ah, me! You know, I really enjoy being a sewing kit. But sometimes I wonder—would it be nicer to be a Trudy—or a Joe?

The American National Red Cross

ON GUARD—AT ALL TIMES—AT HOME AND ABROAD

Information submitted by Pacific Area Office, American National Red Cross

THE seventy-year-old history of the American Red Cross is the king-size story of more than five thousand disasters which have at one time or another seriously affected virtually every section of our Nation.

Last year alone, aid was extended through Red Cross to 223,400 persons who were victims of 390 regional disasters.

Red cross relief specialists are . . . still handling the rehabilitation of hundreds of damaged homes, farms and businesses on the basis of actual needs . . . not by financial loans but by outright money grants . . . on behalf of the American people.

A goal of \$85,000,000 has been set to achieve Red Cross objectives for the 1951 fiscal year.

On the nation's civil defense front, the responsibility of Red Cross is a major one since government officials have assigned it the gigantic task of training 20,000,000 persons in First Aid. In addition, a quarter-million women will receive training as Nurse's Aids, while another million women will be instructed in Home Nursing.

The past year—bringing with it the grim Korean conflict—has seen the rapid stepping-up of Red Cross assistance to servicemen and veterans. Red Cross representatives were dispatched with the first troops sent into Korea. They distributed supplies, under battle conditions, and helped maintain GI morale.

At scores of veterans' hospitals, Red Cross specialists and trained volunteers have assisted Veterans Administration officials in fulfilling medical, recreational, and welfare duties. Several million more vets have depended upon Red Cross guidance in applying for government benefits.

The Armed Forces have asked the Red Cross to use its resources to collect blood to save the lives of battle-wounded servicemen. This assignment is in addition to its normal program of providing the life-giving fluid to hospitals and clinics in areas served by its regional centers here at home. Added to this is the staggering problem of planning for reserves of blood plasma for civilian defense—which also the Red Cross must do. And the organization is playing a vital role in co-ordinating research in the development and production of blood by-products, such as serum albumin and dried plasma.

The Secretary of Defense recently said, "We, of the national military establishment, need the work of the Red Cross as we need a strong right arm. . . ." Help keep it strong during our national emergency . . . Mobilize for Defense by Supporting Your Red Cross 1951 Fund.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1891

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

AN OLD BOOK

An old torn book, with one pale rose
Crushed in its yellow pages:
I have not held it in my hand.
Nor read it thus for ages.

Nay, formerly, the print was good,
Or else mine eyes were better;
For now they're full of tears—too full
To see a single letter.

—Lady Lindsay

SUFFRAGE: Why are women not as competent to vote as men? They are oftener sober. Woman has the early care and training of the child, she plants the first seeds, makes the first and lasting impressions; and the influences that she exerts over the child's mind remain with it to its dying day. It is impossible for man to go very far in advance of woman, or for woman to far surpass man in intellectuality, but the development of the one means the onward march of the other, and a systematic development of both, for do they not have the same origin? We cannot impart to others what we do not possess; and when it becomes an acknowledged fact that she is best fitted to perform the duties of a wife and mother, and to have the care and training of the representatives of our future government, who is best informed upon political, civil, religious and domestic affairs, the zenith of woman's glory will have been reached, and great things may be expected from the offspring of such a people.

—Lexia Harris

A CALL

Awaken! Arise! Let thy slumbering heart
In the march of Right take a noble part!
Thou shalt share the palm by the victor's side,
And rejoice with them who for Truth have died.

—Ruby Lamont

THE MOTHER OF OUR SAVIOR: To contemplate the life and mission of this most noble woman, creates within the mind the deepest, purest reverence and admiration that mortal is capable of feeling for mortal. What an incentive the contemplation of this beautiful character and divine mission should be to every young woman, to guard her purity and virtue with the strictest tenacity, to "magnify the Lord and rejoice in God."—L. L. G. Richards

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: The second annual conference of the Relief Society will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, in this city, on Tuesday, April 7, 1891. The officers and members of the Relief Society and all those interested in this benevolent work are cordially invited to attend the Conference.

—Relief Society Presidency



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

PRESIDENT and Mrs. David O. McKay, dearly beloved throughout the Church, celebrated their golden wedding on January 2, with a festive dinner with their six children, eight of their sixteen grandchildren, and a few other relatives, numbering altogether about sixty in attendance. They were showered with good wishes and remembrances from many friends. Their family life has been gracious, happy, and rewarding. A former educator, Mrs. McKay is talented in music and very much interested in drama. This writer remembers her when, as Emma Rae Riggs, she was an impressive Sunday School teacher to the little girls in the Seventeenth Ward, Salt Lake City. We also heard members of the Church in Great Britain comment on the lovely way in which Sister McKay had told inspirational stories at their conferences some years before.

THE nine women members of the eighty-second Congress are: Senator Margaret Chase Smith (Maine); Representative Marguerite S. Church (Illinois); Katherine St. George (New York); Ruth Thompson (Michigan); Frances P. Bolton (Ohio); Reva Beck Bosone (Utah); Cecil M. Harden (Indiana); Edna F. Kelley (New York); Edith Nourse Rogers (Massachusetts).

AMONG the twenty-four Utahns in attendance at the Mid-century White House Conference on Children and Youth was Miss Jennie Campbell, State Director of Elementary Education and also president of the Association for Childhood Education, International, an appointment, by the way, which was a signal honor for Miss Campbell, for Utah, and for the West. The theme of the conference was: "Let every child be given an equal opportunity to develop the finest personality possible for him." A spirit of high enthusiasm was prevalent.

LIEUTENANT Commander Bernice Walters is the first woman doctor ever assigned to a Navy ship. She is serving on the hospital ship *Consolation*, destination Korea. Her father says, "I am proud of her. She has always been a humanitarian. Her husband was killed in an aircraft-carrier accident last spring."

ELIZABETH R. HUNTER MATTHEWS, ninety-nine, the oldest resident in Grantsville, Utah, died recently.

IN the largest convention of scientists held in America in 1950 one out of every five in the learned group, meeting in New York City, was a woman.



“Now, Let Us Rejoice”

AT the close of the first Relief Society meeting in Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842, the words of a well-beloved song echoed through the room. “Now, Let Us Rejoice” was not only the closing song of that meeting, but the words fell as a benediction upon the sisters. Truly, they had cause for rejoicing. The desire of their hearts had been accomplished, and they were organized together, that in unison their willing hands might help forward the work of the Church and lift the burdens from the poor and the oppressed.

It was, as Sarah M. Kimball, who became a member at the first meeting, expressed the events immediately preceding the organization: “It was then suggested that some of the neighbors might wish to combine means and efforts . . . and we decided to invite a few to come and consult with us on the subject of forming a Ladies’ Society.”

Thus, in the beginning, we see how deeply the spirit of service—united service—touched the hearts of the women of Nauvoo. They realized a great truth—as individuals we are weak, and the area wherein we may express ourselves is limited; but as an organization we are strong, and our field of personal development and of service to others is immeasurably increased. As the Prophet Joseph Smith is reported to have said: “This Church was

never perfectly organized until the women were thus organized.”

Even in its beginning, the dual nature of Relief Society became apparent. It was to be an organization through which the women of the Church might give abundantly of their time and their means, and their solicitude, and through which they might receive in its fulness the blessed spirit of unity, the faith and prayers, and the kindly assistance of their sisters in time of need.

The words of the beloved song further express the thought: “No longer as strangers on earth need we roam. . . .” No woman needed to be a stranger, even in a newly restored Church, in a frontier city, when she became a member of a group who made themselves responsible for her welfare, and gave her, at the same time, a scope for the offerings of the love within her own heart and the work her hands might accomplish. Surrounded by love and service of the many, no woman would need to stand alone in doubt, or discouragement, or sorrow, for she would be closely bound to all.

Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet, who rejoiced greatly in the opportunities afforded by the new organization, expressed herself in words that have become a theme for Relief Society activities throughout the succeeding years:

This institution is a good one
We must cherish one another, watch over

one another, and gain instruction, that we may all sit down in Heaven together.

The organization gave to its first members, as it gives to us in our day, the security and the direction of a pattern set forth by the Prophet under divine guidance. In that early day specific details of organization were given, and the duties of Relief Society outlined in strength and magnitude. The pattern and the service and the strength have continued, and the society has grown in numbers, in its opportunities for giving relief and solace, in its influence, and in the comforting spirit of its unity.

Today, one hundred and nine years after that first meeting, Relief

Society women number more than one hundred and twenty thousand. Today, in many lands, there is rejoicing, and Relief Society women offer their gratitude to their Heavenly Father, that their activities are directed by an inspired pattern. Though we may be called upon to endure many disappointments, and much loss and sorrow, still there is not one of us who stands alone. Therefore, we are not weak. We are strong in unity and love and faith, and the touching of our hands and hearts will continue to be a light upon the land and a healing power upon the earth.

—V. P. C.



Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

THE April 1951 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four authors being represented, each with an interesting story. Enjoy these stories in April:

- “Herman and the Birthday Dinner,” by Hazel K. Todd
- “A Girl’s Point of View,” by Deone R. Sutherland
- “Who Laughs Last,” by Olive W. Burt
- “Now Is the Time,” by Carol Read Flake

Beyond This Moment

Pansy H. Powell

However rich the chords of music are
That lift our dreams beyond the farthest star;
That match our moods, that lead us on strange trails,
And take us where our vagrant fancy sails;
However wise the compass of their arc
To tell of life and death, of dawn and dark—
That power is the best which helps men see
Beyond this moment to eternity!

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Mission and Stake Relief Societies

Since the last report, printed in the March 1950 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, to and including December 1950.

NEW ORGANIZATIONS

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Formerly Part of</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
West Central States	Northwestern States, North Central, and Western States Missions	Reta F. Broadbent	October 4, 1950

Stakes

East Long Beach	Long Beach	Mildred D. Harper	February 27, 1950
East Los Angeles	Pasadena	Ruby G. Choate	February 26, 1950
Nyssa	Weiser	Emma Chytraus	January 15, 1950
Richland	Union Stake and Northwestern States Mission, Yakima Dist.	Lucile J. Erickson	July 18, 1950
University	Emigration	Fanny S. Kienitz	March 23, 1950

REORGANIZATIONS

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Australian	Blanche K. Richmond	Myrtle J. Christensen	April 14, 1950
British	Gladys S. Boyer	Jane F. T. Richards	January 11, 1950
California	Vivian R. McConkie	Mary H. Stoddard	August 26, 1950
Central States	Martha W. Brown	Annie M. Ellsworth	March 20, 1950
Central Pacific	Georgia H. Weenig	(Combined with Hawaiian Mission February 3, 1950)	
East Central States	Hilda M. Richards	Edna H. Matheson	April 29, 1950
French	Kate M. Baker	Beth C. Woolf	March 31, 1950
Hawaiian	Mary H. Smith	Irene P. Clissold	February 3, 1950
Mexican	Mary D. Pierce	Kate B. Mecham	April 12, 1950
Northern States	Elna P. Haymond	Lucy T. Andersen	January 30, 1950
Northwestern States	Georgina F. Richards	Mavil A. McMurrin	December 12, 1950
Tongan	Evelyn H. Dunn	Martha Elnora G. Huntsman	July 6, 1950
West German	Jane B. Wunderlich	Luella W. Cannon	October 6, 1950

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Bannock	Eliza B. Christensen	Edith Hubbard	September 10, 1950
Bear Lake	Clarissa B. Ward	Della R. Hulme	June 4, 1950
Big Cottonwood	Helen W. Anderson	Grace E. Berndt	October 7, 1950
Bonneville	Florence Cowan	Elna P. Haymond	September 10, 1950
Davis	Abby W. Webb	Edna R. France	September 10, 1950
Deseret	Maria T. Moody	Mary L. Henrie	November 26, 1950
Humboldt	Jenet S. Clyde	Rose Burner	January 13, 1950
Juarez	Nellie S. Hatch	Gladys K. Wagner	September 3, 1950
Kolob	Zelma P. Beardall	Gladys S. Boyer	August 20, 1950
Long Beach	Frances S. Wilcox	Nina L. Riley	March 12, 1950
Los Angeles	Dorothy H. Koer	Alice A. Call	October 15, 1950
Montpelier	Louisa Stephens	Virginia R. Vaterlaus	December 3, 1950
Mount Graham	Erma M. Stewart	Thelma G. Maloy	September 10, 1950
Mount Ogden	Adaliene B. Bailey	Belva J. Petersen	September 3, 1950
Nevada	Koa Taylor	Marietta T. Call	November 26, 1950
Park	Ruby S. Karpowitz	Naomi W. Seach	May 28, 1950
Pocatello	Helga H. Pugmire	Helen B. Walker	October 8, 1950
Reno	Isabel Cooke	Lena Oxborrow	November 14, 1950
Salt Lake	Maude F. Hanks	Marjorie M. Ward	June 11, 1950
Seattle	Vera M. Leishman	Birdie S. Bean	March 21, 1950
Sharon	Ruby S. Hunn	Jane B. Larsen	June 20, 1950
South Box Elder	May L. Jensen	Ezma L. Knudson	February 12, 1950
South Davis	Reva F. Wicker	Leila G. Eldredge	September 8, 1950
South Salt Lake	LauRene K. Lindquist	Della D. Walton	September 22, 1950
South Sevier	Floral M. Rasmussen	Montez O. Christian- sen	July 1, 1950
South Sanpete	Bell O. Hansen	Leona F. Wintch	August 27, 1950
Weber	Ada Lindquist	Pearl Van Dyke	August 2, 1950
Young	Harriet D. Foutz (died April 7, 1950)	Ida L. Allen	May 7, 1950

* * * *

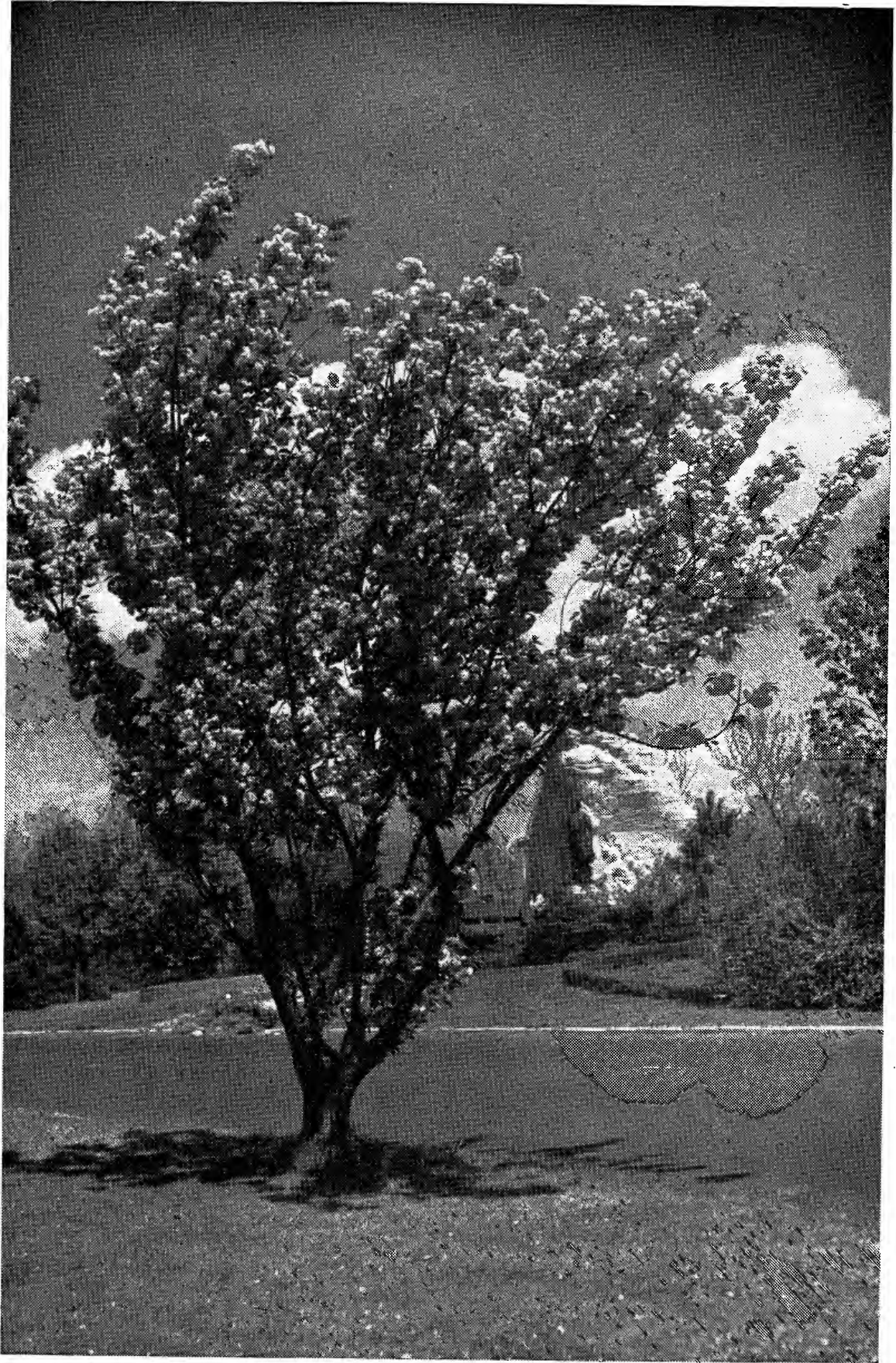
Spring House Cleaning

Caroline Eyring Miner

THE wind is doing a good job of house cleaning these March days. She is whipping the old dead branches from the trees, blowing the molded leaves into little piles wherever there is some object to catch and hold them. She is drying up the little puddles of muddy water, dusting off the ivy and evergreens after the long winter.

We need a spring house cleaning, too. We need to pull out the dead wood of prejudice and self-complacency. We need to gather the scattered leaves of frivolity, selfishness, vanity, insincerity, and self-pity, and burn them. We need to dry up the little puddles of gossip, faultfinding, backbiting. We need to keep verdant the desire in our hearts to grow, and keep growing, as the evergreens do. We need to brighten the kind helpfulness that is our better nature.

Spring house cleaning is a tedious and painful process sometimes, but it is nevertheless very necessary.



Warren Lee

FLOWERING CHERRY, UTAH STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS

Flower Arrangements for Springtime

Dorothy J. Roberts

LIKE music, flowers speak a universal language. They tell of refinement, gentleness, and love of beauty; of festivity, of tribute in joy or sorrow. A life is given or one is taken away, and the eloquence of flowers received, is understood, interpreted in the language of the heart. From their throats come the message of solace, the voice of peace, or the song of spring.

Enhanced by harmonious containers and settings, flowers can bring distinction to the plainest surroundings. Let each woman try her hand at more original and gratifying arrangements of the growing things at her command. She will develop her personality and delight her family and friends.

CONTAINERS

Plain containers are best for general use.

Ornate vases are hard to harmonize with various flowers and backgrounds. Pale, pastel colors, dull greens, blues, and ivories, whites, and browns are good. Use a shallow, oblong bowl for low arrangements, and an urn and a taller bowl or square type container for taller designs. Wide-mouthed containers are more convenient than narrow-necked ones. But don't be content with only these conventional containers. Have a daring eye, open for anything to fill your need, as plates, platters, vegetable dishes, tureens, bowls, compotes, goblets, chocolate pots, odd bottles, sprinkling cans, or brass, copper, silver, pewter, and wood articles, weathered pieces of wood or tree stumps. Some containers may be painted with oil or water-mixed paints.



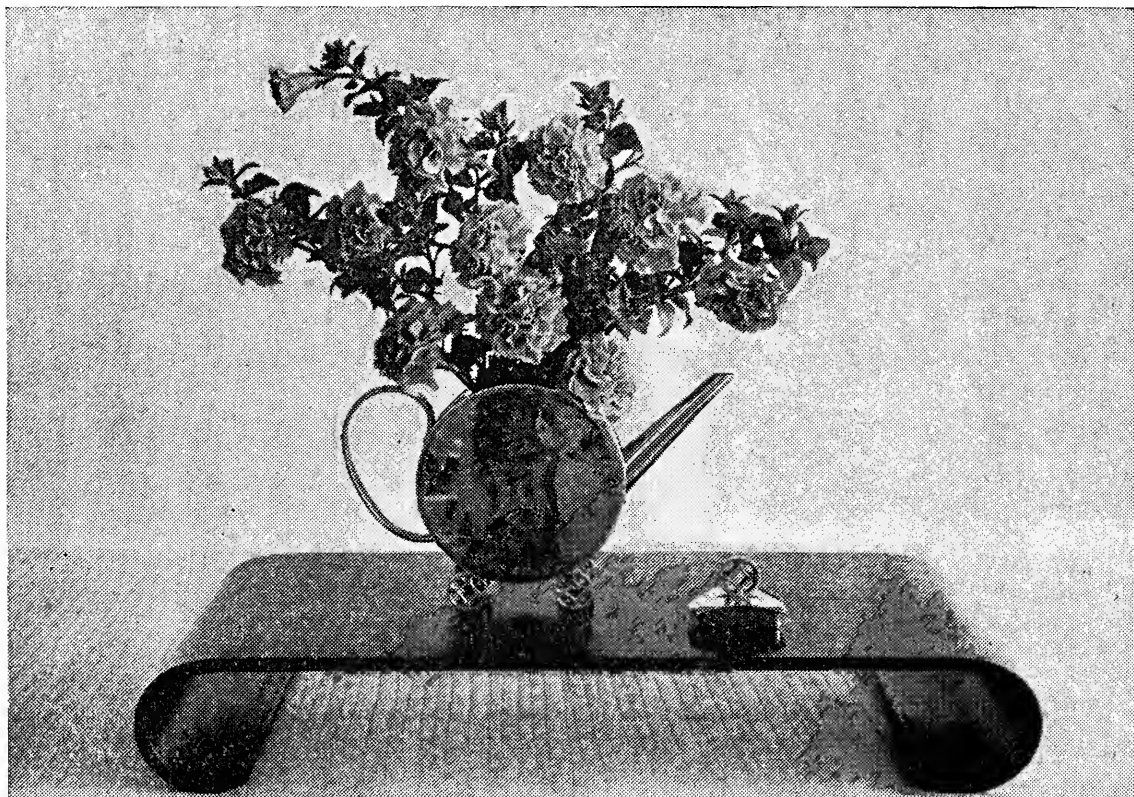
Willard Luce

FLOWER HOLDERS

The best for all purposes are the heavy lead-base, needle-point holders in various sizes. Impale the flower stems firmly on the sharp needle points. Use for all shallow containers. Hide them well with petals, blossoms, foliage, pebbles, or rocks.

FLORAL CLAY

Clay must be kept dry until the arrangement is completed. Put a piece on the bottom of the needle holder, then press firmly to the bottom of the container. This will hold heavy arrangements from falling. Use also on top of the needles to keep small stems in place.



W. Atlee Burpee

ARRANGEMENT OF ALDOUBLE PETUNIAS (AMERICA)

WIRE IN VASES

A strip of chicken wire about two inches wide, crumpled up into tall vases or the necks of narrow-necked jars will hold flowers in place.

ROCKS AND PEBBLES

Dark, weathered and pitted rocks are useful and ornamental in weighting down a flower holder. Pebbles serve a like purpose.

FLORIST WIRE

Use to twine around stems and flowers or through stems to shape them. You will need a heavy and a light gauge.

ELASTIC BANDS, RAFFIA, AND STRING

Tie small flowers, as pansies and violets, into bunches before arranging.

DISCS

Circles of plywood, painted to harmonize, and used as a background, will dramatize and add interest to some arrangements, if you do not have copper, brass, silver, or other colored plates on hand.

FIGURINES

Colorful or graceful figurines used in the proper place will enhance many arrangements. They should be used only after thought and planning, and placed inside or outside the container. Ducks would be appropriate in or beside low dishes where the water shows. Birds go with boughs or many flower types. Human figures should be used in scale, so neither the figure nor the arrangement dwarfs the other. Line or color in the figurine may be repeated in the arrangement.

FOLIAGE

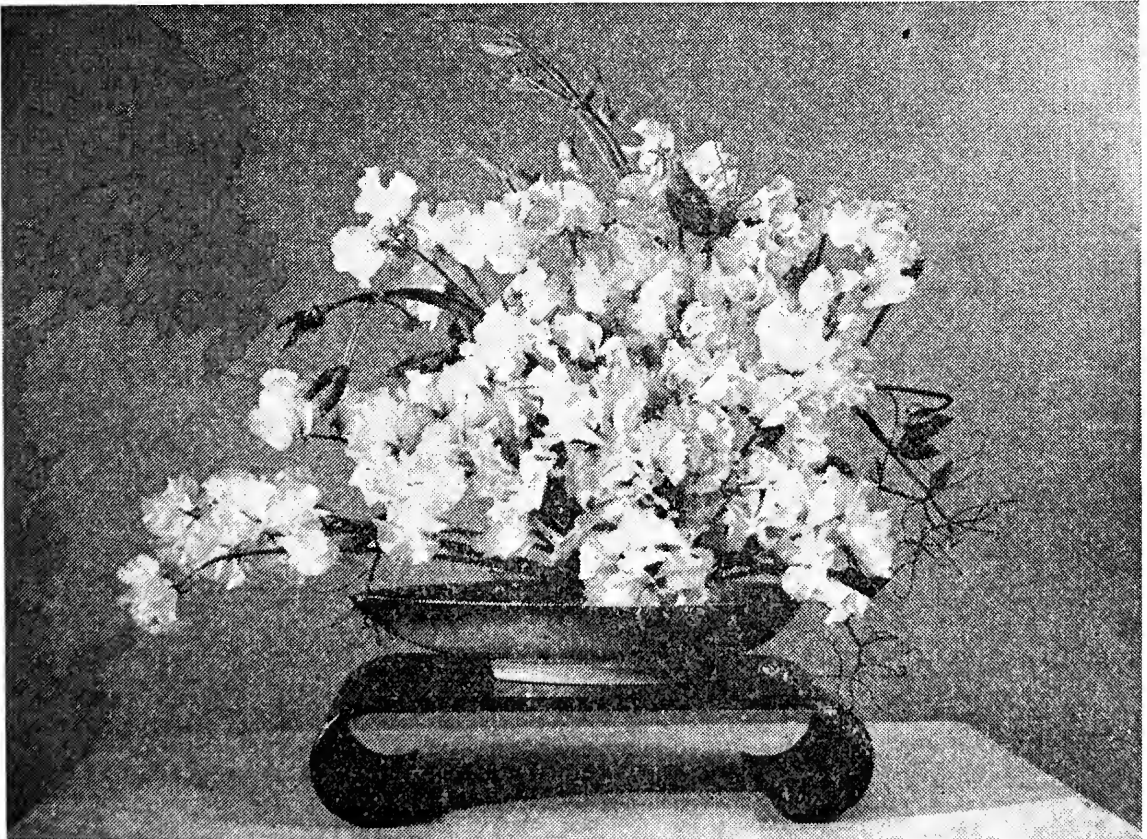
Develop an open mind toward foliage to use with flowers or alone. Unrelated leaves often lend new grace to a flower. Borrow from weeds, shrubs, ferns, grasses, or potted plants. Combine ivy, trailing to the tablecloth, with stiff flowers. Try all-green arrangements, or one of variegated greens, vegetables not excluded. Remember, Salina said in *So Big*, "Cabbages are beautiful!" Many leaves can be brightened to a rich sheen with cotton dipped in oil. The delicate young green of boughs "forced" into early bloom is delightful.

FLOWERS

What a panorama of color and form bursts upon the mind at the word. For the first breath of spring, go outdoors in February or March and prune off a few boughs from any flowering shrub or tree

and "force" them into bloom a month early by bringing them into the house and putting them in deep water. They will burst into delicate bloom in a week or two, more or less, and will last as long or longer than those matured in the garden. Their stems, along with all woody stems, should be pounded with a hammer, from the ends up about two to five inches; not enough to break, but just to bruise them. This allows for more absorption of water. Try this on pussy willows, Forsythia, flowering quince, and almond, bridal wreath, apple, currant, pear, jasmine, alder, and honeysuckle.

The twigs of plants which bear only leaves are beautiful, too, the horse chestnut, beech, birch, oak, mountain ash, maple, and barberry. Then soon the early spring flowers, hyacinths, pansies, daffodils, tulips, will be out and are effective combined with the blossomed twigs. And don't scorn the dandelion. Pick it with



W. Atlee Burpee

NEW GIANT SWEET PEAS (FRAGRANCE)

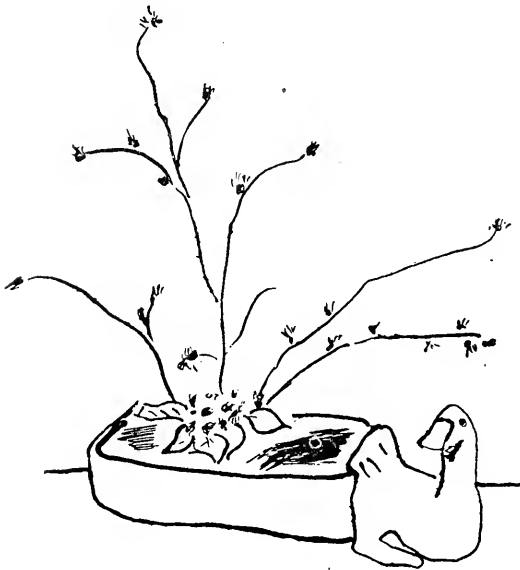
These blossoms are exceedingly fragrant, large, beautifully ruffled, heavily duplexed, and they grow on long, strong stems.



The Hograth Curve, called "The Line of Beauty," is a relaxed "S".



The triangle, especially the asymmetrical triangle, is a form which has been developed into a fine art by the Japanese. To them, the form symbolizes heaven, earth, and man. This container is a piece of weathered wood with spring blossoms and daffodils set in floral clay. The figure of the faun is appropriate here.



Blue ducks go with the water which is visible in this flat container, a white bowl, lined in blue, and with spring blossoms set in a needle holder, off center in the dish.



The "Crescent" is patterned after one of the loveliest forms in nature, the crescent moon. In this design daffodils are combined with pussy willows and Forsythia, bent into shape while the stems were wet and tied with strings until the curves were set.

tall and short stems and combine it with other flowers. Don't neglect the blossoms of any weed or vegetable as an addition to your arrangement. Their possibilities are suggested in the many illustrated books on the subject.

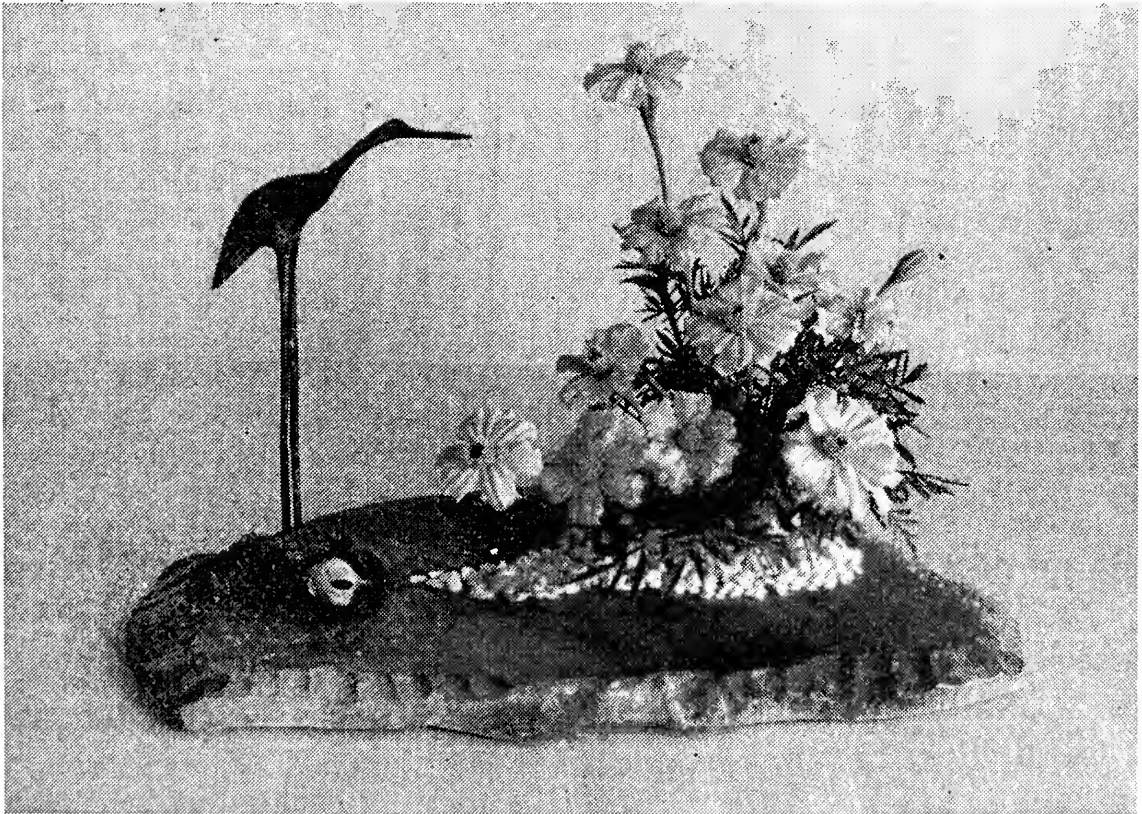
Be daring with color. Make trials for the daring, dramatic, or stirring, or the restful and cool effects. Flowers should be picked in early morning or late evening, and immediately set in deep containers filled with cold water to "harden" for a few hours, or overnight. All flowers should be treated in this manner; they will last longer and are more manageable for arranging. Clip the stems various lengths for effect as you make the design for your floral arrangement. Select flowers from buds to full bloom for variety.

ARRANGING

A flower arrangement should be a living picture; having all the elements of a piece of art. Strive for beauty of line and contour in your pieces. Never push all the blooms it will hold into a container.

The accompanying illustrations emphasize "line." These types of lines can be filled in with more flowers and foliage for variety. These are some of the more popular types used in modern flower arranging. The better known styles of "mass" arranging are omitted.

Join in the pleasure of combining color and line, in flowers, foliage, and containers, with sometimes figurines and other accessories, to make works of art all your own!



W. Atlee Burpee

ARRANGEMENT OF SUNNY MARIGOLDS

Growing Pains

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

SKETS heaved himself up the last two yards to the top of the hill. Safely there he stopped to blow. Bill shifted in the saddle as his glance went swiftly, then carefully, over the pageantry unfolding about him. The undulation of hills, spotted with jack pine and seamed with canyons, moved majestically among shifting cloud curtains. Nothing in sight. He reached for the glasses that hung on his saddle horn and lifted them to his eyes. Still nothing, except those warning curtains.

An aching heaviness settled the boy deeper in the saddle. Those colts must be somewhere near. For days he had ridden the lower slopes without a glimpse of them. A cold wind struck his face and his hopes soared. Maybe the wind would drive the clouds away. More likely it would close the curtain completely. Something was haywire for, with this weather, the horses should have been headed for the valley.

"Let them go," Jake, Mom's new husband, had said last night. "Colts have wintered out before and, with this spell of weather on the way, you are more likely to run into trouble than horses."

"Yes," Mom had echoed. "They'll come home when they get hungry."

Bill hadn't answered that. Mom could sure play dumb sometimes. She knew as well as Bill that there were several reasons why a horse might not come back to the ranch. Every fall Dad had combed these hills for colts and geldings that had summered out.

"Rings is with them."

Mom had blinked hard at that, but almost at once had asked, "How do you know?"

"Because I know, and he's the one I'm . . ."

"He knows his way around," Jake had interrupted, "and if he doesn't he isn't worth the risk you are taking. There is a bad storm brewing. Don't leave the ranch tomorrow."

"And who are you to be giving me orders?" Bills eyes had demanded, but because of Mom he had kept quiet. He would never forgive Jake for that crack—never. And he would never treat him as a father, even if he was Mom's new husband.

Rings was all that Bill had left now that Mom had turned traitor. A year last summer to have seen Rings was to have seen Dad, and the other way about. Why, that horse was practically human. That's why he had run away. Bill might try it himself. He would like to run so fast and so far he would leave behind forever the aching emptiness left by Dad's going. He had thought he was forgetting a little when this situation over Rings had come up. Maybe if he and Rings tried they could find that mysterious place where Dad was.

Kid stuff! He shook his head to clear his eyes. It didn't do much good. Oh, well, he could bawl all he wanted. There was no one to see or care since Mom was so wrapped up in Jake. His mouth tightened stubbornly. After that crack by Jake he would find Rings or die trying.

Now Bill turned in the saddle and looked back the way he had come. Through a break in the hills he could see the toy buildings that marked the Home Ranch, and back of this last ridge, but out of sight, was the Halfway Ranch. The men there still hadn't gone to the valley for the winter.

A stinging wind struck his face. It felt like snow and he'd better get a move on. No one but Dad had ever found his way out of these hills in a blizzard. Jake had been right about one thing, Rings did know his way around, and that was why he should have been home. And every horse had his blind spot, even Rings.

Skeets jumped at an unexpected dig with the spurs and started to run down the short slope. He was still running when the upward slope of another hill slowed him. Again Bill searched the landscape. Skeets grew restless but was held by the pressure of his rider's knees.

THE drifting clouds had massed for an attack. The hills were a confusing hotchpotch of dull lights and darker shadows. Back of the hills the mountains thrust their white peaks above the clouds. Bill was alone in a world of silence and space. Why hope to find a horse in this expanse of eternity?

With a grunt of despair Bill dropped his glasses, then raised them abruptly. Something had moved, a shadow had emerged from a clump of pines. Bill's heart knocked hard against his ribs. It was a horse. Skeets jumped at his yell of triumph, but headed north by east as the reins directed. The ground was seamed by gulches and

stippled with shrubs and boulders, but they pushed relentlessly ahead. It was not far as the crow flies, but Skeets was not a crow.

The next time Bill stopped to look he had trouble locating the spot. When his eyes finally caught it he expelled his breath with relief. It was Rings. He could tell by his size and by the way he held his head. There was something so like Dad in the proud free way the horse threw his head. The sight brought back the aching. The colts were there, too, but they were milling around instead of traveling. Bill knew the spot. It was a bare high knob jutting out from a broken point of the mountain. He and Dad had often passed there when they went fishing in Crystal Lake.

The knob and Crystal Lake brought fresh memories of Dad and of home that wasn't a home any longer. If only Dad hadn't tried to ride that black bronc. He had ridden wilder ones, but this time something had slipped. Later Jake had shot the bronc, but that hadn't brought Dad back. Jake had been foreman of the Home Ranch ever since Bill could remember. He had a place joining on the south, but ever since his wife's death he had lived with the rest of them. Now he was running the Home Ranch and trying to run Bill. Some day Bill would run that ranch himself with no help from anyone—least of all Jake.

It took a long half hour to reach the slope opposite the knob. Bill saw at a glance why the colts weren't traveling. There was but one way down from the knob and that way lead across a steep narrow cut. From there it zigzagged

down to meet the forestry road. There was no snow on the bluff, but a blanket of it lay across the gulch. Undoubtedly the horses had taken shelter in the grove of trees during an earlier storm, and when it was over snow blocked their way either up or down. With all their sense, horses were sure dumb about some things. They might break through a fence but they would never cross the snow.

"Hi, Rings!"

A dark roan, with white rings about his eyes, had been watching their approach. At Bill's greeting he came galloping down the short slope, but stopped abruptly at the edge of the snowdrift. He tossed his head and whistled excitedly. Bill swung from the saddle and went to stand opposite him. With reins dangling, Skeets followed.

"You are half-starved."

THERE was a deep hollow below the horse's hip bone, and his ribs could be counted at a glance. The colts had taken an even harder beating. A quick look at the trees in the background showed how hungry they were.

"Come on, Rings, come on across." Bill took a handful of oats from his pocket and held it out coaxingly. The horse sniffed and stepped forward gingerly. Bill held his breath as one powerful foot after another tested the snow. Rings gained confidence, but abruptly one leg sank to the shoulder in snow. Squealing with terror, the horse plunged back to solid footing, nor could Bill coax or threaten him into making the attempt again. The yearlings had followed Rings down the slope and, excited by Bill's coax-

ing, they milled about the older horse.

Hunched so the collar of his sheepskin jacket protected his head, Bill considered. The only way to release these cayuses was to break a trail for them, but it was now or never. If he took time to go for help the storm would block the passes before he could get back.

"No horse is worth the risk you are taking," Jake had said. Maybe not. If he had a gun he might shoot them, but now that he was here he wasn't leaving them to starve. From the looks of them, that wouldn't take too long.

Tentatively Bill put out a foot to test the snow. There should be a crust from an earlier storm that would hold his weight. The gulch was twenty or thirty yards across, but the snow might vary from six inches to twenty feet in depth. He studied the slope to determine where the gulch might be the shallowest. The colts followed Rings back and forth slowly, as if they had no part in what was going on.

Bill started across. He had gone a dozen feet when the crust broke and he was floundering in snow to his armpits. Panic seized him, and he twisted about and fought his way back to solid footing. He stamped hard, beating the snow from his boots and levis. He beat his hands together to warm them. He looked about for help but there was none. There were only the hills and the silence and the storm that was coming his way on the double. A few stinging flakes struck his face and sifted under his collar.

"I can't do it." He turned, and Rings, as if sensing his doubt, whinnied softly. Misery clouded the

boy's eyes. "If I stop to help you out the storm will take you and me, and the colts."

Wasn't that what Jake had said? But Jake—with vivid clarity, a memory came to Bill, something out of his life with Dad. The time had been the Fourth of July and the occasion a community rodeo. His Dad had won several events, and Bill had decided he wanted to ride a calf.

"No," his father had told him several times, "you will get hurt."

"No, I won't."

"But you will. In five years you may ask me again."

But Bill had persisted. "I ride them at home all the time and I want to try."

"All right." Dad's mouth had looked grim even to a six-year-old. "You might as well have your lesson right now, but don't expect sympathy."

BILL still remembered the awful sting of the sand as he had plowed face first into it. He had wanted horribly to cry, but he had blinked hard and staggered away. The next thing he remembered he and Dad had been sitting on high stools sipping ice cream sodas. The cool inside his throat helped a little to make him forget the burn on his face and hands. That night Mom had laid them both out while she was trying to wash the grains of sand from his face.

"When a man asks for something," Dad had answered, watching the washing with one eye and his paper with the other, "he has to take what he gets."

Okay. He had lived through that, he could live through this—

maybe. Skeets could help. Bill uncoiled a rope from his saddle horn and tied the loose end about his waist. If he got in too deep he could climb out hand over hand.

"Hold it," he told Skeets.

The frozen ground creaked under his boots. Bill studied the slope carefully and chose a spot slightly below where he had tried before. Carefully, tentatively, he pushed one foot ahead of the other. Maybe, just maybe, he would have luck all the way across. Here the blanket might be shallow enough to—the thought ended abruptly, as one leg went through the crust. Once broken, the snow refused to hold him. For a frightening moment he floundered, but gradually his feet packed the snow so he could work forward. He shuffled and stamped, going ahead by falls rather than by steps. In five minutes he had broken into a sweat that chilled instantly when he stopped to rest. The sharp wind, sweeping down from the slopes, picked up and loosened snow and flung it in his eyes and under the cuffs and collar of his jacket. He lost track of time. There was only one thing in the universe, and that was the need for speed. Slowly, slowly, he lessened the distance between him and the horses.

He reached the part of the snow that should be the deepest. This was where the test would come. If the snow were too deep, his cause was lost. He lurched ahead and was jerked abruptly onto his back. Scrambling frantically to his feet he looked about—he had just come to the end of his rope.

Without hesitation, he took off his gloves and held them under his

(Continued on page 210)

Be a Guest at Your Own Party

Phyllis Snow

Home Service Director, Salt Lake City Area, Mountain Fuel Supply Company

YOU don't think it can be done? Then you need to try a buffet dinner. Gone are the days when cooks spent hours over the stove and the table groaned under its load of food. Living today is more casual and informal, and entertaining is simpler.

The buffet meal, which enlists the aid of the guests themselves, is a delightful innovation which fits in beautifully and is becoming increasingly popular.

Anyone can entertain with a buffet meal—the older couple now moved from the big family home to a small apartment just big enough for two; the woman who works and can't be home to prepare a big dinner; the woman with small children and a big house to keep up; the man or girl living in one room, and who must serve from a small table; and even the newly marrieds on a “two can live as cheaply as one” budget.

The menu may be merely a cheese tray with crackers and fruit, or as much as a two course dinner. Seldom is it more complicated. In any case it should be possible to do the preparation in advance. With last minute dashing practically eliminated, you can be a guest at your own party.

Plates, napkins, silver, and food are arranged attractively and conveniently on the buffet table, and guests serve themselves. Though they may balance their filled plates on their laps during the meal, it is, of course, more convenient if trays or small tables are provided.

There are many kinds of buffet meals, and therefore no one set of directions is possible. The size of your apartment or house, the facilities of your kitchen or kitchenette, whether you have a garden, terrace, porch, or barbecue pit, your own personality, and that of your proposed guests, your financial situation, the time of day, and many other things will influence your plans.

Do, however:

1. Invite only the number of guests you can handle conveniently.
2. Select a menu that can be prepared before serving time, and which will not become unappetizing if allowed to stand.
3. Avoid too much food. Quality, not quantity, is the important thing, and the food need not be expensive to be delicious. A casserole may be just as tempting and good as a ham or turkey, if it is properly prepared and attractively served.
4. Try out any new dishes on the family the week before the party.
5. Serve hot foods hot and cold foods cold.
6. Arrange the table and its appointments so that traffic to the buffet does not interfere with that leaving it.
7. Plan your party carefully and organize the preparation so as to conserve your energies and sunny disposition and enable you to enjoy your guests, not just be thankful when it is time for them to go.
8. Plan so that the conclusion of your buffet will go as smoothly as the beginning.

9. If necessary enlist the aid of one or two close friends to help with the serving.
10. Be nonchalant whatever happens—never make a party seem a task. Avoid any sign of fidgeting or hurrying on your part.

Remember, delicious food, attractively arranged conveys the wish of the poised, relaxed hostess. "Accept this hospitality that comes from my heart and share with me the best I have to offer."

Here is a sample of how we organized one buffet dinner. By following a similar plan you can easily fit buffet entertaining into your own schedule. It is not always necessary to write out plans in this much detail, but it is necessary to think them through completely.

MENU

Spizzierinktum (Served by host or a friend as guests arrive)

Salmon Delmonico in a Rice Ring

Peas

Orange-Grapefruit Salad

Poppy Seed Dressing

Relish Trays

Bran Rolls

Almond Torte

Hot Spiced Grape Juice



Hal Rumel

TABLE SET FOR BUFFET DINNER

Put the empty serving dishes and serving silver where they will go when the food is served. This is a grand way to see the picture your table will make for the guests. When the picture satisfies you, stack the serving dishes ready for use in the kitchen.

Remember to arrange dishes in a consistent fashion so that the food is put on the plate in the order of its importance. Beverages should come last. Napkins and silver are secured after the food has all been served.

Don't forget salt and pepper shakers somewhere on the buffet, for some tastes call for extra seasoning. Guests may not want to ask for them if they are not in sight. A pitcher of water and glasses should also be handy. Be as conventional or different as you please in decorating your buffet. Hothouse flowers in a lovely bowl may be centered on the table. Or push the table against the wall and arrange greens, autumn leaves, pine cones, and harvest vegetables, or fruit in a wide basket at one end away from the service of food. Keynote the setting with the occasion: a country supper is amusing if a row of geraniums, in freshly painted white pots borders the table where it has been pushed against a brick or summerhouse wall.

Candlelight, for a town apartment or a winter night in the country, brings out the best in everybody. But do have enough candles.

Arrange a tray of dessert china and silver and leave in the kitchen.

Arrange trays for passing Spizzerinktum.

Following are the recipes we used.

As you see, thorough advance planning and preparation eliminate guesswork and worry and make a buffet dinner one of the most pleasant ways of entertaining for hostess and guest alike.

RECIPES

SPIZZERINKTUM

- | | | |
|---|---|------------------------|
| 1. Beat until thick and lemon colored | 2 | eggs |
| | | ½ c. sugar |
| | | ⅛ tsp. salt |
| 2. Blend in | | Juice of three oranges |
| | | 2 c. cranberry juice |
| | | Juice of one lemon |
| 3. Pour over cracked ice in glasses | | |
| Yield: 6 glasses | | |

SALMON DELMONICO IN A RICE RING

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1. Melt in a saucepan | ¼ | c. butter |
| 2. Blend in | ¼ | c. flour |
| | ½ | tsp. salt |
| | ⅛ | tsp. pepper |
| 3. Add gradually while stirring constantly | 2 | c. milk |
| 4. Stir and cook until smooth and thickened (about 4 minutes) | | |
| 5. Pour hot mixture on | 1 | egg yolk, slightly beaten |
| 6. Cook over low heat about 1 minute | | |
| 7. Add and mix well | 1 | 1-lb. can red salmon, drained and flaked |
| | 1 | 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms, drained |

RICE RING

Temperature: 400°; Time: 45 min. if chilled prior to baking, 30 min. if hot when ready to bake.

1. Wash thoroughly in several waters 2 c. rice
2. Drain
3. Slowly drop rice into 5 c. boiling water
Make sure that the boiling does not stop. 1 tsp. salt
4. Cover and simmer 25 minutes. Do not stir.
5. When rice is soft but firm, drain in a colander, but do not rinse.
6. Add and mix well 2/3 c. minced parsley
6 tbsp. melted butter
7. Press into a well-greased 8-inch ring mold.
8. Set mold into a pan of hot water.
9. Bake
10. Remove from oven, invert on a serving plate, and fill center with Salmon Delmonico.
11. Surround mold with buttered peas

Yield: 6-8 servings

RELISH TRAY

Carrot curls: Wash and scrape tender young carrots, cut into paper thin slices lengthwise with a vegetable peeler, roll tightly and fasten with toothpicks. Crisp in ice water. Remove toothpicks before serving.

Stuffed celery: Stuff small sticks of celery with softened pimiento cheese. Garnish with chopped nuts or paprika.

Olives and pickles: Choose very large (colossal is a good size) stuffed green and ripe olives. Small gherkins go well with this.

ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

1. Using a sharp knife, peel as though paring an apple 2 Texas pink grapefruit
3 medium oranges

(Remove narrow strips of peel and use a sawing motion with the knife, not a pushing motion. Be sure all white membrane is removed as you go.)

2. Remove pulp by sections, cutting away from tough portion, first on one side of section, then on other.
3. Chill thoroughly.
4. Arrange in lettuce cups
5. Garnish with pomegranate seeds
6. Serve with poppy seed dressing

Yield: 6 servings

POPPY SEED DRESSING

1. Mix together 1 c. sugar
1/2 tbsp. flour
1/4 tsp. mustard
1 tbsp. paprika
2. Add, and cook 2 minutes 1/2 c. vinegar
3. Cool
4. Add 2 1/2 tsp. onion juice

- 5. Beat in slowly 1 c. salad oil
- 6. Add 1 tsp. poppy seed

Note: Celery seed may be substituted for the poppy seed. This is particularly good on fruit salads, especially grapefruit and avocado or grapefruit and orange.

BRAN ROLLS

Temperature 400°; Time: 12 to 15 minutes

- 1. Mix in large mixing bowl 1 c. bran
1/4 c. mashed potatoes
1/2 c. lard or butter
1/3 c. sugar
 - 2. Add 2 c. scalded milk
 - 3. Cool until tepid.
 - 4. Soften 1 cake compressed yeast in
1/2 c. lukewarm water
 - 5. Add to milk mixture.
 - 6. Add 2 beaten eggs
 - 7. Sift together and add 2 c. sifted flour
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. soda
 - 8. Beat thoroughly
 - 9. Gradually add enough more flour to make a dough (about 4-6 c.).
 - 10. Knead 2 minutes.
 - 11. Grease top of dough. Cover tightly and place in refrigerator over night. (May be stored in refrigerator 4 to 5 days before using.)
 - 12. Shape and place in pans about two hours before baking.
- Yield: 4 dozen rolls.

ALMOND TORTE

- 1. Cream until soft and pliable 1/2 c. soft butter
- 2. Work in 1/2 c. sugar
- 3. Beat in one at a time 4 egg yolks
- 4. Sift together 3 times 1 c. sifted cake flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
5 tbsp. milk
- 5. Add dry ingredients alternately by thirds with 5
(Use a stroke count of 50, 50, 125.)
- 6. Spread the thick batter evenly in 2 well-greased,
8-inch layer tins.
- 7. Beat until stiff 4 egg whites
- 8. Beat in, 2 tbsp. at a time 1 c. sugar
- 9. Add 1 tsp. vanilla, dash salt
- 10. Spread over batter, sealing to pan sides.
- 11. Sprinkle with 2/3 c. blanched almonds,
shredded
- 12. Bake. Temperature 325°; Time: 30 Minutes
- 13. Cool.
- 14. Whip 1 c. heavy cream
- 15. Fold in 2 tbsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 16. Put torte together with cake surfaces in the middle and the sweetened, whipped cream between. (The meringue will be on the bottom of the torte and also on the top.)

17. Chill thoroughly.
Yield: 1 cake

HOT SPICED GRAPE JUICE

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|---------------|---------------------|
| 1. Tie in a bag | 1 | 1 | tblsp. whole cloves |
| | | 2 | sticks cinnamon |
| 2. Add to | 2 | | c. water |
| 3. Simmer 5 minutes | | | |
| 4. Add and reheat to boiling | 1 | 1 | qt. grape juice |
| | | $\frac{3}{4}$ | c. orange juice |
| | | $\frac{1}{4}$ | c. lemon juice |
| 5. Serve hot. | | | |

* * * *

Three Hobbies

Maria C. Hardy of Colonia Dublan, Mexico, is skilled in Netting, Cake Making, and Modeling Figurines

Maria C. Hardy, seventy years old, a Relief Society visiting teacher, a practical nurse, and a homemaker, has still found time and energy for the development and perfecting of three unusual hobbies: netting, cake making, and modeling figurines. The exquisite tablecloth, shown in the picture, is sixty-four inches wide and seventy-two inches long, and was made in two years. Sister Hardy also crochets and embroiders, making many unusual and beautifully designed articles.

In cake making Sister Hardy specializes in wedding cakes, which she decorates with a mixture of powdered sugar, egg whites, and cream of tartar, or lemon juice. Her favorite motifs for decoration are the bride and groom, roses, hearts, lattice work, and forget-me-nots. The bride and groom for the wedding cake are made from granulated sugar poured into molds which were purchased in Mexico City. The center figure in the lower right-hand corner is a representation of a young woman in a fancy dress, and the right-hand figurine is a bust made for a birthday cake.

In her work as obstetrical nurse, Maria Hardy has delivered 705 babies, and is well-known and well-loved in her com-



MARIA C. HARDY

munity for the service she renders to all who are ill or in trouble.

—Gladys K. Wagner

For the Strength of the Hills

CHAPTER 2

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Camilla Fenton, an orphan who lives with an aunt in Santa Monica, California, arrives at the railroad station near Crandall, Idaho, where she is employed as the new schoolteacher. Stanley Rodgers, a farmer, takes her in his jeep to the home of Mrs. Whipple, a widow who takes boarders. Camilla finds out that Stanley is unmarried and that he is going out with Marcia Ellertson. At a dance, Stan dances with her.

THE first week of school passed somehow, much to Camilla's surprise. Twenty-five students in four different grades, she decided, was something only a paragon should be required to cope with, and she readily admitted to herself that she was far from being a paragon—as far as schoolteaching was concerned, anyway.

At any rate I have today and tomorrow in which to catch my breath, she thought gratefully as she ate breakfast on Saturday morning. By noon she had not only caught her breath but had become thoroughly bored even with reading and letter writing.

"I'll go sketching," she announced, with sudden inspiration. "It would be a shame to waste this lovely day indoors."

She dug out paper and crayons, put on a woolen suit and Oxfords, and started out for the foothills, where the yellow aspens were interspersed with clumps of crimson scrub oak and maple.

There was absolutely no reason, she told herself, why she shouldn't go by way of the Rodgers farm. The

road there was as good as any, probably better. The view from the hill would also be as good, or better than any.

There were men working out in the fields when she passed, but at such a distance she couldn't tell one from another. Her boredom of the morning vanished, and she felt happy all through. The contrast of the purple sage and yellow aspens was fascinating, and she sketched with the most genuine pleasure she had felt in months.

It is absurd, she told herself, to spend all of one's life in the same place. Maybe next year I'll go to Alaska or Canada, well, Puget Sound, anyway.

Her pleasant daydreaming was interrupted by a faint rustle, and she looked up to see a grayish brown animal watching her from a short distance away. For a moment she sat paralyzed with fright. She supposed it was a coyote—it just couldn't be a wolf—and people said that coyotes weren't dangerous. But it could probably tell that she was scared to death and would come right at her. She knew that the proper thing to do would be to stand her ground and act defiant, but she couldn't. Picking up her things, she fled down the hillside as fast as she could go, not even looking behind to see if the beast was following her.

Even when she had reached the edge of the Rodgers farm she couldn't slow down, although she

was so weak from fright that she all but dropped in the road.

She had another fright when Stan popped up from behind a clump of bushes and called, "What's your hurry, lady? Going to catch a train?"

"No," she replied, her fright melting away, "but I'd like to, at the moment. I went up on the hill to sketch, and I was surrounded by wild beasts."

"You don't say!" he drawled. "How many and what species?"

"Only one, that I actually saw," she admitted. "But I'm sure that he had a whole pack right behind him."

"Cougar?" he asked.

She was tempted to let it go at that, but, after a moment's pause, confessed, "No, it was a coyote, I think, although it might have been a wolf."

"There aren't any wolves around here," he scoffed, "and I didn't think that a big girl like you would be afraid of a coyote. All you'd have to do is throw one rock and he'd hightail it for the peaks so fast you couldn't see him for dust."

"Well, I didn't happen to know that, so I did the hightailing instead."

He grinned tolerantly and offered, "Wait until I get the jeep and I'll run you down."

She accepted his offer gratefully, for the hills were much farther away than they had looked, and the run had tired her considerably. When they stopped in front of Mrs. Whipple's house he produced a pair of apples from somewhere and handed her one, which she sat munching with a curious sense of

elation. At the moment she could think of no pastime more desirable than sitting in a jeep and eating apples.

"Would you like to go to a barn dance tonight?" he asked, throwing his core across the road.

"A real barn dance! Oh, I'd love it!" she exclaimed, her eyes glowing.

"Okay. I'll pick you up about eight—if I can get the chores done by then. And listen," he cautioned, "don't let on to anyone else that you ran away from a poor little old coyote."

SHE laughed as he helped her out and ran up the path to the house. A barn dance! It would be lots of fun. What should she wear? A cotton print, probably. She had a very nice paisley print with a wide skirt.

She put away her drawing materials and brought out the dress to give it a pressing. She really would have liked to check with Mrs. Whipple to be sure that it was appropriate, but her landlady had gone into town, as the next place was known, and had left supper out on the table.

It won't matter anyway, she thought. People wear prints everywhere now. I can't go wrong. She tied a yellow ribbon around her auburn curls and waited impatiently for Stan to come. "The chores!" she grumbled as the clock hands moved around to eighty-thirty. "What a country. Even a Saturday night date has to wait on the chores."

He came whistling up the walk and made no apologies when she opened the door. Instead, he

handed her a white kitten and said amiably, "Here's something to take the place of your beau back home."

"Thanks very much," she said. "It won't be quite the same, but it will help." She held it up to her cheek as she added, "It really is sweet. I had a kitten once long before, before—" she stopped. It was hard to explain Aunt Lillian, who believed in so few of the things that Camilla herself believed in.

She set the kitten on the floor and asked, "Do I look all right? I mean—the other girls will be wearing dresses, won't they?"

"To a barn dance? You're all right. You look good enough to eat."

"That should be good enough," she smiled.

A few minutes later when they arrived at the dance she saw that her outfit was definitely not all right. She was the only girl there not wearing a pair of levis, and she was very much afraid they would think she was acting "high hat." She was almost sure that there was a noticeable coolness towards her, although she couldn't determine whether it was due to her clothes or the fact that she had taken Stan away from a local girl.

She did her very best to be friendly with everyone and had a good time in spite of the undercurrent of disapproval. It was impossible not to have a good time with Stan, she decided.

The thought crossed her mind that perhaps it was just because she was away from home that he seemed so fascinating and that it might be different in her familiar background. Then she remembered

that Boyd had seemed uninteresting for the very same reason and that she had hoped to make up her mind by going away. What kind of a mugwump was she, anyway, she asked herself? Did she have to get her friends against a particular background to know what kind of feelings she had towards them? She had no answer. All she knew was that she enjoyed every minute of the time she spent with Stan.

THE first real snowstorm of the winter came early in December and she donned the galoshes that Mrs. Whipple had warned her to buy. She hadn't dreamed that the mere matter of keeping warm could be such a problem. At Mrs. Whipple's the only heat came from the kitchen range and a heatrola in the front room, while at school there was only a stove in the middle of the room that roasted one side while the other practically froze.

She was sitting at her desk one Friday afternoon correcting papers when she happened to glance up and see little Aline Wakely still in her seat.

"Why didn't you go in the school bus?" she asked.

"Daddy said that he might come into town and that if he did he would pick me up."

"Oh, dear, you shouldn't have waited," said Camilla, very much disturbed. "I'm ready to go home now, and I can't leave you here. I suppose that I had best walk down the road with you until we meet him."

They put on their wraps and hurried out. As they started down the road Camilla called to one of the

school children, "Will you please go over and tell Mrs. Whipple that I'm walking home with Aline Wakely. I'll get back as soon as I can."

She was hopeful that she wouldn't have to go any great distance, for Mr. Wakely surely was on the way. She noticed the clouds were getting very dark and the wind was beginning to rise. It might even storm before she got back, she worried. In fact, she'd be awfully lucky if it didn't. She really shouldn't have let herself in for this, she reasoned, now that it was too late to turn back. She should have insisted that the child come home with her. She had just about given up hope now that Mr. Wakely would meet them. If he had been coming into town, he would have come long before this.

They tramped along, the wind whipping against them, and at last Aline said, "That's our house over there."

"Then I'll stand here and watch until you reach the door," said Camilla. "In that way I'll know that you are getting home all right." There was no need, she told herself, to struggle through any more of that snow than she had to.

Aline left, and Camilla waited impatiently, thumping her cold feet one against the other to try to work up the circulation. When the child had reached the house and disappeared inside, she turned to go back down the road.

The snowflakes were beginning to fall now, and the wind was rising. She would have to hurry or she might be in for a serious time.

She couldn't get caught in a storm out here. It was all of a mile to the house—maybe more. It certainly seemed like more. In a few minutes the storm broke in earnest, and she couldn't even see the farmhouses along the way, otherwise she would have turned into one of them and phoned for help or asked someone to take her on home.

THE wind had risen now so that the snow stung her face and drifted about her feet. Why hadn't someone warned her, she thought bitterly, what a terrible thing a blizzard could be? But then, who would ever have supposed that she would take off into one by herself? Oh, to be back in California where, in spite of earthquakes or floods, you could always see where you were going! At this very moment her aunt might be sitting out on the patio enjoying the sunshine. Boyd might be driving along the ocean front, without a coat, and with the top of his convertible rolled down, while she was stumbling along in a blinding snowstorm.

Once she fell and had to force herself to get back on her feet again. She had a feeling that if it happened once more she wouldn't be able to get up. She was so weary from struggling against the wind and drifting snow that she could hardly push one foot in front of the other. I can't possibly drag myself all the way back, she thought. I might just as well give up now.

But she found that she couldn't give up—that she had to fight on as long as she had an ounce of energy left. Another gust of snow-laden wind hit her with such force that

she cried out and thought that she must have been imagining when she heard Stan's voice call, "Camilla! Where are you?"

"Here! Here!" she cried, sinking down into the snow, now that she no longer had to rely on her own efforts.

The next minute his arms were around her, and he was helping her into the jeep.

"What in the world were you thinking of to go out in this storm?" he scolded as he wrapped blankets around her. "I never saw anyone so crazy. You're scared of a coyote, but you tackle a blizzard."

The scolding was too much for Camilla, on top of everything else, and she started to cry.

"I'm sorry, honey," he said, taking her in his arms. "It's just because I was nearly crazy myself. When Mrs. Whipple phoned that you had gone to take that kid home in this storm I was scared to death."

He tucked the blankets more closely around her and started up the jeep.

Camilla sat in a daze. I can't be in love, she thought. I can't be tingling with joy at the thought of spending my life in a place like this. It must be that I'm only half-conscious. But, in spite of her bewildered questioning, the fact remained that nothing in her whole life before had ever stirred her as his words had done.

They were at the house in a few minutes, where Mrs. Whipple was waiting anxiously with hot water bottles, hot broth, and everything else that she had been able to lay her hands on.

Stan stayed just long enough to see that she was going to be all right, but before he left he took her hand for a moment and whispered, "I told you that we always keep the red-headed ones."

(To be continued)

To a Fountain

Dana Benson

I stood and watched a fountain playing in the square,
A shining jet of silver bursting through the air.
Here was a living, leaping thing, a laughing spray
Of singing water gleaming in the sunless day.

I wished poetic thoughts could come like this to me,
A freshly springing fountain flowing strong and free
To force the inward joy that nothing could suppress—
In spite of fogs that come and dim real happiness.

Play on, gay fountain, let the world go roaring by
And fling your message like a challenge to the sky.
Lift up your argent voice above the busy town,
And let your misty joys bring sorrows tumbling down.

Soup Makes the Meal

Sara Mills

A French politician once urged that before a woman be allowed to marry she should first learn how to make soup. That was nearly two hundred years ago, and no law came from his efforts. But today there are still men who wish he had succeeded.

Good soup nourishes not only the body but the heart of man. It can soothe him when he is worried and bolster his courage when the day is dark and the world is gray. Soup is necessary in summer as well as in winter. It can be an appetizer to a meal or the meal itself. The woman who serves an inspired soup is forgiven if the roast is burned or the pie crust soggy.

For purposes of brevity, we may discuss three kinds of soup: (1) thin clear soups to stimulate the appetite—consomme, bouillon, broth; (2) hearty soups—thick vegetable soups, chowders, pepper pot, and minestrone; (3) cream soups, thin or light.

All meat soups have stock for a base. Master the art of stock making, and you are well on the way. Fresh, uncooked meat, aided by cracked bones, is the best source. The bones are important because they provide nourishment and flavor. The jelly-like content of cold stock will tell you if you have enough of the bone substance.

Of all the soup meats, the shin is the most popular. The neck takes longer cooking, but its soup has more flavor and strength. A veal knuckle is a good choice to go with the shin or neck. You may instead use chicken or turkey bones, or the bones of wild game birds if you are lucky enough to have them.

Now for the cooking technique. Soup meat should always be put to cook in cold water and allowed to simmer slowly until the meat is tender. You may even allow the cold water to stand over the meat for an hour before cooking. The cooking stock should never be boiled fast. If more water is needed, add it boiling to retain the flavor. And underline this last, please: If you want brown stock, sear the meat and bones in their own fat before cooking. When the stock is made, you have your base for a light or hearty soup. Remember, the stock can be stored in the refrigerator for several days. Stock kept over a day is best sealed with its own fat, to be removed before reheating.

CLEAR BEEF SOUP

For each one and one-half pounds of beef, use one pound of bone and one quart of cold water, and about one-half teaspoon of salt for each quart of water. Wash the meat and bones in cold water and place in a soup kettle. Add cold water and salt. Bring to a gradual boil and let boil gently for a few minutes while the scum is carefully removed.

When the scum is gone add the following vegetables (amounts are for each two quarts of water used):

- 1 scraped carrot cut in several pieces
- 1 small white turnip pared and quartered
- 1 large onion, peeled and studded with 2 whole cloves
- 1 thin slice of garlic
- 1 piece of parsnip the size of a walnut, pared and cut in several pieces
- 1 stalk of celery cut into inch pieces

- 1 bay leaf
- 1 dozen sprigs of fresh parsley
- 1 sprig of thyme
- 1 leek
- 8 peppercorns, gently crushed
(Tie bay leaf, parsley, thyme, and leek together with white thread)

Bring the stock and vegetables to a boil and let simmer until the meat is tender. To serve, strain the hot soup, season to taste, and serve. If you wish a clear consommé, let cool and remove the cake of fat. If you wish a vegetable soup, add vegetables finely cut to the hot stock, and let boil gently until the vegetables are just tender. You may also add tomatoes, solid or juice, and any or a number of the soup pastes or rice, and cook until done. Serve with a handful of finely chopped parsley on top and grated Parmesan cheese, along with oven-toasted, buttered French bread.

MINISTRONE

Minestrone is to me the soup of soups. I waited years for a certain wandering gentleman who promised that he would someday come to our home to make minestrone for us. The recipe that follows is my version of his method. Minestrone should use only young and tender vegetables. It must be thick with them, and don't serve it unless you have freshly grated Parmesan cheese.

Bring two quarts of the beef stock made by the above recipe to a boil and add:

- several strips of salt pork (about ¼ lb.)
- 1 c. cooked chick peas
- 1 c. fresh kidney beans (cooked dried ones may be substituted)
- 2 stalks celery, scraped and cut fine
- 1 c. new peas
- 1 ½ c. shredded cabbage
- 1 c. shredded spinach (chard for second choice)
- ½ c. diced carrots
- 2 or 3 peeled fresh tomatoes chopped (juice to taste may be substituted)
- ½ c. uncooked white rice
- salt, pepper, a sprig of sage
- 1 c. sliced potatoes may be used.

Simmer until the vegetables are tender, taste for seasoning, and add enough hot stock to thin the soup to your liking.

ONION SOUP FROM BROWN STOCK

This is a soup for soup lovers and is served as an appetizer. For each four persons to be served, use one pound of lean chuck or boiling meat (cut into inch cubes). Brown the cubes in beef fat, add five cups cold water, bring to a boil, add the salt, and let simmer until the meat is tender.

For each four persons use:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| 4 good sized red onions | butter |
| 1 level tbsp. flour | salt and pepper |

Peel and slice onions and brown in butter until the onions are a delicate brown and tender. Add flour and stir until the flour has been absorbed and lightly browned. To the boiling stock add the onions and boil gently for thirty-five minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

To serve, pour the soup into a large oven-proof serving dish, top with slices of buttered toast on which have been placed slices of Swiss or Parmesan cheese. Slide the dish into the oven and leave until the cheese is melted. Serve at once in the same dish.

Anniversary Alms

Mildred R. Stutz

MELISSA and Dan had been married fifteen years and had five children. It isn't easy to save money for such things as anniversary gifts, with tonsilectomies and haircuts and new shoes to worry about. But Melissa had done it. She had saved twenty dollars! Twenty dollars shaved off the grocery bill, from tinting and mending the upstairs curtains, and from giving herself a home permanent.

Dan was to have a sports coat. For fifteen years Melissa had seen Dan attend every high-school football game of the season looking overdressed and uncomfortable in his business suit. This year things would be different. Dan would have a smart, brand new sports coat.

Melissa spoke to herself as she went about her kitchen, "There's a sale on at Mercers, I'll go there and—no, I won't either. I'll go to Taylors. Their things are just a little nicer than Mercers'. I'll buy Dan a coat he can really be proud of. After the children have their lunch and go back to school, I'll take little Davey and we'll go shopping. How would you like that, Davey?" she asked, turning to her three-year-old son who had entered the kitchen and was standing quietly beside the screened door. For a moment he returned her smile and then guiltily followed her eyes to his muddy shoes.

"Oh, David," Melissa moaned, "you've been playing in the water again, and I've told you over and over to stay out of it." She knelt

on the floor and examined the little shoes, and David, having received his punishment, promptly started pulling bobby pins from his mother's hair.

"Just look at your shoes," Melissa continued, "the soles are completely worn through, and you've worn them less than two weeks. David, I ought to spank you for this." Melissa arose, returned the bobby pins to her hair, and Davey scampered out of doors, the scolding forgotten.

Melissa continued to herself as she went about the kitchen, "Maybe, if I can get Dan a coat for sixteen dollars, I'll have enough left to buy David a pair of shoes. I hate to do it, but he can't go barefoot and the budget is already stretched to the bursting point." She finished the dishes thoughtfully and then, smiling to herself, said optimistically, "Well, I'll go to the sale at Mercers. They have good merchandise, too."

SHE finished her kitchen work and started lunch, then she sudsed out her hose and Bonnie's white sweater so David could wear it that afternoon to go uptown. She was hanging it to dry when the telephone rang. She glanced anxiously at lunch simmering on the stove and hurried to answer.

"Hello—oh, hello, Edith. No, I'm not busy. How are you anyway? I haven't seen you since our last meeting." Melissa listened for a moment and a smile crept across her face. "Edith, that's wonderful," she exclaimed, "I'm so happy for

you! It will be so much company for you with Jim gone so much and the older ones in school. Believe me, I enjoy Davey no end. How are you feeling?" Melissa glanced toward the kitchen. It was wonderful, of course, but lunch was beginning to scorch. "Look, Edie," she cut in, "why don't you drop in some afternoon and we'll have a real visit? . . . Oh, yes, the Children's Hospital fund. I'll pay you next time I see you," she promised vaguely. . . . "Oh, I don't blame you for wanting to wind everything up, but Edith, you mean that I'm the only one who hasn't paid? I'm so sorry. How much did we decide to donate? Five dollars? I'll stop in this afternoon and pay you. Bye."

Back in the kitchen she rescued lunch from a fiery doom and proceeded to set the table. The dickens with the money!

MELISSA murmured again to herself as she went about her kitchen, "Twenty dollars, minus four for shoes, and five for the hospital leaves . . . eleven dollars for Dan's sport coat. I can't even look at one for that price."

She finished setting the table thoughtfully and then, smiling triumphantly, decided, "I know what I'll do. I'll go to a secondhand store! You can buy anything for a song at one of those places. It's a beautiful idea and Dan can still have his sports coat!"

The front door closed quietly, and Melissa's fourteen-year-old daughter, Helen, came in. She was a tall, thin girl, immature for her age and very sensitive. Melissa had lengthened her skirt by adding a

ruffle at the bottom, but nothing could be done about her coat, which stopped far above her knees, and whose cuffs failed to cover her bony wrists.

"Hello, Helen, you're a little early, aren't you?" greeted Melissa.

"Hello, Mother." The girl stood awkwardly for a moment as if summoning courage for a plunge. "Mother," she began again and then, taking a deep breath, continued, "Mother, can't I possibly have a new coat?"

Melissa cringed inwardly. "Darling, you know I'd get you a new coat today if I had the money."

"But, Mother, couldn't you borrow from the grocery money or something? There's a sale at Mercers . . . Ada got one for only twelve and a half and . . . Oh, Mom, it's just awful to be gawky."

Melissa refused to meet the pleading look in her daughter's eyes. "Helen," she said firmly, "you're not gawky. You're a very lovely little girl. As for the coat, Dear, I'll definitely get one for you before Christmas. Maybe, if all goes well, you can have it before Thanksgiving. But right now, I just don't have the money. You understand don't you, Darling?"

"Yes, Mother, I guess so." The child turned away, and Melissa knew she was hiding tears. Her thin little shoulders slumped in defeat, and the ugly old coat strained across them. Melissa braced herself.

SHE thought, what fun would Dan have wearing a new sports coat when his daughter was eating her heart out? Weakly she started

to speak, "Helen," then paused and said decisively, "Helen, come here. I have an idea. I've got eleven dollars. I've saved it for an anniversary gift for your father. But we'll take this eleven dollars and borrow a dollar and a half from the grocery money, and we'll go to Mercers after school and buy you a new coat!"

Tears of joy rose in Helen's eyes and ran down her thin little cheeks.

"Oh, Mother, I couldn't take your money. . . . I just couldn't! There's a darling gray coat . . . there's a blue one I like, too. Oh,

Mom, you're so swell! I know we can get a beautiful coat for twelve fifty."

"I'm sure we can, too, Dear," smiled Melissa.

Melissa said to herself, as she cleared away the lunch dishes, "I know what I'll do. I'll make him a cake. It will be a chocolate cake with nuts on top. I'll get some ice cream and invite the Bradys and Cromwells in for the evening. Dan seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself last year. But next year Dan will definitely get his sports coat," said Melissa.

A Square of Grass

Ida L. Belnap

A place where friendly folks,
Sit at the close of day
And watch the ebbing hues
That leap from the sun's last ray.

A master artist mixed
The colors of richest dye,
And with one purpose made all things
"To gladden the heart and please the eye."

Another Spring

Nyal W. Anderson

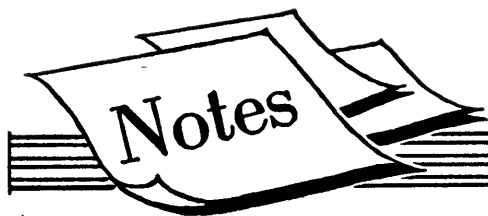
Here, morning bears the willow-winds
That fence the furtive flow
And follow sumac red with rust
Skirting the sun-carved snow.

Deep in their shadows sabled,
Where liquid mouths green jade
Lapping the roots of cherry wood,
White petals fall and fade.

The Silent

Margery S. Stewart

Oh, I would be a trumpeter and stand
On the high hills calling and calling,
Or the song in a great singer's throat,
The strong notes rising and falling,
For thee, my Lord, for thee.
Or a bird crying from mountains or the plain,
Or a river singing thy praise in secret places,
Or wild things in their unheard sweet refrain,
Or children with their rapt uplifted faces,
Singing, my Lord, for thee.
But all I have is this deep inward singing,
This beat of wings in upflung melody,
This gratitude that rises like the swell
Of music from the greatest symphony,
Singing, my Lord, for thee.



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

BAZAARS, CONVENTIONS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Josephine Jenkins

FLORIDA STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION October 30, 1950

Admiring the beautifully decorated cake prepared especially for the convention, left to right, Florence J. Madsen, member of the general board of Relief Society; General President Belle S. Spafford; Josephine Jenkins, President, Florida Stake Relief Society.

Sister Jenkins, in expressing her appreciation for the visit of the general board members, writes as follows: "We feel so grateful for the privilege of having President Spafford and Sister Madsen with us at our convention. The sisters here expressed themselves freely, and said it was such an inspirational meeting. We hope they can visit us again soon."



Photograph submitted by Beth C. Woolf

FRENCH MISSION, BELGIUM DISTRICT SINGING MOTHERS
PRESENT MUSIC FOR BELGIUM DISTRICT CONFERENCE

May 7, 1950

Relief Society women from five cities of Belgium sang together in this chorus in the chapel at Liege. The music was learned and rehearsed in each branch separately. Beth C. Woolf, President, French Mission Relief Society, reports: "Singing together as a large group was a new and satisfying experience for these sisters. This, the first Singing Mothers chorus to sing in Belgium, was directed by Jeanne Bowen and Jeen Hyer, missionaries. We have several fine active organizations of the Relief Society in our mission which we are very proud of. They would do justice to any branch or ward anywhere in the Church."



Photograph submitted by Lavena L. Rohner

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA), NINE PRESIDENTS OF
REDONDO BEACH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

The first president of this Relief Society, Sister Lorraine Cox, is seated in the center. Standing, left to right, in order of their terms of service, beginning with the second president: Essie Jensen; Jane Cobabc; Linnie Evans; Hazel Smith; Beatrice Kidman; Mildred Vansina; Geraldine Twitty; Estella Spurrier.

At the present time all of these women are living in Redondo Beach Ward. Lavena L. Rohner is president of Inglewood Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ethel L. Mauss

**JAPANESE MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY, IKEBUKURO AND MEGURO
BRANCH OFFICERS AND OTHER RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERS
ASSEMBLED AT THE MISSION HOME IN TOKYO**

Top photograph, left side, Ikebukuro Branch Relief Society officers, left to right: Sister Sagara, President; Sister Hata, Second Counselor; Sister Matsumoto, Secretary; Sister Ogawa, First Counselor.

Top photograph, right side, Meguro Branch Relief Society officers, left to right: Sister Ueda, First Counselor; Sister Yoshino, Secretary; Sister Yamaguchi, President; Sister Mitome, Second Counselor.

Bottom photograph, Relief Society leaders of the Japanese Mission assembled at the mission home in Tokyo, bottom row, left to right: Sisters Yamaguchi; Hata;

Matsumoto; Yoshino; Ueda. Back row, left to right: Sisters Dorothy Koolau, missionary; Sagara; Ethel L. Mauss, President, Japanese Mission Relief Society; Ogawa; Mitome; Ruth Needham, missionary.

Sister Mauss, in reporting Relief Society activities in the Japanese Mission, expresses her love for these dear sisters, and her appreciation of their diligence and faithfulness. "They are all such fine women. We have grown to love and respect them all. . . . We feel that we have been blessed abundantly in our efforts and we are humbly grateful for our opportunities here for service."

Sister Sagara, President of the Ikebukuro Branch, tells of her joy in the re-opening of the Japanese Mission: "I am very grateful for the grace of the Lord by which the Japanese Mission has been developed step by step, and at the present time, branches have been established in Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, Hokkaido, Niigata, Kanazawa, Sendai, Kofu, Nagano, etc., having continuously increased in number of converts. . . . Our primary desire is to build our own chapel. . . . Our second desire is to help the needy."



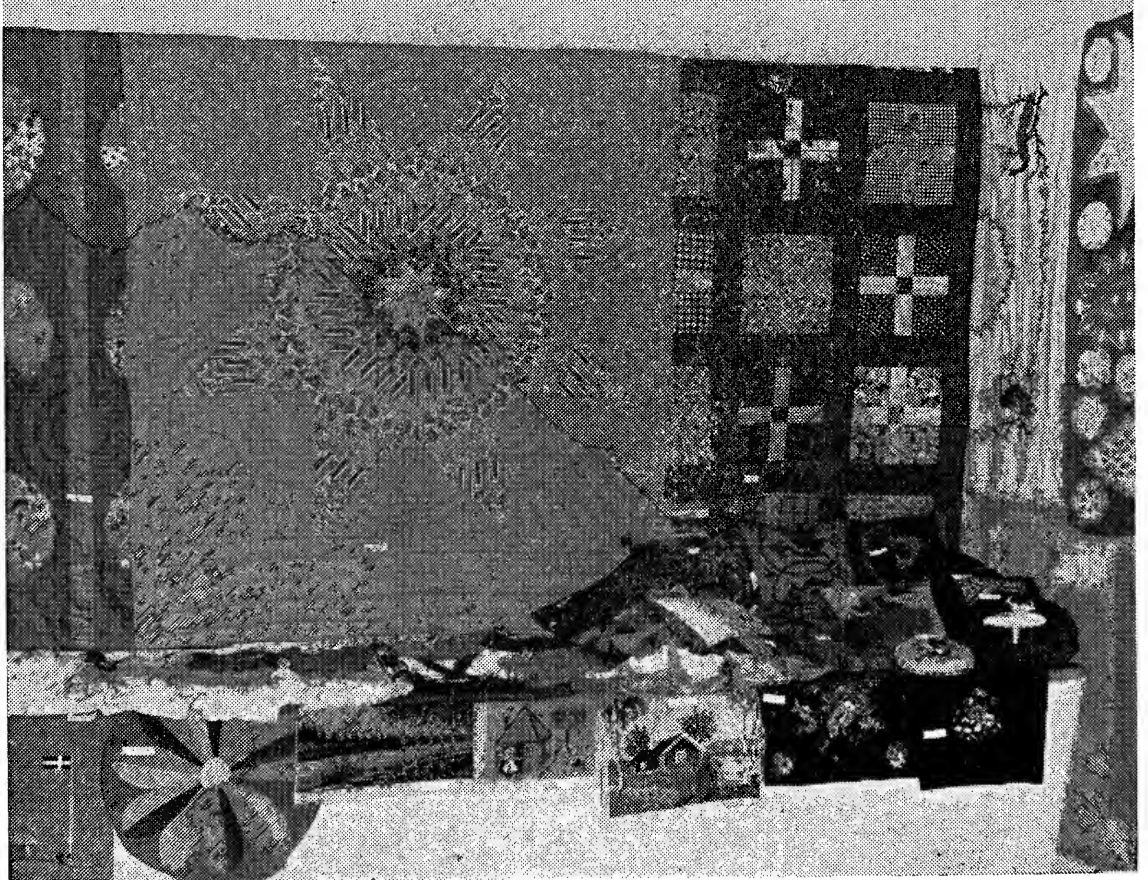
Photograph submitted by Lola M. Shumway

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), FIFTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Counselor Cornelia Hatch; President Lilly Harris; Secretary-Treasurer Florence Evans.

Articles displayed at this bazaar included beautifully embroidered pillowslips; many doilies and other crocheted articles; an attractive display of aprons, and some unusually beautiful quilts.

Lola M. Shumway is president of Phoenix Stake Relief Society.



Photographs submitted by Minnie B. Sorensen

DANISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY, CENTENNIAL DISPLAY
OF RELIEF SOCIETY HANDWORK AND SEWING AT COPENHAGEN
June 1950

The two photographs on the page at the left show only a part of the varied and beautiful display, which included over 300 articles. Sister Minnie B. Sorensen, President, Danish Mission Relief Society, reports: "We were happy and very proud of the wonderful work of our sisters and friends in making this display possible. These were the first quilts that most of our sisters had ever worked on."



Photograph submitted by Mabel A. Price

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, NORTH CAROLINA CENTRAL
DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED FOR RELIEF
SOCIETY CONVENTION, September 10, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Ruby Braddock; Clara Brown; Eunice Pateat; Alice Bremer; Mabel A. Price, President, Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society; Vena Draughan; Lake Snow; Laura Dove; Loraine Childress; Edna Karley.

Second row, standing, left to right: Olive Webb; Maggie Hiatt; Grace Hiatt; Bertha Hiatt; Vera Joyce; Daisy Allridge; Lillian King; Zelma Stowe; Allene Blanks; Irene Dixon; Grace Rudd; Mary Cooper.

Back row, standing, left to right: Vernie Hiatt; Lucy Hodge; Peachie Love; Zella Welch; Vinnie Futtrell; Stella Morgan; Carrie Stevens; Rosa Harris; Anna Lee Presler; Mary Puckett; Maude Dixon; Rosa Wilson.

Sister Mabel A. Price, President, Central States Mission Relief Society, reports that the quilts, shown in the background, were made by the women of the Relief Society organizations of the district. "The quilt furnished by the Colfax Branch was adjudged first place in workmanship and beauty of arrangement and color. In second place was the quilt furnished by the Durham Branch. The purpose of the contest was to encourage better workmanship among the Relief Society sisters, and I believe our purpose was fulfilled, as there was a fine response and the workmanship was much improved."



Photograph submitted by Lucile H. Spencer

NEBO STAKE (UTAH), PAYSON FIRST WARD SINGING MOTHERS
FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Daisy Francom; chorister Mary Wyler; accompanist Viva Allen; Allene Christensen; Ruth Miller; Ella Money; Tillie Haskell; Lucille Drollinger; Ricka Wyler, president of the chorus.

Back row, left to right: Vanetta Argyle; Flora Bissell; Jennie Elmer, President, Payson First Ward Relief Society; Charlotte King; Jennie Flanders; Eva Garner; Clea Crump; Hazel Gasser.

Lucille H. Spencer is president of Nebo Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER STAKE, LARAMIE (WYOMING) WARD SINGING MOTHERS
FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Geneva Stevens; Helen Lewis; Second Counselor Rose Eads; Bernice Frost; Phyllis Leishman; President Pearl S. Black.

Back row, left to right: director Roma Jean Stock; Jacqueline Williams; Lois Rollins; Ida Mae Smith; Amy Willis; First Counselor Frieda Nottage; Margaret Williams; Chloe B. Peterson; Lucille Craven; Geniveve Bell; Valear Jensen; Pauline Brenting; organist Hortense Burton.

These women traveled more than one hundred twenty-five miles to sing at the stake conference. They also furnished a musical program once a week for four months on the radio in Laramie, as well as giving many fine musicals in their own ward.

Della H. Teeter is president of Denver Stake Relief Society.

Pull a New Apron From the Rag Bag

Rachel K. Laurgaard



WHEN that pretty percale house dress has become worn and torn, and ready for the rag bag, and

yet, its colors are still true and bright, don't discard it. With a little sleight of hand, it can be turned into a brand new apron.

Housewives must do a lot of reaching; their dresses have such a way of wearing out around the arms and shoulders, while the skirt, especially the back, is often as good as new. So, why not take advantage of it?

Rip off the waist. Open one seam of the skirt. Cut a strip for waistband and ties from the lower edge. Stitch in a narrow hem along sides and bottom, and gather the top onto the waistband. Presto! you have pulled a new apron from the rag bag as easily as a magician pulls a rabbit from a top hat.

The Story Hour

Norma Wrathall

“Read us a story, Mother,
Of Indians in the night,
Or read about the pirates bold,
With hoarded jewels bright.”
So while the shadows gather
To frame our lamp-lit nook,
Their eyes glow deep with wonder,
Or they laugh at Captain Hook.

Oh, these are fleeting minutes,
The clock ticks swiftly on,
First thing you know, it's bedtime,
And the magic hour is gone

Then put a bookmark in the place,
And lay the book away,
It's hard to wait till story time,
Clear through another day!
The years will rob the pirates
Of their shining, golden lore;
Indians, with feathered heads,
Thrill childish dreams no more;
But the chime of children's voices,
When evening shadows start,
Will echo on forever
In the dim rooms of my heart.

Growing Pains

(Continued from page 185)
arm while he fumbled with the knot. The rope was frozen and refused to yield. From the pocket of his levis he took his knife and when he had managed to get the blade open he cut the rope. Skeets whinnied, not understanding the sudden slack.

How he made the remaining distance and how long it took him Bill merely guessed afterward. He suddenly became aware that he was lying on the ground and Rings was nuzzling him. There were tiny icicles clinging to the hairs about the horse's nostrils. Bill fished for the oats and let Rings nibble them from his hand. Then he turned his attention to his problem.

He had not made much of a trail, and he doubted if the horses would attempt it. He clutched his fingers in Ring's long mane and, talking soothingly, started across. Rings went willingly until he felt snow against his belly. Snorting, he whirled back, almost jerking Bill from his feet. The boy's temper flared.

"You knothead! You think I'm doing this for fun? Darn horses, anyway. They don't have a lick of sense sometimes." Guess at that they showed as much sense as he had. He scanned the horizon anxiously. Another hour. Taking a deep breath, he plunged back into the snow.

Going across was not hard this time, or wouldn't have been had his muscles been less tired. Back and forth, back and forth, he went trampling the snow with his heavy boots.

THERE. He had done all he could do: The temperature had risen, which meant the storm was near. Peaks and shadows that had guided him here were now curtailed out. A sense of hurry made his cold fingers even clumsier than they had been. Making a hackamore of his rope, he led Rings onto the trail. Rings, contrarily, lead as willingly as if they were crossing a pasture. The colts followed close behind.

By the time they were headed home the storm was on them. Flakes swept down the slopes with an alertness and precision that spoke of unlimited reserves. As the storm thickened one side of Skeet's neck was covered with snow. Bill tried to beat it from his own clothes with the reins, but in less time than it took to remove it he was covered again. He thought grimly of old Gil Tanner who had started for his place on the Wolverine before just such a storm. The next March he had been found sitting with his back to a tree. A kindly blanket of snow had kept the coyotes away. His horse had never been found. Maybe—maybe this was his and Ring's way of joining Dad.

Gradually Bill became aware of the snow hitting them in the face. Had the storm turned, or had he? For a moment he was incapable of deciding, then he turned Skeets and went on. Rings protested, but he spoke sharply to him.

On and on. Unnoticed by Bill, their progress became slower and slower. When he did become aware of it he kicked his horse to

hurry him, but Skeets stopped instead. No amount of urging would move him. In dull desperation Bill dismounted. The jar of setting his numbed feet to the ground brought him fully awake.

What a jam! He didn't know south from north, and he couldn't see a yard ahead. No wonder Jake had ordered him to stay on the ranch. Well, he had always known that no one but Dad could find his way out of these hills in a blizzard, and he had made his choice back there when he stopped to rescue Rings. Rings. Yeah—if Rings was so smart, let him take them to safety. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Taking the rope from Ring's halter, he tied it to his tail. It took a lot of fumbling and cutting before he had a knot that would hold. The colts were crowded together with their backs bowed and their heads down. When the impossible was finally accomplished, Bill wiped the snow from the saddle and swung back into it.

"Go on, Rings," he commanded. "We're tied to you so we go where you go."

RINGS didn't move. Bill repeated his command, and slowly the horse raised his face to the wind. He stepped tentatively ahead, then, realizing he was no longer being lead, he turned and started off at right angles to the course they had been traveling. Bill's heart leaped with fear, but he knew Rings was his last hope.

Darkness thickened the snow, and he could no longer see the colts. Soon he couldn't see Rings, but the pull on the rope was there. He dozed and came awake as Skeets



Easter Cantatas

for
Singing Mothers

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Easter Angels (SSA) Fearis.....	.75
Easter Sunrise Song (SSA) Holton....	.75
Eastertide (SSA) Avery75
Eastertide (SSA) Protheroe75
From Darkness to Light (SSA) Tschaikowski75
Memories of Easter Morn (SSA) Lorenz75
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Thorn Crowned King (SSA) Holton....	.75

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bumped into the leader. Rings was standing, and Bill sensed he was listening.

"Get going," Bill urged.

Instead of moving, Rings whinnied, a loud clear call that brought the colts crowding about him. There was no answer. Again Rings called, and this time an answer came, faint but unmistakable. Hope went through Bill with the force of an electric shock and brought him upright in the saddle. Where there was another horse there might be another rider. He put all his strength into a loud "Hello!" His heart beat so thunderingly he half heard a thousand answers and was not certain of one. Again he called, and incredibly a man answered. Bill held to the saddle horn to keep from falling. Good old Jake.

Calling back and forth, sometimes losing each other's voice, but always regaining it, they drew near each other. Then out of the storm a shadow appeared.

"Where did you find them?" Jake's voice was so matter-of-fact it took away the terror of the whirling darkness.

"On the knob going to Crystal Lake."

"I thought of that. Rings was stranded there once before."

Hurt still rankled in Bill. "Why did you come when you hate Rings so?"

"I don't hate him, Bill, but your mother took one mighty stiff jolt from a horse. She couldn't take another." He hesitated a moment then added, "We'll try for the Half-way Ranch."

Bill lost all sense of time. On and on they went, until dark and storm and time had lost their mean-

ing. He was jarred into consciousness by a loud whistle from Rings and the rough feel of his ribs as they rubbed against Bill's leg. The wind was bringing the smell of burning wood. They were against a fence and two men were helping Jake from his horse. He could not see, but the sounds told their story. They were safe at Halfway Ranch, and Dad could have done no better. Jake came up to help him, and for the first time Bill realized he was tied to the saddle.

"Well, Son, we made it."

A great weight lifted from Bill's chest. For the first time in a year and a half he was not alone. With a sigh of deep satisfaction, he reached out and found Jake's hand.

The Awakening

Celia Van Cott

Drink deeply of heaven:
Perfume fills the air,
Spring blossoms have dotted the glen.

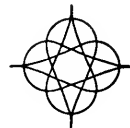
With resurging life
In bud and blade,
Resurrection is with us again.

Against the Breath

C. Cameron Johns

Though silence clarions for a spoken word
To fill its depths,
The heart is hesitant in giving
Broken phrases that the lips rehearsed;
Once . . . words came as quickly
As the flow of hill-spiced rivers;
Now they are dissolved
Like mists caught in the sun.
The soul draws closer to its own candle
As if to hoard its warmth
Against the breath
Blowing through the halls of loneliness.

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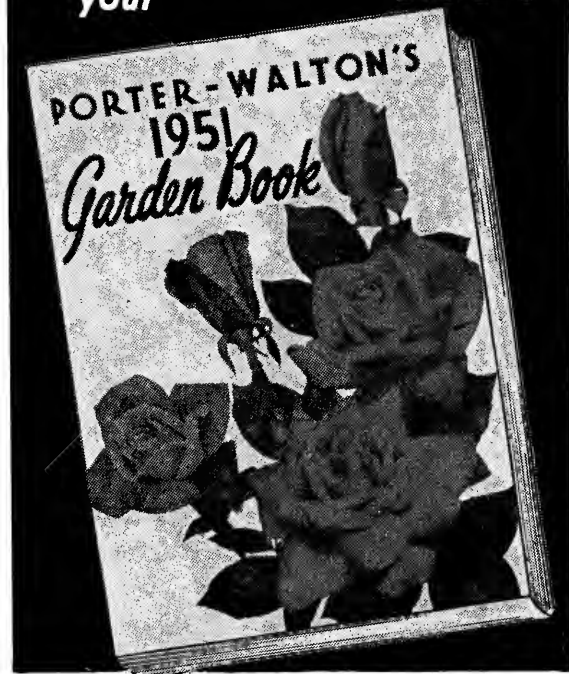
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She Shall Have Music

(Continued from page 157)

at Parley. She realized now it was his little imperfections that made him lovable. Behind Parley's dickering and conniving, she saw a quality of warmth, a lovingness that had been lying fallow. Ann wanted to tell him these things, how wonderful she thought he was, for new love had opened up like a water lily in her heart. But the words couldn't leap the lump in her throat.

Parley's arms encircled her then, and holding her tightly and leaning over gently, he placed his lips on her pink flushed ear. Each word was laid out alone, like an important jewel, as he whispered . . . "She . . . shall . . . have . . . music."

Visiting Teachers

Eva J. Lillywhite

You have learned that wealth and
knowledge
Do not compensate, on earth,
For the heartthrobs that are needed
By the humble souls of worth.

You have learned that fate and error
Meet at crossroads of despair;
And you hasten, full of mercy,
With your balm of faith and prayer.

Could you know your worth of service,
As the angels do above,
You would feel true satisfaction
In your realm of faith and love.

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From Near and Far

Lillian Swenson Feltman, wife of Lynn Merrill Feltman, and mother of three sons, was educated in the schools of Logan, Utah, and has been interested in writing since early childhood. She has written many short stories and several novels. Some of her work has achieved publication, and her story "The Sewing Kit Speaks," marks her first appearance in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Mrs. Feltman is very much interested in genealogical research, and finds much pleasure in research and record keeping.

The *Magazine* is better and better each year. I am always so proud of it. Many of my friends in the writers' club are delighted to see it, and I loan them copies quite often. I loved Alice Morrey Bailey's poem "Lot's Wife" (first prize poem, January 1951). It impressed me very much. Mrs. Bailey is a very gifted person.

—Beatrice K. Ekman, Portland, Oregon

I love the writings of Anna Prince Redd. I knew her when I was a girl living in Monticello, Utah. She has always been an inspiration to me. I look forward to every story, poem, and article which she writes for the *Magazine*. Incidentally, Mary Ann Baker, who wrote the words for the song "Master, The Tempest Is Raging," was my great-grandmother. She wrote the words to this song while on the high seas on her voyage from London to America, with her three children, one of whom was my grandmother Fannie Godfrey DeFrieze Jarvis.

—Millie E. J. Titus, Tucson, Arizona

I was very happy to place in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, since I have tried to do so many times before. I enjoy the good company of former winners, and with the moving poems of Julia Nelson and Ruth Chadwick who placed with me (January 1951). The literary quality and the fine religious tone of the *Magazine* make me proud that it is an organ of my Church, and I am always proud to have my work appear within its pages.

—Alice Morrey Bailey,
Salt Lake City, Utah

I desire to thank you for publishing my poem "Things to Remember" in the August (1950) issue of our *Magazine*. It is not often that I get up the courage to try, but I do love the *Magazine* so much. We have felt in our home that you have made *The Relief Society Magazine* very beautiful and most interesting. My husband always reads it through, and seems to like it best of all the magazines we subscribe to. He was a little disappointed that there was no Christmas story to read aloud this time. I think that if . . . our sisters would read the articles in *The Relief Society Magazine* they might find great help and comfort in so doing.

—Eleanor W. Schow, Brigham City, Utah

Today I received the January issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. I like Mrs. Bailey's poem "Lot's Wife" (first prize poem) exceptionally well. It is unique.

—Grace Ingles Frost, Provo, Utah

I have just been rereading my December issue of the *Magazine*, and I am truly looking forward to the January issue. I have been enjoying this *Magazine* for almost two years now, thanks to a precious little lady at Riverton, Utah, Gladys Butterfield. May our Eternal Father shower his richest blessings on her and on the people who put out the *Magazine*, and on the organization behind the *Magazine*, and on the Church. I read my *Magazines* through and through. Then I reread many of the articles and pass the *Magazines* around to my neighbors.

—Mrs. Shelby Echols,
Glenwood, Arkansas

When you notice our *Magazine* subscriptions you will see what a lot of good it did me to come to conference. We have Arlington, Chevy Chase, and Washington Wards with over 100 per cent, and most of the rest over seventy-five per cent. We made charts such as I saw demonstrated in the *Magazine* meeting.

—Ruth Knudson, Arlington, Virginia

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Special Short Story Issue

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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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Vol. 38

APRIL 1951

No. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Congratulations to President George Albert Smith on His Eighty-First Birthday.....	220
"Meet Together Often" — The Historic Conferences of the Church.....	Preston Nibley 221
Enlist in the Fight Against Cancer	Lucybeth C. Rampton 269

APRIL SHORT STORIES

Herman and the Birthday Dinner	Hazel K. Todd 226
A Girl's Point of View	Deone R. Sutherland 231
Who Laughs Last	Olive W. Burt 239
"Now Is the Time"	Carol Read Flake 246

SERIAL

For the Strength of the Hills — Chapter 3	Mabel Harmer 263
---	------------------

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago	250
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon 251
Editorial: "Therewith to Be Content"	Marianne C. Sharp 252
Notes From the Field: Socials, Bazaars, and Other Activities.....	General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 274
From Near and Far	288

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Meals of Our Time	Sara Mills 254
Gardens in Pattern	Eva Willes Wangsgaard 257
Favors for Baby Showers	Clara Laster 270
Increase That Shelf Space	Rachel K. Laurgaard 272
Apple Sauce or Fruitcake	Alice Bartlett 272
Jane Bybee Coltrin Makes Quilt Tops as a Hobby	273
A New Outlook	Caroline Eyring Miner 281

POETRY

"Living Water" — Frontispiece	Alberta H. Christensen 119
A Symbol	Grace Sayre 225
Utah Gulls in Spring	Richard F. Armknecht 237
Showered Petals in the Spring	Bertha A. Kleinman 238
April Hour	Leone E. McCune 253
Garden Riches	Jeanette P. Parry 253
Miracle	Marian Schroder Crothers 253
Two Sunsets	Juliaetta B. Jensen 262
Anticipation	Maude O. Cook 268
That I May See	LeRoy Burke Meagher 268
Prayer	Beatrice K. Ekman 268
Peach Trees in Bloom	Mabel Jones Gabbott 273
One Time Glimpsed	Iris W. Schow 281
Who Has Loved the Earth	Christie Lund Coles 287
Spring Fashions	Ruth H. Chadwick 287
The Silence	Margery S. Stewart 287

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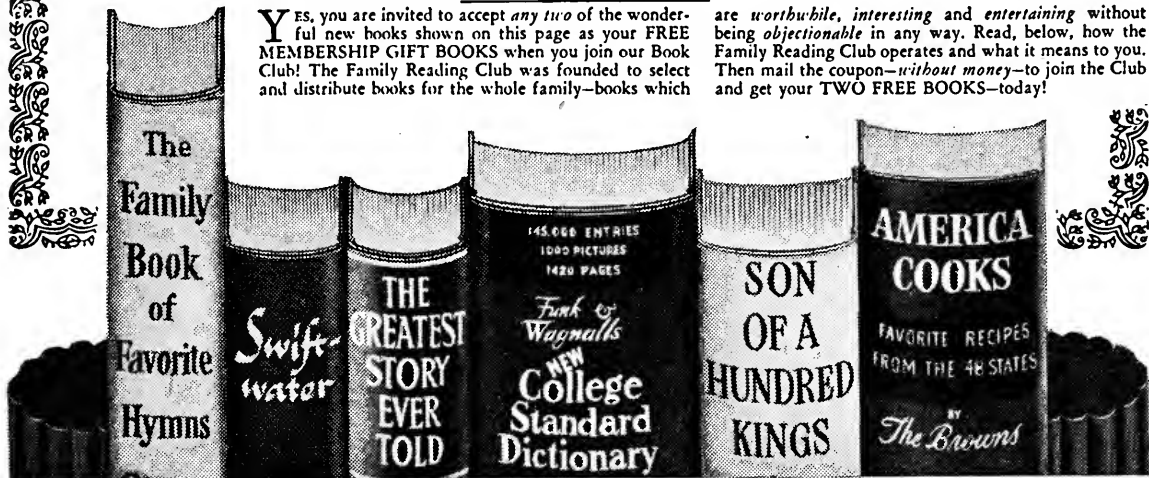
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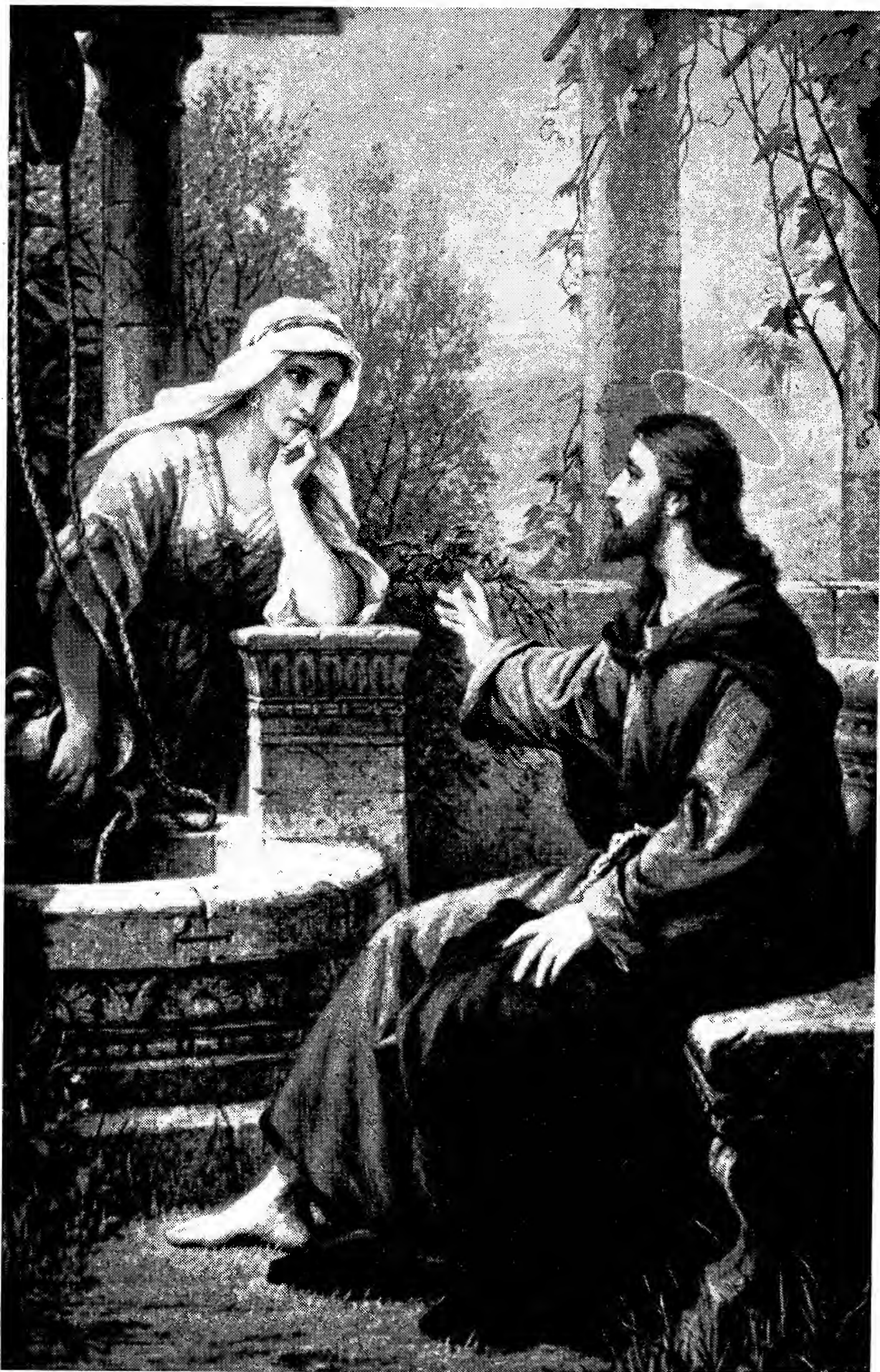
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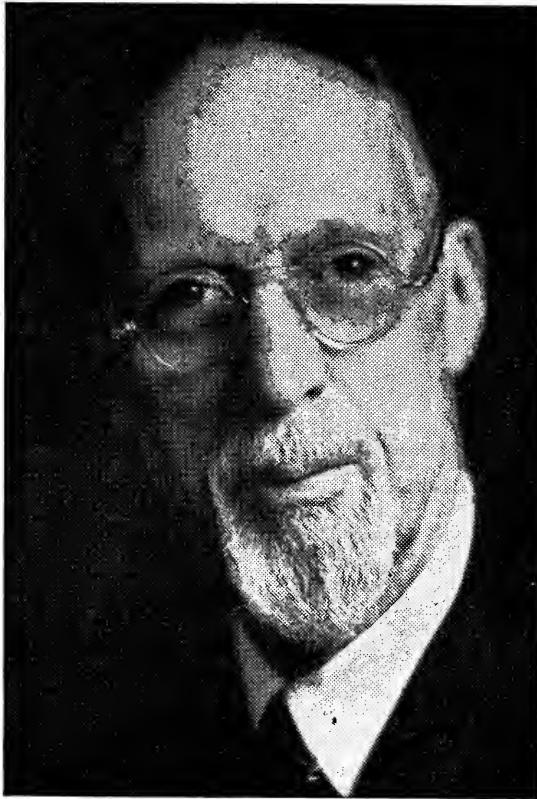
“Living Water”

(John 4:3-42)

Alberta H. Christensen

She had come, no doubt, innumerable times before,
Threading the rocky, dust-white path that led
To the wayside well of Jacob, near to the land
Parcelled to Joseph as a father's gift,
Beloved and revered now for memory's sake.
She had drawn from the coolness of the well's deep core
Innumerable times—but in this precious hour,
This treasured sixth one of the day,
A miracle had come—to her, a woman of Samaria,
Of an alien people scorned and hated as a foe.
He was of Galilee—that Stranger—with a voice
Gentle as shadows when the dusk is warm
Upon the ancient peaks of Gerizim,
His eyes more kind than sunlight on the mountain rim;
Though his discernment, sharp and saber-swift,
Had opened the covered seasons to lay bare
Her veiled and unvoiced past. A prophet surely!
“I know Messiah cometh,” she had said.
And he had answered, “I that speak . . . am he.”

How eagerness outran her sandaled feet
To Sychar swiftly; others too must know
Of everlasting life, of living water—
That they who drink thereof shall thirst no more.
Though all the doubting world might be deceived,
Truth was in his word—and she believed.



PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

. . . .

*Congratulations to President George Albert Smith
on His Eighty-First Birthday*

THIS year, on April 4th, President George Albert Smith reaches his eighty-first birthday. At this time members of the Church throughout the world and many other friends and associates of President Smith extend to him their greetings and best wishes. Our beloved President is remembered in the prayers of Relief Society women everywhere, and we rejoice that his life has been spared to give us comfort and inspiration and the spiritual leadership which guides us to the eternal principles of love and service.

It is a great blessing that in this time when confusion and uncertainty have dimmed the forces of hope and high achievement in so much of the world and among so many people, that we have been given a Prophet whose personality and whose desires express love and tolerance and kindness—a breadth of sympathy and a voice of guidance like unto those qualities exemplified by the apostles and prophets of old. May we, as women of the Church, continue to join in the thoughts expressed in the familiar hymn. . . . “We ever pray for thee, our Prophet dear, that God will give to thee, comfort and cheer. . . .”

“Meet Together Often”

The Historic Conferences of the Church Have Been Interesting and Inspiring Occasions

Preston Nibley

THE annual and semi-annual conferences of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held on Temple Square in Salt Lake City during the first week of April and near the beginning of October each year, are interesting, unique, and faith-promoting institutions. On these occasions the faithful members of the Church, numbering into the thousands, gather from far and near to listen to the teachings of their leaders, and to be built up in their most holy faith. It is a rare and valuable experience to be able to attend the sessions of a general conference.

During the year in which the Church was organized (April 1830), the saints were commanded by revelation “to meet together often.” This command received the attention of the youthful Prophet Joseph Smith when, early in June 1830, he called the first conference of the Church. I find the following in his history:

On the ninth day of June, 1830, we held our first conference as an organized Church. Our numbers were about thirty, besides whom many assembled with us, who were either believers or anxious to learn. Having opened by singing and prayer, we partook together of the emblems of the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. We then proceeded to confirm several who had lately been baptized, after which we called out and ordained several to the various offices of the Priesthood. Much exhortation and instruction was given, and the Holy Ghost was poured out upon us in a miraculous manner . . . (D.H.C., I, pp. 84-85).

This historic conference, held in the Whitmer home, where the Church was organized, set a pattern, in a measure, for all the general conferences that have followed. It was soon found necessary, however, on account of the rapid growth of the Church, to discontinue the practice of administering the sacrament and presenting the names of the brethren who were to be advanced in the Priesthood, though this practice was again resumed, for a time, after the arrival of the saints in the valleys.

When the first conference closed, it was adjourned to convene again at the same place on the 26th of September, 1830. This second general conference also set a precedent; meetings were held for three days. We are fortunate in having a brief description of this conference, dictated by the Prophet Joseph Smith:

At length our conference assembled We now partook of the Sacrament, confirmed and ordained many, and attended to a great variety of Church business on the first and the following days of the conference, during which time we had much of the power of God manifested among us; the Holy Ghost came upon us, and filled us with joy unspeakable and peace, and faith, and hope, and charity abounded in our midst (*Ibid.*, page 115).

During the early years of the Church, from 1830 to 1840, there was, apparently, no set time for holding general conferences of the membership. For example, three

conferences were held in 1831; the first on January 2, at the Whitmer home in Fayette; the second at Kirtland on June 3d; and the third in Jackson County, Missouri, on August 4th, "the first conference in the land of Zion." The Prophet Joseph Smith was in attendance at each of these conferences.

When and where the practice began of holding the general conferences of the Church on April 6th, is not exactly clear. The Journal History informs us that on Saturday, April 6, 1833, eighty members of the Church who resided on the Big Blue River in Jackson County, Missouri, "met to celebrate for the first time, the birthday of the Church." The Prophet Joseph Smith was not present at this gathering, but he learned about it and wrote a beautiful description of it in his history, although he did not follow the precedent that had been set, as he called the annual conference in 1834 to meet at Kirtland on May 3d. Two years later the Kirtland Temple was dedicated on March 27 (1836) and, in the fall of that year, an important conference was held at Far West, Missouri, on November 7th. So it appears that up to this time there were no set dates for holding the annual or semi-annual conferences of the Church.

IT was not until 1838 that a general conference was called to meet on April 6th. This important gathering was held at Far West, Missouri, which had become the headquarters of the Church since the arrival of the Prophet Joseph, a few weeks previously, from Kirt-

land. The conference meetings continued three days; the organizations of the Church in Missouri were strengthened; reports were made by the elders who had been on missions; and the Prophet delivered several interesting and instructive discourses. When the conference adjourned, it was agreed to meet again in a similar capacity, "on the first Friday in July, next." However, no more general conferences were held in Missouri, as bitter persecution broke out against the saints; the Prophet and others were confined in Liberty prison, and the members of the Church were expelled from the state.

The next place of settlement for the saints was in Commerce, Illinois. Here they began to gather in the summer of 1839, and here the Prophet called "a general conference" to convene on October 6th of the same year. The conference continued for three days. Before it closed "the next conference was appointed to be held on the 6th of April, 1840." Thus began the regular schedule of the annual and semi-annual conferences of the Church; a schedule which has been followed, with some variations, until the present time.

As there was no building in Nauvoo large enough to hold all the people who attended a general conference, the saints met in a grove, west of the temple. The community grew so rapidly that it was estimated that at the last great conference presided over by the Prophet Joseph Smith, between fifteen and twenty thousand people were in attendance. It was on this occasion (April 7, 1844), that the

Prophet delivered the most famous sermon of his entire career—the "King Follett sermon." George Q. Cannon, who was present, wrote the following regarding this great speech:

The address occupied three hours and a half in delivery, and the multitude were held spell-bound by its power. The Prophet seemed to rise above the world. It was as if the light of heaven already encircled his physical being. . . . Those who heard that sermon never forgot its power (GEORGE Q. CANNON, *Life of Joseph Smith*, second edition, page 478).

After the death of the Prophet, the general conference of the Church continued in April and October of each year, until the saints departed from Nauvoo in February 1846. In that year, due to the scattered condition of the members, no general conferences were held, but on the 6th of April, 1847, just prior to the departure of the original band of pioneers on their historic journey across the plains, a one-day conference was called at Winter Quarters, at which time the General Authorities of the Church were sustained and other business transacted.

An interesting special conference was held in Salt Lake Valley on August 22, 1847, under the direction of President Brigham Young and the Twelve, at which time the new settlement was named "The Great Salt Lake City of the Great Basin of North America." It was at this conference, also, that the Jordan River, City Creek, and Red Butte Creek received their names.

ANOTHER general conference was held in 1847, after the return of the pioneers from Salt Lake

Valley. This important gathering convened in "the Log Tabernacle, in Miller's Hollow" (Council Bluffs, Iowa), during the last week of December. It was at this conference, on the 27th day of December, 1847, that Brigham Young was sustained as President of the Church, with Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as his counselors.

After remaining on the Missouri River during the winter of 1847-48, President Young and his counselors led three large companies of saints to Salt Lake Valley during the summer and fall of 1848. After their arrival, late in September, the first semi-annual general conference was held in the new gathering place, under the direction of the First Presidency.

The conference met "in the Bowery" on October 6th, but adjourned after the opening exercises until the 8th, "in order to give the Mormon Battalion an opportunity of celebrating their return home." On the 8th the saints convened again and held a one-day session, but adjourned for one week "to await the arrival of Willard Richards and Amasa Lyman, with their companies," who were expected within a few days.

On the 15th the conference convened again, and meetings were held throughout the day, but as the absent apostles had not yet arrived, it was agreed to meet on October 22d for the final sessions. On October 19th the brethren and their companies came into the valley; on Sunday, the 22d, the final meetings of the conference were held.

From October 1848 until the present time, the annual and semi-annual conferences of the Church have been held regularly on Temple Block in Salt Lake City, with few exceptions. Many stirring events have transpired at these conferences. During the October conference in 1849, approval was given for the opening of foreign missions in Denmark, France, and Italy, and three of the apostles, Erastus Snow, John Taylor, and Lorenzo Snow were sent to preside over those missions. At the April conference in 1851, Heber C. Kimball presented a motion that the saints should "build a Temple to the name of the Lord our God in Salt Lake Valley." Two years later, on the opening day of the April conference in 1853, the cornerstones of the great building were laid with appropriate ceremonies.

The early conferences in Salt Lake Valley were held in boweries, in the old fort, or on Temple Block, but, in April 1852, the saints were privileged to meet for the first time in their new adobe Tabernacle. This building, constructed to seat 2,500 people, stood near the site where the Assembly Hall now stands. President Young was grateful for this building; he said on the opening day:

It is a great privilege which we enjoy this morning of assembling ourselves together in this comfortable edifice, which has been erected in the short space of about four months, in the most inclement season of the year. We have now a commodious place in which we can worship the Lord without fear of being driven from our seats by the wet and cold, or of standing exposed to the weather (*Journal History*, April 6, 1852).

In the fall of 1858, a few months after the arrival of "Johnston's Army" in Utah, President Brigham Young decided that it would not be wise to hold the semi-annual general conference of the Church. Instead, he called a "Conference of Elders," at which time the brethren were instructed in their duties "in the present crisis."

IN 1867, the large new Tabernacle was completed, so that the semi-annual conference could convene in the great building in October. This was a notable occasion. The Tabernacle was filled to capacity, and President Young remarked that he thought the Latter-day Saints would never be able to construct a building large enough to seat all the people who desired to attend a general conference.

From 1867 to 1877 the annual and semi-annual conferences of the Church were held regularly in the great Tabernacle, but, early in the year 1877, President Young announced that the next general conference would be held in the temple at St. George, which noted structure, the first temple to be finished by the Latter-day Saints in the valleys of the mountains, was then nearing completion. During the latter part of March, and the first week of April, 1877, hundreds of members of the Church lined the dusty roads of southern Utah, as they traveled in carriages, wagons, or on horseback, to attend the first general conference ever held outside of Salt Lake City, since the advent of the saints to the valleys of the mountains in 1848.

A notable general conference was held in April 1880, under the direction of President John Taylor, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Church. It was on this occasion that President Taylor presented a motion "to remit \$802,000 of the indebtedness to the Perpetual Emigration Fund, in favor of the worthy poor, and to distribute 1,000 cows and 5,000 sheep, owned by the Church, among the needy."

In April 1885, the fifty-fifth annual conference of the Church was held in Logan, Cache County. This was during the anti-polygamy crusade, and only a few of the Authorities of the Church were present. The semi-annual conference in October of that year was also held in Logan.

In April 1886, the annual conference convened in Provo, under the direction of Apostle Franklin D. Richards. The semi-annual conference of the same year was held in Coalville, Summit County.

In 1887, the annual conference was again held in Provo, under the direction of apostle Lorenzo Snow, but, in October of that year, the semi-annual conference was held in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. All the general conferences of the Church since that time, according to the best information I have been able to obtain, have convened in the great Tabernacle on Temple Square. On one occasion, however, an annual conference of the Church was postponed from April to June. This was during the great influenza epidemic of 1919.

A Symbol

Grace Sayre

Beauty may perish where its kind
Is poised on wings of bird or bee,
Or in a butterfly's bright glow
That lilt in joyous ecstasy.

But beauty can never die within
The heart that measures note of these:
The patterned grace of line and tint,
The perfect symmetry designed. . . .

Oh, be assured that though it fall
To earth, its passing beauty spent,
Each wing is symbolized artistry,
Its grace and poise and color blent
To meet the need assured to me.

And I shall see, with each new spring,
Beauty renewed in blossoming.

Herman and the Birthday Dinner

Hazel K. Todd

MOTHER is one of those understanding souls who can always find the nice things about people. As Sue says, "It doesn't do any good to say something unkind about anyone. Mother will always prove you're wrong, and then you will wish you hadn't said it." Even when Sue and I were just eight and peeked through the hole in the barn door while the hired man sucked all the eggs mother had been sure the skunks were carrying off, mother couldn't be convinced he was wicked and father should fire him at once. She just said, when we made her watch and find it was true, that the poor man must be hungry, and she must give him better meals. And once when father, who is really a good scout and seldom complains, remarked that you couldn't trust "So-and-so" as far as you could throw a bull by the horns, mother just laughed. The reason, she said, that father talked in terms of bulls was because of Herman, our gentleman cow.

People like to be with mother. They just happen by for a pickle recipe, or some advice on sewing a dress, or just to visit. Mother has a place in her heart for them all. Just like Mariar. Mother has a deep sense of duty toward Mariar who, she says, is all alone in the world. She pays no attention to her cross eyes and her nose. As Sue said after it was all over, home-ly people are like garden toads to mother. When you know how

much good they do, you forget about their ugly shapes.

Mariar used to come and sit for hours and watch mother. She was tickled to death if mother would let her pare the potatoes or something. She ate dinner with us all the Sundays and every holiday. In fact, Sue said she was sure that Mariar had had more pieces of cake at our house than both of us, being twins, had in our fifteen years. Sue would look out the window and say, "Well, here comes Mariar." Only she'd draw out the last syllable so that it sounded like a cat in trouble. Mother would look a little hurt, but, after all, she knew that Sue was only teasing.

Of course we didn't really mind Mariar. That is, nobody minded until Mr. Burton came along. Mr. Burton was the new English teacher at junior high, and, when you listened to him, even gerunds and participles were nice things.

"Sanny," Sue said to me one night after school, "isn't he wonderful! I think we should invite him to the October birthday dinner."

October was the month when Sue and I were born. And when our little brother Billie came along in October, too, mother said that was reason enough for a special celebration, so we chose the Sunday nearest both dates, and had a real feast.

It was a new idea to invite anyone else to the October birthday dinner since that had always been a day for just the family, except for Mariar. Mariar had eaten our

birthday dinner with us ever since I could remember.

Sue had stopped and leaned against the pasture fence. I looked at her and knew there was something going on in her red head.

"Sanny," she said, "Mariar would just be out of place having dinner with Mr. Burton."

I thought of Mariar's chin wiggling up and down on account of no teeth to hold it straight.

"Why," Sue continued, "why, Sanny, he'd think we're looney to have such odd friends!"

I looked across the pasture fence and watched Herman eating quietly, his big head moving from one side to the other. Presently Sue picked up a stick and flipped it into the air so that it spun around like a humming bird. "I know what," she said, "let's not have Mariar to our birthday dinner!"

I looked at her, and her nose was turned up like a March morning.

"But, Sue," I explained very carefully, as if she might have forgotten that Mariar was as much a part of October birthday as the fried chicken and the birthday cake, "Mariar always eats October birthday with us." I ran my hand along the wire. "Why, mother wouldn't think of leaving her out. Besides, Mariar expects it."

"Well, after all, Sanny," Sue said, "isn't October birthday our birthday, and aren't there two of us! That should count, shouldn't it?"

I didn't say any more, but I had a depressed feeling that something was going to happen.

That night when Billie had been tucked into bed and father was

settled in his favorite chair and his stocking feet, Sue motioned to me, and I followed her into the kitchen, where mother was fussing over some pickles. Sue squeezed into Billie's high chair and perched her legs upon the footstool so that she looked like a little girl, instead of a young lady in junior high.

Mother smiled at her over her pickle jar. "Sue," she laughed, "how long do you think you can squeeze into that chair?"

Sue didn't say anything. She just grinned in a way that always brought a little sigh of pride from mother. But I didn't smile. I just squirmed and wished she'd hurry and get it over.

I didn't have to wait long. Sue began very carefully, explaining to mother that we should like to invite Mr. Burton to the birthday dinner, and that she thought Mariar was sort of different, "odd," she called it, and would mother please not invite Mariar this year.

She looked at me for acknowledgment. But mother's expression wasn't just what you'd call reassuring, so I just sort of nodded my head and looked out the window.

But when mother spoke, her voice was very quiet, and there was no trace of what her face had shown. "Very well, dear." She hesitated a moment. "Mariar has been like one of the family for a long time. She has eaten your birthday dinner with you since you were very small girls, and I am sure she will be very hurt."

I felt like a heel. But Sue always knows how to get out of things.

"Oh, she won't mind this once, Mother. And then we can have her over the next Sunday."

MOTHER began putting away her utensils. "Of course, Sue, other Sundays aren't birthday Sundays, but we will not ask Mariar." She laid her hand lovingly on Sue's red head for a minute, and then turned quickly and went into the living room where father was asleep in his chair.

"Whew!" Sue sighed, "I wish mother wouldn't always have to be so loyal."

"And we wouldn't have to be so disloyal," I added, just for a little spice to the situation. And then I went out and stood by the pasture gate where Herman was quietly feeding. He raised his big, mean-looking head and shook it at me belligerently. "What's the matter with you?" I asked, feeling as if I'd stolen some little child's ice cream. "Nobody left you out of a birthday dinner."

But maybe Herman wasn't so sure, for I heard father say the next evening that something had certainly stirred Herman's temper up.

I was getting my English, but mostly gazing out the window. I forgot all about conjugating verbs when I saw Mariar coming through the gate. She had on her old red sweater, the same one I'd seen her wear ever since I could remember. It was darned at the elbows and the pockets sagged until father always wanted to know what she'd had in them.

"Here comes Mariar," I said to Sue.

But Sue just said, "Mariar is coming, Mother."

"Yes," mother said, "Go to the door, will you please?"

Mother was sitting by the table with some recipes or something. Mariar sat down beside her.

Father came in hunting for the newspaper. "You'd better not let Herman see that sweater tonight, Mariar," he said, "he's in a bad mood."

"Oh, go on about your business," Mariar laughed. "That old bull of yours wouldn't chase anything. Besides, he's seen this red sweater so much he doesn't pay any more attention to it than he would a pair of blue overalls."

Father found his newspaper and went out on the porch where it was quieter. Mariar looked at mother fondly, while she fumbled around inside her sweater and brought forth a peculiar-looking object and set it carefully on the table before mother. It took a few minutes to distinguish what was under the ribbons and paper flowers and other bright stuff. Then I saw that it was just a plain, old, white summer squash. Instinctively I looked at Sue, but from her puzzled expression I knew she hadn't yet discovered what it was.

MOTHER had caught the joyous expectation on Mariar's face. "It's lovely," she said.

Mariar beamed like a child who had just eaten all her oatmeal and was being praised by the mother. "I thought we could use it for a table decoration for the birthday dinner."

I looked at it again with the new light of identity upon it. Now I understood. The scallops of the squash represented a basket. The

flowers and ribbons and things went in it. I looked at Sue helplessly. But I knew from her pained expression what she was thinking. I pictured in my mind Mr. Burton sitting at the table, while in front of him, bedecked in all its glory, rested Mariar's masterpiece. He would twist his head to one side of it and say, "Miss Sue, may I have the butter, please?"

Sue turned beseeching eyes upon mother.

Mother is a dear. I think she understood in that one look just how much it meant to Sue to have Mr. Burton impressed at the birthday dinner. She reached over and laid her hand tenderly on Mariar's.

"Mariar," she said, with no trace of the emotional strain that I knew was going on inside her, "I wanted to ask you something. You see, the twins have invited some friends from school this year to their birthday dinner." Mother hesitated a moment. "I thought perhaps we had better leave the dinner to the young people this year." She glanced at Sue, but Sue didn't say anything. So she continued, "Maybe we should have Billie's birthday separately this year. You could help me with it."

She had tacked this last thought about Billie on, on the spur of the moment, for I knew mother loved the way we had all our birthdays together. She was looking at Mariar for reassurance, and so was I. But I saw the color slowly drain from her face, leaving it forlorn and helpless.

"Oh, sure, Mrs. Simpson," she said, struggling for control. "Of course that would be right."

I looked at her sitting so alone and homely in her old red sweater, and I wished Sue had never thought of Mr. Burton.

But Sue was doing something in the cabinet, rattling pans around. She didn't look up.

I turned back to Mariar, and she was rubbing her old wrinkled hands together in sort of a helpless gesture. "I guess I ought to be going," she said.

SHE stood up and reached for the table decoration.

But mother's hand on her arm stopped her. "No, don't take it, Mariar," she said. "I'd love to have it."

Mariar flashed her a quick look of thankfulness and then she left.

Nobody said anything.

Father came into the house. He looked around and remarked, "What's everybody so glum about? You look as if you'd all been sucking pickles."

Mother said, "Oh, it must be the weather." But that was odd, for it was lovely autumn weather.

Father put on his hat and went out somewhere into the yard.

Mother picked up a pink shawl from the chair back, and went out, saying something about some plums.

Sue was sitting in Billie's high chair. She was unconsciously twisting a piece of her red hair around her finger. "Well," she said, looking at me defensively, "I'm glad that's over."

"Yes," I said.

"She'll get over it," Sue said. "It's nothing to fuss about. I'm going outside."

After she'd gone I walked aimlessly around the kitchen. Billie called for a drink, and I took him some water, spilling some on the cabinet. I took a dish towel and wiped it up. It seemed as though everyone was going outside, so I went out too, unconsciously carrying the dish towel with me.

Sue was leaning on the orchard fence, sort of looking at nothing, so I went and leaned on it, too.

"How'd you like Mariar's centerpiece?" she asked dryly.

"But maybe if you sort of scooped out the middle of the squash" I began, and then I saw Herman. He was standing under the Delicious apple tree, and he was tearing up the earth with his horns and his feet, and letting out unearthly noises.

"Sue," I said, clutching her arm, "what's Herman doing in the orchard, and what's he so angry about?"

But even as I glanced at Sue and saw the color drain from her face, I caught a glimpse of mother's pink shawl. She was picking plums and, even in the anxiety of the moment I knew she was thinking of Mariar, for she was utterly oblivious to Herman. And it was plain to see that mother was the object of Herman's annoyance. He lifted his huge head and snorted.

SUE was white as a sheet. I was thinking desperately what to do. Mother was too far to run to her and, if she ran, Herman would surely run, too.

"But Herman has never chased anyone before. Surely he wouldn't harm mother." But, even as I said it, he lifted his head and roared

with anger, and I knew that what I had just said was not true.

"Mother!" I screamed, and Sue screamed it right after me.

Mother started and then, when she saw Herman, she clutched the shawl around her shoulders and began to run.

Herman pawed again and the dirt flew like a dust storm. And he took two terrible steps.

"It's the pink shawl!" I screamed. "Drop the shawl, Mother!"

But mother was too scared to know what we said. Instead of dropping it, she only clutched it tighter and tried to run faster.

Sue was clinging to me wildly, and I could feel her heart pounding against my sleeve. Then Herman put down his massive head and started forward, and I heard Sue praying aloud.

"Father!" I cried, "Father, where are you!"

Then I saw Mariar. She must have been sitting in the grape arbor. She was running toward Herman with the old red sweater in front of her. She shook it wildly at him. I swallowed to keep my heart from leaping out of my throat.

"Mariar!" Sue sobbed. "It's Mariar!"

Herman had seen the sweater now, and he roared with rage. Something had come into his way, something that was red instead of pink. He hesitated in his horrible purpose, and pawed the earth like something mad. Through the corner of my eye I could see mother running, still running, without looking back to know that a third

(Continued on page 284)

A Girl's Point of View

Deone R. Sutherland

WHEN my sister Meredith got married, Mother cried.

In fact, she cried for a whole week before. "Young people take too many chances nowadays," Mother said, walking up and down the living room with a handkerchief while Father read the paper and looked up sympathetically only when absolutely necessary. "Bill has years of school ahead of him—my lovely Meredith. Such hardships!"

"Never mind, Mother," I said. "I'm going to be a career girl a long time before I marry. I like buying my own nylons."

"You're selfish," said Father.

"Selfish!" cried Mother, not letting me answer, "selfish to wish your children security! And safety?" Her voice rose, and Father had to pacify her. Bill was coming to dinner.

"You ought to wait to get married until Bill is through school," Mother said to Meredith as soon as they came in.

"Nonsense," said Father, "we've gone over all that. Now that they're just about married, leave them in peace."

"I agree with you," said Bill to mother, his jaw line tightening, "I have no right to ask Meredith to make sacrifices."

"Yes, you have," said Meredith, emphatically. She was dark with a curved, sweet mouth and beautiful eyes. She'd been popular on the nearby campus of the university where she'd met Bill. "Bill won't have a Ph.D. for five more years. I

don't mind going along with him for that. Besides, I'll have him. It's not his fault the army slowed everything up. I'll go on working. Bill's car is all paid for. Everything will be easy."

I knew they wouldn't wait. Anybody that pays that little attention to food when he eats at our place, is serious.

I got a promotion and a raise in the advertising department where I work just about the same time Meredith and Bill got in the student housing project near the campus.

"It's dreadful," said Mother, but Meredith said it was cute. They liked small places. Meredith did seem clever and fixed curtains and a dressing table and painted a great deal. I gave them some fancy Lenox. I told them that I looked for a cuckoo bird, but I couldn't find one.

"Your little sister is bitter about our small quarters and poverty." Bill smiled at Meredith.

"Not really," I said, "I've just got good sense."

"You wait," said Bill, "until Mitch pops the question. No more career woman then."

"Mitchell," said mother, "hasn't a penny. His law practice is just beginning. I'm glad my baby, anyway, has the good sense to wait for a little security before she marries." Mother was sneaking steak into Meredith's refrigerator.

"No, not me," I said, "and Mitch agrees. I can tell he thinks the way

I do. He's practical. Have everything first or you never get anything."

"Why, that's what I'm doing," said Meredith; "I'm having everything first." She smiled at Bill and shut us out so completely for a moment that I felt a twinge of irritation. Meredith is too sentimental, I thought. I also should have suspected Baby Joe, but I'm not quick at things like that.

"Your point of view about children changes after you're married," Meredith explained, while she sewed the inexpensive layette. "You don't realize before how important they are. Then after you're married you want them more than anything."

THEY brought Little Joe home in the usual blue blanket to the students' housing project. But he made a difference. Meredith bought less and was unusually busy.

"I couldn't stand that kind of life," I told Mitchell, "doing housework all the time."

"No," agreed Mitchell, ducking his head from habit, though all our doors are tall enough for him. "Just doing dishes isn't much of a life."

I pinned on his orchid, and he watched from the fireplace. I came over to the mirror to check.

"You make a lovely career girl," he said, looking at me in the mirror. But I wasn't sure what he was thinking.

"Mitchell West is a coming lawyer," said father.

"It's taking a chance to marry a lawyer until he's established. Too many starve! There are too many

prospective clients who have never heard of him," said mother.

I agreed with mother. I bought a purple coat and a black velvet hat with sweeping purple feathers. When Mitchell watched me come down the stairs, his approving glances were worth a dozen times my weekly checks.

"You're a peacock," Mitch said, and though his eyes were mocking when he kissed my cheek ever so lightly, his hand on my arm was hard. I glanced across to the mirror, and saw his hand fall. The coat had very good lines, I thought.

The development of Little Joe was phenomenal. We all spoiled him, but he seemed unusually intelligent and quite able to absorb it. Since I worked and saw Mitch an evening or two a week, I never really tended Baby Joe for very long periods at a time. Since mother was always begging Meredith and Bill to bring him home, he learned to recognize us at what we thought was an early age. Father thought he made the sun set and rise. You know how babies are. I didn't change my mind about the work, though. Meredith didn't look the same as before she was married. I knew the difference between rinsing out nylons and three or four baby washes a week.

I got another raise just before Christmas, and Mitch bought a new car. I took a few days off, and Meredith and Bill called in to say they had to do Christmas shopping.

"Baby Joe should appreciate Christmas this year," said Bill. He had been only four or five months old the Christmas before.

"I'll tend him," I said. "I have a date later, but I've got the whole day off."

Mother was doing Christmas cooking or she'd have insisted on staying with him herself.

SO I tended Joe while Meredith and Bill did their Christmas shopping.

"Don't let anything happen to him." Meredith came back to kiss him goodbye again for the third time.

"Bye, bye," said Joe waving his hand, but clearly wanting to concentrate on the two-piece wooden puzzle I had brought.

"Don't let anything happen to you," Bill laughed at me. "Meredith frequently comes out the loser."

"Mitchell says I can take care of myself anywhere," I said. "Everything's under control." They ran down the flight of wooden steps, and I went back to baby Joe. He looked at me speculatively. He grunted to his feet, his face coming up red. He grinned, said something like "dat, dat" and threw the two-piece wooden puzzle. One piece fell short, but I stopped the other with my forehead.

"No, no," I said calmly, "musn't throw."

"No, no," he said, throwing the puzzle toward the front window. I put the puzzle away and looked for something else to take his attention. He began pulling the books out of Bill's bookcase. I held him until I was sure his attention was focused on his blocks and cart. Then I picked up the books, keeping an eye on him all the time.

"Wa, waw," said baby Joe. I poured him a glass of water. He wouldn't touch it until I let him hold it himself. He drank slowly, pausing to smile at me and cry energetically, "No, no" if I began to take the glass.

I waited patiently, and finally Joe held out the glass. "Oh, thank you, Joe," I said elaborately, and he dumped the half glass of water on my feet. He beamed up at me. "Hi," he said, "hi!"

I wound his truck for him, and went into the bathroom to dry off a little. My hair was looking wild already. I began to comb it and looked down in time to save the towels from Little Joe's obvious intentions. Mothers must not ever get to comb their hair, I thought. I closed the bathroom door behind us. They must not wear lipstick or do anything except try to survive their children. I was beginning to feel definitely weary, but Joe refused to rest. I turned on the Christmas tree lights even though it was the middle of the day. Joe liked that. The tree was on top the phonograph on top the table. It was safe. I leaned down and kissed Joe standing in front of the tree.

"Li, ligh," he said, laughing. Joe seemed to take after our side of the family, I thought. He was bright. I ruffled his silky hair.

THE telephone rang, and it was mother asking how Joe was. "The heartstealer is fine," I told her, and just then he bit into an extra blue light bulb that matched the set on the tree. There must have been one in the desk drawers

or the closet he'd been ducking into. He was spitting glass and looking disturbed.

I dropped the phone and wiped his mouth out frantically. "Spit," I cried, "spit!"

When I saw blood on the cloth, I nearly died. Mother hung up and was on her way over while I phoned the doctor. No, I didn't know for sure if he'd swallowed any. He'd swallowed all the time I was wiping out his mouth.

"Bread and potatoes," the doctor said. "Watch him for signs of pain."

He wouldn't eat the bread. "Please eat it," I pleaded and coaxed. I stood him by the sink. I stood him on the cupboard. I let him play with the ice trays in the refrigerator. He ate three slices of bread and four ice cubes, and then mother came.

"Perhaps he didn't swallow any glass at all," Mother tried to comfort me.

"It's hard to chew," I said, "let alone swallow. I tried some to see. The glass is too thick to swallow."

"A blue one," said Mother, looking at the broken fragments and holding Joe while I fixed the potatoes.

Mitchell called to see what time he could pick me up. "Don't," I moaned, "I've let baby Joe kill himself, maybe, and I can't face anyone."

"I'll be over anyway," Mitchell insisted.

Meredith and Bill came home, and mother and I told them. I was walking and bouncing Joe.

"Don't worry so," said Meredith, "we got the letter box key all right

after he swallowed that, so perhaps if there was any glass swallowed . . ."

"We'll get it," said Bill, "but I don't think he could swallow those pieces and not choke."

I felt better and blew my nose. Mitchell knocked, but I couldn't get to the bathroom in time. He grinned at me. "Don't tell me Little Sister's gone domestic—"

"Certainly not," I said. "I look a mess is all." I kissed Little Joe, and even though Mitchell was there silently laughing at me, I felt a lump in my throat. If anything happened to Joe

I put on lipstick in Mitchell's car. "Career woman again?" asked Mitchell. "Don't tell me you have no secret longings for the fire-side. Surely we should have stayed so you could have demonstrated the advantages of home"

Was he worried about my wanting to settle down? He needn't be. I opened the window a little and let the cold air cool my flushed face. "I'm really relieved to be finished with that job," I said. My conversation followed the old pattern while I worried about Joe and the glass. "No, it's too dreadful, Mitchell, living like that, working like that. Why, I was only there three hours. How could a person keep his sanity day after day? I mean, Joe's sweet, but you need a big house and a fenced in yard and plenty of help"

"Sure," agreed Mitchell. "It's hard on a person to do without the things he should have. A man would want his wife to have everything he could give her." He stopped talking then, and when he

spoke again it was about a play we were going to. I leaned against the seat. I was too exhausted to investigate vague uneasy feelings. It was only the worry about Joe that really bothered me, anyway. It was nice to have Mitchell to drive me around.

WE were having a family gathering Christmas Eve, but I wore my new wine wool dress because Mitchell was coming.

"It makes your hair look marvelous," said mother.

"You look perfect," Mitchell remarked when he came in. A drop of watered snow glistened in his dark hair.

"I thought I'd better make up for the terrible impression at Meredith's," I laughed.

"Oh, I didn't mind," said Mitchell. He looked very tall in our front hall, slipping off his overcoat. We went into the living room, and I could feel him following me. He walked so evenly; it was one of the first things I'd ever noticed about him.

Baby Joe was already in bed upstairs, so Mitchell left his present under the tree. After our late dinner, Bill said he had an announcement to make.

"Not yet," warned Meredith, but she was smiling so happily that Bill proudly went ahead. "Baby Joe is going to have company next summer."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mother.

"No!" I repeated.

"We thought it would be a shame to raise Joe alone. He'll have somebody to play with. We're so happy, and we'll be able to manage it"

It was incredible, but Meredith really looked happy.

Father kissed her on the cheek.

"I kind of like large families," Mitchell said, and he also kissed Meredith on the cheek.

"I'll check on Joe," I volunteered. I couldn't stand the feeling in my chest. It was hard to pity Meredith when she looked like that. I felt confused. Joe was asleep on my bed. He was beautiful like Meredith, and his lashes lay against his cheek in the light from the door. He didn't look as if he'd eaten glass. I leaned over him to make sure he was breathing.

"He's sweet, isn't he?" Mitchell was leaning in the doorway.

"Don't," I said. "This sentimental scene has been played in too many stories and movies."

Mitchell stepped back. "Right you are," he agreed, giving me a long, hard look, and he turned and went down the stairs without glancing back.

Mitchell was busy during the holidays, except for New Years and then Meredith and Bill were with us for a kind of farewell party. They were to leave the day following for California.

"The last lap for the last degree," said Bill. "I'm lucky to be able to start in the middle of the year and save time."

"We're lucky to be able to get an apartment so near the campus," Meredith said contentedly. "I can see Bill often even if he is always holding a book in front of him."

"You people carry a rabbit's foot," Mitchell commented. "You have all the luck."

I looked to see if he were joking. He never looked at me at all. He drove me home and said good night quickly. I stood in the hall with the light off and watched Mitchell start his car very fast and the red tail light disappear. I went upstairs and took off my new gray hat with the pink rose. I set it on the dresser and looked into the mirror until I began to cry.

I didn't see Mitchell for a week. And then for another week. He didn't call.

Father said tactfully, "Mitchell must be having a lot of work."

"He's doing fine, I guess," I answered.

"You mean he's able to pay the rent on that office," suggested mother. "A girl takes a lot of chances when she marries a lawyer."

"Everybody takes chances," Father said, speaking louder than he usually did. "If we didn't take risks, everything would die out from inactivity." He folded his newspaper with a jerk. "Mitchell's a fine man."

I went upstairs. I opened my closet and looked at my rows of shoes. I put on green ones, with three-inch heels. Then I took them off. I put on my saddle Oxfords and my tweed skirt that was threadbare and sagged where I sat down. I put on my coat. I'd never see anyone walking around our block. Just lighted windows with families inside. I went downstairs and stopped at the living room door. Father was reading Meredith's letter that had come that afternoon. Mother had mentioned it when I had come in.

"She says she feels fine," said Father looking pleased.

"She always says that," mother interrupted. "Read on. Wait'll you get to the important part near the end. It's terrible, it really is."

"What?" I asked. "Read it out loud. I haven't read it."

"My word," exclaimed Father, "Bill's broken his arm!"

"Right after they got there," added Mother. "Can you imagine such a calamity?"

"Read it," I said.

"Their couch wouldn't go in the door," Father explained, "so Bill was having it pulled up to go through the window. He only fell two stories. Listen to this: 'We're very lucky since this won't really interfere with his school work. It was his left arm, and he's able to go right on with his classes. Aren't we fortunate!'"

"Baby Joe has learned how to open our refrigerator door. We've tied a rope around it, but that takes too long when I need to get in it. We'll have to think of something else"

I went out into the hall. It was snowing, so I stopped to find an umbrella. I could hear Father talking.

"This reminds me of us, doesn't it you, Mother?"

"Well, we had a lot of trouble." I could hear mother's knitting needles clicking.

"No, I mean we were the same kind of crazy youngsters. We got married on fifty dollars, remember?"

"Hush," said mother, "I'd forgotten all about that."

"And right off we had Meredith," father laughed. "You'll have to

admit we took terrible chances” His voice sounded the way it does when he teases and loves someone at the same time.

I opened the door and shut it with a bang. Here was something to think about. But I didn't want to think. I ran down the front sidewalk, jerking my umbrella up, and swung, not into the gate, but into someone's overcoat.

“You're crying!” commented Mitchell.

“I am not,” I argued.

“You shouldn't be,” he said, “because you have no heart, no blood, but you are. Here's a paradox for you.” Then his voice changed. “You're getting snowed on.” He took my umbrella.

I leaned against the gate. I couldn't bear to look at him, and I couldn't bear not to. But no matter how I tried I couldn't get past his chin. I could feel his eyes on me, and knew the quizzical smile.

“You look like a high school girl,” he said. “You even look vul-

nerable, but that couldn't be, because you'd never take a chance on being hurt in any way.”

“Don't, Mitchell!” I tried to keep my voice from disappearing. “I've changed. I've found me,” and I meant it. Chains of hesitation dropped off there by the gate, and I began to know what I wanted.

Then all of a sudden I knew that what I wanted now was what Mitchell had wanted all along. Perhaps he saw that realization, for his face was suddenly different under the street lamp, in the snow. It went young, and with a surge of feeling, I felt that I must protect him.

“It took you such a long time to grow up,” Mitchell said, watching me.

“We can manage,” I remarked, finding it hard to get my breath. “I can work for a few months. . . .”

“Oh, sure,” he agreed, smiling at me, tipping the umbrella between us and the street and the light and any curious people passing by.

Utah Gulls in Spring

Richard F. Armknecht

A regiment of gulls is on parade
 In single line along the furrow's lip.
 They break before the tractor's fusillade
 And form again behind the gang-plow ship.

They skirmish briefly as the new-turned loam
 Reveals its flotsam—shining grub and worm.
 They dip strong beaks in stubborn, sandy foam
 And then resume their line, unruffled, firm.

These gulls have never waited by a shore
 Nor followed vessels out of sight of land.
 Their lake is flat and sterile, but the lore
 Of waves is in their blood. They understand

The ancient curling things. Long years from now
 These Utah gulls will know, when spring is waking,
 The harvest to be had behind a plow,
 With the brown waves breaking.



Josef Muench

Showered Petals in the Spring

Bertha A. Kleinman

I do not mind the years that come and go,
That winter strews her silver in my hair;
I do not mind the snow,
For this I know—
The promise of the spring is cradled there.

I do not mind the autumn's falling leaves,
Nor do I pine the summers that are gone;
I love the harvest with its ripened sheaves,
The friendly rain,
The twilight coming on.

I do not mind the growing elderly,
For every day unfolds some precious thing—
With friends like you to walk apace with me,
I live in showered petals of the spring.

Who Laughs Last

Olive W. Burt

ANNABELL glanced impatiently at the clock. It was getting late and she ought to be home. That was the worst of teaching! Everyone said, "Banker's hours! Getting out of work before four, you have plenty of time to get home before Clay. You've certainly worked things out right!"

What they didn't know was that very often, like today, she had to stay to see students about their work, had to stay, whether she wanted to or not.

This fellow now, that she was waiting for when she ought to be home starting Clay's dinner, getting Libby ready to meet her daddy—what did she care about his problems, really? But as vocational consultant she had to seem to care, had to appear interested, but calm, though she was quivering with impatience to get away. Thank heavens there was only one more week of school this year!

It was past five when she finally stood up behind her big desk and said, smiling warmly, "You'll be all right now, Mr. Graham. Now that you've recognized your problem, I'm sure you can handle it successfully. You're adult and sensible. But, if you have difficulty, don't hesitate to come to me again."

She was thinking, "Please hurry! I've got a hot-headed husband coming home in an hour, and a child to pick up, and some marketing to do!"

As soon as the door closed behind Graham, Annabell grabbed her hat and coat and ran down the hall and across to the parking lot. She swung her car violently out of its place and headed toward town.

She glanced at her wrist watch and thought impatiently, I'd better not stop for Libby. Mother can just keep her till after dinner, then Clay and I can drive down and pick her up. And I'll not stop at the market, either. I'll get by with what I've got on hand. It makes Clay furious when I'm not there—and I don't want him to be furious, or even ruffled, till after I sign my contract for next year. Then I don't care so much!

That contract and her foolish promise to Clay. When he gave his consent to her teaching this year—taking a position to help the university in its emergency of returned veterans and depleted faculty—he had made her promise she would not sign up for another year without his express consent.

"I don't like it," he said from the first. "Oh, I know they need help, but so do I, and so does Libby. Libby, most of all. Isn't that right, Mother Lewis?" He'd appealed to her mother.

Her mother had answered reasonably, "You children must figure this out for yourselves. Don't bring me into it." Then she had added as an afterthought, "Of course, Annabell is the only available person with the right training and

qualifications—and after all, it is what she had planned to do.”

“I thought she changed her plans when she married me,” Clay had replied bitterly. “Apparently I was wrong. But what about Libby? There’s no decent help”

“Well, I can help there,” Libby’s grandmother smiled her most disarming smile. “I’ll be glad to take Libby during the day till you do find a housekeeper.”

ANNABELL grinned wryly, maneuvering the car expertly through the traffic. Her mother had certainly got more than she had bargained for. They’d had girls, of course, from time to time, but not one of them had lasted very long, and then it had been back to mother with Libby. Annabell had rather fancied her mother was getting just a little weary of the arrangement, but since it had been her suggestion, she couldn’t very well make a fuss.

Annabell left the car in the driveway, since they’d have to go for Libby later, and dashed into the house.

As she opened the door the fragrance of roast meat and apples cooking with sugar and cinnamon greeted her nostrils, and her hurry subsided into an immense relief. Mother had brought Libby home and started dinner.

She went into the living room and there sat Clay, his slippered feet high, his paper at a comfortable angle as he scanned the sports page.

“Hello, darling!” Annabell lilted, happy that everything was under control.

Clay dropped his paper, came and took hold of her arms, bending his long body to kiss her.

“Where’s Libby?” he asked casually.

Annabell’s eyes widened. “Isn’t she—didn’t Mother bring her?” she asked.

Clay shook his head. “Haven’t seen your mother. If she came, it must have been before I got home.”

Annabell motioned toward the kitchen. “Then who . . . ?”

“Oh,” Clay smiled, “that’s Martha Dennis, our new housekeeper.”

Annabell started toward the kitchen impulsively. Then she stopped and turned to face her husband.

“What is this, Clay?” she asked.

He was suspiciously casual. “The greatest stroke of luck, darling. Bill Dixon, you know Bill, has been sent to Europe for a year. Couldn’t take Martha with him, so he lent her to us. He wants her back again when he returns, of course. But I grabbed at the chance. You seemed set on signing the contract for next year, and this seemed the solution. Libby and I will have a real home life, anyway—and you, too, darling. Come and meet her, and you’ll see.”

Annabell tried to collect her thoughts. There was something strange about this. Clay had never tried to hire household help before, had always left it up to her. And his whole manner—sort of smug . . . a cat-that’s-swallowed-the-canary sort of look.

They went into the kitchen.

“Martha,” Clay said, “this is Mrs. Patrick.”

Annabell stiffened. Clay had introduced her to the servant. Oh, he probably didn't mean anything by it, but in her mother's proper household she had been trained to expect correct introductions. Martha came forward.

SHE doesn't look like a servant! Annabell thought swiftly, taking in the refined, almost beautiful face; the neat gray hair, the motherly smile with which Martha greeted her. Annabell felt that she was staring, but she couldn't help it, and she found that her surprise at this housekeeper was making her tongue stumble over what should have been easy words of greeting. What was wrong? Surely she should be as glad as anyone that Clay had found such a housekeeper.

Finally she said coolly, "We eat at six," and turned to leave the room.

"Yes, Mrs. Patrick," Martha answered, quietly.

Clay interrupted, "Make it six fifteen, Martha. Then I'll have time to dash down and get Libby. I want her to get acquainted with Martha. They're going to be great friends, I know."

He didn't wait for an answer or a remonstrance, but hurried out to the car, whistling. He hadn't whistled for months.

Annabell went into her bedroom and threw her hat and coat across the bed. She stared at herself in the mirror, at her straight black hair in its dignified coil at the nape of her neck; at her hazel-flecked eyes; and her straight, set chin.

Why, I look like a sour old woman, she thought bitterly, and then wondered why this idea had crossed her mind. "Maybe it's because that—that woman looks so comfortable!" she muttered. "But in my job you can't look motherly. Everyone would weep on your shoulder. You have to look efficient; you have to inspire confidence and self respect. You can't baby grown men . . ."

"Or can you?" a tiny voice seemed to whisper.

Well, if Clay wanted mothering, he could have it, she decided crossly.

She pulled the pins furiously from her hair and brushed the thick, dark curls back loosely, watching the mirror for a miracle.

Annabell did not go out until she heard Clay and Libby come noisily in. As she stepped into the hall she saw them go into the kitchen, Libby crowing from her Daddy's shoulder, where she rode triumphantly.

"Martha!" Clay cried. "Here's Libby—here's the little queen herself!"

"Hello, Libby!" Martha's voice was cheerful and friendly. "I've made cinnamon apples for you. Your daddy said they're your favorite!"

Annabell couldn't help thinking, Well, how could I make cinnamon apples when I don't get home till five and after!

Libby was crowing, "Pretty, pretty Martha!" and all three were laughing.

"She'll be bossing you, Martha, if you don't watch out," Clay chuckled. "She can boss with a vel-

vet hand, but it's bossing, just the same. And with her mother away, she'll be the one you'll be trying to please."

Oh, yeah? Annabell thought slangily. She'd better please me, too. Libby bossing, indeed! How foolish could Clay be?

WHEN she met her husband and daughter in the dining room, the color in her cheeks was not due to rouge.

The dinner was good, but Annabell couldn't eat it. Clay's appetite, on the other hand, was excellent, as were his humor and wit. Annabell was reminded of the way Clay showed off when they had important guests to dinner, and since he never displayed this charm for her alone—not for nearly a year, anyway—it gave to the presence of the new housekeeper a significance it didn't merit. Or did it?

When Libby was ready for bed she cried suddenly, "Want to kiss Martha good night! Want to kiss Martha good night."

She eluded Annabell's hands and ran down the hall shrieking, "Martha! Martha!"

Annabell caught her lower lip between her teeth. How stupid to be jealous of a stranger! she thought. Then, I'm not jealous! I'm just bewildered.

Clay was saying casually, "She's the funniest child to take to certain people. I suppose it's because she's had so many people take care of her. She doesn't have a chance to form the silly inhibitions that make other children cling to one person."

Oh, Clay, that's cruel! Annabell thought, and turned her face swiftly away so that he might not see her hurt.

It was a terrible evening, with Clay making frequent trips kitchenward for ice water or a snack or merely to see whether the screen was fastened. Every time he went, Annabell found herself tensed into listening to the cheery remarks that passed between him and the busy housekeeper.

Her head was aching when she went to bed, but she couldn't sleep. She lay there thinking of the evening and trying to lay her finger on just what had disturbed her so. It wasn't anything in Martha, herself, she had to admit. The woman had been perfect in her attitude. Annabell sighed. No, it was in Clay and Libby. It was their evident joy in the new housekeeper, their turning to her all the time, almost as if Annabell were not there.

When Annabell awoke the next morning, she found that Clay had already risen. She started to dress, and then remembered that she didn't have to hurry quite so fast—she didn't have to rush a breakfast on the table, get clothes onto Libby, and dash away.

It was with a feeling of relief that she smelled the bacon frying while she dressed. But the relief vanished when she went into the kitchen and found Libby already at the table, bright and sweet in her red-checked pinafore. Martha's cheerful good morning did nothing to make Annabell happier. Clay came into the kitchen with a handful of roses which he handed to

Martha as he came to give Annabell his morning kiss.

"This is something like it!" he beamed, taking the table, charmingly set with a low bowl of spring flowers in the center, and sliced oranges arranged in a cherry-topped circle on each blue plate. "Home was never like this," he added unnecessarily.

"My, you are all up early!" Annabell remarked tartly.

"Oh," Clay answered, "I knew Martha would have a good breakfast for us, so I worked in the garden, so I could do it justice."

"Well, darling!" she put her arms about Libby, "you look very nice this morning. All ready to go to grandmother's?"

SHE had made up her mind, and Clay might as well know it.

"Daddy says I can stay here with Martha," Libby answered, over a mouthful of buttered toast. "Martha is going to make sugar cookies."

"But, darling, what will Grandmother think?"

Before Libby could answer the phone rang, and Annabell turned to take the receiver from the cradle. It was her mother.

"Oh, Annabell, darling!" she crooned, "Clay told me about your wonderful luck. Isn't it fortunate? And I'm so glad"

"But, Mother!" Annabell interrupted determinedly, "it isn't at all definite. I mean"

"Oh, yes it is, dear. Clay told me all the details. I guess you were so relieved you didn't bother—and it came at such a fortunate moment. I was going to tell you last night when you picked up Libby, only

you didn't. But I've been named to the library board—and I've got a great deal of work to do. I don't know what you'd have done if Clay hadn't"

"Mother!" Annabell forced her voice into the stream of words. "Mother, do you mean you can't take Libby today?"

"Not today or for some time, I'm afraid, dear. You see, it's the library board. We've got to"

"Sorry, Mother, I can't talk now. I'm coming down on my way to school. Tell me then." She cradled the receiver and rose from the table.

She picked Libby up from her half-finished meal, wiped her mouth on her napkin, handed her another piece of toast, and carried her out to the car. Clay came to the door.

"What's the idea?" he cried. "Why not leave Libby here? Martha doesn't mind, and it's better for the child."

That last phrase settled it. Annabell wasn't going to leave Libby there to be taken in completely by Martha's "motherliness." Phooey! she thought. Mother's spoiled Libby badly enough, but then she is her grandmother, and that's what grandmothers are for. But a housekeeper, beaming on the child like that, doing everything to please her! The child would be ruined in no time.

As Annabell drove furiously along, her analytical mind insisted on checking over her reasons for her unreasonable behavior. Smiling a little ruefully, she had to admit that it wasn't so much fear of Libby's being spoiled as it was fear that Martha, a mere servant, would

swiftly replace Annabell in the child's affection. She hadn't really worried about that with her mother, because her mother was like Annabell, calm and efficient, and not given to spoiling anyone.

"Annabell, didn't you understand me?" her mother asked, showing her exasperation and annoyance when she saw her daughter and grandchild.

"Of course I understood you, Mother. But you didn't understand me. I don't know how to explain it, but I know that woman isn't a regular housekeeper. Oh, maybe she kept house for Bill Dixon—but I'll bet she was his aunt, or something. And look how spoiled Bill was! Always had to have everything just so. Mother, she's the kind of person that men and children just adore . . ."

"Well, what's wrong about being that kind of woman, Annabell? Surely," her mother's eyes crinkled at the corners, "you're not jealous? Clay said she was an elderly person."

"Oh, that's not it," Annabell retorted, "I'm not jealous of her exactly. But if you'd seen how Clay and Libby looked at her, as if she were—were—well, they don't look at me like that!" she ended lamely, almost in tears.

"No?" her mother asked, "do you give them reason to, Annabell? You know I've found that people are like mirrors—remember that silly story you used to read that pointed that moral very clearly? But it's true, nevertheless. If you took time to look at Clay and Libby as if they were something special—took time to spoil them—maybe . . ."

"I don't have time—" Annabell began, and then stopped. "Well, Mother, can't you help me out just once more—can't you keep Libby just one more day?"

HER mother shook her head. "I don't see how, darling. When Clay told me you had such a treasure of a housekeeper I called up Mrs. Wilson and Lou Adams and told them I'd meet them at ten. I'll have to rush as it is." She looked impatiently at the clock.

"Okay," Annabell said. "It's all right. Thanks for tending her so much."

She was holding Libby by the hand when she entered the president's office.

"I'm sorry, Miss Gleason," she told the president's secretary. "I can't be in my office today. Nor at all this next week. It will be a little inconvenient, I guess, but if you'll just post a notice that appointments will have to be kept at my home—I believe we can manage since there is just a week left."

Miss Gleason's eyebrows were high.

"He will ask me for the reason, Mrs. Patrick."

"A personal emergency," Annabell answered shortly. "Oh, and give him this, please." She handed the girl a long envelope and turned to go.

"Your contract!" Miss Gleason beamed again. "You'll be with us next year, then?"

"No," Annabell said, "it isn't signed."

She went out of the door and drove home.

Martha was singing in the kitchen. Annabell stood and looked at her a moment. Then she said, making her voice as calm as possible, "I'm sorry, Martha, but I won't be needing you any longer. If you will tell me what Mr. Patrick agreed to pay you, I will give you a check for two weeks pay and you may go."

Martha looked up, surprised, but cool. "Mr. Patrick hired me, Mrs. Patrick," she said. "I'm afraid I can't leave without his consent."

"Oh, yes you can!" Annabell's voice was really calm now. "You can complain to Mr. Patrick if you wish, but I simply won't need you. There's not enough work here to require a maid. A taxi will be here for you in half an hour."

IT was as easy as that. When Martha was gone, Annabell took off her school dress and slipped into a red and white pinafore just like Libby's. She pulled the pins from her hair and tied her dark curls back with a red ribbon.

"So you want sugar cookies, darling?" she asked. "Do you want to help Mommy make them?"

"Oh, Mommy! Mommy!" Libby danced up and down. "Can I? Can I?"

"Of course, pet. Here, pull up a chair and I'll show you, And then we'll make some strawberry tarts for daddy. He loves them."

They were cutting funny shapes from the soft dough when Libby asked, "Where's Martha? Did she go back to Granny's?"

"No, pet. Martha doesn't know Granny," Annabell answered absently.

"Yes, she does, Mommy. Martha and Daddy and Granny had a party. I woke up and came downstairs and they gave me ice cream."

Annabell stared at her daughter. "Are you sure, darling? When did they have the party?"

"Last day when I was at Granny's."

Anger flowed through Annabell. She had been right. Martha was no ordinary housekeeper. They had made it up between them—that was why she was all sweetness and light! Of course no housekeeper would put herself out like that! Her mother and Clay had schemed this just because they didn't want her to teach; her mother didn't want to be tied down with Libby any more. How childish of them! Why hadn't they simply told her? No, they had gone into this childish plot and she had let them get by with it!

Well, it wasn't too late—she could get back her contract and sign it. She could

But it might have been real, she thought in panic again. I was more scared than I dared admit, even to myself—Oh, Clay, Clay! I couldn't bear it for you and Libby to grow away from me!

She looked at Libby, busily cutting stars from a piece of smudgy dough. Suddenly Annabell laughed and caught her daughter close, kissing the flour-daubed cheeks.

"I'm glad!" she cried, "glad it was a frame-up! I'll never let them know I found out!"

Libby leaned against her mother and laughed, too.

"I'm glad!" she echoed. "I'm glad, too, Mommy!"

"Now Is the Time"

Carol Read Flake

THE elaborate cutwork design on the pillow case blurred before Martha Lane's eyes and she lowered the hoops to her lap, blinking back the tears that had flowed too freely all day to be easily checked now in her husband's presence. Not that he was apt to notice! Half hidden by the evening paper, Harvey sprawled comfortably in the big chair, his long legs crossed on the ottoman, completely oblivious of his wife's unhappiness. Resentment stirred in her, deepening the hurt, the disappointment that had lain like a stone on her heart all this bright spring day.

May second, their daughter's wedding day. Tall, vivacious Dianne had been married that morning in the Idaho Falls Temple to Arthur Rowell. They had been accompanied by the groom's parents, but not by the bride's. Martha bit her lip and resolutely returned to her needlework.

"Well, Mother dear," Harvey exclaimed on the end of a noisy yawn, as he folded the paper, "how does it seem to have the first of our flock leave the nest?" He watched as she deftly brought the thread around and drew the needle through the cloth. "Still on those pillow slips of Dianne's?"

Martha pursed her lips and made no reply. How could he be so insensitive to her mood? How could he sit there, relaxed and complacent, feeling no twinge of conscience?

Reaching up, he switched off the lamp and settled back in his chair with another prodigious yawn. "Lovely warm evening for this time of year. Hope it's this nice in the Park. The kids'll have a great time. When'd you say they're coming home?"

"Saturday," she answered shortly. "Arthur has to be on the job Monday morning."

"Fine steady boy, that Art. Oh, say, I ran into Bishop Jenkins this morning. He was all praise for our Dianne; and said we'd done a splendid job rearing her. I told him, by jing, it wasn't any of my doings, that all the credit went to her mother. And you know what he said? He said, 'Harv, your wife is one of the finest, most faithful women in the ward.'"

Martha turned quickly for the floss that lay on the davenport, although her needle was full. She thought with something near hysteria, *Why can't he stop? Why doesn't he just go on to bed and leave me alone?*

"You seem sorta quiet tonight, Mother," he observed after a moment. "I'd think you'd be real happy, having your oldest girl married to a fine young fellow, and in the temple the way you've always wanted for her."

And the way I've always wanted for myself, she thought bitterly. But there was no point in mentioning that. Not after twenty-two years.

"Phyllis out tonight?" He had risen and gone to peer out the screen door.

"No, she's in bed." Martha's gray eyes clouded at thought of their sixteen-year-old. "We may not receive congratulations on Phyllis," she remarked quietly.

Her husband turned. "Phyllis? Oh, she's all right. Just in that mixed-up adolescent age."

"She wasn't very mixed-up in her scorn and ridicule of Dianne for not having a smart church wedding like Amy Hanford. She says there'll be none of this for her."

Harvey's laugh rang out. "That sounds like her, little monkey. She has a rebellious streak, but you can take it out of her."

"I?" she queried. "Is it my exclusive job to rear this family? And the boys," she went on, her voice rising, "you know how they are beginning to balk at going to Primary—even Sunday School. And Jimmy will be twelve next month." She stopped to let that sink in.

HARVEY was back in his chair, but he no longer looked comfortable. "I know it's a problem, Martha. I've left these things to you because—well, I don't set much of an example in the way of attendance and such." He leaned forward, elbows on knees, and studied his clasped hands thoughtfully. "I don't know—I guess I got started off wrong, with my dad so careless-like. And then my work" His voice trailed off.

Martha glanced up, needle poised. "Harvey Lane, you can't use your work as an excuse any longer. You've been off the road and right here in the home office for almost a year. Besides, lots of men who

travel find time for Church activity."

A car door slammed nearby and their eyes met questioningly. There was the sound of voices and footsteps on the walk. Martha laid aside her work and went to the door.

"Why, Kate Rowell," she cried eagerly, holding the door wide. "And Leslie. I didn't dream you were coming back today."

"I told Les I couldn't relax any place but home. Oh, what a day!" Kate laughed, letting her shoulders droop and her arms dangle at her side to show how weary she was.

"Leslie, old man!" Harvey strode forward to shake hands with her husband. "What does this make us — brothers-in-law? Come in, come in and tell us all about it."

"This makes fathers-in-law of us, Harv." Leslie smiled his warm, friendly smile as he laid an arm across Harvey's shoulder. "All I can say is you should have been there, you and Martha. It would have made you glow all over to see what a beautiful bride your Dianne made. Our Dianne," he corrected, his smile broadening. "And, Martha, I've never seen her when she looked more like you."

"Did she?" Martha flushed, her eyes glistening. "Oh, I wanted to be there. You'll never know. Kate, tell me," she hurried on in a cascade of words, "was everything all right? Did she seem very flustered?"

Kate threw up her hands in protest. "Wait, Martha—slow down," she laughed. "Sit down here by me and I'll tell you all about it. Oh, I wish you could have seen your daughter." She closed her eyes

rapturously. "Honestly, she was beautiful—just like a queen, tall and graceful. But she must have said a dozen times, 'If only mother and daddy could be here with us.'"

Martha, listening with rapt attention, had kept her composure, but at mention of her daughter's wistful remark, something seemed to break inside her, filling her throat, choking her. She caught her breath on a sob.

Kate's chatter ended abruptly. "I—I'm so silly."

Martha managed a shaky laugh. "Acting this way when I'm really thrilled and happy for her."

Kate put an arm about her. "I know, darling," she soothed. "Marrying Arthur off hasn't seemed so bad. But a daughter. Wait till it's Linda," she laughed. "I'll be weeping all over the place."

MARTHA was uncomfortably aware of her husband's gaze as she went about tidying the room after the Rowell's departure.

"Mother," he spoke at length, "I had no idea you felt the way you do about being with Dianne."

Her hand trembled as she replaced a book in the case, so that another became dislodged and clattered to the floor. She bent to retrieve it.

He regarded her soberly. "I've let you down, Martha. I know it and I'm sorry. Marriage in the temple means a lot to you. I guess I didn't realize how much."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you?"

"Yes," he answered slowly. "I want you to be happy."

"Harvey!" she cried. "It isn't just for me. It's for both of us—all of us. Our whole family." Still holding the book, she came and sat on the ottoman staring at him in wonder. "Don't you understand what eternal marriage is? Don't you believe in it?"

"Yes. Certainly. But it's just for the worthy."

"Well?"

"What do you mean, 'Well'? I'm only a teacher."

"What does it take to become a priest?" she prompted gently. "And an elder?"

He rose abruptly. "More time than I've got now," he replied, heading for their room. "Maybe later."

Martha moaned a little, watching him go. Later, always later. She rose, sighed deeply, and went to put the book away. Dear Lord, she prayed, help me reach him. Please show me a way.

She glanced at the book in her hand so she could put it in, title up, and saw that it was Dianne's Book of Mormon she had used in seminary. Opening it from the back, she let the pages ripple past her thumb, noticing how many passages were underscored in red. The book came to rest open near the center, chapter 34 of Alma.

Her gaze wandered idly to the marked passage:

For behold, now is the time and the day of your salvation. . . . For behold, this life is the time for men to prepare to meet God; yea, behold the day of this life is the day for men to perform their labors. . . . I beseech of you that ye do not procrastinate the day of your repentance until the end; for after this day of life, which is given us to prepare for

eternity, behold if we do not improve our time while in this life, then cometh the night of darkness wherein there can be no labor performed.

Martha caught her breath, her whole being electrified. She returned to the opening words, "Behold, now is the time"

Now is the time! Oh, Harvey, she cried in her heart, this is for you! If only he would read and understand.

She found him in his pajamas adjusting the windows. "Dear," she said, trying to keep excitement from her voice, "I was just glancing through this book of Dianne's. She has this part underlined. Won't you read it? It's some of Alma's teachings."

Scowling a little, he took the book and sat down on the edge of the bed. Martha wanted to watch as he read, but fearful of distracting him, she took her gown and went into the bathroom to prepare for bed.

He was still reading when she returned and he did not look up. Her heart sank when she saw that he was not reading on the page she had indicated. She said nothing, however, and sat down at her vanity to brush her hair.

"Hmm," he murmured after several minutes. "Quite a sermon. But you're wrong, Mother. It isn't Alma."

"What?" She rose, deeply disappointed. He had missed the passage.

He turned back two pages. "It's Amulek. See, right here—'And Amulek arose and began to teach them.'"

"Oh!" He was right. Color rose in her cheeks. But it was from joy more than embarrassment. He had read the entire chapter from the beginning.

"Hmm," he said again, moving his finger down the column, "I beseech of you that ye do not procrastinate the day of your repentance" He raised his head and gazed thoughtfully into space.

Martha reached impulsively to lay her hand over his. "We both need to repent," she said earnestly. "We have these wonderful children. We must teach them the gospel and set an example before them."

He nodded, pressing her fingers into her palm. "I know. I always mean to do better. I really do, Martha. I guess I just don't know how. And now with Jimmy—" He stopped. "I've been blaming my father's carelessness for my own attitude, and here I am letting history repeat itself."

Harvey bent one knee upon the bed, his brow knit pensively. "It takes an awful lot to qualify. I was just thinking about Bishop Jenkins. And Leslie Rowell. They're good men—righteous, worthy men. I could never be in their class."

"Harvey," she said in a low, firm voice, "they have only one thing that you haven't. That is a strong, living testimony that this gospel is true. That and that alone makes a man or woman strong in the Church. You know how such a testimony is gained, don't you?"

He shook his head lugubriously as he flung back the covers and

(Continued on page 282)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1891

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

A SONNET

“I love you”—ah 'tis but a little thing—
A sentence short, three tiny words,—and still,
Not poet's art, nor yet musician's skill,
Such wondrous happiness can bring
As these. O mystery-breathing spell,
Come to this heart of mine, and tell
The stories garnered through the years.

—M. G. McClelland

IN MEMORIAM: President Daniel H. Wells never shrank from trials however severe, but grew strong and valiant for the truth, the more he was tried. Making the acquaintance of the Prophet Joseph Smith he became strongly attached to him though then unconnected with the Church. At the time of the exodus of the main body of the Church from Nauvoo, and the remnant that was left being attacked by their enemies after having been promised protection, Squire Wells espoused the cause of this oppressed and persecuted people. His “gallant defense” of the “Mormons” at that time will never be forgotten, his fortitude and courage were “a tower of strength” to those who were defending themselves against their enemies. The story of his valor is graphically told by those who participated in that terrible struggle, when the aged, the poor and helpless were compelled to leave Nauvoo and camp upon the opposite banks of the Mississippi River. He was the last one to leave when the city was evacuated, and was fired upon after crossing over into Iowa.

PRESIDENT WELLS

A brave true heart, that wore no worldly mask,
Nor ever shrank from any proving test,
A strong, kind hand, ne'er known to shirk its task
Now calmly rest.

Eternal One, this Friend hath served Thee well;
Thy mercies to his family still increase;
For love like his, Thine only can excel,
Grant them its peace.

—Lula

ST. JOHNS STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: The subjects spoken of were prayer, the vision of Nephi, bearing of testimony, influence of mothers over their children, condition of woman among the nations of the earth. E. S. Udall after making some timely remarks regarding the duties of R. S. presidents, read an article from the *Gazette* on the “Woman Suffrage Bill” now before the Territorial Legislature. The meeting was a very interesting and instructive one, the remarks being accompanied by that Holy Spirit which brings peace and joy to the soul.

—Mary E. B. Farr, Sec.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THREE women of national interest recently passed away. Hattie Wyatt Caraway, seventy-two, was the first woman elected to the United States Senate. At her husband's death she was appointed to fill his seat and was elected twice, serving thirteen years altogether.

Mrs. Ida Ringling North, seventy-six, was a sister of the Ringling brothers of circus fame, and mother of the present president of the organization, John Ringling North. Sallie Lindsay White, eighty-one, was the wife of William Allen White, courageous editor of the *Emporia Gazette* and mother of author-editor William Lindsay White.

BARBARA Bidwell, a Utah girl, but a graduate of Kentucky State University, is official hostess for her father, Colonel Bruce W. Bidwell, military attache in The Hague, Holland. With the inflexible protocol of high diplomatic circles in Europe, this is a difficult position to fill. Miss Bidwell has been officially presented at the Netherlands court, held in Queen Juliana's palace.

THE Children's Dance Theater of Salt Lake City, personally directed by the well-known dance artist, Virginia Tanner, has penetrated the "Iron Curtain" by way of the magazine *America*, which is sponsored by the Department of

State in Washington, printed in Russian, and circulated behind the "Curtain." The purpose is to show Russians the American way of life. This unusual group has also been featured in *This Week*, in *National Dance Magazine*, and in a movie made by the Swedish Film Corporation.

MISS JUNE BARLOW, lovely blonde of Bountiful and "Miss Utah" for 1949, is now serving the Church as a missionary in England.

MR.S. ELLEN ASH PETERSON, ninety-six, of Logan, Utah, cares for herself, crochets babies' booties by the hundreds, and writes her own checks and birthday cards. She emigrated from England, and was a member of the first handcart company to cross the plains in 1856.

AT eighteen, Elizabeth Bryan of Salt Lake City won the grand prize in the "Make-It-Yourself-With-Wool" national sewing contest. She is now enrolled at the Traphagen School of Fashion Design in New York, a year's tuition at that school being a part of her grand prize award.

IN *Branches Over the Wall*, recently off the press, well-known Utah author, Ora Pate Stewart, retells with clarity, easy-to-follow continuity, and great condensation, the story contained in the Book of Mormon.



“Therewith to Be Content”

WHEN conditions in the world or in one's personal life become a cause of anxiety and worry, there are always paths open for receiving needed strength and increased faith. One of these paths is prayer to the all-wise and loving Heavenly Father, and another path is to study the words given by the Father to his children.

Through prayerful reading of the trials and tribulations experienced by servants of the Lord in all ages of the world, and how they continued “to stand fast in the Lord.” one receives a renewed determination not to become disheartened because of his own cares and sorrows. In the revelation to Emma Smith, the Lord commanded, “. . . Thou shalt lay aside the things of this world, and seek for the things of a better” (D. & C. 25:10). Studying the scriptures is of incalculable help in obeying this commandment.

The words of one inspired writer will seem to carry a special message to one person, while those of another will heal another's wounds. It remains for every Latter-day Saint to search all the scriptures, and take to himself that which will most comfort and apply to him in a particular situation.

Today men and boys are being taken from their homes and sent to many parts of the world. Now one may read of the far-flung missionary journeys of the apostle Paul

with heightened appreciation and deepened import. Pondering upon Paul's words one realizes that he carried on in spite of sickness and “a thorn in the flesh”; in addition to his heavy missionary duties he, at times of necessity, worked at his trade of tentmaker. As one reads of his loneliness and fears and trembling, one feels drawn nearer in spirit, to this great man. He went through grave persecutions; he was stoned; he was scourged; he was chained to guards in a dread dungeon; yet, in the midst of years of such treatment he penned inspiring and comforting letters to his beloved saints. One to the Philipians he wrote while still in bonds at Rome. Though written particularly to his friends in that city, they are also to all living today who will heed his words. One sentence carries a great message for today: “*For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content*” (Phil. 4:11).

Paul had “learned” in a harsh, even in a cruel school. The “state” wherein he found himself innumerable times was one of physical pain or spiritual anguish. For periods of time the only persons to whom he could pour out his testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ were his gaolers. Yet he accepted those things which he had to undergo in a spirit of contentment, placing utter trust in the Lord.

Are the stressful conditions which Latter-day Saints are now experiencing worse than those of Paul? Should not each Latter-day Saint, forewarned of conditions to exist in the world in the last days, strive to attain to the contentment of which Paul spoke? "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

What an acknowledgment and full acceptance of the wisdom of God is expressed in that sentence! It is a re-echoing of the spirit of the Master when he prayed, "Not my will but thine be done." To know the principles of the gospel and to live by them, realizing that the Lord's loving care surrounds

one at all times and in all situations, and in all parts of the world, brings contentment to the soul. It is a perfect attitude for a Latter-day Saint to acquire, one which will be a source of inspiration to others and an abiding source of joy and contentment to the possessor.

Mothers who instil this spirit into their sons who leave home will give them a priceless possession. Their footsteps will be placed on the path along which Paul toiled. They will grasp every opportunity to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ by their exemplary lives as well as by their spoken word. Thus a seeming misfortune may turn to a glorious outcome.

—M. C. S.

April Hour

Leone E. McCune

As fragile as a vase of windblown glass,
 Unreal as all the lovely dreams that pass,
 As haunting as some half-forgotten tune,
 Enchanting as a scarlet rose in June,
 An unnamed wish, a piercing, sweet desire,
 Soft, gold-green days, rain strumming on the lyre;
 Ethereal the magic of this hour,
 Brief interlude between the bud and flower.

Garden Riches

Jeanette P. Parry

I sowed snapdragon seeds today
 Beside the garden walk,
 And visioned miracles in May
 Upon each graceful stalk.
 Such delicate black seeds to hold
 Rich velvet colors, fold on fold,
 Rare fragrance for my garden space,
 And riches for my tall, blue vase.

Miracle

Marian Schroder Crothers

He plowed the land;
 The warm earth lay in brown furrows
 In suppliant waiting.
 From work-worn hands he scattered
 Back into the ground
 The seeds from last year's crop.
 Then patiently, he waited for
 The miracle of growth again.

Meals of Our Time

Sara Mills

In this year of 1951 housewives are particularly interested in preparing thrifty, attractive, and nutritious meals. The following menus are relatively inexpensive, they have an appetizing appearance, and provide vitamins, minerals, and calories.

MENU ONE

Spanish beans	Apple pie or fresh fruit and cheese
Tossed green salad with avocado	Hot chocolate or fruit punch
Hot corn bread or French bread	

This menu is an inspired one for an outdoor gathering of friends or family, and it tastes just as good indoors any season.

SPANISH BEANS

4 c. red kidney beans	2 cloves garlic, minced
1 small ham hock	2 small cans tomato hot sauce
2 onions sliced	2-3 tsp. chili powder
1 large bell pepper	salt to taste

Wash the beans and soak them overnight in two quarts of warm water. Heat in the same water until the water boils. Drain off the water and add all the other ingredients, with enough fresh water for simmering. Let simmer gently for several hours until the beans are very tender. Shortly before the beans are to be served, remove the ham hock and any surface fat. Shred the ham and return it to the beans. For variation, place the beans in a casserole, sprinkle with your favorite grated cheese, and place in the oven until the cheese bubbles.

MENU TWO

Chicken tamale	Tossed green salad
Fresh summer squash or other green vegetable	Dinner rolls
	Fresh fruit compote

This recipe came to me from a farm wife. It will serve a goodly number and is particularly appropriate for a potluck supper. If children are to be served, the amount of red pepper and chili powder should be reduced

CHICKEN TAMALE

1 large chicken, cooked until tender	1 tbsp. chili powder
1 quart chicken broth	1 tbsp. butter
1 c. corn meal	salt to taste

Add the corn meal, chili powder, butter, and salt to the broth and steam in a double boiler about one hour. While this mixture is steaming proceed with the sauce.

SAUCE FOR CHICKEN TAMALE

½ c. butter or cooking oil	1 tbsp. chili powder
1 onion, sliced thin	½ tsp. cayenne pepper
2 cloves garlic	1 small can sliced, ripe olives
½ c. flour	4 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
1 can tomatoes (size 2 ½)	1 can corn

Gently saute the sliced onion and garlic in the butter and add the flour to make a paste. Add tomatoes, chili powder, red pepper, olives, eggs, and corn. Lay the chicken in pieces in a roaster or large baking pan. Pour the sauce over the chicken and bake about one hour at 300° F.

MENU THREE

Chicken tomato soup (thick)
Pear and cheese salad

Oven-toasted bread with butter
Cake or pudding

CHICKEN TOMATO SOUP

Place chicken neck, gizzard, wings, back, and other bones in a large soup kettle, cover with cold water, and let stand for one hour. Bring chicken to a boil and remove scum. Then add the following ingredients:

6 peppercorns	1 bay leaf
6 sprigs parsley	1 pinch rosemary
1 stalk celery	salt to taste
1 carrot	

Cover kettle and simmer mixture slowly until chicken is very tender. Remove chicken parts and vegetables and strain. Bring the stock to a boil and add $\frac{1}{4}$ c. brown rice.

While rice is cooking in the soup, saute in 2 tbsp. butter, the following ingredients:

1 carrot, diced	1 potato, diced
1 c. celery, diced	2 tbsp. chopped onion

Saute for about 7 minutes, stirring gently, then add 1 tbsp. flour and stir until the flour is absorbed. When the rice in the soup is nearly done, add the sauted vegetables and cook until the vegetables are barely tender. Then add 1 can condensed tomato soup and a scant cup of finely cut spinach or young chard. Let the soup boil gently for two or three minutes and serve at once, preferably with grated Parmesan cheese.

MENU FOUR

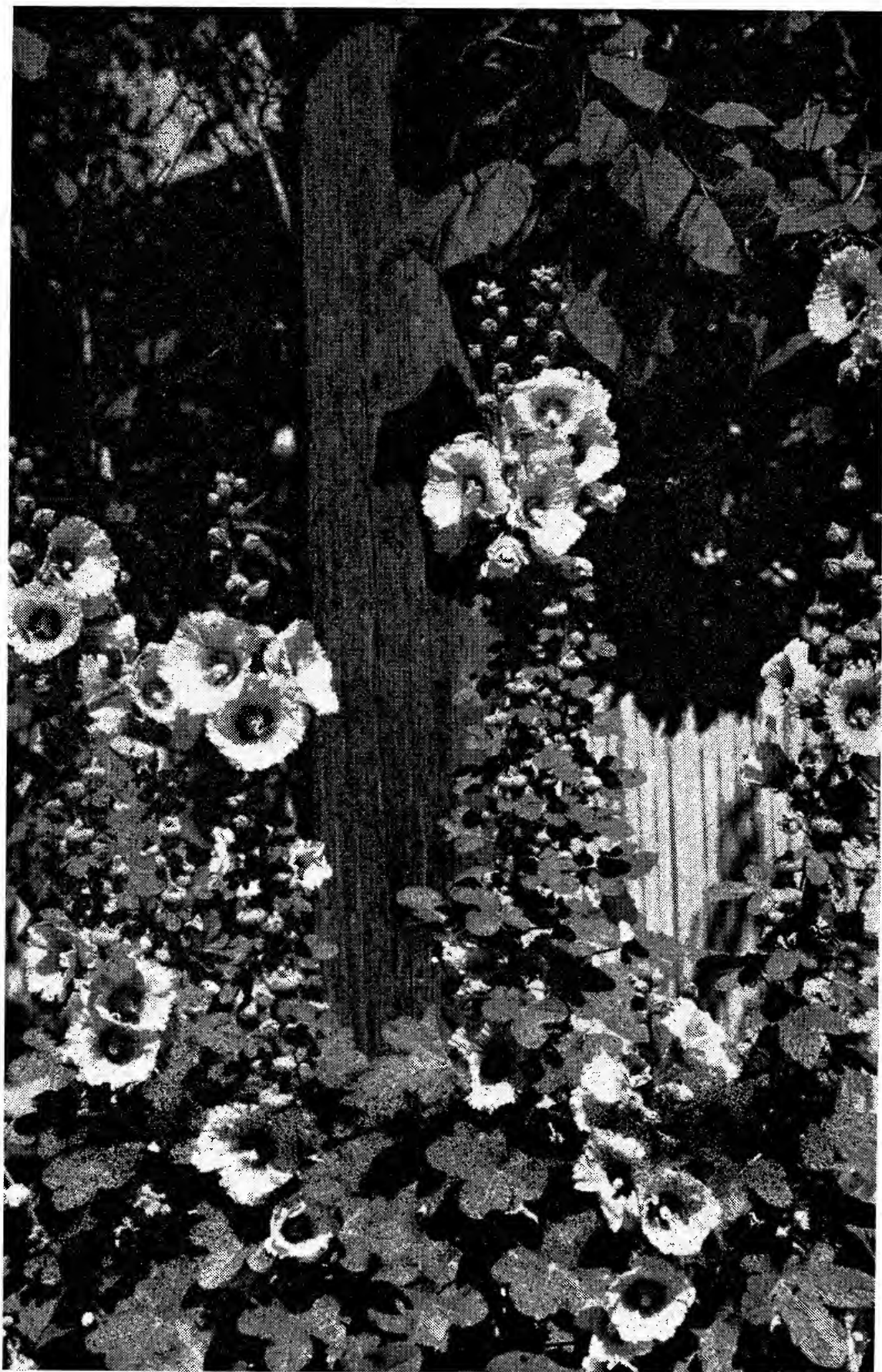
Potato chips and tuna casserole
Hot muffins
Fresh peas

Shredded cabbage and carrot salad,
with nuts
Fruit pie or peach cobbler

POTATO CHIPS AND TUNA CASSEROLE

1 large package potato chips	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped green peppers
1 large can shredded tuna	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. chopped parsley
1 can condensed mushroom soup	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. grated onion
1 cup whole milk	salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ c. chopped celery	pepper

In a lightly buttered casserole dish, lay $\frac{1}{3}$ of the potato chips, crushed. Add a layer of minced tuna, then a layer of celery, green peppers, and parsley. On this layer sprinkle some grated onion with a light hand. Now add a layer of mushroom soup mixed with the milk. Make, in all, two layers of tuna, soup, and vegetables, and three layers of potato chips. Add salt and pepper to taste, and bake in moderate oven until the vegetables are thoroughly tender, about 45 minutes.



Ray Loomis

HOLLYHOCKS

Gardens in Pattern

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

"A garden is a lyric
Man may write in seed . . ."

GARDEN colors, like all colors, are most effective when displayed in a pattern, and the simpler the pattern the more effective.

Mexican Sash Garden

A design my neighbor uses every year is as colorful as a Mexican sash and more dependable than summer sunshine. It is a long, narrow garden about four feet deep and extending the length of the front porch, about twenty-six feet. First he fertilizes and pulverizes the soil, then in a row next to the foundation go the dahlias, the great towering species that send out enormous blooms beginning in July. He mixes these colors, but the great bronze beauties dominate. Sixteen inches in front of the dahlias he plants a row of giant African marigolds, then fourteen inches in front of the marigolds goes a line of the new chrysanthemum-like, lemon-yellow marigolds followed by a row of zinnias. He finishes with a border of tiny marigolds or dwarf zinnias which also border the lawn and tie the whole front yard into a dashing picture that stays bright from July until frost. Many cut bouquets also come from this simple garden on the south front of his home.

Circular Garden

Another neighbor has a corner curb and a circular garden spot on

his back lawn made glorious by Cannas. A small circular garden can be created within an old wagon tire, a larger one can be bordered by rocks, as is my neighbor's. The circle is filled with Canna bulbs in scarlet with a border of sage-green foliage. Cannas also come in pinks and yellows and make beautiful pictures with a border of Blue Cap Ageratum, Little Gem Sweet Alyssum, or violas in white, yellow, or purple. The Canna stalk yields a triple bud which sends out three sets of blooms a season in succession, so that a continuous display results over a period of more than two months.

Shade-Loving Flowers

If you have a shaded spot the Canterbury bells will love it and reward you with a mass of bloom. However, these are biennials and bloom late in the season when started from seed and reach their height of bloom the second season. The best effect is obtained early by using plants instead of waiting for seed growth. But once started they yield yearly bloom, as they seed themselves and can be transplanted for pattern. During the blooming season their pyramid of bells is a thrilling sight.

Another shade-loving flower, and much more glamorous, even exotic, is the tuberous begonia. These luxurious blooms are best secured by buying the bulbs already started by the nurserymen and the florists, as the further along they are at plant-



Don Knight

TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIAS

ing time the sooner the blooms begin to decorate your garden. They need a little tempered sunlight, very, very rich loam, about one-third sandy loam, one-third barnyard manure, and one-third peat moss, along with plenty of water, including fine daily spraying of the plants themselves. Their exquisite blooms are a continuous delight till frost interrupts. Their color range is wide and can be used singly or variegated. They make marvelous show pieces, floating cut-arrangements, and house plants when the outdoor season is over.

Gladioli and Asters

A summer without gladioli is like a spring without lilacs. They come in such a wide variety of colors that one can plant them in the background of lower-growing plants for

color effects, or in clumps around shrubs for naturalizing, or in circles or rows in a garden spot all their own. You can hardly make a mistake on gladioli, but they do require a gardener's eye for thrips, and frequent spraying. Also, it is a good idea to fumigate the soil with one of the commercial fumigating compounds before planting gladioli.

As autumn and asters are inseparable so spring is the time to make sure of them. Such a range of color and variety are offered the gardener that it is harder to hold back than to buy them. One wants them all. But here again restraint pays. A great bed of asters can be obtained from seed planted directly in the garden and thinned later or planted in seed beds and trans-

planted to a permanent home. The effect is better if the colors are arranged in schemes and kept down to two colors and a white. Such a generous supply of cut bouquets is assured from an aster bed!

Iris for Variety and Beauty

The once scorned "flag" has become the aristocratic iris and is now welcome and sought after in any garden and well worth the cultivating. If water is a problem in your garden, the iris is your friend. It blooms early in the summer or late spring on stored winter moisture and requires the minimum of irrigating when the blooming season is over. Such voluptuousness! Such grace! Such delight! And such variety! Every year there are fabulous new varieties introduced to tempt the eye and the purse. Many of the varieties that have been out a few years have unsurpassed beauty



Don Knight

IRIS

and can be bought at a nominal price, while the newer varieties are collectors' items and priced accordingly.

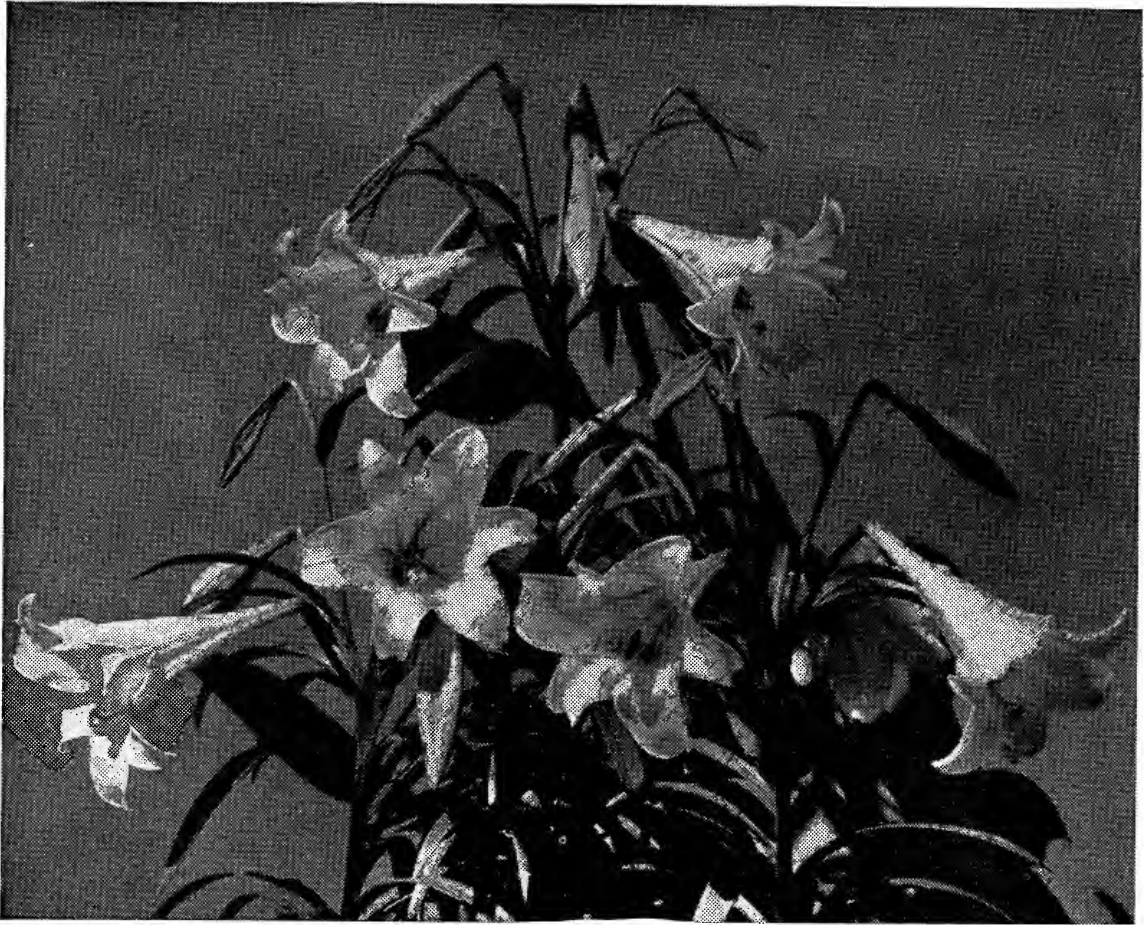
The Morh varieties (Elmohr, Grace Mohr, Wm. Mohr, and Or Mohr) are marvelous for colossal size and ruffled luxury in varying tones of lavenders, and there are such beautiful tones of golden yellows to contrast with them in your garden and in your cut-flower arrangements. But irises come in many colors, including reds, blues, and the iciest of whites, all in large, ruffled, showy flowers.

You will want an acre of ground to grow irises, and you will need it if you don't use restraint in buying the rhizomes as they multiply rather rapidly. The best way to choose irises is to visit a garden in bloom and note the names of the varieties, then order them by name. They



Josef Muench

JAPANESE IRIS



Josef Muench

EASTER LILIES

are usually planted in the early fall, but may be transplanted in the spring, and again just after the blooming season.

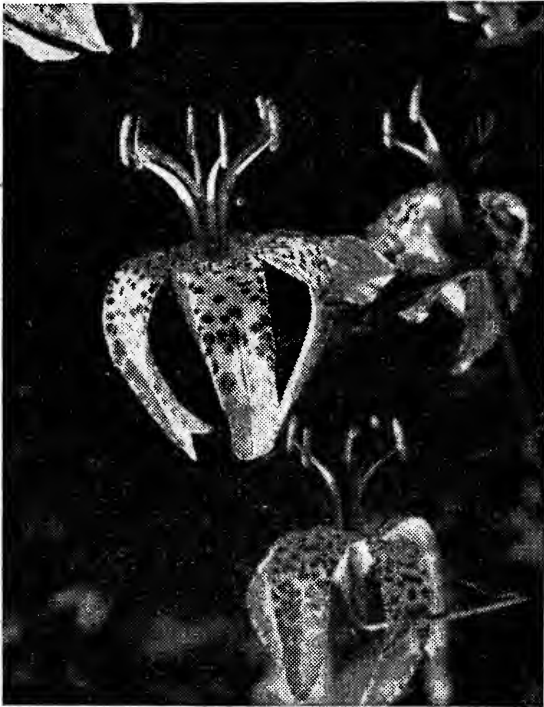
Another delightful member of the iris family is the Dutch iris, that delightful orchid-like variety that the florist puts into springtime corsages. The color range is wide, and Dutch iris plants are hardy if not planted in too exposed a position in a very frosty climate. In northern regions a south-of-a-building location suits them well.

Lilies for Exquisite Dignity

And lilies! Such lilies as a gardener can grow for herself in these modern gardens! The improved regals that grow ten feet tall and

bear up to two dozen great white star-lipped bells with pale green or blush-pink throats, are easily grown. These like deep planting in moist sandy loam with partial shade and then to be let alone. Lilies hate being disturbed and will reward you amply for privacy. Their little sister, the Madonna, is a hardy and prolific beauty and not too choosy about soil conditions.

In front of the giant regal lilies may be grown the graceful and colorful tiger lilies, and in front of these and sunward, the *elegans* and *centrifolium* (Easter lilies) will produce a lovely effect. The lily you had at Easter can be tucked into the soil as soon as the bloom is gone, but



Josef Muench

TIGER LILY

will not bloom again until the following year, and then perhaps in August, not at Easter.

After all the other lilies are long gone, the Formosanas will raise their stalks of pure white bells to delight you. And be sure to tuck a stately yucca or two among your lilies, and the rubrums will yield you garden grace and cut-flower glory.

The day lilies are hardy background and border material, and the corn or lemon varieties are beautiful for spiking peony baskets on Decoration Day.

Petunias

For simplicity and generosity of bloom, nothing outdoes the petunia. In a planting around a very new home which stands on a knoll with a very sharp slope, the incline was planted with Morning Rose dwarf petunias, and the gorgeous mass of deep dawn-pink was breath-

taking all summer and late into the autumn. Small borders of dwarf petunias glorified the landscape long after flowers in this locality are usually forfeited to frost.

Another petunia picture I shall always remember is of a white cottage with green shutters, banked by evergreen shrubs, with a curving walk bordered with great white ruffled petunias, a symphony in green and white. A singleness of effect is usually more striking and memorable than trying to capture all the colors of the rainbow at once in one garden.

Perennials

Spring is the season to set out your favorite perennials, except for the loveliest of them all, the peony, which requires autumn planting. The gorgeous and generous coreop-



W. Atlee Burpee

ROSE-COLORED, ALL-DOUBLE
PETUNIAS

sis that adds such a wealth of sunlight to any garden or bouquet can be set out in springtime, along with the daisies—the shasta, single, double, and chiffon, the lovely painted varieties from pink through maroon, and the dainty but sturdy columbines. Be sure, though, to get the newer, larger-bloomed columbines, as garden space is too precious to waste on inferior varieties of any flower.

The king and queen of the perennial garden, if we except the lovely varieties of peonies which are a must in any yard, are the Pacific hybrid delphiniums and the phlox.

Both of these yield generous summer bloom. The delphiniums grow as high as ten feet in favorable sites and yield yard-long spikes of florets several inches in diameter, and in a wide color range from deep purple to pure white. The phlox add fragrance to their pannicles of varicolored beauty and grow less tall so that they can be banked against the delphinium for a stunning background effect.

From the great variety of floral forms, colors, and fragrance, select your favorites and plan and plant a garden that will give pleasure until the winter comes again.

Two Sunsets

Juliaetta B. Jensen

THE CRUCIFIXION

I saw a sunset from my hill
 So dark and drear, foreboding,
 All my heart with fear was still,
 Black clouds frowning from beneath, above,
 Shut out all hope of peace and love,
 One thin, red streak as if of blood,
 Was all I saw in that dull, dark, western sky,
 One moment, and even that was gone.
 My path blacked out, and with a bitter cry,
 I fell upon the shaking earth, and wept alone.

THE RESURRECTION

The next night, I saw another sunset
 From my hill, so different
 My heart was still, and lifted up
 With joy and hope and peace.
 It was as if some artist from on high
 Had dipped his brush into the rainbow dew
 And painted all the western sky
 With pastel colors of every hue;
 That shouted to the heavens about, above,
 Of One who gave his all for love
 That you and I might never die.

For the Strength of the Hills

CHAPTER 3

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Camilla Fenton, an orphan from California, is the new schoolteacher in Crandall, Idaho. She becomes interested in Stanley Rodgers, a young farmer. During the first big snowstorm Camilla walks home with one of her students and is caught in a blizzard. Stanley rescues her. That night he tells her that they always keep the red-headed schoolteachers in Crandall.

CAMILLA had written blithely to her aunt that she was marrying Stan as soon as school was out, and that, because of his work, they would have to wait until winter to come down to California. Then they would come down for a nice, long visit. She ended by saying, "You'll be simply crazy about Stan. Everyone is." She really believed that it was so. Not even Aunt Lillian, she thought, could be proof against his charm.

Her aunt replied with a note of congratulations and wishes for her happiness, which Camilla was sure she had tried very hard to write sincerely, even if she had failed. She also sent a set of sterling silver, which Stan remarked might come in handy to pawn if the crops failed.

"Indeed we won't pawn it," she retorted. "We're going to have things as nice in our home as if it were located on Malibu Beach, and there'll be much nicer people living in it," she ended, smiling.

After their marriage they spent a week at Sun Valley, where it was rather quiet because of being in between seasons, and where they rode

horseback, swam in the lovely pool, took long hikes over the hills, and learned with new surprise each day how completely in love they were.

"It's been a wonderful week," said Camilla, with a sigh, as she sat back in the car to begin the ride home. "Imagine! my one and only honeymoon, and it's ended."

"Well, I should hope so," replied her new husband. "I mean your one and only honeymoon. You don't really think it's ended, do you?"

"Of course not," she agreed snuggling down against his shoulder. "Our marriage is really going to be different. I know that a million other girls have said that, but not one of them married you."

When, at the end of the ride, they drove up to the farm that Stan had bought—"or rather made a down payment on the chicken coops," as he put it, she looked at the big, ugly house that she had never been inside of, and thanked her stars that she was indeed very much in love.

"Gay old castle, isn't it?" asked Stan lightly, as if reading her thoughts. "But we can do something with it. How about painting it pink? Don't they do that in California?"

"Sometimes, but this house isn't quite the type," grinned Camilla. "But it would look rather nice painted white, with red roof and shutters."

"Okay, Mrs. Rodgers. We'll start in the morning. Right now we'd best see where Mom has put our doodads and if Mickey has let the stock starve to death."

The "doodads" were their wedding gifts, which his folks had promised to bring over and place in the house. Camilla hoped wildly that the inside would be better than the out but, as she stood in the front room after Stan had gallantly carried her in, she had all she could do to keep back her dismay.

The ceilings were high, the woodwork plentiful and old-fashioned. The paper on the walls a nondescript brown. The only redeeming feature was a huge fireplace, with really good, simple lines.

"Did anyone ever live here—with walls looking like this?" she asked.

"Sure. Lived, loved, and probably liked them this way," he answered airily. "How about making the inside pink, if you won't consider it for the outside?"

He went back to the car for their bags, and Camilla slumped down onto the bumpy gray sofa that had come with the place.

"Patience, my girl," she said against her rising dismay. "You can change all this. You can even have big windows cut to open up a view of the mountains."

SHE got up and walked over to the east window. "There is nothing wrong here that I can't change," she said to the distant peaks. "I can be strong, too."

Having thrown out her challenge, she turned and went into the bedroom to change to a house dress.

She supposed that Stan was out looking over the place to see how things had fared under his young brother, so she went on into the kitchen to prepare supper.

Here was a fresh shock. Against one wall was a great black cooking range, such as she had imagined existed only in books written about the so-called gay nineties. Beneath the window was a sink. "At least there's running water in the house," she said, somewhat in surprise. On the table was a box of groceries, thoughtfully provided by Stan's mother, several bottles of fruit and jam, and two loaves of freshly baked bread.

She put the things away in the cupboards and set the table with one of her pretty luncheon cloths. Then she ran outside and gathered a few sprigs of the larkspur that was growing by the side of the house. I'll have lots of flowers, too, she thought happily, pansies, roses—everything.

She was grateful that she didn't have to tackle cooking anything in the big black stove tonight, since Mrs. Rodgers had left plenty of food for their supper. But she couldn't resist the feeling that it lay in waiting, a dragon ready to do battle for supremacy.

Stan was late coming in from his chores, and her hunger, along with her weariness and dismay at the ugliness of the house, came close to disheartening her. She managed to smile when he finally came in, however, and greeted him with, "I hope you don't mind dining in the kitchen?"

"Not so long as I'm dining with royalty," he answered, picking her

up and swinging her high in the air. Then he added seriously, "Just keep smiling, ladybird. I'll have everything the way you want it some day. I promise."

The next morning she found it much harder to keep smiling, for the time had come when she could no longer delay battle with the black range. Stan had built the fire and gone outside to his work when she came into the kitchen. She managed bacon and eggs without too much difficulty, but found it impossible to toast the bread with anything approaching evenness. "They talk about a bride's burned biscuits," she moaned, "and I can't even toast bread."

She had used up half a loaf trying to get four slices that would suit her, when she was struck by a still grimmer thought. Where was more bread coming from when this was gone? Not from a bakery or corner store. Farm women made their own bread, and she was a farm woman now.

Later in the day she began telling Stan her plans for the house. "We'll begin in that east window," she said. "It can easily be cut two or three times its present size. Then we'll paint all the walls and woodwork. I want them light. Pale blue would be pretty. Then we'll cover this old furniture with some bright flowered chintzes. I'd like a Mexican kitchen—bright blue, yellow, and red. Doesn't it sound gay?"

"It sounds terrific," Stan agreed, "and if I didn't need such a lot of farm machinery we'd start tomorrow. But the crops have to come first or there'll never be any money

for the rest of it. Right now I could sink every last dime into a tractor."

"Can't we even do the window?" she pleaded. "We have to get that cut out before we can touch the walls anyway."

"Sorry, dear, but we really can't. Cutting out windows is a rather expensive proposition. I can manage paint for the kitchen. We'll go into town tomorrow and stock up on red, yellow, and purple paint."

"Blue—not purple," she corrected, and managed to smile in spite of her disappointment.

THEY bought the paint, and she found that doing the inside of her kitchen cupboards was all she could manage that summer anyway. Her entire time seemed to be taken up with putting things into cans—berries, peas, string beans, cherries, and apricots. The season for canning one crop would barely be over before the next started.

Mrs. Rodgers came over with her pressure cooker and the two of them worked in the hot kitchen, with a roaring fire in the coal range until the perspiration streamed from their faces. More than once Camilla thought that it would be far pleasanter and more comfortable to go hungry.

"I don't see why you come over here and slave," Camilla remarked to her mother-in-law one day. "You have all of your own work to do, and then you come over here and help do mine, too."

"Work is never half as hard for two as it is for one," replied the older woman, and then added with a faint smile, "I was a bride, too, once, you know."

"What kind of a home did you come to?" asked Camilla curiously.

"One that would have made this house look like a palace. It had two rooms—or rather, a room and a 'lean-to,' and we homesteaded the land, which meant that not a furrow had been turned. I had a funny little cookstove with only two lids. Steven made all the rest of our furniture. But we were very happy. Happiness is never a matter of worldly goods. At least, I've never found it so."

"At the moment I can't help thinking that a deep freeze would make me extremely happy," said Camilla, pushing back her hair with her sleeve, "and save both of us a lot of work and discomfort."

"You're quite right," agreed Mrs. Rodgers, "and I hope that you get one before too many years."

"After an electric range, a refrigerator, and a big east window," recited Camilla.

The summer, with all its heat, work, and discomfort, finally passed away, and she viewed the rows of bottles on her cupboard shelves with considerable pride. With canning and gardening done for the season, she decided that she could take time to go on with her plans for painting the interior of the house—especially now that the potato crop was sold and there was money for at least a part of the necessary materials.

We'll go to town Saturday, she thought complacently, but on Friday evening Stan came in and said, "The bank roll is busting out all over. Want to take that jaunt to California?"

"Oh, Stan, of course!" she cried in delight. "It will be wonderful to show you off to all my friends."

"Well, that wasn't exactly what I had in mind," he returned dryly, "but I don't want your Aunt Lillian to think that you've gone back to the good earth for good. When shall we leave?"

"Um—next week. Will the bank roll allow for a new suit? I'd hate to have my friends say 'My goodness—the same duds she was wearing here a year and a half ago.'"

"The bank roll is yours, dear, as far as it will go," he agreed, "just leave enough for potato seed next spring, a chicken coop, and a harrow."

"I thought so," she laughed. "Also, the paint for these rooms, that I've been dying to get at all summer. But I'm going to have a new suit just the same. It will be fun to shop at Bullocks and Mays again. Another thing I'm going to have is a manicure," she added, looking ruefully at her work-roughened hands. "And I'll wear mitts with cold cream from now until the time I leave."

"Are you trying to scare me out?" asked Stan. "I'm afraid that I have just a touch of dishpan hands, too."

"Of course not," said Camilla quickly, but she didn't wear the mitts, and she didn't have a manicure, even after she had arrived in California.

From the Los Angeles station they took a bus out to Santa Monica and then a taxi up to the white stucco house.

"Whew!" said Stan with a low whistle as they went up the walk.

"Do I bow to the butler or does he bow to me?"

"Don't be a goose," she retorted. "There isn't a butler, or even a maid. Just a cleaning woman a couple of times a week, unless Aunt Lillian has changed mightily. She can't get along with help in the house. Nobody ever does anything to suit her."

"Including choosing a husband, I expect."

To which Camilla merely shrugged and opened the door.

THE front of the house was empty, and she looked around with delight at the lovely rooms that had been home for so many years. As her eyes traveled over the soft blue carpeting, the inviting arm chairs, and the charming pictures, she realized that she had missed them more than she had ever admitted to herself.

As she met Stan's glance she gave him a bright smile, slipped her hand in his, and led him out to the patio in the rear which she knew to be the most likely place to find her aunt.

She was sitting in a garden chair, reading a book and, as Stan would have said, "Dressed to the hilt."

She greeted Camilla with somewhat restrained affection, then offered her hand to Stan, saying, "And this is the wonderful husband?"

"This is the husband," amended Stan.

"This is the wonderful husband," repeated Camilla, with emphasis.

"Now you must sit down and tell me all about Idaho and your farm,"

her aunt went on in her "grand dame" manner.

"It's simply marvelous!" exclaimed Camilla. "You never saw such mountains! And the colors in autumn are unbelievable. The hills are simply covered with gold and crimson."

"And your house?"

"It's a big old place," she went on, with the same enthusiasm as if she were describing a French villa. "I'm going to have a circus doing it over. You know how I love to dabble with interior decorating? Well, this really gives me a challenge. Next summer you'll have to come up and see it."

"How nice," was the noncommittal reply. Then she added casually, "I've invited a few friends in for tonight. They're all so eager to see you again."

"Tonight!" gasped Camilla. She was about to add, "But we're barely off the train." Instead she said, "That was thoughtful of you. It will be fun to see everyone again. How many are coming?"

"Oh, maybe thirty or forty. I'm having a caterer serve light refreshments out here in the garden."

After lunch, when they were unpacking, Camilla said, "We've got to dash into town and buy you a white jacket. There's probably more to this affair than she lets on and I won't have you looking out of place."

"You mean I have to dress up in a movie star outfit?" he demanded. "I'd feel and look like a chump."

"You'll look like Sterling Hayden, or better. You've a much better sun tan and your eyebrows are stunning."

"Okay, ladybug, if you say so," he agreed. "This is your party and we'll go down fighting."

"Your metaphors are mixed, but your attitude is beautiful," she said, picking up her bag and hat. "Come on, let's go."

They bought the white jacket, and Camilla was immensely proud of her husband as she presented him to her old friends that evening. Aunt Lillian insisted upon introducing him as the owner of a huge ranch in Idaho, and he was equally insistent upon correcting her, until she finally gave up and allowed him to be a plain, ordinary potato farmer.

When it was over, Stan asked, "Now, do we get to enjoy ourselves the rest of the time?"

"We do," she answered firmly. "We'll do all the fun things there

are to do in this part of the country."

They did have fun—in a way. If they could have gone off by themselves they would have had a delightful time, but most of their days were spent with Aunt Lillian, and she was never anything but coolly polite to Stan.

At the end of two weeks Stan asked Camilla, "You wouldn't be getting a trifle homesick for the sagebrush and wide-open spaces, would you?"

She thought of the big, ugly house and the coal range, and for an instant was tempted to echo, "I wouldn't." Instead, she smiled and said, "That's the wrong approach, and you've no business making a sale, but you did. I'm ready to go back whenever you are."

(To be continued)

Anticipation

Maude O. Cook

I gathered from the garden of the years
The seeds to plant in fertile fields today;
I watch with patience, through the smiles and tears,
For blossoms to adorn some future way.

That I May See

LeRoy Burke Meagher

Time
Must be quarried carefully,
Gathered piece by particle,
Cupped frugally and bosom-tight,
That I may see another dawn
Brightening the clovered meadow
While robins
Wing out from the new-leafed elm.

Prayer

Beatrice K. Ekman

Father, I think thee for my sight
That sees the beauty of the night,
That sees the changing seasons pass,
The green of sedge, of meadow grass,
The trees that fling their branches high,
The drift of clouds across the sky.
O let me have the grace to see
My brother's need of being free.

Enlist in the Fight Against Cancer

Lucybeth C. Rampton

Utah Division, American Cancer Society

THAT there is as yet no known cure for advanced cancer is general knowledge. But do you know that early cancer can often be cured? It is true—early cancer can often be cured. This is the message which the American Cancer Society is striving to bring to every person in this country. If cancer is diagnosed early and given prompt treatment, it can be destroyed and a third of the lives lost to it each year can be saved.

This knowledge is of particular importance to women. Cancer strikes women principally between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five—the years when the loss of the mother usually means a broken home. By far the majority of these cases are cancer of the breast or of the cervix. Yet informed women know that of all types of cancer, breast cancer is most easily controlled if it is detected early. Seventy per cent of breast cancer victims can be saved by early diagnosis, and the same is true of cancer of the cervix. . . .

Cancer attacks children, too. We associate the disease with middle and old age; but cancer each year attacks more children than do measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and poliomyelitis combined. Cancer in infancy and childhood progresses more rapidly than it does in later life. Happily, though, cancer in children responds more readily to X-Ray therapy. It is therefore imperative that these cancers in the very young receive early diagnosis and proper treatment. Not all stricken children can be saved yet, but many can if they get help in time.

Women are practical. If a danger confronts them, they want to take positive action against it. What can you do to provide intelligent protection for yourself and your family?

The American Cancer Society offers the surest answer. The Society is a nationwide organization of the highest integrity, working closely on both national and state levels with the American Medical Association.

Until the riddle of cancer's origin can be solved through research, the Society is convinced that at least a third of the lives now lost to the disease could be saved through education. . . . Over and over again the Society prints and distributes its "seven danger signals" of cancer to which you should be alert:

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

Emphasis is laid on the fact that these symptoms do not always mean cancer, but that only professional diagnosis can determine the facts.

What, then, can you do about cancer? You can learn the facts about the disease, including the seven danger signals, and act promptly and sensibly if they appear in your family. You can insist on periodic check-ups for the entire family. And you can contribute generously to the American Cancer Society—financially, of course, and by volunteering your services if possible.

Favors for Baby Showers

Clara Laster

IF you've ever attended a stork shower, you will remember the importance of refreshment time. Do you recall the attractive favor by your plate? The hostess probably spent more time fixing those gay little charmers than on the food she served. Most of us struggle to find an original idea.

Favors are important. The hostess can enlarge upon the idea and carry out the theme through her entire party.

"Baby Bonnet Favors"

Let us, for instance, consider the bonnet theme, and plan favors accordingly. Buy some plain nut cups, one yard of net, one roll crepe paper, one sheet construction paper, and some narrow ribbon. Yellow is a very popular color for babies these days, so these materials may be this color, or any other color you desire.

The idea behind this favor is to fix the nut cups to resemble baby bonnets. Cut round lids for the nut cups and paste pictures of babies' faces on top. After the cups are filled with nuts, the lids go on, and the finished favors will look like babies wearing bonnets.

The bonnets are easy to make, but you will need a stapler, thread, needle, and scissors to work with. The bonnet brims are made from construction paper, then covered with net. The nut cup is covered first with crepe paper, then with net. The brim is stapled to the nut cup. A narrow strip of ribbon is used to hide the staples and is

made into a bow and placed under the chin of the baby picture, which you have cut out and pasted to the lid.

If you desire to enlarge upon this favor idea, serve cookies in the shape of a bonnet. You might try making a large bonnet from half of an oatmeal box. You could place cut flowers in a glass, and fit the glass into the large bonnet. This makes a charming centerpiece.

"Baby in a Wagon"

Another unusual favor is very easily made. I call it "Baby in a Wagon." You will need some matchboxes, crepe paper, gumdrops, toothpicks, and a stapler. First, cover the bottom of the matchbox with crepe paper. You will have to use a stapler here, and the paper must be just large enough to cover over the inside to be stapled down.

If you are at a loss as to how the crepe paper should fit on the box you might tear a matchbox apart and use it as a pattern for cutting the paper. When you have the box covered, make the wheels of gumdrops, and attach to the wagon by running toothpicks through the box, one at each end. Stick a gumdrop on the end of each toothpick. When this is done, fill the wagon with gumdrops. If you are good at drawing, take white construction paper and make a picture of a baby sitting down. Fill in the details with an art pencil, cut the drawing, and set it on top of the gumdrops. If you prefer a fancy wagon, glue

a narrow piece of ribbon around the wagon and tie it in a bow.

These favors are really very attractive. You might wish to make a large wagon for a centerpiece and serve pinwheel sandwiches to carry out the theme.

"Baby in a Swing"

Another unique favor which calls for gumdrops is worked out with a "swing" motif. You could use any other soft, small pieces of candy. You will need, also, some colored toothpicks and a number of very small dolls. The small dolls can be bought at five and dime stores for just a nickel. To make the swing frame, use five toothpicks and eight gumdrops. The idea is to slant the picks into the gumdrops to resemble the swings in your park. Take a toothpick and run it through two gumdrops. Then place one gumdrop on each end, with the bottom of the gumdrop downward. Now, place the other toothpicks into the end drops. After this is finished, break a pick in two and make the swing. You will need two more small gumdrops and a small piece of a toothpick. Place a small doll in the swing. You can tie her in with ribbon or tape her in. Either way, this is a cute favor.

"Play-Pen Favors"

For making the play pen you will need 24 small gumdrops, 8 whole toothpicks, and six toothpicks broken in halves, making twelve shorter picks. Take four whole toothpicks and place four gumdrops on each pick, two in the center of each pick and one at each end. Then place two gum drops in the center

of each of the remaining four whole toothpicks. Now you have completed the eight bars of the play pen. For the top you will use two of each of the two kinds of bars, and two of each, also, for the bottom of the play pen. Take one of the bars containing two gumdrops and insert the end of the toothpick into the gumdrop at the end of a bar containing four gumdrops, and then repeat this process with the other two bars for the top of the play pen. For the bottom of the pen use the four remaining bars in exactly the same manner. Use the twelve half picks to connect the top and bottom bars, first at the four corners, and then to join the two center gumdrops at the top and the two center gumdrops at the bottom on each of the four sides of the play pen. The sides of this play pen will be rather low, but will fit a very small doll. If a taller doll is used, whole toothpicks may be substituted for the half picks in making the bars which connect the top and bottom of the play pen. Place a square cookie on the bottom of the play pen to represent the floor.

"Rosebud Favors"

Select small pasteboard boxes and wrap the bottoms of them with plain-colored crepe paper or decorated gift wrapping paper. Fill the boxes with nuts. Then make a rosebud of ribbon or crepe paper, attach it to a wire stem and place it in the box. Then cut from a magazine or a greeting card the picture of a baby's head. Paste a narrow strip of heavy cardboard to the

back of the baby's head, allowing an extension of about two inches to insert into the center of the rosebud. Attach firmly with a pin or with a stapler.

Many of your guests will take the favors home with them. That is a compliment to the hostess and you will feel well repaid for making unique and original favors.

Increase That Shelf Space

Rachel K. Laugaard

Illustration by Elizabeth Williamson



A little mezzanine shelf fitted into the back of your dish cupboard will make use of some of that wasted

space. It need not be wide—three or four inches is enough to hold a row of cups or glasses.

Cut a strip of shelving material long enough to slide easily into your cupboard. Sand it smooth, and paint it to match the interior. When it has dried thoroughly, fasten it onto small blocks of wood also painted and nailed to the sides of the cupboard. Or, using the little angle irons which can be purchased at the ten-cent store, screw the shelf in place.

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APPLE SAUCE OR FRUITCAKE

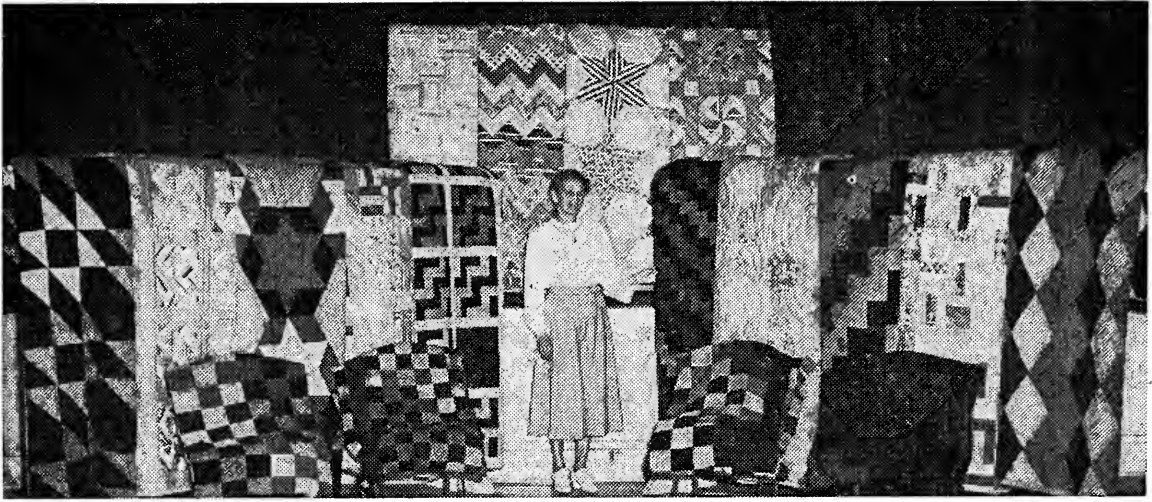
Alice Bartlett

- | | | | |
|---|---|-------|---------------------------------|
| 2 | c. sugar | 1 | tsp. cloves |
| 1 | c. vegetable shortening | 1 | tsp. allspice |
| 2 | c. unsweetened apple sauce
(quite thick) | 1 1/2 | c. raisins |
| 2 | tsp. soda scalded in | 1 | c. nuts |
| 2 | tbsp. hot water | | any other fruit you care to add |
| 1 | tsp. cinnamon | 4 | c. plain flour |
| | | 1/2 | tsp. salt |

Cream sugar and shortening together in a mixing bowl and add the apple sauce and the soda dissolved in water. Then measure into a sifter all of the dry ingredients except 1 c. of the flour. Sift dry ingredients into mixing bowl. Stir the remaining 1 c. of flour into the raisins and add to mixture. Add the nuts.

Bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 375°.

This is a cheap cake—no eggs, no milk, no butter, and it is a very good cake.



JANE BYBEE COLTRIN MAKES QUILT TOPS AS A HOBBY

DURING the 1948-49 season, Jane Bybee Coltrin, seventy-four, pieced eighteen beautiful quilt tops for the Boise, Idaho, Third Ward Relief Society. Many of the patterns were unusual, and all of them were exquisitely stitched.

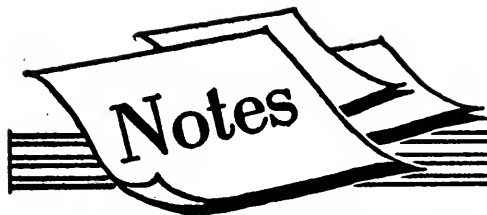
Sister Coltrin has been a Relief Society worker for many years, having served as president of the Hazel Ward Relief Society, Boise Second Ward Relief Society, as a counselor in two wards, as a work director, and as a class leader in theology, literature, and visiting teacher message leader. She has also served on the Boise Stake Relief Society Board. At present she is a member of the work meeting committee in Boise Third Ward and an active visiting teacher.

She has reared nine children and has thirty-eight great-grandchildren, and is an excellent example of the old saying that a woman who already has many responsibilities is the one to call on when you want to get something done. Work has made Sister Coltrin a happy and a useful woman in her home circle and in Relief Society.

Peach Trees in Bloom

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Through pastel-tinted days the peach trees blushed,
Until one rain-swept night their bloom was crushed;
I grieved for broken petals at my door;
It was not that I loved the blossoms more
Than promised fruit beneath each greening leaf,
But that their beauty was so brief.



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Amelia P. Gardner

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, SAN RAFAEL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Standing at the table, front, left: Neva Beckstrand and Emily Trotter.

Standing in center of picture, left to right, Secretary-Treasurer Eileen McClure and President Bertha Davis. At table extreme right, First Counselor Rachel Greenland.

Standing at table (pillowslip display) at left: Margaret Goff and Norene Deaver. Standing at right, rear, June Monson.

At left in background: Freda Tommilinson; Mary Spencer; Cleone Marshall.

Amelia P. Gardner, President, Northern California Mission Relief Society, in describing this large and beautifully arranged bazaar, reports: "The sisters were very proud of the bazaar. It showered down rain all day, but the spirit of the Lord was with them as they went humbly forth that morning, and they received good support from the members."



Photograph submitted by Dulcie W. Francom

JUAB STAKE (UTAH), LEVAN WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR NINE MONTHS

President Dulcie W. Francom is seen standing at the right on the second row.

This large group of visiting teachers has achieved this record by careful and devoted observance of their duties, and have experienced great joy and satisfaction in this phase of Relief Society work.

Lyle C. Pratt is president of Juab Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Reta F. Broadbent

WEST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, BUTTE (MONTANA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ENTERTAINS AT SOCIAL, October 24, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Lillian McVicars; Counselor Elodies Hamilton; theology class leader Harriet Millecam; Ellen Anderson; Carol Ann Summers; Elizabeth (Granny) Jensen, the honored guest; Sadie Burt; President Lura Henderson; Lillian Hubber, visiting teachers message leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Vazale Denning; Ellen Powell; Erna Rowe; Ardelle Pitts; Bernice Turner; Beulah Ford, work meeting leader; Marjorie Burt; Alene Summers, social science class leader; Gladys Hewett; Margretta Osborne; Pearl Emmett; Glee Potter, literature class leader; Viva Hailstone; Wyona Dobb.

Sister Jensen, age ninety-eight, who was especially honored at this social, arrived in Salt Lake Valley before her tenth birthday. Today she enjoys good health, lives alone, and does all her own housework.

Reta F. Broadbent is president of the West Central States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Florence D. Benson

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), PAROWAN WEST WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Rebecca Miller; Verda Orton; Cora Rowley; Alice Stevens; Florence D. Benson; Bertha Matheson; Sara Hulet; Alice Holyoak; Nanie Eyre.

Second row, left to right: Dorothy Rowley; Mary Stubbs; Anna Rasmussen; Louise Robinson; Mettie Robinson; Mamie D. Orton; Della Marsden; Ida Smith; Amelia Topham; Mildred Gilger; Lillian Heap; Zilpha Dalton.

Third row, left to right: Grace Burt; Rebecca Smith; Ramola Smith; Libbie Matheson; Eva Taylor; Elizabeth Lyman; Nellie Dalton; Merle Rasmussen; Lily Ward; Eva Robinson; Twila Thornton; Arvilla Mortensen.

Back row, left to right: Phebe Taylor; Clara Benson; Marie Crawford; Margaret Stubbs; Leone Lyman; Sara Crawford; Vilate Joseph; Eulala Orton; Monta Warren; Retta Reed; Janette Bayles.

Edna S. Hatch is president of Parowan Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER STAKE, CHEYENNE (WYOMING) WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Marie Ward; Catherine Ovard; Mary Cherry; Vida Birge; Second Counselor Frances Carter; Lois Wilde.

Back row, standing, left to right: First Counselor Luella Brown; Ida Williams; Hazel Boyack; Jane Davies; Nona Schilling; President Verda Hatch; Thora Nelson; Alta Atark; Ruth Yeoman.

Della H. Teeter, President, Denver Stake Relief Society, reports that these sisters are unusually faithful in attending their duties as visiting teachers: "They have accomplished the excellent record of 100 per cent. Their districts are widely scattered, and they travel many miles to make their visits. They have made three times as many visits during 1950 as were made the previous year."



Photograph submitted by Holly W. Fisher

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, EDMONTON BRANCH HOLDS FIRST BAZAAR IN NEW CHAPEL, December 1950

At left, Second Counselor Alberta Maxwell; and at right, Secretary Rhoda Rodgers.

The bazaar was under the direction of the Relief Society presidency: Jean Low, Elizabeth Hammond, Alberta Maxwell, and Rhoda Rodgers. Sister Emma Sheppard was in charge of the linens, and was assisted by Jessie Houle and Pauline Prince. The toys and dolls display was under the direction of Rhoda Rodgers and Alberta Maxwell, assisted by Melba McMullin. Elfonda Marshall directed the art display, and Marie Low had charge of the quilts, with Enid Hass and Esther Strate in charge of the aprons. Other sisters in charge of booths and displays were: Marguerete Low, Dorothy Muirhead, Lois Bennett, Ruth Walker, Sara Tanner, Maurine Miller, Beth Spackman, Ruby Walker, Lorraine Wood, Amy Sykes, Urinda Wood, and Martha Johnson. There were twelve displays at the bazaar.

Holly W. Fisher is president of the Western Canadian Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vera B. Farnes

**BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), BURLINGTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL, October 3, 1950**

Left to right: Margaret Preator; Rachel Snyder; Mary J. Cottrell; Sarah McIntosh; Ila J. Tonkovich, present president.

All of these women are still active in Relief Society work. A former president, Harriett Johnson, is now living in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Amelia H. Robertson is president of Big Horn Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ida S. Hendrickson

**SNOWFLAKE STAKE (ARIZONA), HOLBROOK WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
BAZAAR, August 16, 1950**

Left to right: First Counselor Gertrude Nickols; President Rowana Crowther; Second Counselor Peggie Anderson.

This bazaar featured a large and varied display of children's clothing. Many beautifully trimmed aprons, handmade clothing for infants, embroidered pillowcases, and many small items, including table mats and pot holders. Jams, jellies, cakes, bread, pies, and candy were also sold at the bazaar.

Ida S. Hendrickson is president of Snowflake Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mary Isabell Cassity

**STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING), THAYNE WARD YOUNG MOTHERS
WHO ARE OFFICERS IN RELIEF SOCIETY**

Center row, standing, left to right: Secretary Velma S. Broadbent; Second Counselor Ada H. Aullman; First Counselor Shirley C. Dean.

Standing at the back: President Vera S. Humpherys.

Nellie B. Jensen is president of Star Valley Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Florence N. Singleton

**COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC
FESTIVAL "AROUND THE WORLD WITH SONG," June 1950**

This large group of Singing Mothers presented musical selections from many nations. Seated in front are children and young women costumed to represent some of the countries and nationalities portrayed in the musical renditions.

The organist, Lu Baker, is seated at the right on the third row, and second from the right on the same row, the chorister, Myra Cassity.

Florence N. Singleton is president of Cottonwood Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Alice L. Voyles

**SOUTH CAROLINA STAKE, CHARLESTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
ENTERTAINS AT A LUNCHEON FOR VISITING MEMBERS
OF THE GENERAL BOARD**

October 27, 1950

Eleventh from the left: Ruby Evans, Secretary, Charleston Ward Relief Society; thirteenth from the left (wearing light-colored hat), Breta McBride, First Counselor, South Carolina Stake Relief Society; Alice L. Voyles, Stake Relief Society President; Florence J. Madsen, member, General Board of Relief Society; seventeenth from the left (wearing hat), Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society; Jean P. Hyde, First Counselor, Charleston Ward Relief Society; Alyce O. Hanna, President, Charleston Ward Relief Society; Beatrice Mazyck, Second Counselor, Charleston Ward Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Annie R. Parker

**CARBON STAKE AND NORTH CARBON STAKE (UTAH) COMMEMORATE
THE SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST RELIEF
SOCIETY IN PRICE, November 5, 1950**

Front row, seated, left to right: Enid Bean, President, Price First Ward Relief Society; Ramona Walter, President, Price Second Ward Relief Society; Sarah Jane Warren, who, as a child, attended the first Relief Society meeting in Price; Margaret

Ann Horsley, the only living member of the first Relief Society organization in Price.

Back row, standing, left to right: Neva Jackson, President, Price Third Ward Relief Society; Harriet Hammond, President, Price Fourth Ward Relief Society; Crystal Guymon, President at the time the Price Ward was divided, and one of three living former Relief Society presidents; Della Higgins and Hannah Goodall, former presidents of Price Ward Relief Society, before division of the ward.

Annie R. Parker is president of North Carbon Stake Relief Society.

A New Outlook

Caroline Eyring Miner

“**H**OW long since you tried doing something new and different during your spare time?” my good friend Mary asked me. I had been complaining about how monotonous life was.

I was startled. For years I'd been doing the same pillowslip patterns, reading the same kind of books, listening to the same radio programs, doing the same things over and over. I needed a face lifting in my leisure time activities.

In the county recreation program at that very time a class in painting was being offered for adults. I had never painted and felt self-conscious even about the presumption that I could, but at Mary's insistence, I went to the first class.

We sat on the lawn and sketched poplar trees against the beautiful Wasatch Mountains as a background. We learned how to proportion the picture, how to get interest into it. I was fascinated. I kept going to the class, and I made a number of pictures that really surprised me.

After the class was over, I invested in some paints and other supplies, and I have found a new interest; my appreciation for the art of others has increased; my world has become a little larger.

* * * *

One Time Glimpsed

Iris W. Schow

We have no time to watch the fountain play,
Or let a winter sunset hold us long;
Machines drown the soft murmur of the rain,
And stress deprives us of the robin's song.

We pass the lily by at duty's word;
One instant from our grief we give the rose,
While heedless of our impulse or our dream,
Relentlessly life moves toward its close.

Yet on the path of memory we find
We have adorned the milestones of the years
With beauty noticed glancing up from toil
And glory we have one time glimpsed through tears.

“Now Is the Time”

(Continued from page 249)

got in. “I don’t know as much as Jimmy.”

Martha wanted to cry out to him, Pray, Harvey. Pray with me now. But he had turned his back and was burrowing down on his pillow. She stood a moment gazing at him, then knelt, alone as always, and poured out her heart’s gratitude for Amulek’s testimony. It had stirred her husband to thought. If it could stir him to action the battle would be almost won.

IN the days that followed Harvey made no reference whatever to their discussion. Although Martha had purposely never moved Dianne’s book from the night table, as far as she could determine, neither had he. On Mutual night when she asked if he would like to come with them, he replied without even glancing up from the magazine he was reading, “No, I’ve got to telephone one of the salesmen after a bit.”

It was as if their conversation had never been. The bright hope she entertained at first began to fade and she felt heartsick that what she regarded as an almost miraculous incident should have failed to bear fruit.

Only her eager anticipation of Dianne and Arthur’s return saved Martha from complete despair. On Saturday, from noon on, she found herself straining for sight or sound of the familiar green sedan. The day wore on and night came with no newlyweds. Just when Harvey suggested calling the Rowells to see

if they had received any word, the telephone rang.

It was Dianne, her voice vibrant and breathless, as she explained that they had arrived an hour or so earlier, but were simply swamped getting settled in their apartment, and on top of that Bishop Jenkins had been over talking with Art, and all in all it looked as if they couldn’t possibly get over tonight, and did she mind terribly.

Then, almost on the same breath, she exclaimed how absolutely perfect everything had been and how marvelous it was knowing that she and Art were married forever.

Although Martha thrilled while her daughter spoke, she felt drained and empty the minute she hung up, so let-down in spirit that life seemed an unbearable burden. For the thing she had been counting on so heavily was spoiled. She must pass on to Harvey another second-hand account that Dianne was “simply thrilled with everything.” He had missed the glowing enthusiasm and spontaneity of her first report, the ring of pure joy and gratitude that could not be transmitted in retelling.

“What the dickens do they have to settle in that two-by-four apartment of theirs?” Harvey grumbled, rattling his paper in annoyance. “Looks like she could have called sooner. Saved you all this fretting.”

Martha nodded absently, thinking with a little twist of pain how strange it was going to seem to have this child live elsewhere than home.

IT seemed barely five minutes later that they heard the blare of a horn, a very familiar horn. They sprang up together.

"I didn't think the little monkey could stay away," Harvey chuckled, hurrying to the door.

"Daddy!" Dianne rushed to embrace them both. "Oh, Mums, this husband of mine," she cried, disengaging herself to go into his arms. "Do you know, he threatened to beat me when I told him I'd telephoned that we couldn't come over tonight?"

Harvey beamed with pleasure as he grasped the young man's hand. "Good for you, Son. You want to use a firm hand with this young lady."

Arthur Rowell had the same warm, friendly smile as his father. "I figured on coming all along. Bishop Jenkins . . ."

"Oh, yes," Dianne exclaimed eagerly, her dark eyes wide with pride. "He's given Art the most wonderful assignment."

Arthur glanced at his bride, visibly embarrassed. "Well, honey, you don't know what I had in mind," he said quietly. "It wasn't to boast about the assignment, because it isn't a big job or anything, although it—well, it's mighty important and I'm going to need plenty of help from the Lord and several others."

"Sit down, Arthur—all of you, and tell us all about it." Martha was impressed with the boy's humility.

"Well, Bishop Jenkins spoke to me about this a couple of weeks ago, wanted me to be giving it some thought." He smiled rather apologetically at his bride, who sat close

beside him on the davenport. "I didn't tell Dianne because—well, I was thinking. Tonight when I mentioned it to the bishop, he really went for the idea."

He raised his head and looked over at Harvey, who sat with a polite, interested smile. "The bishop has asked me to take charge of the Adult Aaronic program and try and work out something to interest the men and reactivate them, so to speak. He said I was to select one from the group to assist in making visits to the others, and so on." He leaned forward intently. "I keep thinking of you, Mr. Lane, and how I'd like working with you."

MARTHA stopped breathing. Her eyes flew to Harvey, who was wearing a look of utter stupefaction.

"Oh, darling!" Dianne hugged her husband's arm ecstatically. "That's a perfectly marvelous idea, having daddy."

"Everyone likes you," Arthur went on. "I know you'd have some good ideas on approach." He laughed. "After all, you're a salesman."

Harvey shook his head slowly. "Arthur, that's a big job, all right, and you're just the one for it. But I sure don't feel that I'm the one to assist you."

"I wish you would consider it, Sir," the boy urged. "The Bishop was really enthusiastic about having you."

The room was silent, all eyes focused on Harvey, who sat with his chin on his clasped hands, thoughtfully chewing a knuckle.

Finally he turned, smiling, to Martha. "What was it Amulek

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said, Mother—never procrastinate? This is the time to do your good works—something to that effect.”

He stood up, facing Arthur. “Well, Son, I guess you can try me. But you’ll find me mighty green—or maybe rusty is the word.” He took out his watch. “What time is Priesthood meeting?”

Arthur and Dianne rose as one, their faces beaming. “At nine, Sir. I’ll call by for you.”

“Oh, Harvey—Harvey!” Martha moved quickly to his side and slipped her arm through his.

“Well, Mother!” He smiled a bit self-consciously, as he patted her hand. “Looks as if I’m about to become one of those fanatics I was talking about, doesn’t it?”

Herman and the Birthday Dinner

(Continued from page 230)

party was on the scene. She was headed for the gate that led to the house.

Herman gave another roar, and I turned to see him plunge at the red sweater. I felt Sue hide her face in my dress, and I closed my eyes to hide the awful thing that was about to happen. I strained my ears for Mariar’s scream, but instead, it was father’s voice, clear and commanding. “You old heathen! What do you think you’re doing!”

There is nothing sweeter when situations are tense than the relief that comes with complete faith in someone who will handle the situation. I opened my eyes, knowing that father had made things right. He was ramming a

pitchfork at Herman. And Herman was backing off like an exploding volcano, while, shaken and white, Mariar leaned against the apple tree.

SUE was crying aloud as she used to when she was a little girl. She reached over and took the dish towel that I had been unconsciously winding around the fence post. She wiped her face and handed it back to me.

"Sanny," she asked, "how could I have been so selfish? Here Mariar would have given her life for mother, and because she has crooked eyes and a funny nose, I would have denied her our birthday dinner just to make an impression on some old guy who teaches us how to parse sentences."

"Oh, Sue, darling!" I sobbed, with my arms around her. And then we were both crying together.

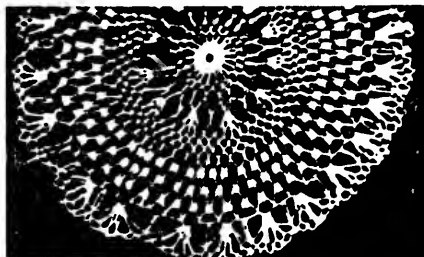
"Come on, Sanny," she said, breaking loose, "we must invite Mariar to the birthday dinner."

"And don't you suppose," I suggested, wiping my eyes, in turn, on the dish towel, "that we could scoop out the middle of the squash and make a nice table decoration?"

"Of course," said Sue, leaving a piece of her plaid skirt on the orchard fence. "And if Mr. Burton doesn't like it, we'll feed it to him for dessert."

That night as I was going down the hall to bed I heard mother saying to father, "No, John, we won't get rid of Herman. He isn't really bad. You see, I had a problem tonight I didn't know how to answer. It was Herman who solved it for me."

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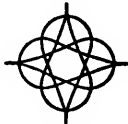
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Our April Short Story Writers

Hazel K. Todd, North Salt Lake, Utah, is the wife of a civil engineer, and the mother of five children. She is the theology class leader in her ward Relief Society and speech director in the M.I.A. Mrs. Todd tells us: "Writing is a hobby I want very much to follow, and always promise myself I will do something about, but seldom get around to. Perhaps sometime I will fulfill this desire." Mrs. Todd has already been introduced to readers of the Magazine through her two published stories: "Sweeter Than Any Story" (April 1948) and "Through the Darkness" (April 1949).

Deone R. Sutherland is the daughter of George Cecil and Linnie Fisher Robinson. Her mother is a well-known and gifted Utah poet, and Deone, who now lives in Evanston, Illinois, is also beautifully combining two careers—motherhood and writing. Her husband, Harold Pratt Sutherland, is a medical student at Northwestern University. A graduate of the University of Utah, she was editor of the Pen and active in dramatics. Deone tells us that the best thing that ever happened to her was the birth of "Hal" Jr. in December 1948. Six of Mrs. Sutherland's delightful short stories have already appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Olive W. Burt is well-known to our readers as the author of many poems, articles, short stories, and serials which have been published in the Magazine during the last ten years. Mrs. Burt is an author of national reputation, and her stories and articles have appeared in many magazines and newspapers. Some of her recent books are: *Prince of the Ranch*, *Canyon Treasure*, and *Adventure in Buckskin*. A member of the editorial staff of the *Deseret News Magazine*, Mrs. Burt has contributed much to the success of that excellent publication. She is the wife of Clinton R. Burt and the mother of three children.

Carol Read Flake, Boise, Idaho, is the wife of Dennis E. Flake and the mother of six children. She writes as follows: "I still conduct the theology class in our ward Relief Society and enjoy giving the splendid lessons prepared by Brother Don B. Colton, my former mission president. My time for writing continues to be extremely limited. I had a story in the November *Improvement Era* and they also purchased a short article of mine." Two of Mrs. Flake's stories have been published in *The Relief Society Magazine* "Sudden Storm (September 1948) and "And All Eternity" (April 1949).

Who Has Loved the Earth

Christie Lund Coles

He who has loved the earth,
To the earth returns,
Knowing well its gentleness,
Knowing how it burns

Beneath the fingered, summer sun,
How cool it lies beneath bright rain.
He who has seen its blossoming,
Knows its green comforting of pain.

He who has pushed the bladed plow,
Has seen the dark clods move and break,
Comes reconciled, at last, as one
Returning for a loved one's sake.

Spring Fashions

Ruth H. Chadwick

Gray veiling streams across the sky
From Mother Earth's new hat;
Beneath its folds gay colors lie,
An impish flower mat.

A turquoise band holds all in place,
And anchors down the swirls
Of wispy gauze that frames her face,
Scalloped round with curls.
A gusty breeze torments the frills,
And rumples up the flowers;
It piles the veiling up in hills
That spell sweet springtime showers.

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The Silence

Margery S. Stewart

No house can be so very still
As one where a small boy lies ill
The turbulence of rattling trains,
Or noisy balls, or clattering chains,
Or noisy things all youngsters do
Is lost in silence creeping through
The empty rooms. The clock is heard
And creaking boards that once were
stirred
By sturdy feet that stamped or ran
Now make their presence clear.
No ban on trinkets, let them grace
The little tables in their place.
Their lovely dullness shows how much
A house demands a small boy's touch.

From Near and Far

Each year on my birthday my dear mother sends me a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*—and what a wonderful gift it makes. I read it from cover to cover, enjoying every word, especially the Literature of England section and all the wonderful articles on home decorating. My husband also enjoys reading the *Magazine*.

—Cora H. Crompton, Chicago, Illinois

Because of the illness of my husband I have been unable to contact the *Magazine* agent and I do not want to miss any of the *Magazines*. I am mailing direct to you, hoping I will not miss a single copy, for we as a family enjoy so much having this wonderful *Magazine* in our home, with its many faith-promoting and encouraging articles that help us to meet life with our chins up and to really appreciate the wonderful joy and satisfaction our gospel gives us.

—Mrs. Annie N. Farley, Mesa, Arizona

I am crippled and have to walk on crutches, so I never go out of the house, and I love to read those good stories in the *Magazine*, such as "We'll Always Remember" by Inez Bagnell (February 1950). That is a very good story. When my children were small they would say, "Read us a story from the Relief Society book," and when they were older they would ask me to find a good story for them.

—Mrs. Rose Herzog, Logan, Utah

The *Magazine* is a source of inspiration and strength to me, not only in my Relief Society duties, but in my home activities as well.

—Verda P. Bollschweiler
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I add a word to the many comments on *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is like a splendid dinner, a variety of all good things that everyone enjoys.

—Nan S. Richardson,
Salt Lake City, Utah

I am really enjoying the *Magazine*, and am thrilled with the new music department.

—Florence H. Dye, Firth, Idaho

I am writing because I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* so much, and my husband also enjoys reading the stories and poems. After we have finished reading the magazines I send them to my mother who is confined in a hospital.

—Mrs. Lila Cunningham,
San Bernardino, California

The Relief Society Magazine is a joy and inspiration to me. Especially do I enjoy the lovely poems scattered through its pages.

—Mrs. John A. Gardner
Alameda, California

I enjoy the *Magazine* very much out here. We are forty miles from the nearest Relief Society, and I am, of course, teaching school. I loan my *Magazine* to others who enjoy it as well as I do.

—Matia McClelland Burk
Gandy, via Garrison, Utah

I have taken *The Relief Society Magazine* for the past eleven years and before that time enjoyed it in my mother's home. It has always been an inspiration to me.

—Isabelle Dunn Hanson
Shelley, Idaho

To say that I enjoy the *Magazine* is an understatement. It is thoroughly a publication of excellent reading.

—Mrs. Lincoln E. Robinson
Murray, Utah

I read the *Magazine* practically through at one sitting, then when the feverish desire to read it all has been satisfied, I find I have a whole month to study it over and gain the deeper purposes of its messages.

—Emily Wilkerson, Roosevelt, Utah

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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

VOL. 38 NO. 5

MAY 1951

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. 38

MAY 1951

No. 5

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

President George Albert Smith	Joseph Fielding Smith	292
First Presidency Reorganized		294
Mother — Three Pictures	Stephen L. Richards	295
Joy in Service	Achsa E. Paxman	305
"Seek After These Things"	Ruth M. McKay	310
The Spirit of Motherhood	Hazel McAllister	320

FICTION

A Mother's Day Surprise	Lydia Bennett Egbert	298
For the Strength of the Hills — Chapter 4	Mabel Harmer	314
You Can Learn	Katherine Kelly	317

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		306
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	307
Editorial: The Safe Harbor of Home	Vesta P. Crawford	308
Magazine Subscriptions for 1950	Marianne C. Sharp	322
The Magazine Honor Roll for 1950		326
From Near and Far		360

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Floral Arrangements for the Home	Inez R. Allen	311
Start With Yourself	Caroline Eyring Miner	354

POETRY

Blue Spring — Frontispiece	Anna Prince Redd	291
In a Very New Garden	Eva Willes Wangsgaard	297
Dewdrops	Margaret B. Shomaker	303
In May	Gene Romolo	304
I Have Returned to the Valley	Dorothy J. Roberts	305
What Shall We Hold?	Margery S. Stewart	309
Belief	Grace Sayre	309
The Ancient Prayer	Pansy H. Powell	309
Zealot	Ora Lee Parthesius	320
Trilogy	Mirla Greenwood Thayne	321
The Promise	Maud Miller Cook	354
Blossoming	Ruth Harwood	359
The Road Is Marked	Grace Barker Wilson	359
My Heart Is Bound	Josephine J. Harvey	359

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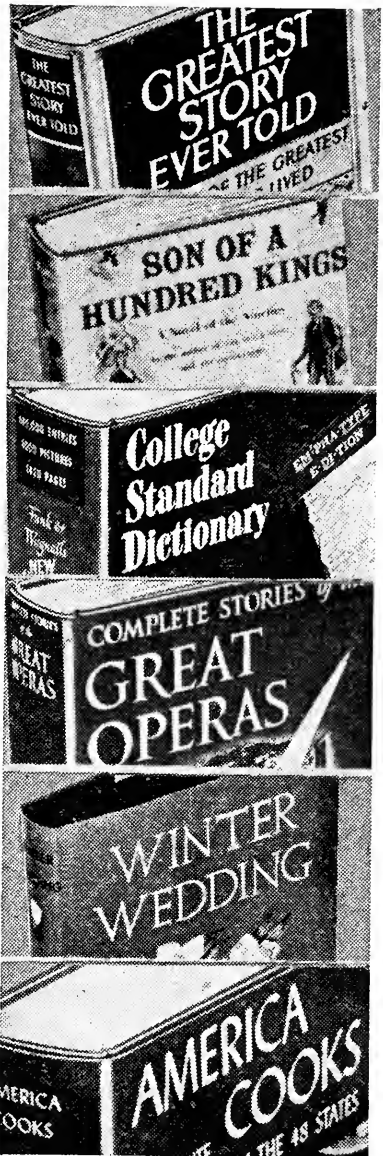
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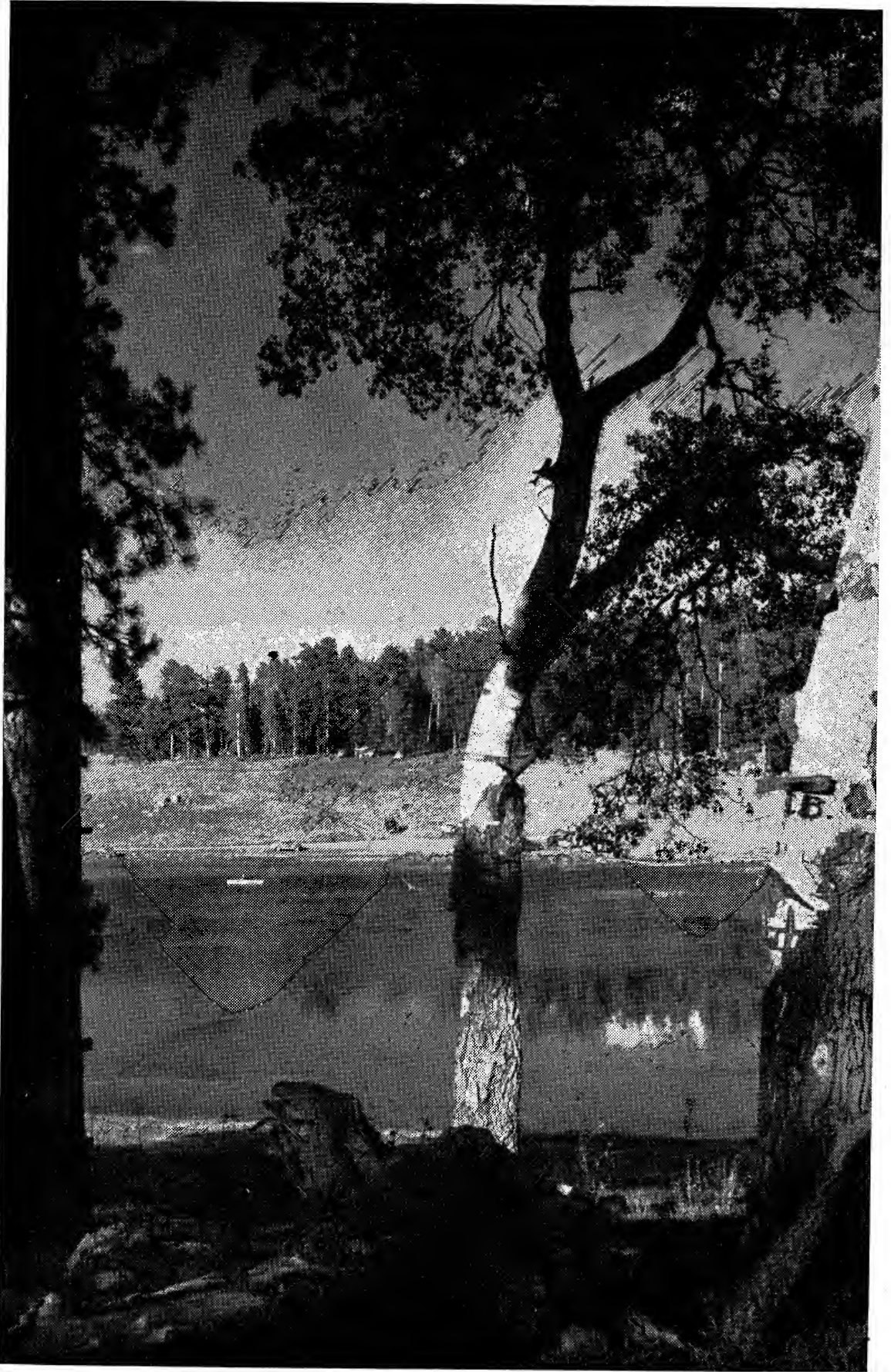
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BIG LAKE, ARIZONA

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 38, NO. 5

MAY 1951

Blue Spring

Anna Prince Redd

Oh, slower, please! Cars are so swift.
Let me know how it feels
To want to be there,
Yet held to the pace
Of my father's gray team
And the creaking turn of wagon wheels;
The gray horses tossing their heads,
Flecking the mountain road with foam.
Let me meet the wind, my body taut,
Let me feel as I felt
When, at last, they would bring
The family of us to the picnic spring!

Let me be the first to slippery slide
Down the black leaf mould
Of the crater pit;
First to balance on the pinion log
That halfway bridges the spring
And dips with our weight
Into the ice-cold, blue, blue water—
Not the blue of harebells or bluebells
Or larkspur stars—
Water the color of robin eggs,
Yet as clear as the shining tin of my cup
When I lean far out and dip it up.

I have waited so long to come back—
And now I am here
But time has turned memory to tears.
I shall not run down the crater pit,
Let seven and ten do that;
I must go down by the winding path
Once fringed with ferns and wild geranium
But now they are gone! The silver aspens
Beaver-cut, lie branchless and tangled,
Gray as time—and my hair.
I had forgotten that earth ages, too;
But the spring remains—and is just as blue!

The Cover: Desert Yucca Blossoms, Photograph by Josef Muench
Cover Design by Evan Jensen.



President George Albert Smith

President George Albert Smith

A Tribute

President Joseph Fielding Smith

Of the Council of the Twelve

SHAKESPEARE in his play *Julius Caesar* ascribes to Mark Antony the following tribute as he stands over the fallen body of Brutus after the battle of Philippi:

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might
stand up
And say to all the world "*This was a man!*"

With far better grace and truth
this can be said of President George

Albert Smith. He was a man in the full sense in which Shakespeare used this expression. In character and nobility he stood out pre-eminently among his fellows. But President Smith was not only a man by all the critical measurements that could be applied to him by human standards; he was a son of God! Is this blasphemy? In the eyes of the ignorant and the ungodly this statement may be so considered. Such was the accusation brought against

the Redeemer of this world by his enemies. Because he declared to them that he was sent by his Father and was verily his Only Begotten Son, they took up stones to stone him. His answer to them was that the scriptures so declared it; and not only this regarding himself, but to all others: "Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods? If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken; Say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?"

Moreover, to Adam was this truth first made known and the Lord said to him, "And thou art after the order of him who was without beginning of days or end of years from all eternity to all eternity. Behold, thou art one in me, a son of God; and thus may all become my sons. Amen."

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son (Rev. 21:7).

President George Albert Smith never faltered no matter how difficult the task, and like Nephi he knew that when the Lord called, he would prepare the way that his purposes could be accomplished. Every commandment he sacredly observed. He loved his brethren with a righteous love and honored and respected them, each in his given calling.

He kept the second great commandment as faithfully as any man I ever knew. His thoughts were

constantly employed in the interest of the wayward whom he tried to bring into a better way of life. He never spoke evil of any man; although he deplored the actions of the wicked, he was ever ready to extend the hand of forgiveness to them if they would repent.

To him all men were his brothers, children of God created in his image. He filled all the requirements of divine law in the visiting of the sick, extending the hand of mercy to the wayward, comforting those who mourned, cheering the depressed, and in doing good to all men.

In all my long acquaintance with him, which dates as far back as memory goes, I never heard a vulgar expression, an unclean word, come from his lips. His friends were numberless and were spread over the four quarters of the earth. He may have had some enemies, for this is the heritage of every righteous man; but if there were such, they were so without justification, and the only reason that could be given for such a thing is that there are some who hate the truth and all those who endeavor to live it.

His testimony of the Truth was perfect. He knew that there is a God in heaven; that Jesus Christ is his Only Begotten Son in the flesh. That Joseph Smith was in very deed a prophet and that he was called to open and stand at the head of this glorious last dispensation of the fulness of times. He never faltered in this testimony and bore it to the great and small, to kings and princes, presidents and

potentates, without fear or favor. To him all were alike, the rich and the poor, the great and the small—all the children of God.

Like Abou Ben Adhem he was one who loved his fellow men, and his name has found its proper place written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

First Presidency Reorganized

ON Monday, April 9, 1951, at a solemn assembly—the sixth and concluding session of the 121st annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—President David Oman McKay was sustained as the ninth President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Also sustained were Elder Stephen L Richards as First Counselor and Elder Joshua Reuben Clark, Jr. as Second Counselor in the First Presidency. President McKay and his two counselors have proved themselves great and inspired leaders and have endeared themselves to Church membership over their long years of service. Elder Joseph Fielding Smith was sustained as the President of the Quorum of the Twelve. President Smith has been acting head of the Quorum of the Twelve since last October. He is recognized and esteemed as a true servant of the Lord, untiring in the discharge of his duties.

The procedure followed in voting was in the manner prescribed by President John Taylor, third President of the Church. The voting for the First Presidency, Council of

the Twelve, and the Presiding Patriarch was by quorums from the First Presidency down to the lesser Priesthood and then by the membership of the Church present, standing and signifying their approval by their uplifted hands. The voting for the other General Authorities, general officers, and auxiliary boards was in the usual manner by the uplifted hands of the seated congregation.

The conference, which was adjourned on Saturday to hold the funeral services of the great and beloved leader President George Albert Smith, was one of the most unusual ones ever held. The historic Tabernacle was filled to capacity and thousands participated in the proceedings through television and radio. The proceedings were characterized by a spirit of love and selflessness to be found in no other assemblies in the world today. The spirit of the Lord was present in power and the solemnity of the concluding session and the inspiration of the entire conference have etched indelibly upon the hearts of Latter-day Saints that this is indeed the Church of Jesus Christ.



Because of the press date for the May Relief Society Magazine, articles on the new leaders of the Church will be printed in the June issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Mother—Three Pictures

President Stephen L Richards

Of the First Presidency

WHILE contemplating Mother's Day and motherhood, I happened to notice in the public press the picture of a woman—a refugee from one of the Korean fields of battle. She was leading a small child by the hand, nursing an infant, and carrying a huge load (perhaps all her worldly possessions) on her head. One could well imagine that her South Korean husband was either fighting in the war or dead, that all family ties had been disrupted, and her kindred lost to her in the great confusion. She was trudging wearily and painfully on to save life, while the armies which had encompassed her country were engaged in the terrible, methodical business of taking life. It is not likely that anyone in America in the shelter and security of even our poorest homes could realize and visualize the desperate plight of this desperate woman. No matter how weary and discouraged she was, she could not stop. Had she been alone she might have taken a chance on surrender, but she could not take that chance, she was a mother. She was entrusted with life more precious than her own. She had to preserve it.

There is a delightful picture of mother which comes to us with the annual observance of her day. There she sits in a cozy room in a cozy rocker, hair gray or graying, a soft and tender light in lovely eyes, placidly knitting, sewing, or reading, a perfect picture of serenity and ma-

ture loveliness. It is not difficult to imagine the thinking and the happiness of this dear lady. She has given her life to her children, and they have given their love and devotion back to her. She rejoices in their successes even more than in her own—their happiness is her happiness, their welfare, her deepest concern. What a pity it is that this portrayal does not characterize motherhood throughout the world.

There is yet another picture of motherhood which I hesitate to draw, perhaps it is indelicate to include it within a Mother's Day tribute. I justify its inclusion on the ground that it may serve to enhance appreciation for the nobility of character which so universally commands our esteem and affection on this occasion. This other picture is one of neglect and failure to accept the responsibilities incident to this most vital of all human relationships. It arises, usually, out of unwanted and unwelcome children, or desertion of home and children for other loves and ambitions, or for unmitigated frivolity. It is an unnatural, sorry picture. The resulting consequences are tragic, too extensive in all their ramifications even to be mentioned here. But the picture is necessary to point up the precise things to which we give honor and reverence on Mother's Day.

It is by no means the biology alone of this universal institution which commands respect, although there is always a measure of defer-

ence and regard for one who brings children into the world, irrespective of the fidelities involved. This is perhaps as it should be, but the fervent tributes we offer to motherhood are chiefly directed, whether consciously or not, to the qualities of mind and heart and soul which normally, naturally, and rightly characterize this sacred relationship.

It is a sacred relationship if anything ordained of God is sacred. And I think it safe to say, generally speaking, that those who live to the highest ideals of this institution are prompted and sustained by religious considerations. I know of no loftier concepts of home and family and motherhood than those coming from the restored gospel of our Lord set forth in the revelations to the latter-day Prophet, Joseph Smith. In these interpretations, the sphere of mother is exalted beyond compare. She is entrusted with the mortal life of the spirit-child of God, our eternal and universal parent. She nurtures the prenatal life in self-sacrifice, and she brings that life into the world with an instinct for its protection and defense at once tender and combative. God placed that instinct in her for the preservation of the life he gave.

A woman blessed with this lofty understanding recognizes in her call to motherhood an obligation higher and even more demanding than the physical protection of her offspring. She knows that it is her duty to do all that lies within her power to help the child pass through mortality as a loyal and devoted son or daughter of God that the child may be returned to

the eternal parent, acceptable to him, the Judge of life. Such a mother knows that in the mortal probation there will be innumerable vicissitudes of fortune, condition, and environment; she knows that she cannot be with her child through all of these, but she has faith that if she can bless the life entrusted to her care, especially in its early stages, with knowledge of the fatherhood of God and his providence in all things and with faith, humility, courage, fortitude, and resolution always to uphold the right, she will have performed her mission of motherhood.

In such a concept, duty comes first. Duty is always rigorous and exacting. It does not tolerate neglect, and it will not permit itself to be subordinated to pleasure and levity. It entails seeming sacrifice, but sacrifice is a word of many definitions and constructions. If we mean by it foregoing many of the quests and liberties for personal pleasure outside family and home, then there are many sacrifices. If we include sleepless nights, physical exhaustion, and incessant toil, there is more sacrifice. But if our vision is raised, and we look ahead to the maturity and nobility of lives whom the mother has nurtured and developed, then we interpret all of the self-denial, all of the patient labor and exertion as opportunity for the fulfillment of the greatest mission that can ever come to woman—motherhood, which brings into the world and guides back to God the eternal souls of men.

What such an exalted concept of motherhood, if universally understood and accepted, would do for

the homes of men and, through them, for the nations of the world, no one can estimate. It makes a home the mission of a lifetime; it deters divorce; it provides its own rewards; it makes for the safest sanctuary of all the virtues; and, in its higher aspects, it serves to create the prototype of the heavenly status—the eternal home which awaits the faithful of all of God's children.

Perhaps we can add something, and we should certainly try, to the joy and happiness of mothers in the observance of the day set apart in their honor. Our tributes may do something to stir some sense of pride and responsibility in neglected homes. If it should bring about even a little more tender solicitude for starving children, starving for affection, starving for the warmth and security of a home, it would be worthwhile. But to the mothers who are as priestesses in the temple of the home, who have accepted the obligations and the opportunities of their missions, who have

brought nobility of character and divinity of purpose to their children and are in process of doing so, our encomiums can add but little. The satisfactions they experience transcend all our words of praise and tribute.

So it is that the highest tribute of love and respect we can pay to mother—the one most acceptable to her—is the tribute of a good life, a life compatible with her own ideals, which will give her assurance of blessed reunion with her loved ones in the life to come.

Mother's Day is, therefore, a time of consecration and devotion to the ideals of home and family. Every flower which is presented, every verse that is written, every song that is sung, may be, if we will it so, not only a token of love to those who have begotten and loved us, but also an enduring dedication of our lives to the greatest and most permanent of all institutions of society—home and family and mother.

In a Very New Garden

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Scant yesterdays, this plot was barren waste
 Of sand and rubble parched by wind and heat,
 Where scented lilies now are making haste
 To open paths where moth and pollen meet.
 Against the drought no bee of striped gold,
 No dragon fly spreads iridescent wing.
 Now petaled branches lift all they can hold
 Of humming life and feathered caroling.
 And whether I or garden first shall take
 The way to dust or far alluvial stone
 Can matter not at all, for both will make
 The certain change, alone, yet not alone.
 And who can think the spirit, being more,
 Will cease to be without the form it wore?

A Mother's Day Surprise

Lydia Bennett Egbert

IT was six o'clock when Marilyn Harwood turned in at Central Market.

"Just in the nick of time," remarked the man at the door who was ready to lock up.

"I'm sorry to be such a late customer, but I won't take long," she apologized.

"Quite all right, lady. Take your time—we're used to it." The man was good-natured.

Drawing a cart from the row, Marilyn wheeled it hurriedly through the aisles, taking down items from the half-empty shelves and tossing them into the basket. Knowing only too well the feeling of a clerk toward a late customer, she meant to make good her promise by not making unnecessary purchases. Though the man at the door had appeared pleasant, he probably felt like shoving her out. But usually by the time she finished the typing which she did at home, and then delivered the finished manuscripts to her customers, it was too late for efficient shopping.

Still suffering from shock at the death of her husband six months before, Marilyn sometimes felt that the continual work at the typewriter was more than she could endure. This, to a great extent, however, she was overcoming. Time had done much for her. With the passing of the months, she had regained her composure, and her strength.

Wheeling her cart to the vegetable department, she came to a pause and critically eyed the counters with their picked-over vegetables. She thought, I never can get here

in time to choose from the best. Why couldn't my trouble have happened to someone who was more qualified for such a responsibility? Supporting a family of three children wasn't an easy task for anyone these days, much less for a widow with only the wages of a typist. And yet she was fortunate that there was something which she could do in her own home to earn money.

There wouldn't be as much as even a garden, either, to help out this year. With Fred, the raising of a garden had been more or less a hobby, rather than for economy's sake. But often he had admitted that it was a saving on the grocery bill, and surely it was a satisfaction to know that you could pick your own fresh vegetables without having to depend upon a tasteless variety from the store counter.

As she emerged from the grocery store, the thought of her children quickened her steps, her heart mellowing in thankfulness for her precious family. In contrast to her former despondent thinking, her mind enumerated her many blessings.

Why had she given way to such an ungrateful mood? It was not that she had lost faith in the Lord, nor was it that she had become less appreciative of his goodness to her. Many friends had been sent to comfort and offer their sustaining love and assistance. Through the months that had elapsed, their thoughtful services had never been withdrawn. The kind and generous neighbors who lived near—it was as if they

had been placed there as guardian angels for her and her little family, and her heart flooded with gratitude as she remembered the Allens who helped to look after the children when she was especially busy.

EVEN the children had become remarkable in their behavior since their father's death. Eleven-year-old Susan and Richard, nine, it seemed, had suddenly grown up, working harmoniously together, helping about the home, and looking after little Jerry who was in his first year of school.

Financially, she had been equally blessed. The insurance had made the final payment on the home and had cleared her of all other debts. Besides, she had a little extra that had been placed in reserve for the children's education.

Marilyn looked up to see the sun sinking behind the amber clouds over the western hills and realized that already she had reached home.

With the click of the gate, two rollicking round-faced boys came running. Eagerly Michael relieved her of the small bag of groceries; Jerry, chattering cheerily, clung to her arm as they proceeded along the walk and into the house.

"Where is Susan?" Marilyn inquired. She placed her light-weight coat on a hanger in the cloak closet.

"I'm here, Mother!" echoed Susan's voice from the kitchen. "Come on in and see what we have good to eat!"

The boys speeded up their gait, Marilyn following.

"What is it, Susan?" Michael called in a high-pitched voice.

"Bet I can guess—chocolate cake!" shouted young Jerry.

"Um-m, I do smell something delicious. But it's certainly not chocolate cake," Marilyn said. She entered the kitchen. "Have you been trying your hand at cooking, Susan?"

"No, Mother. It's beef stew with dumplings. Mrs. Allen brought it. She just left."

Lifting the lid, Marilyn whiffed the delicious aroma that ascended from the bright aluminum pot. "Dear Mrs. Allen! My own mother couldn't do more."

"But that isn't all, Mother. Look!" Susan opened a cabinet door and slid from the shelf a fluffy cocanut-covered pie.

Marilyn stood speechless, the rapturous exclamation of two hungry boys ringing in her ears.

IT was after quieting the boys and rushing them off to the bathroom to wash, that Marilyn collected her wits and began putting the finishing touches to the meal. Taking a loaf of bread from the bag of groceries, she placed a few slices on a plate.

"Only one thing could make our meal more complete," she commented, moving toward the table that Susan had already set. "Salads are so refreshing in the spring."

"You mean you brought something for salad, Mother? I'll cut the lettuce. It will only take a minute." Susan reached over and pulled the paper bag toward her.

"No, dear. The vegetable counters were practically stripped to-night. Even worse than usual. I suppose we'll just have to keep eating from a can. It seems that, for us, fresh vegetables are a thing of the past."

"Aren't you glad that it's almost time to plant the garden, Mother?"

"I'm afraid there'll be no garden this year, Susan. It would be too much for me to try to raise a garden alone with all of my other responsibilities, when I must spend so many hours at the typewriter."

Susan detected a tremor in her mother's voice and wished that she could take back her words.

Marilyn spoke softly to the boys as they returned to the kitchen. "Did you boys get washed, Michael? Come on, Jerry. Everything's ready. We can eat now."

THE next evening when Susan returned from school, she slipped into her house dress, and, while the boys were busy playing in the yard, ran cheerfully over to Mrs. Allen's while her mother was out delivering manuscripts.

"Hello, Susan! Come right in," Mrs. Allen greeted her warmly, "and tell me of your plans for this afternoon."

"I brought back your kettle and plate, Mrs. Allen. The food was delicious. Mother was later than usual getting home after delivering the manuscripts and buying groceries, and she really appreciated finding the dinner already prepared. She said to tell you thanks so very much, and that when she has a day off she'll do some baking and give you something in return."

The look of satisfaction that swept over Mrs. Allen's face was proof enough of the fact that she had already been amply repaid.

"I'm glad it helped out, Susan. But you tell your mother that when she does take a day off from typing she needn't plan on any

baking. Because when that day comes the Harwoods and the Allens are all going to bundle into the car and take off for the hills. And we'll see to it that the baking gets done the day before!"

"What's that you're saying, Molly, about taking off for the hills? Sounds mighty good to me!" Mr. Allen remarked. He mopped the perspiration from his wrinkled brow as he seated himself. "Getting spring fever, I reckon. Why, that sun's so warm out there everything's popping up out of the ground faster than Jack's beanstalk. Makes me itch to get my green thumb to working. Don't know that renting our farm was such a good idea, after all."

"No doubt I can find plenty around here to keep that green thumb of yours busy," remarked Mrs. Allen, jovially. "There's all that stretch of perennials to work around, the rose bushes to prune, and the beds to get ready for planting."

"Why, shucks, Molly, I can do that in one afternoon. Anyhow, you can't eat that stuff. My green thumb's more for growing the eatables."

"Well, now, that does give me an idea!" Mrs. Allen exclaimed. "What does your mother intend to do about the garden this year, Susan?"

"Nothing, I guess, Mrs. Allen. I mentioned the garden to Mother last night, after she said that she had arrived too late at the store to find anything fit for salad. But I was sorry afterwards. I think it made her feel sad to think of not being able to have a garden."

THE elderly couple exchanged winks. Mr. Allen arose and strolled over to the window. He stood with his hands in his pockets, viewing the little garden spot across the fence and watching the boys at play. After a moment's meditation he spoke, his words coming slowly and sympathetically.

"I reckon it would be too much of a job for your mother, Susan. Got about all she can do as it is—earning money and caring for a family." Pausing, he sighed deeply. "A fair-sized piece of ground there, too. A shame to see it lying idle."

"I'll say it's a shame," Mrs. Allen agreed heartily. "Land sakes, how Marilyn has enjoyed that garden other years! Why, it seems I can see her out there now in her fresh gingham, cheerful as a lark, gathering the garden stuff."

Presently Mr. Allen looked up. "Susan," he said, "do you suppose your mother would want an old man like me to take over the gardening? Won't be much around our own place to keep me busy—cut the lawn and fuss around Molly's flowers a bit. I'd be a heap happier keeping myself busy."

"Oh, I'm sure Mother would like you to, Mr. Allen. Only . . ."

"Only what, Susan?"

"Only Mother says that you and Mrs. Allen are already doing so much for our family that she'll never be able to repay you. I'm afraid she'd think it too impossible to let you do the gardening."

"Shucks, Susan, Molly and me haven't done anything for you folks that wasn't paid for long before your father passed on."

"Indeed we haven't!" Mrs. Allen added. "And goodness me, what are neighbors good for anyway, if it isn't to help one another?"

Unlocking his hands, Mr. Allen rose and strolled back to the window. For a moment there was silence. Then, with a sudden start that brought Molly to the edge of her chair, he whirled on his heel and faced the two females.

"Susan!" he said, his countenance beaming, "Susan, what kind of gardeners do you think you and the boys would make? Do you suppose, with a little help from me, you could grow a garden?"

Susan's eyes shone like jewels as she slid from the sofa and stood before Mr. Allen. "Oh, yes, Mr. Allen, I'm sure we could! Michael and Jerry and I would work very hard—we even have money we could use for buying the seed—that is . . ."

"That is what, Susan?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Allen, Michael and Jerry and I have been saving our allowance to buy a Mother's Day present." There was a moment's hesitation. "Do you think," she continued, "that Mother would just as soon have the garden?"

"Why, stars alive, Child, there's no doubt about it!" Mrs. Allen chipped in. "Why, bless my soul, think what it would mean—happiness and good things to eat all summer long."

"How about making it a Mother's Day surprise?" suggested Mr. Allen. "Do you suppose we could keep it a secret, Susan? Or is it likely your mother might do a little investigating in the back yard?"

"Mother never has time to do much looking around the back yard, Mr. Allen. She stays right at the typewriter. I'm sure we could keep it a secret," and Susan's face glowed in delightful anticipation.

THE following Saturday, as soon as Marilyn had left to deliver her day's manuscripts, a truck arrived from Mr. Allen's farm, bringing a modern garden tractor, which, besides providing excitement for the children, made quick and easy work of preparing the ground. In no time at all the small enthusiasts, under the direction of Mr. Allen, were taking turns at wielding the rake and hoe.

The sun was still well up in the sky, though hidden by a cloud that afternoon, when the weary but exultant group gathered at one end of the garden, radiantly praising themselves over their accomplishments. Even Mrs. Allen, who had claimed her share of the work by soaking large, hard-shelled varieties of seed, managed to be on the scene.

"Well, now, if that don't cap the climax!" exclaimed Mr. Allen, when a large-sized raindrop came splashing onto the end of his nose. "Blessed if I'm not beginning to believe that good luck's a part of this business. There it is right over our heads, another of those late afternoon showers—reckon it couldn't have come at a more convenient time!" he ended with a chuckle.

"We'd better find shelter," Mrs. Allen suggested. "Might be a good idea for you children to get a bit of that dirt washed off before your mother sees you."

From the bib of her apron she took a small, flat package and handed it to Susan. "This," she said, "is what I bought with the amount left from the seed money. Thought you children might like to give a little personal gift to your Mother."

"You mean there was money left over, Mrs. Allen? I was afraid there wouldn't even be enough for the seed."

"Remember, Susan? I told you Molly was good at stretchin' a dollar. Seems she's even better than I thought she was," chuckled Mr. Allen.

AT the Harwood house, Sunday morning might have seemed like Christmas, had it not been for the song of spring chirped from the barberry bush to the rhythm of a bright red tulip that waved beneath Marilyn's window.

With the first slanting rays of sun that crept below the blind, Marilyn was aware of young feet tiptoeing about the house. Instinctively she surmised that, because of excitement over a Mother's Day gift that had been hidden away, the children had not been able to sleep and had arisen with the break of dawn. To Marilyn, however, this was just another of those memorable days when the door of her heart stood open, hopelessly waiting for the lovable tokens that only a husband can bestow.

Drawing the crisp, white sheet more closely about her, she turned her face on her tear-moist pillow and prayed silently.

It was half an hour later when a light tapping at her door aroused her from peaceful slumber.

"Mother! Are you awake, Mother?"

Marilyn pushed the covers from her face and lifted herself on her elbow. "Yes, dear, I'm awake. You may come in."

Instantly the door opened and three merry voices echoed, "Happy Mother's Day! Happy Mother's Day!"

Marilyn sat up, smiling at the little group. Susan, holding a daintily wrapped package, laid it on the bed in front of her. "Open it, Mother! It's from all of us!" she laughed.

Marilyn slipped the accompanying card from the envelope, and with moist eyes read the affectionate verse signed with three names. Then, carefully removing the wrapping from the package, she saw an exquisitely beautiful linen handkerchief.

"Oh, it is lovely!" she breathed, smoothing with a caress the luxurious lace, while profound silence permeated the room.

Suddenly breaking the spell, Jerry blurted out, "But that isn't all, Mother!"

"Isn't all?" Marilyn gasped, wondering.

"No, Mother," chimed Michael, "we have a big surprise for you."

"Well, this is a really thrilling Mother's Day," Marilyn laughed. "First a beautiful gift, then a big

surprise. What in the world can it be?"

"It really is a nice surprise!" Susan assured her. "Will you let us blindfold you and lead you to it, Mother?"

"Well, I suppose," Marilyn agreed. "I'm terribly curious."

Everybody laughed merrily. Susan hastened to bring robe and slippers while Michael placed on the blindfold. With one at each side, holding an arm, they proceeded toward the garden.

At their destination Marilyn lifted the blindfold and waited for her eyes to clear. Spellbound, she stood for a full moment, viewing the level stretch of ground—a masterpiece of professional gardening!

Breathlessly she floundered for words. "Why . . . why, I hardly know what to say—except—except this is a happy Mother's Day! Indeed, I have been blessed with the dearest little family in all the world!"

Looking toward the small, white house across the lot, she saw, framed in the kitchen window, two smiling elderly faces.

"And certainly," she continued, "the most loving neighbors any woman could have.

"Come now, Children, we must hurry or we'll be late for Sunday School, on this wonderful Mother's Day."

Dewdrops

Margaret B. Shomaker

Over the silken ropes of grass
The morning sprinkled
Tears of crystal,
For the sunbeams' looking glass.



Don Knight

PRUNE ORCHARD, SANTA CLARA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

* * * *

In May

Gene Romolo

In May, young laughter echoes from the hills
Where children climb to fill their eager hands
With gay, wild beauty blown at spring's commands . . .
Their mirth as lilting as the mountain rills.

In May, the plum tree puts on nuptial white,
And peach boughs in pink-petaled perfume dressed,
Like fair-faced bridesmaids, are their loveliest,
Caressed by golden fingertips of light.

In May, the mavis and the bluebird swing
From branch to branch among the orchard bloom,
Joyous as girls who flit from room to room
And, in exuberance of being, sing.

In May, we twine syringa and snowballs
For wreaths of tribute on Memorial Day,
But not to death. On life's progressive way,
Our eyes turn ever toward where summer calls.

Joy in Service

Achsa E. Paxman

Member, General Board of Relief Society

ON a wall in the beautiful memorial Church at Stanford University is an inscription which reads as follows:

If every person in the world should wrap his troubles in a package and bring his package to throw into a heap with all the other troubles of the world; and then if every person were told that he could go to the heap and select whatever package of trouble he cared to choose, each would take his own package away with him.

All humanity is seeking greater life satisfaction. All are searching for the things that will bring into their lives the greatest sense of accomplishment, the greatest happiness.

Jesus said, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

Our Prophet Joseph Smith said to Relief Society women:

You are now placed in a situation where you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates.

Do you know of any other organization which holds out such promise to its members?

We receive only in measure as we give. Yes, we must give if we are to receive. Let us have consideration for others, love, friendship, devotion.

Arise and do something worthwhile, and the blessings of the Lord will be with you. We are not here to play, drift, or dream. There is hard work to do, and hands to lift. Shun not the struggle, face it, it is God's gift.

Quoting from the closing paragraph of *A Century of Relief Society*:

May the women of Relief Society continue to trust in their God, make their homes holy places, train up their children in the pure love of Christ, and clothe themselves with the mantle of charity, that in their homes and in their ministrations abroad they may exercise that charity which never faileth.

I HAVE RETURNED TO THE VALLEY

Dorothy J. Roberts

I have returned to the valley and to shade,
Daily growing deeper on the lawn;
Far from the plain where lace of leaves is laid,
I come to elms embroidering the dawn.

From treeless regions of the hurricane,
From reaches tempered not by bough or blade,
Which soothe sun and tempest and rebuke the rain,
I return, for healing, to the cool, green peace of shade.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1891

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

A PLEASANT PARTY: A very pleasant party of ladies met by invitation at the residence of Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith on the evening of the second of May to celebrate the sixty-ninth anniversary of her birth. All those assembled were particular friends of hers, and some of them had been associated with her for many long years in labors of love; several of these sisters had been acquaintances or neighbors away back in Nauvoo in the early days of the Church. "Sister Bathsheba" as she is best known, has had in many respects a serene and happy life, owing mainly to her even temperament and cheerful disposition. She is one of those well-organized or evenly balanced persons, that little things do not ruffle, and that even great troubles do not overwhelm with doubt and melancholy. She has passed through trials that many women would have sunk under, and yet she always looked upon them with heroism and fortitude, and now in her seventieth year, she stands alone, as independent as the evergreen tree, youthful in her spirit, cheerful in demeanor and gentle and gracious as though her grand and noble husband were still by her side to lean upon, though he has long since passed to "the other side."

RETURN LOVE

They had a quarrel and she sent
His letters back next day,
His ring and all his presents went
To him without delay.

"Pray send my kisses back to me,"
He wrote, "Could you forget them?"
She answered speedily that he
Must come himself and get them.

SPEECH BY E. R. SNOW: Eighth meeting of Relief Society, Sugar House Ward, July 29, 1868. Miss Eliza R. Snow being present by invitation, addressed the sisters as follows: "We have met in the capacity of a Relief Society. I consider this a matter of great importance. A Society of this kind has always existed whenever the priesthood has been upon the earth, and the allusion of the Apostle to the Elect Lady as recorded in the New Testament, means the one who presided over each Society in his day. The duties of the members of this Society are extensive, our minds are liable to be led off, it is necessary that we meet together often to stir up our minds to diligence; this organization gives us an opportunity to meet legally, it is not a mere plaything but a sacred holy duty, under the direction of your Bishop, do not run to him with every trifle.

—S. E. Angell, Sec.

RECOMPENSE

Worthless the gold while yet untried by fire;
The finest statue grows by many a blow.
He who has much to meet may much aspire,
He of the even way must stay below.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. FRANK A. JOHNSON (Edna Evans), prominent Salt Lake musician, received notable recognition when Salt Lake was chosen as the place to hold the twenty-sixth national biennial convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs and the Music Festival in May. Mrs. Johnson is largely responsible for bringing this convention to Salt Lake as she was the Utah representative at the committee meeting last May when this decision was made. Six hundred Relief Society Singing Mothers and twelve hundred singers from the Mutual Improvement Association, besides a large group of their dancers, the Tabernacle Choir, Utah State Symphony, and Grant Johannesen, nationally famous pianist from Utah, will participate. In addition, there will be famous national choruses, soloists, ensembles, and national and international speakers. Four thousand dollars will be distributed in awards. This will be a cultural highlight in Utah.

RETURNING to the Metropolitan Opera after ten years' absence, Kirsten Flagstad, at fifty-five, received a tremendous ovation in her greatest role, Isolde. The most famous Wagnerian soprano of her generation, she still has an incomparable voice, which shows no decline. Although she has been a singer all her life, she did not de-

velop her astonishing vocal power until she was thirty-seven. Her voice, becoming thus powerful, lost none of its heart-stirring beauty. She just recently announced her retirement from opera.

ANNA PRINCE REDD (Mrs. James Monroe Redd), well-known and gifted Latter-day Saint author of two *Relief Society Magazine* serials ("Tomorrow's Cup" and "Where Trails Run Out,") and many poems, passed away March 17, 1951. She has particularly enriched the literary heritage of her people with her stories and poems of the San Juan country of Southeastern Utah.

IT was interesting to note the change of sentiment in the words of the old Hebrew prayer, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who hast not made me a woman," and the recent statement of Rabbi Maurice Eisen-drath, "There is nothing in the practice and principles of liberal Judaism which precludes the possibility of a woman serving as a rabbi." The rabbi, president of the union of American - Hebrew Congregations (Reform) was approving the appointment of the widow of Rabbi William Ackerman to act as rabbi in her husband's place, at least for the present. She is the first woman in America to hold rabbinical authority.



The Safe Harbor of Home

This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. —John Ruskin

TO many of us has come the poignant experience of returning to our childhood home, after long years of absence. And we have wondered, seeing again the familiar place, the guarding trees, the stone walk—we have wondered what has made this spot the most precious of all the earth. Seeing the walls and the windows, the long-loved doors, we have sought to comprehend the ineffable and elusive spirit of home.

It is, as the poet Oliver Wendell Holmes so well expressed the thought, "Where we love is home, home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts." And so, in returning home, we come to that place which has never been forgotten; we return to that bright memory which has held us firm and has directed our journeys in far places.

Even as our footsteps echo on the walk, we note the tall trees that father planted, the fence he built with the glad ring of his hammer pounding the nails. We see the oval space in the lawn where mother planted tall blue delphiniums, bordered with a ribbon of yellow pansies. And if our blessings have been great, we may see the place where grandfather planted the vegetable garden, and that small fragrant plot where grandmother tended the green herbs.

One opens the door at the threshold of home with a pause that is full of memories—and they are deep and moving memories because they have shaped our lives, and they will be with us forever. One opens the door quietly, remembering when mother was there, how beautiful it was, warm with love and welcoming. How many times have we returned in the projection of thoughts and longings to this place, for there will never come to us an experience more heartfelt and more lasting than returning home to mother, for therewith we return to peace, and understanding, and quiet.

Remember how it was with this room, when father came home at night—the swift clatter of children's feet, shrill voices from the stairs, "Daddy . . . Daddy . . ." and the race to reach him first. Remembering how strong and how tender father was, it is no wonder that his influence has gone with us wherever we have been since the time of childhood, that his strength has made us strong, and his tenderness has given us compassion for others. How truly are we the glad inheritors of those qualities of which our father seldom spoke, but which he exemplified in his own life. How truly are we blessed for this—love and tenderness are never lost. They are the everlasting heritage.

How long in our lives the childhood home endures! Remember how quickly we grew up, how we left the home shelter one by one. Remember that there was so much more than words in mother's farewell. There was that silent unity of the family, which is one of the choicest gifts that life and eternity have to offer. Mother knew that we would never really leave home, that we would never really leave her. She knew that we would return often in spirit there, and that we

would wait eagerly for the time of actual reunion within the welcoming walls.

It is a sober thought to know that the homes which we are building today will become the guiding strength and a light of inspiration in the lives of our children. May they return to our homes with the same devotion, and with the precious joy that we have known. Let us never light a lesser lamp within our homes.

—V. P. C.

What Shall We Hold?

Margery S. Stewart

The horsemen thunder now upon the north,
 Rage for release against the evening sky,
 The shadows faint upon the waiting earth,
 The lamps of hope grow dimmer and some die
 Now mothers count again their scanty store,
 Men search for stronger weapons while they wait.
 All the little houses as in fear
 Seem closer to the earth. The hour is late.
 What shall we hold against the coming night?
 For lantern and for food . . . against the cold?
 Against new treasons, and the broken words,
 The secret places where our lives are sold?
 Let every heart as one forge spears of hope.
 Faith still can shatter vaunted Jerichos,
 Endure again a bitter Valley Forge,
 Retake a Taejon ravished by the foes
 Let our love go abroad in dark and rain,
 Bring the lost to glowing hearths, to bread.
 He shall not fear the horsemen's raging hooves,
 Who has the light and by that light is led.

Belief

Grace Sayre

He said he gave no thought to faith,
 Did not believe in God;
 Yet every year he stored his seed
 And each spring turned the sod.
 Could anything but *faith* bring hope
 That seeds would bear their kind?
 Could he have hope of future fruits
 And be so blind?

The Ancient Prayer

Pansye H. Powell

One burden has haunted the song of man
 From the time when the world was young,
 Borne on the sighs of war-torn lands
 And chanted in every tongue.
 One longing has echoed in every heart,
 A prayer out of grief and pain:
 "Give us the power to make men free!
 Bring peace to the world again!"

"Seek After These Things"

Ruth M. McKay

Melbourne Branch, Australian Mission

A few weeks ago one of our women investigators questioned me regarding women's activities in the Church. I would like to answer that question. Life, you know, is like climbing a mountain. You know full well that on reaching the top there will be unfolded to you, vistas that you never even dreamed of.

But as you struggle upwards, pebbles get into your shoes and hurt your feet, briars tear and scratch you, and suddenly you trip and fall, having been unaware of a hidden rock in the ground. These can be likened to difficulties we meet with in everyday life. The pebble which hurts our feet can be likened to the unkind word, the briar which scratches and tears, the unkind act; and the hidden rock, the covert criticism of leaders. But the stout of heart, obeying the Lord's commandments, and despite their many hurts, follow the path with increased endurance. Aware of the beauty of life, they look for that beauty in everything they see, even in the things which have been misused against them, the symmetry of the pebble, the form of the briar bush, the color of the rock.

So those who are pure in heart toss the pebble from the shoe, bind the bleeding scratches, and lift themselves from the fall upon the hidden rock, and go on their way with peace in their hearts, leaving far behind those who use against them the unkind word, the unkind act, or the covert criticism; for the time they spent in searching for the pebbles and briars, could have been better utilized in climbing the mountain themselves, and those who use these devices of Satan are retarding their own development.

As the worthy approach the top, the gloriousness of life is etched before them. They have progressed so far that the pebbles, the briars, and the rocks cannot be seen amidst the breath-taking panorama which lies before them; and they look back over the way they have come with a sense of completeness permeating their being, fully aware that the way has been long and arduous, and that they have had to develop all their faculties to the fullest in order to reach their goal.

It was in accordance with this desire to raise human life to its highest level that the women's organization of the Church, the Relief Society, was formed. What better way to give service to humanity, than by giving loving administration with gentle hands to the sick—to help the needy—to give a ready hand to those who need to rehabilitate themselves in society—to help our Latter-day Saint families by sending out visiting teachers—by helping each of our sisters develop to the highest degree, through monthly lessons in theology, where we learn of our Lord's work—in culture where we study the best of the world's literature—in music where we gain an appreciation of this lovely gift—in social science, which we can apply to everyday affairs—in our work meetings, held once a month, which provide an opportunity for the younger members to learn the skill of arts and crafts and homemaking under the guidance of the older members.

This, then, is the work of the Relief Society—to help in any way we can . . . spiritually—materially—culturally, or practically, anyone desiring to attain the completeness of soul and the highest degree of happiness in this life.

I pray, that we may toss the pebbles of unkind words from our lives, brush aside the briars of unkind acts that tear and scratch us, and even though we falter because of unjust criticism, that we may straighten up again, and through obedience to the Lord's commandments, set out for our goal, giving a helping hand, without stint, wherever possible.

Floral Arrangements for the Home

Inez R. Allen

IS there anything more delightful for us to bring into our homes than the beautiful flowers our Creator has so generously bestowed upon us? His garden covers the whole earth. We have but to open our eyes to find its beauty. Each season brings a wealth of material challenging us to use and enjoy it.

Any time of year, if we walk out into the nearby woods and fields, along the streams and by the roadside, we will find the rarest of gems. Weeds of various forms, colors, and textures, are just waiting there to be transformed into some pleasing and effective design.

The mullein plant, with its velvety green leaves, if placed in a low flat dish or in a pillow vase, becomes a thing of beauty. There is the dock by the roadside. During the summer its long, flat leaves and seeds are a pretty green, sometimes with a rosy tint. In autumn it turns a beautiful russet. Not only does this weed make a beautiful arrangement by itself, but very often it may be used to give height to some of the loveliest designs. Another roadside weed is the "horsetail," or joint grass. Varying lengths arranged in a round, flat dish with a flamingo ceramic, are lovely in a wall niche or window, on the buffet, or at the end of your dining table.

The grasses, both short and tall, the leaves, rocks, reeds, bits of gnarled branches or roots, will weep if passed by unnoticed.

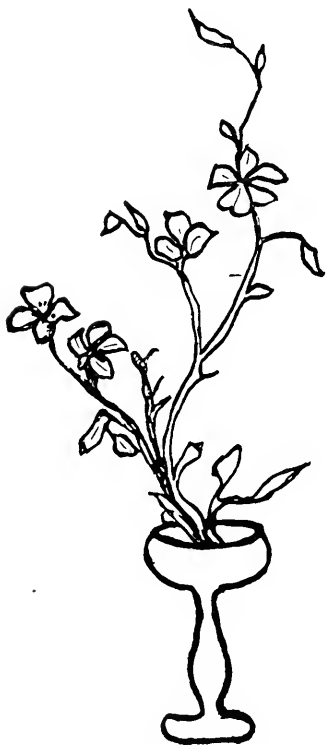
Even the dry desert lands present their rare specimens to be used in some pleasing arrangement.

How fortunate are those who live in the more productive parts of this beautiful garden where variety and color vie for prominence. Their possibilities are unlimited. Yes, the world is full of beautiful materials for us to use.

If we live where the cold winters make it impossible for us to have a garden the year around, we can supplement by growing plants indoors. Geraniums are easy to grow and give us much color. Their round leaves may be the very shape you want to give balance to your arrangement. There are the ivy, begonia, little marguerites, Philodendron, Chinese evergreen, and Aspidistra. An all-green arrangement using some of these leaves and vines will delight you. A combination of the simplest flowers and leaves will give pleasing and striking results.

Flower arrangements in the home seem to be a necessary part of our everyday living. They help us to translate the mood of the moment into something we can enjoy, and often supply that very touch for which we have been looking. They can express personality and taste.

The arrangement becomes the highlight in the room. Therefore, we will have better results if we first select its position. If it is to be placed on the piano, it needs to be bold and large, made of heavy material so that it will seem to belong there. On an occasional table a dainty arrangement would be in scale. The long lines of the bookcase suggest far-reaching branches, or trailing vines, and the arrange-

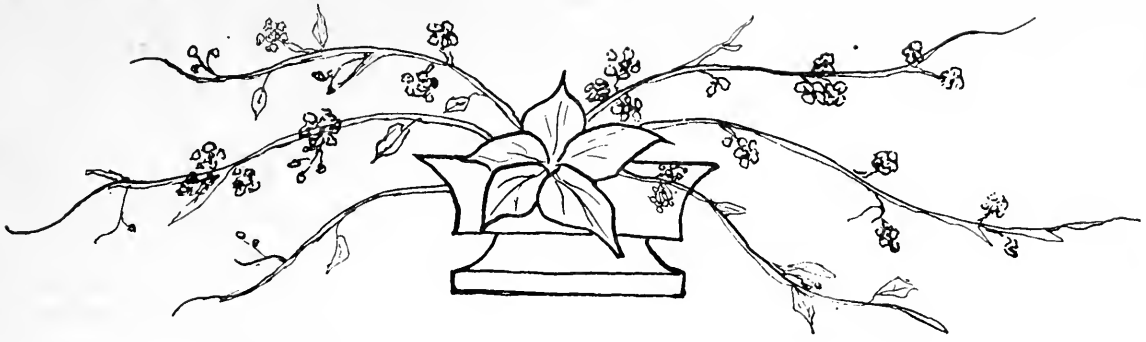


ment would look much better placed near the end rather than in the center. The mantel could be treated much the same, unless there are candlesticks or other objects of balance at the ends, then the arrangement would need to be symmetrically balanced. If it is to be placed before a mirror, the rear view must be pleasing. Another formal treatment for the mantel would be to make identical or twin arrangements. It is most satisfactory.

Suppose you wish to make a design for a table placed between two windows, or between a door and window. This narrow wall space would call for tall vertical lines with large, dark-colored flowers placed low in the arrangement to give proper interest and balance. Leaves of yucca, cattail, bearded iris, and tall grasses may be used to produce these tall, reaching lines.

After you decide upon the placement of the bouquet and the lines that will best fit that placement, you will be concerned as to color. Flowers that harmonize with the color scheme of the room or some prominent piece of furniture will give it relationship. Try not to have orphan arrangements.

The next problem, perhaps, would be the kind of container to use. We need not have expensive or highly decorated vases, bowls, or trays; something plain and substantial for heavy material, something pretty and dainty for smaller designs. A well-proportioned container is either higher than the width, or broader than the height. Besides earthenware, containers may be of porcelain, crystal, wood, and such metals as brass, silver, pewter, bronze, or aluminum. Why not use a grace-



ful but simple basket on your porch or in your game room? Simple forms and neutral colors in dishes and vases will make your efforts more successful. Oval dishes, shallow, but with straight sides, or the pillow vase, which resembles a brick set on end, are among the best. Flaring jars do not do as much for your arrangement as do the straight-sided round ones.

Flowers with delicate texture, such as Camellias, Gardenias, and roses, would be enhanced in a lovely silver bowl or one made of very fine china or crystal.

The container becomes part of the design and harmonizes with it in size, color, and texture. The arrangement must carry the interest, not the container. Often the color of some part of the arrangement will be repeated in the vase. If just one color of flower is used, the container may carry that same tint or shade, or be in a color that is complementary.

One of the best aids to flower arrangement is a suitable holder. It is a must for good arrangements. There are many kinds in various colors, weights, and materials on the market. The needle-point frog serves best for many things and especially for predominant stem lines. For thick-stemmed branches

and flowers a wire holder gives good support. A good flower holder should be heavy and rustproof. Experiment to find the one which serves you best.

The flowers are apt to tip over if the frog is not made secure. This can be done by using modeling clay, which does not dissolve in water. Your florist will sell this to you. Until the frog is securely placed, care must be taken to have both the container and the frog perfectly dry.

For vases, chicken wire makes a very good holder, or a square of one-half inch mesh wire cloth rolled or bent and wedged vertically into the vase will do. Allow for space between the folds for stems or branches. Foliage is sometimes crowded into the vase to hold the stems, but if it is to be used for more than a few hours, the water will become polluted and the flowers will die.

We make flower arrangements for two reasons: to feel the joy of handling cut flowers and to create beautiful pictures rich in meaning. The joy we get in arranging flowers cannot be realized without a certain amount of patient practice. Lose yourself in projecting the mood you wish to portray. Let your emotions sink deep within you. Your results will be a thrill.

The Omnipotent has sown his name on the heavens in glittering stars; but upon the earth he planteth his name in tender flowers.—Richter

For the Strength of the Hills

CHAPTER 4

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Camilla Fenton, an orphan from Santa Monica, California, comes to Crandall, Idaho, to teach, and marries Stanley Rodgers in the spring when school is out. Camilla is disappointed in their big, ugly farmhouse, but all summer she cans fruits and vegetables, and in the fall she and Stanley go to California for a visit with Camilla's Aunt Lillian.

THEY arrived home from California on a gray day in early November, when there was neither the majestic whiteness of winter nor the green and purple of summer to relieve the monotony of the landscape.

"I guess it looks sort of bleak to you, after all the sunshine and flowers," suggested Stan as they drove along the country road.

"Sort of," Camilla admitted. "It really is the worst time of the year, isn't it? But we'll have plenty to do to take our minds off the landscape—if they need taking off. I'm simply bursting with plans for the house, now that I don't have to grow a million things and then stick them in cans. And another thing, you can start paying me proper attention. You've hardly looked at me all summer while you had those spuds on your mind."

"Lady, I'm certainly going to make up for lost time," he asserted, putting one arm around her shoulders.

The rosy glow that enveloped her lasted until they stepped into the cold, dismal kitchen.

"I guess that I should have sent a note to the folks and had someone

come over and make fires," decided Stan, poking paper and wood into the range, "or we could have stopped there for dinner."

"Yes, we could," she agreed. Now that he had put the idea into her head, she decided that he had been extremely thoughtless to bring her into the house cold and hungry when they could so easily have stopped in at his mother's for a hot meal.

And the house looked so awful with two week's dust on the furniture, especially in the gray November light, or half light. Maybe they should have stayed in California for the rest of the winter. Aunt Lillian would have been glad to have them. Maybe they would do that next winter. The thought cheered her somewhat, although she knew well enough that Stan and her aunt couldn't possibly spend several months in the same house. Two weeks had been enough of a strain.

After a dinner of thick steaks which Stan fried, and stringbeans and peaches from their own store, she felt in a happier frame of mind. Especially when he had built a fire in the grate and pulled up two shabby chairs, shutting out the rest of the room.

"I must be an awfully primitive creature," she said. "Warmth and food seem to make all the difference between being happy and contented or feeling like a banshee."

"I'm attracted to some of the same myself," he agreed, stretching out his long legs to the fire. "Give

me three good meals a day, plenty of firewood, the most beautiful red-headed wife in the world, and I don't ask for much else."

"Modest creature," she laughed. Then, looking around at the shadows flickering on the walls, she proposed, "Let's go to town tomorrow and buy paint. I think that I want light blue for this room and bright flowered chintzes for the furniture. The window will have to go until next summer, of course. We can't go cutting holes in the house in this weather."

"You talk of paint and chintzes at a moment like this?" he sighed. "All right, if you have a one-track mind I suppose you have a one-track mind, and I'll have to get used to it. We'll go shopping for paint tomorrow."

SHE went to bed glowing with enthusiasm and plans for working on the house through all the winter months. When she put her feet to the floor the next morning, a wave of nausea sent her back under the blankets. The odor of frying bacon, which ordinarily would have brought her out with a bound, only made her turn her face to the wall, as if by so doing she could also cut out the smell.

A minute later Stan appeared in the doorway to announce, "Breakfast is served, Madam. And if you don't get the heck out of there, I'll put a glass of cold water down your neck."

His gaiety made her feel even worse, and she muttered, "Stop it! I'm sick."

"Sick," he repeated. "You can't be. Those steaks weren't as bad as that."

"Please don't joke," she begged. "And shut the door so that I can't smell that bacon."

He shut the door quickly and came to her bed. "What is it, then?" he asked anxiously. "Shall I phone for a doctor?"

"No, we can see him when we go into town for the paint. Anyway, there'll be all kinds of time. I'm probably going to have a baby."

"A baby!" he shouted. "Jumping grasshoppers! You don't mean it!"

"I rather think I do. And I thought that prospective fathers greeted such an announcement with considerable sentiment and not with 'jumping grasshoppers.'"

"Jumping grasshoppers!" he repeated. "Imagine us with a red-headed boy! Blackie's colt will be just right for him to ride in a year or two. What do you think you'd like to eat? Name it and I'll get it, if I have to go to China."

"Some fruit perhaps and a couple of soda crackers," she smiled. "We'll send to China later."

She felt better after she had eaten. There was an exuberance, in fact, that she had never imagined even the prospects of a baby would bring. They would have lots of children—sons and daughters who would grow up fine and splendid, like the country about them. The old house would not be too big, and it must not be ugly. It was the beginning of new and wonderful things all the way through.

After lunch they rode into town and bought the bright colors to paint the "Mexican" kitchen.

"There's no need of getting more at one time than we can use," she said, "as long as the store is only a couple of hours away." Later on

she was to find she had made a most fortunate decision.

The next morning Stan brought her breakfast to bed, and she felt reasonably well after she had eaten and dressed. "Bring on your paint," she said, after the dishes were washed, "I can't believe that we are really starting."

"I bought two brushes," he announced. "You get to do all the medium places, and I do the high and low. That's to prove that I love you and that I can reach the farthest."

"Nobility at its finest flower," she agreed as he handed her a can of paint. She took three strokes across the wall by the side of the window and put the can down quickly. "O-o-oh, I can't bear it!" she cried, running to the door. "Another whiff of this paint and I'd die without a struggle."

STAN closed up the cans. "You take the car and go down to mother's," he suggested. "I'll do the painting. I'll have at least two walls done by the time you get back. Shall I do one yellow and the other red?"

"I don't care," she flung back at him, as she grabbed her coat and went out.

When she returned, just about dinner time, the smell of paint was worse than ever. Almost as hard to bear was the thought that this meant further postponements of her dreams for doing anything to the house.

"First it's too much summer work and no money. Now it's this," she wailed. "Next summer it will be too much work again. Do you think we'll ever get it done?"

"You might go away for a month while I do it," he suggested.

Camilla considered it briefly, then shook her head. "No, I'm afraid that wouldn't work. Where would I go? I can't go chasing back to California again. Anyway I don't want to. Maybe we can do it later in the year. And, in the meantime, I can work on some slip covers. They'll make a big difference in the living room."

They agreed that he would at least have to finish the kitchen. "And the back bedroom must be made into a pink and white nursery, no matter what," she declared. "I can go down to Mother Rodgers while you do that. You can do a few dabs each day and air it out good before I come back."

Following this method he managed to get the kitchen and nursery done, and that was all. Camilla made slip covers for the lumpy couch and two chairs in the living room and then couldn't decide whether they looked better or worse against the nondescript walls. She finally concluded that anything would be an improvement over the way the room looked when they first moved in.

She felt better as winter gave way to spring and took considerable pleasure in working out in the flower garden. Stan never went to town or to one of the neighbors that he didn't bring back a start of something or other, and by May she had pansies and iris blooming, with many other plants showing great promise.

Stan took over the vegetable garden, with the help of his young brother Mickey, and as for canning,

(Continued on page 355)

You Can Learn

Q Is for Quandary and R Is for Roger

Katherine Kelly

WELL, that was the end of the petunia-bed for this year! Twice before I had rescued the little seedlings and replanted them, but this time they had been far enough along to be crushed and broken. Just another result of my turkey raising experiment. There just wasn't any use! Confound that turkey gobbler anyhow! Was there no other place on the whole farm where he could take his dust bath!

My face must have looked like a storm cloud as I entered the kitchen where the rest of the family were finishing breakfast.

"My dear, you have watered those petunias with your tears for, this is the third year, now," Tom, my husband, spoke reasonably. "Won't you ever give up? You just can't have turkeys and flowers, too."

"Then you knew they had ruined my petunias and never said a word," I accused.

"Yes, they are early risers. I drove the old gobbler out first thing this morning. I don't know how he got through the fence this time. Anyway, honey, they are your petunias and your turkeys. Looks like you will have to make a choice. We thought the turkeys were all right when we got that check last fall. It more than paid the interest on the farm, remember?"

"Of course we have to have money, but what's the use of owning a place if we can't have it pleasant and—*and beautiful!*" I slumped in a chair.

Tom took his hat from the rack by the door, lifted my chin, and kissed me all in one gesture.

"Lift up your head, my love, and see farther than the yard. This farm will look beautiful enough to me if we can ever get it paid for."

"It's that darned old gobbler!" I raged, resentment so hot I had to take it out on something. "That gobbler is nothing but a nuisance. When the little turkeys hatch, he'll strut round and round the pens, and step on the little turkeys with his big feet, and eat their food, and even threaten me when I go to feed them. I'd like to chop his head off!"

"A necessary evil, Mother," my husband chuckled, as he went through the door.

Then I became aware that Ernie, our oldest child, was trying to comb his own hair. It still seemed impossible that he was old enough to go to school. What kind of a mother was I anyway?

"Here, Son, mother will help you with that part. Did you get your ears clean?" Ernie squirmed a little as I examined his ears and straightened his shirt collar. "Where did Kathy and Roger go?"

"Outside someplace. Please hurry, Mother, it's nearly time for the bus."

"All right. Don't forget your lunch."

As I followed him to the door, my eyes searched the yard for Kathy. I knew that wherever she was Roger

would be also. She was a regular little mother to him. There they were, kneeling by the flower bed trying to replant my petunias, Kathy's dark head and Roger's blond one close together. My heart gave a tug, and quick tears came to my eyes.

"Don't cry, Mama, we fix 'em," Kathy comforted me as she left the broken flowers. Roger looked up into my face.

Roger, our youngest, was only a year and a half, but he was a husky little man. From the first it had seemed that he had come into this world with a definite purpose, and come what might, he was going to stay and accomplish it.

Kathy had come into the circle of my arms and was searching my face doubtfully.

"We don't care too much about the petunias, we'll have sweet peas in a few weeks," I continued. "See, the turkeys can't hurt the sweet peas because these sticks we put for them to climb on, protect them."

"Mummy!" Kathy always called me mummy when we were close like this. "Can't we put sticks in the petunias, too?"

"Well, it might be an idea for another year."

The bus honked over at Jensen's crossing, and I glanced up the lane to be sure that Ernie was going to make it. He had reached the gate, he would make it all right. I tingled with pride. Ernie knew where he wanted to go also. In the set of his shoulders I could read determination enough to take him through all the years, as far as he wanted to go. And I knew that it would be far. Somehow that long lane was symbolic.

Such wonderful children! They would be strong where I was weak, and they would have and do all the things we could only dream about.

I had scarcely finished the dishes when I heard the call of the turkey hen, the high-pitched, clucking noise the hens make when they are going to lay their eggs. They use it to coax the other turkeys to follow them and sort of cover for them while they go to their nests. It was my signal to follow and find the nest.

I looked out the window and saw one hen leading the way and acting nonchalant, as she pecked here and there, to show her indifference, but all the time she aimed directly toward the bushes along the fence at the far end of the field. The other hens followed along, obedient to the call, and the gobbler strutted after them, dragging his wings and showing off as usual.

I watched from the window and worked intermittently till they were nearly to the top field, then I caught up my big straw hat and started across the yard in a hurry.

Kathy and Roger had finished their fence and were watering their stick horses in the ditch. Roger dropped his with a splash and ran toward me. "Me go, too, Mama, me go wif."

"No you can't go, honey. Mama has to hurry, and she has to go quietly so she can find where the turkey will lay her egg. You play with Kathy. Kathy, come and get him and watch him carefully. That turkey gobbler isn't too far away."

Kathy took him by the hand and her voice was at once provocative

and persuasive, as she told him that he must feed and take care of his horse or it would run away.

The first hen had gone out of sight, but the others, trailing after, told me which way she had gone. I made a wide circle around them and came in among the brush above the railroad track where I could watch without making a sound. The gobbler and the other hen had stayed back in the field now, and the hen I was watching was going up the road very leisurely, stopping to listen and to call occasionally. Once in a while she made an excursion into the willows by the roadside only to come out again and make a semblance of eating in the grass.

I followed slowly keeping her always in sight. The earth was green and alive between the banks of white clay, the birds were busy in the willows, and little waves of heat shimmered above the green fields.

The hen I had been watching had disappeared in the willows. When I crept quietly up to the place, she was settled on her nest. I selected a good sized rock and laid it by the roadside to mark the spot so I could get the egg later, and started back for the house, fairly bursting with satisfaction.

While the bushes still hid the house from view I heard Roger scream. I burst through the willows in time to see him fall and the turkey gobbler start towards him. I had heard a fantastic story somewhere, that turkey gobblers picked children's eyes out because they were bright and shiny. But that couldn't be true! And yet Roger was so small and helpless and that gobbler was big and mean.

Why were my feet made of lead and glued to the ground! It was like one of those nightmares where, try as you will, you can make no progress.

Then I heard the screen door slam, saw a little streak of red dress cross the lawn, and in a moment little Kathy was beating the turkey with one of her stick horses. Momentarily the gobbler dropped his feathers and stepped back from the onslaught. In a flash Kathy was between it and her baby brother, standing her ground like a little burst of red fury, and beating harder and harder, as the turkey ruffled his feathers and gobbled menacingly.

The brave little darling, how did she dare to do it!

In another moment I was there with the club I had picked up somewhere on the way, and the old gobbler turned and fled for his life.

My knees gave way under me and I sank to the ground. All Kathy's bravado was gone now, and she wilted, sobbing, into my arms. Roger's tears had made mud of the dirt on his face, but when I wiped it away with my apron, his face was all right. He was a little bruised and mussed up, but mostly just scared.

"There, there," I soothed. "Don't you cry, We'll kill that old gobble-gobble and eat him for Daddy's birthday."

"When is Daddy's birthday?" Kathy asked.

"Day after tomorrow, and Daddy will kill the turkey tonight. We'll have both grandmas and both grandpas up to dinner."

The Spirit of Motherhood

Hazel McAllister

SINCE I have been old enough to become aware of these things, I have heard and read a great deal of eloquent oratory on the beauty, the dignity, and the glory of motherhood. There have been times in my life, and I daresay in the lives of countless other mothers, also, when they have recalled such words with some questioning.

But, fortunately, there is more to being a mother than the menial tasks. With the experiences come wisdom and a tempering of the spirit. Sometimes when we go to bed at night, before sleep comes, the events of the day go in review before us. Some of the day's happenings touch our heartstrings as we remember, with a smile, the child with the bright and vibrant spirit who has given so much sunshine and happiness to all our family circle. We think of another child with his problems and inability to make social adjustment; and we recall, with a twinge of regret, the quick and angry rebuke given in thoughtless haste. We think of all the aches, the hurts, the tears of our children, and the heaviness which comes to the heart is not quickly dispelled. Then comes a realization of our shortcomings, for mothers are only human beings, and, with it, comes a resolve to do better the next day; to comfort, to lead, to guide our children in gentleness and understanding.

It has been said by the poets that the bravest battles ever fought cannot be found on the maps of the world, but in the hearts of the mothers of men, and they go on from babyhood to the grave.

Most women can accomplish the biological function of bringing children into the world, but to earn the name of mother, the true spirit of unselfish motherhood must become a part of us. No love in all the world equals the love of a true mother. President Joseph F. Smith said that no love in all the world comes nearer to being like the love of God. Knowing this, I think most mothers do not realize how much their influence affects the destiny of their children, an influence which reaches into eternity! Upon Latter-day Saint mothers the obligation is tenfold because of their enlightened understanding of the gospel standards. If all mothers in the world realized and put to use their potential power in influencing for righteousness the lives of their children through love and kindness, persuasion and example, what a different world this would be! Greatness in character comes when human needs are rightfully met and when the human soul may develop secure in love and understanding.

Lealot

Ora Lee Parthesius

At eighty-odd, and nearly blind,
Her hours of joy could lie behind;

But, leaning hard upon her cane,
She dares the dark and wind and rain

As eagerly she goes to meet
The future with its bittersweet.

Trilogy

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

Yesterday

My heart conceived a song one yesterday;
I walked alone where beauty beckoned me,
And saw a field of iris washed by rain,
Rain that left jeweled mist on leaf and tree.
"Beauty," I said, "gives birth to words that sing,
So I shall write a trilogy of spring."

I saw a rainbow arched across the sky,
A radiant trellis, an ethereal line,
Curved in majesty, and heaven bent,
Linking the mortal with the great Divine.
A meadow lark in sudden rhapsody,
Made haste to lend my song a melody.

And soon a gray-veiled earth knew sudden light,
Clouds vanished as if by Supreme command,
Hills were transformed from mauve to sunset rose,
As if an artist could not stay his hand.
Here was more beauty than my heart could hold,
Would I know peace until my song was told?

Today

I grasp my pen to give birth to my song,
To fashion words into a lyric sweet,
When suddenly I hear from corridor
The pattering of tiny baby feet.
"A story, Mommy, come and read to me."
Tonight, a lullaby my song will be.

"I'm hungry, Mom." The supper hour brings
An anxious brood in need of daily bread;
My hands must deftly spread my humble board,
Reality must sway my dream-filled head.
My song can wait. Tomorrow I shall sing,
Of wooded hills, and flowers, and rains of spring.

My own sweet lyric of just fourteen years
Comes to my chair and, kneeling by my side,
She chatters on about so many things;
I must take time to love, direct, and guide.
Another day my trilogy shall find
Birth from my heart, transition from my mind.

Tomorrow

No longer do my halls resound the noise
Of baby feet and "bustin'-bronco" boys,
My lyric into sonnethood has grown,
And has a house and garden of her own.
The laughter and the songs of yesterday
Are echoes from the cherished days gone by.
But still in spring, the iris bids the rain,
A rainbow highway links the earth with sky.
Yet when the birds fly homeward on the wing,
My heart conceives another song of spring.

Magazine Subscriptions for 1950

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE general board acknowledges with deep appreciation and gratitude the devotion of Relief Society presidents, *Magazine* representatives, and subscribers, who have increased the number of subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine* to an all-time high of 92,598 in 1950, an increase of 8,547 over 1949. In 1948, following the necessary increase in subscription price, the subscriptions were 78,166; in 1949, they increased to 84,048; and this past year, in December 1950, the subscriptions rose to 92,598.

The general board strives to maintain a periodical of high merit particularly suited to Latter-day Saint women, but it recognizes that without the faithful service of the sisters throughout the Church who are called to assist in *Magazine* work, the circulation would be far less.

Since the *Magazine* contains the lessons studied in Relief Society, it serves not only for general reading interest but is also the means of bringing the educational work into the homes of all its subscribers. It is thus almost indispensable for Relief Society members, and is the means of conveying the lofty ideals and purposes of Relief Society into the homes of non-Latter-day Saint subscribers.

The general board considers the calling of *Magazine* representative to be one of importance. The great increase in subscriptions this past year attests to the devotion to Relief Society and the gospel of sisters who have a responsibility in this work. All who have successfully carried through their assignments are to be commended and congratulated.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California), 140%
Magazine Representative—Nancy M. Rupp

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California), 244%
Magazine Representative—Marie DeSpain

Mission

California Mission, 93%
Mission Relief Society President—Mary H. Stoddard

Mission District

South East Arkansas District, Central States Mission, 129%

Mission Branch

Williams Branch (Arizona), California Mission, 250%
Magazine Representative—Alice Muirhead

Stakes Achieving Highest Percentages

South Los Angeles (California)	140	Nancy M. Rupp
Provo Stake (Utah)	136	Flora Buggert
Nyssa Stake (Oregon)	132	Mae A. Boyer
Oquirrh Stake (Utah)	128	Ione C. Fuller
San Joaquin Stake (California)	122	Wealtha Mendenhall
Glendale Stake (California)	120	Elsie Weber
East Los Angeles (California)	119	Zelma Beck
Moapa Stake (Nevada-Arizona)	118	Eunice B. Johnson
Idaho Falls Stake (Idaho)	114	Clemey Young

Missions Achieving Highest Percentages

California	93	Mary H. Stoddard, President
Northern States	84	Lucy T. Anderson, President
Central States	82	Annie M. Ellsworth, President
East Central States	80	Edna H. Matheson, President
Northwestern States	80	Mavil A. McMurrin, President
Texas-Louisiana	80	Leone R. Bowring, President
Southern States	79	Rula H. Choules, President
Canadian	78	LaPriel R. Eyre, President
Western States	78	Mildred M. Dillman, President

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Above

Big Cottonwood Stake (Utah)	Martha W. Paulsen
East Long Beach Stake (California)	Margaret Bryan
East Los Angeles Stake (California)	Zelma Beck
Glendale Stake (California)	Elsie Weber
Granite Stake (Utah)	Elizabeth W. McLelland
Grant Stake (Utah)	Alleen F. Keller
Idaho Falls Stake (Idaho)	Clemey Young
Liberty Stake (Utah)	Lila B. Pressler
Moapa Stake (Nevada-Arizona)	Eunice B. Johnson
Nyssa Stake (Oregon)	Mae A. Boyer
Oquirrh Stake (Utah)	Ione C. Fuller
Pasadena Stake (California)	Blanche Calvert
Provo Stake (Utah)	Flora Buggert
San Joaquin Stake (California)	Wealtha Mendenhall
Shelley Stake (Idaho)	Genevieve Weatherston
South Idaho Falls Stake (Idaho)	Valerea Blatter

Wards and Branches in Stakes and Missions Achieving 200% or Higher

Williams Branch (Arizona), California Mission	250%.....	Alice Muirhead
South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California)	244%.....	Marie DeSpain
Galesburg Branch (Illinois), Northern States Mission	243%.....	Rena P. Custer
Oak Grove Branch, Florida Stake (Florida)	243%.....	Iva Williams
Manavu Ward, Provo Stake (Utah)	240%.....	Flora Buggert
Starke Branch, Florida Stake (Florida)	238%.....	Jenene Manning
Vista Branch (California), California Mission	225%.....	Florence Reiney
Phoenix Seventh Ward, Phoenix Stake (Arizona)	205%.....	Minerva B. Gillette
Miramonte Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California)	202%.....	Anna Struhs
Nyssa Second Ward, Nyssa Stake (Oregon)	202%.....	Hazel J. Hunter
Storrs Ward, North Carbon Stake (Utah)	200%.....	Mildred Brinkerhoff

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	140	Taylor	100
Provo	136	Bannock	100
Nyssa	132	Ogden	100
Oquirrh	128	Union	99
San Joaquin	122	Wasatch	98
Glendale	120	Rigby	97
East Los Angeles	119	Kolob	97
Moapa	118	Long Beach	96
Idaho Falls	114	South Box Elder	95
Big Cottonwood	112	North Jordan	95
Shelley	112	Bonneville	95
San Fernando	112	Park	94
Palo Alto	110	Blackfoot	94
Liberty	110	Highland	93
Sharon	108	Ensign	92
Nampa	108	Uvada	92
Florida	107	South Bear River	91
Burley	107	Emigration	91
Pasadena	107	East Rigby	91
South Idaho Falls	106	Farr West	91
East Long Beach	106	Minidoka	91
San Bernardino	105	St. Joseph	91
San Juan	105	San Francisco	90
Rexburg	105	Sacramento	90
Cassia	105	Young	89
Grant	104	North Box Elder	89
South Salt Lake	104	University	88
Phoenix	104	Malad	88
Inglewood	104	Alpine	88
North Idaho Falls	103	Los Angeles	88
West Pocatello	102	Pocatello	88
Granite	102	Chicago	88
Humboldt	101	Gridley	88
Sugar House	101	Mesa	87
Sevier	101	West Jordan	86

Cottonwood	86	Mt. Jordan	73
Oakland	85	East Provo	73
Cache	85	St. Johns	72
Portneuf	85	American Falls	72
Southern Arizona	85	Juarez	72
Mt. Graham	85	Tooele	72
Oneida	85	San Luis	72
Seattle	85	South Carolina	72
Ben Lomond	84	Riverside	71
West Utah	84	Washington	71
Alberta	84	East Riverside	70
Bear Lake	84	Spokane	70
San Diego	84	Lake View	70
Bear River	84	Juab	69
New York	83	Carbon	69
Raft River	83	Teton	68
Twin Falls	82	Garfield	67
Denver	81	Mount Logan	67
Timpanogos	81	Kanab	67
Weiser	81	Star Valley	66
Boise	81	Emery	66
Reno	81	North Sanpete	66
Idaho	81	Wayne	66
North Rexburg	81	South Sanpete	66
Utah	80	Mount Ogden	65
North Davis	80	Lost River	65
Weber	79	Duchesne	64
Parowan	79	Smithfield	64
Big Horn	79	Summit	64
Richland	79	Logan	64
Hillside	78	Deseret	63
South Ogden	78	Montpelier	63
Wells	78	Nebo	63
Berkeley	78	Portland	63
Maricopa	78	Cedar	62
Snowflake	78	Temple View	62
Lehi	78	Davis	62
Uintah	77	Zion Park	61
Yellowstone	77	North Carbon	61
Pioneer	76	Blaine	61
Grantsville	76	Lyman	59
South Davis	76	South Sevier	58
Beaver	76	South Summit	57
North Weber	76	North Sevier	57
Palmyra	75	Morgan	56
East Jordan	75	Woodruff	55
Salt Lake	75	Roosevelt	54
Millard	75	Benson	53
Nevada	75	Panguitch	51
Franklin	75	Gunnison	49
Lethbridge	74	Santaquin-Tintic	48
St. George	74	Moon Lake	42
East Cache	74	Moroni	40
Orem	74	Oahu	26
East Mill Creek	74		

HONOR ROLL

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta Stake	625	525	84	Retta W. Barrus	Beaver Third	103	77	75	Kate Bowman
Aetna	20	18	90	Iris Jensen	Milford Second	62	50	81	Mildred G. Wilcock
Cardston First	56	62	111	Eleanor Brown	Ben Lomond Stake	676	569	84	Maude P. Close
Cardston Second	69	59	86	Mrs David Wilmott	Lorin Farr	84	97	115	Evelyn Poulter
Cardston Fourth	66	58	88	La Jeanne Tanner	North Ogden First	74	83	112	Edith V. Judkins
Glenwood	57	51	89	Eliza Beaves	Ogden Seventh	75	68	91	Lenora Poorte
Hartley	23	20	87	Annie B. Orr	Ogden Eighth	100	80	80	Asenath Christensen
Hill Spring	65	52	80	Viola Wynder	Ogden Twenty-first	90	70	78	Doris C. Richards
Leavitt	40	31	78	Emma Broadbent	Ogden Twenty-ninth	70	61	87	Edith Andersen
Mountain View	63	62	98	Jane S. Payne	Benson Stake	52	41	79	Sarah Leavitt
Taylorville	16	16	100	Rowayne Welsey	Cornish				
Woolford	17	16	94	Margaret Pitcher	Berkeley Stake	685	534	78	Vera H. Mayhew
Del Bonita Branch	9	13	144	Grace West	Berkeley Second	73	76	104	Mary Langman
Jefferson Branch	16	17	106	Agnes S. Sherman	East Richmond	50	67	134	Elverda Ann Coats
Alpine Stake	706	622	88	Edna L. Meredith	Napa	52	42	81	Jessie Stubs
Alpine	86	79	92	Edra McDaniel	Pittsburg	50	40	80	Margaret Davis
American Fork First	69	63	91	Edith B. Jones	Richmond	48	54	113	Mary Bledsoe
American Fork Second	77	58	75	Alwen Ritchie	Walnut Creek	45	52	116	Lorene Craner
American Fork Third	70	56	80	Rhoda Parker	Fairfield Branch	28	30	107	Dorothy Pinkerton
American Fork Fourth	51	58	114	Ann C. Hansen	Big Cottonwood Stake	769	864	112	Martha W. Paulsen
American Fork Fifth	87	68	78	Stella Nelson	Big Cottonwood	59	80	136	Velma Holladay
American Fork Sixth	71	53	75	Leila J. Abel	Cottonwood	78	78	100	Frances Remund
American Fork Seventh	77	77	100	Marie Reimschuessel	Holladay First	95	130	137	Roma Lee Sundberg
American Fork Eighth	70	67	96	Leona W. Larson	Holladay Second	75	76	101	Joanne B. Orton
Highland	48	43	90	Darcus D. Hyde	Mt. Olympus	111	112	101	Mary B. Lambourne
American Falls Stake					Olympus South	90	91	101	Olive Beth Mack
American Falls	46	41	89	Connie Sue Nelson	South Cottonwood	88	93	106	Elsa O. Fors
Rockland	73	88	121	Lelia Hartley	Valley View	96	126	131	Maud C. Graham
Springfield	30	33	110	Lois Lloyd					

Bannock Stake	356	356	100	Ida Sorenson	Winder	77	78	101	Ruth C. Bailey
Bench	22	24	109	Rose Hansen	Big Horn Stake	836	657	79	Elma S. Johnson
Central	23	19	83	June Welch	Basin	41	37	90	Mrs. Scott H. Smith
Cleveland	26	20	77	Vera Nielson	Byron	63	57	90	Margaret Winzen-
Grace First	66	68	103	La Dene Hendricks					reid
Grace Second	74	76	103	Ada Williams	Cody	33	30	91	Gwendolyn S. Rob-
Lago	37	39	105	Norma Mickelson					ertson
Mound Valley	28	31	111	Afton Forman	Lovell	177	132	75	Christina Norton
Thatcher	50	53	106	Erline Smith	Penrose	9	9	100	Tilda Wasden
Williams	30	26	87	Merl Kingsford	Powell	47	47	100	Gwen Miller
Bear Lake Stake	525	441	84	Millie G. Sprouse	Worland	34	40	118	Daisy Nissen
Bloomington	56	44	79	Bertha Thornock	Belfry Branch	10	8	80	Mary Youst
Fish Haven	31	25	81	Ethel Perkins	Iona Branch	17	16	94	Maggie Beal
Garden City	48	40	83	Ruth P. Hansen	Meeteetse Branch	14	17	121	Alma Bennion
Lake Town	43	41	95	Emma W. Cheney	Blackfoot Stake	940	879	94	Ellen Van Moorle-
Liberty	34	28	82	Laura Poulsen					hem
Ovid	40	32	80	Hazel L. Peterson	Blackfoot First	108	81	75	Tressa Higgensen
Paris First	64	65	102	Rosa Grandy	Blackfoot Second	105	105	100	Floretta McCurdy
Paris Second	86	67	78	Gertrude R. Price	Blackfoot Third	50	45	90	Verda Clark
St. Charles	72	60	83	Vidella Booth	Blackfoot Fourth	123	128	104	Margaret Lamprecht
Sharon	17	19	112	Hazel Long	Blackfoot Fifth	50	48	96	Rose James
Bear River Stake	519	434	84	Rennis A. Larkin	Groveland	84	69	82	Sarah Chapman
Beaver	43	35	81	Hilda S. Johnson	Moreland	86	91	106	Gladys Belnap
East Garland	32	32	100	Naomi Oyler	Pingree	37	40	108	Sarah E. Cammack
Garland First	69	62	90	Celine Johnson	Riverside	65	50	77	Tacy Winmill
Garland Second	86	86	100	Rhoda Christopher-	Riverton	24	27	113	Cassie Brown
				son	Rose	42	45	107	Donna Bischoff
Park Valley	38	34	89	Letitia Palmer	Thomas	114	115	101	Gertrude Williams
Snowville	35	51	146	Cora Daley	Blaine Stake				
Stone	24	25	104	Lela Pratt	Fairfield	35	38	109	Blanche V. Naser
Beaver Stake	394	519	76	Zelma S. Muir	Gooding	81	66	81	Myrtle Nielsen
Beaver First	83	79	95	Vera Ashworth	Richfield	41	43	105	Charlotte Reed
Beaver Second	100	78	78	Ireta Morris	Sun Valley Branch	9	10	111	Ellen M. Allen

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Boise Stake	561	454	81	Lydia Emma Cordon	Murray Fifth	60	45	75	Jean Erickson
Boise First	71	77	108	Leota Allen	South Grant	65	69	106	Fawn S. Noren
Boise Second	57	52	91	Clara H. Williams	Davis Stake				
Boise Third	100	88	88	Lorraine Hatch	Centerville Second	45	38	84	La Vaun Duncan
Boise Fifth	46	41	89	Alice Francis	Kaysville First	83	66%	80	Serena O. Warner
Meridian	82	69	84	Mable Roylance	Denver Stake	454	370	81	Ilah K. Smith
Mtn. Home Branch	15	12	80	Estella M. Hall	Cheyenne	61	54	89	Edith M. Scott
Bonneville Stake	847	802½	95	Rhoda Carter	Crestmore	53	40	75	Ida Clark
Bonneville	100	92	92	Hannah Allen	Denver First	69	71	103	Bernice Brown
Douglas	124	95	76	Gweneth Woolsey	Denver Second	44	38	86	Lilly B. Williams
Garden Park	112	114	102	Laura H. Clinger	Englewood	55	55	100	Ilah K. Smith
Monument Park	113	119	105	Nellie Pinney	Laramie	48	46	96	Rose Eads
Thirty-third	129	150	116	Harriet Worthing- ton	Fort Collins Branch	36	28	78	Alice Mecham
Yale	161	123	76	Ila C. Norton	Deseret Stake				
Yalecrest	108	110	102	Rhoda Carter	Delta Second	77	69	90	Waioira Wallace
Burley Stake	603	644	107	Jane R. Robinson	Lynnndyl	30	31	103	Alpha Nielson
Burley First	37	55	149	Norma Curtis	Callao Branch	7	7	100	Inez Tripp
Burley Second	70	76	109	Ella B. Boatman	Duchesne Stake				
Burley Third	68	63	93	Mary E. Tracy	Arcadia	33	33	100	Ora Holgate
Burley Fourth	76	70	92	Louise Stoker	Bridgeland	27	28	104	Letta Meyer
Burley Fifth	45	65	144	Zelma Whittle	Hanna	20	15	75	Pearl Turnbow
Declo	85	83	98	Hattie L. Richins	East Cache Stake				
Pella	34	42	124	Ellen C. Mitchell	Logan Fifth	80	79	99	Abby G. Jenson
Springdale	46	47	102	Gladys M. Johnson	Logan Tenth	114	87	76	Jane M. Nieder- hauser
Star	29	30	103	Gertrude Durfee	North Logan	71	65	92	Lenore B. Larsen
Unity	62	62	100	Ione Church	East Jordan Stake	610	458	75	Vida W. Fowles
View	51	51	100	Thelma Taylor	East Midvale Second	53	57	108	Ida Leafquist
Cache Stake	582	495	85	Orilla J. Lucas	Garden View	90	90	100	Hazel Anderson
Logan Third	82	65	79	Louise R. Rich					
Logan Fourth	117	97	83	Jessie Bouwhuis					

HONOR ROLL

Logan Ninth	108	92	85	74	87	Mary E. Jenkins
Logan Fifteenth	81	66	81	79	108	Beth Neilsen
Logan Sixteenth	98	91	93	503	106	Margaret Bryan
Logan Seventeenth	96	84	88	86	113	Susie Elsmore
Carbon Stake				70	100	Gertrude Hemperly
Hiawatha	65	51	78	28	114	Elvira Bollschweiler
Price First	67	102	152	20	115	Muri Fullmer
Dragerton Branch	54	44	81	31	110	Yvonne Eynon
Cassia Stake	197	206	105	80	106	Theima Taylor
Basin	17	23	135	61	100	May Robbins
Marion	26	23	88	41	102	Fern S. Anderson
Oakley First	48	59	123	59	100	Fannie Y. Lundquest
Oakley Second	47	56	119	42	102	Zelma Beck
Oakley Third	26	30	115	77	119	Martha J. Dreiser
Chicago Stake	386	338	88	569	123	Mrs. E. L. Milligan
Milwaukee	59	69	115	77	134	Norine Kaller
North Shore	47	56	119	74	111	Mildred Hatch
Aurora Branch	10	13	130	73	104	Nell Maiben
Batavia Branch	6	6	100	70	116	Gwen Boyd
Milwaukee So. Branch	13	17	131	42	126	Amy Hyndman
South Shore Branch	22	21	95	66	120	Leoan Monroe
West Suburban Branch	41	35	85	109	77	Sarah Pearson
Cottonwood Stake	850	729	86	84	77	Gladys E. Benson
Grant	117	94	80	72	114	Helen M. Bateman
Mill Creek First	68	56	82	82	91	Vontella B. Farr
Mill Creek Second	66	69	105	77	91	Norma B. Nelson
Murray First	114	117	103	70	82	Ardell W. Andrea-son
Murray Second	56	51	91	49	78	Ruby W. Hawkins
Murray Third	135	117	87	44	82	
Murray Fourth	45	60	133	54	96	
Midvale Second	85	74	85	85	74	
Union Second	79	85	79	79	108	
E. Long Beach Stake	476	476	476	476	476	
Bellflower	86	97	86	86	113	
Fullerton	70	70	70	70	100	
Garden Grove	28	32	28	28	114	
Huntington Beach	20	23	20	20	115	
Lakewood	31	34	31	31	110	
Long Beach Third	80	85	80	80	106	
Long Beach Fifth	61	61	61	61	100	
Norwalk	41	42	41	41	102	
Santa Ana	59	59	59	59	100	
E. Los Angeles Stake	479	479	479	479	479	
Alhambra	77	77	77	77	119	
Belvedere	77	103	77	77	123	
Eastmont	74	82	74	74	134	
Mission Park	73	76	73	73	111	
Montebello	70	81	70	70	104	
Rosemead	42	53	42	42	116	
Whittier	66	79	66	66	126	
East Mill Creek Stake	109	84	109	109	120	
Cummings	72	82	72	72	77	
Grand View	77	70	77	77	91	
Imperial	49	44	49	49	90	
Kenwood	81	63	81	81	78	
East Provo Stake	52	60	52	52	115	
Bonneville	45	37	45	45	82	
Provo Ninth	54	52	54	54	96	
Provo Twelfth	54	52	54	54	96	

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East Rigby Stake	517	471	91	Dale Burtenshaw	Granite Stake	663	675	102	Elizabeth W. Mc-
Clark	43	37	86	Velma Morgan					Lelland
Garfield	32	38	119	Anna S. Christensen	Columbus	78	79	101	Maude Sevy
Labelle	38	31	82	Inez McNeil	Fairmont	73	82	112	Clara Love
Lorenzo	27	21	78	Wilda Pabst	Forest Dale	144	146	101	Sentella N. Pace
Milo	52	52	100	Genevieve Palmer	Lincoln	136	136	100	Catherine M. Wise-
Palisade	36	37	103	Helma Oakden					man
Rigby Second	53	40	75	Dortha Radford	Nibley Park	126	126	100	Emma E. Armstrong
Ririe First	56	64	114	Adelia Clark	Wells	106	106	100	Stella Rhoads
Ririe Second	68	80	118	Alice Grover	Grant Stake	493	513	104	Alleen F. Keller
East Riverside Stake					Hillcrest	71	76	107	Lillian F. Price
Fifteenth	141	106	75	Clarissa Winsness	Lorraine	100	104	104	Antonia Zimmer-
Twenty-eighth	121	106	88	Eleanor Smith					man
Emery Stake					Smith	53	53	100	Vivian Rice
Castle Dale	99	76	77	Bertrude Winters	Smith West	74	74	100	LaPreal B. Ames
Clawson	16	12	75	Jane Larsen	Springsview	105	110	105	Elsie R. Whittaker
Emery	96	77	80	Eudean Olsen	Wandamere	90	96	107	Iva Dell Holmberg
Ferron	108	93	86	Deborah Huntsman	Grantsville Stake	295	225	76	Bess W. Judd
Emigration Stake	378	345	91	Helen B. Fleming	Grantsville Second	104	114	110	Eva I. Worthington
Twenty-first	98	79	81	Sallie S. Keate	Wendover	38	36	95	Carol S. Duke
Twenty-seventh	63	89	141	Florence E. Murphy	Gridley Stake	338	296	88	Violet Gray
East Twenty-seventh	78	76	97	Viola L. Walton	Chico	45	52	116	Dorothy Robb
Federal Heights	59	51	86	Ruth Burke	Gridley	120	90	75	Katie Cameron
Ensign Stake	860	791	92	Charlotte W. Spen-	Oroville	33	35	106	Violet Gray
				cer	Yuba City	87	83	95	Mabel Hayter
North Eighteenth	163	175	107	Susanna F. S. Kruys	Paradise Branch	20	20	100	Pearl Smith
South Eighteenth	215	169	79	Mary W. Rich					
North Twentieth	128	102	80	Cleo Gayle Parrott					
South Twentieth	125	116	93	Norma Burt					
East Ensign	95	95	100	Susie C. Winward					
West Ensign	134	134	100	Florence S. Simmons					

Farr West Stake	520	474	91	Irene M. Crowther	Gunnison Stake	24	18	75	Rhoda Jensen
Farr West	69	60	87	Cora A. Petersen	Axtell	586	546	93	Ella E. Andrus
Harrisville	67	65	97	Alice E. Hellewell	Highland Stake	43	50	116	Gladys Stutz
Lomond View	53	59	111	Laura J. Olsen	Crystal Heights	79	86	109	Naomi Symkoviak
Marriott	44	39	89	Charlotte S. Blair	Park Avenue	42	56	133	Maude Neely
Mound Fort	78	83	106	Phyllis Hufstetler	Parleys	85	74	87	Mildred Hicken
Plain City	113	87	77	Alminda L. Johnson	Rossllyn Heights	168	168	100	Alda Anderson
Slaterville	32	36	113	Amelia Holley	Stratford	945	740	78	Erma B. Williams
Florida Stake	348	373	107	Maude G. Hawkins	Hillside Stake	64	48	75	Echo Bean
Axon	33	34	103	Margaret Mizell	Beacon	135	105	78	Ruby Turpin
Jacksonville	101	94	93	Ethel Atkinson	Colonial Hills	161	121	75	Ruth W. Shupe
Lake City	23	29	126	Ora Lee Milton	Edgehill	88	66	75	Ella J. Keddington
Palatka	40	39	98	Hilda Anderson	Mountain View	123	123	100	Bernice Stevenson
Springfield	63	50	79	Camillus McRae	South Edgehill	147	126	86	Malaone Mumford
Waycross	22	26	118	Arzella Jardon	Wasatch	147	149	109	Charlotte S. Fergu- son
Wesconnett	22	26	118	Elizabeth Jammes	Humboldt Stake	15	17	113	Charlotte S. Fergu- son
Gainesville Branch	12	20	167	Doris D. McCall	Carlin	39	39	100	Nadine Daly
Oak Grove Branch	7	17	243	Iva Williams	Elko	45	38	84	Margaret E. Dahl
Sanderson Branch	17	19	112	Mattie D. Stringer	Wells	18	24	133	Mary Cowan
Starke Branch	8	19	238	Jenene Manning	Winnemucca	5	5	100	Bertie Hyde
Franklin Stake	767	572	75	Gladys Bosen	Rowland Branch	8	12	150	Vela Hawkins
Fairview	73	60	82	Bertha N. Cole	Ruby Valley Branch	70	57	81	Mary Larson
Franklin	108	83	77	Laura Atkinson	Hyrum Stake	72	60	83	Mrs. J. Lowell Anderson
Mapleton	27	27	100	Cora Knapp	Hyrum First	50	48	96	Merle Jensen
Preston Second	79	86	109	Chloe C. Peterson	Hyrum Second	107	83	78	Agnes Cook
Garfield Stake					Millville	130	99	76	Ethel Jones
Antimony	47	43	91	Jane Black	Paradise				
Circleville	70	77	110	Etta F. Haycock	Wellsville First				
Kingston	22	23	105	Gail Coates					
Glendale Stake	583	697	120	Elsie Weber					
Elysian Park	83	91	110	Frances Kelland					
Garvanza	68	81	119	Elizabeth Burnett					
Glendale East	120	130	108	Elizabeth Brower					

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Idaho Stake	365	294	81	Jennie S. Gilbert	Taber Second	59	61	103	Lucille Valgardson
Bancroft	85	105	124	Elnora Ruger	Brooks Branch	15	12	80	Deleen Eveson
Hatch	10	12	120	Elizabeth Holbrook	Champion Branch	12	15	125	Carolyne Davies
Kelly-Toponce	32	31	97	Margaret Hebdon	Liberty Stake	672	739	110	Lila B. Pressler
Lund	20	19	95	Edna Darlington	North Second	78	84	108	Amelia Marsh
Idaho Falls Stake	463	528½	114	Clemey Young	South Second	64	65	102	May Thomsen
Idaho Falls Second	146	146	100	Lydia M. Clark	Third	75	80	107	Rena Boyle
Idaho Falls Fifth	76	90	118	Estelle Salisbury	Eighth	131	151	115	Margaret Vuyk
Idaho Falls Ninth	73	76	104	Edna Rhoades	Ninth	78	80	103	Myrtle Robison
Iona	107	151½	142	Josie Scorsbey	Harvard	128	129	101	Ann H. Peery
Lincoln	61	65	107	Amy Hansen	Liberty	118	150	127	Alice Russell
Inglewood Stake	809	838	104	Maurine B. Campbell	Logan Stake				
Brentwood	94	147	156	bell	Logan Fourteenth	76	58	76	Vernetta Earl
Centinella	78	63	81	Frances D. Kolarik	College	53	44	83	Nettie Abrams
La Cienega	99	100	101	Afton Broberg	Young	32	27	84	Wanda Olsen
Lennox	54	80	148	Eva L. Quigley	Long Beach Stake	600	576	96	Ethel Spongberg
Mar Vista	68	85	125	Josephine K. Bullock	Compton First	70	84	120	Mildred Y. Moon
Redondo	54	69	128	Sylvia Petersen	Compton Second	67	65	97	Rebecca Bate
Torrance	51	51	100	Ruby Haddon	Long Beach Second	72	75	104	Geraldine Klaeger
Westchester	24	38	158	Hortense B. Smith	Long Beach Fourth	68	72	106	Matilda Halsey
Westdale	29	49	169	Elaine Crocker	Lynwood	42	61	145	Louise F. Harris
Juab Stake				Agnes M. Nelson	San Pedro	58	47	81	Lila Lindergren
Nephi First	101	78	77	Pearl Wilson	Wilmington	75	76	101	Margaret M. Smith
Nephi Third	101	78	77	May B. Petty	Los Angeles Stake	563	495	88	Rebecca Rowe
Nephi Fourth	72	55	76	Joy Howell	Adams	79	77	87	Velma Shirley
Juarez Stake					Beverly Hills	83	101	122	Mrs. J. Wallace Frame
Dublan	40	39	98	Melvina Jones	Hollywood	124	127	102	Charlotte O'Connor
Juarez	63	55	87	Maude J. Whetten	La Brae	63	51	81	Edna Sant

Kanab Stake

Glendale 48 37 77 Sarah E. Black
 Moccasin 12 20 167 Nora M. Heaton
 Mt. Carmel 21 16 76 Mina Gardner
 Orderville 76 65 86 Hester P. Heaton

Kolob Stake

Mapleton 725 701 97 **Mary W. Clegg**
 Springville First 84 93 111 Ardilla Perry
 Springville Second 91 141 155 Addie Underwood
 Springville Third 67 54 81 Eudora Jensen
 Springville Fourth 75 58 77 Ellen Giles
 Springville Fifth 70 58 83 Rose Roylance
 Springville Sixth 80 89 111 Belle W. Childs
 Springville Ninth 60 62 103 Sara R. Hyde
 63 63 100 Ellen Larson

Lake View Stake

Lake View 77 63 82 Lyrna Cook
 Riverdale 64 67 105 Pearl Champneys
 Roy 85 67 79 Ivy M. Schofield

Lehi Stake

Lehi First 520 403 78 **Hazel May Bone**
 Lehi Second 112 96 86 Hazel M. Bone
 Lehi Third 84 67 80 Edna S. Loveridge
 Lehi Fourth 90 77 86 Vina M. Wilcox
 Lehi Fifth 89 67 75 Ada Allred
 100 80 80 Alice Stice

Lethbridge Stake

Calgary First 51 41 80 Helen Faulkner
 Calgary Second 66 51 77 Anne Merkley
 Claresholm 35 29 83 Luella Rice
 Lethbridge First 70 73 104 Mabel Pizzey
 Orton 18 15 83 La Von Orr
 Picture Butte 44 36 82 Letty Hunt
 Stavely 12 13 108 Ida L. Rodgers

Lost River Stake

Challis 19 17 89 Mabel Howel
 Leslie 33 29 88 Ruth T. Olsen
 Moore 38 30 79 Clara E. Bingham
 Salmon First 42 34 81 Lucy Guyaz

Lyman Stake

Rock Springs First 50 46 92 Elizabeth Bateman
 Superior 31 24 77 Martha Rock
Malad Stake 588 519 88 Mary B. Bush
 Cherry Creek 37 39 105 Ruby H. Lundberg
 Holbrook 13 14 108 Helen Smith
 Malad First 98 98% 101 Pearl W. Thomas
 Malad Second 126 130 103 Beth B. Facer
 Pleasant View 34 29 85 Beth C. Davis
 Portage 61 48 79 Maude R. Harris
 St. John 45 46 102 Anna Lyle Jones

Maricopa Stake

Mesa First 613 476 78 **Lola O. Turley**
 Mesa Fourth 127 96 76 Caroline J. Warner
 Mesa Sixth 87 74 85 Verna McDonald
 60 64 107 Mathonia Magnus-
 sen
 Mesa Tenth 48 61 127 Thora Hamblin
 Pine 16 19 119 Celeste Patterson
 Tempe 76 57 75 Elaine LeBaron

Mesa Stake

Alma 835 725 87 **Lula L. Allen**
 Chandler 79 64 81 Lola White
 Gilbert 82 63 77 Elda H. Whetten
 Mesa Second 38 40 105 Jewel Clement
 Mesa Fifth 122 93 76 Violet Whipple
 Mesa Seventh 156 165 106 Rachel Nichols
 Queen Creek 138 113 82 Mary E. Shane
 27 32 119 Martha Tenney

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Casa Grande Branch	11	10	91	Irene Hurbert	Providence Second	87	66	76	Eunice Clawson
Coolidge Branch	35	39	111	Rhoda Langford	River Heights	66	54	82	Rose Hansen
Hayden Branch	23	20	87	Lettie Pratt	Mount Ogden Stake				
Superior Branch	25	21	84	Josephine Farley	Ogden Twenty-third	91	91	100	Edith Larson
Millard Stake	645	483	75	Clara H. Frampton	Ogden Thirty-third	130	110	85	Karen Straw
Fillmore First	81	75	93	Rachel B. Warner	Highland	93	77	83	Rita Williamson
Fillmore Second	75	61	81	Claris Peterson	Nampa Stake	508	549	108	Sarah E. Squires
Flowell	33	33	100	Rose Christensen	Caldwell	80	91	114	Theodocia Garner
Kanosh	93	71	76	Ruth Paxton	Homedale	59	61	103	Mary Leavitt
Meadow	70	54	77	Flora Bushnell	Kuna	39	37	95	Ida Hatch
Minidoka Stake	471	429½	91	Clarinda Green	Marsing	30	25	83	Ruth Davis
Emerson	24	26	108	Louie Mae Mecham	Melba	40	39	98	Rita Bradshaw
Hazelton	40	60	150	Delila Wickham	Nampa First	60	51	85	Blanche Woolard
Paul	45	58	129	Veta Platts	Nampa Second	75	75	100	Mrs. Alvin Hunter
Rupert First	42	45	107	Maybelle Stevensen	Nampa Third	55	65	118	Vilate A. Adams
Rupert Second	96	89	93	Emma Garrett	Nampa Fourth	54	84	156	Hannah Castaagneto
Rupert Third	53	41½	78	Eva Lowder	Star Branch	16	21	131	Emily Kent
Moapa Stake	690	815	118	Eunice B. Johnson	Nebo Stake				
Boulder City	93	96	103	Greta Rosebaum	Park	88	70	80	Ethel T. Hiatt
Bunkerville	35	38	109	Vera Waite	Payson West	62	65	105	Laurel Loveless
Charleston	83	101	122	Lois Leavitt	Spring Lake	56	43	77	Maxine Moore
Henderson	23	36	157	Lucille L. Tweedie	Nevada Stake	334	250	75	Maysie Sinfield
Kingman	24	38	158	Minnie E. Stowell	Ely	122	100	82	Susan A. Mulliner
Las Vegas First	96	109	114	Una McDonald	Lund	50	44	88	Edith Reid
Las Vegas Second	46	71	154	Lila Leavitt	Ruth	29	31	107	Maud Mifflin
Las Vegas Third	69	77	112	Lucille Pein	Garrison Branch	22	21	95	Agnes Dearden
Littlefield	12	13	108	Vinda Reber	New York Stake	208	173	83	Viola W. Fulton
Logandale	54	57	106	Amy Wells	East Orange	42	41	98	Erika K. Anderson
Mesquite	72	73	101	Nelda Houston	Manhattan	38	29	76	Margurite Bogardus
Overton	63	83	132	Effie Tobler	Brooklyn Branch	14	20	143	Viola W. Fulton
Davis Dam Branch	20	23	115	Geraldine L. Dean					

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Granger First	133	133	100	Rosalma Van Briskirk	Hercules	15	22	147	Hazel Bertoch
Granger Second	100	100	100	Marjorie E. Coats	Magna	90	125½	139	Izella Jeppson
Redwood	46	46	100	Louisa Skog	Pleasant Green	123	144	117	Elaine W. Evans
Taylorville	79	81	103	Loretta Foote	Spencer	67	113	169	Florence Reid
Kearns Branch	9	12	133	Joy Baird	Orem Stake				
North Rexburg Stake	644	519	81	Lucy R. Furness	Geneva	91	84	92	Elizabeth Guyman
Hibbard	68	57	84	Ardella Johnson	Orem First	37	35	95	Eliza B. Anderson
Newdale	38	32	84	Zola Allen	Sharon	35	29	83	Ethel Dickey
Plano	54	63	117	Arvilla Parkinson	Windsor	95	72	76	Blanche Nielson
Sugar	159	129	81	Mary Thomson	Palmyra Stake	843	635	75	Mrs. Frank Soren-
Teton	105	92	88	Alzina Pincock	Lake Shore	95	72	76	sen Bernice Rigtrup
North Sanpete Stake					Leland	44	33	75	Mary B. Stark
Milburn	13	14	108	Leonne Johnson	Palmyra	39	41	105	Lois Nash
Mt. Pleasant South	99	80	81	Lucille R. Seely	Salem	92	80	87	Lavina Thompson
Mountainville	13	12	92	Vera Shelley	Spanish Fork Second	100	78	78	Lucy L. Hill
Spring City	128	96	75	Bergetta Jensen	Spanish Fork Third	121	102	84	Hazel J. Christian-
North Sevier Stake					Birdseye Branch	17	15	88	sen Rachel Spencer
Aurora	92	69	75	Wilma Mason	Palo Alto Stake	390	429	110	Sarah Avery
North Weber Stake	592	448	76	Alta M. Goble	Burlingame	36	49	136	Iris Pickering
Ogden Third	80	63	79	Martha M. Burnett	Naglee Park	31	45	145	Eliza Horsfield
Ogden Tenth	101	86	85	Eliza M. Kerr	Redwood City	69	69	100	Aileen Weaver
Ogden Sixteenth	116	89	77	Armenta S. Malan	San Jose	45	49	109	Maud L. West
Taylor	62	54	87	Melba P. Favero	San Mateo	54	90	167	Helen Bredding
Warren	49	37	76	Libbie Nielsen	Willow Glen	37	45	122	Rasmine Jensen
West Weber	77	61	79	Rena McLean	Park Stake	777	729	94	Lillie S. Schricker
Nyssa Stake	319	420	132	Mae A. Boyer	First	89	84	94	Clara Dittman
Nyssa First	42	68	162	Lynette Anderson	Tenth	77	77	100	Lamecia Pierce
Nyssa Second	52	105	202	Hazel J. Hunter	Thirty-first	104	109	105	Sarah E. Harmon
Ontario	90	94	104	Myrtle Wilburn					

HONOR ROLL

Owyhee	50	52	104	Edna Hartley	Duncan	73	77	105	Winifred Poulter
Parma	23	29	126	L. Bartshe	Emigration	60	74	123	La Vern Hanks
Vale	62	72	116	Avis Belnap	Princeton	143	110%	77	Florence E. Kirk
Oakland Stake	574	490	85	Pearl Meine	Webster	87	90%	104	Gertrude M. Hobson
Alameda	58	67	116	LaVina H. McRae	Parowan Stake	358	283	79	Betty M. Sorenson
Elmhurst	66	77	117	Irene Dutson	Enoch	36	33	92	Cora B. Murie
Hayward	81	77	95	Della Eck	Parowan East	80	69	86	Minnie L. Orton
Maxwell Park	74	84	114	Edna Mitchell	Parowan West	134	105	78	Cora M. Rowley
San Leandro	57	52	91	Agnes M. Nelson	Summit	26	26	100	Lucy F. Green
Ogden Stake	762	760	100	Chloe F. Summerill	Pasadena Stake	448	478	107	Blanche Calvert
Eden	37	36	97	Katherine Stallings	Baldwin Park	40	49	123	Ardella Hackford
Huntsville	69	61	88	Edris Knapp	East Pasadena	47	52	111	Mabrye Phillips
Liberty	23	24	104	Florence Hill	El Monte	80	82	103	Louise Mariger
Ogden Fourth	147	150	102	Violet M. Perkins	Las Flores	63	64	102	Sydonia Raleigh
Ogden Sixth	78	83	106	Essie Auffhammer	Monrovia	69	70	101	Letitia Meyers
Ogden Thirteenth	128	107	84	Ramona P. Snow	North El Monte	41	43	105	Sarah Anderson
Ogden Twentieth	98	126	129	Nanna Christiansen					(Pres.)
Ogden Thirtieth	77	74	96	Madge Crawford	Pasadena	49	51	104	Clara Toone
Ogden Thirty-first	105	99	94	Ada Egginton	South Pasadena	59	67	114	Mamie Gerwin
Oneida Stake	660	559	85	Kenna Bergeson	Phoenix Stake	683	709	104	Zola Stapley
Banida	26	23	88	Ada Bell	Glendale	62	69	111	Julia S. Kremer
Dayton	77	79	103	Irene Schwartz	Phoenix First	90	102	113	Claradell S. Dewitt
Glendale	15	15	100	Eulalia W. Larsen	Phoenix Second	84	107	127	Nancy Lu Harbison
Oxford	27	22	81	Clara Olson	Phoenix Third	89	94	106	Rintha Naylor
Preston Third	69	69	100	Amy S. Kern	Phoenix Fifth	57	69	121	Harriet F. Johnson
Preston Fourth	90	82	91	Lizzie Weaver	Phoenix Sixth	52	41	79	Ruby D. Biggs
Preston Seventh	96	74	77	Flossie Stokes	Phoenix Seventh	21	43	205	Minerva B. Gillette
Riverdale	46	39	85	Barbara S. Meek	Scottsdale	42	49	117	Cornelia Worthan
Treasureton	21	22	105	(Pres.) Vera C. Atkinson	Sunnyslope	23	23	100	Lydia Webb
Oquirrh Stake	390	499%	128	Ione C. Fuller	Buckeye Branch	13	11	85	Barbara McElmury
Garfield	95	95	100	Erma Smith	Pioneer Stake	667	509	76	Mary Jacobs
					Thirty-second	90	69	77	Edith Murray

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Edison	82	75	91	Ida H. Deters
Glendale Park	34	46	135	Dena Lund
Jordan Park	78	105	135	Mary Jacobs
Poplar Grove	55	45	82	Margaret Crockett
Pocatello Stake	774	680	88	Alta Swallow
Fort Hall	20	17	85	Verna Green
Inkom	88	67	76	Mrs. W. H. Hall
Pocatello Second	64	66	103	Helga Pugmire
Pocatello Fourth	80	67	84	Bertha Pratt
Pocatello Sixth	90	84	93	Eva Barrow
Pocatello Seventh	87	89	102	Mae Brown
Pocatello Eighth	75	62	83	Gwen Davis
Pocatello Twelfth	68	68	100	Erma McCurdy
Pocatello Fourteenth	82	82	100	Cora Hartvirgen
Portland Stake				
Colonial Heights	84	75	89	Delores Zabelle
Laurelhurst	50	43	86	Pearl Batman
Portneuf Stake	458	389	85	Ada L. Parris
Arimo	60	65	108	Merle C. Tippets
Cambridge	23	18	78	Vella Bloxham
Garden Creek	25	27	108	Ethel Henderson
Marsh Center	21	22	105	Gertrude Parris
McCammon	79	90	114	Wynona M. Glass
Swan Lake	34	29	85	Marie Henderson
Virginia	36	33	92	Marion Brady
Provo Stake	422	575	136	Flora Buggert
Manavu	96	230	240	Flora Buggert
Provo First	101	101	100	Hansenia H. Burr
Provo Fifth	79	80	101	Fanny S. Whimpey
Provo Seventh	82	88	107	Mary Josie
Provo Tenth	64	76	119	Eva Thorsen
Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Rigby Fourth	66	66	100	Ann Nielsen
Roberts	68	56	82	Ruth Marriott
Terreton	48	60	125	Maurine Peterson
Beaver Creek Branch	35	30	86	Alta Fern Doschades
Riverside Stake				
Riverside	73	74	101	Hillevi Daniels
Rosedale	28	23	82	Harriet Baril
Roosevelt Stake				
Ballard	46	45	98	Emma Clark
Bennett	14	11	79	Joyce Bolton
White Rocks	19	17	89	Pearl Walkup
Sacramento Stake	531	477	90	Martha Gattiker
Carmichael	66	61	92	Myrtle Bolles
Homestead	93	97	104	Minnie Du Frain
Roseville	48	57	119	Nida B. Morey
Sacramento	107	94	88	Margherita Singleton
Sutter	65	68	105	La Vernia B. Lewis
Placerville Branch	9	10	111	Goldy T. Baker
Woodland Branch	30	30	100	Vendla Gordon
St. George Stake				
Gunlock	19	23	121	Maybell Hunt
Ivins	15	12	80	Martha E. Hafen
Mt. Trumbull	6	6	100	Rebecca Bundy
Pine Valley	13	10	77	Maude Gardner
St. George First	70	55	79	Edna Cunningham
St. George Fourth	59	62	105	Eunice Blazzard
St. George Fifth	60	45	75	Emily Schmutz
St. George Sixth	84	80	95	Emma C. Abbott
Veyo	11	11	100	Harriet B. Chadburn

Raft River Stake	184	153	83	Alice O. Neddo	St. Johns Stake	22	22	100	Jessie Jepson
Malta	54	62	115	Alice O. Neddo	Alpine	118	93	79	Agness M. Lund
Moulton	11	10	91	Julia H. Clark	Eagar	26	25	96	Clara B. Laney
Yost	17	13	76	Viola Tracey	Luna	12	10	83	Laura Slade
Sublet Branch	10	13	130	Annie Adams	Nutriosio	24	19	79	Georgia Austin
Reno Stake	429	347	81	Louise Lindsay Bell	Vernon	20	22	110	Ruth A. Sherman
Reno	76	61	80	Zella Webb	Gallup Branch	514	466	91	Nira P. Lee
Sparks	99	114	115	Fern C. Ward	St. Joseph Stake	16	18	113	Nellie Dixon
Westwood	30	27	90	Mary A. Young	Bryce	58	56	97	Winnie Smith
Carson City Branch	13	12	92	Lura Jones	Central	20	17	85	Viola Colvin
Portola Branch	23	20	87	Leah Williams	Eden	30	27	90	Hazel Bryce
Rexburg Stake	601	629½	105	Beth S. Porter	Ft. Thomas	52	43	83	Vera Larson
Archer	77	105	136	Norah Grover	Globe	52	45	87	Ella Sims
Burton	60	55½	93	Lila Huffaker	Miami	120	128	107	Zela McBride
Lyman	64	62	97	Jessie Moulton	Pima	166	132	80	Sarah Hales
Rexburg Second	146	160	110	Maud Taylor	Thatcher	885	663	75	Clara Neeley
Rexburg Third	70	75	107	Wanda Hunziker	Salt Lake Stake	83	71	86	Marie M. Hardwick
Rexburg Fourth	143	144	101	Zell Grover	Nineteenth	106	106	100	Alma Laxman
Richland Stake	294	231	79	Lillian M. Patterson	Twenty-second	37	60	162	Clara Overson
Pasco-Kennebeck	28	29	104	Maud Allphin	Twenty-third	93	80	86	Mary L. Fawcett
Toppenish	22	28	127	Georgiana D. Willard	Capitol Hill	547	576	105	Evelyn W. Heath
Walla Walla	47	39	83	Irene D. Harrison	San Bernardino Stake	46	42	91	Pearl Hudkins
Hermiston Branch	15	19	127	Melba Black	Arlington	46	60	130	Cora S. Anderson
Rigby Stake	695	675	97	Sara Simmons	Colton	31	42	135	Zella Cassels
Annis	61	62	102	Jeannette Browning	Fontana	56	65	116	Ivie Thompson
Grant	54	50	93	Ruby Pinnock	Ontario	66	70	106	Mabel Childers
Hamer	28	38	136	Sarah E. Lambert	Pomona	30	31	103	Elsie S. Hansen
Lewisville	115	104	90	Dora Armstrong	Redlands	81	82	101	Melba O. Oakes
Menan First	64	69	108	Emily Hart	Riverside	63	64	102	Laura Lee Hilliker
Menan Second	75	75	100	Erma Gunderson	San Bernardino First	67	71	106	Betty E. Trent
Rigby First	81	65	80	Fern H. Lake	San Bernardino Second	19	23	121	Sible Reagan

Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
San Diego Stake	544	457	84	Ava S. Jones
Hillcrest	61	75	123	Sarah Bodily
La Mesa	57	73	128	Della Campbell
North Park	75	63	84	Josephine Gallacher
Ocean Beach	30	39	130	Billie Pace Longson
Valencia Park	67	64	96	Joanne R. Zeug- schmidt
San Fernando Stake	435	487	112	Helen Yaple
Burbank	74	75	101	Jane Reynolds
North Hollywood	84	130	155	Elizabeth Jacobs
Reseda	48	92	192	Vera Snow
San Fernando	33	33	100	Irene Jardine
Sherman Oaks	43	43	100	Zilpha Nowlin
Van Nuys	50	52	104	Eva Smith
Newhall Branch	9	7	78	Jennie Rollins
San Francisco Stake	353	318	90	Florence M. Fitz- gerald
Balboa	68	52	76	Harriet Hart
Mission	82	89	109	Gladys W. Parker
Sunset	101	103	102	Florence Phillips
San Joaquin Stake	312	381	122	Wealtha Mendenhall
Modesto	71	76	107	Iva H. Allen
Oakdale	24	31	129	Pearl Ward
Stockton	56	64	114	Elva Wolfenbarger
Tracy	23	30	130	Sarah S. Dana
Turlock	39	39	100	Mary U. Tiffany
Yosemite	42	61	145	Ella J. Hart
Brentwood Branch	16	24	150	Bernice Geddes
Ione Branch	17	23	135	Faye Case
Lodi Branch	9	14	156	Wilma McCombs
Manteca Branch	15	19	127	Zella Brokaw
Relief Society	Enroll- ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Richfield Fourth	112	112	100	Naomi P. Foisy
Sigurd	39	51	131	Emily M. Nebeker
Venice	47	45	96	Jennie Cowley
Sharon Stake	418	452	108	Edna M. Hansen
Edgemont	60	61	102	Florence G. Dalton
Hill Crest	68	87	128	Norma Dee Jameson
Lake View	41	34	83	Margaret R. Taylor
Lincoln	38	67	176	Anna Millet
Oak Hills	54	56	104	Madge McKell
Pleasant View	66	71	108	Ruth C. Meldrum
Timpanogos	34	38	112	Amanda Biglow
Shelley Stake	563	632	112	Genevieve Weather- ston
Basalt	54	54	100	Thelma Hoskins
Firth	58	101	174	N. Florence Hanny
Goshen	72	73	101	Zelma McBride
Jameston	38	43	113	Viola Hillman
Kimball	19	28	147	Florence Gifford
Shelley First	93	94	101	Viola Peterson
Shelley Second	82	84	102	Edith Butler
Shelley Third	61	62	102	Aritta Van Eps
Taylor	33	36	109	Pearl Clark
Woodville	53	57	108	Edna H. Kotter
Smithfield Stake	86	74	86	Jessie Littledike
Smithfield First	93	75	81	Donna Gordon
Smithfield Second	650	505	78	Ida S. Church
Snowflake Stake	24	26	108	Ruby Hancock
Clay Springs	34	32	94	Ruth S. Porter
Heber	62	63	102	Gladys McLaws
Joseph City	39	46	118	Anna H. Kay
Lakeside				

HONOR ROLL

San Juan Stake	365	383	105	Ruth J. Nielson	Linden	6	7	117	Inez Gardner
Blanding	93	83	89	Neta W. Young	Snowflake	130	101	78	Marge T. Hunt
Grayson	93	115	124	Freda Hunt	Winslow	63	48	76	Mrs. H. R. McHood
Moab	74	57	77	Naomi Somerville	Woodruff	35	20	80	Leora T. Kartchner
Monticello	93	119	128	Amy S. Black					
Lockerby Branch	12	9	75	Maxine Johnson	So. Bear River Stake	490	448	91	Eva B. Hansen
San Luis Stake					Elwood	41	37	90	Janusine N. Petersen
Alamosa	68	76	112	Opal McDaniel	Penrose	15	20	133	Lena M. Jensen
Richfield	68	57	84	Hazel Westbrook	Tremonton First	133	139	105	Leah Deakin
Morgan Branch	29	31	107	Grace Price	Tremonton Second	80	96	120	Hazel Ransom
Santaquin-Tintic Stake					Tremonton Third	63	53	84	Lillian Barfus
Elberta Branch	16	15	94	Harriet E. Barney	Promontory Branch	15	15	100	Doris M. Flint (Sec.)
Seattle Stake	627	530	85	Chelta D. Brown	So. Box Elder Stake	599	570	95	Edith E. Baddley
Bellingham	36	41	114	Ella M. Petrie	Brigham First	105	90	86	Artie H. Sessions
Everett	26	34	131	Rhoda McCarroll	Brigham Second	102	109	107	Pearl H. Olsen
Port Orchard	20	20	100	Myra Ennis	Brigham Fifth	97	97	100	Myrtle Clifford
Renton	49	38	78	Mabel McKilrath	Brigham Sixth	94	94	100	Jayne W. Bergstrom
Shelton	15	24	160	Bernadene Rannine	Mantua	51	43	84	Verle Anderson
Tacoma Central	75	65	87	Devone Johnson	Perry	43	47	109	Cora Quayle
Seattle First	77	59	77	Lucile G. Henrie	Willard	107	90	84	Elva Stauffer
Seattle Second	43	51	119	Hilda A. Shomaker	South Carolina Stake				
Seattle Third	38	37	97	Drusilla H. Soren- sen	Augusta	13	11	85	Thelma P. Miller
Seattle Fourth	16	23	144	Ann Bradshaw	Charleston	36	31	86	Beatrice Mazych
Seattle Fifth	23	18	78	Ethel May Simms	Columbia	44	38	86	Daisy Neeley
Seattle Sixth	16	12	75	Barbara Hawks	Gaffney	24	25	104	Ila Black
Arlington Branch	7	8	114	Una Carlson	Spartanburg	21	18	86	Elizabeth Noblin
Sevier Stake	701	705	101	Faye Curtis	Sumpter Branch	12	15	125	Katherine R. Griffin
Greenwich	13	14	108	Mildred Nielsen	Winnsboro Branch	11	16	145	Eula Graham (Sec.)
Koosharem	63	55	87	Emma R. Hatch	South Davis Stake	856	651	76	Myrtle B. Hatch
Richfield First	114	114	100	Myrtle C. Brown	Bountiful First	47	55	117	Dina M. Hansen
Richfield Second	125	143	114	Jane Y. Pollett	Bountiful Third	90	74	82	Reeve Hill
Richfield Third	124	125	101	Laura Wilson	Bountiful Sixth	90	75	83	Anna K. Bangerter

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Orchard	51	39	76	Lauretta Cleverly	Grover	50	39	78	Mary S. Hepworth
South Bountiful	77	65	84	Estella Kerr	Thayne	64	48	75	Leta Coffman
West Bountiful	123	95	77	Orla P. Hillhouse	Sugar House Stake	733	742	101	Melissa K. Wallace
So. Idaho Falls Stake	450	476	106	Valerea Blatter	Bryan	103	109	106	Catherine Spikema
Ammon	120	121	101	Melvina Reed	Emerson	148	157½	106	Katie Fairbanks
Idaho Falls Third	122	125	102	Nell Crowther	Hawthorne	110	116	105	Lena Draney
Idaho Falls Sixth	123	143	116	Thelma Aschliman	Marlborough	131	133	102	Gladys Isaacson
Idaho Falls Eighth	85	87	102	Genevieve Nichols	Richards	117	117	100	Vera Schmitt
So. Los Angeles Stake	925	1295	140	Nancy M. Rupp	Sugar House	124	109%	88	Ruth Marley
Downey	112	101	90	Lucille Gardner	Summit Stake				
Grant	66	83	126	Alice Taylor	Hoytsville	50	39	78	Blanche Crittenden
Huntington Park	88	113	128	Hazel Dunford	Upton	13	12	92	Ethel Blonquist
Manchester	104	126	121	Eva Durrant	Taylor Stake	547	549	100	Grace B. Fletcher
Matthews	119	160	134	Josie Newey	Magrath First	93	94	101	Maysie Toomer
Maywood	110	173	157	Sarah Bullard	Magrath Second	76	77	101	Grace B. Fletcher
Miramonte	51	103	202	Anna Struhs	Raymond Second	66	60	91	Annie Larsen
South Gate	100	244	244	Marie DeSpain	Raymond Third	58	82	141	Esther J. Anderson
Vermont	78	91	117	Violet Tripp	Raymond Fourth	56	51	91	Ruby Holland
Walnut Park	97	101	104	Sybel Kendrick	Stirling	68	65	96	Elsie Perrett
South Ogden Stake	742	581	78	Loretta Grammer	Welling	26	36	138	Roberta Smith
Ogden Ninth	97	75	77	Lillie Wangsgaard	Coutts Branch	10	11	110	Emily Collet
Ogden Twenty-sixth	108	117	108	Ellen N. Brewer	Tyrells Lake Branch	10	19	190	Mary Hambling
Ogden Twenty-seventh	57	54	95	Lucile W. Cook	Temple View Stake				
Ogden Twenty-eighth	121	96	79	Margaret Williams	Sixth-Seventh	73	58	79	Thelda Gerric
South Weber	44	33	75	Venice Poll	McKinley	120	94	78	Mary B. Owens
Uintah	37	37	100	Elizabeth Fernelius	Teton Stake				
So. Salt Lake Stake	544	582	107	Hedy T. Davies	Bates	27	26	96	Julia J. Riplinger
Burton	81	97½	120	Martha Reinhold	Cache	20	15	75	Grace E. Higley
Central Park	53	59	111	Ruth Clawson	Cedron	20	20	100	Leatha Kunz
Granite Park	47	60%	129	Florence Oviatt	Chapin	16	13	81	Annie Stone

Haven	64	87	136	Leona Andrews	Jackson	42	37	88	Jessie Lewis
Miller	57	72	126	Bernice Roberts	Pratt	25	20	80	Iris N. Dalley
North Central Park	58	85	147	Evelyn Harrison	Tetonia	40	34	85	Hattie Hatch
South Gate	100	80	80	Mary McCashland	Timpanogos	491	399	81	Geneva W. Warnick
South Sanpete Stake					Grove	81	61	75	Ida Pierson
Ephraim South	90	75	83	Clarisa Hansen	Linden	80	60	75	Ella Smith
Manti South	139	104	75	Sarah D. Anderson	Manila	59	59	100	Mary T. Monson
Sterling	28	26	93	Janet J. Ottan	Pleasant Grove First	100	80	80	Ethel Fenton
South Sevier Stake					Pleasant Grove Second	96	82	85	Alice S. Devereaux
Central	47	36	77	Betty G. Hansen	Pleasant Grove Third	75	57	76	Margaret Atwood
Joseph	42	34	81	Lucina S. Parker	Tooele Stake				
Marysvale	53	41	77	Lucy N. James	Stockton	31	24	77	Elva Benson
Sevier	17	13	76	Lillian Bridges	Tooele Sixth	41	36	88	La Dean Long
South Summit Stake					Tooele Seventh	53	45	85	Annie Gallaher
Marion	34	29	85	Melba Beal	Vernon	28	21	75	Bessie Anderson
Woodland	44	33	75	Francell Gines	Deseret Branch	12	9	75	Mary Carson
Southern Arizona Stake					East Tod Park Branch	9	13	144	Thelma Miller
Douglas	49	56	114	Edna B. Allred	Twin Falls Stake	553	456	82	Goldie Tolman
Tucson First	81	92	114	Edna Huish	Buhl First	35	32	91	Johanna Jensen
Tucson Second	66	67	102	Louisa Done	Buhl Second	36	32	89	Margaret Rosen- crantz
Tucson Third	61	50	82	Mrs. A. O. Stephens	Murtaugh	45	44	98	Geneva Moyes
Wilcox	9	14	156	Alberta Wilsey	Twin Falls First	77	62	81	Lillian Tyler
Spokane Stake					Twin Falls Second	68	87	128	Mabel M. Judd
Spokane Central	58	45	78	Nellie N. Bliss	Filer Branch	30	32	107	Willa Hepworth
Coeur d'Alene Branch	28	28	100	Emma Masten	Uintah Stake	707	544	77	Elsie M. Palmer
Pullman Branch	21	18	86	Mrs. E. D. Taysom	Ashley	48	37	77	Elva Erickson
Sandpoint Branch	24	30	125	Wilma M. Marshall	Glines	48	41	85	Effie Holfeltz
Star Valley Stake					Lapoint	60	50	83	Lillie Bigelow
Afton South	114	85	75	Mrs. Devon Roos	Maeser	76	57	75	Marie Johnson
Freedom	89	72	81	Alice Ivie	Vernal First	77	63	82	Arlene Chivers
					Vernal Third	70	80	114	Alice O. Billings

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Bonanza Branch	11	14	127	La Mar Richins	Wells Stake	875	684%	78	Mabel E. Wood
Rangely Branch	22	18	82	Reva Watkins	Belvedere	153	155%	102	Fontella Jewett
Union Stake	396	394	99	Jennie Berry	McKay	113	102	90	Anna Sund
Baker	68	51	75	Sadie Shelton	Whittier	138	109	79	Ruth Christensen
Imbler	27	27	100	Lee Allen Coe	West Jordan Stake	769	662	86	Sarah Henderson
La Grande First	104	95	91	Zella Moser	Bingham	68	70	103	Hazel J. Robinson
La Grande Second	83	105	127	Leona See	Bluffdale	59	45	76	Pearl Kyles
Pendleton	41	54	132	Belle Erickson	Copperton	73	74	101	Phoebe Johnson
Union	42	44	105	Erma Badger	Herriman	52	64	123	Agnes R. Dansie
Halfway Branch	11	9	82	Wanda Bendixen	Riverton First	63	71	113	Eliza H. Reynolds
University Stake	519	458%	88	Ethel L. Goates	South Jordan	135	118	87	Elsie J. Merrill
Eleventh	70	71	101	Susanna W. Jeffery	West Jordan First	137	104	76	Clara E. Beckstead
Twelfth	115	108	94	Gertrude Russell	West Jordan Second	91	72	79	Effie Lancaster
Thirteenth	100	107%	108	Alma Erickson	West Pocatello Stake	583	595	102	Reta C. Austin
University	75	79	105	Etta B. Cowles	Arbon	17	19	112	Colleen Bailey
Utah Stake	471	378	80	Bertha Memmott	Pocatello First	91	71	78	Emma Hurst
Park	58	44	76	Lewine Wright	Pocatello Third	71	72	101	Rae Waldrum
Provo Third	143	108	76	Esther Hurst	Pocatello Fifth	96	100	104	Hortense Shupe
Provo Fourth	66	53	80	Grace H. Judd	Pocatello Ninth	89	94	106	Eva Richardson
Provo Sixth	57	49	86	Jane B. Evans	Pocatello Tenth	128	105	82	Flora Jansen
Provo Fourteenth	49	49	100	Nellie M. Diamond	Pocatello Eleventh	91	134	147	Hattie Tolman
University	98	75	77	Leda Law	West Utah Stake	455	383	84	Cleo L. Thatcher
Uvada Stake	299	275	92	Isadora Price	Provo Second	96	73	76	Margaret Gabbitas
Panaca	44	51	116	Eva T. Lee	Provo Eleventh	72	57	79	Ruby Peay
Pioche	52	101	194	Hertha Kroencke	Pioneer	75	66	88	Ella Wilkins
Hiko Branch	5	5	100	Jewel Hansen	River Grove	117	91	78	Eva Ricks
Ursine Branch	9	9	100	Lydia Hollinger	Sunset	95	96	101	Lilly Campbell
Wasatch Stake	659	649	98	Mildred Lawrence	Woodruff Stake	14	24	171	Naomi Harris
Center	28	27	96	Phyllis Christensen	Hilliard	651	501	77	Leona Lords
Charleston	38	38	100	Zina Ritchie	Yellowstone Stake	36	37	103	Marjorie Gunter

Daniels	52	106	Ina Orgill	84	93	111	Almina Johnson
Heber First	111	79	La Preal McKnight	73	56	77	Irene Pettingill
Heber Second	101	78	Mary C. Moulton	56	42	75	Clarissa Brown
Heber Third	86	98	Margaret C. Cal- lister	21	31	148	Hedwig Hirschi
Heber Fourth	77	112	Verna M. Hicken	350	313	89	Zetta Brimhall
Midway First	61	102	La Neva Averett	56	57	102	Zetta Brimhall
Midway Second	66	98	Margaret C. Kelly	61	72	118	Lois F. Palmer
Wallsburg	39	100	Ethel Batty	37	37	100	Agnes Slade
Washington Stake				21	17	81	Helen Edgar
Arlington	79	100	Virginia Parry	18	19	106	La Vora Colvin
Chevy Chase	65	100	Elizabeth H. Benson	21	29	138	Iva Ferguson
Washington	59	67	Winona Jensen	14	16	142	C. Mae Hunt
Wayne Stake				12	15	125	Nell Harris
Fremont	39	30	Tilda Taylor	92	73	79	Guenivere H. White
Hanksville	11	18	Ethel Noyes	40	30	75	Edythe Klingon- smith
Lyman	52	39	Zelda Okerlund				
Thurber	77	60	Tamor Christenson				
Weber Stake	719	569	Myrl S. Stewart				
Ogden First	114	90	Robena Harris				
Ogden Eleventh	106	96	Viola M. Royle				
Ogden Nineteenth	89	82	Edith D. Anderson	35	27	77	Mae Clarke
Ogden Twenty-second	74	84	Ida M. Cook	17	17	100	Gladys Wooley
Ogden Thirty-second	124	94	Fern Hennefer	14	23	164	Florence L. Ward- ingly
Weiser Stake	399	324	Fannie Chandler	8	6	75	Miriam Dann
Letha	63	66	Ann Jensen	10	8	80	Leila Atkinson
New Plymouth	43	33	Della Morrison				
Payette	31	26	Rozella M. Sinclair	1133	1049	93	Mary H. Stoddard
Weiser	70	72	Clarmond Rice	116	133	115	Marva Kenafeder
Cascade Branch	16	18	Clara McMurdie	17	20	118	Cleotha Johnson
Huntington Branch	11	9	Sally Williams	39	65	167	Pearl T. Romney
Midvale Branch	5	4	Anna Belle Preston	15	15	100	Ilene Hansen
Sweet Branch	15	12	Myrtle Butler	192	171	89	Margaret S. Taylor

MISSIONS

Australian							
Enmore	35	27	77				
Glen Huon	17	17	100				
Hurstville	14	23	164				
Ipswich	8	6	75				
Nambour	10	8	80				
California	1133	1049	93				
Arizona	116	133	115				
Chino	17	20	118				
Miller Valley	39	65	167				
Wickenburg	15	15	100				
Bakersfield	192	171	89				

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Bakersfield	34	29	85	Erma Tribolet	North Carolina East	4	5	125	Epsy Maready
Delano	9	9	100	Juanita B. Brooks	Chinquapin	9	7	78	Mary Shingleton
East Bakersfield	67	79	118	Alfrieta B. Moyes	Hampstead	6	8	133	Elna E. Sholar
Coachella Valley	25	21	84	Miriam C. Hale	Mt. Zion	15	21	140	Lorna H. McPherson
Indio	12	14	117	Miriam C. Hale	North Carolina North	5	5	100	Alma M. Jones
Imperial Valley	45	49	109	Thelma Lunceford	Roanoke Rapids	6	6	100	Sarah E. Israel
Brawley	20	27	135	Cora Richardson	North Carolina West	6	6	100	Gladys C. Garner
El Centro	23	20	87	Dorothy Laton	Asheville	22	24	109	Sarah I. Hill
Jacumba	2	2	100	Natalina Rollins	Hendersonville	921	757	82	Annie M. Ellsworth
Las Flores	79	82	104	Clara J. Nelson (Sec. Treas.)	Virginia East	45	38	84	Nell Wiggins
Paso Robles	12	9	75	Itha Carmack	Barney	5	4	80	Alice Nooner
San Luis Obispo	31	27	87	Leah P. Godfrey	Conway	5	5	100	Clarice E. Nooner
Santa Maria	22	37	168	Frances L. Olsen	El Dorado	26	24	92	Ila Lovelace
Mount Whitney	81	81	100	Addie Smith	Central Kansas	92	82	89	Nellie Meador
Bishop	14	19	136	Laura Birmingham	Chanute	6	5	83	Thelma Postlewait
Independence	9	12	133	Lulu R. Mairs	Coffeyville	7	6	86	Betty Spears
Lone Pine	9	9	100	Nina Linbek	East Wichita	26	30	115	Nellie Meador
Ridgecrest	28	30	107	Ruby D. Dorman	Junction City	7	6	86	Carrie Snyder
Mojave	54	47	87	Ann Harper	West Wichita	21	18	86	Rosie Thompson
Barstow	21	16	76	Minnie B. Conklin	East Oklahoma	86	83	97	Mary Krider
Lancaster	15	15	100	Barbara Jones	Bartlesville	14	13	93	Margaret Hodson
Mojave	18	16	89	Vida Hansen	Fort Smith	12	13	108	Mary Mathis
Oak Creek	41	47	115	Elizabeth Merwin	Henryetta	8	7	88	Shirley Farmer
Oak Creek	6	10	167	Nancy Hight	Seminole	5	6	120	Jo Ann Cooper
Verde Valley	26	24	92	Lorene Petersen	Tulsa	21	29	138	Mildred Wall
Williams	4	10	250	Alice Muirhead	Independence	243	203	84	Gertrude A. Pearson
San Geronio	11	11	100	Nora McCuen	Armour Hills	19	19	100	Naomi Nelson
Beaumont	194	166	86	Frances E. Peck					
Santa Barbara	18	17	94	Zelpha Marengo					
Ojai	48	42	88	Eileen Godbey					
Santa Barbara	24	25	104	Iva Tripp					

HONOR ROLL

Simi Valley	8	10	125	Rema Truman	Claytonville	7	7	100	Edna A. Sawyer
Ventura	43	36	84	Lenora Johnson	Independence	46	36	78	Gwendolyn Reed
South Coast	115	112	97	Elizabeth C. Anderson	Kans. City Br. No. 1	38	32	84	Stella Richards
				son	Rich Hill	11	12	109	Louise King
Carlsbad	26	21	81	Violet Williams	Sedalia	13	15	115	Grace Furnell
Escondido	24	23	96	Eleanora Champ-huysen	St. Joseph	24	19	79	Rosa Hull
					Westport	28	32	114	Mrs. Thomas Slight
Fallbrook	21	22	105	Edna M. Jones	Missouri				
Laguna Beach	18	19	106	Claire S. Poelman	Columbia	10	9	90	Margaret Nuffer
Vista	8	18	225	Florence Reiney	East St. Louis	16	16	100	Ernestine Kanipe
Yuma	58	56	97	Mary Stoddard	Mexico	10	8	80	Mary M. S. Jones
Yuma	28	36	129	Cora Rogers	St. Louis	53	40	75	Eugenia Bertha Ohsiek
Canadian	249	195	78	LaPriel R. Eyre	Southwest Missouri				
London	9	8	89	Mildred Smith	Joplin	19	21	111	Juanita Shively
Montreal	24	23	96	Betty E. Fagan	Miami	10	8	80	Grace Schmidt
Ottawa	16	16	100	Eva E. Musson	West Kansas	56	56	100	Marie Moore
St. Catharines	8	9	113	M. Ruth Neil	Dodge City	28	23	82	Mary Shumard
Toronto	65	61	94	M. H. Shulzke	Larned	8	12	150	Elsa Webb
Windsor	10	16	160	Allie Halstead	St. John	4	5	125	Joan Jordan
Oshawa	11	15	136	Gertrude McKittrick	Scott City	10	10	100	Eythel M. Hollingsworth
Central Atlantic States					Ulysses	6	6	100	Alta Dew
Goldsboro					West Oklahoma	115	98	85	Grace Cullimore
Albertson	15	12	80	Mildred Harper	Enid	8	11	138	Mrs. Carlos Egan
Jason	19	17	89	Carrie F. Walters	Fort Sill	7	7	100	Mrs. Earl Jacklin
Kinston	9	12	133	Mrs. G. W. Eubanks (Pres.)	Oklahoma City	25	31	124	Wilma Lindsey
					Stillwater	14	17	121	Clarissa M. Cordner
Tarboro	10	8	80	Evelyn Cartledge	South East Arkansas	21	27	129	Annie M. Ellsworth
North Carolina Central					Hayti	6	8	133	Pauline Brittan
Charlotte	12	10	83	Anna Lee Pressley	Poplar Bluff	10	16	160	Alta Wright
Colfax	20	22	110	Mrs. L. F. Braddock	East Central States	433	346	80	Edna H. Matheson
High Point	10	8	80	Ollie Hiatt	Kentucky Central				
Jackson Springs	5	5	100	Bessie Ball	Bradfordsville	14	14	100	Susie Minor
Winston-Salem	14	11	86	Lillie Braddock					

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Lexington	14	14	100	Grace Wells	Springfield	7	8	114	Valeria Detillion
Winchester	8	7	88	Elizabeth Shrout	North Ohio	12	12	100	Mrs. Floyd Randall
Kentucky East					Alliance	7	6	86	Ruth Anderson
Boldman	9	9	100	Madalyn Haught	Canton	18	22	122	Olivia Lindberg
Kentucky West					Youngstown	77	61	79	Esther Taylor
Elkton	7	6	86	Nettie Lee Hooper	South Ohio	35	39	111	Adeline Taylor
Morgantown	12	16	133	Geneva Childers	Cincinnati				
Tennessee East					New England				
Bybee	5	4	80	Flora Mae Talley	Amherst	9	10	111	Lillian Ruth Norwood
Knoxville	9	11	122	Ruth Smith	Bangor	6	5	83	Valeda S. Stetson
Oak Ridge	14	19	136	Ruth Precise	Burlington	6	8	133	Mildred Shortsleeve
Tennessee West	60	62	103	Mona L. West	Framingham	6	7	117	Evelyn Stone
Jackson	8	7	88	Willadean Pate	Georgetown	11	9	82	Priscilla Prescott
Lawrenceburg	5	8	160	Aro Lee Miller	Halifax	5	8	160	Flora Christiansen
Memphis	21	31	148	Mary Kennedy	Nashua	4	3	75	Itol B. Clough
Nashville	14	11	79	Matilda Brunson	New Bedford	13	13	100	Eleanor Rimmer
West Virginia North	43	34	79	Betty Miller	New Haven	7	9	129	Phyllis G. Cannon
Fairmont	9	11	122	May Sloter	New London	6	7	117	Aurla Mitchell
Franklin	13	15	115	Alice B. Hartman	Portland	5	4	80	Sarah M. McCue
West Virginia South	102	103	101	Lucy Harmon	Northern California				
Charleston	42	51	121	Emma Atkinson	Fresno	128	125	98	Verna G. Christofersen
Huntington	27	25	93	Ona Shrout	East Fresno	38	35	92	Georgia B. Markow
Verdunville	20	21	105	Lona Fortner	Merced	31	45	145	Elizabeth Elcock
Eastern States					North Fresno	42	35	83	Marinda F. Berg
Albany	11	14	127	Emma Barton	Klamath Falls				
Allegany	7	7	100	Pauline Carr	Alturas	9	8	89	Bettie McCracken
Buffalo	17	17	100	Emily Bruenea	Tulelake	11	9	82	Betty L. Lynch
Canandaigua	8	11	138	Florie W. Riddlesworth	Monterey Bay				
Camden	14	13	93	Marie M. Schroeder	Pacific Grove	34	30	88	Letitia M. Nuttall
Chester	7	6	86	Martha Sundal	Redwood	66	55	83	Pearl Brown
Elmira	12	9	75	Margaret E. Kresge					

Erie	12	14	117	Madeline Scott	Eureka	15	15	100	Blanche Thevenin
Jamestown	5	4	80	Esther M. Strom	Fortuna	20	18	90	Malissa E. Clement
Kingston	5	4	80	Olive G. Gray	Rouge River				
Niagara Falls	21	16	76	Tessa M. Udy	Etna	12	13	108	Eva Facey
Philadelphia	41	32	78	Florence B. Bennett	Santa Rosa				
Pittsburgh	20	21	105	Virginia Birtcher	Lakeport	20	15	75	Claire E. Phillips
Poughkeepsie	5	5	100	Anna N. Young	Petaluma	14	18	129	Alice Elphick
Reading	8	7	88	Pearl D. Yeager	Sebastopol	12	9	75	Jeanette Haristy
Rochester	11	19	173	Helen Boas	Ukiah	25	19	76	Jean D. Porter
Sunbury	5	5	100	Irene L. Hile	Willits	9	7	78	Eva Southwick
Wilmington	14	14	100	Mary A. Porter	Sequoia				
					Avenal	12	10	83	Laurine Ensign
					Coalinga	10	9	90	Mrs. E. D. Beckstrom
Great Lakes									
North Indiana					Exeter	15	12	80	Emma Reip
Fort Wayne	25	19	76	Shirley Cunningham	Porterville	24	19	79	Cecelia Heindel
Purdue	19	15	79	Norma Philbrick	Shasta	140	105	75	Irma Angus
South Bend	11	10	91	Nora Winebrenner	Corning	16	13	81	Mae Woodward
Central Indiana	149	120	81	Ellen R. Clayton	Orland	12	13	108	May Parker
Columbus	15	15	100	Mrs. Theodore King	Red Bluff	16	12	75	Lileth Jaynes
Indianapolis North	33	28	85	Alice Coffey	Redding	40	35	88	Ruth Burgess
Indianapolis South	55	41	75	Lena Liggett	Willows	9	10	111	Martha Nelson
Muncie	29	24	83	Florence Hoskins					
South Indiana					North Central States				
Linton	14	12	86	Nellie F. Centers	Balsam	2	2	100	Aleen Paterson
Terre Haute	14	11	79	Ada Bedwell	Bismark	7	6	86	Dee Leavitt
East Michigan					Duluth	13	10	77	Jeanette Peterson
Pontiac	11	10	91	Louise Beauchamp	Fargo	6	6	100	Lillian E. Schoeler
West Michigan	132	105	80	Sophia B. Gordon	Fort Frances	5	5	100	Ethel Shine
Flint	32	26	81	Alfhild Tracy	Fort William	7	7	100	Evelyn Winter
Grand Rapids	13	17	131	Eleanor R. V. Anderson	Gettysburg	7	8	114	Mildred Sandberg
Jackson	14	11	79	Norma Wilson	Glasgow	15	14	93	Aretta Maag
Muskegan	7	7	100	Gloria Nelson	Grand Forks	12	12	100	Veronica Benson
Central Ohio	75	59	79	Lucile C. Tate	Tower	3	3	100	Virginia Berg
Columbus	31	29	94	F. Juanita Martin	Virginia	7	7	100	Elvira Erspaumer

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Williston	4	5	125	Anna Bean	Silverton	9	7	78	Annette Harris
Winnipeg	18	18	100	Delvoir McBeath	Tillamook	18	19	106	Mrs. J. S. Winfield
South Minnesota	67	58	87	Signe C. Sundberg	Woodburn	16	18	113	Leurilla Wilcox
Minneapolis	6	6	100	Lillie M. Fox	Missoula	261	231	89	Sarah Farnsworth
Yellowstone	11	12	109	Mabel I. Sawyer	Allendale	17	22	129	Lillie M. Spencer
Hardin	12	15	125	Dorothy S. Anderson	Charlo	46	39	85	Edith Brower
Lewiston	13	13	100	Gladys Bake	Columbia Falls	12	14	117	Ruth Kiser
Miles City	339	286	84	Lucy T. Anderson	Hamilton	40	41	103	Edith Neilson
Sumatra	59	64	108	Rena P. Custer	Kalispell	33	27	82	Minnie Wenab
Northern States	7	17	243	Rena P. Custer	Polson	12	12	100	Venetta Brower
North Illinois	11	12	109	Mrs. John Diepenbrock	St. Ignatius	45	38	84	Georgia Pierce
Galesburg	30	30	100	Cleone Peterson	Stevensville	12	9	75	Alice Downs
Peoria	104	89	86	Mary L. Stewart	North Montana	77	59	77	Olga Blatter
Tri City	4	4	100	Beth Culbertson	Cut Bank	17	16	94	Pearl Brandvold
South Illinois	12	11	92	Anna Lou Hansen	Harlem	20	16	80	Verda Murphy
Alton	9	8	89	Lettie Crews	Shelby	6	7	117	Viola Carter
Champaign	11	13	118	Freda Belle Dial	Oregon	226	173	77	Gertrude E. Bales
Clinton	4	4	100	Fannie Mae Stamp	Gresham	47	36	77	Gail Davis
Decatur	3	3	100	Anne Burrows	Oregon City	36	44	122	Vanda Marchant
Murphysboro	16	22	138	Marie Anna Fehrholz	The Dalles	22	22	100	Elizabeth Butler
Quincy	21	22	105	Lucy T. Anderson	Vancouver	33	31	94	Ann Fettis
Springfield	5	5	100	Sue Ferguson	Rainier	8	7	88	Elaine Krotzer
East Iowa	8	6	75	Corene N. Shaffer	Auburn	16	15	94	Arvilla Lonnis
Bonaparte	8	11	138	Barbara M. Smith	Buckley	11	10	91	Dorothy Smith
Cedar Rapids	107	85	79	Hazel Branham	Monroe	121	101	83	Della Nelson
Iowa City	15	18	120	Luella Schraeder	Southern Oregon	18	20	111	Ruth Barnhurst
Wisconsin	5	6	120	Mrs. Paul Henne-mar	Coos Bay	19	20	105	Mary Holmes
Eau Claire	6	6	100		Junction City	11	13	118	Maybelle Wild
Fond du Lac	21	22	105		Port Orford	9	9	100	Margaret Draper
	5	6	120		Westfir Oakridge	119	117	98	Naomi B. Monson
	6	6	100		Wenatchee	34	30	88	Kay I. Gibb
	28	27	96		Ellensburg	28	27	96	Myrtle G. Foster

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East Point	12	13	108	Geneva Dubrawski	Wichita Falls	14	12	86	Bobbie Hamilton
Empire	12	14	117	Myrtle Fordham	South East Texas	170	143	84	Sadie O. Clark
Gainesville	8	6	75	Nora Lee Miller	Bay City	4	4	100	Goldie Ashcroft
Macon	33	36	109	Ruby Armstrong	Baytown	18	17	94	Ann Bullock
Milledgeville	10	8	80	Alice Quinn	Beaumont	9	8	89	Vida Morris
Montrose	10	10	100	Mrs. Ray P. Cooper, Jr.	Cleveland	9	7	78	Fern Kristof
Gibson	5	6	120	Vera Thigpen	Orange	11	15	136	Edna Barrett
Georgia-Florida	125	111	89	Ollie Mae Adams	South Texas	101	105	104	Louise R. Turley
Cairo	8	7	88	Katie E. Butler	Alamo	6	7	117	Joyce Baldwin
Douglas	24	24	100	Rachel Roberts	Center Point	13	12	92	Lena Tullis
Fitzgerald	9	8	89	Elizabeth Lott	Corpus Christi	16	15	94	Ida Mae Dyer
Genoa	6	6	100	Florence Milton	San Antonio	30	44	147	Adda Lee Smith
Live Oak	6	6	100	Lora Mae Boss	Victoria	6	8	133	Mavanu Routt
Perry	6	6	100	Tattie R. Brown	West Texas	28	26	93	La Priel D. White
Quitman	10	9	90	Bessie Partèr	Monahans	15	15	100	Muriel C. James
Tallahassee	14	13	93	Stella Herring	San Angelo	13	11	85	Ruthie Thompson
Willacoochee	11	11	100	Louise Grinner	Western States	1034	805	78	Mildred M. Dillman
South Georgia					Black Hills				
Ridgeland	20	17	85	Effie Saxon	Rapid City	9	9	100	Mabel Thomas
Mississippi	128	100	78	Otilla K. Griner	East New Mexico				
Columbia	19	21	111	Otilla K. Griner	Roswell	8	10	125	Helen Hobson
McNeil	8	6	75	Christine Glydewell	Tucumcari	5	5	100	Madge Brimhall
Red Star	16	16	100	Arcola Brady	Pueblo	47	41	87	
Seminary	10	12	120	Betty Speed	Canon City	15	19	127	Evelyn Braddy
North Mississippi	38	32	84	Viola Holliday	Colorado Springs	25	22	88	Francis Hayme
Booneville	11	10	91	Mandy Kennedy	San Luis				
Columbus	4	3	75	Mrs. Ferol B. Wingo	Toas	9	12	133	Ethel Jean Shupe
Sarah	18	14	78	Annie S. Berry	Scottsbluff				
Senatobia	5	5	100	Mrs. R. W. Floyd	Bridgeport	14	13	93	Vera Eddings
South Carolina					Sidney	8	13	163	Irma Marie Chandler
Bennetsville	6	5	83	Eunice Rainwater	Wheatland	7	8	114	Shirley Nevas
Denmark	5	5	100	Pauline Morris	West Colorado	345	286	83	Mina Tuttle

Start With Yourself

Caroline Eyring Miner

“IF you want to put the world right, start with yourself.” This statement which I read recently set me to thinking. I remembered that Jesus gave us to understand that we were not to criticize others unless we were perfect. You recall his writing in the sand while he allowed the accusers of the woman who had been taken in sin to depart, as he startled them by saying, “. . . he that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.”

How often do we hear: “I wish Margaret would keep her children at home, and teach them some manners.” “I wish Mrs. Smith would keep her yard clean.”

These criticisms indicate a natural desire to improve the world, and we all have this desire.

Along with this desire, we all seem to want to start the improvement outside ourselves. This is very natural, but unfortunately it is an unsuccessful way to begin to improve the world.

A person must start reforms with himself. If I wish Margaret to keep her children at home, and to train them in good manners, I must see that I do these things, and then perhaps Margaret will imitate me. Nothing is truer than that we carry our good times within ourselves, and within ourselves, we may find the source of our displeasure with many things.

When I feel concern about Mrs. Smith’s untidy yard, I might ask, “Is my yard clean?” Could I offer some help to Mrs. Smith when I find she has no time nor equipment to help her keep her yard in order? I might also ask myself: “Am I looking only at superficial matters and forgetting to find in others the worthwhile qualities of dependability, optimism, genuine goodness?”

If we become critical about the world, about people, we should look at ourselves. Are we above criticism? Are we judging by a false set of values? Are we looking at matters in a helpful, constructive way? Many things about us need improvement, but the place to begin is with ourselves.

The Promise

Maud Miller Cook

Peace—a sweet tranquility,
Soothing as the dawn,
When faith and hope are high,
And doubts and fears are gone;

It is a glowing light,
A quiet, restful calm,
That fills the soul of those
Who seek this heavenly balm;

Although the world is ruled by strife,
His promise still holds true,
That all who will may claim—
“My peace I give to you.”

For the Strength of the Hills

(Continued from page 316)

he said curtly, "We'll just forget it," although she suspected that his mother was doing theirs along with her own.

Camilla was extremely grateful for having such a wonderful mother-in-law. She had boundless energy and an efficiency that almost anyone would have envied. She thought nothing of coming over for an hour or two to help with the work in spite of her own numerous duties. If she had been at all superior about it, there could easily have been hurt feelings, but she never was. "I've always worked hard," she said once with a slight shrug. "I guess I'm happiest that way."

ONE day, early in July, Camilla watched in some anxiety as the sky darkened and great black thunderclouds began rolling in from the west. "I hope that it doesn't lightning," she said to Stan, who was in for his lunch. "I'll never get used to these awful thunderstorms."

"If it does I'll have an excuse to stay in here and hold your hand," he remarked cheerfully. "I was going to do some weeding in the lower field, but that can always wait."

Half an hour later the thunder was crashing about them as if it would bring down the very mountains, and she sat huddled close in his arms. The accompanying rain began coming down in torrents, and Stan remarked, "I'm sure glad that I don't have to get out in this."

Camilla turned to him with a look of deep concern on her already pale face and said slowly,

"I'm afraid that we're going to have to go to the hospital. I thought there'd be two weeks yet—but there isn't."

Both of them were remembering that the hospital was fifty miles away, and that she had been warned not to lose any time in coming before she became too uncomfortable.

"We just can't leave in a cloud-burst like this," he said. "I'll get you there in plenty of time. Just take it easy and relax."

"Relax yourself," she managed to say with a smile. "You have the look of a man about to enter a tiger's cage."

"Okay, so we'll both relax," he agreed. "Only, I'll get your things here by the door so that we'll be ready to scat the minute this lets up."

The last of his sentence was drowned in a terrific crash of thunder, and he looked out of the window apprehensively as the rain beat still harder upon the panes.

"It would have to happen today," he scowled, "the worst rain of the year and it has to come today."

"Maybe it's the other way around," she suggested, trying to keep her voice normal. "I've heard that electrical storms help fill up the hospitals, but I thought it was just an old wife's tale. Only, I'm not an old wife, and I'm so scared of lightning that I could almost die—and not be struck either."

They waited tensely for another quarter of an hour, and then Stan said hopefully, "It's beginning to let up a little now. I think that I

Appropriate Music for Mother's Day



M-o-t-h-e-r—Morse	\$.20
Mother—Romberg18
Mother—Rubinstein18
Mother Machree—Ball15
Mother O'Mine—Tours20
Little Mother of Mine— Burleigh20
Little Old Lady—Carmichael	.20
That's What God Made Mother For—Wood20
That Wonderful Mother of Mine—Goodwin15
Those Songs My Mother Used to Sing—Smith16



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can get the car up to the door in just a few minutes.”

She put on a light coat and a scarf and stood by the window looking into the yard where small rivers were running about and forming into great puddles in all the low spots.

“We could get stuck in the mud on that old dirt road,” she said to herself, then tried to put the thought away, deciding that there was no need of borrowing more trouble than she already had.

STAN had the same thought, however, so she knew it wasn't entirely a matter of borrowed trouble. “I'm going to take the jeep,” he announced. “I know that it sounds awful to go to a hospital in a jeep, but I'm just a little afraid of this road. Maybe we'll trade to the folks' car when we get down there where the road is better.”

He drove the jeep up to the door and held an umbrella over her while she got in. Then they splashed their way out of the yard and onto the dirt road. The rain was still coming down, and they splashed through one great puddle after another.

“It's a good thing that I know this road so well,” he remarked with forced cheerfulness. “We'll be at dad's place in a few minutes. Then we'll trade to their car and have it easy. I'm doing my best to avoid the bumps, honey. It's not always easy to locate them when they're covered with water.”

She gave a sigh of relief as they drove into the driveway of the Rodgers home. “You'd best go in the house until I get the car out,”

he said. "Mother will likely want to go with us, anyway."

"Oh, yes," she answered gratefully. "I'll be so glad to have her."

Her mother-in-law was at the door now and she exclaimed, "What in the wide world are you doing out in all this storm?"

"I think that maybe we're out because of the storm," answered Camilla. "Just because I'm so terrified of the thunder and lightning. Anyway, with fifty miles to go, we didn't dare wait any longer."

"I know how it goes," said Mrs. Rodgers in a matter-of-fact tone. "Babies don't show the least bit of consideration as to their time of arrival. I had one on Christmas eve when I was terribly busy—or should have been. Come in and sit down. You probably have a lot more time than you think."

HER calmness and casual attitude did more to allay Camilla's fears than she would have thought possible. She sank down into a chair and thought with something akin to amazement of all the babies that had been born in the world while time and tide went on about as usual.

It seemed that for the first time in her life her mother-in-law was slow getting ready to leave, but the delay brought one great blessing. By the time they were ready to go the rain had almost entirely stopped.

They had just turned out of the yard and started down the road when Sam Mickelson, a neighbor, waved at them frantically.

Stan stopped the car, much to Camilla's annoyance, for she thought that nothing a neighbor

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could want, was of any possible importance now.

"You folks going to town?" Sam yelled.

"Yes," answered Stan briefly.

"Well, you can't go that way," he continued. "The bridge is out. Went down just a few minutes ago. The bank gave way with this cloud-burst."

Camilla sat stunned. Now what? she asked herself. Aloud she said, "Surely there's another bridge."

"Yes," answered Stan slowly, "but it's twenty miles further down and it's worse than this one. I'd hate to cross it even in good weather, and the road down to it is likely to be bad. We'd have to change back to the jeep, and even then . . ."

He seemed to be merely thinking aloud, and his mother cut in de-

cisively, "Come back into the house. There's no need of gallivanting all around the country just to have a baby. Stan can go and fetch Dr. Bramwell in the jeep. How about it?"

"Oh, yes," answered Camilla, feeling that nothing in all the world mattered except to find herself safe in a bed.

Stan left at once for the doctor. Several hours later her mother-in-law smiled at her and said, "You have a beautiful boy."

"Red-headed, too, by cracky." Stan spoke in a shaky voice.

"Then I guess we'll keep him," said Camilla, with a slight smile. "We always keep the red-headed ones."

(To be continued)



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Blossoming

Ruth Harwood

Often what seems greatest worth
In world's esteem
Is but the transient, shifting substance
Of a dream.
And sometimes shining love
May reach triumphantly above
A bed of pain
And lift a glowing blossom of beauty
That will remain.

The Road Is Marked

Grace Barker Wilson

The road is marked,
But here a little path
Winds away
Almost unnoticed;
A little path,
No signs, no warnings,
Just the faint beckoning
Of lightly trodden grass,
And an alluring curve
As it drops from sight
Over the hill.

My Heart Is Bound

Josephine J. Harvey

As the constant hours pass
And lengthen into years,
I will treasure loveliness.

I will see a white bird soar,
Above a tropic, wave-washed shore,
Beautiful against the night.

I will walk among the ferns,
The new fronds curled,
And gather Fuchsia, moist with dew.

Far down the golden years, as now,
The frost-blue hills will claim my love.
Catalpa bloom that scents the evening air
Will bind my heart to earthly beauty,
As strong arms bind my life to yours.

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From Near and Far

I have just received my second copy of *The Relief Society Magazine* and I really do appreciate it. It is a wonderful Magazine to have to read for both pleasure and education. Here in Denmark the work of the Relief Society is going very well and I find myself attending meetings and enjoying them though the language is still a little strange to me. But the spirit is the same wherever the sisters meet together.

—Alice Faye Rasmussen
Odense, Denmark

I feel that I should write you and express my appreciation for the *Magazine*. It is truly an inspiration. I am one of the younger members of Relief Society, having been a member for just two years, and I find there is much for me at the age of twenty-four.

—Eleda Vee Stoker,
Tremonton, Utah

I look forward to receiving the *Magazine* each month and find the visiting teacher messages especially timely and comforting. The poetry is beautiful. One of my favorites is the frontispiece in the February 1951 issue called "February Thaw" by Margery S. Stewart. Everything from cover to cover is interesting and well worth reading.

—Kay Stockseth
Inglewood, California

I am enjoying Mabel Harmer's serial "For the Strength of the Hills" (February to July 1951), and have also enjoyed the other *Relief Society Magazine* serials. Our *Magazine* is surely a help and inspiration.

—Norma Wrathall
American Fork, Utah

I have taken the *Magazine* most of my thirty-eight years of married life and am deeply appreciative of its contents. We, meaning the family, read it from cover to cover. The gospel at its best is taught in plainness and beauty within its pages. It truly breathes the spirit of Relief Society.

—Adelaide R. Clark,
Los Angeles, California

I'm not in the habit of writing fan letters, but that is what you can call this. I'm an enthusiastic fan of our *Magazine*, and have been for years. However, my enthusiasm reached a new high when I read the article ("Ring in Your Christmas Cards," December 1950); the poems "Letter From a Daughter," January 1951, and "Blackbirds in Winter," February 1951, by Clara Laster. We are very proud of Clara here in the Central States Mission, and believe she is the first from here to "make" our *Magazine*, a truly literary *Magazine* and a great inspiration to all who read it.

—Darliene Thompson
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy and appreciate *The Relief Society Magazine*. The articles, stories, poems, and other information are certainly enjoyable and inspiring.

—Mary Duke, Mesa, Arizona

I would like to take this opportunity to express my high regard for the *Magazine*. While living in San Francisco I took one of the copies to my writing class. With much pride I showed it to the members and they were very favorably impressed. One woman, an excellent writer, asked to borrow it. She kept it for weeks. When she finally returned it she was extravagant, yet sincere in her praise. May you continue in your fine efforts of encouraging writers and in maintaining the high level of standards the *Magazine* has attained.

—Florence R. Clark
Logan, Utah

I enjoy the *Magazine* very much. I always look forward to the first of the month when it arrives. The sermons, the lessons, and the literature are of the greatest and most uplifting and educational nature. Before immigrating to Canada, November 1947, I used to translate these lessons for the use of the Relief Society in the Danish Mission, and I dare say that I have hardly learned so much from anything else I have studied as from our Relief Society lessons.

—Karen Margretha Andersen
Cardston, Alberta, Canada

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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE



VOL. 38 NO. 6

JUNE 1951

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. 38

JUNE 1951

No. 6

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

President David O. McKay—An Appreciation	Stephen L Richards	364
Stephen L Richards Sustained First Counselor in the First Presidency.....	John A. Widtsoe	369
The Most Recent Call of President J. Reuben Clark to Service in the First Presidency	Henry D. Moyle	373
Elder Joseph Fielding Smith Sustained as President of the Twelve Apostles.....	Mark E. Petersen	378
Tribute to Adele Cannon Howells	LaVern W. Parmley	382
Contest Announcements — 1951.....		383
Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest		383
Relief Society Short Story Contest		384
Let's Write a Poem	Alberta H. Christensen	386
Let's Write a Story	Alice Morrey Bailey	387
Nursing — A Lifetime of Satisfaction	Elaine Mellor	401
Conservation Looks to the Future	Helen C. Payne	411

FICTION

Polly Played for Keeps	Sylvia Probst Young	393
For the Strength of the Hills — Chapter 5	Mabel Harmer	402
How Dad Became a Salesman	Luzelle S. Eliason	408
Christine's Extravagance	Beth Bernice Johnson	415

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		388
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	389
Editorial: The Blessing of Work	Marianne C. Sharp	390
In Memoriam — Emma Lucy Gates Bowen		391
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities.....		
.....General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering		420
From Near and Far		432

FEATURE FOR THE HOME

Let's Bake Bread	Josie B. Bay	398
Bad Habits Are Like Weeds	Naomi S. MacCabe	416

POETRY

How Much a Heart Can Gather! — Frontispiece	Eva Willes Wangsgaard	363
Analogy	Iris W. Schow	372
Charmer	Pansye H. Powell	372
Sunday in the Country	Christie Lund Coles	377
Yet Man Heeds Not	Mabel Law Atkinson	381
Fulfillment	Grace Sayre	381
Fragrant Memories	Grace Barker Wilson	385
Night From Capital Hill	Margaret B. Shomaker	385
Summer Noon	Beatrice K. Ekman	385
Creative Artist	Ruth H. Chadwick	392
Question	Matia McClelland Burk	392
Lost Love	Nelouise Fisher Judd	392
Mother and Daughter	Genevieve J. VanWagenen	397
Only the Bees Remain	Mary Gustafson	419
The Unraveling	C. Cameron Johns	419
I Love My Little Kitchen	Lydia B. Egbert	426

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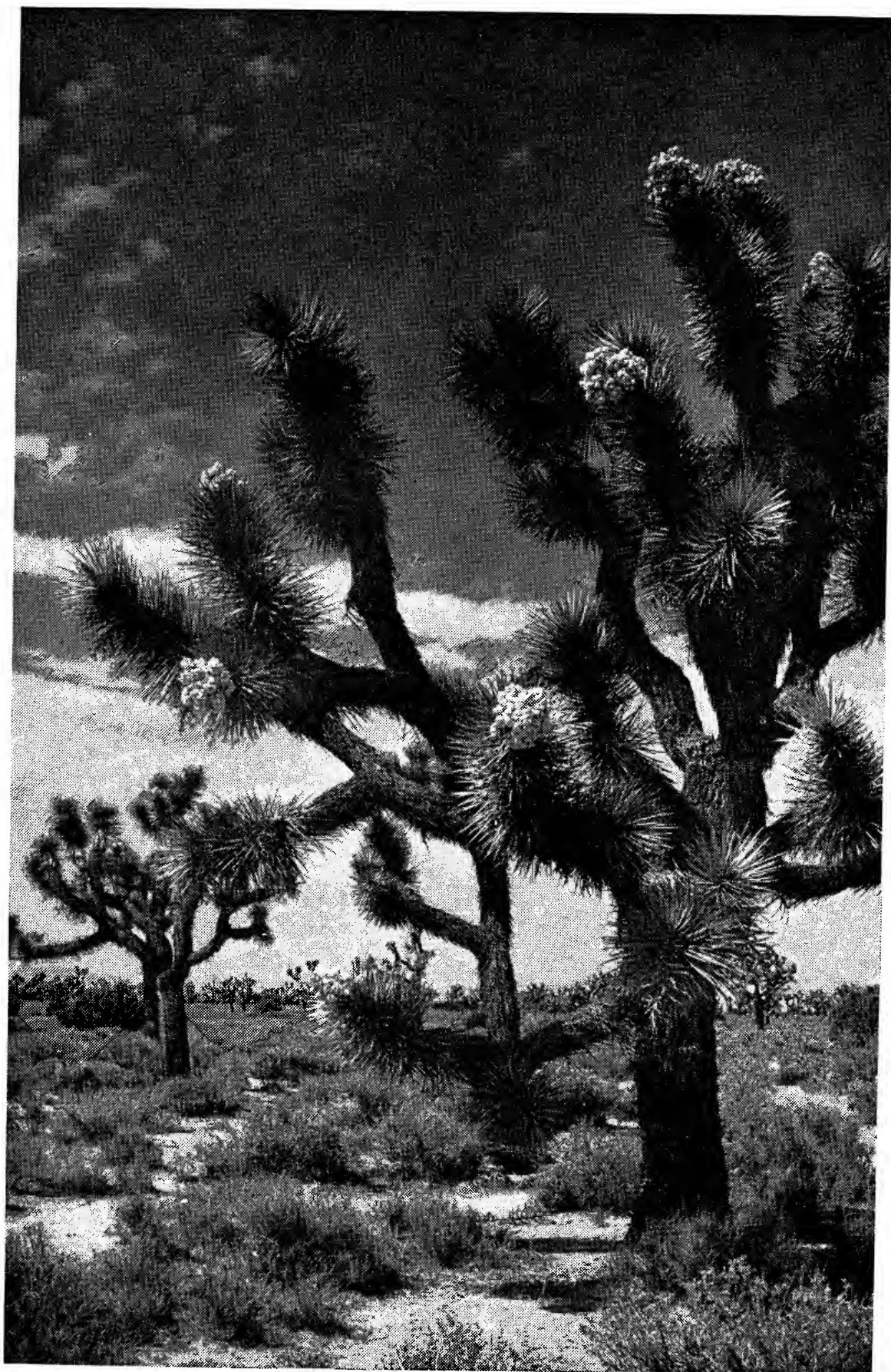
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VOL. 38, NO. 6

JUNE 1951

How Much Can a Heart Gather!

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The chestnut's chubby candles
Are lighted, tier on tier;
The locust bells are scented
And not a sound to hear.

The hollyhocks are steeples
With pink and yellow bells
Whose tongues are stilled in pollen
Where mystic rhythm swells.

Delphinium spires are reaching
Forever up and up;
The bells of morning glories
Swing high to make a cup.

How much a heart can gather
For dark impatient hours
While walking through a garden
In conference with flowers!

The Cover: "Blossoms in the Desert," Photograph by Josef Muench
Cover Design by Evan Jensen.

President David O. McKay —An Appreciation

Sustained President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 9, 1951

President Stephen L Richards

Of the First Presidency



PRESIDENT DAVID OMAN McKay

TO sit under the spell of a handsome, magnetic presence and listen to the exposition of the gospel of our Lord, embellished with touching, impressive illustrations and incidents, has been the experience of many thousands within and without the Church of Christ who have been privileged to hear the eloquent sermons and addresses of our beloved President, David O. McKay.

For more than forty-five years this able, devoted servant of the Lord has carried on his ministry not only in all the establishments of the Church on the continent of

America, but also throughout Europe, the islands of the seas, and in nearly all of the continents of the world.

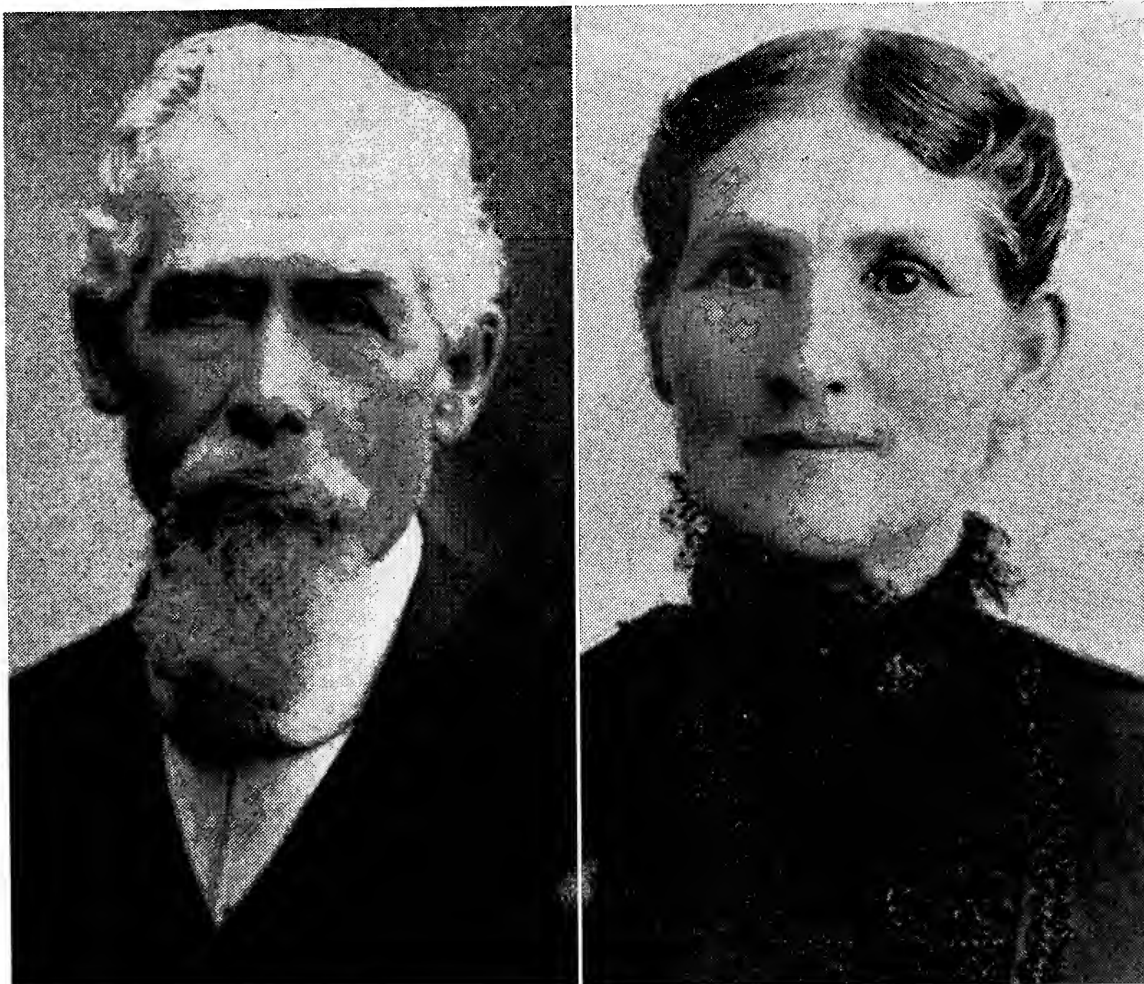
A teacher by profession, he has brought, to the edification and stimulation of people, the finest characteristics of that noble art. Few, if any, within the community of the Church have ever been able to use the art to such high purposes as has he. He has been a teacher of children and adults, and a teacher of teachers. In his capacity of general superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union, he did more than any other man of his time to systematize the orderly teaching of the gospel and the establishment of effective procedures in that largest of all the auxiliary organizations of the Church. There are thousands of teachers all over the land who have developed their love of the work and a capacity to inspire youth in large measure through his inspiring instructions and example.

His capacity for effective administration arises largely out of his consideration for others. His deep sympathies are easily touched, and he so generously bestows his love that it begets eager response in others. He is quick to recognize the

good in his associates and accord full measure of praise for every contribution. His courtesy is unfailing and genuine, in evidence with all whom he meets, young and old, rich and poor. He is impeccably honest and creates an atmosphere of trust and confidence wherever he goes.

This altogether too brief sketch

of the public life of our President cannot be expected to convey to the stranger any adequate idea of the personality, the charm, and strength of this good man. But perhaps to the members of the Church it may serve in a meager way to recall impressions which have come to thousands upon thousands dur-



DAVID McKAY AND JENNETTE EVANS McKAY
PARENTS OF PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

David McKay, the father, was born May 3, 1844, in Thurso, Scotland, and died November 17, 1917, in Ogden, Utah. The mother, Jennette Evans McKay, was born August 28, 1850, in Wales, and died January 5, 1905, in Ogden, Utah.

Brother and Sister McKay are buried in Huntsville, and Brother McKay deeded the old family home to the eight children as common property, to which all could return for companionship and enjoyment. The McKay brothers and sisters often go back to this home for holidays, and for special occasions. The home is beautiful and spacious and the surrounding grounds provide opportunities for many outdoor activities.



THE FOUR SISTERS OF PRESIDENT MCKAY

At front, left to right: Jeanette McKay Morrell; Elizabeth McKay Hill.
At back, left to right: Katherine McKay Ricks; Ann McKay Farr.

All of these women have been active in Relief Society work for many years. Sister Morrell was formerly literature class leader in the Twelfth Ward in Ogden, Utah, and is now theology class leader in that ward; Sister Hill has served on the Liberty Stake and Bonneville Stake Relief Society Boards and also as theology class leader, at present she is visiting teacher in Yale Ward, Salt Lake City, and a member of the advisory committee of the Mormon Handicraft Shop; Sister Ricks has served as literature class leader in Logan Fifth Ward; Sister Farr has been stake Relief Society president in Smithfield and Benson stakes, serving in this capacity a total of sixteen years.



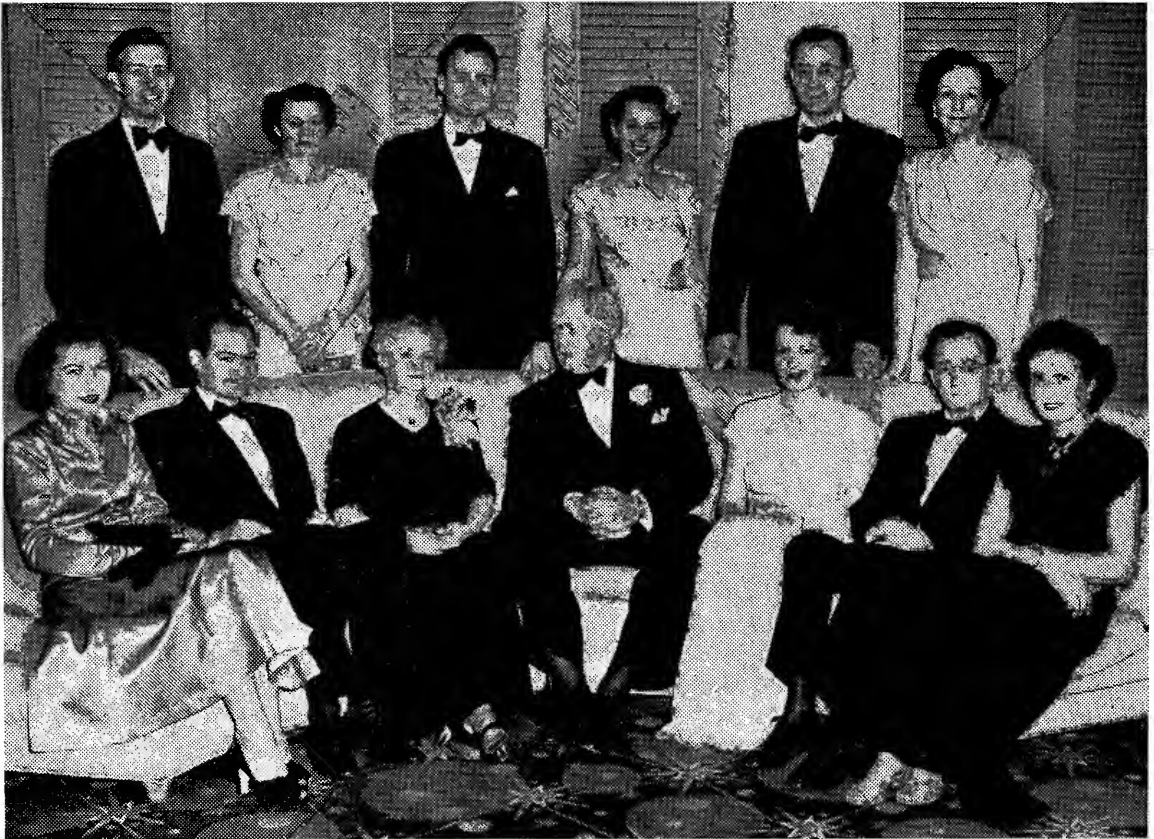
EMMA RAY RIGGS (McKAY) AND DAVID OMAN McKAY
AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE

ing the many years of his devoted public service.

Among the readers of this *Magazine*, there will be many who will recognize in the foregoing account an omission which must not be ignored even in this short statement. It is his remarkable capacity for friendship and affection. This talent with which he has been so richly blessed cannot well be set out in words on the printed page; it is something that must be felt and experienced to be appreciated. Those who have looked into his loving eyes and seen the smile on his handsome countenance, and felt the warmth of his handclasp, and the pressure of his embrace, will understand. He can make a friend feel like a blood brother. He can cement and fuse his own soul with the soul of a kindred spirit.

He can transform worldly friendship into a bond of such intensity and durability as to invest this noble relation with divine character. He is a living exponent and exemplar of the true brotherhood of Christ.

With such a precious gift as his endowment, both inherited and cultivated, it is not difficult to imagine his beautiful relations with his beloved wife, Emma Ray Riggs McKay, their children and kinsfolk. I have been a witness over many years to the exquisitely beautiful family life of this devoted husband, father, and brother. It is no wonder that the love of his kinsfolk has encircled him, protected and encouraged him for many long years. They have but requited the affection and deep solicitude he has ever had for them.



PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY, HIS WIFE, EMMA RAY RIGGS MCKAY,
AND THEIR FAMILY

Front row, left to right: Francis Ellen Anderson McKay; Robert R. McKay; Sister Emma Ray Riggs McKay; President David O. McKay; Lou Jean McKay Blood; Llewelyn R. McKay, Ph.D.; Alice Smith McKay.

Back row, left to right: Conway A. Ashton; Emma Rae McKay Ashton; Dr. Edward R. McKay; Lottie Lund McKay; David Lawrence McKay; Mildred Calderwood McKay.

One son-in-law, Dr. R. Russell Blood, a Commander in the United States Navy, was absent from the group, as he was serving with the United Nations forces in Korea when this photograph was taken. He is still on active duty in the Pacific.

I have tried but have never been able to express the gratitude I feel for the high privilege of being admitted to the circle of his intimate friends. If I may be permitted to remain within that circle for the period of this life, and for the life to come, I shall feel that I have

won a blessing of incomparable value.

It is thus I pay a brief and humble tribute to this noble man, faithful and exalted servant of the Most High God, lover of mankind—my friend.

President Stephen L Richards

Sustained First Counselor in the First Presidency, April 9, 1951

Elder John A. Widtsoe

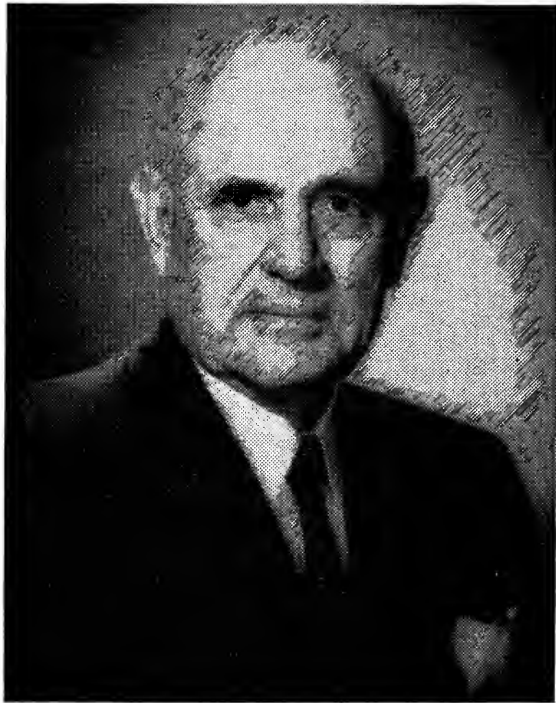
Of the Council of the Twelve

THERE is strength in Zion. That is never more evident than when official vacancies in offices of the Church are to be filled. Only a few weeks ago, after the demise of the beloved leader, President George Albert Smith, men were at once found to constitute the First Presidency. They are strong, intelligent men, David O. McKay, Stephen L Richards, and J. Reuben Clark, Jr., who stand shoulder high with the foremost in the world.

That is the way of the restored Church, whether in ward, stake, or general concerns. Looking back over the years, there seems always to have been men ready to meet the issues of the day, and to carry forward the Lord's work. If there are more problems in this wayward age, there is also more strength among us with which to give battle to evil. Latter-day Saints look upward with secure eyes. Progress is assured within the restored Church of Christ.

Stephen L Richards who was called to serve as President McKay's first counselor comes of a lineage distinguished for faith, intelligence, loyalty and courage.

In the troublous days of Nauvoo, when enemies were hounding the Prophet's life, Willard Richards, the grandfather of Stephen L, waited upon the Prophet, and made the dire trials easier to bear. At length in Carthage Jail, Willard Richards was by the side of the



PRESIDENT STEPHEN L RICHARDS

Prophet when the fatal shot was fired. His brief account of the assassinations is a Mormon classic. He later became a counselor to President Brigham Young.

Stephen L Richards was born of Emma Louise Stayner and Dr. Stephen L. Richards on June 18, 1879, in the village of Mendon, Cache County, Utah. There and elsewhere as the family set up a home, conditions were primitive in terms of modern comforts. The State was just emerging from pioneer surroundings, after a grip to the finish with an unfriendly desert. But, toil and struggle, with ultimate conquest, only made pioneer

blood rich in courage. Stephen L's forebears had not been afraid, he was not afraid, but wise in compelling the world to come to his terms.

At twenty-one he married the girl of his choice, Irene Merrill, also of distinguished ancestry, and herself a personality to match wits with the best. Her kindly humor is today good medicine for all who are fortunate enough to be her friends. To them were born nine children, four boys and five girls, of whom seven are living; stalwart citizens of the State. The family is an example that should be followed in this decadent age when children are often accounted a burden.

Then came the necessity of a life's career. He had already taken a brief whirl at the ranch and at school teaching, the memory of which still thrills him. A force within him, a longing for knowledge, drove him to books. He would have become a magnificent teacher had he adopted the profession; but the choice fell naturally upon law. After studying general subjects at the University of Utah, he took up the study of law at Michigan University and completed the course at Chicago University where he graduated with the LL.B. degree, *cum laude* (with honors) in 1904.

Brother Richards' mind is analytical. He dissects and puts together again in better form the ideas presented to him. He has walked through life a careful, observing, and tolerant judge of men and affairs. That has been a foremost characteristic, one that has made him useful in his every under-

taking, and will serve the Church well in his new calling in the First Presidency.

HIS gift of good judgment, always based upon the examination of facts, was early recognized by his fellows. He practiced law successfully; was city attorney for Murray City; instructor in law at the University of Utah; secretary for the Utah Bar Association, and Utah representative of the American Bar Association. It was a loss to the Bar when his Church call ended his professional labors.

It followed that a mind so constituted would become interested in business. Indeed, business needed him and called for his help. Brother Richards' business career is also outstanding. He is connected with prosperous enterprises in many fields: sugar, land, cemetery, oxygen, banking, merchandising, power and light, coal, books, oil, furniture, and others. All of them are stronger for his association with them.

Civic duties, many as honorable rewards for valiant service, have been thrust upon him. They all carry the insignia of service, else he would not have accepted them. He served with distinction as a regent of the University of Utah, a member of the State Board of Corrections, State Chairman for Utah State Works Administration, and others of like importance. To the Rotary Club he has given steady attention. He has taken pride in honoring his ancestors in his membership in the Sons of the American Revolution. To minor but important causes he has given liberally

of his time, strength, and substance.

Stephen L Richards is not the usual type of business man who grabs for money first and last, and lowers the respect of people for the necessary and altruistic path of commerce. True, he has been successful, how could he avoid it? But not to the surrender of the high ideals of life. His innate courtesy to all people whether high or low, his generous estimate of people and their works, friend or foe, marks him a true gentleman, whom it is good to meet. He takes a deep interest in the "other fellow" who gives him loyalty in return. Even in heated debate, and Brother Richards will fight for his convictions, he is fair to the antagonist who is not wounded nor made to feel inferior in defeat. This graciousness of life and action is an integral part of Brother Richards' make-up.

His soul responds quickly to all that is lofty and beautiful. Fine words well placed and spoken; the artist's conception well designed; the sunshine peering through rifted clouds after the rain; the morning glow on the mountain; the tumult of color when the sun sets; the simple beauty of the pine tree after the snow. Such everyday things find a response in him because he has a living soul. Lovers of beauty will find support in Stephen L Richards. Men without artistic souls find it difficult to visualize the purposes of God for man.

He is a lover of nature. During his free days, it is a pretty sure guess that he may be found in his canyon home, or in his boat on the lake, or at the right end of a fish-pole, or trying out the latest model

of an automobile. Where nature reigns he sleeps well. In the great peace of nature his own mind finds peace.

Really, in all his work he reaches out for perfection. That is why he loves the beautiful. Any one of his conference sermons shows the meticulous and persistent care given to every word and turn of a sentence. Such an objective requires work, and much work, of which he is not afraid. The cause he represents is entitled to all he can give. That is his guiding principle of action in and out of the Church—though in his philosophy every act and need of man may find proper place in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

ALL this and more lifts Stephen L Richards to unusual heights among men, and betokens a person highly endowed by nature. But there awaited him world-wide service, the greatest of all.

As a lad he took interest in the organizations of the Church. In May 1906 he was called to membership on the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. There he served so well that when George Reynolds died Stephen L Richards was appointed second counselor in the superintendency in April 1909. The superintendent then was President Joseph F. Smith, and the other counselor was Apostle David O. McKay, now President of the Church. To be an associate of such men was a great education for the youthful man.

On January 18, 1917, he was ordained an apostle and set apart as one of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles of the Church. With the

call, dreams of leadership in law and other activities vanished. He stood before the Lord charged henceforth to carry forward the latter-day work. He accepted the call and its challenge with the certainty that the Lord's work is the greatest in the world, and that it will eventually vanquish all enemies and cover the earth.

So, for thirty-four years, in season and out of season, often at real sacrifices of physical comfort, he has traveled over the Church, preaching, teaching, leading, and pleading, under the spirit of revelation. The people have learned to know him and to love him. His work has called him to South America, Europe, Asia Minor, and some of the islands of the sea. Hundreds of commissions have been well consummated by him.

When he speaks his words resound with knowledge, and an understanding of God's purposes, and

for present needs. Such service to the Church means sacrifice to all members of a family, but the reward in making men fit for the building of God's kingdom, surpasses all the gifts of earth.

The people listen joyfully when the splendid voice of Brother Richards, a beautiful natural endowment, is heard carrying to the world the eternal call to repentance.

The people welcome Stephen L. Richards in his new position. As a member of the First Presidency every power will be used for the benefit of the Church. He knows the gospel, he loves it; he loves his fellow men; he trusts the conquering nature of the Priesthood of God; and he will strive to listen when the mighty voice of Jehovah speaks.

Thank God for President Stephen L. Richards. May he long be preserved to us in health and strength.

Analogy

Iris W. Schow

An opening umbrella in the rain
 Has always held for me a subtle charm,
 Remindful that our little acts of care
 Can make a small safe world within a storm.

Charmer

Pansye H. Powell

Lulled by the gentle, soothing touch of sound
 Falling on thought like rain on thirsty ground,
 What man is there who never has been wooed
 By music's magic from a bitter mood?
 If he is happy, music is as gay,
 And in his sorrow charms his grief away!

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. Called Back as a Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church

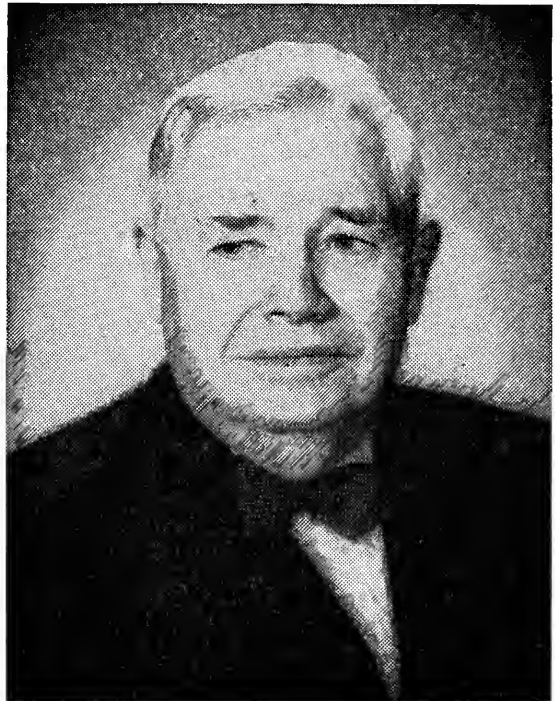
Sustained Second Counselor in the First Presidency, April 9, 1951

Elder Henry D. Moyle
Of the Council of the Twelve

WE had read repeatedly of the many accomplishments of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., prior to his initial call to the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His work had already distinguished him as a man of great capacity. A lifetime of effort had fully qualified him for that office, which first came at a time in life when most men retire. Now, added to this, is the experience of the last eighteen years to further qualify him for present membership in the newly organized First Presidency to serve President David O. McKay as he has served President George Albert Smith, and before that, President Heber J. Grant.

His career in public service as an international lawyer, soldier, and teacher was distinguished. It was climaxed by his appointment as Under Secretary of State, and United States Ambassador to Mexico. Nevertheless, his crowning achievement, a result of a humbler activity, is and shall ever remain his service in the cause of the Master and his fellow men, as a member of the First Presidency.

No words can do justice to a life such as his, unselfishly devoted to others. Men in high places have



PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

for years borne record of his accomplishments. For example: President Hoover in a letter accepting President Clark's resignation as Ambassador to Mexico, wrote among other things: "Never have our relations been lifted to so high a point of confidence and cooperation and there is no more important service in the whole of foreign relations of the United States."

Secretary of State Stimson declared: "Your distinguished service as American Ambassador to Mex-

ico has reflected signal credit upon our Department of State.”

When President Clark was appointed Ambassador to Mexico, one newspaper printed the following:

Mr. Clark stands among the few diplomats of the first order that the West has produced.

It is somewhat unfair to Ambassador Clark, however, to say that the West produced him. As a matter of fact, J. Reuben Clark, the Ambassador, is the product of J. Reuben Clark, the student, the investigator, the worker and the faithful servant of the government. There is no finer example of a man who has risen through sheer merit in the whole history of the foreign service. Mr. Clark is responsible for his own success. Throughout his life he has scorned political favoritism and has expected every man to stand on his own feet. This crowning achievement in his career comes as a natural sequence of his devoted service to the government in many capacities.

Elder Albert E. Bowen of the Council of the Twelve, an intimate friend and business associate, when asked many years ago to give an estimate of President Clark's character, wrote:

The personal endowment and qualities which have made possible his varied and distinguished achievements are perhaps three, with their corollaries:

First: A vigorous and discriminating intellect. His is the rare power of penetrating through all confusing, superficial envelopments to the root and marrow of a confronting problem.

Second: A prodigious power of work—a constitution which seems able to respond to any draft that may be made upon it. Work is his vocation and his avocation, his pursuit and his pastime.

Third: An uncompromising, undeviating honesty—intellectual and moral honesty. “Face the Facts,” is a characteristic expression of his. He spends no time in

working upon schemes of evasion. Having been surrounded with abundant opportunity for graft and acquisition, he has come through without the smell of fire upon his garments. No opprobrium has ever attached to his name. To him sham and pretense are an abomination.

Years after the foregoing testimonials, how wonderful it is that President Clark's ability and devotion are even greater and increasingly recognized.

President David O. McKay on taking office recently said: “President Clark is a wonderful servant. You have had demonstrated here this morning his ability to carry out details and he is just that efficient in everything pertaining to the work.”

No matter what the task has been, his performance has represented the best.

HIS formula for success is hard work, and he still follows that formula.

Likely more enlightening than any words one might write of this great man are his own expressed thoughts. At the beginning of his ministry eighteen years ago he disclosed his great foresight and virtue in a sermon given by him in the Tabernacle at the general conference of the Church. The following is an excerpt therefrom:

The world is moaning in tribulation. I do not know the cure. The questions involved are so nearly infinite in their vision that I question whether any human mind can answer them. But it is my faith that if the people will shun idleness, if they shall cast out from their hearts those twin usurpers, ambition and greed, and then shall re-enthroned brotherly love and return to the old virtues—industry, thrift, honesty, self-reliance, in-

dependence of spirit, self-discipline, and mutual goodness—we shall be far on our way to a returned prosperity and worldly happiness. We must again yield fealty to the law that wealth, however great, is a mere shadow compared with the living, enduring riches of mind and heart. . . . The world problem is not primarily one of finance, but of unselfishness, industry, courage, confidence, character, heart, temperance, integrity and righteousness. The world has been on a wild debauch materially and spiritually; it must recover the same way the drunkard reprobate recovers—by repentance and right living.

What was said by his friends ten years ago of President Clark is true today.

“He is vigorous in body, keen in intellect, sound in his thinking, sagacious, studious, prayerful in heart, with a rare penetration of mind. He is a tower of strength among his people and acknowledged everywhere (in and out of the Church) as a leader.”

With it all, he is considerate, thoughtful, and ever mindful of all, high and low. Firmness and kindness are blended by him in all his decisions, almost to perfection. He is solicitous of the welfare of all his brothers and sisters in the Church. He constantly attends their needs.

It is no wonder the Church Welfare Program has enlisted his deepest interest and consequently his most active support. He has said:

The prime duty of help to the poor by the Church is not to bring temporal relief to their needs but salvation to their souls.

The rule of the bishop in all these matters is the rule of the Priesthood, a rule of kindness, charity, love, righteousness.

Little is known of his philanthropy beyond his beneficiaries. It

would form an interesting chapter were we able to disclose but a part of what he has done for others. No one in the service of the Church has a better friend. He knows what it is to work and he appreciates the feelings of those who toil daily for their livelihood. He concerns himself with the unfortunate, seeks to assist them, to bless the sick and to comfort those who mourn.

Voltaire disclosed a spirit shared by President Clark when he wrote:

“Love truth but pardon error. The mortal who goes astray is still a man and thy brother. Be wise for thyself alone, compassionate for him. Achieve thine own welfare by blessing others.”

Time is his most precious possession. He is methodical in the extreme. To him there is a time and place for each of his many activities and each is orderly and punctually accomplished.

One key to his success is his ability to delegate to others those things which others can do for him. At the same time, no matter falling within the sphere of his responsibility is too small to receive his careful attention.

To him the disposition of the tithes and offerings of the people is a most sacred trust. He zealously guards the interest of the Church in all matters with an unselfishness seldom equalled among men.

To know President Clark is to love him. His friends and admirers are legion. The true test of greatness is found in the personal appraisal of those most intimate. The closer your association with President Clark, the deeper and more lasting your affection for him.

IT is a joy to go into the home of President Clark for here we find his true character reflected. Except for the absence of Sister Luacine Savage Clark, his home now is as ideal as it was years ago in Washington when the children were young. The devotion of his son and three daughters to their father is matched only by their great respect and admiration for him. Truly the family honor their father as they do the memory of their devoted mother. President Clark's concern is ever for the welfare of his family to the latest generation.

His eulogy to his mother, entitled "To Them of the Last Wagon," is an inspiration. It discloses his great affection for his mother. It likewise reveals the philosophy of life she must have taught him. I quote from this writing:

In living our lives let us never forget that the deeds of our fathers and mothers are theirs, not ours; that their works cannot be counted to our glory; that we can claim no excellence and no place, because of what they did; that we must rise by our own labor, and that labor failing we shall fall. We may claim no honor, no reward, no respect, nor special position or recognition, no credit because of what our fathers were or what they brought. We stand upon our own feet in our own shoes. There is no aristocracy of birth in this Church; it belongs equally to the highest and the lowliest. For as Peter said to Cornelius, the Roman centurion, seeking him: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him" (Acts 10:34-35).

The people of Grantsville, his birthplace, claim him as their own, and do homage to him as he frequently returns to his home there. They are his neighbors and kins-

men. The great, generous heart of this man has preserved for future generations the old school in Grantsville where his father taught and where he went to school on week days and worshiped on the Sabbath. This building, now restored to its original condition, with some modern improvements, will long stand to his memory as a mute evidence of his love of home and community. His neighbors among whom he grew up have reciprocated with a love and esteem that is shown in many ways.

Lately, at a testimonial, the people of Tooele County tendered a distinguished service award in recognition of his outstanding achievements in the public life of our nation and as a member of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

President Clark can express his thoughts in words that are clear and simple and with a meaning unmistakable. Even his poetry discloses his command of language and far more important, the depth of his soul. His most important religious work is *On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life*. This treatise on the apostasy and the restoration of the gospel is unsurpassed in the writings of the Church. It is a work of rare scholarship written with forthrightness and conviction. J. Reuben Clark, Jr. has the moral courage to say without faltering what he knows to be right and the physical courage to do as he says.

To the Priesthood of the Church, he has throughout the years, called their attention forcibly to the theme nearest to his heart: "Except ye are one ye are not mine."

His ministry has been characterized by a firm, resolute, continuing determination to bring unity into the lives of the Church membership, as well as into quorums and other organizations of the Church. Repeatedly he has emphasized that "we cannot be one unless we are one in spirit, in belief, in knowledge and in action. There is no other way."

With this concept of unity always uppermost in his mind, he could never fail to fulfill the high calling which is his.

Above all, he has and bears a powerful, enduring, convincing testimony of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the divine mission of the Savior, the restoration of the Priesthood of God given to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and the presence here upon the earth today of a true

prophet of God, whom he stands ever ready to serve as he may be directed.

The testimony which he last publicly bore at our recent conference when the First Presidency were sustained by the Priesthood and people in solemn assembly, follows:

My Brothers and Sisters, I begin by bearing again my testimony that this is the work of the Lord, that Joseph Smith is a prophet, that those who have followed afterward have been his prophets, and that the one whom we have sustained is the ninth in regular succession, as a prophet, seer, and revelator to this Church and to the world.

I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Redeemer of the world, I know that he is the first fruits of the resurrection, and that by and through him we are redeemed from the fall, and thus able to overcome the results of the fall and get back into the presence of our Heavenly Father.

Sunday in the Country

Christie Lund Coles

Sunday in the country was a day
Quite set apart, even by the way

The sun shone, more luminously bright
Between the shadows cool and dark as night;

Sunday was a day of worship, rest,
Of dressing in our stiffly-ironed best,

Walking the graveled pathway to the church
Set amid poplars and the lean, white birch,

And flanked by yellow roses that were bent
In rich abundance, giving the air a scent

That wakes us to homesickness even yet.
And there was organ music. We can forget

Much, but not that, nor our child-world, then
Simple as life will not be again.

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith Sustained as President of the Twelve Apostles

April 9, 1951

Elder Mark E. Petersen
Of the Council of the Twelve



PRESIDENT JOSEPH FIELDING
SMITH

THE Council of the Twelve Apostles is a unique body of men, different from any other group in all the world. In ancient and modern times, the Twelve have been the Lord's ambassadors to all the world, building up the kingdom of God, and preparing the ways of the Lord.

In modern, as well as in ancient times, these men have been called from many walks in life. Each one has placed his all upon the altar,

and willingly given of his time, talents, and possessions, for the work of the Lord.

They have appeared before kings and presidents, industrialists and educators, and have mingled with the humble and the lowly, in all cases representing the one great cause. In doing so some have suffered many hardships and privations, nearly all have been persecuted, and in some cases, they have made the supreme sacrifice.

To preside over such a group of men is a great responsibility, requiring much wisdom, great courage, inspired foresight. Throughout the years, the Lord has provided great leadership in the men who have presided over the Council of the Twelve. These presidents have been men of power, men of great and enduring faith, and yet possessed of those other Christ-like qualities which have made them more than ever beloved of the people—love, patience, understanding, and compassion.

During the proceedings of the last general conference of the Church, a new president of the Council was installed. By vote of the Priesthood and the general membership of the Church in the

Salt Lake Tabernacle, Monday, April 9, Elder Joseph Fielding Smith was sustained in this position.

The night before, at a special meeting of the Twelve, he was sustained as president by his colleagues. Then on the following Thursday, April 12, 1951, at a meeting of the First Presidency and the Twelve in the Salt Lake Temple, he was set apart to this position by President David O. McKay.

It was a great honor which had come to him. But in his characteristic manner, he accepted it in a great spirit of humility. But that was not the only honor that came to President Joseph Fielding Smith during this history-making week. He was chosen to ordain and set apart the new President of the Church, President David O. McKay.

As the newly organized First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve met in the temple on April 12, and prepared to lay hands on the new members of the First Presidency, President McKay announced that it was his wish that Joseph Fielding Smith be voice in ordaining him as the President of the Church. President Smith is the next in line of seniority among the presiding brethren, coming directly after President McKay. As all the brethren present placed their hands upon the head of President McKay, President Smith acted as voice for the group, and ordained him and set him apart to his new high office. It was an impressive occasion. It was a great honor bestowed upon President Smith.

President McKay's action in thus choosing President Smith for this honor followed the pattern set by

President George Albert Smith when he invited President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve, to be voice in his ordination as President of the Church.

AN honor such as this, to be chosen to preside over the Council of the Twelve, and then to be voice in ordaining a President of the Church, can come only to one whose life has been consistently Christ-like, and whose service has been unflinching in the work of the Master.

Such has been the life of President Joseph Fielding Smith. Such has been his service. Loyal and true to his brethren, devoted to the Church and its principles, he has walked down through the decades for seventy-four years as an inspiration to all who have truly known him.

One of the most thoughtful of men, one of the most kindly and generous, President Smith has won a lasting place in the hearts of the people of the Church.

In times of need, they come to him, whether that need be spiritual or temporal, whether it be to solve some family problem, or whether it be to obtain a proper interpretation and statement of the doctrine of the Church.

His life has been such as to instill confidence in the minds of all. When President Smith speaks on doctrine, what he says is authoritative. When he speaks on a matter of history, he sets forth the unembellished facts as they should be presented. People accept what he says, because they know he is an authority. When they read his

books, they know they can depend upon what he says. There is no idle speculation in them, there is no vacillating. He comes to the point, and explains it so that all may readily understand.

President Smith's activities are wide, but all of them advance the affairs of the Church to which he gives his undivided time. He has toured Europe in the interest of the missionary work, and directed the exodus of the elders from that continent at the beginning of World War II. He has presided over the Salt Lake Temple, he is president of and actively supervises the work of the Genealogical Society of the Church. He takes a leading part in education, both on the general board of education for the Church, and on the board of trustees of the Brigham Young University.

As a member of the Twelve he visits stakes of the Church from week to week, conducting stake conferences and other business. He tours missions from time to time in the interest of that work. He is a member of the missionary committee of the Church, and also serves on various other committees.

This greatly varied activity, this busy life in the Church, began in his early youth. He has filled offices in the various grades of the Priesthood and in the auxiliary organizations of the Church; he has been a high councilman, a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. general board; and a Seventy's quorum president.

One of his most important positions, one which he fills with great skill, is that of Church Historian.

He has labored in the Church Historian's office most of his life, beginning as an employee there upon his return from filling a mission in Great Britain from 1899 to 1901. In 1906 he was sustained as an assistant Church Historian, and subsequently was made Church Historian and Recorder.

PRESIDENT Smith brings to his position as President of the Council of the Twelve, forty-one years of experience in that body. He knows the work well, he is beloved of his brethren who make up that quorum. For the past six months he has carried most of the burdens of the office, being acting president of the Council during the time President David O. McKay served both as President of the Council of the Twelve and as a member of the First Presidency under President George Albert Smith.

President Smith's family life is an inspiration to the Church. His wife, the former Jessie Evans, soloist with the Tabernacle Choir, gives him wonderful support. Often she travels with him, and thrills the people of the stakes and missions with her singing. She provides for him a home life which is an example for every family.

President Smith's sons and daughters are splendid citizens, active members of the Church, missionaries, auxiliary workers, Priesthood leaders. One of his sons was killed during the last World War.

When he accepted this new position, President Smith once more exhibited that humble attitude which has won so many friends for him. As he spoke in that mem-

orable meeting which closed the last general conference, held in the Tabernacle Monday morning, April 9, he said:

First I wish to say before this vast congregation of Priesthood and members of the Church that I pledge myself to support my brethren of the First Presidency. They have my full support, my love and fellowship, and I pray that the Spirit of the Lord may rest upon them in great abundance to guide them and direct them in all things pertaining to their high and holy callings.

I feel humble in standing here, considering myself the weakest of my brethren, I love each one of them; the First Presidency, the Council of the Twelve, and the other brethren whose names have been presented and approved here this day. And may the Lord be with us to help each one of us to magnify his calling.

I realize the position I have been called to fulfill is one of great importance. It makes me humble. I am grateful for the expressions that I have received from my brethren. They have expressed their confidence, and already have given unto me their support.

Yet Man Heeds Not

Mabel Law Atkinson

The coyote, trapped, escaping, keeps a wary eye;
 The mother robin learns to wait the stealthy tread . . .
 Yet man, divinely sired, heeds not the warning cry
 Of nations, buried . . . but sins on, then mourns his dead.

Fulfillment

Grace Sayre

As long as winds shall walk the earth
 And stars burn with exultant flame,
 As long as old trails know rebirth
 In dogwood sprays, spring will reclaim
 This heart, the winter's hour has dulled.
 And where these blooms have now fulfilled
 Their symbol sheaths in bud and root,
 A robin in an apple tree,
 In vibrant chords of ecstasy,
 Can make the season with his flute.

Tribute to Adele Cannon Howells

LaVern W. Parmley

First Counselor to Sister Howells in the Presidency of the Primary Association

A life of devoted service to the principles of her faith came to a close Saturday, April 14, 1951, with the passing of Adele Cannon Howells. She was born in Salt Lake City, January 11, 1886, a daughter of George M. Cannon and Marion A. Morris Cannon. She attended the L. D. S. High School and graduated from the University of Utah in 1909. She taught school for a short period and then became associated with the Salt Lake Recreation Department for a number of years. She was married to David P. Howells, March 12, 1913, in the Salt Lake Temple.

Sister Howells was called to be first counselor to May Green Hinckley, General President of the Primary Association, January 1, 1940. After the death of Sister Hinckley she became General President of the Primary Association, July 20, 1943.

As president of the Primary Children's Hospital Board and editor of *The Children's Friend*, Sister Howells was a tireless and diligent worker. She served the Primaries throughout the Church with a keen and personal interest. She so glorified work that she translated duty into privilege.

On January 12, 1948, she was elected to the Hall of Fame of the Salt Lake Council of Women because of her outstanding accomplishments.

Sister Howells walked each morning with a new sense of goodness; she opened her heart wide to all



ADELE CANNON HOWELLS

beauty and wisdom. She interested herself in life and mingled kindly with its joys and sorrows. She treasured friendships, she judged kindly, she did small tasks graciously. She had charity in her heart for all.

She believed in the everlasting beauty of the universe, in the supremacy of good over evil, in the conquering power of love, the brotherhood of man, and the omnipotence of the spirit. She believed in judgment without prejudice and that there is nothing so contagious as happiness.

(Continued on page 427)

Contest Announcements—1951

THE Eliza R. Snow 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 two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contest study carefully the articles on creative writing which appear in this *Magazine*, and also similar articles in the June issue for 1947, 1948, and 1949: "The Art of Poetry Writing—A Symposium of Opinions," page 370, June 1947, and "We Want to Write," page 375, June 1947; "For Makers of Rhythmic Beauty," page 370, June 1948; "You Can Write a Prize Winner," page 372, June 1948; "Points for Poets to Remember," page 371, June 1949; "On Writing a Short Story," page 374, June 1949; "On Building a Poem," page 376, June 1950; "The Short Story With a Plot," page 379, June 1950.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1951. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize	\$25
Second prize	\$20
Third prize	\$15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1952 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

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 person with a view to publication.

e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. 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.

9. 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

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1951.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1951 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1951.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize\$50

Second prize\$40

Third prize\$30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1952. 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 contestants 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 consecutive 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, 1951.
10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Fragrant Memories

Grace Barker Wilson

Remembered things are poignant as today:
The scent of violet,
The young, green odor of a fresh-cut lawn,
Essence of mignonette;

Elusive sweetness from the orchard trees
When apples are in flower,
The clean smell of a forest glade
After a summer shower.

Night From Capitol Hill

Salt Lake City, Utah

Margaret B. Shomaker

The city lights its rich array
Of window stars. . . .
Yellow, orange, and red
On the deepening blue.
Temple spires pierce through the dark,
And silence fills my heart.

Summer Noon

Beatrice K. Ekman

Metallic silence broods on land and sea,
And bunch grass waits as motionless as stone.
Surf creeps upon the tidelands quietly
And sweltering heat throbs down in monotone.
White rays of torrid sun proclaim the noon
And shimmering heat waves move across the
dune.

Let's Write a Poem

Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

POETRY, it has been said, is an attitude toward life, and poems are a by-product of experiencing the poetic spirit. If we take this viewpoint, all people are poets at one time or another and no one is a poet all the time. Even the most practical housewife becomes enthusiastic over some idea occasionally, is moved by impulses of idealism, or feels deeply sympathetic towards others, all facets of what we might call the poetic attitude. On such occasions she is a poet, although she may not express herself in a single rhythmic line.

We need to cultivate poetry if by the poetic attitude we mean a reaching out beyond ourselves in sympathy and understanding to all people, identifying our own vital experiences with those of others. We need to know that poetry is far more practical than most people realize, for it can shape the ideas of individuals, nourishing the buds that flower into action. Poetry can heighten our own appreciations, help us clarify our ideas, and mature our emotions.

Let's write a poem, when and if we feel that we have something to say that could be said in a poem. If we are aware of beauty as manifest everywhere in nature; if we know the experience of parenthood or the lack of it; if we are among those who see a light beyond sorrow, a gain above loss; if we sense the need and possibility of raising man's level of living, then we do

have something to say. If our emotional reaction to any of these or other phases of life is honest and intense, let's write a poem.

Writing poetry can be a rewarding experience even for the woman who writes only occasionally, if she will be realistic about her work. If it has been written merely as emotional release—to get a certain conviction “out of the system,” she is free to cast it into the waste basket or the dresser drawer. But if the poem is to reach out beyond herself and be enjoyably shared by others, the author must fulfill certain obligations to the poem itself and to its readers. An emotional release may be sufficient reason for writing, but it is not sufficient to assure poetic quality. She must be willing to examine her poem objectively, as if she had never met the author. She must know that all poets, and especially amateurs, must study and revise their work where necessary, that the poems may communicate as nearly as possible the meaning and feeling the author wishes to convey. Emotion may be personal, intense, and very real to us, and there is a tendency to feel that the poem shaped from it is faultless. Very few poems are “born” full grown and perfect.

Every poem which is entered in a contest is submitted with the belief (however slight) on the part of its author that it has a chance of winning. Otherwise it would not be entered. And most of the

(Continued on page 417)

Let's Write a Story

Alice Morrey Bailey

WHEN the first campfire lit a ring of listening faces the short story as a means of creative expression and aesthetic satisfaction was established. The printed page has widened that ring and preserved great stories from the foundation of the world. The fascination of story-telling grips everyone, from the very young child to the old man reliving his life in reminiscence.

Self-expression is not sufficient justification for writing a short story; its purpose is to strengthen or entertain the reader.

Let us choose a purpose and take the first step: find out what it is we really wish to say. The determination of this destination has many names: *story idea*, *root idea*, *theme*, *thesis*, *goal*, *aim*, *driving force*, to name a few. Old-fashioned writers called it the "moral" and tacked it on the end of fables for the benefit of readers who might have missed it in the story. One competent teacher calls this *premise*.

Premise, according to the dictionary, is a proposition previously stated or assumed as leading to a conclusion, antecedently supposed or proved; a basis of argument. If the premise of our story cannot be summed up in a sentence, such as "Pride goeth before a fall," "Violent living brings violent death," "A fool and his money are soon parted," it is not a good story.

The clever writer conceals his premise in fine writing, never setting it out in so many words, but proving it with subtlety and drama,

assuming that the intelligence of his readers is at least equal to his own. Nothing pleases a reader so much as finding a hidden truth which he thinks might have escaped everyone else, including the author. A good premise is the skeleton upon which to hang the flesh and blood of character and plot.

The *characters* for our stories cannot be made up without thought. We must know their backgrounds, the physical make-up, the ancestry, and the sociology and religion that have colored their thinking. We must know their psychology, age, health, and the type of work they do. Whether we put these into the story or not, they will direct the actions and conversations of the characters and reveal them as personalities.

Perhaps a person met with in real life is such a one as to suggest premise and plot to an author. If so, there is danger in portraying him. If too faithfully done, harm may result to him or his family and the author will be promptly and thoroughly sued. He should be disguised and firmly transplanted. On the other hand, the author who draws too much from his imagination runs the same danger as the artist who uses no models; his characters may be all glorified replicas of himself.

We must select or create our characters, select a pivotal personality, and surround him with those who will react against him to the advantage of the story. Maybe our central or pivotal character is not

(Continued on page 427)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1891

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

ROYALTY AT WORK: The daughters of the Princess of Wales, says Lady Elizabeth Hilary in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, are sensibly educated. They know how to sew so well that they can make their own gowns, and their knowledge of every art taught them is thorough. They can go into the kitchen and cook—cook well; they understand the art of breadmaking, and if they were thrown upon their own resources would be able to take care of themselves. And this has been done not only as an example to other mothers in the kingdom, but because her Royal Highness thought it right for her daughters.

PEACE

God give you peace! your life will have its longings,
I would not ask they be less keen and deep;
The soul that firmly stands upon the mountains
Must know the footing of the pathway steep;
It must have trod the valleys dim and low
And tented where the streams of silence flow.

—A. Furber

ITEMS FROM OVERTON: Thinking that some of our friends would like to know about our little village away out in the southern part of Nevada, I thought I would write a few lines to the *Woman's Exponent*. We are enjoying very cool weather for this time of year, have had a few nice showers of rain which makes things look more beautiful, men are busy harvesting grain, you can hear the song of the birds and the rattle of the machine in almost every field of beautiful golden grain; we have plenty of early vegetables; our little town is in a beautiful valley as nice as any one could wish to make a home in. We can raise almost anything that we put in the ground; we enjoy pleasant winters, snow is a very rare thing, I have lived here for ten years and have seen snow once. We want more settlers to help build up the place; we have good society, but we want more people to help use the abundance of water we have, then we will be more free from chills; the health of the people is generally good; no diseases of any kind bother us much.—Kate.

MY LOVE

How do I love you? so well that your face,
Thoughtful, and earnest, and calm has a place
Down in the depths, dearest one, of my heart,
Plainly engraven, to never depart

—Clara M. Saunders

UTAH STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Pres. Mary John presiding, was grateful to see so many at the conference as it proves their faithfulness. I feel the sisters are doing a good work, wished the younger sisters would meet with us even if they bring their children. The old will not always be with us, and the responsibilities will rest with the young. Sister Goodman spoke on the silk question; did not like to see the interest dying out, thought it would eventually be a source of profit to us. Coun. Marilla Daniels felt to endorse what Sister Goodman had said about silk; but it would need unity of purpose to make it a success. Sister E. E. Richards felt pleased to be with us, had always tried to meet with the Relief Society, had enjoyed meeting with Sister Eliza and Sister Zina in years gone by, this is the place to get strength.

—C. Daniels, Secy.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

AT an institute on gerontology (study of the aging) held in the Union Building of the University of Utah in April, Mrs. Belle S. Spafford, General President of Relief Society, gave a talk as a representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the work and care for the aging. Her explanation was very well received by the audience and by Dr. Robert J. Havighurst, eminent national figure in sociology, particularly in gerontology, and guest-lecturer for the institute week.

THE first Sunday in June is observed in many states as "Shut-in's Day." This type of service is part of the general program of Relief Society and members make visits to the homebound throughout the year.

THE Daughters of Utah Pioneers on April 7th, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of their organization, April 11, 1901. Especially honored were the three surviving charter members: Mary Schwartz Smith (widow of President Joseph F. Smith), Rosannah Cannon (Mrs. Alonzo Blair) Irvine, and Rachel Grant (Mrs. John H.) Taylor. In February the "Daughters" entertained both legis-

lative bodies at a luncheon as an expression of appreciation for the financial help received from them toward the erection of their new building.

MR.S. JOHN C. SWENSON, of Provo, Utah's Mother of the Year, has spent much of her time for the last seven years in assisting her eighty-year-old blind neighbor, Mrs. Fannie Patton, in the work of converting into Braille type choice selections of literature and religious writings. Mrs. Swenson, mother of nine children, is the wife of Professor Emeritus John C. Swenson of Brigham Young University, and the couple still live in the home which they entered as bride and groom fifty-two years ago. A successful teacher for many years, Mrs. Swenson still acts as a special tutor for children and young people in music and reading.

MR.S. MARY T. MARTIN SLOOP, of Crossmore, North Carolina, a seventy-seven-year-old doctor, known as "the grand lady of the Blue Ridge" for her work with mountain children, has received the honor of "American Mother of 1951." She is the wife of a country doctor and the mother of a son and a daughter, both doctors.



The Blessing of Work

“THE night cometh when no man can work.” This caution was given by the Lord to his disciples. If kept ever in mind, then the need to do required work at an appointed hour becomes acceptable, as the realization grows that time never returns to offer again this precise moment for a given work. With passing time come new tasks.

“Work is the scythe of time,” wrote Napoleon as he contemplated years of living in exile, cut off from the stream of life, and planned work which would engross him to the exclusion of crawling days and months and years.

Young mothers recognize the truth of Napoleon’s comment. There never seems to be sufficient time for their innumerable tasks to be done in each twenty-four hours. And yet a mother’s satisfaction increases in proportion as she perfects herself in her work, as she plans her work so as to include also the work of teaching and training her children. She discovers that in experiences involving worry, regret, or sorrow, that work wears a comforting face, that it is a solace to her to work with her hands. A burden becomes lightened as it is leavened with physical or even mental work. Finally, to the mother forced to lie in bed and see her household disrupted by her inactivity, comes the final recognition of the ability to work as a blessing

and a privilege. Work no longer is something to battle and conquer, work is a necessity to her feeling of fulfillment.

The pressure of work, moreover, grows less through application. However monotonous or distasteful certain work appears to be, through earnest effort and an acknowledgment of its necessity, it becomes at first less distasteful and, in time, even enjoyable.

The gospel plan offers work to be done throughout life. Valued service suited to the physical condition of an individual may be always engaged in, and there is no arbitrary age beyond which service is not accepted. The plan of salvation recognizes that the spirit is eternal and, change as time will the outer shell—this mortal body—the spirit remains young and forward-looking—only refined by wisdom and understanding as it is schooled by the years.

Charles Kingsley wrote:

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

Some religions teach of a heaven where angels sit and play harps eternally, of a heaven where in-

activity reigns. This is contrary to the knowledge of Latter-day Saints. Heaven means eternal progression, wherein the Lord stated, "For this is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

God has work to do and he pronounced a blessing upon man in that commandment, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Through the accomplishment of righteous work, man has joy.

Work, and thou wilt bless the day
Ere the toil be done;
They that work not, can not pray,
Can not feel the sun.
God is living, working still,
All things work and move;
Work, or lose the power to will,
Lose the power to love.

—John Sullivan Dwight

—M. C. S.

In Memoriam — Emma Lucy Gates Bowen

November 5, 1880—April 30, 1951

Emma Lucy Gates Bowen, granddaughter of President Brigham Young, and wife of Elder Albert E. Bowen, of the Council of the Twelve, died April 30, 1951, in Salt Lake City, Utah. A beautiful and gracious woman, she was richly gifted and greatly loved.

Emma Lucy Gates was born in St. George, Utah, November 5, 1880, a daughter of Jacob F. Gates and Susa Young Gates, and the third in a family of thirteen children. She was proud of her ancestry and of her Church, and during her long public career she always availed herself of every opportunity to serve her people.

Her musical education began at an early age, and when she was six years old she made her vocal debut by singing "Aloha Oe" to its composer, Queen Liliuokalani during the time that Emma Lucy's parents were serving as missionaries in Hawaii. At the age of thirteen, she won first prize in a piano competition in the first Welsh Eisteddfod held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. When she was seventeen, Emma Lucy went to Europe with her sister Leah and her brother-in-law, Elder John A. Widtsoe, now a member of the Council of the Twelve. In Europe she sang as guest artist in many opera houses and made concert appearances in nearly all the large cities. Later, in the United States, she sang grand opera roles in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Seattle, and many other cities. Her unusually rich voice was magnificent in roles ranging from the highest coloratura soprano scores, such as Mozart's "Queen of the Night," to the mezzo-soprano role of "Carmen." As "Utah's First Lady of Music," she was especially honored on October 25, 1948, in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, where she was given an enthusiastic ovation at a "command" performance.

Emma Lucy Gates was married to Elder Albert E. Bowen in 1916. She reared as her own his twin sons whose mother had died at their birth in 1905. Since her husband's appointment to the Council of the Twelve in 1937, Sister Bowen has traveled widely throughout the Church, and is lovingly remembered by Latter-day-Saint women in the stakes and missions.

She has been most liberal with her great gifts and has encouraged and instructed many young musicians whose voices will long be heard, and who owe much of their success to her training and inspiration.

Hers was a great soul—and the testimony of her Savior and the living of the second great commandment were the guiding beacons of her life. The general board of the Relief Society and Relief Society members everywhere, in gratitude for Sister Bowen's life of devotion and service, tender their heartfelt sympathy to Elder Bowen and members of the family. They know that memories of her, and her sweet influence, will continue to enrich their lives and the lives of all who have known and loved Emma Lucy Gates Bowen.

Question

Matia McClelland Burk

Grandma planted yellow roses
Beside her cabin door;
Each year they spread a golden fleece
Though she is here no more.

I prune my costly hybrids
And tend them year by year.
Will they bloom with such abandon
When I am no longer here?

Lost Love

Nelouise Fisher Judd

She asks about
Her many friends.
But you?
She never breathes
Your name.
She's too afraid
That folks will guess
She loves you just the same.

Creative Artist

Ruth H. Chadwick

She who molds an idea
Into a printed word,
Or turns the tunes within her heart
To music yet unheard,
Or gives to pigments life and age,
And shapes the common sod,
Lifts herself to hallowed realms—
Shares kinship then with God.

Polly Played for Keeps

Sylvia Probst Young

FROM his chair at the supper table Pa surveyed us with his usual good-natured smile which came to rest on Polly, as Pa's smiles always did, for Polly is the apple of Pa's eye. Who could doubt that Polly, with her dancing eyes and freckled nose, would be the family favorite, for Polly, you see, is our only sister, and boys—there are a half dozen of us.

"Well, Sis," Pa said (we've always called her Sis), "how does it seem to be in high school? They tell me there's a new schoolmarm over there."

Polly beamed, and the freckles across her nose shone in the lamp-light. It seemed quite impossible that she should be starting high school, this red-headed, mischievous, tree-climbing little sister.

"Oh, Pa," she exclaimed, "she's our teacher for English. Her name's Kate Morton, and she's just beautiful, and more fun."

Ma, her fork in mid-air, looked up with interest. No doubt she had heard all about Miss Morton when Polly got home, but it was still news, for a new high school teacher was something Hillcreek hadn't had for a couple of years.

"She sounds interesting," was Sid's quick comment. "Guess I'll have to meet this schoolmarm."

"What about Johnnie?" put in Leon. "He's the old man around here. "I had her spotted for Johnnie soon as I saw her."

"Oh, you did?" I answered. "Well, Leon boy, being twenty-two doesn't exactly put me in the old

man class, and I'm in no hurry for a wife. But we'll see. One never knows."

"No, one never knows," said Pa. "But it seems to me both Sid and Johnnie should start giving marriage some serious thought." Then he winked at Polly and started talking about picking the transparent apples, so nothing more was said about Miss Morton. But I remembered Polly's glowing account of her, and I resolved that I'd have to meet this Miss Morton as soon as the opportunity came my way, and it wasn't long in coming. For the next Saturday night was the harvest dance at Winkle's ranch, and I had the pleasure of meeting Kate Morton there and discovering that everything Polly had said about her was true.

I was a little late getting to the dance that night because I had helped Pa doctor a sick calf, but when I came into the ranch parlor I spotted the new teacher first thing, and she was dancing with Sid. You could tell she was no local product. She was too fair and fragile looking for that . . . sorta reminded me of the Dresden china doll on Ma's what-not shelf.

I gave Sid the high sign, but he ignored me completely. However, when the music stopped, he brought her around. (Sid's a good guy.)

"Miss Morton," he said, "I'd like you to meet my big brother here. This is Johnnie Sullivan. He's been dying to meet you."

I felt my face burning, and I could have choked Sid, but Kate Morton was smiling in an understanding sort of way.

"How do you do, Johnnie Sullivan," she said, "and how many Sullivans are there?"

"Well there's quite a tribe of us in these parts," I told her, my composure regained. "And may this Sullivan have the pleasure of the next dance with you?"

SHE was a perfect dancer, and the fact that she was the new schoolmarm made her the belle of the ball. In spite of that fact, I managed to have her for a dancing partner three times, and she promised to ride over to Diamond Lake with me next Saturday afternoon.

As soon as dinner was over on Saturday, I went out and cranked up the new Ford and rode over to Pyper's. That's where Miss Morton was staying. Old Jonathan Pyper was in his rocker on the front porch, and he greeted me with a sly smile.

"I expected to see one of you Sullivan boys over here about now or sooner. Well, Miss Kate 'pears to be as fine a gal as ever I see. Sit down, Feller, she'll be out in no time."

And then she came. Her blond locks were tied up with a blue velvet band, and she was wearing some kind of silk dress as golden as her hair.

"Hello," she smiled. "Isn't it a perfectly lovely afternoon for a ride?"

Mrs. Pyper, round and jolly, was standing in the doorway as we started to go. "Johnnie be careful with that gas machine," she teased. "Think you should have brought

old Nell and the buggy, don't you?"

I helped Miss Morton into the car, then climbed in and took the wheel. A lazy breeze stirred in the trees along the road, and the air was filled with the smell of apples and wood smoke.

"It's beautiful up here," Miss Morton said. "I know I'm going to like this town very much."

We talked about everything from schoolboys to politicians, and by the time we got back to Hillcreek we were firm friends. She was calling me Johnnie and I was calling her Kate, and she had promised to go to the dance with me next Saturday night.

Ma was putting our Saturday night lunch on the table when I got home, and the minute I opened the door the whole gang started in on me:

"How's Kate, Johnnie?"

"Got another date, Johnnie?"

"How's your heartbeat, Johnnie?"

And Bill, who was studying Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, threw out his arms dramatically and recited from "Lancelot and Elaine," substituting Kate:

Kate the fair, Kate the lovable,
Kate, the lily maid of Astolat . . .

From then on I seemed to have the inside track with Miss Kate Morton. I never really asked her to go steady, but I always managed to be the boy who took her to church functions, school dances, or anything else. That is, until she decided I was taking her too much for granted, and then she took matters into her own hands.

I had been seeing her about twice a week from October until

February, when I decided it was about time I told her what my heart had been telling me for several months. As I walked over to Pyper's that February evening, it suddenly occurred to me that Valentine's Day was only a couple of days away, and I hadn't asked Kate to go to the dance. Of course I figured she would understand, and everything would be all right. After all, hadn't I been her beau for quite awhile?

It was Mrs. Pyper who came to the door, and she looked like the cat who swallowed the canary. "Kate isn't here," she said. "My nephew Clarence came up for a few days, and she went to the movies with him. You know Clarence, Johnnie."

Did I know Clarence? Clarence was the typical dude, a Lord Fontleroy grown tall, who didn't know on which side to milk a cow. Yes, I knew Clarence, and it made my blood boil.

AT three-thirty next day I was up at the school, and after the kids had all come out, I went in to see Kate. I didn't dream we were going to quarrel, but we did. And, looking back on it now, I'm sure it was all my fault because Clarence had always rubbed my fur in the wrong direction. I couldn't stand to think of him taking Kate, especially not to the Valentine dance, and that, I found out, was exactly whom she was going with.

"Johnnie," Kate said, and her blue eyes were a little icy, "I'm getting just a little tired of being taken for granted. Today is February thirteenth, and you hadn't mentioned the dance until now."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry as the dickens," I told her, "but I've been your steady since last October."

"And so that gives you the right to expect me to be waiting whenever you chance to come. As a matter of fact, Johnnie, I don't remember your ever asking me to go steady."

"I should have, and I meant to, and I promise never to take you for granted again. Now how about telling Clarence you have a date for the dance?"

"I can't do that, Johnnie. He's Mrs. Pyper's nephew, and I'm living at Pypers'. Besides I couldn't do that, anyway."

I guess I got really mad then, and said a lot of things I didn't really mean, but so did she. When I left the schoolhouse that night I felt like the world had come to an end, for Kate and I had come to the parting of the ways, and I had planned on asking her to marry me.

I went to the dance alone, and I didn't miss one dance. I acted like I was having the time of my life, but that was only acting. All the time I was looking at Kate. Once I about decided to go ask her for a dance and try to patch things up, but I didn't. Stubborn fool that I was, I kept remembering her saying, "If that's the way you feel, Johnnie, don't bother to come around any more."

Of course my family learned about it. They didn't say much, but I think they thought I was a mule, especially Polly.

"I think it's so silly," she told me more than once, "for people like you and Miss Morton not to make up."

"But suppose she doesn't want to, what then?"

"You know very well she wants to, but she's waiting for you. It's a man's place."

"Aren't you a bit young to know all those things?" I teased.

"Maybe I am." She tossed her red locks. "But if I were you, Johnnie Sullivan, I wouldn't mope away my life because I was too stubborn to make the first move."

"Now don't feel sorry for me, little Sis. Haven't I been dating Mary Hammond ever since?"

"Sure, but she isn't Kate Morton, Johnnie."

"Too bad Beth Ritchy's got my heart right now, or I'd give you a run," Sid put in.

WELL, call it mulishness or what you will, the winter wore on, and I continued dating Mary Hammond and wishing she were Kate. Polly, it seemed, made a special effort to go into detail about her English class at supper every night. But it looked like school would close, and Kate would leave for the summer or get herself engaged to Clarence Newbold. The thought of it almost drove me crazy, but then I would persist in remembering that she had told me not to come back. If she really wanted to see me she could drop a hint. So I suffered in silence until that eventful April day when a wonderful thing happened.

I had been plowing in the south field, and I had just finished the upper flat, when I looked up and saw Polly coming toward me.

"Hi, Johnnie," she called, and she seemed excited about something.

I stopped the horses and waited while she stumbled through the plowed furrows.

"Johnnie, I've got a message for you."

"A what?"

"A message, from Miss Kate Morton."

"What did you say?"

"Johnnie Sullivan are you listening or not?"

"Yes—yes, of course I am! Did you say Kate Morton sent me a message? Well, what did she say? Don't just stand there!"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. She said, 'Polly will you do me a favor? Will you tell Johnnie that I'd like very much to see him. It's very important. Ask him if he will meet me tonight about eight o'clock by the Hillcreek bridge?'"

"Did she say that? Are you sure, Polly?"

"Didn't I just tell you so?"

"Yes, you did. Gosh, I guess she does want to see me again after all."

I finished that plowing in record time, and left the milking and night chores for the others.

"Got a big date," I told Ma, as I was washing up in the kitchen. "Kate Morton sent word with Polly that she'd like to see me."

"Well, I'm glad of that. If she had waited for you she'd have waited till doom's day. You're as stubborn as your old Grandpa Sullivan, I'd say."

A spring moon was peeking over Mount Baldy, and the night was filled with the perfume of apple blossoms. As I walked toward the creek it seemed to me there had never been such a night. I

waited on the bridge for a moment, looking down at the starlight shadows, and then I saw her coming. It was like seeing the fairy queen coming across the field.

"Hello, Johnnie," she called, and then she was on the bridge beside me.

For a moment there was an awkward silence, then I found my tongue.

"Kate," I began in a clumsy sort of way. "I don't know how to tell you how downright miserable I've been all this while wanting to see you. So much I've wanted to tell you. I wonder if you can ever forgive me for being such a stubborn fool. If you hadn't asked me to meet you up here tonight, I guess you'd have gone away and . . ."

"Johnnie," she interrupted, "Johnnie, what did you say? I didn't ask you to meet me here. Polly brought me a message from you. She said you asked her to tell me that you'd like to see me, and that I should meet you up here. Didn't you tell Polly that, Johnnie?"

"But Polly told me, Kate. She brought a message from you to me."

Then it was Polly. For a moment we were both knocked speechless, as the truth dawned. And the next moment we were both laughing, and everything was all right.

"Kate!" I caught her hands in mine. "I think I have the most wonderful, meddling little sister in the world. She knows that I love you, and there's no one in the world like you, as far as she is concerned. All winter long she's been telling me how stubborn and pig-headed I am. But I kept remembering your telling me not to come around any more."

"Oh, Johnnie, you don't know how I've wanted you to come. I only said that because I was angry. Didn't you know that? I've been perfectly miserable, too, and I think Clarence Newbold is nothing but a bore."

"And Johnnie Sullivan, what do you think of him?"

She gave her head a cocky toss and the mischief gleamed in her eyes. "Oh, he's passing fair."

"Fair enough to put up with for the rest of your life?"

"That might be."

* * * *

So that's the way it was, but that's been years ago. And what about Polly? Well Polly has always had all the credit, and, though she has been married for years herself, she likes to remind me now and then that, if she hadn't taken matters in her own hands, I might never have known the wonderful life I've had with my little schoolmarm.

Mother and Daughter

Genevieve J. Van Wagenen

She's counting the days, and so am I,
And the score adds up the same—
To me it means an empty room,
To her a brand new name.

Let's Bake Bread

Josie B. Bay

Member, General Board of Relief Society

LIVING as we do in this generation of modern conveniences has a tendency to inhibit the perpetuation of some of our most cherished traditions. One of the most delightful traditions fast passing into oblivion is that of breadmaking. Our mothers and our grandmothers found joy and satisfaction in baking their own bread, and housewives of today may enjoy that same satisfaction.

The increased cost of living will perhaps help us as homemakers to have a desire to return to the homemaking skills of which breadmaking is so much a part. It may be easier to run to the corner grocery store to purchase a loaf of bread, but our responsibility as homemakers is not so much to make life easier as to make life better.

Try Making Bread! You will find that it can be fun and a highly profitable venture as well, profitable, not alone because it is more economical than buying bakery bread, but there is something especially gratifying to a homemaker when she finds that she has made her home happier by this product of her own workmanship.

Breadmaking is a most effective way to captivate your family and friends. If you have nothing more to offer to an unexpected guest than good homemade bread, served with butter and honey, together with a glass of cold milk, you may be sure your guest will feel highly complimented.

Many parents of today, when remembering the joys of their childhood, wonder if life is as much fun for children as it used to be. A child's happiness is built of very simple things—cookies in the cooky jar, playing house under the quilting frames, making popcorn balls, or enjoying candy-pulls.

There are some basic experiences which no child should miss. Among these, in my opinion, breadmaking reigns supreme. I sympathize with the child who has never had the experience of coming home from school to be greeted by the sweet, wholesome, appetizing smell of a batch of freshly baked bread. I speak from experience, because my mother was a veteran in the art of breadmaking. As long as I live I shall never smell the aroma of freshly baked homemade bread without seeing my mother, with all of her children around her, standing by the wood-burning stove in that oilcloth covered kitchen, waiting for the old clock to tick away the last long five minutes before the bread was baked. How we bubbled with excitement as she removed those well-shaped, evenly browned, crusty loaves of yeast bread from the oven. I remember especially the smile of satisfaction on her face as she took one of the loaves from the pan, broke it into pieces, spread each piece generously with home-churned butter and gave one to each of us. *Real Homemade Bread.* How quickly a loaf would disappear!



Photograph by Hal Rumel

HOMEMADE BREAD WILL PLEASE YOUR FAMILY
Josie B. Bay Cuts Her Freshly Baked Bread.

This experience is one that every child and grown-up alike should have the privilege of enjoying. It is one of those homey projects in which every single member of the family will be interested, one that will not easily be forgotten. Some folks say it is old-fashioned to bake bread. Well—if it is old-fashioned to serve your family food that is nourishing and economical, food with that old country flavor that you will not find elsewhere—if it is old-fashioned to do the little

things that will help your children to remember what belongs to their childhood as we remember what belongs to ours—if it is old-fashioned to enjoy the satisfaction that this homey task will bring to a homemaker and the delight it will bring when shared with friends—then, for goodness sake, enjoy being old-fashioned and *let's bake bread*.

The recipes which follow were provided by William T. Lawrence of the mills and elevators department of the Church Welfare Plan.

WHITE BREAD

2 cakes yeast	2 tbsp. lard or butter melted
1 qt. water (lukewarm)	3 qts. sifted family flour
5 tbsp. sugar	1 tbsp. salt

Dissolve yeast and sugar in lukewarm water, and add lard or butter and half of flour. Beat until smooth, then add salt and remainder of flour, or enough to make dough smooth and elastic by kneading. When all of flour is added, mix well with hands, with fingers spread, until the dough is in a ball. Then remove from mixing bowl and strike it with some force against the bread board (lightly floured). Keep hold of dough while striking against the bread board and roll like jelly roll, taking care not to tear texture of dough. Repeat striking, rolling about twelve times, or until dough is smooth. Place in greased bowl. Cover and set aside in a moderately warm place (about 80° F.) free from draft until light, about one and one-half hours.

Mold into loaves, place in well-greased pans, filling them half full. Paint the top of loaves with cooking oil to prevent dough crusting. Cover and let rise for forty to sixty minutes. Bake fifty to sixty minutes with temperature slightly over 400° F. To tell when a loaf of bread is baked by tapping with the fingers, there should be a hollow sound which indicates that the bread cells are empty of excess moisture. To make a richer loaf, milk may be used in place of part or all of water.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD
(4 loaves)

2 c. scalded milk	1 cake compressed yeast
4 tbsp. sugar	2 c. water
2 tbsp. salt	6 c. white flour (sifted)
3 tbsp. shortening	6½ c. whole wheat flour

1. Combine milk, sugar, salt, and shortening. Stir until dissolved. Cool to lukewarm.
2. Soften yeast in small amount of the water. Add yeast and remaining water to cooled milk. Mix.
3. Add flour to mixture—add in three parts, blending well.
4. Knead dough on floured board until smooth and elastic. To obtain a fine grain, knead for ten minutes.
5. Place dough in greased bowl, cover, and allow to rise in warm place (80 to 85° F.), about two hours, or until dough will retain impression of a finger.
6. Punch gas from dough. Cover and allow to rise until dough is half again as large as its original size—about one-half hour.
7. Remove dough to floured board and flatten out. Divide into four pieces, mold into balls. Allow to stand, closely covered, for 15 minutes. Then shape into loaves.
8. Place in greased 9x4x3-inch bread pans. Cover and allow to stand in warm place until dough fills pan and center is well above top of pan—about two hours. Bake in hot oven, about 400°, fifty to sixty minutes.

For quicker method use two cakes of yeast and change rising time in step 5 to one and one-half hours, and in step 8 to one and one-fourth hours.

For 100% whole wheat bread, use the same formula, substituting whole wheat flour in place of white flour, increase water to make desirable dough, and punch ten minutes sooner in each step.

Nursing—A Lifetime of Satisfaction

Elaine Mellor, R. N.

Director, Practical Nursing School, Salt Lake Area Vocational School

THE little old lady gazed gratefully up at the girl in white and whispered softly, "Thank you, my dear, for making me so comfortable. Nurses seem to have some 'magic touch.' Now, I feel as if I can rest."

The nurse quietly left the room and walked down the long corridor. Mr. Thomas, her next patient, would be waiting for that "magic touch" so that he, too, could get some much-needed rest.

There is something of the nurse in each of us. Whether it is some intangible desire that has always been in our hearts, or whether it has been gained through years of bandaging skinned knees, each of us desires to be of service—for that is the true spirit of nursing—wanting to take care of people.

Nursing has been chosen by young women of today as one of the leading professions for the person who is seeking a means of preparing herself for a future of security. Economic security is but one of the many satisfactions to be gained in this field. There is the satisfaction of independence—of always knowing that you have something to offer—for there will always be sick people and an ever increasing demand for the service which a nurse can give.

There is the satisfaction to be found in the variety offered by the changing daily schedule in the life of the nurse as patients come and leave the hospital. There is the inner satisfaction of knowing that you are needed and wanted wherever you may choose to live, and in whatever field of nursing you may choose to enter.

Opportunities for employment are many. Today's qualified nurse may work in hospitals, doctors' offices, clinics, in homes, industry, and public health. She may prepare for a position as a teacher, supervisor, or administrator.

Nursing is one of the leading professions and maintains its standards by accepting only persons who can meet the qualifications necessary for this type of work. Such persons are rated upon their ability, interest in people, honesty, good health, adaptability, and dependability.

Today, two levels of nursing service are recognized as essential to maintaining good nursing care. Girls eighteen to thirty-five, who can meet the academic standards, would do well to investigate the field of professional nursing. This three or four year education qualifies her as a highly skilled bedside nurse who is able to perform technical types of nursing care and carry on frequently in a supervisory capacity.

Practical nursing is a second level which offers an opportunity in nursing to women eighteen to fifty years of age, who can meet requirements set up by the individual state boards of nurse examiners. This year of training will prepare women as excellent bedside nurses, who will be able to render less technical types of care to the patient and to act as members of nursing teams.

Here, indeed, lies a golden opportunity to prepare for a lifetime of personal satisfaction. Nursing makes a better wife and mother, a better companion, and a happier individual.

Information regarding the school of nursing of your choice may be obtained through the State Nurses Association. In Utah, contact Utah State Nurses Association Headquarters, Granite Building, 158 East 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

For the Strength of the Hills

CHAPTER 5

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Camilla Fenton, an orphan from Santa Monica, California, who comes to Crandall, Idaho to teach, marries Stanley Rodgers, a farmer, and goes to live in his large old-fashioned house. At the end of their first summer together, Camilla and Stan pay a short visit to her Aunt Lillian in California. In the fall Camilla finds that she is to have a child, and Stan paints the kitchen and nursery. In July a red-headed son is born.

CAMILLA stayed with her mother-in-law for two weeks, and then, in spite of all protests, insisted that she was ready to go home.

"I feel as good as new," she declared. "It's really quite amazing. And the baby sleeps almost all the time. I'm sure that we shall get along famously."

"Well, if you're sure that you can manage," said Mrs. Rodgers reluctantly. "But don't overdo. I'll run over and bathe him for a few days, until you get used to it."

Camilla couldn't say no to such kindness, although one of her chief reasons for wanting to get home was to have the baby to herself, and do all the little things for him that she had been longing to do.

They went home in the middle of the afternoon. Stan put the baby in the bassinet, ordered Camilla to bed, and cooked their dinner. When he came in with tenderloin steaks, a tomato salad, and peaches with thick cream, she said, "You've missed your calling. You should have been a cook."

"I only turn out superior stuff with the right inspiration, and I

couldn't very well spend all of my time cooking just for you—and the champ, of course," nodding towards the bassinet.

"We're a gorgeous family, aren't we?" asked Camilla complacently, as she cut into the tender steak.

"We're perfect," Stan agreed.

When she had finished, she pushed away her tray and ordered, "Give me the baby. I've been longing to have us all alone."

"Come here, Rusty," he said, picking up the child awkwardly. "Your Mom wants to see if you're good-looking enough to keep." He walked over to the window where the golden light of the setting sun was making a picture of pastoral beauty. "Look, Punkin," he went on, "here are your ancestral acres—if your dad can meet the mortgage for the next ten years and the spud crop doesn't fail." He brought the baby over and laid him down on the bed. Then he said, a trifle shyly, "I suppose you'd rather have him be a doctor or a lawyer or something high-toned, wouldn't you?"

"I want him to be good and fine," she replied, touching the baby's hair gently, "whether lawyer, doctor, or farmer. A farmer was my choice, wasn't it?" she smiled, reaching for his hand.

"You're sweet," he whispered, bending to kiss her.

Camilla thought that she had never known such perfect happiness, and she had a fleeting moment

of deep pity for all the people who were not part of this magic circle.

Later, she wondered seriously if she would ever recapture such happiness again. The baby awakened at midnight, but Stan slept on peacefully in spite of lusty screams. Finally she got up, put on a robe and slippers, and sat down in the old rocking chair. The clock hands crept around to one, two, and three, and still the baby refused to go to sleep. At half past three he dropped off, and she crept into bed utterly exhausted.

The next thing she knew Stan was shaking her shoulder and saying, "Wake up, Mom. You've practically slept the clock around, and Junior is madder than a wet chick on account of meals being delayed."

SHE roused herself to take the baby, but said nothing about having been up half the night.

A few minutes later Stan stuck his head in the door again and announced, "Breakfast is ready as soon as you are. Shall I bring it to you, or do you want to come out?"

"I'll come out," she replied, wishing that she didn't have to make another move all day long.

She was so weak she could hardly stand, but there was nothing to do but take over. She had been looking forward to bathing the baby by herself, but now that the time had come she was scared to death.

She put all the bath things out—the oil, baby soap, powder, sterilized cotton—in seemingly endless array. She wished that Stan would leave. She was nervous enough without having him stand and watch. But, apparently, he had no

intention of missing out on anything as novel and exciting as this. To crown it all, the baby, who had been sleeping soundly all morning, began to yell at the top of his voice.

"Boy! will you listen to that lung power," said Stan proudly. "I'll bet that he'll be a trumpet player when he grows up, or maybe a hog caller."

How can he wisecrack at a time like this, thought Camilla bitterly, forgetting that he flung wisecracks at any and all times, and also that he couldn't possibly realize how terribly weak and scared she felt.

She undressed the baby with trembling fingers, managed to get him bathed, after a fashion, although he seemed to scream louder every second. She had barely finished feeding him when Mrs. Rodgers came in.

"Oh, you're all through." She spoke regretfully. "I was hoping to get here in time to help. How did you get along?"

"Swell! there's nothing to it," answered Stan brightly, going out to do his chores.

"Yes, I know," answered his mother, with a knowing glance at Camilla. "You go lie down," she ordered. "I'll do the washing and go over the house."

Camilla obeyed with a sigh of deep gratitude, thinking that she had a twenty-four hour period of grace before she had to bathe the baby again.

She quickly grew stronger and the care of the baby turned from a nightmare to the joy she had first imagined it would be. The only trouble was that it took all of her time.

"Between bath, laundry, feedings, and doing what absolutely has

to be done around the house, I don't have a minute," she wailed to her mother-in-law one day. "What in the world do you do when you have two—or five?"

"Just the same," she answered in a matter-of-fact voice. "One takes all your time, and five take all your time. It doesn't make much difference as long as there are only twenty-four hours a day."

"But I thought that surely now I would be able to start doing something to the house," Camilla went on, looking with distaste at the ancient wallpaper. "I've been trying for more than a year to get at it, and something always comes up."

"Don't worry, the time will come," she answered reassuringly.

BUT it didn't seem to come. Summer drifted into autumn with her every minute still being taken up with routine tasks, and Stan so busy that he wouldn't even take time to discuss remodeling, let alone do any of the work.

"Wait until the potatoes are dug and out of the way," he said. "I'll have most of the winter to loaf in, and then I can do something about it. Maybe we'll send the Champ to school so that you can do something besides wash squares."

It was only the next evening that he came in and said, "Would you be terribly disappointed, Honey, if we didn't do anything to the house this winter? Maxfield will discount the mortgage quite a hunk, if I can double my payment. He wants to buy a big cattle ranch up in Montana. It would be a big savings to us in the long run."

"Go ahead," she answered wearily. "I'm too tired by night to

know what color the walls are anyway and, goodness knows, I don't have any time to look at them during the day."

"You need a vacation," he declared. "Want to bundle up Richard Fenton and go down to California?"

"And have all the fun of washing squares and preparing foods in a strange place? No, thank you," she declined, with a slight shudder.

"Well, I didn't consider your aunt's place as being exactly strange to you." There was an awkward pause as they both remembered how strange it had been to him.

"Maybe some other time, when the baby isn't so much work," she finished lamely. "I really would like to have Aunt Lillian get acquainted with him."

The winter passed, rather quickly on the whole, as did the next summer. Camilla was completely absorbed in her baby, and more than once she remembered what Mother Rodgers had told her, "A baby is the one thing that you never get tired of."

She was able to do more in her garden now and really enjoyed even the vegetable plot to some extent. Her flowers were nothing to what she had planned, but the lilacs and other shrubbery did well, in the early spring the forsythia had rewarded her by making the brown weather-beaten house look almost picturesque.

She took a fierce joy in her husband and child. More than once when they were together she would look at them and say to herself, "I have a family," thinking back to the days when her parents had first died and she had gone to live with

her aunt—who had never in any way taken the place of her family.

Sometimes she wondered if she were growing too used to accepting things as they were. Her hands were roughened with work, her permanents far apart, and she bought very few new clothes because she had had an ample supply when she was married.

Even the ugliness of the house no longer bothered her as it had at first. She didn't seem to have time to do anything about it herself, and there was never any money for hiring it done. It was always needed for machinery or a new building, or something else for the farm.

IT was the summer Dickie was three that a telegram came from her aunt saying that she had broken her leg and needed Camilla's help.

"I'll have to go," she said to Stan. "She never could get along with hired help. And, anyway, she'll think that I owe it to her—and I suppose I do."

"You need to get away anyhow—although it doesn't sound like such a bang-up vacation," he commented. "Perhaps you can get some help in the kitchen as long as she isn't there to do the bossing."

Camilla decided to go down by plane. "I suppose that I ought to get there as quickly as possible, and this way we can make it in about six hours. Besides, people say it's the best possible way to travel with youngsters."

Stan drove her over to the nearest airport, and she had a moment of panic when it came time to say goodbye. "We've never been separated for more than a day since we

were married," she remembered. "I don't suppose I'll like it."

"You'd better not like it," he threatened. "I'll take you across my checkered apron if you do." He held on to Dickie until the very last moment, and, as the plane took off, she saw him standing below looking very lonesome and wistful.

The ride was smooth and uneventful, with the baby sleeping most of the way and the rest of the time content to sit in the seat and play.

From the airport they took a cab into town and then a bus out to Santa Monica. By the time they arrived Dickie was tired and inclined to be a little bit cross. But it had been an exciting adventure on the whole and, as she came up the walk to the white house with its brilliant flowers and air of gracious living, she was really glad that she had come.

A housekeeper opened the door, saying, "Oh, you must be Mrs. Fenton's niece. I'm so glad you're here. Your own room is ready."

Camilla had no difficulty in detecting the note of relief in the woman's tone, and she began to wonder if her own gladness had been a trifle premature.

She took the baby upstairs and freshened them both up before going to her aunt's room. She found her lying on the bed with one leg in a cast and looking rather fit, on the whole.

"I'm glad you've come," she said, turning her cheek for Camilla's kiss. "I felt that I couldn't put up with strangers at a time like this. I've had three different housekeepers in less than a week and they've probably run off with most of the silver.

And this is the baby," she added, finally getting around to Dickie.

"This is the baby," said Camilla proudly, "although he's really quite grown up now. I suppose I should have brought him down before, but it's hard to travel with a youngster, and his daddy didn't ever seem to be able to spare him."

"Oh, yes. How is Stan?" she asked in a perfunctory tone of voice.

"Fine! Simply splendid!" Camilla replied. "He's up to his ears in potatoes at the present. We have a big crop this year."

"Potatoes seem such a homely crop."

"Very homely," agreed Camilla, "but also very substantial and quite as essential as oranges or avocados, I imagine. Do you mind if I put Dickie to bed? He's tired from the trip. Then we can visit as long as you like."

"Go ahead," she agreed quickly. "My favorite radio program is on now, anyway."

Camilla gave Dickie a bath and tucked him in bed, then went back to her aunt's room. The radio was still on, so she paused just a moment at the door and then went outside to enjoy once more the scented night air of Southern California.

It's really good to be back, she thought, settling down in a comfortable porch chair. I'll get some new clothes and look up some of my friends. I've been slipping into a dreadful rut. She sat there until almost midnight, watching the cars and the people go by. Then she glanced in at her aunt and went to her own room. As she threw open a window she imagined that

she could feel a breeze from the ocean, only a few blocks away. Yes, it was good to be back.

SHE found that the heaviest part of her duties lay in keeping peace between her aunt and the help. A nurse came in each day to give the patient a bath, and the current housekeeper was quite willing to stay on, providing she didn't have to go near Mrs. Fenton and "take her sass."

She soon learned that even her own presence in the sickroom was not particularly desired or necessary. If Dickie was with her his prattling and running about seemed to cause too much annoyance, and even without him her aunt didn't want to have a radio program interrupted. Camilla was pleasantly surprised to find that, on the whole, her days were much less strenuous than they had been for the past three years.

It was the second week after her arrival that she ran into Veronica Wilding, an old school friend.

"Not yours!" gasped Veronica, pointing to Dickie.

"Half mine," replied Camilla smiling. "The other half belongs to his daddy up in Idaho."

"Come in here and tell me all about it," demanded Veronica, taking her by the arm and leading her into a nearby ice-cream shop.

Over lime floats Camilla gave the highlights of her romance and marriage, including her reasons for coming back at this particular time. "And now, what about you?" she asked.

"Nothing romantic like being swept off your feet by a land baron

and producing red-headed cherubs," said Veronica, "but I am having fun. I'm an interior decorator—no less. And right now I'm doing the most luscious job. Do you remember the Cartwright place on Hampton avenue? I'm doing the whole thing over, with money no object. Do you want to see it?"

"Oh, I'd love to. I've always been crazy about doing over places—or doing them the first time. I've been planning to let loose on our house ever since we moved in, but something has always interfered, like having a baby or buying a new tractor."

"Can you come out right now?" asked Veronica, standing up. "I have my car."

"I think so. Aunt Lillian is probably deep in the sorrows of her two o'clock radio serial, so I'll never be missed."

THE house was vacant, so Veronica unlocked the front door and they went in. There was a large reception hall with artistic, curved stairway. Beyond was the living room, with French doors and windows. It was so much a dream house that Camilla couldn't resist a little gasp of delight.

"I'm just starting to gather ideas on it," said Veronica. "What would yours be?"

"I'd have delft blue walls with white woodwork—the stairway, mantel and all," said Camilla promptly, "then a soft floral pattern in the carpeting and chairs to match the tones in the carpet. There'd be a rose chair, maybe, a

rose-beige, and two in blue striped satin."

"Here, wait a minute. Leave me a little bit to do," begged Veronica in mock seriousness.

They went through the rest of the house, Camilla exclaiming and spilling ideas all over the place. In fact, she was so much intrigued that when Veronica asked if she'd like to help "just for the fun of it," she accepted with alacrity.

For a week she spent all the time she could possibly spare away from her aunt's house helping to choose color schemes and furnishings. Later, she was convinced that good luck had been holding her hand, for Veronica called one morning to say that she had received a flattering offer of a job in Hawaii and could take it if Camilla would finish doing the Cartwright house.

"How about it, Sweet? It's a wonderful chance for me if you'll just take over. The Cartwrights are willing."

"I'd love to do it—if I can," answered Camilla breathlessly. "In fact, I don't think I could bear to let anyone else do it now."

She hung up and almost at once began to think she would call back and say that the whole idea was ridiculous. She had plenty to do at her aunt's home. Anyway, this wasn't what she had come to California for. And if she could be spared from Aunt Lillian at all she ought to go back to Idaho. But again—it was such an opportunity. A way to earn money, and fun besides. She didn't call back.

(To be concluded)

How Dad Became a Salesman

Luzelle S. Eliason

IT was hot. Hot enough to make you dizzy, and dry, whew!

Mom said it was good we had stored our best furniture in town when we rented our home there. She couldn't have protected it from the dust out here on the dry farm. And it sure wouldn't have matched the old house here either.

I was sitting by the house in the shade waiting for Dad to be ready to go out to the field when I saw this long, low-built car plowing up the dust as it turned in our lane. It was sort of light brown in color, and I decided it must be someone from town. It didn't belong to any of the neighboring farmers, I was sure, because I knew all their cars. It sure wasn't built for our kind of roads. Coming along there it reminded me of Mom in her square dance dress, the way it's liable to drag in the dust if she doesn't hold it up. This car sure needed to hold up its fenders.

We were always glad to see someone come, though, because we got pretty lonely. Mom did especially. We'd only bought our farm a year before, and Mom still missed her friends in Dainesville, where Dad had been mathematics teacher in the high school. At first, she had not expected to move to the farm at all; but when Dad and I went, and had lots of trouble that first year with one thing and another, she decided we needed her, so she joined us.

The car stopped by the front gate, and the man and woman in it sat there a minute looking around. Then the man got out, and I decided he was a farmer after all. He was sunburned, and was dressed in suit pants, not too recently pressed, a tan shirt open at the neck, and a felt hat tipped at just the right angle. I didn't like the smug way he was looking our place over. Nobody was asking him to live there. And then he turned to me and gave me the once over, but he didn't seem quite so displeased with me. Good thing, because I was getting all ready to be impolite.

"Ah—hello," he said, "you Mavis' boy?"

"Yeh—Sir," I said.

"Your folks home?"

"Yes, Sir. Will you come in?"

He nodded and beckoned to his wife, who got out of the car and came over.

By that time Mom had come to the door, and I thought at first she looked upset, but she quickly put on a bright smile of welcome.

"Why, Harvey Byington," she cried, very jolly, "how nice to see you. And is this your wife? I'm so glad to meet you, Mrs. Byington. Come right in."

"Oh—oh!" I thought, Harvey Byington, Mom's old beau. The one she turned down because she'd never marry a farmer. Never! I guess she would have though if she had liked him enough.

They came in the house, and I knew Mom was wishing she was inviting them in our home in Dainesville instead of this one. The last year we'd been renting it; had lived all winter on the farm in order to pay for it more quickly. If the wheat turned out good this year, we were going to remodel the farmhouse, and it sure needed it. Mom kept the three small rooms nice and clean, and put up curtains and things. There were two bedrooms and a large kitchen. We had a studio couch in the kitchen and used it for a living room, too.

MOM invited them in there to sit, saying something about things being just temporary, and she hoped they didn't mind sitting in the kitchen. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Byington sort of exchange looks, then Mrs. Byington looked pityingly at Mom.

"Don't you mind," she said. "We all know it takes time to get started—for most people. Of course we had it real lucky that way, taking over the farm from Harvey's folks. Harvey's folks left us everything completely modern, you know; water and bath in the house. Just everything."

"Oh, then you still live in Sage Valley?" That was the valley adjoining us.

"Yes, of course." It was a funny thing about Mrs. Byington. She looked a little like Mom, only not near as pretty. I guess when he couldn't get Mom, he found someone who looked as much like her as he could.

Dad came in just then. Mom introduced him to them, and soon as he could, Dad winked at me.

They talked awhile about farm prices, whether the frost had done any damage this year, and so on. Mr. Byington said, yes, he thought the yield on his farm was a little greater than Dad thought his was.

"Takes time and experience to get the best results, Reeves," he said. "You—a—studied farming at school, though, I guess." His manner said that farming wasn't anything you could learn from a book.

"No, as a matter of fact," Dad said, "mathematics was my major."

Dad was almost as tan as Mr. Byington, but to meet them both on the street, you'd know Mr. Byington was a farmer, but Dad, with his loose fitting overalls and horn-rimmed glasses, still looked more like a school teacher. It was more than that, though. Dad had a studious way with him—a manner of examining things from all angles. At any rate Mr. Byington didn't conceal the fact that he wasn't impressed with the farmer Mom had married. Mom was looking more miserable by the minute.

"Think you'll stay with this, Reeves?" Mr. Byington finally asked. I thought he sounded pretty sarcastic. "Or go back to teaching?"

Golly, I thought, Dad won't let him get away with that crack. I looked at Mom, and she was smiling brightly as if she were enjoying the whole thing, but her hands were pleating and unpleating a corner of her apron.

Dad settled back in his chair and sort of half closed his eyes as if he hadn't heard. Then he spoke very quietly, "As a matter of fact, Byington, seems to me a man takes a pretty big chance in this field. Frost, fire, hail—one hour of any of those, and what have you got?"

"Oh, I don't know. I been in the game a good many years and haven't suffered too much."

"But you have taken losses?"

"Well, yes, three, four years back the hail did quite a bit of damage."

"That's just what I mean. Look at those black clouds over there in the west. A storm in this heat is pretty likely to mean hail."

Mr. Byington walked over to the window and looked out.

"But, of course, you carry plenty of insurance against such an emergency?" Dad asked.

MR. Byington came back and sat down nervously. "Well, no, kind of neglected to take it out. I was telling the wife maybe we ought to do that. Hope we won't be too late."

"You won't be," Dad said, getting up and walking over to his desk. He opened a drawer and took out an insurance policy.

"I have a couple of these, and if you like, I'll write some hail insurance up for you. The premium is comparatively low."

"You sell hail insurance?"

"Yes," Dad said, "of course if you feel you can't afford it right now—"

"We can afford it all right," Harvey sputtered. "Sure—sure, Reeves, write it up."

So Dad wrote it up, asking questions as to acreage, section, and so on. Then he handed it to Mr. Byington to read over.

"Looks all right to me, Reeves," he said, handing it back, and taking out his checkbook. He quickly wrote out the check and gave that to Dad.

"Thank you, Byington," Dad said, putting the check in the desk drawer with the policy. "I'll send this right in, and you can relax. No more worry about the weather."

"Well—yes, sure. Thanks a lot, Reeves," Mr. Byington said, but he seemed sort of confused. "We better be going," he said to his wife.

They got up to leave then, and Dad and Mom said nice to see them, and come again, and they said they would, and come see them.

"Oh, by the way, Byington," Dad said, "you were asking whether we thought we'd stay with farming. Yes, we'll stay with it. Makes a nice side line in the insurance business."

"Yes, I guess it does," Mr. Byington said, and I could hardly keep from laughing.

After they had gone, Mother turned proudly to Dad. "Why, Franklin, you'd be a wonderful success at selling insurance. I didn't think you really meant it when you said you were going to try it."

"Darn right," Dad said, "we'll move back to Dainesville this winter, and give it a try."

It was the best news Mom had had for ages, and I was glad, too. Farming's pretty lonesome in the winter.

Conservation Looks to the Future

Helen C. Payne

United States Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, Intermountain Region

"Since the achievement of our independence, he is the greatest patriot who stops the most gullies."—Patrick Henry.

LESS than seventy-five years after Patrick Henry made the above statement, Brigham Young was stressing the need for the wise use of timber, water, and soil in the Salt Lake Valley. And in the seventy years or so that passed between Patrick Henry's pronouncement and 1847, when Brigham Young started laying out the pattern that produced the empire we know as Utah today, little thought was given to stopping gullies. Few leaders were as farsighted as Brigham Young. Coming into a new, raw, and unpopulated region with a small band of pioneers, the average leader would have been so imbued with the immediate need of helping his people feed and shelter themselves that he would not have projected his thinking and concern to generations yet unborn.

But Brigham Young was not an average leader, he was an outstanding leader and clearly understood the one basic concept of humanity's relation to natural resources, upon which all economies are built. Because of this understanding he was one of the West's outstanding conservationists.

The soil produces everything we eat and directly or indirectly almost everything we wear. In many parts of the world we have examples of nations reduced to poverty where ghost towns have been completely buried by wind-blown soil that once

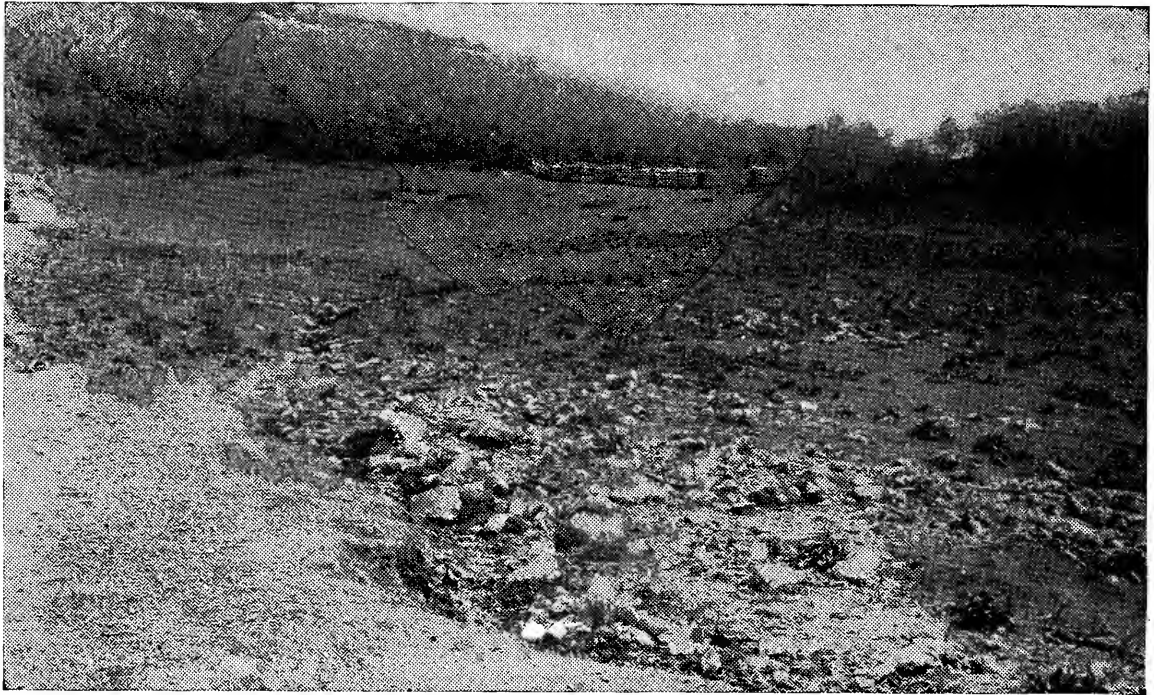
sustained prosperous agricultural communities. Fertile soil is one of the greatest basic assets any community, state, or nation can have. But no matter how fertile the soil, in the semi-arid sections of the West it cannot produce, except for a few dry land crops, until water is brought to it through irrigation.

The bringing together of water and soil is a complex problem in areas where the fertile soils lie in valleys receiving far too little annual precipitation to produce crops. The problem in these areas becomes one of making mountain watersheds produce a dependable supply of usable water for valley use.

Many demands are made on the natural resources that combine to make up a watershed. Wild life, including game animals, furbearers, predators, and some game birds depend on the high country within the national forests for food and protective cover for most of the year.

Cattle and sheep get part of their summer feed from national forest ranges, and, in most cases in Utah and other Western states, grazing allotments and watershed boundaries are synonymous.

Saw timber, mine props, fence posts, power poles, aspen for the manufacture of excelsior, are only a few of the forest products that can be harvested from the lands that make up our watersheds.



A TRIBUTARY IN FORD CANYON, DAVIS COUNTY, UTAH, 1930

Floods in Davis County, Utah, between 1923 and 1930, caused millions of dollars damage. Bare spots like this one in Ford Canyon, brought about through overgrazing, fires, and overcutting of timber, were the flood source areas. They made up only about ten per cent of the watershed area, but contributed the mud, rocks, and boulders that destroyed homes, covered valuable orchard and farm lands, and took seven lives.

The very resources on the watersheds that are in greatest demand for timber, grazing, and wild life are those that help a watershed function most efficiently. Grass, trees, shrubs, and ground litter and humus they produce build, protect, and enrich the soil. They hold the soil on the steep slopes. They absorb the melting snow and rain like a blotter soaks up water, and they release it slowly to filter through the soil to underground water channels. Remove that protective vegetative cover, and soil disturbance begins. This is how gullies start. A gully is often the forerunner of damaging mud-rock flows that plague valley communities when flash summer storms hit bare spots on the watersheds.

Brigham Young recognized the dependence of his people not only on the fertile soil of the valleys but on the natural resources in the canyons and mountains. To Brigham Young, a conservationist far ahead of his time, goes the credit for turning the water of City Creek onto dry valley lands in Utah to start the first irrigated agriculture in the United States.

PROOF of his recognition of the inter-dependence of valley and mountain resources is recorded in an ordinance that was passed in December 1850, by the House of Representatives and the Senate of the Territory of Deseret and signed by Brigham Young on January 9,

1851. This ordinance stipulated that certain rules must be followed in cutting timber. It provided that "any person wasting, burning, or otherwise destroying the timber shall be subject to all damages, and to a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars. . . ."

Resources use must be predicated on providing the greatest good for the greatest number in the long run.

Every person living in the West is a water user. From the standpoint of resource use in the West, therefore, the greatest good for the greatest number is dependable wat-

er production. This does not mean that no use can be made of the grass, plants, shrubs, and trees, but it does mean that great care must be used in harvesting the plant crops that are basic to efficient watershed functioning. True conservation means wise use of a resource so that it will be perpetuated. It has been said that conservation is one aspect of a great moral movement in the United States today.

Timber cutting on the national forests is done on a harvest basis and only an amount equal to the annual growth is removed. This



SAME LOCATION—PICTURE TAKEN IN 1946

The highest value that can be assigned to any land, such as the mountains above the Davis County valleys, is for the water it produces and the protection it gives from the fear of floods.

This spot in Ford Canyon has been healed through protection, and reseeding. Many gullies were stopped in this Davis County project, and no floods have occurred from the areas that were treated.

practice improves a timber stand and accelerates the growth. Improper logging and overcutting, on the other hand, can deplete a timber stand and result in erosion.

Grass and other plants can be harvested by cattle, sheep, and wild animals if the forage is not eaten by the animals to a point where the vigor of the plant is impaired and the watershed damaged. The death of the plants through overuse is followed by intrusion of less desirable and sometimes poisonous species that cannot maintain the summer forage upon which the animals depend. Erosion, gullies, and bare flood source spots follow plant depletion.

AT conference on October 7, 1865, Orson Hyde said, "I find the longer we live in these valleys that the range is becoming more and more destitute of grass. . . . and where grass once grew luxuriantly, there is now nothing but the desert weed, and hardly a spear of grass is seen. . . . There is no profit in this and it is displeasing to God."

The great mineral wealth of the West could not be produced without the vast quantities of water needed for the mines, mills, smelters, and steel plants. Last year in Utah 528 million pounds of copper, over six million tons of coal, and more than one million tons each of pig iron and steel ingots

and castings were produced. A dependable supply of water will be needed in this and future generations to maintain this phase of our economy that has become so important.

So, for continued life, agricultural and industrial development in Utah and the West, we of this generation are challenged to protect and wisely use the soil, grass, plants, and timber on our watersheds. By so doing a continued supply of water for valley use will be replenished to complete the resource chain. Man is the dependent link in this chain. Untouched by man, these resources through the ages have built up to their climax, maintained a natural balance, and produced the highest that Nature intended for them until man, God's greatest creation, needed to harvest them for his own perpetuation.

The challenge thrown out by Patrick Henry is not something to be cast idly aside. The vital importance of wisely using our natural resources has been recognized for centuries. Apathy has been the greatest foe of conservation. To enjoy the natural resources which are basic to our life and economy is the privilege of every citizen; to take an active part in seeing that they are perpetuated for present and unborn generations to enjoy is the moral responsibility of every citizen.

Christine's Extravagance

Beth Bernice Johnson

CHRISTINE stared into the window of Berk's Department Store for a long time. At last she started down the sun-filled street, walking slowly and undecidedly.

They are simply beautiful, she thought, with a stir of excitement deep inside of her. Exquisitely beautiful.

They reminded her of something. What was it? She tried to remember if it was the color. She walked slowly down the street, then stopped. With a quick turn, she went hurriedly back to the store window. Not that she was going to buy them, just go in and feel them, see if the leather was as soft as it looked to her. So that is how it happened that she found herself in Berk's Department Store.

Christine walked across the thick carpeted floor to the paneled staircase of the escalator and quickly stepped on, holding her purse tightly under her arm.

She was met in the shoe department by a clean-shaven, neatly dressed young man.

"Could I help you?" he asked very courteously.

She stood there undecided as to whether he could or not. At last in a hesitant voice she answered him. "Well, yes, I suppose you can. I saw a pair of shoes in the window downstairs, I'd like to see them, please."

She moved across the room to a gray, silk-covered French Provincial chair. The clerk measured her foot,

placing it on the delicately shaped footstool.

"Just which pair of shoes do you have in mind?" he asked her, before he started through the curtained doorway to the back shelves.

"The sandals in the east window, the ones in that lovely shade of red." Her face was flushed, and small drops of moisture formed on her upper lip. He gave her a very odd look and disappeared behind the curtain.

Through deep blue eyes she watched the clerks moving soundlessly back and forth. Restless anticipation stirred inside of her.

The shoes were all and more than she had anticipated. As he gently pressed them on her small, dainty feet, they were as soft as a pair of kid gloves.

"They fit you perfectly," the young man remarked as he smiled into her face.

"Yes, they really do." She sighed as she looked in the foot mirror, turning from side to side. They were simply beautiful. She knew she was beaming.

"How much are they?" Her voice was eager. It wasn't the cost she worried about exactly, but the practical side of her knew that these shoes were not an essential.

When he told her, she announced, "I'll take them."

The clerk looked at her, with a somewhat surprised expression on his face.

"Do you want to wear them?" he questioned.

She felt the color drain from her face. "I guess not," she answered him. "Just wrap them, please, I'm in a hurry." She handed him the money and walked with him to the desk, and on out into the spring-filled day.

As she neared her own house she slowed down, and opened the door with the newly purchased package tightly gripped under her arm.

ONCE inside, she let her breath go. Her room was down the hall. She quietly started toward it, hoping no one would see her.

When at last she was in her room, she leaned against the door, thankful to have carried her new purchase into the house without being seen.

Christine sat in the rocker, and before she removed her hat or coat she slipped the bright red shoes on

her feet. Oh, the feel of them, she thought, as she walked proudly across the room. She hung up her coat and hat and then carefully took off the new red shoes, admiring their color. She gently placed them in the box and pushed them under the chest of drawers.

"I will wear them every once in a while for Will," she murmured, turning toward a picture that was placed upon the chest of drawers.

"Now I know why I wanted them so much. They reminded me of that pair Will wanted me to buy. He always did like red shoes, but somehow I never thought they were very practical."

People would laugh at an old lady, seventy-six, buying such a foolish pair of shoes. "But I can wear them any time I want to when I am alone, and Will won't think I am foolish, I know," she decided, and smiled at her husband's picture.

Bad Habits Are Like Weeds

Naomi S. MacCabe

TODAY, as I was weeding a spot of ground at the side of my yard, a friend, an elderly woman, came by.

She stopped and watched me for a few moments before she said, "Weeds are like bad habits. The only way to get rid of each one permanently is to put something else in its place, crowd it out so that it cannot come back."

I realized how true and full of wisdom her words were. Only a few weeks before I had cleaned the weeds from this very soil, and now they were all back again! If I had planted flowers or a ground-covering of ivy, there would have been no space left for the weeds.

It is the same principle with bad habits. We wish to stop a bad habit. But often we do not make preparation and start a good habit to replace the bad habit. We merely decide to stop. Then, before we know it, the bad habit has crept back like the weeds and taken possession again. Bad habits are like weeds. The only way to get rid of both permanently is to be sure flowers are planted when we remove weeds, and good habits begun and continued when we break with bad habits.

Let's Write a Poem

(Continued from page 386)

poems, though rejected, no doubt possess the germ of quality. Many have interesting and original viewpoints, but must be returned to their authors because of obvious faults which should not be there. Sometimes they ignore the simplest rules of construction.

If we are to grow and improve the quality of our poetry, we must be critical with our own poems, the judges will need to be. Whether our idea or emotion is sufficiently matured within the the mind and heart that the final phrasing comes very easily, or whether we act immediately upon a sudden poetic impulse and then work and revise later is of little importance. The important thing is that the poem in its final form shall express through careful choice of words and images, the exact emotion we would like to arouse in our readers.

IT is hoped that many of the women who read this article will want to enter the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. The purpose of this article and of those previously printed in the June issues of *The Relief Society Magazine*, is to encourage our women to express themselves effectively in poetry, and to review some of the points that should be considered.

We must be reminded not only of factors that make for good poetry but of weaknesses which should not appear in our poems. We must realize that if an idea is worth expressing in poetry, it is worth the time and effort required to make that idea articulate and the poem

structurally sound. If we are interested in poetry enough to want to write, we should be willing to learn something of the technique of writing.

No one would consider herself an artist who did not study some phase of art, or a musician who did not acquire some of the techniques of music. Nor would a pianist appear upon a concert program without having first rehearsed over and over the numbers she intends to render. A poem may reach an audience numbering many thousands and may be read and reread and enjoyed over a period of many years.

There are a number of good textbooks on poetry writing which can be enjoyed. They are valuable in teaching the basic requirements of poetry, and in pointing out the details of effective composition and the mistakes which we should avoid.

Obvious rhyming makes a poem commonplace and uninteresting. Such rhymes as love and dove, spring and wing, bliss and kiss, desire and fire, have grown stale from overuse.

A writer should not use words called poeticisms, such as "tis" "twas," "gainst," "neath," and "bide." Once these expressions were not considered objectionable, but they are not in good usage today. The literary critic Clement Wood says this: "Your poetry will gain strength, dignity, directness, and beauty if you let it speak the natural language that you and your readers understand."

THE poet should avoid inverting a phrase or line when done for the sake of rhyme or meter. Consider the following lines:

Pines where birds do shelter seek.
 Rolled by have the ages.
 The eyes of the world upon us are.

How much more pleasing and effective these ideas would be if they were expressed through words placed in their natural order. Clement Wood says of this fault: "The best poetic language is the most straightforward."

If a certain metrical pattern is begun, there should, of course, be reasonable conformity. Most people enjoy the sound of words that rhyme if rhyming is not made obvious by the use of trite rhyme words, and all of us are moved more or less by rhythm.

The discipline that pattern and rhyme demand is good for all beginners. Many beautiful and enduring poems have been written in free verse, but amateurs often find it an easy and lazy road. Their results are often mere chatter, with little unity and no cadence. It is probably more difficult to make free verse memorable than that written in the traditional forms. If we use this freedom we should be sure that the poem possesses rhythmic movement; it must in some way sing, or it is prose and not a poem.

Some of the greatest truths and most valuable lessons are taught in poetry, but they are taught more by implication than by direct teaching. All subjects should receive careful attention so that they will not sound

preachy. Familiar and frequently used subjects, such as motherhood, children, home, and nature, require an original approach in order to make them interesting. The poet should remember this also when dealing with war and pioneer themes.

It is my opinion that poems submitted to our poetry contests more often fall short of quality because they have been hastily written, and therefore contain many obvious faults that could easily be eliminated, than because of any lack of a worthwhile theme. This should be encouraging to the woman who writes only occasionally. Because of this belief I stress the need to go over the poem carefully before submitting it, and eliminate the obvious faults which will prevent it from placing in the contest, even though the idea involved be fresh and original. The author should read her poem aloud, to see if there are awkward or trite words or phrases. She should see that all "poeticisms" are missing. Then she may ask herself:

Have I said what I want to say, or have I sacrificed precious nuances of thought or feeling for the sake of rhyme or meter?

Does my poem speak in phrases that are fresh and in some way a little different?

Have I made use of descriptive words and images that will stir the imagination, waken memory, or lead the minds of my readers into new lanes of thought?

Is my poem as much my very own as I can possibly make it?

Does it sound sincere, with no affectations or words used merely to attract attention?

Even though a poem may pass the test questions I have suggested, it may not place in the contest. But if it is a good poem it will not be the author's last one. There are greater satisfactions in poetry than winning a prize, as desirable as that may be. One of these is the pleasure of creating something—making an idea articulate so that it may be enjoyed by others. But perhaps the greatest satisfaction is that through developing the poetic attitude, the poet learns to discover the metals of value which are dif-

fused through the common clays of everyday life.

Books to Study

HAMILTON, ANNE: *How to Revise Your Own Poems*, The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass. (\$1.50).

HILLYER, ROBERT: *First Principles of Verse*, The Writer, Inc., 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass. (\$2.00).

WOOD, CLEMENT: *Art and Technique of Writing Poetry*, *Writer's Digest*, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio (\$2.50).

ZILLMAN, LAWRENCE J.: *Writing Your Poem*, Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York City. (\$2.75).

Only the Bees Remain

Mary Gustafson

Wild clematis winds round the sprawling limb
Where once a swing was hung, then left to be
Frayed token of some child who touched the rim
Of earth and sky in swift infinity.

Clay brick lies crumbling in the sun
Where rampant flame of wilding rose is host
To lizards in its thorn. Striped chipmunks run
The rotting length of time's gray garden post.

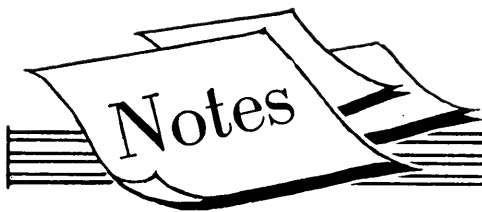
The gracile honeysuckle trails the low
Rocks foundationing the empty air;
The spring house water drifts in trickling flow
Through green of moss and lace of maidenhair.

Gone . . . all but golden bees that swarm through day
And make a hive in crumbled hearth of clay.

The Unraveling

C. Cameron Johns

River,
Where does your dark thread unwind?
Morose willows follow the long skein,
And meadows sleep beside the curving strands.
The sun and wind
Touch surfaces with laughter,
And I, who follow idly the unraveling,
Am spun by currents
Kindred to your own.



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by LaNola C. Driggs

LIBERTY STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), EIGHTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS A DISPLAY OF HOBBIES

Front row, seated, left to right: Rose Woodruff; Melba Larson; Ella J. Done; Anna Tonneson; Myrtle Richins.

Back row, standing, left to right: President Margaret Allen; Second Counselor Katie Quellmalz; Secretary Katherine McOmie; Lucy B. Wilson; Bessie Evans; Dora Worthen; Mary Dell Young; Janet O'Driscoll; DeEsta Cope; Florence Mills; Laura King; First Counselor Hazel Peck.

Many different types of handwork were displayed at this hobby exhibit: crochet work, figurines, textile painting, ceramics, paper flowers, and many kinds of embroidery.

LaNola C. Driggs is president of Liberty Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Leonor J. Brown

ARGENTINE MISSION, TANDIL BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Elder Dean M. Johnson; Elder Juan Carlos Avila; Elder James A. Crookston; Catherine S. Brown; Ethel Bertalot, President, Tandil Branch Relief Society; Leonor J. Brown, President, Argentine Mission Relief Society; Harold Brown, President, Argentine Mission.



Photograph submitted by Rula W. Choules

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, TAMPA (FLORIDA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY HOLDS BAZAAR, December 4, 1950

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Grace E. Fernandez; First Counselor Maud Legler; President Dorthea H. Bell; Second Counselor Mildred Fralich; work meeting leader Genevieve Opp.

The bazaar consisted of 145 articles, including various kinds of embroidery, crochet, plain sewing, plastic key rings, book ends, footstools, and four baskets of fruit.

Rula W. Choules is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lela S. Telford

**WOODRUFF STAKE, RANDOLPH (UTAH) WARD VISITING TEACHERS
MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR 1950**

These thirty-six visiting teachers shown in the photograph have achieved their excellent record by attending to their duties regularly and promptly and by their devotion to this important part of the Relief Society program.

Esther L. Warburton is president of Woodruff Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by May W. Andrus

**NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, OSGOOD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
CONDUCTS HOMECOMING FOR ITS MEMBERS**

Seated at the left of the table, left to right, former officers: Secretary Beatrice Thornton; Second Counselor Marjorie Oswald; First Counselor Ora Warnock; President Margaret Albertson.

Seated at the right of the table, left to right, are the new officers: President Norma Drollinger; First Counselor Lillian Gerrard; Second Counselor Harriet Richards; Secretary Ruth Machen.

Seventy-three women, including many former members of the Osgood Ward Relief Society, enjoyed this homecoming social.

May W. Andrus is president of North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Gladys S. Boyer

**KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS
ACHIEVE A 100% RECORD FOR SEVENTEEN MONTHS**

Ward officers, seated, left to right in the front row: First Counselor Alta Taylor; Second Counselor Florence Boyer; Secretary Mabel Brown.

In the center, front row, Eugenia Bird is seen holding the picture of President Arbeth Dalton, who was out of the State at the time the picture was taken.

A party was given by the ward presidency in honor of this successful and devoted group of visiting teachers on March 5, 1951.

Gladys S. Boyer is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Emeline W. Marley

**PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO), MARSH CENTER WARD RUGMAKING
PROJECT, September 1950**

The ward Relief Society president, Ada Parris, is seated at the right of the loom, and Margart Pope, work meeting leader, is standing sixth from the left in the back row.

Relief Society women are shown around the loom which they use for their welfare assignments and for custom work. The Marsh Center Ward Relief Society was organized in 1882.

Emeline W. Marley is president of Portneuf Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Grace E. Berndt

**WILFORD STAKE (UTAH), VALLEY VIEW WARD VISITING TEACHERS
WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A 100 PER CENT VISITING TEACHING
RECORD FOR FOUR YEARS**

This excellent record was begun under the leadership of Lois R. Gunderson, as president of the ward Relief Society, with Afton A. Wright and Ella N. Olsen as her counselors, and Mary S. Goodman as secretary. These sisters were released in July 1950, but the record continues under the leadership of Lenore C. Gunderson as president, with Dorothy R. Larson and Hazel B. Jackson as counselors, and Mary S. Goodman retained as secretary.

The ward has 285 families, 34 districts, 68 teachers, and 6 supervisors. The supervisors at present are: Evelyn E. Bolton; Camille C. Holmgren; Nelta B. Spencer; Catherine C. Williams; Cora R. Hazelgren; Andrea E. Kesler.

Grace E. Berndt is president of Wilford Stake Relief Society, and formerly president of Big Cottonwood Stake Relief Society. Valley View Ward was formerly a part of Big Cottonwood Stake, but is now in Wilford Stake.



Photograph submitted by Venice Ricks

**SAN JOAQUIN STAKE (CALIFORNIA) STOCKTON AND YOSEMITE
WARDS SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT YULETIDE PROGRAMS**

Front row, left to right: Accompanist Rita Spracher; LaVee Pope; Virginia Taylor; Elgie Kidd; Wealtha Mendenhall; Lorraine Peckham; Thelma Cluff; Sophia Bingham; director Dorothy Sutton.

Second row, left to right: Ellen Burt; Vera Guymon; Lucille Bourdenave; Ivy Brown; Helen Seymour; Cleo Smith; Rita Stone; Betty Williams.

Back row, left to right: Sally Vanderford; Zina Shumway; Ella Hart; Olive Sattler; Dorothy Bues; LaVell Burger; Edna Rooker; Margaret Rooker; Mildred Eck.

Venice Ricks, President, San Joaquin Stake Relief Society, reports the success of the Singing Mothers of these two wards: "These singers are considered one of the most popular groups in Central California. They were featured during the Christmas season over radio station KXOB, rendering Christmas carols and sacred songs; on December 5th, they gave a program for the Stockton Lion's Club. On November 20th, they were featured by the Stockton Music Club in a full hour's program of choral selections. These Singing Mothers have had a continuous singing history since their organization several years ago by Jennie Shepherd."



Photograph submitted by Lucille L. Wight and Ezma L. Knudson

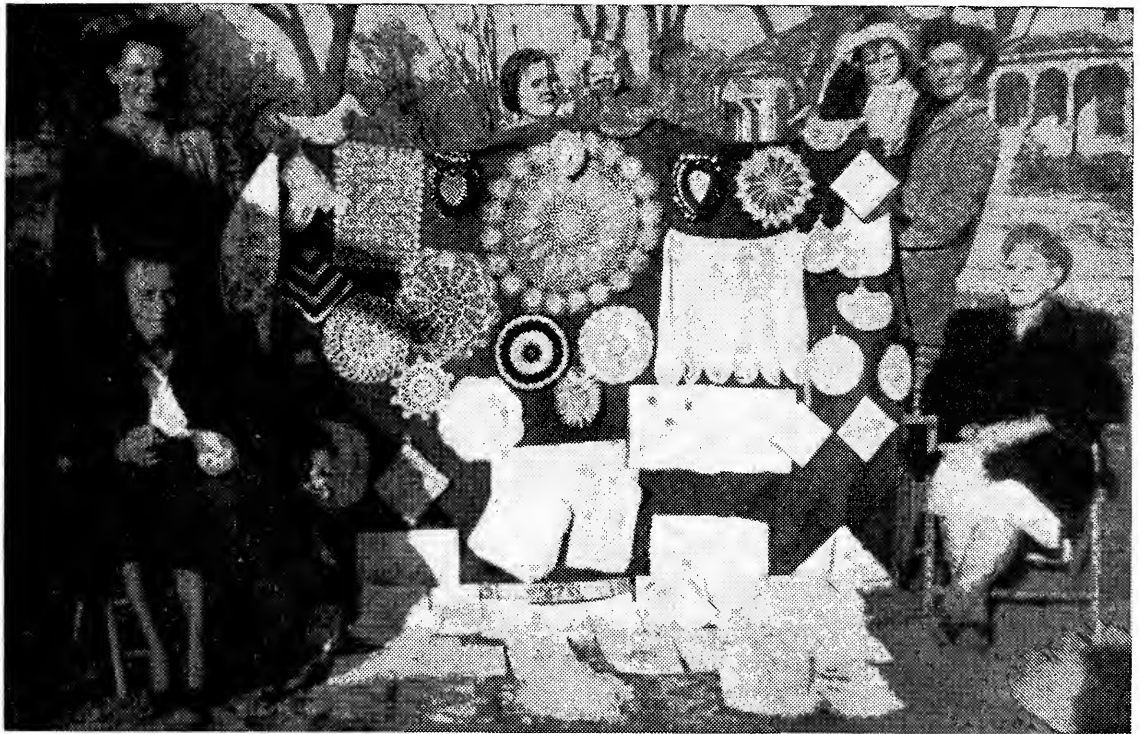
NORTH BOX ELDER AND SOUTH BOX ELDER STAKES (UTAH) WORK MEETING AT THE INTERMOUNTAIN INDIAN SCHOOL, BRIGHAM CITY

Seated around the table, left to right: Gale Brown and her mother, Dorothy Brown; Margaret Lincoln; Rose Young, work supervisor; Joan Christensen; Josephine Antonio and her daughter Bridget Rose Antonio; Carmelita Topha and her mother, Evelyn Topha; Kathryn Daniels.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mae Jensen, co-chairman; Beatrice Hansen, chairman; Verna Burt, music director; Marion Newton; First Counselor, North Box Elder Stake Relief Society, Hazel Bott; Rita Denetdele, in whose home the meetings are held; Laura Bennett.

The Relief Societies of North and South Box Elder Stakes have inaugurated a work class at the Intermountain Indian School, Brigham City, Utah, for the benefit of the women attendants. Instruction is given in textile painting, crocheting, knitting, quilting, and other crafts. The Navajo women do beautiful handwork. They are artists with color and are very accurate and patient in learning the correct procedure.

Lucille L. Wight is president of North Box Elder Stake Relief Society, and Ezma L. Knudson is president of South Box Elder Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Annie M. Ellsworth

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, CHANUTE (KANSAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Seated at left: First Counselor Marguerite Barnhill, and at right, Second Counselor Carrie Stratton.

Standing, at the back: Dorothy Cleaver; Edna West and daughter Ellen; President Thelma W. Postlewait and daughter Becky.

This small branch, organized in 1946, consists of a membership devoted to the work of Relief Society, and the varied and beautiful articles prepared for their bazaar give evidence of the artistic talent and the industry of these sisters.

Annie M. Ellsworth is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.

I Love My Little Kitchen

Lydia B. Egbert

I love my little kitchen
With its cosy atmosphere—
Oh, there never was a palace
That could hold one half the cheer!

The shining gold-splashed window
Framed in a crispy frill,
With a potted, red geranium
To make it brighter still;

The braided mats in colors gay;
The plaques upon the wall;

The tinkling sound of pots and pans
Before the dinner call.

Oh, I love my little kitchen
From the ceiling to the floor;
From each tiny nook and corner
To the hinges on its door.

Lord, hallow here my humble shrine,
And let each task within
Be ended with but eagerness
For others to begin.

Tribute to Adele Cannon Howells

(Continued from page 382)

Though comparatively young in years, Adele Cannon Howells was old in hours. She had lost no time. The distance on life's journey is marked not by the number of leaves torn from the calendar but by the number of good deeds done.

Sister Howells lived by faith. She had faith in her co-workers and faith in her leaders. She had an unwavering faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ. She trusted in her Heavenly Father with all her heart. In all her ways she acknowledged him and he directed her paths.

Let's Write a Story

(Continued from page 387)

a person. Kipling used a mongoose in his deathless "Rikki-tikki Tavi." The hero, or villain, of one best seller was a storm.

Plotting is the chain of events upon which the writer proves his characters and his premise. The plot should be taken from the events in life that test the mettle of the people that live, or from imaginative events within the possibility of reason. It is of no use to tell the reader that our characters are brave, heroic, and ingenious. We must prove it by plots that put their qualities to the test.

WHEN the author has chosen and built well thus far, he can assume the pose of the bystander, like a man who has plowed his furrows and built his dams, and now

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has only to stand by and watch the water irrigate the land. If he turned pigs or molasses into these channels, his purpose would be defeated, but not more so than the author who sets unruly people in weak plots and has no direction, or premise. All other qualities of the story should be the natural outgrowth of the premise, the characters, and the plot. These other elements are: conflict, background, suspense, mood, dialogue, even the final outcome of the story.

The dynamics of reactions of one character upon another, against premise and plot, are the conflicts. Some of those recognized are: man against the elements, man against nature, man against ignorance, man against man, and man against himself. The world is full of conflicts

that grip the heart, situations so vital that actual life or death depend upon human decisions, and concepts that will sway for good or evil the eternal spirit of man. The discerning author will not be forced to the overplotting and unnatural reactions so prevalent in cheap literature.

Plot and conflict lead to suspense, a powerful tool of writing, for without it the story will have no readers. A newspaper tells the story of an event in the first sentence, even in the headline. It is retold in the first paragraph, told again in more detail in the second, and enlarged upon thereafter. This newspaper method reverses all the laws of good story telling, but is necessary because a space-making editor or a headline-scanning reader may chop it off any place, and it must be complete. In the short story, interest and curiosity are caught in the "story hook," preferably in the first line, and built up from that small beginning. There is a steady rise in emotion, a steady thickening of plot and growing tension toward the climax, which immediately precedes the end of the story. The author must finish off the story in quick and telling strokes after the climax, or his readers will leave him and he has lost the game he has been playing with them.

THE author creates the feeling of authenticity in many ways, causing his reader to identify himself with one of the characters of the story, and feel as familiar in the background as if it were his own. Sound character analysis, true emotional reactions, natural conversation, the logical order of events, the

flow of one situation into another, all further authenticity.

The clever author appeals to the five senses, so that the reader hears the waves booming against the cliffs, rustling and hissing among the rocks, smells the rank seaweed and the faint fishiness of the water, feels the rush of it onto the beach, the sand give way beneath his feet, the pull of the undertow when it recedes, as well as seeing the lines of breakers ride in to spend themselves against the land.

Take this setting, add a darkening sky, make the windblown seagull be lost against a somber sea, his cry stilled in tempest, and you have mood. Not all published stories have mood, but it is a good tool to engender gaiety, peace, dignity, anger, fright. These can be brought about by using word families. The careful author will not mix his key words, as: ethereal, light, sodden, fairy. *Mood is the music of writing.*

All that has gone before may have been done in the mind of the author or on paper, but only now will he be ready to write. Good beginnings are striven for, titles carefully chosen, names of places and people worked out to be least confusing and to demand the most arresting attention. A short story will rarely accommodate more than one mood, one pivotal character, or one viewpoint, and will tolerate no excess of words or ideas.

A good painter details only the focal point of his painting, and the detail of a short story is given in *dialogue* and *drama*. Dialogue should further the story or not be used. Speeches should express the character rather than the author.

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Books to Study

CAMPBELL, WALTER S.: *Writing Advice and Devices*, Doubleday & Company, New York (\$3.50).

HAWKINS, WILLARD: *The Technique of Fiction, The Author and Journalist* Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado (\$2.50).

HOGREFE, PEARL: *The Process of Creative Writing*, Harper and Brothers, New York City, New York (\$3.00).

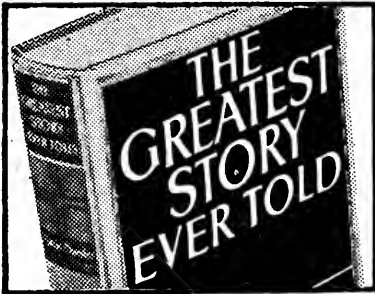
MONTGOMERY, VAIDA STEWART: *First Aid for Fictionists*, The Kaleidograph Press, 624 North Vernon Avenue, Dallas 8, Texas (\$1.00).

PARKE, HUGH L.: *The Basic Technique of Fiction*, Hugh L. Parke Writer's Agency, 389 Tuxedo Avenue, Detroit 3, Michigan (\$1.00).

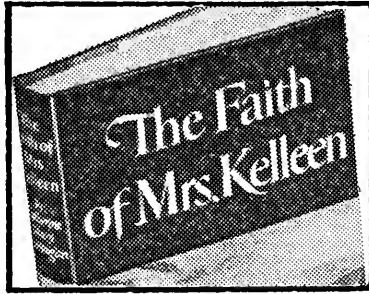
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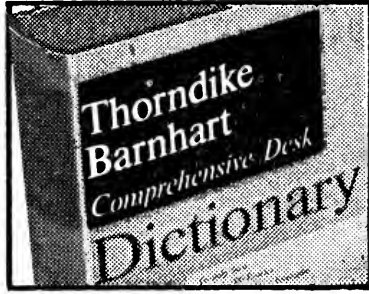
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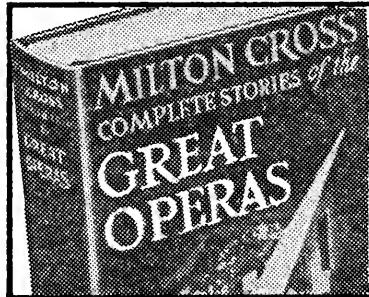
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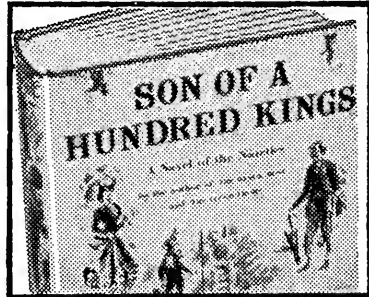
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From Near and Far

I am first counselor in the Hanna Ward, Duchesne Stake, and love the work of Relief Society. I wish to thank you for a lovely Magazine and the comfort it brings into my home. I am the mother of seven children (six of them still living), and we live on a farm.

—Connie Lee, Hanna, Utah

In noting the article "Soup Makes the Meal" by Sara Mills (March 1951 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*) I find the recipes very attractive. I must try the Minestrone soup sometime. It sounds so delicious.

—Mrs. M. G. Barnes,
Austin, Texas

Our whole family reads and enjoys *The Relief Society Magazine*. I send gift subscriptions to our two married daughters because I feel that the stories are inspirational and uplifting. I especially enjoy the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and think it has encouraged the production of some outstanding literature. The articles and lessons are also wonderful. My husband reads and enjoys the Magazine with me.

—Mrs. Lella N. Smith,
Preston, Idaho

I especially enjoyed the editorial in the April Magazine entitled "Therewith to Be Content." It is so timely and very encouraging. Your counsel is always uplifting and encouraging to those of us who are so far away from the headquarters of our wonderful organization.

—Madge P. Fowler,
Pasadena, California

Our wonderful Magazine is an inspiration to me. The interesting articles are becoming more valuable to me each day to help solve the myriad problems involved in caring for my family. Now that the children are able to help me a little more, I get more time to read and enjoy the stories and beautiful lesson material.

—Emeline Y. Watts,
Logan, Utah

I wish to express my thoughts to our beloved President George Albert Smith and I so much enjoyed the "Congratulations on His Eighty-First Birthday," (April 1951) which so well express the wishes of all of us. I love the social science and theology lessons. My husband is most interested in the lessons and stories. They are inspiring and strengthening. The editorial "Therewith to Be Content," (page 252) is so impressive that I have read it a number of times. It comforts me.

—Maude D. Fisher,
Rexburg, Idaho

I like *The Relief Society Magazine* because it is part of our home. We go to it for comfort, counsel, and advice just as naturally as we would go to an easy chair to rest. It fills many needs: spiritual food, clean, wholesome recreation, cooking helps, sewing helps, helps in entertaining, arranging flowers. "Notes From the Field" keep us in touch with what is going on, and the "Woman's Sphere" is just like getting a letter from home.

—Louise Mariger,
El Monte, California

I am renewing my subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*, hoping that I am not too late to receive all the issues. It is a wonderful Magazine, and I get so hungry for religion that I read every word of it, and it is a great comfort to me. There is a branch of the Church here which we attend, but, with it being in German, we understand very little.

—Arlene P. Hemsley,
Salzburg, Austria

The Magazine is so much a part of me that as soon as I receive it I look to see who has written poetry. I am so pleased with the lovely poems, and am trying to be worthy to be listed among the writers.

—Hilda V. Cameron, St. George, Utah

I would be lost without *The Relief Society Magazine*. It has been in our home since it began publication.

—Alice L. Larson, Logan, Utah

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Vol. 38

JULY 1951

No. 7

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Fasting and the Fast Day	Milton R. Hunter	436
In Memoriam — Sister Augusta Winters Grant		440
The Family Hour With Grandmother Who Lives Alone	Rosetta Wallace Bennett	446
Vacation in Mexico	Olive W. Burt	450

FICTION

A Vacation for Mother	Sylvia Probst Young	442
For the Strength of the Hills — Chapter 6 (Conclusion)	Mabel Harmer	463
Mirage	Agnes C. Beebe	469

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		454
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	455
Editorial: "The Covenant of Freedom"	Vesta P. Crawford	456
Relief Society Congratulates Newly Appointed Primary Presidency		457
From Near and Far		504

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

New Ways With Vegetables	Evelyn Hansen	460
An Inexpensive Outfit for the Baby	Helen Martin	462
Graham Crackers for Summertime Deserts	Sara Mills	470
These Things Are Ours Forever	Betty Zieve	500

LESSONS AND PREVIEWS

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons		472
Theology: Characters and Teachings of the Book of Mormon, Preview		473
Origin and Analysis of The Book of Mormon	Leland H. Monson	474
Visiting Teacher Messages: Book of Mormon Gems of Truth, Preview		481
"And Behold, I Tell You These Things . . ."	Leone O. Jacobs	482
Work Meeting—Sewing: The Art of Mending, Preview		483
Introductory	Jean Ridges Jennings	485
Literature: The Literature of England, Preview		486
Introduction to Romanticism	Briant S. Jacobs	487
Social Science: The Progress of Man, Preview		492
Apostasy and Degeneration	Archibald F. Bennett	493
Music: Fundamentals of Musicianship, Preview		497
Conducting, Accompanying, and Program Planning	Florence J. Madsen	498

POETRY

Hill Treasure — Frontispiece	Dorothy J. Roberts	435
"Spheroid Hour," by Eva Willes Wangsgaard, 441; "The Gardener," Grace Sayre, 445; "On Petals Falling," by Maryhale Woolsey, 445; "With Him So Near," by Ruth H. Chadwick, 449; "Father's Shoes," by Christie Lund Coles, 453; "Golden Wedding," by Alice Morrey Bailey, 459; "Summer Storm," by Beatrice K. Ekman, 459; "Compensation," by Maude O. Cook, 459; "Growing Days," by Katherine Fernelius Larsen, 468; "Gypsy Soul," by Grace B. Wilson, 502; "Light and Shadows," by Evelyn Fjeldsted, 502; "First Steps," by Bernice T. Clayton, 502; "Desert Scene," by Bertha Cragun, 503; "Prayer," by Virginia L. Morris, 503; "On Old Faces," by Mabel Law Atkinson, 503.		

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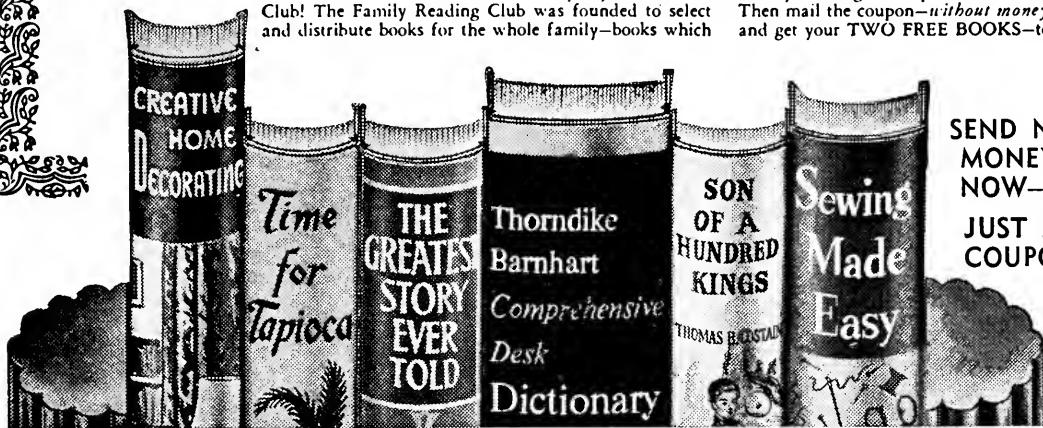
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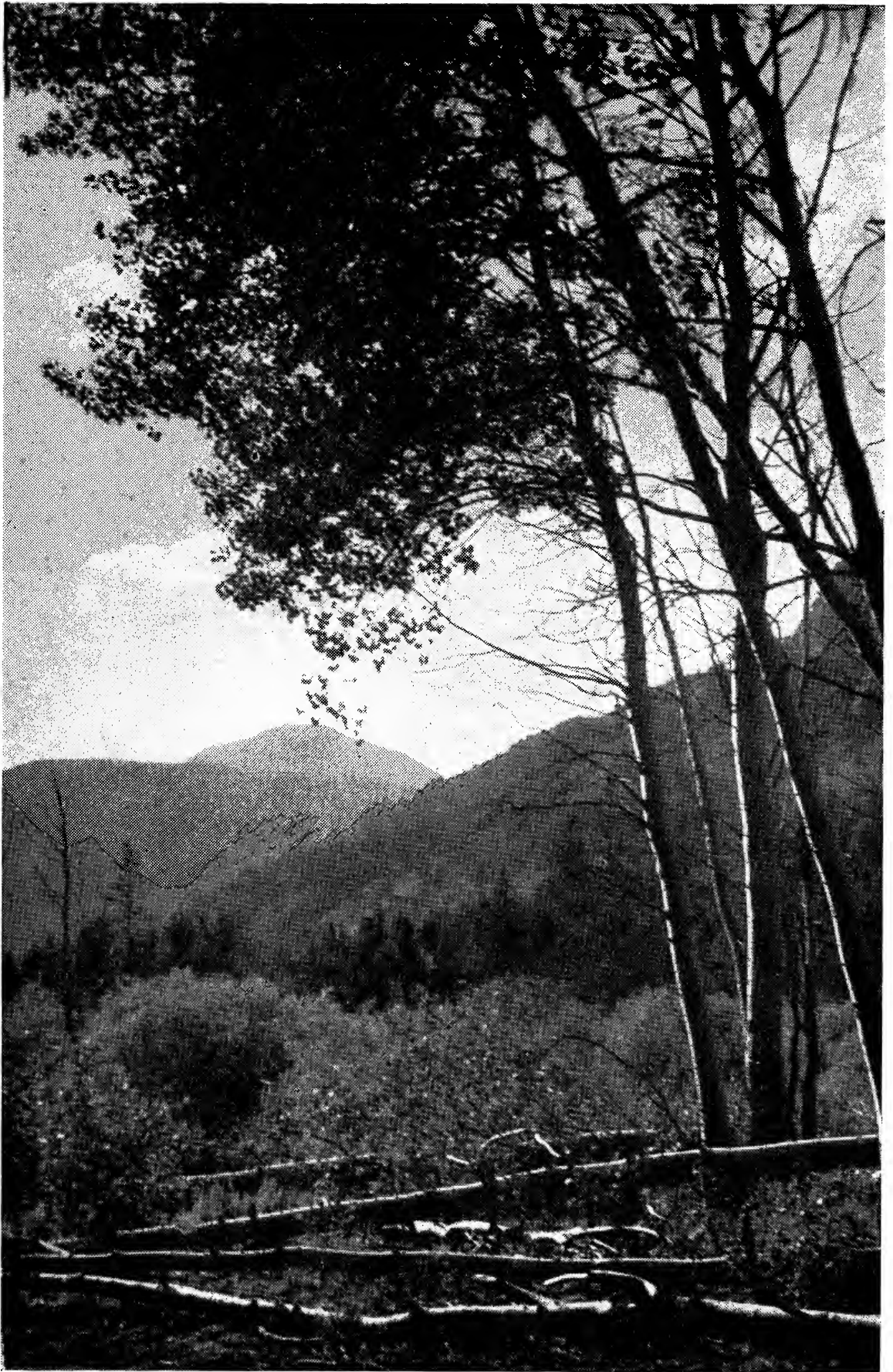
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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JULY 1951

Hill Treasure

Dorothy J. Roberts

When tides of shadow, stained with sky, are rising
Toward aspen trembling on the sun's gold reef,
I search the hills to gather peace and wisdom
From beauty twined with water, wing, and leaf.

The hill above me is a green disc lifted
Against a cloud, laced with cerulean dye,
And from the tilted platter of the ridges,
I search the blue eternities of sky.

I touch a tall millenium of pine trees
And know here some wild, tripping heart found rest,
When the knoll was young, upon this pool of shadow,
In some past, silent legend of the West.

I mark the stern economy of mountains,
Each bright-leaved summer layered into mold,
No ravage to consume its green, more swiftly
Than autumn's scarlet flame and snow's white fold.

The centuries are carved on hill and canyon
And truth is here, an integrated part,
But when I look for peace, I find here only
The peace I carry with me in my heart.

The Cover: "This Is the Place" Monument, Salt Lake City, Utah,
Photograph by Otto Done. Cover Design by Evan Jensen.

Fasting and the Fast Day

President Milton R. Hunter

Member, First Council of the Seventy

AS part of the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the word of the Lord came to the Latter-day Saints as follows: "I give unto you a commandment that ye shall continue in prayer and fasting from this time forth" (D. & C. 88:76). Each member of the Church of Jesus Christ when he was baptized entered into a covenant with the Eternal Father to serve him and keep all of his commandments; each of us, then, is under covenant with God the Father and his Only Begotten Son to observe the law of fasting and prayer. This covenant must be kept if we are to prove faithful in all things whatsoever the Lord our God commandeth us.

The Eternal Father in his wisdom gave to his children here on the earth the commandments to fast and pray, to purify their hearts, and to draw near to him in righteousness. The law of the fast is probably as old as the human family; and it has been observed by the saints of the Most High throughout the various gospel dispensations. In fact, the admonition to the seekers after truth in ancient days was as follows:

Yea, come unto him [Christ], and offer your whole souls as an offering unto him, and continue in fasting and praying, and endure to the end; and as the Lord liveth ye will be saved (Omni 1:26).

In ancient times, prophet-leaders repeatedly gave to Church members

the commandment to observe the law of fasting and praying. For example, in the days of Alma, the following is reported in the Book of Mormon:

Nevertheless the children of God were commanded that they should gather themselves together oft, and join in fasting and mighty prayer (Alma 6:6).

A careful analysis of the holy scriptures reveals the fact that the ancient prophets maintained that in order to have a perfect fast, it must always be accompanied by sincere prayer, or, as the Nephite historian put it—by "mighty prayer" (3 Nephi 27:1).

Some people are prone to question the wisdom of the Lord in commanding his children to fast and pray, and they inquire regarding the benefits derived therefrom. God, however, has not left his children without an answer to such inquiries. For example, Paul, the apostle to the gentiles, in his letter to the Corinthian saints, pointed out a significant and important result. He said: "... give yourselves to fasting and prayer . . . that Satan tempt you not" (1 Cor. 7:5). Even if this were the only reason for fasting and praying, the experience would be justified; however, several other purposes shall be mentioned.

Soon after the Church of Jesus Christ was restored to earth in the latter days, the Lord gave the saints a commandment regarding the proper observance of the Sabbath

day. In addition to other important instructions, he said:

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 devotions unto the Most High. . . . Verily, this is fasting and prayer, or in other words, rejoicing and prayer (D. & C. 59:9-14).

In another revelation to Church members received shortly thereafter, the Lord made a statement which attaches great significance to the foregoing quotation. He told the saints that many of them who had received the Priesthood were “. . . walking in darkness at noon-day. And for this cause I gave unto you a commandment that you should call your solemn assembly, that your fastings and your mourning might come up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth” (*Ibid.*, 95:6-7). Thus, in modern revelation, as well as in the teachings of Paul, it is apparent that Church members have received the commandment to fast and pray for the specific purposes of keeping unspotted from the sins of the world and from the temptations of the evil one, and also that we might walk in light not only at noon-day but on all occasions.

As far as each individual is concerned, probably the greatest values received from fasting are the spiritual ones. Through purity of heart, diligent fasting, and “mighty prayer,” the physical body is brought under subjection and the spiritual portion of man becomes dominant. In this way his spiritual powers are brought into contact

with the spirit of God and he is able to attain a more complete and full communion with the Eternal Father and his Only Begotten Son. Thus man is able to draw greater spiritual power and force from the unseen world and inculcate into his life much more of that which is divine and eternal.

IN regards to the spiritual benefits derived from rendering obedience to the law of fasting and prayer, President Joseph F. Smith made the following pertinent comment:

The Lord has instituted this law; it is simple and perfect, based on reason and intelligence, and . . . it would result in good to those who observed the law. It would . . . place the body in subjection to the spirit, and so promote communion with the Holy Ghost, and insure a spiritual strength and power which the people of the nation so greatly need. As fasting should always be accompanied by prayer, this law would bring the people nearer to God, and divert their minds once a month at least, from the mad rush of worldly affairs and cause them to be brought into immediate contact with practical, pure, and undefiled religion—to visit the fatherless and the widow, and keep themselves unspotted from the sins of the world. For religion is not in believing the commandments only, it is in doing them (*Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 298-299).

Church members should be cognizant of the fact that fasting and prayer accompany the healing of the sick, the restoration of the lame and the blind, the casting out of devils, the raising of the dead, and the attaining of close contact and communion with God. In other words, the powers of the Priesthood are more fully expressed when faithful saints fast and pray.

An excellent example of the added spiritual power attained through fasting and prayer is to be found in the New Testament. On a certain occasion the apostles of Jesus attempted to cast an evil spirit from an afflicted child, but their efforts failed. Upon inquiring of the Lord as to why they had failed, he admonished them for lack of faith and then made the following significant comment: "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting" (Matt. 17:21).

A careful consideration of the beneficial results received from fasting and prayer which have been listed, shows why the Man of Galilee commanded the Latter-day Saints to observe this law whenever they desire any special blessing from our Eternal Father.

If one hopes to obtain the maximum benefit from fasting and prayer, it is imperative that he does everything within his power to purify his heart and get himself in tune with the unseen world. According to Joseph F. Smith, he is to:

... refrain from all bodily gratification and indulgences. . . . [In fact] . . . it can easily be seen from the Scriptures, and especially from the words of Jesus, that it is more important to obtain the true spirit of love for God and man, "purity of heart and simplicity of intention," than it is to carry out the cold letter of the law (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 306).

In addition to the numerous spiritual blessings received through observance of the law of fasting, Latter-day Saints who render obedience also receive physical blessings. Fasting gives their bodies rest from excessive eating in which

the majority of us usually indulge. President Smith made the following observation regarding fasting: ". . . it would call attention to the sin of over-eating" (*Ibid.*, page 298).

THE Lord not only commanded the saints to fast and pray, but he also established in his Church a fast day which was to be observed once each month. The practice of the Church today is to observe the first Sabbath of each month as the fast day.

On this holy day, according to President Joseph F. Smith:

... the law to the Latter-day Saints, as understood by the authorities of the Church, is that food and drink are not to be partaken of for twenty-four hours, "from even to even" (*Ibid.*, page 306).

The law of abstaining from both food and water on fast day is completely in accord with the one given to ancient Israel. For example, prior to receiving the ten commandments Moses went up into the mount and there he fasted and prayed unto the Lord for forty days. The good Book states that ". . . he did neither eat bread, nor drink water" (Ex. 34:28; see also Deut. 9:9). A story familiar to all of us is the one wherein Esther called upon her people to fast and pray in order that God might preserve them from destruction, saying unto them: "Fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day" (Esther 4:16).

It is one of the vital laws of the gospel as revealed by the Lord in latter days, for Church members to provide for the poor that dwell

among them. The following extracts from the Doctrine and Covenants are typical of several revelations wherein the Lord declared his will on this subject:

And behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support. . . . And inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me . . . (D. & C. 42:30-31).

Therefore, if any man shall take of the abundance which I have made, and impart not his portion, according to the law of my gospel, unto the poor and the needy, he shall, with the wicked, lift up his eyes in hell, being in torment (*Ibid.*, 104:18).

And on another occasion the Lord said:

Wo unto you rich men, that will not give your substance to the poor, for your riches will canker your souls; and this shall be your lamentation in the day of visitation, and of judgment, and of indignation: The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved (*Ibid.*, 56:16).

In order to provide substance for the poor, a very significant and important part of the fast-day law is fast offerings. It is the will of the Lord and the doctrine of the Church that Church members abstain from two consecutive meals on fast day (the morning and the noonday meals) and that they give the equivalent cost of those meals to the Church as fast offerings. This money is used for taking care of Church members throughout the entire world who are in dire need.

If the fast-offering law were faithfully observed, an immense sum of money would be received by the Church each year without extra cost to its members. Since the saints

would have abstained from two meals each fast day, the cost of those two meals would be saved; and then their equivalent cost would be given to the Church, thereby making available sufficient money to take care of all of God's poverty-stricken saints throughout the entire world. This is a beautiful and glorious principle pertaining to the temporal salvation of the saints.

ON the basis of the amounts paid in fast offerings to the Church during the past few years, by their actions Latter-day Saints profess to obtain their meals at approximately four cents per capita. Would each of us, claiming to be saints of the Most High, feel proud to take eight cents to our destitute neighbor and say to him, "Take this money and purchase yourself two good meals?" The answer is, "No! we would not be proud. We would be ashamed."

No wonder the Lord through his holy prophet declared: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings" (Mal. 3:8; 3rd Nephi 24:8). It is quite evident that as a Church we are not being honest with our Father in heaven in regard to paying fast offerings.

There are today over a million people who hold membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. If all of them would be honest in their observance of the fast-offering law, and if the two meals that they abstain from eating each month were figured at twenty-five cents per meal, the Church would receive over six million dollars per year. If the saints

(Continued on Page 501)



*The Late Augusta Winters Grant (Mrs. Heber J. Grant)
and Her Twentieth Great-Grandchild*

The baby, Annette Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard G. Smith, is wearing a dress made by President Grant's mother and worn by him nearly ninety-five years ago. This photograph was taken a number of years ago.

In Memoriam—Sister Augusta Winters Grant

July 7, 1856—June 1, 1951

ON Friday, June 1, Sister Augusta Winters Grant, wife of President Heber J. Grant, passed away, a month before her ninety-fifth birthday. Her long life was filled with love and service for others, rich in the experiences which have lasting and eternal value for women. She was ever loyal to the Church and interested in all its activities. She was a woman of true culture and sincere charity, a faithful friend, a kind and loving wife, and has been most greatly loved as a homemaker and a devoted mother.

When, upon the death of the first wife of President Heber J. Grant, Sister Grant came into the home to care for the motherless children, she wrote in her journal: "I am very thankful to the Lord that I have the privilege of taking this responsibility and trust, and I look upon it as a sacred duty, as well as a pleasure, to devote my life to this sweet task of love."

This she sweetly and faithfully did, not only for these children, but for others of her sisters' families. When both Owen Woodruff, the apostle, and his young wife Helen (Sister Grant's youngest sister) died in Mexico of smallpox, the four children were brought back to their sorrowing relatives in Utah. Brother Woodruff's mother cared for them until her death (the baby having passed away in this interim). After this, the other three children were welcomed into the Grant household and became to Sister Grant like her very own.

All of these children—the "Grant girls" and the Woodruffs—have repaid the loving care given them and, in the twilight of her life, Sister Grant found her days brightened by their tender solicitude.

There were others to whom Sister Grant was a "part-time mother," so to speak. One of her sisters died in childbirth, and Sister Grant took the little one into her home until the father, a year or so later, remarried and brought his family together again. There were two nieces who made the Grant home their headquarters while attending college. There were other relatives who, though they helped out with the family affairs to pay tuition at college, were yet made integral parts of the family, and who never ceased to bless the name of their benefactor. There were also immigrant girls whose passage from their native country was paid so that they could come to Zion and work to pay it back.

Funeral services for Sister Grant were held on Tuesday, June 5, 1951. President Stephen L Richards read a beautiful message from President David O. McKay. High tributes were paid by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and Elder Bryant H. Hinckley, in which the life work of Sister Grant was extolled.

The general board joins with the Relief Society women throughout the Church in extending love, affection, and sympathy to the members of Sister Grant's family. She has been an inspiration to Relief Society women. We shall long remember her as one who patterned love and charity and walked always humbly before her Heavenly Father.

Spheroid Hour

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The sun is high and still in summer's arc,
 Sifting hot moments imperceptibly.
 No nimbus wing and cirrus feather mark
 Enameled skies, no breath stirs bush or tree.
 Now petal sheen is warm as sun's own gold;
 A million suns festoon the apricot;
 The cherries which the robins fail to hold
 Are strewn like ruby suns on bergamot.
 The peach and apple hug their spheres of green
 And wait their time, unhurried, warm, content.
 In beryl cones, repose and silence lean
 In pear tree patterns on the firmament.
 This is the mother month, the spheroid hour,
 Waiting and giving, root and core and flower.

A Vacation for Mother

Sylvia Probst Young

TO Velma it was almost unbelievable. "It's like picking a hundred dollars out of the sky," she said, looking down again at the check in her hand.

"Not entirely." Tom smiled proudly at her from across the table. "After all, honey, you did write the story."

"But I really didn't expect to sell it. I expected it to come back. I never dreamed of a hundred dollars."

"What are you going to do with the money, Mamma?"

Velma looked over at her young daughter and at the boys. They were all looking at her eagerly. Even three-year-old Denny seemed to realize that something unusual had happened.

"Mamma, you didn't answer Joy. What are you going to do with the money?"

Velma smiled at her eight-year-old Paul, always so persistent for an answer. "I really don't know," she answered slowly, "there are any number of things I can do with it. Now it wouldn't hurt our house to have a coat of paint, and the living room needs redecorating, or I could pay off the doctor."

"I'll tell you what Mamma's going to do with the money—Mamma's going to take a vacation."

"A vacation?" Velma looked up at her husband in surprise.

"Yes, dear, that's just what I've been thinking you should do. It's what you need, a change and a rest. Aunt Mary's been after you to come to San Diego ever since they moved

out there, and right now before all the canning starts is a good time to go."

"Oh, but Tom, what about you and the children? Maybe we could all go someplace together."

Oh, yes, Mamma, let's all go. Let's all go to San Diego!" Five-year-old Steven clapped his hands in anticipation and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"Have you forgotten that we're going fishing, Steve?" his father reminded him.

"That's what you said last year, Daddy, and we never did go," Paul quickly put in.

"But this year we'll go for sure. That'll be our vacation." Tom rose from the table and pushed his chair back. "I've got to run now," he said, "see you tonight. And, Mamma, you think about San Diego, and we'll talk about it when I get home."

"Mamma, are you really going?" Joy wanted to know. "I think it would be nice for you, and I could manage the cooking with Dad's help."

Joy was such a comfort, and she seemed so much older than her twelve years. "I don't know, dear. I really haven't thought about it. We'll see. Right now it looks like Denny needs to go to bed; he's half asleep."

When she came downstairs after putting her small son to sleep the boys were all outside and Joy was washing the lunch dishes.

"I'll dry them," Velma said. "I see Nancy's waiting for you."

"We were going to bicycle to the park. Is it okay, Mamma?"

"Be careful then, and don't stay too long."

As she finished the dishes Velma was thinking of what Tom had said. It would be wonderful to go to San Diego; she had always wanted to go to California, and she had never been there. Maybe the change would do her good, for she hadn't been very well all winter. She knew that Tom was thinking of that when he had proposed the vacation for her. And only last week there had been a long letter from Aunt Mary urging her to try to come down this year. It wasn't as if she would be spending any money from their carefully planned budget, she had earned the money herself writing a story.

ALL afternoon she toyed with the idea. How many times had she read that a mother needed a vacation now and then. And next to mother there was no one quite like Aunt Mary. The children were old enough to leave, too, with Joy so dependable. The more she thought about it the more she liked the idea.

With Tom it was all settled. "I've figured it all out," he told her when he got home that evening. "We'll write Aunt Mary that you're coming the first of the week."

"Sounds like you want to get rid of me," Velma told him, and was sorry she had said it even teasingly, for Tom's eyes became serious then.

"You know I'll miss you like the very dickens, but you owe it to yourself, honey, and you've earned the money; I'm not contributing a thing."

It was definitely decided, then. Tom checked bus schedules.

"Our bus gets into Salt Lake at 10:25, then there's one from there to Southern California at 2:45. That will give you time to go buy yourself a new hat and dress and maybe relax a bit."

"But I won't go on Monday. I'll get the washing and ironing done and go on Wednesday morning," Velma finally decided. "You can wire Aunt Mary that I'll be there on Thursday."

Although it was not quite 6:30 and Denny was half asleep, they were all at the bus depot to see her off that Wednesday morning. Velma felt a lump rise in her throat as she kissed them.

"Don't forget you're going to bring us a special good surprise," Steve reminded her.

"Bye, Mamma," Denny mumbled hugging close to his father.

"Have a good time," Paul said in his manly way.

"I'll take care of everything," Joy promised, hugging her tight.

"Be a good girl, now," Tom whispered.

As the bus left the station Velma watched them standing there waving and waving until they were no longer visible, then she settled down in her seat and thought about her trip with a little thrill of excitement. She was going to San Diego! It hardly seemed possible, but it was. She turned to the window and looked at the passing landscape—the low, red hills and the scrub cedars had a kind of special beauty in the early morning sunlight. Nearer Salt Lake the mountains rose higher and more rugged, with a different kind

of beauty than those of her own valley.

I guess I'll see greater contrasts the farther I go, she thought.

The bus was on time. At exactly 10:25 they pulled into the depot at Salt Lake City. Velma made inquiries about a bus to San Diego, and was about to buy her ticket then, but decided to wait until she came back. She would easily be back by two and still have plenty of time.

First thing she would go look for a dress and hat. But by the temple grounds she stopped. The pansies and geraniums and roses were at their loveliest, and, to Velma, whose greatest loves were children and flowers, it was a corner of heaven. She forgot about her shopping, and enjoyed the beautiful temple grounds until almost noon.

AT a corner drugstore she stopped for a sandwich and then started her shopping in earnest, but at one-thirty she was tired, and she still hadn't found a dress or a hat.

It must be just one of those wrong days, she thought, but after all I don't have to buy a dress today. She stopped to look at herself in a mirror. There was nothing wrong with her blue polka-dot. It was really quite smart looking; and her last summer's white straw hat was still as good as new. Why not buy a dress and hat in San Diego? She would have more time down there. That's what she would do. It would be an adventure to shop in a place she had never been before.

Outside of the store she turned to look at the dresses in the window again. A man was just putting

out another one—a lovely pink cotton with daisies embroidered all across the yoke. "It's perfect," Velma said to herself, "just perfect for Joy. It looks just like her."

Without another thought, she went back into the store, and when she came out again she was carrying a package—the pink dress. It was exactly the size Joy wore. To be sure, she could have made a dress for less, but it wouldn't have been the same. It was better than finding a dress for herself to have found such a sweet one for Joy.

She started back to the bus depot then. It would be good to rest awhile before the bus left. Half-way up the block from the depot was a little shop she hadn't noticed before—a little shop with a large front window displaying fishing tackle. Velma stopped to look in. There was everything a fisherman could dream of—rods and boots and baskets, various kinds of hooks and bait, and gadgets she had never heard of. She stood looking at them for long minutes, remembering Tom's promise to the boys. In fact, every summer since Tom had come home from the war he had promised himself that he was going fishing, and ever since the boys had been big enough to talk about it he had promised them the same thing. But every summer the "fishing money" had to be used for something else—a doctor bill—repairs on the car—shoes for the children. And every year Tom had simply smiled and said, "Well, next year maybe we won't be so hard pressed. Just wait until we get our house paid for, then we'll make up for it."

Tom was always so cheerful, so utterly unselfish. He had promised the boys they would go fishing for their vacation, but where would he get the money for tackle and for a license?

There is nothing in all the world that would make them all so happy, Velma told herself, and what is a trip to San Diego compared to a whole summer of fishing?

At 2:45 a bus bound for Southern California left the depot. Velma watched it go without regret. Then she went to the locker she had rented and took out her suitcases. In the largest one she placed her packages—the dress for Joy and the fish-

ing tackle for Tom and the boys. The fishing boots and basket would be mailed out tomorrow. What would they say when they saw her and the things she had brought—the beautiful, pink dress and the wonderful fishing tackle? Her eyes glowed with anticipation.

Closing the suitcase, she opened her purse and counted the money there—twelve dollars and sixty-three cents. Enough for a telegram to Aunt Mary and a bus ticket home, and enough for a fishing license.

Quickly she crossed to the ticket desk. "How soon can I get a bus to Westville?" she asked the agent eagerly.

The Gardener

Grace Sayre

Retired now, with leisure on his hands,
 He bends above his work—a city lot
 For gardening—he has leased. Here he can grow
 The vegetables he loves, on this small plot.
 When neighbors ask him, "How much do you want
 For those big red tomatoes?" he will pause,
 As though to estimate a price—will flaunt
 Their flaming globes of color, while his eyes
 Appraise them lovingly. "I couldn't sell . . .
 No, I'll just give you some. Will these help out?"
 He loves each plant, each hour here with the soil,
 To take a coin for what his heart holds dear
 Would be like Judas-money. Not for gold
 Could he make bargaining with these, for here
 Are moments deep in peace. When day is done
 He holds a part of vegetables and sod,
 Memories lie bright in the setting sun—
 While he, with simple faith, communes with God.

On Petals Falling

Maryhale Woolsey

Down to the warm, gray dust of summer sifting,
 Rose-petals flutter, exquisitely drifting.
 No longer mere drab dust, unlovely lying,
 Dust blends with beauty—gift from roses dying . . .

The Family Hour With Grandmother Who Lives Alone

Rosetta Wallace Bennett

THIS title suggests that Grandmother lives in her own home, that she has good health and a keen, active interest in her family. She occupies her proper place as an important member and has the love, consideration, and devotion that belongs to her. She is honored as a worthy example of the high ideals, principles, traditions, ambitions, and aspirations of the family because she represents the foundation upon which the solidarity, interdependence, love, and unity of the family are built.

I have known the inexpressible joy of mothering and training my own children and the added joy and honor of seeing my children's children and having them about me and winning their love and loving and blessing them. With a grateful heart, I realize that my place is established in the hearts of my children from generation to generation.

From my long life's experience, I have a great store of useful knowledge. I have learned the truth of many things and discovered the things that are false and harmful. I have met joy and sorrow, tasted the bitter and the sweet, from which I have gathered precious lessons. These have kept my feet in righteous paths and given me wisdom, strength, spiritual understanding, and lasting happiness to enrich and bless my life. I am prepared to impart and share my precious counsel and inspiration with my posterity.

I try to give them praise, commendation, encouragement, comfort, counsel, caution, inspiration, help, and instructions when they come to me.

I have found the laws that govern true happiness. I have tried and tested them, and I find that they bring me great satisfaction. Experience has given me a clearer vision and greater understanding of my mission and destiny.

I know that I am dependent on my posterity for my glory and exaltation, and I know that I have a duty to them to help keep their feet on the paths of righteousness. They in turn are responsible by their lives and actions to carry on the traditions, maintain the honor and beauty of their noble heritage, and give it to their children, and thus add to their own honor and the honor of their parents. It is an eternal cycle and the family continues to advance in power, honor, and happiness until it reaches eternal glory.

I am living in the same house to which I came as a bride many years ago. We dedicated it to the Lord to become a true Latter-day Saint home in which to bring up our children according to the pattern revealed to the Church through the Prophet Joseph Smith and taught to us by our parents. Since our marriage is eternal, our children are ours eternally. We desired to send our family roots as deep as possible into the nurture of a home founded

on the plan of the gospel, so that we would live in an atmosphere of faith, security, steadfastness, family devotion, peace, and unity, so that the love of home and family would deeply develop in every heart. That blessing has been realized and I, as a grandmother and great-grandmother am enjoying its abundant fruits.

All our children were born in this home and from infancy to adult life, their activities have been centered about it. From this home they have gone to Church, to school, to missions, to war, to work, to business, to the many responsibilities life brings, to marriage and homes of their own.

My family hours are many and varied and are governed by the occasion that prompts them. From the birth of the first grandchild, the pilgrimage began and has never ceased. It used to be Sunday din-

ner for the first few years—until there were too many grandchildren. Then they always came Sunday afternoons and all were present when the children were small. All branches of the family grew up together in very close and happy companionship and today they are as close as brothers and sisters. They are interested in each other and happy in their successes together.

Sunday afternoon before meeting time is always open house. It always finds some of my numerous family, often bringing friends with them. Both parents and children find some type of refreshments waiting and they help themselves and each other. I am regaled with all the news from the various branches of the family. Cousins of the same age segregate themselves into groups. They discuss school, games, special interests, friends and events of the moment. The younger



ROSETTA WALLACE BENNETT AND SOME OF HER GRANDCHILDREN

This photograph was taken a number of years ago.



ROSETTA WALLACE BENNETT AND SOME OF HER GRANDCHILDREN MAKING PIE.

ones enjoy themselves indoors or out-of-doors, according to the weather. The fathers often join in the fun, so that a jolly companionship naturally exists all through the family. Some find a quiet place to read or visit. The men get together and discuss their affairs. The mothers discuss family problems, Church work, and school. There are always a few moments for general discussion, special information, or plans for some special family events. There is also time for reports of funny happenings in the family.

Sunday afternoon is a good time to write letters. The boys on missions and in the army often receive letters that have been written at my home. Each person who cares to adds a few lines, makes a comment, or passes on a little personal news.

Their letters always include encouragement and a spiritual uplift. The boys away seem to appreciate the connection with the whole group.

I have had the privilege of accompanying my grandchildren when they received their patriarchal blessings. These were indeed worthwhile hours. I've thrilled when the boys have reported an advance in their Priesthood. I'm very happy to hear the girls report their activities in Church, school, and music.

Among special family events are missionary farewell parties at Grandmother's and the reports of those missionaries who have returned to us after successfully completing their missions. We must also consider engagement parties and showers for the brides-to-be. Birthday

anniversaries of Grandmother and Grandfather also rank high on the list of special events. At these occasions, outstanding events in the lives of their ancestors are related so that the grandchildren may become acquainted with them.

Christmas Eve is also a highlight in the parade of annual family events. Carol singing and gift exchanging are enjoyed by young and old alike. Santa pays us a visit, much to the delight of the youngest family members. Other youngsters are also invited in to enjoy the festivities.

I also enjoy after-Church study groups with my friends. These are treasured hours.

We have so many affairs during the year, they are hard to classify, but we enjoy being together. When food is served, we usually plan to have it served "buffet." This is the easiest way to accommodate my ever-increasing family. The food preparation is divided equally among the different branches of the family so that no one is overworked, and it is a delight to plan and work together.

To this day the path to the old home resounds to the tread of eager feet, and my children and their children and their children find that peace, comfort, and companionship and happiness still abide in the old home. It is our inheritance in Zion and the rallying point for all my descendants to this present moment. It is a fond memory to those who are away and a source of strength and comfort to them during their absence as they abundantly testify. I'm sure the pattern given us by the gospel will prepare each of us to establish its counterpart in the happy eternities that await us if we are faithful.

To each grandmother the family hour is different. Much depends on the place she lives, her health, and her interests.

If she will encourage her children and friends to come often, her life will be enriched. She will spend many happy hours anticipating their visits. She'll find joy and comfort in the realization that she, too, can radiate happiness.

With Him So Near

Ruth H. Chadwick

She could not feel that he had gone away—
That bit of earth upon the hillside, snug
And verdant coverlet for his gaunt form,
Stood silhouetted against the sky; her white
And frilly window framed it from the world;
The silvered aspens whispered undertones,
Cool words of comfort; with him so near,
She went about her tasks, and memoried nights
Caressed her; days brought peace, her faith complete.

Vacation in Mexico

Olive W. Burt

IN the lives of most women there comes a time when they can draw a long breath, look back over the years with more or less satisfaction, and then turn their eyes ahead. The girls are grown, married, and in homes of their own. The boys are standing on their own feet. The house seems rather empty—Mom and Dad rattle about in the rooms that only a few years ago were so crowded.

When this time comes, it is time to think about getting that second wind for the long, stretch ahead. It's time for Mom and Dad to take a vacation from the chores that have held them fast at home; to get out somewhere to broaden their horizons, get a new lease on life, take in a store of impressions to enliven the more quiet days to come.

Parents deserve it. Not only that, they actually owe it to themselves—now that they have done so much for the family—to renew their own youthful enthusiasms by taking a long trip, seeing new sights. It ought to be to some foreign country to have the fullest value. And to make such a jaunt easy and inexpensive, there is a foreign land right at our back door, waiting invitingly to welcome us.

It is Mexico, our neighbor to the south, and an ideal place for any couple to spend a few days, a few weeks, even a few months. There's so much there of interest that it seems as if every family should somehow manage such a trip.

It's as simple now to go to Mexico as it is to drive all the way across

the country to Aunt Carrie's. There's a splendid highway right to Mexico City. In fact, the fine Pan-American Highway is completed clear across Mexico to the border of Guatemala. You can get into your car and drive, as leisurely as you wish, into Texas. From Laredo, Texas, the "gateway" to Mexico, it is only 764 miles across intriguing country to the capital city. If you go in your own car, you'll have handy transportation to the many historic sites you'll surely want to visit.

Or you can go by train or by bus, by airplane or ship. Every transportation facility is at your command, and every company is putting itself out to make your journey safe, convenient, and pleasurable.

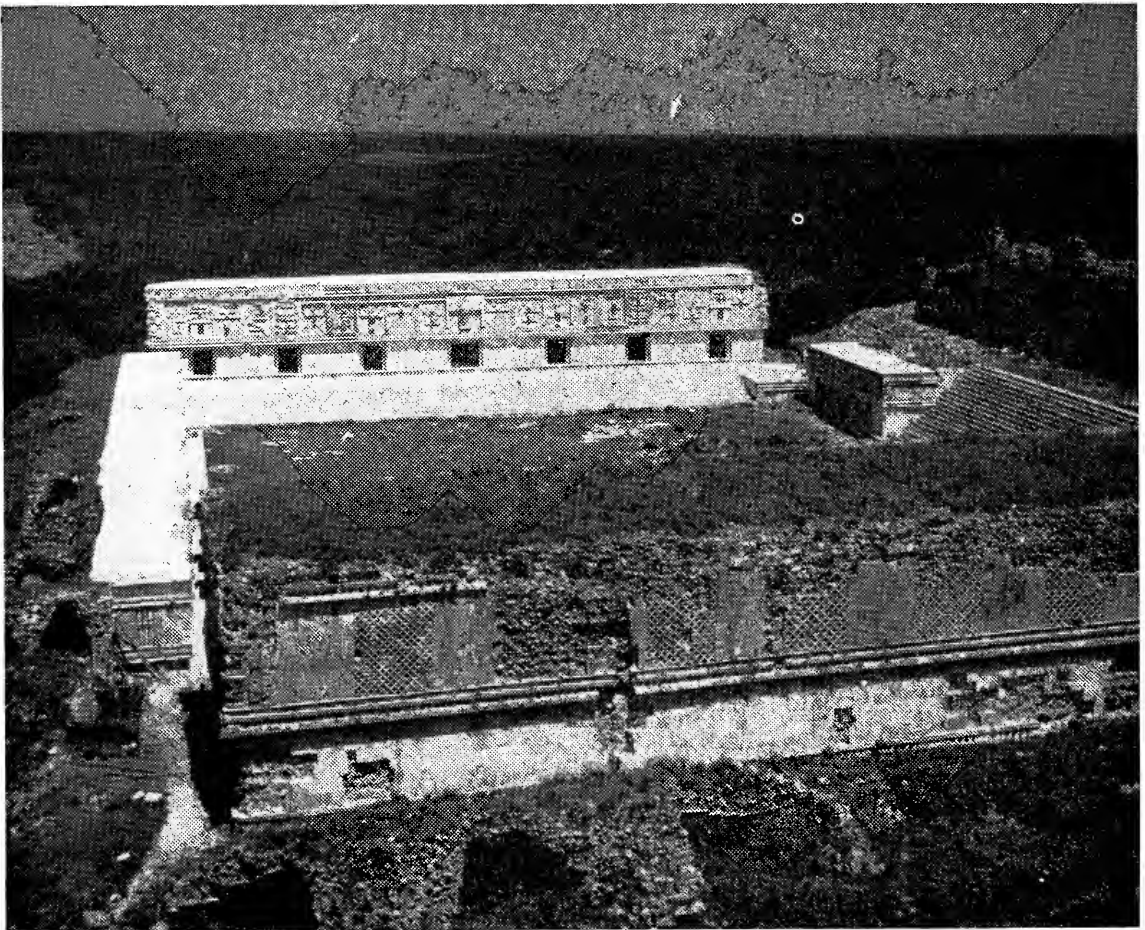
There are so many things to see in Mexico City, itself, that it would take a volume to list them. The museums, libraries, shops, art galleries, theaters, churches, and concerts, are all accessible and cheap. But the thing that most intrigues many visitors is the wealth of the Mayan and Aztec ruins throughout the country—pyramids and temples and ancient cities that take the breath away in wonder at the civilization that produced them, long before the Spanish conquerors came. Visitors versed in the Book of Mormon find constant, exciting verification of their belief in these tangible, visible remnants of a great culture that once existed on this continent.

Only twenty-eight miles from Mexico City is the ancient city of



Courtesy, Pan American World Airways System

"EL CASTILLO" CHICHEN ITZA, YUCATAN
Most famous of the remains left by the ancient Mayan Civilization.



Courtesy, Pan American World Airways System

RUINS AT UXMAL, YUCATAN

Teotihuacan, with its pyramids to the sun and to the moon, its amazingly carved temple of Quetzalcoatl, and the museum filled with relics of the Toltecs who built this fabulous city.

NEAR Oaxaca, some three hours by car from the capital, are the ruins of Monte Alban, a Mayan city that has yielded rich treasures in archeological knowledge and artifacts. There the terraced steps are in a fine state of preservation; the temples where this people worshiped stand in ruins now. The carvings on almost imperishable stone have been compared to Egyp-

tian carving, and here you can stand and see for yourself the figures and symbols chiseled into rock hundreds of years ago by hands to which you will feel a close affinity.

At Xochicalco, not two hours by car from Mexico City, you will find some of the most amazing carvings, with the serpent head dominating the designs. This city, located on a hill, as so many Mayan cities are, covers several square miles and is honeycombed with subterranean passages.

Only a few miles north of Mexico City is one of the best preserved temples of the Aztec period, at Teneyuca. It is a mammoth, awe-

inspiring sight, and must have been even more so when it was built, its sides, covered with red stucco, rearing against the blue Mexican sky. Around three sides of this temple is a low parapet from which the ever-to-be-found serpent heads protrude as if to fend away the unbeliever.

It is well worth taking a trip to the state of Yucatan, with its wealth of wonderful ruins—Chichen-Itza, itself, is worth the trip. This great, ancient city gives a key to much of the life and beliefs of the people who built it—people who studied the sun and the moon and the stars; who originally believed in one God until their religion was corrupted.

Then there is Uxmal, west of Chichen-Itza, in ancient times linked to its sister city by a broad, white road. The temples and pyramids here show some of the finest architecture of the Mayans, with

intricately carved walls and beautiful symmetry.

There are other sites to attract you if you have time to see them. In fact, the whole of Mexico is dotted with such ruins—so much so that the Mexican travel bureau issues an archaeological map which is given free to visitors. It is wise to send for one of these and to read such books as Dewey Farnsworth's *The Americas Before Columbus*, and George C. Vaillant's *Aztecs of Mexico*, before planning your trip. Then you will know which ancient cities you will want to visit and how much time to allot to each. Such planning will pay big dividends in conserved effort and subsequent satisfaction.

So, when that breathing spell comes in your life, plan a trip to Mexico and see for yourself the wonders that have been uncovered there. It will pay for itself over and over again in enlarged horizons, and increased vitality.

Father's Shoes

Christie Lund Coles

I saw his pavement-worn and half-soled shoes,
Broken some in the often-polished leather,
Standing almost forlornly now, and empty,
Yet, as always set carefully together.

I thought of the stories he had told me often . . .
Of a boy's toes in the road's warm dustiness;
Of the water's coolness, and the sandy shore;
Of running in youthful strength and lustiness.

And once again I saw the sun-spilled kitchen,
The box he made for our patent leather slippers;
The way he taught us how to oil and shine them
Till we saw ourselves in the gleaming "skippers."

I tried not to recall how, toward the end,
His footsteps faltered and his youth was done,
Knowing there is no faltering where he walks
In a land of youth and everlasting sun.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1891

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

SUMMER VACATION: People of leisure go to the seaside, or into the mountains, to escape the heat and dust, to rest weary mind and over wrought brain; to loiter on the beach and catch the soft, invigorating sea breeze, occasionally “gathering shells” or writing in the sand, humming rhymes and ballads that have immortalized the seashore as well as the poet who wrote them; wander among the hills, resting in shady nooks and dells, soothed by the songs of birds and often startled by the glare of some handsome serpent. These seekers of pleasure try to forget the toils and bustle of the cumbrous, noisy machinery of active business life, and often care not even for the daily papers, but amuse themselves in various idle ways, as though life had no higher aim than to banish care. It may be that to linger thus in some secluded spot, amid the beautiful, near nature's heart, passive if not forgetful, exhilarates and strengthens the mind as well as the body for the harder, fiercer conflicts with which all must sometime contend.—Aunt Em.

JULY: THE YEAR'S SWEET HEART

All things beautiful love her,
For she, oh, the shy new-comer,
So dear to the world, so dear!
Is heart of the heart of summer,
And sweetheart of all the year.

—Madeline S. Bridges

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS: We learn since this great work of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times is going on that it behooves us all to watch and pray. Not only so but to study the Scriptures that we may have oil in our lamps, and not be like the foolish virgins. I remember that Apostle Orson Pratt once said we were Gentile Saints. If so we must improve upon that we have learned, and remember the Jews are to be saved and do a work in the last days; and perhaps be more zealous in the cause than we are today, for we find ourselves overwhelmed by the cares of this world many times, that we neglect the important lesson of “Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.” May we not become weary in well doing, for in due time we will reap if we faint not. If we become indifferent in keeping the laws of our Father, we will certainly lose our reward, and darkness and confusion take the place of light and truth.—M. E. Kimball

HYRUM STAKE: Pres. E. Liljenquist addressed the congregation, “I have presided over this branch of the Society for 21 years. I love to work with my sisters, it has been a great pleasure to me, but my health is poor and the spirit tells me my work is accepted, and I wish to resign, I hope you will kindly release me.” Bishop J. F. Wright replied, “Sister Liljenquist is advanced in years, we appreciate her labors, she has been a friend to the poor.” Pres. Liljenquist was then honorably released. Alice Unsworth was then nominated and sustained as President by a unanimous vote.—H. M. Nielson, Sec.

NOTES AND NEWS: A Swiss woman has invented a watch for the blind, on the dial of which the hours are indicated by twelve projecting pegs, one of which sinks every hour.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's energy of mind cannot be better illustrated than by the fact that she began the study of Greek, when she was nearly 70 years old. Now, at 72, she has just read the plays of Sophocles in the original.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE Women's International League for Peace and Freedom sponsored last winter the project "Art for World Friendship," in which children of twenty-four nations painted pictures by themselves and about themselves. The subjects were unusually interesting and the quality of work high.

MARIA TALLCHIEF, daughter of an Osage Indian and a Kansas farm woman, a dancer with the New York City Ballet Company, is said to be most gifted in her art, dancing with the style and confidence of a great ballerina. Born in Oklahoma, she is twenty-five years old, a beautiful young woman whose recent role in *Firebird* has brought her much acclaim for "flawless technique."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is the subject of a new biography by Cecil Woodham-Smith. The story of this remarkable woman pioneer of nursing is told with much detail, and many historical incidents are delineated with a fine sense of accuracy. Queen Victoria had a special brooch cast for this "Lady With the Lamp" who became an international heroine.

ANNA ROSENBERG has been appointed by Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall as his as-

sistant secretary of defense. Mrs. Rosenberg is highly regarded by both capital and labor, and by both major political parties, for her past success and for her general fair-mindedness. She has had important posts in personnel work and industrial relations, both in a private capacity, and also in co-operation with Mayor La Guardia, Governor Dewey, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and with large industrial enterprises, including the Rockefeller interests.

HAZEL DORIUS MOYLE, wife of Wilford Moyle, died June 2, 1951 at the age of sixty-two. She was an authority on flowers and gardens and at the time of her death was garden editor of *The Deseret News*. Many of her excellent articles have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*, giving much practical help and inspiration to women who love to make their home surroundings beautiful.

IT is refreshing to learn of the moral courage of Kathryn Grayson, star of big picture-musicals in color. In her forthcoming straight drama, she refused to smoke in a scene which called for a cigarette. A non-smoker, she refused to go against her convictions, however much she may desire preferment in Hollywood.



“The Covenant of Freedom”

And Moroni sent forth and inspired their hearts with these thoughts—yea the thoughts of their lands, their liberty, yea, their freedom from bondage . . . (Alma 43:48).

IN this time of confusion and conflict among men and nations, there are many who believe that the individual is of little worth, that he should be numbered among multitudes who are forcibly pressed into great mass movements directed by a few who have taken great power upon themselves. There are those even in our own country who believe that it is both useless and unrewarding to struggle for the retention of individual freedom, for the right of choice, for the perpetuation of those laws which have established the free societies of the earth. There are those who seem to have forgotten that the gospel cannot be carried to the peoples of countries which have lost their political liberty; and there are those who do not realize that only in a nation where the rights of individuals are upheld by codes of law can the Church exist and minister to the spiritual needs of the people.

In fact, it was the Constitution of the United States which made it possible for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to be restored upon the American Continent. It is a direct result of the protection of that great document that our Church is permitted to

grow and expand in the dominions of liberty.

The American continent has been blessed with a sacred tradition of freedom. It is indigenous to this continent. The Book of Mormon relates the history of the upholding of liberty among the ancient inhabitants of our land. “And Moroni sent forth and inspired their hearts with these thoughts — yea the thoughts of their lands, their liberty, yea, their freedom from bondage. . . .”

Both the Old and the New Testaments declare that the children of God hold within themselves the power to be uplifted by the earth experiences which develop and magnify their immortal spirits. The ancient gospel which Jesus brought to the earth in new glory held forth the sacred truth that man was not created to live in doubt and sorrow and insecurity a few brief years upon the earth and then be lost forever. The gospel plan declares the everlasting existence of the spirit of man, that his life upon the earth is a precious and essential part of his upward progress, his increasing knowledge, his unending opportunities, and his eternal life.

It was with devoted faith, and with an inspired understanding of the worth of man, that the builders of our Republic formulated the Constitution of the United States, and under its steadfast protection

has grown the great tree of liberty.

It would be well for all of us in this time when our Constitution is under attack even by those who enjoy and profit by its protection, that we read and study with a newly awakened devotion the words of our great Constitution, that we may know of ourselves the worth to us of this magnificent code—"the entablature of liberty." It would be an experience of great worth and of inestimable importance for us to read with gratitude, with appreciation, and with a new allegiance, the

words which guarantee to us those liberties which are more precious than life, and which, in effect, do protect us and vouchsafe "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It is easy to forget our great heritage. Our codes of justice may be lost through indifference and lack of knowledge. They may perish unless all of us who know and love the fruits of the tree of liberty be ever valiant in actively defending every root and branch that protect the house of freedom.

—V. P. C.

Relief Society Congratulates Newly Appointed Primary Association Presidency

RELIEF SOCIETY members throughout the Church extend congratulations and best wishes to the new officers of the Primary Association, appointed May 16, 1951. Sister LaVern W. Parmley, the new president, has selected as her counselors two former board members, Arta M. Hale, as her first counselor, and Florence H. Richards to be her second counselor. These women are experienced, capable, and outstanding leaders, who will direct the Primary Association with enthusiasm, spiritual insight, and a sympathetic understanding of the boys and girls of the Church.

Sister Parmley, wife of Dr. Thomas J. Parmley of the University of Utah faculty, and daughter of Eugene and Gertrude Park Watts, of Murray, Utah, is the mother of a daughter and two sons. She has held many positions of responsibility in the Church, including service on the Bonneville Stake Primary Board, and has been a member of the general board of the Primary Association since 1941. In 1943 Sister Parmley was made second counselor to General President May Green Hinckley and was first counselor to Sister Adele Cannon Howells at the time of Sister Howells' death, April 14, 1951. Sister Parmley, a beloved leader, is much appreciated for her executive ability, for her warm friendliness, and her faith and sincerity.

Sister Hale, who was born in Oakley, Idaho, a daughter of Harrison R. and Sarah Ann Williams Matthews, is the wife of C. Dewey Hale, dean of boys at South High School, Salt Lake City. She is the mother of two children, a daughter and a son. After her graduation from the University of Utah, Sister Hale taught school in Oakley, Idaho, and later, during World War II, resumed her profession as a teacher in the Granite District,



Photograph. Courtesy *The Deseret News*

NEW PRESIDENCY OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION

Left to Right: First Counselor Arta M. Hale; President LaVern W. Parmley; Second Counselor Florence H. Richards.

Salt Lake City. She filled a mission to the Eastern States before her marriage in 1928, and she has served with devotion and ability in all the women's auxiliary organizations of the Church. Sister Hale has personal charm, a happy and enthusiastic disposition, and much well-directed energy, qualities which will be of great value to her in her new position. She was appointed to the general board of the Primary in 1945.

Florence H. Richards, a lovable and gracious woman, is the wife of Dr. Lorin L. Richards, a Salt Lake City dentist. She was born in Logan, Utah, the daughter of Heber A. and Martha Sweeten Holbrook. She is

a graduate of the L.D.S. High School and has had much experience as an officer in the Y.W.M.I.A. and in the Primary Association. She was appointed to the Primary general board in 1946. Her friendly manner, her humble faith, and her love and understanding of children are attributes which qualify her as a competent and inspirational leader of youth. Sister Richards is the mother of a son and two daughters.

Sister Dessie Grant Boyle, who was the second counselor to Sister Adele C. Howells, remains as a member of the general board, and will continue her devoted service on the editorial board of *The Children's Friend* and the board of the Primary Children's Hospital.

The general board congratulates the sisters who have been called to preside over the Primary at this time and extends love, confidence, and best wishes to them.

Golden Wedding

Alice Morrey Bailey

Yours is the golden fruit of fifty years
That sprang from chosen seed to bloom and grow,
With rooted life from April's sun and tears
And equal courage for the heat and snow,
And we would trace your path and learn your ways,
For we have seen recorded gentleness
Here where the twining fretwork of your days
Erected leafed and flowered loveliness.

You stand upon an upper bough of time
Unfearful of approaching winter's blast,
Frosted with late-season's silver rime,
Sun-sweet with mellowed wisdom to the last.
Returning youth for lips and cheeks and brow
Could touch no more of beauty than is now.

Summer Storm

Beatrice K. Ekman

Night and storm efface the sky;
The silver-arrowed rain,
Projected by vehement wind,
Mows down the ripened grain.

Compensation

Maude O. Cook

I cannot soar on eagles' wings
To see the far-off lovely things,
But near at hand life's tapestry
Reveals its golden threads to me.

New Ways With Vegetables

Evelyn Hansen

Home Service Director, Utah Power and Light Company

YOUR intentions may be good. You may buy the vitamins at the store in lovely fresh produce, but do those nutrients ever reach your family? It might be no more than twelve feet from the dining room table (maybe less, if your sink and range are less distance than that from the table) that a lot of the nutritive value is lost. For, in the cooking process, the minerals and vitamins are either retained in the vegetables or lost in the water and steam of the cooking process.

But, can we keep these precious food values in the vegetables, and get them into our bodies where they will build good muscles, bones, and nerves, and make healthy, happy families?

First, select fresh firm vegetables; wilted ones have already lost some of their value, and freshening in cold water does not bring it back. Next, store vegetables, according to the kind, in a cool, moist place for greens, or a cool, dry place for root vegetables such as potatoes.

When preparing vegetables for cooking, scrub with a stiff brush, instead of peeling, if possible. This is especially good for potatoes and carrots. Use a peeling tool to remove the skin when vegetables must be peeled, and take away as little of the vegetable as possible; peel just before cooking. Avoid letting peeled vegetables stand in quantities of cold water before cooking.

Now for the actual cooking—here are the four important “Do’s.”

1. Use a small amount of water, for the average family one-half cup of water is sufficient to cook a pan of vegetables.

2. Use a utensil with a well-fitting lid that will hold the steam in. Do not raise the lid or stir the vegetables while cooking.

3. Use high heat until vegetables are steaming, then reduce to low and keep them just steaming—not boiling rapidly.

4. Cook as short a time as possible until just done. Serve immediately.

Frozen vegetables need not be thawed before cooking. If vegetables are frozen in a solid block, raise the lid once when steaming has begun, and break up the block so that cooking will be uniform.

Leftover cooked vegetables, as well as raw ones, can be used in salads.

The natural flavor and the most food value of vegetables are best retained when they are cooked for the shortest time possible, in the least amount of water, and served immediately. Use from one-fourth cup to one-half cup of water to one and one-half pounds of edible vegetables. Cover. Bring to a quick boil, and reduce heat to “low.”

It is advisable to have the water boiling before the vegetables are added.

Recipes

HASH-STUFFED SQUASH

2 acorn squash	1 can corned beef hash
1 onion	salt
½ tsp. dry mustard	

Start your oven at 375° F., or moderate. Cut squash in half, lengthwise, take out seeds and stringy pulp, and place cut side down in a shallow pan. Add 1 cup boiling water and steam in oven for 10 minutes. While squash is cooking, chop up the onion fine and mix, along with mustard, into the hash. After 10 minutes, take squash from oven, sprinkle lightly with salt (hash is quite salty, so go easy) and fill each center with the hash mixture. Put back in the oven without water and continue baking another 20 minutes, or until you can pierce the squash with a fork.

YALE BEETS

6 to 8 medium-sized beets	½ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. flour	½ c. orange juice
½ c. sugar	2 tbsp. butter

Wash, pare, and dice uncooked beets. Place in a baking dish. Mix dry ingredients together and add orange juice. Pour over beets; dot with butter. Cover and place in oven for 1 hour at 350°.

BROWNEED POTATO LOAF

3 tbsp. butter or margarine	4 to 5 c. cooked potatoes, diced
3 tbsp. flour	1 tbsp. minced parsley
1 c. milk	cheese

Make a thick white sauce of butter, flour, and milk. Add potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper and parsley, and cook for 5 minutes. Press into a loaf pan which has been lined with waxed paper. Let stand in refrigerator overnight. Unmold. Turn onto oven-proof platter. Place in oven for 50 minutes at 350°.

LIMA BEANS AND ALMOND UNIQUE

3 tbsp. butter	dash cayenne
3 tbsp. flour	¾ c. grated sharp American cheese
1 No. 2 can lima beans	potato chips
milk	½ c. toasted almonds
½ tsp. salt	

Combine butter with flour in a double boiler. Drain liquid from the lima beans and add enough milk to make two cups liquid. Add to flour mixture and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add seasonings, cheese, and lima beans. Heat thoroughly. Place a mound of potato chips on each plate; serve the lima beans over them and sprinkle with four or five almonds. Serve at once. Six servings.

CARROTS A' LA KING

1. Prepare	1 tbsp. minced parsley
2 c. medium white sauce	3. Pour over
	3 c. diced, cooked carrots.
2. Add	4. Serve on hot toast, or over
1 tbsp. minced pimiento	individual meat cakes
1 tsp. grated onion	
1 tbsp. diced celery	

An Inexpensive Outfit for the Baby

Helen Martin

A young friend of mine, who is expecting her first baby, lamented the high cost of an outfit for the baby. "Why, do you know," she asked, "that it costs a small fortune for crib sheets?"

I agreed that preparing for a new baby is expensive. "But have you thought how many practical and attractive baby things can be easily and cheaply made?" I asked. "Take those crib sheets you mentioned, for instance. They can be made for practically nothing except a few minutes time and an old sheet."

When my young friend asked where—just where was that "old" sheet coming from, I took the hint and brought out the sewing machine and a well-washed, clean, old sheet that was torn and worn beyond use on a long bed. By judicious cutting, I made her two fine crib sheets in a short time.

"There you are," I told her, "and here is another sheet for you to cut up for yourself. And think of all the things that can be made from the pieces left over."

She thought a moment. "Tell me more," she begged.

I pointed out that there are many fine materials around the house (or her mother's house, or a friend's house, for she was new at housekeeping and most of her linens were still brand new) that could be used for the baby.

Bedding being one of the most expensive items on every baby's list of necessities, it behooves the new mother to look first for blankets and sheets that are of no use for grown-up beds.

A wool blanket is a treasure, and if you don't think the color matches your nursery decorations, cover it with a piece of print or rayon and tuft it with ribbon bows like a quilt. If you do this, you can piece together parts of the worn wool blanket, either double or single, without the blanket showing on the outside.

The softest of new cloth is harsh compared with old linen. I have taken my old linen tablecloths and have made them up into washcloths and towels for my babies. The old linen has been perfect for ceremonious and casual face washings. It is so delightfully soft and pleasant on tiny pink faces. Careful hemming has made these washcloths last through many launderings.

Worn Turkish towels can be cut into bibs and bound with bias tape or ribbon. Large towels make attractive bathrobes, too.

Some of the most satisfactory bibs I ever made for my youngsters came in handy just about the time they were beginning to eat cereal and vegetables. They were made of plastic materials with a pocket all along the bottom edge to catch the crumbs or "spill." As my children grew I made large apron-type bibs to cover the arms and front, still with the pocket. A half yard of plastic makes six small bibs with pockets, or three cover-up ones.

"Your baby will need a lot of little creepers and overalls," I told my friend as she was getting ready to leave. "These items take such tiny pieces of material. Keep a watch out for any pastel wool dresses or jackets that are about to be retired. Delicate colored sweaters can be raveled for the yarn which can be used again."

A first-time mother shouldn't be afraid to ask friends and relatives for their usable materials. They will all be happy to co-operate in providing an outfit for the new baby.

For the Strength of the Hills

CHAPTER 6—CONCLUSION

Mabel Harmer

Synopsis: Camilla Fenton, an orphan from Santa Monica, California, comes to Crandall, Idaho, to teach, marries Stanley Rodgers, a farmer, and tries to remodel and refurnish their big, old-fashioned farmhouse, but does not have the money to do it. Three years after the birth of their son Richard, Camilla takes him to California with her to help her Aunt Lillian, who has broken her leg. Camilla renews her acquaintance with Veronica Wilding, an interior decorator, and delays her return to Idaho to finish work on a house.

IT was fortunate for Camilla that her aunt required nothing more of her than to keep a check on the household help, for she soon became completely engrossed in her interior decorating project. She put Dickie in a nearby nursery school, where he reveled in the association of other children, and she spent hours every day looking over upholstery, draperies, and floor coverings.

It was likewise fortunate that her aunt gave wide approval to the whole thing. "Imagine you doing over the Cartwright house!" she gloated. "I can't wait to see it. I hope that I'll be on both my feet as soon as you've finished. I shouldn't be surprised but that this will lead to some other jobs. Everyone knows the Cartwright house."

"Oh, no," Camilla protested, "I'll do well to finish this one."

It was absurd to think that she would take on another job. By the time she had finished her aunt would be "on both her feet," and she would be free to go back to the

farm and to Stan. He had been a complete darling about letting her stay. She certainly wouldn't impose on his good nature any longer.

She was another three weeks finishing the Cartwright house and came to the end of her work with genuine pangs of regret. It had been a labor of love, even though she was paid handsomely for the work. It was the first time in years that she had been able to give full vent to her creative powers, and it seemed as if they had been pent up within her and burst into full bloom at this opportunity. She was indeed proud of the results, and the owners were more than pleased. In fact, one of their admiring friends took Camilla aside, when the house was being shown, and insisted, "I wish you'd come out and see my place. It's entirely different from this—quite modern, in fact. But I'd love to have your ideas on it."

Camilla went. It wouldn't hurt, she reasoned, to spend an hour looking the place over. It would be fun to see what it was like.

She found, as the owner had said, a strictly modernistic house in a magnificent setting upon a hill. There were enormous glass windows facing the ocean and a living room with one wall of sand-blasted pine.

"You can really go all the way out on this one, can't you?" she exclaimed. "I saw a figured wallpaper the other day that would be perfect on that end wall. It was so brilliant

that one wall would be all that any room could take, but with glass on that side and pine on that one, it could be handled here with the greatest of ease. And wouldn't you love American Beauty carpeting and a couple of chairs done in just the right shade of green?"

"Your ideas sound exactly like the ones that have been spinning around in my own head—only I couldn't get them to jell," said Mrs. Maitland, with an approving nod. "And listen," she went on with the air of a conspirator, "would you think I was out of my mind if I had an all-white bedroom?"

"Not at all," smiled Camilla, "anyway, not if you had a rich color in carpeting to set it off, say a vivid blue or rose and one or two color prints on the wall."

"Yes, that's it," she agreed enthusiastically. "Come and see my kitchen. You'll never believe it."

CAMILLA looked with something akin to awe at the sparkling kitchen with its automatic dishwasher, automatic clothes washer, and automatic everything else that could go in a kitchen. The picture of another one flashed through her mind. It had a monstrous black coal range, a wooden sink, with the walls bravely painted in Mexican colors. She half smiled.

"This is our patio," said Mrs. Maitland, walking out through the door. "We'll eat out here much of the time. I'm delighted that you're going to do the house for me. I love your technique."

Camilla caught her breath. "But I can't," she protested, "I'm only here because of my aunt. The min-

ute I can leave her I must go home again."

"Nonsense, what's another couple of weeks? You're a genius. You shouldn't waste such talent any more than if you were a musician or an artist. You really are an artist, you know."

It was all very flattering—and the money would go so far towards doing some of the things she wanted to do on her own home. "I'll think it over," she promised. "I'd really love to do it."

She was still undecided the following day when Mrs. Maitland called on the phone and said, "I have an appointment at Stauffers to look at floor coverings. May I pick you up at halfpast one?"

"Why, yes—yes, of course," answered Camilla, feeling more than a little guilty. I don't know why I should feel guilty, she reasoned, as long as I'm down here anyway, and Aunt Lillian doesn't need much of my time. Further reasoning told her that she could be going back home, since her aunt didn't need her at all, and Stan undoubtedly did. And yet—it was such an opportunity. She really did have talent, as Mrs. Maitland said, and she could surely use the money. There would be no great harm done in taking just this one more job.

She ran upstairs to get a hat and to look in on her aunt. "I'm going with Mrs. Maitland to look at floor coverings for her new house. I'm not sure yet that I'll take it, however."

"Don't be ridiculous!" her aunt snapped, "of course you'll take it. Do you think that jobs like this are handed around every day in the

week? Some people work for years to get an assignment like that."

"Yes, I suppose so," Camilla answered noncommittally.

She was immensely interested in the new patterns and colors in carpeting and threw herself wholeheartedly into the fascinating project of their selection. "You are wise to start with the floor coverings," said the salesman. "They should always set the tone for the rest of the furnishings."

She had thanked her lucky stars a dozen times for the nursery school. It was so convenient, and Dickie so enjoyed playing with the other children. I really don't deserve to have everything working out so easily, she thought one morning, as she waved goodbye to him inside the white-fenced play yard. This was the day she was selecting the draperies and it was as exciting as seeing a new play or taking a first airplane ride.

SHE usually came home for lunch, largely to do her duty by her aunt, and if she had time she also stopped in at the nursery to get Dickie's moist kiss.

Today she was tempted not to stop. The draperies were proving a bigger job than she had anticipated because of the exotic colors used in the walls and carpeting. Anything that would just "get by" was not to be thought of. The draperies had to be exactly right if she had to go through every shop in metropolitan Los Angeles.

It was five minutes to one when she left the house. I'll just take one peek at Dickie, she told herself, I'm entitled to that and so is he.

Mrs. Jackson met her at the door, and Camilla knew at once that something was wrong. "What is it?" she asked anxiously.

"Perhaps nothing serious. At least, I hope not. One of the little boys brought a truck and they took it to pieces. Dickie swallowed something. I don't know what, and he says it hurts. If it had gone right into his stomach it shouldn't hurt, and maybe it doesn't. He may be just imagining."

"His imagination doesn't go that far," said Camilla, brushing past her. "Where is he?"

"In my living room. I'm keeping him quiet and I've called a doctor."

Camilla went in and gathered him in her arms. "I swallowed a truck," he announced, "and I don't like it."

"No, Mother doesn't like it either," she agreed. "Where does it hurt?"

He pointed to his chest, and she felt her anxiety deepen. If it was caught some place where it couldn't pass on of its own accord there might be real trouble.

Dr. Malcolm, who arrived within the next few minutes, looked grave. "We'll have to take an X-ray right away. But don't worry too much. Sometimes these things can be removed without too much difficulty."

No, she wouldn't worry too much. But she wondered if she dared trust her legs to hold her up long enough to carry Dickie to the car.

The X-ray was taken, and the doctors told her the facts rather bluntly. The object had lodged in his left lung and must be removed as

soon as possible. They would try to take it out here, but if they failed the child would have to be flown back East where there were still more specialized instruments for such work. Much would depend upon Dickie's co-operation with them, because he couldn't be given a general anesthetic.

"Can it wait until tomorrow?" she asked tensely.

"Yes. We would want to wait that long to study it from every angle."

"I'll telephone his father to come. He can do much more with the child than I can."

She wished that she could handle it alone. It wasn't quite fair to take Dickie away, be responsible for getting him into difficulties, and then have to call on Stan to get him out again. But this was no time for pride. The baby had to have every chance.

She phoned from the doctor's office. "We need you," she said simply, after telling him the bare facts. "I know that he'll get along all right if you're here to help."

"I'll get the first plane out, if I have to hang onto the tail," he promised, and she hung up with a sigh of immense relief.

THEY took Dickie to a hospital and she insisted upon staying. "He might get frightened and cry and that would be harmful, wouldn't it?"

"It might be," the doctor admitted. "Anyway, you won't sleep at home so you might as well stay awake here."

She had phoned the housekeeper at her aunt's house to send Stan on

when he arrived, and it was early morning when she looked up to see him standing in the doorway, weary, sunburned, and unshaven.

"Oh, Stan, darling!" she cried softly, rushing towards him.

His strong arms closed about her and his lips were on her hair. It was a haven of refuge such as she had not fully realized. "It's so good to have you here," she murmured.

"It's good to be here," he replied. Then, as the child stirred, he went over and said, "Hi, Champ."

Dickie sat up in his bed and asked accusingly, "Where have you been?"

"I've been home. You're the guy who has been away. Want to go back with me?"

"Yes." He started to get up.

"Just a minute, Rusty," he said, laying strong gentle hands on the boy's head. "Mummy tells me that you've been eating some spare parts. We've got to take them out and leave them here. Shall I ask the doctor to take them out?"

"Yes," he nodded, and Camilla's hopes rose at his smile of supreme trust. Stan's administration and the power which radiated from him helped her to bear the suspense and found echo in Dickie's calm demeanor.

Later in the morning she sat out in the corridor for what seemed interminable hours while three skilled specialists, her husband, and her son battled on the other side of the door. Prayer welled continually in her heart. If they were not successful they would leave for the East that evening. How could she bear this agonizing suspense for more days? How did mothers bear

anything when their children were concerned? Some even had to bear their loss. What would she do without the gospel!

Nurses walked up and down the hall quickly and efficiently. She resented their apparent cheerfulness and unconcern, although reason told her that they couldn't take on the grief and anxieties of every parent who came in.

She sprang up as the door opened, but it was only an interne coming out, and he said merely, "Can't tell yet. We'll soon know."

Soon! What a word, when every minute dragged by on leaden feet.

Then the door opened again, and Stan came out. One look at his face and she gave a gasp of relief and fainted quietly away.

When she came to she was lying on a bed, and the doctor was grinning at her. "Is that any way to react from good news?" he demanded. "What would you have done if it had been the other way around?"

"Died, I think."

"Incidentally, when did you eat last?" he went on.

"Yesterday morning, I think."

"I think so, too, probably. I'll send for a tray."

During the remaining time that Dickie had to stay in the hospital they spent as much time with him as they were allowed, and the rest of the day they sat out on the lawn or strolled down the tree-lined avenues.

"I'm only half a person without you, Stan," she said contentedly, "only I didn't quite know it until now."

SHE took him to see the Maitland place and described the plans she had had. "I was just in the middle of draperies when all this happened," she said with a wry smile.

"You'll want to finish it, of course?"

He said "of course," but it was still very much a question.

"No." She shook her head. "I'll turn it over to Veronica. I finished another house for her when she wanted to go to Hawaii. She's back now and can do the same for me."

"You think that you can be contented to give up work like this and go back to the farm?" He walked over to the huge window and looked out upon the ocean.

"If I can get back home again with you and with Dickie safe and sound it will take a bomb to get me out again," she replied decisively.

Aunt Lillian heard the news in amazement. "You don't really mean that you will give up that job right in the middle?" she stormed, "an opportunity like that! It's unthinkable."

"I can think of it with no trouble at all," said Camilla calmly, "and the place won't suffer in the least. Veronica and I have much the same ideas. If the worst came to the worst, Mrs. Maitland might even enjoy decorating her own house. It has been done."

She went upstairs to pack, and Stan followed her. "I want you to think twice about this before making a final decision," he urged. "You've evidently been making quite a bit of money and enjoying it. Remember, you're going back to that ugly old farmhouse."

"I know." She picked up a pair of Dickie's socks and stuffed them into the bag.

"And that awful old coal range."

"Sure." She folded a blouse carefully.

"But I've had the big window cut in the living room while you've been gone."

"Oh, Stan!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "you darling! Now I can go ahead with the rest of it. And think of all the practice I've had on these other houses."

It was a late afternoon in September when they drove the final distance home past yellow fields.

"It reminds me of my first trip here, four years ago," said Camilla. "Nothing has changed very much. The same purple sagebrush in the

distance, the same purple mountains. They'll always be the same."

As she got out of the car, she stood for a moment and looked at the brown, weather-beaten house. It had a strange dignity, a look of belonging to the land.

She took Dickie by the hand, and they went inside while Stan gathered up their luggage.

Even her imagination had not prepared her for the magnificent view of the mountains through the great window. She walked over, almost with awe, and looked out. There was grandeur, everlasting beauty, and strength in the towering peaks. "The strength of the hills," she said to herself, "that's what I want—for myself—and for my children. It will be ours—here."

Growing Days

Katherine Fernelius Larsen

Memorable days,
 You were not great
 With any large achievement;
 The sun slid goldenly down the sky from noon
 To the accompaniment of summer accents:
 A hayrack creaking barnward,
 The blackbirds' roulade from the poplar row;
 Innumerable insects busily singing their industry,
 The water-ripple's shallow notes over smooth stones;
 The interplay of dappled light and shade
 Under trees full-leaved and lushly green;
 These—only these—were the measure
 Of eventful days
 When every flower was a portent,
 And a butterfly's erratic flight
 Was a brilliant grace note
 Over the summer's lovely swelling tempo.

Mirage

Agnes C. Beebe

I raised the office window and looked at the familiar scene before me, the small village, and beyond it several sections of level crop land. Farther north were the hills of pasture that gradually became the brakes and buttes of the Bad Lands. I had gazed on that scene so many times that I could instantly spot a horseback rider winding down through the hills, a strange car bumping along the rutty road, or even a stray cow on the wrong side of the pasture fence a mile north.

Everything followed the usual pattern, Mrs. Brownell's washing moving a little in the breeze, a tractor in the section north of town, cattle feeding on the green hills, and beyond them the Bad Lands making a low, jagged outline against the sky.

But it wasn't the well-known skyline. I had been looking at it without really seeing what was before me. From the center of the horizon eastward it was the same as always, but to the west there rose towering buttes.

No! It could not be. I knew that part of the country well. There just were no tall buttes there.

I was squinting to better focus my eyes. The buttes were getting clearer. They were steep-cut like those along the north side of the Little Missouri River, and at the foot of them I could distinctly see buildings.

I removed my glasses, cleaned them, wiped my eyes, and put the glasses on again. The mystic buttes

were even plainer, and now that I could see the outline of the buildings more distinctly, they were familiar.

There were no ranch buildings of such size, however, in that part of the country. The one that stood out was large and square, perhaps a consolidated school.

I am imaginative, but this before me was no product of my imagination.

I roused the Judge from his afternoon nap. "Judge Black," I called, "Judge Black, please come here and look over north of the Herman place."

Startled at the urgency in my voice, the old man stepped quickly around the end of the long table and looked out the window.

"What . . ." he began, stopped, then went on. "It can't be, but it is! It really is! You may never see another one as long as you live! Mr. Brownell! Mr. Brownell!" he called, as he hurried out of the room and across the hall to the district attorney's office. Then I heard him going down the stairs.

I still didn't know what I was seeing, but at least the Judge saw it, too. What was this once-in-a-lifetime event I was witnessing?

"What are those buildings?" I asked Mr. Brownell as he entered the office.

"Don't you recognize them?" he questioned.

"Yes . . . there's something about them that's familiar." If the men knew, why didn't I?

Mr. Brownell smiled. "How many times have you been to Medora?"

MEDORA. Of course, and that building was the courthouse. Then I remembered. "But we can't see Medora. It's fifty miles away, with all the Bad Lands buttes between us."

"Yes, that's true, but nevertheless you are looking at Medora, and you will probably never see it again from these windows. You are seeing a mirage. It's fading already."

Even as he spoke the buildings were becoming hazy, and the tall buttes were dim against the sky.

A mirage. Always that word had been connected in my mind with some poor soul lost on the blistering desert who saw an imaginary pool of water ahead, the water he could never reach. But we had been under no great stress that would twist our minds into seeing something that did not exist. We had looked up from our routine work on a quiet afternoon, and there it was before us.

Why? The hot spell had broken that morning, but the ground still

held the heat and the cool air above it had evidently provided just the right atmospheric condition for reflecting the image of the little town fifty miles distant. Perhaps it was an optical illusion found only on the desert or the ocean or such a level expanse as the Great Plains, but, to us who saw it, it was very real. It was as real as the walls around us or the floor beneath our feet, but it had vanished.

Standing by the window, I thought how much of life is like that mirage; our friends' traits that are vivid shortcomings to some, but unnoticed by others; worries so real they almost warp our minds before they disappear; events that are tragedies when they occur, but which in time will nearly fade from memory. How many of our realities are like the optical illusion we had just seen! And what had we really seen? Before us again there were only the familiar little village, grain fields, and green pastures rolling into a low, ragged outline against the blue sky.

Graham Crackers for Summertime Desserts

Sara Mills

ANY season of the year is the time of easy desserts, as far as I am concerned. In summertime the desserts on our table are made with very little manual labor. Often as not they are graham cracker desserts. I have culled for you a few of the family favorites.

GRAHAM CRACKER PIE

3 eggs well beaten
 ¾ c. sugar (or less if desired)
 ½ c. chopped walnuts

1 c. graham cracker crumbs finely crushed
 raspberry jam or a tart jelly
 whipped cream

Beat the eggs well. Combine the sugar, crumbs, and walnuts. Add this mixture to the beaten eggs, and pour into a buttered pie pan, glass preferred. Bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven (350°). Cool, spread with raspberry jam, and

top with whipped cream. Cut in wedges and serve. This pie can be baked in the cool of the morning of the day it is to be eaten, but never the day before, remember. It will serve six persons.

GRAHAM CRACKER CAKE

- | | |
|---|---|
| ½ c. shortening (butter or margarine preferred) | ¾ c. sifted flour |
| 1 tsp. salt | 2½ tsp. baking powder |
| 1 tsp. vanilla | 1½ c. finely rolled graham cracker crumbs (about 15 crackers) |
| ¾ c. sugar | 1 c. milk |
| 2 eggs separated | |

Blend the first three ingredients. Add sugar and cream well. Add the egg yolks and beat well. Sift flour and baking powder together and mix with graham cracker crumbs. Add the dry ingredients alternately with milk to the egg mixture. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in two greased eight-inch layer pans in a moderate oven (350°) for twenty-five minutes. Cool and serve with whipped cream and fresh fruit or your favorite icing. If you have an electric mixer use it for this cake.

LEMON ICE-CREAM PIE WITH GRAHAM CRACKER CRUST

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 1 rennet tablet | 2 tbsp. lemon juice |
| 1 tbsp. cold water | 1 tsp. lemon rind |
| 2 c. light cream | a few drops of yellow coloring if desired |
| ½ c. sugar | |

Crush the rennet tablet in the cold water. Add sugar, lemon rind, and food coloring to cream. Warm slowly, stirring constantly. When the mixture is comfortably warm (test by dropping on arm), remove at once from heat and add dissolved rennet tablet. Stir quickly for a few moments only. Pour the mixture while still liquid into a refrigerator tray. Let set, then place in the freezing compartment and freeze until firm. Remove from tray to a bowl. Break with a fork, then beat with an electric beater until the mixture is free from lumps but still on the stiff side. Add the lemon juice and beat quickly. Return to freezing compartment. Just before serving, pour into graham cracker pie shell. Top with graham cracker crumbs if desired.

GRAHAM CRACKER CRUST

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------------|
| 10 graham crackers | dash of salt, cinnamon, nutmeg |
| 1 tsp. flour | ¼ c. melted butter or margarine |

Combine the finely crushed crackers with flour and seasonings. Add melted butter and stir well. Press mixture into a pie plate suitable for serving and chill.

You may let your imagination riot with this graham cracker crust. In pie cherry time, serve pitted cherries cooked with cornstarch for thickening, seasoned generously with butter and a dash of cinnamon, and top with whipped cream. Or you may use crushed fresh raspberries or blackberries, sliced strawberries, or peaches, sliced and seasoned with nutmeg and cinnamon. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two writers, Elder Leland H. Monson and Sister Leone Openshaw Jacobs, not previously represented among the authors of the lessons, are introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*.

Elder Leland H. Monson, author of the theology lessons, "Characters and Teachings of the Book of Mormon," is a member of the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. He was born in Preston, Idaho, a son of James Hans and Hannah Iverson Monson. Some of his ancestors, including his great-great-grandparents, Benjamin Benson and Cynthia (Vail) Benson, were early members of the Church.

Elder Monson, at present head of the English department and chairman of the division of humanities at Weber College, is a graduate of the University of Utah and received his M.A. degree from the University of Chicago. He has also studied at Stanford University. His Church positions have included Sunday School teacher, Priesthood quorum teacher, ward clerk, and member of Ogden Stake high council.

Married to Ada Button, daughter of Taylor Button and LaPrele Young, Elder Monson is the father of four sons and a daughter.

His writings include many fine contributions to several national speech magazines and a number of outstanding articles and series of lessons contributed to Church publications.

Leone Openshaw Jacobs, author of the visiting teacher lessons for 1951-52, "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth," was born in Kaysville,

Utah, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Raymond Openshaw. She attended the University of Utah and married Joseph Jacobs, now an instructor at West High School, Salt Lake City. They have two children, Geraldine J. Wilkinson, an accomplished violinist, and Lamont Joseph, serving as a missionary in the Western Canadian Mission.

Sister Jacobs served as Relief Society mission president in the Palestine-Syrian Mission, where her husband presided, and from which they returned in 1939. Upon her return from the Holy Land she wrote a series of articles entitled, "To the Land of Our Savior," published in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*, April 1941.

In 1941 she was called to the Ensign Stake Relief Society board where she became second counselor to President Lucina R. Card, and later first counselor to President Alice B. Steinicke. In 1945 she was made a member of the Relief Society general board.

She has served in various civic organizations, as a member of the home division of the Utah Safety Council, Vice President of the Dental Service Society, and is First Vice President elect of the Women's State Legislative Council of Utah.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see the following references in *The Relief Society Magazine*:

Jean Ridges Jennings, page 471, July 1948.

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, page 471, July 1949.

Elder Archibald F. Bennett, page 469, July 1950.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Preview of Lessons for 1951-52

Elder Leland H. Monson

THIS course of study is designed to give an understanding and appreciation of The Book of Mormon, one of the four standard works of the Church. It is not a study about the book, but a study of the book. The Book of Mormon is to be the text. The series of lessons will cover a period of five years, allowing time for a careful analysis of the characters of the book and of their teachings. It is to be hoped that at the termination of the course every member of the Relief Society will have read and studied The Book of Mormon in its entirety.

The book is primarily a new witness for the divinity of Jesus Christ. Parts relating to the pre-Christian era point forward to the birth and crucifixion of Christ upon the Eastern Hemisphere, and to his appearance to the multitude on the Western Hemisphere. Succeeding chapters recount his mission among the inhabitants and emphasize the degree of influence it exerted upon the lives of the posterity of these people.

Taught primarily as a new witness for Christ, the course should strengthen the testimony of every member. Each one who approaches a study of the book with a prayerful heart may realize in full the promise of Moroni:

If ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ,

he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. (Book of Mormon, Moroni 10:4).

The first year's course of study will concern itself with an analysis of the structure and purposes of the book; the witnesses to its divine authenticity; the rise and decline of the Jaredite civilization; and the departure of Lehi and his colony from Jerusalem to the land of promise. It will give students of the book an insight into the personalities who made the history of that civilization, and will acquaint them with the teachings of these men. Relief Society members will want to familiarize themselves with the Biblical narrative from the creation to the building of the Tower of Babel before beginning the study of The Book of Ether.

It has been thought advisable to encourage class leaders to base their discussions on material found in The Book of Mormon and outlined in *The Relief Society Magazine*; to discourage the use of too many outside references; to teach only authoritative material; and to study in context all quoted material in the lessons.

The titles and objectives for the course of study for the first year are as follows:

Lesson 1. *Origin and Analysis of The Book of Mormon*

Objective: To gain an appreciation of the purpose, the content, and

circumstances of the coming forth of The Book of Mormon through a study of the Title Page, the Brief Analysis, and Origin of The Book of Mormon.

Lesson 2. *The Witnesses to The Book of Mormon*

Objective: To establish the authenticity of The Book of Mormon according to the principle of witnesses.

Lesson 3. *The Migration*

Objective: To strive to understand and comprehend the kind of faith exemplified by the brother of Jared, and cultivate it in our own lives.

Lesson 4. *The Migration (Continued)*

Objective: To show the purpose and promises of the Lord regarding the land of promise, applying them to our own day.

Lesson 5. *Orihah to Coriantumr*

Objective: From a study of the history of the Jaredite nation under the rule of kings, to emphasize the necessity of obeying prophetic counsel.

Lesson 6. *Coriantumr and Ether*

Objective: To study the results of disobedience and the necessity of exercising faith.

Lesson 7. *The Formation and Dispersion of the House of Israel*

Objective: To gain an understanding of events which transpired in the Old World between the time of the Jaredite migration to the promised land and that of Lehi and his followers.

Lesson 8. *Lehi, Man of Visions*

Objective: To show that "the tender mercies of the Lord are over all those whom he hath chosen, because of their faith, to make them mighty even unto the power of deliverance" (I Nephi 1:20).

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 1—Origin and Analysis of The Book of Mormon

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: "Title Page"; "Brief Analysis of The Book of Mormon"; "Origin of The Book of Mormon.")

For Tuesday, October 2, 1951

Objective: To gain an appreciation of the purpose, the content, and circumstances of the coming forth of The Book of Mormon through a study of the Title Page, the Brief Analysis, and Origin of The Book of Mormon.

"THE Book of Mormon—An Account Written by the Hand of Mormon Upon Plates Taken From The Plates of Nephi Where-

fore, it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites—Written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant

of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile—written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and of revelation.” So reads the initial part of the title page of *The Book of Mormon*. The entire page reveals the strange source and content of the book.

As the title page indicates, *The Book of Mormon* was “written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile.” Regarding these Lamanites, the book itself explicitly states that one cause of their degenerate state and ignorance is to be found in the traditions of their fathers, and definitely promises that “the Lord will be merciful unto them and prolong their existence in the land” (*Alma 9:16*).

Writing directly to this remnant of the house of Israel, the modern Lamanites, Mormon says:

Know ye that ye are of the house of Israel. Know ye that ye must come unto repentance, or ye cannot be saved. . . . Therefore repent, and be baptized in the name of Jesus, and lay hold upon the gospel of Christ. . . (*Mormon 7:2, 3, 8*).

It is marvelous, indeed, that a book which was completed over fifteen centuries ago, should carry a message explicitly directed to the American Indian, a remnant of that civilization.

The unusual source of the book is indicated by the fact that it was translated from a record which had been abridged by Mormon and Moroni, Nephite scholars of the fourth century after Christ, who lived on the North American continent.

A careful study of *The Book of Mormon* reveals that Ammaron, a

prophet laboring among the aboriginal inhabitants of America, and a keeper of the records of these people, became acquainted with a youth named Mormon. Impressed with the intelligence and integrity of this boy, the prophet Ammaron gave to him an important assignment, saying:

I perceive that thou art a sober child, and art quick to observe; Therefore, when ye are about twenty and four years old I would that ye should remember the things that ye have observed concerning this people; and when ye are of that age go to the land Antum, unto a hill which shall be called Shim; and there have I deposited unto the Lord all the sacred engravings concerning this people. And behold, ye shall take the plates of Nephi unto yourself, and the remainder shall ye leave in the place where they are; and ye shall engrave on the plates of Nephi all the things that ye have observed concerning this people (*The Book of Mormon 1:2-4*).

Among other records which Mormon found in this hill Shim were two separate sets of plates both of which were called the plates of Nephi. Nephi, the prophet who made both sets, called them the large plates of Nephi and the small plates of Nephi (*I Nephi 9:2-4; II Nephi 5:29-33*). The small plates contained the religious history of the people from 600 B.C., to about 175 B.C., and the large plates gave a secular and religious history of this same people, duplicating the period of time covered by the small plates and extending beyond that period to about 322 A.D.

Undoubtedly, there were many volumes of large plates, for they represented a more or less detailed history kept by different kings and prophets prior to the time of Am-

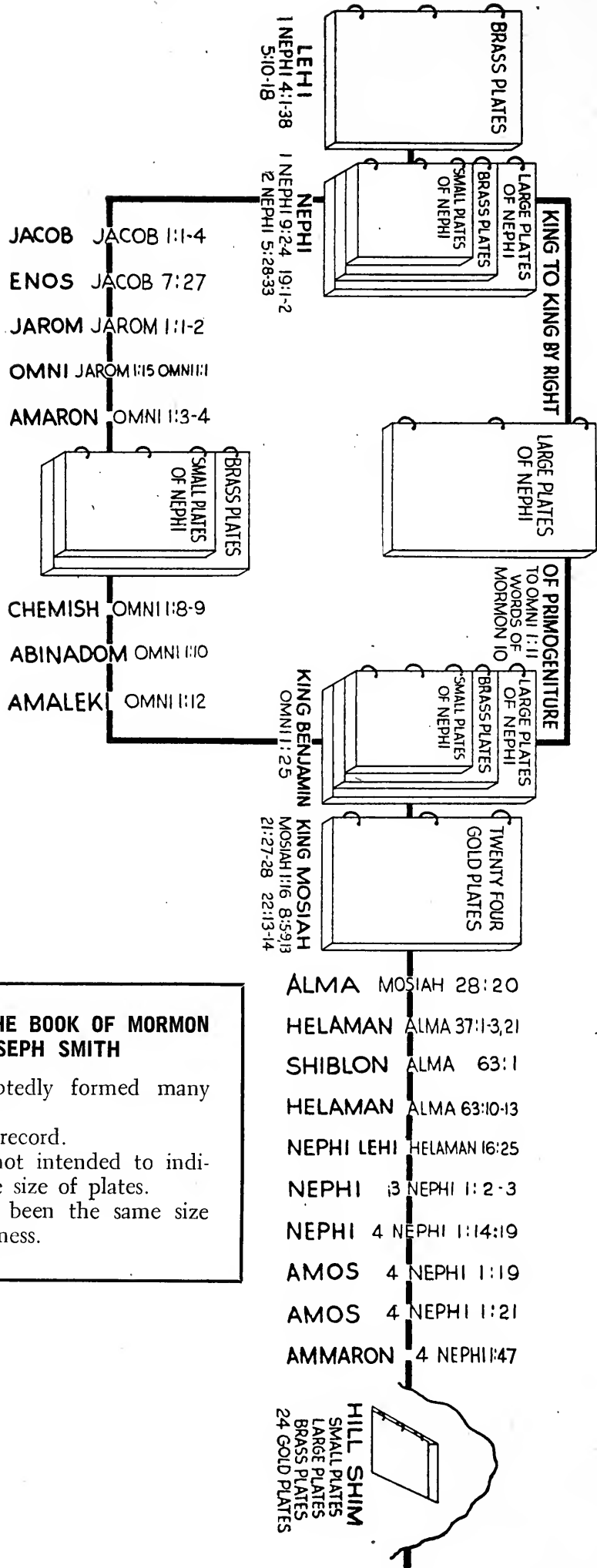
**TRANSMISSION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON
LEHI TO JOSEPH SMITH**

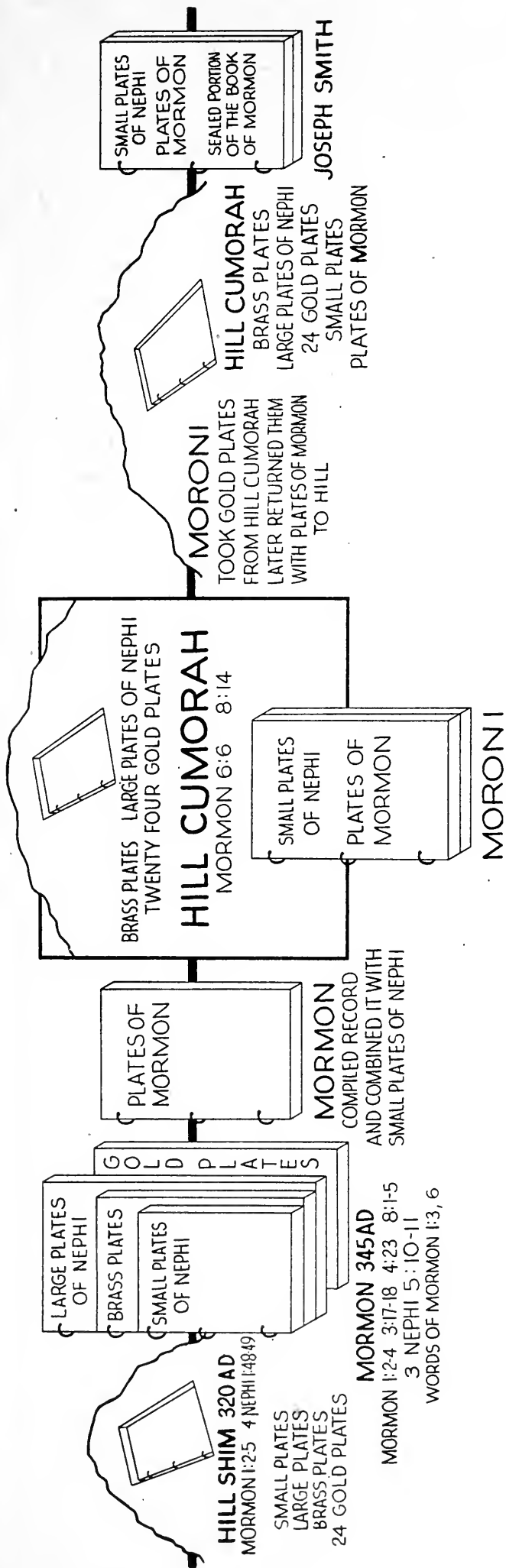
Large plates undoubtedly formed many volumes

It was a cumulative record.

Size of drawings is not intended to indicate comparative size of plates.

All plates may have been the same size except for thickness.





maron. The chart on the previous page pictorially indicates how these and other records came into the hands of Ammaron.

Obedient to the instructions of Ammaron, Mormon did take from the hill Shim the records which Ammaron had deposited. Upon the large plates of Nephi he engraved a detailed account of what he had observed of the rapidly declining Nephite and Lamanite civilizations.

The Plates of Mormon

In the declining years of his life, about 384 A.D., Mormon became concerned about the records of the past which he had taken from the hill Shim (Mormon 6:6) and made a separate record upon which he gave an abridged history of the entire Nephite civilization. In this abridged history Mormon wrote:

And it came to pass that when we had gathered in all our people in one to the land of Cumorah, behold I, Mormon, began to be old; and knowing it to be the last struggle of my people, and having been commanded of the Lord that I should not suffer the records which had been handed down by our fathers, which were sacred, to fall into the hands of the Lamanites, (for the Lamanites would destroy them) therefore I made this record out of the plates of Nephi, and hid up in the hill Cumorah all the records which had been entrusted to me by the hand of the Lord, save it were these few plates which I gave unto my son Moroni (Mormon 6:6).

This quotation and the following verses make it clear that Mormon made a set of plates upon which he engraved the history of the Nephite nation:

But behold there are records which do contain all the proceedings of this people;

and a shorter but true account was given by Nephi. Therefore I have made my record of these things according to the record of Nephi, which was engraven on the plates which were called the plates of Nephi. And behold, I do make the record on plates which I have made with mine own hands (III Nephi 5:9-11).

It is this set of plates made by Mormon which were given into the hands of Joseph Smith. Because the history was compiled largely by Mormon, the translated record has come to be known as The Book of Mormon.

After completing his abridgment of the large plates of Nephi, Mormon discovered the small plates of Nephi which contained another history of the Nephites during more than their first four hundred years. This history, written by early prophets from a religious point of view, made a deep impression upon the mind of Mormon. Acting under the inspiration of the Lord, Mormon attached these small plates to the fore part of his own plates by means of three rings. The small plates of Nephi and the plates of Mormon thus became one record. This record Mormon gave to his son Moroni, who completed it and deposited it in the hill Cumorah.

Mormon's engravings on his record ended with chapter seven of The Book of Mormon within The Book of Mormon. Moroni added chapters eight and nine to this Book of Mormon.

Having discovered among the many records in the hill Cumorah twenty-four gold plates, which had been passed down by the prophets and kings, Moroni read them carefully and recognized that these plates gave the history of the Jared-

ites, a people who had dwelt on this land of promise long before the Nephites were directed here by the Lord.

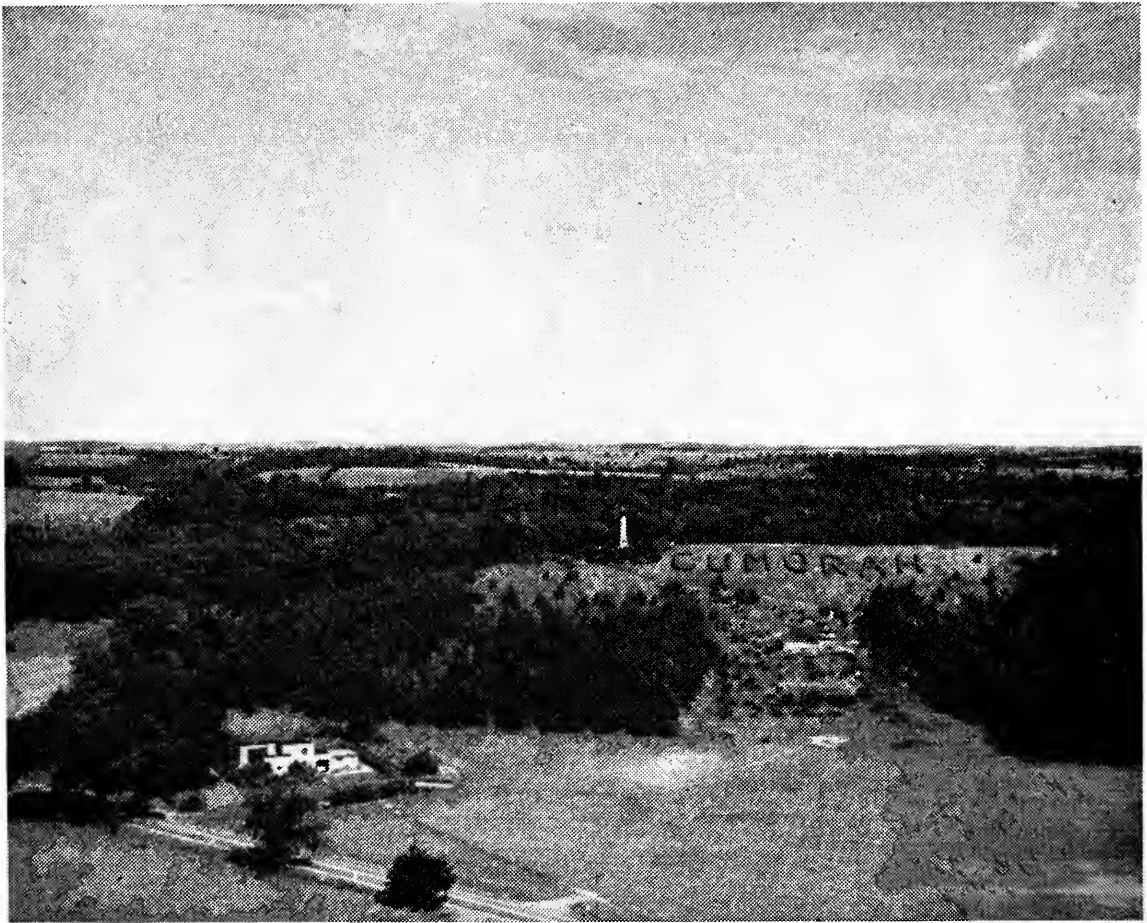
These Jaredites, under the leadership of Jared and his brother, Mahonri Moriancumer, left the tower of Babel about 2247 B.C. for the land of promise and flourished here. The last person of their nation lived to report the sad story of the decline and fall of his people to the Mulekites, who lived in Zarahemla, and who later merged their civilization with the Nephites. (See Omni 13-19, 20-22.)

Working under the inspiration of the Lord, Moroni engraved an abridgment of the history of the Jaredites, as taken from the twenty-four gold plates, upon the plates made by his father Mormon. This history of the Jaredites is known as The Book of Ether. It follows The Book of Mormon.

Moroni completed his father's record with The Book of Moroni, ten chapters explaining his desolate state, discussing ordinances and principles of the gospel, giving his farewell to the Lamanites, and stating the conditions under which a reader might obtain an individual testimony of the truth of the Book of Mormon.

Structure of Our Book of Mormon

The plates which Joseph Smith took from the hill Cumorah, the record of Mormon, were written by eleven writers, nine of whom were responsible for the history engraved on the small plates of Nephi, which Mormon had attached to his record. The remainder of the plates of Mormon were engraved by Mormon and Moroni.



Photograph by Otto Done

THE HILL CUMORAH

The manner in which the record of Mormon was compiled by Mormon and Moroni and the order in which Joseph Smith translated it account for the unusual structure of our present Book of Mormon. An understanding of this structure is a pre-requisite to effective reading.

Joseph Smith originally began translating, not from the small plates of Nephi, but from Mormon's abridgment of the large plates of Nephi. Having completed his translation down to the reign of King Benjamin, Joseph entrusted Martin Harris with the manuscript. Martin lost it. (See D.H.C. I, page 21.)

Joseph was instructed not to again translate this same history from the large plates of Nephi, but to translate the material recorded on the small plates of Nephi, which material covered the same period of history. These small plates, you will recall, were attached to Mormon's plates by means of three rings.

The first 132 pages of The Book of Mormon are a direct translation of the small plates of Nephi, written by the following prophets: Nephi, Jacob, Enos, Jarom, Omni, Ammaron, Chemish, Abinadom, and Amaleki. (The paging in The Book of Mormon has remained the same in all editions printed since

1920. The pages referred to in these lessons are from editions printed since that time.)

“The Words of Mormon,” pages 132 and 133, serve the purpose of connecting the history taken from the small plates of Nephi with the history taken from the large plates of Nephi. Pages 134 to 459 inclusive are a translation of Mormon’s abridgment of the large plates of Nephi, which plates were originally written by prophets and kings from King Mosiah to Ammaron. Pages 460 to 472, or the first seven chapters of The Book of Mormon, within The Book of Mormon give Mormon’s personal account of events he had witnessed.

Pages 472 to 478, or chapters eight and nine of The Book of Mormon, were written by Mormon’s son, Moroni. Pages 478 to 510, The Book of Ether, are a translation of Moroni’s abridgment of the twenty-four gold plates, the history of the Jaredite nation. Pages 510 to 522, the end of the book, contain Moroni’s instructions.

The foregoing analysis of the structure of The Book of Mormon indicates clearly that the chronological or time order of events has not been followed. If the time order had been adhered to The Book of Ether would be the first book in The Book of Mormon, for it gives the history of the Jaredites who lived upon this hemisphere before the Nephites.

Recognizing the fact that the Jaredites did come to America before the Nephites, we shall first study the history of the descendants

of Jared, his brother, Mahonri Moriancumer; and their colony, which left the Tower of Babel about 2247 B.C., and were guided by the hand of the Lord to the promised land.

Suggested Readings

ROBERTS, BRIGHAM H.: *New Witnesses for God*, II, pp. 134-138, *Deseret News*, 1920.

MONSON, LELAND H.: *Life in Ancient America*, pp. 11-13, *Deseret Sunday School Union*, 1946.

Questions for Discussion

1. To whom was The Book of Mormon written?
2. Why does a structural analysis of The Book of Mormon make it easier to read?
3. Why do we call Mormon a scholar?
4. What plates did Mormon and Moroni use in the preparation of what is now called The Book of Mormon?

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).

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Preview of Lessons for 1951-52

Leone O. Jacobs

“BOOK of Mormon Gems of Truth” is the title of a new series of Visiting Teacher Messages for the year 1951-52. As the theology course is a study of the Book of Mormon, we feel it will be very profitable and that increased spirituality will result if the Visiting Teacher Messages are also centered around this volume of scripture. With this in mind we have selected choice quotations from the Book of Mormon to be used as messages to the homes of Latter-day Saints.

As we analyze these quotations they become clearer and take on added meaning and significance. They also have definite, practical application in our lives. The aim of these messages is that our Latter-day Saint families may be inspired to more fully live up to the instruction and counsel contained therein. Visiting teachers have an excellent opportunity of discussing these topics informally in the homes with the sisters of the Church; and when there is an exchange of ideas under such conditions, much of lasting value may be gained.

The eight lesson titles and objectives for 1951-52 are as follows:

Lesson 1. *“And behold, I tell you these things that ye may learn wisdom; that ye may learn that when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God”* (Mosiah 2:17).

Objective: To show that service to the Lord and service to our fellow men are synonymous.

Lesson 2. *“Remember that my Spirit will not always strive with man”* (Ether 2:15).

Objective: To point out that only by living the Lord’s commandments can we be sure of the presence of the spirit.

Lesson 3. *“Feast upon the words of Christ; for behold, the words of Christ will tell you all things what ye should do”* (II Nephi 32:3).

Objective: To emphasize that in the words of our Savior we have the perfect pattern of life.

Lesson 4. *“Look unto God with firmness of mind, and pray unto him with exceeding faith, and he will console you in your afflictions . . .”* (Jacob 3:1).

Objective: To remind us that God is ever willing to comfort us in trial.

Lesson 5. *“There is nothing which is good save it comes from the Lord; and that which is evil cometh from the devil”* (Omni 25).

Objective: To show that it is not just to hold God accountable for the wicked state of the world.

Lesson 6. *“Now it is better that a man should be judged of God than of man, for the judgments of God are always just, but the judgments*

of man are not always just" (Mosiah 29:12).

Objective: To show that we should refrain from judging each other.

Lesson 7. "I have none other object save it be the everlasting welfare of your souls" (II Nephi 2:30).

Objective: To help us appreciate the fact that there are many people who

are interested in our everlasting welfare.

Lesson 8. "He that will not believe my words will not believe me—that I am" (Ether 4:12).

Objective: To show that when one truly accepts Jesus Christ, he accepts his words as well.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 1—"And Behold, I Tell You These Things That Ye May Learn Wisdom; That Ye May Learn That When Ye Are in the Service of Your Fellow Beings Ye Are Only in the Service of Your God" (Mosiah 2:17).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 2, 1951

Objective: To show that service to the Lord and service to our fellow men are synonymous.

OFTTIMES we unconsciously make a distinction between serving the Lord and serving our fellow men, when, in reality, they are one and the same. We think of attending our meetings, paying tithing, saying our prayers, and fulfilling assignments in Church positions as belonging to the service of the Lord, while, on the other hand, tending the baby of a tired mother, encouraging a despondent widow, taking some delicacy to an invalid across the street, appear to us as simply being a good neighbor. We mistakenly feel that service to the Lord is in a different category, that it is on a loftier plane, being removed from our contacts with mere human beings in the mundane affairs of daily living. Why cannot we see that service rendered to our neighbors and associates is of the

selfsame fabric as service to God? He has told us this is so.

We might make a comparison. As parents we know our feelings when someone befriends our child who is in difficulty. We feel as grateful as though he had befriended us, do we not? Perhaps even more grateful. If some kind friend gives encouragement, inspiration, or wise counsel to our child, it means the same to us, his parents, as though we had been the recipients of that much-needed assistance. So it is with our Heavenly Father. When one of us befriends another of his children, it is the same as though we rendered that service unto him. The more we do to bring joy and righteousness into the lives of his children, our brothers and sisters, the more we lift each other up the ladder toward per-

fection—the more we are serving our Maker.

Henry Van Dyke, in *The Other Wise Man*, aptly illustrates this great truth. According to the story, the "other wise man" used his three precious jewels, intended as gifts for the Messiah, to minister to the needs of a sick stranger, to save a baby boy from certain death, and to free a young woman from the bondage of debt. "I have spent for man that which was meant for God," Artaban said sadly. He searched thirty-three years for his King and finally neared Golgotha as Christ was hanging on the cross. Buildings were shaken from their foundations by the force of the en-

suing earthquake, and Artaban was struck down by a piece of falling tile. As he lay dying his lips moved as if answering someone. "Not so, my Lord. For when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King." Then we are told, he ceased speaking, and the sweet voice came again, "Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these thy brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Work Meeting—Sewing

THE ART OF MENDING

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

Preview of Lessons for 1951-52

Jean Ridges Jennings

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

WE are living in a time of rising costs and economic uncertainties when no one knows what tomorrow may bring in the way of shortages and burdensome expenses.

It is a part of good citizenship as well as sound economy to take care of the things we have and waste nothing.

This means that mending, more than ever, is an important phase of homemaking. It is one of the home arts to be studied and learned with exactness and skill. What better project can women undertake

than to master a craft that will help them and their families to prolong the use of clothing and household linens?

The lessons for optional use by wards and branches at work meetings for 1951-52 will attempt to outline and explain some of the fundamental mending processes. It is impossible to discuss all of the details of this project. It is hoped, however, that everyone can get the feeling and the desire for precise and artful handling of mending problems. All should strive to eliminate carelessness and a hap-

hazard way of doing this very important task.

One of the best ways to learn to do something is actually to see how it is done. If the work meeting leader or the chairman in charge of this special phase of the work meeting program arranges to have demonstration materials of well-done patches and darns in various kinds of clothing and household articles to illustrate the different lessons, the sisters will learn easier and faster.

The sisters may be encouraged to bring their mending problems to meeting so that they can be shown the best way to repair their articles. Not only will they learn from doing their own mending, but they will also learn from observing what others are doing. A supply of scraps of various types of fabrics on which the sisters may practice would also be helpful.

There are great possibilities for salvaging articles that might seem to be hopelessly worn. There is a world of opportunity to work up enthusiasm for and pride in the development of skill in mending. Women will grow to see that some hitherto tedious tasks can be really enjoyable because of the very nature of the accomplishment.

It is recommended that advance notice be given of the type of mending to be taken up at the following work meeting so that the sisters can bring that type of mending to the class.

The text, which we have formerly recommended, *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot, may be used for reference material and illustrations (pp. 213-

231). Wards which do not already own a copy may purchase one at the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. Also splendid material on this and other related subjects can be found in Government bulletins. They may be obtained by writing to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The course, to continue throughout the year, will include eight lessons, as follows:

Lesson 1. *Introductory*

A discussion of plans and equipment for guidance in the year's work.

Lesson 2. *Patching*

An outline and discussion on the most useful types of patches and their uses.

Lesson 3. *Strengthening Ready-Mades*

A group of suggestions on what to do to increase the wearing-quality value of ready-made clothes.

Lesson 4. *Knitted Goods*

This lesson outlines ways and means of putting new life in aging knitted clothing.

Lesson 5. *Mending Woolens*

Suggestions on how women may inconspicuously mend, patch, and darn woolens.

Lesson 6. *Mending Men's Suits*

Some of the more common problems that arise in taking care of men's suits, and their solutions.

Lesson 7. *Sleeves, Underarm Patches, and Mending Sheers*

Some of the more common problems that appear in the maintenance of women's clothes and their solutions.

Lesson 8. *Linens and Household Articles*

Ways and means of salvaging worn and torn household linens and supplies.

Work Meeting—Sewing

THE ART OF MENDING

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

Lesson 1—Introductory

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, October 9, 1951

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

NO single phase of the over-all home-sewing plan is more important than mending. If clothes and household furnishings are to last and give maximum service, they must be cared for with vigilance until they are discarded.

The old saying, "A stitch in time," should go a step further, saying that it may save the life of the garment, not just nine stitches.

Every woman who has the responsibility of homemaking would do well to learn how to care for and conserve clothing and home furnishings. If things are to last with long, hard use, a knowledge of approved mending processes is a "must."

It is a wise homemaker who budgets her time for household tasks so as to allow a definite time for mending. It should not be left to chance, nor should it always be put off until tomorrow.

Every housewife should provide a definite place for articles needing mending. This might be a drawer, basket, or shelf where articles won't cause confusion and disorder. Here they may be neatly folded to await the mending day. Don't ever put unmended clothing away to be worn again.

One of the most important aids to good mending practice is good and adequate equipment.

A mending kit is a big help. This may be a basket, box, or large drawer—any place where mending supplies can be kept together. With materials all collected, it is easy to pick up odd bits of mending in spare time without having to hunt for equipment each time.

Have on hand at all times as regular mending equipment such supplies as fine and coarse needles, different sizes and colors of thread, assorted colors of darning cotton, pins, buttons, snaps, hooks and eyes, (light and dark), tape, bits of net, scraps of patching material for everyday things, a stocking darning, ruler or tape measure, and any other mending supplies you use often.

Whenever a garment is made at home, the leftover pieces of cloth should be neatly rolled into a bundle and saved until the article is discarded. One never knows when a piece of the fabric may be needed for patching or alteration. If a ready-made garment is altered and any of the cloth cut off, save the pieces for future use. Provide a bag or box for storing these scraps.

Keep an attractive portable sewing bag or box convenient to the

mending area. This can be used for carrying a few pieces of hand mending to the sewing circle or to the neighbors when you go for a sociable chat; and you will, of course, take it to the Relief Society work meeting mending class. Or you may simply want to have it handy in the living room when the family gathers around the fire of an evening to listen to its favorite

radio program or talk over the day's events.

You will be surprised how much can be accomplished by utilizing the odd moments. Monotonous tasks seem easier when they are done with a group.

Let's do this mending job as efficiently as possible, but at the same time keep it pleasant.

Literature—The Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1951-52

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

AS we begin our third year of exploration in the realm of English literature, the objective of our course, and therefore of every lesson we present, should be planted firmly in our minds and hearts. During the many hours of work and reward we shall spend together, the desire "to earn and share that high pleasure which only literature and a sense of the past can give" should dominate every phase of literary activity, from planning, through preparing, to actual lesson presentation.

Such a living attitude will aid in solving your own peculiar problems, in sharpening your ability to help others see and understand, and in giving to your lesson warmth and vitality. Then, indeed, the objective shall be enriched in your own eyes; then, indeed, you will continue to know the thrill of this work which, effectively performed, is its own substantial reward.

The general area of our present study might be entitled, "The Beginnings of Romanticism." The

stage remains the same as in the past, but the theater is under new management and combines new scenery, a different set of actors, and previously unused story material into an expression of ideas and beliefs held by a new age of Englishmen. During this Romantic period English literature reached one of its two highest pinnacles (the other being the Elizabethan Era). The modern reader finds himself continually attracted to the great writers of this period. It shall be our purpose to learn of these men and their works, as well as to define the principles of romanticism which they held in common.

It is most difficult to say just what the function of a lesson should be. But let us hope that these lessons serve as a flame within your mind, and that if you absorb whatever warmth it may have, and it causes new relationships, ideas, and realities to grow within you to a constant light—then these printed lessons will more than have fulfilled their function. Whatever

lesson this flame may have helped you create, finally, should be a memorable one, both for yourself and for those with whom it is shared.

Our text is Woods, Watt, Anderson, *The Literature of England*, volume two (volume one was completed with last year's course). Published by Scott, Foresman and Company, this book is available at the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The titles for the eight lessons follow:

Lesson 17. *Introduction to Romanticism.*

Lesson 18. *Two Pre-Romantic Poets: James Thomson and William Collins.*

Lesson 19. *Two Other Pre-Romantic Poets: Thomas Gray and William Cowper.*

Lesson 20. *Robert Burns.*

Lesson 21. *William Blake.*

Lesson 22. *Two Romantic Essayists: Lamb and Hazlitt.*

Lesson 23. *William Wordsworth.*

Lesson 24. *William Wordsworth (Concluded).*

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 17—Introduction to Romanticism

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 16, 1951

Objective: To show that Romanticism placed emphasis on human emotions, sympathetic understanding of common people, desire for social justice, and on the romantic flavor of the past.

IT was during the vigorous Elizabethan Age that Ben Jonson said, "Language best shows a man; speak that I may see you." If a man might thus be judged accurately by the words he uses, so might a people. And the words most memorable in the English tradition were spoken and written during the two golden periods of her history: the Elizabethan Age, and the period preceding, and during the reign of Queen Victoria. It is not by chance that England's greatest literary productivity occurred while the English nation itself was expanding with dizzying power and eloquence; neither is it by chance that the literature of these periods reveals in each instance a magnificent triumph of the romantic spirit.

The overlapping of period into period is especially marked at the opening of the nineteenth century. The great events of this time were foreshadowed by the gradual changes in the last thirty years of the period just passed. England had learned something from the American Revolution which proved a great victory for the rights of man in England, as well as in the American colonies. The English conscience was fired even more vigorously by the French Revolution of 1789, with its slogan of "Liberty Equality, and Fraternity," which was never again to be entirely forgotten. The seeds of the great liberating reforms in nineteenth century England were sown in the English commoner's mind by such

epic blows struck in the cause of freedom.

During most of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and the early eighteenth centuries, life in rural Britain had followed the same quiet pattern. Families were grouped together in small hamlets; small gardens, a few animals, and domestic industries fulfilled their own needs. For example, in the clothmaking industry the looms were in the homes and the whole family helped with the weaving. In the pottery districts each family had its potter's wheel and everyone in the family could use it.

Suddenly in a period of about sixty years, everything was changed. Factories were established and industry moved out of the home; hamlets became cities. The immediate causes of such an abrupt change were a series of inventions which made large-scale production possible. The fly shuttle, the spinning jenny, the power loom and, most of all, the use of steam for power, made possible the great industries of England, and revolutionized transportation both on land and sea. Rapidly England became the commercial and industrial leader of the world.

Such a change in a nation's living habits could not take place without much individual hardship and opposition. England was suffering its Industrial Revolution, which for almost a century was a period of turmoil and tragedy for the laboring class. It had seemed natural that women and children go into the mills, since they had helped with the work at home. However, the conditions of factory

work were utterly different; and the unhappiness which followed the change from home work to factory work, from semi-rural to city-slum existence, was first thought to be a necessary accompaniment of the machine age.

Then a few souls began to ask questions and protest. Some of the remonstrance was led by literary men. Poets, in a nostalgic mood, described the simple joys that had been a part of country living. Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village," and Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night" are representative.

As the nineteenth century opened, a more realistic attitude was taken. The changes had come to stay, but the realization was growing that the great production of factories, mills, and mines did not necessarily mean that men, women, and children must be slaves to the machines and their owners. Life in cities did not have to be poor, unhealthy, and unhappy. Proper standards to govern working conditions could and must be adopted. Practical efforts for reform enlightened this era.

History records changes; literature makes them real to us. Many excellent novels, poems, and essays bring us into the lives and hearts of people living during those momentous changes. The reader shares the poverty and toil of the workers, and their terror and rebellion at events.

Religion also had undergone an eclipsing restraint placed upon it during the neo-classical age by the enthronement of intellect and rea-

son. It was now inevitable that a wave of religious enthusiasm should follow. In the rising tide of evangelistic Methodism led by the emotional preachings of the Wesley brothers and George Whitefield, the average Englishman enjoyed a freedom he had never before known.

The most apparent reaction in literature to these great changes was a movement toward romanticism which is the opposite swing of the pendulum from classicism. The great romantics of English poetry were contemporaneous with the years of the Industrial Revolution, from about 1770 to 1835. Those were the years that brought forth the poems of Burns and Blake, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats—all of them sympathetically concerned with human experiences.

But what is romanticism? An attempt at defining it must be at least as difficult as an attempted definition of love, freedom, idealism, or democracy, all of which, incidentally, are products of a romantic philosophy. Our problem is not to attempt grappling with a familiar but undefined force such as electricity, but to select from innumerable sincere but partial definitions of romanticism those which most accurately represent basic beliefs in the romantic school or movement. Even though the hundreds of existing definitions cannot be boiled down into one easy, precise phrase, the term *romanticism* is still so important that it must be discussed.

Perhaps our understanding can be broadened most quickly and effectively by illustrating important

points of romanticism as they occur about us today. If we cannot now meet the great English romantics in the flesh, at least we can identify phases of romanticism in our contemporary world which, to a surprising extent, has been shaped by romantic principles.

Suppose we select as the most promising subject for our investigation that person living in the present world whom you know most intimately: namely, you. Wouldn't you like to know if you are a romanticist? How, if at all, romanticism influences your day-to-day existence? But more related to our immediate purpose, you should realize that through this self-examination you are also learning a great reality of the past, for as someone has wisely said, "The only true history is contemporary history."

Do you ever long for "the good old days"? Have you ever collected letters, diaries, books, or other things about you in an effort to recreate the glorious past, all as a comforting contrast to the somewhat forsaken present? Do you ever want to "get away from it all"? Do you often travel, either through time or distance, to "far-away places" primarily to forsake present reality? Do you feel within your breast a passionate love for the great out-of-doors as you marvel at a sunset, or the perfection of one tiny bloom? If, in your living garden, or surrounded by majestic nature, you feel a nearness to God as nature speaks his message directly to you—then you are a romanticist.

Or do you love to be in love with love? Do you dream about young

love rather than about wisdom and maturity? Do you enjoy rather anticipating an occasional "right good cry"? At Halloween have you loved to sit in the dark listening to ghost stories while passing about peeled grapes and gloves filled with wet sand? Do you read detective stories and thrillers, and listen to murder mysteries on the radio? Are you quickened by tragedy and suffering, and often awed by the certainty and nearness of death? If so, you are a romanticist.

Are you genuinely concerned for the lot of the common man? Do you resent the suffocating encroachment of economic necessity, society, or the state, upon your individuality? Do you rebel at seeing "man's inhumanity to man"? Do you believe that man by his very nature is born to be free, and that any narrowing of this greatest of all rights is a crime against God and humanity?

Do you believe that ideals rather than things are most real? For you, are truth and beauty one, and a high reality? Are the almost unattainable ideals of this life not worth living for if they are not worth dying for? The beliefs of romanticism are large indeed.

This list of questions represents some of the main principles of what has come to be known as romanticism; such a list probably omits almost as much as it contains. But it does possess those denominators which romanticism is commonly said to contain, namely, emotion, individuality, and idealism.

The definition of romanticism in our text is well done and deserves quoting:

There are two important ways of looking at life. One way is to be guided by reason and a sense of fact; this is the path which leads in art and literature to the rational and the realistic. Such a path the neo-classicist preferred to follow. The other way of looking at life is in terms of the emotions and the imagination; this is the road to what in literature and art is called the romantic. Obviously, the romantic is inimical [opposed] to the severely rational; it has warmth where the rational has not; it is not restrained by bare fact; it has largeness and sweep and passion, and is as necessary a part of a well-rounded human being's experience as is the purely rational; but it is of the heart rather than of the head (text, page 1, pp. 1-31, particularly pp. 1-5 and 29-31, give discussion and background).

It should be pointed out that, just as in the world about us individuals are rarely if ever all bad or all good, so in the literary world authors rarely have been purely classical or purely romantic. It is just about as unfair, and as foolish, to accuse the neo-classical writers of writing only with their intellects as it is to believe that romanticism is only imagination and emotion. Throughout all time man has maintained sanity and balance by using both his heart and his head, and whenever an historical age has allowed either the mind or heart to absorb entirely the function of the other, an extreme unbalancing results. Of the two different approaches we should also realize that for the English people the most natural attitude toward life and mankind has been the romantic. After the Puritan and neo-classical interludes extending for almost 150 years, the return of English beliefs and literature to romanticism was a return to a more normal way of belief and action.

Nor did neo-classicism succumb and romanticism triumph overnight, or even in a decade. James Thomson's "The Seasons" first appeared in 1726, almost a hundred years before the full romantic triumph. Throughout the eighteenth century so many authors departed from the neo-classical models that they have been grouped together as the pre-romantic movement. While their philosophy still might have been largely conventional, some principle or practice in their writings contributed to the growing romantic movement. For example, Oliver Goldsmith's idyllic novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield* is romantic in its praise of the common man and the simple virtues. His "The Deserted Village" is intensely romantic in its opposition to the effects of the Industrial Revolution upon rural life and in its melancholic lament for the happy days gone by; yet the poem is written in heroic couplets, the favorite means of expression of the neo-classicist. And Goldsmith published these two works about thirty and forty years after Thomson's "The Seasons." Thus the wide overlapping of the two movements is evident.

The romantic writers were never formally organized as a group of companion spirits. Indeed this would have been a most absurd impossibility, so great and so complete were personal, social, political, and even literary differences among them. While a few of them were intimate for a time, others were solitary men: sometimes they never

knew each other at all. Many expressed dislike, and even contempt for another's writings. Yet the larger convictions which they shared despite such differences brought them together, far closer, it is true, in the eyes of those of us who care to look back, than ever they appeared to themselves.

Thus it was that, during this period, the English nation as a whole achieved freedoms and advancements for the individual previously unknown. But accompanying such advantages came the moral, social, and economic problems which have characterized the modern age for the past 150 years. Partly in a democratic spirit of new-found freedom, partly as a refuge from confusion, the romantic literary man, writing the feeling and images which were echoed in the hearts of the people, explored himself, beauty, and nature, the medieval past, the exotic or melancholy present, the ideal future—all in glowing words which quickened the pulse and tantalized the senses and fed the loftiest hopes. At last the English romantic impulse had come into its own.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why is romanticism difficult to define?
2. How rapidly did romanticism replace the ideas and literary fashions of the previous neo-classical age?
3. Can the English tradition be described fairly as romantic?
4. What has been the relationship between democracy and romanticism? What, if any, is the present relationship?

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Preview of Lessons for 1951-52

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

THE seven lessons for this year are a continuation of the text, *The Progress of Man* by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. They consist of chapters 12 to 24 inclusive.

In these perilous times, with the threat of war ever present, traditional standards of morals and government are being discarded. There are concerted movements in progress for the possession of men's minds. As never before we need an unerring guide to proper government. This is to be found in our text which is an outline history of man interpreted in the light of modern revelation.

This year's lessons will follow through the period of the apostasy when the world was deprived of the divine authority of the Priesthood, and men were shackled to Satan's fetters. Ignorance flourished like a rank weed in the darkness. Then came the upward striving of

select and heroic souls towards the light. With the revival of learning, a virtual rebirth came to mankind in Europe. Religious reform followed closely this increase of learning. Men dared to cry out for freedom of worship; endured and fought to obtain it. Contemporaneously with greater enlightenment and liberty of conscience, came increased political freedom.

The discovery of America was a deciding factor in the nourishing of the principles of freedom. Let us never forget that "Nothing in the great world which concerns the well-being of man takes place by accident, but is brought forward by divine will, precisely at the moment most suitable to our condition" (George Bohn, text, page 198).

We present here the seven lesson titles and objectives:

PART II. FROM DARKNESS INTO DAWN

Lesson 8. *Apostasy and Degeneration*, text, chapters 13; 14; 15.

Objective: To show that as the result of apostasy the Church and the Priesthood were taken from the earth; knowledge declined, false ideas held sway, and ignorance flourished throughout the Dark Ages.

Lesson 9. *The Revival of Learning*, text, chapters 16 and 17.

Objective: To depict the stages by which the minds of men, awakened

by the Spirit of the Lord, began to be freed from the chains that enslaved them. The Renaissance was the dawning of that day.

Lesson 10. *The Religious Reformation*, text, chapters 18 and 19.

Objective: To delineate how, from the depths of ignorance and superstition, courageous reformers led the peoples of Europe to partial religious liberty, and individual freedom of thought and action.

Lesson 11. The Struggle for Independence, text, chapter 12, pp. 152-156; chapter 20.

Objective: To show that there have always been two main theories of government in the world, one based upon righteousness, the other upon force. To realize from past history the price of liberty, that thereby, we may more fully appreciate our sacred heritage.

Lesson 12. New Races in America, text, chapters 21 and 22.

Objective: To show that the choice land of America was discovered through the will of the Lord. That he led chosen men from various nations to form a new nation where,

provided the people lived righteously, liberty and truth could flourish.

Lesson 13. Groping Toward Liberty of Conscience, text, chapter 23.

Objective: To relate how the new inhabitants of America, escaping from old-world tyranny, gradually overcame religious intolerance among themselves, so that liberty of conscience could take firm root in the new soil.

Lesson 14. The American Revolution, text, chapter 24.

Objective: To give underlying reasons for the American colonists' breaking away from the mother country; and to show that they were aided by the power of God in validating their Declaration of Independence.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Lesson 8—Apostasy and Degeneration

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 13; 14; 15.)

For Tuesday, October 23, 1951

Objective: To show that as the result of apostasy the Church and the Priesthood were taken from the earth, knowledge declined, false ideas held sway, and ignorance flourished throughout the Dark Ages.

The Beginning of the Apostasy

IT was well understood in the days of the apostles that there was to come a "falling away" from gospel truth, and that spiritual darkness would be enthroned over all the earth. (See Isaiah 24:5-7; Amos 8:11, 12; Matthew 24:4, 5, 23, 24; 2 Timothy 4:3, 4; 2 Peter 2:1-3.) John the Revelator saw this great apostasy, and the Church driven into the wilderness, in other words, taken from among men (Rev. 12).

The history of the first fifteen hundred years after the birth of Christ completely fulfills this prophetic vision. The power of the Priesthood was taken from among men; and after the Church, with its authority and gifts, disappeared from the earth, Satan continued his war upon all who had faith and sought the testimony of Jesus. So successful did Lucifer become that his dominion extended over all the Christian world, and he endeavored to have

every creature worship according to the manner which he prescribed. He sought to take away free agency, the inherent gift of God to every soul, and to have men shackled to the plan which Satan had proposed in the heavens at the rebellion.

The departure from the gospel commenced even in the days of the apostles. In the days of Peter and Paul it was impossible for these inspired leaders to reach the scattered branches of the Church except through infrequent visits and by letters which could be sent only occasionally. These several branches were left largely to themselves without the constant and general supervision which was so essential to their success and unity. Epistles, such as were sent out by Paul, would impress the members in the branches for a little season, and then would be forgotten in the general course of things. The personal contacts which were so vital then, and are vital today, could not be given. The result was that in the Primitive Church of Christ false doctrines and false teachers inevitably crept in. In this way branches of the Church drifted away and changed the fundamental principles established by the Savior and his apostles. When another generation came on the scene, the dangers were multiplied.

Effects of Early Christian Persecutions

From the day of the crucifixion until the beginning of the fourth century persecution followed the saints. There were times of comparative peace, but Satan in his anger continued his labors of de-

struction. It was not long after the day of Pentecost that James, the son of Zebedee, was put to death. The activities of the Jews resulted in driving many of the disciples out of Palestine. However, the greatest persecutions came from the Romans. The strange thing about these persecutions is the fact that Rome had always been tolerant and unmindful of the religious beliefs of all nations. While toleration was granted to all others, there was no mercy for Christians. The first persecution, commencing in A.D. 64, took place under Nero. It was during this persecution that Peter and Paul suffered martyrdom.

These continued persecutions, some of which were given with exterminating edicts against all Christians no matter where they were found, brought thousands of the saints to martyrdom. Many thousands renounced the faith to save their lives. Such methods, to bring to an end the work established by our Lord, proved to be unavailing so far as destroying the Church was concerned. That they weakened it, there can be no doubt, for many of the leading characters were removed by death. But Satan discovered that there were other weapons far more effective than the sword, and fire, and burning at the stake.

Gospel Ordinances Changed

In the year 306 Constantine came to power in Rome. From that time on persecution ceased, and Christianity became a popular religion. In becoming popular the Church lost its vitality and became clothed in the vestments of the pagan world. The simplicity of the gospel was lost in the maze and fog

of mystic rites and ceremonies to the bewilderment of the people. With the power of the Roman government behind it, Christianity became the dominant religion of Europe. In the course of time the local ecclesiastical government in Rome claimed pre-eminence and the right to direct in the affairs of all other branches of the Church. The authority in Rome assumed greater and greater power until the claim was made that the bishop of Rome was, and had been since the death of Peter, the successor to the chief apostle in the government of the Church.

The Church established by our Lord and his apostles was a simple organization free from all pomp, mystery, and ostentation. Its members were humble and met on a common plane. The priest was no better than the member, although he was respected in his calling. All were one in their simplicity and brotherly relationships. The Church was free from pride and class distinction. All of this was rudely changed after the death of the apostles. Offices never dreamed of in the true Church were created. Ceremonies foreign to the gospel were added. Ordinances instituted for the salvation of men were discarded or changed. By the multiplicity of changes in ordinances, principles, and Church government, the Church of Jesus Christ ceased to exist on the earth. Satan had accomplished far more effectively, in times of peace, what he failed to do by persecution. When men turn from the power of the Priesthood and refuse to accept the ordinances of the gospel, darkness takes hold

of their minds and drives out the light of truth.

Mankind lost the true knowledge of God and the power by which that knowledge is manifest. There came a decline in the spiritual gifts. The ordinance of baptism was wickedly changed; sprinkling and pouring were substituted for the burial in the water in similitude of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The declaration was made that the bread and wine became by transubstantiation the actual body and blood of Christ. Likewise other grave and fatal changes were made in the ordinances and doctrines of the Church.

The Decline of Knowledge

There came also a decline in art, science, literature, and all things uplifting and beneficial to the mortal life. Only a select few were granted the privilege of an education. Few outside the clergy were educated enough to read and write. For this reason the priests became the lawyers, diplomats, instructors, dictators to kings, and controllers of affairs of state. Moreover, the temporal, social, and spiritual affairs of the people were controlled by the priests. All learned men talked and wrote in Latin, which the common people did not understand; nor was it intended that they should understand. The scriptures were said to be the exclusive property of the priests or clergy, and their use among the laity was frowned upon. No part of the scriptures was to be read in public or in private by those not of the clergy. Neither was any part or fragment of the scriptures to be in the possession of the common peo-

ple on pain of death. Discussion of the word of God was forbidden in the home and prayers for the people were prescribed by the clergy. Thus the rights and freedom of the people were taken away.

The Dark Ages

It is generally understood that the Dark Ages commenced with the fall of Rome and continued during the greater part of the next thousand years.

Professor Myers, in his *History of the Middle Ages*, has said:

Long before the fall of Rome there was a very observable decline of the Latin intellect. Science, literature, philosophy—the entire intellectual as well as political side of Roman civilization—showed evidence of weakness and decay. Then came the inrush of the barbarians, and the countries that had been brought under the influence of Latin culture and refinement sank back into almost primitive ignorance and rudeness. The lowest point of the depression was touched probably in the seventh century. Hallam calls that the nadir of the human mind in Europe.

Some modern historians have tried to account for that decline in the fact that the barbarian hosts swept over Europe and subdued Rome. They have said that these barbarians were not sufficiently developed in intellect in those times to grasp the high culture and civilization which had existed during the days of the glory of Greece and Rome. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The reason for this age of extreme darkness was the fact of apostasy and departure from the light of truth—a turning from the simple and enlightening principles of the gospel. Neither should we lose

sight of the fact that, in that period, the learning which had been freely granted to peoples in other times, including the privilege to worship, read, and write, had been denied the people. Their form of worship was made incomprehensible, and they were so overawed by the pomp and mysticism introduced by the clergy as to be held in abject ignorance and superstition.

The condition of mental and spiritual stupor was not due to a lack of mental capacity, but to the power which Satan exercised over the people. As the Lord said to the Nephites (Book of Mormon, 3 Nephi 9:12) after the great hour of destruction which came to them, so we may say in truth of the people of these times: Satan laughed, and his angels rejoiced because of the power which they had obtained over the fair sons and daughters of the people, through their transgression of the sacred laws of divine will. Which laws had been proclaimed by the Son of God to lift the human family to a higher plane through the blessings of the gospel.

Fortunately there was to come the dawn of a better day.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Show that as a result of the apostasy men declined in morals, in knowledge, and in mental power.
2. Show that persecution alone could not destroy the Church. What was an even more effective weapon?
3. Name some of the changes in Church government, doctrine, and ritual, which followed the apostasy from the early Christian faith.
4. What advantages do we have today in the Church over the early Christians in withstanding the forces of apostasy?

5. Discuss the fact that "While toleration was granted to all others, there was no mercy for Christians."

6. Account for the fact that Satan gained so much influence and power over the minds of the early Christians. Had they continued in righteous living would they have been led astray?

7. Show through reference to the following words that the experiences of the past, if rightly interpreted, will guide us in a solution of our present-day problems.

President George Albert Smith penned these words of wisdom and guidance: "We are fortunate in having our freedom. The mind of man is affected by good as well as by evil influences, and there are in the world those two powers that have been active from the beginning. Knowing that we may be directed by proper influences as members of this great Church and as citizens of this wonderful government, surely we shall not depart from the advice and

counsel of our Heavenly Father to follow those teachings that will lead us to destruction. . . . I hope and pray that the Lord may help us that we may be worthy of our birthright, that we may live such pure and holy lives that the adversary will have no power to tempt us or to direct us into evil paths, and that we may listen to the whisperings of that still small voice, to which all men are entitled, and know that voice when it shall come to us, for it will point us the way of peace and happiness and eternal life" (*Improvement Era*, July 1949, pp. 429, 477).

Recommended Reference on the Apostasy

CLARK, J. REUBEN, JR.: *On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life*, chapters 9; 10; 11; 13.

TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *The Great Apostasy*.

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Preview of Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Florence Jepperson Madsen

THE lessons for the coming year's study in the music department of union meetings are a continuation of last year's lessons, with emphasis on the importance, appreciation, and use of music in the Church and fostering music in the home.

Lesson 9. "Conducting, Accompanying, and Program Planning."

Objective: To increase efficiency in conducting, accompanying, correlating music with the educational lessons, and in planning the year's music program.

Lesson 10. "Efficiency in Teaching and Practicing Hymns and Anthems."

Objective: To make song rehearsals more effective and successful through careful planning.

Lesson 11. "Increased Proficiency in Conducting, Accompanying, and Hymn Singing."

Objective: To improve hymn singing through better conducting and accompanying.

Lesson 12. Review of the 4/4 Baton Pattern, Part-Singing, The Resourceful Accompanist, Song Material.

Objective: To further establish the Four-four (4/4) baton pattern, to give the congregation the experience of occasionally singing in parts; to help the accompanist realize her possibilities and responsibilities; to add new songs to the repertoire.

Lesson 13. Music Appreciation Programs for Relief Society and the Home.

Objective: To appreciate and use music more widely and significantly in Relief Society and the home.

Lesson 14. Conducting with the Six-eight (6/8) Baton Pattern, Vocal Helps for Singing Mothers.

Objective: To learn to conduct with the 6/8 baton pattern. To improve the quality of group singing.

Lesson 15. Review the 6/8 Baton Pattern; Style and Interpretation of Music; Music Material and Books for Study; Music as a Missionary.

Objective: To refine technique of conducting and expression of music. To become more informed about music and its far-reaching spiritual powers.

Lesson 16. Joy and Service Through Singing and Playing; Things We Should Know About Music; the Value of Music in Everyday Life.

Objective: To expand our understanding and appreciation of music, to render more efficient service through participation in music.

Required References:

CORNWALL, J. SPENCER, *Fundamentals of Conducting*, Deseret Book Company, 50c.

PYPER, GEORGE D., *Stories of the Latter-day Saint Hymns*, Deseret Book Company, \$2.25.

FAULKNER, ANNE SHAW: *What We Hear In Music*, R.C.A. Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, New Jersey, \$2.25.

Suggested Books for the Relief Society Library:

WODELL, W. FREDERICK: *Choir and Chorus Conducting*, Presser Music Co., Philadelphia.

FAULKNER, SHAW ANNE: *Music in the Home*, The Victor Company, Camden, New Jersey, \$1.50.

SMITH, MELVILLE and KRONE, MAX T.: *Fundamentals of Musicianship*, M. Witmark & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

WITHERSPOON, HERBERT: *Singing*, G. Schirmer, Inc., New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

These books may also be purchased at the following Salt Lake City music stores:

Beesley Music Company, 70 South Main Street.

Daynes Music Company, 45-47 South Main Street.

Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street.

Summerhays Music Company, 21 East, First South Street.

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 9—"Conducting, Accompanying, and Program Planning"

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall

Objective: To increase efficiency in conducting, accompanying, and correlating music with the lessons, and in planning the year's music program.

"Knowledge, like religion, must be experienced in order to be known" (E. P. Whipple).

In order to gain the most benefit from this year's music course, it is imperative to review carefully the material presented

in last year's lessons, and use it as supplementary help. The new conductor and the new accompanist should make a

thorough study of last year's lessons, so as to have the necessary background to proceed with this year's course.

The $\frac{3}{4}$ Baton Pattern (Continued)

(a) Review Lesson No. 4—"Conducting," page 69, in the January Relief Society Magazine for 1951.

(b) Triple rhythm, of which $\frac{3}{4}$ is a representative symbol, originated in the Middle Ages. The religious leaders of that time maintained that the triple pulsation in music was the only perfect rhythm. It was their belief that it represented the Holy Trinity. It was called *Perfectum*, and was indicated with a large O.

(c) Triple rhythm is any rhythm in which the upper figure is 3, as $\frac{3}{1}$, $\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{3}{16}$.

It will be remembered that the upper figure of all rhythms indicates the number of beats in a measure, while the lower figure shows the type of note which is the beat note. Thus, $\frac{3}{1}$ means that there are three whole notes, or their equivalent, in a measure.

(d) In triple rhythm there is regularly but one strong accent in a measure—beat one, unless, for special effects, accent marks are placed over other notes.

(e) All of these rhythms are conducted with the same pattern, the $\frac{3}{4}$, excepting when the tempo is very rapid, as in a concert waltz, like "The Blue Danube" waltz. The pattern is then in the shape of a large, narrow V—down beat 1; up beat 2, 3.

(f) Triple rhythms are naturally graceful, smooth, and restful, especially in sacred music. These characteristics should be apparent in the conductor's baton motions.

(g) With these points in mind, practice the following hymns:

1. "Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded"
 2. "Jesus Once of Humble Birth"
(These start with count 1, down beat.)
 3. "I Need Thee Every Hour"
(This begins with count 3, up beat.)
- In the above three hymns, the quarter note is the one-beat note.)

4. "Rock of Ages"
(This begins with count 3, up beat.)
5. "God of Our Fathers, Known of Old" (Woodbury)
6. "Lead Kindly Light"

In these last three hymns, the half-note is the one-beat note.

Number 5 and 6 start with the last half of the second beat.

Because of the difficulty involved in beginning songs in fractional measures, such as occurs in these last two hymns, it is best to start with the complete $\frac{3}{4}$ pattern.

In No. 5 count (silently) one and two, "God of Our . . ." etc.

In No. 6 count (silently) one and two, "Lead Kindly Light . . ." etc.

Selecting Music to Correlate With Subjects in the Lesson Department

(a) As soon as a conductor receives the July Magazine, she should carefully read the previews and the lessons in all the departments in order that she might select songs that will correlate with the subjects to be studied. This material should be discussed in the music department at union meetings.

(b) It is a courteous gesture to invite the accompanist to help select the musical numbers.

(c) An organ, piano, or violin solo might sometimes be used to give characteristic color to a lesson. For example, when a Scotch poet is to be studied, any well-known Scotch music, with its distinctive rhythm and melody, might be played. Or, for an English poet, either a quiet pastorale or a lively country dance might be used.

Program Planning

"Nine-tenths of efficiency is preparedness" (Dr. Frank Crane).

We recommend that the conductor and the accompanist, in co-operation with the Relief Society presidency, outline at the very beginning of the season, their musical activities for the year. Thus, they will have sufficient time for the preparation of coming events. Of these events, the most important are: The Relief Society conference in November, and the special program in March. These programs are

greatly enriched by the artistic work of the Singing Mothers.

*Questions and Suggestions for
Discussion*

1. What is the psychological difference between $3/8$ and $3/2$ rhythms?

2. What determines the speed of rhythm?

3. Become acquainted with the valuable information to be found in a music dictionary.

4. Bring your hymn books and baton to all departmental meetings.

These Things Are Ours Forever

Betty Zieve

SHE was Danish, her parents having both emigrated from the old country. She was short and substantially built in her youth and middle age, short and slight when I came to know her.

We shall always remember her garden and her orchard. It was there we used to journey come rain or shine. There were apples to munch, red and black currants, gooseberries and rhubarb to test. The orchard was bordered on the east by a good thick row of horseradish. She liked to raise peonies, hollyhocks, daisies, asters, roses, lilacs, nasturtiums, marigolds, and phlox. These beauties were her treasures.

Her house was the largest in our town, boasting fourteen rooms. It faced the west and was surrounded by a lawn and large poplar and willow trees. A cement sidewalk took you to the front porch; you went up the steps to the door, where she would often be waiting for you, and smiling at you, and ready to give you a little hug, and maybe kiss you on the cheek. She loved her children and her grandchildren.

Her home was her estate, and she could meet you squarely on its grounds. She ruled it with self-confidence and pride in her work. Behind the house was her chicken coop, to which she devoted regular time each day. There were eggs to gather, and setting hens to take out and jail. She always left an egg in the nest to entice the hens back again.

She was deeply religious, and each part of her religion was separate and distinct in its sacredness. She believed that through God she could find her own happiness and help others to find theirs.

Her education had been scanty, interrupted at the age of nine because her family needed her help. She did not cease to hunger after knowledge, however, and after the members of her own family were grown she read and studied in the many fields that held her interest, religion leading the list.

Happiness depends largely on the joy shared with others. It depends upon the personal relationships; upon capturing the beauty of life and imparting that beauty to the lives of acquaintances.

Grandmother's life ideal was happiness, happiness through all she gave to others, happiness through trust in God, and in her fellow men, happiness through honesty in struggle and in triumph.

Then there were these: new brown bread and crabapple jelly, baked potatoes and homemade butter, apple pie, oatmeal cookies, and corn on the cob.

These are the things that those of us who knew her can never forget.

Fasting and the Fast Day

(Continued from Page 439)

would estimate that the meals were worth fifty cents each, the Church would receive over twelve million dollars per year. Imagine the untold amount of good that could be accomplished if all of the Church membership would live in accordance with the fast-day commandment from God by fasting and paying honest fast offerings. These contributions would not only take care of all the needy of the Church, but under normal conditions there would be a vast amount of surplus money that might be used for other desirable purposes in building up the kingdom of God.

The authorities of the Church do not attempt to tell each individual member how much his or her meals are worth, and how much fast offerings he or she should pay. That decision is left to each person individually. The important thing, however, is for every Latter-day Saint to be sure that he deals honestly with the Lord by giving at least the cost of two average meals that he would have eaten.

If all saints throughout the world from this moment onward would be faithful in keeping God's commandments to fast, to pray, to pay honest fast offerings, to keep our hearts clean and pure, and to walk in the paths of truth and righteousness in all respects, our Father in heaven would shower an untold number of blessings upon us. We would then prove worthy of the numerous blessings that we receive from day to day from our all-wise Benefactor and would be received by the Son of man as true saints of the Most High.



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Gypsy Soul

Grace B. Wilson

I cannot keep a tidy house,
Nor bake good apple pie,
Nor have a snow-white washing,
And I will tell you why:

The dewy smell of morning
Calls me to come along,
The bright flowers nod approval,
The lark sings his best song.

When shut within my own four walls
I only find defeat,
But dawns were made for folks like me,
And winds are honey-sweet.

Light and Shadows

Evelyn Fjeldsted

As shadows are the deepest
On the brightest day,
So life's darkest hour holds
A light that points the way.

First Steps

Bernice T. Clayton

You did not see me walk today,
As you had prayed you would;
From chains of illness I was freed,
At last I walked and stood!

Although we planned so many times
The day when I'd be free
Of pain and suffering, in our dreams,
You always walked with me.

Your loving courage never failed,
To keep my own hopes high,
I did not know you would not wait
To see me walking by.

You could not be with me today,
Or do the things we'd planned,
But your gay courage urged me on
And lent a guiding hand.

So, for these first important steps,
And since you've gone away,
I wore your bright red slippers,
And I walked alone today.

On Old Faces

Mabel Law Atkinson

We see
Lovely etchings
On old faces,
For time's artistic brush
Records each thought of beauty . . .
Through the years.

Desert Scene

Bertha Cragun

My neighbor, in uncaring bliss,
Will pin her clothes up hit and miss,
And wonder why I take the time
To reach perfection on the line;
With pillow cases hung in pairs,
And towels symmetrically in stairs;
White shirts together in a row,
The sizes matching as I go.

The answer? I can hardly say,
Unless—that I recall the day
I passed a windblown desert home.
It looked quite desolate—alone—
But for a line of clean-washed clothes
Hung lovingly, in long neat rows,
That, as the train whizzed quickly by,
Reached friendly banners to the sky.

Prayer

Virginia L. Morris

"He that trusteth in the Lord,
mercy shall compass him about"
(Psalms 32:10).

I pray to be loving, kind, and true.
I pray for wisdom and patience, too.
I trust in God's unfailing love
For me on earth sent from above.
Help me to understand my friend.
My next door neighbor my love I send.
Help me thy spirit to inspire
To spread thy love both near and far.

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From Near and Far

Frequently we hear our stake Magazine representatives urging our members to subscribe. When I hear this appeal I wonder how anyone can afford to be without this periodical. Each month I receive various copies of current, popular women's magazines, which I enjoy, but *The Relief Society Magazine* is the one I most eagerly await. It is the one I enjoy most.

—Alta A. Ashby, Delta, Utah

I would like to take this opportunity to say how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. Today I have read Archibald F. Bennett's article "A Key to the Occurrences of History" (February 1951), and I feel that this article alone is worth the price I pay for the Magazine. I wish to say thanks, dear sisters, for sending out words of comfort, entertainment, and inspiration not to be found in any other of the women's periodicals.

—Miss F. M. Draper
Mitchelton, Queensland,
Australia

I would like to express my appreciation for our wonderful Magazine. I enjoy it from cover to cover, and especially the poetry. Some of the most beautiful poems I have ever read are in our Magazine. As you know, there are not many branches of the Church in this part of the country. There isn't one in the town where I live, so that makes the Magazine that much more welcome. The stories are so beautiful they go right to my heart. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Guenivere White, of Hurricane, Utah, sends me the Magazines, and I consider them the best birthday present I have ever had.

—Annabelle Heaton
Salisbury, North Carolina

Several of my students have been studying the Magazine, and I've heard some excellent comments. Although the stories and articles have come in for praise, the verse and the high standards it has attained have caused the most favorable comment.

—Helen Hinckley Jones
Altadena, California

With a family of small children to rear, I find that the lessons in the Magazine help me in many ways. We have five children, and the family as a whole enjoy the Magazine very much.

—Mrs. Oren L. Kimber
Grouse Creek, Utah

The Article "These Things Are Ours Forever," by Betty Zieve, page 500, was written about her grandmother Francis Anderson Lambert (1860-1939), a pioneer of Kamas, Utah.

My thoughts hold much of the fine poetry written by Anna Prince Redd, and now in her beautiful poem "Blue Spring" (May 1951 frontispiece), there is a tinge of sadness blended with exquisite emphasis that the memory holds. Her simile of youth and age is so descriptive, and the comparison made so beautiful. Now she has come to where time turns; where ferns have gone and tangled aspens lie gray as her hair. She has left much to be remembered. I could not hesitate to write this note.

—Helen G. Woods
Idaho Falls, Idaho

It is a pleasure to write and tell you how much I enjoy the Magazine. I have been a subscriber for twenty years—ever since I joined the Church.

—Mrs S. K. Crawford
Springdale, Utah

I am sure that everyone who subscribes to and reads *The Relief Society Magazine* will find many ideas of help and self-improvement. Also, there are many interesting faith-promoting stories to be found in this wonderful Magazine.

—Mary H. Stoddard, President,
California Mission Relief Society,
Los Angeles, California

The Magazine is exceptionally good. It contains so much of the gospel and so much helpful information.

—Florence B. Zobell, Murray, Utah

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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE

VOL. 38 NO. 8

Lessons for November

AUGUST 1951

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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

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AUGUST 1951

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Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Constitution and the United Nations Charter	Albert R. Bowen	507
Book of Mormon Witnesses and Their Testimony Meet Legal Standards.....	David J. Wilson	512

FICTION

Through This Door — Chapter 1	Margery S. Stewart	517
The Silken Bond	Alice Morrey Bailey	542

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		524
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	525
Editorial: "Cease to Find Fault One With Another"	Marianne C. Sharp	526
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities.....		
..... General Secretary-Treasurer Margaret C. Pickering		548
From Near and Far		576

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Can When You Can	Angelyn W. Wadley	521
Jam and Jelly Making — An Art	Ethel C. Smith	528
Oven Solace	Helen H. Jones	533
Boxes For Beauty	Celia L. Luce	534
How to Make Fluffy Rugs	Beatrice Squires Poelman	536
Diana Ellsworth Layton Enjoys Painting and Quilting Hobbies.....	Thelma L. Hunsaker	538
Salad Days	Sara Mills	539
Waver Not	Kate Richards	575

LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER

Theology: The Witness to The Book of Mormon	Leland H. Monson	555
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Remember That My Spirit Will Not Always Strive With Man"		
..... Leone O. Jacobs		562
Work Meeting — Sewing: Patching	Jean Ridges Jennings	563
Literature: Two Pre-Romantic Poets: James Thomson and William Collins.....	Briant S. Jacobs	564
Social Science: The Revival of Learning	Archibald F Bennett	568
Music: Efficiency in Teaching and Practicing Hymns and Anthems		
..... Florence Jepperson Madsen		572

POETRY

The Intervening	Maryhale Woolsey	505
To Leaders	Agda Gronbeck Harlow	511
Grain Field	Lella N. Smith	516
Helping Hand	Phyllis Juhlin Park	520
Deep in This Night	Katherine F. Larsen	527
Among the Ferns	Eva Willes Wangsgaard	533
Home	Gene Romolo	535
New Horizons	Margaret Smith Larson	541
Poppies in Summer	Linnie F. Robinson	547
Sea Call	Mary Gustafson	575

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 38, NO. 8

AUGUST 1951

The Intervening

Maryhale Woolsey

Now the advancing year attains its fulness
 In flaming days, gold-edged and heaven-high;
 In dawns tenacious of the bright July,
In nights outstretching to September's coolness.
Its blue-eyed minutes slacken eager running
 And pause, tiptoe, to verify their choice
 Of way. Hushed is the summer's lilting voice,
While earth dreams lazily through ardent sunning.

The August mood is one of acquiescing,
 Yet lifted by a calm expectancy,
 As if accepting slow maturity
With small regret for time's relentless passing.
These are the waiting-days, the intervening
Between the growing season and the gleaning.

The Cover: Yosemite Vista, Yosemite National Park, California.
Photograph by Jeff Thomson.
Cover Design by Evan Jensen.



Ward Linton

MATILIJA POPPIES
San Gabriel Mountains, California

The Constitution and the United Nations Charter

I. THE BACKGROUND OF LIBERTY

Elder Albert R. Bowen

[This is the first of a short series of articles dealing with "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter."—Ed.]

TWO world wars in a generation have produced in the minds of millions a spirit of despair coupled with the fear that a third such war, which perhaps has already started, will leave civilization prostrate and plunge us into a new age of darkness. All people fear, and rightly so, the terrible destructiveness of the atom bomb and the even worse effects of the H-bomb. Out of this fear and despair has arisen the belief in the minds of perhaps millions that peace must be maintained at all costs. Thus we see men and nations that, in earlier times, were willing to fight in defense of their liberties, now proclaim that it is better to lose liberty than to die in futile opposition to the threatening tyranny of Communism.

To those in our own and other countries who may be tempted to buy peace by appeasement, it would be well to suggest that the consequences of such surrender be thoroughly considered. In those countries where surrender has already occurred it is too late to reflect. The process of regaining liberty is always infinitely more difficult and costly than the surrender of it. Just as a good life may be ruined and destroyed by a single unworthy act, so will a nation forfeit any hope of

progress and happiness by abject surrender to tyranny.

What does it mean to live without liberty? To the serf in feudal times it meant little more than abject slavery. It meant that service to the lord of the manor was compulsory; the privilege to cultivate a small tract of land to provide food for wife and children, so long as the lord of the manor should see fit to allow it, with never the possibility of ever becoming the owner of said land or of bequeathing it to one's heirs. It meant the performance of menial tasks and services to the lord of the manor without compensation, and death upon refusal to obey. It meant literally being chained to the land, with death as the penalty for escape. It meant that the most personal rights of the individual were subject to the whims of the lord, who, if he chose, could even claim against the new husband the right of the nuptial couch.

To the lord of the manor it meant that his lands and property were his to occupy and use only so long as the king was pleased to permit it. It meant the ever-present possibility of arbitrary seizure of person or property without warrant of arrest or public trial. If, for any reason, the victim was personally

obnoxious to the king or some powerful individual of influence connected with his court, or if some act was committed which displeased such persons of power or influence, there was the ever-present threat of reprisal or punishment, often without just cause. Sometimes where the wealth of the unfortunate victim attracted the greed of the covetous despot, he was done away with so that his wealth and property could be seized and enjoyed by the despot. There are many instances where it meant being walled up in dungeons without trial, to remain there until a merciful death released a tortured spirit from the body, and all because it might be convenient to have a rival disappear who might otherwise constitute a threat to power and influence. It was also a common occurrence for persons to suffer torture and persecution for petty offenses or imaginary affronts to one in power or authority. Especially to the weak and humble it meant endless servitude without any hope of release.

The fate and condition of victims of oppression has not become any happier by the passage of time. Despots, dictators, and tyrants are the same now as they have always been and always will be.

In our day the torture and oppression of weak and helpless individuals has become even more terrible and refined. Now, life without freedom, to millions, means slavery to the state, an ever present threat of extinction in gas chambers or by torture, the denial of the right to worship or even to think according to the dictates of conscience, and denial of access to truth, and

the distortion of truth by ruthless propaganda.

THE struggle for liberty and freedom is not new. It is a perpetual struggle and has been going on since the beginning of time. In the scriptures we are told that this struggle was even waged in heaven. In that first great struggle the forces of free agency and freedom prevailed. Will anyone now assert that the victory was not worth the fight? There were those in that time who refused to take any part. The shame of their refusal to participate in the righteous cause is not enviable. Those who fought to enslave the human soul were cast out into darkness, there to remain forever.

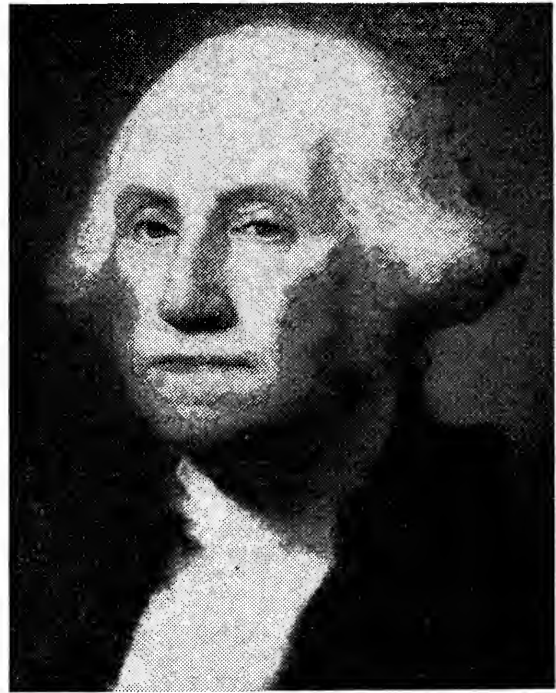
The outcome of that first great struggle can well form the basis for optimism that righteous men can retain their liberties and freedom against any evil threat against them, and should strengthen all who love the cause of liberty to a firm determination never to surrender it. Though the battle may be long, and much suffering take place, it is not the destiny of man to be enslaved against his will. A divine Providence will protect the man or nation worthy to be free.

A man willing to surrender liberty as the price of peace is worthy only to be a slave. This is especially true if the blessings of liberty have been conferred upon him by the struggle of his forebears who willingly risked life and property to secure it. In the case of our own country, this is literally true. It was by no accident of fate that liberty under our Constitution was

achieved. The struggle which culminated in the glorious realization of liberty in our land under our divinely inspired Constitution began literally centuries before that realization. The full recital of the events of that struggle fills countless volumes and cannot be repeated here. Reference to a few of the great milestones marking the path of this achievement are pertinent and should be mentioned.

Because the American constitutional system is basically Anglo-Saxon in its origin, there is no escape from the mention of some of the great events in English history.

THE faint glimmerings of political freedom began in England before the Norman conquest by the evolution in that early day of the principle of constitutional rule. The principle of constitutional rule is that which holds that the people have the right to a voice in the selection of their rulers. Harold, the Saxon king, was elected. Thus the divine right of kings to rule in England was challenged and repudiated by those ancient Saxons. By this principle of selection of rulers, the early Saxons effectively controlled and prevented the perpetuation of despotic kings. This principle, a noble beginning of freedom, was lost in the Norman conquest. However, the people of England, even in the darkest days of feudalism, kept alive the memory of the democratic principle that those who govern should be selected by the will of those who are governed, and thus, in some measure at least, be amenable to the will of the governed.



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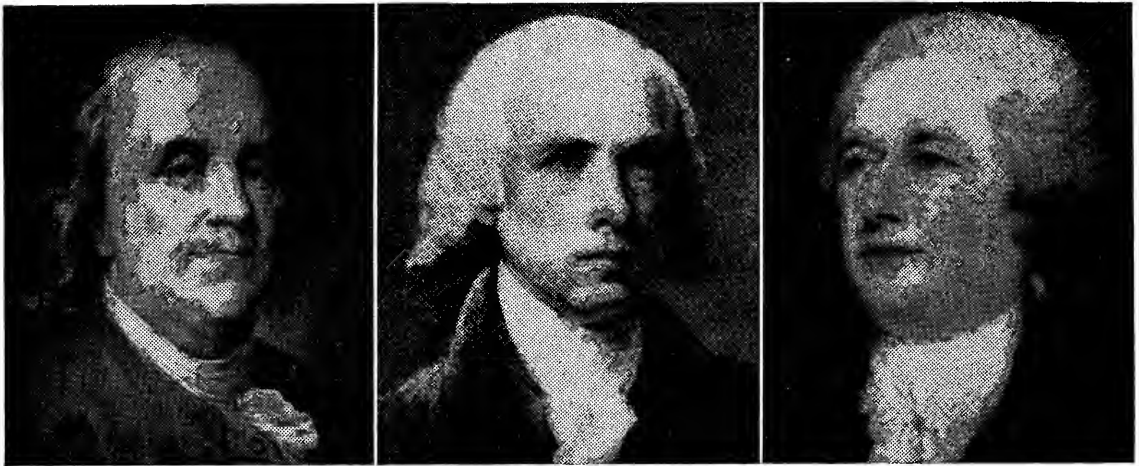
GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732-1799

From a Painting by Gilbert Stuart

In the early years of the reign of Henry I, about 1100 A.D., a document, which has come to be known as the Charter of Henry I, was signed by the king. This document reaffirmed the principle of constitutional rule as understood before the conquest. This charter should be ranked high among the historic documents of all time. It was the immediate forerunner of Magna Charta, and although Henry's successors repudiated this charter, and although they destroyed all of the one hundred copies which were made of it, except one, it was not forgotten when a century later King John was forced to recognize its validity and reaffirm the guarantees of individual rights which it contained.

Magna Charta was written in 1215 A.D. and became the founda-



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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JAMES MADISON ALEXANDER HAMILTON

“THIS GREAT CHARTER OF LIBERTY (THE CONSTITUTION) WAS DRAFTED BY A GROUP OF DIVINELY INSPIRED MEN WHOSE POLITICAL SAGACITY AND UNDERSTANDING HAVE NEVER BEEN SURPASSED.”

tion stone of modern constitutional liberty as we know it. Magna Charta, among other things, recognized the right of an accused to a fair trial by a jury of his peers, and repudiated the arbitrary power of kings and rulers to govern as they pleased, unanswerable to anyone but their own conscience. As an eloquent illustration of the forces which seem to be always arrayed to destroy free agency, Pope Innocent III ordered the great charter annulled by issuance of a papal bull, and King John refused to recognize it after it was signed because he claimed it had been wrested from him by force. In this contention King John was correct, since Magna Charta represented the first time in English history that an absolute ruler had been compelled by force to recognize the rights of common men. In spite of the opposition

of pope and king, Magna Charta survived and remains today as a magnificent beacon light of human freedom.

AFTER Magna Charta, by a long, slow, and painful process, there was developed the recognition of another righteous principle essential to liberty. Men finally came to understand that courts, having the responsibility of the administration of justice, must perform that function without fear or favor, and that the decisions of courts of law must not be influenced by the power which created them. A corollary, equally important, which evolved at about the same time, is that government itself is subject to law. Lord Coke, Lord Chief Justice of England, made a famous declaration to Charles I when Charles demanded to know if the judges of England

would obey his orders. Coke replied: "When the case happens I shall do that which shall be fit for a judge to do."

By the end of the reign of the Stuarts, principles of parliamentary government were strongly established in England. Also, by that time the independence of courts and judges and the amenability of sovereigns to law had become a recognized part of the English political system.

After America was discovered, the established ideas and political practices developed during the long centuries in England were transplanted to our shores and took firm and deep root. These ideas and principles were well understood by the colonists, many of whom came here to escape the tyrannies of the Old World. Political freedom was valued almost above everything else in

life, and by many, such as Patrick Henry, above life itself. Our Constitution was the glorious result of centuries of struggle by men who would be free. This great charter of liberty was drafted by a group of divinely inspired men whose political sagacity and understanding have never been surpassed. Since that time no charter of liberty has ever been framed which equals it, though many attempts have been made by others to imitate it.

It is good for us frequently to remind ourselves of the struggles which brought to us the great and priceless gift of political liberty, to remember that that struggle was long and costly, and, finally, that we have received this great gift in trust for our posterity. Our failure to guard and protect this treasure for our children could only result in our dishonor.

To Leaders

Agda Gronbech Harlow

As gently as the summer sky drops rain
 On thirsting soil; unstintingly as winds
 Leave their wild play to turn our pasture mill;
 Generously as the evening sun spills gold
 Or shoots long ivy shadows on the wall,
 Or paints the dusty corn shocks copper-red—
 As quietly and lavishly you give,
 Expecting no return from busy hours.

But earth yields grain and flowers; windmills toil;
 The sun's own beauty shines from every field.
 There's not a part of all this countryside
 But somehow finds a way to thank the sky.

See in our eyes our gratitude to you;
 See in our living our appreciation.

Book of Mormon Witnesses and Their Testimony Meet Legal Standards

Elder David J. Wilson
Attorney, Ogden, Utah

EVERY intelligent person desires to know the facts in any given situation. No one should condemn or approve without knowing the facts. If not personally present to see or "witness" an event, one must depend upon others who were present for information. To furnish such information or facts is the function of witnesses.

The Old Testament law required that "at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established" (Deut. 19:15). And Paul approved the same rule of procedure in New Testament times (II Cor. 13:1).

Hammurabi (about 2000 B.C.) set up tribunals in which witnesses could testify. Down through history and into our common and statutory law have come tribunals set up to hear evidence and establish facts.

The Utah Code provides that "all persons, without exception, otherwise than as specified in the next two sections, who, having organs of sense can perceive, and perceiving can make known their perceptions to others, may be witnesses" (Sec. 104-49-1 UCA 1943). However, persons "of unsound mind at the time of their appearance for examination," and "children under ten years of age who appear incapable

of receiving just impressions of the facts respecting which they are examined, or of relating them truly," may not be witnesses.

In this discussion we shall analyze the competency and credibility of the eleven witnesses of the Book of Mormon from a legal standpoint. Our inquiry is, were the eleven witnesses to The Book of Mormon competent and credible according to legal standards, and is their testimony worthy of belief?

In speaking of competency, we have in mind those qualifications which make a witness legally fit to testify in a court of justice. A credible witness is a person competent to testify, and who is worthy of belief.

It may be said, as a general rule, that there is a presumption in the absence of competent evidence to the contrary, that people act in good faith, with honest purposes, and one who charges bad faith or dishonest motives has the burden of proving his contentions. Then, too, every person is assumed to be normal in mind and body until the contrary is proved, and every person is presumed to possess good character. And, character may be proved by general reputation.

Generally speaking, testimony affirmative and positive in its na-

ture is considered stronger than mere negative testimony. And, as a rule, witnesses are presumed to have testified truthfully. A court or jury has no right arbitrarily, or because of mere caprice, to reject the testimony of a witness who has not been impeached or discredited.

The problem of what constitutes competent and credible testimony is interwoven with the question of competency and credibility of witnesses. In our quest for truth, we should try to obtain from honest witnesses testimony based upon information derived from direct observation and experience.

According to the foregoing legal standards, were the eleven witnesses to The Book of Mormon competent, credible witnesses?

OLIVER Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, the three witnesses, were all normal, successful men, endowed with more than average intelligence. In June 1829, when these men claimed they saw the plates, Oliver Cowdery was twenty-two years of age, with a reputable background as a farmer, clerk, and school teacher. That he was measurably better educated than the average man of his time is conclusively shown by the fact that he wrote in a very legible hand practically the whole text of The Book of Mormon as he heard it from the lips of Joseph Smith. Later he was admitted to the bar and served as a prosecuting attorney in the State of Michigan. We know that he possessed unusual power as a descriptive and narrative writer, as is evidenced from his description of the restoration of the Aaronic Priest-

hood (See ROBERTS, *A Comprehensive History of the Church*, I, page 178, footnote 5). The clarity and orderliness of his mind are also shown in the impressive discourses which he delivered (See, for example, D.H.C. II, page 194, "General Charge to the Twelve").

Certainly such a man would have been a highly competent and credible witness before any tribunal.

David Whitmer was twenty-four years of age when he gave his testimony in 1829 in support of the authenticity and divinity of The Book of Mormon. His father served in the Revolutionary War, and with a God-fearing companion of excellent character, reared a family of five sons and two daughters as strict Presbyterians. David, throughout his life, was industrious and honest, and bore an untarnished reputation for integrity and veracity. Indeed, the *Richmond Conservator*, published in David Whitmer's home town, carried a statement signed by a score of leading business and professional men in which they certified, "we have been long and intimately acquainted with him and know him to be a man of the highest integrity, and of undoubted truth and veracity" (NIBLEY, *The Witnesses of the Book of Mormon*, page 89). At the time of his death, the *Richmond Democrat* referred to David Whitmer as honest and upright in all his dealings (*Ibid.*, page 104). Furthermore, it is evident from Mr. Whitmer's writings that he was a man of unusual intelligence and capacity (See "Address to All Believers in Christ").

Martin Harris in 1829 was forty-six years of age—a successful farmer

who was able to borrow \$3,000 in cash. He owned his own farm, and was generally recognized as a prosperous citizen. He frequently hired Joseph Smith on the Harris farm. Obviously, he was not illiterate because he copied in his own handwriting, from the spoken words of Joseph Smith, 116 pages from the sacred records.

Clearly the three witnesses were not mere "nobodies"; they were men among men, competent and credible according to the highest legal standards. Should there be any doubt that the testimony given by such men should be accorded full credit? Surely they were honest in their convictions, and men whose background insured the veracity of their statements.

WHAT was their testimony?

Solemnly they bore testimony to the world that they saw the plates from which The Book of Mormon was translated, and observed the engravings upon the plates. To that extent their testimony is the same as that of the eight witnesses. However, critics and skeptics throw up their hands and shout "impossible!" when the three witnesses testify that the plates in question were exhibited to them by a heavenly messenger, and that they heard the voice of God assure them that the plates were translated by the gift and power of our Heavenly Father. There is no doubt but that in a court of law, witnesses cannot give testimony upon which the divinity of a claim can be determined, but men who witness an event in broad daylight and give testimony based upon the exercise of their own vision, hearing

and feeling, certainly must be believed when they attest that they saw, heard, and felt certain things. Any court would have to receive their testimony to that extent.

In law, no statement is granted greater sanctity than that made on the deathbed. Men facing the final hour of dissolution have a high and solemn respect for truth and recognize their responsibility as never before toward their Maker. Each of the three witnesses reaffirmed his testimony concerning the divinity of The Book of Mormon upon his deathbed.

The eight witnesses were likewise men of intelligence and integrity. They were honest, honorable, and reliable. The theory that these men conspired with the three witnesses to fabricate testimony concerning such a solemn experience as that about which they testified, is overwhelmingly discredited by the abundance of evidence as to their honesty and integrity. They were not victims of hallucinations. Their testimony was of the matter-of-fact kind; that they saw and handled the plates and observed their workmanship, and the engravings thereon.

The eight witnesses—Christian Whitmer, Jacob Whitmer, Peter Whitmer, Jr., John Whitmer, Hiram Page, Joseph Smith, Sr., Hyrum Smith, and Samuel H. Smith, were good men—intelligent, industrious, and honest. The four Whitmers were the sons of Peter and Mary Musselman Whitmer, and brothers of David Whitmer. They ranged in age from twenty to thirty-one years when they saw and inspected the plates from which The Book of Mormon was translated.

One of Jacob Whitmer's sons became a lawyer and mayor in his home town, Richmond, Missouri. John was sufficiently well trained to become the first historian of the Church, and became the owner of extensive land and livestock holdings. Christian and Peter, Jr. both died within a few years after giving their statement, but they, with their brothers, remained loyal and unshaken in their testimony.

HIRAM Page became a physician and surgeon, and practiced in New York and Canada. He had a family of nine children. He reaffirmed his testimony numerous times. He died staunch in that testimony. Joseph Smith, Sr., one of the finest Christian gentlemen of his generation, was the father of ten children, including the Prophet Joseph. He was an honest farmer, and he and his wife gave their lives for the truth as they saw it.

Of Hyrum Smith it was truthfully said, "He lived so far beyond the ordinary walk of man that even the tongue of the vilest slanderer could not touch his reputation. He lived Godly and he died Godly."

Samuel H. Smith, the remaining witness, was the brother of the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum, and the son of Joseph Smith, Sr. Of him it was deservedly said, "If ever there lived a good man upon the earth, Samuel H. Smith was that person."

We then have eleven men of more than ordinary intelligence,

honest and dependable in their background and reputation, solemnly voicing and writing the fact that they saw the plates from which The Book of Mormon was translated, and inspected them to the extent that they became conclusively convinced that that record was all that it purported to be. On one occasion they all stood up before a congregation of men bearing the Holy Priesthood, held up their hands together, and unitedly bore solemn testimony to the truthfulness and divinity of The Book of Mormon based upon their personal knowledge (NIBLEY, *Witnesses to The Book of Mormon*, page 24). Such testimony must be accepted by unbiased investigators. These witnesses, after the lapse of one hundred twenty-two years, stand before the world unimpeached, and unimpeachable.

In conclusion, it must be observed that there is no substitute for a genuine, burning testimony in the individual soul concerning the divinity of The Book of Mormon, and this discussion makes no claim to any theory that the divinity of The Book of Mormon can be established in a court of law. It is hoped only to give new underpinning and support to testimonies based upon intangible, spiritual evidence. It may also assist those who have not achieved full assurance of the divinity of the latter day work, for truly the witnesses of The Book of Mormon made a case worthy of acceptance in tribunals of earthly origin set up to determine facts.

Note: This article, by Elder David J. Wilson, offers supplementary material to class leaders for the theology lesson, page 555, in this issue of the Magazine, entitled "The Witnesses to The Book of Mormon."



Josef Muench

HARVEST IN SANTA INEZ VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

* * * *

Grain Field

Lella N. Smith

I watched a field of grain from early spring
 Until at harvest time, a golden thing
 In rich fulfillment of its growth, it lay
 In patient waiting for the reaping day.

So beautiful it was when spring was new,
 Pale green beneath the sun and wet with dew,
 And still more beautiful when summer came,
 A rippling lake beside the lane.

But when it turned to gold beneath the sun
 Like deep-piled carpet out of sunlight spun,
 Most beautiful it was—I thank our God
For this blest miracle from seed and sod.

Through This Door

CHAPTER 1

Margery S. Stewart

I remember the day I first heard that Mrs. Marriott was coming to Danielville to live. I remember it as plain as if it were yesterday. I can feel the gray, dusty boards of Mrs. Callister's porch under me, and my bare toes scrubbing in the gray dust . . . hot dust. It was August.

I remember the street with its gray-board houses across from me and the one on the corner that was ours, more shabby, more cluttered, more woebegone than any. I remember how the hot grayness stretched away from the street to the gray, bare hills. I sat, as I always sat, with my face uplifted to the lovely blueness of the sky.

Mrs. Callister and Mrs. Olsen were talking about the high prices, the low wages of their men, about their physical discomforts. Their voices were high and tired and dragging.

Then, suddenly, Mrs. North, she lived next door to us, came racing across the street. She was carrying Phillip, the baby, under her arm, and I remember laughing at his indignant face as he bounced furiously on her ample hip.

Mrs. Callister couldn't wait. She shouted, "You know something new, Mrs. North?"

We all leaned forward thirstily.

Mrs. North plopped Phillip down on the porch, sank down beside him, and panted for a minute. We all waited politely.

"It's that Mrs. Marriott! The one whose husband lost all their money. She's coming here to live!"

"Mrs. Marriott!" I cried. "Oh, she couldn't. There isn't any place for her."

Mrs. North sniffed. "No place good enough for the likes of her, but it's the last place she has. It's her grandfather's old place right next door to where you are sitting."

I couldn't believe it. I leaned forward, my long braid flipped over my shoulder. I stared at the house next door as if I had never seen it before. The old Emerson house. The Emersons had moved out last Christmas, saying as how it wasn't fit for man nor beast. It had been a grand house once, with its round tower on the south and its two stories and an attic, and its fancy woodwork on the front porch. But it hadn't been painted in my lifetime, and I was fifteen. The Emersons had left an old stove sitting on the front porch and the weather had rusted it. An old rocker lay under the ancient apple tree, its wood bleached white as bone.

I said, "But I've seen Mrs. Marriott's house in town. It's . . . it's beautiful. She can't come here to live. She can't!" Suddenly I was crying, because I was that age, I suppose, and was finding out for the first time that the princess could lose her kingdom. It didn't seem fair nor right to me.

Mrs. Callister said, "Hush, now, Mary Ruth. There're a lot of things in this life that are mighty hard to take. But we have to learn to take them. You let Mis' Marriott shed her own tears, you'll have use for yours."

"But I saw her once," I cried, furious at my tears, and trying helplessly to explain. "It was last summer. I went to Stapleton for a pair of shoes, and she was in the store buying a pair for her little girl, and oh, she looked so beautiful, so tall and cool. I don't want her to come here! I don't want her to come here!"

Mrs. North moved over and patted my shoulder. "It's trying to be mother to all those brothers and sisters of hers that's unsettling her, all those Grayson children," she said, aside to the others. "She's too young for so much work." Then, addressing me, "Now, Mary Ruth . . . Now, Mary Ruth, don't cry any more."

BUT I shrugged out of her arms and jumped to my feet and ran home. They didn't understand at all. It wasn't the work. I was young and strong and willing. It wasn't my three young sisters and my two wild little brothers, nor my father, tired and quiet since Mother's death, tired and quiet with the life gone out of him, and living in the past when "things were different, Mary Ruth."

It wasn't any of these things. It was just that the lady I had dreamed I should one day become like, had been robbed of her castles and would now become as myself and the others, gray, drab, beaten. Mrs.

Marriott. I thought of her dark, shining hair, so smoothly rolled on the back of her neck, even though every other woman's hair was cut short, her white, smooth hands. Mrs. Marriott had "help" all the time, not just one girl, but two, and sometimes three for parties. I loved her voice, though I had heard it only four times. It was low and gentle, and she did not slur away the words but gave them endings.

I shook down the ashes in the old kitchen stove with furious intensity. Would Mrs. Marriott have to use the old range in the tumble-down kitchen? I thought of her husband, Mr. Marriott, and I hated him, because he had not been strong enough, nor wise enough to keep her in the golden tower.

Though, as it turned out, I was wrong in that. For in the days that followed when every morsel concerning the Marriotts was devoured greedily by us all, we heard that Mr. Marriott had been a sick man for a long time, so ill he could not attend to his business affairs. An unscrupulous friend had defrauded him. Mr. Marriott wouldn't let anyone suffer because of him. Mrs. North said he sold everything he had to pay people back, until there wasn't anything at all except the old Emerson house that had been Mrs. Marriott's grandfather's.

It was on a Tuesday evening the Marriotts came. It was a sultry night, oppressive, with a thunder storm growling in the west. Dishes were done and the young ones were playing hide-and-seek in the back field. I slipped into the yard and sat on the old rocker under the ap-

ple tree and looked at the Emerson house. The door was open, blown open by the wind, long ago, and never closed. I could see into the hallway. The battered staircase had lost the second step. The ancient wallpaper in the hall was water-marked. A car, beautiful and long, came to a smooth halt before the house. The car door opened and a woman's voice said, "I'll go see if the moving men have come yet. You keep Lora with you, John."

IT was Mrs. Marriott. I didn't know what to do, so I did nothing, but sat in the hiding the shadows of the tree afforded me and stared.

Mrs. Marriott was wearing a navy blue linen suit with a hat to match and white gloves and a white scarf at her neck. Her shoes were lovely. I tucked my own battered Oxfords under me. Her shoes were blue linen pumps, lovely and slim. I watched them pick their careful way over the broken path. She called back. "I wrote and told them to turn on the electricity, John, but I forgot to buy globes."

I jumped to my feet. "Mrs. Marriott, I'll run and get Dad's flashlight if you want me to."

She turned and looked at me, not seeing me. Her lips turned up at the corners, but there was no laughter in her smile. "Would you mind?"

I dashed home and was back in a moment or two flushed and panting. "Here you are, Ma'am."

"Thank you."

I was dismissed, but I couldn't go. I leaned against the porch railing while she climbed the battered

three steps. I listened to the sounds the beautiful linen shoes made on the ancient boards. I heard their reluctant tapping as they went from room to room, the long, long silence they made in the dreadful kitchen. I cried again, remembering the home she had left, the home I had seen in the little glimpses a passerby achieved. The steps grew slower and slower and heavier.

When she came out on the porch, I lifted my eyes to her face and drew back. I did not dream a few moments could so age a woman, could so suck out the life, that only a casing of clay was left of what once had been beauty and laughter.

"Mrs. Marriott!" I whispered, the tears running into my lips.

She walked stiffly down the stairs and out to the car. Her voice was harsh and dry. "Come along, John. We may as well get used to it. Come, Lora."

Mr. Marriott got out of the car slowly and stopped to lean against it. "That bad?" He looked at her. "I'm sorry, Rachel."

She did not answer him. A little girl about nine stumbled sleepily out of the car. She rubbed her eyes and looked at the house. "Oh, Mother! Not this awful place."

Mrs. Marriott did not answer her either, only held her for a long time. Then she said, "You two, walk around and stretch your legs for a minute. The moving men should be here any minute."

They walked unhappily away from her. She stood still watching them, and then she turned back to the car. She leaned against it, her

face in her hands. I saw her shoulders shake. I crept away.

It was quite dark now. In the shadows I stumbled against someone, who put a warning hand over my mouth.

IT was Mrs. Callister. "She musn't know we saw," she whispered, and then, "poor, poor woman. I know what she's suffering. That's how I felt when I came here."

I recoiled, knowing without seeing that Mrs. Callister's dress was the same she had worn for three days, torn and spotted. I thought of Mrs. Marriott's blue linen suit, the immaculate gloves, the white, white scarf.

I rose early the next morning, and fed the youngsters and saw them off to play. Then I made a batch of popovers. I covered them carefully with one of mother's linen napkins, the ones we never used at all except on Christmas. I waited until I saw the first gray spiral of smoke circle above the Marriott's chimney, then I ran over with the steaming plate.

I knocked at the back door and Mrs. Marriott came, after a long time. She looked at me with dis-

taste, and I realized in my hurry I had forgotten to brush and re-braid my hair, that my face had not been washed since yesterday. I held out the plate. "I . . . I made them for you."

"Thank you . . ." She took the plate. Habit was strong. "How kind. Won't you come in?"

I went in. She had a great picnic basket on the rickety kitchen table, and she had been getting plates and silver from that. She was wearing a blue polka-dot cotton dress, but I saw that the morning battle with the ancient range had already left its sooty imprints. Soot lay in an angry line across her cheek. Her eyes were red and swollen, and her lips were set in a straight, hard line. Smoke poured from the lids of the range.

"It's your damper," I said. "You have to leave it open until the wood is really burning." I showed her how. "Now you won't have any trouble with it, if you can remember that little trick."

She said thinly, "I won't have to worry about it much longer, we're leaving."

(To be continued)

Helping Hand

Phyllis Juhlin Park

He placed his chubby, trusting hand in mine,
And slowing up my pace to meet his own,
I helped the small uncertain legs along,
The rugged path before his wondering eyes.

Today he takes my care-worn hand in his,
And now, adjusting strides beyond my strength,
He guides my tired, weary legs along,
The rugged path before my fading sight.

Can When You Can

Angelyn W. Wadley

WHEN I was young, it seemed to me that my mother had some kind of a complex about canning.

"A reasonable amount of this is fine," we used to tell her, "but you go at it every year as if you were expecting a famine."

"You are flippant," she would answer, "because you've never felt real hunger. I hope you never do, but who knows what the future will bring? The time to preserve food is when you can get it to preserve."

For Mother, canning was not exclusively a summertime job. During the winter, as we emptied the jars of fruits and vegetables, she filled them with sausage, chicken, beef, pork, and soups for summer use. It seemed to us that it only took a few bare shelves and empty bottles to start her thinking about something to put in them.

How well I remember our first pressure cooker! It was a tall, unwieldy monster that held two layers of quart jars. We owned it jointly with several of my aunts. I can still feel the atmosphere of flurry and rush when peas or string beans or corn were ready. We would get up extra early and the whole family would pitch in to help so we could get ours done and not delay someone else in using the cooker. Later, when we had a smaller canner of our own, the job could be spread out more, but it was no less important.

There never was a complete crop failure. Some years frost damage

decreased our fruit supply, but there was always something. I don't recall ever seeing the canning cupboard empty. But as I grew older and began to share in the responsibility for meal preparation, I came to understand the satisfaction my mother derived from her well-stocked shelves. Unexpected guests, not getting to town when she planned, the pressure of special jobs necessitating quick meals, someone else in need—mother's cellar held the answer to the problem.

And now that I am the mother of a growing, hungry brood, I find that I have the same enthusiasm my mother had for a well-provisioned family larder. Paper-bag meal planning is quite at variance with the pattern of housewifery molded into my mind by mother's management and thrifty ways, and later by my home economics training.

Since I can less meat than mother did, summer is the season for most of my canning. But by the time the trees and gardens are bare again, I hope to have my shelves well filled once more with the same three things she wanted on hers, and that all canning enthusiasts want—quantity, quality, and variety.

By variety I mean a wide assortment of jams, jellies, pickles, relishes, fresh fruits, and vegetables. I also mean some foods canned in a variety of ways with specific uses in mind.

Of fruits, for instance, tart, firm apples that don't mush up in cooking can be sliced and cold-packed.

These are particularly good for pies, salads, or fruit cup, and if the juice is drained off they can be substituted in most any pudding recipe which calls for fresh raw apples. Good, thick applesauce can be made from varieties of apples which do not remain firm in cooking. Some batches can be spiced lightly with cinnamon and nutmeg and sweetened with brown sugar and, maybe, a little honey. Or you can make it taste quite different with the addition of some crushed pineapple. No doubt, in some, you will want the good unmodified flavor of plain apples.

You can give a mild almond flavor to some of your jars of peaches or apricots by leaving in a few stones. If you like tangy spice flavors, whole cloves or cassia buds can be added to part of your peaches, especially the cling varieties. Spiced pears are nice, too, for a change. A slice or two of pineapple, orange, or lemon in each jar goes well with apricots, pears, or peaches.

Slipping the skins on peaches or apricots saves a great deal of time over peeling and won't spoil the appearance if done carefully. Put the fruit into a wire basket or cloth bag and drop it into enough boiling water to completely cover it. Leave it in for about one minute and then plunge it into cold water to stop the cooking process, since too much cooking will make the surface mushy when the skin is pulled off. The skins will slip smoothly and easily if the fruit is ripe but not too soft.

Instead of making the syrup for cold-pack canning of fruit, I measure the dry sugar right into the jars

and add enough hot water to fill them each approximately one-fourth full. I give this a quick stir, put in the fruit, and then add additional clear water if necessary. This way, I am sure of having a uniform amount of sugar in each jar of fruit. Dropping the fruit into syrup immediately after peeling also prevents darkening of light fruit.

Sometimes fruit that is poor quality for one use in very satisfactory for some other, and variety and better appearance can be achieved at the same time. For instance, while you are processing peaches, the halves that aren't attractive can be sliced into separate jars and these are just right for salads, gelatine desserts, or puddings, or for serving with whipped cream. Pears too small or wormy for nice halves can be diced or made into sauce. One year when the only pears we could get seemed impossible for anything else, we discovered that pear sauce, sieved or mashed, and with some lemon juice and crushed pineapple added, makes very choice dessert. I have canned it every year since. Apricots that are small or fibrous can be made into good juice or puree, and this is excellent as a breakfast drink or a foundation for punch.

SOUP concentrates are time savers in meal preparation and require very little extra effort at the time of canning. For tomato soup, the juice can be flavored to suit your taste and then thickened with flour before canning. I use one cup of flour to each gallon of juice but more can be used if you like a thicker soup. Butter or margarine can

be added before canning or at the time of use. This mixture, when opened, can be diluted with an equal amount of milk for a cream soup, or it makes a good tomato sauce, as is.

Vegetable soup concentrates are easy to make and convenient to have, too. Most any combination of vegetables ripe at once in your garden can be used. We like celery, corn, carrots, green baby Lima beans, string beans and onion. Rice or pearl barley can be added if you like. Either beef or chicken soup stock or tomato juice can be used for liquid. Or the vegetables can be cooked in water and bouillon cubes. Milk or tomato juice can be added when the soup is heated to serve. A combination of vegetables should be processed the longest time recommended for any of the ingredients.

Most recipes that call for canned tomatoes also call for, or would be improved by, some celery, onion, and parsley, so why not put the combination together in a batch or two at the time of canning? These same vegetables can be added to tomatoes before straining for juice. Other batches of tomato juice might be spiced lightly with cinnamon, cloves, and allspice; and of course you will want some seasoned only with sugar and salt.

Dry beans are one thing I can during the winter to round out my variety of quick meal foods. These need to be soaked and cooked just enough that they won't swell a great deal more in the jars. Use any favorite recipe for chili beans, baked beans, or pork and beans for

combining the ingredients, then seal up and process. Pressure cooking achieves the same tenderizing and blending of flavor as long slow baking or surface cooking. I like to make chili beans quite concentrated so an equal amount of tomato juice can be added when I open them. For beans alone, forty minutes at ten pounds pressure is sufficient, but mixtures with meat in should be processed for one hour.

Quality in home-canned foods is closely related to the quality of the product canned. In vegetables freshness, tenderness, and the right maturity count most. In fruit, degree of ripeness and flavor are more important than size or perfection of shape.

When there is scarcity or prices are sky-high, most of us are glad for whatever we can get.

If you can in quantity, you will want to watch for short cuts. Sometimes just setting up a card table, for some extra work surface, helps. Some women who have large kitchens have found that small tables with drop leaves or tiers of shelves on easy rolling casters are well worth their cost in step saving.

Careful storage of jars in a clean, dry place saves time in getting them ready for use. For open kettle canning, they should be sterilized immediately before filling.

The leaders of our Church have urged us to store within our homes a year's supply of food. It is a comforting thing in these chaotic times to know we are making provision to care for those we love through whatever emergencies may lie ahead. For

(Continued on page 575)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1891

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

DEATH OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: Lowell's health has been impaired ever since his return to this country in 1855, after concluding his diplomatic service abroad. A year and a half ago his condition became serious and a fatal termination was feared, but his health then had a chance of recovery. About two weeks ago he became delirious, and up to Monday he recovered consciousness only at brief intervals, when he gave the members of his family signs of recognition. His death was extremely peaceful. Although it was known he could not live much longer, his death was nevertheless rather unexpected. The transition from sleep to death was so easy that for a few moments nobody in the room observed that he had ceased to breathe. His eyes were closed and they never opened. He passed away with only a heavy sigh to indicate the separation of a great soul from a worn-out body.

THE MAGIC OF MUSICAL ECHOES

The tender chords of the heart may be stirr'd
By a sweet strain of music soft, and low,
Repeating the echoes that erst were heard
From the depths of the years of long ago.
A lingering sweetness of cherish'd hours,
Sweeps through our lives as we journey along
As delicate perfume from fragrant flowers,
Or the melody of some long-lost song,
Which wakes in our soul where remembrance stays,
The joys which e'en time can never outlive
And in hours of pleasure, or darkest days
A nameless charm doth their influence give.

—E. B. W.

OLD MAIDS ORGANIZE: The young women of Woodhaven, N. Y. have organized an “Old Maids' Consolation Association.” They aver that they have been neglected by the young men, and now propose to retaliate. Not to be outdone, several young men met and organized an “Old Bachelors' Sympathetic and Consolation Society.” Resolutions were adopted as follows: *Resolved:* That we, as representative young men of the community, deploring their hasty action in assigning themselves so prematurely to old maidenhood, earnestly request them to reconsider their action. At the same time we extend our heartfelt sympathy and penitently promise to atone for past neglect. *Resolved,* That we appoint a committee to attend the next meeting of the “Old Maids' Consolation Association,” and do all in their power to affect a consolidation of the two societies under the title of the “Mutual Consolation Association.”

JUAB STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Apostle A. H. Lund said: “I am pleased to have the privilege of meeting with the sisters, and to hear of the good work they are performing, comforting the sick, and caring for the needy, it is a great mission; it is better to be good than great; it is a mission of love to help those who are in need; look after the needy especially those who do not always ask; for there are those who can not make their wants known; give in a way that they will not feel like paupers, but sons and daughters of the same father, extend the same charity as you would to your own brothers and sisters.—Ellen Goldsbrough, Asst. Sec.



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

SARAH EMMITT TOUT (Mrs. Edwin F.) died in New York City, April 25, 1951, and was buried in the family's home town, Ogden, Utah. She was the wise, understanding, home-keeping mother of seven brilliant children, six daughters and one son—all singers—five of them professional. Nannie sang before the crowned heads of Europe and filled grand opera and concert engagements in London, Brussels, and Paris. Margaret (Margaret Romaine) sang in the Metropolitan Opera House, where she had leading soprano roles for seven years. Hazel (Hazel Dawn) was the famous "Pink Lady" of musical comedy fame. At Hyde Park L.D.S. missionary street meetings, held in London, the family would open the services with their magnificent singing, walk ten blocks to another location and sing there, then move on to another group, then back to close the first meeting, and perhaps the other two.

MARY ELLEN CHASE, Professor of English Literature at Smith College, has written an excellent biography of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, wife of John Davison Rockefeller, III. Mrs. Rockefeller contributed generously of her faith, energy, and personality to our American democracy, in which she

believed profoundly. Her marriage was the cornerstone of her life, and she was the intelligent and beloved mother of six children.

JULIA PHIPPEN ELDRIDGE EVANS, age 102, died June 8, 1951, in Boise, Idaho. She crossed the plains with the Mormon pioneers in 1852 and spent nearly fifty years of her life in Coalville, Utah. She was skilled in many crafts, including bee raising, soapmaking, midwifery, and practical nursing.

MARY SUSANNAH HIGGS (Mrs. Robert) Sleater, Utah's second-oldest woman, who maintained an active interest in life up to a month before her death, died May 2, at the age of 102 years. She walked across the plains and had a personal acquaintance with much of Utah's dramatic history, of which she retained vivid memories.

PHYLLIS McGINLEY (Mrs. Charles Hayden), a graduate of the University of Utah and contributor to well-known magazines, is considered by many as "the leading writer of light verse in America." *Stones from a Glass House* and *A Pocket Full of Wry* are among her volumes of verse. She lives a quiet, domestic life in a New York suburb with her husband and two young daughters.



"Cease to Find Fault One With Another"

THE spirit of a home has a lasting impression upon the development of a child's personality and character. While each child has in-born characteristics, the influence of the home is of profound importance in their development. It might be likened to the action of water enveloping a pebble. The pebble has its own entity; but the gradual yet continuous action of the water smoothes and polishes it. So love and understanding surrounding a child, modify, soften, and refine his undesirable traits. A less desirable home environment, on the other hand, lacking the action of an enveloping love, tends to sharpen and accentuate a child's undesirable characteristics.

One of the most stunting influences on soul growth is the evil of finding fault. Where parents surround a child with critical and derogatory remarks about others, it is natural for a child to follow their example; and it is extremely difficult for him to change his attitude as he attains maturity. The pattern of finding fault is embedded too deep within him.

In speaking to Relief Society the Prophet Joseph Smith admonished:

Don't be limited in your views with regard to your neighbor's virtue, but beware of self-righteousness, and be limited in the estimate of your own virtues, and not think yourselves more righteous than

others; you must enlarge your souls towards each other, if you would do like Jesus, and carry your fellow creatures to Abraham's bosom (D.H.C. IV, 606).

Finding fault stifles the enlargement of the soul. Instead of a heart expanding with love, it tends to contract and cause self-righteousness. Certain persons may always be expected, in their conversations, to involve one in a quagmire of fault finding, even sometimes concerning the General Authorities of the Church. There is an inclination to avoid such a person who seems to find his pleasure in lashing and whipping to shreds the good character of his neighbors. And yet if one follows the command, "cease to find fault one with another" (D. & C. 88:124), one would even seek to enlarge his soul toward the faultfinder, not to condone the evil but to seek to be a light to the feet of the faultfinder in love. Words learned as a child return with deeper and clearer significance as years bring a greater sensitivity to one's own shortcomings. Such are the words of that familiar and beloved refrain, "If you're the first a fault to see, be not the first to make it known." Many people recognize a fault, but blessed are the persons who do not call attention to it.

To many the evil of faultfinding is one most difficult to eradicate. Although silent resolutions may re-

peatedly be broken, still ever before one is the command "cease to find fault one with another," and the struggle goes on.

The earnest striver realizes that not only should he not search and *find* faults, but he should seek, in addition, to cloak the faults of his neighbor as he does his own, and constantly look for the good and desire to build up the character and the goodness of his neighbor. So will he enlarge his own soul and carry his fellow creatures to Abraham's bosom. The loving and humble servant of the Lord is so impressed with the magnitude of the work to which he has been called, in relation to his own shortcomings, that finding fault with others finds no lodgment in him. Thoughtful observation, moreover, has taught

him that the very faults he finds in others may be his own, and that unfortunate situations of his neighbor which he publicizes may be visited upon him. The law "judge not that ye be not judged" is to him reality.

Parents have the responsibility to live the gospel as they wish their children to live it, to banish from their home environment the evil of finding fault, and to put in its place the seeking of the good in others and the consequent enlarging of the soul.

To all who are victors in this struggle there come, in the silent watches of the night, not re-echoed words of faultfinding to vex the soul, but instead a comforting closeness to the spirit of the Master.

—M. C. S.

Deep in This Night

Katherine F. Larsen

Deep in this night I hear the earth's song,
Quiet and sure as tomorrow's returning;
Pulsing and subtle and steady and long,
Rising a curve of crescendo to morning.

It is release to sink earthward, to lie
Passive and silent, on soft grass reclining;
Ears to earth's rhythm and eyes to the sky,
Almost I reach to the core of life's meaning.

Here in dark stillness, my ear to earth's heart,
Hurt has been banished, and sorrow and sinning;
Age-old rhythm has set me apart—
Quickened, renewed in me sense of beginning.

*Deep in this night I hear the earth's song,
Quiet and sure as tomorrow's returning;
Pulsing and subtle and steady and long,
Rising a curve of crescendo to morning.*

Jam and Jelly Making—An Art

Ethel C. Smith

Former Member, General Board of Relief Society

“**T**HE making of beautiful things” is one definition of art.

Is not a glass of clear, sparkling jelly or a jar of rich, colorful preserves a thing of beauty? And could we not well consider as a “culinary artist” the homemaker who is able to capture within a container the full flavor and beauty with which Mother Nature has so generously endowed our fruits and berries?

To become adept in this art, as in any other, one must practice and experiment. The imagination may be freely exercised in combining fruits for unusual flavors in these luscious delicacies; yet there are some rules which must be followed if the finished product is to be a success.

JELLY

A good jelly is clear, quivers when removed from the glass, and holds its shape. It is tender, yet firm enough so that it does not run together when cut.

To jell properly, juice must contain acid and the right amount of pectin. The amount and quality of pectin in fruits vary at different stages of ripeness.

Some fruits that contain sufficient pectin to jell are apples, crab apples, grapes (under-ripe), blackberries, currants, gooseberries, cranberries, huckleberries, plums, and quinces.



Courtesy, General Foods

STRAWBERRY JELLY IS DELICIOUS

It is best to make jelly in small quantities—not more than four or six cups of juice at a time. If more juice is used it must be boiled longer, thus causing loss of flavor. Long cooking also has a tendency to darken the color of the jelly and to make it tough.

General Directions for Jellymaking:

Wash and drain fruit. For soft fruit and berries, add only enough water to start them cooking—about one-fourth cup to one quart of fruit. (Berries should be washed before hulling to preserve juice and flavor.) Cook ten to twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Mash fruit while it is cooking.

Cut large fruits, such as plums and apples, in pieces without paring, pitting, or coring. Barely cover with water and cook until fruit is soft.

Put hot fruit into a cloth jelly bag and hang over a pan to drip. The jelly will be clearer if the bag is not squeezed. If you do wish to press the bag to get out the last drop of juice, it should be done gently and the juice strained a second time through a fresh bag or cloth.

Measure the juice; heat to boiling point, and add measured sugar. Cook rapidly. The jelly stage is reached when the juice runs together and falls off the side of a spoon in a sheet instead of dripping off or running in a stream. When this point is reached, remove from heat at once. Skim and pour into hot, sterilized glasses. Fill to within one-fourth inch from top. When jelly becomes firm, pour on a thin coating of hot paraffin. When this has cooled, follow with a second coating and roll the glass so paraffin comes well up on the sides.

Using these general directions, delicious jellies can be made with the following juices:

Crab Apple and Rhubarb Jelly

Equal parts of juice from both fruits, and three-fourths as much sugar as juice.

Red Currant and Raspberry Jelly

A combination of two-thirds red currant and one-third raspberry juice, with three-fourths as much sugar as juice.

Concord Grape Jelly

Jelly made from Concord grapes is a favorite at our house. Use three-fourths as much sugar as juice, and use grapes that are slightly under-ripe. (Fully ripe grapes may be used with added pectin.) Crystals frequently form in grape jelly. To prevent this, allow the extracted juice to stand overnight. Then carefully pour juice off the sediment that has formed in the bottom of the pan.

Using Commercial Pectin in Jellymaking:

Fruits which do not have sufficient pectin can be used for jelly by adding the juice of another fruit containing a large amount of pectin, or by using a commercial pectin in liquid or powdered form. Many homemakers rely on this latter method as it takes the "guess work" out of jellymaking. The addition of a commercial pectin makes it possible to use fruit at the peak of its ripeness and flavor. It also increases the yield of jelly because of the shorter cooking period required and because more sugar can be used. In using a commercial pectin, the manufacturer's instructions should be followed exactly because the proportion of juice to sugar and the cooking method differ.

Some fruits containing very little pectin (practically none when fully ripe) are peaches, pears, cherries, strawberries, rhubarb.

Strawberry Jelly

Strawberry jelly is delicious, but this juice must have added pectin to make it jell. Follow the recipe given by the manufacturer of the pectin you buy. A refreshing and unusual flavor may be obtained by adding mint leaves and stems to the strawberry juice—about one-half cup of crushed mint to three cups of juice. The mint is removed by straining the jelly into the glasses when it is done.

JAMS

Jams are made of crushed or ground fruits mixed with sugar and cooked until thick. Jam can be made either with or without the use of a commercial pectin, depending on the consistency desired.

To make jams without adding pectin, the proportions are generally three-fourths as much sugar as fruit. If the fruit is extra tart, or if a rich, heavy jam is desired, the same amount of sugar as fruit is used. Jam is bottled and sealed while hot.

Boysenberry-Apricot Jam

3 cups Boysenberries (measuring cups) 4½ cups sugar
3 cups apricots

Grind fruit before measuring. Mix fruits and sugar. Cook until thickened—about 20 minutes—stirring frequently. Note: You may prefer to press the Boysenberries through a sieve to remove the seeds before measuring.

Plum Jam

Wash and pit plums. Put through food grinder, using coarse blades. For 4 cups fruit use 3½ cups sugar. Let stand 1 hour. Cook until thick, stirring frequently. Bottle and seal while hot.

PRESERVES

Preserves are made by combining fruits with sugar—generally the same amount of each—and cooking until the syrup is thick and the fruit slightly transparent. The fruit is not crushed as in jam. Preserves may be sealed hot, but allowing it to stand in the syrup overnight after cooking helps plump the fruit and prevents it from separating from the syrup.

Luscious Strawberry Preserves

(Extra Rich)

4 cups ripe strawberries (measuring cups) ½ cup (scant) lemon juice
6 cups sugar

Put measured berries into large pan and place over moderate heat. Add a small amount of the sugar at a time, letting it melt and mix with the fruit, until all the sugar has been added. This method of mixing fruit and sugar prevents the berries from being crushed.

Boil 5 minutes; add lemon juice and boil 10 minutes longer. Remove from heat and cool. Gently stir or shake occasionally while cooling. Let stand overnight. Bottle cold and seal with hot paraffin.

Note: This is extra good made with everbearing strawberries.

Raspberry Preserves

3 measuring cups ripe berries; 3 measuring cups sugar

Place berries in colander or sieve and dip into pan of boiling water for one minute; then drain. Put berries and 1 cup of the sugar in a pan over moderate heat and let come to a boil. Add the second cup of sugar and boil gently for 5 minutes. Add the remaining cup of sugar and boil 5 minutes longer. Remove from heat and cool. Gently stir or shake occasionally while cooling. Let stand over night. Bottle cold and seal with hot paraffin.

MARMALADES

Marmalades are made of a combination of fruits, often including citrus fruits. The fruit is cut in small pieces which appear throughout the clear, jelly-like syrup when the product is finished.



Courtesy, General Foods

MARMALADE AND JELLY FOR BREAKFAST

Apricot or Peach Marmalade

6 cups apricots (or peaches), peeled and cut in small pieces

6 cups sugar

1 small can crushed pineapple (drain off most of the juice)

1 orange, peeled and cut in small pieces

Cook the peel of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon in small amount of water until softened. Grind or cut into fine pieces. Mix all ingredients together and cook over moderate heat until of right consistency—45 minutes to 1 hour. Bottle and seal at once.

Pear Marmalade

16 cups pears, peeled, cored, and thinly sliced

1 no. 2 can sliced pineapple, cut in thin pieces

1 large or two small oranges, cut in thin pieces, without peeling.

Mix fruits together and measure. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ as much sugar as fruit. Boil over moderate heat until of right consistency—30 to 45 minutes. Watch closely and stir frequently during latter part of cooking period. About 10 minutes before removing from heat, add a half-pint of maraschino cherries, cut in pieces (do not use cherry juice). Bottle and seal at once.

CONSERVES

Conserves are similar to jams in consistency. They are made with a mixture of fruits. Nuts and raisins are frequently added.

Gooseberry and Rhubarb Conserve

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. gooseberries; 1 lb. rhubarb; 2 lbs. sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. nut meats

Remove both stem and tail from gooseberries when washing. Cut rhubarb in small pieces. Combine fruits and add sugar. Boil until thick, stirring frequently. Just before removing from heat, add chopped nuts. Bottle and seal at once.

Apricot Conserve

8 cups apricots (sweet pits are best); blanched apricot pits; 8 cups sugar; 1 no. 2 can pineapple (sliced or bits)

Peel, pit, and cut apricots in halves. Add sugar and pineapple juice. Let stand overnight. Cook slowly for 10 minutes, skim out apricots, and add blanched apricot pits to the juice. Boil down until thick and syrupy. Cut pineapple in small pieces and combine with apricots. Add to the syrup and boil for 10 minutes. Bottle and seal at once.

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Never let anything go to waste. Be prudent, save everything, and what you get more than you can take care of yourselves, ask your neighbors to help you consume.

—Brigham Young

Oven Solace

Helen H. Jones

WHEN my generally cheerful husband came home from the college with discouragement written in drooping shoulders and a sober face I asked unnecessarily, "Is something wrong?" Something was. Due to the international situation enrollments had dropped, and his evening class had been discontinued. Result to us? Sixty dollars less take-home pay each month.

Something had to be done to help us over this disappointment. I made one of those out-size pies, with a picket fence of apple slices standing on end at the very edge to hold the top crust like a big-top over a bubbling well of fresh apples, raw sugar, and cinnamon. Then I cut a steaming piece and served it to my husband with a wedge of nippy cheese, even before dinner.

My eight-year-old daughter came home from school in tears. Chuckie, whom she had considered her property, had been seen chasing another little girl across the play yard. I quickly changed my plans for dinner. Instead of ordinary meat loaf, I rolled savory dressing in an inch-thick layer of ground beef, and when the stuffed meat was baked, I decorated it, sides and top, with fluffy whipped potatoes and grated cheese.

Just yesterday the college called to tell the student, who lives in my home as mother's helper, that due to her numerous cuts and lack of interest in her school work (she's in love) the dean thought it advisable that she check out of school before the "F's" she was earning went on her permanent record. By way of encouragement, I made one of those fudge-mashed potato cakes, with three quarters of an inch of marshmallow on top, over melted bitter-sweet chocolate, and served it for lunch.

I am beginning to understand why I turn to my kitchen stove in times of trouble. It's not that I'm a natural cook like my mother and sisters.

There is a deeper reason for my visit to the neighbors when there's been a death in the family, and there is a definite purpose of helpfulness when I take a casserole dish to the side fence for Mrs. Peterson, on the west, who has unexpected house guests, or drop in with a cake when Sister Harmon comes home from the hospital. Those folks need the food.

I wonder if, when members of my family or my friends are downhearted, I turn to baking because I feel better doing something. Or it may be every woman's way of showing the disappointed or discouraged loved one that he has sympathy and understanding. After all a fragrant pie, savory meat roll, or festive cake, may be more articulate than words in saying, "Anyway, I still love you."

Among the Ferns

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I meant to take a moment's ease
Out where the skies were tall
Among the ferns beneath the trees,
A moment, that was all.

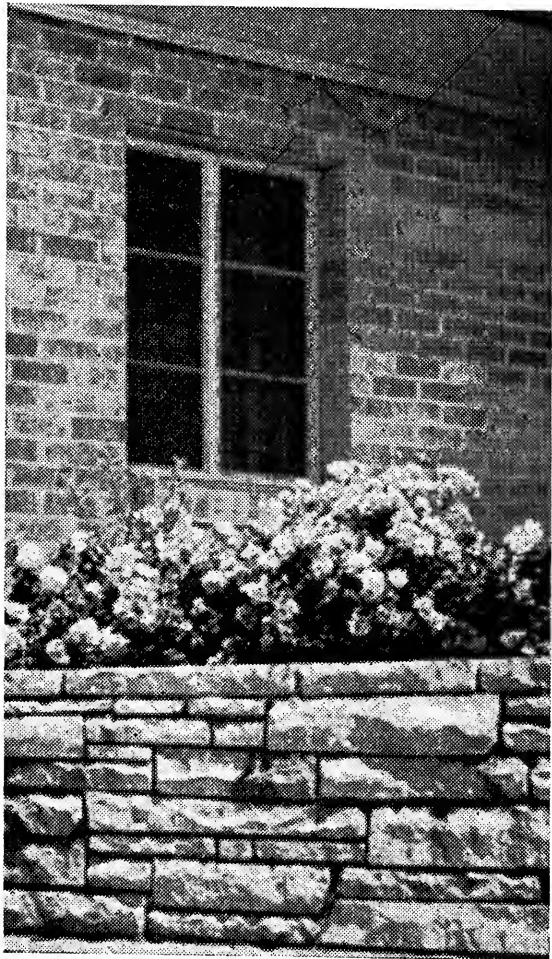
I gathered fronds. Before I knew
I was a mile away.
That moment stretched as shadows do
And covered half a day.

Boxes For Beauty

Celia L. Luce

WHEN you picture your dream cottage, it is not of just a house you dream. Around the cottage will be flowers and trees and shrubs. The house and gardens will be a complete, harmonizing unit.

There are many ways to make your planting a harmonizing part of the house. One of the best is by the use of planting boxes. These bring the flowers closer to the house



Willard Luce

“Planting boxes bring the flowers closer to the house and make them seem a part of it.”

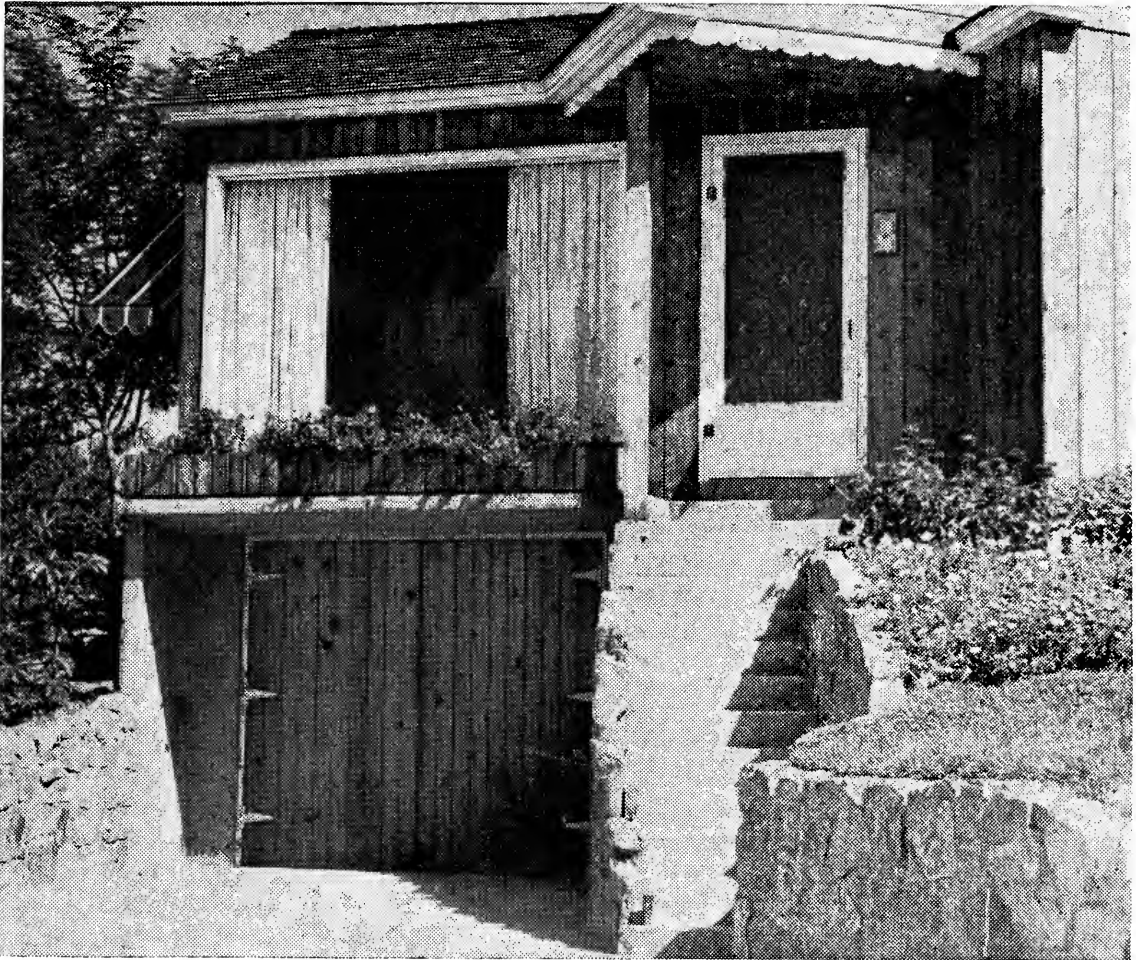
and make them seem to be a part of it.

Often they repeat the materials used in the house. For example, a chimney may be made of stone, and the planting boxes may repeat the stone.

Planting boxes also provide color emphasis that can point up a good feature of a house. Used by the door they make the eye travel to the door, and the house seems to invite you to enter. Or window boxes may draw the eye to a beautiful window, and thus provide a glimpse of flowered coolness for the folks inside the house.

Is your house too high in front? Often a house built over a basement looms up and seems to look down on folks outside. It seems to draw haughty skirts away from the passersby. Tall shrubs are often used to bring the front of the house down and give it a friendly look, but planting boxes also have a use here. They break up the uninteresting tall lines with horizontal accents. They give a friendly smile instead of a haughty glare.

Use planting boxes with care, however. They should be planned with the house and seem part of it. They should be made of harmonizing materials, for planting boxes can easily become so important that they draw attention away from the house and spoil the whole effect. Using planting boxes is like using salt: the right amount brings out the true flavor, while with too much you taste nothing but the salt.



Willard Luce

GERANIUM WINDOW BOX

This planting box serves three purposes in this small house of knotty pine. Built of the same material as the house, it brings the garden and the house into close relationship. It helps to unify the two parts of the garden by spanning the driveway area. Then, it breaks up the too-tall lines created by the garage doors and the living room window.

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Home

Gene Romolo

A house may be only four walls and a roof;
Home is a house where the warp and the woof
Of living are spun in more perfect strands
By love and the art of a woman's deft hands.

How to Make Fluffy Rugs

Beatrice Squires Poelman

LET'S make a rug! Now that spring housecleaning has unearthed worn-out sweaters, mackinaws, and overcoats, what better time could be found to plan a rug? Then, too, during the warm days, that part of rugmaking which makes a mess, such as ripping up garments and cutting strips, can be done outdoors.

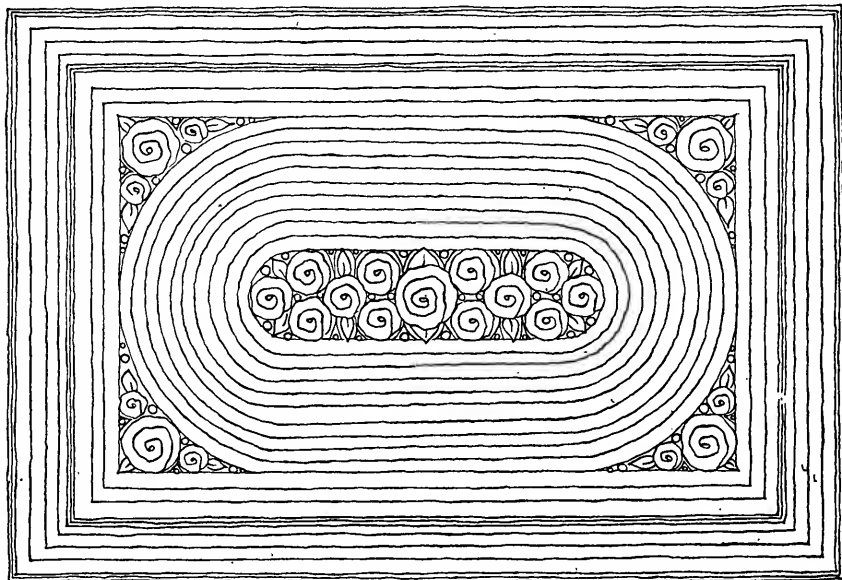
The type of rug I'm suggesting is designed to use heavy work clothes, overcoats, old blankets, sweaters, in fact, almost any article discarded by those who make quilts, braided, or crocheted rugs.

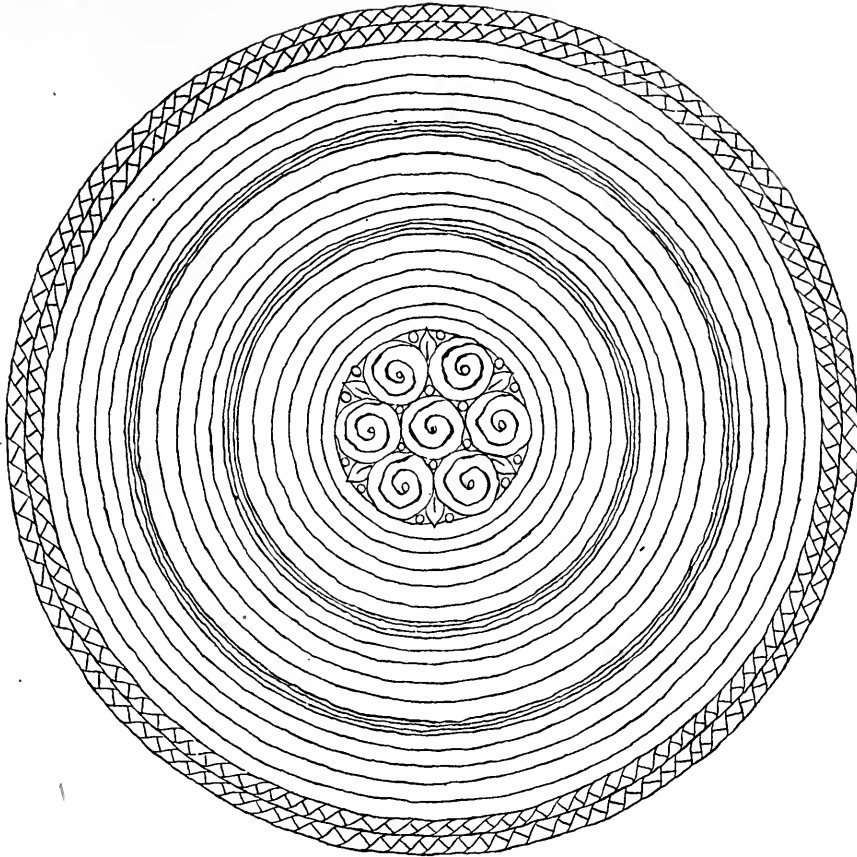
To make these rugs, strips of woolen material are sewed by means of a sewing machine on a back of canvas, or a back made of strips of overalls or strips of corduroy pants or pieces of heavy work clothes. Discarded tapestry material obtained at upholsters' shops can also be used successfully for the rug backs.

Make the back in the shape or size desired. If pieces of material are sewed together to form the back, all raw seams should be on the side on which the woolen strips are to be sewed, and should be opened and stitched flat to avoid too heavy a seam over which to stitch the strips. The edge of the back should also be turned once and stitched, the raw edge being on the same side as the raw seams.

After the back has been finished, a few lines marked with crayon on the seamed side will act as a guide to indicate where to sew the strips. On oblong or square rugs, the intersection of the diagonals drawn from opposite corners will determine the center point, while the diagonals themselves will indicate the turning point when stitching the rows around on the rug. Lines marked off about every six inches in from the edges act as guides to help keep the rows straight. On circular rugs, a few concentric circles drawn with a piece of crayon tied to a string are all the guide needed. Oval rugs require a combination of semicircles and straight lines for guides.

With the back of the rug finished and marked, the next step is to prepare the strips to sew onto it. The thickness of the rug desired determines the width of the strips. Strips one-inch wide make quite thick rugs, and only when extremely heavy rugs are desired, is it necessary to cut them any wider. All materials, except knitted goods, should be cut on the bias. It is easier to turn corners or follow a curved line with strips cut on the bias than with those cut on the straight of the material. A second





reason for using bias strips is this: when stitched through the center, every thread of a bias strip is anchored to the back and will not pull off when vacuumed or shaken. Although material may unravel, the threads will not be lost, and the appearance of the rug is improved, if anything, because it becomes fluffier. Before cutting knitted sweaters or shawls, if they are not already matted or felted, I put them in very hot water and run them in the washing machine until they are felted.

To stitch the wool strips to the back of the rug, begin in the center and work toward the outer edge. Stitch the first strip through the center. Then fold back the first row and stitch the second as close to it as the thickness of the material and the width of the presser foot permit. Keep repeating this procedure. Do not sew the ends of the strips of material together, nor lap them. Butt them! Pieces just two or three inches long can be used as well as the longer strips. To stitch on the strips, the longest stitch on the machine works satisfactorily. Do not pull the strips as you sew them on, and be sure to allow plenty of material in turning corners. Otherwise, the rugs will not lie flat.

To finish the edge, a second strip should be sewed on top of the last strip. This double row gives added strength to the edge as well as increasing the thickness and appearance of the edge. A strip of braided materials also makes an effective finish for some types of rugs.

In making these rugs, I find that it is much easier to sew the strips for the center portion of the rug on pieces of overalls, etc. and then fasten them to the back. This does away with turning and twisting a big piece of backing material so frequently as is necessary when working in the center of the rug where the rows are so short. If on the piece of material thus used, space is left for another row or two of strips to be sewed, it can be pinned to the back and then attached permanently to it by merely stitching the next few rows through both the back and the piece of material.

If I wish to use flowers and leaves in my rugs, I do not make them on the sewing machine. I fold a strip of material in two and tack the folded edge as I roll it up to form the flower. In sewing it to the back, I place the cut side up. I make leaves the same way, only they are made oval instead of round.



Diana Ellsworth Layton Enjoys Painting and Quilting Hobbies

Thelma L. Hunsaker

Diana Ellsworth Layton, Safford, Arizona, who observed her fiftieth wedding anniversary with her husband, Frank M. Layton, on June 12, 1951, has found many hobbies to enrich her life and to serve and delight her friends and relatives.

She embroiders pillow cases, sews braided rugs, has painted excellent pictures, made two large genealogical scrapbooks, and she owns a most unique collection of thirty-five pitchers.

Quilting is her favorite hobby, and she made her first quilt, a nine-patch, when she was only eight years old. Since then she has spent many happy hours alone and with other women making quilts. When welfare quilts were needed, the Relief Society of her ward, under her direction, finished ten quilts in a day and a half. Not until 1940 did Sister Layton begin to keep a record of her quilting activities, but since that time she has worked on or completed by herself 370 quilts. Her best year was 1949, with a total of forty-five quilts. She has a rare ability of blending colors and fitting pieces together into beautiful designs. Her quilts bear out an oft-repeated slogan, which she loves: "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well."

Sister Layton spent her early life under severe pioneer conditions, fighting fever, drought, sagebrush, and mesquite. She has five children, twenty grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Through faith and determination, she walks again after suffering a broken hip, and she says, "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

Salad Days

Sara Mills

SALAD making has been going on for centuries, but it was not until the end of the nineteenth century, and, more properly speaking, our twentieth century that it became an art and a pleasure. In one small Utah town, shortly before the turn of the century, a vegetable salad shook the town's foundations. It was served at a wedding dinner by a young bride who had been away to school. The men of the town would have nothing to do with it, and said so. It may well be that the protesting fathers had a premonition that their sons and grandsons would one day be mixing the dinner salad and boasting of this effete skill. However loud their protests, salad was in the town to stay.

There are as many ways to make a salad as there are cooks. A few simple rules, however, should be observed. The first is that a green salad enhances almost any luncheon or dinner dish.

A green salad may be made of one green or be a mixture of a dozen. It depends on what you have, and what you can procure, the fresher the better. To some people there is only one lettuce, the iceberg variety. To the home gardener or the salad gourmet, there is the Boston lettuce, the cos, or romaine, the prize variety, sweet and tender, with reddish leaves, the fancy escarole, and the endive. In addition, remember spinach, the tender inner leaves, young chard, and beet greens, water cress, and Chinese cabbage.

Artists of the salad bowl say never to soak the leaves in water. Rather, wash each leaf separately under running water. The greens so washed should be drained on a towel, wrapped in the same towel, and placed in the refrigerator for an hour or longer for the salad *par excellence*. Just before the salad is to be eaten, remove the greens, breaking them into the desired size by hand. A knife will cause the tender leaves to bleed.

As for French dressing, in its original state it is simply salt, vinegar, and a generous amount of oil. But there are embellishments for every taste and fancy. Most tastes call for a bit of mustard and pepper, a sprinkling of paprika, and a dash of Tabasco sauce. A few drops of Worcestershire sauce help. Then there are the herbs. Parsley, finely cut, adds flavor. Tarragon, fresh or dried, gives the salad a desired piquancy. Thyme, marjarom, chevril, chives give added zest. Herb-flavored vinegar, particularly tarragon, should be on the salad shelf.

FRENCH DRESSING

½ c. good vinegar	¾ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. ground pepper	1 ½ c. oil (preferably olive)

Blend well, then beat with a fork or beater until mixture thickens. It is well to add a small cube of ice while you are beating, removing after the dressing thickens. If you like a tarter dressing, use more vinegar and less oil. For variation, use part lemon or lime juice.

Use the dressing sparingly. Too much salad dressing will spoil any green, no matter how crisp and fresh. The greens should be barely coated with the dressing, not left floating. If you don't find it expedient to toss the greens at the table, do it just before the salad bowl is set on the table. Coldness is the most important ingredient of the green salad.

If you like a garlic flavor, use only a hint. One way to get a mere hint is to rub a heel of French bread with garlic and leave it in the greens while they are being chilled and tossed. Another method is to rub a wooden salad bowl with a bead of garlic. Don't overdo the rubbing. A third way is to place a bead of garlic in the salad dressing. This should be done at least an hour before the dressing is to be used.

As to onion flavor, shake a few drops of onion juice into the French dressing. And a hint about tomatoes. Some of the best chefs say they have no place in a tossed salad, that the juice is ruinous. Lettuce and tomato salad, that's a different story.

French Dressing Variations:

(1) Roquefort or blue cheese dressing: To each $\frac{1}{2}$ c. French dressing, add one rounded tbsp. of either Roquefort or blue cheese. Crumble the cheese with a fork before it is added to the dressing, then mix well. This dressing makes a green salad a thing to be savored, and it is good with fruit salads.

(2) Pickle dressing: Add 2 tbsp. chopped pickles to each $\frac{1}{2}$ c. French dressing.

(3) Horseradish dressing: To each $\frac{1}{2}$ c. French dressing, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. prepared horseradish (which has been squeezed through a thin cloth), $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. paprika, and 2 drops of Tabasco sauce.

(4) Jelly dressing for fruit salads: To each $\frac{1}{2}$ c. French dressing, add 1 tbsp. honey and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. tart, red jelly.

(5) Anchovy dressing: To each $\frac{1}{2}$ c. French dressing, add 2 tbsp. mashed anchovies, 1 tsp. chopped parsley, 2 drops Tabasco sauce, and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a chopped, hard-boiled egg.

(6) Beet topping: To $\frac{1}{4}$ c. French dressing add one medium-sized chopped beet, cooked, and 1 chopped hard-boiled egg. Add this as a topping to green salad just before serving.

(7) Vinaigrette dressing: To each $\frac{1}{2}$ c. French dressing, add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. each of chopped green olives, chives, parsley, gherkins, and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a hard-boiled egg, finely chopped.

(8) Ruby dressing: To each $\frac{1}{2}$ c. French dressing, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. red currant jelly and 1 tbsp. cream cheese. Just before serving add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. grated orange rind. This is good for fresh fruit salads.

Below are two slightly different versions of old favorites, both inexpensive to serve:

COLE SLAW

Select a fresh head of cabbage, trim and shred the cabbage finely, then chill for an hour in ice water to which a little lemon juice has been added. Drain and chill, Marinate in French dressing for an hour, then add 1 c. finely sliced cucumber, 1 c. finely shredded celery, and 1 little onion, chopped finest of all. When the slaw is ready to be served, add sufficient French dressing. Mix thoroughly and arrange on watercress or dark green lettuce leaves.

CUCUMBER SALAD

Cut and discard both ends from a chilled cucumber. Pare and slice in thin slices. Sprinkle the slices with salt and place a heavy weight over the cucumbers, leaving the

weight for several hours. Pour off all the liquid. Arrange on a platter of crisp lettuce and serve with French dressing.

And last, two salads slightly on the dressier side:

AVOCADO, DATE, AND ORANGE SALAD

Peel and cube two large avocados. Place in a bowl and top with 1 tsp. very thinly sliced onion. Over this spread a cup of pitted, chopped dates. Sprinkle the dates with a tablespoon of finely cut chives, then add a generous cup of peeled, sectioned oranges. Season lightly with salt and pepper and add enough French dressing to coat the mixture. Toss and serve in lettuce cups.

PEACH SALAD

12 peach halves, fresh or canned	¼ c. chopped, unblanched almonds
2 packages creamed cheese, 3 oz. size	½ tsp. salt.
¼ c. mayonnaise	¼ tsp. prepared horseradish
½ c. finely chopped celery	salad greens

Cream dressing (made by blending ½ c. sour cream with ¼ c. currant jelly, and salt to taste).

Mash the cheese, blend in mayonnaise, and beat until smooth, Stir in celery, almonds, salt, and horseradish, and mix well. Place 2 peach halves together with cream cheese mixture filling in cavity. Arrange on platter of salad greens and serve with cream dressing.

New Horizons

Margaret Smith Larson

I lift my eyes unto the hills
Where lie horizons blue;
I shall not mind the rugged climb,
I shall to self be true.

A distant star shall be my guide;
Its course is straight and sure—
The law that fixed its destiny
Forever shall endure.

I was—before the world was made,
Still, I am "I," the same,
And through eternity shall be,
Though stars may lose their flame.

Though storm clouds hide my shining star,
I shall with patience wait,
For storms are but a passing phase,
Not so, my star of fate.

The law that guides the stars' true course,
Doth likewise govern mine,
Compelling me to lift my eyes
Where new horizons shine.

The Silken Bond

Alice Morrey Bailey

HELEN Vincent would not leave the bus until it pulled out with her mother and her baby. Her mother cared for Nora Sue a hundred miles away while Helen worked in the city. Every week-end she went home, or her mother brought the baby to see her, yet the partings were awful. Helen kept her mouth and the muscles of her face steady, but she could not control the tears that wet her face, slid down her cheeks.

"Only for a week," she told herself, but you couldn't tell that to an eleven-month old baby. So far as little Nora Sue knew, it might be forever. It was that very thing that tore her heart out, for the baby clung to her with soft little arms and pleading, apprehensive eyes, turning her heart to water.

"No . . . no," Nora Sue kept saying.

"She's trying to say her name," Mother said, but Helen knew better. She was saying: "No! No! Mama, don't leave me. No! No! No!"

It was no use to tell herself that Nora Sue was getting the best of care, perhaps even better than she herself would give the baby, that Nora Sue would be fine with mother, and happy, once the parting was over. Helen gave a quick glance at her mother, sitting quietly, her good face noncommittal, her eyes withholding judgment for the baby's upset schedule. Mother was a stickler for schedules.

"She'll cry awhile, Mother, but she's tired. She'll go to sleep right away and sleep until you get home, and I'll be home Saturday if I have to fly."

"Yes," answered her mother.

It was as if there were a silken bond between Helen's heart and Nora Sue's, pulled thin with pain by the departing bus. When she could no longer see the top of Nora Sue's bonnet, Helen put her hands to her face and wept.

Craig Ryan detached himself from the shadow of the station and, taking her arm, guided her silently to his car and put her in. Good old Craig—so patiently bringing her every other week to see them off and meeting her at the bus terminal on her return from her visits home. He was the man with the desk next to hers at work, and she had fallen easily into accepting a ride home with him to her apartment, which she shared with a home-town girl. Craig was good, comfortable, and undemanding.

"I hate to see you knocking yourself out every week like this," he said now, "and this is as hard on Nora Sue as it is on you."

"Craig, do you really think so? Mother says she forgets me right away and is happy while I'm gone. Babies forget easily."

"According to the latest psychology, babies never forget. They say your memory is a permanent record that starts even before your birth. Things like this make scars that

may never heal. They lead to all sorts of nervous disorders, and even physical ones."

"I couldn't bear it if I believed that."

"Can you bear it now? Are you happy, Helen?"

"No. Certainly I'm not happy, but what do you suggest? That I don't see her so often?"

"Oh, no. That you see her more often."

"But how? I spend all my free time now, going back and forth. Be reasonable, Craig. Should I quit my job and go home? Be a parasite on my parents?"

"Do you really think it would be harder on your mother to have both you and the baby there than for your mother to have the whole responsibility of Nora Sue?"

"I guess I wasn't thinking so much of my mother as my father, and the money it takes. You know there are no jobs in that tiny little town."

"And if there were a job, and you took it," persisted Craig, "you'd have this same struggle every day instead of every week. No. A woman like you, any woman with a baby, should be with it. A mother should not leave her baby to make a living. She should have a husband to do that."

"And if I don't have a husband, what then? You know my husband was . . ."

"Yes, killed. Seventeen months ago, I believe."

"Well, then! Are you trying to make it harder for me, Craig? I know that's what the Church teaches—that women should stay home with their babies, but . . ."

"But it doesn't apply to you," Craig chided.

"Craig, you're maddening. Just what else could I do?"

"You could get married, among other things, to me."

HELEN sat bolt upright and looked straight ahead into the night. "Why, Craig, I hadn't thought of that."

"I know you hadn't," said Craig. "Keep looking straight ahead. Tell me what I look like. What color are my eyes? Is my hair curly or straight? Go ahead, tell me."

"Why, Craig," Helen exclaimed in amazement. "I don't know. Six months working by you, and I don't know! I didn't know anybody could be that stupid."

"Not stupid, just disinterested. You've never really looked at me. And you don't know anything about me—that I had a wife and lost her, that I have a little boy four years old."

Waves of shame went over Helen. "I'm selfish, self-centered," she said. "That's the only explanation."

"Right," said Craig. "I'm not blaming you. I just know how it is because I've been through it. I figure it is about time you snapped out of it, that's all."

"Craig, how good you are! How good you've always been! But marriage! Did you mean a marriage of convenience—me being a mother to your little boy, and you looking after me and Nora Sue?"

"No," said Craig. "I've looked at you, girl. I know your eyes are gray and your mouth is sweet. I know you are all mother, all love,

with a character straight as a ramrod and a mind that would challenge any man. I meant to wait until you showed some interest in me, but I haven't, and I love you too much to be satisfied with half a loaf."

"Craig, I don't know what to say. You've been so kind, but I don't...."

"Don't say it," he told her swiftly. "You couldn't really know, yet, whether you could love me or not, and believe me, it is essential. Home is a pattern, Helen, with men and women and children playing distinct roles, a pattern that has always been. It is a divine plan, and one of great wisdom. The modern psychologists are just now learning about it, how it fills each need. When mothers of young children go out of the home to earn, the pattern is broken and fundamental needs are unfilled."

"You've thought a lot about it, haven't you, Craig?"

CRAIG laughed. "I guess I sound like a preacher, but I have thought a good deal about it, being both father and mother to Timmie. If trouble doesn't make you think, nothing will. When we have lost that pattern of home in this world, we have lost everything. The few of us that know it should fight for it, just like our forefathers fought for freedom."

"I haven't thought very much. All I've done is feel."

"You just keep on feeling, honey, but think, too. Think about me, and if you ever change your mind come running and tell me."

At her door he took her in his arms and kissed her, stirring mixed

emotions, surprise not the least of them.

Next day Craig was his old, undemanding self. Helen would have thought she dreamed last night's episode, but once he caught her looking at his eyes, and grinned. It was just like any other day, except that he didn't invite her to ride home, just waved gaily and drove off.

Chagrin fought with a sense of justice, and a little, lost feeling in the pit of her stomach. It was more than the inconvenience of taking a bus home after the months of riding. For the first time in almost a year and a half Helen suddenly realized she was all alone. First there had been her parents, full of sympathy for her, doing all they could to make her happy, then Nora Sue, coming like a message from heaven. And when she had left home Craig had been there, right from the first day when he became the supervisor of her new office routine. Now, suddenly, he was gone, too, and she was alone.

She didn't think of him occasionally during the days that followed. She couldn't keep her mind off him, off the things he had said. She knew that his eyes were a deep, penetrating blue, and his brown hair was curly. Yet it was the comradeship she longed to have restored.

The real barrier was the truths he had told her, the pattern he had described. All around her she could see it. More than half the women working in the office were married, and many of them had babies left at home in the care of someone else—their mothers, baby tenders, nurs-

ery schools, or husbands who were out of work. "When we lose that pattern," Craig had said. None of the women seemed to have the valid reasons Helen thought she had. Some were helping the family income, some wanted new things, perhaps a home, or clothes, or furniture, and their voices kaleidoscoped in Helen's nightmares.

"The more I work, the less he makes." "My baby is crazy about the nursery. You'd think she wasn't my child any longer." "I used to feel sick about leaving little Billy, but you get used to anything."

Surely Craig was right, and the pattern of home was being lost by hundreds of men and women, thousands, men and women who could never retrieve the lost years.

HELEN grew thin and nervous and more and more unhappy. She paid her father for the money he had spent on her doctor and hospital bills, but the sense of accomplishment was missing. He took the money unwillingly, a look of shame in his eyes.

"I didn't mean for you to pay me back, Daughter. If a man can't take care of his women-folk there's no use for him on this earth. I'm only taking this to make you happy."

It didn't make her happy at all. Her father sounded like Craig. Maybe all men felt the same way, useless and ashamed when their women usurped their privileges. Maybe that was why some men just gave up and quit, others did outlandish things to prove their masculinity. Craig was right, but oh, how painful it was to think! In her

loneliness and bewilderment the difficulty of parting each week from Nora Sue intensified to an all but unbearable degree.

"Craig," she asked one day. "Do you think I could have my vacation early?"

"What's up?" he inquired, and there was a quick, watchful look in his eyes.

"It's Nora Sue. I've reached the point where I can't go on this way a minute longer. I used to like my job, but now I sit at my desk and feel that everything I do is unimportant, that the most important thing of my life is slipping through my fingers."

"It is, Helen, believe me," Craig said earnestly. "And once it's gone, there's no going back after it."

"I just have to have a couple of weeks with Nora Sue."

"Good girl," Craig applauded. "I'll see what I can do."

That night he offered her a ride home. She tried to have pride enough to refuse it, but couldn't. Vexing as he was, his presence restored her miraculously. He took her to dinner and to a show, and it was too enjoyable to protest that she should be home packing.

He saw her off, and it was like the old days, only now it was something to be treasured, having him see to her ticket and baggage, getting her comfortable and chatting in the aisle.

"I wanted to meet Timmie," she said.

"Really? Nothing I'd like better than to show him off—the proud father in me, you know."

"As soon as I get back?"

"Now look, darling. If you get lonesome down there don't call in your old beaux. Yell for me."

Darling! he had called her. When it was time to go he tilted her chin with a finger to kiss her goodbye, a casual kiss, but it sent prickles along her spine.

It was heaven to be home, to bathe and feed Nora Sue, to teach her new words, sew attractive clothes for her, and get caught up on her baby book. Only there were so many gaps—like the day Nora Sue walked. It was unexpected. She was clinging to a nearby chair just too far from Helen to reach. With her little arms spread for balance, she took off, reaching her mother in a breathless moment.

"She walked!" Helen cried. "Mother, come quickly. Three whole steps. Now, there's something for her baby book. Nora Sue's first steps."

"No," her mother contradicted. "She took her first steps a month ago."

"You didn't tell me," said Helen, sick with disappointment. It was as Craig said. You couldn't go back and pick it up.

THERE were only two things that marred the perfection of her visit. The first was the change in Nora Sue. She seemed blissfully happy going about her baby business, but if she inadvertently guided her walker into another room, looked up and missed her mother, she came back pell-mell, anxiety written on her baby features, crying, "Mama, Mama," until she saw Helen and could lay her head against her mother's knee in relief and comfort. Or,

if Helen thoughtlessly left the room, Nora Sue would scream until it was difficult to believe she wasn't injured.

"I declare, Helen, 'you'll have that baby so spoiled I won't be able to handle her when you're gone,'" her mother warned.

The other thing that marred her visit was Craig. Before the week was up she missed him terribly. "If you get lonesome . . ." he had said, so she called him.

"Come down over the week-end and bring Timmie. We'll have a picnic Saturday and Sunday we'll take our babies to Sunday School."

"Right before the population, Helen? Are you sure? There'll be no turning back after that. A church-going man with a family!"

"I think you are falling in love with that young man, Helen," her mother said when she hung up.

"He asked me to marry him, Mother."

"He did! And you turned him down?"

"I wasn't ready for him. Now I've changed my mind, and maybe he won't ask me again. He's been sort of distant with me. Craig's very unusual, Mother. You'll get to know him better on the picnic."

"I know him now, Helen. I've always liked Craig," said her mother, and added. "I hope you don't mind if your father and I don't go on the picnic. Your father is weeding beets, and I have my pickles to do."

"Mother thought we should be alone," Helen told Craig next day when they had put the lunch and the babies in the car and he looked expectantly toward the house.

"Your mother is a wise, good woman," Craig said, tucking Timmie between himself and Helen. He chucked Nora Sue under the chin, winked at Helen and started the car.

TIMMIE was a thoughtful little boy. Helen warmed to his baby chubbiness and manly little face. Nora Sue was wild about him from the first. She seemed to know he was different from adults and she threw herself upon him, giving him big, wet kisses. The little boy laughed and hugged her clumsily.

"She likes me, Daddy," he told his father. "Could we take her home and let me have her for my very own so I could play with her?"

"I know how you feel, Son," Craig said. "I'm that way about her mother."

They were spreading their lunch under the willows on the big meadow and there was little time to talk. Once, between interruptions, Craig asked: "How about it, Helen? Have you thought any more about that pattern I described?"

"I haven't thought of much else," admitted Helen ruefully. "You're right, Craig, all down the line."

"Have you thought any more about—well, me? Have you changed your mind?"

"I thought you had, not taking me home any more."

"My not taking you home was the ultimate of heroism. It takes real courage to see the woman you love trudge wearily home after a hard day at the office, but I had to do something."

"You might have tried candy or flowers, a little moonlight, and a little romance."

"Too misleading," pronounced Craig. "You'd expect it after we were married."

"I would not. We've a family to rear, and no nonsense."

"Great day!" cried Craig, and knocked the mustard over to take her in his arms. The babies, catching the infection, came scrambling to be hugged and kissed also.

"Nothing like the whole family being engaged," Craig murmured happily, and Helen agreed.

Poppies in Summer

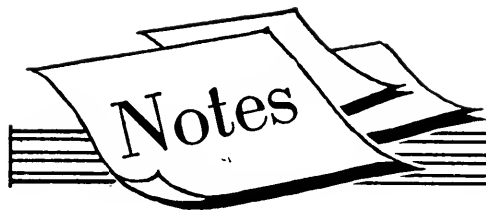
Linnie F. Robinson

I never see a poppy
But my heart is cut with pain—
Although my own are flaunting
A crimson through the rain.

Mine was a doll-less childhood
But a friend would often call,
And we made a hundred bonnets
Before the days of fall.

A burdock leaf could fold its brim
A poppy make a dashing trim.
(Later, my friend's true lover lay
Beneath the sod where poppies sway).

Now, in a crowded city,
Hats are made at her least whim;
But only once a year she puts
A poppy on the brim.



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Grace Ensign

UNIVERSITY STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), ELEVENTH WARD FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL May 21, 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Jennie Brockbank (1929-1935); Florence Donkin (1938-1942); Lillie Knight (1919-1929); Myra Patterson (1947-1950).

Back row, standing, left to right: Fanny Kienitz, President, University Stake Relief Society; Effie Yates (1935-38); Alice Halgren (1946-47); Olive Thomas (1942-46); Grace Ensign (1950-).

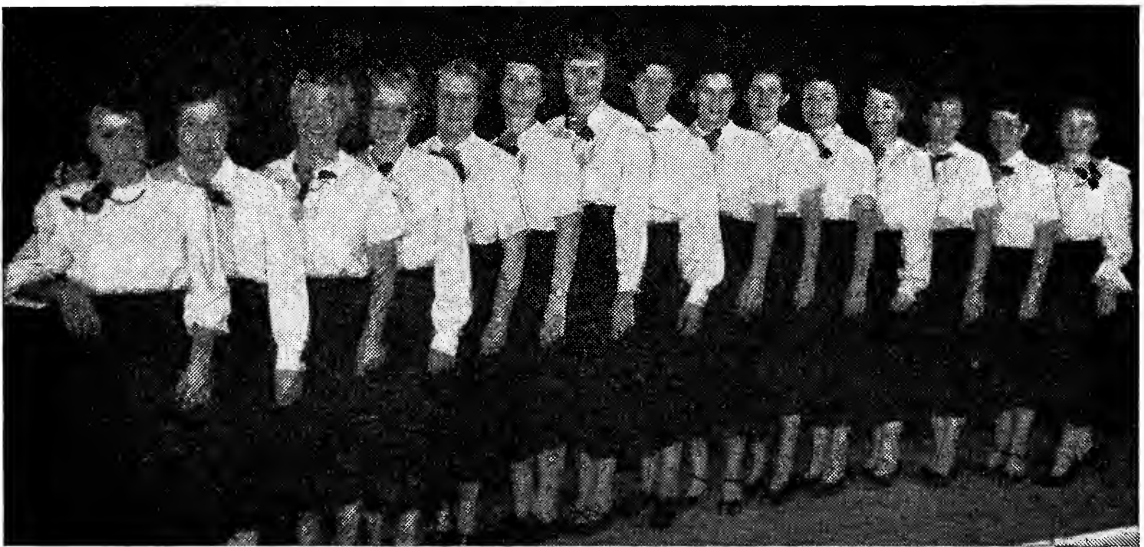


Photograph submitted by Laura M. Wilkin

**OQUIRRH STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED THE
MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 1950**

Photograph taken in July 1950

Chorister Bessie Rasmussen stands at the left (in black dress), and the organist, Iretta Arve, stands at the right (in black dress). Stake Relief Society President Laura M. Wilkin is seated center front.



Photograph submitted by Alice I. Ferrin

**GRIDLEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA), CHICO WARD SINGING MOTHERS
PRESENT MUSIC FOR MARCH PROGRAM, 1951**

Left to right: Dawn Leatham, organist; Lucretia Algood; Irene Allred; Irene Zundel; Arvilla Graham; Margaret Clawson; Helen Butler; Estelle Dunton; Jeanette Landerman; Carol Johnson; Nora Salter; Alice Ferrin; Jean Lowen; Amber Bodine; Carol Knowlton, director.

For the March program these sisters very successfully sang "If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments" by Florence Jepperson Madsen of the general board of Relief Society.

Alice I. Ferrin is president of Gridley Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Venna H. Croft

IDAHO FALLS STAKE, IDAHO FALLS NINTH WARD HONORS ELDERLY MEMBERS AT CHRISTMAS PARTY, DECEMBER 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Cora White (80); Annie Hansen (83); Etta Webster (75); Elnora Beckstrand (82); Sarah Storer (71).

Back row, standing, left to right: Mary Butler (76); Mildred Miskin (67); Martha Davenport (66); Sarah Boyle (76); Delight Young (76); Isabelle Heilesen (71).

A beautiful corsage was presented to each woman, as an original poem written about her was read.

Leda Webster is president of the Idaho Falls Ninth Ward Relief Society, and Venna H. Croft is president of Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Jean D. Wright

SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION, BELLVILLE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY COMPLETES ITS FIRST YEAR OF ORGANIZATION

Left to right: First Counselor Madge Halse; Amy Geneve Halse; President Jeanette Goasen; Secretary-Treasurer Dorothe Storey; Beryl Halse.

This Branch Relief Society was organized March 23, 1950, with four members. At present there are six members, and the average attendance is five. Four of the members live more than ten miles away. At the time of organization the members donated \$2.25 to the society and the fund was used to purchase materials for making articles for the bazaar. From March to October (1950) 166 garments were completed, requiring 247 hours of work. All of the sisters completed work in their homes and donated generously of their time and means. During this period seventy-five visits to the sick were made, and forty-three hours were spent in otherwise assisting in homes where there was illness. Once every month a branch social is held. Although living over a very scattered area, these sisters feel very close to each other, and through Relief Society a real bond of love and friendship has been formed.

Jean D. Wright is president of the South African Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Rosalee Barley

CALIFORNIA MISSION, COCOPAH (SOMERTON, CALIFORNIA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Secretary Rosalee Barley is seated center front (with basket). She is well-educated and speaks and understands English, and is untiring in her efforts to aid her people to gain a better understanding of the gospel.

Sister Mary H. Stoddard, President, California Mission Relief Society, reports that the Cocopah Branch (located twelve miles from Yuma, Arizona) is very active, with Elders Ronald B. Anderson and W. Leon Hammond laboring there among the Lamanite people, ably assisted by the branch president, W. Chad Cox and his wife, Cerise Merrill Cox, who is the branch Relief Society president. At the recent Yuma District Conference nearly one hundred Cocopah Indians were present.

Sister Barley, in a beautifully written letter, describes some of the activities of this Relief Society: "This picture was taken at our Easter social. We were wearing small paper Easter bonnets which we had designed and made in a contest that day. We Cocopah Indians have just 'drifted' across the Mexican border, and we are living in homes scattered over the sand hills of the Yuma and Somerton Valleys. We do not get any help from the Government, and most of us have to struggle to obtain the bare necessities of life. Our Relief Society was organized last February, and we love to go to our meetings and learn things to help us in our homes, and how to make quilts and things we need. We also like to learn more about our Church."



Photograph submitted by Jessie S. Reese

SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH), SMITHFIELD FIRST WARD BAZAAR
February 1951

Standing, left to right: President Venna Johnson and First Counselor Florence Nelson.

This photograph shows only part of this varied and attractive bazaar. Other displays included many articles of children's clothing, hand-embroidered pillowslips, blouses, tablecloths, and many other items. This activity brought the members closer together and a great deal of good was accomplished.

Alta C. Allen is president of Smithfield Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Clare K. Claridge

MT. GRAHAM STAKE (ARIZONA, TEXAS, NEW MEXICO) VISITING
TEACHERS LUNCHEON, April 27, 1951, Safford, Arizona

Front row, seated, beginning second from the left and following around the table: Bishop Chester John Peterson of Safford Ward, and wife; First Counselor Isadore

Owens, Mt. Graham Stake Relief Society; President Thelma G. Maloy; Secretary-Treasurer Clare K. Claridge; Laura Blake, board members; Second Counselor Ellis Hoopes; Magazine agent Myrtle Tenney; Julia Claridge Ellsworth, board member.

Seated across the table from Bishop Peterson is Sister Lucinda Merrell, Indian Relations member of the board, wearing light-colored dress.

Corsages of beautiful flowers were given to the women as they entered the chapel. After the opening meeting luncheon was served, and a varied program was conducted, consisting of music, talks, a reading, and an interesting skit. Of the sixteen Relief Society organizations in Mt. Graham Stake, thirteen were represented, a number of women coming from as far away as El Paso, Texas, a distance of 250 miles. A gift was presented to Sister Maude Johns, as recognition for fifty years of visiting teacher service.



Photograph submitted by Leila G. Eldredge

SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH) "TALENT REVIEW,"
April 11, 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Julia Kesler, who read her original poem "Flowers"; May Neilson, who composed music and words to the song "I Waltz in Your Arms in a Dream"; Wandrella Eggett, who read her poem "What America Means to Me"; Fannie Hayes, who read her poem "Beatitudes"; Hazel Child, who read her poem "My People"; Rose Mangus, who wrote the words for the song "Beautiful Utah."

Second row, seated, left to right: Marjorie Hughs, who wrote the words and the music for the song "Some Day I'll Have You"; Mary Alice Eakle, who assisted in the arrangement of the skit "We Never, Never Gossip"; Marjorie P. Winegar, who wrote the words for the skit; Zelda D. Howard, who read her poem "The Power of Prayer"; Gladys Price, who read her poem "Too Busy"; Bernice Bywater, who wrote the skit "The Relief Society Red Hen."

Back row, standing, left to right: Second Counselor Mona H. Haacke; President Leila G. Eldredge; First Counselor Ireta A. Page; Dora Webb, who wrote the music for the song "Give and Receive"; Grace Hill who wrote the words for "Give and Receive."

Every number presented in this entertainment, except one, was entirely original. Fifty stake Singing Mothers participated, and every ward in the stake was represented by some number.



Photograph submitted by Afton N. Christensen

DUCHESNE STAKE (UTAH), DUCHESNE WARD HONORS SIX RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS AT SOCIAL, March 17, 1951

Left to right, former presidents: Florence Madsen; Margaret Casper Euald; Myrtle Wilcken; Faye Merkley, present Duchesne Stake Relief Society President; Elizabeth Rowley and Rhoda Clement; Mattie Anderson, present president.



Photograph submitted by Gladys K. Wagner

JUAREZ STAKE (MEXICO) HONORS STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT NELLIE S. HATCH FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF SERVICE

November 27, 1950

Standing, left to right, ward and branch presidents who have served under the presidency of Nellie S. Hatch: Rhoda C. Taylor (Dublan Ward); Angela Brown (Mexican Branch); President Nellie S. Hatch; Regina Gonzales and Delfina Ontiveros (Mexican Branch); Genevieve Johnson (Pacheco Ward).

Inset, left to right: Irene Martineau (Juarez Ward); Ada Whetten (Chuichupa Ward); Margaret Cluff (Pacheco Ward).

Gladys K. Wagner is the new president of Juarez Stake Relief Society, appointed in September 1950.



Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 2—The Witnesses to The Book of Mormon

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: “The Testimony of Three Witnesses”; “And Also The Testimony of Eight Witnesses.”)

For Tuesday, November 6, 1951

Objective: To establish the authenticity of The Book of Mormon according to the principle of witnesses.

AS the Prophet Joseph neared the completion of his translation of The Book of Mormon, he translated the following verses:

And behold, ye may be privileged that ye may show the plates unto those who shall assist to bring forth this work; and unto three shall they be shown by the power of God; wherefore they shall know of a surety that these things are true (Ether 5:2-3).

The Three Witnesses

Cognizant of this message, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris were anxious to become the three special witnesses to whom the plates should be shown by the power of God. Accordingly, they requested that Joseph inquire of the Lord to see if they might not be given that privilege. Subsequently, Joseph did inquire. He received the following revelation, directed to these three men:

Behold, I say unto you, that you must rely upon my word, which if you do with

full purpose of heart, you shall have a view of the plates, and also of the breastplate, the sword of Laban, the Urim and Thummim, which were given to the brother of Jared upon the mount, when he talked with the Lord face to face, and the miraculous directors which were given to Lehi while in the wilderness, on the borders of the Red Sea.

And it is by your faith that you shall obtain a view of them, even by that faith which was had by the prophets of old.

And after that you have obtained faith, and have seen them with your eyes, you shall testify of them, by the power of God (Doctrine and Covenants 17:1-3).

After thus designating the conditions under which these three men were to have a view of the plates, the Lord explained in the same revelation his reason for providing witnesses:

And this you shall do that my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., may not be destroyed, that I may bring about my righteous purposes unto the children of men in this work (Doctrine and Covenants 17:4).



Photograph by Otto Done

PLAQUE ON THE ANGEL MORONI MONUMENT
THE HILL CUMORAH, NEW YORK

Torlief Knaphus, Sculptor

Soon after this revelation was received, Joseph, Oliver, David, and Martin retired to the woods near the Whitmer home in Fayette, New York, and asked the Lord in humble prayer to give them a view of the

plates. Joseph prayed first. He was followed by each one of the others. This first series of petitions did not bring the blessing they requested. Again they prayed in rotation, trying to exercise the necessary faith

to open the channels of communication between God and man. Still, they did not receive an answer.

Martin Harris, feeling that his presence was the cause for their lack of success, withdrew from the others and retired to another part of the wood.

Joseph, Oliver, and David then knelt in prayer. Joseph wrote of this glorious experience as follows:

Presently we beheld a light above us in the air, of exceeding brightness; and behold, an angel stood before us. In his hands he held the plates which we had been praying for these to have a view of. He turned over the leaves one by one, so that we could see them, and discern the engravings thereon distinctly. He then addressed himself to David Whitmer, and said, "David, blessed is the Lord, and he that keeps His commandments"; when, immediately afterwards, we heard a voice from out of the bright light above us, saying, "These plates have been revealed by the power of God, and they have been translated by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear" (D.H.C. I, pp. 54, 55; see also "Interview with David Whitmer," *The Elder's Journal*, IV, pp. 383-387).

After this glorious manifestation, Joseph went in search of Martin Harris, whom he found at a considerable distance fervently engaged in prayer. Martin requested Joseph to join him in prayer, and they ultimately obtained their desires. Regarding this vision, Joseph wrote:

The same vision was opened to our view, at least it was again opened to me, and I once more beheld and heard the same things; whilst at the same moment, Martin Harris cried out, apparently in an ecstasy of joy, "'Tis enough; 'tis enough; mine eyes have beheld; mine eyes have beheld;" and jumping up, he shouted, "Hosanna"; blessing God, and otherwise rejoiced exceedingly (D.H.C. I, page 55).

By exercising faith in God, these witnesses had gained their request. Now they were under obligation by divine decree to testify to the world concerning that which they had seen and heard. Obedient to divine command, they prepared and signed the following testimony:

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come: That we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken. And we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon, and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true. And it is marvelous in our eyes. Nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God.

In giving this testimony, these three men bear witness of an event which is definitely within the realm of probability. Angelic visitations

form an important part of the ecclesiastical history given in the Holy Bible. Sincere Christians, the world over, do not question the validity of such ministrations.

Though we recognize that as men they had their weaknesses, these witnesses, whether friendly to the Church, or disaffected, always remained true to their testimony as quoted above. Oliver and David were excommunicated from the Church after a trial before the high council in Far West, Missouri; Joseph, himself, testifying against Oliver in the trial. Martin Harris, alienated in feeling against the main body of the Church, remained behind when the saints came westward, rejoining them later in the declining years of his life.

Judge C. M. Nielsen relates an interesting narrative that came to him concerning an experience had by Oliver Cowdery during the period of time he was embittered towards the Church. The original author of this narrative gave the following account of Oliver as prosecuting attorney before a crowded court:

Finally Oliver Cowdery arose, calm as a summer morning. I was within three feet of him. There was no hesitation, no fear, no anger in his voice, as he said: "May it please the court, and gentlemen of the jury, my brother attorney on the other side has charged me with connection with Joseph Smith and the golden Bible. The responsibility has been placed upon me, and I cannot escape reply. Before God and man I dare not deny what I have said, and what my testimony contains as written and printed on the front page of The Book of Mormon. May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury, this I say, I saw the angel and heard his voice—how can I deny it? It happened in the daytime when the sun

was shining bright in the firmament; not in the night when I was asleep. That glorious messenger from heaven, dressed in white, standing above the ground, in a glory I have never seen anything to compare with—the sun insignificant in comparison—and this personage told us if we denied that testimony there is no forgiveness in this life nor in the world to come. Now how can I deny it—I dare not; I will not" (*Liahona*, August 30, 1910, reprinted in NIBLEY, PRESTON: *The Witnesses of the Book of Mormon*, page 45).

Subsequently, Oliver Cowdery came back into the Church. He died reaffirming the truth of the divine authenticity of The Book of Mormon. David Whitmer wrote of the death of Oliver Cowdery as follows:

I was present at the deathbed of Oliver Cowdery, and his last words were, "Brother David, be true to your testimony of the Book of Mormon." He died here in Richmond, Missouri, on the third of March, 1850. Many witnesses yet live in Richmond, who will testify to the truth of these facts, as well as to the good character of Oliver Cowdery (ROBERTS, BRIGHAM H.: *New Witnesses for God*, II, page 257).

David Whitmer, throughout a long, honorable, and a busy life spent outside our Church, for he never came back into the organization after his excommunication, frequently bore his testimony concerning the divine origin of The Book of Mormon (*Ibid.*, p. 258-265).

David Whitmer's final testimony, given just before his death on January 12, 1888, was as follows:

I want to say to you all that the Bible and the record of the Nephites (Book of Mormon) are true, so you can say that you have heard me bear my testimony on my deathbed (*Ibid.*, page 256).

In July 1950, while in Richmond, Missouri, the writer of these lessons met Charles Whitmer, a man eighty-two years of age. He informed him that David Whitmer was his great uncle, and that as a boy fifteen years of age, he heard David Whitmer bear his testimony concerning his view of the golden plates.

Martin Harris was equally as steadfast in his testimony as were Oliver and David. He did not come westward until 1870, but the records show that he always bore a fervent testimony concerning the divine authenticity of The Book of Mormon. He died in Clarkston, Utah, in 1875, reaffirming his lifelong testimony.

His son, Martin Harris, Junior, said concerning his father's last words:

He has continued to talk about and testify to the truth of the Book of Mormon, and was in his happiest mood when he could get somebody to listen to his testimony; if he felt dull and weary at times, and some one would come in and open up a conversation and give him an opportunity of talking, he would immediately revive and feel like a young man, for a little while. We begin to think he has borne his last testimony. The last audible words he has spoken were something about the witnesses of the Book of Mormon, but we could not understand what it was (*Ibid.*, page 268).

When we consider the fact that the visions given to these three witnesses were in two different parts of the wood; the first vision to Joseph, Oliver, and David; and the second one to Joseph and Martin, and also remember that the visions were in the broad light of day, we certainly must conclude that these witnesses could not have been mistaken. They were not deluded.

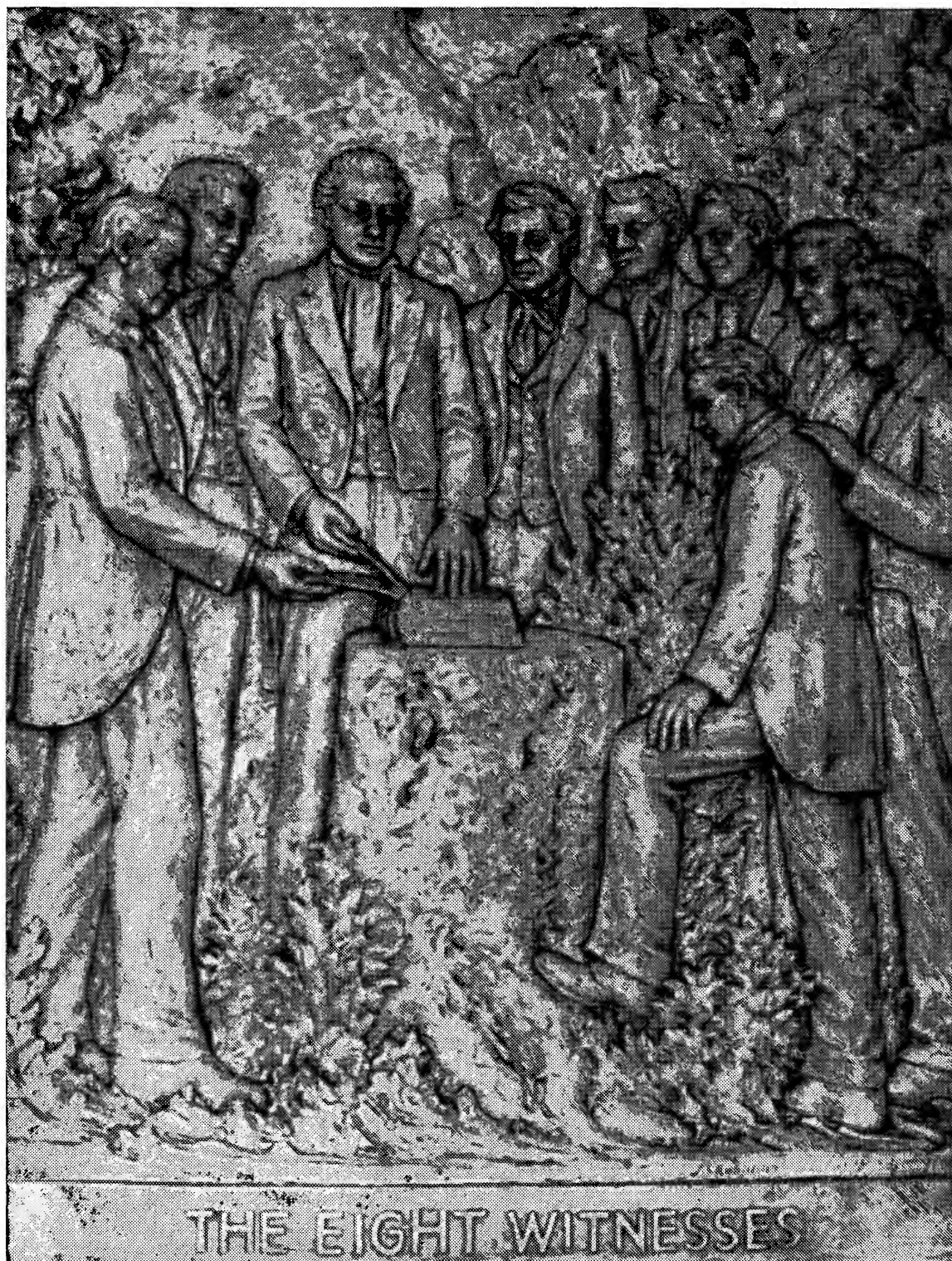
If we eliminate the possibility of mistake, we have only two other alternatives left, either they were deliberate prevaricators planning to deceive mankind through collusion with Joseph Smith, or they bore a testimony of that which they actually saw and heard. The occurrences detailed in this lesson, and there are many more of equal validity, lead us to conclude that every circumstance helps to rule out the possibility of collusion. The steadfastness with which these witnesses adhered to their testimony even after they had become alienated against Joseph Smith and the Church, is strong evidence against any idea of collusion to perpetuate a monumental fraud upon mankind.

Moreover, the fact that two of these three witnesses, Oliver after eleven years, and Martin Harris after thirty-three years, came back into the Church is more convincing proof that there was no collusion. Hungry for that which they knew to be true, they came back into the Church, not as leaders, but as humble followers.

The testimony of the three witnesses is valid. It is sufficient to convince God-fearing men that The Book of Mormon was translated from golden plates and that the translation is correct.

The Eight Witnesses

Convincing as the testimony of the three witnesses is, we are not asked to believe in the divinity of The Book of Mormon on the strength of their statements alone. We have the testimony of eight other men who were shown the plates by Joseph, himself. These



Photograph by Otto Done

PLAQUE ON THE ANGEL MORONI MONUMENT
THE HILL CUMORAH, NEW YORK
Torlief Knaphus, Sculptor

eight men, Christian Whitmer, Joseph Smith, Sen., Hyrum Smith,
Jacob Whitmer, Peter Whitmer, and Samuel H. Smith drew up and
Jun., John Whitmer, Hiram Page, signed the following testimony:

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, unto whom this work shall come: That Joseph Smith, Jun., the translator of this work, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. And this we bear record with words of soberness, that the said Smith has shown unto us, for we have seen and hefted, and know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates of which we have spoken. And we give our names unto the world, to witness unto the world that which we have seen. And we lie not, God bearing witness of it.

Christian Whitmer, Peter Whitmer, Joseph Smith, Sen., Hyrum Smith, and Samuel H. Smith were faithful and true to the Church and died in full fellowship. Never did any one of the five ever deny his testimony.

John Whitmer was excommunicated from the Church by the high council in Far West, Missouri.

Although he never joined the Church again, after his excommunication in 1838, he was always true to his testimony in regard to the Book of Mormon. Even in his darkest days, and at the time he first turned his back upon the Church and the Prophet Joseph, he declared in the presence of a number of Missourians—enemies to the work of God—that he knew the Book of Mormon was true. His nephew, John C. Whitmer, of Richmond, Missouri, who was with him a few days before his death, testifies that he bore testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon until the last, which is corroborated by many others who visited him on various occasions previous to that time. NIBLEY, PRESTON: *The Witnesses of the Book of Mormon*, page 154).

Hiram Page and Jacob Whitmer severed their connections with the

Church, but they were faithful to their testimony. Elder Andrew Jenson testified that in September, 1888, John C. Whitmer, son of Jacob Whitmer, bore the following testimony to him:

My father was always faithful and true to his testimony in regard to the Book of Mormon, and confirmed it on his death-bed (*Ibid.*, page 148).

Philander Page testified to Elder Andrew Jenson in the same month and year as follows:

I knew my father to be true and faithful to his testimony of the divinity of the Book of Mormon until the very last (*Ibid.*, page 157).

In or out of the Church, these men always testified that Joseph Smith had shown them the plates from which The Book of Mormon was translated. Not one of the eight ever denied his testimony.

It would seem that no divine manifestation has ever been more carefully and fully witnessed and attested than the incidents connected with the establishment of the divine authenticity of The Book of Mormon. It is a book of divine origin, a new witness of the divine mission of Jesus Christ.

Suggested Readings

NIBLEY, PRESTON: *The Witnesses of the Book of Mormon*, Stevens and Wallace, 1946.

ROBERTS, BRIGHAM H.: *New Witnesses for God*, II, pp. 237-346, Deseret News Press, 1920.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why did the Lord provide witnesses to the fact that Joseph had plates and had translated them correctly?

2. What evidence do we have that there was no collusion between Joseph Smith and the witnesses?

3. What is the difference between the testimony of the three witnesses and that of the eight witnesses?

Note: The article "Book of Mormon Witnesses and Their Testimony Meet Legal Standards," by Elder David J. Wilson, page 512, in this issue of the Magazine, is presented as supplementary reading in connection with this lesson.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 2—"Remember That My Spirit Will Not Always Strive With Man" (Ether 2:15).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 6, 1951

Objective: To point out that only by living the Lord's commandments can we be sure of the presence of his spirit.

"REMEMBER that my Spirit will not always strive with man." This is the Lord's admonition to the brother of Jared, and it is also a warning to us in our day. How awful it would be if we were shut out from the presence of our Heavenly Father's spirit. No darkness is so dense as the darkness in which one gropes without his spirit. It is a darkness more confusing and hazardous, by far, than physical darkness, for spiritual darkness clouds the mind, the heart, and the soul—it obscures the light of truth.

What does it mean to have his spirit striving with us? Of what value is it to us? It means that his spirit encourages us in righteousness, that it urges us to do good. His spirit illumines our pathway, helps us to distinguish between the real and the counterfeit, the important and the unimportant, truth and error. His spirit helps us to

resist evil, gives us strength to overcome. What greater treasure could one ask for?

But, under certain conditions, we are warned, his spirit will cease to strive with us. What are those conditions? When are we in danger of losing this protection and assistance? We are in danger when we harden our hearts and turn deaf ears to the spirit's promptings. We are in danger when we persist in doing evil. When we defile our bodies we are in danger, for the spirit of God will not dwell in an unclean temple. Failure to render obedience to God's commandments places us in jeopardy; and neglect and indifference are the characteristics of spiritual weakness.

How, then, may we be assured that the Lord's spirit will always strive with us? Continued adherence to the commandments of our Father in heaven is the safeguard. Sincere intent to do good must be

manifest in our actions. Constant spiritual activity is necessary if we would have his spirit tarry with us. Let us live up to all our Heavenly

Father's commandments. Let us not take any chances of losing this most precious gift. We need his *spirit to strive with us always.*

Work Meeting—Sewing

THE ART OF MENDING

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

Lesson 2—Patching

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, November 13, 1951

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

GOOD patching can be a real art, and everyone can master it with care and extra effort. One should first remember that a patch must suit the mend or break. The next thing of importance is that it should be as inconspicuous as possible.

Patches should always be cut on the straight of the goods. They should be sewed on so the lengthwise and crosswise threads in the patch exactly match the lengthwise and crosswise threads in the article being patched. If the material has a design, match each detail perfectly to help hide the mend.

If the clothing being mended is old and faded, try to get a matching patch. It may come from the hem or facing of a dress. If necessary, fade the patch by washing in suds and baking soda and drying in the sun. Always shrink new material before using it to patch anything that has been washed or cleaned.

A hemmed patch is a sturdy mend done by hand. It is commonly used when the break is a hole or a

frayed cut or tear. Before beginning this patch cut out the smallest possible square or rectangle that will remove the uneven edges of the damaged area. Cut along crosswise and lengthwise threads. Then clip diagonally at each corner, about one-fourth inch, and turn edges under, being careful not to stretch.

Next, slide a piece of matching cloth under this square or rectangle hole, making sure the design matches perfectly. The patch should be about one inch larger all around than the hole. Baste in place and then hem the turned under edges of the hole against the patch with very fine invisible stitches, being careful that the corners of the patch are secure.

The finish on the underside will depend on the material and the article being mended. If the cloth is light weight, turn under the edges of patch and hem them. When cloth is heavy, overcast the edges very closely. Hem patches down with stitches so tiny that they

will not be noticeable on the right side. This patch is good for clothes such as house dresses and play and work clothes that are to be tubbed.

A mend that is suitable where sturdiness is more important than appearance is the lapped patch. To do this, cut away ragged edges and make a round hole. Lay a matched piece of cloth underneath and baste in place. On the right side stitch back and forth over this until it is firm and secure.

This patch may be stitched by machine for mending shirts, play clothes, overalls, sheets, or dish towels. Hand darning makes a softer mend and is suitable for blankets, towels, and thick materials where there is less strain.

An inset patch is a more inconspicuous way to mend most silks and rayons that will be dry-cleaned and not washed.

Begin by cutting away frayed edges of damaged area to form a square or rectangle. Clip corners as

for hemmed patch and press edges under. Cut a patch that fits the hole exactly, plus a seam allowance all around, being careful to match the designs in the material. From wrong side baste and stitch in place, making a plain seam all around the edge of the hole. Be careful at the corners to catch in all of the threads of material.

Press the seams open around the edges of the mended area and overcast the edge closely.

The method used to press the finished patch will be determined by the material of the article being patched. It is wise to make a test on a sample of cloth to decide how much heat and moisture are desirable. In general, a thickness shows less on the outside if pressed lightly on the right side with a cloth between the iron and the fabric.

For illustrations of patches, see text, page 215.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 18—Two Pre-Romantic Poets: James Thomson and William Collins

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 20, 1951

“NATIONS, like people, change gradually yet show the effects suddenly.” This is true of the transition from the neo-classical to the romantic movement in literature. Many writers, departing slightly from the past, planted the seeds which developed into romanticism, and are important because they form the link between the two periods.

Usually, full-blown romanticism is said to have begun in 1798 with the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth, and the literary manifesto contained in the preface to the second edition of 1800.

But such radical departures from neo-classical customs as this document contained could never have

been as influential as they were had not the entire eighteenth century preceding been one of Rousseauism, revolution, and growing romanticism (study text, pp. 1-5). During this hundred years, scores of writings appeared which emphasized one or another of the many phases of romanticism, such as predominance of sentiment, emotion, and the imagination; belief in nature and the simple life as opposed to the evils of the rapidly-growing cities and factory towns; faith in the natural goodness and importance of common men; rebellion against certain economic, political, and religious conventions; belief in a mystical union of man with nature and thence with God; concern for the suffering of the lower classes; fascination for the melancholic, the mysterious, the morbid, and the horrible.

Two eighteenth century poets, James Thomson and William Collins, reveal in their writings some of these elements, and are therefore important for our study of the romantic movement.

James Thomson (1700-1748)

Born a Scotchman, James Thomson (text, pp. 32-46) was educated at Edinburgh University for the ministry, but he became infatuated with verse-writing and went to seek his literary fortunes in London, where his easy-going attitude and evident cultivation earned for him a circle of influential, aristocratic friends. By shrewd manipulations he used his friends to procure royal pensions and easy, well-paid jobs at court, thus making possible the life of ease and complacency which he desired. His opinions were those of

the typical neo-classical gentlemen: proper, conservative, and sacred to his own self-esteem and that of his group. Few men would be more shocked at being called a revolutionist than he. Yet such we must label him, mild though his revolution might have been.

Thomson's literary life was overshadowed by Pope, the literary czar of the day, whose axiom, "The proper study of mankind is man," was accepted as hardly less than prophecy by his contemporaries. Admiring Pope so much that he departed from his dominance ever so gently, he nevertheless departed. First, he spurned the heroic couplet to write in imitation of Milton's exalted blank verse; and second, his most significant work, *The Seasons*, contains no characters, but is a large, detailed description of the natural scene in its many moods throughout the year. He wrote in an age when description for its own sake was held to be beneath the concern of any mature writer, who, like Pope, wrote nature descriptions as a childlike exercise. Thus *The Seasons* opposed contemporary opinion, and became the first major work in the English tradition to honor nature for its beautiful, and hitherto undefined, rewards.

To the modern mind it seems inconceivable that the beauties of nature were non-existent to the literary England of two hundred years ago. Yet such was true. For Thomson, nature is an awe-inspiring force of vast scope and variety, a power which, when properly revered and studied, soothes man's wounds received in the battle for wealth and

industrial power, and bestows upon man,

. . . a virtue . . . repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no
storm. . . .

(page 42, lines 36-37)

In such belief in the healing powers of nature, he predicts Wordsworth's mystical nature-worship and prepares the way for him.

In Thomson's "Winter" we find such evidences of his devotion to neo-classical artificialities as are found on page 34, lines 86-91, and in such phases as "the plummy race" (line 137) for birds. But we also find in his homage to nature a loftiness, a majestic passion for nature which would be a credit to the Milton he imitates. For example:

I lived
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wandered through your
rough domain;
Trode the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent
burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest
brewed
In the grim evening sky. . . .

("Winter," page 33, lines 8-14)

The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while, rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-colored east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted
horns.

(page 35, lines 121-125)

Through the black night that sits immense
around,
Lashed into foam, the fierce-conflicting
brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to
burn.

(page 35, lines 158-161)

Such passages as that following line 41 describing the winter scene,

are particularly somber and moving, and well worth reading aloud. Nature becomes for Thomson a great parent, immediately identified in his mind with a personal, mystical relationship with God.

The selection from "Winter" in our text ends with an impassioned plea for justice to all mankind, a theme which runs as well through his delightful "Castle of Indolence," one of the best known imitations of Spenser. Within both selections are many passages which, because of their nature descriptions and their new humanitarianism, contain an immediate appeal.

William Collins 1721-1759

In one sense the most intensely romantic of eighteenth century writers, William Collins (text, pp. 66-72) was a true poet. The delicately skilled music of his language, and his ability to create the typically romantic mood of mystery and melancholy, are memorable. The exquisite quality of his imagination exemplifies his own definition of poetry, which he felt to be a divine, unrestrained imaginative power such as he had early found and loved in the works of Shakespeare and Milton.

Collins was born in Sussex and began writing verse before his teens. He took his degree at Oxford and forsook the career of a minister for poetry. Many grandiose literary plans rattled about in his head when he came to London, where he wrote but little, published less, and lived the life of an obscure, starving poet. By the time he was thirty his rare poetic talent was already obscured by physical illness and increasingly

long periods of melancholy, which finally became so severe that he spent some years in a "madhouse" before his death at age thirty-eight. It seems ironical that Collins, like Keats, whom he resembled both in mood and in his reverence for beauty and word-music, should die before the great promise of his genius was fulfilled.

Collins wrote poems on the romantic themes of patriotism, simplicity as opposed to the artificialities of the neo-classical writers, and death. But his unconventional, sensitive imagination gives to his better poems an aura of freshness and delicate wonderment, so they are peculiarly and excellently his own. For example, read aloud "Dirge" in *Cymbeline* and "Ode" (page 68), Melancholy, Cheerfulness, and Joy in "The Passions" (page 71) and "Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson" (page 72).

The last poem published during Collins' lifetime was "The Passions" (page 70), an ode praising music as the vital ingredient of true poetry. In the final apostrophe to music he writes:

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age. . . .
(page 72, lines 109-112)

Although this poem is written in the popular couplet form, it opposes the contemporary emphasis on following strict form in poetry, and at the same time states Collins' own desire to restore to poetry the music which is the source of its greatness.

If the reader is to catch and enjoy Collins' carefully wrought word-music, it is necessary that his lines

be sounded aloud, more so than for almost any poet we have discussed. Poetry can never be divorced from the tones and images and words through which the soul of the poem is expressed, but in Collins, where so great an emphasis has been placed on sound and music of words, this is particularly true. His best work overflows with examples of alliteration (beginning consecutive words with the same sound: "solemn springs"); assonance (comparing vowel sounds which are similar but do not rhyme: bell—all—veil, page 70, lines 38-40); and onomatopoeia (on' a mat' a pe' a) (likening the sound of a word to the idea it contains: "the bat, with short shrill shriek," page 69, line 10).

His best work, and what has been called one of the loveliest poems of the century, is "Ode to Evening" (text, page 69). The meaning of this poem is more apparent to the senses and feelings than to logic, therefore to be understood it must be read aloud, preferably many times. Then his sensitive vowel music becomes apparent, for when his lines are spoken slowly and with a rich fullness, the resonance chambers of the speaker's throat and head are singing continually with vowel sounds. Almost any verse read aloud will prove this to be true, but read the following aloud, listening for the variety of singing vowels, and in "breathing tresses, meekest Eve" note the interlocking pattern of the long and short E sound. Exemplified as well are alliteration and assonance.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as
oft he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
 Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light. . . .
 (page 70, lines 41-44)

Once we thus become aware of Collins' skill and care in building within the poem such accumulative, almost hidden appeals to something other than the listener's intellect, we are then more prepared to enjoy the serene, mysterious-yet-familiar mood of the entire poem in much the same way as we would listen to such music as Debussy's.

One should not attempt to unravel the specific grammatical structure of the first sentence, which ends at line 20. Instead these lines should be read as an emotional, lyrical praise to Evening. They express the

poet's desire to be cast beneath the spell of dusk, a spell which these lines themselves create. The rest of the poem tells of Evening's arrival, and of her taking the poet to various scenes in nature which are swayed by her influence. If you can live with this poem long enough to make it your own, you will be rewarded with the delight and power it gives.

Questions for Discussion

1. How did Thomson depart from, and agree with, the doctrines of his aristocratic literary friends?
2. Why is Thomson called a nature poet?
3. How did Collins exemplify his own theory of poetry?
4. Why is "Ode to Evening" a romantic poem?

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Lesson 9—The Revival of Learning

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 16 and 17.)

For Tuesday, November 27, 1951

Objective: To depict the stages by which the minds of men, awakened by the Spirit of the Lord, began to be freed from the chains that enslaved them. The Renaissance was the dawning of that day.

Indifference Towards Learning

The great majority of the people during the Middle Ages were wholly without an education. They lived their simple life on their farms as their fathers and grandfathers had done; they had their games and their festivals, they served their feudal landlords and paid heavy taxes, but they cared nothing for books and learning and knew little of the great

world about them (ELSON, HENRY W.: *Modern Times and the Living Past*).

During these dark times there was little to give encouragement or incentive to the common people to seek learning. Since all books were written by hand, a very tedious practice, and were therefore limited

and exceedingly expensive, they were beyond the meager means of the common people. Moreover, such books were in the Latin language. Translations of the Bible were chained to the pulpits in the churches, and were accessible only to the priests who guarded them with a jealous eye. In those days if a man was accused of a crime, and he could read and write (of course this would be in Latin), he was entitled to a trial before the ecclesiastical courts, where to convict required the testimony of numerous witnesses. However, if a layman was accused, two witnesses were sufficient to obtain a conviction. Learning on the part of the common people was discouraged and looked upon as the special prerogative of the clergy.

Springtime of the Renaissance

Conditions of this kind could not endure forever. The Lord never intended that man should be kept in ignorance. The time had to come when the minds of men were to be freed from the chains that enslaved them. This time of a revival of learning is generally spoken of as The Renaissance, or "rebirth." This period marks the division between the Middle Ages and what we call the beginning of modern times.

John Addington Symonds has said:

However, it is generally stated that near the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century formed the real springtime of this era. Following the twelfth century the first dawn of light began to appear. The world was like a great giant who gradually began to stir from a long drunken stupor, sit up, rub his eyes and look about him, hold his aching head and try to work the stiff-

ness out of his joints, and realize the awful plight he had been in; then gradually as the blood began to course normally he began once again to find himself and put himself in order with his surroundings. Let us not forget that the hand of the Lord was over the people and the set time for the dawn of a better day had come by divine decree (SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON: *The Beginning and Progress of the Renaissance*).

"Nothing Takes Place by Accident"

Nothing in the great world which concerns the well being of man takes place by accident, but is brought forward by divine will, precisely at the moment most suitable to our condition. So it was with astronomy, the Mariner's compass, the steam engine, gas, the electric telegraph, and many other of those blessings which have progressed with civilization. The elements were there and known, but the time had not arrived for their fructification (GEORGE HENRY BOHN, see text page 198).

In these latter days it is easy for members of the Church to understand how the Spirit of the Lord was working among the people in former times. The awakening in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which took on momentum in the following three centuries, was the dawning of the day in which the fulness of freedom and religious liberty was to be ushered in. All the discoveries and inventions which followed were to make preparation for the restoration of the gospel once again in its fulness.

Long before the awakening in Europe there had been progress in literature, art, and science among the Saracens, who

. . . during the Dark Ages, were almost the sole repositories of the scientific knowledge of the world. A part of this they gathered for themselves, for the

Arabian scholars were original investigators, but a large share of it they borrowed from the Greeks. While the Western nations were too ignorant to know the value of the treasures of antiquity, the Saracens preserved them by translating into Arabic the scientific works of Aristotle, the treatises on medicine by Galen, and the astronomical writings of the Alexandrian Greeks; and then, when Europe was prepared to appreciate these accumulations of the past, gave them back to her (MYERS, see text, page 200).

Effect of the Crusades on Learning

The crusades were great military expeditions by the Christians of Europe intended to wrest the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. They were inspired by religious fervor and fanaticism and the love of adventure on the part of the soldier who was trained for war. The first crusade was undertaken in 1096, and there were seven others up to 1272. These crusades, while they failed in the purpose for which they were conducted, did result in an enlarged view and understanding on the part of the people of Europe. East and West were brought nearer to each other. The knights and soldiers who engaged in these wars brought to the people of Europe many new thoughts and ideas about the world. The increased knowledge of geography, a better understanding of the Mohammedan, and contact with the learning of the East, stimulated the desire for further knowledge.

As knowledge regarding the peoples of other lands began to dawn upon the Europeans, and as there were brought into their communities many new things in the form of merchandise, the desire was increased to have more intimate intercourse with these people of the

East. The crusades and the adventures of such men as Marco Polo and Sir John Mandevil stimulated the desire for trade. Extended voyages resulted in the building of better ships, and when the mariner's compass came into general use, long voyages could be safely taken. In 1498, after Columbus had been to the Western World, Vasco de Gama made a successful voyage to India whence had come most of the merchandise from the East.

The use of gunpowder brought to an end the age of chivalry and its medieval castles. Eventually it also brought the introduction of more powerful weapons of war. Ships had to be reconstructed on a large and stronger scale. The horrors of war became more terrible, the end of which, unfortunately, the world has not yet seen.

Benefits From Accumulated Knowledge

From the commencement of the revival many agencies were at work, each doing its particular part in the great work of reconstruction and restoration. These agencies were to bring back to the world much of the culture and knowledge which had been lost through darkness caused by the rejection of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and the revealed word of the Lord. The world has benefited wonderfully by the accumulation of knowledge and experience coming down from the distant past.

We speak of the "Dark Ages" of the world, and the "revival of learning" which followed, and in this we speak truly, for the light which

came in the beginning was taken away and was followed by gross spiritual darkness. Then, when the Lord saw fit to bring it about, he revived the minds of men in preparation for the restoration of his divine truth in the dispensation of the fulness of times.

The Origin of Printing

It is declared by many scholars that the discovery, or invention, of printing is the greatest of all inventions. Whether or not this be true, it must be conceded that printing has had a most powerful effect upon the civilization of the world. The incentive for knowledge increased immeasurably after the invention of printing.

Printing with movable type is of comparatively recent origin. The great discovery was that of making each letter separately, so as to make possible the rearranging and forming of words, lines, and pages of a printed book, thus avoiding the cutting of new blocks for each page. The claim of Johannes Gutenberg to the invention of this kind of type is generally conceded. Printing dated from about 1438. In the middle of the fifteenth century there were several books printed by means of movable type, and before 1500 printing presses had been set up in some 220 different places in Europe.

It was about the time of the invention of printing that the perfecting of making paper out of rags was accomplished. This discovery did away with the expensive means of making books by hand which was the custom in the days when scribes had to write each volume with a pen.

The Printing of the Bible

The first printed book from movable type was a Latin edition of the Bible which appeared between 1450 and 1455. We are informed that in the last thirty years of the fifteenth century, 10,000 books and pamphlets were published in Europe. In that day it was a wonderful accomplishment. The desire of the clergy, which was impressed upon the people by physical force, was to prevent the common people from learning to read and write for fear they would demand the privilege of reading and interpreting the Bible for themselves.

No matter how much pressure could be brought to bear by those in authority against printing and the reading of printed Bibles, the ability to read and write continued to grow among the people. The publication of books, including the Bible, was too great a force to be stemmed by the puny arm of tyranny. Like an irresistible flood, printing and the desire to read what was printed, swept over the entire land. This flood-tide spelled the doom of Latin as the language of literature. Books in the everyday speech of the people began to multiply. Moreover, no matter how severe the threats were against the translating, printing, and reading of the Bible in the native tongues, this work continued.

Printing of the Bible had to be done secretly in those days, and most of the time no one knew where it was done. As time went on more and more copies of the Bible appeared in the vernacular tongues, and the tide could not be stemmed. Finally, through the in-

crease of light and freedom which was brought about by the reformers, the work of disseminating copies of the Bible among the people continued openly and steadily until all the people had the blessed privilege of owning copies of the scriptures. So the time came that, instead of its being considered a crime for a man to read the Bible to his family, men were taught to reverently read the scriptures. This reading was taught as a duty which every man owes to his faith and to his God.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Account for the lack of education among the masses of the people during the Dark and Middle Ages.
2. Name some lasting effects from the use of the mariner's compass and of gunpowder.
3. What benefits came to Europeans through the crusades?
4. Enumerate the direct results to the common people from the printing of numerous books, especially the Bible.
5. How is the hand of the Lord manifest in this reawakening?

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 10—Efficiency in Teaching and Practicing Hymns and Anthems

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Objective: To make song rehearsals more effective and successful through careful planning and definite procedures.

“As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every moment of time” (John Mason).

The Proper Use of Time

(a) Since time is so valuable and but so little available for practice purposes, the conductor and the accompanist should do everything possible to use it judiciously in rehearsals.

(b) They should study and practice together for greater efficiency in understanding and teaching the Latter-day Saint hymns and other song literature.

(c) To do this it is necessary that they plan their work jointly and arrange all essential details well in advance of the practice periods.

Creating an Interest in Group Singing

(a) Constant effort should be made to create a desire in the hearts of the sisters to experience the inspiration and joy of singing together.

(b) Most people can sing in a group if they wish to do so, and their singing can be greatly improved through practice. These points should often be emphasized.

(c) “Those whose love and knowledge of music will enable them not only to receive but also to give, will always be the happiest. For music, being harmony, is a companionable art, and activity in music carries with it one of the greatest enjoyments which people can have” (Eric Clarke: *Music in Everyday Life*).

The Love of Music Among the Latter-day Saints

(a) The Latter-day Saints have always been a music-loving people. They have been outstanding in their choral and congregational singing.

(b) It has ever been the policy of the Church to make available appropriate hymn and anthem books.

(c) The recently published hymn book (*Hymns*) furnishes added richness in song material.

(d) Most of the numbers written for mixed voices can be sung as congregational songs by Relief Society using the soprano and alto parts, or the soprano part only.

(e) The Singing Mothers should frequently use the hymns that have been arranged for women's voices.

(f) "The singing of our sacred hymns, written by the servants of God, has a powerful effect in converting people to the principles of the gospel and in promoting peace and spiritual growth . . ." (PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT: *Gospel Standards*, page 168).

Procedures and Methods in Presenting Hymns and Songs

(a) ". . . Method is essential if you would get through your work easily and with economy of time" (William Mathews).

(b) When a new song is to be practiced by a group, most of whom cannot read music, the following plan should be used:

1. Study the words first. Have these given by a good reader, or have the group read them.
2. Mention outstanding characteristics or events concerning the author.
3. State briefly the philosophy of the words.
4. Describe type and style of composition.
5. Relate something of interest in the composer's life.
6. Have the accompanist play the song to establish accuracy of melody, rhythm, and tempo.
7. Play the melody and have sopranos hum along with it.
8. Play the melody and have sopranos sing the words, phrase by phrase.
9. Practice the other vocal parts similarly.
10. Rehearse the various parts together, such as: first and second sopranos; second sopranos and altos; or sopranos and altos.

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..... Lord's Prayer—Gates18
..... My God and I—Wihtol20
..... My Task—Ashford15
..... Peace I Leave With You—Roberts15
..... Praise Ye The Father—Gounod10

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11. Sing all parts together with the accompaniment.

(The procedures listed above are fundamentals of the "part method.")

(c) When a new hymn or vocal composition is introduced to a group who can read music:

1. Sing it through from beginning to end without a stop.

2. Sing it two or three times in unison, or in parts, as written.

3. Correct mistakes that have been made.

4. Study the words as directed above under b numbers (1) and (3).

(These are a few of the procedures that belong to the "Whole method" of study.)

Application of the Foregoing Principles, Procedures, and Methods

Practice the following hymns:

1. With congregation

(a) "Hear Thou Our Hymn, O Lord," (New) Hymns.

(b) "May the Grace of Christ, Our Saviour," Deseret Sunday School Songs.

2. With Singing Mothers Chorus

(a) "Bring, Heavy Heart, Your Grief to Me." (New) Hymns.

(b) "Come, Let Us Sing an Evening Hymn," (New) Hymns.

(c) "May the Grace of Christ, Our Saviour," Deseret Sunday School Songs.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What is the value and the purpose of congregational singing?

2. Name a few fundamental procedures in teaching new songs.

3. How may time be used to the best advantage in rehearsals?

References for Further Reading

WODELL, W. F.: *Choir and Chorus Conducting* (may be found in any large library).

PYPER, GEORGE D.: *Stories of Latter-day Saint Hymns.*

Can When You Can

(Continued from page 523)

many of us, our canning shelves hold a large portion of our "on-hand" food supply.

To fill those shelves is a big job, but it is one of the most satisfying of the major household tasks. True, the peeling gets tedious, standing over steaming kettles is wilting. Cleaning up the kitchen afterward

is an irksome task. All that disappears, however, in the pleasure of putting away the finished product. And as much as I appreciate the convenience and advantages of tin cans, I enjoy looking at shelves of glass jars where the tempting goodness shows. The rich colors blend into a variegated pattern that brings thanksgiving into a woman's heart.

Sea Call

Mary Gustafson

The level sameness stretches far to cast
Wave-rippled dullness on the yellowed field.
No mountain cuts the monotone to shield
The weary eyes. Twin ribboned lanes lead past
The house; here heaviness of wheels, in vast,
Unnumbered trips, leaves ruts. Years are concealed
Through days of seeding to the time of yield—
An evenness of world without contrast.

This dream that circles days at harvest-end
Must break the crust of years, the bonds that cling
To prairie soil. My longings overflow
As hope returns the sea beyond the bend
Of grain, beyond the acres over-burdening
Of green . . . The call repeats, and I must go.

~ ~ ~ ~

Waver Not

Kate Richards

Waver not in your determination to maintain righteousness in your home; but be kind in your firmness, and gentle in your strength. It is said, "There is nothing so strong as gentleness, and there is nothing so gentle as real strength."

Be patient with weakness; love and discernment wisely applied establish a fair disposition of justice, thus maintaining a power for peace where prejudice and chaos may have prevailed.

Christ himself portrayed these beautiful attributes and taught them to his disciples.

From Near and Far

My husband who was recalled into the Marine Corps is being sent to Korea, so I will be moving into Los Angeles to await his return. I would like to tell you how much I love the Magazine and what it has meant to me. Realizing the mixed emotions that would be in my heart during this crucial time, before I left Salt Lake City, I gathered up my grandmother's and my Relief Society Magazines for the past four years and brought them with me. With their help, I have been studying Dr. Talmage's *Jesus the Christ*. What a blessing this has been to me. It has strengthened my testimony, given me a deeper insight into the divinity of the works of Jesus, and been a source of information and strength in helping my husband at this time.

—Florence C. Johnson,
San Clemente, California

May I tell you how good the editorial for Mother's Day made me feel ("The Safe Harbor of Home," May 1951). I read it often.

—Norma W. Morris
Rigby, Idaho

May I express my sincere appreciation for this fine Magazine which I look forward to each month throughout the year. I prize it dearly. Thanks to the editors, manager, and everyone who contributes such splendid lesson material, as well as beautiful poems and stories. I would be lost without it.

—Christie Robertson,
Honolulu, Hawaii

For years in Cleveland, Ohio, and later in Logan, Utah, *The Relief Society Magazine* was happily received at my home each month. But more than at any other time, I have appreciated receiving it here in San Juan, Puerto Rico. With no mission and no branch of the Church here, *The Relief Society Magazine* is our monthly missionary that brings its splendid message of faith and truth.

—Stella P. Israelsen
San Juan, Puerto Rico

I was so pleased to see my article ("Conservation Looks to the Future") in the June issue of the Magazine. I have also enjoyed the other articles very much, and especially the poetry. The selection of poems is always excellent.

—Helen C. Payne
Ogden, Utah

I enjoyed the articles on poetry and story writing in the June Magazine ("Let's Write a Poem," by Alberta H. Christensen, and "Let's Write a Story" by Alice Morrey Bailey). I am so proud of the Magazine, and many of my friends are interested in it. It is doing a great work. The stories and poems are excellent. C. Cameron Johns writes beautifully ("I Watch Winter Pass," March 1950; "Departure," April 1950; "The Unraveling," June 1951).

—Beatrice K. Ekman
Portland, Oregon

The poetry and stories in *The Relief Society Magazine* are a source of perpetual enjoyment to me. The inspiration and ideas they carry are unique.

—Jo Bishop Ashby
Holden, Utah

We would not be without *The Relief Society Magazine* in our home. It brings so much that is worthwhile into our lives and actually lifts us above the cares and problems of our day.

—Fern F. Fairbourn,
Keosauqua, Iowa

One day one of *The Relief Society Magazines* was left in my mail box by mistake. It contained one of the finest poems I have ever read—"The Black Stag of Dairy Fork," by Marvin Jones (November, 1950).

—Mary Gustafson
Oakland, California

I very much enjoyed the article on poetry writing in the June Magazine ("Let's Write a Poem,") by Alberta H. Christensen. I enjoyed the whole Magazine.

—Eva W. Wangsgaard
Ogden, Utah

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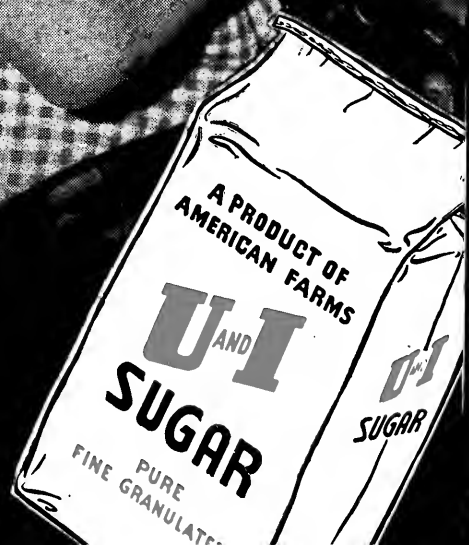
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Vol. 38

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No. 9

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Constitution and the United Nations Charter: II. Rights Guaranteed by the Constitution	Albert R. Bowen	580
Cathedral Valley	Winifred N. Jones	590

FICTION

For Keeps	Blanche Sutherland	586
Dwarf Iris	Sylvia Pezolt	592
Through This Door — Chapter 2	Margery S. Stewart	600

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		594
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	595
Editorial: What Shall We Read to Children?	Vesta P. Crawford	596
Notes to the Field: Annual General Relief Society Conference; Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons; "Relief Society Handbook" Available		598
Annual Report — 1950	General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering	606
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities		
	General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering	619
From Near and Far		648

FEATURE FOR THE HOME

How to Make Continuous Bias	Eva Ricks	625
-----------------------------	-----------	-----

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: The Migration	Leland H. Monson	626
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Feast Upon the Words of Christ"	Leone O. Jacobs	629
Work Meeting — Sewing: Strengthening Ready-Mades	Jean Ridges Jennings	630
A Good Recipe for Work Meeting Luncheons	Christine Eaton	638
Literature: Two Other Pre-Romantic Poets: Thomas Gray and William Cowper		
	Briant S. Jacobs	632
Music: Increased Proficiency in Conducting and Hymn Singing	Florence J. Madsen	636

POETRY

Desert Balm — Frontispiece	Beatrice K. Ekman	579
Dreamers	Gene Romolo	585
Eternal Enchantment	Iris W. Schow	585
Goodbye Little Boy	Angelyn W. Wadley	597
Boys in September	Alberta H. Christensen	599
From Some Far Yesterday	Josephine J. Harvey	605
Healing	Mabel Jones Gabbott	605
All Lowly Flowers	Alice Morrey Bailey	624
Lying in the Sun	Christie Lund Coles	638
Summer Turning	Ing Smith	647

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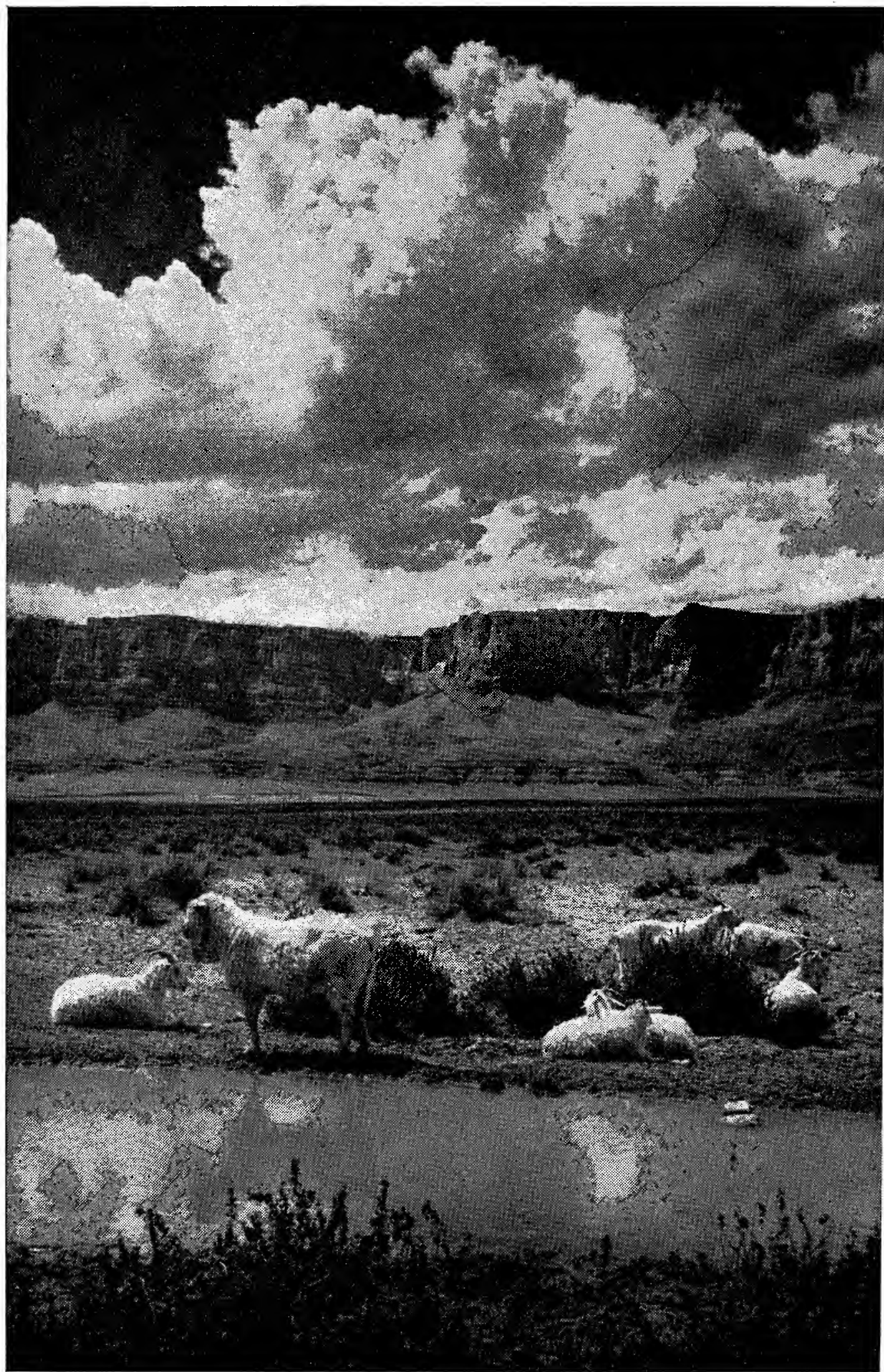


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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 38, NO. 9

SEPTEMBER 1951

Desert Balm

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Tranquil still is the desert's face,
Far from the tumult and clamor of men;
A day and a night in its boundless space
Bring peace to a troubled heart again.
Across the sparkling water holes
A breeze keeps little waves at play,
While the low, scrub sagebrush gently rolls
In an undulating stretch of gray.

Smooth patches of white alkali
Are etched by desert creatures' feet
And the noonday sun in a cloudless sky
Cushions the air with visible heat.
At night wild ducks drop down to rest
On the quiet pools . . . lone stars appear;
One bright star tows the new moon west . . .
The quiet of infinite peace is here.

The Cover: Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming
Photograph by Josef Muench
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The Constitution and the United Nations Charter

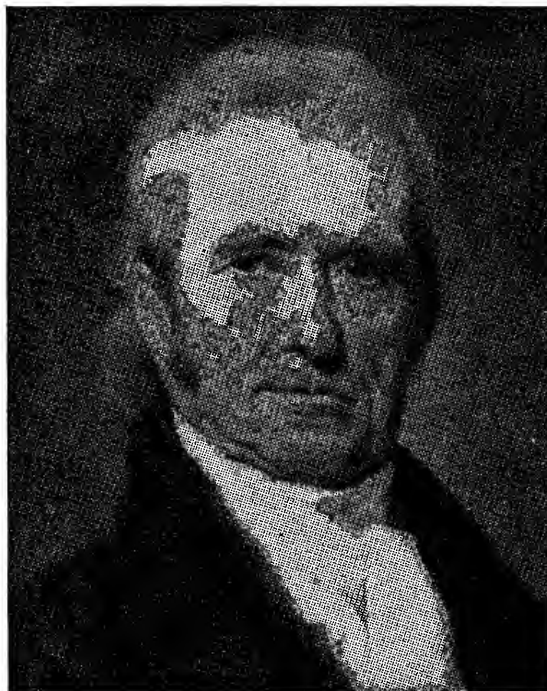
II. Rights Guaranteed by the Constitution

Albert R. Bowen

IN the first of this series of four articles is a very brief sketch or outline of some of the events which form the background of constitutional liberty as we know it under our own American Constitution. In that article an attempt was made to point out the consequences which would inevitably follow if, by lack of vigilance or by unworthiness, our presently enjoyed freedom and liberty should be lost. In the hope of making a contribution which will, in some small degree, enhance the understanding of our Constitution of those who read this article and make for a keener appreciation thereof, and a greater devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty, it is now proposed to briefly discuss the Constitution itself.

No proper understanding of the value of our Constitution as the guardian and bulwark of our liberties can be realized without some knowledge, at least, of the liberties which the Constitution guarantees, and how the Constitution operates to safeguard those liberties. It is, of course, impossible in a brief article such as this to do more than generalize on this great subject. However, even a brief reminder may have some value.

What is the Constitution? Chief Justice John Marshall, the second Chief Justice of the United States,



A Perry Picture

CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL

Under his direction (1801-1835) the Supreme Court was raised to power and majesty as the guardian and the interpreter of the Constitution.

once stated that the Constitution is "the supreme law of the land." Through the Constitution the three co-ordinate branches of our Government came into being, namely, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. The Constitution defines the powers of each branch of the Government. The Government of the United States is a government of delegated and limited powers. Delegated by whom? By the peo-

ple themselves. It is only within the scope of those delegated powers that the Government has any power to act or function or to restrain or coerce the acts and lives of its individual citizens.

There is a very good reason why our Government is one of delegated and limited powers. The framers of the Constitution, as has already been pointed out, were keen, astute men who understood the true principles of government, men who were convinced that "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." These men set out to make sure that the Government which they were creating would be one whose powers were granted by the people, which powers should be specifically defined and limited, and which could, if necessary, be taken away by the people who granted them.

THESSE were the men who, at great sacrifice, had just completed a successful struggle against arbitrary government. They were the men who knew the history which led up to the framing of Magna Charta, and that in their native England a struggle had gone on for centuries against arbitrary and despotic rulers. Thus we see that one of the fundamental cornerstones of liberty was provided for, and its preservation and continuity safeguarded by placing limitations upon the power of government. It was likewise made definite that the sovereignty of the people should always be recognized. Before the writing of our Constitu-

tion there had never been such a great exposition of the place of government in a free society governed by law. It may also be safely added that such an exposition has never been written since that time.

Next, the Constitution separates and divides the functions of government. As has been stated, the fathers of our Government divided its functions into three parts: the executive to enforce and carry out the laws, the legislative to make or enact the laws, and the judiciary to interpret the laws enacted. The latter branch also has the power and duty to pass upon the actions of the executive and the laws enacted by the legislative, to see to it that neither the laws enacted by the legislative nor the action of the executive in executing those laws shall violate the "supreme law of the land"—the Constitution itself. Thus it can be seen that the Constitution provides for another safeguard to liberty by providing that all functions of government shall not be exercised by a single branch of government, answerable only to itself and governed solely by its own conscience.

In no other constitutional system save the American may courts declare the laws of the legislative branch to be invalid. Even under the great English system the courts are powerless to affect by decision the enactments of Parliament. The sole function of the judicial branch under such a system is to interpret the laws enacted; never to declare them invalid. Under such a system there is no safeguard from arbitrary or oppressive laws or their arbitrary or oppressive enforcement,

save by the election of new representatives. Under the American system, on the other hand, such calamities may be prevented at their very inception.

The third great safeguard to individual and personal liberty guaranteed by the Constitution is the so-called Bill of Rights. Ten in number, they were adopted after the ratification of the Constitution. They are patterned on what has come to be known as the Virginia Bill of Rights, and ratification of the Constitution itself was only assured upon the promise that these declarations of individual rights would likewise be adopted.

WHY were the people so insistent upon the adoption of these declarations? It was because they, in a very intimate and personal way, represented the very thing for which the colonists had just fought the Revolutionary War. Turn to the Declaration of Independence and see the list of grievances which are there listed against King George III and his officers, and then compare those statements with the first ten amendments to the Constitution and you will see the reason why the people of this country were going to take no chances in conferring power upon a government unless certain guarantees, personal to the people, were first recognized.

The following constitutes a list of the grievances against the British Crown which appear in the Declaration of Independence, and they appear in this language:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies;

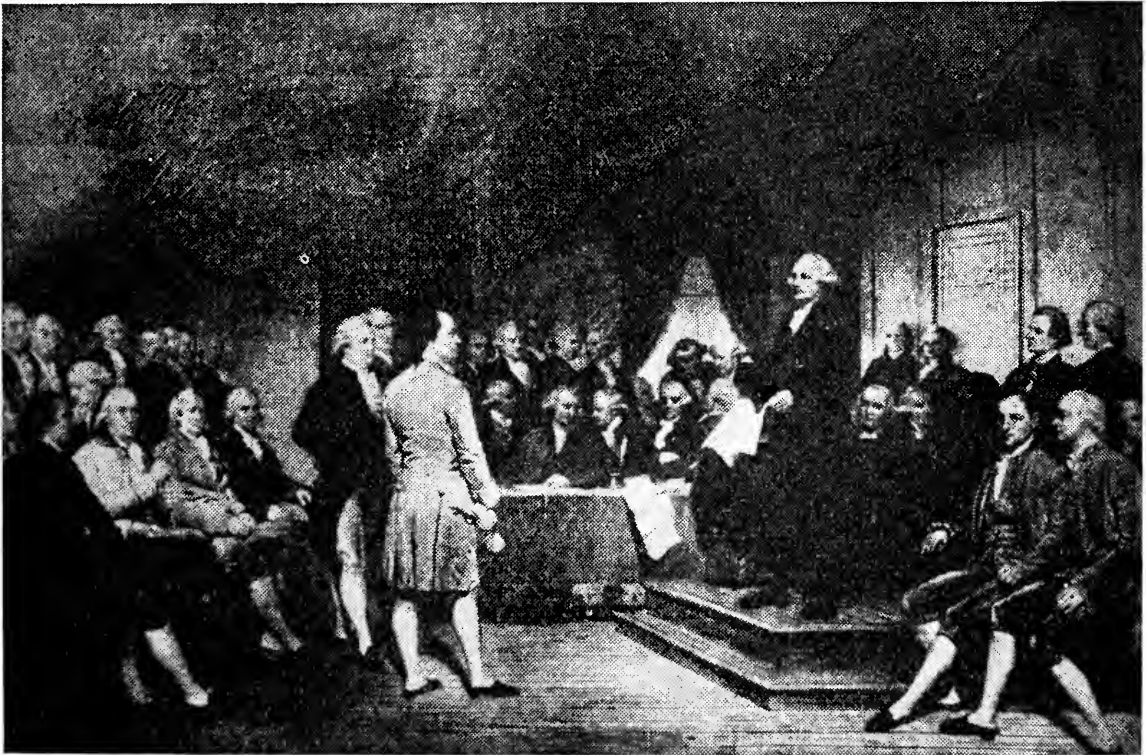
For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever

THESSE and other grievances were the ones which the colonists had against the King of England, and in the writing of the first ten amendments to the Constitution a guarantee of protection against similar abuses was provided for. This Bill of Rights is a document which deserves verbatim quotation:

AMENDMENT I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.



Courtesy, The Library of Congress

ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION

Photograph of the painting by J. B. Stearns

AMENDMENT II

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.

AMENDMENT III

No Soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

AMENDMENT IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

AMENDMENT V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War, or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

AMENDMENT VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the Assistance of Counsel for this defence.

AMENDMENT VII

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury, shall be otherwise re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

AMENDMENT VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

AMENDMENT IX

The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

AMENDMENT X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

NOTE how the fundamental rights which the colonists fought to attain and which they set forth and declared as the rights they were determined to enjoy are reflected in the language of the Bill of Rights.

Are not the foregoing rights the very essence of what is required to enable a man to hold up his head in dignity and to free his spirit to pursue the loftiest goals of human progress? In such a climate, free of coercion, without fear of unjust and arbitrary interference with his legitimate aspirations, and with protection from the acts of unscrupulous men who would rob him of the fruits of his honest toil, men can be happy and secure in their lives and attain realization of the divine purpose that "man is that he might have joy."

The claim that the American constitutional system has contributed to our well-being needs no proof beyond the facts of the history of America since the Revolutionary War. It is generally accepted as a fact that no nation has ever enjoyed such wealth and prosperity as ours, nor has there ever existed a society in which individuals have enjoyed the opportunity of improving their material, social, or spiritual well-

being on such a great scale as in America. This has been true, not because America has had more natural wealth and resources than many other nations, because there are nations which have even greater abundance of natural treasure than our country possesses. The true cause of our great well-being lies directly in the free system under which we live.

(To be continued)

Dreamers

Gene Romolo

Upon the summit of a wind-swept hill,
 A man and woman stood, arm linked in arm,
 Both silent in their visioning until
 They grasped the largess of ineffable charm
 That new horizons hold. North, south, east, west,
 Naught but a challenge met their questing eyes,
 From a great lake-shore's salt-encrusted breast
 To where far, rock-ridged heights reached toward the skies;
 But they had dreams and faith that conquers fear,
 And will to work in kinship with the land;
 And they had hope that effort, year by year,
 Would make the soil yield them their need's demand.
 Those dreamers left the world a heritage
 Emblazoned on the West's historic page.

Eternal Enchantment

Iris W. Schow

Whose breath has ruffled the lake?
 Whose laughter has startled the loon?
 Whose are the little feet that dance
 On the sands by the pearl lagoon?

Whose are the hands that gather
 The stars and weave them to wear?
 Whose but those of the young of heart
 With the amaranth fresh in her hair!

For Keeps

Blanche Sutherland

L AURIE Nichols, small and slender, with auburn hair and eyes, and feeling every one of her thirty years, climbed into the seat beside David. Well, one era of her life was closing, another beginning, she supposed. Only she felt too tired, too numb to care.

She glanced at David. The angle of his jaw looked worried, the strong jut of his chin, anxious.

"I'm more sorry than I can tell, Miss Nichols. I'd have liked so much for you to stay on. Bobby loves you so."

Laurie's lips trembled, but she tried to speak lightly. "Bobby will soon forget. That is one advantage of being four years old, Mr. Kirby."

David pushed the key in slowly, turned it, and waited for the engine's response. "Well, feel free to come see him at any time. He'll be so glad. . . ."

"Oh, no," Laurie interrupted. "I'm sure a clean break will prove better." She smiled. "No opening of old wounds, you know."

"Well, perhaps," David grudging as the car jerked and picked up speed. "At any rate, do rest a bit. Your work must have been confining. And it's been a long time."

"Yes," Laurie conceded, then stopped abruptly. She musn't break down entirely. David hated scenes. But the time hadn't seemed long. It didn't when you loved your work.

He looked at her anxiously, then both lapsed into an awkward silence.

Finally she said, "Here's Corwin Street, the third house on the right. And thanks."

He pulled up to the curb, followed her with her bags, and placed them on the porch.

"Goodbye, Miss Nichols. And if I can help you at any time. References, you know," he added awkwardly.

"Thanks, I'll let you know," Laurie replied as she accepted his warm handshake and watched his tall, sturdy figure down the walk. Then she picked up her bags, opened the door, and went in.

"Hi, Emily," she called. "I'm back. That is, if you want me."

Emily, an older, heavier Laurie, spoke from the stair-top. "Come on up, Sis. I'm getting your room ready." She led the way. "See, new wallpaper, curtains, and all. Maybe you'll stay now?"

Laurie smiled vaguely. "I don't know, Emily." She took off her hat and threw it on the bed while she sank down on the dressing table stool. She turned suddenly. "Why on earth haven't you any children, Emily?" she asked. "Then I could mother them and love them, but never lose them."

"Why haven't you married and had a houseful of your own?"

"The sixty-four dollar question. You answer that," Laurie replied.

"All right, I will. You're a children's nurse. You shut yourself up with somebody else's kids. You never go anywhere or do anything except with a child hanging to your

hand. Why, you even have the married look."

LAURIE laughed uncertainly, questioningly, and swung around to the mirror.

"Well, don't you?" Emily demanded. "That lovely auburn hair, and what do you do with it? Play it up? No. You just comb it."

"But I'm not pretty, Emily. You are, but I never was."

"Oh, bosh! You've nice eyes and a sweet, sweet mouth," was Emily's impatient rejoinder as she went out the door. "If only you had another kind of job."

Yes, if only, Laurie echoed to herself. Caring for other peoples' children, training them until they became a part of your heart, then being dismissed when your work was finished. But this time she had so hoped.

She got up and took off the brown pin-check and started unpacking. She seemed yet to hear Bobby's sobbing in his small bed. "I don't want Aunt Laurie to go away. I want her to stay with me."

And then, Mother Kirby's voice. "She's not your aunt, Bobby. She's just a nurse. I'm your grandmother, and I can take care of you. I took care of your Daddy even when he was a baby. And you're a big boy, four years old."

"I don't care," Bobby's voice rose to a wail. "I want Aunt Laurie. I like her. I'm going to ask Daddy. He'll let her stay."

But that was where Bobby was wrong. David hadn't told her she should stay, but that with Mother Kirby's coming she wouldn't be needed any longer.

"I'm grateful for all you've done for Bobby these two years, don't mistake that. I've approved of your way of handling him, because perhaps it was so like Mary's. It's a wonderful gift, Miss Nichols. But where will you go now?"

"I have a sister on Corwin Street. I'll go there for a time. After that . . ."

Reminiscently, Laurie took a pile of crisp uniforms out of a bag and hung them in the closet. It *had* been two years, though it seemed longer. And Bobby was two when David Kirby, grief-stricken by the death of his wife, had pleaded with her.

"Miss Nichols, you have been recommended to me as a young woman who loves children and whom children love. I must get someone. Hannah, our housekeeper, is kind, but she doesn't understand children. Could you come? Would you?"

Of course, she had consented. She would have even if Mr. Kirby hadn't seemed so pitifully helpless. That was her business. But when she'd had her first glimpse of Bobby, a flaxen-haired two-year-old, still a trifle unsteady on his feet, it became a labor of love. His father had brought him in to introduce them to each other.

"Bobby, this is a new lady who has come to take care of you."

BOBBY eyed her anxiously, then hid his face against his father's knee. "Mommy gone? Bobby wants Mommy."

Laurie reached for his small hand. "Aunt Laurie loves little boys, too, Bobby. Won't you let Aunt Laurie

take care of you? We'll play together and have such good times."

One dark eye peeped out from behind his father's knee, then Bobby capitulated. "Aunt Laurie?" he asked, and allowed her to take him into her arms. And so began the two years, the two years now ended. If only Mother Kirby had been content to remain in Boston, hadn't suddenly decided her duty was with David. It wasn't that she needed a home, David had explained. She had ample means. But since his father's death six months ago, she had been restless. So why shouldn't she come and take care of Bobby?

Laurie felt the tears well up in her eyes. She wiped them away. She had been drawn to him as to no other child, his earnest, small attempts to please her, his love, his gay little sense of humor

Laurie got up suddenly. She must stop this mooning. But at all other times when she had been dismissed, she had felt her work really finished. This was different. Bobby still needed her. Mr. Kirby couldn't know, busy all day at the jewelry shop as he was. At any rate, he would think his mother right, or say so

LAURIE snapped the empty bags shut and put them into the closet, retrieving a small crayon-colored valentine Bobby had made which had dropped to the floor. It was almost the only keepsake she had of him. She studied it, smiling, for a moment. Then, feeling comforted, she propped it up close beside a tiny ceramic figure of a small boy on the dressing table. She must

hurry down and help Emily with the dinner.

Emily had the table in the breakfast nook set with a gay checkered cloth.

"Dinner here?" Laurie inquired.

"Yes. John telephoned from Chicago. He'll not be home till the last of the week. Stir this gravy, will you, while I mash the potatoes? And while we're eating, I'll tell you what we'll do."

"What will we do?" Laurie asked.

"We'll start a campaign to get you a husband, Laurie."

Laurie laughed doubtfully. "Oh, Emily, don't be foolish."

"I'm not foolish. You are. Someone's got to take you in hand, and I'm the one to do it." She looked Laurie over critically. "Your hair needs shortening. And I'll wager you haven't had a new dress in ages. Nothing but suits and uniforms, anyway. Now, you'll need a couple of formals, an afternoon dress or two, a hat that does something for you"

Perhaps it was because Laurie didn't care enough about anything to object. She listened apathetically to Emily's plans and, later, submitted to her appointments for her at beauty salons and women's dress shops, without too many objections. And parties. Emily had a sixth sense in regard to new, unattached males in town, of ways to achieve invitations for Laurie.

There was Paul DuBois, tall, black-haired, and rangy. She met him at the Stewart's party. He stood watching her from the side of the room, then as the first dance

was finished, he came forward, asking her for the next.

"Stranger in town, Miss Nichols?" he asked as they circled the room. "I haven't seen you before."

"No." She smiled noncommittally. Emily had warned her not to start talking nursing and other people's children. "No, I'm not a stranger. I've just been other places."

"Hiding out? Well, don't disappear again, please. I'm going to be around here two or three months."

Laurie felt a tiny tingle of excitement. Emily had assured her just before she left, "You look ten years younger, Sis, and really pretty in that frothy blue. Now do your best."

"Two or three months?" she inquired, her eyes mischievous. "Then you're not a fixture?"

"No. So I have to work fast. Do you mind?"

LAURIE laughed. "I'll wait and see. Do you mind?"

"Cautious, are you?" and Laurie caught a gleam of added interest in the gray eyes bent upon her, an interest that resulted in a dinner date the next evening and a drive the following Saturday afternoon.

"Keep it up, Sis," Emily exulted. "You're learning fast. Don't let him get away. He has everything."

She gave a final twitch to Laurie's green suit. "A nice, long ride helps you to get acquainted, you know."

"Oh, Emily, don't rush me, I've only seen the man three times."

"And what you see, you like. That's fine." Emily countered.

Laurie wondered what Emily would say if she told her she was

already tiring of Paul. Probably she was old-maidish, because he seemed bold to her, almost brash. And now, as she dressed for the ride, she felt almost reluctant to go.

Don't be silly, she told herself. You're a big girl, you should be able to make decisions.

All of her doubts seemed a trifle foolish when she returned from a very pleasant, sedate afternoon. Nevertheless, Paul DuBois was certainly not the answer to her dreams. He was too sure of his own charms, too certain she would appreciate them. So, that evening she refused his invitation to the movies, fully aware how this would be regarded by Paul, but she felt she couldn't endure again his over-confident laugh.

"What's the idea, Laurie?" Emily inquired as she turned from the phone. "Here I work and slave getting escorts for you . . ."

"I don't like him," Laurie answered shortly, her eyes hostile. "Isn't that enough?"

"Well, of course," Emily reasoned. "Only at your age . . ."

"I know. I'm thirty. I'm left hanging on the vine. But before I'd marry him . . ."

"Oh, sure, sure," Emily interposed hastily. "Don't get angry. There are plenty of other men."

YES, there was Jack Davis. She had seen him several times, but today he had asked if he might drive her to Kingston Friday to a barn dance. And she had accepted. She liked him. There was a sincerity in his lean face, in his blue, steady eyes. He was the very op-

(Continued on page 641)

Cathedral Valley

Winifred N. Jones

IF I had known what that September day would bring, I wouldn't have been so reluctant to awake when the alarm shrilled in the pre-dawn blackness. It was a cloudy, cool morning and I wondered if any scenery could be worth getting up that early. But we found scenery that was worth not only the early rising, but the long ride, the dust, and hiking. We went to Cathedral Valley!

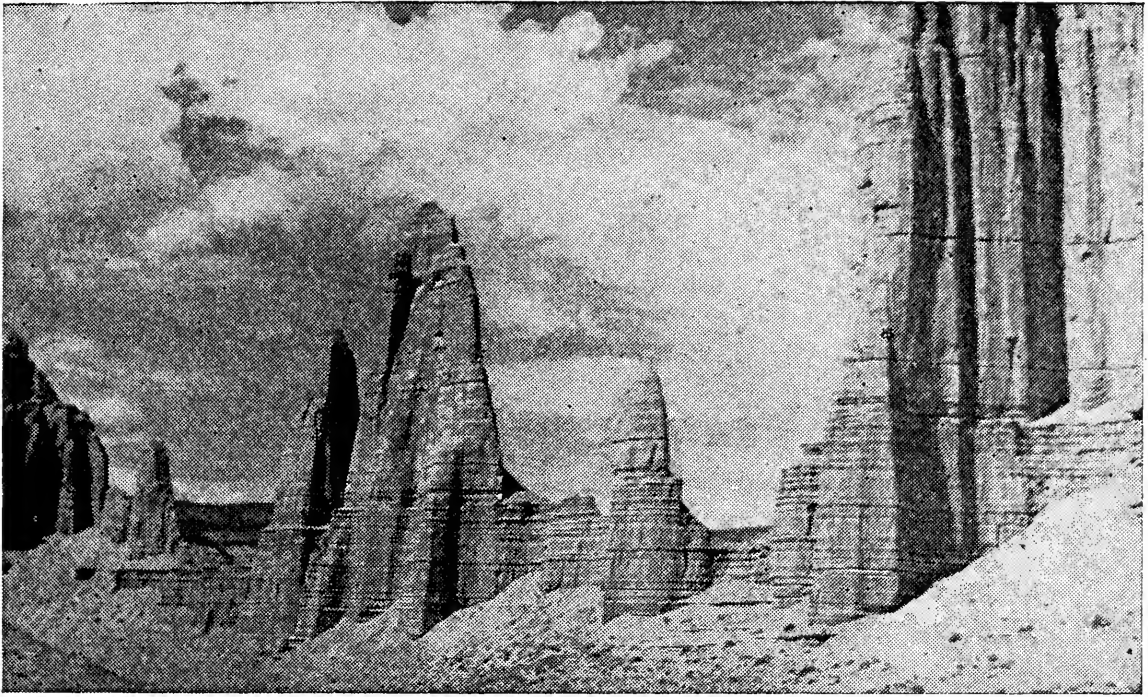
The very mystery of its location stimulated our interest in this far valley lying somewhere in the wild canyon country of eastern Utah, south of Price and the level cliff country, and southeast of Emery and the strange "castle country."

It was still dark when we left our homes in Provo, Utah, and as we started up Spanish Fork Canyon the dawn was brightening in the east. As we drove out of Price the sun was touching the tabletops of the dark mountains which rise above the peculiar olive-drab reaches of the valley. The general effect of dreariness was heightened by small, sharp, isolated mounds of dirt which contrasted with clay or mud, showing signs of heavy erosion. This part of the trip affects the observer with a weariness of soul which seems almost like a preparation in contrast to the magnificence farther south.

We followed the highway to Emery and thirteen miles beyond, then we turned off on a dirt road leading east past some coal mines and piles of volcanic ash. Here we drove through a long stretch of Utah desert with eerie rock forma-

tions, small vegetation, and the eternal variance of color. A line of pink cliffs suddenly broke this panorama, and the country changed character with a suddenness that startled us. Here the hills were strewn with black boulders of lava as though tossed there by a petulant giant tired of a game. In the road-bed itself, and on the hillsides, agates and jaspers were lying with their brilliant pink, salmon, and orange colors contrasting with white and green markings. A real find for a "rockhound."

But we were searching for a greater spectacle, and we found it. Twenty-five miles from where we had turned from the highway we stopped our car at the top of a valley rim. For here in this almost unknown country we had reached the spot where only horse, jeep, or "Shank's Pony" could go across country. This particular section of Utah was long familiar to stockmen and a few intrepid prospectors, but otherwise was virtually unvisited until 1945 when Worthen Jackson of Fremont, Utah, took a group of soldiers into the area to hunt for a crashed plane. New discoveries are still being made in the area, which includes both East and West Cathedral Valleys. Several previously hidden canyons have recently been disclosed which contain magnificent cathedrals of red rock. One spot in this wonderland is criss-crossed with lava dikes, some of which rise two hundred feet in the air.



Willard Luce

THE GREAT STONE CATHEDRALS

SOME of these lava dikes were before us now, not quite that high, but sharp and black against the sky like borders of mourning. They are called the Walls of Jericho. We looked down from the valley rim and before us was the wonder of West Cathedral Valley.

From the floor of scrub sagebrush in the narrow valley the towering cathedrals rise in sheer magnificence. Carved from red sandstone, they mount hundreds of feet and are domed with gray caps of a harder stone. Where this capstone has eroded, the rains and winds have shaped the cliffs into pinnacles, spires, and chimneys with long flowing lines which rise directly from the valley with little or no slope.

The quietness of the valley moves into your very being as you stand literally spellbound by the spectacle. Since water is scarce and vegetation sparse, there are only a very few

desert creatures to disturb the stillness.

As we walked along, the forms of the cliffs seemed to alter as our perspective varied. A few, though, were of definite shape. At one side was a gigantic lady's slipper, and at another a fireplace and chimney. In between two of the cathedrals was a tremendous "V," with sides perfectly matched, cut in the smooth, red wall.

We stayed until late afternoon, taking pictures and watching the shadows change patterns on the brilliant color. Finally, we had to leave. Trudging back up the sandy trail to the car, we were filled with calm and a new respect for the majesties of nature.

As we began the long north trip home, three eagles soared high above us in lazy circles as if they knew security here from man's encroaching civilization.

Dwarf Iris

Sylvia Pezolt

AFTER Herb left for work Dora Baker took the morning paper from beside her husband's plate. She picked up a piece of toast to munch, patted the bouquet of dwarf blue iris that Herb brought home last night, and spread out the newspaper. Funny how Herb liked the early spring iris. They had thought he could have a bed of them at their new home, but the raw yellow dirt from the cellar excavation was fatal to the few he transplanted.

She sighed and glanced at the headlines.

"Eastern Situation Still Tense!" Eastern Situation—that meant Korea. Was Jim?—she wouldn't read it. She twitched the paper and turned to the inside section.

A cartoon on the classified page offered relief, and as she bent closer to focus her glasses on the caption, an address leaped out of the box ad next to the cartoon. The address of her old home!

Yes, there was no mistake. It said *For Sale*. For sale again after two long years. Two years of regret, of wishing herself back, of nights when tears burned her eyes and made her head ache, of days of constant comparison between this small, new, ultra-modern stucco, and the big, old, shabby frame house. Two years of silence for fear Herb would suspect how she felt.

For it was she who had wanted to move. She had said she wanted a smaller, more up-to-date house. She had complained of the big, old-

fashioned frame house, of the long, narrow windows that took twice as much ladder climbing to wash as small windows. She had said that the old furnace gobbled fuel, and had refused to listen when Herb had pointed out that they were warm during the big blizzard a few years ago because of the large storage space for fuel. That the new house would be closer to Marjorie's school was the argument that decided Herb at last.

"It would be closer to Marjorie's school," he admitted, opposing the move as usual, "but she won't always be going to that school. Next year it's college, and then maybe marriage . . ."

"Then we won't need so much room," Dora had declared triumphantly, clinching the argument. "Then there are those stair posts. Every one is loose at the bottom. You've never taken off the gate at the head of the stairs we put there when Jim was a baby."

"Kept him from falling down stairs," he had chuckled, turning automatically to the radio, as he did whenever Jim was mentioned.

The radio and the iris bed were Herb's life. He had chosen the spot by the incinerator for his iris bed when they bought the frame house in the first years of their marriage, and the warmth did seem to bring the shoots up and the blue buds out earlier than in any other bed in the neighborhood. And now there was a chance to go back.

But this she couldn't admit to Herb. She'd said too much against the old home. She'd have to manage it herself. There were her bonds, and the money from the sale of the old house in their joint account. That would be enough for a deposit. Time enough to tell Herb after. Then she could eat humble pie, she'd have her home again.

She'd see the real estate man today. Her heart sang as she thought of being back in the old neighborhood, only a few blocks from church, and close enough to run in for a chat, in a house dress, with ever so many old friends.

Perhaps she'd better call the real estate agent. She'd make sure he was in. It might be necessary to go this morning. Carefully folding the paper back to the advertisement, she dialed. Only the buzz, buzz of the busy signal answered.

IT was at a sewing meeting she'd first heard about her new stucco home. Someone was telling about the lawyer who had come from another town to take the place of the young Mr. Jackson who was called back into military service.

"He has a houseful of children," she had heard an animated voice say, "and all he can find is this cunning little two-bedroom number over on the other side of town."

"He needs your big place, Dora," the hostess laughed.

Dora hadn't laughed. She could hardly wait for the meeting to end to hunt up the lawyer and talk of exchanging houses. Herb had said no more, but she'd seen him bending over the iris bed that night long

after it was too dark to distinguish flower from weed.

The new house cost more than they had wished to pay, but the old house brought more than they expected, so Dora shrugged it off. Moving was worse than she anticipated, for the accumulations of twenty years didn't fit easily into the smaller house. They owned too much furniture for such a streamlined place of efficiency, yet nobody wished to part with anything. Even Marjorie, whom Dora felt she could count on as an ally, proved petulant about the arrangement of the house, which seemed too open.

"Goodness, Mother," she said, glancing around the living room and through the nearby bedroom doors, "I can't bring my friends here. We'll be in Dad's hair all the time. You know how he likes the radio."

But it was really Jim's letter that spoiled the new house for her. Jim had sailed across the Pacific before she had found the place, and since his letters were addressed to their postoffice box she did not take time, in the hurry of moving, to explain. Then she could not.

"It is such a comfort," Jim wrote, "to think of you all safe and happy at home. When I am tired or cold, or dirty, or scared, I shut my eyes and see Dad weeding the iris bed or Mother sitting at her sewing machine with all the mended clothes hanging on the gate that kept us kids from falling downstairs. And I think of my own little room where I was always warm, and the bathroom with so much hot water, and

(Continued on page 639)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1891

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

CHEERFULNESS: There is no greater, every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it; the sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no loads but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful, it will be your counselor in solitude, and your passport in society. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind.—Minnie Hulbert

THE OREGONIA

Slow sinks the orb of day, but ere his beams
Of purest crimson vanish to illumine
Another world, his parting lustre streams
Along the wooded height where greenly bloom
The buds of Autumn, while the emerald plume
That heavenward points from Nature's temple, bends
In glory's sea—and wood and crag assume
Each heavenly tint that evening kindly lends,
Till in one lovely scene, earth's wildest beauty blends.

—C. H. Jenson

OBEDIENCE: The Savior says, "Not my will but Thine be done." This we call obedience. A carnal heart is willing to render obedience as long as it will serve selfish ends, it goes no further, but true obedience is the forsaking of our own wishes, to the will of our parents while under their care and to our God always. God commands perfect and absolute obedience to His will. Obedience is no framer of excuses, doesn't dispute, argue, and reason, but obeys the will of God forever. —Jane John

GOD O'ER RULETH ALL THINGS RIGHT

When our narrow-sighted vision
Cannot trace th' Eternal aim!
Let us wait His wise decisions,
Let us trust Him still the same.
Past our feeble comprehension
Is God's comprehensive care,
Yet we know that all who seek Him
Need not perish in despair.

—Emily H. Woodmansee

VISIT IN ST. GEORGE STAKE: On the 22nd of July we continued our journey taking the South Fork of the Virgin River until we reached Shonesburg; it is wonderful how the people ever found this place, as it has to be reached by dug-ways for the want of room along the River bank for a road; and if they ever had any land to farm worth speaking of, the floods of the last few years have taken it away, leaving the people with but poor prospects for the future; they certainly deserve credit for their staying qualities. At 2 p.m. we held a meeting with the good sisters of Shonesburg and reorganized a Relief Society with Sister Emily De Mill as President and Fidelia De Mill as 1st and Jemima Beale as 2nd Counselors. —Ann C. Woodbury



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS FLORENCE ATKINSON, who died a few months ago in Salt Lake City, mothered more than 300 unfortunate children, and a few adults in her home over a period of thirty years. These afflicted ones came for her care from many states and from as far away as the Canal Zone and Peru. She kept many subnormal girls at her own expense, trained them, and helped them to find employment. She adopted two small boys. For the most part, she was unnoticed and unsung; however, Dr. Ramsey of the State Training School once said of her, "Florence Atkinson should be taken to the State Capitol and have a medal pinned on her."

MARGUERITE HIGGINS, a war correspondent in Korea, has reported from the very front lines, in as much personal danger as any man reporter. Her book, *War in Korea*, is now off the press.

MISS FATIMA JINNAH, although she has no official position, is a great political and spiritual force in Pakistan. Her brother, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, proved himself one of the outstanding intellects and leaders of men of his generation, in winning Pakistan from Ghandi's and Nehru's India, and making it into a great Moslem state. With her keen intellect and her

dedication to the cause, Fatima continues to prove herself the near-equal of her famous brother, who has died. His powerful influence still remains with the people, however, aided by his sister's influence.

MINNIE IVERSON HODAPP, American Fork, Utah, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, is the author of a book of poems, *Flowering Moments on Temple Square*, recently off the press. The poems are descriptive in character and inspirational in spirit, beautifully illustrating the feelings of a poet for her religious heritage as it is expressed in historic Temple Square, Salt Lake City, Utah.

LELLA MARLER HOGGAN, well-known and much-loved Utah author, died July 4, 1951, in Ogden. Her first published story appeared in *The Young Woman's Journal* in 1896, and was followed by many artistic and inspirational writings published in the L. D. S. Church magazines, including the three series of essays: "Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of life," "Little Moments of Eternity," and "The Sunny Side of the Hill," which, among many other contributions from this gifted woman, have appeared over the years in *The Relief Society Magazine*.



What Shall We Read to Children?

THE treasure house of books, well stored with beauty and truth, should be opened for all children. They need the inspiration, the entertainment, the lasting companionship of books, and they need to have their pliable young minds directed along the paths of thoughts which will enrich their lives and uplift their spirits. Although the great concept of the everlasting value and the eternal truths, which our most valued books reveal, must be a gradual growth within the mind, still the beginnings of discernment can take root and grow in the mind of a small child.

The mother, the child, and a book, make an endearing portrait of one of the dearest aspects of home life. Fortunate is the child who has listened to his mother read words of wonder and beauty at a time when his young mind was eager to learn and to explore the bright and shining avenues of the life before him. And yet, today, many mothers neglect this opportunity, and many children lack the close unity with their parents which the sharing of books would give them. It is so much easier to let the children see a moving picture or look at television, or listen to the radio. Many mothers forget that it is usually difficult to exercise any choice of the entertainment presented by these mediums, for their quality cannot be estimated until

after the performances are over—and then it is too late. With books, it is different, their content can be measured and appraised before they are presented to a child, and many books, easily obtainable, have endured the test of years and remain as treasures.

Mothers who sincerely wish to read to their children and who make an effort to be selective in the choice of material are confused by the great variety of books available, and they are not sure which stories and poems and pictures will be appealing to their children. The classics and some anthologies of poems for children are dependable, and many modern writings are to be recommended. Side by side in enjoyment, a child may listen to Eugene Field's "Sugar Plum Tree," Robert Louis Stevenson's "Bed in Summer," or be equally entertained by Walter de la Mare or A. A. Milne. It is helpful to seek the advice of teachers, librarians, and Primary Association officers. *The Children's Friend*, beautifully and carefully prepared and edited, is a good companion for Latter-day Saint children.

Early in the child's development he can be taught that books are valuable, that they are not to be torn and pulled to pieces. Before very long a child may be given his own small bookcase where he can keep the storybooks and the poem books he loves, and a mother should see

that other children in the family are not allowed to destroy the books which another child treasures.

Children two and three years old love to hear poems read to them, especially poems which have definite rhyme and which have rhythm or music, and it is a strange and interesting truth, that a poem or a story which a child loves never loses its charm and there is the continued request for a repetition. It is not the quantity or the variety of reading material which is so important. Rather it is the quality.

Parts of the Bible can be read to very small children. The mother may tell a Bible story, showing pictures of the events, and then she may intersperse her narrative by reading a few sentences directly from the Bible. For instance, in telling the story of the coming of Jesus to earth, these words, or other selections, may be read: "And the angel said unto them unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

There is perhaps no story which is more beautiful or has greater value than the Book of Mormon account

of the visit of Jesus to the Western Hemisphere.

And it came to pass that he commanded that their little children should be brought. So they brought their little children and set them down upon the ground round about him, and Jesus stood in the midst and he took their little children, one by one, and he blessed them, and prayed unto the father for them And he spake unto the multitude, and said unto them: Behold your little ones. (See 3 Nephi, chapter 17.)

The hearing and reading and learning of good prose and poetry give the child acquaintance with good and beautiful words and thoughts, inspire good writing, and add worth and influence to speech and action. And there is always the greater, the more lasting value, the treasures found in books are lasting, and they provide joy and companionship forever available, forever influencing the mind toward the heights of growth and development. Let mothers be always vigilant in the precious days when their children are young, when their minds are open to receive truth and beauty—a heritage for their eternal lives.

—V. P. C.

Goodbye Little Boy

Angelyn W. Wadley

He could hardly wait to start to school,
To work with pencil, book, and rule.
I couldn't really wish he'd stay
At home by me this special day.
But do mothers always smile through tears,
On the day that ends the pre-school years?

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 3 and 4, 1951. On Thursday afternoon in the Tabernacle a meeting will be held to which the general membership of Relief Society and the public are invited. The attendance at the meetings on Wednesday and on Thursday morning is limited to stake and mission officers.

Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and the ward should present to the president of the respective organization a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselor should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase a textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course, and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

"Relief Society Handbook" Available

The *Handbook of Instructions* of the Relief Society is available at the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, price 60 cents each, postpaid. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedure. It includes a detailed index for ready reference and will be invaluable to stake, ward, mission, and branch officers, class leaders, and visiting teachers.



Hal Rumel

ROAD IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH

~ ~ ~ ~

Boys in September

Alberta H. Christensen

Boys in September are boys with a yearning
For one hour more with camp kit and tent,
Schoolward their steps, but streamward their dreaming
Now summer is over, vacation is spent.

Boys in September are hair-brushed and clean-eared,
Sitting sedately, their eyes in a book
But only one-half of each boy hears the school bell,
The other remains in the cool of a brook.

The canyons return to the silence of color;
But listen—young laughter is echoing still. Where
Trails climb, you'll see them, freckled and carefree,
Sun on their faces—the wind in their hair.

Through This Door

CHAPTER 2

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: Mary Ruth Grayson, fifteen, tries to care for her father and her motherless brothers and sisters. She is surprised to learn that Rachel Marriott, once a woman of wealth, is coming to live in the shabby house across the street. Mary Ruth becomes acquainted with Mrs. Marriott, her husband, and daughter Lora, the night they arrive. The next morning, however, Mrs. Marriott tells Mary Ruth, who carries over some popovers, that they are leaving.

“LEAVING?” I cried in delight. “Oh, I’m so glad. Where are you going?”

She was putting the popovers on one of her own plates. She stopped and looked at me. “Glad?”

“Oh, yes, glad, Mrs. Marriott. I hope you’ll find a place a lot better than this.”

“Why, thank you.” She really smiled at me then. “It is a beautiful place, as a matter of fact. My sister, in Louisville, Kentucky, has invited Lora and me to come and live with her as long as we like.”

“You and Lora,” I said, “but what about Mr. Marriott?”

It was none of my affair, none at all. But the Marriotts were mine in a strange sort of way.

She answered, defensively, “Mr. Marriott will live with his brother.” She pushed back her hair in an uncertain, fumbling gesture. “He’ll have much better care than I could possibly give him. It’s better this way.”

“Of course it is,” I said stoutly. “I’m so glad.” I was. My illusions came flooding back. There was

always a tower for the princess, a sanctuary. “Goodbye, Mrs. Marriott.”

“This terrible, terrible old house,” Mrs. Marriott went on, just as if I were a grown woman. “This awful house!”

“I know,” I said. “It sure is a mess.” I looked about at the grimy cupboards, the linoleum that was brown from having the pattern all worn away, the rusty, unpolished stove. I wanted to make her feel happy. “I guess it really was quite grand when your grandfather built it. I bet he was proud of it when it was new.”

She laughed, a dry, small sound. “I’ve heard him tell a thousand times about the housewarming they had, when the house was finished at last. He thought he never would get it done, what with crop failures and Indian troubles, and taking time off to go on a mission to Wales. But he finally made it, bless him. He was the salt of the earth.”

I took a deep, envious breath. “They had it so exciting then, didn’t they, Mrs. Marriott? Not like now, with everything so hard. They had fun.”

“Fun?” She stood still and stared at me. “Fun?”

I knew she thought me a dolt. I said, defensively, “Well, it was fun to build things and have adventures and do things. Not like now, when there’s no chance for anybody to be anything, except what he was born to be.”

She came over to me and lifted up my chin and looked into my eyes. "You believe that, don't you?"

I pulled away. "Sure I do. That's why I'm glad you are going, so you won't get to be like the others."

"But people can be anything they want to be."

"No, they can't. Not any more. Things aren't like they used to be. There isn't anything to fight with any more."

"What is your name, child?"

"Mary Ruth."

"Mary Ruth," she took a deep breath, "You have just been reminding me of how many things I do believe in."

"Huh?"

She looked over my head. "I was frightened for a while. But I'm not afraid now. Run along and let me see what I can do." She gave me a slight push toward the door.

I went reluctantly, not understanding at all. I turned back to ask her what she meant, but she was over at the kitchen range flipping the damper on and off, her dark eyes thoughtful.

IT didn't take long to do housework in our house, just to pull the quilts back up on the beds, and prop the boys' bed with the blocks of wood they kept knocking out, flip out the flies with an apron, wash dishes, and sweep the kitchen floor. Only this morning, I still had the memory of Mrs. Marriott's eyes on my hair, so I washed it and dried it and braided it extra neatly. That done, I felt so clean that I decided to take a bath, as long as there was hot water left in the tank.

I even put on a clean dress, which meant washing the other one. But I felt quite regal when I was finished. I went over to Mrs. Callister's. She was sitting in her kitchen fanning her perspiring face.

"Mary Ruth! Isn't it hot enough to cook you?"

I nodded agreement.

She laughed, her hearty, throaty chuckle. "I went over to visit our new neighbor. Golly! If she didn't give me a workout to last me a lifetime!"

"Mrs. Marriott? She's leaving."

"No, she isn't, she changed her mind. She's staying here. She's scrubbing down that kitchen until you'll be able to eat off the walls. She's going to paint it, too. All by herself."

"Paint it? Paint that old place?"

"That's what she says. Throwing good money after bad, I tell her. But she won't listen. 'Hand me this and hand me that,' she says, until first thing I know I have a scrubbing brush in my hand, and I'm working away as if I were getting paid for it."

Mrs. Callister looked at me and I looked at her, and we both began to laugh. "That's what I thought," she said, "Mrs. Marriott," says I, 'I have work of my own to be doing.' So I came away."

I slid toward the door. "I'll go over and see how she's getting along."

Mrs. Callister looked past me. "If she comes to pay me a return visit, she'll not find my kitchen in need of scrubbing, I can promise you that. I think I'll give it a once-over-lightly this morning."

I looked about the cheerful, disordered room. "You just got through housecleaning three months ago."

"I know I did," said Mrs. Calister, "but I'm not having her look at my kitchen, with that look of hers."

I slipped through the hedge and almost stumbled over Mr. Marriott, who was sitting in the old rocker reading a book. He looked up and smiled. He was a gentle, kindly looking person, with blue, tired eyes. He held up the book.

"Even Shakespeare seems uncomfortable on a day like this. I wish I had something new."

"The Bookmobile is supposed to be through today. It should be down at the drugstore by now." I smiled diffidently. "I could get a book for you."

"Would you, child, something full of adventure?"

I brought him an armload of books, and he smiled his gratitude and withdrew immediately from the grayness and the bleakness of his surroundings into the world of fantasy.

LORA was playing on the porch. Her ringlets were brushed to a shining silkiness, and she wore a pretty pink gingham dress and black patent slippers. She bounced a ball dispiritedly.

"Hello," I said. "Why don't you play with the other kids?"

"Mother won't let me."

"She won't? Why?"

"They're dirty."

"Oh, is that so!" Fury shook me. I looked across the street to where

my sisters were playing, and the shock of seeing them as they looked all the time smote me. They were ragged, dirty, and their straight blond hair fell in strings about their laughing faces. Every tender feeling I had ever held for Mrs. Marriott was washed away in a flame of hatred. I flounced home. Let the Marriotts go or stay, I didn't care. One of these days they wouldn't be so uppity, when they had become like the rest of us, which they would. They would get just as tired and gray and dusty and grimy as we were. Mr. Marriott would stop shaving, and then he would forget his tie, and then his beautiful white shirts would wear out, and he would get blue, harsh work shirts. They would grow more and more soiled, because Mrs. Marriott would have given up the battle she had so foolishly begun.

I went home and even though it was noon I built a roaring fire in the range. I put the big washtub on the stove and called in the youngsters. They came reluctantly. Their shrill reluctance changed to a bellow of outrage when they saw what they must do.

"Bathe in the middle of the week! You're crazy!" That was Maybelle.

"We don't have to!" That was Marlene.

I pursued them, fighting and screaming, and brought each of them to a triumph of cleanliness. I put on their second-best clothes and gave them each a penny. "Now walk by that Lora Marriott's place and act like you don't see her, every one of you."

But in the perverse way of chil-

dren, they went by Lora's place and fell raptly in love with her, and with Mrs. Marriott. When I went looking for them to come home for lunch, I found them busy as ants helping to clean up the Marriott yard. I was furious.

"If there's any of that to be done," I stormed, "you come home and do it here."

"That's no fun," they whined.

But I drove them home, and the rest of the day was spent cleaning up the yard. Evening saw a great order upon our place. I relaxed on the porch. That would show that smart, old Mrs. Marriott.

Dad came home from the filling station. His tired face lighted when he saw us. He looked around the yard.

"Just the way your mother would have done, Mary Ruth. Just the way she was."

I turned away, tears hot in my throat, sorry I hadn't thought to do it before, and proud because my mother was a woman just like Mrs. Marriott. She liked things nice.

But I often wondered in the days that passed if even she had industry to equal Mrs. Marriott, or that same passion for seeing that others were kept well occupied, too

THE summer sped away, but on our street things were different from what they had been before. It was true Mr. Marriott was still the same, gray and gentle, and forever hiding in his world of books, books that took him to the far-off places and adventures his heart would never permit him to visit. But our street was altered to a re-

markable degree. The battered, leatherette sofa with its straw insides forever spilling out, that had long disgraced Mrs. Callister's front porch, had been taken away and stored in the barn. In its place swung a neat, white-painted swing seat. Not as comfortable by far as the sofa had been, but then, none of us had much time for sitting any more.

The Marriott house was most notable for its transformation, but then Mrs. Marriott had "squandered," as Mrs. Callister put it, her little hoard of money for paint. She had had it painted a pale gray with a white trim. Each coat had brought a vast dignity to the ancient place, and a clean beauty. It had given our whole street a tremendous lift. The Callisters were forced to paint theirs because they lived so near, and the contrast was so terrible. Mrs. Callister used the money she had been saving for a television set and she held it against Mrs. Marriott for a long time. Her sons were equally angry, because it meant fewer hours down by the creek and less time fishing. But, afterwards, Mrs. Callister was quite pleased and made slighting remarks about the rest of us who could afford no paint.

But Dad did put in a new lawn and a white picket fence, and after a few spankings the children learned to go around the back and keep off the tender, growing green.

Gone were the long, long hours on Mrs. Callister's front porch. It shamed and silenced us to be sitting doing nothing but chattering while Mrs. Marriott sewed industriously on her own front porch.

She was a beautiful seamstress, and she took a special delight in designing clothes for Lora.

It hurt me to see Lora so dainty and my own pretty little sisters in their shrunken, faded cottons. I bought material and a pattern and stopped by one afternoon when Mrs. Marriott was sewing.

She gave me a wonderful welcome, treated me as though I were a grown woman and a great lady besides, and helped me all that afternoon. When I arose, hot and perspiring, to take my pieces home to baste them together, she said, "Would you like a glass of lemonade, Mary Ruth?"

"I would, Mrs. Marriott. I'm so thirsty I could drink ditch water."

She smiled and went in the house, and in a little while she was back with glasses dipped in powdered sugar on the rims and mint leaves floating in the iced lemonade, and cookies with caraway seeds on the tops. We sipped and munched, and Mrs. Marriott told me about her life when she was my age. It sounded strange and wonderful. But when I was going she put her arm across my shoulders. "I do admire you, Mary Ruth," she said, "I admire you very much."

THE words went singing home with me, and because of the music they made it was easier to try harder than ever at everything, so she would say them again.

I spent all the rest of the summer afternoons on Mrs. Marriott's front porch. I learned to sew, and I learned other things that she would have bitten her tongue off rather

than tell me. I learned she was even poorer than we had guessed, that the little hoard of money was melting much too fast, that when it was gone there would be no more. "And I'm forty, Mary Ruth . . . never worked in my life . . . just school and marriage . . . Sometimes I get frightened. Lying in bed at night, one thinks such dreadful things."

I sewed and listened for the unsaid things under the casual phrases. My heart ached because I had no comfort to give her.

"I musn't get frightened," she said one day. "It will be all right. I know it will. I'll find a way, just as I found a way to make this house livable . . . only it must come soon."

I didn't lift my head, because the words were hard to say. I couldn't have said them at all, if I had not seen her face in Church, the lighted, breathing-in look she had for the words that some speakers gave. I stammered, "The . . . Lord will take care of you, Mrs. Marriott . . . just like he did before."

She smiled and pulled my braids. "Thank you, Mary Ruth. It's just that today my believer is bent, and you know when that happens you get sick all over." She laughed with me, but then she said seriously, "You're right, Mary Ruth. I just have to be alert to know when he is helping me so I can do my part."

It happened on the Friday before school started. Mrs. Marriott had come downtown with me to pick out material for a school dress. She was going to make it for me. "The first year of high school is so important, Mary Ruth. You'll have to look your nicest."

We had brought Lora along, and she danced ahead of us, looking like a princess in her rose-sprigged organdy dress with the blue socks to match and the blue ribbon in her hair. We went in Millers to the yard goods department.

Suddenly a woman cried, "Why, Rachel Marriott! It's been years!"

Mrs. Marriott looked up, and gladness flooded her face. "Why Thelma Williams! What on earth are you doing here in our little town?"

Thelma Williams was about the age of Mrs. Marriott. She had very light hair, and I found myself staring at it trying to make up my mind if it was real, or whether she put something on it. She was wearing dark glasses and a bright lipstick. Her suit was the shade of her lip-

stick. She looked gay and important.

"Darling, you've lost so much weight," she said.

There was something in the way she said it that made me look closely at Mrs. Marriott, really look at her. I saw that she had lost weight, a great deal, and losing it had brought out lines in her face that hadn't been there before. I saw that she was wearing the blue linen suit that she had worn on the first night she had come, but a summer's wear was in it, the white gloves were noticeably mended, and the blue linen shoes were quite shabby.

I drew near to Mrs. Marriott, as if in that way I could keep her from being hurt by this well-groomed, narrow-eyed woman.

(To be continued)

From Some Far Yesterday

Josephine J. Harvey

There are days I will remember
 Closely treasured through the years,
 When we walked in quiet lanes
 And felt the peace of summer dusk.
 Lingering on the gentle slope
 With hands cupped to the wind
 We heard the ocean's timeless song.

There are words I will remember,
 Echoing from some far yesterday
 That caused my heart to lift,
 My soul to gather courage
 As a lamp against the night.
 Remembered words that you have spoken
 Go singing down the avenues of thought.

S E L E C T E D D A T A

annual report—1950

RELIEF Society reached its 108th birthday in 1950 with a total membership of 126,550, an increase of 4,640 over 1949. This increase, while gratifying, is credited largely to the missions which increased 1,999 members and exceeded the increase in L.D.S. families, but in the stakes, the increase of 2,641 members did not keep pace with the increase in the number of L.D.S. families. This suggests the need of more intensive effort in increasing membership in the stakes. During the year 57.2% of the members engaged in leadership activities, thus an increase of 5,147 women over 1949 received leadership development.

The average attendance at regular meetings increased in the stakes 1.52% and in the missions 1.61% showing that more women took an active interest in the educational program. As shown on the charts, theology and testimony meeting continued to be the most popular, followed by social science, work, and literature.

Through an increase over 1949 of 196,433 visits to families by 3,516 more visiting teachers in 2,244 more districts, the average number of visits to families has reached 7.25, indicating a commendable, steady climb toward the goal of twelve visits a year to each family.

Compassionate services continued to expand as indicated by 26,434 more visits to the sick and homebound, and 5,358 more days care of the sick, as well as increases in assistance at time of death. In addition to these services, the sisters, carrying out one of the basic objectives of the society—ministering to human suffering—have performed spontaneously innumerable helpful and kindly services “above and beyond the call of duty.”

The report indicates steady and wholesome growth in all aspects of the program in the 180 stakes and 41 missions reporting. The Central Pacific Mission was absorbed by the Hawaiian Mission during the year, but its activities are included in this report. The reports were carefully prepared, 49 stakes and 3 missions being perfect, while 103 stakes and 25 missions required only minor correction. The narrative sections of the reports revealed a wide variety of special activities and radiated a spirit of genuine enthusiasm for the work. The foreign missions continued to show steady growth in membership and a broader development of the regular Relief Society program.

To all who have helped advance the work of Relief Society during the past year, the general board extends its sincere thanks and appreciation. Human misery is increasing with the turbulence of the times, thus placing upon our organization an even greater responsibility to minister to the well-being of our fellow men. With the continued devoted service of our loyal membership we shall meet this responsibility.

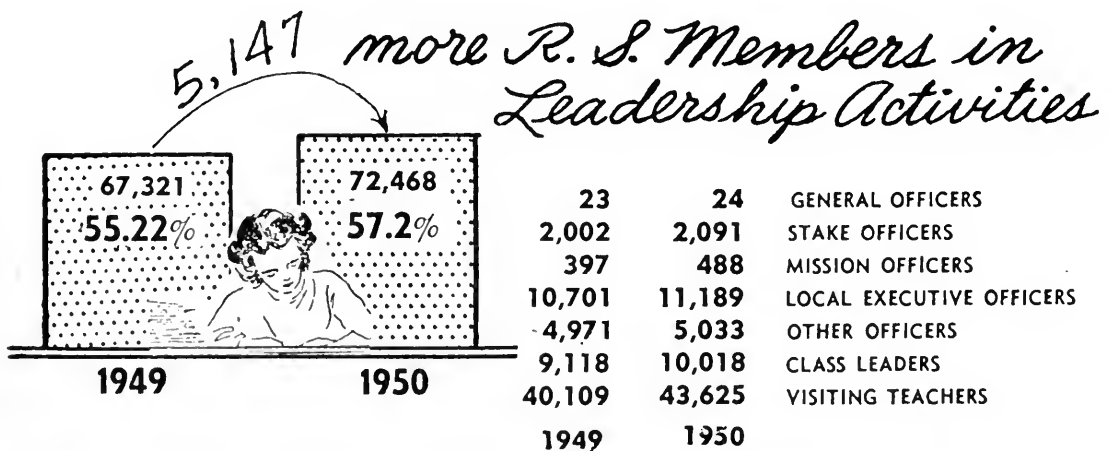
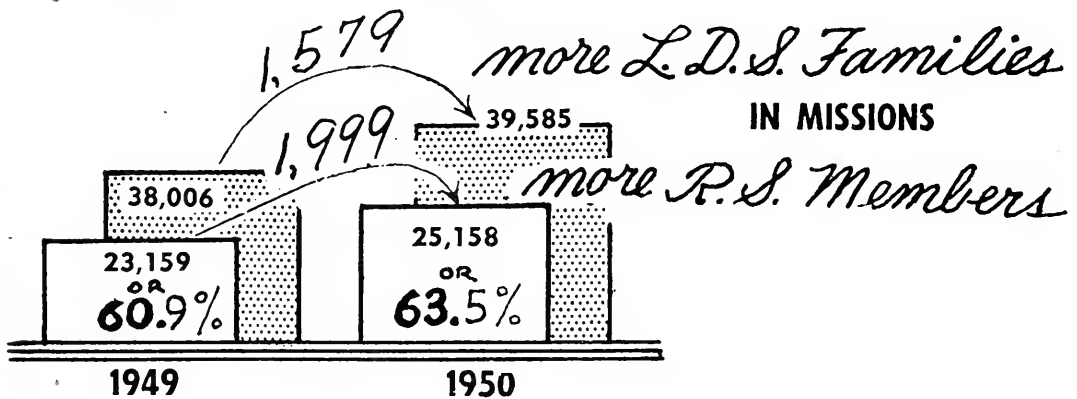
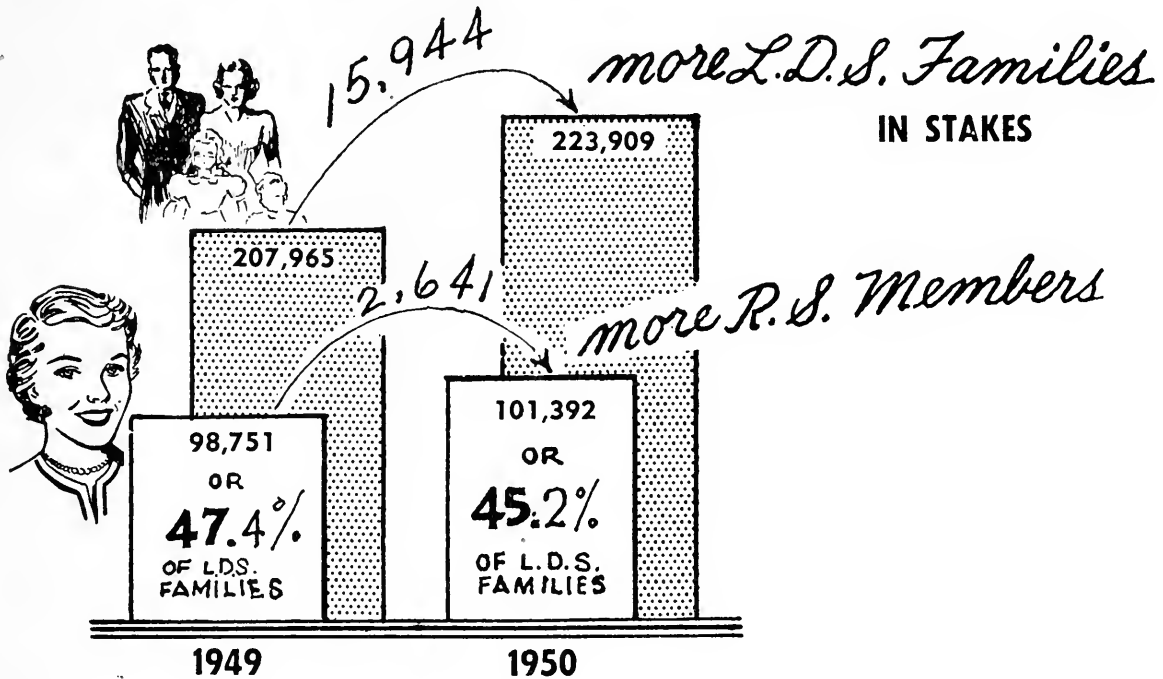
Margaret C. Pickering

General Secretary-Treasurer

membership -

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0

In the stakes, the gain of 2,641 Relief Society members did not keep pace with the increase of Latter-day Saint families, thus decreasing the percentage to 45.2%. In the missions, however, the gain of 1,999 members was greater than the increase in families, reaching 63.5%.



Opportunities for development were given to 51% of the membership through leadership activities.

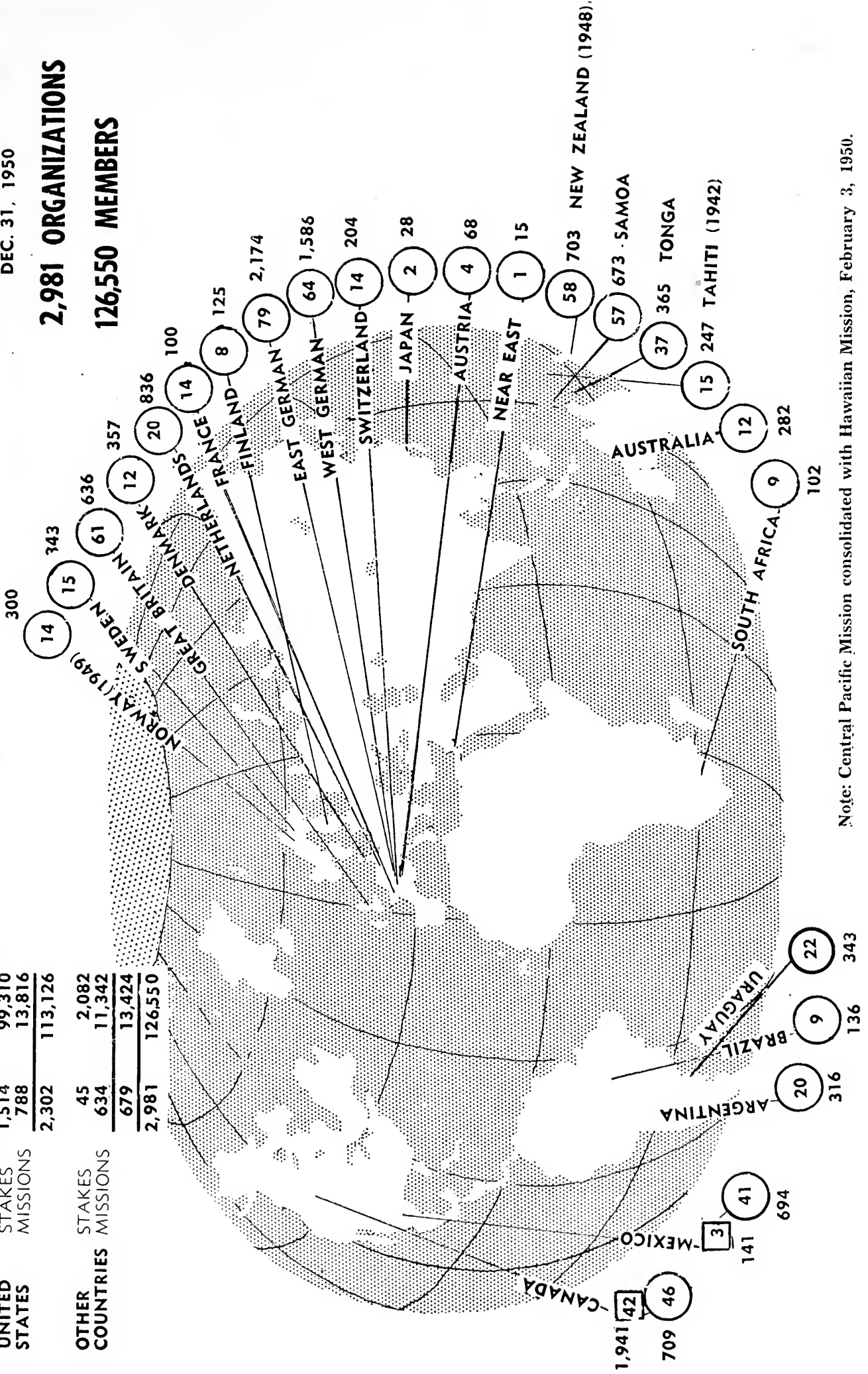
DEC. 31, 1950

2,981 ORGANIZATIONS

126,550 MEMBERS

UNITED STATES	ORGANIZATIONS	MEMBERS
STAKES	1,514	99,310
MISSIONS	788	13,816
	2,302	113,126

OTHER COUNTRIES	STAKES	MEMBERS
	45	2,082
	634	11,342
	679	13,424
	2,981	126,550



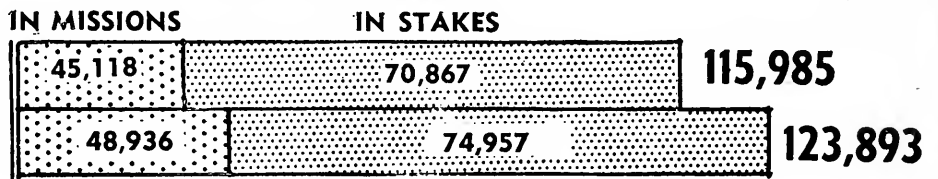
Note: Central Pacific Mission consolidated with Hawaiian Mission, February 3, 1950.

meetings & attendance

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0



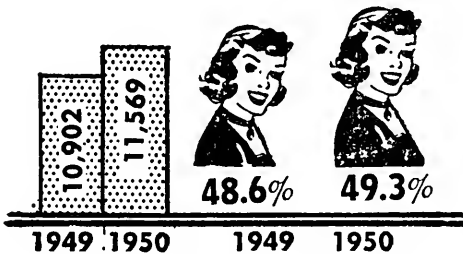
TOTAL MEETINGS HELD



IN STAKES

MEETINGS HELD

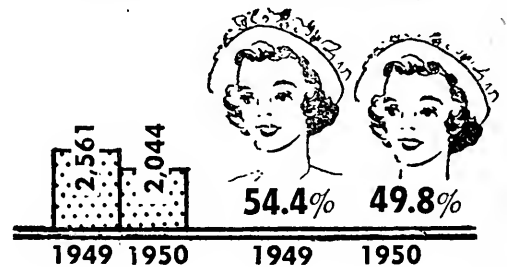
AVERAGE ATTENDANCE



IN MISSIONS

MEETINGS HELD

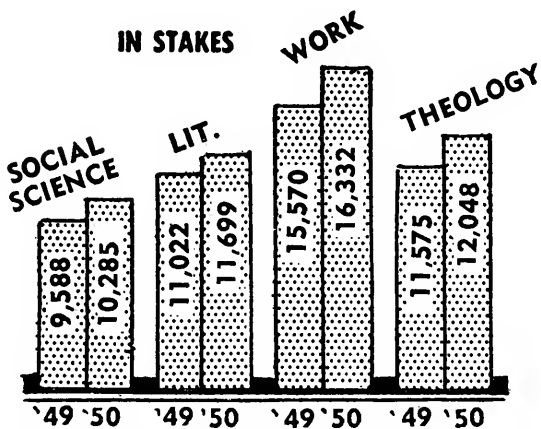
AVERAGE ATTENDANCE



VISITING TEACHER MEETINGS

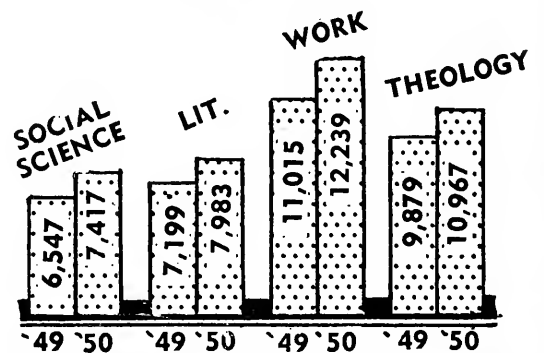
The percentage of average attendance at visiting teacher meetings, which increased slightly in the stakes and decreased in the missions, indicates need for greater stimulation in this activity.

IN STAKES



AVERAGE ATTENDANCE 1949 - 30.16%
1950 - 31.68%

IN MISSIONS



AVERAGE ATTENDANCE 1949 - 41.78%
1950 - 43.39%

REGULAR MEETINGS

ALL OTHER MEETINGS

IN STAKES

1949	12,210
1950	13,024

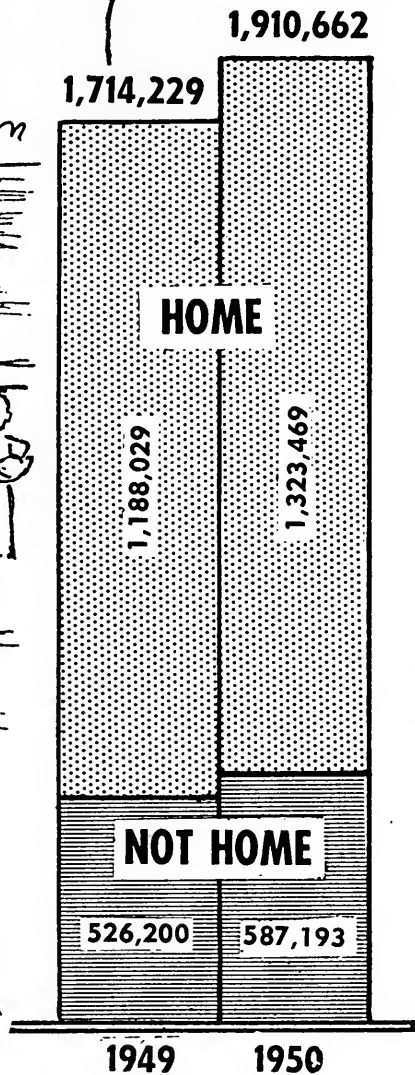
IN MISSIONS

1949	7,917
1950	8,286

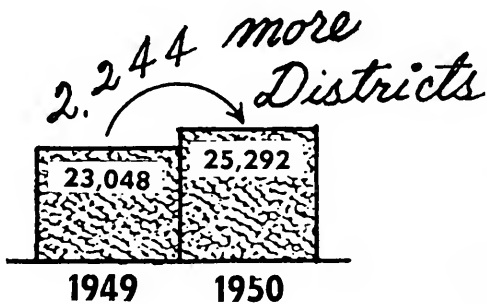
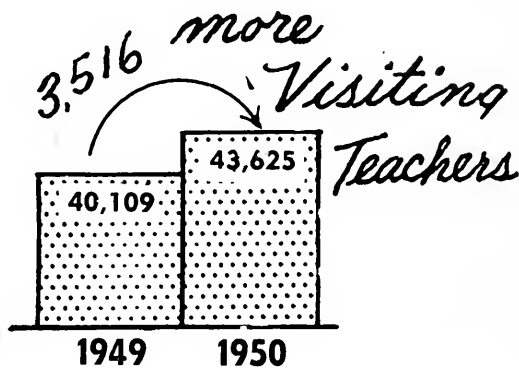
Visiting Teaching Service

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0

196,433 more Visits to L.D.S. Families



EACH L.D.S. HOME SHOULD BE VISITED BY R. S. ONCE A MONTH OR 12 TIMES A YEAR.



AVERAGE NUMBER OF VISITS TO EACH L.D.S. FAMILY

1949 **6.97**
1950 **7.25**



COMMUNICATIONS IN LIEU OF VISITS

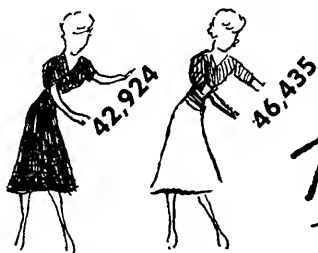
1949 - 31,262
1950 - 31,528

Educational Service

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0

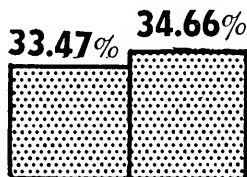
TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

1949 1950

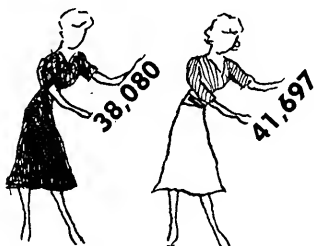
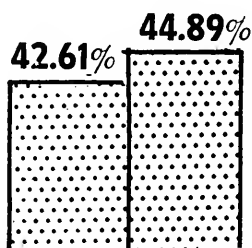


Theology

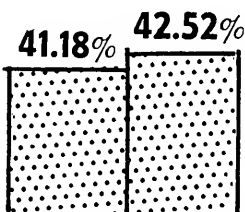
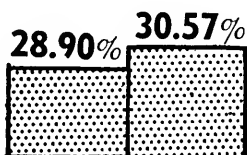
IN STAKES
1949 1950



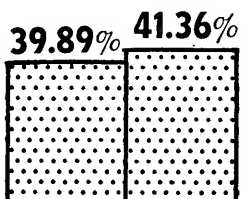
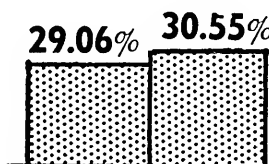
IN MISSIONS
1949 1950



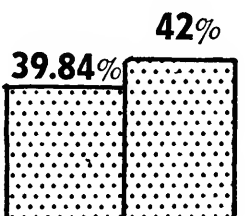
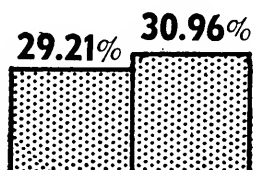
Work



Literature



Social Science



The increase in average attendance, while less than 2%, is heartening evidence that more women are receiving the benefits of the educational program. Theology continues to be the most popular course.

TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

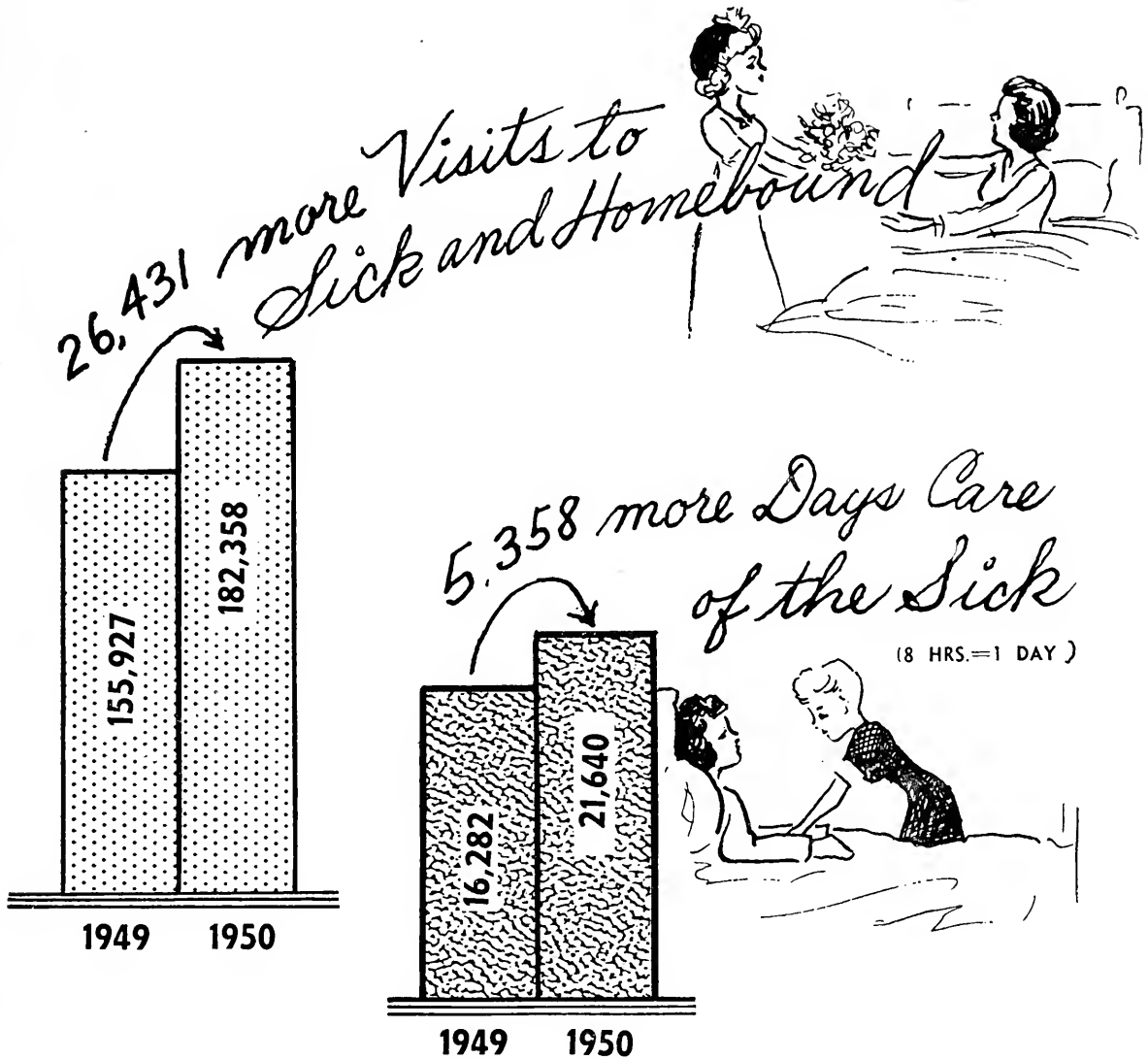


1950
34%
43,045



Compassionate Service

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0



A substantial increase in the visits to the sick and homebound and in days care of the sick indicates greater awareness of our responsibility to alleviate human suffering.

	1949	1950
NUMBER OF FUNERALS AT WHICH R. S. ASSISTED	5,383	5,449
DRESSING ONLY FOR BURIAL	565	619
COMPLETE PREPARATION FOR BURIAL	64	65

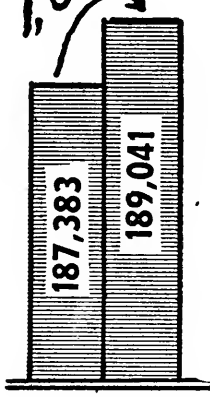
Sewing Service

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0

94,850 more Hours of Sewing



1,658 more Articles Completed

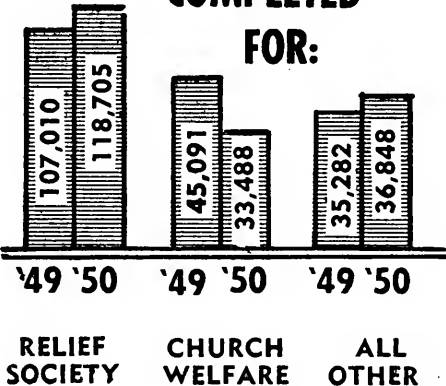


*in 1950 only
29.2% of the P.S.
Members participated**

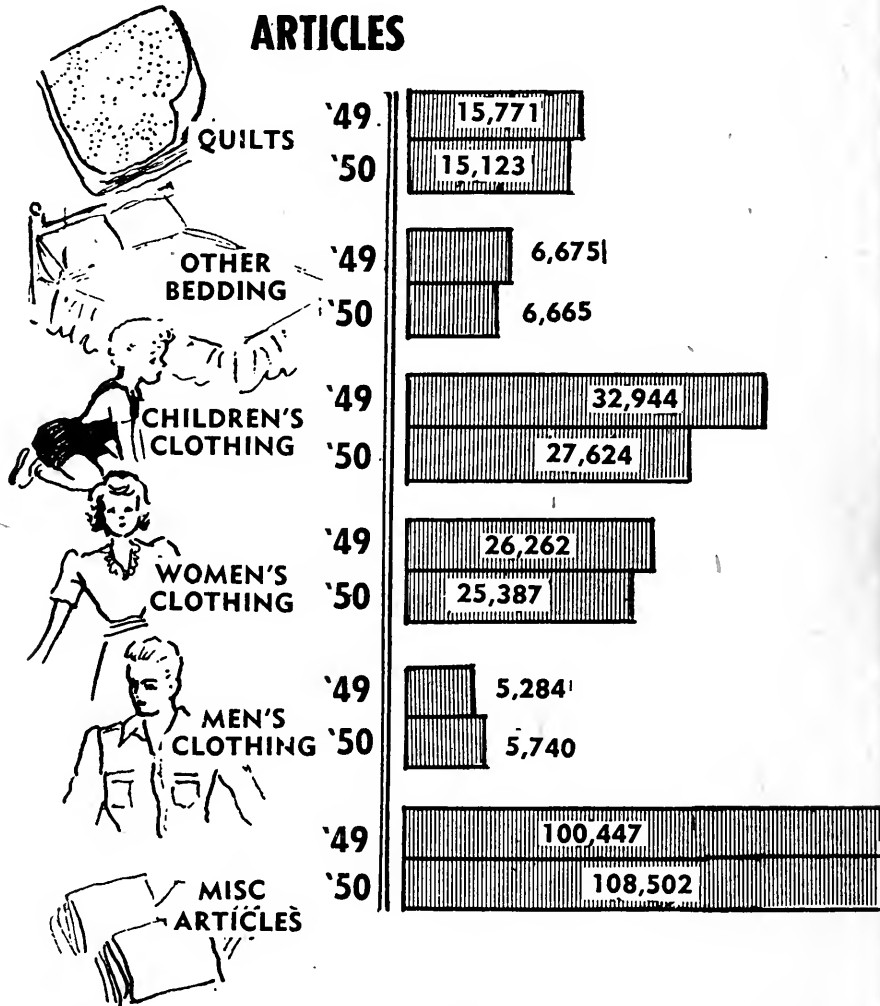
1949 1950

The large increase in the number of hours of sewing in proportion to the slight increase in the number of articles completed, indicates that more time and effort were required for the work. The reduced Welfare sewing budget accounts for the general decrease in all types of budget sewing except men's clothing which was increased in the assignment. Most of the miscellaneous articles were made for sale at bazaars.

ARTICLES COMPLETED FOR:



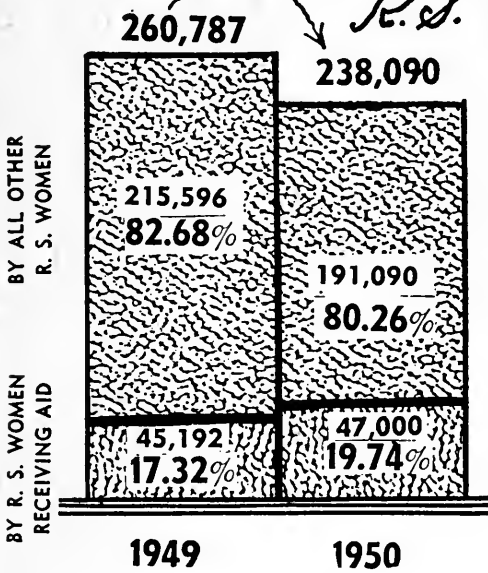
ARTICLES



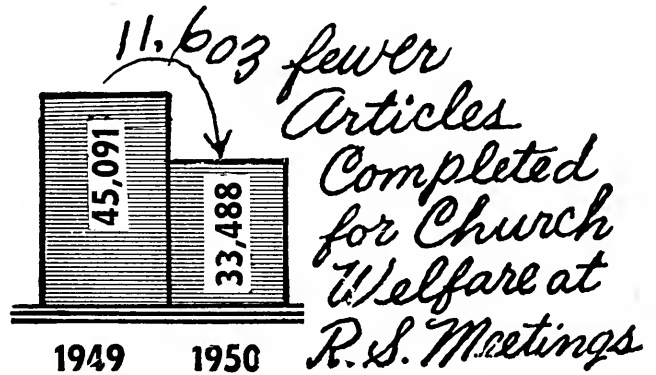
Church Welfare Service

A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0

22,697 fewer Hours of Service by R.S. Women for Church Welfare (not at R.S. Meeting)



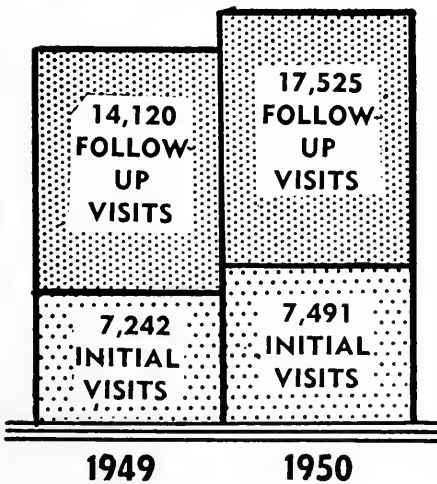
The number of hours of service on Church Welfare projects decreased due to fewer calls for service by women. The number of completed articles of sewing decreased due to reduced budget assignments. The increased hours of service contributed by Relief Society women receiving aid is noteworthy.



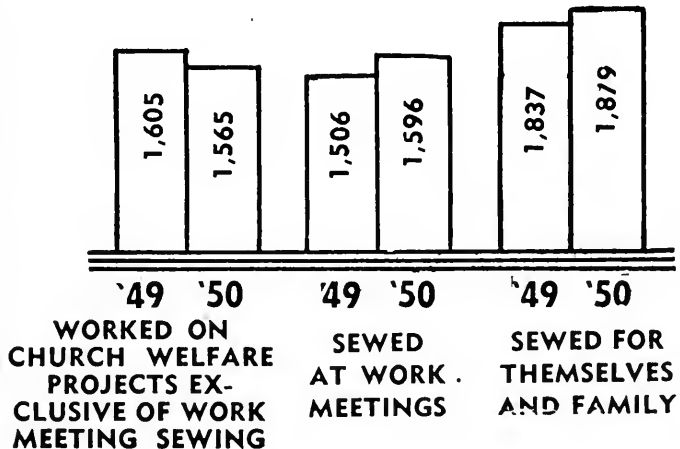
FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE

The increase in the number of women receiving aid who worked on Church Welfare projects, who sewed for themselves, and at work meetings, indicates progress toward attaining the Church Welfare goal—to earn what one receives. A larger increase in the number of follow-up visits in proportion to the increased number of initial visits indicates a growing sense of responsibility in ministering to the needy.

VISITS TO FAMILIES



NUMBER OF WOMEN VISITED WHO:



financial report

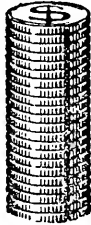
A N N U A L R E P O R T 1 9 5 0

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

\$2,824,017.11

Total Assets

\$ 676,496.63
CASH BALANCE
JAN. 1 1950



\$ 860,583.43
CASH RECEIPTS



\$ 422,912.22
WHEAT FUND



\$ 114,929.62
WAR. BONDS



\$116,504.94
REAL ESTATE



\$ 508,010.48
FURNITURE



\$ 124,579.79
OTHER ASSETS



\$825,625.39
Total Liabilities

OPERATING EXPENSES

\$ 1,352.72
ACCOUNTS PAYABLE



\$824,272.67
CASH DISBURSEMENTS



\$1,998,391.72
Balance Net Assets



The total amount of the Building Fund held in trust by the general board as of December 31, 1950 was \$569,654.58, representing contributions of \$561,713.82, interest for the four-year period of \$6,743.76, and sales of \$1,197.00 from the book "Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?".

Comparative Financial and Statistical Data 1949-1950

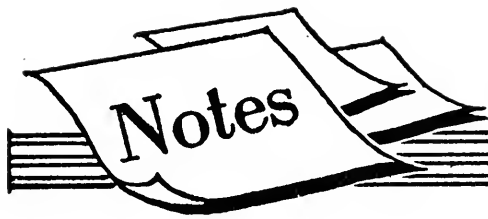
		1950	1949	Changes 1949 to 1950	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
ORGANI- ZATIONS	STAKES AND MISSIONS, TOTAL	221	215	+6	+2.79
	Stakes	180	174	+6	+3.44
	Missions	41	41	—	—
	Local	2,981	2,838	+143	+5.04
	Wards in Stakes	1,559	1,500	+59	+3.93
	Branches in Missions	1,422	1,338	+84	+6.28
MEMBERS	Membership, Total	126,550	121,910	+4,640	+3.80
	Stakes	101,392	98,751	+2,641	+2.67
	Missions	25,158	23,159	+1,999	+8.63
	General Officers and Board Members	24	23	+1	+4.34
	Stake Officers and Board Members	2,091	2,002	+89	+4.44
	Mission Presidents and Other Officers	488	397	+91	+22.92
	Ward and Branch Executive Officers	11,189	10,701	+488	4.56
	Other Officers	5,033	4,971	+62	+1.25
	Class Leaders	10,018	9,118	+900	+9.87
	Visiting Teachers	43,625	40,109	+3,516	+8.76
	All Other Members	54,082	54,589	-507	-.93
L.D.S. FAMILIES	L.D.S. Families, Total	263,494	245,971	+17,523	+7.12
	In Stakes	223,909	207,965	+15,944	+7.66
	In Missions	39,585	38,006	+1,579	+4.15
MEETINGS AND ATTENDANCE	MEETINGS HELD, TOTAL	127,846	119,596	+8,250	+6.90
	General Board Meetings	32	34	-2	-5.88
	In Wards and Branches	123,893	115,985	+7,908	+6.81
	Regular Ward Meetings for Members	88,970	82,395	+6,575	+7.98
	March Sunday Night Meetings	7,021	6,186	+835	+13.50
	Visiting Teachers Meetings	13,613	13,463	+150	+1.11
	Ward Preparation Meetings	10,404	10,160	+244	+2.40
	Ward Conferences	2,469	2,443	+26	+1.06
	Ward Conference Preliminary Meetings	1,416	1,338	+78	+5.83
	In Stakes and Missions	3,921	3,577	+344	+9.61
	Stake and Mission Dist. Board Meetings	2,311	2,125	+186	+8.75
	Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Mtgs.	1,610	1,452	+158	+10.88
	VISITS TO WARDS AND BRANCHES BY STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS	16,636	14,623	+2,013	+13.76
	To Wards by Stake Officers	12,644	11,328	+1,316	+11.62
	To Branches by Mission and District Officers	3,992	3,295	+697	+21.15
	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS For Members	43,045	39,464	+3,581	+9.07
	In Stakes	32,128	29,788	2,340	+7.85
	In Missions	10,917	9,676	+1,241	+12.82
	PER CENT OF MEMBERS REPRESENTED BY AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGU- LAR MEETINGS	34.01	32.37	+1.64	—
	In Stakes	31.68	30.16	+1.52	—
	In Missions	43.39	41.78	+1.61	—
ACTIVITIES	VISITING TEACHING:				
	Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	25,292	23,048	+2,244	+9.73
	Family Visits, Total	1,910,662	1,714,229	+196,433	+11.45
	Home	1,323,469	1,188,029	+135,440	+11.40
	Not Home	587,193	526,200	+60,993	+11.59
	Per Cent at Home	69.26	69.30	-.04	—
	No. Communications in lieu of Visits	31,528	31,262	+266	+85
	EDUCATIONAL SERVICE				
	Average Attendance at Relief Society				
	Theology	46,435	42,924	+3,511	+8.18
	Work (Sewing)	41,697	38,080	+3,617	+9.50
	Literature	41,381	37,943	+3,438	+9.06
	Social Science	41,963	38,077	+3,886	+10.20
	SEWING SERVICE AT MEETINGS:				
	Average No. of Women Sewing Monthly	37,014	35,627	+1,387	+3.89

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA 1949-50 (Continued)

	1950	1949	Changes 1949 to 1950	
	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
ACTIVITIES (Continued)				
Number of Hours Given in Sewing	1,249,613	1,154,763	+94,850	+8.21
Articles Completed	189,041	187,383	+1,658	+.88
For Relief Society	118,705	107,010	+11,695	+10.93
For Church Welfare	33,488	45,091	-11,603	-25.73
For All Others	36,848	35,282	+1,566	+4.44
Kind of Articles				
Quilts	15,123	15,771	-648	-4.11
Other Bedding	6,665	6,675	-10	-.15
Children's Clothing	27,624	32,944	-5,320	-16.15
Women's Clothing	25,387	26,262	-875	-3.33
Men's Clothing	5,740	5,284	+456	+8.63
Other (Miscellaneous)	108,502	100,447	+8,055	+8.02
COMPASSIONATE SERVICES:				
Visits to Sick and Homebound	182,358	155,927	+26,431	+16.95
Number of Days Care of Sick	21,640	16,282	+5,358	+32.91
Bodies Prepared for Burial	684	629	+55	+8.74
Complete Preparation	65	64	+1	+1.56
Dressing Only	619	565	+54	+9.56
No. Funerals at Which R. S. Assisted	5,449	5,383	+66	+1.23
CHURCH WELFARE SERVICES (In addition to 33,488 Articles Completed at Relief Society Work Meetings)				
Hours Church Welfare Projects	238,090	260,787	-22,697	-8.70
By Women Receiving Aid	47,000	45,191	+1,809	+4.00
By All Other Relief Society Women	191,090	215,596	-24,506	-11.36
FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE:				
Number of Initial Family Visits Under Direction of Bishop	7,491	7,242	+249	+3.44
Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	17,525	14,120	+3,405	+24.11
Number Visited Who gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	1,565	1,605	-40	-2.49
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	1,596	1,506	+90	+5.97
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	1,879	1,837	+42	+2.28
Number of Wards with List of Nurses	1,095	988	+107	+10.83
MAGAZINE Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	92,281½	83,444½	8,837	+10.59
FINANCES				
Cash Receipts	\$860,583.43	\$806,685.99	\$+53,897.44	+6.68
Cash Disbursements	824,272.67	755,660.84	+68,611.83	+9.08
Net Assets	1,998,391.72	1,927,172.76	+71,218.96	+3.69

M e m b e r s h i p 1 9 5 0

MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1, 1950	121,910
INCREASE	
Admitted to Membership	20,430
DECREASE	
Removed, Resigned, or Died	15,790
NET INCREASE	4,640
MEMBERSHIP DECEMBER 31, 1950	126,550



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Agnes Sorenson

NEVADA STAKE, RUTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR April 26, 1951

Left to right: Second Counselor Vera Rushton; First Counselor Grace Douglas; President Agnes Sorenson; work meeting leader Ida May Probert.

The photograph represents only a small part of the many beautiful articles displayed and sold at this bazaar. A food and candy sale was held at the same time. The project was very successful in a monetary sense, as well as demonstrating the fine co-operation of Relief Society women.

Marietta Call is president of Nevada Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mary L. Henrie

**DESERET STAKE (UTAH), DESERET WARD VISITING TEACHERS
ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS**

Front row, seated, left to right: Lucy Cahoon; Zada Dewsnup; Stella Black; Eliza Cropper; Hattie Cahoon; Myrtle Western, visiting teacher message leader.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mabel Theobald; Mable Black; Bernell Baker; Josephine Cahoon; Bessie Webb; Inga Black; Alice Webb; Maesa Cropper; Lucille Hales; Aletha Dewsnup; Ruth Dewsnup; Blanche Jensen; Ethel Western; Zella Moody. Myrle C. Bennett is president of Deseret Ward Relief Society.

Mary L. Henrie is president of Deseret Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Drusilla B. Newman

**RIVERSIDE STAKE (UTAH), TWENTY-NINTH WARD HONORS FORMER
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS, March, 1950**

Left to right: Elizabeth Madsen; Sarah J. Harman; Mary H. Dunlop; Clare Smith; Christine H. Barker; Pearl L. Putnam; Drusilla B. Newman; Esther K. Nelson, present president.

The ward Relief Society was organized in 1902, with Sister Sophia Jane McKean (now deceased) as the first president. All other former presidents attended the social honoring them for their many years of faithful service.

Drusilla B. Newman is president of Riverside Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ruby G. Choate

EAST LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS WHO
PRESENTED THE MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE,
April 22, 1951

Stake chorister LaPriel Wilson stands at the right, center row; stake organist Gertrude Black, second from the right; Ruby G. Choate, former stake Relief Society president, fourth from the left on the first row; Oral Hales, stake social science leader, fifth from the left, center row.

Genevieve L. Anderson is the newly appointed president of East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Edna H. Matheson

EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, LOUISVILLE (KENTUCKY) BRANCH
RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS HOOKED RUGS PROJECT

Front row, left to right: Eva Sidous; Secretary-Treasurer Elma Burton; First Counselor Halijean Leigh; President Vanice McCracken; Edna H. Matheson, President, East Central States Mission Relief Society; Blanche Nettle; Asa Mae Dow; Claudine Belt.

Second row, left to right: Laverna Erwin; Marie Johnson; Alice Erwin; LaVern Reasor; Wonda Reasor.

These Relief Society women are shown with the hooked rugs they are making for use in the Relief Society room of the new chapel soon to be built. The rugs are made from all-wool materials woven onto burlap backing. Each woman makes a square, and the squares are then sewed together in a crisscross design to make the completed rugs. Both plaid and plain colors fit into this pattern.



Photograph submitted by Bernice S. Anderson

EAST RIVERSIDE STAKE (UTAH), THIRTY-FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT LUNCHEON, May 29, 1951

Left to right: Janet B. Evans (1917-25); Grace P. Backman (1925-1929); Janet T. Williams (1929-1940); Pearl W. Spear (1940-43); Mary G. Buchanan (1943-1946); Lillian H. Ferguson, present president.

This luncheon commemorated thirty-four years of Relief Society service by these devoted women.

Bernice S. Anderson is president of East Riverside Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Elizabeth Butler

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, THE DALLES (OREGON) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY DINNER, March 1951

Sister Gertrude Bales, District Relief Society President, is seated ninth from the front on the left side of the table, and seated next to Sister Bales is Hazel Clark, President, The Dalles Branch Relief Society.

Elizabeth Butler, Secretary-Treasurer, The Dalles Branch Relief Society, reports that the organization is growing rapidly and there is a feeling of love and friendship among the sisters.

Mavil A. McMurrin is president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ella C. Burton

GREAT LAKES MISSION, CLEVELAND (OHIO) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
CONDUCTS BAZAAR, April 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Second Counselor Clara Price; President Alice Bigelow; First Counselor Phyllis Gillie.

Back row, standing, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Doris Young; Anne Young; Gertrude Nelson; Fay Erickson; Helen Broadbent; Beth Price, District Relief Society President and theology teacher.

Ella C. Burton is president of the Great Lakes Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mima Hainsworth

PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS
FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, May 20, 1951

Mary Smith, stake music leader and organist, stands in the front row at the left of the organ; Vadis Ballantyne, the conductor, stands in the front row, second from the right; Mima C. Hainsworth, President of Portland Stake Relief Society, stands in the front row, ninth from the right.



Photograph submitted by Faymetta S. Prows

MILLARD STAKE (UTAH), PIUTE INDIAN BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS EXHIBIT WELFARE QUILT

Ruth Levi and Elouise Pickynitt are seen holding the quilt, which was beautifully made. Relief Society meetings are held regularly at the Piute reservation, with Helen B. Rogers as president of the organization. Special classes in The Book of Mormon, health, and homemaking are conducted. The Indian sisters are eager to learn. They own a pressure cooker and can fruits and vegetables in season.

Faymetta S. Prows is president of Millard Stake Relief Society.

All Lowly Flowers

Alice Morrey Bailey

They plague the gardener. His sharpened hoes
 Make biting war upon such ancient foes,
 Yet children have no hatred for these weeds.
 A little girl will gather ditch-bank seeds
 For playhouse canning, frost a mud-baked cake
 With whitetop, braid a daisy chain, or make
 Doll furniture of burdock's clinging burrs.
 The dandelion's golden coins are hers.

A boy will run behind a tumbling thistle,
 Or bruise a willow's bark to make a whistle,
 Or ride a prancing horse of birch. His cows
 Are green-furred milkweed pods. He mourns when plows
 Tear up the morning glory's twisted thatch,
 Or topple low a blazing sunflower patch.
 He'll lose a Sherwood Forest's mystic shade
 When greasewood falls beneath his father's blade.

Ignoble parasites and lowly flowers
 Are friends of childhood's long and sun-filled hours.

How to Make Continuous Bias

Eva Ricks

The strip of cloth out of which the bias strips are to be cut should be twice as long as it is wide, folded to the square (or two square pieces laid right sides together can be used). On the wrong side stitch $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in from edge on all raw edges. (See Figure 1.)

Next mark a line from one corner to the opposite corner diagonally. Clip the corners at each end of this line to indicate which side will have been cut. Cut along this line through top layer (only) of the square. (See Figure 2.)

Turn square over and mark a line diagonally from one unclipped corner to the opposite corner. Cut along this line through top layer (only) of the square. (See Figure 3.)

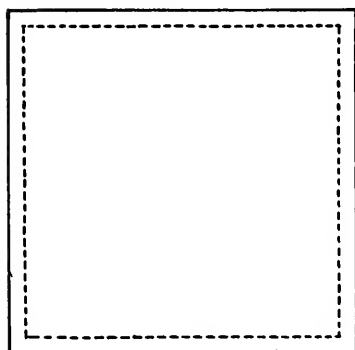


Figure 1

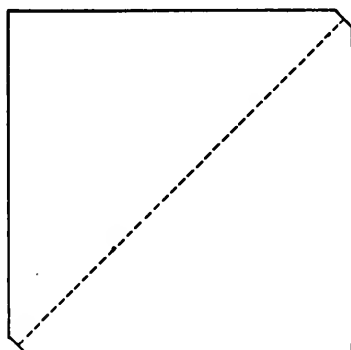


Figure 2

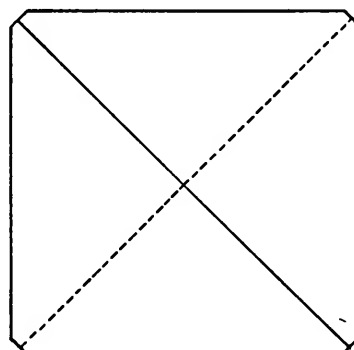


Figure 3

Open up the cloth, and you will have a continuous piece of bias one-half as wide as the original square. Mark along one end spaces the same width you wish your bias strip to be. Make corresponding marks about two-thirds of the way across the material. Draw a line connecting these marks. Cut along these lines through both thicknesses of the material. (See Figure 4.)

Spread out material with uncut part on top and mark from the first line of one cut to the second line of the cut opposite. (This is important, otherwise you will have rings instead of one continuous strip.) Then cut along these lines. (See Figure 5.) Trim ends to proper width.

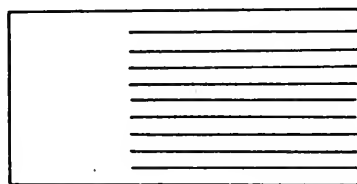


Figure 4

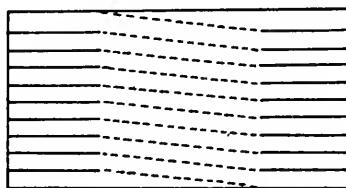


Figure 5



Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 3—The Migration

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Ether, chapters 1-7.)

For Tuesday, December 4, 1951

Objective: To strive to understand and comprehend the kind of faith exemplified by the brother of Jared, and cultivate it in our own lives.

IN the analysis of the structure of The Book of Mormon, given in the first lesson, it was pointed out that Moroni gave us an abridged history of the Jaredite nation, which probably flourished upon this continent from about 2240 B.C. until after the arrival of the Nephites under the leadership of Lehi. A brief account of Coriantumr (of whom it says, speaking of the Jaredite nation "and every soul should be destroyed save it were Coriantumr," Ether 13:21) is given in The Book of Omni by the prophet Amaleki.

And it came to pass in the days of Mosiah, there was a large stone brought unto him with engravings on it; and he did interpret the engravings by the gift and power of God. And they gave an account of one Coriantumr, and the slain of his people. And Coriantumr was discovered by the people of Zarahemla; and he dwelt with them for the space of nine moons. It also spake a few words concerning his fathers. And his first parents came out from the tower, at the time the

Lord confounded the language of the people; and the severity of the Lord fell upon them according to his judgments, which are just; and their bones lay scattered in the land northward (Omni 1:20-22).

Let us now turn our attention to the rise, the decline, and the fall of this mighty nation. A study of Moroni's account of this period of history on the North American Continent, as contained in The Book of Ether, should be a fruitful source of inspiration and knowledge, for Moroni devoted much of his space to an interpretation of the history he records.

Moroni began his history at the time of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, though the twenty-four gold plates contained an account of events back to the creation. The beginning of his narrative is closely articulated with the Biblical narrative of the scattering of the people who were building the tower of Babel.

Concerning this event, Moses wrote, as recorded in the Old Testament:

And this whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth. And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower, which the children of men had builded. And the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do: and now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth (Genesis 11:1-9; see also JOSEPHUS: *Antiquities of the Jews*, Book I, chapter 5).

Moroni, in *The Book of Ether*, gives a historical narrative of one group of these people whom the Lord scattered abroad. The history of their civilization in America, covering a period of at least sixteen hundred years, is incomplete. To recount in detail the history of a nation over such an extended period of time in the restricted space used by Moroni is impossible. Interesting details were necessarily eliminated. Only the highlights were given. Moroni says that he

did not write a hundredth part of what was on the twenty-four gold plates.

Cognizant that we shall have many unanswered questions because of the brevity of the history, let us go forward with Moroni's account. The colony which left the tower of Babel in the Euphrates Valley under the leadership of Jared and his brother, Moriancumer, was small. A census, taken soon after they arrived in the land of promise, gives us our clue to the number of persons involved. Before their death the two brothers, leaders of the colony, called together all the people whom they had brought to the land of promise. They did this for the purpose of taking a census and of learning the desires of the people. The brother of Jared had twenty-two sons and daughters, thus making a family of twenty-four. Jared had four sons and eight daughters, a family total of fourteen. "And the friends of Jared and his brother were in number about twenty and two souls; and they also begat sons and daughters before they came to the promised land; and therefore they began to be many" (Ether 6:16).

These figures indicate that it was not a large group that migrated from the tower of Babel to the promised land. This little colony, however, grew to great numbers.

Perhaps the most prominent member of this small group was Mahonri Moriancumer, known in the record as the brother of Jared. He is described as "a large and mighty man, and a man highly favored of the Lord" (Ether 1:34). That he was a prominent leader is evident from the fact that their

first period of encampment for an extended period of time was named after him. Moreover, it was his son Pagag, who was the first choice of the people for their king after their arrival in the land of promise. There can be no question about the brother of Jared's ability as a great leader.

How highly he was favored of the Lord is indicated by the fact that Jared relied upon him for instructions from the Lord. He was the spiritual adviser to the colony. Again and again in the record, Jared sent his brother to commune with the Lord, in order that they might make wise decisions. "Cry unto the Lord"; "Go and inquire of the Lord"—these are appeals made by Jared to his brother.

The strength of the brother of Jared's position before the Lord is explicitly set forth by Moroni. His faith was strong enough to bring him the glorious privilege of seeing the Lord (Ether 3:6-16). No man ever exercised greater faith in God than did the brother of Jared. Moroni explains that on one occasion he "said unto the mountain Zerin, Remove—and it was removed" (Ether 12:30).

When the brother of Jared presented a problem to the Lord, he knew in his heart that an answer would be forthcoming. There was no doubt. There was no fear concerning the result. He knew as we know that fear and faith cannot walk together. Fear kills faith; faith kills fear.

At a later period of time James gave us a classic exposition of the attitude necessary for effective communion with God. Wrote James:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord (James 1:5-7).

Faith, the brother of Jared's basic characteristic, is exemplified in all the leading activities of his life. He asked the Lord not to confound the tongues of his group and the petition was granted. He requested the Lord's help in directing their journey, and the Lord told him he would meet him in the valley of Nimrod, which was northward, and would guide the little colony "into a land which is choice above all other lands of the earth" (Ether 1:42). And the Lord said:

And there will I bless thee and thy seed, and raise up unto me of thy seed, and of the seed of thy brother, and they who shall go with thee, a great nation. And there shall be none greater than the nation which I will raise up unto me of thy seed, upon all the face of the earth (Ether 1:43).

The brother of Jared was among those choice souls who were chosen in their pre-existent state to accomplish a great mission in this life. Abraham, commenting on the fact that certain men were chosen to head great movements before they were born, wrote:

Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these were many of the noble and great ones; and God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, . . . and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born (Abraham 3:22, 23).

The brother of Jared was one of those great souls who do not find it difficult to exercise implicit faith in the divine Being who upholds and maintains the universe.

We are also told by Moroni of the brother of Jared's greatness in writing when he [Moroni] said to the Lord:

Behold, thou hast not made us mighty in writing like unto the brother of Jared, for thou madest him that the things which he wrote were mighty even as thou art, unto the overpowering of man to read them (Ether 12:24).

To strive to understand and comprehend the kind of faith exemplified by the brother of Jared, to project oneself into his life's activities by reading *The Book of Ether* "with a sincere heart, with real in-

tent, having faith in Christ" will increase our faith and our desire to cultivate within ourselves the qualities that made this man so great.

Suggested Readings

The Book of Genesis from the beginning to chapter 11, verse 9. These chapters relate the history of the world up to the time that the Jaredites left Babel to journey to the promised land.

Questions for Discussion

1. From what two original sources do we learn about the Jaredites?
2. What is the basic characteristic of the brother of Jared? Illustrate.
3. Were the Jaredites the only colony scattered from the tower of Babel?
4. What is one of the requirements of establishing communion with God? Illustrate in the life of the brother of Jared.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 3—"Feast Upon the Words of Christ; for Behold, the Words of Christ Will Tell You All Things What Ye Should Do" (II Nephi 32:3).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 4, 1951

Objective: To emphasize that in the words of our Savior we have the perfect pattern of life.

THE world is indeed sick! We all sadly acknowledge this fact, but do we realize that a cure is within reach of all? Truly, the instructions of our Savior, if followed, would heal all the woes of the world.

Sometimes we see the cure take effect in individual lives. Our missionaries see it many times, and it is marvelous and inspiring to behold. When the import of Christ's

words penetrates deeply into the hearts of men and women, they remold their lives to conform, in a measure, to this pattern.

We are not left alone, in this mortal state, to search blindly for the right. There is no lack of instruction, for we have been given ample guidance by our Savior. The words of Christ are a perfect guide to the abundant life. And so it is

not for lack of counsel that man is bowed down with sorrow and misery, but rather because of his waywardness, his perverseness, and disobedience to Christ's counsel.

Typical of his words are these:

And why beholdest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? (Matt. 7:3).

Behold I am the law, and the light. Look unto me, and endure to the end, and ye shall live; for unto him that endureth to the end will I give eternal life. Behold I have given unto you the commandments; therefore keep my commandments (3 Nephi 15:9).

It was Nephi who said, "Feast upon the words of Christ." The word "feast" is a very expressive word. It implies that we relish his words, that we partake of them with eagerness and with joy. The attitude in which we approach and ponder his words is also very important, for it determines how deep-

ly his words will sink into our hearts, how persistently we will carry them out. If we feast upon his words we will go to them time and time again; we will digest them thoroughly; we will linger over them; we will accept them with open hearts and contrite spirits. And by the spirit of the Holy Ghost says Nephi, we may understand his words.

We have all that is necessary to bring peace and tranquility to the world. We have the knowledge out of which we can make eternal happiness. But the possession of this knowledge alone cannot give us the happiness we desire. Only when that knowledge has application in our lives does it bring the desired result.

During the approaching Christmas season and throughout the new year, we can do nothing which will more appropriately honor our Savior, than feasting upon his words and obeying them.

Work Meeting—Sewing

THE ART OF MENDING

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

Lesson 3—Strengthening Ready-Mades

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, December 11, 1951

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

WHEN clothes are purchased ready-made from the stores, there are sometimes weak spots in their make-up. For one reason or another they are not always as care-

fully constructed as they might be.

Very often there is much that can be done very easily to add to their appearance and wearability. It is wise to check over clothes and

household textiles before using them to see if there are places that need strengthening. A few well-placed stitches can save much patching later on and help you get the most out of what you buy.

Sometimes inexpensive garments are made of attractive and good materials, but the construction is inferior. Check over the stitching to determine whether or not it is even and strong. Rip out and replace any broken, drawn, or crooked stitching. Where seams are too narrow to be secure, stitch them a bit deeper, so they will hold. If the material shows a tendency to fray, finish the edges of seams by overcasting or turning under and stitching them.

Hems are another vulnerable spot on ready-to-wear clothes. As a rule they are loosely sewed and insecure. In such cases re-hem with firm stitches and good thread, thus avoiding the possibility of being embarrassed by a drooping hem.

Finish off all dangling threads securely, either by tying them or threading them into a needle and fastening them with a few stitches. After this is done cut them off close to the cloth.

Check all bindings, making sure that all bound edges are made to hold. If the binding is sewed too close to the edge, rip it and move the binding in a little deeper, then restitch. This may save a big mending job later.

Nothing is more annoying than a pocket corner torn away from the dress or to have the dress, too, torn. It happens frequently, even on well-made garments. Strengthen all pocket corners to keep them from

tearing. Dress and apron pockets and those on children's clothes must be more sturdy. Lay a piece of tape on the underside and stitch it in with the corners.

Rework weak buttonholes with a buttonhole stitch. Resew loose buttons with a strong thread, to make sure that one or more won't come loose and be lost. Resew snaps or hooks and eyes neatly and securely. Use thread that matches the material both in color and weight. Use silk thread for light-weight rayons and silks. Otherwise use heavy-duty mercerized thread. Too heavy thread will tear cloth.

When knitted garments are purchased, it is wise to check all seam lines for reinforcement. On shoulder lines, at the back of the neck, on curved underarm seams, and back skirt seams sew seam tape for added strength. Merely lay the tape along the seam line and sew it in with the seam stitching.

It is wise to check over household linens before they are put into service. A few well-placed stitches can stretch out their usefulness many times. Machine stitch or overhand the open ends of hems on sheets and bath towels to give them added strength.

Reinforcing the edges of terry towels is another job that pays dividends in added service. When they do not have hems or selvages, strengthen the sides with a row or two of machine stitching.

These are but a few of the precautions that may be taken to add life to ready-made articles that are commonly purchased. In an exchange of ideas among homemakers many more may be added.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 19—Two Other Pre-Romantic Poets: Thomas Gray and William Cowper

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 18, 1951

Thomas Gray (1716-1771)

THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716 to a poor father who neglected him, and to a mother who kept shop that he might have the education of a gentleman's son. At Eton and Cambridge he was steeped in the classics, which he loved throughout his life. Here he began lifelong friendships with other cultivated youths, such as Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, with whom he made an extended tour of the Continent in 1739-41. Upon his return, Gray continued perfecting himself as a scholar at Cambridge, and published occasional verses which revealed how completely he was in accord with the teachings of Pope and the neo-classical school. After six years of exacting revision and polishing, he published his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," his best work, and the most famous pre-romantic poem of the century. His later poems, notably "The Bard" and "The Fatal Sisters," reveal a strong interest in the ancient myths and legends of Ireland, Wales, and Scandinavia.

Throughout his lifetime, Gray dabbled in verse as a cultivated hobby, in much the same spirit as he wrote an immense volume of letters to his friends. His real concern was to prepare himself to teach at Cambridge, where he lived



THOMAS GRAY

throughout his mature years. Thus it was that Gray was one of the best-read of English poets, having read thoroughly in the literatures of Greece and Rome, the great English writers, and Nordic legend and history. Since he was an extremely shy man who never married and had but few acquaintances, it is but natural that much of his world of reality was contained in books and a sense of the past. In training and environment his life was one of cultivation, studied care, and classical discipline, all of which served to bind him to the neo-classical

school of thought. Finally, after the long years of such preparation, he was granted a Cambridge professorship. He had held the post for only a few years when he was advised to travel for the sake of his health, which had always been delicate, but it was of no avail. He died in 1771 at the age of fifty-five and was buried next his mother in the churchyard of Stokes Poges, doubtless the scene of his "Elegy."

One might well wonder how, with such training, friends, and a classically disciplined taste, Gray could ever be classed as a romantic. After a careful reading of his "Sonnet on the Death of Richard West" which begins

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden
fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant
join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green
attire . . .
(text, page 49)

it seems incredible that, with his rigid form, such classical allusions as Phoebus rather than sun, and so unfeeling and artificial a line as the third, Gray could ever exhibit the unrestrained emotion commonly associated with romanticism.

The truth is that, while exactness of form and word remained paramount to Gray throughout his life, the tone of his work became increasingly romantic. In 1742, the same year in which the above sonnet was written, Gray also wrote "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," which from its first lines

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,

Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade . . .
(text, page 48)

appears and sounds rigidly classical. Yet the poem proceeds to contrast the happy student surrounded by benevolent nature with his inevitable future sufferings caused by man's worldly passions.

Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human Fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!
(text, page 48, lines 55-60)

Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.
(text, page 49, lines 95-100)

In his letters, too, we find attitudes characteristic of the growing romantic movement. In a letter from Turin, Italy, in 1739, he is enthralled by the grandeur of nature, an emotion most rare at so early a date. He writes that

I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry.
(text, page 1, line 20 ff.)

The letter following explains his minute interest in ancient Roman ruins at the base of Vesuvius, while the final letter (page 64) tells of the accumulating evidence which should cause him to believe that Macpherson really was the author of *Ossian*, and yet how he cannot help believing that *Ossian* is actually

the work of some noble bard of ancient Scotland (see text, page 7). Of his own attempts at ancient Nordic poetry, he says, "I am gone mad about them" (page 65). That his madness is conveyed to the poems themselves is everywhere evident in "The Bard" (page 55) and "The Fatal Sisters" (page 58), in which romantic scenery, vivid dramatic action and tone, and gruesome horror comprise the essence.

Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" has successfully created within itself the universal concern with death: how death wastes with lavish hand whatever talent or future the ordinary man might have had, and consigns him to remain unsung among mortals, and soon forgotten. While the poem's flawless phrasing and unbroken harmony of tone and form have made its memorable lines some of the most quotable in the language, it is the mood of haunting melancholy, and the tender concern for the common man living the simple life next to nature that give emotional body and weight to Gray's carefully studied art of expression. Like Collins, his solemn mood of shadows and dusk is created and sustained by skilled use of word-sound:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and
to me.
(text, page 50, lines 1-4).

In pointing out what might have been, in contrast to the very real triumph of death, Gray uses a gentle but piercing irony which serves to

ennoble man as he bows beneath his common fate.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.
(text, page 51, lines 45-48, 53-56)

Again in the epitaph Gray immortalizes the dignity and resignation of men as they accept the finality of death. Thus, while in form and finish Gray's *Elegy* reveals his rigid classical discipline, its melancholy concern with nature, death, and the unsung virtues of the common man give it eminent place in the pre-romantic movement.

William Cowper (1731-1800) (Pronounced Cooper)

"God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." True as this statement might be of events and people, these words from one of the best-known Methodist hymns apply to the life of their author as well. Plagued by a recurring insanity which engulfed him at least four times during the last forty-five years of his life, Cowper became one of the greatest of English hymn-writers, a writer of letters which have become famous as a revelation of a frank, tortured soul, and a pre-romantic poet who during the last two decades of the eighteenth century enjoyed a wide following.

Cowper was never very close to his father, a country minister, but though his mother died when Cowper was six years old, she influenced him so profoundly that she became one of the guiding forces of his life. An extremely delicate, sensitive child, Cowper feared his bullying classmates and most everyone else. He was a distinguished scholar, and was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. A quiet government position was offered him, but when he discovered that he must take a competitive examination, he worried himself into his first attack of insanity.

Upon his release two years later, Cowper was taken in by the Unwins, a rural clergyman and wife. After her husband's death, Mrs. Unwin became Cowper's greatest friend, and encouraged him to write during his long years of seclusion in the country. At one time they considered marriage, but Cowper's illness recurred. Soon after her death in 1796 Cowper became permanently insane and died four years later.

Even though Cowper's insanity was aggravated by his horrifying conviction that he had somehow committed the unpardonable sin, his devout religious belief was the keystone of his life. Despair, or resentment, or a desire for pity, seem farthest from his heart; instead we find in Cowper a humane kindness, a gentle, constant gratitude for those who have brought him love and kindness, as well as a concern about all injustice and cruelty. His steady sincerity is also apparent in his praise of the rural virtues, and in the healing influence he feels while



WILLIAM COWPER

performing daily, simple tasks in the presence of nature. With an inner serenity that is pure in its innocence, and yet tinged by the tragedy of an unknown tomorrow, Cowper asked only that he might be able to relinquish the city's temptations of glitter and wealth to allow his worship of God to reign supreme:

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

("Walking with God," page 75,
verses 5 and 6)

Cowper is not one of our greatest writers, but in his poems we come to know a sweet spirit whom we can love, even as he loved others. His descriptions of nature ("The Task," pp. 76-77) are nostalgic, sincere, and

mellowed; his condemnation of London as a modern Babylon, his indignation at a world which practices slavery rather than brotherhood, accurately voice the growing romantic indignation at these evils, but the fire and scope of a great imaginative mind are not here. However, the final excerpt from "The Task," beginning

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
 Long since; with many an arrow deep
 infixed
 My panting side was charged, when I
 withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant
 shades. . . .
 (text, from Book III, "The Garden,"
 page 79)

contains somewhat of the personal note which enriches the remaining selections in our text, particularly "The Castaway" (page 82), which makes a genuinely powerful comparison between Cowper's own uncontains somewhat of the personal selections in our text, particularly he knows he can never be rescued.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatched from all effectual aid,

We perished, each alone:
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.
 (text, page 83, lines 61-65)

The tragedy and mystery of life are strong in Cowper; his own bewilderment at life's illogical offering, in turn, bewilders us. But even more we remember him for the more characteristic serenity he achieved amid the tranquil beauties of nature; his condemnation of the growing evils stemming from city and factory; and the all-encompassing love he felt for God and those near him during his troubled existence.

Note to Class Leaders

It is suggested that one or two hymns of Cowper's might be selected as songs for the meeting, such as "God Moves in a Mysterious Way."

Questions for Discussion

1. How is Gray's classical training revealed in his writings?
2. Discuss some of the romantic elements of his "Elegy." Why has it enjoyed so universal a popularity?
3. Why is Cowper considered a pre-romantic poet?
4. How do his writings reveal his awareness of his insanity?

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 11—Increased Proficiency in Conducting and Hymn Singing

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Objective: To improve hymn singing through more effective conducting.

"The best days of the church have always been its singing days" (Cuyler).

The Four-four (4/4) Baton Pattern

(a) Learn and practice the 4/4 baton pattern in the textbook, page 11.

(b) There are two accents in this rhythm, beats one and three. Beat one is strong and decisive; beat three is weak

and about half as strong as beat one.

(c) All even rhythms in which the upper figure is 4 are conducted with the 4/4 baton pattern, such as: 4/1, 4/2, 4/4, 4/8, 4/16, or, when this rhythm is represented with a large letter C. If the C appears with a vertical line drawn through it, and there are four half notes in a measure, or their equivalent, it is called long Alle Breve rhythm and is conducted with the same 4/4 pattern.

(d) Practice this rhythm in large (maximum), medium (ordinary), and small (minimum) patterns.

1. The baton pattern retains its original characteristic shape whether or not it is used in large, medium, or small size.

2. Use the large pattern when conducting a chorus or congregation of considerable size singing in full volume. Hymns like the following require this pattern:

"Onward Christian Soldiers," starts with beat one (down beat).

"The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning," starts with beat four (up beat).

To make the large pattern use the arm fully.

3. Apply the medium pattern to songs that are to be sung in moderate volume, such as the following:

"There Is Beauty All Around," starts with beat one (down beat).

"Redeemer of Israel," starts with beat four (up beat).

For the medium pattern use the forearm.

4. Conduct with the small pattern songs, or parts of songs, that are to be sung with minimum volume. Examples:

"Hushed Was the Evening Hymn," (New) Hymns, starts with beat one (down beat).

"We Ever Pray for Thee," starts with beat one (down beat).

For the small pattern use the forearm closer to the body with gentle motions of the baton, or, use the wrist with slight gestures.

5. The large, medium, and small patterns are frequently used interchangeably

in a composition according to the necessary gradation of volume, or in keeping with the character of the musical selection. Examples:

"Glory to God in the Highest," (New) Hymns.

"I Know That My Redeemer Lives."

6. In an art song, particularly, the conductor must constantly make changes in the volume to produce the desired effects in interpretation. Therefore, the three sizes of the pattern may be used alternately in one composition.

(e) Practice the 4/4 baton pattern in hymns of your own choice, applying the large, medium, and small baton patterns.

(1) Observe the natural accents of the rhythm.

(2) Conduct gracefully and with meaning.

The point of the baton should lead in making all of the baton patterns.

(f) The characteristic qualities of the 4/4 rhythm are: majestic, dynamic, motivating, devotional. Examples are:

"Arise, O Glorious Zion"

"Oh Beautiful for Spacious Skies"

"The Hallelujah Chorus"

"Worthy Is the Lamb"

(The last two numbers from the oratorio *The Messiah*, by Handel).

The conductor should avoid pressing any part of the arm against the body when conducting. The arm should be relaxed and pliable, and the elbows should not be extended upward or outward unnecessarily.

Expression in Hymn Singing

(a) It will be noted that the hymns regularly appear without expression marks. In most instances just the tempos are indicated. While it is recognized that the hymn is to be sung as a free vocal expression of the congregation and that, primarily, it is not to be considered as an art song; nevertheless, it is essential that the full intent of the word message shall be expressed. This makes it necessary for the conductor to assume the responsibility of choosing and suggesting the needed expressions. However, cau-

tion should be exercised in the liberties thus taken.

(b) The words of the text generally suggest how they should be expressed.

(c) Hymns in which it has become traditional to make variations are:

“America” (fourth stanza)
 “The Lord Is My Shepherd”
 “Come Unto Jesus”

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Describe the 4/4 baton pattern.
2. Discuss the necessity of the three types.
3. What are the characteristics of 4/4 rhythm?
4. How may hymn singing be improved?

A Good Recipe for Work Meeting Luncheons

MACARONI LOAF

Christine Eaton

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 c. elbow macaroni | 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper |
| 1 c. cream | 1 tbsp. chopped parsley |
| 1 c. soft bread crumbs | 1 tsp. onion juice |
| ¼ c. butter | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 c. grated American cheese | 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento |
| 3 eggs | |

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, drain, and rinse in cold water. Scald the cream and add bread crumbs, butter, seasoning, beaten eggs, and cheese. Bake in moderate oven (325°) one half hour. Serve with tomatoes or mushroom sauce.

Mushroom soup may be used for the sauce by thickening with a little butter, browned flour, and cream.

Serves about 8.

* * * *

Lying in the Sun

Christie Lund Coles

What am I doing lying here?
 Nothing, I must say,
 Except absorbing leaf and bough
 Of a cloudless day;

Watching skies as delicate
 As a harebell's cup,
 Hearing birds and strum of bees,
 Reaching, reaching up

To all the peace the heart attains,
 Silent and alone,
 Lying on a patch of earth
 When autumn is full-blown.

Dwarf Iris

(Continued from page 593)

I wish I were right back there now."

Dora's heart had given a lurch, and how she wished that she were back there, too. It was like a kaleidoscope. When the pieces stopped moving, there was the old house, their tall, frame house, warm, inviting, beckoning, with a promise of peace. It was home.

Could they get their money out of this new place? Surely somebody would want it! She went to the telephone. The busy signal again! No place could be that busy. But the buzz, buzz persisted until she broke the connection. Never mind, she would go to the office and talk to the agent face to face.

SHE removed the pink-flowered house dress and donned her good two-piece black, and hurried along the street to the bus stop, blind to the few blossoming boughs braving the cold wind.

The elevator whisked her upward in the big office building.

"I want to see Mr. Pearson," Dora told the dark-haired girl typing in the outer office. It was Mr. Pearson who arranged the details before.

"I'm sorry, he's out now. Is there anything I can do?"

"It's about this house." Dora turned the paper to show the advertisement. "I want to buy it."

The girl frowned at the box ad. "That's our ad, but I think this house has been sold."

"No!" Dora clutched the paper to her. It couldn't be. Tears gathered, and she groped for the nearest



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..... Like As the Hart Desireth the Water—Brooks-McFarland16
..... O Lord Most Merciful—Wilson....	.12
..... Peace I Leave With You— Roberts15
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chair. It's . . . it's my home," she choked.

"Perhaps I'm mistaken," the girl soothed, "or maybe Mr. Pearson can find something else for you."

"There is nothing else—no other house will do."

"I'll look it up," the girl offered, but shook her head over a file drawer. "I'm sorry, but that house was sold this morning."

Dora stumbled to the door. "Do . . . do you think it's final? Do people ever change their minds?"

"Not very often these days." The girl's smile was sympathetic.

Dora, nodding, reached under her glasses to wipe her eyes. "Thank you," she managed brokenly.

Her house was gone, her big, dear, shabby house that was filled with a thousand memories. She'd just go by the house and take one long, last

look, she decided, as she came out of the building.

UP this street, turn here. Why, the plum tree was showing white blossoms! So early.

Shades were drawn, and she followed the narrow walk around to the back. The porch needed paint, the lawn was shabby. What about the iris bed? For the first time she noticed a tall man working over the dwarf iris, now flaunting their blue above the brown grass.

"I'm sorry . . . I didn't mean . . . I was just looking. This used to be my home," she apologized.

The man arose, and she found herself staring incredulously into her husband's face.

"This is where the iris came from!" she cried.

"Yes. They needed weeding. I kinda hated to see them choked out. Since nobody lives here . . ."

"They will tomorrow," she interrupted harshly. "It's sold. The girl at the real estate office told me."

"You asked? Do you care if it is sold?"

"Of course, I care. It's home. Home! Don't you understand? I've never been happy a moment since we left."

"But the other place is newer. There's lots of work here."

"Work is what makes a home," she began, then broke off to demand: "Did you think of buying it back, too?"

Sheepishly, he nodded.

"We can't." She clung to his sleeve. "Someone bought it this morning."

He patted her shoulder with a grubby hand. "I did."

For Keeps

(Continued from page 589)

posite of Paul, and all the more attractive because of that.

He was in insurance and real estate, he told her as they flashed along the highway toward Kingston. He had a small office downtown and was making out quite well.

"And it's about time," he added. "I'm thirty-three, plus." He turned in his seat. "Now, I've told my life story. What about you? Do you live with your sister?"

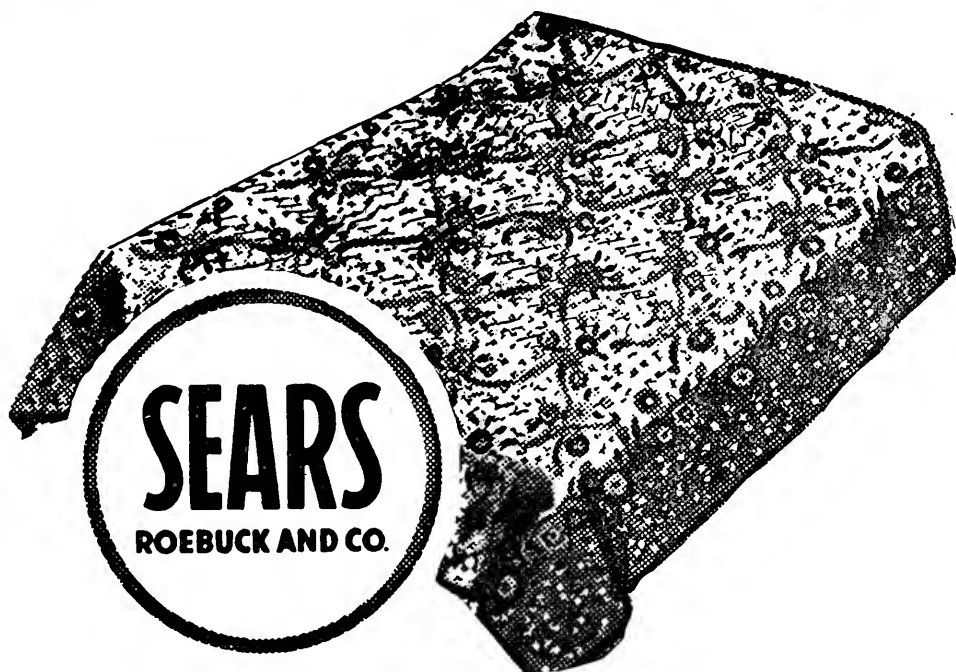
"Yes, for now." Then, disregarding Emily's caution, "I'm between

jobs. I'm a children's nurse." She saw a surprised look on the face he turned again to her.

"You are? You take care of sick children?"

"Well, sometimes. Perhaps, governess would be the old-fashioned word for it. I take care of children who need it, whatever the reason."

He was silent for a moment. Then, "You know, that explains it. I thought you seemed sort of serious-minded." He grinned. "You



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seem to be trying so hard to have a good time."

Laurie flushed laughingly. "Was it so apparent? I thought I had hidden my real self."

He shifted his hands on the wheel and turned out for an approaching car. "I wonder," he asked seriously, "do we ever know our real selves?" Then he smiled. "Do you like to square dance?"

"I don't know. I've watched, but I've never tried."

"We'll try it tonight. It's fun."

It was fun. Jack seemed to lose his slight tinge of bashfulness. Laurie was glad she'd taken Emily's advice and worn her new daffodil cotton with the full skirt. When, finally, they stopped for breath, Jack laughed.

"Now, I know your real self. You're just a kid. No wonder you like children. They're your kind."

Laurie clutched his arm in breathless laughter. "Well, I thought I was grown up, but I'm not sure now. Anyway, it was fun."

"We'll do it again, then. They have these dances almost every week."

He was nice, Laurie reflected, and at each date, he seemed nicer. And more serious. But she wasn't sure she wanted seriousness yet.

EVERY Saturday afternoon they went for a drive, their destination decided as they drove along. One sun-filled afternoon they chose Lookout Point.

Clear and beautiful, the view from Lookout was never more entrancing. Beneath them, the city looked like the model of a home construction project, with its tiny streets

and bridges, its homes each nestled in its cradle of trees.

"How lovely," Laurie exclaimed, "All those homes, one doesn't realize. But looking down . . ."

Jack nodded. "You know," he said seriously, "I grew up in a wonderful home. Not a rich one, but a solid, comfortable one. I had a wonderful mother and father who really loved each other." He smiled from the corner of his eyes. "Sounds old-fashioned, doesn't it?"

"It sounds nice," Laurie said stoutly. "And there are homes like that even now, you know."

"That's what I hope," he grinned suddenly. "That's what I hope."

Her heart picked up an extra beat. Not from the words so much as from his manner. It was after that, that Laurie began examining her feelings for him. She and Jack liked the same things—good music, the theater—even their tastes in books were much the same. But did she love him? How did one tell? Perhaps after you were thirty . . .

She brought it up at the breakfast table the next morning after John had gone.

"Jack's getting serious, Emily. And I can't make up my mind."

"Hooray! He's getting serious. Isn't that what you want?"

"Yes . . . No. I don't know."

Emily buttered toast silently. Then, "Well, don't make a mistake. We're running out of eligibles, you know."

"Yes, I know." Laurie drank her orange juice slowly, then she wandered away from the table in an unaccountable fit of restlessness.

"I believe I'll go down to David's shop this morning," she said. "My



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watch needs attention, and I'd like, too, to find out about Bobby—how he is, and if he's happy now."

"Oh, forget about Bobby," Emily shrugged. "He's probably forgotten you by now. Children are that way, you know."


DAVID was at the rear of the store at his repair desk. He came forward eagerly when he saw her.

"Miss Nichols, how glad I am to see you. It's been months, hasn't it?"

"It's seemed longer than that, really. How is Bobby?"

"He's well," David answered slowly. "But he's taken your absence harder than either of us realized he would. Mother is having a really difficult time with him. But surely soon . . ."

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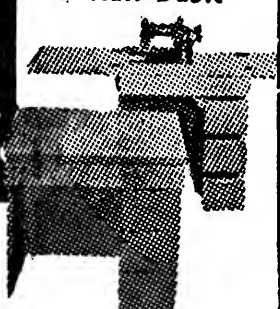
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"Surely soon," Laurie echoed. "I'd come to see him, but I'm sure it would only make it harder for him afterwards."

"Yes," he agreed. "But where are you now? At your sister's still?"

"Yes. Still vacationing. But I must get back to work soon. Now, what I came to see you about. It's my watch. It's become so undependable. If it can't be repaired, I'll have to have a new one."

David smiled as he watched her fumble with its fastening, then pass it over to him. "That's quite a test you're putting me to, Miss Nichols. But I will try to repair yours, I promise you." He tried to smooth down the dark cowlick of his hair. "It's a good watch. And good watches stand repairing, you know."

Laurie laughed. "You see, I do know whom I can trust. When will you let me know?"

"About the watch? Oh, within a day or two. I'll call you at your sister's."

"Fine. And I do hope Bobby settles down soon. He was such a happy child."

David shook his head. "I know. I know."

He was really worried, Laurie thought, as she left the store. He couldn't hide that. But there was nothing he could do about it, and neither could she.

Now, she was more restless than ever. Jack was calling for her at eight—a country club dance. She wished she hadn't promised to go. When she reached home, she found Emily in the sewing room. For a moment she watched Emily's scissors snip their way around a pattern before she spoke.

"I think I'll go down to an employment agency tomorrow, Emily, and look for a new place."

Emily let the pattern slide to the floor. "Oh, Laurie, why do you? You're welcome here as long as you want. John and I both love to have you."

LAURIE shook her head hopelessly. "I'm lonesome for Bobby, and the only cure is another child to take his place."

"What about Jack?"

"I'll ease him out tonight. This was nothing but a silly venture from the first—marrying a man so I could have children of my own! Oh, don't look so shocked. That was my underlying motive, I know it now. It's not honest, nor even decent. Especially with a man as fine as Jack."

She stooped and picked up Emily's pattern. "I believe I'll try for a little girl this time, a tiny one. One I can have for a long time," she added slowly.

The agency had such a place if it hadn't been filled already, she was told. They would check and let her know later in the day. The mother had had an attack of polio and would need help for many months, perhaps even a year.

This was what she wanted, Laurie told herself over and over, wondering why she couldn't believe it. If it only worked out, she'd be out of Emily's clutches and back in a situation she knew and loved. She waited near the phone all the afternoon, willing it to ring, alternately with hoping it wouldn't. But the doorbell rang instead.

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It was David Kirby. "May I come in, Miss Nichols? I'm glad I found you home."

"Oh, yes, do." Laurie led the way and motioned him to a chair. "You needn't have brought the watch. Or, is it about Bobby?" she asked in quick alarm.

"No, neither the watch nor Bobby, though he still keeps asking for Aunt Laurie." He shifted uneasily in his chair and brushed a nervous hand over the thick, dark hair, the cowlick which wouldn't lie down.

"But that isn't what I came about." He hesitated and cleared his throat, then got up. He lifted a book from the table only to lay it down again. "Well, you see, it's not only Bobby who has missed you. I have, too. Bobby may get over it, but I won't. I love you, Laurie. Will you marry me?"

Laurie's face was incredulous. She felt the slow blood mount her cheeks and suddenly realized that she had been in love with David all the time. Else why her reluctance to do anything except wait, else why this singing in every nerve of her body?

"But . . . but . . ." she stammered.

HE stepped forward eagerly. "I haven't known what was the matter with me. Then, when you came yesterday, when I saw you.... Oh, Laurie, could you possibly love me? Could you learn?"

He stood before her looking down anxiously at her.

Laurie drew a long breath. "I won't need to learn, David. I think I must have loved you for a long

time. I decided my watch needed repairing. Perhaps it was just to see you again."

David stared down at her for an unbelieving moment, then he reached forward and pulled her to her feet and into his arms.

"Laurie, Laurie," he breathed against her hair, against her lips. "What a lucky man I am. Why did I ever let you go?"

Why, indeed? Remembering, Laurie pulled away. "But your mother!"

David drew her back into his arms. "Mother is secretly wishing she were back in Boston, I'm sure. Anyway, she agrees you had more success with Bobby than she."

The telephone rang. It was the employment agency.

"I'm sorry, Miss Nichols. The place we spoke of was filled only a few hours ago. But we'll keep your name on file . . ."

"Never mind. I'm taking a permanent place soon," Laurie interrupted.

"A little girl, as you hoped?"

"No, two boys," Laurie returned happily. For suddenly, she remembered for the first time that Bobby would be hers, too, for keeps.

Summer Turning

Ing Smith

Another summer is over now.

Shade lingers by the wall,
And a few down-drifting leaves give out
The lonely smell of fall.

Now those who lie awake at night
Glean elemental peace
From the high, receding argument
Of southward flying geese.



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From Near and Far

Thanks for the fine article "Let's Write a Poem" (by Alberta H. Christensen, June 1951). I surely enjoyed it.

—Winnifred Joan Burnham
Mesa, Arizona

I enjoy the Magazine as much here in Brazil (if not more) than I did at home. Thanks for the thoughtful editorials. I used a translation in one of our *Liahonas*, and had another translated. I enjoyed greatly the months I spent in the mission office, first with newspapers and radio programs, and after Christmas with the mission magazine, *Liahona*. I feel indeed blessed to have worked near to President and Sister Howells. Now I'm back in the field, working in the city of Curitiba, seventh city in size in Brazil (230,000).

—Elder Herbert Newel Morris
Curitiba, Brazil

I loved the serial "Dark in the Chrysalis," by Alice Morrey Bailey (published in 1950). There was interest in every line of it, and the decorating angle was completely genuine. I love Helen G. Woods for the lovely thing she said about Anna Prince Redd ("From Near and Far," July 1951).

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson
Boise, Idaho

I am a subscriber to the Magazine and intend to send the copies I have received with my poems in to poet friends not of our faith. Who knows the good they may do? I am proud to have my friends receive copies of the publications of my Church.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

I have long wanted to write and tell you of my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. The lessons and articles are very interesting and helpful. I also enjoy the stories. I wish that more members here could read English, so that they could get the good out of the Magazine. In the branch here in Chur no one speaks English, and I don't have enough time to translate the articles.

—Elder Wayne D. Cheney
Chur, Switzerland

I have had numerous calls on the Mexican story ("Vacation in Mexico," July 1951). One woman said she was "so relieved." Her daughter, it seems, is making the auto trip to Mexico with some friends from New York, and her mother was worried about their safety. She talked to me a long time about it. And a number of others have said they are going to plan a vacation there.

—Olive W. Burt
Salt Lake City, Utah

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the last copy of *The Relief Society Magazine* (July). I am a missionary here in Mexico, and I can certainly verify everything that was said in "Vacation in Mexico" (by Olive W. Burt). I have had the opportunity of seeing some of the ruins mentioned therein. They are really a testimony to the truthfulness of *The Book of Mormon*. I really appreciate this fine Magazine.

—Elder James Peterson
Mexico City, Mexico

I would just as soon be without salt in my pantry as without the Magazine on my bookshelf, so indispensable it has become to me. I wish to express my appreciation for the exceptionally fine article on fasting by President Milton R. Hunter ("Fasting and the Fast Day," July 1951).

—B. A. Dickson
Alpha, Washington

The Magazine continues to be my favorite reading. The last issue (July) was full of worthwhile and beautiful things. I thoroughly enjoyed it from cover to cover.

—Mabel Jones Gabbott
Bountiful, Utah

Because of the wealth and variety of fine literature found in *The Relief Society Magazine*, I deem it one of the finest publications in the literary field, and am so thankful that it gives voice to the thoughts and efforts of the women of our Church.

—Jaynann M. Payne, Salt Lake City, Utah

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A black and white photograph of a mountain landscape. In the foreground, there is a field of tall, thin-stemmed flowers with large, rounded, fuzzy heads, possibly lupines. The middle ground shows a valley with a winding road and some buildings. In the background, there are large, rugged mountains with patches of snow or light-colored rock. The sky is bright with some clouds.

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MAGAZINE

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. 38

OCTOBER 1951

No. 10

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Amber Clock and Desk Set Presented to Relief Society by the Sisters of the West	652
German Mission	653
Gifts From the Swiss and Japanese Relief Society Sisters	654
The Constitution and the United Nations Charter: III. Some Possible Effects of World Government Upon Constitutional Liberty	Albert R. Bowen 654
"This Is the Way, Walk Ye in It"	James R. Clark 663
Home — Our First Line of Defense	William H. Boyle 672

FICTION

Every Step of the Way	Olive W. Burt 658
Mirror, Mirror	Marjorie Linthurst 667
Perfect Sunday	Elaine Swain 682
Through This Door — Chapter 3	Margery S. Stewart 685

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago	674
Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon 675
Editorial: The Sabbath for Man	Marianne C. Sharp 676
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities	General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 695
From Near and Far	720

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

The Family Reunion	Elsie C. Carroll 678
How to Make an Angora Baby Bonnet	Marian Richards Boyer 690
Mother's Cookbook	Norma Wrathall 691

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: The Migration (Continued)	Leland H. Monson 700
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Look Unto God With Firmness"	Leone O. Jacobs 703
Work Meeting — Sewing: Knitted Goods	Jean Ridges Jennings 704
Literature: Robert Burns	Briant S. Jacobs 706
Social Science: The Religious Reformation	Archibald F. Bennett 710
Music: Review of the Four-four Baton Pattern	Florence J. Madsen 715

POETRY

October's Dress — Frontispiece	Christie Lund Coles 651
Alien to the City	Leone E. McCune 666
Autumn Morning	Lydia Hall 671
Birthday	Beatrice K. Ekman 677
Flight Call	Mary Gustafson 684
Summer Is Over	Eva Willes Wangsgaard 690
Of Seeds	Maryhale Woolsey 694
Valley Pheasants	Evelyn Fjeldsted 694
Autumn	Beulah Huish Sadleir 699
Monument	Mabel Law Atkinson 714
Anniversaries	Evelyn Wooster Viner 716
Wood Thrush	Margaret B. Shomaker 718

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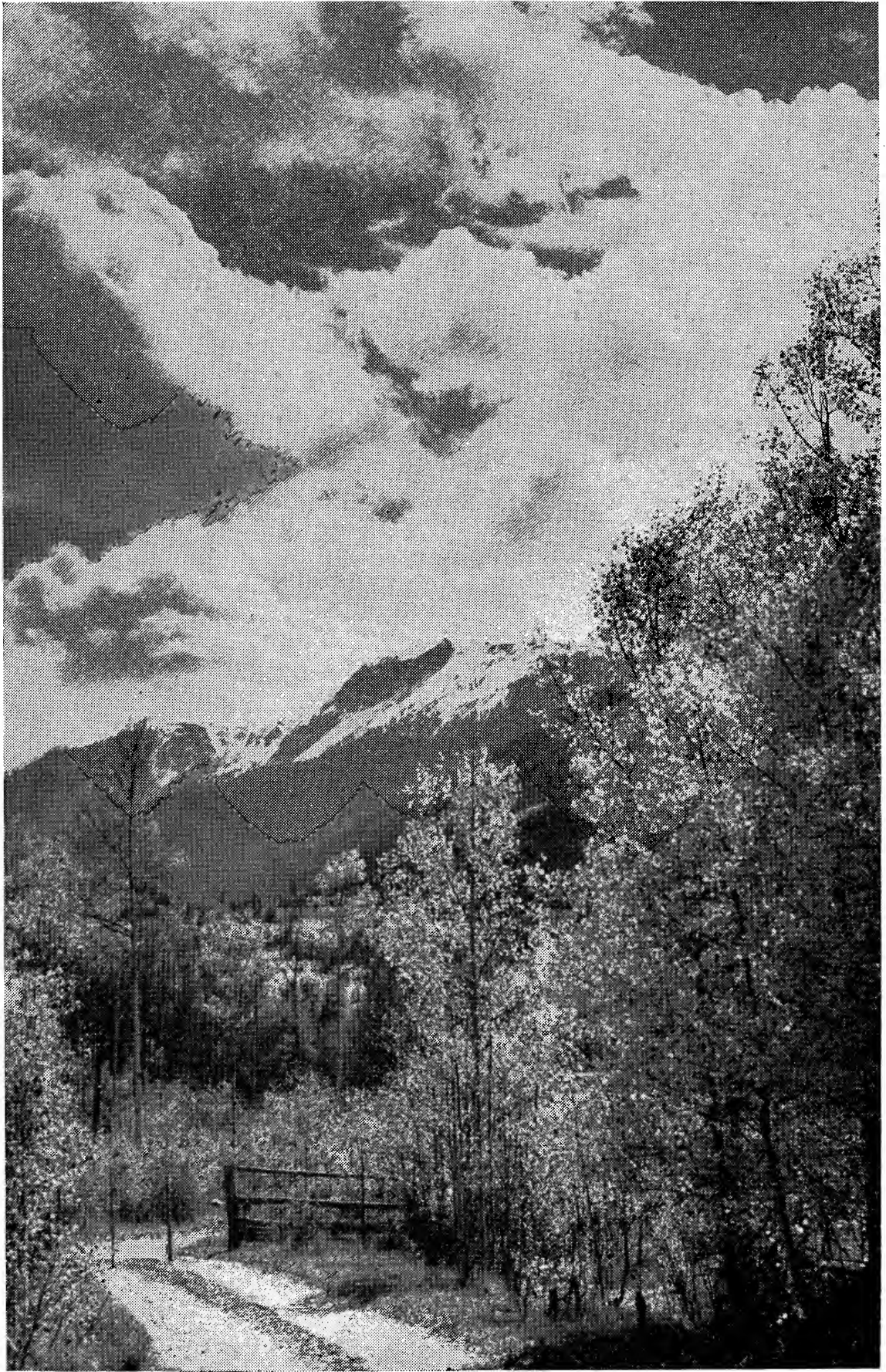
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October's Dress

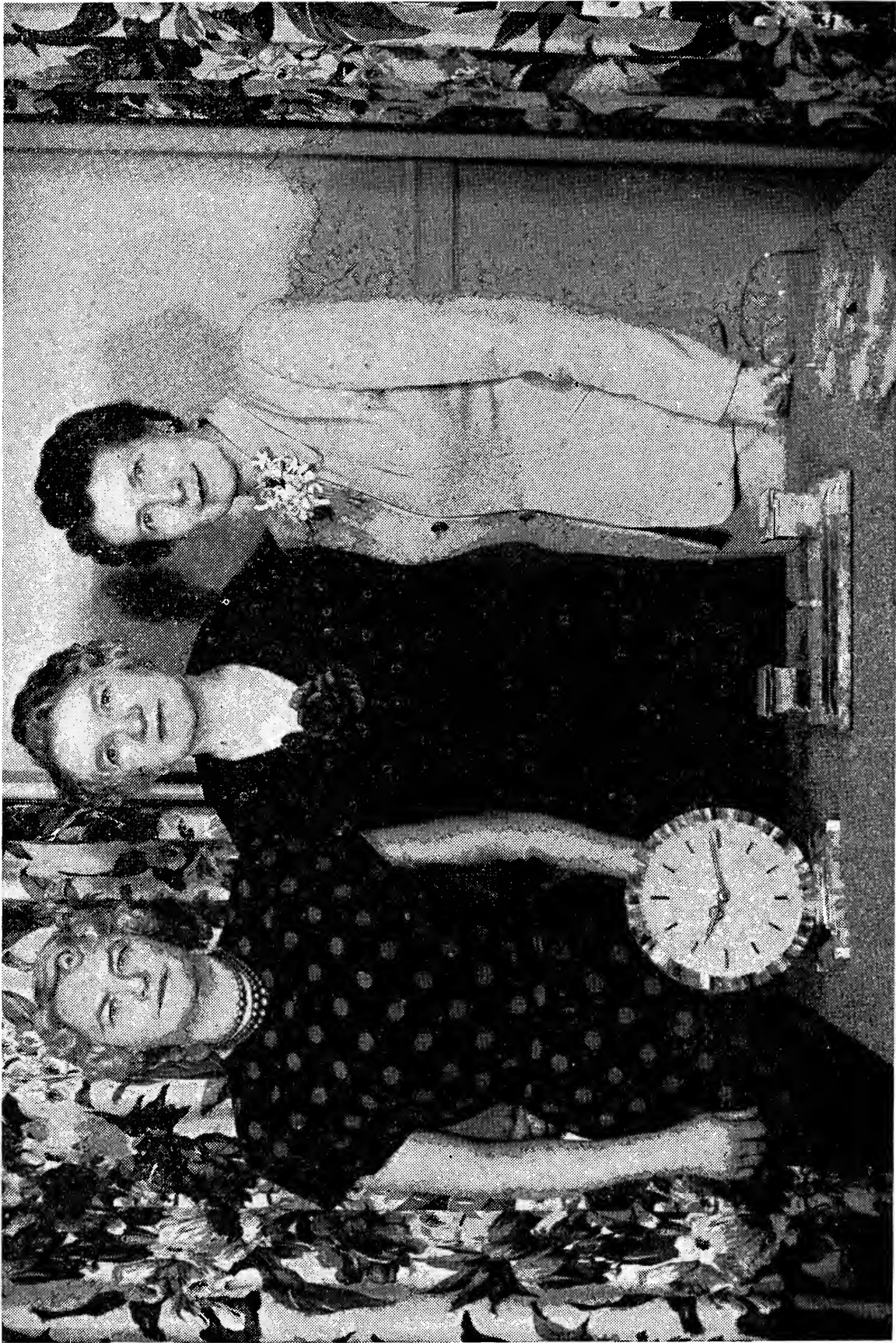
Christie Lund Coles

I heard the rustle of October's dress,
And turned to see her passing down the hill,
With more of beauty than the mind could guess,
With more of grace than words can distill.

I saw her in her crimson velvet shoes,
I saw her golden hair, pretentious, bright;
She seemed so proud, so exuberant, until
She turned and paused a moment in the light;

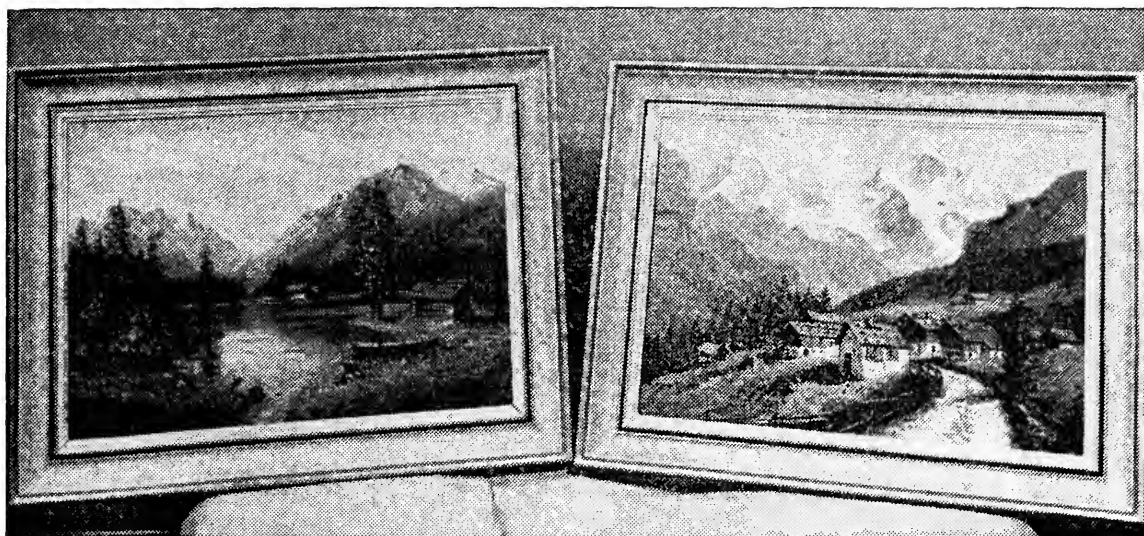
And then I noted ravages that time,
And frost, and sudden, stinging cold
Had left upon her, and I knew that though
Her dress was taffeta, her heart was old.

I knew that she was tired being gay,
Being so colorful for our delight.
I knew how ready she would be, at last,
To sit beside the fire in noiseless white.



AMBER CLOCK AND DESK SET PRESENTED TO RELIEF SOCIETY
BY THE SISTERS OF THE WEST GERMAN MISSION

General President Belle S. Spafford (center), First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp (left), and Second Counselor Velma N. Simonsen (right), are shown with the beautiful amber clock and desk set which the sisters of the West German Mission presented to the general board of Relief Society for use in the new Relief Society Building.



GIFTS FROM THE SWISS AND JAPANESE RELIEF SOCIETY SISTERS

In the upper photograph are seen reproductions of two oil paintings by the Swiss artist Frei, "Am Lenserhardersee" (left) and "Ober Wilderswil, mit Jungfrau und Mousli" (right). These paintings were presented by the Swiss sisters and sent to the general board by Lenora K. Bringhurst, President of the Swiss-Austrian Mission Relief Society. The paintings are originals in tones of blue and green, revealing the lofty beauty of Alpine scenery.

In the lower photograph, the general presidency of Relief Society, President Belle S. Spafford (center), First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp (left), and Second Counselor Velma N. Simonsen (right) are shown with the three beautiful handmade dolls sent to the presidency through Sister Ethel L. Mauss, President of the Japanese Mission Relief Society. Accompanying the exquisitely dressed dolls was a story of each one, in Japanese and in English, and a lovely letter written by Sister Chiyo Sagara of the Tokyo District. The dolls, left to right, are richly clothed in white, black, and red costumes, ornately patterned.



The Constitution and the United Nations Charter

III. Some Possible Effects of World Government Upon Constitutional Liberty

Elder Albert R. Bowen

IN the history of war, especially beginning with the wars of the Napoleonic era, each succeeding conflict has become more terrible and devastating in its effect than was its predecessor. With the outbreak of the Second World War it soon became apparent that it was to be the most terrible of all. Thoughtful men the world over feared the end of civilization could not long be deferred unless some method could be devised to outlaw war and preserve peace. In 1945 in San Francisco, California, the United Nations Charter was adopted to provide a framework within which an international organization called the United Nations could function for the purpose of maintaining the peace of the world and for the lofty purpose of instituting justice among nations and individuals on a world-wide basis.

It will not be necessary to point out here in any detail that the hopes of the world to end wars have not thus far materialized. On the contrary, it seems quite clear that we are presently engaged in a bloody conflict in Korea which any day may blossom into World War III. The failures and causes of the failures of the United Nations thus far is not the purpose of this

article. Nor is it the purpose of this article to present the arguments of many sincere students of government who take the position that any attempt to apply common principles of government to all nations without regard to the vast differences between them in spiritual, cultural, and political development has small chance of success. The experiment has been undertaken. Only history will decide if the attempt was justified.

The purpose of this article is briefly to call attention to some of the possible effects of United States adherence to the United Nations Charter upon the constitutional liberties enjoyed by the people of this country. What is here written is written in a spirit of constructive criticism and in full recognition of the yearnings of the troubled people of this world for relief from war.

The announced basic purposes of the United Nations are laudable. Peace and justice are ideals for which we should never cease to work. The method of achievement, however, is just as important as the ideal. The selection of the wrong method or the subversion of a good method is fraught with danger, not only because the ideal

may not be attained, but because in the method adopted may lie the seeds of the destruction of the liberties which our forefathers bequeathed to us at such great sacrifice.

IT is a fact of universal recognition that the constitutional system under which we live has provided for the people of this country the greatest abundance of freedom and liberty enjoyed by any nation on earth. Consequently, no right-thinking American would even entertain the thought of joining in any world organization if by such adherence those liberties were to be jeopardized.

It is assumed that the great majority who worked to bring about United States participation in the United Nations were motivated by high and sincere ideals and with no motivation save the promotion of universal peace and justice. Unfortunately, the philosophy of some of these individuals is such that, in their misguided zeal for promoting world government as a panacea for all the ills of war and injustice, they would surrender basic American liberties. The argument is that in the beginning of such a world movement, made up of a diversity of nations in various phases of political development, some of them very backward, both politically and economically, it is necessary to begin at a lower level than the one on which the American people have been accustomed to live. It is claimed that by making concessions here and there, the ground thus lost can be regained in the common

advance of all nations toward the goal of universal peace and justice. No argument could be more fallacious. Ideals of liberty, freedom and justice, once surrendered, are much more likely to be permanently lost than to be regained. The leaders of the Russian Communist revolution have stated that, while their present system is frankly dictatorial, the day of freedom for all Russians will come when the masses have been sufficiently educated to understand and appreciate the blessings of Communism.

I doubt that any American would relish the idea of waiting for freedom and liberty until the Russian masters see fit to bestow it. Furthermore, there is no sound reason why the progress of a nation should be retarded, set back, and impeded in order to let the rest of the world catch up. The best assurance that the ideal of democracy can be realized lies in the shining example of a successful experiment in democracy. It is precisely the example of American democracy which has kept alive the hopes of the oppressed the world over, that other nations too may achieve such an ideal in government.

When the charter of the United Nations was before the Senate of the United States for adoption, the Senate and the people of this country were assured that the charter specifically provided that there should be no interference with the domestic affairs of the member states. It was upon that assurance that the charter was ratified and became law in the United States.

Before pointing specifically to

some of the danger signs which now appear as a possible threat to the American constitutional system as a direct consequence of American membership in the United Nations, brief mention should be made of the manner by which that membership was brought about. Knowledge or awareness of this method is important because it is through that method that the greatest threat to our constitutional system could become reality. If we are fully aware of the pitfalls ahead, those threats and dangers may be averted.

THE United States became a member of the United Nations by the adoption and ratification of the charter as a treaty. In and of itself this sounds harmless enough. Treaties between nations are of common occurrence and in the ordinary mind give rise to no apprehension at all. Traditionally, treaties are international contracts or engagements entered into between sovereign states. Our Constitution provides for the making of treaties. Article II, Section 2, provides that the president may make treaties with the advice and consent of the Senate, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur. This all sounds simple enough, and certainly presents no great cause for alarm. However, the Constitution, by Article 6, further provides that in addition to the Constitution and the laws enacted by Congress in pursuance thereof, treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land. Thus we see that a treaty, negotiated by the President and rati-

fied by the Senate in the manner provided, is more than a contract between nations. It is the law of the land.

Under the Constitution, any law passed by a state legislature which contravenes the provisions of any treaty entered into by the United States is void. Furthermore, by judicial interpretation it has been held by the Supreme Court of the United States that treaties entered into and ratified by the United States in the constitutional manner can, and do, have the effect of abrogating existing state laws which may have been in effect for years and which the courts have declared to be constitutional. Under no other constitutional system does a treaty have the effect of domestic law. In other nations, such as England, for example, a treaty may only become the law of the land when a special law is passed by the legislative body making it such.

So far as the Constitution is concerned, there are no precise or definite limitations upon the subject matter of any treaty, and there are adherents to the constitutional doctrine that treaties may be enacted with the binding force of law which would be unconstitutional if attempted to be enacted by Congress. Unfortunately, this doctrine is supported by rather well-defined judicial opinion. If this be a true appraisal of the treaty-making power, which heaven forbid, it means that this power, when properly invoked, transcends the power of the elected representatives of the people to make laws. A simple illustration of this doctrine should be both instructive and interesting.

IN 1913 Congress passed a law for the protection of migratory birds. Soon after this law was passed a question arose as to its constitutionality. In a suit which finally reached the United States Supreme Court, this law was held to be an unconstitutional invasion of powers reserved to the states by the Constitution. The sponsors of this law, with commendable zeal for their objective, did not abandon their efforts and prevailed upon the President and the Senate to enter into a treaty with Great Britain which provided for the protection of migratory birds. After this treaty had been concluded this same group again persuaded Congress to enact into law almost the same statute which had previously been declared unconstitutional. When the constitutionality of the second statute was questioned, the Supreme Court, in an opinion written by the late eminent Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, held the law to be constitutional because it had been passed by Congress pursuant to the provisions of a treaty which the President had signed and the Senate had ratified. This is a classic example of the way in which the treaty powers provided under the Constitution may be used to invade and knock down rights clearly reserved to the states under the Constitution, which the Congress, acting as a lawmaking body, is powerless to invade. Many thoughtful students of constitutional law have questioned the wisdom of the doctrine of *Missouri vs. Holland*, for that is the name of this famous decision, but it is clearly, up until the present at least, the announced constitution-

al law of the United States. In that case it was indicated that the question of the power to circumvent constitutional guarantees by the treaty method was not being finally determined as unlimited and that the question of the limits of the treaty-making power would be further considered in appropriate cases brought before the court. The significant thing about the rule of *Missouri vs. Holland* is that it established a precedent far beyond any previously announced rule, which precedent may be used to make invasions into constitutional liberties.

All thoughtful Americans who are informed as to the implications of the doctrine of unlimited treaty power in the President and the Senate, should certainly firmly oppose it and use their efforts and influence to place proper limitations upon such power by constitutional amendment, if necessary. Surely it was never intended that the President and Senate may, with impunity, subvert or destroy rights guaranteed by the Constitution by merely concluding a treaty with some foreign nation on a subject involving or affecting those rights and then implement the treaty by laws passed in pursuance thereof. The proponents of some proposed international covenants and conventions, which will be mentioned hereafter, are prepared to use the announced treaty-making powers under the Constitution for just such purpose. They go even further and contend that treaty obligations of the United States are self-executing and require no implementing legislation.

(To be concluded)

Every Step of the Way

Olive W. Burt

MARTHA had awakened that morning with a vague feeling of uneasiness that had mounted, as the hidden sun had mounted in the gray sky, till now, it had become a gnawing fear, localized and intensified by the sudden sharp pain that tore through her body.

She rested her head for a moment on her arms flung across the table where she had been trying to eat a little lunch. Then she sought the comfort of Ronnie's eyes. They were everywhere she looked, smiling down at her tenderly from the photographs all about the room—Ronnie in his neat, dark wedding suit, Ronnie in overalls with his prize steer, Ronnie in his uniform as he had looked when he told her goodby.

"I'll be here, Martha, honey!" he had promised her. "No matter how many miles are between us, when your time comes I will be with you, in spirit."

"Don't worry about me," she had answered stoutly. "I'll be all right. And what you just said goes double. I am going to be with you all the way. We'll be together always, sweetheart. Miles don't mean anything."

Martha, remembering that parting, thought bitterly, those were words, Ronnie, brave words, but nothing else. You are far away—so far that I cannot touch you, even with my thoughts—even with my fears!

She rose from the table and went to the window and looked out. It was three, yet it was so dark and gray outside that she could barely see the barns. The road winding down the canyon was empty and desolate.

Martha sighed and turned resolutely from the window. There was no sense in waiting any longer. Her father would not be back till Saturday—three long days away. When he had left, they had thought that would be plenty soon enough, but now Martha knew that Saturday would be too late. Not only was Ronnie gone, but so was everyone else. She was alone.

The thing to do was to get herself ready and drive down to the city to the hospital. It was only a matter of a little over a hundred miles—a three hours journey at most—and if she hurried she should be able to get there in plenty of time. The first baby, she had heard, took a long time coming.

But she musn't get panicky. She must move calmly and take care of everything, because this was an important trip—dreadfully important.

Martha threw on an old sweater and went out to the barn. The wind, whipping down the canyon, wrapped her skirts about her legs. She forked down hay for the cows and put oats in the horses' manger. She pumped water to fill the troughs, moving very carefully, afraid that sudden exertion or too much energy might hasten the event she must hold at bay.

"Better go slow, even if it gets dusk before I reach town," she whispered, her stiff lips forming the words deliberately, reassuringly.

BACK at the house she called the Hendersons who had the next ranch up the canyon.

"Dolly," Martha said, trying to keep her voice casual and unafraid, "Dolly, the pains have started. I've got to go down to Trinidad—I've got to get to the hospital. Will you ask Pete to take care of the stock here till Dad gets back Saturday? There's only the two cows to milk and the feeding to do. Everything else can wait."

"You poor kid!" Dolly's voice meant to be reassuring, Martha knew, but its very compassion bred fear. "Gosh, I wish I could go with you and see that you get there all right. But Pete's gone over the mountain to look after the sheep and the boys are all in school. I wouldn't dare leave the babies—but it looks awful out. What if it storms?"

"I can get through all right. It isn't far. But I am afraid, I guess. Dolly?"

"Yes?"

"How long—will I have time?"

"You ought to." The older woman's voice was hearty. "Shucks! Most babies come in the morning, you know—not that any of mine did—they're too ornery to abide by any rules . . ."

Martha breathed more easily. "Oh, then that's all right . . . only . . ."

"Don't you worry now!" Dolly advised. "And don't get scared. Just grit your teeth and keep going.

And don't think about the place. We'll take care of everything until your father gets back. Don't forget to leave him a note or he'll be scared to find you gone."

"Thanks, Dolly, I will. I've got to rush now."

Martha turned from the phone and tried to organize her thoughts.

"I must take things for the baby," she said, and went to the small cretonne-covered box where she had put the little garments as she had fashioned them or had received them from the mail-order house. She took out shirts and diapers and tiny hose. Then she saw the tiny booties—the first thing she had made for the baby. Ronnie had insisted on helping and had tried to put the edge around the top, his brown hands clumsy with the slender hook.

Martha held the booties close to her cheek for an instant, remembering that night. Then she laid them on top of the other wee garments.

"Now my things."

She got her new nightdresses, her comb and brush and toothbrush. There was something else—what was it? Oh! Ronnie had written from far Korea, "Take my picture to the hospital with you, sweetheart! Don't you dare forget it. I want to be in on this!"

Martha smiled a little wanly. Maybe it would be some comfort to him to know that his photograph was on the table beside her bed, but she wanted Ronnie, himself, warm and tangible and breathing . . .

She had heated some milk, and now she poured herself a steaming cupful and turned the rest into a

thermos bottle. She noticed that her hand was shaking, and she scolded herself sternly. Another pain tore through her and her eyes sought the clock beseechingly. It was past four . . . The pains were still a long way apart, but she'd better hurry.

SHE began to cram things helter-skelter into the suitcase, and crowded the lid shut with that lost feeling of having forgotten something. She looked about her, trying to remember. The note to her father! She scribbled it hastily, placed it under the salt cellar on the table, lifted her suitcase, and went out.

The wind was screeching down the canyon now, and scattered flakes of snow were whirling madly about the yard. She set her suitcase and thermos bottle on the side porch and hurried to the garage. She forgot her earlier caution and flung wide the garage doors with a wild gesture. She got into the car and felt like crying with relief when the engine turned over obediently and the old car backed smoothly into the yard.

"It would have been just like it to have stalled," she said, blinking back a tear. She glanced at the gas gauge and mentally thanked her father for his care on never leaving unless the tank was full of gas in case of an emergency.

By the porch she stopped and put her suitcase into the car. She put the thermos bottle in the door pocket. Then she opened the kitchen door and gave one last swift look about to be sure everything was shut. She locked the

door, hid the key under the milk bench on the side porch, and was ready to go.

It was hard to drive with the wind whipping the snow against the windshield. The flakes seemed to come out of nowhere, from every direction, to batter against the glass and cling there in a heavy, white curtain. She hadn't thought it was snowing so heavily until the car started.

The windshield wiper wasn't working very well, and Martha had to lean forward and peer through the twisting gray and white kaleidoscope in order to keep on the winding road.

The pain caught her and shook her and she had to stop the car and lean her head on the steering wheel and pray.

After awhile she started on again, but during the brief stop the snow had piled high on the windshield and the rear window, so she got out onto the running board and wiped it off with a bit of cloth she found in the glove compartment. She chafed at the delay, but could not avoid it.

WHEN she started again she made herself think of Ronnie. She tried to conjure him up, out of memory, to sit beside her here in the cold car on the snowy road. But it was useless. All she could remember was Ronnie in that last snapshot he had sent—a picture of him in a helmet all spotted with paint and ridiculously draped with leaves. His shirt was spotted, and the sun beat down on his broad shoulders.

Would there ever be a night—a safe, distant night, when she

would lie in Ronnie's arms and tell him of this nightmare?

"But you weren't ever alone," Ronnie would whisper against her hair, and she would whisper back, "No, I was never really alone!" She would never let him know how alone she had been in the cold and the snow and the fear of these hours. She had read somewhere that no spot on earth was more than sixty hours away from you, wherever you stood. Sixty hours . . . in sixty hours she could be lost forever.

She looked at the speedometer—twenty-five miles—but that was as fast as she dared go. There was no one on the road—no one at all, and Martha thought bitterly that if anything happened she could die here, on this road she knew so well and had traveled so often, and no one would know until it was too late. She bit her lips to keep them from shaking into sobs, and drove doggedly on.

Every little while another pain would rip through her body. Her hands on the wheel would tense in uncontrollable agony, and she would have to stop the car because she couldn't tell where those tense fingers would direct it on this sloping, slippery road. After the paroxysm had passed, she would rest her head for a moment on her arms across the wheel; then she would get out and wipe off the accumulated snow from the windshield and the back window, and then go on, slowly, painfully.

Each time she got out of the car she was stung by the snowflakes and the lashing wind. Her feet got cold, and she was afraid this might

be harmful to the unborn baby, but she didn't know how to avoid it. The stops were becoming so frequent now that she didn't have time to get warm between them, and she wondered how much of the aching cold was from the weather and how much came from her own terror.

Slowly, stubbornly the little car moved down the lonely road in short spurts of motion and longer and longer pauses of shaking agony. At last, looking out of the window, Martha could tell by the landmarks, even though they were distorted with snow, that she was out of the canyon and on the road into town.

It wasn't the main road, of course, but it seemed less lonely somehow. The most dangerous part of her journey was over.

But it was getting dark. The trip down the canyon had taken longer than she had planned, and she would have to hurry now. She drew the car slightly off the road and stepped out onto the running board to wipe off the windshield one last time, so that she could travel faster.

SNOW had frozen to the glass, and it took time and effort to get it even passably clear. As Martha worked furiously she heard with a sickening lurch of her heart the engine give a funny cough and die. She stumbled back into her seat, thrust her foot against the starter, pulled the choke frantically.

The starter buzzed, but the engine didn't turn over. She tried again and again, her hands shaking, her lip caught between her teeth. But it was no use.

"I've flooded the carburetor now," she thought bitterly. "I'll have to wait. I'll have to make myself wait."

She looked about her in the deepening dark of the lonely road and was filled with panic. She knew that every time she choked the car more gas would be forced into the flooded carburetor, delaying her that much longer. Then she recalled a trick Ronnie had taught her—a way of waiting until the carburetor was clear. She began to count, "One and two and three and four." At sixty she bent her thumb against her palm . . . one minute . . . but how long it had been!

She started counting again. Ronnie had said to give the carburetor ten minutes, a good ten minutes, before she tried again. It had always worked. But at the end of that interminable period, when all ten fingers lay clenched against her palms, Martha still could not start the car. It was incomprehensible, unwarranted, frightening. She laid her head on her arms and wept.

Her weeping was interrupted by a searing flash of pain. Now she just sat there, behind the wheel, and let the pains come. There was nothing else she could do. After each one passed she rested her head on her arms and dozed. She was too weary to cry any more—too weary to be afraid of what was happening.

She wished she could think of Ronnie. She wished she could remember what he would have done in this place—some crazy, Boy Scout trick, no doubt, like waving a flashlight. There was one in the glove compartment!

She looked out again. The snow had stopped falling and the night was clear and cold about her. Wearily, without the slightest hope, her numb fingers opened the door in the panel and took out the flashlight. Moving in a drugged sleep, she stepped out of the car into the bitter cold. She pressed her thumb against the catch and the light flared on. It made a little circle of yellow on the snow beside the road.

Martha looked at it numbly. Now what should she do? There was some special way to signal distress with a light—but there was no one to see in all the darkness that lay so close and tight around her. She lifted her arm, waved it in a slow, tired circle—and then the light went out. As suddenly as the engine had failed her, the light was gone, and she was alone in the cold and the night.

Martha opened the door of the car and crawled into her place behind the wheel. This was the end—the end to hope and the end to fighting. Ronnie had promised to be with her, to help her through this ordeal. But it wasn't Ronnie's fault that he was not here. And it wasn't her father's fault that she was alone. It was beyond them all.

* * * *

A sense of warmth awakened her. She opened her eyes and found bright sunlight lying across her face. She looked around and found that she was in a hospital room. Ronnie's picture was on the little table, just as she had planned it would be.

A nurse came in quietly, and seeing that Martha was awake, she put
(Continued on page 717)

“This Is the Way, Walk Ye in It!”

Elder James R. Clark
Brigham Young University

MY theme is from the 30th chapter, 20th verse of the book of Isaiah:

And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left.

Unto every man is given a time, and a place, and a path. Some there be that walk only in their own time—and some above their time in a world of dreams. A few, their eyes cast on the eternities, their feet in the paths of men—walk in the path of eternal time.

Those who walk in their own time alone, are swept by the winds of adversity. Those who withdraw from the world to walk above their time, lose their grasp on the hearts of men. Those who walk in advance of their time—their eyes on the heavens, their feet on the earth, reach upward and seek the principles of eternity and place them within the reach of men that they may walk thereby, turning neither to the right nor to the left. These are prophets unto their time and unto their people. These be the prophets of the earth who speak, as Isaiah has said, “This is the way, walk ye in it.”

Picture if you will, a fifteen-year-old lad seated in a log cabin in

western New York. The winds of opinion and diversity sweep around him. As he opens his family Bible, he possesses the potentialities of becoming a visionary—as many have later claimed he was—and as thousands before him had become in the great revival. He sought, however, not escape from, but solution to his problems, and his eyes were opened, and he saw his teachers as Isaiah had said. But let us listen to his own words:

In the midst of this war of words and tumult of opinion, I often said to myself: What is to be done? Who of all these parties are right; or, are they all wrong together? If any one of them be right, which is it, and how shall I know it? While I was laboring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contests of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the Epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads: “*If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him*” (*Writings of Joseph Smith, 2:10-11*).

Never did any passage of scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this did at this time to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. I reflected on it again and again, knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God, I did; for how to act I did not know, and unless I could get more wisdom than I then had, I would never know. . . .

So, in accordance with this, my determination to ask of God, I retired to the woods to make the attempt. It was on the morning of a beautiful, clear day, early in the spring of eighteen hundred and

twenty. It was the first time in my life that I had made such an attempt, for amidst all my anxieties I had never as yet made the attempt to pray vocally. After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me. . . .

Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me. . . .

Just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two Personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other—*This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him!*

My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself so as to be able to speak, than I asked the Personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right—and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them . . . (*Writings of Joseph Smith, 2:12-19*).

Had this lad walked by the standards of his day and time, the powers of darkness and adversity would have overcome him and turned him from his path. Had he walked above his time with his feet on the clouds, the rapture of the moment

would have blotted out his purpose. Walking the path of eternal time, he saw the Father and the Son face to face and brought eternity down to men on earth.

Again it is spring, March of 1836. The fifteen-year-old lad is now a young man of thirty. Groups of those who now walk with him dot the countryside from Farmington, Maine, to Nashville, Tennessee. Among the wooded hills near Cleveland, Ohio, a temple has been built with earthly hands. Times have been hard and troubles many. Lying reports have been spread abroad over the world. Once again, midst vexations and troublous times, there is need for an endowment from on high. Listen again to this man who walked with God in the path of eternal time. Hear a portion of the dedicatory prayer of the Kirtland Temple:

Thou who hast commanded thy servants to build a house to thy name in this place, And now thou beholdest, O Lord, that thy servants have done according to thy commandment, And now we ask thee, Holy Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of thy bosom, in whose name alone salvation can be administered to the children of men, we ask thee, O Lord, to accept of this house, the workmanship of the hands of us, thy servants, which thou didst command us to build; For thou knowest that we have done this work through great tribulation; and out of our poverty we have given of our substance to build a house to thy name, that the Son of Man might have a place to manifest himself to his people . . . And we ask thee, Holy Father, that thy servants may go forth from this house armed with thy power, and that thy name may be upon them, and thy glory be round about them, and thine angels have charge over them (D. & C. 109:2-5, 22).

Quietly, this time with a companion, the young man retires to a pulpit, drops a curtain to shut them off from the assembled multitude, and bows himself once more in solemn supplication. He and his companion had walked abroad on the earth. With their followers they had built with their hands this earthly edifice where they now cast their eyes on eternity. Suddenly there burst upon them a vision which is recorded in these words:

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. . . (D. & C. 110:1-4).

After this vision closed, the heavens were again opened unto us; and Moses appeared before us, and committed unto us the keys of the gathering of Israel from the four parts of the earth, and the leading of the ten tribes from the land of the north.

After this, Elias appeared, and committed the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham, saying that in us and our seed all generations after us should be blessed.

After this vision had closed, another great and glorious vision burst upon us; for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us and said: Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi—testifying that he [Elijah] should be sent, before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come—To turn the

hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse. Therefore, the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands; and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the doors (D. & C. 110:11-16).

Those who walk only by the standards of their times would have been denied this vision and would have been swept from their purpose by poverty and adversity and would not have built the edifice to which these teachers might come. Those who walk above their time might have built only an edifice of dreams. But those who walked in the path of eternal time, their feet on the earth, their eyes to the heavens, ushered in the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Once more it is spring. The year is 1839. Our prophet now sits in a county jail in Liberty, Missouri. Since that glorious vision three years before in Kirtland, his troubles and perplexities and adversities have increased an hundred fold. His people have been cruelly driven from their homes in Missouri and have sought refuge in Illinois. Surely now he will bend or break under the torrents of adversity and be "driven by the wind and tossed." Now might he not give up and drift with the overwhelming tide—or perhaps withdraw from the world with his faithful followers into a state of ascetic resignation?

Shackled and fettered of men, he plants his feet on the firm earth of this frontier jail, once more he supplicates his God; not for wisdom as at Palmyra, not for endowment as in Kirtland—but for deliverance

of his people from persecution and adversity.

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 (D. & C. 121:1-3).

* * * *

My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; And then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes. Thy friends do stand by thee, and they shall hail thee again with warm hearts and friendly hands. Thou art not yet as Job; thy friends do not contend against thee, neither charge thee with transgression, as they did Job (D. & C. 121:7-10).

Wo unto all those that discomfort my people. . . . For there is a time appointed

for every man, according as his works shall be. God shall give unto you knowledge by his Holy Spirit, yea, by the unspeakable gift of the Holy Ghost, that has not been revealed since the world was until now; Which our forefathers have awaited with anxious expectation to be revealed in the last time, which their minds were pointed to by the angels, as held in reserve for the fulness of their glory;

A time to come in the which nothing shall be withheld, whether there be one God or many gods, they shall be manifest. All thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, shall be revealed and set forth upon all who have endured valiantly for the gospel of Jesus Christ (D. & C. 121:23, 25-29).

Common men walk in their time, their eyes upon the ground, and are driven by the winds of adversity. Other men walk above their time in the clouds and serve not their fellow men. Prophets of the Lord walk in the path of eternal time and cast a stairway to heaven whereby man may obtain to eternal life. Which of these was Joseph Smith, Prophet of the nineteenth century?

Alien to the City

Leone E. McCune

A city canyon was no place
For him; where buildings hewn of stone
Obliterated sky and sun,
Where people rushed and cars whizzed by
On pavement, hot as burning sand.

Born, where lush meadows, dewy wet
And cool, stretched out to circling hills
Of green, he tilled the soil and sowed
The seed, and watched the miracle
Of first new tendrils of his crops,

His joy complete, when grain stood tall
And golden in the stalks. But time's
Swift pendulum exacts its toll.

His weathered figure, slight and bent.
And crowned by silver hair, still roamed
The quiet lanes; his fading eyes
Still scanned the sweet domain he loved,
With pride and satisfaction. Here
In this heaven of his own he lived and died.

Mirror, Mirror

Marjorie Linthurst

JULIE Patten's thin hand shook as she clenched the back of the doctor's chair. It was time again to see if her little son, Johnny, would be able to walk, and again, looking at the big mirror at the end of the exercise room, she felt the old familiar chill start up her spine.

Miss Cassier supported Johnny's five-year-old body carefully in readiness for the doctor's signal.

He's so thin, thought Julie.

"You see that mirror over there, Johnny," the doctor was saying, "now what we want you to do is to walk right up to it until you touch yourself."

Johnny nodded eagerly, leaning forward as though he would surely break away from Miss Cassier and run across the room. When she eased him to his feet, however, only one foot would hold him. The other gave away as it had the time before.

Julie winced at the surprise and resentment on his face.

"I used to do it, Mommy," he cried, "I used to walk!"

Julie turned away to hide the tears in her eyes. Opening the screen door that connected the clinic with its sunny patio, she limped to a bench in the corner. It was an old limp, one she'd had since the childhood polio attack that had almost robbed her of life.

This is not I, she thought, this could not be happening to my son, too.

Oblivious to the soft-footed nurses who moved swiftly to and fro be-

hind the bright zinnias that bordered the path, she was thinking of Philip, who'd always wanted a son, and how happy he had been when she gave him one five years after they were married—the only child ever to be given them.

The clinic door clicked open and from behind his little wheelchair, Johnny smiled across the lawn to her.

"We're going out for our swim now. Don't you want to watch?" The cheer in his voice brought an edge to Julie's mood, with a recollection of that same forced joviality which had been a part of her own childhood.

She cleared her throat. "No thanks, I feel tired. I think I'll rest here." She waved and smiled.

Johnny raised his bathrobed arm, wiggling his fingers.

Julie looked after them, feeling the warm solitude closing in once more. When they're little, she thought, you warn yourself not to care too much, then, lulled by the good years, you find that already they are a part of you.

She caught a strand of brown hair away from the brisk little breeze and held it against her cheek.

It had been only last year about this time that the three of them started off so gloriously to the beach where Philip had rented a cottage.

Oh, if only we had stayed home, thought Julie, leaning back against the stone wall, if only we could go back.

THAT August afternoon when Philip brought Johnny up the weathered wooden steps to where she was sitting with a friend on the cottage porch, she knew. The familiar terrible headache, the weakness, the fever—polio.

They had taken him at once to the children's hospital, and waited. Actually it was only eight hours before the nurse called her in to see him, but it seemed as though she had already waited all of his lifetime.

The doctors had been cheerful. For months they believed that he would recover completely. Later, they told her that her son would walk always with a limp.

What a duet, she had thought bitterly, mother and son.

Miss Cassier would be bringing Jimmy back soon now. Philip was due at noon to pick them up. "How's my boy?" he'd say, more to Johnny than to her.

Later she'd tell him that Johnny had failed to walk again. In front of Johnny she could say nothing. How can you tell a child that this thing is going to be a part of him all his life—that a limp will become his personality.

She knew all of these things because once, she, too, had faced a mirror like the one in the clinic and had seen herself, a strange little girl, dragging a thin, crippled foot along the floor.

She was still thinking of these things when Philip and Miss Cassier came back from the pool. Philip had been around watching Johnny perform. They were both grinning as Philip pushed Johnny's chair toward her.

After they were settled in the car and Philip had gone around to the driver's side to get in, Miss Cassier came over to tell Johnny goodbye. He smiled cheerfully and waved to her as they drove off.

MOLLY and Joe Larsen, who were partners in Philip's advertising agency, and some new people, the Calhouns, were coming to dinner that evening. Coming up the steps behind Philip, Julie thought of these people in connection with him. What of a man tied to a family such as this one? Had Molly and Joe and all the other friends wondered why Philip had married a cripple, dark, handsome, clever Philip Patten who could have had any girl?

They came through the hall to the kitchen. Already Nina had steaming bowls of her delicate onion soup and little brown crackers and cheese set out on the table.

"You're wonderful," Julie told her. She threw her jacket upon the dinette chair, smiling at this middle-aged woman who was more friend than servant. "How did you know I thought it might be a day for soup?"

"Leaves are starting to drop, and there's a nip in the air." Nina smoothed the cushion behind Jimmy's back.

"He didn't make it again, Nina," said Julie.

"He will," vowed Nina quickly. "Some day you'll never know there had been anything the matter."

Geraniums and sunshine, clean, shining blue pottery, cheer. Oh, Nina, she thought, how I wish that I could believe in fairy tales, too.

"Oh, Mary Benton called," said Nina as Philip came back from washing Johnny's hands and they sat down. "She's dropping by this afternoon. Says she won't take no for an answer."

An unpleasant tremor hit Julie. She would, she thought.

They ate lunch and Nina took Johnny into his room for a rest. Julie came around to sit beside Philip at the table.

"Don't let Mary worry you," he said, narrowing his dark eyes, smiling.

Julie looked at him, sensing both his concern and impatience with her mood.

"She makes me feel inadequate."

"But why?" Phil's hand touched the curve of her chin.

"Well, there was a job we were both applying for once, a very good position. She got it, although I was better qualified. I told that to the personnel director and I could see by the look on his face that it was my limp that disqualified me. Mary and I got to talking after the interviews were over . . ." Her voice tapered off, and Phil jumped to his feet and looked at his watch.

"Don't let her worry you," he said, kissing her, "forget about that old job. That was years ago."

"She still has it," said Julie.

He left for the agency, and Julie slipped on a fresh dress, going over in her mind the little details that needed attention. Musn't forget to put a light blanket over Johnny, or put the little crab sandwiches Nina had made before going out, into the refrigerator.

When the doorbell chimed she stopped, dead calm, with what she

was doing, and then with that same tense, withdrawn air went to answer the door.

MARY came in with a flourish, swooping into the sunroom and into a gay little chair like a bee dips into a flower. She was all bee, yellow hair, fuzzy brown lashes, tan eyes.

After she was settled, Julie handed her a glass of cherryade and sat down carefully on the bright tropical flowers of the couch, tucking the awkward foot under her body.

Suddenly Mary leaned forward, her vivacious face bursting with pride.

"Remember Stan Townsley?" she asked.

"Son of the store owner, Townsley?"

"The same," Mary flicked a thread from her nylons, and a diamond blazed out at Julie from her left hand.

"How nice," Julie said numbly. The best job. The richest husband.

"Don't let her worry you, Julie," Philip had said. "Remember Stan Townsley has been married before."

Julie said, with an effort, "I'm so glad, when is it to be?"

"We want a December wedding." Mary leaned back in the chair, stretching her arms above her head. "Can't you imagine the Caribbean by moonlight?"

Julie made her lips form appropriate words.

"But Johnny, poor, poor baby, how is he?" Mary asked, solicitously.

It makes her feel surer of herself, seeing me so unsettled, thought Julie.

Johnny was up when Julie came back in the house after waving Mary off down the hill, and Philip came in as she was getting the clothes from the closet. He dropped his coat limply on the vanity bench.

"Hi." She put the coat on a hanger briskly, patting his face as she limped by. "We don't have much time, Phil."

"I know." He sat up straighter. "I'll take a quick shower." Getting clean things from his dresser, he said, "Nina works too hard, do you know it?"

You do, too, thought Julie, buckling her black evening sandals, you work and work and work and come home at night to play with Johnny because he can't get out like other little boys.

Quickly, she got into the black slip with its soft black overskirt and straight Mandarin jacket. Red. Philip liked red. The first time she'd worn this dress she and Phil and Joe and Molly had gone out to dinner together to celebrate Johnny's arrival, when he was only three weeks old. That had been, as Molly said, the event of the first baby sitter. Julie had worried all through dinner, but, according to Molly, that kind of worry was as things ought to be.

PHILIP finished dressing, knotting his tie with an expert hand, but by the time Julie arrived in the kitchen, Johnny was already finished eating and he had been tucked on the big low couch with his bright little cars to play with.

"He just wouldn't wait, Mrs. Paten." Nina's capable hands were busy opening olives, rinsing them,

as she spoke. "He didn't eat much lunch, you know."

"Oh, I know."

There were voices in the living room, which meant that the company had already arrived. Julie stood irresolute, watching Johnny who had slid off the couch and was now playing much as any normal child would, upon the rug. Bending swiftly, Julie kissed the back of his neck.

"May I come in, too, Mommy?"

"Not now, dear."

Not all of Philip's pitiful family for the company at once.

Julie limped to the door. "Nina'll bring you in later. Uncle Joe brought some new people tonight."

"Wish I could come now." The little red automobile trembled in his hand.

She blew him a kiss. "Later."

"Mommy!" The urgency in his voice made her turn to look his way. "Mommy, am I going to ever walk?"

"Yes, oh yes, of course, Johnny!" Quickly she knelt beside him, cradling his head, but he pushed her away with those same sturdy little hands that had trembled a moment ago.

"Will I limp like you?" he demanded.

Julie was silent, her face miserable. Finally she sighed and said, "Yes, Johnny."

"But limping never made any difference to you, Mommy."

Julie hesitated. Now was the chance to tell him how hard it would be to live with a defect.

But no, she thought, I've been a pattern so far. I think it's a blessing to both of us that I've been allowed to be a pattern.

(Continued on page 717)



Josef Muench

THE SINGING SANDS OF ALAMOSA, COLORADO



Autumn Morning

Lydia Hall

Here in the morning sunlight,
Far from the dusty town,
I walk where fields are purple
And hemmed with gold and brown.

A trailing vine is spilling
Color on an old stone wall,
And from a fence comes ringing
A red-winged blackbird's call.

The wayside bushes blossom
With hosts of butterflies,
And cottonwoods are torches
Against the tender skies.

The clouds are far-flung banners
That march in bright array,
And I am so much richer
Than I was yesterday.

Home—Our First Line of Defense

Elder William H. Boyle

Professor Emeritus, Brigham Young University

HOME sometimes is a place where we come in, hang our hats, eat, and go to bed. It is sometimes the place where we grumble the most and are treated the best. Home sometimes is where we say in the morning, "Hello—remember me?" and "good night" at the end of a busy day.

Home should be the magic circle within which the weary spirit finds refuge. It should be the sacred asylum to which the careworn heart retreats. It should always be a green spot in our memory, an oasis in the desert. The home should be a place of rest, of warm friendship, warm greetings, loving hearts, fond glances and heartfelt and heart-expressed appreciation. Without friends and loved ones, home is nothing but a name.

Here, too, we must learn about economic, social, and spiritual forces that shape our motives and our attitudes to meet a complex society as found in our state and our nation and a world of nations. The machine age and the industrial revolution put grave responsibility on every parent in every home. Every invention has brought along with it countless social problems. We must meet them. We cannot turn back. Sometimes I wonder if we have been physically equipped to make as many adjustments, as many changes in our base as society demands of us. It is so stimulating, it is frightening.

Too many people going to the altar are totally unaware of what it

means to be a parent. A marriage license and a marriage ceremony in no way equip people for parenthood. Sound home life does not come overnight. It starts the day we are born and ends the day we die, and begins anew in a life that knows no parting.

A man and a woman are the products of home more than anything else. The school and the church follow.

IN an address, Third District Judge J. Allan Crockett, Salt Lake City, Utah, echoed what other authorities have repeatedly stressed, that most criminals and delinquents come from broken or maladjusted homes.

"It is rare to find them coming from homes where parents are living together in mutual love and respect and in the fear of God," the jurist said. He expressed the opinion that the solution of most social problems lies first in the home and second in the schools and churches.

In a series of lectures by experts before a Salt Lake parent-teacher association, it was stressed that mothers and fathers can help children acquire acceptable and realistic conceptions of themselves by providing the proper adult models. The following suggestions were given: telling the truth, keeping promises, being consistent in demands and discipline; being reasonable about privileges, paying allowances promptly, taking into account the customs of the child's group; shar-

ing the home, radio, and car; providing a healthy psychological climate and being solidly behind the child when he is in trouble.

The importance of discipline cannot be overlooked. In and out of school children still have to learn to do what they don't want to do and do it willingly. They have to do this for no other reason than, as adults, they will spend the largest part of their life doing that.

President Brigham Young's wise advice was this:

We can guide, direct, and prune a tender sprout and it inclines to our direction, if it is wisely and skillfully applied. So, if we surround a child with healthy and salutary influences, give him suitable instructions, and store his mind with truthful traditions, maybe that will direct his feet in the way of life.

We should never permit ourselves to do anything that we are not willing to see our children do. We should set them an example that we wish them to imitate. Do we realize this? How often we see parents demand obedience, good behavior, kind words, pleasant looks, a sweet voice and a bright eye from a child or children when they themselves are full of bitterness and scolding! How inconsistent and unreasonable this is.

Dr. O. Spurgeon English, professor of psychiatry, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in an address in Salt Lake City, remarked:

The giving of mental health begins with the parent, the church and the school. These together should give the basic foundation of good working personality. Then come the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, youth groups and recreational organization. Then come child care, children's hospitals, social service, family service, delinquency prevention, psychological and vocational counseling, psychiatric wards in general hospitals and finally mental hospitals.

Some of the steps toward mental health have been listed by authorities on human development as follows:

Being a wanted child. Having happily married parents. Satisfying play experiences with other children. Congenial school experience; romantic, playful, successful adolescence. Congenial work suited to temperament. Happy marriage and satisfying parenthood. Prestige and success from work. Enjoyable participation in community activity. Interest in teaching the young. An old age rich in pleasant memories and continued activity.

The wrong road, on the other hand, usually consists of the following steps:

Being an unwanted child, having unhappily married, quarreling parents; painful childhood play experiences, anxious, tense school days; bleak, unpopular, isolated adolescence; uncongenial work, carried out from a sense of duty; unhappy marriage; reluctant acceptance of parenthood; no prestige or success from work; no participation in social or community activity; no interest in helping others; increasing bitterness and hostility.

The child can never be considered separate from his environment. The home must see to it that the child is not cheated out of his opportunities to grow from immaturity to maturity. We must be sure we do not warp precious personalities. The home is the right place to start and it is the right place to keep going.

The home should be a blessing. If it is associated with moral and social excellence many of society's headaches would be eliminated. Then the home would be a silent, permanent, irresistible, overwhelming force for good.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1891

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

REAL AND IDEAL

O, happy childhood, bright with faith and hope,
Enchantment dwells within thy rosy bowers,
And rainbow tints gild all within thy scope,
And youth sits lightly on a bed of flowers,
His cup of happiness just brimming o'er,
Unconscious of what life has yet in store.

Though all along life's weary, toilsome way,
We meet with disappointments hard to bear,
Yet strength is given equal to our day,
And joy is oft'nest mixed with pain and care;
But let us not grow weary in well-doing,
Still persevere, the upward path pursuing.

—E. B. W.

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS: Extracts from President Cannon's Address: We have kept from monopolizing the land and been willing to have it distributed in small holdings, so that every man might have a foothold. I believe that I do not overstate the truth when I say that in no part of these United States is there a population containing so many people living on their own lands and owning their own houses as in Utah Territory. In 1853, or thereabouts there was scarcely enough water in City Creek to water the gardens of Salt Lake City, and it was thought then that we had reached the utmost limit of our supply. But it is a fact that our water has increased in almost every stream throughout all these mountains. I believe there is a kind Providence that watches over man, that wherever man goes Providence is there to aid in his efforts.

MEMORY'S GUIDANCE

Over the moonlit, misty fields,
In freedom I have roamed tonight,
Review'd at will old by-gone scenes,
Time carried away in its flight.
Night had hushed the shadowy earth,
Soft fleecy clouds curtained the sky,
Birds to their nests had all gone forth,
And the winds breathed scarcely a sigh.

—L. M. Hewlings

COLONIA DIAZ, MEXICO: We were organized by Bishop William Derby Johnson, Jr. on the 5th of January, 1888, with six officers and twenty-four members. This was in the early days of this settlement, when we were living in tents and tabernacles like Abraham, Isaac and Jacob of old. Now our Society has increased in numbers and we have been steadily growing in experience, and love of our pleasing labors, that have brought to us so much benefit and profit. We number now, officers and members, seventy-seven, and our average attendance is forty.—Ada A. Earl



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MAUDE ADAMS, seventy-eight, contributed for the exhibit of "Wonderful Moments in the New York Theater," the "diamond and emerald" crown she wore in "A Kiss for Cinderella," her 1917 farewell Broadway performance. Miss Adams made her dramatic debut (as an infant in arms) in the old Salt Lake Theater, with her mother, Utah actress, Annie Kiskadden.

MILLICENT CAREY McINTOSH, dean of Barnard College, is the wife of a busy pediatrician, Dr. Rustin McIntosh, and mother of five children. With good management, strength, and family co-operation, she is successful at all three jobs. The family spend their week-ends at home and often go all together on business trips or vacations. Her understanding husband approves of her career.

MRS. LEONARD ROBINS of Scipio, Utah, and her husband, celebrated their diamond wedding last April 28. He is ninety-five, and she, ninety-three. They may be the oldest married couple in the nation. "In seventy-five years, I have never called him anything worse than *sweetheart*," says Marie Nielsen Robins of her husband.

MRS. ANDREW M. (MARGARET YOUNG) BOYLE, of Salt Lake City, sister of Robert D. Young, president of the Salt Lake Temple, is ninety-seven and a half years old. She has buried three children, has eight living, and counts 240 grandchildren, great, and great-great-grandchildren. She does her own housework, has wonderful health and vision, and has never "taken a pill nor a powder."

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE, wife of the governor of Connecticut, has worked side by side with her husband in every important undertaking. She is now leading the women of her state in a defense program.

AT the fifteenth Annual Convention of the National Federation of Press Women held in Seattle, Washington, last June, a large number of women editors, business managers, publishers, and columnists were in attendance. Two had been voted "woman of the year" in their respective communities. What an influence on American life women with powerful press positions can exert!



The Sabbath for Man

A fundamental commandment of the all-wise Father to his children on this earth is disobeyed and often utterly disregarded in the world today. It was instituted at the creation of the world:

And on the seventh day, I, God, ended my work, and all things which I had made; and I rested on the seventh day from all my work, and all things which I had made were finished, and I, God, saw that they were good; And I, God, blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it I had rested from all my work which I, God, had created and made (Moses 3:2, 3).

Recently there was an opportunity afforded to spend the Sabbath day aboard a vessel. In such a restricted space it was possible to note the manner in which the passengers observed this commandment of the Lord. At intervals during the morning three church denominational services were held. Later in the day a concert of classical music was heard in one of the lounges over the loud-speaking system. The other listed activities consisted of betting on the horse races, ping-pong, shuffleboard, tennis, swimming, movies, cocktail drinking, card playing, partying, and dancing. The spirit of the ship was one of revelry and pleasure seeking.

A serious aspect of the non-observance of the Sabbath seemed to be that there was no evidence of an awareness of disobedience to the

Lord. Even the people who attended a divine service felt perfectly free to spend the rest of the day as their whims moved them. Their appreciation of the law of the sanctification of the Sabbath seemed non-existent.

It caused one to wonder at the long-suffering and mercy of the Lord in not visiting more calamities upon his heedless and disobedient children. It also caused one to sense more fully the responsibility resting upon the saints to observe fully this sacred law that they may be a leaven and a savor to turn aside, as permitted in righteousness, the judgments of God on the world. The light and knowledge given to faithful, seeking Latter-day Saints shone in glorious contrast against the veil and mist of disobedience and ignorance. The possibilities for joy and exaltation in the eternities stretched limitless for all who obey the commandments.

The Latter-day Saint knows that the Father himself sanctified the Sabbath day; that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Yet sometimes members of the Church may be heard to complain that their many Church duties give them anything but a rest on Sundays. Such a person might also decide it would be more restful to spend the evening home rather than to attend sacrament meeting. Proper

Sabbath observance feeds the spiritual body. Probably foremost would be the partaking of the Lord's Supper. Likewise, one would expect that the fulfilling of Church duties on the Lord's day would nourish the spiritual body. Observing the sanctity of the day brings promised blessings.

Let all essential activities in a home be in the spirit of the decree "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. 59:13).

There are always those who question, Is it all right to do this or the other thing? The Lord has said that it is a slothful servant who must be compelled in all things. The law of the Sabbath has been given and sufficient interpretation by Church authorities for everyone's Sabbath walk. Ignorance of the law is no excuse, yet each is given his free agency.

A mother in a home has a grave responsibility to conform in her own conduct, and to guide, teach, and train her children in proper Sabbath observance. If a question

arises regarding an activity, she may ask herself, Is it in the spirit of a day of rest, is it paying one's devotions to the Most High, does it perpetuate the spirit of a holy day? The answer to these questions may decide the propriety of the activity.

Oh, that all Latter-Day Saints would observe this great, basic commandment, remembering the warning of the Lord, "Who am I that made man . . . that will hold him guiltless that obeys not my commandments?" (D. & C. 58:30). May it not be said of us today, "They were slow to hearken unto the voice of the Lord, their God; therefore, the Lord, their God, is slow to hearken unto their prayers, to answer them in the day of their trouble" (D. & C. 101:7). In these anxious and trying times, how needed are the blessings promised in return for observance of the holy day, and how wise will they be who, casting aside indulgent and selfish pleasures, reap the sure rewards of obedience to this vital commandment, in force at the creation of the world, thundered from Mt. Sinai, taught by the Savior, and specifically commanded in this, the last dispensation.

—M. C. S.

Birthday

Beatrice K. Ekman

The birds are gone, no bees hum in the clover;
 Above the yellow trees, a stretch of gray
 Has shrouded purple hills and tall peaks over,
 And shut the brightness of the sun away.
 The fading stubble fields are gleaned and sober,
 Where all the ways of harvesting are done
 Alone, I keep your birthday in October—
 Turning the leaves of memory one by one

The Family Reunion

Elsie C. Carroll

A loaded car winds up a mountain road, crossing cool streams splashing and gurgling over beds of shining stones, winding through clumps of tall, fragrant spruce and fir trees, and at last stops within a government-provided camping ground.

Children pour out of the car, laughing and shouting. "We're the first ones here. Hurray!"

"This is our same camping place . . . See those two big pines holding their arms out to us. Is this all right, Mom?"

"Yes, of course. It's near a hydrant, and the stove and table were handy last year."

These first arrivals for the family reunion busy themselves unloading the car, deciding where is the best place for the tent, and gathering wood to cook the first breakfast. They look frequently towards the road leading into the camping ground.

"Will someone get some water and bark and small sticks to start the fire? We had better have breakfast before there is too much going on."

"See! There comes another car. Wonder who it is?"

"I'll bet it's Uncle Will. He always comes early."

"No. Its a Pontiac. Uncle Will drives a Chev."

"It's Uncle Peter. Hello! Hello!"

"Come over this way and camp by us."

The car bumps over the uneven ground and comes to a stop. The

occupants pile out to a chorus of greetings.

"It's so good to see you! How well you all look! Pete and Jan, you're both getting younger."

"Is this Jimmy? How he's grown, and looking more and more like his dad all the time."

"Isn't it grand to be here?"

"Perfect, but we shouldn't have come this year—with things so unsettled at the plant. But—the family reunion—we just couldn't miss it."

"Neither could we. I guess we all have our problems, but since we started to have our reunions here in the mountains, well, the children would be heartbroken if we didn't come."

"Do you know whether Dick and Lucy are coming? Is she completely well from her operation?"

Another car arrives, and another.

The chorus of children's voices rises above the more subdued greetings of their elders. Cousins renew friendships formed at previous gatherings. Brother and sisters and in-laws embrace and question and exclaim in a happy mingling of tears and laughter.

The children keep up a persistent chatter.

"Let's go fishing."

"Mom, can I go fishing with Larry and Kimmy and Cal?"

"Did the baby porcupine you took home last year die?"

"To the zoo? How much did you get?"

Among the adults conversation is almost as desultory.

"Sam, how are you since that accident? We were so thankful you weren't killed. Clara, you look wonderful."

"Will, how does it seem to be a great-grandfather? Nell, you look as proud as you did when Bill was born. Is the baby William III? Too bad he isn't a little older so Bill and Myrtle could come and we could all see him."

"The first great-grandchild in the family! Makes us all feel old."

OTHER branches of the family arrive at intervals and the babel of sounds increases. The clatter of dishes, wood chopping, snatches of popular songs whistled or sung, shouts and laughter from every direction, as tents and tarpaulins are stretched, camp beds set up, and other campmaking activities being carried on are heard.

The smell of bacon blends with that of wild flowers as smoke goes up from many camp stoves. Children come clamoring from their explorations.

"Is breakfast ready? We're starved."

Soon the sounds become more subdued as families settle themselves around camp tables for their first meal in the mountains.

"Did you bring plenty to eat, Mom?"

"I want another egg."

"Pass the cocoa."

"Everything tastes good out here in the mountains!"

"See that squirrel is eating out of Betty's hand. Isn't it cute!"

"Oh, there's one eating a piece of paper napkin."

"No. He's not eating it. He's stuffing it into his inner pocket to carry it away to his nest," a big brother explains. "That's the way they carry the nuts they store away for winter."

As such excited conversation goes on at one table, in other camps adults converse in lowered, confidential tones.

"My goodness, hasn't Clara aged? Benny's death was surely hard on her."

"Yes. I noticed. Am I as gray as Emma? She's awfully wrinkled, too."

"Did you notice how pretty Grace's Emily is? I believe she was the homeliest baby I ever saw."

"Yes, I remember. Grace actually cried when she looked at her."

"Does Lucy's Kurt have three boys? Their Dick has his girl friend here, hasn't he? Looks like Lucy and Richard will soon be great-grandparents like Will and Nell—before many more reunions."

"We're all getting along to that time."

"The only sad thing about family reunions is that we look at each other and realize that we're getting fat and gray and wrinkled, too."

"Yes, that, and wondering who may not be with us next time."

Visiting goes on from camp to camp, members of the different family units catching up on each other's affairs.

By mid-morning someone calls out: "Everybody down to Uncle Will's camp to plan dinner."

THE one meal for which they gather around one long table is a highlight of the reunion.

"Where shall we set the table this year?" they ask.

"Not by the pavilion. The sun got on us before we were through last year."

"There's a good place by Jim's camp—lots of shade and close by the water."

"What about tables and benches?"

"How many are here? Anybody know?"

"Mattie, don't you always count noses and keep statistics—to write up the reunion?"

"I've been trying to count. With young Kurt and his family who just came, I think there are one hundred and seven."

"Looks like the most important thing about the reunion to you women folk is a chance to exchange your cooking."

"And to you men, a chance to eat it."

Finally time for the dinner arrives. And the long table by Jim's camp is loaded.

Appreciative comments are exchanged as the hungry crowd wait for the last hampers to be unloaded.

"Reminds me of the tables we used to set for the threshers."

"Looks like enough to feed a multitude."

Each woman proudly sets forth her contribution of culinary efficiency and art in the section designated for meats, salads, relishes, desserts, or beverages. Each, eyeing the contributions of her relatives, hopes that her own salad or cake or jelly will bring as much praise and as

many requests for recipes as the others.

Older girls stand near the table with newspapers or branches from shrubs to keep away the flies.

"There's about a hundred cakes and pies and big platters heaped up with chicken, and melons—Gosh! Why don't they hurry?" the children ask.

"My mom brought a cake in a dripper about a yard long."

"Mine made a big panful of salad."

At last the welcome call, "Come to dinner!" brings a scamper of hurrying feet.

"Will, you're the oldest. Why don't you return thanks?" someone suggests.

There is a hush as heads are bowed. If time could only stop. Life is very precious at such times.

"Will, you and Nell start the line and everybody follow around the table. Some of us will help the children."

The tempo of conversation slows, but there are constant exclamations.

"Doesn't it all look good!"

"I never was so hungry in my life!"

WHEN the meal is finished, while the women clear the table, the older men stretch out on camp cots, hammocks, or blankets to doze. The younger ones organize a ball game and horseshoe throwing contest. The children, munching a last cookie or licking an ice cream cone, wander away to renew their games and explorations.

Later in the afternoon there is a general gathering at the pavilion, for the annual reunion program.

After singing some favorite songs, an opening prayer gives thanks for the ancestors who made such occasions as the one they are enjoying possible; gratitude for the heritage they left; and a plea for continuance of the traditions, love, and loyalty that bind the family together.

The program continues with committee reports, tributes to revered ancestors, and highlights in family history. Committees and officers are selected for the next reunion.

Then comes the part of the program, more interesting to at least the younger members of the group—songs, readings, and stunts, in which families vie with each other for honors.

After the program, photographs are taken of the entire company, of the various age groups, of scenes, animals, clouds—anything that will help to make a permanent record.

Later, comes the evening bonfire gathering. To many this is the best feature of the day, to sit in a circle around the huge fire sending its sparks toward the stars. The older members sense a deep joy in this hour of cherished companionship and want to hold each moment close.

When they are settled, someone begins to sing a favorite song, and song after song follows.

Finally someone asks, "Do you remember . . . ?" and story follows story of memorable experiences they shared in their young years. They laugh at incidents that were once catastrophes.

The reminiscing continues until many of the children have fallen

asleep on their mothers' laps. There is repeated yawning as limbs are stretched and wraps drawn closer, for the mountain air becomes chilly. The great stack of wood beside the fire has all been thrown onto the coals, stick by stick, and now only embers glow.

"It's almost eleven," someone exclaims. "Hadn't we better turn in?" Reluctantly the circle breaks up. Flashlights and lanterns flicker through the trees as goodnights are exchanged.

"What time are you leaving in the morning?" one shadowy figure calls to another as they wind back to the camping grounds.

"Not too early. We've got to eat up some more of that food we brought."

"Hasn't it been wonderful! Too bad we can't make it a week. Well, good night."

"Good night."

Voices are warm and tender.

Indistinct sounds fill the darkness—laughter, the chopping of wood, water flowing from hydrants. These continue for a time. Then only the night noises of the mountain—the whispering of trees, the scurry of small foraging creatures, the distant howl of a coyote, are heard.

Many pairs of eyes continue for a long time to look at the starry sky. Loving thoughts arise—of the father and mother who founded the family, of the many members of the family sleeping in the quiet of the everlasting hills, and little prayers are breathed—prayers of gratitude for the love and loyalty that create the annual family reunion.

Perfect Sunday

Elaine Swain

THE mid-spring morning was cool and crisp. The blossom-scented air stung Margey's face. Immediately after Sunday School she and Bill had begun this visit she had been both anticipating and dreading. She knew Bill was going to ask that important question—but how could she say yes when she had told him so little about herself and her family?

Now Bill turned the car off the main highway onto a narrow country road. "Only five more miles," he said.

Margey shivered. Little fingers of cold pricked at her skin. "Oh, Bill," she exclaimed, "I do hope they'll like me."

"Like you?" Bill laughed, "they'll be crazy about you. Mom will probably send you home with an armload of roses, and she says roses belong in the air and sunshine. She only picks them for very special people."

Margey visioned a large farmhouse with spacious gardens. Bill's family must have background, culture. They'd never think her good enough for their only son, especially when they learned of that ramshackle house on the edge of town filled to overflowing with her brothers and sisters. And if she said yes, Bill would find out. She'd have to take him home. The very thought brought an uneasy sensation to the pit of her stomach.

Bill Larsen, back for his master's degree, had become a legend at La-

mont College. He had been outstanding in basketball, track, and scholarship. Ever since that day when he had stopped to chat with her—the pale, new girl at the information desk—Margey had felt like a different person, not like Margey O'Rielly from Centerville, whose folks were always struggling to make ends meet, but like someone interesting and attractive.

She looked up at Bill's strong profile, love and admiration for him coursing through her body. She didn't want him to know she was worried.

"You've been talking about your mother, Bill, now tell me what your father's like," she asked.

"I can't explain Dad to you," Bill answered. "You'll just have to meet him. To me, he's perfect. I have wonderful memories of the times we've had hunting in the hills back of the farm, fishing in the creek, building a tree house in the old elm. Dad's been the kind of father every boy should have."

Margey thought of her own father. Shiftless, some people called him, but he'd loan his last five dollars to anyone who needed it. He was always putting money into crazy inventions, dreams of success that never came true, yet her mother went on, never complaining, looking after the seven children, with faith that one day he would be lucky. Margey could never take Bill home. Never, never, she silently decided.

The car bumped over a bridge, and Bill pointed across the creek. "Our place runs halfway up those hills," he said, "I've always thought it would be a wonderful place to build a home."

Margey's heart quickened. She knew he meant their home, but she couldn't answer. She sighed, an anxious, tremulous sigh.

Bill took her hand and pressed it gently against his cheek. The road curved to the left.

"Our place begins here," he said.

It was an apple orchard. Margey filled her lungs with the sweet, warm perfume. Some of the trees were a bit crooked, but the gnarled old branches were in full bloom, blush-pink against the sky.

WHEN they turned into the walnut-lined driveway all Margey could see was a barn, a huge red building with a Dutch roof. Her eyes had to search for the house. It was small and weather-beaten and in need of paint. On one side she could see about a dozen rose bushes. Bill led her toward the middle-aged couple who came out to meet them.

"So dis bane Marge." Bill's mother spoke with a heavy, guttural accent. A smile spread over her broad face. She wrapped her short, plump arms first around Margey, then around Bill.

Bill's father extended a large caloused palm. "Es goot you're here."

He shook her hand. He slapped Bill on the shoulder. Bill slapped him back, and they followed Margey and Bill's mother into the house.

The living room was small. Crocheted doilies covered the backs and

arms of the worn chairs. As Bill's mother let Margey into the front bedroom she pressed her hand against a bit of torn wallpaper.

"Year before last vas the barn. This year Bill's school. Next year maybe ve get new paper. You like to freshen up, Margey? I go see to the chet boller—ve have chet boller, Norwegian meatballs, for dinner."

Slowly Margey brushed back her hair. In the cracked mirror were reflected a frayed hooked rug, faded curtains, and an old, four-poster bed. Everything was so different from what she had imagined, so plain and so frugal. But Bill's people were friendly, kind people. How could she have judged him so differently? How could she have let the Bill Larsen legend tinge her thinking? Just because he was important at school she had imagined—oh, she had imagined so many things. And she had been so afraid. Now she felt a surge of happiness.

Bill's mother called from the kitchen. "You like to come out here, Margey?"

But when she stepped out of the bedroom, Bill's father stopped her in the living room. "Sit down, Margey. You like a little cider before dinner? Maybe you like to see the barn, or is but a little walk to the creek."

Bill's mother came to stand in the doorway. "Villiam, let the girl be. A long drive and she is tired."

"How about the cider?" Bill asked. He grinned at Margey. "The cider's extra special."

"Ya," his mother chimed in, "Villiam makes it."

Bill's father looked pleased. He said, "I bring in de cider."

Mrs. Larsen clapped her hands. "Ve use stem glasses," she said gaily. "Reach dem down, Bill."

MARGEY sipped the cool amber liquid. Bill was telling his parents about school. His father leaned forward, nodding acquiescence, pride in his son reflected by each gesture.

His mother looked from one to the other, encompassing them both in her love. Something about this place reminded Margey of home. And she had been ashamed of home! Now, she was ashamed of herself. Bill had brought her here, knowing it was the love, the goodness, and the giving she would see.

Since this very morning so many things she had thought about him had changed, even her feeling for him had changed; it was deeper and more real. Now she knew that because she had doubted herself, she had been unsure of him, and what

he was really like, but he had found the love to understand her. Thankfulness for this love filled her being.

Later, after dinner and a tour of the farm, Margey waved goodbye to Bill's parents from behind an armful of roses. Bill turned out of the drive and drove slowly past the orchard.

"It was a good day at the Larsen's, wasn't it?" he asked.

Then he stopped the car and turned toward her. Softly, he said, "Margey—darling—let's make this only the beginning of good days. When school's out, will you marry me?"

Margey did not hesitate. "Yes, Bill, yes," she whispered.

When, at length, she drew away, she said, "It's really been a perfect day, Bill. And, Bill," she went on, a new-found understanding shining from behind the tears in her eyes, "next Sunday let's visit the O'Riellys."

Flight Call

Mary Gustafson

The call of wild geese in their southern flight
Comes suddenly to break my fitful sleep,
And cause a knotted lump to rise and creep
From heart to throat, when in the lost-of-night
Wild travelers cry their pilgrimage from height
Of star-spread sky. Masked longings well from deep
Inside to answer the compelling sweep
Reverberating from the out-of sight.

As strange unrestfulness possesses me,
I, too, would follow where the leader turns
His wedge-shaped flock to an appointed place
Through far-off miles, to find tranquility,
Because I am chained, though all my being yearns
To join the winged adventurers in space.

Through This Door

CHAPTER 3

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: Mary Ruth Grayson tries to care for her father and her motherless brothers and sisters. Rachel Marriott, who had once been wealthy, comes to live in the shabby old house across the street, and with much effort manages to make the place homelike and attractive for her husband and her daughter Lora. Mrs. Marriott takes an interest in Mary Ruth and teaches her some of the arts of housekeeping, as well as giving her love and companionship. Mrs. Marriott is very much worried over her financial situation, and one day, in town with Mary Ruth and Lora, she meets an old friend, Thelma Williams.

SOMETHING deep in me knew that Mrs. Marriott was aware both of our stares and our thoughts. I knew she was steeling herself to endure them as she had steeled herself to endure many things. She introduced me as her friend.

Thelma Williams lifted her brows. "How do you do," she said as from a great height. She turned immediately to Mrs. Marriott. "Charles has been made manager of the bank here, and we're stuck in this dreadful hole. I made him buy a ranch out of town. I try to keep it filled with people from town. Otherwise, I would perish of boredom." Her narrowed, discontented eyes happened to fall on Lora, and they widened.

"What an utterly exquisite little dress! One of your creations I suppose?"

Mrs. Marriott nodded, smiling.

"You used to drive me quite mad, the way you knew just how to fix your daughter, and my Connie such a problem. She still is" Thelma Williams hesitated, she looked again at Mrs. Marriott's gloves. She said, "If you will make some clothes for Constance I'll pay you well."

There was a small coldness where we stood, as though an icy wind had blown out of Mrs. Williams' mouth. There was a great pressure in my chest as though the wind moved strongly against me. But Mrs. Marriott grew taller and straighter. I waited for her to shrivel Thelma Williams with a word. I knew the words were in her. But she said, with careful gentleness, "I would be happy to make them. My charge is five dollars a dress, that is, if you furnish the materials."

Mrs. Williams became very brisk. "That's fine. I'll bring the materials and Connie to your house tomorrow. Just write down the address, will you, dear?"

It was as if Thelma Williams had climbed three steps to stand above us.

Mrs. Marriott wrote down her address on an old envelope in her purse, and we went on. But at the yard goods counter she sat suddenly on one of the little round stools and leaned her head on her hand. She was trembling all over.

I said, "I forgot an errand I promised to do for Dad." I went away and left her. I passed Thelma Williams again, but she was with another woman. She looked through me, not speaking.

I prayed hard for Mrs. Marriott all the way home. I prayed that some relative, very rich, would die and leave her all his money, that she could drive past Thelma Williams in a beautiful red convertible and splash mud all over her.

BUT my prayer was not answered. Thelma Williams came to Mrs. Marriott's house one afternoon while I was there sewing. She looked all around the room in a way that made the crack in the wallpaper seem longer than it really was, and the worn place in the rug wider. She brought her daughter, Connie, who wriggled and twisted and whined while Mrs. Marriott took her measurements. When Mrs. Marriott finished, Thelma Williams sent her daughter out to the car. "I brought Judy along just to look after her," she said, "Connie makes me so nervous."

"You mean you've left someone sitting in the car all this time, in this heat. Bring her in and I'll make some lemonade." Mrs. Marriott was all concern.

"It's just the maid," Mrs. Williams said, "and, anyway, I must be going."

The maid. I went to the window to look at the creature who bore this name. I caught a glimpse of a thin-faced girl, my age, in the back seat of the car reading to Connie. Because I was thirsty my-

self, I imagined her throat parching from the heat, and slipped out in the kitchen for a glass of water. I took it out to the car. The girl reached for the glass thirstily, but Connie whined, "I want it . . . I want it." The maid gave her the glass. There was no time to get more because Mrs. Williams had come down the path and was climbing in the car.

"Thank you," the girl said quickly and gave me back the glass. I watched the car drive away and took a deep breath of air, glad of my freedom.

Mrs. Marriot came down the path. I said, "I hope she falls in the river."

"No," said Mrs. Marriott. "It's all right, Mary Ruth, sometimes blessings come in the blackest disguises."

She made the five dresses. They were cunningly made, with ruffles and puffs that disguised Connie's thin bones. She looked adorable in them, like a child in a magazine.

Mrs. Williams was very pleased. "They're just what I wanted. You are a genius. I'll tell all our friends." Her eyes narrowed. "They've been asking about you . . . you dropped from sight so suddenly . . . I remember I used to envy you that ability to draw the loveliest people to you . . ."

Mrs. Marriott folded the dresses quickly and hurried them into the box.

"They've been meaning to come and see you for ever so long . . . but you know how it is . . ."

"I know," said Mrs. Marriott. "I've learned many things this summer."

AFTER that, Mrs. Marriott was busier than ever. Passing her house at night we would hear the hum of her treadle machine or see her through the window bent over the sewing in her hands.

But I had many things other than Mrs. Marriott to consume my mind and my time in the months that followed. They sped so fast, the days, the weeks . . . It hardly seemed that I had come to high school before I was nearing the end of my time there. When I was a senior and seventeen, I fell in love.

Tom Mack was the king of every girl's heart. He was greased lightning on the basketball floor. He was the hero of boys, they were around him always, patting him on the back, calling his name from doorways or across the street. Tom Mack was tall and dark, with heavy brows over blue eyes and thick dark hair, cut very short. When he stopped his battered car on the high school road one day in October and asked me if I wanted a ride home, stars floated by me like apple blossoms in April. I could only nod dumbly and climb in clumsily beside him. He started the car with a roar and we drove past all the shouting boys and girls. I sat tense with delight in the aura of his magnificence. He was forthright. When he stopped to let me out, he looked at me carefully, appraisingly, "What do you want to wear those braids for, Mary Ruth? They make you look like some darned kid."

"I . . . I don't know." I reached up my hands to the despised tresses that, until this hour, had been my pride.

"You cut them off and come to the game tomorrow night, and I'll drive you home after."

I heard no more of what he said. I remember thanking him, drifting into the house on veils of pink mist and hunting frantically for the scissors. I couldn't find them. It turned out afterwards that one of the boys had taken them out to the sheep pen to do some shearing on his own.

I raced madly up the street to Mrs. Marriott's. "You cut it," I gasped. "I'd be sure to make a mess of it." Even while I pleaded I was undoing the long ropes of hair.

I will never forget the look on Mrs. Marriott's face when she took the scissors in one hand and lifted up the long strands of blond hair with the other. Laughter, tenderness, rue, they were all written in her sensitive face, though it took many years before I could transcribe them.

I went to the game and Tom Mack singled me out of all the girls there. He smiled at me from the bench. He came to me directly he was dressed. The other girls drew back in deference to him, the boys looked at me with a new and awed interest. Tom Mack took my hand and pulled me to my feet. His eyes were on my hair. "You know, I had a hunch you would look like this. Golly!"

Happiness was butterflies dipping about in my chest. He took my hand and I went with him, blindly, gladly, not caring where.

"There's a place I always go," he said, "the Purple Pigeon, want to come along?"

"Dad said I musn't."

He looked down on me, frowning. "Where then?"

I didn't know. "Oh, he won't mind," I said.

We drove past all the houses where pretty girls sat with their friends in neat little living rooms, with fireplaces and pianos and television sets. But at home Dad would be sleeping in the one good chair, the evening paper still in his hand, and the girls and my brothers would giggle and point and play their fiendish tricks. We went to the Purple Pigeon. We went many times.

MRS. Marriott was sweeping snow from her sidewalk when I went to school one morning. It was a bitter morning, cold and windy. I had the strange feeling that she had placed herself there deliberately, but her manner was calm and friendly.

"Hello, Mary Ruth, haven't seen you for a long time."

I scrubbed my toe in the cleared sidewalk. "Nope, busy as all get out."

"Having a nice time at school?"

"Oh, just simply marvelous!" I squirmed impatiently. Tom was waiting for me at the corner.

She coughed. "Mrs. Callister says you've been spending a lot of time at the Purple Pigeon."

I looked at her suspiciously, but there was no reproof at all that I could see. I figured she had no idea about the place.

"A lot of nice people go there," I said defensively.

She leaned on her broom. "Mary Ruth, I've been wanting to see you

and talk to you for such a long time. Why don't you and Tom Mack come to dinner, say Friday, at seven?"

I could have knelt and kissed her dress. I said thickly, "Thank you, Mrs. Marriott, thank you a thousand times." I ran toward Tom, music in me all the way.

Tom opened the door of his car for me, his smile wide and clean in the snowy morning. "Someone leave you a million, Mary Ruth?"

I told him about the dinner. "Please, Tom, you'll come?"

He pulled my hair. "If Dad will let me off early at the store."

I slid down in the seat, so happy, songs poured out of me. I looked at Tom and loved him so much it hurt.

FOR that Friday I wore my new sweater, navy blue, and the new red skirt. My hair was curled to my shoulders and I had painted my nails with a new silver shade. Tom said I looked smooth. Tom looked handsome and untidy, and already slightly bored with the prospect of the evening ahead. We shook off the youngsters, who adored Tom, and went across the street to the Marriotts.

Mr. Marriott opened the door and welcomed us. For once there was no book in his hand. He looked frail and immaculate. "I've missed you very much, Mary Ruth. No one else seems to have quite your knack for choosing books."

He ushered us into the living room as though we were visiting royalty. I saw Tom's eyes widen a little.

A stranger was sitting on the couch in the living room. He leaped to his feet when we entered. He was an older man, about twenty-two, tall and very slim, with black hair in a crew cut, and black, sparkling eyes.

Mr. Marriott introduced him proudly as "our nephew." I found out later he was Mrs. Marriott's sister's son.

"Hello," Chris Jordan said. His smile was like Mrs. Marriott's, a smile that said, "I'm very glad to know you."

It seemed my hand lay a long time in his warm, brown fingers. "I've heard so much about you," he said. His bright eyes searched my face. "In fact, I came down to see if it were all true."

Tom bristled beside me.

Mrs. Marriott came in on a wave of her own laughter. "Forgive me, Mary Ruth, I did mention you in my letters."

"In every one," said Chris Jordan. "I had to come and see for myself."

Mrs. Marriott put her arm through his and hugged him briefly. "One of my favorite people, Mary Ruth." She smiled at Tom. "We saw your last game. Lora cheered herself hoarse. You played very well."

To my relief I felt Tom relax beside me.

The conversation quickened, and through the talk and the laughter I hunted for scraps of information about Chris Jordan. He had been in medical school, a throat infection had forced him out and had

brought him here to Mrs. Marriott's to convalesce. He was quick in his actions and his thoughts, and it was fascinating to me to watch him with the others. He reminded me of one of the fleet, wild horses back in the canyons running easily beside first one and then another of the horses and then going fast as the wind to his own mountain top. He knew some of the best basketball teams, had seen them play. He knew all Mrs. Marriott's friends and fed her hungry heart with good, rich tales of their doings. He seemed to have read everything in the world, and he and Mr. Marriott were soon launched on Mr. Marriott's latest excitement, scientists and doctors who had done great things.

THEY were still at it when we went into the dining room. I listened with all my mind and heart, not knowing what I ate, because I had never really known such men and women as they spoke about this night. Even Tom was spellbound, asking questions, urging them to go on Lavoisier, the Frenchman who first announced that air consists of "two elastic fluids, one respirable and the other poisonous," who was brought to his death by Marat in the French revolution The words Lavoisier's friend pronounced at the guillotine stuck in my heart, "Only a moment to cut off his head, and perhaps a century before we shall have another like it." Steinmetz, Marie Curie After tonight they would never be people out of
(Continued on page 719)

How to Make an Angora Baby Bonnet

Marian Richards Boyer

Material: Crochet hook, size O
1 ball "fuzzy wuzzy" Angora yarn
1 oz. ball baby yarn

USING baby yarn double—Angora single (3-strand), chain 3 slip stitches to make a ring. Then make 6 single crochet stitches in a circle and increase one single crochet in each stitch, making 12 stitches in round. Continue to increase 6 stitches in each round until 12 rows from center. Crochet in each stitch without increasing, leaving 12 stitches for neck edge. Single crochet back and forth on these 64 stitches, doing four rows in baby yarn (one-strand), 4 rows Angora (one-strand), 4 rows yarn, 4 rows Angora, 8 rows yarn, and 1 Angora. Crochet two rows around back of bonnet (with baby yarn), skipping every third stitch to draw it in a little.

For the ruffle, with Angora single-strand, do 5 double crochet in first stitch of fourth row back from front edge; skip one stitch, and single crochet in next stitch. Repeat across bonnet, making a row of shell stitch, and continue in shell stitch for 3 rows.

With baby yarn, crochet a six-inch strap, 4 stitches wide from the right front edge, leaving a button hole in end. Sew a button on left side.

Trim with clusters of rosebuds done by wrapping the yarn around needle twice, as for a French knot, and one stitch on each side, one of pink, one of blue, and one of yellow, with lines of green in between the rosebuds.

Summer Is Over

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The brittle leaves sing it
And seed-heavy clover
Summer is leaving,
Summer is over.

The warbler has finished
The song he was singing
And wedges of mallards
Point southward in winging.

The stubbles are under,
The furrows are drying
And gone are the sea gulls
With sharp, hungry crying.

The orchards announce it
With crimson boughs bending,
With tang of sweet cider
And pear scent ascending.

The red-shafted flicker
Has silenced his drumming.
Summer is over,
Autumn is coming.

Mother's Cookbook

Norma Wrathall

I read through its pages, and find in its charm
A tear of nostalgia, a smile that is warm;
To hold tight the pages, it's tied with a string
From Mother's print apron. You'll find anything
From a cure for a cold, to cakes, as you look
For recipes you require, in mother's cookbook.

WHAT are some of the pleasantest things you remember about your early home? Whatever memories you hold dear, I'll venture to say that your mother's cooking is somehow intermingled, whether you're thinking of her holiday mince pies and fruit-cake, or recalling wistfully the warm, satisfying aroma of home-made bread that drifted through the house on Saturday afternoons.

In addition to recipes for good things to eat, early cookbooks were certain to contain a few tried-and-true remedies for illness. These home-made medicines were the bulwark of the family's fight against illness. In days when the nearest pharmacy might be fifty miles away, and a doctor even more inaccessible, Mother, like other women of her day, had to rely on her own skill and good judgment when illness struck. Mother said, however, "I was never one to try out on my children just any remedy that a neighbor might suggest. I usually waited for a chance to ask a doctor before trying anything new."

The following information is copied from a yellowed newspaper clipping, pinned to a page of Mother's book:

"WHAT TO EAT IF SICK"

"According to the *Albany Argus*, celery is the most valuable food for those who suffer from rheumatism and nervous diseases. Lettuce is good for insomnia. Onions are said to be the best nervine known. They are helpful in all cases of coughs, colds, and influenza. Eaten every other day, they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion. Apples are good for nervous dyspepsia. They are useful and satisfying, nutritious, and medicinal."

The well-known mustard plaster, turpentine-and-lard poultice, and many others were mentioned in the book. But whatever the remedy, the blessing of the Lord was asked before giving medicine to the sick, and somehow, with his help, the women nursed their loved ones back to health.

MOTHER learned to cook the mainstays of any meal, such as the preparation of meats and vegetables, bread and biscuits, meat pie in all its ramifications, and so on, before her own mother died, when mother was fourteen. So by the time she was married, she had learned to cook "by eye," as she says. She wrote down recipes for things she didn't make quite so often. We cannot always duplicate the flavor of her cooking; but any born cook knows that she puts a little of her own personality into the finished product.

The mixing bowl was Mother's constant ally. She could conjure from it a batch of fluffy biscuits or hot muffins to piece out an otherwise skimpy meal. But whether the meal was bounteous or meager, it was always good, and was always preceded by the asking of the blessing. Perhaps in any home, the enjoyment of good meals around the family table is a real part of the "tie that binds." Anyway, it provided us not only with physical nourishment, but spiritual manna as well, bolstering our courage to meet the world's challenge.

The following recipe for wedding cake is one which might prove impractical for modern cooks.

"But Mother, did you ever really bake this great big cake?" I asked, pondering the ingredients.

"Make it? I should say I did!" replied Mother. "Why, it was a standard wedding cake in early days. In fact, it was the cake baked for your father's and my wedding reception."

No directions are given as to the method of mixing, so you will have to decide that for yourself.

WEDDING CAKE

Fifty eggs, five pounds sugar, five pounds butter, five pounds flour, fifteen pounds raisins, three pounds citron, ten pounds currants, one-fourth ounce cloves, one ounce cinnamon, four of mace, four of nutmeg. This makes forty-three and a half pounds of wedding cake, and keeps twenty years. It is unequaled.

In later years, Mother adapted a recipe which she called "one-fourth recipe for wedding cake," as being more suitable to changing times.

Mother has a wonderful recipe for fruitcake which she always bakes at holiday time. She starts getting the ingredients together, a few packages at a time, weeks ahead. But the nuts are obtained from her own trees, for Mother, always with the long view, planted two English walnut trees, so that we would have an ample supply. She still bakes a cake for each of us every year; it wouldn't seem like Christmas without mother's fruitcake. It is delicious right down to the last fruity crumb of cake and the last remaining bit of brown sugar frosting.

FRUITCAKE

2	lbs. seedless raisins	3	c. sugar, rounding measure
2	lbs. dried currants	1	lb. butter, or high grade shortening
2	c. chopped walnut meats	1	tsp. salt (blend with butter)
5	c. flour	6	eggs
2	heaping tsp. baking powder	3	heaping tsp. cinnamon
½	c. mild molasses	2	tsp. mace (or nutmeg)
2	c. sweet milk	¼	tsp. allspice
1	tsp. vanilla (put in milk)		

Cream shortening, with salt, and sugar; beat in eggs, one at a time. Add molasses, mix well. Add flour, which has been sifted with the dry ingredients and spices, alternately with the milk, and vanilla. If the fruit has been scalded and steamed, as it should be, flour it with extra flour before adding to the cake. Add nuts. Mix well. Bake in a greased dripper lined with brown paper, in a slow oven, until a broomstick inserted will come out clean. If the cake browns too fast on top, put a piece of brown paper over it so it will not burn.

BROWN SUGAR FROSTING

1 ½	c. brown sugar (well packed)	2	tbsp. butter (or margarine)
1 ½	c. white sugar		pinch of salt
1	c. canned milk	1	tsp. vanilla

Mix sugar and milk, place on stove, stirring constantly until dissolved. Boil covered for three minutes. Boil, uncovered, until it forms a soft ball in cold water, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, add butter, salt and vanilla. Cool until luke-warm. Beat until creamy. Thin with a little cream or canned milk if it gets too stiff to spread.

Here is a chocolate cake that's especially good for Sunday dinner, or for company:

MAHOGANY CAKE

½ c. grated chocolate	2 level c. sifted flour
1 c. sweet milk	1 level tsp. soda
1 c. sugar	2 tsp. baking powder
½ c. shortening	¼ tsp. salt
3 eggs	1 tsp. vanilla

Mix grated chocolate and ½ cup milk together, boil, and set aside to cool. Beat sugar and shortening until creamy, add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add the other half cup milk, alternately with the dry ingredients. Add chocolate mixture and vanilla. Bake in moderate oven in drifter or two large layers. Frost with chocolate frosting.

Do you remember the old-fashioned tarts? They were a great favorite in early days. Often the baked tart shells were filled with raspberry jam topped with whipped cream just before serving. This recipe for lemon tart filling is very old. It was given to mother by her own mother. In those days, lemons were so scarce as to be practically non-existent in this intermountain country, so the tart filling was flavored with lemon flavoring. However, you'll probably like it better if you use the juice of one lemon, and a little of the grated rind to taste, instead of the flavoring. Use any standard recipe for making the tart shells, or use packaged pastry mix.

LEMON TARTS

1 c. sugar	3 slices dry white bread, ground into
1 c. water	crumbs
2 eggs (yolks only)	butter, size of a walnut
	lemon flavoring to taste

Beat all together, and pour into baked tart shells. Bake in a moderately slow oven until set. Cover with a thin frosting made of the egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar, beaten together. Return to oven until light brown. This topping should be a thin frosting.

I have left the "last the best of all the game," for these cinnamon buns recall to mind some of the happiest moments of my youth. The first autumn day that it was cool enough to keep a fire all afternoon, Mother was pretty sure to bake buns. There would be the heavenly scent of cinnamon drifting out to meet us as we came home from school and the shout, "Mama's making buns!"

Do try this recipe. You'll agree that it's delicious. Mother said that she got it years ago from her sister, Aunt Nettie Taylor, of Provo, Utah.

BUNS

Be sure to follow method as given. Do not use too much flour. The trick lies in keeping the dough soft and elastic, and in light handling.

- | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|---|---|
| 2 | eggs | 1 | c. butter (or margarine, or use half margarine and half shortening) |
| 2 | c. boiling milk | 2 | cakes compressed yeast (dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. warm water) |
| 1 | c. sugar | | flour to make a soft dough |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ | tsp. salt | | |

Beat eggs until very light. Pour over them, beating all the while, the boiling milk. Then add sugar and salt. Let mixture cool to lukewarm, then add yeast, and stir in flour until a soft dough has been formed. Turn upon board, and knead until elastic, but not stiff enough for bread. Then set in a pan to rise (covered) until very light. When light, work in softened butter. Let rise again until light. (Do not add any more flour.) Form into buns the desired size. Raisins, which have been scalded until plump, drained and floured, may be worked into the buns at this time if desired. Place buns on greased pan about one inch apart. Let rise (covered). Just before putting into the oven, brush with slightly beaten egg white and sprinkle with a mixture of sugar and cinnamon to taste. Bake in a moderate oven.

These are but a few of mother's recipes. Her best ones she always carried around in her head, and to try writing them down at her direction is like trying to capture the aroma of sage dressing, or the indescribable flavor of home-made dumpling stew. But I hope you'll try some of them, and add them to your own precious collection of good food and pleasant memories.

Of Seeds

Maryhale Woolsey

Each autumn there are winged seeds
 Afloat on every breeze;
 Some carry next-year's milkweed floss . . .
 Some cradle willow-trees.
 From flowers, from weeds, from fruits they come,
 And we may never know
 Which ones may choose our own front yard
 Wherein to grow!

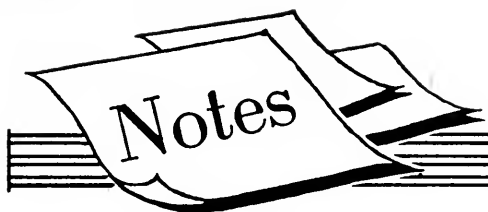
Valley Pheasants

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The sunshine's reach was valley-wide,
 Its warmth as soft as milkweed down,
 And pheasants gleaming in the field
 Came to visit near the town.

Then golden stubbled lands were dimmed,
 The shadowed pheasants, terrified,
 Before the endless searching squads
 Fled further up the mountainside.

The first snow found an obscure nest
 The base where fledglings learned to fly.
 The fields were lonely, desolate,
 Beneath a disapproving sky.



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the Magazine for April 1950, page 278, and the Handbook of Instructions, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Ella O. Davis

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS ASSEMBLED FOR STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

June 18, 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Evelyn Dunn, theology class leader; Ina Carlson, literature class leader; Winnifred Allen, First Counselor; Mary Larson, Magazine representative; Margaret Kloepfer, visiting teacher supervisor; Lila Jones, organist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Mae Jenkins, Second Counselor; Laura Watkins, social science leader; Ella Davis, Secretary; Vilda Bartschi, work meeting leader; Lovisa H. Maughan, President; Alvina Pehrson, chorister.

The secretary, Sister Davis, reports this delightful occasion: "Each year in June the stake board entertains the ward officers at a Strawberry Festival. This year a most interesting program was enjoyed, in which each ward participated. Sister Jenkins was in charge of refreshments; Ina Carlson and Ella Davis, floral arrangements; Anna Smith, program. Mary Larson made and presented each stake executive officer with a lovely corsage. The Mount Logan Stake presidency and high councilman advisor were special guests. About one hundred attended the festival."



Photograph submitted by Jane T. Richards

BRITISH MISSION, NOTTINGHAM BRANCH BAZAAR

Left to right: President Lloyd P. Oldham; Muriel Nichols, visiting teacher leader; Maude Lee, district supervisor; Lydia Oldham, President, Nottingham Branch Relief Society; Ivy Allred; Jean Russell, literature class leader; Frederick John Alldred, Counselor to President Oldham; Josie Gilbert, Secretary-Treasurer, Nottingham Branch Relief Society.

Jane T. Richards is president of the British Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Twila A. Isaac

PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH) PRESENTS PAGEANT FOR CLOSING SOCIAL June 5, 1951

This beautifully staged and interesting pageant, "Memories," was written by Othelia Huntington, fifth from the right, and directed by Virginia Evans, second from the left, and Vera Warren, first from the left, who assisted her.

Twila A. Isaac is president of Palmyra Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Vera H. Hales

NEW YORK STAKE (NEW YORK) SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, seated, left to right: Mabel Clark, director; Ada Miller; Rose Huber; Elma Stoddard; Margaret Thomas; Lucille Neff.

Second row, standing, left to right: Helen Thackeray; Emily Clark; Opal Christensen; Stake Relief Society President Vera Hales; Barbara Ditmore; Veda Mortimer; Irma Bartlett; Leone Rose.

Third row, standing, left to right: Erica Anderson; Dessie Thomas; Olive Harris; Ellis Cullimore; Jean Griffith; Bee Hickman, organist; Florence Bennett; Anne Ehrenburg; Hannah Weimer; Pauline Thomander.



Photograph submitted by Lela M. Bailey

SAN LUIS STAKE (COLORADO), SANFORD WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS 1908-1951

Left to right: Almina Lenington (1947-1951); Eva Martin (1943-47); Agnes Reynolds Reed (1933-36); Mable Christensen (1930-33); Amy Jones (1927-30); Lettie S. Jensen (1936-43 and 1908-12).

This photograph was taken in the Relief Society room of the new chapel. Lela M. Bailey is president of San Luis Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Emma Chytraus

NYSSA STAKE (OREGON), NYSSA SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY
OFFICERS EXHIBIT CHART REPRESENTING 202 PER CENT
MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Left to right: President Ruth Bybee; Magazine representative Hazel Hunter; First Counselor Leone Beus; Second Counselor Mabel Skeen.

The flowers on the chart represent gift subscriptions, and the leaves represent subscriptions of the Relief Society members. All six wards of Nyssa Stake achieved more than 100 per cent in the 1950 Magazine subscriptions.

Emma Chytraus is president of Nyssa Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Edith Anderson

WEISER STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS WHO PRESENTED THE
MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, June 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Weiser Stake President J. Raymond Dewey; First Counselor Grant W. Weber; Second Counselor E. Clifford Bradshaw; President Milton R. Hunter of the First Council of the Seventy.

First row, standing: at right, pianist Evelyn Bates, and, second from the right, chorister Viola Redford.

Second row, standing: Second Counselor Dorothy Zaugg, sixth from the left; President, Weiser Stake Relief Society, Della W. Alder, seventh from the left.

Third row, standing: Magazine representative Fannie Chandler, second from the right.

Standing at right side, in plaid dress, Alma Jensen, organist.

Some of these sisters drive as far as fifty miles to singing practice, and they are devoted to all phases of Relief Society work.



Photograph submitted by Josephine S. Bird

UTAH STAKE (UTAH), PROVO THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL, June 12, 1951

Standing, left to right: Florence Clark (1942-45); Reva Bullock (1936-42); Nelli Mecham (present president); Sarah L. Dixon (1913-32); Maurine Taylor (1932-34); Nettie Madsen (1934-36); Vida Swenson (1945-49).

Left inset, the first president, Mary Jane Tanner (1869-90); right inset, Eliza Taylor (1890-1913).

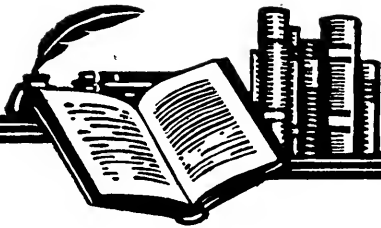
These presidents represent eighty-three years of leadership of the Provo Third Ward Relief Society—1868-1951. Seven of these women are still living, and are residents of the Third Ward.

Josephine S. Bird is president of Provo Stake Relief Society.

Autumn

Beulah Huish Sadleir

Leaf upon leaf,
Mound upon mound,
Summer's brown toast
Has covered the ground.



Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 4—The Migration (Continued)

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Ether, chapters 1-7.)

For Tuesday, January 8, 1952

Objective: To show the purpose and promises of the Lord regarding the land of promise, applying them to our own day.

FOLLOWING the instructions of the Lord, given at the time he requested divine guidance concerning where they were to go, the brother of Jared was told to “gather together thy flocks, both male and female, of every kind; and also of the seed of the earth of every kind; and thy families; and also Jared thy brother and his family; and also thy friends and their families, and the friends of Jared and their families” (Ether 1:41) and go into the valley of Nimrod, which was northward. In preparation for this journey they had also laid snares and caught birds, prepared a vessel in which they could carry fish, and collected swarms of bees.

It was in this valley of Nimrod that the Lord came down and talked with the brother of Jared, but he was in a cloud and the brother of Jared did not see him. The Lord commanded the little colony to go into a wilderness where “there never had man been.” Under the

Lord’s guidance they crossed many waters in barges until they were brought “forth even to that great sea which divideth the lands.” Here they pitched their tents and remained for some years. They named the place Moriancumer.

At the end of four years, the Lord directed the colony to prepare to cross the ocean to the land of promise. Concerning this land to which they were being guided, Moroni wrote that God,

had sworn in his wrath unto the brother of Jared, that whoso should possess this land of promise, from that time henceforth and forever, should serve him, the true and only God, or they should be swept off when the fulness of his wrath should come upon them. . . . 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, who hath been manifested by the things which we have written (Ether 2:8, 12).

The knowledge given in this revelation was of inestimable value to the brother of Jared. And it is a power to modern Americans if we have the genius to use it. The promise is as valid today as it was at that time about forty-two centuries ago.

In preparation for the voyage to the land of promise, the Lord instructed the leaders of this little group to build eight barges after the manner of those they had constructed in the wilderness. These barges were as long as a tree, were peaked on the ends, and were constructed in a manner to prevent the entrance of water when they should be submerged, for the Lord knew the vessels would be immersed from time to time. To prevent the entrance of water they had to be airtight.

When the vessels were finished, the brother of Jared inquired of the Lord concerning the manner in which air and light were to be supplied. In humble prayer to the Lord, he said:

O Lord, in them there is no light; whither shall we steer? And also we shall perish, for in them we cannot breathe, save it be the air which is in them; therefore we shall perish (Ether 2:19).

The brother of Jared was instructed:

Behold, thou shalt make a hole in the top, and also in the bottom; and when thou shalt suffer for air thou shalt unstop the hole and receive air. And if it so be that the water come in upon thee, behold, ye shall stop the hole, that ye may not perish in the flood (Ether 2:20).

In answer to Moriancumer's question, "Behold, O Lord, wilt thou

suffer that we shall cross this great water in darkness?" (Ether 2:22) the Lord, in turn, asked him a question, "What will ye that I should prepare for you that ye may have light, when ye are swallowed up in the depths of the sea?" Then, we are told, the brother of Jared ascended Mount Shelem, and molted out of a rock sixteen small, white stones, which were as clear as transparent glass. Carrying them in his hands upon the top of the mountain, he presented them to the Lord, and cried:

I know, O Lord, that thou hast all power, and can do whatsoever thou wilt for the benefit of man; therefore touch these stones, O Lord, with thy finger, and prepare them that they may shine forth in darkness; and they shall shine forth unto us in the vessels which we have prepared, that we may have light while we shall cross the sea (Ether 3:4).

"The Lord stretched forth his hand and touched the stones one by one with his finger" (Ether 3:6). After the Lord had prepared the stones, the brother of Jared placed one in each end of the barges, and they gave light to the vessels.

So great was the faith of the brother of Jared upon this occasion that the veil which separates the human from the divine was lifted from his eyes, and he beheld the finger of the Lord. Struck with fear, he fell down before the Lord. "Never has man come before me with such exceeding faith as thou hast;" said the Lord, "for were it not so ye could not have seen my finger" (Ether 3:9).

Then it was that the brother of Jared asked the Lord to show himself unto him. After the brother of Jared declared, "I know that thou

speakest the truth, for thou art a God of truth and canst not lie," the Lord showed himself and said:

Because thou knowest these things ye are redeemed from the fall; therefore ye are brought back into my presence Behold, I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold, I am Jesus Christ. I am the Father and the Son. In me shall all mankind have light, and that eternally, even they who shall believe on my name; and they shall become my sons and my daughters. And never have I shown myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast. Seest thou that ye are created after mine own image? Yea, even all men were created in the beginning after mine own image. Behold, this body, which ye now behold, is the body of my spirit; and man have I created after the body of my spirit; and even as I appear unto thee to be in the spirit will I appear unto my people in the flesh (Ether 3:13-16).

Having prepared all manner of food for their sustenance on the voyage, and also food for their fowls and animals, they set forth from Moriancumer in the eight barges, commending themselves unto the Lord their God. Many times they were buried in the depths of the sea as the waves broke over them when tempests stirred the turbulent water.

For three hundred forty-four days they were driven forth upon the water by furious winds.

And they did land upon the shore of the promised land. And when they had set their feet upon the shores of the promised land they bowed themselves down upon the face of the land, and did humble themselves before the Lord, and did shed tears of joy before the Lord, because of the multitude of his tender mercies over them. . . . And it came to

pass that they began to spread upon the face of the land, and to multiply and to till the earth; and they did wax strong in the land (Ether 6:12, 18).

At the height of their civilization "the whole face of the land northward was covered with inhabitants" (Ether 10:21).

The nature of their civilization is explicitly given by Moroni, who writes that during the reign of Lib:

They were exceedingly industrious, and they did buy and sell and traffic one with another, that they might get gain. And they did work in all manner of ore, and they did make gold, and silver, and iron, and brass, and all manner of metals; and they did dig it out of the earth; wherefore, they did cast up mighty heaps of earth to get ore, of gold, and of silver, and of iron and of copper. And they did work all manner of fine work. And they did have silks, and fine-twined linens; and they did work all manner of cloth, that they might clothe themselves from their nakedness. And they did make all manner of tools to till the earth And they did make all manner of tools with which they did work their beasts. And they did make all manner of weapons of war. And they did work all manner of work of exceedingly curious workmanship. And never could be a people more blessed than they, and more prospered by the hand of the Lord (Ether 10:22-28).

The promise made by the Lord to the brother of Jared, that he would raise up unto the seed of the members of this colony a great nation, so much so that there would be none greater, was literally fulfilled. In extent and in nature, it was a civilization that looms large in the eyes of those who understand.

Because of his faith and his steadfastness, the Lord blessed the brother of Jared and his posterity, despite the fact that wickedness ulti-

mately brought about the decline and fall of the empire.

Knowing that the time of his death was near, the brother of Jared encouraged Jared to call the people together to ask them what they most desired of them before they departed from this life. The people clamored for a king, and Orihah, son of Jared, was anointed king over the people.

Soon after the establishment of this monarchical form of govern-

ment, "it came to pass that Jared died, and his brother also."

Questions for Discussion

1. How does this lesson establish the fact that God rules the destiny of nations?
2. How can we help to keep America a land of freedom?
3. What does this lesson teach us of the personality of Jesus Christ (Ether 3:14; 4:7)?
4. What was the nature and extent of the Jaredite civilization?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 4—"Look Unto God With Firmness of Mind, and Pray Unto Him With Exceeding Faith, and He Will Console You in Your Afflictions . . ." (Jacob 3:1).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 8, 1952

Objective: To remind us that God is ever willing to comfort us in trial.

THERE are times in the life of every individual when he is in dire need of comfort, encouragement, or relief from mental or physical anguish. In the above quotation, a Book of Mormon prophet Jacob, tells us how we may receive consolation in our afflictions.

How wonderful it is to know that we have a sure source of comfort—someone to whom we can turn for help with implicit trust. When we encounter trials our greatest consolation is received from God. He alone can ease the pain, can give us hope in the future, the courage to continue. No earthly power or influence is comparable. The words of the following song express the feeling of confidence we have in his help:

I know my heav'nly Father knows
The storms that would my way oppose;
But He can drive the clouds away,
And turn my darkness into day.

I know my heav'nly Father knows,
The balm I need to soothe my woes,
And with His touch of love divine,
He heals this wounded soul of mine . . .
He knows, He knows, and tempers ev'ry
wind that blows.

Sometimes we look at certain of our friends who have recently undergone great sorrow, and we wonder at the serenity of spirit they possess. We marvel that they are able to bear up under the heavy blows that have befallen them. And then we realize that God has come to their aid. He it is who has given them support, cheered their hearts, made them equal to their afflictions.

We know that consolation and peace do come from our Heavenly Father; but they do not come without effort. Every gift and blessing from God is based upon obedience to law. There are certain prerequisites of worthiness to the receiving of any blessing. In this quotation we are told that the prerequisites are that we look to God with firmness of mind and that we pray unto him with exceeding faith. Firmness of mind implies steadfastness and strength, not wavering nor doubting, but confidence that our petition will be answered. Then, if we show sufficient faith, the heavens

cannot be restrained from pouring out blessings upon us.

The prophet Jacob does not promise us that our afflictions will vanish if we do these things. He promises only that we may be consoled in bearing them. We know it would not be good for us to have all our afflictions removed. Through them we grow in strength, in wisdom, in patience, and understanding.

The Lord will comfort our troubled hearts. No matter how sore the trial, we may go to our Heavenly Father in humbleness of spirit and he will sustain us, he will console us in our afflictions.

Work Meeting—Sewing

THE ART OF MENDING

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

Lesson 4—Knitted Goods

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, January 15, 1952

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

KNITTED garments require a special method of mending and care. Snags or breaks stretch very easily to form holes and they run readily. These should be caught and mended as soon as discovered and while still small.

Mends in knit wear should be done with matching yarn. If unable to buy a similar skein, ravel out a pocket or some other part of the garment that you can do without.

To keep a simple break in the knitting from growing, catch each

loop with a needle and matching thread. Tie off threads securely on the wrong side. In this type of garment mend holes with a knit stitch which matches better and has more "give."

Proper use and care can eliminate much of your stocking mending. Educate children and adults alike to put on hosiery correctly. Both long and short hose should be rolled down to the toe and drawn on easily to avoid tearing and snagging. (See *Relief Society Magazine*, May 1949, "Handle

With Gloves," by Ivie H. Jones.)

It is economical to buy always two or more pairs of matching hose so that good ones can be mated when worn out ones are discarded. When mends or darns become necessary, be sure they are done in matching thread that is of the same weight as the hose. If darning cotton is not available in proper shades, use colored embroidery thread.

Save old nylon hose and ravel out threads to use for catching snags and runs in other nylons. The nylon thread will be stronger and much less conspicuous than darning thread.

When darning holes in socks, make as small and as neat a darn as possible. Leave the hole in the round shape it took as it developed but snip away ragged edges. Do not knot thread but weave ends in, working on the right side. Work with small stitches back and forth across the hole, evenly, and far enough into the fabric to strengthen weak spots. Darn in one direction, then the other, weaving in and out regularly. Fill in lengthwise threads first.

Use only as many strands of the thread as you need to match the weight of the stocking. This will insure longer wear and more comfort in wearing.

Examine all hose carefully after laundering and reinforce thin and weak spots, before they break into holes, with small running stitches parallel to the weave.

Mend split seams with a very fine over and over stitch in a single thread.

When mending girdles or any elastic goods, take care not to put

your needle through any rubber threads for it will cut them. Catch the end of each rubber thread that has pulled out and wrap it securely with heavy-duty mercerized thread so that it will hold, and then darn it down into the seam or fabric where it pulled out. Do not stitch elastic webbing on the machine.

Sew twill tape or satin fabric as a reinforcement on the underside of seams. When sewing on elastic fabric use the catch stitch as it holds better and has more "give." The catch stitch, unlike most stitching is worked from left to right. In this stitch the threads cross each other on the wrong side. With the needle held parallel to the raw edge, or edge to be sewed in place, take a stitch below the edge. Take the next stitch above the edge with the needle in the same position, about one-eighth to one-fourth inch from and to the right of the first stitch. Take the next stitch below the edge and continue alternating the stitches above and below the edge.

Replace lifeless rubber on garters with new elastic of the correct width. Make all repairs on worn places as soon as they appear.

Split seams on gloves are mended in the manner of the original stitching—in whip stitch or running stitch. Start stitching without a knot, securing ends of stitching carefully and concealing all thread ends inside the glove. On lapped seams, if there is not enough for a seam, make close blanket stitches along both edges of ripped seam. Draw the edges together by overhanding through the blanket stitches.

Literature—The Literature of England

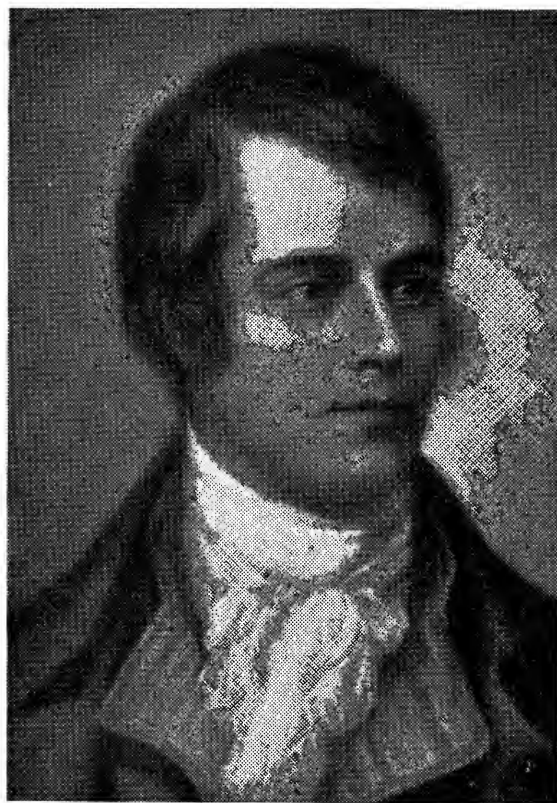
Lesson 20—Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 22, 1952

OF all the poets of the Western World, few have been loved more warmly than Robert Burns. And since love for any man cannot be suggested or dictated but must flow spontaneously from hearts which themselves have been deeply moved, it is then apparent that the rich love which generations have expressed for Burns has been only a returning to him of the throbbing love for humankind which his writings first gave to them.

At least once a year most adult, English-speaking people join together to recreate for a moment Burns' essential spirit as they sing "Auld Lang Syne." Many are unaware of what the words of the title mean (strictly, "Old Long Since") nor do they know who first conceived them. But it makes no difference, for the spirit of Burns and human comradeship is in the first line which everyone seems to know so well that apparently it enjoys a permanent place in the hearts of men. Nor is such a remembrance unfair to Burns' genius, for in this simple lyric, as throughout all his lines, the music of his poetical singing has a sweetness of pure inner melody, a clean, penetrating style, and a power to stir the common, but commonly dormant, emotions. Save for Whitman and Lincoln and Ernie Pyle, few writers other than Burns have identified themselves more overwhelmingly with the feelings of the common people and have expressed



A Perry Picture

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ROBERT BURNS

1759 - 1796

those feelings with greater power.

In Burns there is almost a fierce integrity between his life and his poetry. So intensely did he love the basic life of the soil and champion its simple virtues, and so viciously did he condemn what for him were the supreme vices—hypocrisy and self-righteousness—that he wrote only what he was; and what he was and knew, his poems became. This is one of the great sources of his literary power. Therefore, it is both fitting and necessary

that we review some details of his life.

In 1759 Robert Burns was born in Ayrshire in the Scottish Lowlands, the first of seven children. His father was a peasant farmer who moved his family from one tenant farm to the next, hoping always to find somewhere else a situation in which he might combat more successfully the problems of exorbitant rents and bleak soil. As was the customary practice in winning the battle for survival, Burns' father worked himself and his sons at scythe and flail, mattock and plow, during every precious daylight hour. Burns later spoke of almost the first half of his life as a period filled with the "gloom and toil of a galley-slave."

Although he went to school at Kirkoswald for but a brief period, he was not an uneducated man. His father was a lover of books and encouraged Burns to read widely, which he did with increasing enjoyment. He knew and loved the great English writers—Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Dryden—and was at home with the poets and novelists of his own day. He read deeply in such diverse fields as theology, philosophy, and agriculture. He wrote good English prose, and read French fluently. But what he knew best and loved most were the many Scottish ballads and songs which had been hummed and whistled and sung constantly by those about him. When he discovered the works of his fellow Scotch poets, Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson, Burns thrilled to see the essence of the Scot spirit recorded in permanent form. He dreamed of adding

his own poems to this tradition, and of collecting the many rich folk songs which otherwise would soon be lost.

When he was twenty-two, Burns escaped from the farm drudgery to become a flax-dresser in the town of Irvine. Here he learned to enjoy himself among other laborers who, poor and overworked, found Burns delightful for his endless store of folk-humor and songs, his creative wit, and for his strong conviction that, despite their having neither money, formal education, "good breeding," nor security from one day's end to the next, he and his companions were honorable, good men. He saw and praised in the common folk the virtues of tolerance, friendliness, courage, sympathy, and sturdy manliness, which are the true distinctions of character and of Scotland—virtues which cannot be bought or bestowed. In the town he also pitied the outcasts and lower classes, and opposed the smug condemnations of the self-styled "best families" who harbored within themselves so many unconfessed sins while condemning the weaknesses evident in others.

When his father died, Burns went back to the life of a farmer, but soon became even more discouraged than before. In despair, Burns planned to sail to Jamaica to begin life anew, but the great success of his first published book of poems, in 1786, changed his mind. The elite of Edinburgh wined him and dined him as a living proof of the growing romantic idea that civilization was responsible for the evil in man, and that untamed nature alone could produce genius and origin-

ality. Somewhat like Omai, the savage from the South Seas who was brought back to London, in 1774, by Captain Cook's expedition, Burns was an object of curiosity; but once the novelty wore off, his elegant hosts no longer concealed their belief that he was also rather crude and rough, and in some bitterness Burns returned to his home district.

Never before having been more than ten miles from his home, Burns found his taste for travel whetted, and he toured the Highlands, then returned to marry Jean Armour and become collector of excise duty for the region around Dumfries. During his later years he knew for a time such a home as he described in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," continued his writings (including some of his best lyrical song-poems), and collected folk-ballads. While he continued to enjoy many friendships, his last years were characterized by bitterness and dissension, caused, at least in part, by his enthusiasm for the rebellious principles of the French Revolution, and by his stout defense of the natural goodness of man as opposed to the dour Calvinistic beliefs of Scotch Presbyterianism, which insisted that man was by nature evil, dominated by the spirit of the devil, and, with few exceptions, doomed to roast amidst the brimstone fires of hell. He died in 1796 at the age of thirty-seven.

During his own lifetime and for years afterward, Burns was vilified and condemned by those "unco guid" of his contemporaries who could remember him only for his sins, which they so enlarged upon

that they would have him appear only as lazy, a poor manager, and a man of lax morals who drank himself to death. Modern research points to his death as a result of heart disease and that while he did drink with friends and had often been drunk, he was not an alcoholic; and that his love affairs came about after sincere courtships whose flavor we can share from such poems as "A Red, Red Rose" (page 109), "Bonie Doon," "Ae Fond Kiss" (page 107), "John Anderson, My Jo," "Sweet Afton" (page 102), and "Mary Morison" (page 85). As for his "radical" economic, social, and political views, the core of his convictions on these crucial issues also served as core to the founding fathers of our nation, for during this same period they also revolted against convention and the world by building a new way of life on these same dissenting principles.

While in no way approving the faults which Burns had, many have found in his lines so much that is good and praiseworthy that they have forgotten to emphasize his faults, so really and movingly did he speak to them.

Robert Burns, perhaps the most fiery love poet in our language, loved as well those other emotions and ideals which previously we have defined as comprising romanticism. First of all, Burns is the poet of emotion, surpassing even Byron in the condensed intensity of his impassioned lyrics. Aside from his satires, "The Jolly Beggars" and "Holy Willie's Prayer" (text, pp. 88-95), there is scarcely one intellectual idea in all his works, and even these satires have their under-

lying ideas expressed in some of the most powerfully emotional lines he ever wrote. To prove for yourself Burns' genius at using precisely the right word or image to evoke the strongest response, read aloud until your pulse quickens and your responsive emotions are warmed. Should this not happen almost at once, you are not approaching the poem in the spirit in which it was written, and until you give yourself to the poem and bring your share of emotion and power and life to its reading, it never can come alive for you.

His love poems are so well known, and appeal to so familiar an emotion that they hardly deserve comment as being the personification of one aspect of romantic spirit. One source of their great beauty and universal appeal lies in their simple manner and tone, but expressive of so vast a sincerity and so complete a devotion that none can honestly doubt the reality and fervor of his love. As, for example:

A RED, RED ROSE

O, my luvie is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.

O, my luvie is like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luvie am I,
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvie,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luvie,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

(text, pages 109-110)

The great esteem he felt for other common men like himself is strongly felt in "To Davie" (page 85), "Epistle to J. Lapraik" (page 86), "Auld Lang Syne" (page 102), and "A Man's a Man for a' That" (page 110). The warmth of family ties established and maintained upon the enduring foundations of love and religion are idealized immortally in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (page 95). In "A Man's a Man for a' That" and "Scots, Wha Hae" (page 109), he rebels against social, political, and economic injustice, while his "Holy Willie's Prayer" (page 88) and "Address to the Deil" (devil) oppose a church which breeds self-righteousness and which defines man as being evil and almost certain of eternal punishment in hell. His love of nature is so much a part of him that it oozes out between all his words, but its affectionate tenderness is particularly strong in "To a Mouse" (page 98), "To a Mountain Daisy" (page 100), and "To a Louse" (page 101). The romantic love of terror and the supernatural is delightfully present in "Tam O'Shanter" (page 104). His sparkling eye and sometimes subdued chuckle are everywhere present except in his love poems; and in one supposed love poem, "Duncan Gray" (page 108), he combines laughter with love to form the flavor of playful satire.

Note to Class Leaders:

One preliminary difficulty in reading Burns must be mentioned. The best of Burns cannot be translated, not even into English. He is completely himself only when "crackin" with such evident relish in his native Scotch; if the individual

words are changed, or stumbled over in the reading, the sharp, warming tang of Burns is lost and his lines are as lead. In a sense, then, you must earn anything approaching a full, true reading of Burns by first becoming so familiar with his vocabulary that it comes trippingly to your tongue as you read. Only then may his poems be read (and read many of them to your group) with the "spark o' nature's fire" which wrote them. If finally you do not come to know a poem throughout, and enjoy it, don't read it as a part of your lesson. But if you do understand it and feel your imagination quickened by it, let your voice become mellow and full with that liking as you read, and the hearts of your listeners will be mellowed and enriched as well.

A functioning procedure might be to read the background and selections in the text (pp. 9, 83-110), and then select for reading aloud to your class those poems which you like most, and which will best present those points you would like to

emphasize. Perhaps this is the lesson which would profit most from providing class members with a copy of the poems to be read, with meanings of the difficult words either written in parentheses after the word or in a footnote at the bottom of the page.

Suggestions for Music

"Auld Lang Syne"
 "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"
 Duet—"O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast"; "I Would That My Love" (Music by Mendelssohn).

Questions for Discussion

1. Why has Burns always been a favorite poet of the common people?
2. Why was Burns at one time the toast of Edinburgh society?
3. Why are his love lyrics so memorable?
4. Point out elements of romanticism in Burns' poems.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Lesson 10—The Religious Reformation

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 18 and 19.)

For Tuesday, January 29, 1952

Objective: To delineate how, from the depths of ignorance and superstition, courageous reformers led the peoples of Europe to partial religious liberty, and individual freedom of thought and action.

False Ecclesiastical Power

DURING the period spoken of as the "Dark Ages" Satan had bound the souls of men in the depths of ignorance and superstition. There is no darkness so black and heavy as spiritual darkness. Such darkness comes through the transgression of divine law.

The awful condition of superstition and lack of the knowledge of God, which covered the earth for so many centuries after the passing of the apostles, was encouraged and guided by those who professed to be representatives of the Son of God upon the earth. There had arisen an ecclesiastical power which

controlled kingdoms and principalities, restricting by severe and painful edicts individual rights of religious worship. This ecclesiastical power had endeavored to set the bounds of individual thinking within the narrow limits of its creed. It pried into the sacred and private relationships of the home. It decreed how and when a man should pray. It punished many who defied its power. No king was safe upon his throne without its sanction and approval. By the Dictatus of Pope Gregory VII it was declared that the church, "has never erred, nor will it err to all eternity," therefore all its edicts were to be obeyed, and it reserved the right to annul all other contracts, vows, and obligations. Such was the dominion exercised by this power over nations as well as over the souls of men.

Beginning of the "Reformation"

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries many things happened to cause the people to question the absolute power and divine authority of the church of Rome. The spirit of independent thinking had come among the people. This spirit continued to increase until it gained flood-tide in the sixteenth century, and brought to pass a rupture in the existing church which led nearly half of the people of Europe from its jurisdiction. One of the leading causes of this disruption was the existence of scandalous acts on the part of the church and its ministers. The selling of "indulgences" in a shameful manner with the promise of absolving men from sin was another. Moreover, kings and rulers were glad to break the yoke which bound them, and

this led some of them to give aid to the brave but rebellious men who defied the great ecclesiastical power.

In the fourteenth century there came what is called the Great Schism, the church was again divided and two presiding heads were chosen, one with headquarters in Rome and one at Avignon in France. Later the attempt was made to depose both of these ecclesiastical rulers and make a third; and for a time there were three Popes, each claiming authority! This condition prevailed for some forty years. The squabbling and contentions among these church heads gave to the Protestant forces a power which they could not have had under other circumstances. It also had the effect of making many of the people dissatisfied, and so this schism became one of the important factors in bringing to pass the revolution in religion.

Leading Early Reformers

John Wycliffe: Wycliffe was born in England in 1320. He has been called "The Morning Star of the Reformation." He graduated from Oxford and then became professor in that university. He was a priest and a notable preacher and writer. Early in his life he began to doubt some of the doctrines of the Catholic church. He was a brave man and openly advocated his principles. The schism gave Wycliffe additional argument and power in his contention against the Popes. Through his zeal and knowledge he gathered many followers who were known by their enemies as Lollards, or "babblers." Wycliffe gave to the people a translation of the Bible in

English which was widely read. He died in 1384, after having passed through a most eventful and stormy life.

John Huss: After the death of Wycliffe his work was continued by John Huss in Bohemia. He never met Wycliffe but had translations of his writings. Huss was also a teacher and a preacher. He declared that no man on earth had power to forgive sins, and he taught the people to search the scriptures for the words of eternal life. Through his activity he converted thousands of his countrymen. He was summoned to a church council at Constance, was condemned for heresy and, in July 1415, was burned at the stake. The spirit which Wycliffe and Huss had given to the movement of reform went on; it could not be stopped.

Martin Luther: The foremost figure among the reformers was Martin Luther, an Augustine monk and teacher in the University of Wittenberg, Germany. He was born in Saxony, in 1483, of humble parentage. Amidst the struggle which poverty imposed upon him, but with a determined will, he rose to be renowned as a scholar long before his rebellion against Rome. His study and reflections while in the service of the Catholic church awakened in his mind many grave doubts, and he was led to question many of the doctrines of the church. He gradually reached the conclusion that the system of penance and forgiveness of sins through indulgences was wrong, and that forgiveness of sins was due to humility and faith in God, and could not be procured by a pardon obtained through the

paying of sums of money. The activity and doctrine of Tetzl (in selling indulgences) were challenged by Luther, who wrote out ninety-five theses, or statements, which he posted on the door of Wittenberg church, inviting anyone interested to engage in a discussion of the subject of indulgences with him. These statements, written in Latin, were soon copied and printed and circulated all over Europe. Copies came into the hands of the ecclesiastical rulers in Rome.

The result of this was that the Pope issued a papal bull against Luther. By this time all Europe had become aroused over the controversy, and many of the people of Northern Europe sympathized with Luther in spirit. His writings were condemned by the church as being heretical and all people were warned against him. Luther showed his contempt for the summons by burning the papal bull in public, amidst the shouts of the populace. Luther was summoned to appear before the Diet of Worms, an assembly of princes, nobles, and clergy of Germany. Before this august body Luther steadfastly refused to recant unless the teachings he had promulgated were shown to be in conflict with the Bible. In confusion, and without accomplishing its purpose of compelling Luther to recant, the diet came to an end, declaring Luther to be a heretic and worthy of excommunication. In seclusion, Luther undertook the translation of the Bible into German. Later he and Melanchthon drew up a confession of faith stating the doctrines of the Protestants and their reasons for withdrawing from the church of Rome.

The Reformation in England

In England the break from the church of Rome came about in a peculiar way. Henry VIII desired to be rid of his wife, Catherine of Aragon. The decision of the Pope was adverse to Henry. There naturally came a breach between the English Government and the church of Rome. The early reformers in England had prepared the way so that many of the people were ready to leave the church of Rome when the opportunity came. A Parliament was called, composed of puppets ready to do the king's will. At the request of the king, acts were passed declaring Henry to be the "only supreme head on earth of the Church of England." Thus the Church of England came into existence. At the request of the king hundreds of monasteries in England were dissolved and their wealth confiscated. After a short return to Catholicism under Mary, Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558 and reigned until 1602, and during these years Protestantism became firmly established in Great Britain.

The Reformation in Other Lands

Ulrich Zwingli: In Switzerland, Ulrich Zwingli, born in 1484, attacked many of the doctrines of the prevailing creed. He declared that the Bible was the only guide to religious beliefs. He opposed the sale of indulgences and drove those who advocated them from Zurich. In 1531 his followers were attacked and, in the battle, Zwingli was killed and his body burned, but the work which he commenced went on.

John Calvin: In Geneva, Switzerland, John Calvin, a Frenchman, with great effect carried on the work of rebellion against the church of Rome. He maintained that all should be equal, and that the church should be governed by the elders, so out of this doctrine came the Presbyterian Church, or the church of the elders.

John Knox: In Scotland, John Knox, who was a disciple of Calvin, carried on the work of the "reformation." The Scotch Covenanters and also the Puritans were followers of Calvin. The Pilgrim Fathers took with them to New England the Calvinistic creed, and, also, its intolerance.

The Protestant revolution spread into all the Teutonic lands—northern Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Scandinavia, England, and Scotland. In Celtic Ireland, France, Spain, and Italy it did not meet with much success. The Latin nations in the main remained loyal to Rome. One great weakness among the reformers was the fact that they could not agree on doctrine and church government among themselves. This naturally led to the formation of numerous sects and much contention detrimental to the cause of truth and righteousness.

Benefits of the "Reformation"

Through the revolutionary activities of Martin Luther and all the other reformers, religious liberty was again brought back at least in part, and bestowed upon mankind. The Bible was introduced into the homes of the common people and thus the privilege was ex-

tended to them to read the scriptures in their native languages. In time, governments which had been despotic lost much of their power and the rights of the people were gradually increased and maintained. Intellectual progress was also made. These changes were not confined to the Protestants, for the Catholics were convinced of the benefits of many of the lessons which they had been taught through the Protestant rebellion and so it resulted in reforms for them.

Limitations of the Reformers

While Martin Luther and all others who took a stand for religious freedom were aided by the Spirit of the Lord, or light of truth, they were without the divine aid of the Holy Ghost, which had been lost through apostasy in earlier times. None of these revolutionaries claimed that he had received divine authority from on high. They reached the conclusion that divine authority was something which any man could assume who had such a desire.

The time for the full restoration of the gospel had not come in that day. These noble men, who were God-fearing and sincere, were sent to prepare the way. They were

forerunners sent of the Lord to mark the path which freedom and religious liberty could travel. Eventually the goal they were seeking would be found in the Western World—at a time when the Lord should send forth his power from the heavens and restore it upon the earth in the dispensation of the fulness of times.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Give reasons for concluding that the reform leaders "were forerunners sent of the Lord to mark the path which freedom and religious liberty could travel."
2. Explain the part that Wycliffe, Huss, and Luther had in bringing about the religious reformation.
3. Describe the work of Zwingli, Calvin, and Knox as religious reformers.
4. What accomplishments of the Protestant reformers helped to prepare the way for the restoration of the true gospel?
5. What mistakes did the reformers make on the subject of divine authority? (Compare Paul's statement in Hebrews 5:4.)
6. Have someone prepare beforehand and report briefly on the enmity, strife, executions, and warfare which resulted from clashes among the Protestants themselves.
7. What governmental aid did the reform movement receive in England? Show that there it was first a revolt against the church of Rome, then a reform within the Church of England itself.

Monument

Mabel Law Atkinson

No monument of stone
Will ever laud my name;
And I shall come and go my way unknown
To halls or books of fame;

Yet I shall be content
If when my day is done
And night comes on, I leave this monument:
A clean and valiant son.

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 12—Review of the Four-four (4/4) Baton Pattern; Part Singing; the Resourceful Accompanist; Song Material

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Objective: To further establish the 4/4 baton pattern; to train groups in part-singing; to help the accompanist realize her possibilities and responsibilities; to add new songs to the repertoire.

Review the Four-four (4/4) Baton Pattern

(a) Choose and conduct two hymns in this rhythm, applying the directions given in the previous lesson.

(b) Select two songs or anthems in 4/4 rhythm in which the three sizes of baton pattern can be applied.—such as, "Peace I Leave With You," by Roberts, or, "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan.

Dividing the Congregation for Part-Singing

(a) It is not a good practice to divide the audience into sections for part-singing without considering the types and range of voices to be found within that section.

1. Sopranos should not be expected to sing the alto part which is too low for them.

2. Altos should not be asked to sing the soprano part which is too high for their voices.

(b) On practice days, the conductor might ask the sisters to sing the parts that best suit their voices, just as they are seated in the audience; or, ask that on these days the sopranos sit in a certain place to the left of the conductor, and that the altos sit together on the right side. If there are second sopranos they will sit in the center of these groups.

(c) When just two parts, soprano and alto, are to be sung, the second sopranos may sing either of these parts which is

best adapted to their voices, and they may sit near that group.

(d) It should be comparatively easy to have part-singing in a Relief Society congregation. There are generally enough Singing Mothers present to form a nucleus of singers and to help sustain each part.

(e) To begin this type of singing, choose one of the following hymns, written in three-parts, and teach it to the group:

"We Ever Pray for Thee," or "Rock of Ages," page 382 in (New) Hymns.

The Resourceful Accompanist

(a) The accompanist should be given the copies of music far enough in advance of a rehearsal to enable her to practice and become familiar with them. Besides learning the accompaniment, she should at all times be prepared to play the separate vocal parts with assurance and accuracy.

(b) The accompanist, if rhythmical by nature or by training and experience, is a great strength to the conductor and to a singing group. She can suggest and emphasize correct rhythms and tempos; right accents within the rhythms; indicate the proper volumes to be applied, and also the logical phrasing to be observed in the text. This implies that she has studied the words and is familiar with the punctuation marks in the song.

*Song Material*Sacred (Three-part, S.S.A.)

My Soul Is Athirst for God
 That Sweet Story of Old
 It Was for Me
 How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings
 Song of Rejoicing
 Thou Wilt Keep Him in
 Perfect Peace

Composer

Stickles
 West
 Blount
 Smart
 Mendelssohn-Barton
 West

Publisher

Schroeder & Gunther
 Summy
 Witmark
 Presser
 Summy

Secular (Three-part, S.S.A.)

Calm Be Thy Sleep
 In the Valley at Home
 Serenade
 Grandfather's Clock
 Winds o' the Westland
 Come Along and Dance
 One World
 Reverie

Composer

Cain
 Howard-Treharne
 Toselli-Treharne
 Trinkaus
 Parks
 Pennington
 O'Hara-Bratton
 Debussy

Publisher

Gamble-Hinged Co.
 Boston Music Co.
 Boston Music Co.
 Carl Fischer
 J. A. Parks Co.
 Carl Fischer
 Bourne, Inc.
 Boston Music

Sacred (Two-part, S.A.)

The Birthday of a King
 (Christmas)
 By Babylon's Waters
 Come We That Love the Lord
 The Good Shepherd

Composer

Neidlinger
 Smart
 Barnes
 Barri

Publisher

G. Schirmer
 G. Schirmer/
 Willis
 G. Schirmer

Secular (Two-part)

A Winter's Lullaby
 God Bless Our Home
 One World
 Into the Night

Composer

Dekoven
 Hamblen
 O'Hara
 Edwards

Publisher

G. Schirmer
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 Bourne, Inc.
 G. Schirmer

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 Glen Brothers Music Company, 74 South Main Street
 Summerhays Music Company, 21 East First South.

Anniversaries

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Anniversaries are set apart
 Within the archives of the heart;
 Clear written on the mind's bright stone
 Glow memories, which, for us alone,
 Are mellowed treasure still as dear
 As in that first remembered year.

Mirror, Mirror

(Continued from page 670)

"No, not really," she said. Quickly she handed him his crutches and helped him up.

As they went into the living room together, Julie caught sight of herself in the mantel mirror. The girl in the red Mandarin jacket limped, yes, so that the gold earrings swung like pendulums upon her bright cheeks, only now the limp was a banner for her small son.

"Hello everybody," she said gaily, "we're here at last. Crutches are slow, but he'll be walking without them soon."

"Wonderful," said Joe, "Phil was telling us."

"Of course," Julie continued casually, "the doctors say he'll always limp, but in a man it's quite distinguished, don't you think?"

And although there was not a sound in the room except the crackling fire, Julie could hear the clear, beautiful laughter of their applause.

Every Step of the Way

(Continued from page 662)

on her professional smile and said, "You have a lovely, dark-haired son. Do you want to see him now?"

Martha couldn't answer, but the nurse understood what her eyes said. She went out and returned with a small, soft bundle which she laid in Martha's arms.

Martha looked down. Ronnie! Ronnie's forehead and mouth and dark hair tumbled into a soft little curl. Martha's eyes drank their fill and her heart, too, was full.

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..... Carol of the Bells—Wilhousky....	.20
..... Christmas Day—Strimer16
..... Christmas is Coming—Milkey....	.22
..... Christmas Song—Adam16
..... Hear the Bells—Frank22
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..... O Holy Night—Adam15
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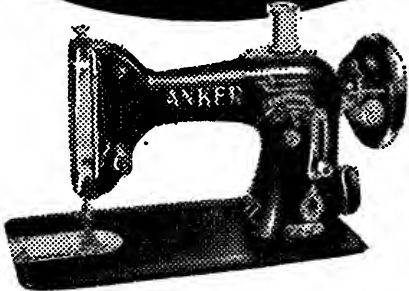
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At last she looked up at the nurse. "How did I get here?" she asked, wonderingly, remembering the night and all its terrors, and half recalling arms lifting her, her pain, and blinding lights.

The nurse smiled. "You must have signaled with your flashlight. They found it burned out beside the car. You happened to be just opposite the Strang ranch. The men were doing the evening chores, and Mr. Strang, seeing the light waved in a circle and then gone, thought something must be wrong. He investigated, and found you, unconscious, behind the wheel of your car. He brought you here."

Martha turned her eyes to Ronnie's picture.

"Some silly Boy Scout trick," she murmured. "Oh, Ronnie, forgive me, darling, for ever doubting that you would keep your word. You were with me—every step of the way!"

She pressed her lips to the baby's soft hair. "And we'll tell him so, won't we, Son? On some safe, not too distant night?"

Wood Thrush

Margaret B. Shomaker

From cool green shadows of the woodland
Comes a song, mature and bright.
It rises from the very ground
Then skyward wends in flight.

Flute-like spray of sparkling stars
Rippling over brook and fern;
Our lonely hearts will grasp the stars
And cup their sweet return.

We search for tones we long to hear:
Tiny bird among tree-eaves,
A flash, and brown wings disappear,
To blend with fallen leaves.

Through This Door

(Continued from page 689)

books, but people like myself who had found the reason for the curious hunger in themselves, the ceaseless gnawing to make their lives count for something. Oh, not that I would ever come near to the hem of their garments for greatness. It was only that in my sphere, in the place where I was, I had to reach out and become as great as I could.

"Mary Ruth, you are so quiet tonight," Mrs. Marriott said.

I blushed and looked up to find Chris Jordan's bright black eyes probing my face.

"I'm not quiet inside," I said, and felt my face go redder still, and wished more furiously than ever that the bright silver polish on my nails were gone.

After dinner was over and we had said goodbye, Tom wanted to go down to the Purple Pigeon. "I've had too much long hair," he growled.

But I couldn't go. I couldn't bear to have the juke box, the greasy smell of frying things, cover the hours that lay behind me.

"You've fallen in love with him!" Tom Mack bellowed, outraged.

"No," I said, which was true. It was Tom I loved, Tom, the dear, the familiar, the part of all the springtime, the kind and the blundering. It was Tom I loved. But tonight a new way of life had lifted its curtains for me.

(To be continued)

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From Near and Far

Norma Wrathall, American Fork, Utah, an author well-known to readers of the *Magazine*, lovingly dedicates her article in this issue, "Mother's Cookbook" to her mother, Mrs. Maggie W. Anderson of Grantsville, Utah.

Everything that has been said about *The Relief Society Magazine* is really true. I surely enjoy reading it. I love the poetry and also the editorial page very much. I also enjoy the pictures and lives of our leaders of this great Church. The pictures of Relief Society workers in "Notes From the Field" are particularly appealing to me, and I like to see the lovely handwork they are making.

—Mrs. Irene O. Clawson
Hyrum, Utah

The *Magazine* is a great source of satisfaction to me as a "WAVE," and I look forward to receiving it every month. I read it from cover to cover and enjoy every bit of it, especially the short stories. After I have finished with it, I pass it on to any of the other "WAVES" in the barracks, and even to some of the patients in the wards.

—Verla Ashby
U. S. Naval Reserve
Oakland, California

I surely do enjoy the *Magazine*, the stories and the poems, and most of all, the lessons. I was baptized into the Church last January.

—Clara Willis
Oregon City, Oregon

I hope my subscription can be renewed with the August issue, as I am stake theology leader and need the lesson material. Even if I didn't need the *Magazine* to prepare my lessons, I wouldn't want to miss a single issue of this inspiring little *Magazine*. I feel that I need the spiritual uplift as well as the pleasure that it brings into our home.

—Doris Coleman
Heyburn, Idaho

In the August issue of the *Magazine*, Helen H. Jones ("Oven Solace") mentions a fudge-mashed potatoes cake which she makes. Would it be possible to get her recipe?

—Letty A. Patterson
St. Johns, Arizona

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy and appreciate *The Relief Society Magazine*. The articles, stories, poems, and the wonderful lessons—they are certainly inspirational, and thanks to all of you who make it possible for us to have such a lovely *Magazine*.

—Nora Blalock
Liberty, Mississippi

I just want to thank you for the very inspiring and helpful *Magazine* you publish each month. It is really a faith promoter and testimony builder. I enjoy each and every issue. Everything in it is clean and wholesome. The lessons are masterpieces. Thank you very much for all this light and enjoyment.

—Mary Y. Stokes
Layton, Utah

I am not a Latter-day Saint, but a very dear friend of mine who is, loaned me several copies of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and I find them so very interesting and educational that I would like to become a subscriber, too. Please allow me to speak a few words in behalf of the Latter-day Saint people. Ever since my first visit to Utah several years ago I have been impressed by the friendliness of these fine folks and their ability to make newcomers feel at home. I was also impressed by the beautiful handicrafts of the women. Their quilts, rugs, and laces are something I shall never forget.

—Mrs. William T. Peister
Sacramento, California

I want to tell you how much I enjoy the *Magazine*. It is really wonderful. I like the stories especially well.

—Beth Gertsch
Paris, Idaho

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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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No. 11

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

"If You Live Up to Your Privileges"	President Belle S. Spafford	723
The Constitution and the United Nations Charter: IV. Some Effects of World Government Upon Constitutional Liberty (Concluded)	Albert R. Bowen	727
A Faith-Promoting Memory	Esther L. Warburton	763

FICTION

Star Dust	Leone E. McCune	730
Hour of Decision	Alice Morrey Bailey	738
Through This Door — Chapter 4	Margery S. Stewart	753

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago		742
Woman's Sphere	Romona W. Cannon	743
Editorial: The Beginning of Harvest	Vesta P. Crawford	744
Notes to the Field: Watch This Date: It Is Important		746
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities		
From Near and Far*	General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering	765
		792

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Just One Step at a Time	Caroline Eyring Miner	746
Preparing Your Child for School and for Life	Celia Luce	747
Puddings for Thanksgiving		751
Minnie Campion Has Music for a Hobby		756
Add Sparkle and Zest to Your Menus	Winifred Wilkinson	757
The Neglected Art of Photo-Coloring	Clara Laster	760
Grow Old Splendidly	Evelyn Wooster Viner	787

LESSON DEPARTMENT FOR FEBRUARY

Work Meeting: Mending Woolens	Jean Ridges Jennings	774
Literature: William Blake	Briant S. Jacobs	776
Social Science: The Struggle for Independence	Archibald F. Bennett	781
Music: Music Appreciation Programs for Relief Society and the Home	Florence Jepperson Madsen	784

POETRY

Thanksgiving Day — Frontispiece	Susan T. Jennings	721
"The Candle Hour," by Mary Gustafson, 772; "Autumn Hour," by Grace Sayre, 737; "The Day Leans," by Christie Lund Coles, 745; "Gray Tides," by C. Cameron Johns, 752; "Brave Adventure," by Marian Schroder Crothers, 752; "Sit and Dream," by Grace B. Wilson, 752; "Autumn Finds the Canyon," by Evelyn Fjeldsted, 762; "November Wind," by Zera Wilde Earl, 764; "The Lost Words," by Dorothy J. Roberts, 786; "Mount Hood," by Beatrice K. Ekman, 787; "Memory," by Kate Richards, 790; "Desert Artist," by Ida Isaacson, 790; "There Is No Sound," by LeRoy Burke Meagher, 791; "Reminder," by Maryhale Woolsey, 791; "Paeans," by Pansy H. Powell, 791.		

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 38, NO. 11

NOVEMBER 1951

Thanksgiving Day

Susan T. Jennings

Let the archives speak, through time's spell, in creed
Of Thanksgiving Day. Let them speak in root
And fiber of a people's strength of deed—
Colossal in courage, in the breaking
Of Old World chains of tyranny, by might
Of man's free agency. Let them speak . . .
Kneeling in fervored faith, seeking the light
Of heaven's appointments to a New World—
A chosen land of prophecy and dream,
Where rights and liberty reign supreme!

Let the archives resound with the Pilgrim
Anchored on the shores of America!
Bleak shores—unbidden in loneliness, grim
As the rocks' barrenness! Let them speak . . .
Hoping, longing through the seasons changing;
Through anguished toil, and through an hungered plea!
With earth's yielding to divine answering
Hallelujahs! in that first harvest feast!

May we, in spirit, kneel with these, and pray,
With them, give thanks, on this Thanksgiving Day!

The Cover: Lake Moraine in the Valley of Ten Peaks, Banff National Park, Canada
Photograph by Josef Muench
Cover Design by Evan Jensen



A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Boughton

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

“If You Live Up to Your Privileges”

President Belle S. Spafford

(Address delivered at the general session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference held in the Tabernacle, October 4, 1951.)

FOREMOST among the treasured possessions of Relief Society are the words of instruction, inspiration, and blessing given by the Prophet Joseph Smith to the sisters when they were privileged to have him with them in their meetings in Nauvoo.

These words have been sought out from the records by the sisters of each succeeding era for over a century and have served them as a guide and a comfort.

Today I should like to refer to some of the words of the Prophet given at the sixth meeting of the society held on Thursday afternoon, April 28, 1842, a meeting wherein, according to the records: “The spirit of the Lord was poured out in a very powerful manner, never to be forgotten by those present on this interesting occasion” (D. H. C., IV, page 607).

The Prophet told the sisters “that he did not know that he should have many opportunities of teaching them, as they were going to be left to themselves; they would not long have him to instruct them; that the Church would not have his instructions long, and the world would not be troubled with him a great while, and would not have his teachings [in person].”

Among other things, “He spoke of delivering the keys of the Priesthood to the Church, and said that the faithful members of the Relief Society should receive them in connection with their husbands.” He admonished the sisters to “listen to the counsel of the Almighty, through the heads of the Church;” and exhorted them “always to concentrate their faith and prayers for, and place confidence in their husbands, whom God has appointed for them to honor, and in those faithful men whom God has placed at the head of the Church to lead His people.” He pointed out to the sisters “the way for them to conduct themselves, that they might act according to the will of God,” setting forth their duty to put down iniquity and resist evil. He spoke of charity, referring to this society as a “charitable institution,” and urged the sisters to exercise this great virtue, to act according to the sympathies which God had placed in their bosoms. Then he gave this blessed promise: “If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious will be your reward in the celestial kingdom! If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates.”

Times without number this promise of the Prophet has been quoted by Relief Society women, bearing testimony of its treasured place in their hearts.

Yet, in quoting, I sometimes wonder if we are as cognizant of the terms set forth by the Prophet on which the blessings are predicated as we are of the blessings. "If you live up to your privileges!" This is the rule laid down, the law which must be fulfilled if the promises are to be realized—a law as binding on us today as on the little group of sisters who heard the words spoken by their beloved Prophet.

WE are a highly privileged womanhood. No other women in all the world are so favored. We have the gospel in its fullness. We have a divinely inspired, Priesthood-directed society through which a knowledge of the gospel may be gained and testimony developed, and through which our talents and womanly virtues may find righteous expression.

Privileged, indeed, are we that in this dispensation the Lord has once again spoken. Through the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Lord has revealed mighty truths withdrawn for ages from mankind. Divine authority, God's holy Priesthood, has been restored; his Church established, the plan of life and salvation made clear. Great and wonderful are the things God has made known. The gospel opens up vast vistas of light and understanding, bringing into bold relief those things which are of eternal value, of first importance, and relegating

to their rightful place those of small or temporary moment. Having these truths, we live intelligently, facing our trials with courage, secure in the knowledge that if we act according to the will of God all is well with us.

To have access to a knowledge of this precious gospel, and to fail to avail ourselves of it, and to conform our lives to it, is to fail to live up to our privileges. At yesterday's meeting Sister Layton referred to a statement by President John Taylor wherein he said: "It is our privilege to have knowledge of all doctrines and principles that are taught, and if we do not have this knowledge we are living below our privileges."

Another great privilege, which, in his kindness, the Father has specially granted to women is that of bearing and rearing children, of mothering the spirits he has created and allowed to come to earth. Today I should like to say a word with regard to this.

To the mother, in large measure, has come the responsibility of guiding her children into happy, useful lives, and of preparing them to be worthy of going back into the inner family circle of our heavenly home when earth life is done.

The gospel teaches us that the family unit is an eternal one; that children are of intrinsic worth, inherently valuable, a priceless possession. Every child has a right to all the love, the guidance, the motherly watchcare, the security that can be given him in achieving his fullest development here upon the earth. The laws of life and the revealed word of God com-

bine in telling us there is no more important work for womankind than to rear children in righteousness. President David O. McKay, addressing the sisters in general Relief Society conference in October 1939, declared: "Motherhood is the greatest potential influence either for good or ill in human life One of the greatest needs in the world today is intelligent, conscientious motherhood."

IT is a matter of deep concern that many women are lacking in a quick and acute sensitiveness to their privileges of motherhood. Reports from the Mid-Century White House Conference, 1950, state that "two and a half million children under eighteen years of age live in broken homes; fifty-eight per cent of the divorces were granted to childless couples . . ." The love for little children is an age-old concept, the very fabric of our culture, yet its deep meaning and the acceptance of its attendant responsibilities appear to be losing ground.

The broadening of vocational opportunities for women, the increased living standards and high living costs, requiring greater income than one member of a family can provide, the increased opportunities to transfer child-care functions to child-care centers, strong community appeals, the desires for independence, yes, and in some instances, a sense of discontent and fear of missing something in the seclusion and the unrecognized activities of household routine, these, and other factors, are enticing and leading mothers and potential mothers to seek employment out-

side their homes at too great a cost to their children, at the too costly sacrifice of a full realization of the joys and blessed privileges of motherhood.

During the period of August 20 to September 15 our employment office reported thirty-six employed mothers requesting help to care for their children during their absence at work. There were seventy-eight children involved, fourteen under nine months old; more than this number were between one and two years. These mothers all had gainfully employed husbands. One mother, in seeking help, said: "There really isn't much work, just take care of the three children, feed them, straighten the house a little, and do a little washing and ironing." The average wage these working mothers are willing to pay for help ranges from twelve to fifteen dollars per week for this exacting and responsible work of child-care. I ask you to consider whether such care, however good it may be, is in any measure an acceptable substitute for conscientious mother care.

The heavens have smiled upon women in granting them the sacred privilege of motherhood.

In motherhood woman obtains her deepest satisfaction and attains her highest glory. To fail to meet its obligations is to fail to live up to one of her greatest privileges.

TODAY the world is in need of mellowing. None would question the need for life to be made sweeter, the world a more loving place in which to live. All about us we see evidence of a sick and darkened society in need of healing,

spiritual influences. This, too, is woman's privilege—a privilege of which we must always be aware. Women have been called the architects of spirituality. When this quality is no longer found in womankind, sorry indeed will be the state of the world.

Through deeds of love and kindly service, which find effective direction in our God-inspired society, through circumspect behavior, through refinement of manner and speech, through modesty of dress, through acting according to the will of God, women may develop nobility of soul and beauty of character, which will cause them to radiate spiritual strengths that will shine forth like the stars in the darkness of night. In the light of this influence, the mean, the low, the vulgar, will fade away.

Choice and wonderful are the privileges granted by the Father to his daughters here upon the earth. Great and important is the mission of women. If we live up to our privileges, the promises made by the Prophet Joseph Smith to the sisters on that spring day more than a century ago will be fulfilled in our lives as surely as will be any of the words spoken by the prophets of God—great and glorious will be our reward in the celestial kingdom; the angels cannot be restrained from being our associates. These are rewards well worth the winning.

That the Lord may help us to see the beauties of life, the greatness of our blessings, even in a darkened world of trial, and help us live up to the opportunities and privileges granted us by a kind and all-wise Father, I sincerely pray.

The Candle Hour

Mary Gustafson

This is the in-between, the candle hour
 In homes that hold a haven from the world . . .
 The time when sparrow songs no longer shower,
 But shelter through the dusk. Small lambs lie curled
 Within the sheeplike walls. The day is hushed
 By curtaining of light, and silence drifts
 Beyond the ancient hill. The sun was rushed
 To urgent needs, and now the tired heart lifts
 To see a glowing square that shows the one
 He loves is waiting for his hand to reach
 And open wide the unbarred door. All done,
 The tasks that face the day that comes to each . . .

At candle hour the toil of earth must fade
 For quiet jewels of peace are night-inlaid.

The Constitution and the United Nations Charter

IV. Some Possible Effects of World Government Upon Constitutional Liberty (Concluded)

Elder Albert R. Bowen

WITH an understanding of the treaty powers of the Constitution firmly fixed in our minds, let us now consider the possibility of our constitutional rights being affected by the United Nations Charter and covenants or conventions entered into supplementary thereto. First of all, it is to be emphasized that the matters that are now to be discussed are not in the realm of theory or speculation. These proposals have been seriously advanced and are presently before the United States Senate for consideration.

One of the objectives of the United Nations is the setting up and establishment of a world court or tribunal. The function of this judicial body is to try questions and disputes arising not only between nations but questions between states and individuals, and the infliction of criminal punishment for violation of the laws adopted by the United Nations. The decisions of this court are to be final, and it is expected that this tribunal shall have the power to pass upon the decisions of the courts of any member states. Therefore, in any field, in which this court shall have jurisdiction, it is expected that it may overrule the decisions of our courts,

even the Supreme Court of the United States. Are we ready to confer upon a foreign court, made up of judges who do not understand and appreciate the value of constitutional liberties, the power to try our citizens in proceedings in which full constitutional guarantees shall not be applied to the individuals accused? Or shall we confer power upon this foreign tribunal to overrule the decisions of our courts? These questions are deserving of the most serious and careful consideration.

The United Nations Charter has a unique approach to questions of international law. Formerly, international agreements have been designed to operate only upon states and not upon individuals. In the case of the charter, all of this has been changed. It is perfectly clear that the charter will have a direct bearing upon the lives of individuals. There have actually been adopted by the United Nations Assembly and placed before the United States Senate, with recommendations for ratification, covenants, which, if adopted in their present form, will inevitably lead to the destruction of certain of our very basic, fundamental constitutional rights and privileges, not only of the states but

also of individual citizens. The issues involved in these proposals are as fundamental and important as any issues that have ever been considered in America. It behooves us all, therefore, to make a careful study of these issues and to make intelligent decisions with regard thereto. In the wise solution of these questions America is in as great need of divine assistance as in the days of the great constitutional debates one hundred and seventy-five years ago.

TWO of these supplemental covenants or conventions now before the United States Senate for ratification are known as the Genocide Convention and the International Covenant on Human Rights. Genocide is defined as the crime of exterminating by killing, famine, slave labor, or otherwise, large racial or other groups within a nation, and the Convention on Genocide specifically provides for the punishment of individuals as well as states for the commission of this crime. No one will attempt to deny that such a crime as mass killing should be punishable, but the manner in which punishment is to be carried out under this proposed convention is a matter of deep concern to every citizen of this country. The convention provides that the accused is to be tried in a court in the territory in which the crime was committed, or before an international tribunal whose jurisdiction has been accepted by the member state. Thus the door is to be opened for the criminal trial and prosecution of citizens of this country in foreign courts, which

is directly contrary to the provisions of the Constitution. Under such an arrangement, what shall happen to the constitutional guarantees of trial by jury, a speedy and public trial, the right of the accused to be tried at the place where the crime was committed, etc.? These and other rights cannot be taken away from our citizens by Congress or by the Executive, and yet by treaty we are to be led into the position where all of these rights may be denied to our citizens. The above-mentioned rights are not granted by the United States. They belong to the people and cannot be given away by our Government.

Furthermore, the Genocide Convention makes it a crime, subject to appropriate punishment, to incite genocide. Inherent in this provision is the seed of an attack on the constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech and press. Who is to determine what constitutes incitement to genocide? Able constitutional lawyers have pointed out that under the very broad, general, indefinite, and loose language of these provisions of the Genocide Convention, it would be entirely possible to construe a political speech as an incitement to genocide, and thus submit the speaker to criminal trial and punishment. Are we to have foreign censors whose duty it shall be to judge whether a political speech may constitute such incitement? It has been appropriately observed that if the protection of human rights in the world is to mean anything, certainly it is essential that freedom of speech and freedom of the press should be fully

preserved, and no treaty should even be considered by the United States which does not give full protection to these basic and fundamental rights. The limitation of space will not permit more scope to this discussion of the Genocide Convention, but the convention in its present form should never be ratified as a treaty by the United States Senate.

THE so-called Covenant on Human Rights is deserving of comment. It, like the Genocide Convention, seeks to provide sanctions against individuals as well as states who violate its provisions. It creates a whole new concept of human rights and provides for punishment against those who violate them. Like the provisions of the genocide code, violations are to be punished in a tribunal recognized and set up under the authority of the United Nations. The same objections to trial of American citizens by courts in foreign jurisdictions without constitutional protection apply to this proposed covenant.

It must not be forgotten that in the determination of all questions under the United Nations Charter, ours is not to be the only voice of decision and of the question of what shall be punishable and by whom. Some fifty other nations with voting power just as authoritative as ours will likewise be heard, and the majority is intended to control the result.

No more appropriate observation characterizing the attempt to set

up, by the treaty technique, a new body of international law applicable to individuals, may be found than is found in the report of the Special Committee on Peace and War through the United Nations of the American Bar Association. That special committee makes the following observations on these attempts at world legislation to be applied without discrimination on a world-wide basis:

People who do not know the meaning of freedoms are to be metamorphosed into judges of the freedoms of others. A common pattern is to be set for billions of people of different languages, religions, standards of living, culture, education, and mental and physical capacity. A few people, with beliefs utterly foreign to each other, meet, debate, and by majority vote seek to determine how the people of the world shall live on a common pattern. To bring some people to a higher standard, those far above those standards, under the guise of precarious sacrifice to the common good, are to accept the mediocrity of the average. Are the people of the United States ready for such sweeping changes?

Let us, as Americans, be ever vigilant in the protection of our American heritage. Let us make sure that every proposal advanced or advocated for our adoption as a part of the necessary machinery to advance the purposes of the United Nations is subjected to a merciless scrutiny. Let us make certain that every such proposal or idea is rejected which will impair the rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution, or which would, in the slightest degree, impair it as the shield of our liberties.

Star Dust

Leone E. McCune

KAY didn't stop for the elevator, but ran up the stairs to her aunt's second-floor apartment. She let herself in and leaned against the door, her heart pounding with excitement.

Standing so for a moment, she closed her eyes tightly, thinking, in another few hours my whole life will be changed, and I have no time to stand here dawdling.

But she still stood, feeling Barry's arms around her, his kisses on her lips.

We're mad, she thought, utterly, utterly mad.

She looked at the clock, then rushed into the bedroom and took her bag from the closet.

Aunt Elizabeth wouldn't be home until after she'd gone. She couldn't bear having to explain now. A note would say all that was necessary. Later, she could talk with her, but not today. Elizabeth would be upset, angry with her perhaps, and she was sorry about that. As for her folks, she couldn't bear to think how they would feel.

Kay had always thought she would be married in the temple at home, as her father and mother had been.

But here she was in this fascinating, glamorous city, and Barry was so wonderful. Why shouldn't they have their honeymoon here and now, instead of waiting weeks or months for Barry to come back home?

Anyhow, it was all decided. Later they could go through the temple.

When Kay had arrived in San Francisco a week ago, Barry had met her at the train and taken her to Aunt Elizabeth's, where she was to spend the week.

Mom and Dad hadn't really wanted her to come at all. And they didn't know that it was Barry's constant urging the past two weeks before spring vacation, and not Elizabeth's invitation, that had made her so eager to make the visit.

She wished her folks liked Barry. It was not so much what they said as their avoidance of any discussion of him, that made her sense their dislike. She could never understand it. Mom always seemed extra cheerful when any of the other boys called her on the phone, and sort of subdued when the call was from Barry. If only they could know him as she did, they would like him, she knew.

Elizabeth had written of her loneliness for her sister and her family, but Mom couldn't visit her right now. And her folks had finally given their consent for Kay to go. She felt they were not too happy about it, though they tried to be, knowing that she would be seeing Barry.

It had been so long. She wanted to be with him again, terribly.

They had gone out together a great deal the last few weeks of their freshman year in college. Then, in the summer, he had taken a job with a firm which later sent him to San Francisco.

At college he had been on the football team. Gay, attractive, a little irresponsible then, but he'd had a good job now for several months. He was twenty, a year older than Kay.

HE had met her train that pale, sunlit morning. And when she saw him coming toward her with his easy, swinging stride, hat in hand, curly blond hair ruffled by the breeze, her heart had leaped. Scanning the crowd, he found her at last and hurried his step. He pulled her toward him and kissed her.

"Barry, not here. . . ."

He drew her along with his arm across her shoulders, smiling down at her.

"Why not?"

She laughed happily and glanced about. "Too many people."

"They wouldn't pay any attention to us. I'd just as soon they all knew you're my girl. I knew it the minute I saw you. Sirius—and after all this time."

"What do you mean—Sirius?"

He drew her to one side, still smiling down at her. "Better wait here while I tell the redcap where to take the bags, and we'll get out of this jam."

He was back in a few minutes and they walked on toward his parked car.

He paid the porter and helped Kay into her seat, then slid behind the wheel. But he didn't turn on the ignition.

"Let me look at you," he grinned, turning toward Kay.

He removed her brown velvet toque. His fingers lifted some locks of her red-brown hair.

"Same gorgeous hair," and, nodding, "same beautiful brown eyes, with red flecks in them. Who ever heard of eyes like that? And freckles . . . even her freckles are cute on that golden skin."

He leaned back and his eyes contracted to narrow slits. "Unusual, different, that's my girl."

He moved toward her and slid his arm across her shoulders. "Are you glad to see me?"

She gave a throaty little laugh. "You know I am."

He bent his head and they kissed warmly, fervently.

Then Barry started the car, and as they drove along, he pointed out the places of interest, as it was Kay's first visit to the Coast.

"You'll love it here, Kay. You'll really come alive. You only exist in that stodgy little college town. I wouldn't go back there if they paid me twice what they do here."

He wanted to know how the football team was getting along without *him*. And how were all the cute co-eds? Of course, he had the only one worth considering right here beside him.

He wanted a date that first evening. And when Kay had protested about leaving her aunt that very first night, Barry had suggested they take her to dinner with them.

"We can't afford to lose time. There're a million places I want to show you."

Elizabeth had remained home from work that first day in order to visit with Kay and she had accepted Barry's invitation for the evening.

Later, at home, she had questioned Kay about him. What did he do? How long had he been in

San Francisco? How well had she known him back home?

Soft brown eyes had regarded Kay kindly. "You are in my care while you're here, and I'll be anxious about you."

Kay had reassured her. She mustn't be concerned. She expected to be seeing Barry often while she was here. But surely her aunt could see what a wonderful person Barry really was.

THE days passed like a beautiful dream. She lunched with Barry since Elizabeth's office was too far away for her to meet her aunt. She met Barry at odd hours when he was free from work, then returned to the apartment in time to start dinner for Elizabeth.

Barry had taken Kay to the Towers where they could look across the city and the bay. They had gone to Chinatown and Golden Gate Park and the beautiful shops. Barry had spent so much time with her that one afternoon while she shopped for gifts for the family, she had chided him, her voice edged with concern, "But, Barry, I'm afraid you'll get your walking papers from Mr. Varney."

"Oh, I must have forgotten to tell you," he said easily, "I haven't been with them for nearly two months, now. I'm with Harper and Brothers. Really a swell set-up." And he went on to explain about his new job.

His light blue eyes held hers in a long adoring look. "Right now the job doesn't even seem important. But don't worry, I'll get by." He grinned and gave her a sly wink. "I told my boss I was ill."

He drew her more closely to his side. "I would be if I stayed at that office away from you."

"Oh, Barry," Kay laughed a little helplessly. And then more soberly, "But you shouldn't have lied to him. After all, we've had a lot of time together."

"I've got to leave you now. I'll see you tonight at eight."

"Barry, I told you, my aunt won't like it. She thinks I'm seeing altogether too much of you. Besides, if we go dancing tomorrow night, I should stay with her tonight."

"Honey, look, you don't know San Francisco unless you've had a Crab Louis at Fisherman's Wharf. And I'd be at loose ends. I'd probably die of loneliness through the evening. Please, gorgeous?"

Kay still smiled unrelentingly.

"I'll call you tonight at seven. I'll come in to convince your aunt if I have to," he promised.

Back home in the apartment Kay insisted that her aunt relax on the couch while she started the dinner. It was true they would visit while Elizabeth ate her dinner, but Kay would be running off leaving her again, and she really felt guilty about it. She couldn't bring herself to tell her aunt she was going out for dinner. Her eyes kept going to the clock, although it would be some time before Barry called. But she would have to tell Elizabeth, because it wasn't necessary to cook so much food.

In a little while her aunt came into the kitchen, and Kay told her. Elizabeth sat down on one of the kitchen chairs and ran slim fingers through her short gray hair.

"Kay, it's been wonderful having you to come home to each night this week, honey." She hesitated, as though not knowing how to go on. "But—but I can't help being concerned about you seeing Barry so much."

"Why, Aunt Elizabeth, don't you like him?" Kay asked in a small voice.

Again Elizabeth hesitated. She straightened in her chair and regarded Kay with direct, honest brown eyes. "I'm afraid you won't like what I'm going to say, dear, but nevertheless, I'm going to say it. He's quite charming, but just a little too smooth. He'd be more charming if he weren't quite so conceited. Barry loves no one but himself."

She paused and shook her head a little regretfully. "He's quite a bright boy, but not as steady as he might be, I'm afraid." And then, as if the thought had just occurred to her, "I hope you're not in love with him. You are much his superior, you know."

"Why, Aunt Elizabeth, you just don't know Barry, that's all. He's a marvelous person," Kay said in a hurt, small voice. "But I won't go tonight, if you think I shouldn't. We're going dancing tomorrow night, and the next day I'll be going home. I didn't think, myself, that I should go, but Barry coaxed and coaxed. He's going to call me at seven."

"Honey, you know I want you to enjoy yourself, and I wouldn't spoil things for you, for anything. It would be fun to go to the Wharf. You go, dear, but don't stay out late tonight, please."

As Kay freshened up after Barry's call she thought—so Elizabeth doesn't like Barry. But why, why? He wasn't conceited that she could see. He was poised and—well, he had self-assurance. But you needed that in a city like San Francisco. And Barry seemed to be managing very well. Anyhow, it didn't matter what anyone else thought. "I like him. I like him a lot. I'm crazy about him," Kay whispered.

THE next day was Friday, and they were to dine and dance at the St. Francis.

They parked the car and walked slowly along the lighted street, dimmed a little by the fog. Kay walked as in a dream. It was beautiful, unreal. Barry smiled down at her without comment. One of San Francisco's flower stalls stood at the corner, and he led her toward the colorful display. Selecting a camellia in a delicate rose color that blended with her costume, he pinned it on her coat.

They reached the hotel and found their table. The strains of a beautiful waltz floated through the room. Barry held out his arms. He pressed his cheek against her head and sang softly some of the words of the song. Kay could have danced on forever to the enchanting music, in the magic hold of Barry's arms.

The orchestra stopped, and they sat down at their table.

"I wouldn't need to gather stars for you," Barry said, reaching across the table to hold her hand in a warm clasp.

"Sirius, my Sirius, most lovely of all the stars. As soon as I saw you coming toward me that first day I knew. I knew I'd hitched my wagon

to a star. You can't shake that wagon, Kay. I'll be trailing along wherever you are."

"A beautiful line you have, Mr. Westcott. How long did it take you to learn it?" Kay's eyes were shining.

"Refuse to take me seriously, huh? Let's dance."

But the gates of heaven had to be closed sometime, Kay thought a little wistfully, much later in the evening. She had promised Elizabeth to come home early.

Still there was tomorrow left, when she would be seeing Barry again.

And then it was after lunch of the last day and he ought to have gone back to work. But he didn't go back. He spent the afternoon convincing Kay that she must marry him and remain in San Francisco.

* * *

NOW she was packing her belongings, making ready to move into Barry's place, after they were married by a justice of the peace.

She was glad she had washed out her stockings and lingerie that morning. These used, but nice things, were all the trousseau she would have.

She remembered the showers, teas, and wedding receptions of her girl friends. Marrying Barry now, she'd miss a lot of fun and excitement at home.

When she had mentioned it to Barry, he had jokingly remarked that the whole thing was a graft anyway and that he'd buy her anything she needed. But not to have the sweet time of planning, of anticipation and preparation. After all, though, as Barry said, what did any

of it matter as long as they could belong to each other and be together always?

She loved him so much. Still deep within Kay, however, was a nagging doubt. If he loved me so well, wouldn't he want us to be married at home, in the right way, with all our folks approving and happy for us? the doubt kept suggesting. And what of Barry's people? Why, she hardly knew them, she realized. And how would they accept her? Would they love her as their own if she married Barry this way? What if they made her feel unwanted?

When Kay had explained to him how difficult it was for her to hurt her own parents in such a manner, Barry had held her close and kissed her.

"I guess it would at first, honey, but they'd soon forget. And it's our lives we must live, not theirs."

It sounded so enticing the way Barry put it. But now, away from his fascinating personality, she could think more clearly.

Kay reached for her toilet articles to place in the new case her mother had given her when she was preparing to leave on her trip.

How could she tell Mom and Dad? She tried to imagine how they would look, what they would say. But she didn't have to try. She knew. She knew they would be shocked, hurt, and disappointed.

Some of her elation cooled now, and her hands moved slowly, arranging the jars and bottles.

Words that her mother had once said came to her mind. And they were as clear as if she were saying them to her now.

One of Kay's friends had gone to Las Vegas and married without letting anyone in her family know. And Kay's mother had said, "It might seem very romantic and all that, but marriage is such a serious step. It should have the proper consideration. Above all, it should have dignity. When you marry, dear, I hope you'll wear my wedding dress and be married in the right way."

SHE had brought out the dress to show her. Kay could see it now, as her mother removed it from the little trunk in the attic, lifting it carefully from the tissue paper, spreading it out with loving fingers. It was of exquisite ivory brocaded silk with a high neckline, puffed sleeves, and a fitted waist. Too small for Mom now, but just right for Kay.

Kay's throat ached, and for just a moment she could see herself in the dress. And Mom's, Dad's, Michael's, and Joe's eyes on her, shining and proud. They couldn't be proud now. And as she folded the last articles for her bag, a phrase repeated itself in her mind. "She ran off and got married. She ran off and got married."

There was something ugly about those words. They sounded, somehow, cheap. And she had always hated anything cheap. But that was how people would speak of her.

She recalled that ugly rumors had spread concerning Sally, gossip which she knew to be entirely untrue.

Something she had read somewhere came into her mind. "You must not only do right, but everything you do must look right."

A lot of people left home and married for reasons that were acceptable to them, perhaps. But there was really no good reason why they should marry so hastily. And much against her will, she began to remember little things about Barry. . . . The way he had asked Elizabeth if they wanted wine with their fish . . . and when they had declined he had instructed the waiter to remove the bottle, though he had previously placed it there as if Barry expected it. Barry had smiled at them, covering what otherwise might have been an awkward moment.

Now, Kay thought, if you were a Latter-day Saint you would live the Word of Wisdom or you couldn't go through the temple.

Barry had said they would go home and be married in the temple later. It was something, though, you could postpone indefinitely. She had seen it happen. One thing she knew, if you didn't live the Word of Wisdom you usually cut yourself off from active participation in the Church.

Kay decided she didn't feel right about marrying Barry this way. If you knew you were right you could go ahead and feel a sense of pride in doing something, but she felt no pride in what she was about to do. It was all wrong for her. She couldn't do it.

They had both rushed into this situation. They had been carried completely off balance by their need and love for each other, but what difference would a few weeks or even months make? Barry would have to understand. They would wait, and when she told her folks

of her love for Barry, they'd accept him and love him as a member of the family.

The worried frown, the tight feeling in her chest were gone now, and her heart sang with happiness.

And then Barry was at the door. She let him in and closed it. "All set, darling?" He glanced about the room searching for her bag.

KAY was standing very still, looking at him, her eyes loving him. He moved toward her, but she put out her hand to stop him.

"Wait, Barry. I've been doing a lot of thinking. I . . . I want to go home first. I can't get married this way. And if you really love me, you'll want us to be married the right way. I . . ."

Barry grabbed her shoulders roughly. His words, hot and sharp as a knife, cut in, "Why you little cheat! It's going to be now or not at all. You can't do this . . ."

Kay staggered back, as from a blow, her face white, her body trembling. This couldn't be the Barry she loved so much, only a few moments ago.

"Oh, darling, I'm sorry." His voice was apologetic, miserably unhappy. "Please forgive me. But you upset me so. Let's talk this over again." Now he pleaded tenderly, "I wouldn't hurt you. You know that. I . . ." Then anger flared hotly again. "Why don't you do your own thinking, instead of letting your folks or the Church tell you what you should do?"

Kay's voice came clear and firm from lips still drained of their color. "But that's just what I am doing, Barry. At last I'm doing my

own thinking. Please go now. There's nothing more for either of us to say."

"But there is, Kay. I love you. Don't you understand? I love you," he pleaded desperately.

Kay stood to her full height, her shoulders squared. She shook her head slowly, sadly. "No, Barry, no. We just don't see things the same way. What is so important to me is unimportant to you. If we couldn't feel the same about religion, which is such a large part of our lives, we couldn't possibly feel the same about other things."

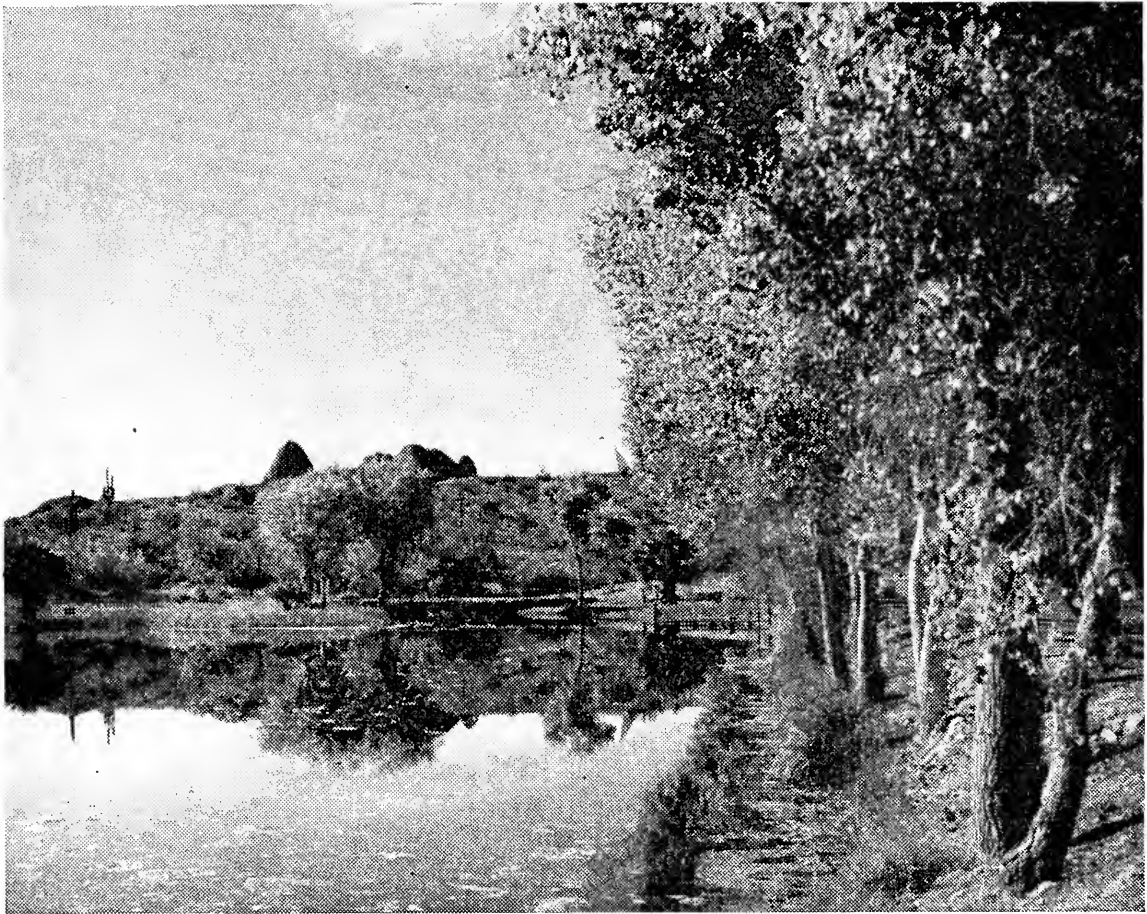
"But our love is more important than anything, don't you see? I can't get along without you."

He waited for what seemed a long time, then turned at last to pick up his hat. His face was pale, and a muscle twitched in his jaw. He went out, closing the door quickly behind him.

Somehow Kay walked over to the couch and sat down. She buried her head in her arms and sobs shook her. After a while she got up and went to bathe her face with cold water. I musn't be all torn to pieces when Aunt Elizabeth comes home, she thought. All the family was right all along about Barry. How could I have been so wrong about anyone? she questioned herself numbly.

She brought her bags and all her belongings to place by the door, ready to leave, and a degree of calmness returned to her.

"I want to go home," she whispered, "oh, I want so much to go home. Maybe someday I'll meet a man who believes the same way I do about marriage."



Don Knight

PAPAGO PARK, NEAR PHOENIX, ARIZONA

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

Autumn Hour

Grace Sayre

Dreaming and breathlessly the autumn went!
Her smoky haze made vague blue afternoon.
Thistle-downs fluffed lightly, quickly spent
In drifted silver, like a sailing moon.

Poplars, birches, all were ghosts of trees,
Their branches still, without a rippled sound;
Deserted by the bird-song symphonies,
Flamed leaves of maple burned upon the ground.

And with the autumn's going, her bright hour
Was scattered gold and flame; her beauty went
Slowly, sadly, with the drying flower.
And with the loss of her, my heart was spent.

Hour of Decision

Alice Morrey Bailey

THE moment was electric, its profound implication etched on the faces of the three people in the room besides Adele. Tom, her husband, registered shock and anger; the bishop was flushed with rebuff, and Jonathan's eyes were bright with excitement, his face torn with conflict. In Adele's heart was a plunging sense of failure and a heavy and sudden sorrow. The bishop had just asked their son to go on a mission, and Jonathan had refused.

Bishop James was the first to recover, a kindly tolerance spreading over his features. "I've watched you since you were a little fellow, Jonathan Graham," he said. "You were our most dependable deacon, gathering fast offerings, passing the sacrament, and you have magnified every calling—priest, teacher—that we have given you. My counselors and I think you would be a fine missionary and a good representative of the Church out in the world."

"Going on a mission has always been my ambition, Bishop James," Jonathan told him. "But now things are different."

"You still have a testimony of the gospel, haven't you?"

"Oh, certainly. It isn't that."

"And you believe in missionary work?"

"Yes, Sir. Of course I do."

"Well, then! I realize this is sudden for you, and it is a big decision to make. It can't be done on the spur of the moment. It's

your decision, not mine or your parents'. Your father has assured me he can afford to keep you there. You think it over and let me know next Sunday."

They listened to the bishop's footsteps going down the walk. Adele tried to think of something to say, something to do, but could not. She wanted to implore, and to point out, perhaps to preach, but the bishop had said this was Jonathan's decision.

There was question in the eyes of the other children, as they turned from the door—Lana, eighteen, Bill, fifteen, and Susan, thirteen. The two younger children were in bed. Lana was silent when no explanation was forthcoming as to why the bishop should want to see her parents and her brother behind the closed doors of the living room, but the others were demanding.

"What's the big secret?" Bill asked.

"Go to bed, all of you," Tom commanded crisply.

"Daddy, it's only nine o'clock," Susan began, but all of them retreated before the look in their father's eyes.

Jonathan took his jacket and went out the front door. Tom made a move to stop him, but Adele shook her head in warning. A good walk in the autumn air might do him good. She went heavily up the stairs, Tom at her side, and side by side with heavy hearts, they prayed together.

THE evening had begun in gala fashion. It was Jonathan's twenty-first birthday, and now Adele remembered the fleeting thought she had had while decorating the birthday cake, that now Jonathan was legally a man, with the right to think for himself.

The excitement of piling his plate with their gifts and hurrying Lana to the piano for the "Happy-Birthday-to-You" greeting had been topped by his jubilation.

"Mother! Dad! Family! I've got a job. Beginning next Monday I am the newest engineer for the Stallings Bridge and Construction Company!"

And what a job it was! Through excitement bordering on hysteria they learned that it was a \$4,000 a year job, with paid vacation and sick leave, and bonus checks for outstanding work.

"The extra thousand is for me being top man in my graduating class. And that's only a beginner. Stallings is the best engineering concern in the country, and there's no limit with them. Think of it, Dad. Your parasite is no longer."

"I'm still on his list," said Lana drily. "How about a new Cadillac convertible for me?"

"Nothing doing. First thing I'm going to buy is a diamond for Lois."

"Make mine a bridesmaid dress," suggested Lana.

"That's more like it. This is the green light for Lois and me!"

Life was like a pendulum, Adele reflected, remembering that high moment. It had swung to both extremes in their home tonight.

"I never thought to see a son of ours refuse to go on a mission," Tom said in the darkness beside her.

She knew he was remembering Jonathan's ancestry—staunch pioneers who had weathered mobbing, given up their total possessions time and again, crossed plains and mountains for their precious gospel. All down the line they had made great personal sacrifices to carry its glad message to the far corners of the earth. Tom was remembering, too, that no sacrifice had equalled the blessings that in turn had been poured out on their heads.

"Tom, we have to do something!"

"Now, Adele, Jonathan's a good boy. Maybe he'll change his mind."

Adele searched her son's face for signs of a change the next morning, but it was closed against her. There was no difference as the week wore on. He borrowed the car to go and see Lois, came home unexpectedly early each night, and took long walks until midnight, but he said no word. Once when Adele could stand it no longer she started to question him.

"Jonathan, I'd like to talk to you."

"If it's about me going on a mission," he said, "it's no use. I always wanted to go, you know that, but there's too much to lose now."

Adele spent sleepless nights with a prayer in her heart. Tom was worried, too, but he seemed to sleep anyway.

"It's no use, Adele. What is it the song says? 'The arrow is flown, the moments are gone!' We've done our best to teach him—all of the children—right. We've not just sent them to Church. We've taken them. We've lived up to all the things a Latter-day Saint family should do as best we could. The test is in the boy himself."

It was not until Friday that she found something to do—a straw to grasp at, but something. Tom had mentioned a man she used to know.

"Lafe Higgins," she said. "You say they've moved here? I haven't seen him since he was the age of Jonathan. Such a sweet boy, he was."

"He didn't strike me as particularly sweet," Tom grunted. "I'd say he is pretty much of a cynic, a disillusioned man of the world."

"Really," murmured Adele. "And he used to be in the Sunday School superintendency, too. He was even called on a mission, but he didn't go." It was then that she got her idea. "Just the same, Tom, I'd like to see him again. Let's invite him and his wife out to dinner tomorrow night. We have company coming anyway. Lois is coming."

"Later, perhaps, but right now while Jonathan . . . well, if you really want them, Adele . . . Was he, by any chance, an old beau of yours?"

Adele was already at the telephone, hunting down the *H* column.

Tom looked at her unbelievably. "Well, all I can say is, there couldn't be a better cure."

THE Higginses were smooth people, obviously cultured. Lafe's clothes were well-cut, although his shoulders drooped, and his face had fallen into hard lines, touched faintly with bitterness. His eyes were shrewd beneath shaggy brows. Mrs. Higgins looked smart rather than beautiful, with expensive, unobtrusive clothes.

"Such distinguished people!" whispered Lana in an aside, and Jonathan eyed Mr. Higgins with interest, although his first reaction was one of resentment that his mother should intrude strangers on the visit of Lois.

At first the conversation was stiff, but a family trained to hospitality made short work of that. The visitors expanded under the charm and subtle flattery of the children and Tom's waggish good humor. Only Lois regarded the couple with cool, appraising eyes, and her passive face neither accepted nor rejected them. In fact, she turned the same face toward them all, and Adele detected a cold, misery behind the girl's beautiful eyes. Without doubt Jonathan had told her of his call.

"I wanted to talk to you," she had said to Adele, "but I can see there's no time."

No, there was no time. Warmed by food and friendliness, the dinner conversation was becoming scintillating. Mrs. Higgins had a drawling wit as she dwelt on books and plays, on paintings and customs of other countries.

Lafe didn't actually brag, but his casual allusions to large mining interests and huge investments in Alaska, in South America, in Syria, and the Rhone Valley were a form

of clever boasting not lost on Adele. As Jonathan's admiration and envy reached fever pitch with the discovery that Lafe was one of those people of the upper realms of engineering—a consulting engineer, Adele's heart plunged. She had really spoiled everything, bringing the tempting byways right to her table, crowding out the precious time before tomorrow morning, but now she had to go through with it.

"Lafe, I think it's wonderful that you have climbed so high in your profession and become so cosmopolitan," she said. "Children, you know Lafe and I grew up in the same little country town. In fact, he was in the Sunday School superintendency when I was organist."

"Don't tell me, Lafe," drawled Mrs. Higgins. "This is a facet of your character I never guessed."

Lafe flushed suddenly and said quickly, "That was a long time ago, Adele, hard to remember—harder even to imagine now—me superintendent of a Sunday School. It may surprise you, but I haven't been inside a church for twenty years. I guess you are still one of the pillars, though. Your folks always were religious."

"Yours were, too, Lafe, all of them," Adele observed, and went on not hiding her pride, "yes, we're all active. I'm in the Relief Society, Lana is organist for the Sunday School, like I used to be. We have a Lark, Beehive Girl, Explorer, and Scout in our family. Jonathan, here, is in the Mutual presidency, and Tom's a high priest. He was a newly returned missionary when I met him."

"You'll never believe this, Adele," said Lafe as if to vindicate himself, "but once I had a call to go on a mission."

FOR a moment the room was quiet, everyone looking at Lafe. Out of the corner of her eye Adele saw Jonathan's face leap to attention.

"I know that, Lafe," said Adele softly. "I've always wondered why you didn't take it."

"There was too much to lose. I had just received a scholarship, and then I had a girl. I just couldn't see it, not right then."

"I remember. Pansy . . . Pansy Thurber."

Lafe had a forkful of food halfway to his mouth, and it stopped as if frozen, and his eyes startled Adele with a naked look of pain, quickly veiled. His wife's eyes were on him with a level look, and there were two bright spots of anger in her cheeks.

"But Pansy was too religious for me," Lafe said firmly. "We quarreled and broke up. Whatever happened to her?"

"She married a farmer up in the north end of the state. They have nine children."

"Nine children!" said Lafe, looking around at the bright faces surrounding the table.

Mrs. Higgins' voice cut in quickly, "Lafe and I decided years ago that our wandering life was not suitable for children."

"No, Thelma," Lafe denied slowly. "The real decision was made before that—when I had that call to go on a mission. That was the choice that determined my way of life." *(Continued on page 788)*

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1, and November 15, 1891

“FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS”

THE LEAVES ARE FALLING: The poet tells us that the falling of the leaves brings regrets for the beauties and joys that are past, and passing away from us. It is good to be reminded of the sweetness we only half enjoyed, and if a tinge of sadness mingles with it—the deeper it will sink into our hearts and lives, and the more telling will be the lesson it will teach. We all need reminding of the “sunny hours” that pass all too quickly, and if we had no shadows, no contrast, but were always basking in light and sunshine we should not even know it was the perfection of beauty; what would we know of daybreak if there was no night, would we rejoice as we do in the roseate dawn of each glorious morning if we had not felt the shadows and the darkness? Certainly not; we can all answer—and would we have the splendor of the gorgeous sunsets, were it not that day is departing and night coming on. And if it were always summer, we should not drink in as we do the resplendent glories of the autumn.—Aunt Em.

LOVING WORDS

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted;
Never one was said in vain.

—W. J.

FEAR NOT FOR ZION: Much has been accomplished in the great Latter-day work since coming to these valleys, and there is no doubt much more and greater work yet to be done before the ushering in of the Millennium, and the Lord has said He will do nothing except He reveal it to His servants the prophets. And when they receive the word of the Lord, if the Saints are in doubt they should seek for a testimony, or if they have not sufficient humility and faith for that, stand still and watch and pray without ceasing and they will not go far astray; but if they give way to murmuring, the experience of the past has proven most effectually that they will fall into darkness, error and unbelief, and become backsliders, dissatisfied and unhappy. God has not forsaken his faithful saints.—Selected

ST. JOSEPH STAKE: The quarterly conference of the Relief Society was held at Central. Pres. East gave some very good instructions to the sisters which were teeming with love and kindness, asked them to be careful and have their minutes and reports correct. Brother George Cluff urged the young people to reflect more; and spoke of the bad influences they had to withstand when they set out to serve God. Beautifully portrayed the need of mental training, and showed the good advantage of a well cultivated mind, especially when a family are depending mostly upon us for their training. Hoped the young men and women would be noble fathers and mothers, which was always pleasing to God.—Rhoda E. Foster



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. BELLE S. SPAFFORD, general president of Relief Society, had an enriching experience last August in becoming acquainted with Dr. Jeanne Eder-Schwyzler of Zurich, Switzerland, President of the International Council of Women, of which the Relief Society is an affiliate organization. Mrs. Eder, a doctor of philosophy, spent two days in Salt Lake City. She was traveling from New Zealand and Australia through America. Dr. Eder was educated in America. She was enthralled with Utah scenery and history. Dr. Eder addressed the Relief Society general board and special guests on the meeting of the International Council held last April in Athens, Greece, and spoke of the resolutions passed there. She expressed herself as being "deeply impressed with the work of the Relief Society" and "intensely interested in the welfare program."

COLLEEN KAY HUTCHINS, Miss Utah for 1951, was crowned Miss America for 1952 in Atlantic City, September eighth, for her beauty, poise, personality, and talent in a reading from Maxwell Anderson's play, "Elizabeth the Queen." Twenty-five years old, five feet, ten inches tall, blonde, with lovely, expressive blue eyes, and weighing 143 pounds, Miss

Hutchins is winner of a \$5,000 cash award, an additional \$4,000 if she is unmarried at the end of her year's reign, a new car, other gifts, and an opportunity to make large sums of money from personal appearances. Colleen is a Latter-day Saint girl, who announced to the press her interest in teaching Sunday School classes and the fact that she does not smoke or drink liquor or coffee. She is a gifted, well-trained dramatic artist and has done most of her work for a master's degree in speech.

FLORENCE CHADWICK, a San Francisco secretary, and an American swimming star, on September eleventh became the first woman ever to swim the English Channel from the English to the French coast, a much more difficult feat than swimming in the opposite direction. Experts say this is probably the greatest channel-swimming feat since Captain Matthew Webb first accomplished the same exploit sixty-seven years ago.

MRS. RUTH HARTKOPF, secretary-manager of the Eastern Idaho State Fair since 1948, is the only woman state fair manager in the United States, and an outstandingly successful one as both a planner and an executive.



The Beginning of Harvest

THE rich beauty and fruitfulness of harvest are with us again. The fields and orchards and gardens have yielded after the pattern of abundance. And yet, it is not given us to accept the bounty around us without deep and humble thankfulness, and we should understand some of the reasons why our own land, and other countries which partake of the fruits of the tree of liberty, are truly blessed with spiritual and material abundance.

Many who look upon a tree grown to majestic height, and bearing a rich harvest, may wonder when, and under what circumstances, the tree was planted—and how it grew from a seed and a sapling into full maturity. Such may be our questions regarding the great tree of liberty under whose wide and spreading branches the Republic has grown among the nations of the earth, offering the choicest fruit of all—personal liberty—an opportunity for the individual and for the group to grow and develop in the spirit of rejoicing.

Let us say that the beginning of the abundant harvest which we enjoy occurred long before the first Europeans beheld the shores of New England. The American continent had long before been designated as a blessed land—a promised land—by our Heavenly Father when he said unto Nephi: “Ye

shall be led to a land of promise; yea, even a land which I have prepared for you; yea, a land which is choice above all other lands.”

It was given, also, to the Prophet Nephi, in his time, to see in vision “the spirit of God, that it wrought upon the Gentiles; and they went forth . . . upon the many waters” (1 Nephi 13:13).

The Pilgrims, standing upon the bleak shores of New England, looking westward to the unknown spaces, were not the first to build homes in the land of the covenant. Yet they, too, nurtured the tree of liberty, for according to the promise, to those who worshiped the Lord of the land, freedom would be vouchsafed.

Before the Mayflower touched the shores of the New World, the Pilgrims bound themselves together for justice and co-operation, having “undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith, a voyage . . . (we) do . . . solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together . . . to enact . . . such just and equal laws . . . as shall be thought most meet . . . for the general good.”

And through the bitterness and hardship of that first winter upon the alien shore, the Pilgrims held high the inner fire of triumph in their freedom, and for this, among

other blessings of our heritage, we remember them upon this Thanksgiving Day. Later, the yielding earth brought their labors into bountiful fruition, and future promise was around their bowed heads as they gratefully acknowledged the Giver of all blessings. "Now God gave them plentie, and the face of things was changed."

It was in the seeking for the fruits of the tree of liberty, under which they might establish the restored gospel, that other Pilgrims built their homes and their chapels and their temples far from habitations. In 1852, President Brigham Young, as the Governor of the Territory of Utah, made a Thanksgiving Day Proclamation, expressing gratitude and faith and hope, as well as acknowledging the Heavenly Father:

Then let the head of each family, with his family, bow down upon his knees before the God of Israel . . . and call upon the Father in the name of Jesus for every blessing that he desires for himself, his kindred . . . the universe of man; praying with full purpose of heart and united faith, that the Union of the United States may be preserved inviolate against all the devices of wicked men, until truth shall reign triumphant, and the glory of Jehovah shall fill the earth . . . that there be no contention in the land; and that the same peace may extend its influence to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, and from thence to the habitations of every man . . . to the ends of the earth.

Let the tree of liberty long thrive in the promised land and be a source of steadfast strength to the world. At Thanksgiving time it is well to remember, and to be uplifted in knowing how the tree of liberty was planted and the conditions of the beginning of harvest.

—V. P. C.

The Day Leans

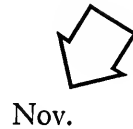
Christie Lund Coles

The day leans toward the shadows now,
 The air is evening-cool though sun-caressed;
 The pear and apple weigh the sturdy bough
 That not so long ago was whitely dressed
 In tulle; the birds, less busy than before,
 Prepare to leave, cocked eyes upon the sun;
 And where the frogs sat blinking on the shore
 Of summer streams, no shimmering waters run.
 The quiet days are melancholy here
 Where the katydids crack sharply on the lawn;
 The misty haze softens the atmosphere
 As the mind remembers hours too swiftly gone.
 And yet, there is a certain joy that stirs,
 Thinking of fires and snow on lofty firs.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Watch This Date: It Is Important

Mrs. John Doe
2650 Green Street
Provo, Utah



Be sure to watch the expiration month printed on the address label of your *Magazine*.

All subscriptions, whether new or renewal, must reach the office of the *Magazine* one full month in advance of the issue with which the subscription is to begin. This is important, because there are no back issues available.

* * * *

Just One Step at a Time

Caroline Eyring Miner

WE can live a relatively serene and happy life if we learn to live it a moment at a time, if we concern ourselves with the step we are taking today and not with the steps we took yesterday and may take tomorrow. Most of our worries have to do with the yesterdays or tomorrows, of a few minutes or a few years long.

It was an all-wise Father who had us forget our pre-existent past and gave us but little knowledge of our existence after this life. I believe it was his purpose for us to live fully and completely as the moments go by.

Many a task seems impossible of accomplishment if viewed as a whole, but there are none of us but who can work seeming miracles just plodding away the best we can each moment.

I recently undertook a long and difficult trip over mountainous roads. Had I stopped to fret over the difficulties of the trip as a whole, I probably would never have undertaken the trip and would have foregone a glorious experience. Instead, I just said to myself, "Surely I can drive a few feet at a time, and that is all I shall be doing at any particular time, isn't it?"

Sometimes I have been foolish enough to lie in bed a few moments in the morning contemplating the whole day's work that must be done, baking, ironing, cooking, and a host of other things. I honestly begin to wonder how I'll ever last out the day. Once out of bed and at my work, however, I do all that I can each moment, and, at the end of the day, the miracle has been wrought.

We may admire a good book, a beautifully painted picture, a splendidly performed musical selection, and sigh, "How was it ever accomplished?" The answer is, "A step at a time the skill was acquired, and a step at a time the masterpiece was performed."

A step at a time is a wholesome and practical philosophy to sustain one in trial and to bolster one up to perform great tasks. "Just one step at a time, and the seemingly impossible is often accomplished."

Preparing Your Child for School and for Life

Celia Luce

NATURALLY you would like Junior to shine in school. You would like his teacher to say, "Now there is an ideal student, alert, well adjusted, and doing a fine job in his school work."

If this is what you want, then begin while your child is very young and work for it. First, you must give the child a sense of security. Start with the newborn baby and let him know that he is loved and important. Let each child know that he fills a spot no one else on earth can fill.

If doubts and worry take all a child's thoughts, he has no time left over for school work.

Fear is closely allied with worry, and just as bad. Never frighten your child to make him mind. Of course he must have a proper respect for such things as fire. But let fear be only for real dangers, never for superstitions and "bogey men." Let him know that God watches over him, and that most fears are unnecessary. Then life and new situations become new adventures.

For the child who knows fear, however, school can be a terrifying place. He is taken to a strange room, full of strange people, not knowing quite what is expected of him. Mother goes off and leaves him.

But school need not be that way. If a child has been to Sunday School

and Primary, he is used to being left with a teacher and with children his own age. Some of the group are his friends. It isn't an entirely new situation. They sing songs and hear stories, just as they do in Sunday School. Scarcely any time is needed to get used to school. The child is almost at once ready to begin learning. This may give him several days head start when days really count. It will also give him a happy adjustment to school, which some children never get.

Crayons and scissors should be old friends, too. Much time is used in kindergarten and first grade in teaching the child skill in cutting and coloring. If he can already do these well, he gets the feeling of satisfaction of a job well done. It gives him an added confidence in himself which will carry over into other school subjects. He is starting out as a "good student."

Books should certainly be loved as old friends. This is more important than most parents realize. In one community the teachers found one grade of students who couldn't learn to read well. Each teacher worked hard, but nothing seemed to help much. Other grades in the same school, with the same teachers, were doing excellent work. Finally, the fifth grade teacher went to the superintendent for help. As a matter of interest, he made a survey of the homes from



Willard Luce

YOUNG ARTISTS AT WORK

Skill in coloring and cutting should be acquired at home when the child is still small.

which the children came. A surprising fact was discovered. Over ninety per cent of the homes had no reading material of any sort in them. There were no books, no magazines, no newspapers. This was certainly not true of the town as a whole, as the survey and the reading ability of the other grades revealed. How could children be expected to be interested in reading when their parents were not interested, and books were strange to them?

MAKE book friends in your home. Let the child start handling books as soon as he shows any interest, but don't just turn him loose and let him destroy them. The moment he starts to tear or mistreat a book or magazine, take it away.

Sit down with him oftentimes and leaf through the books and magazines together. He'll love it.

As the child grows a little older, teach him nursery rhymes and tell him simple stories. A few picture books will help, too. Soon the child will be ready for storybooks. Each child should have a few of his own books that can be read over and over. These books need not be expensive. Excellent ones can be bought at a small price. Examine carefully each book you place in your home. The problem, however, may not be so much in finding good books, as in deciding which of the many completely delightful books you should buy.

If you live near a public library, your problem is simplified. You will be amazed at the change in the

books available in libraries the last few years. Get some good books to read to Junior, and you will enjoy them, too.

Parents should certainly not overlook *The Children's Friend*, published by the Primary Association of the Church. The stories and pictures it contains are seasonal, and the child may make the contents his very own. As you study children's magazines, you will find that *The Children's Friend* is one of the best and most attractive.

There is another important way you can prepare your child for school and for life. Surely, you have met adults who are bored with life. In this great, fascinating world, they can find nothing to interest them.

A friend told me the following story. He was riding in a car with two men. One was past seventy, and the other was his grandson. Both of them had plenty of money and plenty of time to travel. The ride was long, and it led through the wild desert country of South-eastern Utah. The young grandson was bored. Occasionally, he glanced out of the car window, but only occasionally. There were just rocks and more rocks, not even many trees. Finally, the young man went to sleep.

The older man sat forward in his seat and watched the scenery intently. He loved this country and didn't want to miss a single weird formation. He saw the strange colors on the great cliffs. He saw



Willard Luce

THE STORY HOUR

Stories read together add greatly to the importance of books and reading.

the sweep of magnificent spaces and their patterns and contrasts of colors. It was a wonderful ride, and the old man didn't intend to miss any of it.

CHILDREN begin with an interest in life as great as that of older people. The world is a wonderful place, and they want to know all about it. Who can tell them? Why, Mother, of course.

So Susie toddles in to Mother, and starts asking questions. If Susie is lucky, Mother will listen carefully and give the best answer she can. Some questions Mother cannot answer, so she says, "I wish I knew that, too," or "That is something no one knows," or "Let's find it out together."

If Susie is unlucky, Mother merely says, "Oh, don't bother me with silly things like that. I'm busy." And soon Susie begins to lose interest in the things around her. She stops questioning, and the great mysteries of the world may be lost to her. She may grow to become just another bored adult.

If you cannot answer your child's questions, at least you can take time to listen to them. *Interest in the things that interest a child is more important than knowing the answers.* But sometimes you ought to help him find the answers, too. If you haven't a set of encyclopedias at home, the school or library has some you may use. Some of our

magazines are full of helpful information. Just by using your eyes, you can learn a lot with your child. Watch the insects in the garden. Plant some seeds together, and watch them grow. Take time to look at the pretty rocks Junior gathers. Watch the stars change positions with the seasons of the year. If you cannot answer all Junior's questions, *at least question with him.* When he comes to some of the answers in school, he will be that alert, interested child you want him to be.

Some children, who may have difficulty in mastering reading and arithmetic, may make a valuable contribution in nature and science and handicraft. A keen interest in life and in the world can make up for some deficiencies and lack of opportunity. The habit of questioning is *most important.* How else can a person learn than by questioning and having his questions considered thoughtfully and, if possible, answered.

Prepare your child for school, then, and for life, from the time he is an infant, by giving him a deep sense of security; by having him associate in groups of children his own age, such as Sunday School or Primary; by providing him with suitable books; encouraging his curiosity and interest in the world about him; and by attempting to answer his questions.

puddings for Thanksgiving

Home Service Department
Mountain Fuel Supply Company

Carrot Plum Pudding

1. Mix and sift together three times:

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1 c. flour | ½ tsp. salt |
| ½ c. white sugar | 1 tsp. cinnamon |
| 1 tsp. nutmeg | 1 tsp. soda |
| ¼ tsp. cloves | |

2. Add:

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| ½ c. brown sugar | ½ c. chopped nuts |
| 1 c. grated carrots | 1 small bottle maraschino cherries |
| 1 c. grated raw potatoes | ¾ c. melted butter |
| 1 c. grated apples | or 9 tbsp. suet, ground |
| 1 c. seedless raisins | |
| 1 c. chopped dates | |

3. Steam in greased baking powder cans or in a double boiler for 2 hours. Serve with whipped cream or Caramel Sauce.

Serves 12.

NOTE: If kept cold, this pudding will keep for months. It may also be bottled and stored in the cellar for later use.

Caramel Sauce

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. Caramelize | ½ c. sugar |
| 2. Add and simmer until all sugar is dissolved | 1 c. boiling water |
| 3. In another pan, melt | 6 tbsp. butter |
| 4. Add | 4 tbsp. flour |
| | ⅛ tsp. salt |
| 5. Add | 1 c. water |
| | Caramelized liquid |
| 6. Stir until smooth and thick. | |

Divinity Pudding

- | | | |
|--|-----|-------------------|
| 1. Combine | 6 | tbsp. cornstarch |
| | 1 ½ | c. brown sugar |
| 2. Add | 2 | c. hot water |
| 3. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and transparent. | | |
| 4. Pour slowly into | 3 | beaten egg whites |
| 5. Beat constantly while adding. | | |
| 6. Beat for a long time (7 to 10 minutes). | | |
| 7. Fold in | ½ | c. nuts |
| | 1 | c. dates, chopped |
| | 1 | tsp. vanilla |
| 8. Pour into molds rinsed in cold water. | | |
| 9. Serve with custard sauce or whipped cream. | | |

Custard Sauce

- | | | |
|--|---|-----------------|
| 1. Beat slightly with fork | 3 | egg yolks |
| 2. Add | ¼ | c. sugar |
| | ⅛ | tsp. salt |
| 3. Stir constantly while adding | 2 | c. scalded milk |
| 4. Cook in a double boiler, stirring until mixture thickens
and a coating is formed on the spoon. | | |
| 5. Chill and add | ½ | tsp. vanilla |

Gray Tides

C. Cameron Johns

Why am I engulfed by gray seas of loneliness
 When scarlet leaves go spinning down the wind,
 When silent corridors of the orchard
 Have forgotten the voice of the harvester,
 And stir only to infrequent bird calls;
 When the smoke of early leaf pyres
 Has blotted out the scent of summer,
 When the waning sun harbors the prisms of winter?
 The scarlet leaves drop at my feet
 And the gray tide covers me.

Brave Adventure

Marian Schroder Crothers

Who has not seen the wild geese fly
 In wedge formation
 Sharply etched against the darkening sky,
 The laggards trailing?
 Strong wing beats bear them on,
 And steadily they pass,
 Their clamorous voices calling.
 Who tells them when to go and when to come?
 Who charts their course?
 Who holds them thus together,
 Brave company upon a brave adventure?

Sit and Dream

Grace B. Wilson

Sit and dream awhile.
 Across the far spaces
 Daylight fades,
 And not a gleam is seen
 Save a few high stars
 That keep eternal watch
 Over the timeless desert.
 Sit awhile and dream
 Of timelessness of desert,
 And of man.

Through This Door

CHAPTER 4

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: Mary Ruth Grayson tries to care for her father and her motherless brothers and sisters. Rachel Marriott, who had once been wealthy, comes to live in the shabby old house across the street, and with much effort manages to make the place homelike and attractive for her husband and daughter Lora. Mrs. Marriott takes an interest in Mary Ruth and teaches her some of the arts of house-keeping, as well as giving her love and companionship. Mrs. Marriott, very much worried over her financial situation, begins to make dresses for children. Mary Ruth falls in love with Tom Mack, and, later, becomes acquainted with Chris Jordan, Mrs. Marriott's nephew.

“I’M going to be a nurse,” I said to Tom. “Now I know that’s what I want to be.”

“Yeah,” Tom growled, “in Chris’ office, I suppose.”

“Oh, Tom!” I was filled with a love for him that was almost maternal at this moment, not the adoring, blind love of the past months. “You’re jealous. You needn’t be. I’ll be a nurse and come back here and help . . . oh, everybody that needs me. They don’t have any nurse at all around here, except old Mrs. Jensen, and she’s nearly sixty.”

Tom was silent for a moment, then he smiled and wiggled my nose with the tip of his finger. “You win, Mary Ruth. I think that would be swell. I sort of thought up some plans myself”

“Like what, Tom?”

He stuffed his hands in his pockets and kicked at a clump of snow

beside the gate. “Playgrounds. There isn’t anything here, except the two swings over at school. Kids ought to have a big playground with someone to teach them things. Oh, you know what I mean, Mary Ruth.”

Our hands met and clung. All the unsaid words floated around us in the dark, all the forming plans, too big to be voiced now. I looked over at the Marriott house, where only the upstairs lights were burning now, blurring through my tears.

When I turned in at our street the next afternoon, there was Chris Jordan waiting for me, the lazy snowflakes circling his dark head.

“Aunt Rachel said this was about the time you arrived home. Can you go for a walk, or do you have to start taking care of all your children?”

He was laughing at me, but in a warm, friendly fashion.

“You make me sound like the old woman in the shoe,” I said.

“Impossible. There never was anyone as young as you, Mary Ruth.”

I caught my breath and said primly, “I want to thank you, Mr. Jordan, for all the things you talked about last night. They will change my whole life.”

“Is that so?” He guided my arm, and we turned the next corner and were at once in the country. “How?”

“Well . . . it’s just that . . . that . . .” I looked at him helplessly.

"Everything got deeper and higher and wider. I'm going to be a nurse."

"Why, Mary Ruth . . . I think . . . I think that's very fine."

"And Tom's life is all changed, too?"

"Is he going to be a nurse?"

"No," I said coldly, angry at his laughter. "He's going to build playgrounds here, for the children. We don't have any. I'll come back here and be the nurse . . . and Tom will be a teacher. Doesn't it sound wonderful?"

Chris Jordan was silent so long I had to prod him. "Well, don't you think it is?"

His voice sounded flat and heavy. "I suppose so. We'd better get back, Mary Ruth, it's getting dark."

IT was June, at last, and our graduations were over and done. The one road that had been before me branched out into several roads, but the one road I wanted more than anything else in the world to take, seemed blocked. That was the nurse road. That road led to college and then to the hospital and then back home to my people. I longed to travel it so intensely that sometimes I could almost feel the crisp, starched cap upon my head. It wasn't leaving the family, alone, that was the obstacle. Aunt Mercedes' husband had died, and she was more than willing to come and keep house for Dad, who was her brother, and for my fast-growing brothers and sisters. It was the money to go to college, and a place to stay while I went. I had neither.

"It will come," Mrs. Marriott insisted, "just be on the watch for the opportunity when it does come."

"It would have to be as small as a microbe to elude me," I promised her grimly.

Then one day I met Mr. Jones, the high school principal. I was in the drugstore buying vitamin pills for the boys, who were looking scrawny.

"Mary Ruth," he said, "I believe I have the answer to your problem."

I danced on my toes. "You have? Really, Mr. Jones?"

He nodded solemnly. "Mrs. Williams is moving back to the city, her husband has been made branch manager of the bank. She asked me the other day if I knew of a good country girl to go back with her, work for her room and board and a small salary. I mentioned you. She seemed very pleased."

My dancing feet stood still. The bright sunlight dimmed into the face of a thin, quiet girl, reading to Connie in the car. A girl who had gone away thirsty because there wasn't time for her to have a drink. The maid. I backed away from Mr. Jones. "Thank you very much, Sir, but I couldn't work for Mrs. Williams. I just couldn't. I'd rather never go to school."

"Very well, Mary Ruth." Mr. Jones was stern and displeased. "You understand this is a rare opportunity?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. But I can't." Out of the drugstore, I ran toward Mrs. Marriott's house, which had become my unfailing sanctuary.

SHE met me at the door, her face alight, and drew me in. "Oh, Mary Ruth, the nicest thing has happened to me. Just wait until you hear."

I listened dully to her news. A store in town had asked her to supply them with dresses for little girls, as many as she could make. She was getting a power machine, and Mrs. Callister was coming in to help.

I tried to match her enthusiasm, but my throat was thick with tears.

"What is it, Mary Ruth?" The instant, unfailing tenderness unfolded me.

I told her about the job. "I said I wouldn't do it, and I won't. I wouldn't work for her if she was the last person in the world!"

SHE stroked my shoulder. "But school starts very soon. You haven't much longer to make up your mind, Mary Ruth."

"But I can't, Mrs. Marriott. Not there"

She bit her lip. "If blessings would just come to us, labeled, we wouldn't have such a hard time making up our minds to take them."

I stopped crying at once. "You don't," I demanded, "think Mrs. Williams is a blessing?"

Mrs. Marriott looked far away. "When we came here I was so utterly cast down that I was ready to run away. I never dreamed that losing our money would prove the greatest blessing I had known." She laughed and patted my cheek. "And the day I met Thelma Williams, I had just a few dollars left. Like you, I never would have placed a golden label on her."

I stood up. "You win. I'll go, if only to prove that in this case you are just as wrong as you can be."

Tom was going to the University of California, at Los Angeles. He

was beside himself with his own dreams and plans. But he stayed in town until the day I left for the city and my job.

He drove me to the station in the battered car that was as familiar and dear as his own dark head and his dark blue eyes. He said, "Any time you can't take it, Mary Ruth, just send me a wire and I'll come running. We'll get married and I'll get a job. You don't have to take anything from anyone."

So there it was, a high, good wall all around me. No one could hurt me now, or frighten me. I had Tom.

He pulled my hair. "You're going to look very cute with a cap on those curls."

Then we were silent, with all the last year's sweetness circling around us, and all the unknown tomorrows beckoning imperiously with the shrill train whistle.

Only time for the briefest kiss, the shortest touch of our hands, before I was on the train and away. I saw Tom standing beside his little car until we reached the curve by the water tower.

I leaned back and gathered all that day's pictures in my mind. Dad, so pleased and proud of my ambition, giving me his own battered billfold to hold my precious supply of money. The youngsters crowding around me, crying because they hated to see me go, and Aunt Mercedes comforting them and coaxing them into laughter. Mrs. Marriott coming to place in my hands her gift of a lovely robe and absurd, knitted slippers.

"We're going to be so proud of you," she whispered. "Mary Ruth, remember always how we love you."

I was glad she had said that in the days that came and went, because it was hard at Mrs. Williams' house.

Even the first day, she drove around the beautiful grounds and the imposing front door to leave me at the back door. She led me downstairs, past the polished and colorful rumpus room, to the bleak little corner that was my room.

"Put your bags down here, Mary Ruth," she said. "I'll explain to you

your duties in each room as we come to it."

The rooms were like none I had ever seen. Beautiful and modern and sharply new.

The kitchen was painted pink, pink walls, blue shining floors, little shelves that held the loveliest bric-a-brac, and a long row of gleaming electrical appliances. I looked with dismay at the array of buttons and lights. Would I ever learn how to use them all? (To be continued)



Minnie Champion, Ninety-Two Years Old, Has Music for a Hobby

MINNIE Champion, ninety-two years old, is active physically, spiritually, and mentally. She still plays the piano, writes poetry, memorizes many poems, and gives excellent readings. Her home in Brigham City, Utah, is surrounded by lovely flowers which receive most regular and tender care. Once a splendid vocalist, Sister Champion says that her voice is "cracked" now.

Minnie Champion was born in Denmark, came to Utah as a baby, and shared a happy childhood with a family of seven children on a farm where there was much work to do and much enjoyment of homemade entertainment. Five of Sister Champion's six children are still living, and she has six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Still active in Relief Society, which she has served for more than sixty years, she walks several blocks each Tuesday to attend her meetings.

A long life, enriched by service to others, enjoyment of her family, devotion to the arts, and Church activity, has been a blessing to Sister Champion and to all who know this woman who lives life so fully and so beautifully.



MINNIE CAMPION

Minnie Champion Entertains Her Family
With Her Playing.

Add Sparkle and Lest to Your Menus

Winifred Wilkinson

(Supplied by the Utah Nutrition Council)

YOU'VE heard it said that a hat gives the dash and interest to a woman's costume. Salads play the same role at mealtime. They give the meal attractiveness and appetite appeal.

How can salads best play their part at mealtime? There are many things to remember, and the first thing is the salad plate—or the background. The plate is the background for any salad picture. Don't let the ingredients spill over the background, or you will have no picture.

The greens used—lettuce, endive, escarole, chicory—are the frame for the picture. Don't let the frame be so plentiful and outstanding that the salad itself is missed, for fruit, vegetables, or whatever the salad may be, are the picture, and should be the center of interest.

Suppose the selection is a combination fruit salad. Apples should be cut in nice large, bite-pieces, and, if no one objects, leave the skin on. They are attractive and nutritious at the same time. Bananas may be diced or sliced, but the pieces should be large enough that one tastes bananas when the salad is eaten. When using pineapple, have large enough pieces to be seen and the tart flavor appreciated.

There is no valid objection to certain kinds of salad dressing. Used properly the dressing adds much to the goodness of the salad. Remember, it is a garnish, and the first rule for the perfect use of a garnish is "a little goes a long way." Let salad ingredients show their heads above the dressing. Many a salad has been lost between the dish and the dressing.

A cherry on top? Yes, it adds a bright spot that many a table needs.

To prepare salads that will look appetizing to the family, keep them simple. Be sure salad ingredients are cold and crisp. When we have hydrators and crispers, there is no excuse for tired salads. As soon as the lettuce or endive or watercress is taken from the sack, wash it thoroughly; then place it in the hydrator. Ten minutes before dinner it will be ready to take its place on the table with never a droop.

Variety is always nice, and especially in salads.

A favorite salad with steak is chopped lettuce dressed with lemon juice and sugar to taste. Besides the interesting flavor, the lemon juice keeps the lettuce fresh and crunchy.

Banana and peanut butter salad is tasty and can be used to add protein to an otherwise light meal.

BANANA AND PEANUT BUTTER SALAD

Slice bananas lengthwise, and marinate in orange or pineapple juice. Spread peanut butter generously along the cut side of the banana. Fit two pieces together and slice onto a bed of lettuce. Use dressing as desired.

A salad to delight children and satisfy appetites is the Potato Sailboat Salad.

POTATO SAILBOAT SALAD

Baked potatoes	Salad dressing
Celery	1 Slice cheese
Parsley	Skewer or colored toothpick

Method: Use small baked potatoes. Cut a piece lengthwise from top of potato. Carefully take out inside of potato. Season well with celery, parsley, and salad dressing. Refill potato skin, sprinkle with chopped parsley or paprika. Cut pieces of cheese in triangle, insert in potato boat to represent sail.

These two or three ideas should lead the way to many more pretty salads.

CHEF'S GREEN SALAD

1. Line large or individual salad bowls with crisp lettuce leaves.
2. Break up into lined bowl few leaves of spinach and lettuce.
3. Slice hard-cooked eggs and tomato wedges cut quite thin for the next layer.
4. Pieces of avocado add a delicious flavor.
5. Lay long pieces of cold chicken, turkey, or ham across the top.
6. Serve with French dressing.

SALAD COMBINATIONS

Fruit

Spiced apples and grapefruit, frozen fruit salad.
 Apricot, peach, or pear halves filled with Philadelphia cheese.
 Avocado, orange, and grapefruit sections.
 One-half avocado filled with orange sections.
 Pear halves with grated American cheese.
 Prunes or dates stuffed with Philadelphia cream cheese or cottage cheese.
 Apple, grapefruit, and orange sections around cottage cheese.
 Apples, celery, chopped nuts, and raisins.
 Cinnamon bean apples stuffed with celery and nuts.
 Cantaloupe rings filled with raspberries, dewberries, or cherries and watermelon balls, grapes, and mint.
 Cantaloupe rings filled with grapefruit sections.
 Oranges, Spanish onions, and white grapes.

Cabbage

Cabbage alone, or with green pepper or celery, red apples, grapes, pineapple, or beets
 Cabbage, spinach, and celery
 Cabbage and pineapple set in lime jello
 Red cabbage, carrots, onions, radishes, and celery
 Cabbage, shrimp, green pepper, cucumber, avocado, onions

Carrots

Carrots, shredded, and pineapple in orange jello
 Carrots and raisins, with peanut butter dressing
 Carrots, eggs, beans, peas, beets
 Carrots, ground, with coconut and chopped orange molded in orange jello

Other Vegetables

Spinach, cucumbers, celery, radishes, onions
 Spinach, lettuce, radishes, sliced raw zucchini, onions, watercress, and parsley
 Green pepper, stuffed with cheese and cut into thin slices
 Tomatoes and cottage cheese
 Tomatoes and avocado
 Green salad with tomato wedges
 Tomatoes and cucumbers
 Tomatoes stuffed with cucumbers, green pepper, onions, walnuts, and tomato pulp
 Tomatoes stuffed with shrimp, celery, onions, and green peppers

The Neglected Art of Photo-Coloring

Clara Laster

ABOUT eight years ago I taught myself the art of photo-coloring. This knowledge has been not only a source of pleasure for me, but also a source of making money.

Many people today desire to paint with oils. They would like to create something beautiful on canvas, but they neglect to try. They realize that a person should have both talent and training. However, there is an art that even an older child can do without training. It is the lovely old art of photo-coloring, yet it is a sadly neglected one.

Women may teach themselves, in their homes, how to paint photographs. Besides saving money and making money, it provides a worthwhile creative hobby.

MATERIALS NEEDED

Now, if you have decided that you would like to try this art, I will tell you how to go about it. Good materials are essential. They may be bought at any art-supply department. You will need: one set of sable brushes, one basswood drawing board, and a white enameled artist's palette. Don't forget a bottle of light drying oil and a bottle of turpentine. You will also need push pins, absorbent cotton, and two wooden skewers. Next come the oils. Get eight tubes: crimson, burnt sienna, raw sienna, yellow, blue, black, vermilion, and white.

PREPARATION

Before mixing your paints, go out and observe nature. Study lights and shadows made by the sun. Note how the colors change on a dull day. Look at the flowers, foliage, and birds. See how the greatest Artist of all blended his colors.

Get a scrapbook and paste in it colored pictures or scenes from magazines for use later as color harmony guides. Remember, a glossy picture cannot be colored in oils. It is best to have your print finished on a rough surface paper, sepia in tone.

Always work in daylight, arranging the drawing board so that the light will come over your left shoulder. Brushes must be cleaned each time after being used. Wash them first with soap and water, then wipe them on a piece of cloth which has been dampened with turpentine.

To make flesh, rose, orange, or gold, mix varying amounts of raw sienna and crimson; dark brown or maroon can be made by mixing burnt sienna, red, and black. For gray, use a thin wash of black. For silver, a wash of blue. You will need this knowledge when you start on portraits.

PROCEDURE

Choose, for your first attempt, a scene of some sort. Remember, if you are not satisfied with your first



work, all the paint can be removed by using a wad of cotton dampened with turpentine. Be sure and let the picture dry before starting again, however.

Place a table and chair by a window. You will need a low stand on which to place your materials, and don't forget a clean cloth for the hands.

Sit down in chair, place the drawing board on your lap, and let it rest against the table. Now, fasten the photograph to the board with push pins. Choose a color guide from your scrapbook to help you select the right color combinations.

Now, twist some cotton around the tip ends of the wooden skewers to use as blenders. Take your palette and squeeze into separate wells a bit of crimson, burnt sienna, raw sienna, and blue. Replace the caps on the tubes. Pour into the cup

of the palette about one-half teaspoon of light drying oil. You are now ready to color.

Dip a large brush into the drying oil. Use just enough to moisten the brush. Using the same brush, pick up a little of the blue color. Mix in the middle of your palette. Now, with bold strokes, go back and forth across the sky. Take a piece of cotton, rolled tight, to blend the paint with circular motion. You will need several pieces of cotton before a clear, even tone of blue is obtained.

To the lower part of the sky, add a bit of purple. This can be made by mixing a bit of crimson with blue. Blend after each application.

If your sky has clouds, take a wooden skewer, and with the cotton-covered tip, remove the paint from the clouds. To make a pink, fluffy cloud, mix a bit of crimson and

white together. Apply this to the print and blend. Always use clean cotton.

Remove from trees, flowers, and grass any paint that may have been brushed on them while painting the sky. (Be careful that you do not touch the turpentine cotton to your sky.) To make green, mix a bit of blue and raw sienna together. Apply this to trees and grass. Take a piece of cotton and blend. Now, take a clean skewer and rub over the places where the sunlight appears. Add a bit of raw sienna to depict sunshine. Always blend with cotton after each application of color.

Leaves are always stippled in the foreground. Use a small brush and make small, short touches. Paint autumn leaves with raw sienna and burnt sienna. The summer leaves

are different shades of green. Fore-ground flowers are painted heavy, while distant flowers are blended.

Portraits are painted in much the same way as scenes are painted. For portraits, however, you will have more highlights and shadows. The hair is colored in masses and all hard lines should be blended.

The eyes should have a soft expression, and little paint is needed. Lips are hard to paint. Try doing it with your smallest brush and blending with the wooden skewer. When a picture is dry, frame it. This gives it a professional look.

Don't expect perfection to come at once. You will have to try again and again. But it can be accomplished. Learning to become a color artist is an experience you will enjoy. It is truly a worthwhile art, and it gives great satisfaction.

Autumn Finds the Canyon

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Beneath the canyon's autumn skies,
Shadows lift soft velvet folds
And vanish as the sun's white rays
Above the mountain colors rise.

And every day and all night long
Golden leaves, bright crimson leaves,
Drift slowly, quietly to earth
And winds weave magic into song.

A bronze, complacent moon will gild
The cliffs and slopes with russet sheen;
Listless streams and sleepy sounds
Long hesitant will then be stilled.

An autumn midnight still and deep
Falls gently on this land aloof—
Glistening frost, a trace of ice,
And canyon life is lost in sleep.

A Faith-Promoting Memory

Esther L. Warburton

President, Woodruff Stake Relief Society

IN August 1925, long before the Woodruff Stake was divided and the Lyman Stake created, a number of cars with stake officers and auxiliary representatives left Evanston, Wyoming, early on a Saturday morning to pay an annual visit to the outlying wards of Manila, Utah, and McKinnon, Wyoming.

The weather was beautiful, cool as always in the early morning, here over a mile high in the mountains. The trip through the badlands of Wyoming was very interesting, the absence of vegetation and of bird life, the drab, gray coloring, and the peculiar formation of the rocks made it a weird experience.

We stopped to take pictures and posed as a group among the strange formations. My little girl, then only five years old, was somehow pushed behind the others and hidden from view.

President John M. Baxter, first president of Woodruff Stake, as always solicitous of the children, said, "Why, we have forgotten the little girl. When we are all gone from this life, this little girl will be traveling over this stake of Zion as a stake officer."

This has been literally fulfilled, for at the present time she is a stake officer of the Lyman Stake and has filled a stake mission in the Woodruff Stake, showing the prophetic vision of the Priesthood.

In the early evening we camped by a stream. There were no signs

of human life anywhere, but birds were twittering and singing their vesper hymns.

President Baxter then said, "We had better eat our supper, as the friends we are going to visit are miles from a store, and we do not want to work a hardship on them."

When supper was ready President Baxter asked Brother Joseph Hatch to offer prayer, and there we all knelt on the grass in the solemn hush that comes in the twilight hour just before nightfall. The prayer offered was so humble, so sincere, that we all felt our Heavenly Father was indeed near and listening to our petition.

We proceeded on our way, and as we topped the next hill, we saw two men on horseback coming to meet us. They were members of the bishopric of McKinnon Ward and were looking for those of us who were going to McKinnon. Not a habitation could be seen, but we went on over hill and dale until we came to a little cottage nestled at the foot of a mountain. Here lived the president of the Relief Society, Sister Pulham. (She and her husband were converts to the Church from Norwich, England.)

ON entering the house, we were greeted by Sister Pulham, and, to our surprise, a sumptuous banquet was ready, and such a "feast of fat things"—fried chicken, cream gravy, fluffy mashed potatoes, dainty rolls, ice cream and cake—and all

this for people who, half an hour before, had eaten a big supper! We hadn't the heart to say we had eaten, so we managed to eat again, with Sister Pulham pressing all the good things upon us.

The beautifully appointed table, set so attractively, caused us to reflect that true nobility and refinement depend upon good breeding. The lovely damask linen, pretty dishes and glassware, the beautiful silverware, combined with sweet flowers and gracious hospitality, made it a visit never to be forgotten.

We slept in lavender-scented sheets, with the cool mountain breeze blowing in through the pretty white curtains, and awoke to Sunday peace and stillness. After breakfast began a day of activity. We rode to the schoolhouse in a mountain wagon driven by a twelve-year-old grandson of our host.

All the membership of the little ward was present. We held a Sunday School, a Relief Society meeting, with an officers' meeting afterwards. Then they served lunch, with all the people sitting at the desks in the one-room school building. Afterward came sacrament meeting, and the brethren also held

their Priesthood meeting. Still those good people were not weary, and said if we would come back after they had been home to do their chores (many living five, ten, and fifteen miles from the schoolhouse), we could hold another meeting.

When we arrived at the meeting place again we found a large congregation and also the rest of the party back from Manila. Such a rich outpouring of the spirit of the Lord, such testimonies were borne! Prayers were offered that came right from the heart; hymns were sung with heartfelt sincerity, without benefit of accompaniment from a musical instrument, and all by the light of lanterns.

Memories like this fill my heart with gratitude for membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with thankfulness that forty years ago the missionaries brought the gospel message to me in faraway England.

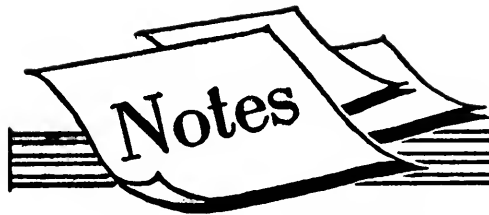
Many years have gone by since this trip was taken, and many of those who participated have passed on to their reward. But some remain to still carry on and bear testimony to the truth of the everlasting gospel.

November Wind

Zera Wilde Earl

The honeysuckle vine keeps tapping, tapping
 Outside the window in the fading light;
 Its leaves still cling though summertime is over
 And poplar trees stand bare against the night.

An echo of your joyous planting, tending,
 Of summer sweetness that you made, lives on.
 This gray November night your vine keeps tapping,
 Though you are gone.



From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Wanda Lee

RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO), MENAN SECOND WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY HONORING PAST AND PRESENT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

March 17, 1951

Left to right: Second Counselor Mary Martin; Secretary Leith S. Huffaker; First Counselor Grace Berrett; former President Leona G. Purcell; present President Alice Clark; former presidents June F. Green and Mary Gunderson.



Photograph submitted by Janet Kirton

PARK STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY LUNCHEON, HONORING FORMER STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS, BOARD MEMBERS, AND THE WARD PRESIDENCIES, May 3, 1951

Back row, standing, left to right: Stake Secretary Elnora Day; former stake Relief Society presidents Hulder Johnson and Ruby Karpowitz; President Naoma W. Seach; First Counselor Janet Kirton; Second Counselor Fay Batty.

This luncheon is an annual social in Park Stake, and this year the program consisted of music and a book review. Wards represented were Tenth, Webster, Emigration, Duncan, First, LeGrande, Thirty-first, and the Deaf Branch.



Photograph submitted by Florence P. Nielson

ROOSEVELT STAKE (UTAH), ROOSEVELT WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE HIGH RECORD FOR 1950

Second Counselor Carma Winterton is standing first from the left on the back row; Louisa Buchanan, visiting teacher message leader, fifth from the left on the front row; Cora Todd, Secretary-Treasurer, tenth from the left on the back row. Geneva F. Gilbert, First Counselor, Roosevelt Stake Relief Society, fifth from the right, back row.

The record of these loyal and devoted visiting teachers was 99 ¼ per cent for 1950. Florence P. Nielson is president of Roosevelt Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Elizabeth P. Lambert

OAHU STAKE (HAWAII), LANAKILA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY EMBLEM
 QUILT DISPLAYED AT CONVENTION, August 3, 1951

Elizabeth P. Lambert, left, President, Lanakila Ward Relief Society, reports that the idea for this lovely quilt was suggested by Sister Miu Lang Kuhns. "Brother Nawai Kekoolani was asked to draw the pattern for us." Commenting upon the visit of First Counselor Marianne C. Sharp of the general presidency, and Sister Aleine M. Young, member of the general board, Sister Lambert expresses her appreciation: "We all enjoyed the convention. Actually hearing instructions from the officials makes a better impression than just reading them, and they last longer in the minds of the women."

Sadie Kamaile Kauhini is president of Oahu Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Mary Kaiser

DANISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY, COPENHAGEN BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, seated, left to right: Kirsten Andersen; Erma Corelli; Johanne Ostrup; Selma Harbee; Anna Holmquist, assistant director; Mary Kaiser, organist; Minnie B. Sorensen; Emma Eriksen; Aagot Thomsen.

Back row, standing, left to right: Flora Hansen; Anna Lundgren; Caroline Bregentoft; Martha Madsen; Valborg Johansen, director; Nielsine Kirsted; Thora Henriksen; Martha Nielsen; Louise Sorensen; Fanny Jacobsen.

Sister Kaiser, reporting as the Danish Mission Relief Society Secretary, comments on this chorus as one of several similar groups in the Danish Mission: "We feel that the Singing Mothers is a wonderful part of the Relief Society organization."

Minnie B. Sorensen is president of the Danish Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Kathryn M. Merrill

TWIN FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), FIRST WARD CLOSING SOCIAL May 29, 1951

Front row, seated, beginning fifth from the left, left to right: Counselor Lillian Davidson; President Mary Wright; Counselor Alta Webb; Twin Falls Stake Relief Society President Kathryn M. Merrill.



Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 5—Orihah to Coriantumr

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Ether, chapters 8-11.)

For Tuesday, February 5, 1952

Objective: From a study of the history of the Jaredite nation under the rule of kings, to emphasize the necessity of obeying prophetic counsel.

Note to Class Leaders:

The limitations of this lesson do not allow a detailed account of the reigns of kings from Orihah to Coriantumr. Throughout the narrative the class leader would do well to point out the lesson to be gained from the results of righteousness or wickedness in the lives of the Jaredite people. She may deal with the details of the different reigns as she sees fit. It is suggested that different sisters be given assignments on certain kings or happenings to help differentiate these in the minds of the class members. A listing of the kings on a blackboard would be helpful to refer to as the lesson proceeds. The class leader will note that the lesson contains two parts—the first one a narration of part of the history of the Jaredites, and the second, certain teachings of Moroni.

IN our last lesson we learned that the people under the direction of Jared and his brother fervently desired that their leaders appoint one of their sons to be their king. The brother of Jared warned them of the danger of such a plan, saying, "Surely this thing leadeth into captivity" (Ether 6:23). Jared interceded, however, and advised his

brother to permit the people to have a king. The brother of Jared yielded to Jared's request, saying to the people, "Choose ye out from among our sons a king, even whom ye will" (Ether 6:24).

The kingship was rejected by all the sons of the brother of Jared, and by all of the sons of Jared except Orihah, who was anointed king over the young nation.

During the generations to come, we see proof of the wisdom of the brother of Jared when he warned, "Surely this thing leadeth into captivity."

Orihah reigned for a long period of time in righteousness and then his son, Kib reigned. Corihor, son of Kib, desiring power and gain, rebelled against his father and withdrew to the land of Nehor. He was followed by many people. Slowly, he gathered together armed forces, which he used against his father, bringing him into captivity, which brought to pass the saying of the brother of Jared.

In his old age, while still in captivity, Kib had a son, Shule, who became mighty in physical power and mighty in judgment. He armed those whom he had drawn away with him, with steel swords, defeated his brother Corihor, and restored the kingdom to his father, Kib.

Deeply appreciative of the loyalty and devotion of his son, Kib bestowed upon him the kingdom. Shule executed judgment in righteousness and spread his kingdom upon all the face of the land.

Because he had a compassionate heart, Shule forgave his brother, Corihor, who had repented of the many evils he had done, and gave him power in the kingdom. However, Noah, son of Corihor, rebelled against his repentant father and against King Shule. Together with his brother, Cohor, he conspired and gained control of Moron, the land of their first inheritance, thus creating a divided kingdom in the land of promise, the kingdom of Shule and the kingdom of Noah. Subsequently, Noah carried king Shule into captivity.

As Noah was about to put Shule to death, the sons of Shule crept into the house of Noah by night and slew him, and broke down the door of the prison and brought out their father, and placed him back on his own throne. Cohor, son of Noah, then ruled in his father's place, thus continuing the divided kingdom. These two kingdoms, however, were united in the next generation after Cohor was beaten in battle and slain, and Nimrod, son of Cohor, relinquished his rights in the kingdom of Cohor to king Shule.

During the reign of Shule, prophets who were sent from the Lord warned the people of impending destruction, except they renounce their wickedness and idolatry. But the call for repentance went unheeded by many, who mocked and reviled the prophets. Supported by King Shule, however, the prophets, in time, brought the people to a state of repentance. Peace and prosperity followed.

The kingdom passed from Shule to Omer his son, who, like his father, ruled in righteousness. Jared, son of Omer, however, rebelled against his father, and, by means of flattery, won the hearts of the people, gained half the kingdom, and finally carried his father away into captivity. There Omer remained for half his days. Other sons of Omer, however, restored the kingdom to their father. Jared pleaded with his brothers to spare his life. His plea was granted, but he did not repent, for "he had set his heart upon the kingdom and upon the glory of the world" (Ether 8:7). He sorrowed, not for the wrongs he had done, but because God would not permit him to continue in his sinful path.

The fair daughter of Jared, seeing her father's sorrows, devised a plan to restore him to the throne. Appealing to her father, she said:

Is there not an account concerning them of old, that they by their secret plans did obtain kingdoms and great glory? And now, therefore, let my father send for Akish, the son of Kimnor; and behold, I am fair, and I will dance before him, and I will please him, that he will desire me to wife; wherefore, if he shall desire of thee that ye shall give unto him me to wife; then shall ye say: I will

give her if ye will bring unto me the head of my father, the king (Ether 8:9-12).

Part of the plan worked perfectly. Akish built up a secret combination among his friends, each one pledging by the God of heaven, by the earth, and by his own head that whoso should "vary from the assistance which Akish desired should lose his head" (Ether 8:14). Because of this secret combination, Akish and his friends were successful in overthrowing the kingdom of Omer. However, God in his mercy warned Omer in a dream that he should depart out of the land. Wherefore Omer departed out of the land with all of his household, except Jared and his family.

Jared was anointed king over the people by the hand of wickedness and he gave his daughter to Akish in marriage. But his was not a peaceful reign. Like Macbeth, in securing the throne he had but taught the people to murder, which teaching returned to plague the initiator. Desirous for power, Akish now plotted against his father-in-law, Jared, who was murdered upon his throne, giving audience to his people; and Akish reigned in his stead. Steeped in wickedness and becoming jealous of one of his sons, Akish imprisoned him and starved him to death. Nimrah, his brother, angered by this atrocity, gathered together a small number of men who fled and dwelt with Omer.

New conspiracies were now developed. Younger sons of Akish plotted against him. The people were desirous for gain, and the younger sons offered them money "by which means they drew away

the more part of the people after them." In the long civil war which followed, only thirty persons survived, and those who had previously fled to Omer. Wherefore, Omer was restored again to the land of his inheritance.

In his old age, Omer anointed his son, Emer, king over the people. Because of the righteousness of Emer and his people, the Lord removed the curse from the land. The people once more became rich and strong.

The nature of the civilization established by Emer is indicated by the nature of their produce. They had all kinds of fruits, grains, cattle, oxen, sheep, swine, goats, horses, asses, elephants, cureloms, and cumoms, silks and linens, and gold, silver and precious things.

Emer executed judgment in righteousness all his days. He saw peace in the land and even saw the Son of Righteousness. The destruction of secret combinations gave them freedom and security. By seeking first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, they had riches and happiness.

Emer anointed his son, Coriantum, king, who ruled in righteousness over a good and happy people. Their next king, Com, also ruled in the best interests of the people; but Heth, son of Com, revived the secret combinations and slew his father.

Again there came prophets into the land crying repentance unto them and warning of a great famine. But the people refused to listen and cast them out. The famine came and with it poisonous serpents in such number the flocks fled before them southward. The Lord

caused the serpents to hedge up the way that the people could not follow their flocks. Not until the people saw that they must perish did they repent and cry unto the Lord who sent rain upon the land.

Heth, the wrongdoer, and all his household, except Shez, perished in the famine. Shez began to rebuild a broken and unhappy kingdom.

As we proceed with our history of the Jaredite empire, we continue through a period of internal strife. Remembering what the Lord had done in bringing Jared and his brother across the deep, king Shez sought to build up a righteous people. His eldest son, Shez, rebelled against him, but was smitten by the hand of a robber because of his exceeding riches, which brought peace again unto his father (Ether 10:3).

Immediately after the death of the king, who lived to an old age, his son Riplakish, ascended the throne. Lacking the integrity of his father, Riplakish did many things which were wrong in the sight of God. He had many wives and concubines; he levied heavy taxes upon the people to carry out a great building program; he constructed many prisons and forced the prisoners not only to labor for their own support, but also to refine gold and work all manner of fine workmanship for him. (Ether 10:5). After forty-two years the people rose in rebellion; and he was killed and his descendants driven out of the land.

After many years of warfare, Morianton, a descendant of Riplakish established himself king over the land. He did justice unto the people helping them to build many cities and become prosperous, but

his personal conduct cut him off from the presence of the Lord.

Alternating periods of righteousness and wickedness occurred during the reigns of a number of kings. Finally, in the reign of Com, many prophets predicted the destruction of the people, except they repent of their wickedness. Because of their wicked combinations, the people refused to hearken. Wars, contentions, famines, and pestilence ultimately brought repentance.

But this period of repentance was followed by another long period of wickedness, in the midst of which prophets warned that the Lord would destroy them except they repented. The warning was in vain and the prophets withdrew. Subsequently, many prophets cried repentance. These prophets warned that except they repent, the Lord would bring forth another people to inherit the land.

Moroni, in his teachings, says that these secret combinations were "most abominable and wicked above all, in the sight of God." Continuing his criticism, Moroni points out their tremendous destructive power to us today.

* And they have caused the destruction of this people of whom I am now speaking, and also the destruction of the people of Nephi. And whatsoever nation shall uphold such secret combinations, to get power and gain, until they shall spread over the nation, behold, they shall be destroyed; for the Lord will not suffer that the blood of his saints, which shall be shed by them, shall always cry unto him from the ground for vengeance upon them and yet he avenge them not. Wherefore, O ye Gentiles, it is wisdom in God that these things should be shown unto you, that thereby ye may repent of your sins, and suffer not that these murderous combinations shall get

above you, which are built up to get power and gain—and the work, yea, even the work of destruction come upon you, yea, even the sword of the justice of the Eternal God shall fall upon you, to your overthrow and destruction if ye shall suffer these things to be (Ether 8:21-23).

Solicitous of our welfare today, Moroni warns us that these secret combinations are built up to “overthrow the freedom of all lands, nations, and countries; and it bringeth to pass the destruction of all people, for it is built up by the devil” (Ether 8:25). He begs us

to avoid them and to do good continually. What a powerful message from The Book of Mormon to our day and time.

Questions for Discussion

1. To what can we attribute the loss of liberty of the Jaredites?
2. What does Moroni say about secret combinations?
3. Point out the two contrasts in living (Ether 10:28 and 11:6, 7).
4. Apply the message of this lesson to our day and time.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 5—“There Is Nothing Which Is Good Save It Comes From the Lord; and That Which Is Evil Cometh From the Devil” (Omni 25).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, February 5, 1952

Objective: To show that it is not just to hold God accountable for the wicked state of the world.

THERE are two forces in the world—good and evil. All that is good, we are told, comes from God, and all that is evil, from Satan. From the beginning man has been exposed to these two influences—on the one hand that of love and mercy, emanating from God, and, on the other hand, the spirit of the adversary, which fosters hatred, envy, and greed.

Many perplexing questions can be answered if we ponder this clear-cut statement from the Book of Mormon. From it we understand that God is not accountable for the wickedness in the world. True, we live in an environment where both

good and evil are present, to the end that we may choose for ourselves the one or the other, for that is a necessary part of this earth-life, but the Lord does not bring about evil, is not the author of wickedness.

Some ask, “Why does God permit war to be waged among the nations of the earth? Why does God allow all forms of wickedness and corruption to continue in the world?” God allows these things because he does not force men to live righteously. Much as he would like to see all mankind living nobly, it is not God’s plan to force the human mind and will. Man brings

about war. Man brings about all the accumulation of wickedness that exists in our midst through exercising his free agency.

Some people blame God for the sorrow and bitterness that come into their lives. It is not just to do so. Much of the suffering we bear is of our own making. When we break natural laws, we suffer the natural penalties. When we disobey the commandments of God, we suffer the inevitable consequences. Accepting the fact that every individual has been granted freedom of choice, let us strive to resist evil and cling with determination to the ways of God, for therein surely lies happiness, here and hereafter.

We hear it often said, "The world is all right, it's the people in it that make all the trouble." How true this is. The physical features of the world are beautiful to behold, but man brings ugliness to this lovely setting God has prepared for us, because he hearkens to the enticings of Satan.

But right will ultimately triumph over wrong. Virtue will be victorious over vice. This fact makes suffering and the overcoming of difficulties worthwhile and glorious. Thus progression is made possible. Every individual has the power, if he so determines, to make his life conform to righteousness and reap the resultant blessings.

Work Meeting—Sewing

THE ART OF MENDING

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

Lesson 5—Mending Woolens

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, February 12, 1952

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

THE best over-all rule for mending woolens is to simulate the weave of the cloth as nearly as possible in making the mend. A plain weave hand darn is the best way to mend most small tears or cuts in wool material. To do this the best thread to use is that of the cloth itself. If possible, draw a thread from the hem or side seam or inside of the pocket and use it for darning.

When cloth has been torn or cut, the mend will be stronger if some reinforcement is added on the underneath side. Use either a piece of the same material or some thin fabric as nearly the same as possible.

To darn a straight tear in wools, start and finish about one-quarter inch beyond the tear. With matching thread and a fine needle, stitch back and forth across the tear on

the right side. Follow the grain of the material and do not darn too tightly, leaving a small loop at each turning. The darn will show less if you extend the rows of stitching unevenly into the fabric.

When you reach the tear each time, fit the edges together carefully. Weave over and under the loose yarns. Let the broken ends go to the underside. In a straight tear the darning is not recrossed.

A three-cornered tear goes both lengthwise and crosswise. To darn this, work as though each side were a straight tear, beginning at one end and finish that side completely. Then begin at the other end and finish the second side, having the stitches overlap at the corners for extra strength. All stitches run at right angles at the opening.

A diagonal break is usually a cut and loses its shape if not mended right away. For this type of mend always baste a reinforcement underneath. The important thing is to hold the break in shape while you darn. Then, with a fine needle and matching thread or yarns, work from the right side, weaving back and forth across the cut. Follow the yarn in the cloth except in twilled materials that have a diagonal pattern in the weave. The stitches may show less if you follow the diagonal pattern.

On heavy reversible materials such as blankets do not use the reinforcement underneath. Rather, pin a heavy paper to the underneath side to hold the cut in shape while darning. Work one set of stitches parallel to the lengthwise thread and over these work a second set parallel to the crosswise grain.

In case of a worn-out place where a hole is left in the cloth, a patch will be necessary. If the cloth does not fray, use a darned-in patch. It is a fairly sturdy mend and is not so bulky and readily noticed as a hemmed patch when the goods is heavy. To make the darned-in patch trim the hole so it is either square or rectangular, having the patch exactly the same size and with matching pattern and grain of the cloth. Baste the patch to a piece of net that is larger all around than the hole. Fit the hole down over the patch, then baste to hold all together while you work. Darn each of the four sides as you would straight tears, overlapping the darns at the corners to strengthen them.

To make an inset patch on light-weight wools, use the same method as for an inset patch on silks or rayons as explained in lesson No. 2—"Patching." You can hide the seam line with a rantering stitch. To do this pinch the seam line on the right side between thumb and forefinger. Stitch back and forth over the seam with very small stitches, being careful to catch only one yarn in each stitch. Pull the thread up close. When steam pressed, this patch is barely noticeable.

Remember the following rules in pressing woollens: Never press direct. Use a damp cloth, the amount of moisture depending on the type of wool. Never press dry but remove the cloth while steam is still coming from the material. This brings up the nap. Press with an up and down motion, not a sliding motion.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 21—William Blake (1757-1827)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, February 19, 1952

SUPPOSE we were to liken the eventual emergence of the romantic spirit to an engulfing conflagration soon to arise behind the vast, darkened curve of the horizon and against the backdrop of infinity. At first we see only a slender, gentle thread of smoke. Gradually it billows deep and full into writhing black shapes splotted with flashes of inner fire. Suddenly a rumble of explosion belches forth, fanning back the smoke, and there, in the center of this clearing where the solid wall of fire is soon to be, rises a single hissing sword of flame spurning high above the fumes, and brilliant. This is William Blake.

The romantic triumph usually is said to begin with Wordsworth, as if he were the first to burn out within himself all the smoke-producing neo-classical carbon before beginning to burn with the pure flame of revolt. Not only was William Blake first to write poetry entirely free of neo-classical artificiality and restraint, but his artistic and ideological revolt was more thorough, more intense, and more consistent than that of Wordsworth himself. Perhaps more accurately we should say that Blake never revolted against neo-classicism, since for him such false doctrines were not reality and therefore had never existed.

Why, then, is Wordsworth, and not Blake, held to be the pioneer



WILLIAM BLAKE

leader of romanticism? Because Wordsworth's writings were one of the strongest formative influences upon English thought and art during at least the first half of the nineteenth century, while Blake lived and died in almost total obscurity, and his poems were known even less than his engravings. Despite his artistic genius, in both his life and his works, Blake lacked a practical balance, which was a trait particularly strong and basic in Wordsworth, as it was in the English heart and mind which he addressed. Blake

was hardly discovered as a poet until after Wordsworth was dead, and not until the present century did he begin to assume the status of a major English writer, although the high artistic quality of his engravings had been acknowledged for some time.

Outwardly, William Blake's life hardly could have been more dull and uneventful. His existence should silence forever those who believe they would like to write but never do because "Nothing ever happens to me."

Born in 1757 to a poor shopkeeper's wife, Blake was at home among the slums of London, where he grew up as a child and lived as a man. At fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver, and throughout his life as a member of the working class he supported himself and family by engraving. At twenty-five he married Catherine Boucher who was a sensible working girl extremely devoted both to her husband and to his craft. One year later, in 1783, friends financed the publication of *Poetical Sketches*, which were largely ignored, as were the exhibitions of his paintings.

His entire life was spent in London save for three years in the Sussex village of Felpham where he moved to be near Hayley, a wealthy man, but poor poet, who hired Blake to illustrate his life of William Cowper. At first Blake felt a spirit of release and restoration amid country life, but the literary venture was a failure, and Blake returned to London. As always, he worked until he had earned enough to ensure existence, then gave himself with complete devotion to his art of printing and engraving his drawings. In his

later years he wrote "The Prophetic Books," so mystical, symbolic, and obscure that their meaning is largely lost. When he died he was so poor that he was buried in a common grave which could not be identified a hundred years later when a group of admirers desired to bestow upon him the tardy and superfluous honor of a stone marker.

Yet when the telling of "the facts" of Blake's life thus comes to an end, the staggering difference between mere facts and reality remains unresolved. In so wooden an account of his life we have come no nearer to sketching his unique personal force and genius than does the usual newspaper obituary. Though little more happened to him than is told above, what happened *within* him is delightful, but at the same time staggering to behold.

In Blake's life, as in his poems, though the surface appears disarmingly plain, the power concealed deep within is sometimes almost appalling. Predominantly Blake was a mystic, who lived for his artistic works. He was gifted with a great, creative, visual imagination which made it natural for him to move in an ideal world, and enabled him to give bodily form to abstractions. Outwardly he led a quiet, regular, laborious life, but his poems and etchings show that, inwardly, his life was one of excitement and adventure. Amid much that is unfinished, and no little that is baffling to the intelligence, his volume of *Poetical Sketches* and *Songs of Innocence and Experience* contain some of the simplest and sweetest, as well as some of the most powerful short poems in the language. He

had a deeply righteous religious nature and an overwhelming feeling of love for God and kinship with his fellow men. His poems express the crying need for love and universal brotherhood for all mankind. The villain of the universe, the evil most to be dreaded, was Reason, the very force which for his contemporaries was most honored and sacred. It was because his hatred for Reason and any form of restraint was almost morbidly violent that Blake, even far more completely than Burns, refused to acknowledge any style or model or belief other than that which sprang spontaneously from his own genius. This conviction, which he obeyed even more zealously as he grew older, inspired his greatest works; it is also largely responsible for the extremities which made his later works failures.

His early poetical works are his greatest. The symbolism within them is so simple and so powerful as to be inescapable; therefore they can be understood. How immediately do these poems allow us to share the childlike, immortal purity of his spirit! He writes of an existence and a reality only slightly removed from the presence of a smiling, charitable God who ever rejoices that the sheer happiness which he desired for his children on earth has actually come to be.

These poems are as miraculous as a snowflake: simply, exquisitely formed, yet of a most delicate texture; the words falling inevitable and soothing as the coming of snow; and withal, possessing a mysterious purity of origin and a beauty which mortals often long to possess, but

rarely do. The poems contained in his *Poetical Sketches and Songs of Innocence* actually seem to incarnate the "clouds of glory" which in his "Intimations of Immortality" Wordsworth talks about. In the following selections consider the simple charm and joy, the unquestioned truth of God's handiwork, and the serene oneness of the poet with that which he describes:

TO THE EVENING STAR

Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep (text, page 112).

Space forbids more of this poem, since perhaps Blake's most beautiful symbolic poem "The Lamb" (page 114) must be acknowledged. The first verse asks the question,

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

and the second verse replies,

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb,
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Some might be tempted to say that such poems cannot be great because they are too simple, too easy, as if a grade-school child dashed them off. It is from this very abil-

ity of re-creating in its purity the fresh, sweet quality of the childhood mind that their greatness stems. So often in all forms of great art the simple is the most rare and the most rewarding. Here we have the simplicity of greatness personified.

In these *Songs of Innocence* Blake creates a view of the world as God would have it be, the beauty of his inner vision evoking a lyrical purity of song unheard in England since the Elizabethans. His companion book of poems, *Songs of Experience*, was published five years later, in 1794. On the page these poems appear equally simple and serene, yet when their surface appearance is pierced and some insight is gained into Blake's larger intent, each poem becomes a thundering hammer-blow struck at some grave evil within our society. Herein we reap the bitter fruits of experience. Against our wish, and undoubtedly his own as well, he forces us to acknowledge the world of evil which also enjoys reality about us.

As "The Lamb" might truly symbolize *Songs of Innocence*, so "The Tiger" symbolizes *Songs of Experience*. In each of the two works he writes a poem titled "Holy Thursday." In the first poem he describes a host of children, "their innocent faces clean," entering St. Paul's Cathedral for worship:

Oh, what a multitude they seemed, these
flowers of London town!
Seated in companies, they sit with radi-
ance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but
multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising
their innocent hands (text, page 114).

But under this same title in *Songs of Experience*, Blake laments the poverty and misery which is taken for granted in England—the England universally praised for her fruitfulness, while at the same time her suffering masses are beneath mention:

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land—
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and usurious hand?
(text, page 116)

In selections from this book of poems, the most mature and penetrating of Blake's popularly known works, our text presents poems representative of Blake's method and intent. "The Fly" (page 116) tells of his thoughtlessly killing a fly. He then compares himself to the fly, awaiting the stroke of fate's thoughtless hand, yet, in his ignorance of the why of life and death, the poet says he is as happy as the fly, whether it is alive or dead. "The Clod and the Pebble" (page 116) allows the heaven on earth, which is unselfish service, to be vanquished by the hell on earth which is created by selfishness and spite. Note how aptly the pliable dirt, trodden under feet of all, symbolizes unselfishness, while the still common withdrawal of selfish persons within themselves, and their grinding as stone against stone in order to get ahead, finds its symbol in the hard pebble from the brook.

"A Poison Tree" (page 117) seems to gloat over the malicious heights to which hatred of man for man can rise. "The Garden of Love," "A Little Boy Lost," and "The Chimney-Sweeper" (page 117) are three poems of biting irony

directed against the church which, supposedly dedicated to love, kills love; which at an oft-used "holy place" burns a child to save his soul because he innocently gives voice to his lack of understanding. "The Chimney-Sweeper" protests against those parents who make slaves of their children, and let their souls and hearts wither in neglect while the parents themselves spend their time praising God and boasting of their goodness.

"London" (page 117) protests violently against the unacknowledged suffering and evil in this great city, as opposed to the commonly praised London virtues, which themselves grow out of these very evils, often denied and repudiated but never annihilated. The first two stanzas repeat the key words *chartered*, *mark*, and *every* to emphasize how ordered, intense, and monotonously widespread are the "mind-forged manacles" which he proceeds to describe. He mentions three cries of anguish, each followed by mention of the established institution which refuses to grant existence to the evil. The cries of the chimney-sweep appall the *blackening* church (*blackening* probably symbolical of the evils of the church which are so great that, despite all the puny efforts of the dirty sweep, they continue to flourish). The established political regime is indifferent to the death cries of the soldier who dies to defend it. And, finally, the institution of the family and marriage is happy and self-contained within its own realm of virtues, reluctant to admit the existence of the commercialized im-

morality which is an undesirable but, apparently, inevitable product of the reigning social system.

Probably Blake's most famous poem is "The Tiger," (page 116) which itself symbolizes fiercely the evil which exists within the world. With each successive reading of the poem its imagery and plan penetrate deeper, just as Blake's genius looms larger.

The power of poetry to condense far more than its individual words contain, needs no better illustration than Blake's works, whether it be a poem or an engraving.

William Blake was the true artist, completely lost and happy in his creative work, industrious, sincere, and unconcerned with worldly glitter or praise. Indeed, had he not hidden himself from his world, he might well be acclaimed today, not only as a great spirit and artist, but also as the guiding spirit of the romantic movement which engulfed and pervaded England for almost a century.

Note to Class Leaders:

Your lesson will catch your audience more quickly if you can first show them some of Blake's most famous engravings, such as "When the Morning Stars Sang Together," "Elohim Creating Adam," "Elijah," "The Nativity," "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," "Pity"; his illustrations of Blair's "The Grave," and, most rewarding of all, his illustrations for the Book of Job. Blake always considered himself an engraver and illustrator rather than primarily a poet.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Why has Wordsworth, rather than Blake, usually been considered the father of the English romantic movement?

2. Discuss the relation of Blake's engraving and poetry to his religious convictions.

3. What, for Blake, was the greatest evil in the world?

4. Discuss the significance of Blake's two poems entitled "Holy Thursday."

5. Contrast his motive in writing "The Lamb" with the theme contained in "The Tiger."

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Lesson 11—The Struggle for Independence

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 12, pp. 152-156; chapter 20.)

For Tuesday, February 26, 1952

Objective: To show that there have always been two main theories of government in the world, one based upon righteousness, the other upon force. To realize from past history the price of liberty, that thereby, we may more fully appreciate our sacred heritage.

Centralization of Power

IT seems to be a failing of most men that when they receive power they seek for more. The greater the power the more intense is the desire to augment it. In the medieval period, wars were frequently fought, unjustly, and on the merest pretext, by ambitious rulers seeking dominion and power.

From the very earliest times monarchs claimed the right to rule by divine right. This "right" was augmented by the claim that these rulers had absolute jurisdiction and power over the lives and fortunes of their subjects. The thought still prevailed in medieval times, and kings endeavored to increase their power to make it absolute in every respect. Unjust and wicked dominion was often exercised. Men were put to death through motives of jealousy, hate, envy, or for some other trivial reason.

The Great Charter

In the early part of the thirteenth century, John, the son of Henry II came to the throne of England. He was one of the most depraved and wicked of all England's kings. He imposed unbearable taxes upon the people, wronged the poor, and plundered all who had substance. Both the nobles and the common people stood the tyranny as long as they could, and then rose up against the wicked king. The barons marched against him at a place called Runnymede on the fifteenth day of June, 1215, and forced the king to sign the famous Great Charter (Magna Charta), which granted to the people greater political freedom than they had possessed at any previous time.

By the provisions of this charter the king was denied the right to demand money when he pleased, and to imprison, and punish when

and whom he pleased. The courts were to be open to all, and justice to be dispensed without favor. The serf, or villein, was to have his plow free from seizure; and the church was to have protection against the interference of the king. All classes of the people benefited by the Great Charter.

Later kings attempted at times to destroy or repeal the Charter, but without success. It became the foundation of English liberty and has been jealously guarded by the people against the attacks of kings who have repeatedly tried to break it. In fact, the rights of the people have been strengthened from time to time and parliamentary government has replaced the despotic government of kings.

This spirit of liberty which forced concessions from King John gradually spread to other lands, and from this beginning justice, mercy, and right received an impetus which did not end. In time, the fullest freedom to the individual came as civilization continued its westward course across the waters to this blessed land of America, a land dedicated in the beginning to freedom and the worship of the true and living God, a land choice above all others, reserved for a righteous and God-fearing people.

Two Theories of Government

President Calvin Coolidge, in one of his addresses, has given us the following excellent thoughts:

Our government rests upon religion. It is from that source that we derive our reverence for truth and justice, for equality and liberality, and for the rights of mankind. Unless the people believe in these principals they cannot believe in our

government. There are only two main theories of government in the world. One rests on righteousness and the other on force. One appeals to reason, the other appeals to the sword. One is exemplified in a republic, the other is represented by a despotism.

The government of a country never gets ahead of the religion of a country. There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of men. Of course we can help to restrain the vicious and furnish a fair degree of security and protection by legislation and police control, but the real reform which society in these days is seeking will come as a result of our religious convictions, or they will not come at all. Peace, justice, humanity, charity—these cannot be legislated into being. They are the result of a Divine Grace.

These two forms of government date back to before the foundation of this earth. As has been stated, one of these is based upon righteousness, good will, and common consent, on the part of the governed. The other is the government of despotism, or force. When life commenced on this earth, Lucifer immediately set about to destroy what he failed to destroy in the spirit world—the agency of man. He is the great advocate of the law of force. From that day to the present, in some parts of the earth, despotic government has prevailed. We see on the earth today among the nations the same old struggle which was begun by Satan in the heavens. Ambitious men are seeking power through the oppression of the people and their own exaltation through the law of force. Dictators have arisen in countries where it was hoped that the voice of the people might be maintained. Dictatorship has been the root of evil causing most of the

suffering of mankind. The pages of history are filled with the deeds of horror and cruelty practiced in the name of justice and right by despotic tyrants. The fight between right and wrong, truth and error, force and persuasion, will go on until the end of time, or the end of the present world.

During the past seven centuries and more, the struggle for religious and political freedom has been relentlessly waged. Before that time despotism held sway in the greater part of the world. We have presented some of the history dealing with those unhappy times, when men struggled and fought for freedom. We have related how the shackles of cruel despotism were broken, that men might live and move and have a being, where before they existed merely as pawns in the hands of tyrants. This battle is not over. Satan is not dead, neither is he idle. Today he rages in the hearts of men, leading the vast majority of them astray. The fight against his rule of force and evil will go on, but it will have a glorious end, for there can be but one outcome to this struggle, the eventual triumph of the right.

Liberty Consecrated by Martyrdom

Latter-day Saints have been taught that the Lord "established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men" whom he raised up for this very purpose. Moreover, he has said that the land was redeemed by the shedding of blood. Despotism can neither be dethroned nor maintained without the shedding of blood, for tyranny is built upon bloodshed and carnage.

Let American citizens not forget that their form of government is still on trial. A republic may become just as despotic as any other form of government, and may lose its power as a republic, if the people sink into wickedness and forget their God.

Neither should citizens of the United States forget that the liberty which has come to them is from the seed which was sown by thousands of patriotic martyrs. They laid down their lives in the cause of liberty. Humbly and faithfully should we cherish the heritage which they bequeathed to us. Sacredly and honorably should we hold this heritage in our keeping and pass it on to our children un sullied and undefiled.

Other lands, as well as the United States, have been redeemed by the shedding of blood. The Netherlands fought the fight of the just in a cause which seemed to be hopeless because of the tremendous odds arrayed against them. But the God of Israel heard their cries.

Under the splendid leadership of William, Prince of Orange, who has been called the George Washington of the Netherlands, the people of that country waged a long and remarkable struggle against the greatest odds, for religious and political freedom. The full extent of the suffering of these people, the world will never know. In Spain, Germany, England, and Scandinavia, people fought and bled that freedom might come forth upon the earth. The people of these countries, who sacrificed their lives and worked for political freedom, were all sprinkled with the blood

of Israel. This accounts in part for their stand against religious tyranny and political despotism. It is from these countries that the greatest numbers have been gathered out by the preaching of the gospel. By the shedding of blood the way was prepared for them.

Our own nation was founded on the principle that all men are created equal in their right to worship God and have the privilege of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In every land where freedom prevails these principles should be carefully and faithfully cherished. No doctrine or theory should be received which tends to take away from the individual these rights.

Let us conclude by quoting President Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, the truth of which should flow in the life-blood of every mortal soul.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. But, in a larger sense we can-

not dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. 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 the 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, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Comment on these words of President George Albert Smith: "Knowing that the Lord prepared this land that it might be a haven of liberty for those who dwell here, and understanding that he desires a continuation of those conditions that the builders of this republic fought for, we who are members of this Church ought, in every possible way, to assist in perpetuating that liberty which means so much for the children of men" (*Improvement Era*, July 1949, page 429).

2. What two theories of government are emphasized in the address by President Coolidge? Show that these are the same two theories proposed at the council in heaven.

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 13—Music Appreciation Programs for Relief Society and the Home

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Objective: To appreciate and use music more widely and significantly in Relief Society and in the home.

Music Appreciation Programs for Relief Society

a. It was suggested in Lesson 9 (July Magazine, 1951) that the music program for the year be planned early in the season. It is now further suggested that a short music appreciation program be prepared and given when occasion permits. These programs should be interesting and informative.

b. The following subjects, or similar ones, might be used for this purpose:

1. Stories of Latter-day Saint hymns
2. Stories of other Christian hymns

Examples:

“Abide With Me”
“Lead Kindly Light”

(These two numbers are included with the L.D.S. Hymns.)

3. Biographies of hymn composers
Joseph J. Daynes
Ebenezer Beesley
Adam Craik Smyth (pronounced Smith)
George Careless
Evan Stephens
Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, etc.

(Sing a verse or two of representative hymns or songs that can be sung from memory.)

4. Biographies of hymn poets, such as:
Eliza R. Snow
Parley P. Pratt
Orson F. Whitney
Emmeline B. Wells, or others.

(Read from their poetical works.)

5. History of the great Tabernacle Organ
6. Scriptural references to music (Bible, Doctrine and Covenants)
7. The value of music in the home

Information concerning the first five subjects can be found in:

Stories of Latter-day Saint Hymns, by George D. Pyper, Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Famous Hymns of the World, by Allan Sutherland, Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Other books and periodicals containing biographies of Church writers and musicians might be used. Most libraries have

books and articles, such as, *Music in the Home*, published by the Victor Company, Camden, New Jersey.

Discovering and Encouraging Musical Talent in the Home and Participating in Musical Organizations

a. Music in the home brings about family activity.

The poet Longfellow wrote: “Show me the home wherein music dwells, and I shall show you a happy, peaceful, and contented home.”

“Purchase some kind of instrument for the home,” said Oliver Wendell Holmes, “and see that its beneficent harmonies are often heard. Let music be as much a part of a day’s routine as eating or reading or walking.”

(b) Singing can be participated in, whether or not there is a musical instrument in the home; and stories or talks about musicians and music subjects can also be enjoyed. However, where there is a musical instrument, a piano, cabinet organ, violin, etc., it helps very much to promote and stimulate an interest in music among members of the family.

(c) If there is a radio in the home it can be used to good advantage in bringing the best of musical programs into the family group.

(d) A record player, with well-chosen records, is another way of promoting and teaching appreciation of music.

(e) These mechanical instruments should be used as supplementary aids in bringing music into the home and should not replace the musical performances of members of the family. In other words, we should, as much as possible, produce the musical numbers from the family group, even though they may not be performed so perfectly as they are on the record.

(f) Along with our listening to music we should constantly realize that the greatest joy and lasting satisfaction comes to the doers, those who perform the music.

(g) Members of a family should be encouraged to develop and use their musical talents; such talents can be found, to some degree, in most families.

“The normal mind (which is the average mind) is musical, and the normal body

is the instrument for adequate expression of music. . . ." Dr. Emil Seashore, *The Psychology of Music*).

(h) Family members should participate in musical organizations when possible.

Occasions in Which Music Can Be Used in the Home

(a) A music evening of singing, playing, and listening together.

(b) Musical performances and talks in the Family Hour.

(c) Music Club programs.

Suggested Subjects for Music Appreciation in the Home

(a) Folk songs

(b) Folk dances

(c) History and evolution of music

(d) Oratorios

1. Origin and description, such as "The Messiah," by Handel, and "Elijah," by Mendelssohn

2. Read from texts

3. Discuss the composers

4. Play or sing selections

(e) Operas, as "Samson and Delilah," by Saint Saens, "La Boheme," by Puccini

1. Beginnings

2. Stories

3. Composers

4. Selections (performed, or from records)

(f) Lives of great singers, as Caruso, Schumann-Heink, Jennie Lind, Patti, or others.

(g) Old songs we love to sing, such as, "Juanita," "Love's Old Sweet Song," etc.

(h) Musical instruments, such as: organ, harp, flute, violin, piano.

1. Origin

2. Evolution

3. Characteristics

4. Uses

(i) Lullabies and songs for children to sing

(j) Guessing games for children, with pictures of instruments, and perhaps, records to demonstrate them

Most of the suggestions for music appreciation in the home can be found in *What We Hear in Music*, by Anne Shaw Faulkner, Victor Company, Camden, New Jersey.

The Lost Words

Dorothy J. Roberts

Somewhere I have lost the sweet refrain
Of words we murmured on the air of dusk,
So quietly their airy chords have lain
Like treasured raiment folded long in musk.

Wound within the year's pale cloth of mist
Your voice, in its lavender, eludes my mind.
It is beyond the reach of the brain to list
Those tender syllables which once it twined.

Your call is muted on the cherry slope,
Though moon-dust sprays as then the early night.
Only the wells of longing leap, and hope
Still probes the shadows for a lane of light.

No sound . . . only firelight starred within your eyes
And strength your fingers closed around my own
Keep silent tryst with me while memory cries
Down autumn avenues your words have flown.

Grow Old Splendidly

Evelyn Wooster Viner

DURING a recent trip I stopped to see an old friend who had celebrated his ninetieth birthday some months earlier. His wife had passed away since we last met, so it was surprising to find him ensconced in a bright, new home. When I voiced amazement he told me how it happened.

"I never intended to sell the old place," he said, "but it was pretty lonely after my wife was gone. My son was building a new home and he wanted me to live with them. He built me a room—built it exactly as I wanted it. So I sold out and went there. I stayed a year. One day I said to myself, this is no life for me. Every morning they all went to work, and I was alone with nothing to do but read the paper. So I came back here and built this house."

"You built it!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I did most of the work," he said with satisfaction. "The outside doesn't look like much yet, but by next year I'll have it fixed."

He made the statement with as much certainty as one might have expected of a young man just starting out.

An old lady whom I often visited was bedfast between the ages of eighty-seven and ninety-five. Unable to be about the active duties of the household, she occupied her time making rugs, quilts, table mats, and doilies. She also did hand sewing on the family clothing. She studied the scriptures a great deal and was informed upon the questions of the day. It was not strange that at ninety-five her mind was as clear as that of any young person.

Two sisters, one a frail little person of ninety, and the other blind at eighty-six, were great students of Shakespeare. They also took a keen interest in national and international affairs. I never tried to match wits with either of them, for I should certainly have been the loser if I had done so.

With observation, it becomes obvious that we retain our mental capabilities better if we keep our minds busy with something worthwhile. There is no reason why age should make us indifferent—without aspiration, and living only in the past. We can as easily live rich, forward-looking lives. Interest and activity are not for the young alone. They are for all ages. Let us grow old splendidly.

Mount Hood

Beatrice K. Ekman

Up from the forest-fringe at timberline,
Above near hills where firs stand, row on row,
A glazed, white apron covers the steep incline
To Mount Hood's sloping shoulders, heaped with snow.
Along the sky's blue rim, long cloud-bars float;
Wreaths of smoke-fog drift through the hillside trees,
A ruff of fog clings to the mountain's throat,
And soft wool clouds are draped across her knees.

Hour of Decision

(Continued from page 741)

It was a moment of truth, of revelation, and Adele held her breath. Jonathan's face was inscrutable, but his attention was fully caught. Lois was watching him with mingled hope and fear.

Lafe's voice changed and he went on, as if to bolster himself with words. "That's the trouble with the Church, though. They ask too much of their members. You take a young fellow like I was then, trying to get a start in a profession, wanting to get married, and ask him to pay his own way on a mission—well . . ." He turned fully to Jonathan, who was studying him. "What do you say, young fellow? Too much to ask, don't you think?"

"No," said Jonathan shortly. "I do not."

Later, when the children had gone on their respective ways, the younger ones to bed and the older ones on their dates, and the Higgineses were preparing to leave after an interesting evening, Lafe gave Adele a penetrating look and said: "I hope I gave a satisfactory performance as exhibit A, and that the young scamp will not give you any more trouble, but will accept that mission call."

Adele caught her breath and felt the red creeping up over her face. "Lafe, how could you? Who told you . . .?"

Lafe laughed. "It was there—on all of your faces."

Adele reached her hand to Lafe. "No wonder you have gone so far

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in your profession and gained so many honors."

"Honors can be empty, Adele. You can't go far enough to get away once you've been a really good Latter-day Saint."

"Why don't you come with us to Sunday School in the morning?" Adele spoke impulsively.

"It would seem like old times," said Lafe, putting an arm across his wife's shoulders, "but it rests with her. What do you say, Thelma? Shall we go to Sunday School?"

"I think we had better," Thelma answered, the fear going out of her eyes. "I'm curious to see a superintendent."

* * * *

"**YOU'RE** quite a woman," said Tom in affectionate admiration when they had gone. "I hope Jonathan didn't catch on that you were trying to manage him."

"If it was that apparent to Lafe," Adele began, and then couldn't go on for the fear that clamped her heart.

Jonathan was on the telephone early the next morning as she and Tom came down the stairs.

"Mr. Stallings?" he was saying, and Tom's hand gripped hers, "I'm sorry, Sir, but I can't take that job tomorrow. My bishop has asked me to go on a mission."

They watched his face light up as he listened and heard his mumbled thanks, before he cradled the receiver.

"Mr. Stallings says I'm to come to work for him until my call comes

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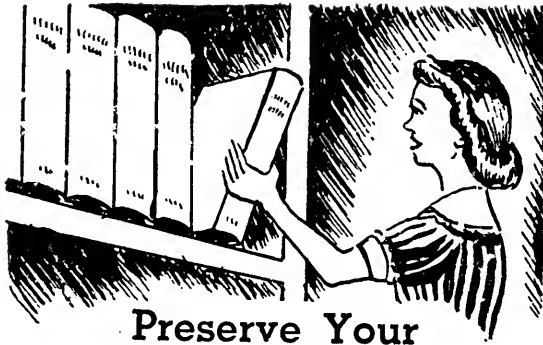
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through," he told them. "Sometimes it takes two or three months. I didn't know he was a stake president. And then he'll give me leave of absence for my mission, and a job when I come back."

"And Lois?" questioned Adele.

"That was a close call for Lois and me—for me, all around, but Lois isn't a designing female like you. She didn't go out and drag in horrible examples to convince me. She said she wanted me to make up my own mind without her influence, but I think I know how she felt. But thanks, Mom, anyway," said Jonathan, coming to put his arms about her, "thanks for hanging onto me until I really became of age."



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Memory

Kate Richards

They say
That time erases
Absent faces
From the memory
Of the heart;

That always
Years will dry
The tears,
Cleanse the memory's
Bitter part.

There must
Be some;
Perhaps but one
Lone place
Where nature slips;

For still
At night
I waken with
Your name
Upon my lips.

Desert Artist

Ida Isaacson

Under Arizona's desert sky,
With scarce save God to hear her sigh,

She works upon her Navajo
And weaves a tale of long ago.

Before her loom, erect and proud,
Aloof as over-hanging cloud,

She works upon her Navajo
And weaves this tale of long ago.

The day is long, the air is dry,
Just picot blue in cloud-choked sky

To ease the pressure of her view
While working on this pattern true,

This gray and white and red design
That she must keep in perfect line.

There Is No Sound

LeRoy Burke Meagher

I am lonely
 When autumn's burning
 Is a mound of ash
 White upon the hill;
 No sound or slash
 Of wings in colored symphony;
 In the leafless vine
 No cricket shrill;
 But this is mine—
 The certainty
 Of the slow, sure turning
 Of a crocus.

Reminder

Maryhale Woolsey

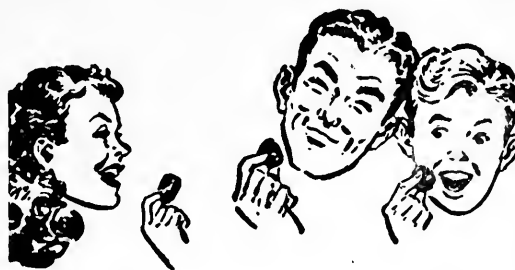
I've missed small Babsie—
 That lovable bright elf
 Who seemed a sweeter, daintier
 Replica of myself . . .
 Babs in rosebud pinafore
 Stained with mud-pie batter
 Angel-sweet in ruffled nightie,
 Imp-full of bedtime chatter!

Barbara, eighteen, and slim and tall,
 Is princess-lovely, quiet, woman-wise;
 How startling, now and then, to meet a
 smile
 From roguish Babsie, out of Barbara's
 eye.

Paeans

Pansy H. Powell

How good is our life, just for the living,
 As weeping or smiling we go.
 Forever advancing, the strong heart
 Hears life in the warm, pulsing flow
 Of music, though wordless, yet singing
 Great songs of the heart that employ
 Oboe and trumpet and tuba
 In paeans of courage and joy!



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From Near and Far

We are all proud of our splendid *Relief Society Magazine*. It affords all who read it entertaining, instructive, and uplifting material. What more could one ask? I am wondering if we appreciate and enjoy the exceptionally fine covers on all the Magazines, or do some of us pass them by unnoticed? Every issue has a photograph which is a work of art. Let us all enjoy these pictures along with the other good things in our superior Magazine.

—Luella N. Adams
Salt Lake City, Utah

The poem "All Lowly Flowers" by Alice Morrey Bailey (page 624, September 1951) is truly a beautiful thing. Anyone who can create that much loveliness from the things most despised is a poet indeed.

—Agnes Just Reid
Firth, Idaho

I have been a subscriber to the Magazine for many, many years, and enjoy reading it from cover to cover each month.

—Elizabeth H. Welker
Salt Lake City, Utah

I look forward so much to receiving the Magazine, and the old copies which a sister loaned to me have been most enjoyable, and my landlady (who is not a member of our Church) reads them, too, and who knows but these Magazines may be the turning point and she may embrace this Church.

—Mrs. Janet Piper
Palmerston North,
New Zealand

I am eighty-five years old, and well and healthy. I am Magazine agent and have secured the highest per cent in the stake every year but one for eight years. I have been a visiting teacher ever since I was nineteen years old, have been president of the Y.W.M.I.A. several years and secretary and president of the ward Relief Society. I don't know how much longer the Lord is going to keep me here.

—Alice O. Billings,
Vernal, Utah

I surely enjoyed the September *Relief Society Magazine*, especially Iris W. Schow's poem "Eternal Enchantment" (page 585) and Alice Morrey Bailey's "All Lowly Flowers" (page 624). The editorial on children's literature ("What Shall We Read to Children?") is very timely.

—Frances C. Yost
Bancroft, Idaho

It is with great interest that I have read the article "Cathedral Valley" in the September *Relief Society Magazine* (page 590) by Winifred N. Jones. We are interested in planning a visit to that place in the very near future.

—Mrs. Leone P. Bate,
Idaho Falls, Idaho

One night after Church I picked up one of these cherished Magazines, and as I looked through it, this little poem seemed to run through my mind, so I am sending it in. I would like you to know how much each Magazine means to me.

A Welcome Guest

I looked within its golden sheets,
Each one so full of truth
That could charm one old in years
Or girls in beauteous youth;
It told about the Woman's Sphere,
A mother's silent prayer . . .
A lesson from the Bible dear,
A story told with care.
It was my guide, my trusted dream,
My beloved *Relief Society Magazine*.

—Ethel Jones,
Bingham Canyon,
Utah

We subscribe to all the magazines put out by the Church, so we have neither the time nor the inclination to read that which does us no good. I am proud to be able to offer my *Relief Society Magazine* to others to read, as it will please even the most critical and refined taste. I take no chances of being ashamed of my reading habits. Thank you for such a superb Magazine.

—Mrs. Alta Dew
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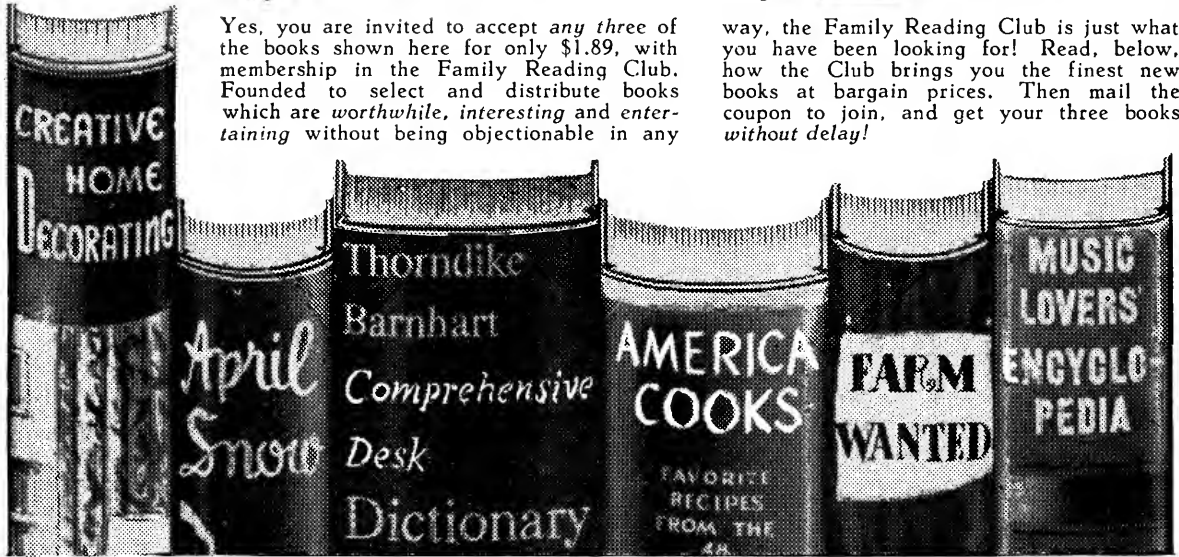
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The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE



VOL. 38 NO. 12

SOCIETY CONFERENCE ISSUE
Lessons for March

DECEMBER 1951

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. 38

DECEMBER 1951

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Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Responsibility of Relief Society Members to Their Homes and the Priesthood.....	Stephen L Richards	796
Marion George Romney—Our New Apostle	Harold B. Lee	802
New Appointees to Be Assistants to the Council of the Twelve.....	Marianne C. Sharp	805
Relief Society and the Church Welfare Program.....	Marion G. Romney	808
The Annual General Relief Society Conference	Margaret C. Pickering	817
Report and Official Instructions.....	Belle S. Spafford	818

FICTION

Christmas at Welcome Inn	Pansye H. Powell	824
Through This Door — Chapter 5	Margery S. Stewart	840
Another Mary	Mary R. Ross	846

GENERAL FEATURES

Woman's Sphere	Ramona W. Cannon	829
Editorials: The One Hundred Twenty-second Semi-annual Conference of the Church.....	Marianne C. Sharp	830
Ernest L. Wilkinson Inaugurated President of Brigham Young University.....	Marianne C. Sharp	831
Importance of Articles on "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter"		832
Notes to the Field: New Record Book for Ward Magazine Representatives		833
Use of Material for Theology Lessons		833
From Near and Far		872

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Recipes for Christmas	Ethel C. Smith	835
Planning a Christmas Table	Marian R. Boyer	839
Christmas Gift Wrapping Is Fun	Florence S. Jacobsen	844
The Gift Without the Giver	Caroline Eyring Miner	847
A Christmas Star Tree	Bertha Lorentzen	848

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: Coriantumr and Ether	Leland H. Monson	849
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Now It Is Better That a Man Should Be Judged of God"	Leone O. Jacobs	852
Work Meeting — Sewing: Mending Men's Suits	Jean Ridges Jennings	853
Literature: Two Romantic Essayists: Lamb and Hazlitt	Briant S. Jacobs	855
Social Science: New Races in America	Archibald F. Bennett	860
Music: Conducting With the Six-eight Baton Pattern.....	Florence J. Madsen	865

POETRY

Song for Midnight — Frontispiece	Dorothy J. Roberts	795
The Sign	Miranda Snow Walton	816
Let the Holly Wreath Be Hung	Margaret B. Shomaker	834
The Gentle Artisan	Iris W. Schow	845
December Has Her Loveliness	Mabel Jones Gabbott	847
Winter Witchery	Alice Whitson Norton	864

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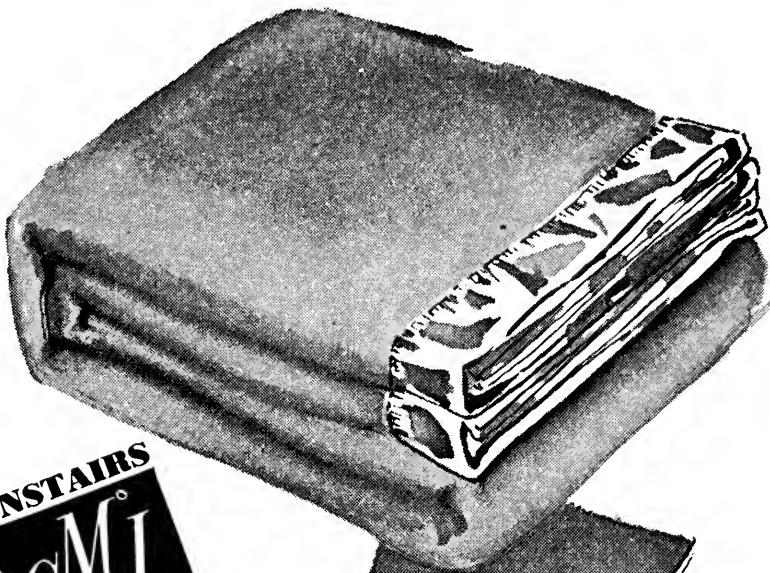
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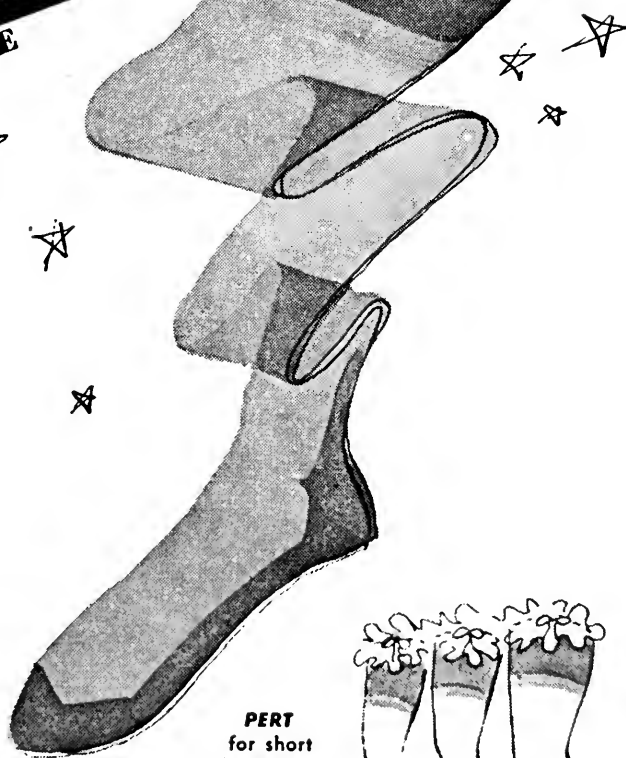
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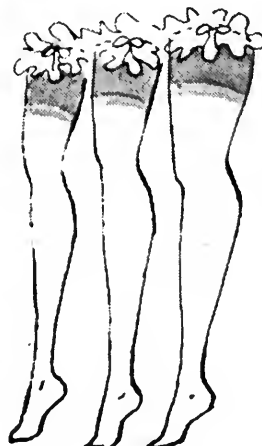
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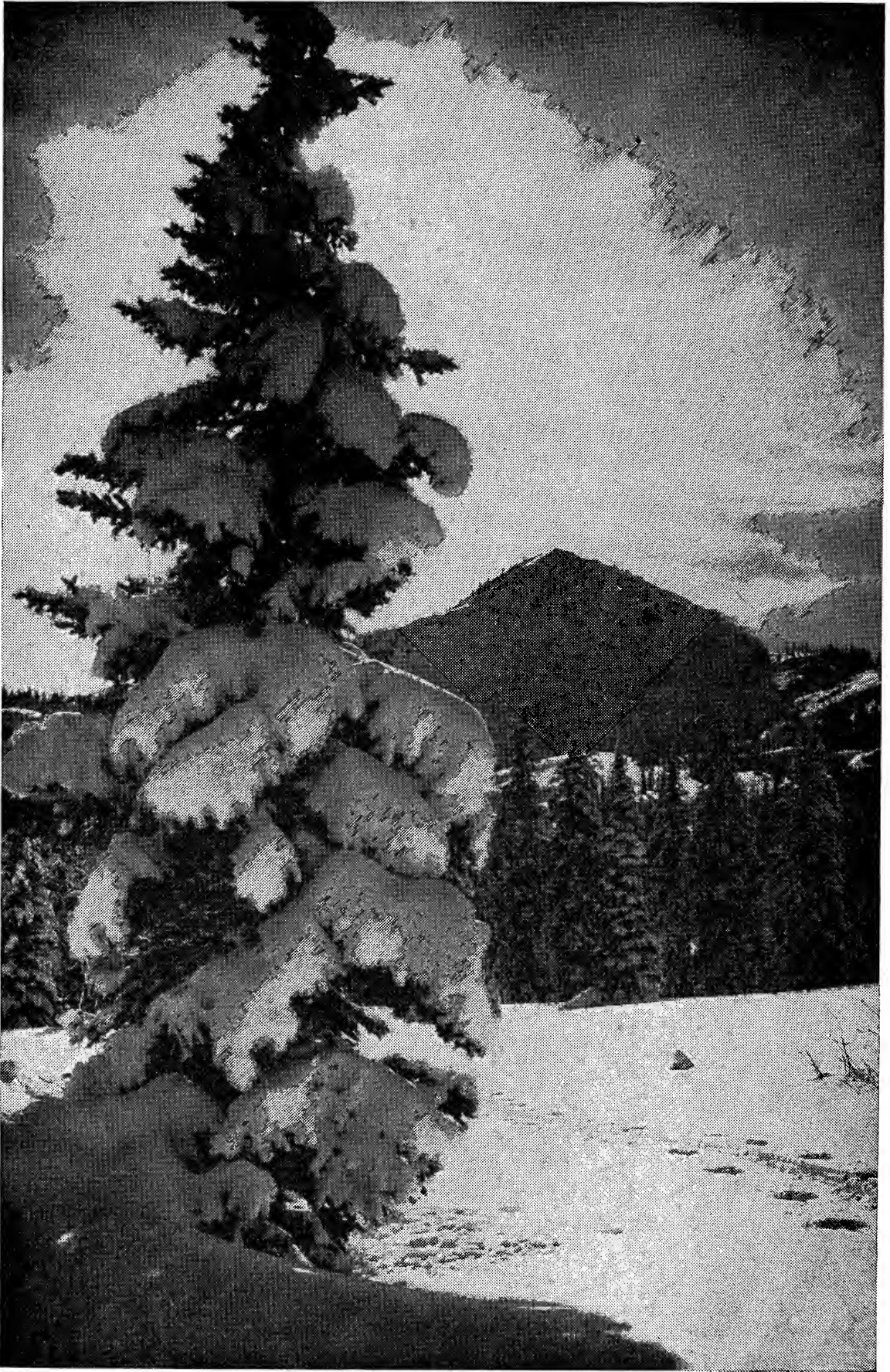


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CHRISTMAS TREES IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 38, NO. 12

DECEMBER 1951

Song for Midnight

Dorothy J. Roberts

Few have traveled to the lane of light
And know the silence where the angels are,
But the ready and the knowing comprehend
What heart hears music, what mind marks the star.

While seekers combed the tangled paths of earth,
The shepherd knew but open fields alone,
And lines long symbolized on a parchment stick,
A staff of prayer, and a brook's white stone.

Yet silence burst in chorals on his ear
And the songs were signets for his thought to wear;
He saw the town appear, a gleaming pearl,
And, heaped with glory, brought his joy to share.

Thus are the spare and quiet plains of duty
Appointed haven of celestial sound,
And those, untiring, who keep ceaseless vigil
May listen, knowing they walk holy ground.

They will receive him though their orbits be
Brief as the paths to pasture on the hills;
For, true as the pitcher from the potter's wheel,
Their spirit is the vessel glory fills.

They will bring the note and beam of wisdom
Back from the threshold of the holy place,
To ray with testament a starless hour
And point a pilgrim host in ways of grace.

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The Responsibility of Relief Society Members to Their Homes and the Priesthood

President Stephen L Richards
Of the First Presidency

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

I FEEL very humble, my sisters, in following the masterful address of your President, filled with a great challenge to all of you. Indeed, the entire program up to this point has been very interesting to me, and I regard myself as fortunate to have had the invitation to be with you.

I've always been very grateful for the Relief Society, except perhaps on one occasion. When my wife and I were married over here in the Temple a little over fifty years ago, it so happened that my wife's grandmother, Bathsheba W. Smith, was the President of the Relief Society. As I recall, she was also matron of the Salt Lake Temple. Well, after we were married, I had a hack. You know what a hack is, you younger women. I had a hack, which was a form of public conveyance comparable to our taxicabs now, only horse-drawn, out at the gate of the Temple to meet us. It was the first hack that I had ever hired, because young men in those days didn't have very much money to spend on luxuries of that kind. I was quite proud to think that I could get it to take my wife home after the marriage. And, lo and behold, when I got out to the Temple gate, pre-

pared to take my wife home in this luxurious carriage, whom should she have with her, in one of her kindly disposed moments, but one of the old members of the Relief Society, and she said, "This sister lives two or three miles out on the way, and I thought that we could take her home." Well, I don't remember whether she sat between us or not, but I do recall at the time that I kind of wished that Heber C. Kimball hadn't left any widows.

But I don't hold it against my wife, she's a very resourceful lady, and very interesting. I never know what she's going to do, but I always know it will be expensive.

I am sure that this great congregation here today is very substantial evidence of the magnitude of the great work in which you are engaged. Very few comparable movements could fill the Tabernacle as you do here at this time, and I am sure that they who have observed with any degree of scrutiny, the marvelous progress that has been made in this organization and in its work over the years, have unbounded admiration and respect for the movement which was begun so long ago under the circumstances so impressively given to us here today.

There must have been a divine end to be subserved in this organization, and it is evident that this end is being subserved in the progress of your work.

I have been very interested indeed to learn of the attention which you have given to families and to homes. As I have been over the Church in the last thirty or forty years, I have tried to be an advocate of the Latter-day Saint home, in all its superior aspects. I have taken the position that there is nothing in our whole society so important and so contributive to our welfare as the fundamental institution of the home. After all, the home is the very foundation of government. In the old patriarchal days, the head of the household was the head of the tribe or the head of the nation. He was the lawgiver and he was the judge, and many of the nations of the world have carried forward a purity of blood that has made them little more than enlarged families, and there may be more than we can fully realize in the expression which we so frequently use, "the blood of Israel."

The family concept is one of the major and most important of our whole theological doctrine, and as I frequently have said, our very concept of heaven itself is little more than a projection of the home into eternity, and you will find, of course, verification of that in our scriptures, particularly in the 132nd section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

So that I subscribe most heartily to the appeal made to lend all possible aid to the care of this sacred institution of home. As Sister Spafford was mentioning the ter-

rible conditions which prevail in some homes by reason of split families, or by reason of divorces and inattention to the home, it occurred to me that you sisters might do an immense preventive work in these tragic conditions. I used to be a lawyer and practice at the bar; I've tried many divorce cases. I've heard the evidence of the plaintiff and the defendant and their witnesses, and I long ago reached the conclusion that the major part of all our domestic troubles begins with trifling irritations, irritations about affairs, finances, and other more or less trivial things connected with the home. There are so many problems that it is sometimes difficult for both of the partners in this great relationship to see alike.

I remember once reading of an old preacher who had married a couple, and some time afterwards the man went back to this preacher and said to him, "I thought thou toldst me that morning when I came out of Geasely Church with my bride on my arm, that I'd got to the end of all my troubles." "Oh, yes," said the preacher, "I did tell thee so, but I didn't tell thee which end." So there are these constant irritations that come into a home if everything isn't just right.

Now sisters, if your work as visiting teachers could be extended to include, as perhaps it is intended so to do, something of discreet investigation as to what the relationship of the husband and the wife in that home is, and as to whether or not they are suffering with some of these irritations and quarreling, it might be that, with some careful admonition, there could be nipped

in the bud a situation that results in a divorce. What a blessing that would be!

When I think how lightly the marriage compact is viewed by many people, without regard to the children, those who suffer most, innocent victims of these disturbed family relationships, I think that anyone who can save a marriage is entitled not only to a great personal satisfaction, but is entitled to the blessings of our Father who is interested in the preservation of these sacred institutions. I don't know as it would be violating a confidence to say to you here today that one of the most disturbing and exacting of all the duties coming to the President of the Church relates to these divorces, and to help to avoid those situations would be a marvelous contribution.

I have the most profound admiration for the visiting teachers of the Relief Society. Of course, we have seen them throughout all of our history. I know they inquire with as much care and solicitude as they may, as to the economic conditions. They want to know if people have food, and bedding, and clothing, and shelter. They are particularly interested in the physical welfare of the people, and the good that they have done in their unobtrusive way can never be written. It goes beyond even our comprehension, these dear sisters who have quietly carried in things where they have been needed, and have helped the bedridden wife and mother, and have come to the relief of those suffering from the deprivation of loved ones.

I'll venture that if there could be assessed the amount of food that has been prepared by the Relief Society to bring to the homes of the people of this Church (and those not of this Church) after a funeral, it would be prodigious in its amount. What a kindly service! There is scarcely a death in a ward where these kind sisters do not make provision to bring comfort and blessedness to those who need it. I never go to a funeral that I don't observe the Relief Society sisters, looking after the flowers, and helping the people. These are simple services and they are of very great advantage. The economic advantage is this: I have never made a great study of it, but I've been acquainted with social work to a sufficient extent that I know that all social work is what we say heavily loaded. Only a part of the contributions reach the beneficiaries. A percentage goes to expenses. The charity of the Relief Society is freer from loading than any charity I have ever known. They may not be educated like some of your professional social workers, but they carry a spirit and love that is unmatched.

WE do need constructive care and constructive attention to our problems, but I think our sisters are capable of doing this, and I hope that they will not depart far from the time-honored practice and procedure which take them into the homes as friends and neighbors with love and sympathy to requite the necessities of those who need them.

So I pay my tribute to the visiting teachers of this great organization, who, over generations, have been ministering angels of mercy and comfort and encouragement to their neighborhood.

Now there is an aspect of your work that I would like to bring to your attention this day. I suppose it had its initial beginning about the time that these sisters have spoken of, when as I understand it, among other instructions, the Prophet Joseph Smith said that the women were to provoke their men to good works. I have sometimes wondered if that was a very wise choice of a word. My wife always uses it on me if I think she goes too far. She says she has official warrant to "provoke" me. But the meaning was that the sisters should help their husbands of the Priesthood. Sister Spafford has defined from the original instructions, the relationship of the Priesthood to the sisters, and there are a few aspects of that subject that I think might with propriety be brought to your attention. First, a marriage is a partnership, a marriage is a compact between a man and wife. But a Latter-day Saint marriage carries with it something more than the worldly compact. The Latter-day Saint marriage carries the understanding that a man of the Priesthood is to stand at the head of his household.

I've been a little concerned, at times, about the attitude that I have observed arising from women who were so intent upon the emphasis to be placed on this partnership, that they were not willing to take any subordinate, if it may be called subordinate position. Now I am

sympathetic with what our women do and the contribution they make to the home, and, for my own part, I say that it is the biggest contribution of all. But for the good of the home and for its preservation, I have long been firmly convinced that any woman who will sustain her husband as head of the household, and teach her children to do likewise, will make a distinct contribution to the children also. And I always regret seeing a woman do anything to belittle her husband, even for his mistakes, before her children, and I have been hurt time and time again when I have been in homes and seen a man embarrassed, and I likewise have no sympathy with a husband who would embarrass his wife before her children.

WE are under a government of law. We are under the government of the law of the Lord in Zion and we are under the government of the law of the land where we live. Few things contribute more to respect for the law and established authority than the practices of the home. I'll tell you, you can't very well expect to teach respect for authority if you permit your husband to be belittled in the presence of your children. So I draw that to your attention, because I believe as we preserve the integrity of the home as it was meant to be, we will do that which we should for the building up of the kingdom.

I want your menfolks to be worthy to be sustained as the heads of the household, that goes without saying, but in your sympathetic understanding, even at the sacrifice

of what may seem to be a little of your own dignity, I ask you to try to sustain them before their children as the heads of the household.

The men need your help in other respects. It may seem a little bit odd that I should appear before you here today to ask you to help us with the Priesthood of this Church, but I make that appeal. Sisters, you know what the Priesthood means to those who bear it, you know how important it is that they should magnify their callings, and I trust that you know that the man who fails to use his Priesthood will lose it. You do not want the men of the Priesthood to lose their Priesthood; you want to help them and you want to encourage them.

Our men need to attend their meetings more than they do. I hope they are always encouraged so to do by their wives. I recognize the fact that when a man comes home at night after work his wife needs him. She has cared for the children all day; she is tired as he is. She could use his help and his influence in the discipline of the children and in helping her with them, and it's a great sacrifice to her to be deprived of his company when she needs him. But if that man has a Priesthood meeting, I hope that you dear sisters will say, "John, you go to your meeting, I'll get along. You go to your meeting." If you say that, you'll give him encouragement and help and you'll be glad that you took that course, for if that man maintains his position in the Priesthood, it will be the reward for your sacrifice, and God will bless you and your family by his close ad-

herence to all of his duties and responsibilities.

We need your help in the reclamation of some men, not only in their encouragement, but we need your help in their reclamation. And I'm sure that our sisters, exercising their influence wisely, can be a great means of bringing back a lot of men who have been negligent, and who have gone astray. I know it's a sorrow to many of you, a great sorrow, to have your men go astray, and I think you can give help without being offensive, and that help will be rewarded. So attention to these opportunities, I am sure, my dear sisters, will bring great good for the Church. I've always said that if two things in this Church were right everything else would be right. The Priesthood and the home are those two things. You, of course, are chiefly responsible for one of them, or largely so, and you can help infinitely in the other one.

NOW a good deal is said these days about women getting out, getting out of the home, getting away from all of the drudgery and relieving themselves from some of the burden that women carry. I am glad Sister Spafford said what she did about our wives working. I suppose that our wives will consider, some of them, that they need to work. I regret it, at least if they have families to care for, because that is their first responsibility and consideration. But this getting out of the home, going away much, wanting to be on trips, not being satisfied with home and family, I am sure you can do much to combat that idea. The women that

want to get away from home are the women that never learn to have any real pleasure and enjoyment in their home with their children. They want to get away, because they are often unhappy.

My dear old mother told me that for the first twenty-five years that she was married, she never was away from home twenty-four hours at one time. Now it's different, I guess, but she was not an unhappy woman; anybody who knew her will testify that she wasn't. She was a very happy mother and a happy woman. And for the first quarter century of her married life, she gave herself to her home and her children, and made them happy. I wish that the women of the world could understand what it means to secure such happiness out of their homes. I'm sure that they would be led to a different course than they now take.

Perhaps that was too much confinement, but it wasn't unhappiness. It was the realization of what she thought was her goal and her ambition as a mother and a homemaker. So I hope that you will do what you can, my sisters, to stay the progress of this tendency to get out of the home. We live apart so much from it now that it doesn't fill the function that it once had. I used to have an old Irish friend, with an inimitable wit, who used to say, "Well, in the old times, it was always thought to be the proper thing for a baby to be born at home, and now they are

all born up in the hospital, and it was always thought to be the proper custom for old folks to die at home, and now they go to California." So, after all, there isn't much doing in the home with a good many of these people.

Some of the work may seem to be mundane, but it is not. There is no menial, there is no mundane work in raising a family of God's children to return them to their eternal home whence their spirits came. So great is the concept of that undertaking, so glorious the vision of that which follows, that it must, of necessity, give spiritual import and great significance to every single item, however trivial, however small, which transpires in a good home.

So, my dear sisters, my heart is full of blessings for you today. I know I would be derelict if I did not bring to you at this conference the greetings and the love and the blessings of President McKay and President Clark. I know their appreciation of your marvelous work, and I know that we in the Church rely upon you for the achievement of some of its greatest goals and aspirations, and I know that with the record that you have behind you, you will not fail, but you will go forward, and large and important as your organization seems today, it will grow, and expand, and exercise a larger and more potent influence in the building of Zion.

God bless you to this end, I ask humbly in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Marion George Romney—Our New Apostle

Elder Harold B. Lee
Of the Council of the Twelve

IN a testimony meeting of the General Authorities called by the President of the Church on the first Thursday of a new year, one of the brethren, in bearing his testimony, thanked the Lord for his childhood home; for a lovely devoted mother and a splendid God-fearing father. Another of the brethren, commenting on the remarks of the former, declared it was his conviction that had it not been that each in that circle came from the kind of home described, not one would likely have ever been called to his present position as one of the General Authorities of the Church.

Of the childhood home of Marion G. Romney that observation is fully merited. His father, George S. Romney, and his mother, Artemesia Redd, both of pioneer ancestors, were themselves pioneers in settling the "Colonies" in Old Mexico, about two hundred miles south of the Mexican border. Marion, the eldest son in a family of ten children, was born in Colonia Juarez, Mexico, on September 19, 1897. Sometime, if you would hear of one of the most dramatic and trying episodes in the Church history of our day, ask Elder Romney to relate the experiences of his family, he being then a boy of fourteen, when they were forced to leave Mexico in 1912, along with hundreds of other families, in what

is referred to as the "Exodus," as a result of the mobbings and plunderings of Mexican revolutionists headed by the rebel leader, Pancho Villa.

His recital would tell of a frightened little family, his father's family, loaded on a wagon with but the barest of household necessities and no clothing except that which they wore, fleeing from their childhood home before the Mexican mob at the point of drawn guns. The story of that homeless family, in destitute circumstances, seeking refuge in El Paso, then in California, and finally to Oakley and Rexburg, Idaho, is one which tells of a continuous struggle to maintain its independence on a small family income which was always faithfully tithed. That narrative would describe the near perfect family teamwork organized and directed by father and mother, as the family preserved their pride and dignity toward the ultimate goal of building strong, sterling characters in each of ten sturdy children as a result of the never-ending tussle with stern necessity.

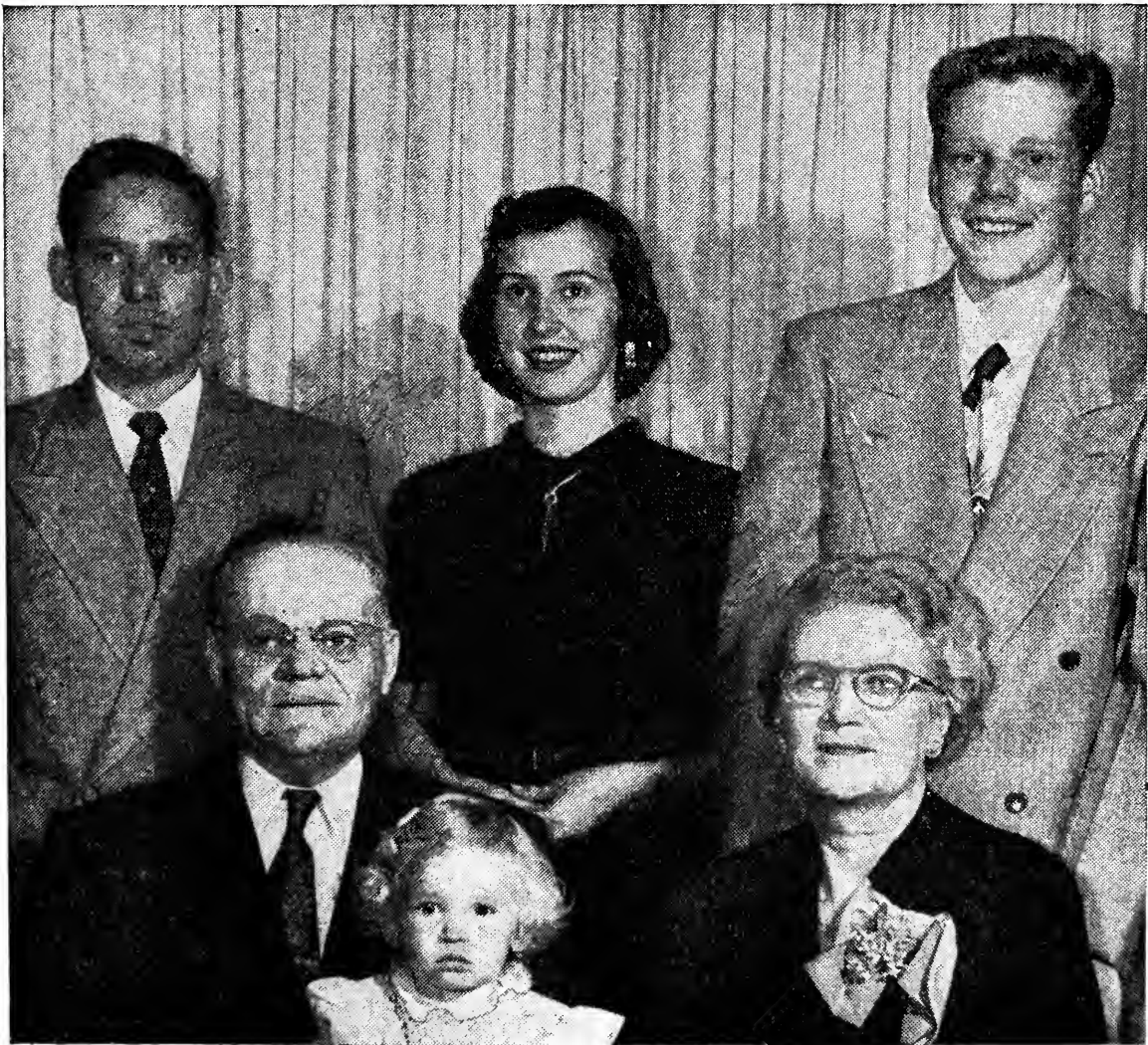
During the last ten and one-half years, Elder Romney has been in charge of the office activities and field operations of the Church Welfare Program. We have worked side by side with him for all these years in this work and have seen

the workings of his rugged, individualistic nature tempered by a keen, sympathetic understanding of the problems of the unfortunate. Who knows but that through the experiences of the Mexican "Exodus," and the years which followed, there was being forged under the watchful eye of the Almighty a sharp, finely tempered human instrument in the person of Marion G. Romney to be used under the call of the Lord to cut a pattern in demonstration of the Lord's way

in caring for his saints in a day when man-made systems had all but destroyed the Christian concept of "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions?"

HIS call to his present high place is unquestionably the seal of divine approval upon his labors in this great latter-day movement.

But there is another characteristic deeply rooted in his nature



THE MARION G. ROMNEY FAMILY

Front row, seated: Elder Marion G. Romney; Granddaughter, Catherine; Sister Ida Jensen Romney.

Back row: Richard J. Romney; his wife, Joanne Ware Romney; George J. Romney.

which is almost the ruling passion of his life. I speak of his great sense of loyalty to those whom we sustain as Church leaders. To him loyalty doesn't mean merely to accept blindly the counsel of Church Authorities, but, beyond that, the responsibility of receiving the witness in his heart that their counsel was inspired and could be accepted without reservation. On the occasion of a spirited political campaign in which he was a candidate, when the leaders of the Church let their feelings be known as to some of the issues involved, I heard him say something like this, "As soon as I read their statement I knew that I wanted to do just what they had suggested. But I also knew that I must feel right in my heart in so doing and that took almost a night on my knees to attain." It might be said that he has the great quality of intelligent obedience to those in authority over him, rather than that of blind obedience, which is frequently the subject of much discussion.

Many men say their prayers, but there are a few who talk with the Lord. Elder Romney is one of these few. His great faith is such as to believe that when we have been confronted with insurmountable obstacles, where the welfare of the membership of the Church is at stake, that if we gave the Holy Ghost a chance to work on those of the opposition, as an early Church leader advised, those obstacles could be overcome. We have been a witness with him of this truth when pleading the cause of this people before high-placed officials in the Nation's Capital.

You who have heard him in public discourse know his forthrightness and directness as a speaker. His sermons give evidence of much thoughtful study and deep understanding of the gospel principles. With it all, he has a keen sense of humor, which is spontaneous and refreshing and yet not beyond the bounds of propriety.

But no sketch of the life of Brother Romney would be complete without mention of his family, to which he, as with every Church leader, must look for strength and support. His faith, combined with an intense love of his family, is so great that it is altogether probable, even as with Alma of old, that should one of his loved ones stray away, he or she could be surrounded and influenced by powers divine because of the spiritual pleadings of this devoted father and brother. Perhaps no influence in his life exceeds that of his lovely, devoted wife, Ida Jensen Romney, to whom he gives full credit for her great contribution to the same cause of righteousness to which he has dedicated his life. Her Relief Society presidency has provided the opportunity of giving her an even deeper insight, if that were possible, into the Church life of her illustrious husband in the Welfare Program during the last ten years. The fact that he has been an athlete, a carpenter, an attorney, and a vigorous, aggressive worker, provides his two sons, Richard and George, with a worthy example and competitor, constantly challenging them to give their best as the bearers of the Romney name.

(Continued on page 870)

New Appointees to Be Assistants to the Council of the Twelve

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE great growth of the Church was evidenced at the 122d semi-annual conference in the appointment of four more Assistants to the Council of the Twelve, bringing that body to a strength of seven men. In addition to the present members, Brothers Alma Sonne, Clifford E. Young, and Thomas E. McKay, there were added George Q. Morris, Stayner Richards, ElRay L. Christiansen, and John Longden.

George Q. Morris

Brother Morris comes to his new calling after long years of Church service in the mission field, as a bishop, a member of a stake presidency, and many years of experience working with young people. For eleven years he was the general superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association general board. Since 1948 he has been serving as president of the Eastern States Mission. Because of this appointment he was not in attendance at the conference.

Brother Morris and his wife Emma Ramsey Morris are the parents of three daughters, Marion, Margery (Mrs. Edward Woods), and Helen (Mrs. R. T. Stewart).

Brother Morris studied at the Brigham Young University, and is a graduate of the University of Utah.

He is president and general manager of Elias Morris and Sons, and has a background of business experience. The many friends whom President Morris has made throughout his distinguished career are made happy by this new calling.

Stayner Richards

Elder Stayner Richards also was a mission president, president of the British Mission, at the time of his call to be an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve. Because of the death of a son Robert S., on September 26, Brother and Sister Richards were both in Salt Lake City and in attendance at conference.

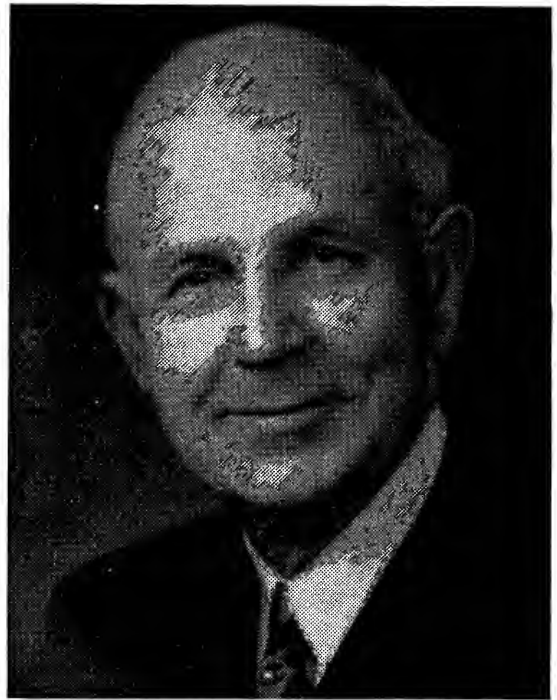
Years of devoted Church service are recognized in his new appointment. Brother Richards has served in the mission field, as bishop, a member of a high council, and a stake president. He has had wide business experience and is the president of the Stayner Richards Building and Construction Company, and is a graduate of the University of Utah.

In addition to Robert, Brother Richards and his wife, Jane Foote Taylor Richards, are the parents of May (Mrs. Therron Fotheringham), Marian (Mrs. John Landward), and Nancy (Mrs. John Poulton).

In accepting his new calling, President Richards said, "I have



ELDER GEORGE Q. MORRIS



ELDER STAYNER RICHARDS

always loved, admired, respected, and in my humble way, attempted to support the General Authorities of the Church. . . .

“Now, realizing my inability, my inadequacy, to be asked to step in and associate with those brethren completely overwhelms me. I would be ungrateful if I did not thank them for this appointment, thank you for sustaining me today, and all I can do is to promise unto you that I shall give to this calling the best that I have.”

*EI*Ray L. Christiansen

President *EI*Ray L. Christiansen is by profession an educator. His Church work has included serving as a bishop, stake Sunday School officer, stake Mutual officer, member of a high council, and former president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission. President Christiansen is

now serving as president of the East Cache Stake and president of the Logan Temple. He is a graduate of the Utah State Agricultural College and has done graduate study at Brigham Young University and at the University of Utah.

He and his wife Lewella Rees Christiansen are the parents of Frances Jean (Mrs. R. Eugene Elwood), John R., and Dortha Lou (Mrs. Robert Murdock).

In concluding his remarks at conference, President Christiansen said: “May the Lord bless us, my brothers and sisters, that we may be faithful and be counted among those who would, if necessary, give our lives for His sake as He has given His for our sake. And I ask you, my friends and associates, who know my limitations only as I know them, to help me and to pray for



ELDER ELRAY L. CHRISTIANSEN



ELDER JOHN LONGDEN

me. I need it. May God bless us to be faithful and true."

John Longden

Elder John Longden is a Britisher by birth and immigrated to this country in 1909. He has had a distinguished career in the land of his adoption in Church, civic, and business fields. He has served as a missionary, a bishop, stake officer in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, a member of high councils, and the assistant co-ordinator for Latter-day Saint servicemen for Utah, Idaho, and Nevada areas. At present Brother Longden is a member of the General Church Welfare Committee.

He is general manager of the Westinghouse Electric Supply Company, and has served as president of civic and business organ-

izations. He has also given service in dramatic and singing activities.

He and his wife Larue Carr Longden are the parents of three daughters, one of whom died at the age of three years. The living daughters are Gail (Mrs. Grant A. Hickman), and Sharon. Sister Longden is a counselor in the general presidency of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

In his talk of acceptance Brother Longden said, "Everything I have I owe to this Church, and how grateful I am that the missionaries came and sought out my parents in England some sixty years ago, and that they listened to their warning voice. I bear you witness and testimony that if we will do the things that these men, whom we have sustained, counsel us in, we will have no need to fear."

Relief Society and the Church Welfare Program

Elder Marion G. Romney
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

I am very grateful for the invitation extended to me by your presidency to meet with and speak to you this morning.

I love the Relief Society, its members, and the services rendered by them. I am certain that the welfare work is not lagging for want of your support. It seems to me that in setting up the Relief Society organization and instructing its members, the Prophet Joseph was exercising his prophetic and seeric powers at their best.

Sister Spafford and her counselors have advised me that there are two questions concerning our welfare work about which they have received many inquiries from ward and stake Relief Society sisters. One of them is the welfare employment program as it applies to Relief Society women; the other concerns the matters to be considered in the departments of the bi-monthly regional meetings attended by stake Relief Society presidencies. My purpose while making these remarks shall therefore be to tell you what I can about these two matters, and then mention one or two other items as time permits.

First, with respect to the employment work: In the revised welfare handbook, which is being readied for publication, are set out the

ultimate goals and the immediate objectives of Church Welfare. The first immediate objective as there stated is to "place in gainful employment those who are able to work." If we can reach this first immediate objective, it will be a great step toward our ultimate goal, which is to rehabilitate and make self-sustaining all needy members of the Church.

In order to put all able-bodied men, and such able-bodied women and young folks as bear the responsibility for earning a livelihood, into gainful employment, an employment program has been developed and adopted as part of the Welfare Program. This employment program has been set out in detail in a bulletin, known as Bulletin No. 19 and titled "Employment Under the Church Welfare Plan." Each of you is entitled to a copy of it.

Of course, you all know that one counselor to the ward Relief Society president is appointed to be the ward Relief Society employment counselor, and that one counselor to the stake Relief Society president is appointed to be the stake Relief Society employment counselor. (In Bulletin No. 19 these counselors are referred to as "employment placement counselors." Some exceptions have, however,

been taken to the word "placement" as being superfluous, so I think we shall discontinue the use of it.) In the interests of time and to avoid monotonous repetitions, I shall in these remarks use the term "ward counselor" when referring to the ward Relief Society employment counselor, and I shall use the term "stake counselor" when referring to the stake Relief Society employment counselor.

As a member of the ward welfare committee, the ward counselor has the responsibility of regularly attending two meetings. They are (1) the weekly ward welfare committee meeting and (2) the bi-monthly stake welfare meeting, which is so scheduled as to take the place of a ward welfare committee meeting.

The stake counselor has the obligation of regularly attending the following welfare meetings: (1) The bi-monthly stake welfare committee meetings, and (2) the bi-monthly stake welfare meeting. This meeting is the one attended by ward welfare committee members. And if the stake to which she belongs is in an organized welfare region, she is to attend the bi-monthly regional meeting.

As is true with all phases of Church Welfare work, finding employment should, in the main, be done by the ward welfare workers. The employment work at the General Committee, the regional and stake levels, is to aid ward workers.

THE program contemplates that the ward counselor should keep herself informed on the following two matters: first, as to which women and girls in the ward have the

responsibility to provide a living for themselves or others, what kind of services they are qualified to render in earning a living, and who among them are in need of employment; and second, what employment can be found for these women and girls by the women of the ward. In other words, the ward counselor should keep herself advised as to the employment needs of the women and girls of the ward and as to the employment opportunities available to them through the women of the ward, and she should place as many of these women and girls in gainful employment as she can.

It should never be forgotten, however, that the ideal occupation and career for Latter-day Saint wives and mothers is homemaking. In maintaining homes, caring for their husbands and families, and training their children in the paths of righteousness lies their greatest opportunity and their first responsibility. The obligation of Relief Society employment counselors for placing women and girls in gainful employment is therefore limited to women and girls who must, of necessity, be breadwinners. Such of these as have young children should, wherever possible, be supplied work which can be done in their own homes. Only in extreme cases should women with young children be provided with work outside the home. In times of high employment, some mothers are lured away from their homes by high wages and a desire for things which they could well get along without. Their children are left in the care of others and too frequently neglected. The paltry dollars these women earn

will prove poor compensation for the price their neglected children and they themselves will have to pay for their folly.

Returning now to the discussion of the details of employment work, I should like to remove from your minds all fear of a maze of intricate procedures. The General Church Welfare Committee has not laid down any fixed pattern by which you must advise yourself of the employment needs of women and girls within your wards, nor as to how you are to keep yourselves advised as to employment opportunities available through the women of your ward. However, to set up the program a survey of the women of the ward is necessary. This survey should have been made under the direction of the bishop as part of a ward-wide survey. The pertinent information as to employment needs revealed in the survey should have been entered on the cards in the ward green card record file maintained under the supervision of the bishop.

It might be well for the ward Relief Society presidency to set up a record of their own in which to keep information as to the employment needs and as to employment opportunities, with such other information as is needed by the members of the ward Relief Society presidency in carrying on their welfare assignments. In it could be kept a record covering each woman in the ward. Where the bishop's file is kept current, the information as to employment needs could be taken from it; where the bishop's file is not kept up to date, the ward Relief Society presidency, with the

consent of the bishop, could make a survey to get the necessary information.

Such a file in the hands of a ward Relief Society presidency, if kept current, would be of great assistance not only to the employment counselor but to the work director and to the Relief Society president herself in her social service work. It must be kept in mind, however, that when such a file is set up, it soon loses its edge as a working tool unless the information in it is kept current. It occurs to me that in keeping such a file up to date, Relief Society teachers could bring from their monthly visits information of great value. Relief Society members in attendance at the weekly ward Relief Society meetings could be asked to report on employment needs and opportunities in their own and their neighbors' homes, and then, of course, the Relief Society work director and the Relief Society president, in carrying on their important welfare functions, uncover vital information available from no other source.

WHEN the ward counselor goes to the weekly ward welfare committee meeting, if the background work of which I have been talking has been done, she has a ready knowledge of the employment needs of the women and girls of the ward and of the employment opportunities for them, so far as they are available through the women of the ward. She is prepared to give this information, together with a report of the employment placements she has made, to

the bishop and his ward employment counselor, upon whom rests the responsibility of directing the over-all ward employment program.

The ward employment counselor, whom you, of course, understand to be one of the bishop's counselors, passes on to the stake employment counselor, who is a counselor to the stake president, information of such employment needs as are not met in the ward and such employment opportunities as are not taken by ward members. This information the stake employment counselor passes on to other ward employment counselors in the stake for their use in placing their unemployed. Through the stake employment counselor, the ward employment counselor receives similar information from the other wards in the stake.

The ward counselor takes from the ward welfare committee meeting for use in her work, such information on employment needs and opportunities as are reported in the meeting by other members of the committee.

Through a regional organization, information with respect to employment needs and opportunities may be exchanged among stakes in a region in the same way that we have just explained it may be exchanged among wards in a stake.

The program provides for stake counselors to meet in a department meeting with the ward counselors six times a year in bi-monthly stake welfare meetings. In these meetings the stake counselor should teach, encourage, and stimulate ward counselors in their work, and they should keep themselves in-

formed and available so that they may give such help to ward counselors when called upon by them.

The stake counselors, as you know, meet six times a year in a department of the bi-monthly regional meeting for a discussion of their welfare work.

The foregoing is in brief outline my understanding of the work assigned to the women of the Relief Society in the Church Welfare gainful employment program.

WE come now to our second question, which concerns the matters to be considered in the departments of the bi-monthly regional meetings attended by stake Relief Society presidencies. Three such departments are provided for. They are (1) a department for stake Relief Society presidents, (2) a department for stake Relief Society employment counselors, and (3) a department for stake Relief Society work directors.

A group leader is appointed by the regional council from the membership of each of these groups, who conduct their respective departments. These group leaders have no general jurisdiction over the membership of their departments. They are appointed for the single purpose of conducting their respective departments in the bi-monthly regional meetings. Conducting as here used includes, of course, preparing for, directing, and carrying forward the proceedings of the meeting. No detailed outline or instructions as to what should be taken up in these departments have been prepared by the General Church Welfare Committee.

The functions and duties of the stake Relief Society presidents, work directors, and employment counselors have been set out in the welfare handbooks that have heretofore been published, and some of these duties have been discussed in Bulletin No. 19. It has in the past been the feeling of the General Church Welfare Committee that with these publications before them, and with the help of the regional council, these group leaders could prepare material for presentation to and discussion with their respective groups which would fit in with the development of welfare work in their respective stakes and regions better than would any uniform course of study or outline prepared by the General Church Welfare Committee. Recently, however, an assignment has been given by the General Church Welfare Committee to its Program Committee to prepare some material which it is hoped will be helpful to the group leaders in conducting these departments.

In the meantime, it seems to me that in the Relief Society employment counselors' department of the bi-monthly regional meeting, the place and responsibilities of such counselors in the employment program of the Church Welfare Program might with profit be studied. What we have already said here today might be worth studying, and certainly Bulletin No. 19 is worth the time of several sessions. If, through earnest preparation and study in these bi-monthly meetings, the stake employment counselors become well versed in the employment program, they will be in a po-

sition to teach it to ward employment counselors in bi-monthly stake welfare meetings, and the confusion about it will pass away.

Time will not permit our consideration here of the responsibilities and functions of the Relief Society work directors. They have, however, been as clearly defined in the handbooks and in bulletins as have those of the Relief Society employment counselors. They are not, however, understood by all stake Relief Society work directors nor by all ward Relief Society work directors. It occurs to me, therefore, that in their department at the bi-monthly regional meetings, these responsibilities and functions could with great profit be studied and discussed, thus qualifying the stake Relief Society work director to go into the bi-monthly stake welfare meetings and teach effectively to the ward Relief Society work directors their duties and responsibilities.

IT would be my judgment that there is little difficulty encountered in the preparation of an order of business for the Relief Society presidents' department for the reason that they have full responsibility for the success of all welfare work assigned to the women of the Relief Society. To discharge this great assignment, they should be fully informed on the specific work assigned to both their counselors, as well as to the work reserved for themselves to do. They can hardly be assured that their counselors' assignments are being properly discharged unless they know what these assignments are.

As I understand the division of your work, the presidents have the responsibility to assist the bishop in administering to the needs of ward members. It seems to me that to do this work acceptably requires almost infinite wisdom, and such wisdom can come from just two sources—knowledge, and inspiration from heaven.

One field of knowledge with which Relief Society presidents must become familiar is the Church Welfare field, including the background of the program, its ultimate goals, its immediate objectives, its organization, its procedures, its resources, and who should receive help through it. Instructions on these subjects, and many others, are covered in the forthcoming welfare handbook.

Another field of knowledge in which Relief Society presidents should be experts is that of dealing with individuals receiving help. I suppose the social service department of the General Relief Society organization is bulging with rich information in this field. Call upon the General Relief Society Presidency for it.

One of the activities in which we have done much good work, but in which we have an infinitely greater work to do, is that of giving individual attention to our distressed members. We have yet to do much in teaching homemakers how to make and live by a budget, how to keep house, how and what to cook, how to sew, yes, and how to keep their homes and themselves clean. Sometimes there is a tendency to do things for them which they

could do for themselves, rather than to take the time and go to the trouble of teaching and training them how to do it. We must not be like the prince who tossed a coin to the beggar. We must come to learn that the gift without the giver is bare.

I have heard it argued that it is folly to give a woman cloth with which to make a dress, when she has no sewing machine. Well, there are sewing machines in Relief Society sewing rooms to which a sister who has no machine could be taken and where she could be taught how to sew. And there are ways to get a sewing machine in her home. I know a Relief Society president who took her own sewing machine to the home of a welfaree and left it there for several weeks, to the everlasting blessing of both the borrower and the lender.

It would do us no harm to commit to memory that great song, "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief," which the Prophet had President John Taylor sing to him twice in Carthage Jail that fatal afternoon of the martyrdom, and then repeat it over and over until the sentiment of it takes possession of our souls. I am persuaded that one can find charity, the pure love of Christ, in building up the unfortunate quicker than in any other way. I firmly believe that the development of this phase of our work (I mean giving more of ourselves in exalting the poor), stands between us and the glorious millennium for which we pray. My conviction is that much consideration to these matters could with profit be given in the Relief Society presi-

dents' department of the bi-monthly regional welfare meetings.

And now, to summarize, I know that the employment program I have outlined is not in full operation. In many places neither ward welfare committee meetings, stake welfare committee meetings, nor even stake welfare meetings (the only scheduled meeting for ward and stake welfare workers to get together) are being held as recommended. Where this condition prevails, you sisters are greatly handicapped in doing your work, and sometimes you are embarrassed. I recall an instance where, following a rather stimulating welfare meeting, a stake Relief Society president told me that she was ashamed that more welfare work was not being done in her stake, but her stake president had forbidden the holding of ward and stake welfare meetings.

WHAT do you do under such circumstances? Well, all I can say is, just do the best you can and then don't worry about it. Remember that there was a Relief Society organization before there was a Church Welfare Plan by that name, so the Welfare Program was not set up to give the Relief Society something to do.

Should you feel that the bishops and stake presidents are moving too slowly, you might remember what the Prophet Joseph said about provoking the brethren to good works in looking after the poor.

Pending complete operation of the Program, here are some things you can do:

In the employment field, you can gather from the women of the ward information as to employment needs of women and girls, and as to employment opportunities. You can keep a current record of all such information in a file of your own. You can place in gainful employment as many women and girls who must have work as you can, and as to domestic employment information you can set up an exchange system among the wards in your stake through the stake Relief Society employment counselor.

In the general welfare field, you can give much more attention than has yet been given to the individual sister receiving help through the Welfare Program, that she may indeed be exalted. You can redouble your efforts in your compassionate services, as evidenced by the fact that last year you increased your bedside care by five thousand eight-hour days. I sincerely congratulate you on this accomplishment. You can learn the Welfare Program by studying the welfare bulletins and handbook and the literature issued by the General Relief Society Presidency. Then, knowing the program, you will be in a position to move into it as fast as the brethren of the Priesthood presiding over you give you opportunity.

The time is far spent, I know, but there are two other activities in which Church Welfare needs, at this time, the vigorous support of all Relief Society sisters. One is in the teaching of the fast; the other is in securing the individual home against the day of need.

You all know that one of the objectives of the Church is to sus-

tain its Welfare Program from two sources—welfare production and fast offerings.

From the beginning, the Lord's people have been taught that fasting is an effective approach to him. Great spiritual blessings are to be had from proper fasting. Jesus himself set the pattern and made frequent use of the practice. The Lord has commanded us repeatedly, in ancient times and in modern times, to continue in fasting and prayer.

A proper fast requires that one do three things: First, abstain from food and drink from "even to even"; second, seek the Lord in humble prayer; and third, contribute to the support of the Lord's poor. An historical review of God's dealings with his people in the earth reveals that from the earliest times he has taught them that their fasting and praying would not be acceptable to him unless accompanied with voluntary contributions for the support of his poor.

I don't have time to give you a long discourse on the subject at this time, but if you will read the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, the thirty-fourth chapter of Alma, *Gospel Doctrine*, pages 295-306, and *Gospel Standards*, page 123, you will find ample evidence of the truth of what I have said.

IN order that the people of the Church can be relieved of the necessity of raising cash to meet the annual welfare production budget, such items as cannot be readily produced have been removed from the budget, so that now if there is a conscientious effort made, the

annual Church Welfare production budget as presented by the General Church Welfare Committee can be produced in kind. Removing the items which cannot reasonably be expected to be produced in kind from the production budget, has placed a heavier load upon fast offerings.

The Church is emphasizing the principle of the fast and encouraging all Church members to observe it. The most important thing which will come out of a proper observance will, of course, be the spiritual blessings to the people, and it is hoped that the fast offerings will increase to a point where the objective which I have heretofore mentioned, of meeting the costs of the Welfare Program with budget production and fast offerings, can be attained.

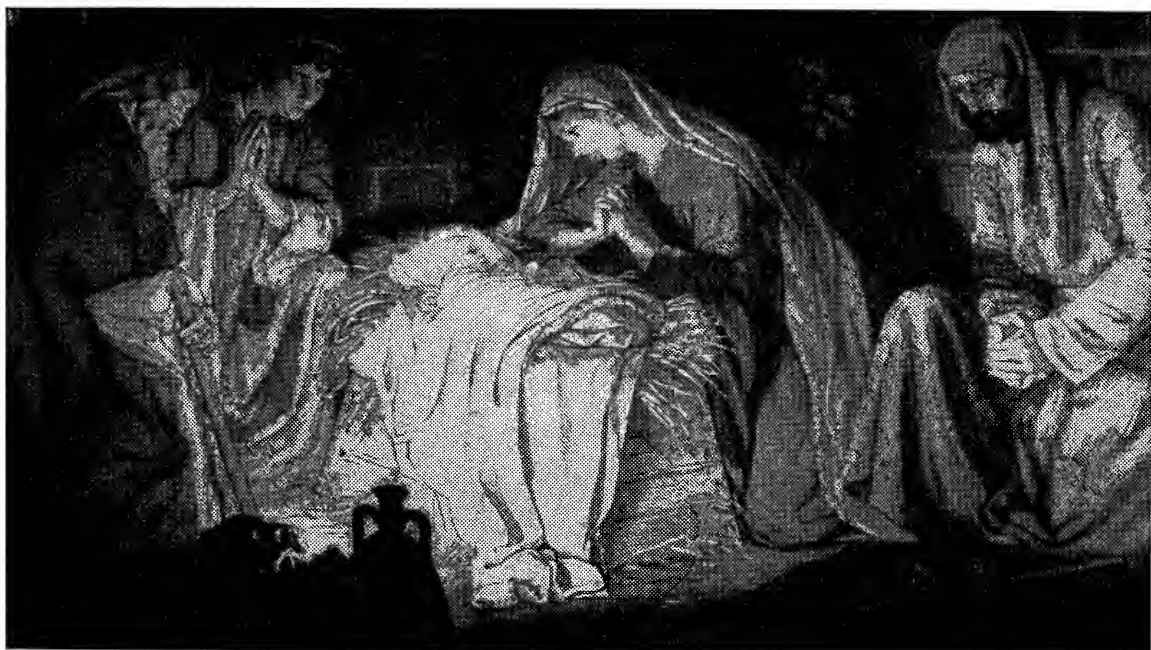
Now you women of the Relief Society can exercise a tremendous influence in your homes in getting the members of your family to observe a proper fast. I earnestly urge you to do so.

As to securing the individual home against the day of need, you all know that from the beginning of the Welfare Program, and even in pioneer days, the saints were urged to supply themselves with enough of the necessities of life to carry them through to the next harvest. We live in an age when people live from hand to mouth, relying upon the grocery store for their daily sustenance. We Latter-day Saints must never forget the counsel we have received to put away sufficient supplies to carry us over an emergency. And let us not deceive ourselves into thinking that

the easy times in which we now live will continue indefinitely. The Lord has said that in the last days he will send a hailstorm which will destroy the crops of the earth, and President Woodruff said that the time would come when the Latter-day Saints would supply themselves with the things which they need to

wear and to eat and to keep themselves warm, or they would go without. I urge you not to fail to have in each of your homes, from your own production wherever possible, enough of the basic necessities of life to last you at least a year.

May the Lord bless you in all your work, I humbly pray.



Camera Clix, New York

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS
From a Painting by Axel Helstedt



The Sign

Miranda Snow Walton

When Joseph came to Bethlehem,
With Mary by his side,
They found no place within its walls
In which they could abide.

They mingled with the motley crowds
Until the day was gone,
Then found strange haven in a stall,
With straw to lie upon.

They heard men scoff at Holy Writ,
They saw men drunk with wine,
They heard men cry, "We could believe,
If God would send a sign."

That night when Mary's Son was born
And earth received her King,
Only shepherds saw the star
And heard the angels sing.

The Annual General Relief Society Conference

October 3 and 4, 1951

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

THE largest attendance on record, 1518 stake and mission officers, characterized the annual general Relief Society conference held on Wednesday and Thursday, October 3 and 4, 1951. President Belle S. Spafford presided at all the sessions and all members of the general board were in attendance. The three sessions held in the Assembly Hall for stake and mission officers and board members, and the general session in the Tabernacle, were filled to capacity by faithful and devoted Relief Society officers and members. At the roll call held in the Officers Meeting on Thursday morning, every stake in the Church, except St. Johns and South Carolina, was represented. The mission Relief Society presidents were not in attendance at the conference, but district and branch officers of twelve missions, including representatives from the British, Canadian, and New Zealand Missions were present.

The meetings on Wednesday consisted of presentations of the education courses. The congregational singing was led by Sister Florence J. Madsen, with Beverly B. Glauser at the organ for all the music in the Assembly Hall. A practical demonstration of a song practice of the song, "Come, Let Us Sing an Evening Hymn," by Tracy Y. Cannon, was conducted by Flor-

ence J. Madsen, with Beverly J. Pond at the piano and Beverly B. Glauser at the organ.

Following the afternoon session, five departmental meetings were held simultaneously from 2:30 to 3:30 P.M.: Indian relations, secretaries, *Relief Society Magazine*, music, and work meeting.

Wednesday night the annual reception for stake and mission officers and board members was held in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah. For this occasion, the beautiful music was furnished by Rilla Reiger, Afton Woffinden, Afton Solomon, Lucile McDonald, and Mildred Wilson.

On Thursday morning at the Officers Meeting two beautiful piano and organ duets, "Caprice Alceste de Gluck" by Saint-Saens, and "Kamenoi Ostrow" by Anton Rubenstein, were played by Zorah Horne Jeppson and Beverly Brown Glauser.

The general session held Thursday afternoon included addresses by President Stephen L. Richards and President Belle S. Spafford. The spirit of that wonderful meeting was enhanced by the singing of 556 Singing Mothers from the Jordan Valley Region; Alpine, Lehi, Orem, Sharon, and Timpanogos Stakes, under the direction of Sister Florence J. Madsen, with Elder Frank W. Asper at the organ.

Report and Official Instructions

General President Belle S. Spafford

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

WE are grateful for the growth of Relief Society as evidenced by the increased number of ward and branch societies. At the close of 1950 there were 2,981 such organizations (just nineteen below the 3,000 mark), an increase of 143 over the previous year. In 1950 there were five new stake organizations created, one new mission, the West Central States, and the Central Pacific Mission was combined with the Hawaiian. Twenty-eight stake boards have been reorganized and twelve missions. We acknowledge with gratitude the contributions to the growth of Relief Society made by past officers, and extend to those of you who are now filling the positions, our sincere best wishes for happiness and success in the work to which you have been called.

Missions

The foreign missions continue to show steady growth in membership, with a broadening development of the Relief Society program.

Membership

The society now has a membership of 126,550, an increase of 4,640 over 1949. The increase of Relief Society members in the missions exceeded the increase in number of Latter-day Saint families, while in the stakes the increase in members did not keep pace with the increase in number of Latter-day Saint families.

It is my opinion that a considerable proportion of the unenrolled Latter-day Saint women are the young mothers. I make an especial appeal in behalf of these young women. They so need the influence, the strength, the direction in rearing their children that can come to them from Relief Society. Some wards are almost exclusively young couples, buying homes, rearing children, meeting the strains of modern social and economic life. These young women need the fortification offered by Relief Society and the rich association with our choice, experienced Relief Society members. Within the limits of reasonableness and good judgment, make possible their attendance at meetings. For example, it would not be out of line with *Handbook* instructions to adjust the meeting hour from afternoon to morning or evening, if the convenience of the greatest number of the sisters of the ward so directed. Be tolerant of young mothers if they bring children who may be a bit restless, or if their attendance is, of necessity, somewhat irregular. Encourage them to take part. There is so much we may learn from them, and they need the outlet provided by Relief Society for the expression of their talents and the application of the splendid training which most of them have received.

Bear in mind that Relief Society membership goals are not set high in order that we may boast of a

society large in numbers, but that we may touch the hearts, enrich the lives, strengthen the hands, direct along Church approved paths, all Latter-day Saint women.

Average Attendance

The percentage of members represented by the average attendance at regular meetings during 1950 was 34.01, an increase of 1.64 over 1949. While we are grateful for increases in average attendance figures, we remind you again we do not wish them at a cost of ill-considered dropping of names from membership rolls or of refusing to enroll women who cannot attend or whose attendance may necessarily be irregular.

In view of the large number of Latter-day Saint women still unenrolled in Relief Society, and because of the increasing number of our members now being employed, which is bound to affect attendance, we suggest that stake presidents encourage ward presidents to make definite plans for the forthcoming season to deal with these problems. There is no substitute for personal visits; membership and attendance committees might well be appointed. Enlist the talents of inactive women for work meeting activities, enlarge Singing Mother choruses by drawing in women with musical talent and interests, evaluate the quality of regular meetings. See that social activities are attractive and that they reach out to include potential as well as enrolled members.

Educational Program

The educational courses offered by the society apparently are well

received by the members. There are 10,018 class leaders engaged in teaching the courses, an increase of 900 over 1949.

Book of Mormon Reading Program

Yesterday the theology committee chairman presented a program to encourage Latter-day Saint women to read The Book of Mormon in connection with the five-year course of study on The Book of Mormon just commencing in Relief Society. It was suggested that stake officers promote this reading program but that the detailed carrying out of it be left to ward officers to work out.

It was felt that the visiting teachers might acquaint all the sisters in the homes with the reading program and might in May or June, inquire if the sisters had completed the reading of The Book of Mormon covered by that year's lessons. If this method is used, a check could be placed in the "Remarks" column of the visiting teacher book opposite the name of any sister who has done the suggested reading. In this way the ward secretary could easily make a count of the number of women of the ward who have read the suggested readings for each Relief Society lesson season. During the summer months the general board will ask for the number of women of each stake who have completed the assigned reading in The Book of Mormon for that year.

We urge presidents to give their full support to this reading program. However, they might appropriately delegate to counselors in charge of education the responsibility for announcing the program and working

out details for furthering it. (See also "Notes to the Field," page 833 of this *Magazine*.)

Work Meeting

We are encouraged over the growing strength of the work meeting. Even though Welfare sewing budget assignments were greatly reduced, the number of hours of work meeting sewing increased from 1,154,763 to 1,249,613 or an increase of 94,850 hours. There was an increase of 1,658 in the number of articles completed. However, during 1950, only 29.2 per cent, or less than one-third of the Relief Society members, participated in the sewing program. The homemaking activities other than sewing, conducted in the work meeting during the past year have been varied, practical, and of interest to the sisters, and reflect resourcefulness and better planning on the part of leaders.

Sewing Machines

For the information of those societies still without sewing machines, we are advised by the Church Purchasing Department that they have on hand three different standard makes of sewing machines. All are models suitable for use by Relief Society and may be purchased by Relief Societies at a discount over the retail price. Those who are interested may inquire of Brother Acomb at the Church Administration Building, who is prepared to show you the machines.

Selling and Soliciting

Reports reaching the office indicate that some wards conduct a

weekly gift shop sale; that is, they offer for sale each week articles made by the sisters rather than to hold an annual bazaar. Since we are not familiar with the individual circumstances under which this activity is conducted we do not wish to rule arbitrarily with regard to it. However, we do caution wards with respect to doing anything which might place the society in a position of seeming to be constantly promoting selling or money-making activities. Nor do we wish the members to be continually burdened by requests to make or contribute articles to be sold by the society—which might easily be the case where a sale is conducted weekly or even monthly. In line with this, we would also discourage regularly placing a receptacle on the table or desk into which members are invited to place cash contributions, be they ever so small. It is the general policy of Relief Society to keep regular meetings as free from cash solicitations or from selling activities as possible. I am sure you fully appreciate the reason for this. We do not want the sisters attending the regular meetings to be placed in a position where they might stay away because they cannot or do not wish to support such activities. Also, we remind you that the annual bazaar has a social value which we see lacking in a weekly gift shop sale of articles.

Welfare

The contribution of Relief Society to the Church Welfare Program and the response of the sisters to calls made of them in this very important work of the Church

is greatly appreciated. Although the number of hours of service on Church Welfare projects decreased by 22,697, due to fewer calls, still 238,090 hours of service were contributed. There were 33,488 articles completed for Church Welfare at Relief Society meetings, a decrease of 11,603 due to decreased clothing budget assignments. The increased hours of service on Church Welfare projects, exclusive of work meetings, contributed by women receiving aid was noteworthy. These sisters contributed 47,000 hours, or about one fifth of the total hours contributed by Relief Society. There was an increase of ninety in the number of women receiving aid who sewed at work meetings, and an increase of forty-two in the number who sewed for themselves and their families.

There were 7,491 initial visits made by Relief Society ward presidents, under the direction of their respective bishops, during 1950, to families in need, an increase of 249 over the previous year. There were 17,525 subsequent visits, an increase of 3,405. The larger increase in the number of follow-up visits in proportion to the increased number of initial visits indicated a growing sense of responsibility toward a continued interest in the families served, as well as better welfare practices in administering to their needs. We commend the ward presidents for this service.

Compassionate Services

The substantial increase in the number of visits to the sick and homebound, and in day's care of the sick indicates a pronounced

awareness of our responsibility to alleviate human suffering. During 1950 there were 182,358 visits made to the sick and homebound, an increase over 1949 of over 26,000 visits. I like to feel that this large increase is indicative of an increasing general awareness of our responsibility to the aged. There were 21,640 eight-hour days care given to the sick during 1950, an increase over the previous year of over 5,000 days. In this day of nurse shortages this is a very significant social contribution. The service rendered in time of death is also praiseworthy.

Visiting Teaching

Visiting teaching, which retains a very important welfare aspect, showed an increase of 196,433 visits over 1949. There were 1,910,662 visits made during 1950, or an average of 7.4 visits to each Latter-day Saint family. Were we fully realizing our aim there would be twelve visits to each Latter-day Saint family. However, the 7.4 visits per family is a highly creditable record.

We suggest that stake presidents further encourage ward presidents to make use of the ten minutes allotted them in the visiting teachers meeting.

The general board is pleased with the splendid visiting teacher conventions conducted by stakes during the past year. Some of the most effective conventions have been those wherein the sisters within the stakes have themselves presented the program. The general board wishes to encourage this practice. It disapproves of groups of stakes joining together for visiting teacher conventions.

Union Meetings

The same is true with regard to combining for union meeting. The general board sees no need for union meetings during the summer months.

Magazine

We are very grateful for the loyal support given *The Relief Society Magazine* and for the thorough, efficient way in which *Magazine* representatives conduct their work. The *Magazine* circulation as of December 31 was 92,598, or an increase of 8,547 over 1949.

New Records for *Magazine* Representatives

Yesterday in the *Magazine* Department Sister Evon Peterson presented some new printed forms in a loose-leaf binder prepared by the *Magazine* circulation department and designed to help *Magazine* representatives in the conduct of their work. These forms have been tried out for many months by a few representatives living in close proximity to the office, to judge their value. Stake presidents, please discuss these forms with your representatives who attended the *Magazine* Department yesterday, and acquaint your ward presidents with their value. They are now available for purchase at the general board office for \$2. (See "Notes to the Field," page 833.)

We regret to advise you that we have received word that publishing costs of the *Magazine* will be increased 10% effective immediately.

We have anticipated this for some time, together with an increase in postal rates. We feel it would be a very serious matter to increase the subscription price at the present time in order to meet this increased cost. Rather will we watch developments for the time being and call upon you to continue your subscription efforts. We report this matter to you so that in the eventuality of an increase in subscription price, in order to maintain our *Magazine*, you will understand.

"Notes From the Field"

Today, in speaking of the *Magazine* I wish especially to call your attention to the rules published in the *Handbook*, page 123, governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field." Because of the growing number of stakes and missions, we can now guarantee the publication of only one report annually from each stake and mission. Material must be submitted through the stake or mission and not directly from the local society. It must deal with organization activities and not with those of individual members. A concise report of the activity should accompany the illustration or picture. (Do not send more than one picture.) Pictures must be clear, black-and-white glossy prints. Do not send negatives. Identifying information should be written on the back of the picture or securely attached to it. Make sure the material you submit is selected in the light of what you wish to have represent your stake or mission in this historical record and see

that it serves the purposes for which this section is designed.

The Family Hour

Reports from the stakes are indeed gratifying with regard to the success of the Family Hour. This important activity seems to be taking hold. Stakes and wards have been diligent and resourceful in promoting it. Please continue your efforts.

Indian Relations Work

We also commend you sisters for your splendid work in connection with the Indian Relations Committees. Your accomplishments are praiseworthy.

Temple Clothes

Sister Simonsen, who has charge of the general board's temple and burial clothing department, has asked me to advise you, particularly those of you who are new in your positions, that this department is prepared to supply not only temple-burial clothing but temple clothing for use in the temples. A number of stakes have asked the advice of the general board with regard to their stake boards entering into the making of this clothing for sale. Since the general board can supply persons with this clothing as fast as bus, rail, or plane can reach them, and in view of the responsibility entailed in obtaining and caring for materials, and in obtaining the services of skilled seamstresses, as well as the great care necessary in handling the clothing, we would not think it advisable for you to enter into making temple clothing unless you are so far removed from the gen-

eral board headquarters as to make it impractical to obtain it from here.

Week-Day Ward Auxiliary Conferences

There is a growing practice among stake Priesthood authorities of holding ward auxiliary conference sessions during the week of the regular ward conference. Some stake presidents also schedule a preliminary officers meeting in connection with these conferences. The questions are asked as to whether such conferences are in lieu of the November Fast Sunday evening meeting designated by the general board for the annual ward Relief Society conference; and whether or not the preliminary session may serve in lieu of the preliminary session of the November meeting. The week-day conference conducted under the direction of the local Priesthood authorities is not in lieu of the November annual ward Relief Society conference since it reaches only the Relief Society members and not the ward membership as does the November meeting. If the preliminary session brings together the same workers and accomplishes the same purposes as the November preliminary meeting, then we would see no reason to repeat this session.

Activities Conflicting With Conference Sessions

We suggest that Relief Society officers, as such, avoid scheduling activities or accepting invitations for themselves, or their workers, to functions or gatherings held during the hours of general Church conference sessions for the general Church membership.

Christmas at Welcome Inn

Pansye H. Powell

“**T**HAT is very lovely, Tina,” Elise Brandon said, as her little maid placed a huge bowl of deep red roses exactly in the center of the lace table cover on the dining room table.

Tina smiled at her mistress, and Elise smiled back happily as she took in at a glance the long buffet also centered with a bowl of red roses and the table with gleaming silver laid out for a Christmas Eve buffet supper.

Elise felt she had a right to be happy. She had just come into the dining room after a last survey trip of her new ranch type home. Everything was perfect; the bedrooms were immaculate, the little powder room off the long living room was in order, and the tall Christmas tree, bright with many colored bulbs, gleamed a welcome through the wide picture window. On the hearths, in the dining room and living room, fires burned gaily.

In the kitchen Marta, Elise's more-than-perfect cook, was taking the roasted turkey from the oven. On the kitchen table already were salads, relishes, and a large baked ham for slicing.

Elise smiled again at Tina and walked over to the fireplace in the living room. Through the wide mirror over the mantel she could see the reflection of the luxuriously furnished room, the tall tree, and herself in a gold lace evening gown molded to her tall, thin figure.

Her blue eyes were bright with excitement and pride as she thought

of the pleasure she and Dick would have in welcoming their friends to this housewarming. She had wanted to have it on Christmas Eve because she had known how beautifully a tall lighted tree, placed in the wide picture window of the living room, would shine out a welcome for her guests as they turned into a long lane that led from the highway to the new home of Doctor and Mrs. Brandon. She had known how charming the green garlands of holly would look on the mantels, and the Poinsettias in tall vases standing on the floor. Dick had brought the roses from town, and now the rooms were fragrant with their sweetness.

The guests were to be ten young couples, professional men and their wives of Vernon, Arizona. Elise's smoothly gleaming blonde head rose proudly as she thought of the way her guests would exclaim over the tastefully furnished rooms. The dinner would be Marta's best, and, at midnight, the local carolers would be there to serenade the guests.

Building the house outside the city limits had been Elise's idea. The drive into town took only a few minutes and Dick was not now at the mercy of late callers and miscellaneous sick people who had known too well the accessibility and generous unselfishness of Doctor Brandon while they lived for five years in Vernon. Now they had been in the new home two weeks, and Dick's evenings, so far,

had been Elise's. When he came home tired from his hospital duties and visits to his own patients, it was a joy to Elise to see him relaxed and rested by the bright fire in the fireplace or, if they chose, ready to go with her into town for a show or an evening with friends.

THIS was as it should be, Elise thought. A doctor must have some private life. Out here for two weeks they had been undisturbed, and now he would be with her, on this important evening, to welcome their friends into what was easily the smartest new home in the Vernon community.

Tina was busily arranging dishes on the table and bringing in food to be placed on the buffet.

"It all looks wonderful," Elise, watching from the doorway, said as Tina set a wide dish of assorted relishes by the side of a long dish of stuffed celery. "You will be sure to remember about the telephone? Doctor Brandon is not to be disturbed this evening for any reason, Tina."

"Yes, Mrs. Brandon," Tina answered, with a smile which showed a brilliant array of white teeth in her brown face. "I remember. I won't call him to the phone. I'll just say he's busy and cannot be disturbed—as I always do in the evening."

"I know you will, Tina. You're a jewel. I can depend upon you whenever I need you. This is a particularly important evening for me. Do you know that in our five years of married life Doctor Brandon and I have never had a Christmas Eve together? Once it was

Mrs. Jameson's broken leg—that was the first Christmas; and then it was the Smith boy's pneumonia. Dick sat up all Christmas Eve with that boy on our second anniversary; and then it's been, oh, something or other every Christmas since. Tonight's going to be different if I can make it so, and I think I can if you will help . . ."

The door chimes interrupted Elise. She gave a quick glance into the mirror over the mantel. The golden sheath of her gown fitted perfectly. Her yellow hair, burnished with much brushing, was a sleek coronet for a small, proud head. Mrs. Doctor Brandon was ready to receive guests. Doctor Brandon would be with her in a few minutes to stand by her and welcome their friends. Elise waited by the fireplace as Elbertina went to the door.

* * * *

DOWN the road that led to Vernon, past Dick and Elise Brandon's new home, Jose Montoya's old Ford was making its decrepit way toward the town. It shook with ague as it limped along. Jose hunched over the wheel; his dark eyes frequently glanced from the highway to the gasoline gauge which was falling back rapidly toward the empty mark. Now and then he gave a quick look at his wife, Maria, who said nothing, though she shared his fears that their fuel supply would not last until they reached the town. Finally she spoke.

"How much farther is it, Jose?" her soft Mexican voice carried a note of strain, almost of fear.

"Hush, Maria. It can't be much farther. They told me there was a big hacienda to the right just before the curve that leads into the town. I think that's the building yonder."

Maria sighed. If Jose said it was not far to town and a place where they could rest, it must be true. Jose was older than Maria; he had always taken good care of her. They had traveled all day, for they were hurrying to her mother's house in New Mexico. Now Maria was very tired, but she sat patiently; she would be cared for, if she could only wait until they were safe for the night.

Suddenly the Ford gave a sputtery gasp and stopped.

"What is it?" Maria cried in dismay.

"The gasoline tank is empty. I will have to get some more gasoline somewhere."

Jose stepped out of the car (there was no door) and stood irresolutely looking down the road toward the low ranch type house that stood a quarter of a mile away.

Maria gasped, "Oh, Jose, you won't leave me here alone? Please, Jose, take me with you. Maybe the people will let me lie down. I am so tired, Jose."

Jose gently answered, "Of course, Maria. You go where I go. We must find shelter soon. If the gas had held out, we could have been in town by now. You come with me. Here, let me put my arm around you."

Carefully he led her down the road. Soon they could see a bright window in the house; in the window stood a big, lighted tree.

"Oh, it is beautiful," Maria cried, "but it is so far to walk."

"Courage, Maria," Jose answered. "See, here is the gate. What does the sign say?"

Maria could read English. Jose could not. She read: *Welcome Inn. Our Latchstring Is Always Out.*

"Oh, Jose, they will help us to get to town. See, it says they are glad when people come to their house. Let us hurry."

* * * *

MINUTES later the bright new chimes in Elise Brandon's home rang musically, and Elbertina hurried to the door.

When no one entered the house and Elise could hear Elbertina in conversation with someone at the door, she walked over to the little entrance hall to investigate.

Elbertina stood in the doorway, facing two young people who were obviously of Mexican origin. The man, hat in hand, was looking at the little maid with pleading eyes. The girl stood at a little distance on the front walk. She was gazing at Elbertina, too, but there was fear as well as pleading in her eyes.

"What is this, Tina?" Elise queried sharply. She didn't like having this couple at the front door where her guests would be arriving at any minute. The girl was obviously ill, and the man appeared to be a laborer.

"They are in trouble, Mrs. Brandon," Tina answered. "He says they need gasoline for their car which they left down near the gate to the place."

"Well, can't you take them around to Tony and let him give them what they need?"

Tina hesitated. Mrs. Brandon could see as well as she that they needed more than a few gallons of gasoline. Then she spoke up bravely, "The girl's time has come upon her too soon. They have been working in California and meant to go to her people in New Mexico, but the trip has been too much and"

A low moan escaped Maria's lips in spite of her efforts to suppress it.

Elise thought rapidly. Get her away, she thought, before Dick sees her or he'll bring her right into the house now.

She glanced toward the hall that led into the bedrooms. Dick was not in sight.

"Take them around the house to Tony's quarters and let him help them on to town." Then she spoke to Jose. "When you reach Vernon, go at once to Dr. Ferguson's. You will pass it on the left side of the road, about a mile from here. He will help your wife."

ELISE watched as Tina put her arm around Maria and led her and Jose around to the back of the house. For a second she felt a quiver of remorse; then she shrugged her shoulders, closed the door, and walked back to her station by the mantel. She was standing there, a picture of poised beauty, when Doctor Brandon came leisurely into the room. He stopped to look at her, then walked toward her with arms outstretched and happiness in his eyes.

"Musn't touch," Elise laughed. "I break. One of your bear hugs and I would rip out at the seams."

She linked her arm through his and planted a quick kiss on his smooth-shaven cheek.

Elise had just cause to be proud of her six-foot husband. Dick Brandon was a leading physician of Vernon, chief surgeon on the hospital staff, and recognized in larger cities of the state as an expert diagnostician.

Now his handsome dark face turned to Elise as he questioned, "Thought someone had arrived. Didn't I hear Elbertina at the door?"

"Oh, that was some tramps wanting help. I had her send them around to Tony. He'll take care of them."

Dick laughed. "Tony's so soft-hearted he'll probably put them up in his own quarters. Well, I guess on Christmas Eve we can all afford to be a little more generous than usual, so I'll not bother them."

Elise's heart missed a beat. What if Tony had put them up, as Dick suggested, in his quarters in the barn? Surely he wouldn't; it was only a little over a mile to town. Still, that girl looked ready to faint if she didn't lie down soon.

Elise pushed the thought of the worried young couple out of her mind. Someone would take care of them in turn, and she would have her husband with her. She greeted her guests and gloried in their exclamations over the interior decoration of the house. As she led the admiring group into the large master bedroom, she glanced out toward the old barn which had been converted into modern quarters for the three servants, Tony, Elbertina, and Marta. Lights were on in

Tony's room, but that didn't mean anything. Tony was not helping in the house, and the old man had probably gone over to the place to go to bed early. Still a little worry crept into Elise's mind. What if the child were born out there? Dick would never forgive her, even though it had been her longing for him that had prompted her to send them away. An exclamation from one of her friends recalled her to her social duties.

ALL the other guests had followed Dick to the basement game room. Only Muriel Grimes, one of Elise's talkative friends, had remained with her. Now Muriel was standing in the doorway of an unfurnished room that opened from the master bedroom. Elise had not meant to show this room, but Muriel had inquisitively tried the knob.

"Oh," Muriel was saying, "is this to be the nursery?" Then she chattered on, without waiting for an answer, "Lucky little fellow he'll be when he does arrive. A fine doctor for a dad and a beautiful home, to say nothing of his mama. Some kids do have all the luck. Coming up the drive just now we met an odd-looking couple walking toward the gate. She looked as though she could hardly walk. They seemed foreigners. What a time to be walking the road! Had they been here? He was carrying a can of gasoline, I guess. We saw a car stopped on the other side of the gate. Well, all I say is some people are born to luck and some are just born!"

Muriel had rattled on without noticing Elise's abstracted listening to her chatter.

Now Elsie spoke. "Hadn't we better move on down with the others, Muriel? Yes, this is to be the nursery."

As Elise and Muriel returned to the living room, from which steps at the far end descended to the basement recreation room, Elise saw Tony standing just inside the dining room door that opened into the kitchen. He was obviously embarrassed; his dingy hat was crushed in his hands, and he seemed at a loss how to proceed. Elise led Muriel to the steps to the basement, then hurried to Tony and pushed him aside into the shelter of the dining room bay.

"What is it, Tony?" she demanded.

"Please," Tony's cracked old voice was beseeching. "I want the doctor. The little woman—she is so sick."

"Who is sick? You know we have guests, and the doctor is not to be disturbed when he has company."

"The little Mexican wife. They could not get their car to run, and they came back to me. I put them in my room in the barn. She is in pain, great pain. I must get the doctor."

Elise could hear the guests starting up the steps from their tour of the basement. She spoke rapidly. "Tony, we will have to get those people off the place. Get out the car you use and take them to Dr. Ferguson—at once!"

(Continued on page 866)



Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

CHRISTMAS month, and never was the compassion which the Savior felt for all humanity more needed than for the world's humanity today! Never was it more needful to open spiritually blinded eyes to his plan of righteousness!

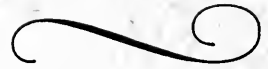
BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY, poet and playwright, and long a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, placed first in the Utah Poetry Society Contest, held in October. Her poem "Birthday" is considered outstanding in theme and technique. Mrs. McKey, who has spent much of her life in Washington, D. C., last year won five awards in contests sponsored by the Washington Chapter of the American Pen Women. Ouida Johns Pedersen placed second in the Utah contest, and Lael W. Hill, who has written many fine poems for *The Relief Society Magazine*, received the third place award.

MADAME VINCENT AURIOL, deeply respected First Lady of France, holds the French Medal of Resistance for her courageous service during the wartime occupation of her country. For two years she lived under a false identity and helped the resistance movement by decoding allied messages.

OLIVE W. BURT, well-known contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has recently added two new volumes to her long list of books. Appealing to youthful readers are *Cloud Girl*, a story of the Navajos, and *Jedediah Smith, Fur Trapper of the Old West*. These books are replete with adventure set against the colorful background of mesas and mountains.

IN Alaska and Hawaii opportunities for women are becoming recognized. One of the largest manufacturers of soy sauce and bead molasses in the world is Mrs. Goichi Miyashiro of Honolulu. Mrs. Helen Mellick, of Sand Point, Alaska, and Mrs. Josci Sandvik of Uganik, Alaska, operate salmon-canning factories of which they are the owners.

MRS. HENRIETTA L. GORDON, information secretary for the Child Welfare League of America, addressed a regional child welfare workshop at the University of Utah in September. She stressed the value of religion as an ethical basis for personal, family, and business life. She also emphasized the care and love which must be given to children, and observed that juvenile delinquency arises from the unsatisfied needs of childhood.



The One Hundred Twenty-second Semi-annual Conference of the Church

THE peace that passeth understanding possessed the hearts of the Latter-day Saints gathered in the great Tabernacle for the 122d semi-annual conference of the Church on October 5, 6, and 7. Joy and thanksgiving were mirrored on the faces of the vast congregation as their prophet-leader President David O. McKay warned and exhorted the saints to live the commandments of the Lord.

The sanctity of marriage and parenthood, the basic responsibilities of the home were injunctions weighted upon the souls of the Latter-day Saints. Again and again was the plea made by the General Authorities that the saints should set their houses in order and parents live righteous lives as examples to their children.

Each member of the First Presidency spoke of the duties of parents and children in Zion. President McKay advised:

Our country's most precious possession is not our vast acres of range land supporting flocks and herds; not productive farms; not our forests; not our mines nor oil wells producing fabulous wealth—our country's greatest resource is our children, our young men and women whose characters will largely determine our nation's future. If it were possible for me, this morning, to speak directly to the young men and women of the Church I would

say that you should always remember that true joy of life is found, not in physical indulgence and excesses, but in clean living and high thinking; in rendering to others, not inconvenience, injury or pain, but encouragement, cheer, and helpfulness.

This is simply saying to them that satisfaction in daily life is found in trying to keep the simple law, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Right actions toward others always bring joy; wrongful deeds result in pain, and not infrequently, remorse.

President Richards warned:

I shall begin with the home, the most fundamental institution in our society. The foe is attacking our divinely given concept that marriage is an eternal compact between a priest and a priestess of the Most High, charged with the sacred mission of bringing children into the world, and then guiding them safely back into the presence of God, whence their spirits came The fulfillment of this mission involves sacrifice. The ever-growing practice of the world would eliminate that sacrifice

It would have them [women] better educated in general culture and in civic responsibilities, which sounds very good and seems highly desirable, except for one serious flaw in the program.

This worldly practice in many instances takes a woman out of her home so much of the time, and absorbs her attention to such an extent, that she cannot and does not give to her family the loving, patient, intelligent care which they so much deserve and need.

President Clark exhorted:

Sisters, when you think of what a child is, the mortal tabernacle of a spirit created by our Heavenly Father, a mortal tabernacle which you, with all the sacrifices that it has entailed, with all the danger that has been involved of going down into the valley of the shadow of death to bring the child forth, when you think of that, do you not sense how urgent, how immediate, how great is the responsibility which you have assumed? And, oh, how well the great bulk of the sisters, the mothers of the Latter-day Saints are performing that The Lord will bless you sisters, out of the abundance of His blessings, for every sacrifice which you make for these children. And do keep close to them! And above all, you, yourselves, lead lives that will be an example to these little ones that you have brought into the world. After all, perhaps that is your greatest responsibility—to live righteously before the Lord.

Many of the Church leaders commented upon the spirit of peace, of unity, and of worship enjoyed during the sessions of the conference. The love of the people went out to President McKay on whom has fallen the mantle of presidency. The names and work of every other President of the Church, from the Prophet Joseph Smith down to our lately departed, beloved leader President George Albert Smith, were recalled and the hope expressed that

they were pleased with the growth and present strength of the Church.

There was universal rejoicing in the calling of Elder Marion G. Romney, one of the Assistants to the Council of the Twelve, to fill the vacancy in the Council of the Twelve, thus bringing that Quorum to its full strength. Also of interest and satisfaction were the addition of four new members as Assistants to the Twelve. They are: Elder George Q. Morris, Elder Stayner Richards, Elder ElRay L. Christiansen, and Elder John Longden.

Through the radio and television the words of the leaders of the Church and gospel principles are promulgated in ever-widening areas.

The spirit of the Lord was present in power throughout the sessions of the conference. All saints who were privileged to attend or to listen in, to see and hear, or who will read the printed proceedings may know through the spirit of testimony that the present great and mighty leaders of the Church are the chosen of the Lord to lead his people in the paths of righteousness. May all saints incline a listening ear, that peace may reign in their hearts and abide in their homes.

—M. C. S.

Ernest L. Wilkinson Inaugurated President of Brigham Young University

ERNEST L. Wilkinson was invested with the office of President of the Brigham Young University at impressive ceremonies conducted by President David O.

McKay on October 8, 1951, in the large new fieldhouse at Brigham Young University. The charge was given by President Stephen L Richards, First Counselor in the First

Presidency. In his reply President Wilkinson manifested a spirit of humility and soberness, revealing at the same time the characteristics of force, of ability, and high resolve which augur well for the progress of the great Brigham Young University during his administration. The main address was delivered by Dr. Wilbur LaRoe Jr., who set forth the causes of the world's suffering today, and emphasized the need to carry the principles of God and the intelligence of God into every area of life.

In accepting the charge laid down by President Richards, President Wilkinson pledged:

I accept without any mental or other reservation, every instruction contained in that charge and ask that I may be supported not only by your faith and prayers, but by your continued faithfulness in the payment of tithing and in sending your sons and daughters, and in the giving of other generous contributions to this school

It is the mission of this school to develop men of God and to assist in persuading the world that Christianity holds the only key to peace

I conceive it to be the mission of this school to understand and remember His Mission, and to prepare the world for the advent of the Millennium, when Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and there will be war no more. In the meantime, we can all participate in the blessings of the Master when he said "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11:28). To that end I dedicate the services of the faculty and myself.

Following the investiture proceedings, a luncheon was tendered honored guests and delegates representing universities and learned societies, at which President J. Reuben Clark Jr., Second Counselor in the First Presidency, acted as master of ceremonies.

A reception and inaugural ball in the evening concluded this memorable day in the history of the Brigham Young University.

The general presidency of Relief Society were official delegates to the inaugural, and on behalf of the Relief Society extend to President Wilkinson and his faculty their best wishes and their active support in the great calling which has come to him.

—M.C.S.

Importance of Articles on "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter"

The general board of Relief Society wishes to call attention to the series of four articles "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter" written by Brother Albert R. Bowen, a lawyer of Salt Lake City, which concluded in the November issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Neither *The Relief Society Magazine* nor the articles by Brother Bowen take an adverse position with regard to the United Nations. We would urge the importance of the citizenry giving careful attention to the points contained in the articles.

Notes TO THE FIELD

New Record Book for Ward Magazine Representatives

IN the Magazine department at the recent annual general Relief Society conference, a new record book for ward Magazine representatives was introduced.

This book is a three-ring, loose-leaf binder containing three sections. It provides: first, for an alphabetical listing of all subscribers to the Magazine; second, for a record of expirations by months; and third, a listing of all Latter-day Saint women residing in the ward. The use of this record book is highly recommended by the general board. It will not only provide a simple and uniform method of keeping an accurate record of ward subscriptions, but, as it will be the property of the ward Relief Society, it will provide a newly appointed Magazine representative with immediate access to the necessary information in carrying on her work. The cost of the *Record of Magazine Subscriptions Book* is \$2, postpaid.

Use of Material for Theology Lessons on The Book of Mormon

The Sunday School manual *Life in Ancient America*, by Leland H. Monson, writer of our own lessons, will be helpful to theology class leaders, especially in lessons 1 and 7 for 1951-52, and for the remainder of the course, inasmuch as it contains some pictures. It can be obtained for 40c at the Deseret Sunday School Union, 50 North Main, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Two charts which help to place Book of Mormon events in their world setting are available at the Deseret Book Store, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. The large one, "Chronological Chart of Nephite and Lamanite History," by George Reynolds, is detailed and costs \$3. The smaller one, "A Chronology of the Book of Mormon," by Wendell O. Rich, contains less detail and costs 75c. Neither of these charts deals with the Book of Ether, but both will be valuable for the study of the rest of The Book of Mormon.

We advise against the use of any maps dealing with Book of Mormon locations, and against the use of books which are not authorized by the Church as approved by the Church Publications Committee.

In order to fulfill the requirement of the reading program of the theology course on The Book of Mormon, it is necessary to read The Book of Mormon itself. No credit will be given for reading any other account of Book of Mormon incidents.

*"Sixty Years Ago" Not Included in the
December Magazine*

Due to a crowded schedule caused by the featuring of conference addresses, new appointments to Church offices, and Christmas items, it has been found necessary to dispense with the "Sixty Years Ago" department for the month of December.

*A New Serial, "Uncertain Possession,"
to Begin in January*

A new serial, "Uncertain Possession," by Beatrice R. Parsons, will begin in the January 1952 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. In this story the problems and achievements of a doctor's wife are told with warmth and understanding. Our readers will become acquainted with Lorna Wire, whose efforts to outgrow selfishness are closely interwoven with the lives of her husband's family and friends.

The author, Beatrice R. Parsons, of Salt Lake City, is a writer of many poems, stories, and articles, which have been published in her home state and in national magazines. A member of the National Writer's Club, Mrs. Parsons has won several literary contest awards, and she finds writing an enjoyable part-time profession.

Let the Holly Wreath Be Hung

Margaret B. Shomaker

When snow falls silent on the hill,
Or flutters to my window sill,
When all the paths we used to know
Are hidden under drifts of snow,
When Christmas songs are sweetly sung,
Then let the holly wreath be hung.

When earth is frozen silver white,
And winter brings the longest night,
When Santa with his reindeer stops
Above the snow-capped chimney tops,
When Christmas songs are sweetly sung,
Then let the holly wreath be hung.

Recipes for Christmas

Ethel C. Smith

Former Member, General Board of Relief Society

CHRISTMAS is in the air! Once more we look forward to the many joys of the holiday season. Our thoughts dwell gratefully on the significance of Christmas day. We anticipate the gathering of our families and friends and the exchanging of greetings and tokens of love.

Important among the traditional activities of this season are the planning and preparation of choice, tempting things to eat. The old standby holiday recipes are brought out to be reviewed, and new ones we have gathered during the year are added to the file. Perhaps your file is like mine and shows the source of each recipe, bringing to mind, each time a card is taken out, the particular friend or relative who generously shared that recipe. There is no better time to exchange instructions for making some tested, much-prized dish than during these festive days when the spirit of giving is prevalent.

Cookies

The ever-popular cookie takes on special importance at Christmas time. There is such variety from which to choose, and cookies can be made ahead of time. One's urge to experiment with shapes, flavorings, and decorations can be given full sway.

The cookie press is a very helpful gadget to have. Children love the different shapes and designs of the cookies made with it. Here is a good basic recipe for cookie dough to be used in a press:

Cream well together	1	c. butter (part shortening or margarine may be used)
		½ c. sugar
Add	1	well-beaten egg
		½ tsp. almond flavoring
		½ tsp. vanilla flavoring or
	1	tsp. grated orange rind
Sift and measure	2 ¼	c. flour
Resift with	½	tsp. salt and
	½	tsp. baking powder

Add gradually to mixture, mixing well.

Note: If dough is not quite stiff enough to put through the cookie press, a little more flour may be added, but don't make it too stiff.

These cookies should be cooked in a moderate oven (350° to 375°) for about 10 minutes.

Colorful candies, chopped candied fruits, nuts, coconut, or colored sugar (made by shaking sugar in a bottle with a few drops of vegetable coloring) all make attractive decorations for these cookies. These should be put on before baking the cookies, or you may decorate them after they are baked with a glaze or frosting.

Refrigerator cookies are a boon to the homemaker, because the dough can be made in large quantities and stored in the refrigerator or the freezer and baked as needed. These two recipes have proved very successful:

Spice Refrigerator Cookies

Cream well together	1/2 c. softened butter or margarine
	3/4 c. white sugar
	1/2 c. brown sugar (packed firmly)
Add and beat well	2 eggs and 1 tsp. vanilla
Sift and measure	2 1/2 c. flour
Resift with	1 tsp. soda, 1/4 tsp. salt,
	1 tsp. cinnamon
Add gradually to mixture, beating well.	
Add and mix	3/4 c. chopped walnuts

Press dough into molds (a refrigerator tray may be used, or small cans from which both ends have been removed; the cans which frozen fruit juices came in are excellent). Store in the refrigerator until firm. If you wish to freeze the dough, remove from the container after it has stood until firm, and wrap for freezing.

To bake, slice very thin and put on greased cookie sheet (or baking pan turned upside down) and bake in moderate oven (350° to 375°) for 10 to 15 minutes.

Here is a cookie that is easy to make and always proves popular. Everyone will try to guess how it is made:

Snow Balls

Mix together thoroughly:

3/4 c. butter (part shortening or margarine may be used)	2 tsp. vanilla
6 tbsps. powdered sugar	1 1/2 c. ground nuts (pecans or walnuts)
2 c. cake flour	

Roll into small balls and cook on greased cookie sheet at 300° to 325° for one-half hour. Take out of the oven and, while still hot, roll in powdered sugar. Let cool and roll again in powdered sugar.

The following recipe can be used either for cookies or a pudding:

Christmas Sticks

Beat well	2 eggs
Add and beat together	1 c. powdered sugar and
	3 tbsps. melted butter
Sift and measure	3/4 c. flour
Resift with	1 1/4 tsp. baking powder and
	1/4 tsp. salt
Add to mixture and beat well.	
Then add	1 c. chopped nuts
	1/4 c. chopped cherries
	1/2 c. chopped pineapple

Bake in well-greased pan 40 to 50 minutes at 350°. When baked, cool in pan and cut in narrow strips, two or three inches long. Roll in powdered sugar.

Note: This is delicious if cut in squares and served warm with whipped cream.

Fruitcake



Courtesy, General Foods

FRUITCAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

In Christmas cooking, the spotlight is generally focused on the fruitcake. There are many personal preferences as to this delicacy. Some like it dark and spicy; others like it light in color, without spices; some like it heavy with fruits and nuts; while others like it with fewer fruits. Here is a recipe that is somewhat different, and is the favorite at our house. Perhaps you will enjoy it, too:

- | | | | |
|-----|--------------------------------|---|----------------------------------|
| 1 | c. butter | ½ | tsp. allspice |
| 3 | c. brown sugar (packed firmly) | ½ | tsp. nutmeg |
| 5 | eggs | 2 | pounds pitted dates |
| 1 | c. milk | ½ | pound candied cherries |
| 3 ½ | c. all-purpose flour | 1 | large bottle maraschino cherries |
| 4 | tsps. baking powder | 2 | c. chopped walnuts |
| 1 | tsp. salt | 2 | c. chopped pecans |
| 1 | tsp. cinnamon | 2 | tsps. vanilla |
| ½ | tsp. cloves | | |

Cut dates and cherries in small pieces and soak in $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ c. maraschino cherry juice. Soak overnight or until fruit has absorbed the juice. Cut nuts in pieces and put in large kettle or frying pan with a small amount of melted butter. Toast over slow heat, stirring frequently, until just slightly browned (be sure not to get too brown). Let cool.

Cream butter and add one half the sugar. Beat until light and fluffy. In another bowl beat the egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored; then add the remaining sugar. Beat until light and fluffy and combine the two sugar mixtures, thoroughly beating together.

Sift flour and measure. Then resift three times with the baking powder, salt, and spices. Add dry ingredients and milk alternately, beginning and ending with an addition of the dry ingredients. Beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Last, mix in the fruit and nuts which have been previously mixed together and lightly dredged with some of the flour.

Line loaf pans with waxed paper and grease well. Pour in batter and bake in slow oven (250°) for two hours, if bread-loaf size tins are used. I sometimes bake it in small loaf tins ($2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5''$), which takes only about one hour's baking time.

This makes three of the large cakes and eight small ones of the size mentioned.

Steamed Pudding

Steamed pudding is a holiday "must," and there are many varieties. This one is easy to make and is very nutritious:

Soak	1	c. whole wheat bread crumbs in
	1	c. milk
Thoroughly cream together	$\frac{1}{4}$	c. butter
	$\frac{1}{2}$	c. brown sugar (packed firmly)
Add to soaked crumbs.		
Sift and measure	1	c. whole wheat flour
Resift with	1	tsp. soda
	$\frac{1}{4}$	tsp. salt
	1	tsp. nutmeg
	1	tsp. cinnamon
Stir into crumb mixture and mix thoroughly.		
Mix in	$\frac{1}{2}$	c. chopped nuts
	1	c. seedless raisins
	1	c. chopped maraschino cherries

Fill greased pudding mold, cans, or bottles two-thirds full, cover tightly, and steam for two hours.

Note: If pint-size, wide-mouth fruit jars are used, with new lids, they will seal in the process of steaming, and the pudding will keep for a long time.

Lemon Sauce

Mix together	$\frac{1}{2}$	c. sugar
	1	tbsp. cornstarch or
	$1\frac{1}{2}$	tbsps. flour
Add gradually, stirring well	1	c. boiling water
Boil for five minutes.		
Remove from heat and add		
	$1\frac{1}{2}$	tbsp. lemon juice
	2	tbsp. butter
		dash of nutmeg
		dash of salt

Planning a Christmas Table

Marian R. Boyer

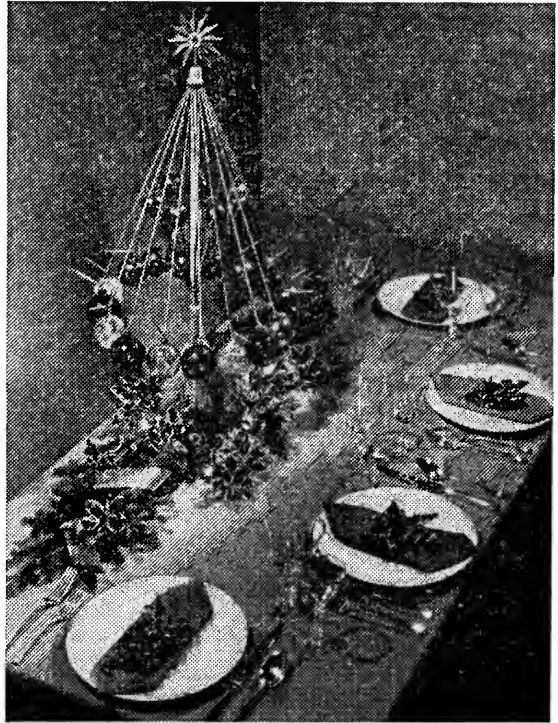
THE first thing to remember in decorating your Christmas table is to choose one idea. Then play it up in a clever way, but don't bring in a confusion of ideas or too fussy and detailed ornaments. Simplicity is beauty.

The basis and foundation upon which to arrange your decorations is the tablecloth, therefore, you must first decide what kind and color of tablecloth you are going to use before you can begin your decorating.

Red Indian head material, seamed together and edged with white fringe, makes a perfect setting for a centerpiece of contrasting colored large candles bedded in sprays of holly and pine cones painted gold.

You can easily make these striking candles yourself. Simply heat a number of old candles until they are completely melted and pour into molds to cool. For molds, you may use old tennis ball cans, milk cartons, or the cardboard center of a roll of wax paper. When the tallow begins to set, insert an old candle in the center, which will serve as a wick. Finished candles can be touched with gilt, or add wax crayons to the hot tallow to make them a desired color. Also, you may attach holly in a spiral pattern on the candles while they are still warm or attach with heated pins.

There are many stickers on the market that are very decorative when pasted on an inexpensive cloth or a white sheet. Gold stars scattered on a plain-colored cloth do much to add an air of festivity.



Courtesy Franciscan Fine China

If you prefer white linen, add two bands of red ribbon running the length of the table, about a foot apart. Starting from the center, arrange candles with long sprays of pine and holly trailing toward the end of the table. The candles add height and balance. Remember, when you use large candles, it is usually best to have three or five.

For another holiday suggestion, tie a large white bell with a red bow and let it fall on its side spilling out holly and pine cones arranged artistically on the cloth.

Your dinner will taste better, and it will add to the fun and excitement of any holiday, if you take the time to plan your table for the occasion.

Through This Door

CHAPTER 5

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: Mary Ruth Grayson, who tries to care for her father and motherless brothers and sisters, is helped and encouraged by Rachel Marriott, who comes to live in the shabby house across the street. Mrs. Marriott, who was once wealthy, begins a profitable sewing business making dresses for little girls. In high school Mary Ruth falls in love with Tom Mack. Later, she becomes acquainted with Chris Jordan, a nephew of Mrs. Marriott who plans to become a doctor. Mary Ruth decides to take a nurse's training course, and, in order to help pay her expenses, she works as a maid in the home of Mrs. Williams, who has moved to the city.

THERE was a schedule, neatly typed and hung in my room.

It outlined every hour. "Rise at six, bathe, dress, prepare your own breakfast. Wash your own dishes" (so no slightest trace of my presence would be apparent), dust the shelves and the bric-a-brac and the stools, while waiting for the family."

Mr. Williams always sauntered in first, unfolding his morning paper, sliding on the stool at the breakfast bar. He ordered his breakfast as though he were in a restaurant, and I prepared and brought it to him. Most of the time he grunted his morning greeting. Then Connie came in, dressed for school, and usually whining because she was still sleepy. But for Connie I felt love and pity. She was so lonely, so bored with herself, always wanting to know what to do. Then after they had gone Thelma Williams came in for her own breakfast.

For her, nothing was ever quite as it should be, the eggs were overdone, or underdone, the toast too hot or too cold. The first week I would sink down on the stool after she had gone, exhausted before the day had begun.

After the breakfast came the cleaning. There was a day to clean every room. Monday was the kitchen, every cupboard, every utensil, every appliance, window, doors, and floors must be scrubbed, waxed, polished to a high gloss. At home we did the cupboards four times a year.

Tuesday the bedrooms were given the same minute care, Wednesday the bathrooms and the silver, Thursday the dining room and all the woodwork in the house gone over for finger prints, Friday the living room, and all the inside windows, Saturday the rumpus room, my room, and the ironing. In between were lunches, dinners, refreshments for the endless stream of guests.

I wondered how much would be expected of me when school began.

Thelma Williams was very brisk on that point. "I'll make the beds, of course, and wash the breakfast dishes. I know you won't mind getting up earlier to get your portion done each day."

I was accustomed to hard work, but much of this seemed senseless to me. I was lonely and homesick. I didn't know a soul in the city.

Mrs. Williams rarely spoke except to give orders. That was almost unbearable, after the years of neighboring up and down the block.

The parties were hardest. I sat in the kitchen, waiting my cue to serve the late suppers, and listened to the laughter and the quick, joyous voices, and a longing to be part of it was almost more than I could endure.

ONE Friday night I brought in the hot dishes for the buffet supper. I wore a black and white uniform for this. Someone called my name.

It was Chris Jordan. He came over to me gladly from the group around the piano. He looked tall and well now, with a deep tan. His smile shone warmly. "Mary Ruth, why bless your heart." He shook my hand and stood looking down on me with an eagerness that made me draw back. "Aunt Rachel said you were here." He lowered his voice, "She's worried about you, the princess in the prison tower." He nodded toward Mrs. Williams, who was frowning in his direction. "Is . . . she . . . a little on the witch side, or does she just ride her broom on Wednesdays?"

I couldn't help laughing, and the sound of it brought curious eyes in our direction. "I . . . I have to go," I told him, because I could see Mrs. Williams bearing down on us.

"I could get you out of the dungeon for an hour or so tomorrow afternoon . . . or wouldn't your young man like that?"

"Thank you," I said, "it's kind of you . . . but I can't. Besides I

have to get ready for school . . . starts on Monday."

"Aunt Rachel sends her love," he said.

To my embarrassment, tears flooded my eyes. I hurried from the room.

Tom's picture was on my dresser. His eyes laughed into mine whenever I looked at him a certain way. His letters were in the top drawer. I read them all, and something of his joyousness and his sense of fun, and his strength seemed to flow into me.

But the nights grew lonelier and lonelier. I spent a good deal of them lying awake, staring up at the high basement window, where the moonlight crept among the iris. I thought of the bedrooms at home, all the laughter and talk that went on before we fell asleep, the scuffling sounds from the boys' room, the radio from Callister's house pouring hit tunes into the night.

Oh, at home was never this silence, night after night, with the lovelessness to greet one in the morning, and the chill orders. Then there was the loneliness of the teeming campus, where there was never time to make friends, nor a place to bring them if I did. People had to have words with other people, as they had to have bread. When I turned over, Tom's letters crackled under my pillow. I stretched up my hand and touched them gently. How is it with you, Tom?

On the first night of November I knew. Down in my bedroom I was awakened at three by the sound of the front doorbell and

the heavy measured steps of Mr. Williams. I listened to his steps pausing at the front door, then marching across the living room, through the kitchen, down the stairs. I sat upright, my heart pounding.

The steps moved across the rumpus room toward my own.

I got up and groped for my robe and slippers.

Mr. Williams knocked at the door and I flung it open. He held out the yellow envelope. "For you, my dear, I hope it isn't bad news."

He waited while I read it. I lifted my face to him and said quietly, "They say Tom was killed . . . in an automobile accident, but of course they are mistaken."

He took the paper from me, and I went back into my room. I went from closet to bed, not remembering where I had put my bags. I opened drawers and started piling my things on the bed.

Mr. Williams came in the room. "What are you doing? Look, Mary Ruth, you can't go anywhere now. Please . . . wait, I'll get Thelma."

I sat when he insisted and rose at once when he left. All inside me there was one thing that filled me with fear, that I should forget the sound of Tom's voice. I remembered it with all my might, the clearness of it and the depth. I gathered up fiercely and hurriedly all the things he had said, so they wouldn't be lost.

Thelma Williams came down in her robe and slippers, her hair up in pin curls. "I'm sorry, Mary Ruth." She looked at the bed. "You aren't going away?" Dismay was in the tones.

I remembered then the luncheon for her club was the next day. She had a right to be perturbed about my not being there. But I had to get home and walk about the places where Tom and I had walked, and stand in the dusty place before the train stop where I had seen him last.

"Mary Ruth, please don't go. . . ."

I didn't answer at all. I remembered the bags were in the fruit room, and I went past her to find them. What of the playgrounds? The gym teacher for the youngsters? All that was done now, and my nursing as well. Because, without Tom and his letters and the wall he built for me, I didn't have it in me to face another day of the pink kitchen and the endless windows. I would go home to Dad and the young ones and be with them forever and ever. It was as if my being there with them would keep things from happening to them . . . bad things.

I couldn't cry on the long bus trip home, nor in Dad's arms, not even when they laid what was left of Tom Mack in the little desolate hill behind Bill Mangum's farm. There was a poem I had read that ran through the day. "This was the hardest thing of all to bear, that no bird ceased its singing when you died . . . that men and women walked their usual ways and talked and sang as though you were not still. . . ."

THE days ran through my fingers, and the nights were traps for new anguish, but the other lives went on around me, hurrying a

little, as if to catch up on the one day's grief. Aunt Mercedes went to visit her old friends and neighbors. I had the house all to myself again. I washed and cooked and mended and weeded the garden.

"It's good to have you home," Dad said, "we'll miss you when you go back."

"I'm never going away again," I said dully. "There's nothing to go away for now."

"Now, Mary Ruth" But he looked at my face and turned away without saying any more.

Mrs. Marriott came over with a hot peach pie. "You're looking peaked, Mary Ruth. Are you eating enough?"

"Enough," I said.

She sat down in the kitchen chair by the door. I noticed her hair had a lot of gray in it around the temples. It was very becoming. I peeled potatoes, and because she said nothing, I was forced at last to conversation. "Dad tells me your business is doing very well."

"It is. I need another person to help me."

"Will I do?"

"Thelma Williams writes me that she is desperate for help. She wanted me to ask you to come back."

"No," I said.

She came over to help me shell the peas. "Did you hear old Sister Jensen is down with rheumatism?"

"So I heard . . . I know, it means no nurse close here."

Her quick fingers moved in and out of the crisp pods. "Mrs. Callister needs that operation. There's no nurse to take care of her after."

"I know, I know," I cried, close to tears. "But I couldn't help Mrs. Callister. I can't relieve the shortage not for years and years, even if I went back, which I won't."

She said, "It was bitter hard, then, at Thelma's?"

I put the potatoes on the stove. ". . . and senseless. When Tom was here . . . when there was someone with me"

She rose to go. "Very well, Mary Ruth, if you want to stay here and never go through the door, that's up to you."

I turned to the window. "But the door is hard to push open, Mrs. Marriott, and how do I know what's on the other side . . . more grief, perhaps?"

"More grief," she said softly, "but you'll never know how much joy. If you refuse to push open the door and go farther, you'll stay here always, in one spot, in the place of your sorrow. I've seen people do that."

I remembered the day Mrs. Marriott came to our street. I remembered the battered ugly houses, and us, our idleness, our terrible lethargy, our unbelief. I remembered how we had hated Mrs. Marriott at first because she wouldn't come down to us, but had forced us to climb to her.

Now she moved about the room of my life and urged me toward the outside, when all I wanted was to hide my head and my heart in the gentle sameness of day after day.

I started rolling the dough for biscuits. "I'm not going back, and I'd like to work with you if you will have me."

(To be concluded)

Christmas Gift Wrapping Is Fun

Florence S. Jacobsen

THERE are few things so much fun as wrapping Christmas gifts for our loved ones. Using the simple things at hand makes it even more fun, especially when the product is a cleverly wrapped gift which bespeaks the giver as well as the receiver.

If you have an entire family to wrap gifts for, try wrapping them in identical paper and ribbon, but add some small object on the outside: a small toy horn, candy cane, or gingerbread man for a little boy; a rattle for a baby; lapel flowers or a thimble for a young girl. The ideas are endless.

Then get a cardboard carton large enough to hold all the family's gifts. Paper the carton with the same wrapping paper as the gifts, or paint it, using the predominating color of the wrappings. Use the new flat paper paints that are so beautiful. Then paste on clever cutouts, such as snowflakes, bells, or even cutouts from the gift wrapping itself. The name of the family, or each member's name, could be painted on the outside, along with colorful Christmas designs. The decorative possibilities are unlimited. Finish the box with a large matching or harmonizing bow, and you have a package which is exciting to open and will be an unforgettable memory in the years to come.

This same idea for decorating boxes can be carried out for single presents. Boxes can be papered with wallpaper scraps or shelf paper, (some of the patterns are perfect),

or painted in plain flat colors. For instance, if your paint is turquoise blue, paste brown and gold cut-outs on the outside and tie with the same combination of ribbons. The color combinations are unnumbered and are exciting to work out. Don't be afraid to be different. Old, otherwise unusable boxes can be made more beautiful than anything you could buy. This way no other wrapping paper is necessary. Tie the finished box with a ribbon bow, and you will have something to be proud of.

Tinkling bells, tied on ribbon ends, make a gift sound as well as look attractive. Tie a cluster of small, shining Christmas tree balls to a fluffy ribbon bow to add a glamorous touch. The wonderful evergreens found in gardens can be used many ways. Tie a sprig of Pfitzer on top of a gift. Add a pine cone, and it is even nicer. If you have some gold paint handy, brush a little over the cone and greens, and the gift will be still more lovely. Mistletoe, Oregon grape, holly, long-needle pine, or a sprig off the Christmas tree itself, tied on the outside of any package, will add to its Christmas beauty. Remember to co-ordinate the outside decoration of the gift with the paper and ribbon colors used.

A wonderful inexpensive cord for tying Christmas presents is ordinary cotton rug yarn. It comes in every color, which adds to its possibilities. Try wrapping it around the gift each way several times, making it look like stripes. Use it



Courtesy, Tie-Tie Products

in place of ribbon, with big, fluffy bows. Two or more colors used together are very effective.

Buy a small package of varicolored sequins. Wrap gifts in plain paper, using plain ribbon, then glue on different colored sequins, and you'll hardly be able to wait for Christmas.

Cutouts of felt are especially nice to add to gift packages. Either glue them on the box or on the wrapping paper or tie them to the ends of the cords. Some ideas for felt cutouts are: sprigs of holly, Santas, candy canes, bells, stars, reindeer, Poinsettias, or gingerbread men.

Here is something that is different to do. All you need is an ordi-

nary white paper bag. Open the bag. Fold the sides in at the top and hold the top together. Now scallop the top of the bag. Cut strips of colored paper three-fourths of an inch wide and paste strips on the bag, spacing them evenly, and not forgetting the sides. Fold the sides of the bag in at the top when the glue is dry and punch two tiny holes in the top, punching through the folded sides. Lace a ribbon through the holes and tie a bow on each side. You will be amazed. White bag, red stripes, and green bows look so much like Christmas, you'll hear the jingling bells.

Have fun, and Merry Christmas!

The Gentle Artisan

Iris W. Schow

The wind, for all his bluster,
Merely clutters up the place;
But snow gives earth the woman's touch:
Curtains, fresh paint, and lace!

Another Mary

Mary R. Ross

IT was a day for weeping. The timid young wife, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird's, cast a tear-dimmed glance over the room. Her home was ready to leave, as clean and pretty as her two small hands could make it, the floor sand-scoured to bread-board whiteness, the three boxes, which served as table and chairs, still fragrant with their soap and water scrubbing, and the baking powder tins which brightened her improvised cupboard, gleamed with silver-like luster.

Mary agreed with George. It *did* seem rather silly to clean, when the bonfire, to set fire to the house, "the minute Johnston's Army enters the Valley," was already laid in the middle of her clean floor.

"But," Mary tried to explain to her husband, "if our dear little house must become a burnt offering, I'm determined it will be a pleasing sacrifice, as beautiful in the sight of God, as it is, and always has been to me."

As she spoke the tears could not be blinked back. They rolled down her pale cheeks like rain on a windowpane.

"Down the road a piece" she had sighted the wagon, loaded with women and children, on its way to pick her up and take her South with them. For one brief moment, Mary sought replenished courage in George's firm, comforting embrace, mentally recording, for ever and ever, if perchance this were his last

kiss, the tenderness and warmth of his farewell.

She had consented to the move South, but every fiber of her being rebelled at the break with all their marriage had created and made sacred, save only her unborn babe. Right now, she felt that even it might be ruthlessly wrenched from her tender flesh. She turned from George, that he might not suspect that labor had already begun. Each day, for weeks past, she had set her house in order, lest the baby come before morning. Now, when she most needed strength to travel, her hour was at hand.

Broken dreams, disappointment, disillusionment, rough, rocky roads, and wracking pain, all blurred into a seething, scorching inferno, as the trip continued. Her lip was blue from biting, her palms were scarred by the digging of her nails, and her body became so tense it felt like it might momentarily fly into bits, but there was still no stopping. Minutes seemed hours, and hours felt like frantic days, but the wagons moved steadily south, until they came to the Point of the Mountain, where the one in which Mary rode had to tarry.

There, the sisters saw that Mary could travel no further. A shallow hole in the mountain, too small to be called a cave but extended by upraised umbrellas, became her improvised bed. Lacking necessities, trained help, or any medicines to partially lessen her agony, save the confused, tangled memory that re-

peated and re-repeated, of another Mary who successfully gave birth under circumstances equally difficult, she prayed endlessly. Both the sisters and the skies wept as Mary, in primitive travail, brought forth her child.

No wise men came bearing gifts,

no shepherds came to worship and adore, no star shone, but yes, one tired, dim little star did peep between umbrellas to wink reassuringly at Mary. And in joy her heart silently sang an anthem of praise and thanksgiving for the birth of her son.

The Gift Without the Giver

Caroline Eyring Miner

IN "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Lowell states, "The gift without the giver is bare." How well we know this who have received a gift indifferently given!

I love this apron, for Mary made it herself, and it looks just like her—all pink and white, and neat as a pin. The gift and the giver in this case are one. A little sweater set made exactly to fit the wee person to whom it is given is made with love and care and takes on the love and personality of the giver.

How many times I have told my children, "I love your homemade valentines much better than those you buy. They are you. The others are like everyone else's. I like the little Christmas and birthday gifts you make, because they show care and thought."

In years gone by, we were forced to make our little gifts because money was scarcer, and because commercial gifts were not available. It was a blessing rather than otherwise. We had to plan for that box of candy we made and decorated for Father. The dish towels we made for Mother took weeks to embroider. We were rightly proud of those gifts when we presented them in grand style, for with them went our love and thoughts and a very part of us.

Once again we are making gifts—ceramics, textile-painted articles, artificial flowers of various kinds, knitted and crocheted articles. It is a trend to be greatly encouraged, for gifts are valued, which reveal part of us—our loving care, our thoughtfulness.



December Has Her Loveliness

Mabel Jones Gabbott

December has her loveliness
As does a summer's day,
And the snow brings gifts to recompense
For all it takes away.

Fine frosted diamonds crust the ice
Like dew in April grass;
Earth dons the cool, clean look it wears
When summer showers pass;

And poplar tree and lilac bush,
Though gowned in lacy white,
Now vie with summer's filmy green
To make a wondrous sight.

December has her loveliness
As does a summer's day,
For earth reflects the good and true,
As seasons pass away.



A Christmas Star Tree

Bertha Lorentzen

Home Service Department, Mountain Fuel Supply Company

Temperature: 375°

Time: 8 Minutes

1. Cream1 c. butter
2. Work in1 c. sugar
3. Add2 eggs, beaten
 1/2 tsp. vanilla
4. Sift together 3 times3 c. sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. baking powder
5. Add alternately by thirds, using a stroke count of 50, 50, 125.
6. Chill thoroughly.
7. Cut out 7 star cookies in graduated sizes, ranging from 8 inches to 2 inches. Cut 7 2-inch circles to be used between stars.
8. Arrange all on cookie sheets and bake.
9. Remove immediately to wire rack for cooling and put dowel stick through center of each, making a small hole.
10. Beat thoroughly1 egg white
 1 c. powdered sugar
 green coloring
11. Frost stars with icing and sprinkle with multicolored sprinkles and silver dragees.
12. Support a slender round stick (dowel stick purchased from your butcher) firmly on a square or round base so that it will stand. Cover with red ribbon and bow.
13. Slip the largest star on stick and anchor with frosting.
14. Next place one small round cookie on stick, then the next size star, and so on, alternating points of stars to get the affect of tree branches and anchoring to stick with frosting between cookies.
15. Place small 2-inch star on edge for star on top of tree.

* Yield: 1 tree

Note: For a larger tree, recipe may be doubled. In this case, two of each size star should be cut. Extra dough may be used for figures of animals, gingerbread men, etc.



Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 6—Coriantumr and Ether

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Ether, chapters 12-15.)

For Tuesday, March 4, 1952

Objective: To study the results of disobedience, and the necessity of exercising faith.

Note to Class Leaders:

This lesson, as the preceding lesson, consists of two parts: first, a narration of the final period of the Jaredites; and second, other teachings of Moroni.

IN the days when Coriantumr was king over all the land, the Prophet Ether began to prophecy to the people "for he could not be restrained because of the Spirit of the Lord which was in him. For he did cry from the morning, even until the going down of the sun" (Ether 12:2, 3). He taught them that this land of promise was the place on which the New Jerusalem was to be built up unto the remnant of the seed of Joseph. And this land was to be the land of their inheritance.

Moroni, writing about the prophecies of Ether, records that they were great and marvelous. But the people would not listen to them. Finally, Ether "hid himself in the cavity of a rock by day, and by night he went forth viewing the things which should come upon the people" (Ether 13:13).

During the first year that he dwelt in the cavity of the rock, many people were slain by those who belonged to the secret combinations. They were fighting against Coriantumr for the kingdom. Coriantumr was skilled in the arts of war and in all the cunning of the world, but he was not righteous.

In the second year that Ether lived in the cavity of a rock, at the direction of the Lord, he prophesied unto Coriantumr that if he and his household would repent, the Lord would give unto him his kingdom and would spare the people, otherwise, they should be destroyed and all his household, except himself, and he should only live to see the fulfilling of the prophecies which had been spoken concerning another people receiving the land for their inheritance. He predicted that Coriantumr should receive burial at their hands, and every soul should be destroyed save it were Coriantumr. Hearing all

this, yet Coriantumr did not repent.

Years of turmoil and fighting followed, years which brought degeneration and sorrow to a wicked people. A curse came upon the land.

Wherefore every man did cleave unto that which was his own, with his hands, and would not borrow neither would he lend; and every man kept the hilt of his sword in his right hand, in the defense of his property and his own life and of his wives and children (Ether 14:2).

Coriantumr defended his kingdom against the armies of Shared; Shared's brother Gilead; Lib; and finally Lib's brother Shiz. Shiz was a fierce warrior who pursued Coriantumr, destroying many cities and slaying women and children. The people feared him, so much so the cry went forth in the land—"Who can stand before the army of Shiz?" (Ether 14:18). Part of the people fled to the army of Shiz, and a part of them fled to the army of Coriantumr.

The war was of such intensity and duration that the whole face of the land was covered with the slain. The war was so swift and speedy that there was

none left to bury the dead, but they did march forth from the shedding of blood to the shedding of blood, leaving the bodies of both men, women, and children strewed upon the face of the land, to become a prey to the worms of the flesh (Ether 14:22).

Shiz, continued to pursue Coriantumr, actuated by two motives: first, to avenge the death of his brother, who had been slain; and second, to prove false the prophecy of Ether that Coriantumr should not fall by the sword.

During one of the subsequent battles, Shiz inflicted several deep wounds on Coriantumr. Fainting because of the loss of blood, Coriantumr was carried away as though dead. When Coriantumr had recovered of his wounds he began to remember the words of Ether. He saw that there had been slain "two millions of mighty men, and also their wives and children" (Ether 15:2). He began to repent of the evil he had done, sorrow entered his heart, "and his soul mourned and refused to be comforted."

And he wrote a letter to Shiz proffering to relinquish his rights in the kingdom to Shiz for the sake of the lives of the people. Shiz replied that the only condition under which he would spare the lives of the people was that he might slay Coriantumr with his own sword.

This only served to anger the followers of Coriantumr, and the battles were renewed. In his narrative of the final battles, Moroni wrote:

The army of Coriantumr did pitch their tents by the hill Ramah; and it was that same hill where my father Mormon did hide up the records unto the Lord, which were sacred (Ether 15:11).

Coriantumr and Shiz were four years preparing for the last great battles, gathering together all the people who were on the land of promise, men, women, and children "save it was Ether." The women and children were armed with weapons of war and fought in the battles. After the second day of battle, Coriantumr wrote a second letter to Shiz, again proffering the kingdom if he would but spare the lives of the people. But the Spirit

of the Lord had ceased to strive with them, wherefore they went again to battle.

Finally, all had fallen in battle, save only Coriantumr and Shiz, and Shiz had fainted with the loss of blood. Coriantumr leaned upon his sword, rested a little, and then be-headed Shiz.

The prophecies of Ether had been literally fulfilled, and Ether had been a witness of their fulfillment. Obedient to God's command, he finished the twenty-four gold plates, which record was Moroni's source for his history in *The Book of Ether*, and hid them where they were later found and preserved by the people of Limhi.

"Now the last words which are written by Ether are these: Whether the Lord will that I be translated, or that I suffer the will of the Lord in the flesh, it mattereth not, if it so be that I am saved in the kingdom of God. Amen" (Ether 15:34).

After Moroni recorded the words of Ether concerning hope and faith (see Ether 12:4), Moroni interpolated in the narrative of the final destruction of the Jaredites an interesting and inspirational exposition of the three cardinal principles of Christianity, faith, hope, and charity.

Moroni explains that faith is things which are hoped for but not seen. He warns that there will be no witness until after the trial of faith; and cites examples from Nephite history to validate his claim. He points out that Christ did not show himself to the Nephites after he had risen from the dead until after the people had faith in him. Continuing, Moroni writes that it

was by faith that the law of Moses was given to the Israelites.

Moroni then directs his attention to the relationship which exists between faith and miracles, writing "if there be no faith among the children of men God can do no miracle among them" (Ether 12:12).

He cites four examples: first, he refers to the incident in Nephite history in which the faith of Alma and Amulek caused the prison in which they were incarcerated to tumble to the ground. Second, that it was the faith of Nephi and Lehi that wrought the change in the hearts of the Lamanites, a change which made possible their baptism with fire and with the Holy Ghost.

Third, that it was the faith of Ammon and his brethren which wrought so great a miracle among the Lamanites. "Yea, and even all they who wrought miracles wrought them by faith, even those who were before Christ and also those who were after" (Ether 12:16).

Moroni then points out, fourth, an incident which occurred after Christ:

"And it was by faith that the three disciples obtained a promise that they should not taste of death; and they obtained not the promise until after their faith" (Ether 12:17).

Moroni writes of seeing and talking to Christ. Worried over the possible reception of *The Book of Mormon* by the gentiles in the last days, fearing that they would mock at his words because of the ineffective manner in which he felt he had written, he presented his problem to the Savior. Jesus replied:

Fools mock, but they shall mourn; and my grace is sufficient for the meek, that they shall take no advantage of your weakness; And if men come unto me I will show unto them their weakness. I give unto men weakness that they may be humble (Ether 12:26, 27).

Having heard these words, Moroni was comforted. Speaking to the Savior, he continued:

And now I know that this love which thou hast had for the children of men is charity; wherefore, except men shall have charity they cannot inherit that place which thou hast prepared in the mansions of thy Father. Wherefore, I know by this thing which thou hast said, that if the Gentiles have not charity, because of our weakness, thou wilt prove them, and take away their talent (Ether 12:35).

And Moroni prayed unto the Lord that he would give charity unto the gentiles.

Regarding the second virtue, hope, Moroni writes little, stressing chiefly that "man must hope, or he cannot receive an inheritance in the place which thou [God] hast prepared" (Ether 12:32).

Moroni concludes this long interpolation in his history of the Jaredites by bidding farewell to the gentiles, by testifying that he has seen the Christ, and by giving the gentiles grave admonitions:

And now I would commend you to seek this Jesus of whom the prophets and apostles have written, that the grace of God the Father, and also the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, which beareth record of them, may be and abide in you forever. Amen (Ether 12:41).

This twelfth chapter of the Book of Ether thus becomes a new witness that Jesus is the Christ, and presents a strong appeal for the gentiles of the last days to give credence to this noble message.

Questions for Discussion

1. Do you have sympathy for Coriantumr in his repentance?
2. How were prophecies concerning Coriantumr literally fulfilled in this lesson?
3. What is Moroni's view of the three cardinal principles of the gospel?
4. What were the teachings of Ether concerning the history of the world? (See Ether 13.)

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 6—"Now It Is Better That a Man Should Be Judged of God Than of Man, for the Judgments of God Are Always Just, but the Judgments of Man Are not Always Just" (Mosiah 29:12).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 4, 1952

Objective: To show that we should refrain from judging each other.

IT seems to be a very common trait in human beings, freely to pass judgment upon our fellow men. King Mosiah, in speaking to his

people gave us the kernel of thought on this subject and the indisputable reason why we, as mortals, are not competent to judge. Whereas the

judgments of God are always just, he tells us, the judgments of man are not always so, and this is sufficient reason why we should not judge each other. This reason disqualifies us as rightful judges.

Being human and subject to the weaknesses and prejudices of human nature, our opinions are likely to be biased, we are prone to make mistakes. And being able to view conditions and problems only with limited vision, seeing only what appears on the surface, we have no right to assume the role of judge of our fellow men. Our judgment may be faulty because our wisdom and knowledge are faulty. But God can pass unerring judgment because he can read the human heart, he knows the motives of individuals, and can see all sides of a situation. Someone has said, "We judge others by their actions, ourselves by our intentions."

There is an old adage which reads: "People in glass houses should not throw stones." In a sense, we all live in glass houses, for no one of us is free from sin in some degree. Because this is true, we

have not the right to throw disparaging stones at others. Dr. Alsaker said, "We should be lenient in our judgment because often the mistakes of others would have been ours had we had the opportunity to make them."

And this verse has much truth to ponder:

How leniently our own faults we view,
And conscience's voice adeptly smother;
Yet, oh, how harshly we review
The selfsame failings in another.

—ANON.

It is true that in our present social structure, those who have broken the law must be dealt with in the courts, and men must be judged of men, because that is the only way open to us. Moreover the Lord himself has designated certain offices in his Church which carry the power of judgeship; but in our daily contacts with each other, let us withhold judgment of our fellow men.

When our life's deeds are weighed, one will surely be there who has known our innermost thoughts and desires, one will pass judgment who is a perfect Judge.

Work Meeting—Sewing

THE ART OF MENDING

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

Lesson 6—Mending Men's Suits

Jean Ridges Jennings

For Tuesday, March 11, 1952

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

A homemaker can confidently attempt many of the simpler repairs and alterations in men's suits

and coats. In addition, much suit saving can be done by guarding against wear. And the day of mend-

ing can be further postponed by proper everyday care.

As in all mending, the material, such as patches, thread, lining, and buttons should match as nearly as possible those in the suits being repaired. Buy three-cord mercerized thread, size 0 for extra strength, in a shade darker than the suit. Thread works up lighter than it appears on the spool.

A piece of beeswax is helpful in waxing thread for extra strength when sewing on buttons or repairing buttonholes. Use regular buttonhole twist for buttonholes. If the fabric has a hard, tight finish, use strong linen thread for sewing on buttons.

Wear and perspiration can soon cause holes under the arms in a suit lining and can stain and mat the outer material. To guard against this, protective shields may be tacked in.

Make underarm shields of material that is similar to the suiting, or make them of rayon lining in a matching color. Cut two shield-shaped pieces, one for each armhole. Bind all around the edges with rayon. Undo the lining just far enough to tack the shield in place under the armhole. Slip stitch the shield to the coat lining around the outer edge and the lining back in around the arm hole.

To protect trouser legs from the rub of shoes, wear guards may be put on the cuffs. To make them use heavy tape about five-eighths of an inch wide.

To put them on, turn down the cuff, baste the tape on just inside the leg next to the fold that will be the bottom edge of the trouser, and stitch by machine on both

edges of the tape. Turn the cuff back and tack it in place.

To repair a frayed sleeve edge, first rip the lining from the coat at the cuff, take out the cotton stay inside, turn down sleeve hem and brush out all lint and soil. Next cut through the crease exactly on the line of wear. Trim off worn spots of sleeve and facing, keeping an even line. Taking a very tiny seam, sew facing back in place. Press this seam open. With the seam open, stitch it by machine very close to the seam line. Turn the facing inside the sleeve and baste in place so the seam line and machine stitching are just inside the sleeve. Refinish bottom of sleeve as before and replace buttons.

Patches in men's suits at elbows and elsewhere should be done as inconspicuously as possible by careful matching as outlined in lesson 2—"Patching."

When holes appear in inside pockets, they may be mended with a good, heavy grade of cotton twill. Usually a half pocket repair is sufficient.

Cut off the worn part of the pocket and use it as a pattern to cut a new pocket bottom, allowing for seams. Turn the pocket inside out and sew the new part to the old with the seam outside. Press the seam up and finish as a flat fell. This keeps the pocket smooth. Take a 1/8 inch seam around side and bottom. Turn the pocket back into trousers and finish as a French seam.

If a button has pulled out and taken a bit of cloth with it, darn the hole or patch it to add strength. To prevent strain that may cause the button to pull out again, sew a

small button underneath, opposite the suit button.

Pin stripes that have worn off at knees, elbows, or seat of suits, can be restored by machine. Reinforce these places with rayon lining pieces cut the proper size. Baste reinforcements underneath and then stitch stripes on the machine

in thread that matches the original stripe.

Experiment with machine tension and size of stitch until you get a stitch that reproduces the stripe.

Instructions for turning collars and cuffs on men's shirts can be found on page 217 of the text.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 22—Two Romantic Essayists: Lamb and Hazlitt

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, March 18, 1952

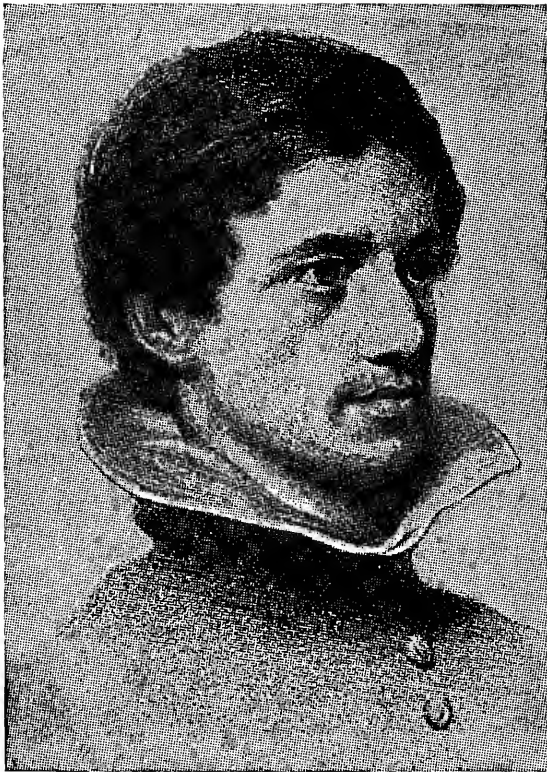
THUS far in our attempts at defining romanticism and following its course through the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, we have discussed romantic writers whose significant works were written in poetic form. One is not justified, however, in assuming that before a writer can be a romantic he must first be a poet. Although poetry dominates in the works of this period, other literary forms were also used.

Early in the romantic movement, Sir Horace Walpole wrote his *Castle of Otranto*, a ghoulish novel of terror, ghosts, clanking chains, and eerie screams at midnight in an ancient castle. This novel set the pattern for the many Gothic romances which have been produced steadily and read eagerly ever since. Jane Austen's novels of English society, while non-romantic, were brilliantly written and widely read. The radical social and political doctrines of William Godwin's *Caleb Williams* profoundly influenced all the liberal romantics. Most popular of

all, because so nearly the personification of popular romantic ideas, were the dashing historical novels of Sir Walter Scott (see text, pp. 23-29).

Several of the early romantics—Gray, Cowper, Lamb, and Keats—wrote distinguished series of letters. Byron, Shelley, Lamb, and later, Browning, wrote dramas which, though generally unsuccessful on the stage, contain many powerful scenes. Some of the greatest romantic poets—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley—also wrote literary criticism and essays which alone would have insured the fame of their authors.

Since the two final lessons for this year will be concerned with Wordsworth, who is predominantly a poet, it would seem justifiable for variety's sake first to discuss two of Wordsworth's contemporaries who were, along with Thomas De Quincey, the outstanding essayists of the romantic movement during the first part of the century. Charles Lamb, whose noble life and personal, ef-



CHARLES LAMB AT THIRTY

fusive prose, have made him one of the most loved men in English letters, will be discussed first. He will be followed by William Hazlitt, whose prose possesses a vigor and a sharpness in which he was unexcelled by his contemporaries.

Charles Lamb (1775-1834)

Both Blake and Lamb lived and died in London. While the texture of city life stifled Blake and aroused his resentment, it nourished in Lamb so strong a love for the city that he felt that happiness and contentment were not possible for him elsewhere. Unlike his fellow romantics, he was completely indifferent to the beauties of nature: how he did shock Wordsworth by telling him that he wouldn't care if he never saw another mountain! Habitually he took frequent walks through the roar and tinkle of the

crowded streets, so enjoying what he saw that what for others was ugly and tragic, became for him the stimulation for warm and pleasant memories (compare Blake's attitude toward chimney-sweeps, pp. 117-118, with Lamb's essay on chimney-sweeps, page 341). So tolerant and appreciative an attitude toward the meanest product of industrialized England is characteristic of both Lamb and his essays—or is there any way or need of separating the man from his words? Yet he achieved his pervading sweetness of spirit in spite of a life which gave him every justification to be bitter and cynical.

In 1775, Charles Lamb was born to a struggling clerk and his wife, the last of their seven children. How very real the struggle was can be seen in the survival to adulthood of only Charles, his beloved sister Mary, and his brother John. At age fourteen Charles left school to begin thirty-five years of clerkship for large importing houses. He had no money for higher education; then, too, he stammered violently. In his twentieth year hereditary insanity overcame him, and he was sent to an insane asylum. But when he wrote of this disaster to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, his lifelong friend, he described the incident as if he had been away braiding a Maypole:

The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse, at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was

Throughout his life the threat of a recurrence of insanity haunted

him, but though it never came, Lamb felt that marriage and a normal family life could never be his.

A year later, in 1796, the same disease attacked his sister Mary, a woman of great charm and intelligence. Since his wealthy brother John felt he could no longer be concerned with the necessary but unpleasant facts of his blood relationships, it was Charles who spared her the horrors of an almost animal confinement by accepting full responsibility for her welfare. Even though during the years her attacks became more frequent and more violent, between times, Mary lived peacefully and happily with her brother, becoming his constant friend and companion. Together they wrote many successful books for children, notably *Tales From Shakespeare*, which for so many generations of readers has simplified our greatest author without destroying substantially the spirit and tone of his words. Charles died in 1834, and Mary survived him twelve years.

Lamb retired from his clerkship with the East India Company at the age of fifty and was given a comfortable pension, but his most enduring works had been written before these final nine years of leisure. On his retirement, as always, he concealed the inevitable feelings of uselessness and loneliness beneath the pleasantest satire and good-natured self-mockery, so that even while he pretends to tell us of his sad loneliness, the tongue-in-check tone of his words remind us that above this event the essential Lamb—warmly humorous, tender, spontaneously, unaffectedly happy—still rises tri-

umphant above the pains of existence. (Read "The Supernannuated Man," pp. 349-352.)

In reading Lamb's essays, unexcelled in our language for personal warmth and charm and puckish fun, we should see them as beautiful illustrations of Count Buffon's wise belief that "The style is the man." Though when upset or terribly bored by dull conversation, Lamb could be peevish and shrill, his many friends among the great thinkers and artists of the day forgave him such small faults. So completely was he governed from within by compassion and understanding that everyone who knew him loved him. Wordsworth wrote of Lamb,

O, he was Good, if e'er a good man lived!

In his complete devotion to his many friends and to his sister, he was almost selfless. Yet, when he wrote, no matter what subject, place, book or mood he promises to discuss, the flavor of Charles Lamb has been so completely saturated into all other ingredients that, regardless of what feast is on the menu, the smooth, delicious taste of Lamb alone tingles the palate of the memory. (Since Lamb himself so loved a pun, the above might somewhat legitimately plead for toleration.)

We have already mentioned the gentle humor which is found everywhere in Lamb's writing, so that he has been called "the laughing philosopher." He never takes himself nor his subject matter with high seriousness; indeed, one of his greatest dislikes was for those people in life who consider themselves sufficiently wise and good to reform their fellow men. Instead of moral-

izing, Lamb humorously holds himself up to the reader as a horrible example of what the universal weakness of man produces. His constant and supreme aim is nothing less than to create pleasure, both for himself and for the reader. With enjoyment as his goal, he varies his skillfully controlled style from a direct, simple tone to one filled with classical allusions and sonorous word-sounds until the language itself, as well as the idea it contains, becomes a source of pleasure. Yet, though he might not seek to preach wisdom and truth directly to his readers, he nevertheless, insinuates his more profound convictions in between the words of his prose, a method which becomes all the more powerful because of the intimate, subtle manner in which it is accomplished.

Lamb deeply loved the writers of the seventeenth century; he found a great satisfaction in recalling the past, whether in reading others' works, or by writing of the past in his own words. This longing for the joys of days gone by is characteristic of much of his writings. In our text it is strongly present in his haunting "Dream Children," (page 338) "In Praise of Chimney Sweepers," (page 341) and "The Superannuated Man" (page 349). Equally enjoyable, and as frequent, is his enjoyment in sketching characters: witness the occasional oddness and the humorous treatment of the subjects in the above essays, as well as in "Poor Relations," (page 345) "The Two Races of Men," (page 353) and in "The Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," and "Old China," which are not included in our text



WILLIAM HAZLITT AT
THIRTY-FIVE

but which appear in many anthologies.

We thus do all that Lamb would have us do when we read him for the leisurely enjoyment of people, the past, and the present. That such a playful, tender philosophy of life could have been built on the foundation of an actual life filled with routine, tragedy, and apprehension is a miracle which doubly endears Lamb to his readers forever.

William Hazlitt (1778-1830)

William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb were contemporary essayists who were lifelong friends—not intimate, but always able to converse without coming to verbal fisticuffs. While Lamb's connection with Hazlitt was a friendship among scores of others, and a weaker one at that, Lamb was the one friend with whom Hazlitt never quarreled.

Lamb never fought openly and seriously for a principle; all men he loved. In almost direct contrast, Hazlitt was the eternal solitary and individualist, who sacrificed all else to fight vigorously for the principles of the revolution in France. When Wordsworth and other English liberals gradually allowed values other than pure freedom and liberty to become paramount, Hazlitt condemned them in scathing tones. Hazlitt himself never broke faith with his early liberal views, nor did he complain that his solitary existence had been unhappy. And he managed to write essays and a substantial block of literary criticism which are valuable for their vigor and intellectual weight and valid judgment.

Hazlitt was born at Maidstone, in 1778, to the household of a liberal unitarian minister who believed so fervently in the new apostles of revolt—Rousseau, Mary Wollstonecraft, and William Godwin—that he came to America after the revolution fully expecting to find established here a flowering Utopia. He returned somewhat disillusioned to an English country parish where young William was educated at home, surrounded by such momentous visitors as Coleridge, whose powerful influence upon Hazlitt is effectively described in our text, pp. 367-374. The first thirty years of his life were devoted to his desire to become an artist and a philosopher, but he finally realized his mediocrity and began writing his extremely successful essays and criticisms of prominent Elizabethan

writers. Many of his critical views proved to be the first statement of important romantic principles and his evaluations of many of these writers are essentially the views of the modern literary world. His two marriages ended in separation. Hazlitt spent his final years writing a life of Napoleon, whom he idolized for destroying the rule of aristocracy. This work was a failure, but he died in 1830 before he fully realized this fact.

We find Hazlitt's style at its best in his essay, "On Going on a Journey" (text, pp. 361-367). He is romantic in his insistence on going alone as he travels, in his high praise for nature and solitude, in his lyrical praises for travel as a device for releasing oneself from the present corrupted world, and in the enjoyment he finds in meeting other peoples in their inns and strange towns. But in order to understand the snap and gristle which his style contains, it is necessary to read some such passage as the following:

. . . All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, land to seas, making an image voluminous and vast;—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understand-

ing. We measure the universe by ourselves . . . (page 366, lines 25-43).

Many like passages could be chosen from the essay to present other phases of Hazlitt's art in greater detail, but short space forbids. Yet the more of this author you can read to your group, the more evidence they will have of his considerable powers, and of his right to be placed among the best of nineteenth century English prose writers.

Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss the various literary forms the romantic writers used to give expression to their art. Why has poetry proved most popular?

2. How are Lamb's writings directly related to the events of his life? How unrelated?

3. What did Lamb hope to achieve by writing his essays? Give examples and passages from his works which prove that he realized his goal.

4. Contrast the individuality of Lamb with that of Hazlitt.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

Lesson 12—New Races in America

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 21 and 22.)

For Tuesday, March 25, 1952

Objective: To show that the choice land of America was discovered through the will of the Lord. That he led chosen men from various nations to form a new nation where, provided the people lived righteously, liberty and truth could flourish.

A Choice Land Is Zion

CONTRARY to popular belief, the Western World is where civilization began. The Lord revealed that Adam-ondi-Ahman, a place in Daviess County, Missouri, is where Adam dwelt after he was driven out of the Garden of Eden. The Garden of Eden, then, must have been on the Western Hemisphere. It stands to reason, this being true, that the antediluvians also dwelt on this Western Hemisphere before the division of the earth. Just what was the nature of the land surface of the earth when Noah built his Ark may not be definitely known, but this we know, that in the beginning all

the land surface of the earth was in one place. The dividing of the continents did not take place until after the flood, for it was in the days of Peleg when the earth was divided.

When the Ark was carried on the waves of the flood it was evidently no small journey and took many days, for the "waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days." When Noah landed he was at Ararat. The Western World was swept clean as we learn from *The Book of Mormon*. In the *Book of Ether* we are informed that:

. . . after the waters had receded from off the face of this [American] land it became a choice land above all other

lands, a chosen land of the Lord; wherefore the Lord would have that all men should serve him who dwell upon the face thereof (Book of Mormon, Ether 13:2).

Having been cleansed from all its iniquity, this choice land was again designated as a place for a chosen people, and the Lord led the Jaredites out from the tower of Babel across the great waters to possess it. After their destruction, for their failure to heed the firm decree of God that none but a righteous people should inherit this land, another people was brought to this hemisphere. The people of Lehi, and perhaps the people of Mulek, were brought here in fulfilment of the promise made to Joseph, son of Jacob. This Western World was given to the children of Joseph and his fellows, to be their inheritance after the destruction of the Jaredites, with the same warnings and promises which, no doubt, had been given to the antediluvians as well as to the Jaredites. So we find the Nephites and the Lamanites possessing this land of promise unmolested and free from interferences by any other nation.

The Lord had said that the land of Zion—America—is a choice land above all other lands upon the earth. When the Jaredites were led to this land across the great waters, the Lord said to them:

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 (Book of Mormon, Ether 2:12).

Kept From the Knowledge of Other Nations

The descendants of Lehi received the same commandments which had been given to the Jaredites:

And behold, it is wisdom that this land should be kept as yet from the knowledge of other nations; for behold, many nations would overrun the land, that there would be no place for an inheritance.

Wherefore, I, Lehi, have obtained a promise, that inasmuch as those whom the Lord God shall bring out of the land of Jerusalem shall keep his commandments, they shall prosper upon the face of this land; and they shall be kept from all other nations, that they may possess this land unto themselves. And if it so be that they shall keep his commandments they shall be blessed upon the face of this land, and there shall be none to molest them, nor to take away the land of their inheritance; and they shall dwell safely forever.

But behold, when the time cometh that they shall dwindle in unbelief, after they have received so great blessings from the hand of the Lord . . . behold, I say, if the day shall come that they will reject the Holy One of Israel, the true Messiah, their Redeemer and their God, behold, the judgments of him that is just shall rest upon them.

Yea, he will bring other nations unto them, and he will give unto them power, and he will take away from them the lands of their possessions, and he will cause them to be scattered and smitten (Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 1:8-11).

The Lord, as here declared by Nephi, promised to keep this Western World from the knowledge of other nations until the time should come for that knowledge to be made known. It was not until after these people dwindled in iniquity, bringing the wrath of God upon them, that the Lord permitted

the nations of the gentiles to learn of this Western Hemisphere.

Columbus Seen by Nephi

The coming of Columbus was seen in vision by Nephi nearly six hundred years before the Christian era. Of this vision Nephi said:

And I looked and beheld a man among the Gentiles, who was separated from the seed of my brethren by the many waters; and I beheld the Spirit of God, that it came down and wrought upon the man; and he went forth upon the many waters, even unto the seed of my brethren, who were in the promised land.

And it came to pass that I beheld the Spirit of God, that it wrought upon other Gentiles; and they went forth out of captivity, upon the many waters.

And it came to pass that I beheld many multitudes of the Gentiles upon the land of promise; and I beheld the wrath of God, that it was upon the seed of my brethren; and they were scattered before the Gentiles and were smitten (Book of Mormon, I Nephi 13:12-14).

Christopher Columbus who was inspired to cross the "many waters" to the Western World was the man seen by Nephi in his vision. For years he struggled to obtain means to make the voyage westward which he thought would take him to the shores of Asia and to India. Although he made four trips to the new world and finally to the mainland of South America, he died thinking he had reached Asia and not another hemisphere. He never lived to know the extent of his discovery and what great things were to come out of it in later years. There can be no doubt in relation to the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord guiding Columbus to cause him to work so incessantly

and under such great difficulties before he could induce Isabella of Spain to assist him in the accomplishment of his mission. Although Columbus knew it not, it was a mission given him of the Lord, and he was impelled by some force, or desire, which would not let him rest.

The Set Time Had Come

It was not many years after the return of Columbus to Spain, with the news that he had discovered land to the west, before nearly all the nations of Europe prepared to make explorations. The result of these early discoveries was that settlements were attempted in the New World. The leading nations grasped the opportunity to increase their territory by colonies. They all sought to increase their wealth from what might come as a result of the new discovery. The real purpose for the discovery was not realized by the people of Europe at that early day.

The Lord revealed to Lehi and also to his son Nephi; that the time would come when the land of promise—Zion—was to be revealed to the gentiles residing in the other half of the world. The discovery of America came to pass in fulfillment of this promise. The set time had come for the gentiles to learn of the Western Hemisphere and the opportunity was given them to possess it as an inheritance, but on the same conditions which were exacted of the nations who had occupied the land before. By the will of the Lord and the direction of his Holy Spirit, the gentiles were led to the New World. The discovery was one of the most important fac-

tors in bringing to pass the purpose of the Almighty to restore his gospel in its fulness.

No Kings Upon This Land

It was said by prophecy through Jacob, brother of Nephi, that when the time should come for America to be discovered to the Old World, and when many of the gentiles should be led to dwell here, that the land was to be a land of liberty to the gentiles.

And this shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land, who shall raise up unto the Gentiles.

And I will fortify this land against all other nations.

And he that fighteth against Zion shall perish, saith God.

For he that raiseth up a king against me shall perish, for I, the Lord, the king of heaven, will be their king, and I will be a light unto them forever, that hear my words (Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 10:11-14).

Settlements in America

The Spaniards who came here first found great quantities of gold and silver among the natives of Mexico and Peru. Gold and silver proved to be the gods the Spaniards worshipped. By means of their superior weapons they undertook a conquest of the lands of Mexico and Peru, destroying, as some historians have said, a civilization far superior in many respects to that of Spain. It is true that with each expedition from the Old World the Spaniards brought priests intent on converting the Lamanites to the Catholic faith. Some of these Catholic fathers were men of high ideals who desired to dispense justice in sincerity, but with real intent, at all

hazards, to make Catholics of the native races.

The Spaniards made settlements in Peru, Mexico, and Florida, and even as far inland as Santa Fe, but these settlements were not established on a permanent foundation as were those later among the Anglo-Saxons farther north.

John Cabot, in 1497, was the first to discover the mainland of North America. This he did in behalf of Great Britain. Then came the French and the Dutch to the north and the Portuguese to the south, each laying claim to the territory they discovered. In 1562 the first religious refugees sought a haven in the Western World. These were French Huguenots who thought they could find peace away from the persecutions of France. The first company of (English) emigrants, 105 in all, arrived on the coast of Virginia in 1607, and founded the settlement of Jamestown. Other ships came from England until several hundred settlers were located in the colony. Thus the first permanent English settlement in the New World was established. A few years later the Dutch arrived from Holland and settled in what is now New York.

The first colonists came to American shores for adventure and seeking wealth. The fur trade was the incentive which brought the Dutch, who hoped to improve their condition over the limited prospects of the Old World.

Coming of the Pilgrims

The Pilgrims and other religious settlers came seeking a place of refuge in the New World. There was then no religious freedom

among the nations of Europe. In England the law compelled every person to attend the established church and all the people were taxed to support it whether or not they believed in its tenets. There were in England at this time many dissenters who could not because of their consciences conform to all the requirements of the English church. A large body of worshipers, who called themselves "Puritans," because they insisted on purifying the national church, were forced to leave their native land and find refuge elsewhere. They had been severely persecuted for their views, so they thought to find a haven of rest in Holland.

But in Holland they were confronted by other difficulties. They were among a strange people who spoke a different language and whose customs were foreign in many ways to their own. Moreover, in this new country, a religious war threatened. The result was that these Separatists resolved to go to America. In 1620, a part of these people, now known as the Pilgrims, sailed for American shores and disembarked at a place which Captain John Smith had named on his map as Plymouth. Thus the second permanent settlement of the English people in what is now the United States was founded. In the immediate years which followed many others came to the New World and joined the

Pilgrim colonies, so that in the year 1630 the city of Boston was founded. In 1634, a body of English Catholics also seeking refuge from religious oppression made their way to America.

So, little by little, many of the gentiles, as seen by Nephi, crossed the "many waters" and found a place of refuge in this land.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Where was the Garden of Eden and Adam-ondi-Ahman?
2. Why is America in revelation declared to be such a choice land?
3. Why was this land kept so long from the knowledge of other nations?
4. Explain and verify this statement: "The set time had come for the gentiles to learn of the Western Hemisphere. The opportunity was given them to possess it as an inheritance, but on the same conditions which were exacted of the nations which had occupied the land before."
5. Point out from history how the prophecy has been fulfilled that no gentile king shall rule upon the land of Zion.
6. Assign a member of the class to point out the ruling motive of the following groups in coming to America:
 - a. The Spaniards
 - b. The Huguenots
 - c. The English in Virginia
 - d. The Pilgrims and Puritans
 - e. The Catholics in Maryland
7. Point out the parts of the vision of Nephi which pertain to the discovery and settlement and prosperity of America. What portion has seen fulfillment since the printing of The Book of Mormon?

Winter Witchery

Alice Whitscn Norton

Give me the wildwoods with gray skies above me,
 And never a leaf on a bare, naked limb,
 Then let the snow follow, and in its descending
 Bring to my spirit the peace of a hymn.

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 14—Conducting With the Six-eight (6/8) Baton Pattern; Vocal Helps for Singing Mothers.

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall

Florence Jepperson Madsen

Objective: To learn to conduct with the 6/8 baton pattern; to improve the quality of group singing.

The Six-Eight (6/8) Baton Pattern and How to Conduct It

(a) Study and practice the 6/8 baton pattern as given in the textbook, pages 11 and 12.

(b) There are six beats in this pattern; the eighth note is the beat note.

(c) Of these beats, number one and four are accented (number one is the strongest accent, number four is a secondary accent). The other beats are not stressed unless especially marked.

(d) When the tempo of the song is too fast to use the 6/8 pattern the 2/4 is used, instead, there being three counts to each beat, thus: down-beat—one, two, three; up-beat—four, five, six.

1. However, when it becomes necessary to indicate the original beat note, as in the chorus of "Our King," page 245, *Sunday School Songs*, it is best to conduct with the regular 6/8 pattern.

2. The 2/4 pattern is used for marches and for songs in 6/8 rhythm that are to be played or sung faster than *moderato* tempo.

Such songs as the following should thus be conducted with the 2/4 baton pattern:

"Have I Done Any Good in the World Today?"

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"
"In a World Where Sorrow"

(e) Such songs as the following should be conducted with the regular 6/8 baton pattern:

"Jesus, My Saviour True" ("Guide Me to Thee")

"Nearer Dear Saviour to Thee"
"Silent Night"

(f) Practice the above lists of songs as previously directed using the large, medium, and small baton patterns.

(g) The 6/8 rhythm is not supposed to be conducted with two of the 3/4 baton patterns in a measure. The reason for this is that in 6/8 rhythm there is but one strong beat in a measure; whereas, when the 3/4 pattern is used, there are necessarily two strong beats.

Pulse Beating

(a) Pulse beating of rhythm should rarely be done, especially, with the baton. It breaks the continuity of the rhythm and the baton pattern, and it is confusing to the performers. If occasion arises when it appears to be needed, it should be done with the hand that is not conducting.

That kind of agitated motion made with the baton or the hand that beats the individual notes or note values in a measure, instead of following a regular baton pattern, is called pulse beating. It often occurs when dotted notes are followed by shorter one, or the reverse.

Examples:

Dotted notes followed by shorter notes in "God Speed the Right" and "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains."

A short note followed by a dotted note that is longer, as occurs in "Comin' Thro the Rye," and in the alto part of the chorus in "My Father Knows."

(b) The hand that wields the baton is known as the "conductor"; the other hand is called the "musician."

Vocal Helps for Singing Mothers

(a) Establish correct vocal habits.

(b) Physical tones are, first of all, mental. They should be firmly fixed in the mind before attempting to produce them. Think twice before you sing; think pitch; think quality of tone.

(c) Spend a few minutes of the rehearsal in vocalizing. It is necessary to blend the voices of a group together in order to produce tones of a like quality.

(d) Voices of untrained singers are often lacking in resonance and, therefore, are unmusical and unappealing.

(e) Practice the hum gently in the medium part of the voice. Follow this with the singing of the vowels, oo, o, ah, retaining the same resonance and tone quality.

(f) Proceed from the vowel "o" into "ah" without letting the "ah" spread too

much. Move from the "o" into "ee" and "a" and back again, keeping the round quality of the "o" in the other vowels. This will eventually unify the tone quality. The consonants, l, m, b, are especially good to use with these vowels.

(g) "True beauty of tone is the first essential of artistic singing, but it is not the only essential. If song is speech vitalized by music, then speech, the words to which music is set, has some claim to consideration. In fact, the singer's diction should convey the import of the spoken word, with the added emotional eloquence of music" (*The Voice*, by Frank E. Miller, M.D.).

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Describe the two baton patterns with which to conduct 6/8 rhythm.
2. Explain how and when each pattern should be used.
3. Of what importance is resonance in singing?
4. Discuss the importance of diction in singing.

Christmas at Welcome Inn

(Continued from page 828)

Tony said no more, but his weary old eyes accused her silently. He turned and stepped gingerly across the deep-napped rug toward the kitchen door. Elise was too angry to feel sorry for him. All she could think was that he was periling the success of her party.

ELISE felt that the emotions of the last hour had left telltale marks upon her face. She would go to the powder room and freshen up before dinner was served. She hurried out of the dining room and had her hand out to push at the partially open door of the powder room when Muriel Grimes' voice came to her through the opening.

"Yes, it's to be the nursery—if they ever need one. But I'll bet it will be a long time before she'll need one. She is not thinking of anyone but herself, as it's easy to see. Do you know she won't even have him called to the phone? Everybody's talking about how Doctor Brandon has changed. Absolutely nobody can get him after six o'clock any more. I can't understand a doctor's wife's not knowing his and her obligations to people, just people, any people. That night last week when the boiler exploded at the factory they needed every doctor in town, and do you know where Dick Brandon was? He and Elise were at a movie in Condon—

forty miles away. Oh, well, it's her business. Hand me my comb, dear, will you, please?"

Elise turned away from the door. Anger that a guest would discuss her affairs so mercilessly fought with the realization that much of what Muriel had said was true. She had been thinking mostly of herself. Had she been selfish with the husband she knew was dedicated professionally to the service of others?

Muriel's words might be the means of saving Dick from extreme censure. That little wife out there in the barn—or perhaps by now not there at all—had needed Dick, and she had turned her away.

What had Dick said? "I guess on Christmas Eve we can all afford to be a little more generous than usual." That was it. She, Elise, could be generous. She would give a Christmas present to the town of Vernon. From now on there would be night calls for Doctor Brandon. Muriel would have to find somebody else to talk about.

She hurried to the kitchen. "Tina, hurry, please. Tell Tony to put the little Mexican woman into his room. Doctor Brandon will be there at once. Hurry, before he leaves with her."

Tina smiled happily, then ran to the kitchen door and down the back steps to where Tony was backing a car from the garage. Sure now that the couple would remain, Elise walked slowly to the living room and spoke quietly to Dick, who was standing near the door to the dining room.

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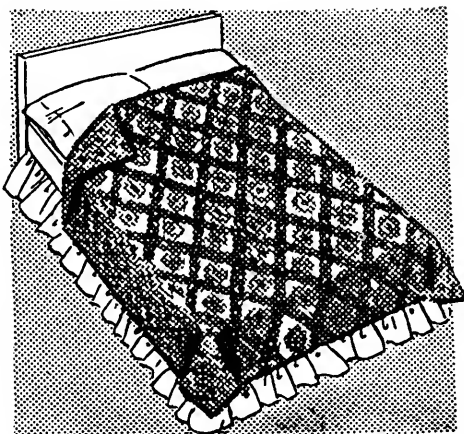
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"Dick, dear," she said, "there's a woman in Tony's quarters who is having a baby. They need you out there. I'll explain your absence. Better get out there as fast as possible."

* * * *

MARIA thought it was part of a blurred dream that a physician in a tuxedo and stiff shirt came to her side as she lay on Tony's narrow bed. Jose was there, too, as he had been all along, and the tall dark man who came to her side spoke reassuringly to Jose. "It's a premature birth, but we can handle it all right. I am Doctor Brandon."

"You are a doctor? This is your house?" Jose asked. Tactfully, he asked no more.

"Yes, I live here. I can help you."

Once in the hours that followed, Maria saw, or thought she saw, a beautiful lady in a golden dress standing in the room. She spoke quietly to the doctor, then stood by Maria's side and stroked her hair gently. Maria was not sure of all this, for reality and dreams were somehow all mixed up in her mind.

Still later, when the baby was safely there and lying clean and warm on her breast, Maria looked up in happy surprise at Jose, who leaned over her in proud acceptance of his new state of fatherhood. She had heard music, beautiful music.

"Did you hear it?" she asked of Jose.

"Yes, I hear it. It is the carolers. Listen. They are singing to us."

Somewhere nearby lovely voices were singing:

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his
sweet head

Maria looked down upon the dark little head nestled against her breast. Then she looked around her at the walls of Tony's room, on which hung his tools and the harness that he used in his work around the place. The carolers continued:

I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from
on high
And stay by my cradle till morning is
nigh!

Jose smiled at Maria and the baby as he said, "The music is like for the Christ Child. I must tell you—the lovely lady said she would like us to live here. Tony needs help he is so old, and they will let us work the year around here. She



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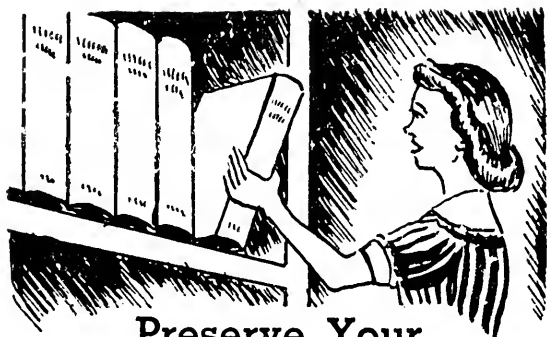
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wants me to drive the doctor on his night calls. Is that not better than having to follow the crops?"
 "It is good, Jose. It is good!"

Marion George Romney

(Continued from page 804)

All this and much more is Marion G. Romney whom the Church sustained at the last general conference as a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. As his name was presented as the new apostle, an almost audible wave of approval went over the vast congregation, and, when he spoke, there was scarcely a person who heard, whose tears did not bespeak how deeply he had been moved by this man whom the Lord has now honored with a high place in the affairs of his kingdom.

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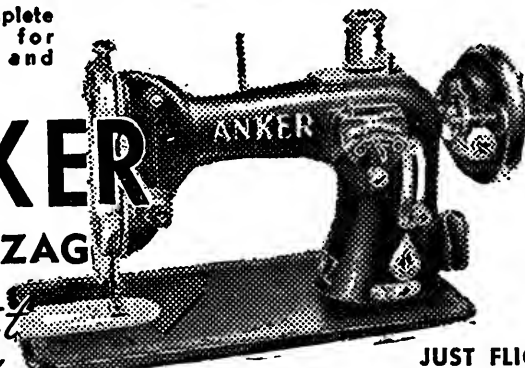
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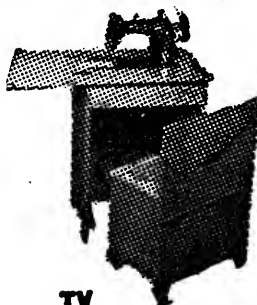
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From Near and Far

Mary R. Ross, author of "Another Mary," page 846, writes as follows: "The story is a true experience, as my mother gave birth to her first child. She was only seventeen years old."

I am not a Latter-day Saint, but have belonged to the Cascade Relief Society for several years. The past year I have lived too far away to attend meetings, so *The Relief Society Magazine* is the only way I have been able to continue with the general trend. I miss the meetings very much, and if I didn't have the *Magazine* every month I would feel as though I had lost a great and wonderful friend. It has so definitely become a part of my life.

—Mrs. Betty Hillberg,
Canfield, Idaho

I am a social science teacher, so the *Magazine* is a prerequisite to my work, but even if I weren't a teacher, I feel I can't afford not to take it. My oldest girl now is reading the *Magazine* in the home, and I know she is in good company when she reads the Church publications. I love *The Relief Society Magazine*. So much information, comfort, and inspiration I have gotten from it. I plan to have it in my home as long as I live.

—Lavinia Gardner
Logandale, Nevada

There is always some thought or suggestion each month in the *Relief Society Magazine* that is so helpful to a young mother—to any mother, I suppose. Rearing a family is such a great responsibility and several times when I've had questions in my mind as to how to handle a situation, I have read something from the *Magazine* that puts me on the right track to the solution of my problem. It is a wonderful *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Rex D. Cook
Fish Haven, Idaho

My mother gave me my subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine* and keeps it renewed for me. Receiving my copy each month has meant even more to me since my husband was called back into the army.

—Marilyn M. Evans
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

I have just read the poem "Deseret Balm" (September frontispiece) by Beatrice K. Ekman—it is so good! I could not get along without the *Magazine*. The lessons are very instructive and interesting.

—Maud Miller Cook
Safford, Arizona

I would like to express my satisfaction for *The Relief Society Magazine*. Upon its arrival I read it from cover to cover as soon as I have an opportunity. There are surely some wonderful articles in it. I enjoy these as much as the fiction and poetry.

—Winnifred Joan Burnham
Mesa, Arizona

The Relief Society Magazine has given me information on subjects I had failed to find otherwise. Also, my boys look forward to hearing the stories read to them. We do not want to ever miss an issue of the *Magazine*, with its faith-promoting articles. I have found articles in it that were worth more than the price of a year's subscription. We who live in isolated areas need our faith renewed often.

—Mrs. Charlie M. Hamner
Haley's Mill, Kentucky

I appreciate the *Magazine* more than I can say—all of it. I am especially interested in the poetry. Some of it is so beautiful in imagery and concept that I hold my breath for very ecstasy. Some of the poems portray the beauty of the deep truths of our religion, and that is a ballast to us in these times.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho



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