

# The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE



VOL. 39 NO. 1

Lessons for April

JANUARY 1952

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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

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## RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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## *Lullaby*

Lael W. Hill

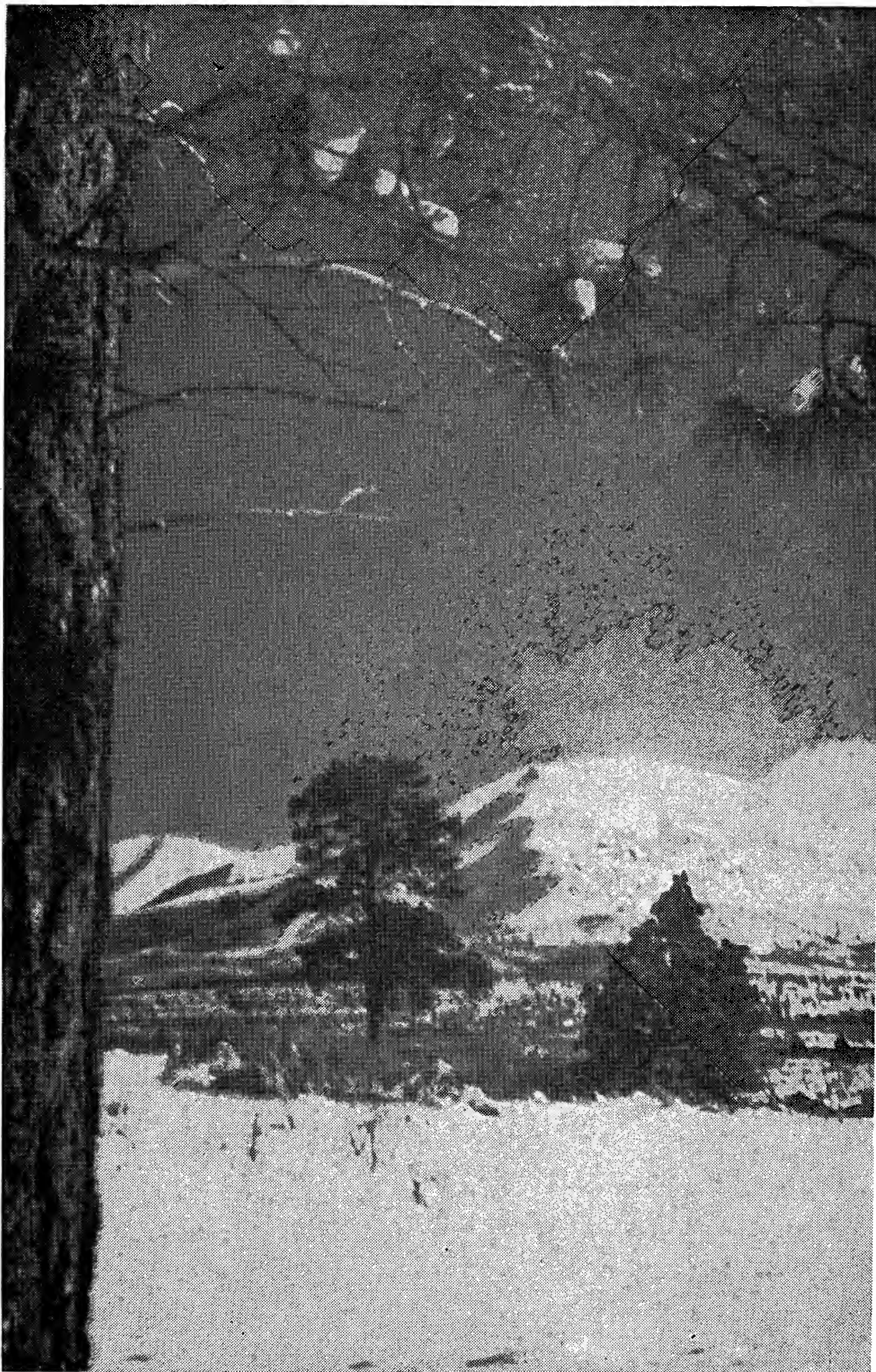
Unroll the shadows now; out of dim corners  
Draw the soft twilight, the velvet-gray gloom.  
Layer on layer, swathe carpet and ceiling—  
Veil the four walls of the little boy's room.

Ravel the outlines of crib and of rocker;  
Loose a low humming through dusk flowing deep.  
Tenderly watch, while his eyelids grow weary—  
Tenderly wait, till he drifts into sleep.

Cover him warmly with comfort and loving;  
Fasten one wishing-star, tiny and bright,  
Outside his window. Now darkness enfolds him—  
Leave him to dreaming . . . goodnight . . . goodnight.

---

The Cover: The Grand Tetons in Winter  
Photograph by Josef Muench  
Cover Design by Evan Jensen



Willard Luce

WINTER NEAR THE BLUE (ABAJO) MOUNTAINS  
SAN JUAN COUNTY, UTAH

# *Greetings for the New Year*

**T**HIS is the dawn of a New Year. A time when we pause to reflect upon the past and to evaluate and be thankful for the blessings which the old year has brought. A time to review all the joyous things which we will choose to remember about the old year, and which we will resolve to carry over into the new year's dawning.

Latter-day Saint women the world over turn with gratitude to our Father in heaven that we are privileged to live at this time in the fullness of the gospel light, that we have been granted the rare opportunity of associating with the women of Relief Society, who have shown through their devoted service to his cause, their love of God and their appreciation of his blessings.

We desire to express our love and gratitude to all the sisters for their co-operation in everything asked of them, the painstaking efforts they have made to carry out all instructions. We tender our thanks for the courtesy extended to us in our visits to the stakes. We feel greatly enriched by these associations.

We are grateful for all that has been done by the sisters throughout the world in the past to bring to pass the present splendid condition of Relief Society.

The past year has been one of marked success for Relief Society work, for there has been a notable increase in membership, accomplishments, and spirituality.

We extend to our sisters everywhere our best wishes for a Happy New Year; may it be one of contentment and peace. If, in the wisdom of God, these cannot come to all mankind, may each obtain in his own heart a peace that passeth the understanding of men and a contentment that will endure throughout all time.

Affectionately,

Belle S. Spafford  
Marianne C. Sharp  
Velma N. Simonsen  
General Presidency



# Purpose of Writing "The Progress of Man"

President Joseph Fielding Smith

Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951.]

I AM happy, I am sure, to be here and see this building so well crowded. I think you will have to ask for the Tabernacle next time. I understood that I was to say something in regard to the book *The Progress of Man*, but you have heard such a thorough presentation of it that it is hardly necessary for me to say anything more about it. But I do want to tell you the reason why this book was written, the purpose of it. On the title page you will find two paragraphs that I am going to read to you. This book is:

A brief treatise on the outlines of man's history upon the earth; his periods of advancement and retrogression, the governments and laws—divine and human—to which he has been subject through the ages, with a declaration that it is the right of Jesus Christ to rule and reign upon the Earth.

Also a declaration that the hand of the Almighty has been over the nations, limiting them in their exercise of power, and turning their designs to His own purposes. The facts of history are interpreted in the light of the revealed Word of God, and the final destiny of the Earth and Man is foreshadowed.

The revelations of the Lord teach us a very different story in regard to man, where he came from, why he is here, and where he is going, to anything that you can get in any of the textbooks on sociology or kindredologies dealing with man.

The first man placed upon the earth was a perfect being, a son of God. He was Michael, the Archangel, who had reached great distinction and power before he ever came to this earth, who helped to frame this earth while he was yet a spirit, just as our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ was a spirit before he was born in Bethlehem.

Michael, after being placed upon this earth, is known as Adam. He received his tabernacle of flesh from the dust of this earth, he belongs to it; but he was one of the greatest of the intelligences and was sent here to this earth to stand at the head of his posterity, to rule over them through the ages of eternity. We are indebted to him for more than we think. Through him we get these tabernacles of flesh and bones, tabernacles for our spirits. Our spirits are the begotten sons and daughters of God; so is Adam's, but he was sent here for the purpose of peopling this earth with bodies of flesh and bones.

And the Lord gave him commandments after he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, revealed to him the plan of salvation, and he taught his children, and he set up a government. It was a perfect government, for Adam listened to the counsels of the Almighty, his Father, and our Father. He taught

his children principles of divine truth and endeavored to establish them in the knowledge and understanding of the things of the kingdom of God.

We read in the scriptures that, in course of time, when children were born they began to rebel, many of them, not all of them, but a great many of his posterity (and he had a numerous posterity) turned away from his teachings. Eventually, after Adam had filled his mission upon the face of the earth, the children had forgotten the commandments of God and had rejected his government, and they set up governments of their own. They became so corrupt that the Lord had to destroy them and start over again.

Noah and his sons started out well. Their first government was a theocracy in which the Lord spoke, and through which he governed. But it was not so many years after the flood when men again became rebellious and turned away from the truth. They began to spread out over the face of the earth, they had ambitions, they were filled with the spirit of selfishness, and so they rejected the commandments from the government the Lord had given them, and set up governments of their own. And so wickedness once more began to prevail and spread over the face of the earth.

**T**HE Lord called a young man out of the land of the Chaldeans and said to him, "Because of the wickedness of mankind I am going to place my Priesthood, my authority, on you, and I am going to make covenants with you, and I am going

to give you my law and set your people, your descendants on high, and they shall be my people and I will recognize them as my people, the chosen people."

And through that blessing there came the house of Israel and among all the nations upon the face of the earth, Israel, apparently, so far as the other side of the world is concerned, was the only people who were ruled by prophets and received commandments and were governed by the revelations coming from the Lord.

The Lord had led a people out into this part of the country and called them the Jaredites. He started them off, too, long before the days of Abraham, with his commandments, and with prophets to lead them. But they, too, rebelled, and Israel rebelled and the punishments of the Lord came upon them and from all the way down from the very beginning of time man has been rebellious and has refused, with few exceptions and short periods of time, to be directed by divine revelation.

But because of men's own desire and ambition to rule, to have authority, they have usurped the power and set up their own governments, and the world from the very beginning has been in turmoil, in trouble, in wars, and bloodshed, because man would not let his Father in heaven rule him, but usurped the powers unto himself.

Now the purpose of this book is to show this whole history from the beginning to the end, with the periods of righteousness when men did hearken, and how they were blessed! showing how the judg-

ments of the Almighty came upon them when they rebelled. And it sets forth the great work, the plan of our Father in heaven, in regard to the destiny of the human family. They who are willing to keep his commandments under all circumstances are eventually gathered into his fold in the kingdom of God, over which Jesus Christ, the King, shall rule and reign.

**N**OW, I said that man has always been rebellious. I want to read to you a few ideas from one of these chapters. The first man, as I have said, was highly intelligent. The world doesn't teach you that. It teaches you that man in the beginning was not intelligent, that he developed from lower forms until he reached the stage where he could be called a man through his progression. The first man placed upon this earth was an intelligent being, created in the image of God, possessed of wisdom and knowledge and power to communicate his thoughts in a language both oral and written which was superior to anything to be found on the earth today. This may sound very sweeping and dogmatic to those who hold to the other view, but it is not any more so than their statement to the contrary. Moreover, I do not say it myself, but merely repeat what the Lord has said, and, surely, the Creator, above all others, ought to know.

The first man was instructed by the best teacher man ever had, for he was taught by God and spoke the language of the Most High, in which angels conversed, this language he taught to his children.

It is true that he was left to work out, through the use of his faculties, many of nature's great secrets, but the Lord did not leave him helpless, but instructed him, and he was inspired by the Spirit of the Lord.

You are told, and it is also written in so many textbooks, that men have come up to the stage of civilization which we now possess, by long, very long, periods of time from an age of savagery. This book will tell you that the mental degeneracy and savagery which prevail upon the face of the earth and have prevailed upon it, have come through men's wickedness. Man was intelligent in the beginning. And there is such a thing as retrogression as well as advancement. And without the Spirit of the Lord man cannot progress. And we have seen that from the beginning, nations have risen to great power, they have ruled the earth so far as they understood the earth, and they have decayed. They have reached a stage of civilization where God was forgotten, where immorality took the place of virtue, wickedness and vice the place of righteousness, and then the Lord has placed his hand upon them and they have fallen. That has been the nature of man all the way down the ages. One man, in writing, saw this picture very clearly, Lord Byron, and he wrote after speaking of the rise and fall of peoples as he went over the countries and saw the ruins of the glory of the past:

There is the Moral of all human tales;  
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when  
 that fails,



Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.

And History, with all her volumes vast,  
Hath but one page.

The reason for writing these lessons in the book was to place before the members of the Church, the Latter-day Saints, an outline of these conditions that have come down through all of these ages; that we might profit by the experience of the past and accept of these experiences so that we will not fall into the same forbidden ways;

that we might avoid the pitfalls, the wickedness, and the destiny that has overtaken one nation after another clear down to the end of time. Eventually, the Lord will set up his own nation, his own kingdom, and the earth will be cleansed of its unrighteousness.

Now I see our time is gone, so I will say the Lord bless you, and I hope that you get some good out of these things that you study. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

---

### *They Wait and Pray*

Ruth H. Chadwick

The Marys of today walk hand in hand  
With her along those paths through Galilee;  
Alone, like her, they long unceasingly  
To follow him across the alien sand.  
They know her emptiness through endless days;  
The numbed yet throbbing pulse when time stands still;  
The grim imaginings that stalk the will  
And choke resolve to walk with cheerful ways.  
They know her helplessness, her fierce desire  
To spare her son the treacheries of men;  
But faith, undaunted, nurtures hope again,  
And trusting hearts defy the inner fire.  
They wait and pray! Through him at Calvary,  
They glimpse the glory of eternity.

### *Friend of the Lord*

Josephine J. Harvey

He was the Prophet of the latter day,  
Chosen of the Lord to lead his way.

Holding the keys of this dispensation,  
He sent the everlasting gospel forth.  
Living great, he walked with courage to the end,  
He was a man the Lord addressed as "friend."

Though he was unlearned in the eyes of men,  
He drank from the fountain of eternal life;  
Through his humble hands, the Lord has hurled  
The torch of truth to light a darkened world.

Honor and glory are his from age to age,  
Who lifted a lamp on history's page.

# Latter-Day Saint Education to Build Faith

*Elder Mark E. Petersen*

Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951.]

**I**T is very important that we have an educational program in the Relief Society. So many women, especially those who do not come to Relief Society, get the idea that Relief Society is only for the relief of the poor; but I am grateful that we have an educational program in this organization, because, as the gospel teaches:

Man shall not live by bread alone.

The glory of God is intelligence.

It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance.

The Lord has commanded that we become perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect. If we are going to keep that commandment, we must, by all means, seek for wisdom, knowledge, and light, and apply that knowledge, light, and wisdom in building faith, and becoming like our Father in heaven.

It was surely the intention of the Lord that we carry on an educational program in the Church. He made it clear in the revelations that he has given to us, and I would like to read a sentence or two from some of those revelations. This one particularly is well known to you. The Lord says:

As all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom;

yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith. . . . Appoint among yourselves a teacher, and let not all be spokesmen at once; but let one speak at a time and let all listen unto his sayings, that when all have spoken that all may be edified of all, and that every man may have an equal privilege (D. & C. 88: 118, 122).

The Lord was not satisfied merely to mention that principle once, and so, at a later time and in still another revelation, he repeated a part of that same injunction, and said again:

As all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom. Yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study, and also by faith (D. & C. 109:7).

I hope you notice in the very wording of that scripture, that the big point he has in view in all of this study is to build faith. He actually uses the expression that "as all have not faith," seek learning, etc.

Now there are different kinds of learning. Some education builds faith. Some education destroys faith. It is the objective of Latter-day Saint education, through our organizations, to build faith and save souls.

Education which builds faith is good education. Education which destroys faith is bad education.

**T**HE Book of Mormon made this clear. You remember the ancient prophet said, "To be learned is good, if they hearken unto the counsels of God." But the same prophet gave us an example of bad education, when he said:

O the vainness, and the frailties, and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves, wherefore, their wisdom is foolishness and it profiteth them not. And they shall perish (2 Nephi 9:28).

Inasmuch as we have these two kinds of education, bad and good, the bad being that which fails to build faith, or destroys it, and the good being the kind which actually builds faith, it is for us to select the kind of learning that will be beneficial to us. We need guidance.

The Savior gave us the Holy Ghost, as you remember, to guide us into all truth. Paul made it very clear in his writings to the ancient saints, that in their learning they must get the correct point of view, otherwise their learning would be of no profit to them. In fact, it would be dangerous for them. But he also taught that we need guidance and direction, so that we can get the right point of view and acquire the right knowledge and use that knowledge in the proper way to build faith.

And in order to give us this guidance, Paul said the Lord placed in the Church some apostles and prophets, some pastors and teachers for the edifying of the body of Christ, for the perfecting of the

saints. And he added that this guidance was provided so that we would henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.

Then he said this very, very important thing, which I think is pertinent to us at this time:

I say therefore . . . walk not as other Gentiles walk, in the vanity of their mind, having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart . . . (Eph. 4:17-18).

So Paul here presents the idea, as I interpret his scripture at least, that Gentile education, which fails to build faith, actually is a system of ignorance, it is a system of blindness, it is a system which alienates people from the way of God. And if we indulge only in this Gentile education and fail to mix it with faith in God, it is blindness and ignorance to us and will alienate us from the Lord.

Is it any wonder, then, that Paul warned the people against that kind of education?

The wisdom of man is indeed foolishness to God, and again may I read what Nephi said:

To be learned is good if they hearken unto the counsels of God. O that cunning plan of the evil one! O the vainness, and the frailties and the foolishness of men! When they are learned they think they are wise, and they hearken not unto the counsel of God, for they set it aside, supposing they know of themselves (2 Nephi 9:29, 28).



That is bad education, and yet there are many Latter-day Saints who indulge in it.

IT is an easy thing to get the wrong point of view as we study. It is an easy thing to get off on the wrong track. In our formal education, we have had many instances where people have done so. We even have had returned missionaries go to college and have their faith destroyed because the education of the Gentiles blinded them and alienated them "from the life of God," to use the words of Paul. When we get that kind of education it is indeed blindness and foolishness, and it is destructive of our faith in God.

We might study government, also, and in that field what could we do? We might study good, solid Americanism, or we might be trained in Communism. There are many in America who have been blinded by the cunning craftiness of men, and now are beginning to choose the blackness of Communism instead of the light of true Americanism.

The same thing is true in the field of religion. We might study the restored gospel of Christ which saves, or if we are blinded by the craftiness of men, we might prefer the doctrines of uninspired teachers so condemned by the Savior in his first appearance to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

There are different points of view among scientists. Some are willing to accept only the demonstrated truth, actual facts that are proved

and tried. But then there are those pseudo-scientists who prefer to take their point of view from theories and hypotheses, and guesswork of some who think they are making wise deductions from facts.

So one may have whatsoever point of view he likes, I suppose. But it is our responsibility as teachers in the Church to get the point of view in education which will build and develop faith.

I remember a wonderful tribute that was paid not long ago to Dr. Carl Eyring of the Brigham Young University. Brother Eyring, an outstanding teacher of science, stood before his class with scientific information, and what did he do with it? He built up a point of view in the minds of the students that these scientific facts demonstrate beyond a doubt that God lives, that he is the Creator, that he is an intelligent Being, and that man is the child of God.

Then there was another teacher who would take similar data and teach that there is no God.

Again, what point of view are we seeking in our education? What are we seeking to build? We must build faith, because that is the responsibility of this Church.

We are face to face with two great needs. One is on the part of the person who learns, the other on the part of the person who teaches. The student must be wise in selecting the kind of training which will give to him or her the right point of view and help to build faith in God.

THE teacher must be willing to uphold her Church responsibility to promote faith. We must remember that just as bad kings in ancient times taught wickedness to their people, a teacher today who loves the wisdom of man more than the wisdom of God, is in a position where he or she can actually lead people astray, and establish in their minds a false understanding of the truth, and direct their thinking in dangerous paths.

Great is the responsibility of the teacher. A teacher must promote faith. If she does, all is well, but if she does not, great harm results. You remember that the Savior said at one time, "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of God."

In the Relief Society we have

lesson courses which are well planned and well thought out, with the one idea in mind of giving to the women of the Church the proper point of view in education. Our lesson course is designed to do what Nephi said "to provide education and learning, with faith."

We expect that all who teach in the Relief Society organization will use the information at hand to develop a point of view in the minds of the women in this Church which will lead them into faith, and from faith into righteous works, that their souls may be saved.

That we may have that point of view and that we may teach faith and use all of the knowledge and information that comes into our hands for the purpose of saving and enlightening our people, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

---

## *Snowflake*

— Maryhale Woolsey

Here on my dark glove resting transiently,  
Behold a masterpiece of mystery:  
Fragment of cloud, star-cut and whitest white,  
Gentle as thistledown in lazy flight . . . .

More fragile than an orchid's tender petals;  
More delicately patterned than old lace;  
Vanishing at a touch, a breath—and leaving  
A glint of moisture as its only trace.

Yet soon its myraid sisters from the sky  
Will overwhelm the hills; the fields will lie  
Vanquished—discovering in this frail ice-flower,  
Winter's ethereal beauty . . . and winter's power!

# 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 1951 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. This contest was announced in the June 1951 issue of the *Magazine*, and closed September 15, 1951.

The first prize of twenty-five dollars is awarded to Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, for her poem "Shine Softly, Stars."

The second prize of twenty dollars is awarded to Iris W. Schow, Brigham City, Utah, for her poem "Words."

The third prize of fifteen dollars is awarded to Mabel Law Atkinson, Dayton, Idaho, for her poem "Barren Woman's Cry."

This poem contest has been conducted annually by the Relief Society general board since 1924, 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 of the general board. The general board also reserves the right to publish any of the 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 twelve poems submitted in this year's contest. Many of the poems submitted this year revealed beauty of thought, and nearly all the subjects of the entries were based upon a significant and timely theme.

Twenty states, Mexico, and the Dominion of Canada were represented in this year's contest, the largest number of entries coming from Utah, with twelve from California, twelve from Idaho, eight from Arizona, six from Canada, three from Mexico, and three from New Mexico, with two each from the following states: Florida, Massachusetts, Minnesota, and Montana.

None of the women who received awards in this year's Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest has previously received an award in this contest, although all are contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*. 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*



SYLVIA PROBST YOUNG

First Prize Poem

### *Shine Softly, Stars*

*Sylvia Probst Young*

Shine softly, little lamps of night,  
O silvery stars, shine down,  
The crescent moon is pale and white,  
And out from Bethlehem town,  
Across the cool, dark desert sand  
A small beast moves along,  
Safe guided by his master's hand,  
While night winds hum a song.

Shine softly, stars, a mother keeps  
Her vigil, here at rest  
The baby rides and gently sleeps  
Soft pillowed to her breast.

She knows his eyes are heaven blue,  
Her fingers touch his hair,  
His lips are fresh as morning dew,  
His petal cheek how fair.

Oh, mother, hold him while you may.  
Love guard you tenderly,  
How torn with grief shall be the way,  
That leads to Calvary.  
Shine softly, stars, pale moon hang low,  
Oh, winds of night, be mild,  
Bright angels mark the way they go,  
And keep this little child.



IRIS W. SCHOW

Second Prize Poem

## *Words*

*Iris W. Schow*

Oh, never think of words as merely words:  
 They are the essence kept from quiet lives;  
 Eternal jewels set in tender looks  
 And offered as a pledge of lasting love.  
 Words are a coverlet a mother weaves  
 To warm her child and keep a harsh world out;  
 The kernels gleaned from fire-wasted lands;  
 The moving lips of seers whose flesh is dust.  
 They are the courage of a patriot  
 Become a torch to pass from mind to mind.  
 Words stand like guideposts by a narrow way;  
 They are an indestructible, tight cord  
 From earth to heaven by way of Sinai,  
 A groping hand may firmly grasp to guide  
 A pair of plodding feet.

Words are the means  
 By which the very thinking of our Lord,  
 Leaping like sparks from flint, out of our hearts,  
 Can rise to kindle light in troubled minds.



MABEL LAW ATKINSON

Third Prize Poem

*Barren Woman's Cry**Mabel Law Atkinson*

O mothers, you whose sons are called to war,  
The cruel talons also tear my soul.  
Your boys return to wear a battle scar,  
Are maimed and wounded; are not spirit-whole.  
And you, who mourn a grave in foreign earth  
Beneath white crosses, gleaming row on row,  
On reverent knees give thanks that you gave birth  
To sons who bid democracy to grow.  
I share with you the yearning for God's grace,  
Beseeching him to reach to warring zones.  
Could I have known a soldier-son's embrace,  
My heart would sing above its anguished moans.  
You walk in tears the path that Mary trod,  
But hear my cry: Would that I might, O God!

# Award Winners

## Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society general board is pleased to announce the award winners in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest which was announced in the June 1951 issue of the *Magazine*, and which closed September 15, 1951.

The first prize of fifty dollars is awarded to Mabel S. Harmer, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "Eloise and the Indian."

The second prize of forty dollars is awarded to Blanche Kendall McKey, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "No Tears, Beloved."

The third prize of thirty dollars is awarded to Margery S. Stewart, Salt Lake City, Utah, for her story "The Least of These."

All three winners in this year's contest have written many excellent stories for *The Relief Society Magazine*, and are well known contributors to other magazines of wide circulation. All of the prize winning authors have received awards in previous Relief Society Short Story Contests.

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 Relief Society Magazine* for 1952.

Thirty-three manuscripts were submitted in the contest for 1951. Most of the stories entered in the contest were well written and revealed thoughtful construction and careful 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 continues to increase the literary quality of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and will aid the women of the Church in the development of their gifts in creative writing.

*The Relief Society Magazine* now has a circulation of over 100,000 subscribers, thus giving the work of its authors a large number of interested and appreciative readers. There are subscribers in every state in the Union, and in Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Mexico, Australia, England, France, Germany, South America, and in many other countries. Writers, recognizing this large and varied audience, realize the importance of entering in the contest their very best work.

The general board congratulates the prize-winning contestants, and expresses appreciation for all those who submitted stories. Sincere gratitude is extended to the 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.

## Biographical Sketches of Award Winners in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest

Sylvia Probst Young, Midvale, Utah, is the wife of Reid W. Young, and the mother of four sons. Her name is already familiar to Relief Society Magazine readers who have enjoyed her stories: "We Are So Busy" (March 1949); "That Monson Kid" (April 1950); "A Star Is Shining" (November 1950); "Polly Played for Keeps" (June 1951); and "A Vacation for Mother" (July 1951). Two of her poems have also been published in the Magazine.

Sister Young informs us that writing has always been an important part of her life. "I have written poetry and stories for all of the Church magazines, *The Deseret News*, *Utah Magazine*, the anthology, *Utah Sings*, and a national anthology. While in the California Mission I had the privilege of being editor of the mission magazine, *The Calimis*."



Iris W. Schow, daughter of Elmer C. and Eleanor Welch Schow, Brigham City, Utah, is a graduate of the Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah. At present she is a teacher in the Central School, Brigham City.

A number of her poems have been published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, and others have appeared in *The Deseret News*, *The Improvement Era*, and in several poetry magazines. She is active as an officer and teacher in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, being now a teacher of the junior class in Sunday School.

She is a member of the Box Elder chapter of the National League of American Pen Women, and also a member of The Writer's Realm, the Box Elder Chapter of the League of Utah Writers.



Mabel Law Atkinson, of Dayton, Idaho, has already been represented by several excellent poems in *The Relief Society Magazine*. Two years ago she began to study the technique of poetry writing at home and has received awards in several poetry contests during the past year. Her first poems were published in *The Juvenile Instructor* when she was a child. She is a member of Midwest Chaparral Poets, Modern Bards, Avalon, and Word Weavers.

The wife of Earl J. Atkinson, she is the mother of four living children and grandmother to three little grandsons. A son is now serving a mission in the Central Atlantic States. Mrs. Atkinson tells us that her life "has been filled to the brim with the joys of motherhood, schoolteaching, Church, and community service."



Mabel S. Harmer, of Salt Lake City is well known to Relief Society Magazine readers for her serial stories, "The Lotus Eater" (1937-38) and "For the Strength of the Hills" (1951), as well as for her many excellent short stories which have appeared in the Magazine since 1933. Her story "The Pink Angel" was awarded third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1944. Mrs. Harmer has had five books published and is the author of numerous plays, articles, poems, and stories which have been published in national magazines. She is state president of the League of Utah Writers and for the past four years has written a daily children's story for *The Deseret News*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. Harmer, wife of Earl W. Harmer, is the mother of five children, and she has four grandchildren. She has held many executive positions in the auxiliary organizations of the Church and is generous with her time and talents in assisting in entertainments and programs in her ward and stake.



*Prize-Winning Story*  
*Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest*

First Prize Story

## Eloise and the Indian

Mabel S. Harmer

ELOISE always said that she had been brought up on the story of Grandmother Jason and the Indian, along with lemon pie on Tuesday and the semi-annual visit to Dr. Stokes, the family dentist.

While she was still young enough to be carried up to bed on her father's shoulder, she remembered shivering delightedly at the story of how Grandma Jason had been alone in her cabin, with only her two babies, when the Indian came demanding food and threatening to kill her if she didn't give him "biscuit."

Grandma had had no biscuit that day. At least, none to give away. But she did have Grandpa's rifle, and she had plenty of courage. Armed with both, she had driven the Indian away from the house. Nor was that the end of the story. Later she had walked six miles through the snow in order to take some medicine to the Indian's sick child. According to family legend, there never had been anyone quite like Grandma Jason.

A wave both of envy and admiration for the grand old lady swept through Eloise as she came down the stairway preparatory to a call on Jim Booker. She glanced in the



MABEL S. HARMER

dining room where Davy, her sixteen-year-old son, was spreading out model airplane parts over the table. "Be sure to have everything cleared up in plenty of time for lunch," she reminded him.

"Okay, Mum. Where're you going?" he asked, scarcely glancing up from his work.

"I'm going to call on an Indian," she replied, and walked out before he had recovered from his surprise enough to ask further details.

As she closed the screen door behind her she thought grimly, I

wish that I had inherited grandmother's courage instead of her black hair. I'm going to need an extra supply rather badly, I'm afraid.

David had left the car home for her use that day, but she decided to walk anyway. "It will give me more time to get organized and decide what method of attack I'm going to use," she told herself, knowing all the time that the real reason was it would delay her talk for at least another twenty minutes.

She hadn't known that the six city blocks could be covered in so short a time. I really ought to walk to town oftener, she thought, as she paused before the red brick building where Jim Booker had his modest office. In the narrow hallway she looked on the directory for his name and office number. There it was, Jim Booker, Fire Insurance, 145. Precious little fire insurance he sold, if rumor was true. Or at least it was a very minor part of his business activities. But, of course, it sounded much more respectable than "Taverns, Inc.," or whatever he might call his other enterprises.

One forty-five. That would be on the second floor. She climbed the stairs slowly, the butterflies in her stomach becoming more lively with every step upward. She wished that he really was an Indian and that she could take after him with a rifle. She believed, on the whole, it would be much more simple.

There was a girl at the desk, pretty in spite of her too-heavy makeup, who looked at Eloise with surprised eyebrows. To herself Eloise said, "I daresay I'm not the

usual type of caller at all." Aloud she asked pleasantly, "Will you please ask Mr. Booker if I may see him?"

"Sure," replied the girl, lifting the phone. "A lady to see you, Mr. Booker," she stated, then turned and nodded in the direction of the door, "Go on in."

**E**LOISE opened the door herself and walked into the inner office. Mr. Booker half rose from his chair, evidently surprised to see that his caller really was a lady.

"Sit down, Ma'am," he said with some slight embarrassment, which helped in some small degree to put her at her ease. Then, seeming to spread over as much of his chair as possible, he asked, "What can I do for you?"

"I am Mrs. David Reynolds," she stated, "and live at 987 Linden Avenue. I've heard that you intend to put up a tavern on the corner of Ninth Street and Linden. Is that so?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't call it a tavern exactly," replied Booker slowly. "Just a sort of soft drink parlor."

"Is your license for soft drinks only?"

"Well, no—not exactly, but—"

"That's what I understood," she interrupted. Then, leaning forward a trifle, she went on seriously, "Mr. Booker, I'd like to ask you not to put it there."

He gave a grunt of surprise as he said with a half smile, "You would? I guess you know that that corner is zoned for business, and I have every right to put in a little place there."

Eloise nodded. "Yes, I know that you have every legal right." She didn't add that it had probably been obtained through questionable means and influence. "But what about the moral right? Doesn't that count at all with you?"

"Moral right. Don't know what you mean." He opened a drawer, ruffled some papers, and shut it again.

"Surely you must realize what it will mean to the young boys of the neighborhood to have that kind of a place so handy. Perhaps most of them will never step inside—at least, for nothing more than a soft drink, but it spoils the atmosphere of the neighborhood. It means having noisy people around at all hours. It opens up the way for similar establishments. It—" Eloise paused. She didn't want to make him too angry. That would hurt more than it would help.

"Bunk," he snapped. "This isn't going to be a low-class joint. It's even going to have a classy name. The Blue Peacock," he announced proudly.

"It doesn't sound very classy to me," retorted Eloise, her indignation getting the better of her resolve to be diplomatic. "And it may not be a joint, but it's bound to have a bad influence just the same."

"Sorry, lady, but you're just wasting time. Your neighborhood and kids aren't any better than any others. And I got things to do." A frown settled upon his heavy features, and he opened another drawer.

Eloise felt defeat coming on. What could one do with a man who wouldn't listen to reason? Maybe one could use a rifle. She

stood up and came over to his desk. "I'm not going to give in without a struggle," she said determinedly. "If you don't withdraw your permit I'm going to circulate a petition all over the district. I'll fight this through every organization in town. I'm not going to have my boys grow up within earshot of a tavern." Her hands were clenched, and she wore what David called "her fighting Marine look."

Jim Booker leaned back and smiled indulgently. "You got spunk, lady," he said. "But it's no use. That corner suits my purpose to a T, and that's where I'm going to put The Blue Peacock. You can tell your boys to keep away from the place if you like, or you can move."

There was nothing left for her to do at the moment but turn and walk out. She left the building and walked down the street, her eyes brimming with tears of defeat. The old ogre! Why couldn't he keep his taverns downtown? Of course they could move, but they loved their home. And what of the others? Everyone in the neighborhood couldn't move. She wasn't going to stand for it. She'd fight with every means in her power. She'd make up petitions and get some of the other women to help take them around. It might help. It might even be enough to turn the trick.

THAT evening when the boys had gone to bed and David was lying on the divan with a newspaper over his eyes, she asked, "How much influence does Jim Booker have in this town?"

"Too much, honey," he replied drowsily, "Why?"

"I went to see him today?"

"You what?" The newspaper was snatched off and he sat bolt upright. "You mean to sit there knitting in that rose-colored chair and tell me to my face that you went calling on that lug?"

Eloise carefully purred two and then nodded, "I do and I did."

"What for?"

"To try and talk him out of putting in a tavern on our corner."

"And did he bow and say, 'Excuse me, Mrs. Reynolds, for even presuming to think of sullyng your charming neighborhood?'"

"Not exactly," she admitted. "What he said in effect was, 'Get the heck out of here. I'll do as I like.'" The needles flew for a moment and then stopped. "I'm planning to circulate petitions," she announced. The seriousness of David's look surprised her, and she asked, "What's the matter? Don't you think that I should fight it?"

"Yeah, I reckon," he answered hesitatingly.

"Why all the enthusiasm?" she demanded.

"I was just thinking that Booker can fight back awfully hard if he takes a notion."

"Does that matter—when the boys' best interests are at stake?"

"No, of course not. The kids are a lot more important than anything else. I just wanted to warn you that Jim Booker is an awful tough customer."

"I know. I figured that much out all by myself." She folded up her knitting and added, "He may find out that he's dealing with another tough customer."

Later she lay awake watching the

ruffles of the white organdy curtains blow back and forth and wondering if she had tackled more than she could manage. David had shown a surprising lack of enthusiasm. There had even been an air of concern. It's just that he doesn't want me to get mixed up with any Indians, she thought drowsily. I'm not sure but what Grandma had it a lot easier. All she had to do was pick up a rifle and say "Git."

THE next day she wrote out a petition, wording it as strongly as she could, and made out seven copies. She would go to some woman she knew on each of the blocks nearest the corner of Ninth and Linden and ask her to take it around. If necessary, she would take them herself.

She had just finished when Bud stuck his head in the door to ask, "Shall we put up our own lunch, or would you rather?"

It took her a few minutes to remember that the boys had planned a hike up to Mt. Rowan.

"I would much rather," she smiled, "but I haven't time. Go ahead and be as considerate of my refrigerator as you can. There are bananas in the cupboard and a fresh batch of cookies in the jar."

She went upstairs to dress, put the eight petitions carefully in her bag, and went back down again while the boys were still making sandwiches. "Merciful goodness!" she exclaimed. "Is the National Guard going along on this hike?"

"Gosh, no," replied Bud. "Just Ralph, Book, and us."

"Book?" she repeated with a puz-

zled smile. "Who in the world is Book?"

"Steve Booker, a guy we know at school."

The smile vanished. "Any relation to Jim Booker?"

"I reckon. Sure, he's his son. But Steve's okay. You'd like him." Bud closed the discussion by putting the last of the sandwiches in the box and going out to whistle for Davy.

Eloise stood still for a minute. In spite of Bud's assurance, she wasn't at all sure that she would like Steve Booker or that he was even okay. Maybe she was tackling this problem at the wrong end. Well, it was too late to do anything about the hike now. She'd go on with what she had started. She took a glass of milk and a cookie and went on her way.

She met her first defeat almost at once. Mrs. Rossiter, a thin, nervous woman, fidgeted about and finally come out and said that she didn't care to brush up against Jim Booker. He had too much influence in town.

"But surely his influence couldn't affect you in any way, could it?" Eloise insisted.

"You don't ever know," replied Mrs. Rossiter darkly. "You know what he did to Frank Bitters?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't. What did he do?"

"He got that road building contract away from him and gave it to the Ashworth Company, and everyone says it's a terrible job. It will have to be done over again inside of five years. Everyone knows there was a lot of graft somewheres. I'd like to help you, but with my oper-

ations and all, I just don't dare take any chances with Anton's job."

"Never mind," said Eloise brightly. "Perhaps you have helped me more than you think."

SHE spent another couple of hours trying to persuade someone to take the petitions around and ended up by doing two blocks herself. There were some women who wouldn't sign, but she had a majority of the names in the district and figured she had enough ammunition to meet Jim Booker again. She intended to give him a chance to change his plans voluntarily before she went on to the City Commission.

When she climbed the stairs to his office the next afternoon it was with considerable less trepidation than she had felt the first time. Armed with nearly four hundred names, she believed that she should be able to make quite a serious impression. Jim Booker was in the outer office and let her in himself.

Smiling as if they shared a huge joke, he said, "Maybe you brought a petition here for me to sign?"

Eloise flushed—a bit taken back to discover that he knew all about her venture—but she recovered her composure immediately and replied, "No, that wasn't exactly what I had in mind. I just wanted to let you know that the petitions are all signed and ready to go in and to ask if you wouldn't like to change your mind."

"No—I don't think so," he said slowly, leaning back in his swivel desk chair. "But since you are so considerate as to give me a chance I'll do the same for you."



Eloise could only look mystified until he went on. "You can tear them up and we'll say no more about the matter."

"And why should I?" she bridled.

"Your husband is the county assessor, is he not?"

"Yes, he is."

"And you would like him to keep on being the county assessor, I suppose? It is a good job."

She drew a sharp breath and set her lips firmly. So this was it. He was threatening David's job. And this was why David had looked so serious the other night when she had announced that she was beginning warfare. Yes, the job meant a lot, but it didn't mean everything.

She stood up. A half-forgotten thought flashed into her mind, something that Mrs. Rossiter had said about the Ashworth job. Maybe it wouldn't mean much, but it wouldn't hurt to try.

"I understand your threat, Mr. Booker," she said evenly, "but my husband will agree with me that our boys are much more important than any job. And while we are talking about jobs I might mention the Ashworth road contract. It seems that there was a lot that went on there that wasn't completely understood. Everyone else has been afraid to mention it, but I have nothing to lose, so I might as well start talking about it."

This time it was his turn to squirm. Not very much, it was true, but enough to let Eloise know she had hit a vulnerable spot. He walked over to the water cooler, poured himself a drink and said slowly, "You have courage, but it will take

more than that to lick Jim Booker."

"Perhaps," she agreed. Then as she turned to go, "I'll hold these until Monday, in case you change your mind."

As she walked down the stairs she said to herself, "I'm not sure who won that round, but I think there's a chance that I did."

DAVY was waiting for her on the front steps, his face beaming. "Hi, Mom!" he cried. "I've got good news for you."

"Thanks," she smiled. "This must be my lucky day. What is it?"

"Ralph's dad is letting us have his cabin on the lake for three days. We'll need a whole carload of food."

"That's wonderful news," she agreed. "Almost the best I've had today. There's nothing I'd rather do than fix up a carload of food for—how many of you are going?"

"Six, but the other guys will bring their own. You just provide for the Reynolds."

"That simplifies matters a lot." She was about to go up the steps but paused to ask, "Who else is going?"

"Ralph—of course. Gene Welch, Bob Towler—and Steve," he added the last after a slight hesitation.

Eloise sat down beside him. "Do you really think that Jim Booker's son is quite the type that you boys ought to choose for a companion?" she asked seriously. "His father is—well, he doesn't have the most savory reputation in town."

"I know," answered Davy, "but Steve's all right. Honest, Mom. We wouldn't take him if he wasn't.

He hasn't had many breaks. Some of the moms are like you—er, I mean, they don't want Steve around. He'll be a swell kid if he just gets a chance. What do you say?"

Eloise looked for a moment into the earnest blue eyes, pleading for a chance for his friend. "I say it's all right, Son," she smiled. "I'll go in and start on your carload of food."

It was just after the boys had left the next morning that a floral delivery truck drove up, and the boy brought in a huge white oblong box.

I wonder if I've forgotten my own birthday in all this excitement, she thought, tearing off the ribbon.

Inside were two dozen enormous red roses and a note which read:

Dear Mrs. Reynolds: I just learned that my boy is going with yours on a little trip. I like good things for my boy, too. Downtown will be a better place for The Blue Peacock.

Yours respectfully,  
Jim Booker.

She was still looking at the note, slightly dazed, when David came into the room. "Whew!" he whistled, catching sight of the roses. "Are you going to Europe or getting married or something?"

"Not exactly," smiled Eloise. "This," she went on, picking up the roses, "is a peace offering from an Indian."

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## *Stemming the Tide of Poliomyelitis*

Information Furnished by the National Foundation for  
Infantile Paralysis

**F**OR the fourth time in as many years, the swelling tide of polio engulfed the nation in 1951. Like a flooding river, bursting through barriers and plunging across the countryside, the uncontrollable force of polio epidemics descended upon American homes, bringing hardship and tragedy to the families of some 28,500 victims. . . .

But wherever polio struck—on the plantation, in the mining town, on the reservation, or in the nation's teeming centers of population—the means of resisting its onslaught were close at hand—through the March of Dimes.

Blanketing the nation, almost 3,000 chapters of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis were ready and waiting with practical assistance for the stricken, ready with MARCH OF DIMES funds to meet the needs of a single patient or the obligation of a full scale epidemic . . . .

When funds for patient care were exhausted, the burden of payment was not thrown back upon helpless patients. The debt was assumed by your National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, to be paid from funds raised in 1952. . . .Thousands of today's patients will be on chapter rolls during 1952 and in years thereafter, a crushing burden upon communities unless MARCH OF DIMES aid is close at hand. . . .

New epidemics must be faced. The nation must meet that problem realistically and raise enough money to fight the disease on a larger scale. . . . Help your community. Join the MARCH OF DIMES.

# Uncertain Possession

## CHAPTER 1

*Beatrice R. Parsons*

THE car crossing the Nevada desert was small and dark in the great waste of gray sand. It clung to the highway like a huge bug. A Utah license hung at the back of the car, and on the front was a physician's caduceus. Dr. Matthew Wire and his bride of a month were alone in the car.

Lorna was extremely happy. She kept thinking: Just Matt and myself! That's the way I always want it to be. Lorna Ashton Wire and her husband Dr. Matthew Wire. She moved a little closer to her husband's side and put her hand on his arm in an odd, possessive little gesture.

Matt's eyes caressed her as he looked down at her hand. "What is it, Lorna? What's troubling you?"

How could she tell him? How could she explain her small fears and worries? How could she make him understand that she was afraid of his home town, Westfield, Nevada, of the whole of Sky Valley?

Lorna's fears were foolish fears—fears Matt would laugh at! She found herself afraid of what she imagined about the big, old stone house Matt had described, of elderly Nurse Hallie who had taken care of Matt as a child, of Matt's Uncle John—Dr. John Wire, who was ill with arthritis and had written asking Matt to take over his practice until he was well again.

These things and others frightened Lorna. She was worried about

Matt's old friends. The girls he might have married if he had stayed in Westfield. Matt had mentioned Anne Clayton, Jeane Beatty, and Margaret Rogers. Margaret was not well, as the result of an attack of rheumatic fever when a child.

Matt had been so eager to see his old friends again. They had all grown up together, had gone to school picnics, parties, and dances. They had been such close friends, had shared so many things. Lorna couldn't help being a little jealous when she remembered that she had not shared in the fun and happiness.

She had watched Matt's face light up when he had read his uncle's letter. Matt had just finished his internship at General Hospital. Now that they were married he was looking around for a place to start his own practice. He had been offered an office in the almost completed Doctors' Center. As soon as the building was finished, just a matter of a few weeks, he could move in. Matt was making his plans when his uncle's letter arrived. He had read it eagerly, and Lorna knew then that it interested him.

"I must confess, darling," he said when he had finished, "that I'm interested. I've always wanted to take you to Westfield, introduce you to all my friends. Let them see what a beautiful bride I chose for myself." His eyes looked into

distances which she could not follow, and he added wistfully: "Uncle John was so good to me after Dad died. He helped me finish my education. Now I can repay him a little."

Remembering Matt's words, Lorna stirred restlessly at his side and found that he was still waiting for her answer. She sighed deeply, looking at the sand, the mirage of water ahead of their wheels.

"I'm glad we're not going to be there long. Just long enough to see your uncle recovered, back in practice. We'll sell the old house. . . ."

"Sell it?" Matt's tone was sharp. "I've never meant to sell it, Lorna. Why, it's been in the family for generations. My great-grandfather started to build the house with the stones he dug from his land. He drove his bride into Nevada in a covered wagon to bring a doctor's skill to the six families in Sky Valley."

"We won't need it," she said reasonably, "after we're through in Westfield. It would just be a burden, something to worry you when you're settled in your new office."

**S**HE saw that Matt wasn't exactly convinced. So she hurried on, painting a pleasant picture of the new office, the small apartment which they meant to furnish until Matt made a lot of money so that they could buy a house.

"It's a chance in a million, Matt," she urged. "You've always dreamed of an office like that. Things will be easy for you. Office hours from ten until five. No calls in the mid-

dle of the night. A great hospital close by."

She didn't want Matt to be just another country doctor like his father before him, or like Uncle John, who was a combination obstetrician, pediatrician, and all-around psychiatrist, overworked, underpaid.

At Doctors' Center, Matt would be a part of a group of important doctors who were going places, earning prestige, meeting wealthy patients. He'd make money. He'd be more successful than his father, or his grandfather.

She gave him a warm smile. "A man must be ambitious, Matt. He must have a sense of accomplishment. In Westfield you'd have practically no time to call your own. . . ."

She broke off, surprised to discover that Matt wasn't listening. His attention had focused on a huge, gray hawk which seemed pinned against the blue of the sky some distance in front of their car. When it was buffeted by the wind, it moved easily, yet with grim determination.

"That's the way a man should be, Lorna. Free, strong, with nothing to keep him from doing what he wants to do. . . ."

"Matt!"

Her cry, interrupting his voice, was so piercing, that it was as though it had carried into the sky. As though it had heard, the hawk swept into wide circles and disappeared among the gray hills.

Matt's eyes swept to Lorna's pale face, and he spoke thoughtfully.

"It was almost as though you willed him to leave, Lorna."

She had willed it. She had hat-

ed the bird's intrusion into their close little twosome. It had frightened her to see the way Matt had withdrawn from her. She was afraid that would be the way he would withdraw after they got to Westfield. There would be so many things to keep them apart. Memories, people, old friends.

Lorna hadn't minded the idea of Doctor's Center. It was huge, impersonal. The people who sought Matt out wouldn't be people he had known all his life. They wouldn't be able to shut her out the way the people in Westfield would.

It was almost terrifying to love someone the way Lorna loved Matt. She had been very lonely until he came. Ever since her parents had died when she was a little girl, she had been lonely.

**S**HE had lived with her cousin, Emily Ashton, her father's cousin, really, an elderly woman who ran a boarding house in one of the city's cluttered streets. Cousin Em had had little time to shower Lorna with love and affection.

Lorna had always longed to belong to someone, to have someone, something that belonged only to her.

One Christmas when she was seven, a neighbor had given her a pair of small, china kittens. They were a symbol of ownership. She clung to them desperately, loving them, keeping them all for herself. No one else ever shared them. They were her most cherished possessions!

She thought of her kittens now as she watched Matt drive off the highway and turn into a rougher

road that seemed to lift itself up into the gray hills. She had packed them in the corner of her suitcase. She hadn't ever shown them to Matt, nor told him about them. It was always as though someone might take them away from her.

Now, as Matt stopped the car and pointed to a weathered road-sign, she felt her worries and fears overwhelming her. If only she could tuck Matt into the corner of her suitcase, keep him for her very own. But he was waiting, expectantly, for her to read the sign. Her voice shook a little.

"WESTFIELD, NEVADA . . . TWO MILES . . . POPULATION 2,000"

"Two-thousand-two," corrected Matt smilingly, "if the Honson twins have arrived!"

Lorna tried to match his gaiety. "Oh, they wouldn't, Matt, not without you!" Suddenly she wanted to be with Matt when the twins were born. She looked at him eagerly: "Let me go to the farm . . ."

He was already shaking his head. He spoke casually: "Hallie will be there, darling."

Lorna felt chilled. It was beginning already—this terrible thing which she feared! A stretching, aching silence filled the car. After a while Matt began talking again.

"You'll like everything, Lorna. The three houses—ours, Uncle John's, and Hallie's—are side by side. When Dad and Uncle John set up their practice they used one of the rooms in the big house. But just before Dad died, they built the new offices, one each, and a lab for Hallie. It's on the corner, right next door to the house."

Lorna wrinkled her brows, try-

ing to make a mental picture of what Matt was saying. She waited until he went on.

"Westfield doesn't have a hospital. It was Dad's dream that someday someone would build one. Jim Nason is the only man with money in Westfield. But he's old—almost eighty-five—and a penny-pincher if there ever was one. He's the only likely donor in Sky Valley. But he dislikes everything and everybody. He's threatened to leave all his money to build a statue of himself in the middle of the valley."

Lorna had to laugh. "He sounds impossible, Matt."

**M**ATT grinned. "He is impossible, Lorna. Once when I came home from medical school he met me on the street. He waved an indignant finger under my nose and shouted: 'So you're goin' to be a doctor, be ye? Well, let me tell you one thing. You're nothin' but a young whippersnapper. I recall when you swiped apples off my trees. Don't think I'll call you in if I git sick—which I ain't plannin' to do!' And off he tramped, up the street, enjoying his own bad temper."

Matt shook his head dubiously: "I hate to think of all that money tied up in a super-duper statue when it could do so much good." He broke off, adding: "I was telling you about the arrangements. I'm to have Dad's office. Uncle John can't be very active for a while. But he'll be there, handing out good advice, telling me things I need to know. Hallie guards the

lab like an elderly dragon. She may frighten you with her stiffly starched uniform, her unbending curtness. But don't be fooled, darling. Hallie is swell! Kind, thoughtful, a wonderful nurse. Why, beside the biologicals in one refrigerator, she keeps popsicles for the kids! But woe be to anyone who opens her refrigerator, or faints at the sight of blood!"

He laughed, but Lorna trembled. "Oh, Matt, I'm sure to disgrace myself!"

He patted her hand reassuringly as he guided the car through the rising hills. Lorna saw scrub oak, sage, and yucca clinging to the sand with obstinate roots. Matt went on talking.

"We'll all work together, Lorna. Hallie and I will go on calls. Uncle John will do what he's able. The entire set-up is connected by telephone."

And by a hundred other things, thought Lorna glumly. Theirs was a triumvirate of healing that would be closed against her, just as the gray hills were closing about their car.

The road twisted, turned, then came suddenly upon a spreading valley. Lorna could scarcely believe her eyes. It was green and lush, with a checkerboard of farms and ranches, and a blue lake, and a tumbling river. Their wheels spun across the bridge, past small, brown farmhouses, then into a parade-like row of straight-limbed poplars that led the march into the heart of the town. The old stone and lumber buildings flaunted modern neon signs. Lorna read them curiously.



HARDWARE . . . FURNITURE . . .  
 BEAUTY SALON . . . GROCERIES . . .  
 FROCKS.

Lorna dimpled, and her gray eyes widened with anticipation as she shook her softly curling, gold-bronze hair from her flushed cheeks.

"Matt, I'm glad I packed my prettiest party dress! The pale blue one which you like so well." It had small, puffed sleeves, a slim bodice, and a wide, swirling net skirt. She had promised herself that she would never wear it for anyone but Matt. "We'll go dancing over there by the lake. I'll wear it some night when the moon is a big, silver plate over the edge of the hills. We'll be in each other's arms. I'll have you all to myself."

She cuddled close to him, and he looked down at her to give her a one-sided, teasing little grin.

"More likely you'll wear a cotton square-dance dress at a barbecue!"

"Oh, Matt!" she protested, then saw that they had left the edge of

the town and were turning into a wide cottonwood-shaded street lined with very old, yet well-preserved, houses built of brick, lumber, and stone. At the end, three houses and a square office building formed a triangle set among green lawns and flower gardens. Matt's face was shining happily.

"We're home, darling," he cried, and though his voice was low, it pulsed with excitement. "Uncle John and Hallie are waiting for us. We're home at last!"

Something in the way he said it made Lorna cold. She lifted her bright head in a defiant little gesture and spoke carefully.

"Well, we're here, Matt. We're here at last."

She had rejected Matt's use of the word, home! They were here for a little while. Until Uncle John was better. But as soon as they could they'd be going back. Back to the big, white, clean-smelling office building in Doctors' Center!

(To be continued)

\* \* \* \*

## *Deep Winter*

Bernice T. Clayton

The sunrise broke this morning on a bright and glistening world,  
 As over towering mountain peaks its molten colors hurled  
 Into this peaceful valley, which still slumbered here below,  
 In heavy winter blanketings and comforters of snow.  
 The sight of so much glory in the flaming morning skies  
 Caught at my heart that heaven should be glimpsed by mortal eyes.  
 The freezing air tore at my clothes with penetrating cold,  
 And on the counterpane of snow were footprints fresh and old,  
 Where hunger-driven wild-life folks, insensible to harm,  
 Had come to share the bounty and the shelter of our farm.  
 Footprints of timid hare and quail, and on our snow-filled lawn,  
 Were pheasants, while our young calf shared his breakfast with a fawn.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, January 1 and January 15, 1892

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

**THE DAYS OF KIRTLAND:** In the early days of the Church in Kirtland the Latter-day Saints were generally very zealous in good works, and very united; they were as humble as little children, and loved one another with that peculiar love that the Gospel always creates, inspires and fosters; and they were desirous of being united, and on an equality one with another, so that no feeling of disunion should arise on account of position or circumstance. Do the Latter-day Saints in this day need to be reminded that they are all of one great family, and that the Lord is not a respecter of persons, because of wealth or station; but the humble and meek ones though poor and in straitened circumstances are as near to Him as the rich, and popular, and the learned, who are wise in the things of the world. Wealth brings with it greater responsibility, for we understand men and women are only stewards over these things in this world for the good of humanity, therefore the wise steward remembers to put his wealth to good usury, that he may render a good account to the Great Master when he shall appear before Him.—Selected

### THE NEW ERA

Oh! hush the throbbings of the pent up heart!  
Why will the tears of long-gone sorrow start?  
Banish the griefs—put miseries aside—  
Let joy replete in merry measure glide—  
Yet, pause! methinks I hear the people say,  
Another era has begun today.

—E. B. W.

**WOMAN'S OPINION:** I would that all good women might receive the benefit of the sublime teachings of the martyred Prophet Joseph in regard to woman whose friend he was and whose sayings I often recognize emanating from the pen of writers who have unwittingly adopted some of his views.—M. A. P. H.

**DECEMBER 23, 1891:** This day is the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith, who was faithful to the last. Through the inspiration of God he organized the Relief Society on the 17th day of March 1842, in Nauvoo, Illinois, of which I had the honor of being a member, and a few yet remain to testify to his words. The Prophet said, "we did not conceive the greatness of the work we were laying the foundation of."—Zina D. H. Young

### FOR THOSE WE LOVE

For those we love we work and live,  
To us their lives are Heaven's choicest gift  
That makes us e'en forget ourselves,  
And from our selfish aims our feelings lift.

—E. R. S.

**SINGING MOTHERS:** Ah, what does the world owe to the mothers, the patient, loving, song-singing mothers? Who can tell? How many lives have been turned, changed completely by the encouraging smile of the mother, or the song, coming full of love and gladness to win her child back to the path of righteousness.

—Bertha Packard Englet



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**W**ITH woman power activating both good and evil throughout the nations, it is most urgent that American women rise fully to their obligations and opportunities. American women are being accused of marked negligence in recent voting. It is the obligation of all women citizens to exercise the franchise which women struggled so many years to attain. If women keep thoroughly informed on events between elections, they will be able to vote intelligently and be a great force in combating evils.

**M**ISS Utah for 1952 is Marilyn (Bunny) Reese, a senior in Box Elder High School, and vice-president of the student body. The seventeen-year-old girl won the talent contest with a dramatic reading.

**A**MONG the contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*, whose poems have been accepted for publication in the leading national women's magazines during the past year are: Christie Lund Coles, Margery S. Stewart, Katherine Fernelius Larsen, Berta Huish Christensen, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, Lael W. Hill, and Vesta P. Crawford. The magazines in which these Latter-day Saint women have been represented include: *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Farm Journal*, *Household Magazine*, and others.

**P**RINCESS ELIZABETH, by her graciousness and consideration for others, won many enthusiastic admirers during her brief visit in Canada and America with her handsome consort, the Duke of Edinburgh.

**T**HE president of an American music publishing company—one of the largest in the world—has asked Florence Jepperson Madsen, member of the Relief Society general Board, to submit some of her compositions to be added to his catalogue. His letter stated that in his thirty-five years as president, this is the first time he has ever personally solicited material. Mrs. Madsen has specialized in composing anthems for mixed voices, and songs and anthems for ladies' two, three, and four-part voices. Eleven of her compositions have been published by national firms of high standing, two by the Relief Society, and one by the Mutual Improvement Association. "If Ye Love Me Keep My Commandments," so beautifully sung by the Singing Mothers under Sister Madsen's baton, is her latest composition.

**M**ISS CAROL OHMART, Miss Utah for 1946, is now a national television and radio actress. She has appeared in "Henry Aldrich," "Theater Guild of the Air," and NBC's "Bonnie Maid" show.



## *"We Seek After These Things"*

If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things (13th Article of Faith).

**A** GAIN this year in the month of January, *The Relief Society Magazine* is enriched and made more valuable by the three prize-winning poems of the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the first prize story in the Relief Society Short Story Contest. Since the beginning of the poem contest in 1924, when Sarah Ahlstrom Nelson wrote her lovely poem "The Dreamer," Latter-day Saint women have gleaned from the scenes of earth, from their own lives, and from the lives of others, the precious events and the significant thoughts which they have clothed with words of enduring beauty to share with others through the pages of the *Magazine*. The story contest, inaugurated in 1942, the Relief Society centennial year, has revealed much talent and has given an opportunity for Latter-day Saint women to develop their narrative gifts in writing stories of enduring worth.

Over the years, these poems and stories have become an expression of that high endeavor and that continuing search for the artistic and the beautiful which has characterized Latter-day Saint women since the days of Kirtland and Nauvoo.

We know that every spirit blessed with the opportunity of earth life comes into mortality with the power to reach out and grow illimitably.

It is as the poet Wordsworth has said:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home . . . .

Individualistic in their nature, influenced to an unknown degree by that marvelous and mysterious stream of heredity, and tinted and toned by the earth environment—our gifts and our talents have been bestowed upon us for developing and sharing. Little do we know the extent of our capabilities until we have explored at least some of the fair, unlimited fields of art and their expression which are so near to our doors. And we may never realize the extent of the influence which one poem or one song or one painting may have upon our associates in this day and upon others in the years to come.

When Eliza R. Snow wrote the heartfelt words of "O My Father" for the saints, perhaps she could not foresee that future generations would sing those words again and again, and with each singing the gospel would become more precious—that many hearts would be lifted to a realization of the eternal verities through the words—"Truth is reas-

on, truth eternal tells me I've a mother there."

And our own Florence J. Madson, a member of the Relief Society general board, has given us, among her many compositions, a magnificent anthem which shall be for our daughters and their daughters in the years to come—"If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments."

Alice Merrill Horne, who expressed in all phases of her life, her lofty ideals of artistic values has given voice to the responsibilities of all who would enrich the world by developing their talents:

The insight to recognize the capabilities of those among whom one moves, marks the degree of greatness in leadership. . . . The true leader feels a double joy in the knowledge that his comrades grow with him by using their gifts . . . but each soul has a higher duty: to discover his own infinity.

Many of us will never write an enduring anthem or an immortal poem or story or paint a picture that will retain its luster through the ages, but we can develop our own gifts until they become as polished lamps, and though the light may not be reflected afar, it will shine in our homes, and our chil-

dren will learn to appreciate the beautiful and the artistic and to discriminate between the authentic and the shoddy, and they will be able to evaluate the achievements which add insight and interpretation to their view of the world and its people—they will understand the longing and the seeking for the virtuous and the lovely which characterize the sons and daughters of God.

There are many names which may not be written in the high places, but each week and each year the women who use their artistic gifts for service in the Church are making life more lovely and more worthwhile for thousands of Church members. Many organists and choristers, and many singers of solos, the members of our choirs and our Singing Mothers are giving great richness to other lives and at the same time enriching their own.

Let us discover our gifts, let us learn how to use them for our own growth and for sharing with others—that precious talents may not be lost, but may be remembered and become a lasting joy to ourselves and others.

—V. P. C.

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## *It Is Winter*

Grace M. Candland

Now is the season of winter,  
And snow covers valley and hill;  
The earth is a cloak of rare ermine  
And the icebound streamlet is still.

Look at the blue of the heavens,  
Close studded with glittering light  
From the stars and the soft moonbeams  
Pouring down to the quiet night.

Take note of the evergreen bushes  
Encased in a prison of glass,  
Bunches of bright yellow berries  
Hung under the branches en masse.

Winter is past all comparing,  
In beauty and charm so complete,  
From the dipper beaming above  
To the crunchy flakes at our feet.

# Notes TO THE FIELD

## *Bound Volumes of 1951 Relief Society Magazines*

RELIEF Society officers and members who wish to have their 1951 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 1951 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

## *Award Subscriptions Presented in April*

THE award subscriptions presented to the *Magazine* representatives who secure 75 per cent or more of their Relief Society members as subscribers to the *Magazine* will not be awarded until after the stake *Magazine* representatives' annual reports have been audited. Cards notifying ward and stake representatives of these subscriptions for 1951 will be mailed to them about April 1, 1952.

It is very important that these cards be returned to the *Magazine* office as soon as possible after being received.

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### *January*

Grace Barker Wilson

The wind hangs frozen in the air,  
And zero hour is everywhere.  
Stiff breath balloons from icy lips,  
The street is thick with diamond chips.  
A single bird dares to alight  
As trees stand rigid, boughs upright.  
All nature at attention stands,  
Responsive to the cold's commands.  
Spring is the only adversary  
Can break the hold of January.

### *Chord of Knowing*

C. Cameron Johns

Brief is the chord of knowing,  
A moment from a symphony  
Imprisoned in the heart.  
Shadows of silence  
Are held at bay  
While unseen hands release  
The notes to singing;  
Suddenly all fears  
Are centered in flame  
And lost in the afterglow.



# A Strange Christmas Eve

*Jeanette McKay Morrell*

**G**WENDOLYN Mack had never seen an Indian until she moved West with her husband and two children and settled on the large, lonely ranch in Wyoming. The property was left to her husband, Bill Mack, by an uncle for whom he was named. Neither one of them knew anything about ranch life, but they were young and unafraid.

From earliest childhood Gwen had visited the home of her grandparents in eastern Pennsylvania, and the tales of Indian uprisings in Colonial days were vivid in her memory. What she learned in history classes later had not succeeded in effacing the picture painted by her grandfather's early tales.

When they arrived in Wyoming they found a substantially built cabin, with a barn, chicken houses, and pigsty, and a small clearing for a vegetable garden, in the valley about twenty miles from the nearest town. The sheep ranch proper was fifteen miles in the opposite direction and could be reached only by a winding mountain road not yet widened for safe auto travel. An Indian Reservation was beyond the ranch, but Gwen learned that the Indians seldom came through the little valley.

Because Bill was necessarily away from home a great deal of the time, attending to supplies for his men, shipping, supervising the shearing, and moving camp, he had arranged for Abe Hunt, one of his uncle's oldest and most faithful men to re-

main at the house so Gwen and the children would never be alone. He cared for the cow, pigs, and chickens, and carefully tended Gwen's spirited mare and the children's pin-to ponies, which their owners rode very often to visit their dear friends and nearest neighbors, the Alders, who lived four miles down the highway toward the town.

Their first winter had been very mild, and Gwen and the twins enjoyed it thoroughly. There was scarcely a day when they could not ride out in comfort, and she wondered if all the stories she had heard about skis and snowshoes and roads blocked with slides had been merely inventions of some imaginative brains. This present winter had been the same, and the beautiful sunshiny days lasted until two days before Christmas.

Then everything happened at once. Bill had taken the car into town for supplies and Christmas presents and expected to return early the day before Christmas. But a sudden heavy snowstorm had come from the north and the men came rushing over for the three extra horses to help get the sheep down to the winter range, leaving Gwen and the children with no means of transportation.

**A**S the day wore on and Bill did not return, Gwen called Abe in and confided her fears to him, when the children were busy in their rooms.

"I am sure something has hap-

pened or Mr. Mack would have been here this morning. What do you think we had better do?"

Abe answered in his slow way, "There is an old pair of snowshoes down at the barn. In them I could make my way down the road a ways, but I doubt if I could get to Alder's place and back tonight."

Gwen shuddered, realizing what it would mean to be left alone on a night like this, but her concern for Bill outweighed her own fear, and she said, "I think you had better go and let the Alders know even if you have to stay there all night."

She watched Abe start out on his snowshoes and realized the difficulties he would encounter going through the soft, new snow. When he was out of sight she called the children in, and as they sat before the open fire in the living-dining room, she said, "With all this snow, I'm just afraid Santa Claus will not be able to get through this storm to find us tonight. You see, Daddy has been held up because of it."

Bill Junior said nonchalantly, "Oh Mommy, that's silly. Why Santa Claus comes from the North Pole, and his reindeer wouldn't even notice this much snow."

And Susan added, "He knows where we live, because he found us last year, so I'm sure he'll be here tonight."

There was no use arguing against such childish confidence, so she commenced wondering what she could do if Bill did not appear with the Christmas things. She had a few oranges, and she had made cookies this morning, but that was as far as she could go. During the past month, Bill had been too busy

to go to town, so their supplies had become pretty low and she had depended upon his bringing everything the children had asked for, including the candy and nuts for the stockings, so the outlook was pretty dark.

As she was about to prepare their supper, she heard a car chugging through the snow, coming up the driveway, and the children commenced dancing and shouting, "It's Daddy, and he's home for Christmas!"

But it was not their daddy, for Abe appeared at the door, explaining, "I met Beaver Charley and his wife coming up in their truck and they said there had been a slide in the canyon which they just missed, but that no one can come through until that is cleared away."

Gwen's heart sank. "But, Abe, what can we do? And who is this Beaver Charley?"

Abe replied: "He's a good fellow who helps us out on the ranch sometimes. He says he'll drive back, and we can dig from this side while others will surely be digging from the other side, and maybe by morning, we can get through."

Still shocked by the news Abe had brought, Gwen lifted her head and said quickly, "Then get your shovels and hurry back before any more of the road is blocked."

Abe went to the barn to get the shovels and returned to the door again. "Charley thinks his wife had better stay here with you until he gets back."

That was heartening; at least she would not be alone with the children. So she said, "That will be fine; have her come in."

Until the woman entered the door, it had not occurred to Gwen that Beaver Charley and his wife were Indians. When she saw the dark woman standing there, wrapped in her bulging, bright-colored blanket and carrying a sack, her first impulse was to turn and run, but she controlled herself and stood with her knees knocking together beyond her control. At last, she stepped aside and asked her guest to enter.

**T**HE Indian must have sensed Gwen's fright, because she sidled into the room and sat on the edge of a chair near the fire, and just as the young hostess had decided her fears were groundless and she must speak to this stranger, Abe rushed in with a gun and handed it to the sitting figure by the fire. Before Gwen could remonstrate, he was gone, and she heard the grind of gears as the old truck sped through the snow. This was the last straw—an Indian in the house was bad enough, but an Indian with a gun was more than she could stand. Mrs. Beaver Charley rose and placed the gun in the corner of the room, then quietly oozed back to her seat.

Gwen was still half dazed when her daughter returned her to her duties. "Mommy, aren't we going to have any supper? I'm hungry," and Bill echoed, "I'm starving."

Every time the children spoke, the Indian woman looked at them and smiled. Aside from that, she might have been a bronze statue, seated near the fire with her blanket draped over the chair where it had fallen from her shoulders.

Gwen had felt all the color drain from her face when she first saw the stranger, and she thought now, with my blonde hair, I must look like an albino. I must get hold of myself for the children's sake. They must not be frightened. So she bustled about preparing the evening meal, hoping they would notice nothing. As they were about to sit down, she asked their guest to join them, but the invitation was met by the merest shake of the head.

Susan was asked to say grace, and as she finished the blessing on the food she added, "And please help Santa Claus to get through the snow tonight."

Gwen's heart sank because she knew that even with the help of Abe and the Indian, Bill could not possibly reach home until tomorrow some time, and that would be too late to fill the stockings. Later the children hung up their stockings and asked Gwen to prepare the usual plate of cookies and glass of milk for Santa Claus, all with their usual enthusiasm, and she felt guilty because she was helpless to dispel the fear and gloom that engulfed her.

After they had gone to bed, she asked the stolid guest if she would take her bed while she watched for the return of their men, but she was greeted again by silence and a head shake. She had no idea whether or not she was understood and ignored, or whether this woman of another race could not understand her at all. She laid a large log on the fire to keep the room warm, and nodding her good night, went to her own room.

(Continued on page 67)

# Replica of Yesteryear

Cecil G. Pugmire

“**D**EAR God, please don’t let him see me cry,” silently prayed Alice, amid the clamor of puffing trains and shouting people. The bustle within the station and the buoyancy of the youthful crowd stirred no excitement within her being, rather her heart hung as a heavy anchor within her breast.

The green lantern flashed at the end of the train and “All Aboard” echoed down the corridors of the track. Ray’s friends, one by one, dropped from the hissing train. Ray’s arm swooped in an arc of farewell as he shouted across the bedlam, “So long, fellows, see you when the war’s won!”

Like a never-slumbering refrain, the words rang in Alice’s ears—the same words of Jim a year ago. Replica of yesteryear, thought Alice. Now it’s my baby. Dear God, he must not see me cry.

“Well, Mom and Pop, this is it!” Boyishly he took his father’s hand and his free arm crept around his mother’s waist. “Don’t worry, I’ll be all right.”

Alice vainly tried to think of something witty to ease the moment of tension. Her mind was dead until she caught Ray’s kiddish grin as his white teeth flashed in the sun-browned face. Automatically, probably from long habit, she said, “Don’t forget to brush your teeth.”

“When I’m an old man with gummers, you will still tell me that, Mom.” Momentarily the tense moment was broken, and the

three of them burst into laughter.

The train hissed impatiently and gave a lurch that fairly bumped Alice and Alex from the train platform. With the ease of a young animal, Ray jumped from the platform, reached up a helping hand to his mother and helped her down. He gave Alice a quick kiss, grasped his father’s hand, swung himself onto the moving steps and shouted something which sounded like, “It will be all right this time.” Those hastily shouted words made Alice realize that Ray, too, had never ceased grieving for Jim.

Korea! I hate the word, thought Alice. As if one son is not enough.

Her hatred had no particular bearing against country or people. It was the word she hated. The word stabbed as a knife. It left a hopeless, aching pain. There was no relief from this pain. “Lost over Korea” the message had read.

Alex gripped Alice’s arm. Together they watched the train become a diminishing object, leaving only a cloud of smoke rising toward the sky. Seconds passed. As the train and earth became one, they slowly turned and silently walked toward the car. Once Alex slyly raised his bifocals and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, almost as if the use of his handkerchief might call too much attention to the act.

Inside the car, Alice gave way to the tears she had struggled so long not to shed.

“Now, now, Mother,” comforted Alex. Patting her shoulder, he

pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, and put the handkerchief into Alice's hand.

**T**HE weeks slowly passed, brightened only by Ray's letters. In his boyish, scrawly handwriting he told about camp, new scenes, and new companions. Alice feverishly read each letter. After satisfying herself of there being no mention of "going over," she then slowly read and digested each detail of the missives.

The cheerfulness and gaiety of Ray's letters seemed to push her fears into the background. When apprehension seemed to be lulled into an almost forgotten memory, then came word that he was "moving over."

Alice tried to overcome the feeling of oppression that engulfed her. She knew that Alex suffered beneath his seeming cheerfulness. For this reason she went out of her way to be gay herself, but she was always left with the feeling that she had not played her part successfully.

She ran across the street a little more often to see Mary Hanks and her invalid husband. She made it a point always to take a cake, a pitcher of cool juices, or something to brighten their day. But she usually came away with the feeling that she had not really eased their burden and she still had the weight of sorrow in her heart.

In her struggle to analyze this feeling and fight against it she remembered her grandmother saying that those who seemed happiest very often had the greatest sorrow to bear.

The days crawled by on tortoise legs and slowly turned into months, broken only by one letter from Ray. This letter was somewhat cryptic, carrying no details nor hint of boyish gaiety, but said he was well and that he thought of them often. It was hard to read between the lines.

Christmas season came and the town was dressed in festive array of pine and holly, sprinkled generously with a robe of white velvet.

As Alice walked through the town on an errand she thought that each house told its story. The homes where someone was away were decorated very meagerly—maybe a tiny tree could be glimpsed behind the curtain—sometimes a simple candle gleamed in the window. At these homes it seemed the hand of lavishness had been stayed as if too much display might be a mark of disloyalty to some loved one far away. On the other hand, not having felt the emptiness of a loved one's absence, the fortunate homes were bedecked with gaily adorned trees, bright-tinseled windows, and red-wreathed doors.

**A**LLEX had always brought home the Christmas tree. Even last year, although Jim was away, he had carted a tree home from the corner stand.

Christmas will be the hardest of all, thought Alice. She would be able to carry the tree decorating off with a show of enjoyment, if it just were not for the part about the candles. The candles worried Alice most of all. She remembered last year, and how Ray had cleared

(Continued on page 68)

*An Easy Dress  
to Make  
for Daughter*

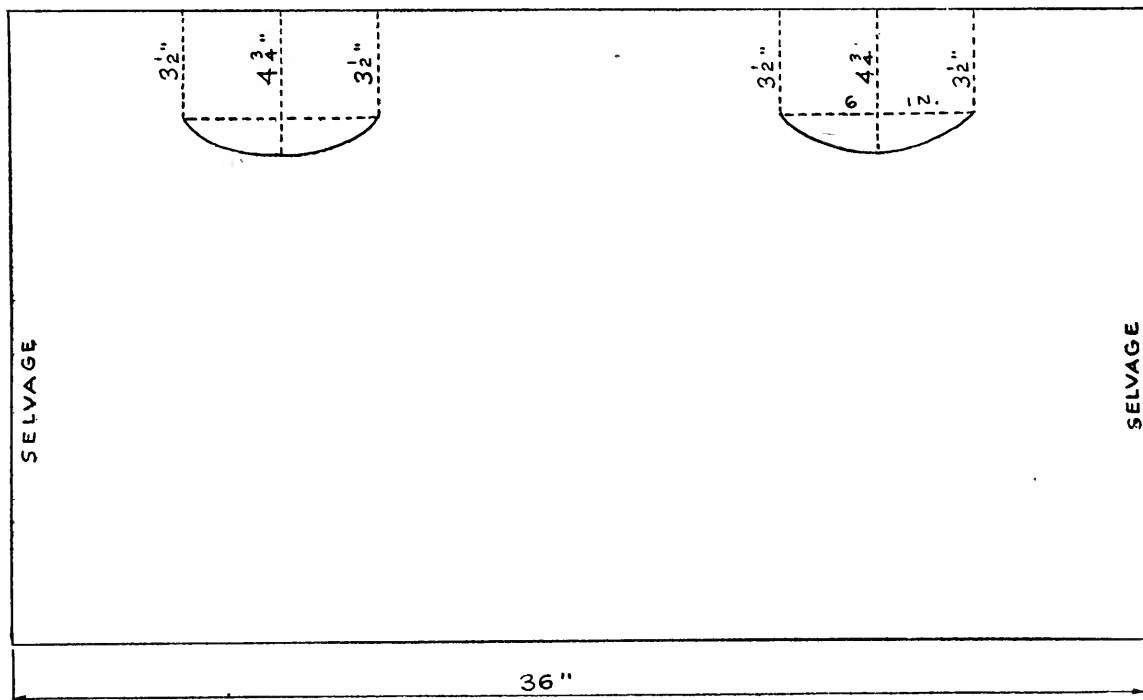
Celia Luce



Photograph by Willard Luce

**I**F you are a busy mother, here is just the apron or summer play dress for your daughter one to three years old. It can be made in a hurry and takes only a small piece of material. For ironing, it pulls into a flat piece of cloth that takes only a jiffy to iron.

First, measure your daughter from neck to hemline. Add about three-fourths inch for the neck hem and enough for the desired width of the bottom hem. Add one inch for the drawstring, and two inches for the sleeve ruffle, if the ruffle is to be made of the same material. (The sleeve ruffle and pocket may be made of contrasting material.) This total will be the exact number of inches of material you need, with no waste. If matching panties are to be made to complete the ensemble, buy additional material for the panties.





Before cutting the dress, tear or cut off a one-inch piece and sew it into a drawstring. Cut off a two inch strip for the sleeve ruffles, if sleeve ruffles are to be made of the same material. Make the ruffles. To cut the dress, measure five and one half inches in from the selvage of the material, and make a dot. Measure six inches in from this dot and three and one-half inches down from the top, and make a second dot. These dots mark the sides of the sleeve. Place a saucer between the dots and draw the arc swinging down between the dots. The arc should be about one and one-fourth inches deep, which would make the center of the arc about four and three-fourths inches from the top of the material. Cut along the arc for the sleeve hole.

Fold the material, placing the selvage sides together, and cut the other sleeve hole, using the one already cut as a guide. Put a one-fourth inch hem in the bottom of the sleeve hole and sew the ruffle onto the top of the sleeve hole. Sew the selvage sides together from top to bottom. Put a three-fourths inch hem in the top of the dress, and insert the drawstring. Tie a knot in each end of the drawstring to keep it from pulling out. Add a pocket of the same, or contrasting material, if you wish. Hem the bottom, and the apron is finished.

If you wish your daughter to wear this as a play apron over a dress, the material could be arranged so that the opening will be left unstitched down the middle of the back. If used as an apron, it may be made to fit a larger child.

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## Through This Door

### CHAPTER 6 (Conclusion)

Margery S. Stewart

SHE came to me and hugged me. "Of course I want you. By the way, Chris is coming tonight for a week's visit."

"That's nice," I said. But I had no desire to see him or anyone for that matter. I wanted to be alone, to think about Tom and remember.

Dad came home that night with rolls and rolls of wallpaper and buckets of paint. He grinned at me. "Well, as long as you're going to be home, Mary Ruth, we better fix it up a bit for you."

"I'll help you," I said. I was glad of the work, it seemed to take the strangeness that was in me and let it work out through my fingertips, so that when the sweeping agony of loss came, I could work savagely, and somehow it eased the pain.

I didn't like to have Dad working so hard, though. Even with

his scoffing that he had never felt better in his life. There was a grayness in his skin that I didn't like, and he had a way of stopping suddenly and leaning against the wall.

On Wednesday night, we were just finishing the ceiling of the living room, Dad dropped to the floor as though he had been stoned. His face was ashen, and he caught at his side. "Been hurting off and on all day," he panted, "made me sick . . ." He stopped talking and doubled up.

I stood above him, wringing my hands helplessly. "What shall I do, Dad? What shall I do?"

He shook his head, his forehead clammy with sweat.

Because I must do something, I ran for the hot water bottle and laid it against his side. It had eased

countless stomach-aches in the young ones.

"Better call a doctor," Dad gasped.

Now I was really frightened. I called Doctor Townsend in Hilltown. He wasn't in. I brought a pillow for Dad's head, and another hot water bottle for his side. He twisted in new pain, and, in panic, I raced over to Mrs. Marriott's.

Chris was there. He made me sit down and repeat slowly every symptom.

"What have you done?" He was already reaching for his jacket on the back of the chair.

"Nothing, just put some hot water bottles on him."

"Good grief, girl!" Chris Jordan regarded me in horror.

**H**E sprinted down the path and across the street. Mrs. Marriott and I following as fast as we could. But he was on the way to the kitchen, when we came in the front door, unscrewing the tops of the offending rubber bags as he went.

"If it's appendicitis," he said crisply, "that's a wonderful way to have it burst."

"Oh, no."

"Where is your icebox? Maybe you could chip some ice for me."

I stumbled out to the porch and picked up the ice pick, hacked savagely away at the frozen crystals.

Afterwards we drove Dad to Hilltown and left him in a room at West Valley Hospital, while Chris went out searching for Doctor Townsend, and Mrs. Marriott and I paced the halls.

Nurses went past us in their rustling white uniforms, their white shoes soundless on the polished

floors. I looked at the floors and something dimly familiar stirred in my mind. The rumpus room at Thelma Williams' house. The Saturday morning job of scrubbing, waxing, polishing the endless squares of green and white. It was so senseless . . . week after week. Senseless . . . Something, like electricity shocked through me.

But suppose, oh, just suppose, Mary Ruth, that it hadn't been senseless. Suppose it had been a gentle leading along to this, to these shining halls, these immaculate rooms that housed so many sufferers. I felt waves of understanding sweep through me. Take a girl like me . . . who had never had the slightest training, brought up to do things when she liked to do them. . . . Oh, of course, there had been the meals to get on time, and the washing and ironing to do every week. But I had done them whenever I chose to do them. Take a girl like that, and set her down in the exact discipline of the hospital. Would she come through as well? The hours at Thelma Williams ran before my mind. The rising and the carefully allotted hours for this task and that. They hadn't been in vain. I knew it now.

It was a long night and a frightening one. I sat with Mrs. Marriott outside the operating room and waited through interminable hours, until at last they wheeled him out, and Chris, still in the white clothes and mask he had worn to watch the operation, came to stand before us. Dad was going to be all right. I took a deep breath. But it was going to take a longer time than normally to

convalesce, because his heart wasn't as strong as it should be. He would need good nursing.

"But you can give him that," Mrs. Marriott said.

I avoided Chris Jordan's eyes. The hot water bottle was a mistake that anyone could make. I could learn. I had a reason for staying home now, there would always be a reason for never pushing open the door. No one else knew that Aunt Mercedes was a wonderful practical nurse. No one around here.

I said to Chris Jordan, "If you hadn't been there, if you hadn't known what to do . . . hadn't guessed what was wrong . . ." My voice broke, and Mrs. Marriott reached out and gathered me close.

"You did what you could. The best you knew how to do."

"But it wasn't enough to want to help . . . it wasn't enough."

I couldn't stop crying. But I made the words come out. "I'm going back. I'm going through that door. I'm going back."

She let me cry all the tears I had not been able to shed before this night. I thought of all the times she had held my hand like this. I knew suddenly why she had come to live among us. She was like a river, clean and beautiful, flowing into the rivers of our lives, making them stronger and lovelier because she was the way she was.

"Everyone who goes through this door," she said, "will know how to help another through it."

Chris turned to us. "What are you talking about. Doors? Doors? What do you mean?"

"You wouldn't know if we told you," Mrs. Marriott said. But she was only teasing him. . . .

TODAY I was moved back to the nursery. It is the one place in the hospital I love beyond all others. The babies were adorable, as always, fat ones, thin ones, dimpled ones, red ones . . . their little wrinkling faces and reaching hands caught at my heart, as they had always done. Some of them already marked for sorrow, as the tiniest little girl in the corner, whose mother died this morning, or the little Graciano baby, with the twisted leg. But most of them were fat little pigeons, the objects of adoration of mothers, fathers, grandparents, and assorted aunts and uncles.

Someone rattled the nursery knob. I looked up, frowning. Only the doctors and nurses were permitted here. But it was a doctor, complete with mask and white coat and furrowed brow.

I flew to open the door. "They are doing very well, Doctor . . . only the little Graciano baby . . . Isn't there anything we can do?"

"He's the one I came to see, Mary Ruth."

Mary Ruth? I looked again at the black shining eyes. "Chris Jordan! Doctor Jordan. Oh, how wonderful! What are you doing here?"

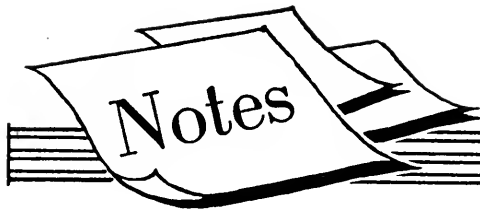
"Working. They took me in at the Smithsonian Clinic. I started yesterday." He looked me up and down. "I always knew you'd look like this in your cap."

"I . . . I . . . thank you, Doctor Jordan."

He looked around the nursery. "Only twenty?"

"Twenty-four in a few more hours."

(Continued on page 71)

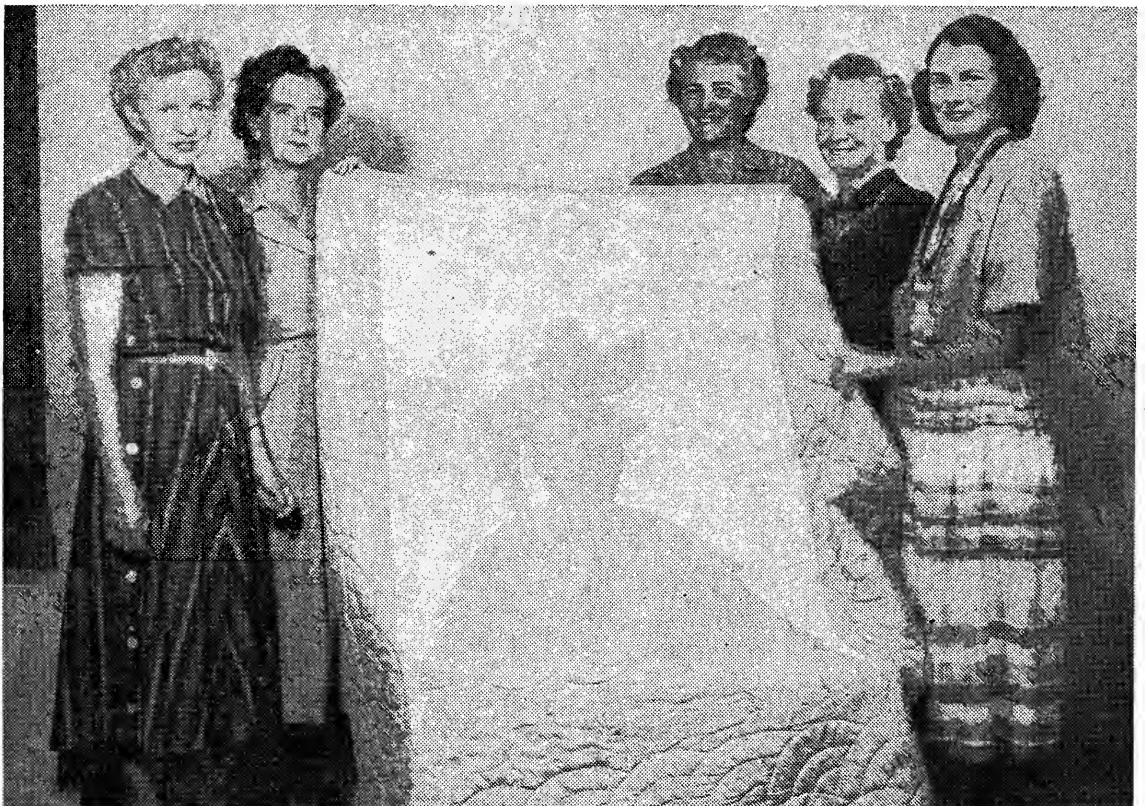


# From The Field

*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 Melba H. Tullis

### UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), MAESER SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS DISPLAY DECORATIVE QUILT

Left to right: Secretary Mazie Christensen; Second Counselor Nancy Mar Caldwell; work meeting leader Rose Roberts; President Bertha Richards; First Counselor Mildred Mansfield.

Sister Melba H. Tullis, Secretary, Uintah Stake Relief Society, reports that the Maeser Second Ward was organized June 3, 1951, and under direction of the new Relief Society officers, the first project, a decorative quilt, was completed.

Muriel S. Wallis is president of Uintah Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Iva Dean Fjeldsted

### GUNNISON STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THE PAST YEAR

Forty-four visiting teachers in Gunnison Stake achieved a 100 per cent record during the past year. This picture was taken at the visiting teachers convention September 21, 1951. Elizabeth Frandsen, visiting teacher message leader, is standing sixth from the left on the second row.

Iva Dean Fjeldsted is president of Gunnison Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Virginia K. Campbell

### EAST RIGBY STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Mary Patterson, chorister; Elinor Mason; Maude Reed; Mary Anglesey; Fern Rhodes; Stella Walker; Alice Anglesey; Charlotte Brown, organist.

Second row, left to right: Sarah Anthony; Adilia Clark; Jessie Morgan; Harriett Lovell; Eileen Madsen; Elva Smout.

Third row, left to right: Virginia K. Campbell; Evelyn Graham; Jessie Olsen; Naomi Butikofer; Ethel Johnson.

Virginia K. Campbell is president of East Rigby Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Velma Hoover

WEST UTAH STAKE, SUNSET WARD (PROVO, UTAH),  
CLOSING SOCIAL, May 1951

Upper right-hand corner, seated: Secretary Lorea Binks; upper right-hand corner, standing, President Velma Hoover; standing next to Sister Hoover, First Counselor Thelma Williamson; second row, seated, third from left: Second Counselor Merla Madsen.

The Sunset Ward of West Utah Stake was organized in January 1946. Since that time the sisters have made an outstanding record in Relief Society work. They have achieved 100 per cent in their visiting teaching, paid membership, and Magazine subscriptions. They have four volumes of *Relief Society Magazines* bound, and they have purchased dishes, silverware, an electric sewing machine, ironing board, steam iron, tablecloths, and other equipment.

Rose Goates is president of West Utah Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Hattie S. Shurtz

ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA), PIMA WARD VISITING TEACHERS  
MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR FIVE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Roziel Beals; Zela McBride; Jane Mattice; Rilla Redd; Donna Draper, Wyona Bryce.



Second row, left to right: Norma Bryce; Emma McBride; Edith Holladay; Laura Lines; Caroline Eyring; Ella Cluff; Mary McBride; Grace Larson; Fidelia Taylor.

Third row, left to right: Josephine Follett; Lucile Boyle; Bell Stewart; Debra Dean; May Weech; Ella Blake; Susie Crockett; Angeline Alder; Dora Kight; Ethel Carter; Vinnie Marshall; Lucile Taylor.

Back row, left to right: Vivian Reynolds; Rose Weech; Hannah Allen; Alice Hawes; Josephine Carter; Elda Johnson; Pearl Cluff; Myrtle Saline; Iris Mattice; Ruth Marshall.

Clella Lines is president of Pima Ward Relief Society, and Hattie S. Shurtz is president of St. Joseph Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by LaPriel R. Eyre

### CANADIAN MISSION, HAMILTON BRANCH CHILDREN'S CLOTHING PROJECT

Shown in the photograph are children of the Hamilton Branch wearing clothing they modeled in a children's summer fashion show held by the Relief Society. Sister Emma Hillman was the fashion commentator. Sister LaPriel R. Eyre, former President, Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports that all the clothing shown in this photograph was made by the Relief Society sisters under the capable direction of Sister Emily Barlow, work meeting leader, and Sister Grace Scott, First Counselor, who are shown in the photograph with the children. The project had a two-fold purpose: 1. To bring well-made clothing to the sisters for their children at a savings to their budgets; 2. to interest the sisters in sewing for their own needs.

Anna H. Toone is the recently appointed president of the Canadian Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ellen Johnson

### SAN JUAN STAKE (UTAH) INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS BINDING THEIR QUILT

Seated at the sewing machine, Jean Dutchi, and at her left Anna Lee Rabbit (small child).

Second row, standing, left to right: Claudia Shumway; Jenny Lehi; Lillian Rabbit; Rebecca Palmer, missionary.

Back row, standing, left to right: Esther Shumway, missionary; Ellen Johnson, stake supervisor of Indian Relief Societies; Mary Ann Jones, Counselor to Sister Johnson.

Margie H. Lyman is president of San Juan Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Winniefred Manwaring

### EMIGRATION STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH), TWENTY-FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Elizabeth Spafford; Effie Greene; Vida Adamson; Mildred Crosby.

Second row, left to right: Sallie Keate; Second Counselor Alice Asper; President Phoebe Booth, First Counselor Lenora Durrant.

Third row, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Doris Watts; Isabella Kippen; Laura Bargeron; Zina Wilkinson; May Brinton; Susan Mitchell; Della Durham; Lula Sealy; Alice Ross; Mary Harker and granddaughter.

Fourth row, left to right: Marie Neumann; Maude Lyons; Grace Johnson; Elva Broadhead; Minerva Homer; Polly Griffin; Dolly Schofield; Luella Wilkinson; Anna Fotheringham; Lila Whitehead; Cordelia Griggs; Alice Fishler; Annie Cooper; Lucile Griffiths; Ella Groesbeck; Clara Stephens, and granddaughter.

Winniefred Manwaring is president of Emigration Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Maybell Stevenson

### MINIDOKA STAKE (IDAHO), HEYBURN SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND THEIR CHILDREN

Left to right: President Lila Cheney and her five children; First Counselor Glenna Jenks and her four children; Second Counselor Billy Jensen and four children; Secretary Ellen Bailey and four children.

President Lila Cheney writes, with reference to young mothers and their attendance at Relief Society meetings: "We feel that our children are a blessing to us in our Relief Society work, rather than a handicap."

Katherine Barnes is president of Minidoka Stake Relief Society.

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## *Morning Song*

Vesta N. Lukei

A single pebble of spoken thought  
Dropped in the pool of life will start  
Expanding surface ripples, while  
The stone lies secret in the heart.



## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 7—The Formation and Dispersion of the House of Israel

*Elder Leland H. Monson*

For Tuesday, April 1, 1952

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.

**T**HIS lesson portrays the historical happenings which transpired in the Old World between the time the Jaredites left and Lehi left, a length of time of about 1600 years.

According to Biblical chronology, the Jaredites left the tower of Babel in the Euphrates Valley about 2247 B.C., and, under God's direction, migrated to the land of promise. These Jaredites, in time, became ripened in iniquity, refused to worship Jesus Christ, and were utterly destroyed. God saw fit in about 600 B.C. to bring a new colony to the land of promise under the leadership of Lehi, a prophet during the reign of king Zedekiah of the kingdom of Judah.

During the long interval between the migration of the Jaredites from the tower of Babel and the voyage of the colony of Lehi from Jerusalem, the house of Israel was nurtured in the "Fertile Crescent" and dispersed upon the face of the earth. The historian, James H. Breasted, defines the Fertile Crescent as:

south, having the west end at the south-east corner of the Mediterranean, the center directly north of Arabia, and the east end at the north end of the Persian Gulf. It lies like an army facing south, with one wing stretching along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean and the other reaching out to the Persian Gulf, while the center has its back against the northern mountains. The end of the western wing is Palestine; Assyria makes up a large part of the center; while the end of the eastern wing is Babylonia (BREASTED, JAMES H.: *Ancient Times, A History of the Early World*, page 101).

The Tigris and Euphrates rivers run through this eastern territory. The earliest civilization in the Tigris-Euphrates history was built in the lower valley where the two rivers empty into the Persian Gulf. A fertile plain, seldom over forty miles wide, extends between the two rivers for about 170 miles in a northwesterly direction. On this plain of Shinar the Babylonian civilization was built after 2100 B.C.

The Assyrian civilization was built on the Tigris River in the northeast part of the Fertile Crescent. Fertile valleys extended up into the eastern and northern moun-

. . . approximately a semi circle or territory with the open side toward the



tains. In early times this territory was subject to the rule of Babylonia and the Hittites. "By 700 B.C. the Assyrian Empire included all of the Fertile Crescent" (*Ibid.*, page 155).

The great Chaldean civilization represented an empire in the old Babylonian territory between the Tigris and Euphrates and stretching northwest up the rivers. Babylon became the capital. Nebuchadnezzar, greatest of the Chaldean emperors, began his forty year reign 604 B.C., according to Breasted. He destroyed Jerusalem about 586 B.C. and took many Hebrew captives to Babylonia.

It was contemporaneous with these civilizations in the Fertile Crescent that the Lord formed and dispersed the house of Israel. In the twentieth century B.C. Terah, Abraham's father, was living in the land of Ur, of the Chaldees. He had departed from the ways of righteousness and had been following the practices of the heathens who offered men, women, and children as sacrifices to their idols. In connection with one of these sacrifices the heathen priests planned to use Abraham as the sacrificial victim.

During the time they were preparing him for the sacrifice, Abraham petitioned the Lord for help, and in answer heard his voice, saying:

Abraham, Abraham, behold, my name is Jehovah, and I have heard thee, and have come down to deliver thee, and to take thee away from thy father's house, and from all thy kinsfolk, into a strange land which thou knowest not of . . . Behold, I will lead thee by my hand, and I will take thee, to put upon thee my name, even the Priesthood of thy father,

and my power shall be over thee (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1:16, 18).

Abraham left that land for the land of Canaan (Palestine) with his wife Sarai; his brother's son, Lot, and his wife. Later, Abraham's father joined him in the land they called Haran. Terah remained in Haran, where there were many flocks, and again drifted into idolatrous practices; but Abraham, warned of the Lord, departed to another land. The Lord said to Abraham:

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. . . . And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee above measure, and make thy name great among all nations, and thou shalt be a blessing unto thy seed, after thee, that in their hands they shall bear this ministry and Priesthood unto all nations (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 2:6, 9).

Obedient to the instructions of the Lord, Abraham departed for the land of Canaan with his wife Sarai, Lot, and "the souls that we had won in Haran." Abraham sacrificed and prayed to the Lord as they came into the land of Canaan, which was occupied by an idolatrous nation. The Lord appeared to him and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land" (Abraham 2:19).

Because of a famine in Canaan, Abraham concluded to go to Egypt. Before Abraham entered Egypt, the Lord instructed him concerning heavenly bodies, the creation of the world, and the pre-existent status of the spirits of men (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham, chapters 3, 4, 5).

Preceding the time of his entrance into the land of Canaan, Jehovah gave to Abraham a special blessing of the Priesthood, saying that "in thee (that is, in thy Priesthood) and in thy seed (that is, thy Priesthood) . . . shall all the families of the earth be blessed, even with the blessings of the Gospel, which are the blessings of salvation, even of life eternal" (Abraham 2:11). This, of course, is only one part of the covenant which Jehovah had made with Abraham. The complete terms of the covenant may be summarized as follows: (1) Abraham was to be a great nation, (2) through him all the families of the earth were to be blessed, (3) his descendants were to inherit Palestine as an everlasting possession, (4) his descendants were to be as numerous as the dust of the earth or the stars of heaven, (5) kings and nations were to come of his descendants, (6) the covenant he made with God was to be an everlasting one or, as we would say, a gospel covenant. (SPEERY, SIDNEY: *The Spirit of the Old Testament*, page 22; cf. *Pearl of Great Price*, Abraham, chapter 2).

The covenant was confirmed to Isaac and to Jacob, son and grandson of Abraham (Genesis 12:1-3; 17:1-8; 26:3, 4; 28:13-15). The following passage from Genesis, a message from the Lord to Rebecca, mother of Jacob, implies that Jacob was foreordained to be the leader in Isaac's house.

Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger (Genesis 25:23).

Jacob obtained the birthright and blessing from Isaac, and became the father of the twelve tribes of Israel. The first time this name, Israel, appears in the Bible it is as a title given to Jacob. From a heavenly visitor, to whom he appealed for a blessing, he received the promise:

Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed (Genesis 32:28).

Later the title acquired a broader application, and was applied to the posterity of Abraham through the loins of Isaac and Jacob.

The twelve tribes of Israel accepted this title throughout the four hundred year period of their Egyptian bondage, during the forty years of exodus from Egypt to the land of promise, under the government provided by the Judges, and throughout the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon.

The twelve sons of Jacob, who formed the children of Israel, represent offspring from four women: Joseph and Benjamin from his beloved Rachel; Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, and Zebulun from Leah; Dan and Naphtali from Bilhah; and Gad and Asher from Zilpah.

During the time Joseph was in Egypt, he married Asenath, to whom two sons were born, Manasseh and Ephraim.

Levi was chosen to have the Lord for an inheritance, and not to have an inheritance in the same sense as the others. (See Numbers 8; 18:20-24.) With Levi eliminated, and with Joseph represented by his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, we have the twelve leaders of the twelve tribes of Israel.

About 930 B.C. the kingdom of Israel was divided. Part of the tribe of Benjamin and the tribe of Judah accepted Rehoboam, son of Solomon, as their king. The remainder of the tribes, commonly called the Ten Tribes, chose Jeroboam as their king. This latter group was called the kingdom of Israel, or sometimes the kingdom of Ephraim from its most prominent tribe.

This division represents the beginning of the decline of the children of Israel as a united political organization. By 750 B.C. the Assyrians, located in the northeast part of the Fertile Crescent, began their westward expansion. Damascus, after much desperate resistance, was slowly crushed, and fell in 732 B.C. The countries of the west were soon subdued and made vassal nations. By 700 B.C. all of the Fertile Crescent was included in the Assyrian empire (BREASTED, JAMES H.: *Ancient Times, A History of the Early World*, pp. 151-155).

It was about 721 B.C. that the kingdom of Israel, the Ten Tribes, met defeat at the hands of the Assyrians, and were carried away as captives. Since then they have been lost to history, and have been designated as the ten lost tribes.

The kingdom of Judah had an independent existence for more than a century, when it was subdued about 586 B.C. by Nebuchadnezzar, ruler of the Chaldeans in Babylon. He destroyed Jerusalem and carried away the people to exile in Babylonia. They remained in subjection to the Chaldeans for about seventy years as prophesied by Jeremiah (Jeremiah 25:11, 12; 29:10).

The dispersion of Israel was now a matter of fact, though the Jews were to return to Jerusalem and to suffer from further dispersion subsequently. The Ten Tribes, known as the kingdom of Israel, under Assyrian captivity, had gone north and were lost to history. The kingdom of Judah was in Babylonian captivity, under Chaldean oppression.

The destruction of the Hebrew kingdom, by the Assyrians and Chaldeans had long been foreseen by the prophets of Israel. In the book of Isaiah (about 700 B.C.) is written in vivid oriental figures, "O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation" (Isaiah 10:5), which shows that Assyria was a means of smiting the Hebrews, because they were unrighteous. Jeremiah had also seen and prophesied concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, for he had foreseen its downfall.

Immediately preceding the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar and the captivity of the kingdom of Judah, Lehi, led by a divine hand, left Jerusalem for the land of promise. He belonged to the tribe of Manasseh, a son of Joseph. He took with him Ishmael, who was a descendant of Ephraim, another son of Joseph. The new civilization to be established in the land of promise was to be from the loins of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. This new land had been given as an everlasting inheritance to Joseph. It is clearly evident, then, that not all members of the Ten Tribes or kingdom of Israel, went north. Representatives of the two tribes of Joseph became the "fruitful bough, even a fruitful



bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall" (Genesis 49:22). You may recall that another group also came. Mulek, a son of Zedekiah, last king of Judah, was brought to the promised land. We read in The Book of Mormon: Helaman 9:21:

And now will you dispute that Jerusalem was destroyed? Will ye say that the sons of Zedekiah were not slain, all except it were Mulek? Yea, and do ye not behold that the seed of Zedekiah are with us, and they were driven out of the land of Jerusalem? (See also Jeremiah 52:10.)

America was the land assigned to Joseph and his posterity, and the Lord made preparation for its development. Lehi, speaking to his son Joseph, who was a descendant of Joseph in Egypt, said:

And great were the covenants of the Lord which he made unto Joseph.

Wherefore, Joseph truly saw our day. And he obtained a promise of the Lord, that out of the fruit of his loins the Lord God would raise up a righteous branch unto the house of Israel; not the Messiah, but a branch which was to be broken off, nevertheless to be remembered in the covenants of the Lord (II Nephi 3:4, 5).

Our future lessons will consider the rise, decline, and fall of this civilization. It flourished in the Americas for over a thousand years.

### Suggested Readings

Pearl of Great Price, The Book of Abraham.

II Nephi, chapter 3.

### Questions for Discussion

1. How were the tribes of Israel formed?
2. How were they dispersed?
3. What peoples did the Lord use to scourge Israel?

## Visiting Teacher Messages

### Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 7—"I Have None Other Object Save It Be the Everlasting Welfare of Your Souls" (2 Nephi 2:30).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 1, 1952

Objective: To help us appreciate the fact that there are many people who are interested in our everlasting welfare.

**I**N this text Father Lehi, that great Book of Mormon prophet, gives tender and solicitous advice to his sons. Truly this instruction is from the heart of a real father, for an honest parent strives to the best of his ability to instill righteous principles into the lives of his children. Almost all fathers and mothers have

the welfare of their children at heart, so far as they understand it.

But there are others, in addition to parents, who have our everlasting welfare at heart. How gratifying it is to know this. In this day when selfishness and greed are manifest on every hand, when bribes are given and received in return for person-

al gain, it is not surprising that we become suspicious of men—suspicious that they may have ulterior motives of mind in their dealings with us.

But with perfect trust we can look to our Heavenly Father and his Son, Jesus Christ, and know that they have none other object than the everlasting welfare of our souls. And all the instruction they have given us or will give us, is for our everlasting welfare.

God's representatives on earth are also interested in our welfare. Our present prophet, President David O. McKay, who stands at the head of our Church, is deeply concerned with the welfare of our souls. The General Authorities of the Church say at every general Church conference, "I have none other object save it be the everlasting welfare of your souls." Presidents of stakes,

bishops of wards, Church teachers and leaders also share in this feeling toward their fellow men.

Sometimes we hear people who have become discouraged say, "Oh, what's the use? Nobody cares about me. Nobody cares what I do or what becomes of me." This is not true. Someone does care. All these we have mentioned care deeply. And if we could only make these disheartened ones know this, it might give them a desire to continue in righteous conduct. And whenever we ourselves become despondent, let us recall this verse, repeat it over and over again until we convince ourselves that we will go steadfastly on, for there are those who care. How foolish and ungrateful we are if we do not hearken to their words of counsel, for if we will follow their teachings, our everlasting welfare is assured.

## *Work Meeting—Sewing*

### THE ART OF MENDING

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

#### Lesson 7—Sleeves, Underarm Patches, and Mending Sheers

*Jean Ridges Jennings*

For Tuesday, April 8, 1952

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot.)

**S**LEEVES and underarm sections are the first and perhaps the most frequent sources of wear and strain in women's clothes. Countless dresses that are otherwise in good condition are needlessly discarded because of worn-out, torn-out, or uncomfortable sleeves.

Underarm sections of dresses and blouses that have become worn or

stained can be patched successfully. If only a small patch is needed, set in a shield-shaped matching piece of material. Set the patch in under the arm, matching the grain and design of the cloth as nearly as possible.

Remember when you cut the patch to leave a double seam allowance on the patch edge to be sewed

to the waist material, to make up for the seam allowance that is taken out of the waist. If it is necessary to patch the sleeve as well as the waist, make a similar shield-shaped patch. Or you may seam in a triangular gusset.

If cloth is available, a panel patch is often less noticeable and takes care of worn places underarm as well as pulled-out places in back of the sleeve. To make a panel patch, cut out the affected section, from the sleeve to the waist. Using this as a pattern, cut, match and seam in a new piece, being sure to allow a double seam allowance on edges that are seamed to the waist itself.

Material for these patches may be obtained from scraps of self fabric left over when the dress was made or from hems, pockets, or other style details you can do without. You may have a jacket or bolero you can use in order to save the dress. Or you may shorten long sleeves and use the cloth thus made available.

“An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure” is especially true in the case of tight sleeves. One of the hardest troubles to remedy is that caused when sleeves pull out of the armseye. Try to avoid having this happen by making as much room as possible to begin with. If there is some tightness or pull, let the back seam of the sleeve and armseye out as much as possible and then strengthen the narrow

seam by sewing on a piece of seam tape to replace the seam allowance.

In the case of long sleeves, be sure they are not tight between elbow and wrist, as this often causes pull at the back of the armhole. After sleeves have torn loose at the back, a panel patch is the best remedy.

When sheer clothes need mending, inset patches as described in lesson 2—“Patching,” are the most inconspicuous and satisfactory. Keep seams on these patches as narrow as possible and finish their edges with false French seams. A false French seam is made by folding in both raw edges toward the seam line and blind stitching them together.

Heavy pins or brooches worn on sheer dresses and blouses sooner or later catch yarns, leaving ragged holes. Don't wait until trouble appears to do something about it. Better avoid the holes by working eyelets where pins are to be worn to give added strength. After holes or tears appear, mends may be made with small hemmed patches or worked eyelets, depending upon the size of the holes.

Don't take chances on buttons or snaps pulling loose on sheer clothes and leaving unsightly holes. If a fastener has to stand pull, stay it on the underside with a piece of tape, ribbon binding, or a piece of selvage of the same material as the dress.



**KIND WORDS:** Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy; blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.—*Woman's Exponent*

# Literature—The Literature of England

## Lesson 23—William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, April 15, 1952

AT the opening of the nineteenth century most Englishmen believed in God, but they had not yet conceived of communing with him in the outdoor temples of nature as well as in cathedral and parish church. They believed in England, but with a growing distrust for a king who seemed not overly concerned about the menacing political, industrial, economic, and social problems which his individual subjects found increasingly difficult to solve. While the majority of Englishmen had not yet given voice to the inwardly surging concept of democracy, the seeds of the idea had been planted by Rousseau and Locke and Godwin; its growth and popularity were shown by the enthusiastic acclaim with which many English intellectuals heralded both the American and the French Revolutions.

During the severely conservative movement of the 1790's, the landed aristocracy of England followed Edmund Burke's belief—the same Burke who had championed the rights of Englishmen living in Boston who felt they had been wronged by King George in 1774. Now he preached, with contagious vehemence, that the cry of the French radicals—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—voiced a philosophy which would destroy England. The conservative reaction which Burke defined and led, thus dominated England for more than forty years. Po-



A Perry Picture

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH  
(1770-1850)

litically it came to an end with the passage of the various reform laws. But long before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed by a jubilant Parliament, the same conviction of the high virtues which characterized the common man had been given immortal birth and influence through the writings of William Wordsworth. He, perhaps more than any other, came to shape English poetry and philosophy during the nineteenth century. It was largely through his influence that a democratic emphasis dominated the po-

etry of the age, thus echoing, sometimes predicting, a companion emphasis in politics and economics and society. (See text, pp. 10-12, 17-18, 29-31.)

In order to reconcile the apparent inconsistencies which we find in his philosophy and his writing, we must understand that he, like many of his contemporaries, was in his youth enthusiastically radical, but, in his later years, became staunchly conservative. Then he feared change; he feared also the possibility that the reins of government might fall into the hands of the common man—the two principles for which he had crusaded most vigorously as a youth.

Many critics have proclaimed Wordsworth the greatest English poet save Shakespeare and Milton. Yet of the forty-five pages devoted to Wordsworth in our text, less than one page, or three short poems, were written after 1880, his thirty-seventh year (he lived to be eighty). He is generally accepted as the most uneven of the great poets. None of the great poets wrote more poetry which was justly scorned when it was first published, and which today remains unread. His genius at characterization is not great; his ability at telling an exciting story or creating dramatic tension is almost nil. His lines never sparkle with wit or satire or humor. How then, can the word *great* be justly applied to such a man? Why is he worth our consideration?

First, because he possessed personal virtues which more than offset his weaknesses. Although he was given to moods, and some of his friends sometimes found it difficult

to like him because of his egotism, yet in his more typical moods he was most tender and compassionate concerning all his acquaintances. Though they saw his weaknesses he was more often loved than merely respected. Second, many of his works bear the unmistakable stamp of genius and embody all the great traditions of the romantic movement. Early in life he dedicated himself to the cause of poetry, and his overwhelming sincerity, both to his calling and to the simple yet sublime truths which guided his life, was one of the most powerful forces in his life.

As it should be, it is Wordsworth's poems which convey to us the true greatness and significance of William Wordsworth. While in honesty and fairness we have acknowledged his defects, they become of less consequence when we are finally led to an understanding of the virtues found in his best works.

Wordsworth defined himself as being a poet of "simple songs for thinking hearts." Unadorned simplicity indeed is basic to every phase of his life and work, whether he advises the use of simple, direct language as that which best conveys the message of poetry, or whether he preaches abandoning the luxurious, artificial life as found in the city, to return to the calm serenity of life in the country, surrounded by healing communion with nature and the basic love of family and nation.

"Thinking hearts" at first might seem a contradiction, but it need not be, for Wordsworth is one of the most supreme poet-philosophers. In his poetry we often find the most simple subjects: a flower ("To the

Daisy," page 152), a lone girl singing as she sickles grain in the countryside ("The Solitary Reaper," page 154), the quiet and beauty of a city at daybreak ("Composed upon Westminster Bridge," page 151), or a rainbow ("My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold," page 148):

My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky:  
 So was it when my life began;  
 So is it now I am a man:  
 So be it when I shall grow old,  
 Or let me die!  
 The Child is father of the Man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

Whatever else is done or undone, time should be taken to enjoy the lyrical spontaneity and joy of at least one of his most famous nature poems: "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" (page 155), or "To a Skylark" (page 156) the first verse of which is the exhilaration and freshness of poetry:

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!  
 For thy song Lark, is strong;  
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!  
 Singing, singing,  
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
 Lift me, guide me till I find  
 That spot which seems so to thy mind.

Wordsworth seems at his happiest, and sometimes at his best, in his sonnets, some of the neatest and loveliest and most powerful we have. Choose whichever sonnet you will ("London, 1802" is perhaps the most famous), but choose, and read it in the spirit of song; then you cannot be too unfair to Wordsworth's genius. It is at least a possibility that these sonnets have been more loved by more people than almost anything he wrote. Or in his

own words, "Scorn not the Sonnet" (page 163).

Yet whatever his announced subject may be, it is always of Wordsworth himself, and the amazingly deep and penetrating patterns of his mind and emotion and imagination that we learn most. Even though his language may be deceptively simple (as in "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey," page 121, or "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" page 160), the power of the idea contained within his inward vision becomes so compelling and so immediate to the reader, that his language may almost be said to become spiritualized, to create a power and a reality of its own, apart and above the realm of the words as ordinarily used. Such an exhilarating experience for the reader does not come about by chance, since Wordsworth always wished to impress upon his audience his belief that "wisdom comes through intuition, emotion—a kind of mystical communion with nature—which produces a meditative attitude toward the universe, which in turn produces calm and peace."

Since Wordsworth is generally accepted as the father of the romantic tradition of writing subjectively, it is fitting that we examine some important formative influences in his life. First, and perhaps greatest, is the Lake District, where he was born in 1770 and where he chose to spend all his creative years. Even now the lakes and surrounding hills located on the west coast of central England are known for their isolation and for their enchanting natural beauty. It was here that Wordsworth experienced the mystical com-

munion with nature which illuminates his greatest works and which made his poems the pattern for all nature-poets of the century.

How much his early home life and years at Cambridge shaped his heart and imagination is uncertain, but his walking tours of Europe and Scotland enhanced for him the value of nature, and his stay in France during the French Revolution influenced him for life. During this year-long visit he became intensely devoted to the principles of the radical Girondist party, which believed that established society was selfish and corrupt, and that the rights of free men to justice and equality could be attained only by immediate and sweeping armed revolt against aristocracy. When, in 1793, the successful revolutionists began using the guillotine excessively, and when Napoleon later established himself as an hereditary emperor, Wordsworth's despair was morbid in its depth and intensity. For a time he lost faith in almost everything; never again did he believe in improving the lot of mankind either by legislation or by military revolution.

In 1802 Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, a friend of his sister Dorothy, who within the next eight years bore him five children. They were happily married, with Dorothy living in their home as their mutual intimate and friend. It was his devoted sister, Dorothy, who by walking with him amid the beauties of a nature he had once loved, restored him to balance, and helped build within him his life-philosophy. This philosophy was that the laws of the universe are

benevolent; that man is by nature good; that the simple joys of nature and home are the only source of the abundant happiness which is the natural right of man; and that, by exercising his intuition and imagination amid the beauties of nature, man can achieve highest maturity and wisdom; and, finally, a mystical communion with nature and spiritual powers above. Dorothy's sacrifice of her own considerable talent to nurture her brother's genius was complete and lifelong. She loved Samuel Taylor Coleridge almost as she loved her brother, and, during the years preceding the appearance of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, the three spent most of their days together in long walks of mutual stimulation and appreciation. The keen mind of Coleridge also quickened Wordsworth's own awakening powers as nothing else could have done.

For some years before the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798, the young Wordsworth had been practicing his conviction that men can best be saved and guided through the creative imagination. This slim volume of verse contained his "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" and Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," each among the best works ever produced by their authors. The book was very coldly received by conservative-minded England. It was not until two years later when the thirty-year-old Wordsworth declared his poetic principles in the preface to the 1800 edition, that his contemporaries saw how completely he had revolted against the current literature of artificiality and restraint. Although he was almost universally con-



demned, he believed in his principles, and, finally, they triumphed. It was not until the final decade of his life that his countrymen came to realize that the basic declarations of his *Preface* were aimed at attaining in the realm of poetry the identical democratic goals which England had set up for herself in politics and economics and society.

This *Preface* has rightfully been accepted as one of the great milestones in the history of English literature. It could profitably be quoted and discussed at will, but at least four passages bear comment:

(a) The ideal material for poetic treatment is the wholesome life of common men (page 318); (b) the best poetry uses the language of common men rather than artificial poetic diction (pp. 320-321, line 27 ff.); (c) the poet (page 322, line 35), and poetry (page 326, line 30) are defined; (d) and in the final paragraph Wordsworth advises the average reader to consult his own feelings, not fashionable critics, when he is judging poetry (page 327).

The "Lucy Poems" (pp. 123-124) were contained in the second edition of the *Ballads*.

#### SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

(text, page 124)

Here we see ideally exemplified

Wordsworth's poetic theory contained in the *Preface*. In these poems we find a purity of poetry and a surge of emotional power which recalls the spontaneous freshness and originality of William Blake, yet the language, the subject, and the emotions are those of common living, but warmed and intensified by the cloak of the imagination thrown over them by the poet. The simplicity and intensity of their emotion have made them universally known and loved.

"Lines Composed A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" is one of Wordsworth's greatest poems. Herein we find that rare fusion of word, idea, and emotion which, through the undefinable magic of the poet's touch, become a oneness of exalted power and revelation. If possible the entire poem should be read aloud; particularly rewarding are the lines 30-48, 83-105, and 134-146. Here he confesses his need of nature, and the magic which he feels in her presence. He gives in detail several episodes from his own past, then points out that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." This poem is central, both in Wordsworth's philosophy and in his heart.

#### Suggestions for Discussion

1. Wordsworth has often been defined as the poet of simplicity and nature. Would one be justified in defining him as a poet of mankind and democracy?
2. What was Wordsworth's attitude toward the French Revolution?
3. Why was Wordsworth's new theory of poetry received so coldly by his fellow-Englishmen? How, then, can one account for his later immense popularity?
4. Comment on Wordsworth's theory and practice of poetic words and style.

# *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

## Lesson 13—Groping Toward Liberty of Conscience

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 23.)

For Tuesday, April 22, 1952

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.

### *Out of Captivity*

OVER two thousand years before the gentiles came to America the Lord proclaimed, by a firm decree that this land should be unto them a land of liberty. The promise was made that, if they would be humble, the Lord would not only fortify this land against all other nations, but he would help the gentiles fight their battles.

And it came to pass that I, Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles who had gone forth out of captivity did humble themselves before the Lord; and the power of the Lord was with them.

And I beheld that their mother Gentiles were gathered together upon the waters, and upon the land also, to battle against them.

And I beheld that the power of God was with them, and also the wrath of God was upon all those that were gathered together against them to battle.

And I, Nephi, beheld that the Gentiles that had gone out of captivity were delivered by the power of God out of the hands of all other nations (Book of Mormon, I Nephi 13:16-19).

How this prophecy has been fulfilled is familiar to all. The land has been fortified against aggression of all European powers since the people in this land of all races have won their independence from

European powers. Moreover, the attempt on the part of the gentiles to set up kings has proved to be very disastrous. There are no kings upon the land that have been raised up unto the gentiles. Even in Canada, which is considered as a British possession, the people make their own laws and govern themselves and there is no king among them. The American continents are filled with republics, for America has been the cradle of liberty for the whole world.

The first permanent colonies of Anglo-Saxons were planted in 1607 and 1620, the first in Virginia and the second in Massachusetts. Earlier attempts to colonize had failed. The reason for the failure was largely due to the fact that those who came to colonize were not imbued with the spirit of pioneering and were utterly unfit for such an undertaking. They were mostly adventure-some souls of idle habits who knew nothing of battling with the elements in a new world. The later settlements were based on the desire for religious freedom. Literally, as Nephi states, they came "out of captivity" to possess the land.

Those sturdy Pilgrims of the

Puritan faith came to stay. While they were forced to endure severe trials through which many of the original company laid down their lives, yet they were determined to remain, and in this the Lord was with them. In Great Britain, the English monarch endeavored to force his religious beliefs upon all the people. Due to this continued persecution other companies came at frequent intervals to strengthen the first little band. Still others came seeking refuge for varying reasons, so that America, by 1630, contained several thriving villages.

#### *Religious Intolerance in America*

Notwithstanding these early settlers came to America because they were denied religious freedom in the mother country, they themselves practiced intolerance when they arrived on American shores. Political and religious freedom was of slow but natural growth. It did not burst into full bloom with the Reformation, neither did it obtain soil suited to its growth in the nations of Europe. The first settlers of Massachusetts were Puritans of the Separatist faction. They claimed the right to worship as they chose, but when others came to Massachusetts with views conflicting with their faith, their differences of belief were not tolerated.

The Reformation did not insure the right of individual freedom to worship. Today in many lands every man is conceded the right to worship as he pleases as long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others. This was not the case in the seventeenth century even with the colonies in America. Laws were passed compelling a man to

attend church and to follow the forms prescribed. Fines were imposed upon those who violated this law. Roger Williams, who was a Puritan, but of liberal views, was forced to flee from Massachusetts to prevent being deported as an undesirable citizen. The Puritans considered Massachusetts exclusively their own territory. They had no objection to those of other faiths settling elsewhere, but would not have opposition among themselves. For this reason Ann Hutchinson, as well as Roger Williams, was banished from the community; and thus in various parts of the land other settlements were formed.

Besides the Puritans, others who came "out of captivity" were the Quakers and some Catholics. The Quakers were not tolerated in Massachusetts. Some of them were whipped, some had their ears cut off, some were branded with hot irons, and some were put to death. William Penn, a Quaker, settled in Pennsylvania where he, like Roger Williams, made friends with the Indians and dealt with them fairly. Catholics settled in Maryland, where they could worship free from molestation.

The early settlers in the Carolinas were Englishmen who came in 1670. In 1685, French Huguenots came from France. These were followed by Germans and Scotch-Irish. In this way, little by little, the original thirteen states which formed the American Union came into existence. Before the Revolutionary War they worked along independent lines. Religious differences stood in the way of their unity as a people. Intolerance on the part of one faction towards an-

other had to be gradually broken down.

### *The Beginning of Liberty of Conscience*

Roger Williams believed that the American continent belonged to the Indians and that foreign kings had no legal or moral right to grant charters to take possession of the land. He further taught that men should be at liberty to worship as they chose and a man's faith should be guarded against compulsion or interference on the part of others. Practicing what he taught, he purchased the land from the Indians and dealt justly with them and, because of it, was able, with his followers, to establish a colony at Providence in Rhode Island. Others joined with him and his settlement took firm root. From the beginning entire freedom of conscience was granted to all. The principle of freedom of worship and freedom of thought was first laid down by Roger Williams, and from this small beginning it spread. Maryland, under Lord Baltimore, had granted like freedom after much trouble and the overthrow of religious prejudice.

### *Growth of the American Colonies*

From the founding of Jamestown (in Virginia) and the Pilgrim Colony at Plymouth in Massachusetts until the close of the French and Indian War, the growth of the American settlements was slow. Those who came to America determined to make it their home. These people of Europe were of the sturdy middle class. Nearly all of the people in the colonies spoke English. The greater

part of them were Protestants, with a few Catholics and some Huguenots from France. By the year 1643, there were about 26,000 people in New England, about one-fifth of these having been born on American soil.

The French had taken possession of the country to the north, known as Canada. The Dutch had come to New York, which they called New Netherland, and the Spanish to Florida and Mexico. Although all of these people were professed Christians, worshiping the same God, yet they could not live in peace. War was brought on among the nations of Europe because of trade rivalry and territorial claims in the colonization of America. The British conquered the Dutch and took from them the territory which they had colonized, and renamed it New York. The war between Great Britain and France resulted in the defeat of the French, and England took possession of all country to the north. When the American revolution broke out there were thirteen English colonies which joined together, governing a territory from Maine on the north to Georgia on the south, and the population was nearly all east of the Alleghanies. In 1763, the entire population of these colonies was between 1,600,000 and 1,800,000 souls. No census had been taken so that the exact figure cannot be given. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Charleston were the chief cities, and the largest of these, Philadelphia, had a population of about 20,000 souls. The population of the whole country was divided about equally north and south of the Mason Dixon line, a dividing

line which was to play an important part in the later history of the country.

Of this population there were about 400,000 negro slaves, most of them south of the Mason and Dixon line. Unfortunately negro slavery was introduced into America shortly after the first settlements were established. Because of this condition it may be seen that the white population of the North was greater than the white population of the South.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. What factors made for the permanency of Anglo-Saxon settlements in the new land which were lacking among the Spaniards and French?

2. In what manner has the Lord, according to promise, fortified America against all other nations?

3. Show that Canada, although nominally under the British crown, has complete self-government.

4. Can you sustain the statement that "America has been the cradle of liberty for the whole world?"

5. Assign a member to cite examples of the intolerance practiced by the Puritans and others against Quakers, Catholics, and those who differed in belief from them.

6. Show that "political and religious freedom was of slow but natural growth."

7. What was the contribution of Roger Williams, Ann Hutchinson, William Penn, and Lord Baltimore toward religious freedom and tolerance?

8. Indicate the extent to which the American colonies had grown by the time of the Revolutionary War. Where were the chief settlements?

## *Music*—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 15—Review of the 6/8 Baton Pattern; Style and Interpretation of Music; Music Material and Books for Study; Music as a Missionary

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

*Florence Jepperson Madsen*

Objective: To refine the technique of conducting and expression of music; to become more informed about music and its far-reaching spiritual powers.

### *Review of 6/8 Rhythm*

In the further study and the review of 6/8 rhythm keep in mind the importance of smooth and sustained baton motions when the tempo is slow so that the flow of rhythm shall not be disturbed.

Practice the following hymns:

(a) "Sweet Hour of Prayer"

(b) "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear"

In conducting 6/8 rhythm in fast tempo, and where the 2/4 pattern is to

be used, remember that the up-beat (count two) should move upward without being hurried or stressed. Conduct the pattern with ease and buoyancy.

(a) Select songs for practice.

(b) Songs in 6/8 rhythm that are in slow tempo, and in which an important word or syllable occurs on count four, should be conducted with a broader and a more vigorous motion on that beat.

Examples:

(1) "Silent Night"

## (2) "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief"

*Style and Interpretation of Music*

Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise,  
The towers, the domes, the temples fall;  
The fortress crumbles and decays;  
One breath of song outlives them all.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Adapt the phrasing to the text of a song. Breath should be taken at points where an idea or thought has been completed. The general rule is to phrase at all punctuation marks. The exception to this rule is when the punctuation marks appear after single words or very short word groups as:

- (a) "Come, Come, Ye Saints"
- (b) "I Need Thee, O I Need Thee"
- (c) "Nearer, Dear Saviour, to Thee"

Instead of taking a breath at such places, merely suspend the breath, which silences the tone for an instant and produces the same effect as if a breath had been taken. Such careful phrasing gives proper meaning to the words of a song.

"The poem is really the soul of any song, and its hearers are entitled to follow it. The most beautiful vocal projection loses its effect if the words are unintelligible."—Victoria Anderson and Viola Morris (*Etude*).

The words of a song should be sung in a beautiful tone quality and in a manner that will give full meaning to the text:

- (a) First consider the subject of the song.
- (b) Read the words over several times in order to understand the message without the music.
- (c) Express the word message beautifully, and with an understanding and vitality which make the text sound as if it were one's own expression.

Read the words as if they were being given before an audience. Use the proper inflections and sufficient volume to be easily heard. In so doing the possibilities of the text will be revealed—key words and syllables will be stressed and unim-

portant ones subdued. Light and shades in volume will then naturally follow.

All of these instructions and suggestions are of equal importance to the accompanist and should, therefore, be used in her work.

(d) Style in singing and playing is largely determined and identified by a consistent use of the following types of expression:

*Legato*—smooth, connected, graceful

*Staccato*—detached, short

*Semi-staccato*—less detached

*Marcato*—accented, marked

*Demi-marcato*—less marked

1. For the markings and abbreviations of these terms refer to chapter fourteen or seventeen in the textbook; to a music dictionary under "Signs"; or to the individual words in *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, under, "Arbitrary Signs and Symbols," (page 3007, in the second edition).

2. The artistic use of these types of expression gives the ever-needed contrast and beauty to musical performance, both vocal and instrumental.

*Music as a Missionary*

Music awakens interest, which is one of the first prerequisites to missionary work.

Music, with words, not only creates interest but invites attentive listening.

Music set to inspirational words stimulates the consciousness towards thoughtful consideration of the text, the first requisite to fruitful missionary activity.

Inspiring music, with sacred words, challenges the mind with religious philosophies.

Music has the power to warm the cold, indifferent heart.

The singing of our own hymns, bearing the gospel message, is often the key that opens a spiritual conversation, in the home or elsewhere, and sometimes leads to conversion.

Dame Clara Butt, England's great contralto, said:

"Those singers are fortunate whose musical knowledge commenced with the cradle and, whose first master was that greatest of all teachers, the mother."

*Music Material and Suggested Books for Study*

<u>Sacred Three-part Songs (S.S.A.)</u>	<u>Composer</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
"Be Thou Exalted, O God" (easy)	Demarest	Arthur P. Schmidt
"Galilean Easter Carol"	Shure	Belwin
"O Lord Most Merciful (easy)"	Concone	Lorenz
"Sing Forth His High Eternal Name"	Cuthbert Harris	Arthur P. Schmidt
"O Jesus, Thou Art Standing"	Schubert	Carl Fischer

*Sacred Two-part Songs*

"Come We That Love the Lord"	Barnes	Willis
"Thy House Forever"	Protheroe	G. Schirmer
"Lift Up Your Heads"	Bixby	Willis

*Books for Study*

"Elementary Harmony"	Orem	Presser
"Music for the Multitude"	Harrison	MacMillan
"Universal Song," Vols. 1, 2, and 3	Hayward	G. Schirmer
"Music for Everybody"	Spaeth	Leisure League of America, New York

---

## A Strange Christmas Eve

(Continued from page 37)

She lay quietly for what seemed a long time, and then she heard movements in the living room. She imagined the footsteps were going to the corner where the gun had been placed. Slowly Gwen arose, and moving as quietly as possible, placed the back of a chair under the knob of the door, since there was no key to turn. Then she pushed the dresser across the carpeted room until that too formed a barricade. She lifted Susan and placed her next the wall in her own bed and then climbed in herself, still trembling and silently praying.

**T**HE soft noises continued in the next room for what seemed hours to Gwen, and then all became

quiet. Then she wished the noises would continue because the silence seemed even more threatening.

She must have dozed, because Bill Junior came bounding into her room in bathrobe and slippers calling, "Mommy, it's almost light outside; may we go in now and see what Santa left for us?"

All the worry of the night returned. Why, she had not even removed the cookies and milk as she usually did, but it was too late now. They would have to face their disappointment. She drew her own robe and slippers on, carefully removed the dresser and chair from the door, while Susan hunted for her slippers and Bill returned



for his flashlight, and then they filed into the firelighted room.

The squaw was sitting where they had left her last night, but the sack was in the corner by the gun, and the blanket was folded loosely on the floor in front of the fireplace. To Gwen's amazement, the cookie plate was empty, as was the glass, and the children were shouting that Santa had been there as they had known he would. They brought their stockings to show her, and there were brightly colored beads and a pair of beaded moccasins in Susan's and a beaded belt and moccasins in Bill's. True, the Indian slippers were too large for their feet, but that seemed to make little difference because the belt was right, and the beads were perfect.

The eyes of the two women who had been a lifetime apart last night met in perfect understanding, and there were tears in Gwen's as she made her gratitude known in silence.

When the three men returned at noon, with additional gifts Santa had entrusted to them because he could not get his largest pack through the slide, the cabin seemed

bursting with gratitude and Christmas cheer. Beaver Charley and his wife held an animated conference in their own language and then he explained to Gwen alone that they had sold all the children's moccasins in town and had kept only these two pairs for their own sons who were much older than these children. Gwen was to keep them, however, until smaller ones were made and then they could be exchanged.

Beaver Charley added, "My woman says thank you for the cookies and milk you left for her last night."

When Gwen explained that the Indians had two boys at home with their grandmother, Bill Junior and Susan selected two of their best books—one of brightly colored animals and one of birds, to send as their gifts. Gwen insisted that they accept a box with some of her prized chokecherry jelly, dried corn, and a dozen fresh eggs.

And so there was established a beautiful friendship between these two families of different races, but with hearts filled with the same Christmas spirit.

---

## Replica of Yesteryear

(Continued from page 39)

his throat with great difficulty before he, in a choky sort of way, sang:

Light the candles on the tree.  
One for Mom, one for Pop,  
One for Jim and one for me.

This was an old rhyme they had sung since the boys were old enough to understand stories. Alice had

told them of her girlhood Christmases when wax candles graced the Christmas tree as there was no electricity in her rural home. The boys had begged for wax candles. She, eager to satisfy their eager demands, had brought four bright candles. Placing the four simple candles upon the brightly globed

tree, along with the singing of the little jingle, had become the big event of the decorating scheme. Each Christmas the ritual had been carried out.

Try as she might, Alice could not push last year from her mind. "One for Mom, one for Pop, one for Jim, and one for me." Ray had barely finished the last of the rhyme when the knocker had chimed in the hallway and Alex had received the never-to-be-forgotten telegram.

Now, three days before Christmas, Alex lugged the tree into the house with a cheerful, "How's that, Mother? A beauty, huh?"

"It's beautiful, Alex," Alice responded with forced enjoyment, thinking all the while, dear Alex, what an actor you are.

Christmas Eve came all too soon. Together, with simulated gaiety, they took the trimmings from the attic and dressed the tree in all its splendor. In spite of the puns and the jokes, each sensed the ache in the other.

The lights were tested and placed just so, the tinsel was draped with meticulous care, gay Santas were suspended from the branches and teetered in happy abandon, and the golden angel, planted on the uppermost twig, reigned in all her glory. But one small blue box remained unopened on the mantel. Alice and Alex purposely avoided it. Each was waiting for the other to suggest that it be opened.

Alex cleared his throat, and with a gesture of nonchalance, said, "Here's something we forgot to open."

Casually he handed the box to Alice.

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..... If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments — Madsen .....	.20
..... Jesus, Our Lord, We Adore Thee — James .....	.18
..... King of Glory—Parks .....	.20
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Not to be outdone, she slowly untied the string, gently lifted the crumpled tissue, and slowly removed the four candles from the box. She handed two of them to Alex and kept two for herself.

ALEX spent a long, long time attaching them to the boughs, while Alice sought special places for her candles. After considerable fixing and unfixing, the candles stood tall and graceful, awaiting the match that would change them into glowing beacons.

Alex and Alice, like two frightened children, looked at each other. The rhyme could not come from their dry throats.

The knocker on the door broke the silence, and the chimes began their usual peel. Moving as an actor in a well-rehearsed scene,

Alex opened the door and automatically reached out his hand for the telegram.

Alice, as if her knees could not bear the weight of her body, sank into the big chair. As Alex handed her the unopened message she closed her eyes for a moment and then mechanically tore the flap and began to read.

Having read, she laid her head on Alex's shoulder and gave way to the pent-up tears. Alex placed his arm firmly around her waist and studied the message. Having drunk of its contents, he placed it on the mantel, took his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped Alice's tear-stained face. He took hold of Alice's hand and said, "Come, Mother, we haven't yet sung the rhyme."

Alice lifted her face, blinked back the tears and, greatly off-key, joined with Alex in the rhyme.

The leaping flames from the fireplace splashed the mantel and threw golden shadows over the words of the telegram:

Light the candles on the tree, one for Mom, one for Pop, one for Jim, and one for me. I've found Jim.

Ray

---

### *Prayer*

Dorothy R. Salyer

Prayer, the tie that binds  
Our footsteps to the path  
That leads to higher climes,  
Where love is righteousness;  
Where God in mercy reigns  
And sends his spirit down  
To quell the world's disdain,  
To fill the heart with peace again

## Through This Door

(Continued from page 43)

"I think a dozen is a nice even number, don't you, Mary Ruth?"

I stepped back. "Well . . . I . . . that is, I never thought of it."

He said to the babies, "She used to be very truthful when she was young . . . like you."

I giggled. "Well, then, I do agree with you, Doctor. Twelve is a nice, even number." I backed hastily away. "No . . . Sir, don't you dare. Not here. They don't allow kissing in the nursery."

"Very well," he said and put his mask back on, "but only because I respect head nurses as much as you. Now tell me, when will you be through here?"

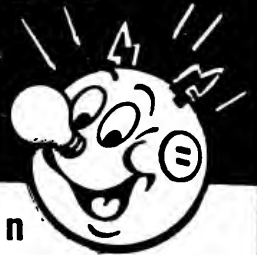
I looked at my watch. "In just fifteen minutes and thirty seconds."

He went to the door. "I'll be waiting down on the lawn, by that third lilac from the left. Mary Ruth, I do love you."

He was gone, and the nursery was still, except for the Jefferson baby who was getting hungry. But it seemed like music to me . . . like the notes of a new song, as though something magical and most un-professional was filling the air with beauty.

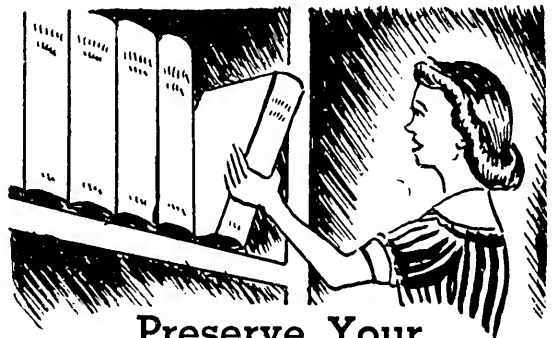
I thought of Mrs. Marriott. Oh, I would call her tonight. And what would I say . . . except thank you, my darling, and thank you again and again, and all women like you, the undefeated, the brave, the tender, forever helping others to push open the dark and bitter doors to the shining future.

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## From Near and Far

I send all my *Relief Society Magazines* after I have read them to a new member of our Church in North Carolina. There is no Relief Society organization in her community as yet.

—Mabel Law Atkinson,  
Dayton, Idaho.

I express my appreciation for the many articles, lessons, and items of interest that I have enjoyed over the years and hope the *Magazine* will always continue to be the life blood of Relief Society everywhere.

—Miriam B. Neal, Salt Lake City, Utah

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy and appreciate the *Magazine*. My daughters, thirteen and ten, are learning to enjoy it almost as much as I do, and I am indeed thankful for the lovely stories that come into my home in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Mrs. Rinda Rowley Willson,  
Elmo, Utah

Needless to say, the *Magazine* is an inspiration to all us mothers, and I for one look forward to receiving each issue. There is always some story which serves as reminder of my blessings, of my responsibility in rearing a family, and of my obligation to serve God in his Church.

—Dora D. Flack, Salt Lake City, Utah

The Relief Society poets are the best in the world (in my estimation)—Christie Lund Coles, Dorothy J. Roberts, Grace Sayre, and Margery S. Stewart. I know good poetry, and each month after reading the poems in the *Magazine* I marvel at the expressions used by these writers. They are wonderful.

—Clara Laster, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Alice Morrey Bailey, well-known and popular contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has recently been honored by having her story "Nugget of Truth" (First prize story in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, 1947, published in the *Magazine* for January 1948) featured as a special reading for "Fireside" programs in many wards of the Church.

Words cannot express how I feel about *The Relief Society Magazine*, especially for the opportunity which is given to new writers to express themselves. As Relief Society president of the Tulsa, Oklahoma Branch, I am very proud of all the lovely articles published by one of our members—Clara Laster. The one on "The Neglected Art of Photo-Coloring" in the November issue was wonderful. Such articles as hers will surely be welcomed by all readers.—Margaret Oliver, Tulsa Oklahoma.

I like *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. I have been confined to my bed for the past ten years with arthritis, so am unable to take an active part in the Church, and so am most happy to have the *Magazine*.

—Rhoda Bryant,  
Basalt, Idaho

Any words I might say of the enjoyment and inspiration given to us by *The Relief Society Magazine* would be insufficient to express our gratitude to you who make the *Magazine*. To us so far away from home it guides and leads us in all we do.

—Catherine F. Golding  
Puerto Rico

For nine months *The Relief Society Magazine* was the only connection I had with the Church. In those months I found out the full enjoyment you can receive from this wonderful *Magazine*.

—Nellie Rae Beagle  
Miles City, Montana

Thank you for making available such a fine *Magazine*. It is truly a family *Magazine*, and the inspiration and help we all receive from it cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

—Evelyn L. Winward  
Dayton, Idaho

*The Relief Society Magazine* is one of the finest publications I read. The poems and stories are always a source of enjoyment and inspiration.

—Jo Bishop Ashby, Holden, Utah

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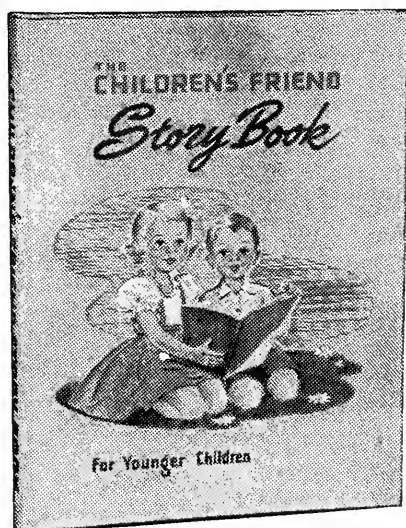
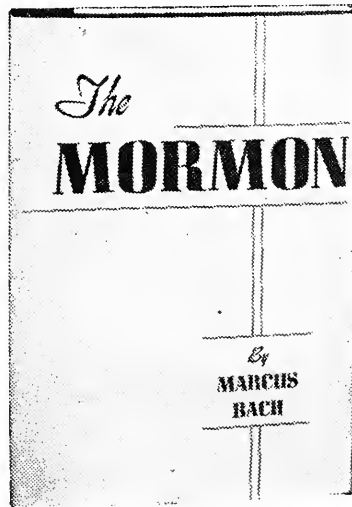
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A black and white photograph of a desert landscape. In the foreground, several large, spiky pine trees are visible, their needles creating a dense, textured pattern. The middle ground shows rolling sand dunes, some with sparse vegetation. In the background, there are more dunes and a range of low mountains under a clear sky. The overall scene is bright and open.

*The*  
RELIEF SOCIETY  
MAGAZINE

VOL. 39 NO. 2

Lessons for May

FEBRUARY 1952

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Vol. 39

FEBRUARY

No. 2

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*Afterglow*

Anna Prince Redd

Slowly from the golden distance  
Comes a breeze to bring awake  
A myriad of tiny wrinkles  
On the features of the lake.

Twinkling each against the other,  
Curve by curve and rhythm deep  
Till half the lake is milky emerald  
While the rest is still asleep.

Pine-dark, the shadows linger,  
Banked against the afterglow  
A sudden, fragrant stillness,  
And it's night on Lake Tahoe!



Hal Rumel

TAOS INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD

## *Seed of Laman*

Alice Morrey Bailey

They were inheritors upon this land,  
Spared by the love between them and their wives  
Their purity, until the white man's hand  
Reached out across the sea to crush their lives.  
They welcomed the return of their fair God,  
Nor knew this was the wedge that loosed a flood  
Of death, disease, deceit, the slaver's rod  
And pitiful retreat outlined in blood.

And we who know their lineage and their truths,  
Their wrongs, their punishments when they have sinned,  
The faith of Helaman's two thousand youths—  
How shall we find the place where fear is thinned,  
The salve that heals their wounds, the balm that soothes  
When hatreds ravel out along the wind?

These are many nations, brought too low,  
Of gardeners, thrust out on barren rocks,  
Of hunters, shorn of prowess, prey, and bow,  
And herders, robbed of grazing lands and flocks.  
Too patient are the hands on empty looms,  
Submissive fishermen deprived of streams,  
Too placid in the land where hunger dooms,  
And hopelessness replaces fire-bright dreams.

And we who have their records hold the key  
Of their release; we have the joyful sound  
Of truth to bring long-due redress in good,  
The knowledge and the power to make them free,  
And we who know the promises are bound  
To open wide our hearts in brotherhood.



# The Place of Relief Society in the Indian Program

Elder Delbert Leon Stapley  
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Indian Relations Department of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

I AM very happy to be with you today to take part in this Relief Society conference and represent the Indian Relations committee on this program.

We have been most gratified with the excellent work of our Relief Societies among the Indian peoples. There is a real challenge to the Relief Society in this work; and it seems to me you are organized and have the type of program that these people greatly need.

Laying the foundation for what I want to say, I would like to quote from the Nephite record, one from the writings of Nephi, one from a statement of the Savior, and one from Mormon.

When Lehi spoke to his children and likened the house of Israel to an olive tree, he spoke of the natural branches being broken off and a time when the blessings of the covenant race would be restored through the Gentiles. The brethren of Nephi did not understand what their father meant, so they asked Nephi about it. Nephi said this to them:

And now, the thing which our father meaneth concerning the grafting in of the natural branches through the fulness of the Gentiles, is, that in the latter days, when our seed shall have dwindled in unbelief, yea, for the space of many years, and many generations after the Messiah shall be manifested in body un-

to the children of men, then shall the fulness of the gospel of the Messiah come unto the Gentiles, and from the Gentiles unto the remnant of our seed.

And at that day shall the remnant of our seed know that they are of the house of Israel, and that they are the covenant people of the Lord; and then shall they know and come to the knowledge of their forefathers, and also to the gospel of their Redeemer, which was ministered unto their fathers by him; wherefore, they shall come to the knowledge of their Redeemer and the very points of his doctrine, that they may know how to come unto him and be saved.

And then at that day will they not rejoice and give praise unto their everlasting God, their rock and their salvation? (1 Nephi 15:13-15).

When the Savior appeared to the Nephites he gave them a sign by which they should know and understand when his work and word would commence among them. Now there were three points to this sign: First, it had to do with the establishment of God's Church among the Gentiles in this land of freedom; second, the coming forth of The Book of Mormon, and the teaching of The Book of Mormon message to Lehi's descendants; and third, that Jerusalem was to be established again. And then said the Savior to the Nephites:

And when these things come to pass that thy seed shall begin to know these

things—it shall be a sign unto them, that they may know that the work of the Father hath already commenced unto the fulfilling of the covenant which he hath made unto the people who are of the house of Israel (3 Nephi 21:7).

**DURING** the time of Mormon after the period of devotion and faithfulness on the part of the people when they lived as one and enjoyed in full measure the blessings of our Heavenly Father, they began to turn to evil ways and to forsake the Lord. Alma foresaw the destruction that would take place among the Nephites and commented upon their complete destruction. And also, looking into the latter days, he saw that the gospel and Church would be restored to the descendants of Lehi through the Gentiles. The Gentiles, the Lord said, should scatter the descendants of Lehi and they should be counted as naught among them.

Mormon says:

. . . This I speak unto their seed, and also to the Gentiles who have care for the house of Israel, that realize and know from whence their blessings come . . . . These things are written unto the remnant of the house of Jacob . . . to be hid up unto the Lord that they may come forth in his own due time. . . . They shall go unto the . . . Jews . . . that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. . . . And also that the seed of this people may more fully believe his gospel, which shall go forth unto them from the Gentiles; for this people shall be scattered, and shall become a dark, and filthy, and a loathsome people, beyond the description of that which ever hath been amongst us, yea, even that which hath been among the Lamanites, and this because of their unbelief and idolatry. . . . They were once a delightful people, and they had

Christ for their shepherd; yea, they were led even by God the Father. But now, behold, they are led about by Satan. . . . And behold, the Lord hath reserved their blessings, which they might have received in the land, for the Gentiles who shall possess the land. But behold, it shall come to pass that they shall be driven and scattered by the Gentiles; and after they have been driven and scattered by the Gentiles, behold, then will the Lord remember the covenant which he made unto Abraham and unto all the house of Israel (Mormon 5:10 ff.).

We see from these three passages of Nephite scripture the time spoken of has come when the gospel message shall go to the descendants of Lehi and through the Gentiles their blessings will be restored. And again they shall come to the knowledge of their forefathers and a realization that they are of the house of Israel. They are one of the broken natural branches of the olive tree, that have been scattered, but in the latter days, through the Gentiles, this natural branch is to be grafted back, that they may realize the blessings of our Heavenly Father.

Now, the Latter-day Saints, through The Book of Mormon, understand and know the origin of this people. We also know they are of the chosen of the Lord and of the house of Israel. We know what the promises of God to them are, and that these promises will be restored to them in the latter days. And the fact that we realize these things, should make us feel the great responsibility that is ours in carrying the gospel message to them.

Brother John Taylor, during his administration as President of the Church, said: "The work of the



Hal Rumel

### NAVAJO MOTHER AND INFANT, TWO DAYS OLD

Lord among the Lamanites must not be postponed if we desire to retain the approval of God." Thus far we have been content simply to baptize them and let them run wild again, but this must continue no longer. The same devoted effort, the same care and instruction, the same organization and Priesthood must be introduced and maintained among the house of Lehi as amongst those of Israel gathered from Gentile nations. As yet God has been doing all and we comparatively nothing. He has led many of them to us, and they have been baptized and now we must instruct them further and organize them, says Brother John Taylor

"into churches with proper presidencies. Attach them to our stakes, organizations, etc. In one word, treat them exactly in these respects as we would do and treat our white brethren." Nothing could be more plain than that as to our responsibility to these people.

**R**ECENTLY our late President George Albert Smith in inaugurating this work among the Indian people said: "The day is here for the gospel to go to the Lamanites and we must never fail them again." And when President David O. McKay became President, he reiterated what President George Albert Smith had said, and also

added: "God will hold us accountable if we fail."

I am sure, brothers and sisters, that is our responsibility today. These people have been many years falling into their present condition, and while they have had some advantages from our Government program, it hasn't been in the full spirit of love and understanding that we who understand their origin and God's promises concerning them can give, and because that is true the responsibility is ours to take to them the love, understanding, and blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ that they may turn to the Lord and thus realize the great blessings belonging to the house of Israel.

Now, I know it will take a lot of devotion on our part. I know many of us will have to do things perhaps we thought we would never be called upon to do; but those who have been engaged in working among these people have learned to love and appreciate them, and as they see their lack of opportunity, realize through the auxiliaries of the Church they can receive the opportunities that have been denied them for so many years. And we must, as a people, holding the truth and belonging to the true Church, do everything we can to take the gospel message to them and lift them up that they may enjoy the great blessings that God has promised them. It seems to me it requires a lot of love, a lot of patience, and a lot of perseverance; and we must be careful to keep the promises that we make, and show real and sustained interest as we work among them, and never fail them

in anything that we start to do or that we promise to do.

One of the missionaries recounted this observation by one of our Lamanite brothers. He said, "Why have you Mormons been so long in coming to the Indian people? You have been here for many years, yet other churches have been working among us for a long time." Then others of the older group said, "The Mormons come and work among the Indians for a while and then leave. Other churches come and stay; they don't go away."

Well, this is a legitimate charge and indictment against us, my brothers and sisters, because that has been our history. We have started and stopped, but now this program must go on. The day is here. The prophet of the Lord has said, "The message of the restored gospel must go to the Indians; we will be held accountable if we fail to accept and fulfil this responsibility."

**O**UR program of necessity must be flexible. I don't think in all of our work and activity we have yet hit upon a program for the Relief Society, or any of the other auxiliary organizations, for that matter, that can be employed among all the tribes of these people. They are different. Some respond readily to the gospel message, with others it takes a little more time, and still others are more difficult. But it does seem to me if we would record and assemble all our experiences among these people, that a study of them might be made, there would evolve at least a foundation program that all stakes could use

in the Indian work. We are yet somewhat experimenting in what we are trying to do.

Now as to some of the things that the Relief Society can do. Our first responsibility, of course, would be to lift these people up from their forlorn condition, implant pride of race and lineage, and give them a feeling of belonging and acceptance as brothers and sisters in the gospel, that they can enjoy the great blessings present in the gospel of Jesus Christ. As I have seen the Relief Society organization function among the Indians, they are an effective proselyting organization, that can and does contribute much to their lives. The program of the Relief Society, it seems to me, can awaken an interest and a desire for better things on the part of the Indian people.

We must do basic things in working with them. Surely we need to talk to them about personal cleanliness, and good habits, also proper moral conditions, and behavior. We must teach them about the home, how it should be arranged and kept, and go right in and demonstrate these things to them. It is the opportunity that the Relief Society has. I know we must approach it with a lot of love and a lot of consideration. We don't want to embarrass them; we do want to be helpful. But we must be forthright as we go forward in this work, for so much depends upon our meeting every problem and being honest and sincere in the solution of them. I am sure if we approach these people with proper understanding and in the sincerity of our hearts, that they will respond and

will support us in the work that we are trying to do among them.

Now, many of the fine things that the Relief Society can do have already been enumerated. This matter of care of the home that I have spoken to you about, the care and feeding of babies and children, the preparation of foods, the canning of foods, the making of soap, the making of quilts, sewing, and all these various things the Relief Society can introduce and help these people with in order that their standard of living can be lifted. We should call upon them to purchase the materials for processing or sewing, and then help them in making up the materials for use. If it is sewing, teach them to sew; or if it is fruits and vegetables, show them how they can be canned. Take them to the welfare canning centers where they can be taught and helped with these very important matters.

**Q**UITE often among us come medical agencies of the Government or state who render a health service. Whenever these opportunities are present, the Relief Society should take advantage of them by inviting Indian brothers and sisters to these medical clinics to have examinations or other tests. Surely, it gives you an opportunity to teach them something about the cause of disease, its prevention and care, and many very important things to the Indians can grow out of such an experience.

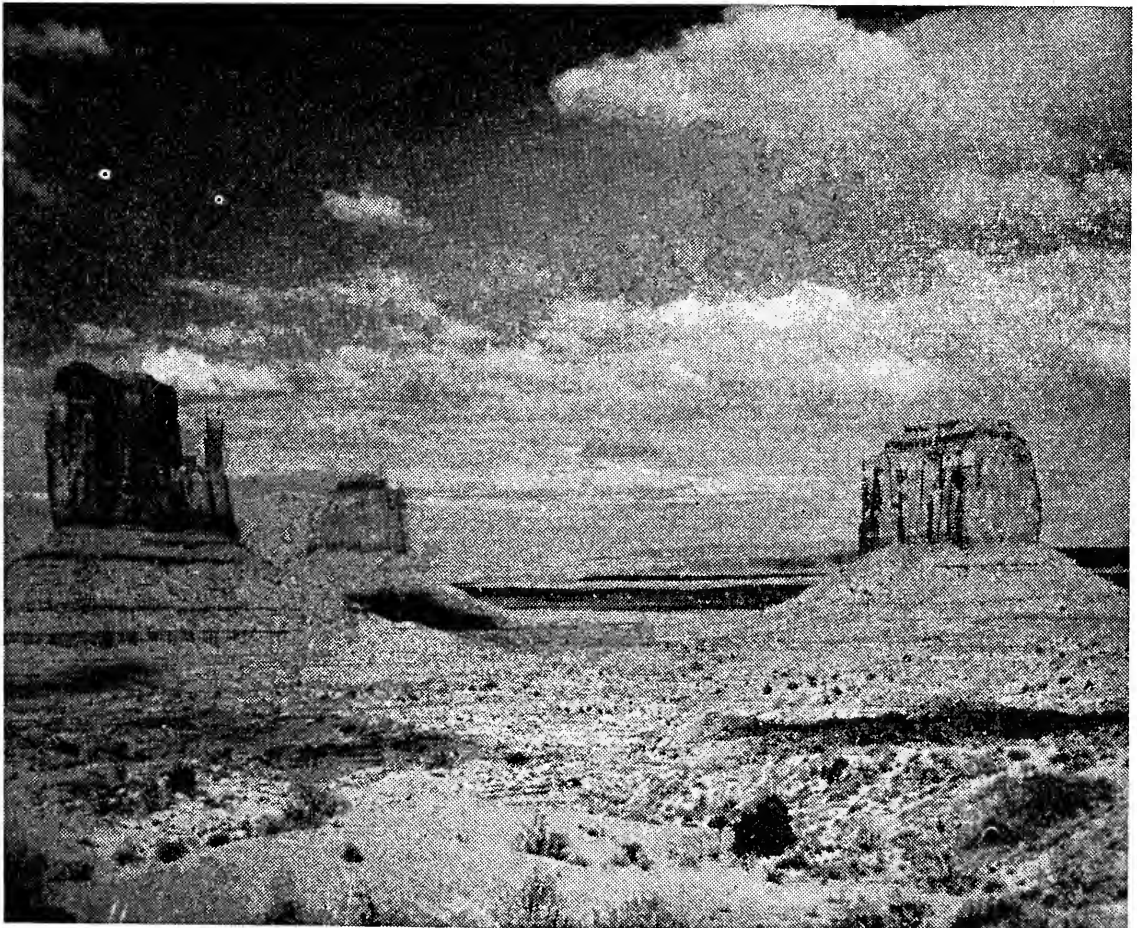
It has been mentioned today about using the Indian women as officers of the Relief Society; to call upon them to sing solos or in groups, teach them to lead singing groups



and then recognize these choruses at conferences or other gatherings, because all these things are helpful and instill a desire in these good people for better things. It also breaks down barriers and gives them a feeling of being wanted in this great Church program of ours. During times of illness and death among these people, the Relief Society can render a very valuable service, and perhaps that service will lead to investigation of the Church; after all, that is the thing we are trying to do, and we should not overlook an opportunity through our service that would permit us to teach them the gospel of Jesus Christ.

One of our good Relief Society presidents said:

One of the most satisfying experiences to me has been the times when I have been called upon to take care of the funerals for our Indian people. We had attended a number of such gatherings taken care of by other churches and groups; and I have felt that it would be a wonderful opportunity for us if the time ever came that we could take care of a funeral and really show these good people how we felt it should be done. It was not too long before one of our elderly Relief Society members passed away. I called to see her while she was very ill, and she requested that the Relief Society take care of her funeral and her burial. She was not a member of the Church, but a most faithful member of our Relief Society. We made her burial



Wayne Davis

THE SOLITUDES OF MONUMENT VALLEY  
IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY OF THE UTAH-ARIZONA BORDER



clothes, decorated the church where we meet on the reservation as beautiful and lovely as we would for any other member of our wards. The bishop co-operated with us, and a member of the presidency came out to give the sermon. The Indian Singing Mothers furnished the singing. Some of us who knew her well were asked to give short tributes to the life of this good sister. It was all so beautiful and sweet, with no shouting or beating of tom-toms, as there had been before on such occasions.

After the services the grown son of this good lady took both my hands and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, "Oh, Sister, how can I thank you enough for all the beautiful things you have done for my little mother? Everything was so wonderful and just as mother would have it done. She asked us to learn more about the Mormon faith, and now I want to do it. Thank you again and again for this service."

This one experience has opened the doors to the missionaries on the reservation and given the Relief Society increased membership and many opportunities we might never have in any other way. Since that time we have held a number of other funerals and had the opportunity to preach the gospel to more of the Lamanite people in this vicinity than in any other way, as everyone from far and near attends the funeral services of friends and relatives.

After a recent baby funeral one of our Indian women wanted me to go with her to the home of the grieving mother and tell her what we believe about babies and the hereafter, where they go, and if they are condemned because they are not baptized. Of course, I was most happy to go, and from that beginning we have made friends who will join the Church in due time, I am sure.

And then she adds this very significant thing: "It seems, Brother Stapley, that everything we try to do for our Lamanite program is blessed and guided by a power so great that we cannot help knowing that the Lord is helping our efforts in this work."

We do, brothers and sisters, have a real challenge in this great program of working among these good people. The Relief Society, working through the mothers, has an opportunity of not only helping them but, through the work they do, break down resistance and open the doors to our missionaries, that the gospel can be taught to them. I believe if the Relief Society will continue going about this work with prayerful and understanding hearts, the Lord will open the way and give you the vision of the great assignment of the Relief Society to these people. And the work, well, it will be one of the greatest works that the Relief Society could accomplish.

I know that we must use all the agencies at our command in our work among these people, but it does seem to me that the Relief Society stands in an enviable position to give the type of teaching and instruction these people require.

May the Lord help you to do this and to gain the joy and the happiness associated with it, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.



For he that diligently seeketh shall find; and the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto them . . . as well in these times as in times of old, and as well in times of old as in times to come; wherefore, the course of the Lord is one eternal round (I Nephi 10:19).

## *Teach the Lamanites the Gospel of Jesus Christ*

Elder Spencer W. Kimball  
Of the Council of the Twelve

[From Remarks Made at the Indian Relations Department of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

Sisters, all that has been said and done has been extremely important to this program. There was just one thought I wanted to leave in the conclusion of the meeting. The Lord gave to us in revelation:

For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man (The Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:39).

Everything we do should be a means to that end. There may be many Indians and other minorities and majorities, also, who know much about literature, who know about social problems, who know how to make quilts, who are educated, highly trained and cultivated, but who will never see eternal life, who will never have immortality. Everything we do, every move we make, every word we say, every act, should be dedicated to that conclusion, if these Indians of whom we are speaking, and everyone else, for that matter, are to find their way to immortality and eternal life.

We must raise their standards, we must give them better living conditions, we must increase their opportunities, but *everything must be centered around that pivotal point: to teach them the gospel of Jesus Christ, and give them a testimony of its divinity, so that they will walk with us to the goals which the Lord has set for us.* I pray that will be our happy lot, and theirs, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



. . . And I prayed unto him with many long strugglings for my brethren, the Lamanites . . . that if it should so be, that my people, the Nephites, should fall into transgression, and by any means be destroyed, and the Lamanites should not be destroyed, that the Lord God would preserve a record of my people, the Nephites . . . that it might be brought forth at some future day unto the Lamanites, that, perhaps, they might be brought unto salvation. . . . And I had faith, and I did cry unto God that he would preserve the records; and he covenanted with me that he would bring them forth unto the Lamanites in his own due time (Enos 1:11, 13, 16).

# Loving and Working With Our Lamanite Sisters

Myrle Fowler, Sevier Stake

[Address Delivered at the Indian Relations Department of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

**M**Y dear brothers and sisters, my first thought on being asked to accept this assignment was "No! In my weakness, I cannot." Then, for a moment, the weight of the combined problems of my Lamanite friends seemed to be resting on my shoulders. I hope and pray the Lord will use me to awaken new hearts to the Lamanite work.

Our work among these sisters must be guided by our hearts rather than the reasoning power of our minds. This is a new field, yet we know the harvest is sure, for God has told us so through his prophets. Still, we, in our weakness, must pioneer the way. There are rocks to be removed that seem almost as boulders beyond our strength to remove, brush to be uprooted and burned, plowing and planting to be done with prayerful consideration. We have been trusted with the transplanting, weeding, pruning, and all things necessary to bring forth a glorious harvest.

How is it going to be done? I confess, I have no blueprint. I can only tell you a little of my experience.

The way was opened before me. I have worked, under the call of the Priesthood, with Piutes, Hopis, Utes, and Navajo people, and I am proud of my friends among them. I am among them so much that

many have asked how much Lamanite blood I have. I am sorry to have to answer, "I have none," for I wish I were a legal heir to the blessings in store for this people. The Lord can take our weakness and turn it into strength. He can use the weakest of the weak to fulfill his promises to these people.

The Lord loves the Lamanite people and expects us to encourage them to greater confidence in themselves, to use their latent leadership abilities to raise themselves from the dust of despair, where we, through superior attitudes, have imprisoned them. I have been as guilty as any in the past, and I still must be constantly on guard that the reasoning power of my mind does not take over and lead me away from the whisperings of the Spirit to my heart.

We have to learn the hard way that these people cannot yet be expected to stay on the path we lead. We have to keep reaching out to them. We learn what forgiveness means in all its aspects. They may take one step forward and two steps back, for we are leading them in paths they have never known, and the enemy of righteousness never sleeps. He works twenty-four hours a day—every day of the year.

We cannot make many plans, for each day brings new problems

we could not have foreseen. A willing and a submissive spirit will enable the Lord to direct our activity.

Navajo leaders tell us:

We have been told our history would be returned to us by our people—white people. All white people are not our people, but the ones who are our people were our cousins a long time back. When our people come we will know it in our hearts, for they will laugh with us when we are happy and cry with us in our sorrow, not turn away from us because they are far ahead of us on the road, but will look back to us and take our hand and help us catch up. We are like a baby learning to walk. And you are running around and even dancing along the road. We took one step when our boys went into service and came back to tell us where we were—way behind. Then we got a chance to work among you. It was another step for some, but for others ten steps backwards, for they learned some pretty bad things. They got on wrong roads to travel, but we knew this would happen because they don't want to listen to the old ones anymore and want to just have good times. So we know the day must come quick for our people to get together, or our young people are lost. We pray for the white people to forget about money and things and accept us as brothers and sisters, then we can tell you some things we know, for we know more yet than you have in your books, but we need "Go ma lah's book," Mormon's book, to tell us some things we don't know.

Sisters, even though we do not speak the tongue of this people, that is no reason to pass them by. Our eyes can meet, our smiles of friendship can lift them up without words. And when we do find someone we can talk with, we must not ask them idle questions out of curiosity, they resent it.

IT is easy to love them when they live beautiful lives and do things that bring honor to our efforts. The true test comes when they go contrary to our teachings, for then they need our love in all its strength and the healing power of forgiveness. Let's not see their negative side. Look beneath the things we see and hear that are not good, and only let the good things we find enter our consciousness. The evil one is alert to destroy this work, and he will show us every way he can their faults and put obstacles in our paths. As one of our apostles has said, "Put the devil in a barrel and sit on the lid." We must not give in to an attitude of defeat.

Sisters, let us unite to plan, pray, and dare to dream, then work till our dream comes true.

Elder Kimball once said, "I wish my pen had the gift of tears and I would make the whole world weep for these people."

May I echo his cry and add, "Yes! Let us weep for these people, and let our tears melt the pride in our hearts that we may be moved to action."

We can help them most by using the healing power of charity and love. By occupying our minds with the problems of this people, we will ease the sting of personal disappointments.

I have slept on a sheepskin in Navajo hogans and eaten their food. The warm hospitality and peaceful spirit of their humble homes is beyond description. In these hogans I have been taught many sacred and beautiful truths. These people are not uneducated, as we imagine. Most of them cannot read and

write or speak English, but neither do we know the truths Mother Nature teaches their responsive hearts.

Let us teach them, but let us let them also teach us. Let us correct in our homes the "cowboys-and-Indians" version taught in pictures and stories. Let us ask the Lord to bless us that we may not be offended by the things we see, and to touch our hearts to help the Lamanite people overcome objectionable conditions. When their children come among us covered with impetigo sores and other skin eruptions, do we pass them as unclean, or do we offer them some penicillin ointment?

**T**HEY need help with their sick. We can teach them proper care of their babies, proper nutrition. I cannot appeal to you too strongly. Help them with their babies. These little innocent darlings are choice spirits sent forth in this day not only to help their people, but to keep us in paths of duty. I wish you could see, as I have seen, the needless suffering among them. They are keeping God's commandment to multiply, but too many of their little ones return to the heavenly home soon after having breathed the breath of life. Why, sisters?

### WHY?

I saw his fight for life and heard his dying cry.  
My heart in sorrow rife asks a simple question, "Why?"  
Why hadn't we told this Mother, e'er her dear little son grew ill,  
That we were her sister or brother? Is her suffering by God's will?

Why didn't she know of wonder drugs, of the help we'd gladly give?  
Did she know the day she gave him birth of the chance he had to live?  
She knew for her bread she would have to work in the fields by the side of  
her mate,  
For that is the lot of an Indian, by some cruel and unkind fate.

Did her heart rejoice, or was she sad on the day birth pangs were still?  
As she looked in the eyes of her little lad, did she know about germs that kill?  
I'm sure in her heart she breathed a prayer, as her dear little son lay dead,  
That we would awaken to heed the call along paths where Jesus led.

—Myrle Fowler

We must consider what the Indians have to work with and teach them only basic and simple health rules. I wish we could all visit them in their homes, then we would know how much our help is needed.

These people have been taught through the experience of the past to be cautious and suspicious of white people, so it is a slow pro-

cess. We must not promise anything we do not mean to do. They are gifted to discern, even without words, if we are their friends. They only respond heart to heart, so we must keep our negative thoughts out of the mirror of our expression, or they will read them and turn from us.

Sisters, they need our love, the

(Continued on page 143)

*Second Prize Story*  
*Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest*

## No Tears, Beloved

*Blanche Kendall McKey*

**J**EANETTE certainly was not the "Little Jean" her name implied. She was tall, spare, and straight-lined. There was no sag to her broad shoulders, and her hands, big-jointed and gray-veined, spoke more of strength than of toil. Even now, folded passively across her wide black belt, they suggested vigor. Her mother and her grandmother both had withstood the hardships of Utah pioneering.

For her years Jeanette was still a handsome woman, with large regular features and full dark eyes. She was standing over one of the twin beds in her hotel room, looking down at a sleeping child, recently turned four. His profile was delicate, his cheeks pink, his small nose dotted with freckles. Sunk deep in sleep, his knees tucked almost up to his chest, his slim fingers curled, he looked very small and inadequate as a human personality. She felt her eyelids sting and her throat swell. No tears, she thought, but how fast the month had fled since the arrival of Clinton's letter. They were at the fork in the road, she and little Hal!

Clinton couldn't help being proud of his son, she thought. She had done a good job and knew that her son-in-law would recognize it. That was really all that mattered.



BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY

Only it did seem strange to think of Clinton on a second honeymoon.

She crossed to her small traveling bag and took out a picture of her daughter in a tiny velvet case that Ginnie had sent her on the first honeymoon. To California that time in an old Ford, Clinton still in uniform, and both of them laughing like two kids. That's what they had been, just kids! Ginnie hadn't been much more than a kid two years later, when she died. No girl had ever wanted to live more than Ginnie had. And everything



had been over so terribly soon, before Jeanette could even reach Salt Lake. But the baby had lived. Pain stabbed at the back of her eyes, her chest too full for breathing. She folded the little case and tucked it back into the pocket of her bag. No tears, beloved!

A glance in the mirror showed her that Clinton would see how she had aged. That didn't matter, either—perhaps he had changed too. She had not known Clinton very well, a city boy whom Ginnie had met at the university. What did matter was Hal. She hadn't promised to give him up; she had written that she hoped she could. She wasn't going to hand Ginnie's baby over to anybody. This new girl had better be someone special! Ginnie seemed to be right there with her in the unfamiliar hotel room. A wave of weakness swept her, but she stiffened. No tears!

Jeanette sat down on the side of Hal's bed and pushed his blond hair back from his forehead.

"Wake up, Hally. Wake up, dear. It's morning."

The boy's eyes popped open. "Where's Rags?"

"You know where Rags is. Down home on the farm with Jake and the other fellows. We're in Salt Lake City, you know. This is our vacation. Come, hurry."

She hustled into the bathroom and turned the faucets. "We're going to have breakfast in a restaurant. Think of it! And then we're going to ride up and see the place where you were born."

"Has Daddy come?"

"Not yet. Not for a long time."

She straightened from bending

over the tub and called through the door, "Hurry, honey. Hop in—the water's seasoned."

It was rather a gay adventure, all things considered, a few tender hours to remember when the momentous day was gone. The last time she would have him all to herself! They wandered through Temple Square, admiring the pansies and petunias, and looked for goldfish in the tiny "Seagull" pond. They peered into the great Tabernacle, with its long rows of shining benches; and wondered how tall the Angel Moroni really was, way up there in the blue.

**H**AL was all questions: What's this? What's that? What's these? Truly a boy of promise, with such direct eyes and stout little legs! Everyone they met seemed to notice him.

They rode on a bus to the eastern foothills and gazed on the wide sweeping valley with its masses of trees, its spires and domes. Far to the west the mountains were a purple shadow, but the near hummocks rolled above them, patched with green, and behind these towered the rounded summit.

"The people who settled Utah learned to love the mountains," she said; and after a moment of retrospection she added, "The mountains made them strong."

He wrestled with the idea for a second, his keen eyes questioning, and then gave up the riddle. "I'm hungry, Grandma," he said.

They walked toward town under wide-spreading trees, the air spicy from the petunia beds that lined most of the lawns and sweet with

the fragrance of roses. It wasn't long before they discovered a small drugstore with an enticing lunch counter where the boy ate hungrily, nor noticed his grandmother's lack of appetite, and smiled at her happily over their ice-cream soda glasses.

"Come, Hally," she said when his straw began to make little squeaking sounds, "come, we're going to see the hospital where you were born."

"Do we go on a bus?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, boy!"

The ride was exciting and satisfying, although the Main Street crowds and the business of transferring to another bus were a little confusing to both of them. But they reached the large building and stood gazing up at the many windows.

"Can we go inside?" he asked.

She answered with genuine shrinking. "Oh, no. That's out of the question—we don't know anyone."

"What's in there?"

"Lots of rooms, honey, with beds and sick people. And busy nurses. And doctors."

She didn't know herself how completely her entire being went back to that night when he had been born. For a time her veiled eyes saw nothing real. Hal ran up and down the walks and around to the side, examining everything, and came back to pull her dress.

"What does that sign say, Grandma?"

She answered absently, "No trespassing."

He pulled at her again. "What does that mean?"

Her mind had come back to him now. "It means that we mustn't go on the grass. We mustn't step there. That piece of ground doesn't belong to us. Come along, now, we must get back to the hotel. We have to tidy up. Daddy will be coming soon."

"Can we see his train?"

"No. He told us to wait at the hotel."

AS they climbed the little hill to the bus line, she turned to look again at the hospital and her mind went back once more to that night four years ago when Clinton had met her in the hall and told her she was a few moments too late.

Now as she walked she held Hal's hand automatically and sat down on a bench near the bus stop scarcely knowing that she moved. The boy scrambled up beside her. After a time she realized that he was pulling at her dress again, and she looked down to see his upturned face warm with childish sympathy.

"Grandma, are you sorry that I was born?"

Oh, my darling, she thought, as she crushed him to her. Tears stabbed at her eyes and then receded as on the air she saw, or thought she saw, her daughter's face, eager for life and grateful for love. His question balanced in her mind for a second; then she dropped her head on his flaxen hair. I mustn't trespass, she thought, I mustn't trespass. It was the only answer she could find. She straightened, looking at him, and saw that her eyes were holding his own intent gaze.

"Don't you ever forget that your

Grandma loves you. Loves you more than she loves any other person in the whole world. And always will love you. And remember, too, that you were born in Utah."

"Was Daddy born in Utah?"

"Yes, in Salt Lake City. But his people left Utah."

"Was my new Ma born in Utah?"

She rose, holding his hand very tight. "I don't know," she replied, so short and to the point that his questions ended. The bus rolled down the hill and stopped; and before long they were back in the hotel room, washing up for Daddy and the new "Ma."

Jeanette rose when she heard Clinton's tap on the door.

"Come in," she called, tautly.

The door swung open and they stood on the threshold, Clinton and his bride. For a breath or two, no one moved. Jeanette and Clinton stared at each other. She put her hand up to her heavy coil of gray hair as she read his eyes. Well, she had guessed right—Clinton had changed also. The heartbroken, rebellious youth, who had dashed away to join the reserves or the occupation forces somewhere in Europe, was gone.

"Come in, folks," said Jeanette, trying to be casual.

**THEY** stepped into the room. Clinton was in civilian clothes—she remembered that his letter had said he was going to work for the Government in Washington. With the girl on his arm, he came forward, not diffidently, but with perceptible restraint.

"This is Lisbeth," he said simply, as though in the presence of Gin-

nie's mother he didn't wish to exhibit too much pride. Jeanette took in the girl's personality at a glance—the trim tailored figure, neat shoes, clear skin, and friendly eyes that smiled in unison with her lips.

Jeanette extended her hand and Lisbeth took it warmly. "It's so nice to meet you, Mother," she said.

Mother, thought Jeanette. Clinton had never called her "Mother." There had always been a certain stiffness between them, from their first meeting, when Jeanette had told him Ginnie was too young for marriage. That seemed such a long time ago!

"And here's the son," cried Clinton, his pride bursting through repression. "What a fine, big son!" (Hally is really small for four-turned, thought Jeanette.) Clinton swung the child high into his arms. "Lisbeth, may I present Harold Clinton McBride?"

"Oh, the darling," she murmured under her breath. She stretched up her hands to touch his shoulders. "You precious darling," she said in a low voice.

Suddenly Jeanette felt limp, even shaky. She sat down on a chair across the room and watched.

Clinton took from his pocket a box containing a tiny train that ran by itself when he wound it. "Toot! Toot!" he exclaimed as it sped over the painted margin around the rug.

"Toot!" echoed Hal, scrambling after it. They were all three on the floor, laughing, Lisbeth as excited as the boys. Evidently the fun made Hal think of another play-fellow, for he looked appealingly at his father and asked, "Daddy, can't

we take Rags to Washington?"

Clinton's laugh died. He shot an inquiring look at Jeanette. "Is Rags still alive?"

"Oh, yes, and well."

He rose from the floor, sat down and took Hal on his knee.

"You and Lisbeth and I are going to live in a big building, with many apartments—like hundreds of little homes, you know."

"As big as a hospital, Daddy?"

"Much taller, son. But there are so many people that there isn't so very much room, after all—so they won't let anybody have a dog."

Impressed, Hal was sadly silent. Lisbeth crossed to kneel at the arm of Clinton's chair.

"Do you like kitties?" she asked, engagingly.

"Yes."

"So do I. And I think we could have a little cat. Some of the children have them. You know there's a small park where we're going to live, with teeters and swings and sandboxes just for the children who live there. You could take the kitty down with you when you go to play, but you would have to see that nobody hurt it."

"I would," he said stoutly.

CLINTON sprang up, his eyes on his wrist watch. "Our plane leaves in less than two hours. Let's all go out and get some supper."

But they never had that meal together, for Hal crossed to Lisbeth, who had dropped into a rocker by the window and was tidying her hair and "powdering up."

"Do you know where you were born?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes," she answered, surprised

into laying her small mirror on her knee.

"People ought to know where they were born," he confided intimately. "I was born in Utah."

Jeanette's hand went to her throat. Would Lisbeth see the import in his lifted gaze? The momentous significance?

"You weren't born in Utah," he pronounced, solemnly.

"But I go to a Utah Sunday School," she countered, seriously. She bent forward and scooped him into her lap. He was too tired after the long, exciting day to resist, and his head fitted into her shoulder. She began to rock and in a moment to sing in a low voice, as though they two were alone.

Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor  
fear,

But with joy wend your way;  
Tho hard to you this journey may appear,  
Grace shall be as your day.

'Tis better far for us to strive  
Our useless cares from us to drive;  
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—  
All is well! All is well!

His eyelids began to flicker and she hummed the melody softly, her gaze on the far hills. His body relaxed, his gleaming head slumped heavily. Lisbeth rose with him, smiling triumphantly at Clinton, who came forward to kiss her, but straightened as her eyes turned to Jeanette.

"Would you like to tuck him in, Mother?" she asked gently.

If ever there was a time for tears, Jeanette thought, it is now! She swallowed hard and paused before she said steadily, "You can do it very well yourself, my dear."

Lisbeth laid Hal down and said wryly, "I'm tired, too. Wish I could nap for half a minute."

Clinton grinned boyishly. "Go ahead. I'll wake you in plenty of time."

**L**ISBETH lay down carefully beside Hal, smoothing her skirt to avoid wrinkles, and soon her young body went limp too.

"She wanted to see America," explained Clinton, mildly apologetic. "In fact, she wanted to see the whole world. But after three weeks of travel, I think all she wants is a four-room apartment." Then he added, thoughtfully, "They will be great pals."

Jeanette kept her gaze on the sleeping boy, but she felt Clinton's eyes studying her profile. "It seems cruel to take him away from you—Mother," he said hesitantly. "Would you like to keep him for another year?"

Her heart leapt and her arms yearned. It seemed a long time before she could trust her voice. "No, thank you, Clinton. An old farm, an old dog, and an old woman! There's no future to such a foundation. The sooner the break, the better for him."

He coughed before he spoke again, and his voice came huskily.

"I wanted him all the time I was in Europe. I think I wanted him as much because of Ginnie as for himself."

There was no answer to such an intimate disclosure, although she wanted to let him know how deeply she understood. Her throat throbbed, but she could find nothing to say that didn't seem in her mind flat, trite, and unnecessary.

It was at the airport that Jeanette had her greatest trial. The man in uniform had called, "All aboard," and Clinton had begun to pull Hal toward the gate.

But the boy clung to Jeanette's knees and looked up at her, ready to cry. "Let Grandma come too, Daddy," he pleaded.

Clinton swung him up in his arms.

"Listen, Hally," said Jeanette, her eyes almost level with his, "I have to stay to take care of Rags. Rags doesn't know anything but the farm. Your grandpa brought him home, a little puppy, more than ten years ago. All he's ever known for real friends is grandpa and you and me. Grandpa's gone and you're going on a lovely trip with Daddy. I have to stay and take care of poor Rags."

"Besides," cut in Lisbeth, "I have in my suitcase little bears and deer and a painted clown. Everywhere we went we picked up toys. And when we reach the apartment, we'll unpack, and you may have them for your very own."

"And don't forget the kitty," reminded Clinton. He pulled a face and whined, "Meow! Meow!"

Hal laughed, and they hurried through the gate, across the field, and up the runway. At the entrance they turned—young and strong and glowing.

"Goodbye," called Jeanette, although she knew they couldn't hear above the roar of the motors, the bustle of people, the goodbye calls. Her handkerchief fluttered in the breeze and Hally's little arm shot out to wave reply. He called something, smiling, and tried

to look back at her as the stewardess urged them inside. The plane circled the field, once, twice, then took to the air and flew out of sight. There hadn't been a tear!

When Jeanette opened the door of her hotel room she closed it behind her and, leaning against it, stood looking at the different objects—the twin beds, with a dent in one of the pillows where the brown and yellow heads had lain. The two chairs where she and Clinton had sat looked stiffly uninviting. Under the rocker by the window lay Lisbeth's tiny mirror, evidently dropped from her lap when she rose with Hal. Jeanette picked it up and tucked it thoughtfully into her handbag. Then, removing her hat, she sank heavily into a chair.

It was strange, she thought, how some of the saddest things in life were things you wouldn't change if you could. Like so many different kinds of partings and death for the very old. But not young death. That was a different thing.

She saw Hally's little face when he had asked if she wished he hadn't been born. Well, she had given him up with a smile. But she was all alone now, with train time two hours away, so she could cry. A good, old-fashioned woman's cry—that would wash out some of the hurt. But she found that the tears didn't come. There was a small ocean of them, she knew, at the bottom of her heart, but they were down very deep.

Her throat ached painfully, but she merely sat picturing her waiting home, the wide porch where both Ginnie and her baby had played, the sandbox that Jake and another "hand" had built for Hally, the gay little pail, lying on its side deserted. And down the wooden walk old Rags would come to meet her. Rags would miss his playmate—that thought brought an extra pang. But her burning eyes remained as dry as crumpled leaves in autumn. She just couldn't reach the tears—they were down too far!

*Blanche Kendall Thomas McKey* is a daughter of pioneer merchant R. K. Thomas and Carrie Stockdale Thomas, who was a member of the Relief Society general board. She is a sister of Rose Thomas Graham and High Commissioner Elbert D. Thomas.

As a young girl, "Blanche Kendall" met with success on the professional stage, appearing several times in New York City. She married William Richard McKey, who was starring as "Eben Holden," and who became a member of the New York branch of the Latter-day Saint Church. Mr. McKey died when their children, Eily (Mrs. George Pierson) and Richard (of Washington, D. C.) were very young.

As a teacher of speech and English (at Weber College, Ricks College, Ogden High School) Blanche produced many plays and pageants. She is the author of "The Triumph of Tomorrow," "The Redemption of Johnnie Average," "Lamps of Glory," and other plays. Her poems have appeared in local and national publications.

Mrs. McKey is a charter member of the Salt Lake City branch of the National League of American Pen women, and last year was chairman of drama in the District of Columbia branch. She has won many prizes in Utah and Washington and has received five national awards.



# Good Afternoon, My Lady

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

**A**RE you nearing the afternoon of your life? If so, look to the sun. It is shining high. Your morning of menial tasks and perplexities may be over. If you are fortunate enough to be a mother, the morning of your life has offered much joy, but only limited time that you could call your own. Afternoon will bring to you long coveted leisure hours.

What will you do with these hours? Will you grasp each moment and impregnate it with the rich fertile material that constitutes the prolific life, or will you find yourself lapsing into a middle age neurosis, a sterility of mind as well as of body? Afternoon is a time for joy, for recreation and self-cultivation. Plan it and use it as such.

Close the door gently upon the past. However, keep the key, for there will be times when you will want to go back and hold a reunion with your pleasant memories; memories of other springs, of young love and the prattle of little children.

Lock securely and permanently away all of your heartaches, failures, and disappointments, for, if you have lived wisely, you have already profited by them, and have no further need of them.

"The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as queens," or much, much happier.

There is music—so much of it, all kinds of it; so, with more time

at your disposal, listen to good music with understanding and appreciation. As you listen, seek to understand the fountain from which it flows. Next time you listen to Handel's greatest inspiration, *The Messiah*, be aware of the fact that he wrote the entire work in three weeks, with such a flood of inspiration that it seemed "the gates of heaven were opened" to him. Brahms's *German Requiem* was the result of the composer's deep sorrow over the death of his mother.

Did you ever feel an urge to paint a picture? If so, do not allow yourself to pass the afternoon of your life without the enriching experience of handling a palette and a brush. You may never paint a picture that you would be proud to display on your wall, but you won't know until you have tried. The chief delight of trying to paint is what it does to your powers of observation. When you study the landscape through the eyes of an artist, you will be astonished to see many things that you have never noticed before. So many changing colors as the days and seasons roll by. Such variation of sky and clouds. A tree ceases to be just a tree and becomes an object of intricate imagery, bearing lacy filigree in summer's fulfillment.

If you have no disposition to paint on canvas, why not work with the great Master Painter and create a living picture in your own backyard? If you have never felt the

cool, prolific earth ooze through your fingers while you plant seedlings in the spring, you have missed a satisfying experience. If you have never watched the azalea and magnolia yield in their glory, you have missed a closeness to the infinite.

I have a friend who built her greenhouse with her own feminine hands. Her garden from early springtime until winter's blanketing is a place of beauty. She transplants flowers from the mountainside and glens, and her garden is a "memory grove" of friends who have given her cuttings of their own plantings. This friend of mine is a friend of many, because of her gifts of flowers. From her own back yard she creates many living pictures. She has unique and original ways of arranging her flowers, and in her little community, every wedding, each anniversary and bereavement, is sure to be remembered by Mary. Many a shut-in has known the fragrance of springtime, the rose scent of midsummer, and the glory of autumn because Mary remembered.

**A**T the age of forty-five, Cynthia discovered that she had a way with words. Her past experiences, intermingled with a rare understanding of people and things, prepared her loom for the weaving of word pictures, and she has found joy in creative writing.

It is amazing what pleasures one can gain during a few minutes each day in the public library. Its doors stand open and offer a daily feast of any preferred variety of food for the mind and spirit at no cost whatsoever. For anyone who hung-

ers for adventure, travel, or science, the library has much to offer. Choose your subject, then lose yourself in the magic of the written word.

The opportunity to serve increases as the afternoon lengthens. With more time on your hands, you can pave your way with action instead of good intentions. Now there is more time to visit the sick, more time to write those friendly letters, added hours to devote to service for others. Give freely of yourself, for the Master has said ". . . whosoever will be great among you . . . shall be servant of all."

Undoubtedly there will be some shadows as the afternoon extends, for it takes the shadows as a compliment to the light to make an imposing picture. Did you not learn as you lived on through the morning, that, by contrast, the shadows made the light much brighter, and the most opaque darkness was illuminated by the sunshine of serenity? If you have lived well your faith in the Lord has increased with the years. And that faith is your anchor.

Never allow yourself to think of the years of the afternoon of your life as *declining* years. To decline is to decay, to fail, to draw to a close. She who accepts all the years as a time for mental and spiritual growth will never know decline. Live while you live, and make every moment of your afternoon count for good. Then, as the shadows lengthen into twilight, you will know the "peace that passeth understanding," the peace that comes only to those who have lived abundantly and well.

# The House With the Blue Roof

Hannah Smith

MARIAN tried to keep her voice down so that Bill's mother, resting on the cot in the dining room, couldn't hear her. But, in spite of herself, her tone climbed, shrill and trembling on the edge of tears. Bill, as infuriatingly calm as always, leaned against the sink, his brown eyes sympathetic, but shaking his head already because he knew, of course, what it was she was going to say.

"Look!" Marian said in a taut, querulous half-whisper, "just look at this room! There's nowhere to put another thing! And the rest of the house is even worse. Oh, Bill, with just a little more space I could stand it, but . . ."

She broke off, her hands flung out in a hopeless, all-inclusive gesture.

Bill's eyes obediently took in the room. "Yes, honey, I know," he said patiently. His gaze traveled from the five chairs crammed around the tiny kitchen table, to the basket of laundry on the baby's high chair, the ironing board tucked awkwardly between icebox and sink, at the carton of canned goods and the basket of toys under the stove. "I know we're crowded."

"Crowded?" The word came out harder, more belligerent than she intended, but his calmness was as maddening sometimes as their situation. "You ought to be here all day. At least you get out of this—this sardine can."

"I know, honey." He said it just as he had so many other times since Julie was born and since Mother Atchley came to live with them.

"But we just haven't the money to move. Or build on, either. You know how things are at the garage, just getting started. We'll just have to wait."

Marian's head was pounding. The accumulated irritations of the morning suddenly boiled up in a vortex inside her. "Wait," she said. "Wait. Well, I'm tired of waiting. I'm going to do something. I don't care if we starve, I'm going to get us a little more space. Maybe Nettie Willson can help me!"

She flashed by him, snatched an old jacket from the hook by the back door, and ran down the back steps. Bill called something after her, but she didn't stop to listen. Let him stay there in that little house for a while, she thought bitterly; I don't even care if he is late getting back to the garage from lunch. I've just got to find us a bigger house.

Her hurrying feet beat a sharp accompaniment to the frantic turmoil of her thoughts. Nettie Willson's real estate office was just three blocks over; maybe Nettie could help them. Bill's trouble was that he accepted everything, took it for granted that he was the only one in his family who could take care of his mother. Accepted the hard end of everything at the garage where he was in partnership with George Hanning. She used to think she was pretty calm, too, back in the days when they were first married, when they first moved into their little house.

**T**EARS stung behind her eyelids as she remembered suddenly those days. The house had looked so attractive then. No play pen crowding the center of the living room. No improvised bed for Mother Atchley in the dining room. Not that she really minded her mother-in-law's presence, really. Even though she was too frail and ill to be left alone, she was really surprisingly easy to get along with, Marian told herself, with reluctant honesty; Bill had got his disposition from his mother, she thought, with a small, wry grin. It would be nice having her with them, if she only had a room to herself—a room where she could put all the yellowed family pictures that now crowded the buffet. . . a place for her clothes that now shared the hall closet with the baby's stroller, the winter coats, the umbrellas.

Marian's fists were knots of tension in her jacket pockets. She realized with a start that she was already in front of Nettie's office, that she had been walking faster and faster, keeping pace with the mounting fury and frustration inside her.

She put her hand on the doorknob of the little office, seeing Nettie's gray head bent over her desk. But just as she started to enter her attention was caught by a large sign pasted on the plate-glass window beside her, lettered in Nettie's rather staggering scrawl:

NEED MORE SPACE?

Three Bedrooms and Den. Bath and a  
Half. Large Yard. Trees. Flowers.  
Reasonable

**M**ARIAN stood staring up at the sign. That's not a house; that's

heaven, she thought. A bedroom for Bill and me. A room for the children. A room for Mother Atchley. And a den . . . a place for the sewing machine, the play pen, the account books from the garage . . . .

All at once her hand tightened on the doorknob. *We're going to live there*, she told herself grimly. Somehow. Reasonable, the sign said. They had an equity in their own house. Something could be worked out. It had to be. Nettie knew them; she'd help them fix it some way . . . .

"What a black scowl! You almost scared me!"

Marian laughed, startled, when the little plump woman behind the flat-topped desk in front of her spoke. She'd been so engrossed with her determination she had even forgotten to say "Hello."

"Sorry," she said. "I was thinking about that ad out there."

Nettie pushed a chair toward Marian with the tip of her stout black Oxford and stuck her yellow pencil into her gray hair, from which two other pencils already protruded. "Oh, *that*," she said. "Nice place. Over on Underhill Road. Quite a few people been looking at that. . . . How are the children?"

"Fine," Marian said absently. She hitched her chair closer to the desk and put her arm on its surface; she bent toward Nettie eagerly. "Nettie," she said, "could we buy it? We've got to. Could you work us out a deal some way? We've got about three thousand equity in our place, and . . . ."

Nettie's eyes, behind their gold-rimmed glasses, looked unhappy, as she slowly shook her

head. "Oh, honey," she said, "I'm awfully sorry, but that's . . . well, it's way beyond you kids yet. They want nineteen thousand for that house. You'd have to have at least eight thousand down payment. And the monthly payments . . ."

Marian's cheeks flamed. "I don't care," she said recklessly. "Maybe Bill could borrow on the garage. Maybe . . ."

"Wait a minute," Nettie said. "Wait a minute, dear." She put her plump hand on Marian's wrist. "My, you're going like a race horse. Settle back. I'll bet you've done a washing and cleaned your house and bathed the baby already this morning."

"And baked a pie," Marian added bitterly. "I don't mind the work, Nettie, but I'm not going on one day longer, not one day, in that little crackerbox. I just can't stand it. . . ."

To her intense mortification, a tear splashed wetly on the back of Nettie's hand. She jerked backwards and turned her face away. "I'm sorry," she said in a muffled voice. "I guess I am in a state, but . . ."

"Listen, child," Nettie said, "You've got an awfully good, hard-working husband. He and George are going to make that garage pay. I've been watching them, and their business is getting better all the time. I know he had to buy all that expensive equipment—that new grease rack and the tow truck. He's bound to have a couple or three more years hard sledding. You put a big house on his back right now and he's apt not to make it."

Marian said nothing, but her thoughts were a bitter answer. Sometimes I almost wish he were working for somebody else. He'd make better money now. Now's when we need the money. Not five years, ten years, from now . . .

Almost as if she had heard her, Nettie went on. "Nobody sympathizes with you more than I do. Maybe you don't know it, but when my children were little I went through the same thing."

Marian raised her wet eyes to Nettie's face in surprise. "Didn't know I had any children, I'll bet!" Nettie's laugh was, suddenly, a little forlorn. "I guess I don't talk about them much because . . . ." She stopped just for an instant, then went on in a quick, bright voice, "Because they're both gone now. They died not many years after, after Ned did."

"Oh, I'm so . . . ."

NETTIE went on, as if she didn't want to say another word on that subject; her voice seemed a little high and hurried. "I think back to then and remember just how I felt before I found the house with the blue roof. And that's the one I want to tell you about."

All at once Marian's drooping shoulders straightened. She looked at Nettie with brightening hope. "Here? In Kirkville?"

Nettie nodded. "Now, wait—wait," she said, her tone cautioning. "Perhaps you won't like what . . . ."

"I'd like anything, anything!" Marian said eagerly. "Tell me about it!"

Nettie's eyes were absent with memory. "I found the house one

morning after I burned my arm on the wall heater. I was trying to dry diapers in the living room and the rack broke, and when I tried to prop it up, I burned my arm, from elbow to wrist. I did just what you did. . . . I grabbed a coat and ran. Only, instead of coming here, I went up the path behind the park, over toward the foothills. Know where that is?"

Marian was only half listening. She nodded eagerly, waiting for the older woman to finish the preliminaries, to tell her about the house . . . the house with the blue roof, that might be . . . could be hers.

"I went up that path and there was a little clearing up there on top of the hill. I could see the roof of my house down below; it was easy to pick out because it had a big tin patch on it. Ned was never any good at fixing anything up, much. . . ."

Marian tried to swallow her impatience. "Could you see the other house from there, the one with the blue . . .?"

"Wait," Nettie said, almost sternly. "And listen. I'm coming to it. No, I couldn't see anything but that patch. And feel the burn on my arm. I was mad and tired and discouraged. I stood up there and I said, right out loud, 'I have to have a bigger house!' Bossy, just like that. It wasn't a prayer; it was an order. But, do you know . . .?"

She glanced down at the blotter on her desk, and Marian saw that her face held a look of wonder as she remembered. "Do you know, God gave me a big house, that

morning. A house with a blue roof."

"Oh, now, look here . . . ." Marian stirred a little uncomfortably in her chair. "I don't think I . . . ."

NETTIE raised her eyes to Marian's and there was something compelling in her glance. "I want you to listen to me, Marian. It's more important than anything that happened to me in my life. God spoke to me that morning. He showed me that, right then, I was standing in a great house with a roof of blue sky above it. I could step out into it any time I wanted and see that his house was as big as the universe and as quiet and serene as I dreamed of being. But I'd brought my flurry and confusion and irritations along with me; they weren't part of my house down below there—they were part of me. I knew I had to be serene myself, that no house was going to . . . ."

"Oh, stop!" Marian was standing up, looking down at Nettie, her eyes hard with disappointment. "Do you mean you've been sitting here preaching at me? Making me think all along you were going to tell me about a place I could move to, a place we can afford—now? There really isn't a house at all! None! Oh, how could you?"

She gave Nettie one flaming, resentful glance and flung herself out of the office. Automatically her feet took her toward home, but at the corner she stopped. I just can't go back, she thought. I won't.

"Marian! Hey, Marian!" It was a familiar voice, and a cross one. Marian turned, startled. Halfway up the side street, under the swing-

(Continued on page 141)



# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1892

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

**LETTER OF GREETING:** It will be fifty years on Thursday, March 17, 1892, since Joseph Smith the Prophet organized the Relief Society in Nauvoo, Illinois, by Divine inspiration. Sister Emma Smith was elected President, and Sister Elizabeth Ann Whitney and Sister Sarah M. Cleveland, Counselors, Sister Eliza R. Snow was appointed Secretary. . . .

This momentous event for woman causes us to view with wonder the past, with gratitude the present and with faith the future. . . . Thousands have been comforted, encouraged, fed with the bread of life and ministered unto by the sisters of Relief Society . . . that has taught its members to search out not only the needy and distressed bodily, but the sorrowing, the erring, the doubting, and the tempted ones who need the uplifting hand of kindness and of tender solicitude. . . . These are some of the simple first lessons to be learned by the sisters who have united themselves together to go on to perfection.—Editorial

If we could push aside the gates of life,  
And stand within and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.  
And if through patient toil we reach the land  
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,  
Where we shall truly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."  
—Selected

**INTERESTING VISIT IN MILLARD STAKE:** On October the 29th, Scipio received a very pleasant surprise, Apostle F. D. and Sister Jane S. Richards arriving on that evening on a visit to our settlements, and putting up at the residence of their niece, Sister Emily L. Thompson. In the evening we called upon them and invited Sister Richards to visit all the branches of the Relief Society in this stake but telling her that there was a considerable distance between some of the settlements, but if it was not asking too much of her, we would be very pleased to have her accompany us on a visit to them all. Sister Richards very willingly accepted our invitation and Brother Richards kindly going with us. . . .—Elizabeth F. Yates, Pres. of Relief Society, Millard Stake

**REST A LITTLE:** Good mother, maker of numerous pies, mender of numerous hose, overseer of a great province—a household, rest a little . . . . While mending have your chair in the coziest corner where good light will come in and let the sun strike upon you if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. . . . Let your eyes wander out through the window glass as far as possible, and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Don't rule all the time. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and as it were become again a child. . . .—*Living Issues*



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**Y**OUNG women, as well as young men, are being urged to enroll in engineering courses in the United States. There is a shortage of personnel in this profession, especially of research workers.

**I**N Kansas towns last July, accidents, shock, and disease followed in the wake of the terrible floods. Kansas nurses—industrial, private-duty, public-school, Tuberculosis Association, and physicians' office nurses—volunteered many thousands of hours of work in alleviating the conditions.

**S**PEAKING of nurses, in the Salt Lake Area Vocational School, four grandmothers are enthusiastically studying to become licensed practical nurses. They are Allie Dunn, fifty-one; Eva B. Nolasco, fifty-one; Lillian Fife, fifty-three; and Evelyn V. Hurd, sixty. They are all making excellent records.

**S**INCE 1939, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace E. Johnson of Memphis, Tennessee, have built thousands of low-rent housing units in Memphis, and other towns in Tennessee, in Arkansas, and Mississippi. Mrs. Johnson is secretary of forty-nine corporations, including a sawmill, hardware store, rental agencies, a plumbing company, and all branches of their housing enterprises.

**T**WO contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine* are again winners in the *Deseret News* Prize Christmas Story and Poem contests. Margery S. Stewart is author of the story, "The Travelers," and Caroline Eyring Miner composed the poem, "No Room." Both are offerings of genuine literary and spiritual worth.

**T**HE Young Presidents, a national organization, includes presidents of large business enterprises only, who attain their positions before reaching the age of thirty-nine. The first woman has recently qualified for membership. She is Elsie Frankfurt, head of Page Boy Maternity Company (clothing manufacturers) of Dallas, Texas.

**I**N the last elections in Heidelberg, Germany, five women won places on the city council.

**T**HE new editor of the national *Journal of Home Economics* is Mrs. Mary Hawkins, a linguist, writer, and trained home economist. During and after World War II she lived with her correspondent husband in seven countries, part of that time working in Switzerland for the American Office of War Information. After the war she worked for the rehabilitation of German youth.



## *Not After the Manner of the World*

**P**ERHAPS never in the history of the world has there been a greater need for members of the Lord's Church to heed his words, "For I give not unto you that ye shall live after the manner of the world" (D. & C. 96:13). Sin and corruption rage in the hearts of men, and if Latter-day Saints are to keep themselves unspotted from the world and live not after the manner of the world, there is a need of constant vigilance and righteousness.

To live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God is a requisite. Before the Church had been organized six months, the Lord declared:

Not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal; neither any man, nor the children of men; neither Adam, your father, whom I created. Behold, I gave unto him that he should be an agent unto himself; and I gave unto him commandment, but no temporal commandment gave I unto him for my commandments are spiritual (D. & C. 29:34-35).

If one is not to live after the manner of the world, one needs to study the words of the Lord and to have a knowledge of his commandments and walk by their light. The first great commandment to love the Lord with all one's heart, soul, and mind, leads a Latter-day Saint to have a deep knowledge and an abiding awareness of the love of the Father for his children, the greatest love in the world, which led him to

give his beloved Son to atone for the sins of man.

This understanding of the Father's love invites his children to approach him in prayer at all times in a spirit of thankfulness and a spirit of petition. A Latter-day Saint family living not in the manner of the world unitedly kneels in prayer daily. As individuals, they seek to know the Lord's will and to obtain the strength to live in accordance with it. In the home, in the busy mart, on the battlefield, at one's work, in a hospital, in the midst of a crowd or in solitude, a Latter-day Saint knows the Father can hear the cry for help, or the outpouring of gratitude of the heart. A saint lives by the promise of the Savior, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7). The heavens are open to the seeker, revelations of the will of God have not ceased as the manner of the world would have it. The widow may trust in the Lord and the fatherless find a father in him.

To forsake the ways of the world requires a daily discipline of the flesh, a subduing of carnal desires, a reaching up to the things of the spirit.\* The observance of the principles of fasting, of the Word of Wisdom, of the law of tithing, are among the commandments which help one to overcome worldly desires and habits of living.

Not to live after the manner of the world requires obedience to the second great commandment which is like unto the first—to love one's neighbor as oneself, to learn to love one's enemies, and to do good to them that despitefully use one. Such conduct sets an individual apart from the world today, in which hate and greed actuate the conduct of nations themselves. The Latter-day Saint, the thirteenth article of faith promises, is honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and does good to all men; and if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, he seeks after those things. A friendly interest, solicitude and helpfulness to one's neighbor extended in an understanding manner, mark the true Latter-day Saint.

Not living after the manner of the world requires walking in the narrow way which leads to the strait gate. There are no short cuts nor is there an easy means of access to the kingdom of God. Life's journey

must be taken step by step with always a new obstacle to overcome when one obstacle is left behind. At every stage of the journey there are enticing avenues leading off to the ways of the world. Some broad paths may appear very desirable and, if the spirit is lost, deceive some into thinking they parallel closely the narrow way, but if such paths are persistently followed, too late they are found to diverge widely and to lead one downward to misery and destruction.

Never can one be at ease in Zion. Pride in one's own righteousness is the pride of the Pharisee. What the Lord requires is a broken heart and a contrite spirit. The hope of curing the evils of the world lies in individual repentance and humility. Before it be too late may all Latter-day Saints and good men everywhere, living in the manner of the world, forsake that manner of living and walk in the narrow path to eternal life.

—M. C. S.

## *Congratulations to President Amy Brown Lyman*

*On Her Birthday—February 7th*

**A** GAIN in this month of February, Relief Society women throughout the stakes and wards and the missions of the Church remember the birthday of former President Amy Brown Lyman, and we extend to her our love and our congratulations. Sister Lyman has served Relief Society devotedly for many years. Her work of leadership among the sisters as a member of the general board began in 1909. In January 1940, Sister Lyman was chosen by President Heber J. Grant to be the general president of Relief Society. Her service in this office extended through the critical time of the second World War, until April 1945, and her courage and strength of leadership comforted the sisters and inspired them to give their utmost devotion to Relief Society, and to the gospel. It is with gratitude in our hearts that the members of Relief Society extend to Sister Lyman our heartfelt wishes for her health and happiness.

# *I Made My Own Family Heirlooms*

M. Garrett Enos

I had many ancestors, but I have never inherited any of those beautiful china plates various friends so proudly display on their walls, on their tier tables, or in cabinets.

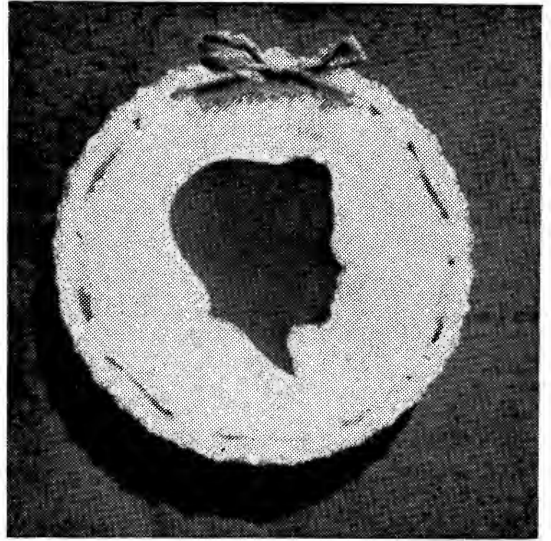
I made visits to antique shops in an effort to acquire plates, but each time price quotations sent me dashing for home, clutching my purse.

Milk glass held a special appeal for me, and one day I purchased at a department store three modern milk glass plates for one dollar each. When I reached home I searched through the photograph album until I located profile pictures of my husband, our son, and myself. I cut out the head of each one, duplicated them on heavy black construction paper, and mounted one of the resulting silhouettes in the center of each plate. I hung them in a series on the living room wall.

I received so many compliments I began working on the idea in various ways. I tried photo silhouettes in oils for a friend. Since I have no talent for sketching, I asked her to have some close-up profile shots made at a develop-on-the-spot photographic shop for twenty-five cents each. The pictures turned out fine for obtaining a true silhouette model for transfer to the plate. A local hobby shop kiln dried the plate, after painting, for twenty cents.

Next, I tried silhouette scenes in oil. The choice is almost unlimited, although I found still life and hunting scenes especially good.

Son Jon, age nine, wanted some plates for his room, so I tried my



hand at juvenile designs. I bought the largest plain plates I could find at the five and ten and borrowed my designs from his color books. Porky Pig, Bambi, and Bugs Bunny, each came to life in the center of a plate. I found these more attractive done in natural color than in silhouettes.

My present experiment with plates is the use of copper foil combined with paint. I trace a sailboat on copper, work out the details, and mount the boat on a plate with heavy glue. The water and sea gulls are worked out with paint.

So, in spite of my ancestors, I now own some future heirloom pieces and have found a pleasant and profitable hobby besides.

Engaged girls are happy recipients of the silhouette scenes on milk glass, and these plates are welcome gifts on almost any occasion. The juvenile plates for nursery decorations can be passed on down from mother to daughter along with the baby spoon.

# “To Thine Own Self”

Kay Islaub

SANDRA tugged at the lock of the old trunk, but it held fast. In a way she was glad. It was too soon to look at mother's things. Better to wait till sometime when she could think of Mom without a heavy something in her throat, an actual hurt somewhere inside of her. She dropped down beside the trunk and let her head fall against the heavy, old-fashioned lid.

“Oh, Mom, I need you now!” How blessed it would be to talk to Mom again. Tell her what happened last night after the graduation dance. Tell her about Brick. “I tried to do what you'd have wanted me to . . . it hasn't worked out, Mom.”

Sandra closed her eyes against the tears and tried to feel the warmth and comfort of her Mother. Of all the things she remembered about Mom it was easiest to remember her laugh. Sort of a low chuckle, but mostly it was her eyes. They were blue, and when she laughed they shone and twinkled with amusement. It was contagious. You couldn't look at Mom's eyes and not laugh with her. She would have loved the school play. Sandra let her mind drift back.

The school play had been the beginning. How else could she have ever known Brick Howard? Oh, she had known who he was all right . . . as who didn't? President of the student body, most spectacular player on the football squad, chairman of the student

planning board. He was everywhere, in everything, and whenever you caught a glimpse of his red head there was a group of boys and girls, drawn to him because he was special. Special in a way hard to define . . . but special.

To Sandra he had been only a remote figure to admire and speculate about. She did not have dates with boys, and her only knowledge of them had been through games played in her neighborhood on warm summer evenings—run-sheep-run, follow-the-arrow. Or racing across Miller's pond on ice skates with a lot of boys and girls. Life had always been full and busy. There were Mutual and Sunday School and Seminary, with all their attendant activities, swimming lessons, piano lessons, books to read, so many things to do. Nearly always in a group of boys and girls.

It had begun to matter when she was a sophomore, and only then because so many of her girl friends started dating. All her sophomore year she felt vaguely disturbed about it. Till now boys had been someone to play games with, compete with, talk with. Suddenly, they became strange creatures who were too shy even to talk to her, or else they parried words with an expertness that left her feeling stupid. There was a whole new vocabulary of words they used, and she became haunted with the awful fear that she might be what they called a “houseplant”—a girl who never dated.

In her junior year it was a nagging



worry that forced her into unaccustomed shyness, and at the beginning of her senior year it suddenly loomed as her number one problem. It became hard to even talk to Mom about it. Could it be her looks? No, she knew she was not a raving beauty, but she kept her blond hair shining clean and everyone said her eyes were like Mom's. What was wrong with her? Why did she blush and stammer when a boy so much as spoke to her and then, when she was alone, think of all the clever things she could have said? By this time all her friends were dating. What was wrong with her?

**MOM** was the real reason she tried out for the school play. At the beginning of her senior year Mom had asked, "Sandra, do you know when they are going to have the school play this year?"

"I think it's the last of April, Mom, why?"

"Why don't you try out for it?"

She had moaned, "Oh, I couldn't. I'd be scared to death."

"Now, why should you be frightened? I think you have a lot of talent. From the time you were a baby you loved to play act. You used to put on all kinds of little neighborhood plays." Mom chuckled at the memory. "School plays can be lots of fun, Sandra."

"I'd love to be in one, too, but I guess I could never get up the courage to try out."

"You can do anything you make up your mind to do, Sandra."

That was the end of that particular conversation, but all through the fall Mom kept at her about it,

and, finally, at midterm she signed up for drama class. It had been, surprisingly enough, the best of all her classes.

It was after Christmas that the doctor put Mom to bed. After school Sandra would sit on the edge of her bed and tell her all about the day's activities at school. There was no thought then that Mom would never get out of bed. The doctor said, "When she is a little stronger."

Mom would talk about the school play and urge Sandra to try out. "I know you can do it, Sandy. I had so much fun in plays when I went to school, and they can't have changed so much. It gives you a chance to meet nice boys and really get to know them while you are working on the play. I met your father when we were in a play together."

"Oh, Mom, I want to but . . . ."

Then Mom had surprised her by saying, with an intensity unusual for her, "Sandra, promise me that you will try out for the school play. You may not win a part, but promise me that you will do your best!"

By then Mom was so weak and sick that Sandra would have promised her anything. "I promise, Mom, and you can come to the play and see me in all my glory." She struck a silly pose. "Linda Darnell, that's me!"

Mom laughed at that, and Sandra prayed silently, "Please, dear God, she must get well. Surely she'll be stronger soon."

She was never any stronger, but drifted from them on a wave of pain that finally came at full tide

and proved to be too much for her frail body.

Everyone had been kind, and there were still relatives and neighbors who worried about the two of them. They dropped in from time to time and offered advice and samples of their cooking. Dad hardly seemed to be aware of her and became so quiet that she often felt she was all alone in the house. He came home from his day's work and ate whatever she had fixed, and then just sat in his big chair with an open book on his lap and stared into space.

**S**ANDRA kept her promise about the school play, and it took all her courage to do it. The part of Pat was the lead, and it was really a comedy part, needing a light touch and a good sense of humor. Pat was forever getting herself into trouble, and then, with charm and guileless simplicity, struggling to get out, and only managing finally to implicate herself in such a hilarious situation that even the cast at rehearsal would howl with laughter.

Yes, it had taken courage, and she could still remember the day she saw her name opposite the name Pat under the list of tryout winners. She had felt frozen to the spot while friends surged around and congratulated her. Her heart and mind kept saying, "I did it, Mom. I did what you told me to. I did my best, and it was somehow good enough."

Getting the part of Pat was only half of it. Brick Howard had the male lead, and Sandra was immediately the envy of half the girls

in school. In the beginning she was terrified of even being on the stage with him, but no one could be frightened of Brick for long. He was friendly and good-natured, and it was not hard to see what made him special. It wasn't just that everyone liked him, it was really more that he liked everyone. Sandra made up her mind not to chase him, as every other girl in the cast was doing.

The miracle did not happen all at once. There was a while when he hardly seemed to see her unless they were on the stage together. Then slowly and surely she knew that he was aware of her. He always came and sat by her between scenes, and then he started walking her home from rehearsal. Quite suddenly then she was Brick's girl, and she was being dated.

The play was a tremendous success, and playing Pat did something for Sandra. Actually she was not unlike Pat, and when she lost some of her shyness, her charm and sense of humor had a chance to show. Now she was aware of eyes following her through the hallways. Eyes of boys and girls, eyes of envy and admiration. She was no longer a "houseplant"—she was a "match."

Brick and the play had done a lot for her, but the best thing they had done was to help her through the awful grief she felt at her mother's going. Dad was no help at all, being too immersed in his own grief. The night of the play, just before she was to make her entrance, there had been an awful moment when she felt she could not go on. It had seemed too bit-

ter a thing that Mom would not be there to see her in her hour of triumph. Then she remembered something Mom said in the hours before she died, when she could see that Sandra's grief was almost too much for her to bear. "Don't cry, baby, I'll never be far from you." Mom had been with her the night of the play.

Mom had been with her last night, too. Last night! Graduation dance, and it should have been the biggest night of all, but it had not turned out that way.

**T**HE trouble really began at the graduation exercises in the afternoon. She sat on the stand watching her classmates going down center front for their diplomas. The principal, dressed in unfamiliar black, handed the scroll to each student in turn, and if there were any honors to be accorded, he mentioned them. Then would follow the applause of family and friends. Sandra knew there would be some special honors when they called her name. The school play, honor student, assistant editor of the school paper. But who would clap? Dad would not be there. When Sandra tried to tell him about graduation he did not seem to understand and asked her vaguely if she needed extra money. Aunt Myrtle, mother's sister, called to say she would be there for sure. Then she fell and sprained her ankle. So there was no one.

No one to care if Sandra Andrews won any honors. No one to clap and smile with pride at her. Well, someone clapped. Someone else's mother and father. When it

was over it didn't seem so bad, except for a little bitter feeling somewhere in her heart.

The night ahead was the big thing. Didn't she have a date with Brick, made way ahead so he was sure she would be his partner? Didn't she have a simply out-of-this-world white tulle formal?

The dance was all she had ever dreamed a dance should be, enough boys cutting in on her to make it interesting, and enough dances with Brick to make her sure he would rather dance with her than anyone. All perfect until it was time to go home, and then Hebe Hurley invited them all to come to his house and dance in the recreation room in the basement. They usually went to Judy's for something to eat, but Sandra would a thousand times rather dance.

**S**HE felt a little uneasy when she discovered Hebe's parents weren't home, but someone had the record machine going, and they began to dance. It was fun at first, then she noticed several of the boys slipping into the furnace room, and then some of the girls. There was a lot of uneasy giggling. Sandra had heard stories about the drinking that went on in some groups, and she wondered if the crowd she had tried so hard to enter was that kind.

While she stood irresolute, suddenly it was as though the whole scene shifted, and she was looking it through Mom's eyes. Something her mother said to her on her sixteenth birthday came back to her. "You have to care about yourself, Sandra. I don't mean in a

selfish way. I mean you have to have pride in yourself and what you know to be right. This says it better than I can."

And then Mom had given her the little card, a framed quotation from Shakespeare that still hung in her room:

To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Quickly Sandra turned to Brick. "I guess I may as well tell you now, Brick. I don't drink, and I think I'd better go home now."

"Jeepers, this is graduation night, and it's early." Then, when she didn't look at him or say anything, "Well, okay, if you want to go, I'll get Jane and Bob."

Brick started to look for the couple that had come in Brick's father's car with them. Sandra watched him leave the room, wondering if he was angry and hoping that she had been both kind and firm.

Soon Brick was back. He spoke indifferently, as if he didn't care whether or not she stayed. "Jane and Bob don't want to leave yet, so maybe I can take you home alone."

"See you later, Brick," a girl called as they went out the door.

\* \* \* \*

**S**ITTING beside the old trunk, all the misery and despair of the night before welled up inside Sandra. She fought it down and began to work on the lock again. Better get it open. It was full of mother's things, and somewhere in there was her birth certificate. They had called from the church and

wanted it to complete some records. Sandra struggled with the rusty lock, and finally found an old nail and pried it open.

Everything was neat inside, just as her mother had left it. Her eyes filled with tears as the memory of her mother became poignantly real. She began going through the papers methodically. There was a picture of her father. It was held securely to a slim black book by a pink ribbon. Sandra took the ribbon off to see the picture better. It was Dad all right. His face was unfamiliar, with the immature roundness of youth, but the heavy eyebrows and lopsided grin were Dad's. She opened the slim book and began to read. Why it was some sort of diary in Mom's handwriting. The date was almost twenty years ago. She read:

Jiggs asked me for another date!  
Oh joy! Oh bliss!

She turned the pages slowly, and there was mention of school and Church parties, a tooth pulled, some new shoes, and always Jiggs. Then:

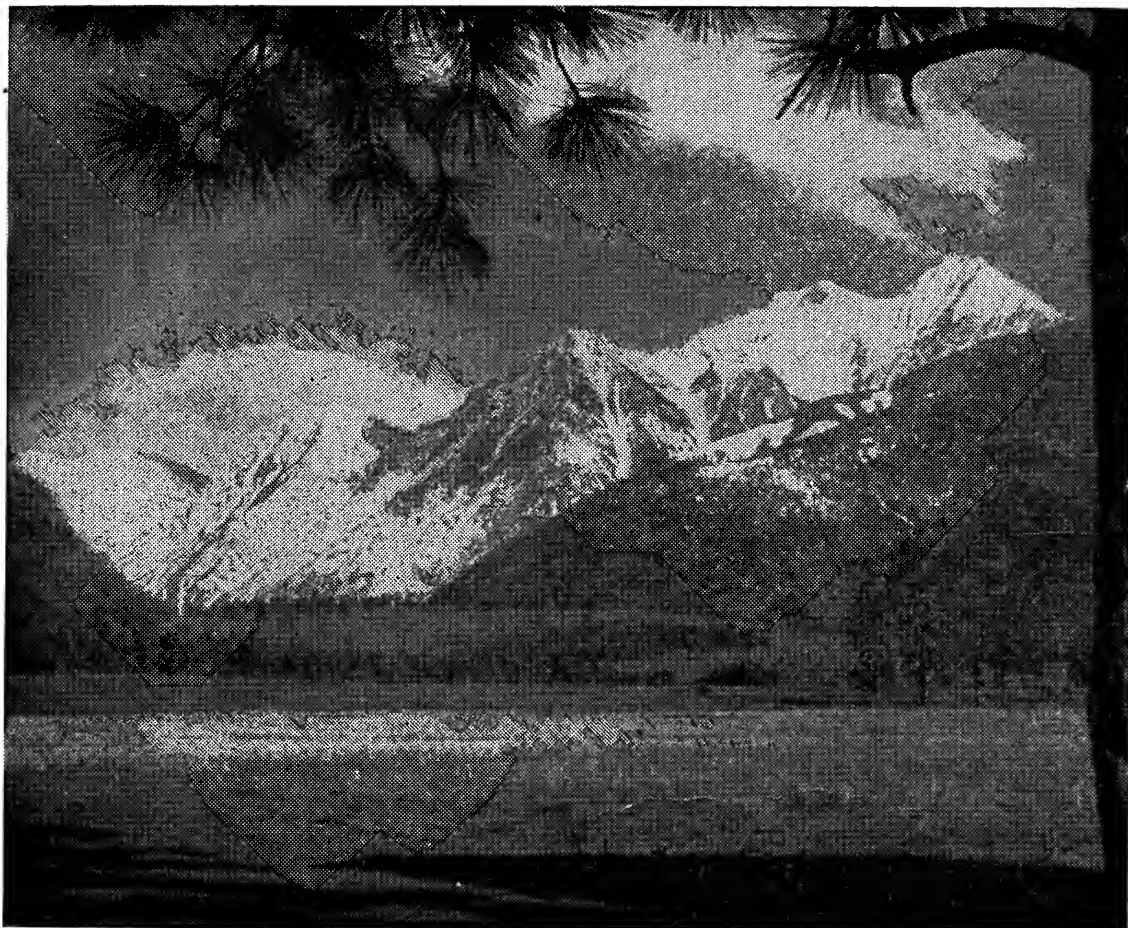
Jiggs wants me to sluff school Friday and go to South Fork on a picnic. The boys are going to get some beer from Foggins. The whole gang is going I guess. What to do?

And the next date:

I have to make up my mind about that picnic tomorrow. I want to go and I don't want to go. I know I shouldn't sluff school and drink beer, but everyone else is going to. Jiggs will probably go without me if I back out.

The next date read:

Guess the gang had a swell time. I know most of them went because of the  
(Continued on page 138)



Ernest Briscoe

MOUNTAIN VISTA, MONTANA



*Vast Horizons Calling*

Harriette Grace Eaton

Our fathers earned the guerdon they desired:  
To hand their sons untrammelled liberty.  
Shall we, complacent, let it slip away,  
Forget the satisfaction work can be?  
Stretch out our hands for help, in indolence,  
When vast horizons call to victory,  
Leave fetters of frustration to our sons,  
Or bid them strive to win their destiny?

*Jonquil in February*

Ouida Johns Pedersen

He seems impertinent and gay,  
Confronting the stone slab of day,  
And lifts his head of petaled gold  
In bright protest against the cold.  
Jauntily, he bows and nods  
In a wind of overwhelming odds.

*Lincoln*

Mabel Law Atkinson

Immortal Commoner! Alone he stood,  
Fighting for oneness to outlast the stars.  
What does he think of our sick brotherhood,  
Shackled by heavy chains and prison bars  
Of apathy and indolence and greed?  
I wonder, does his tender, great heart bleed?

# Uncertain Possession

Beatrice R. Parsons

## CHAPTER 2

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan living with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire, who has completed his internship at General Hospital. Soon thereafter Matthew is called back to his hometown, Westfield, Nevada, by the illness of his uncle, a doctor, which makes it necessary for young Matt to take over the practice temporarily. Lorna fears that there will be no place for her in Westfield, and that Matthew's friends and relatives will mean so much to him that he will no longer be wholly hers.

**T**HE next few days were a blurred confusion to Lorna, filled with the excitement of getting to know Uncle John and Nurse Hallie, and with meeting Matt's friends. Sometimes Lorna's mind whirled with everything that was happening. She smiled until her smile seemed pasted on her face. Not that she wasn't trying to understand and like Matt's friends. Only that she was still frightened, a stranger in Westfield.

She liked Uncle John. He had greeted her with a gentle kiss, standing bent and worn with the aid of his cane. His welcome had warmed where Nurse Hallie's crisp greeting had chilled her. As Matt had predicted, she was fearful of Nurse Hallie's starched uniform, and capable actions. But there was honest affection in the elderly woman's eyes when she smiled at Matt's teasing. Lorna knew they were very fond of each other and of Uncle John. This fondness was a part of Matt's past, and so shut Lorna out. But she knew he was overjoyed to show her his home.

He apologized a little when he showed her the house. "It's not new-fashioned. But it's strong, durable. Why, some of the first stones my great-grandfather dug from his land go to make up the walls."

The walls were thick and cool. The deep-silled windows gathered the last rays of the setting sun, making the room seem flooded with pink light. A strange thought crept into her mind. The sun which had shone against Matt's great-grandmother's cotton sunbonnet still shone against Matt's dark cap of hair. He stood there and the long fingers of dying sunlight caressed his head in a sort of benediction. Outside the windows the leaves of the cottonwood stirred in a sudden breeze. She wondered if those trees had been planted by Matt's great-grandfather. It struck her, forcefully, that Matt and his great-grandfather looked much alike, comparing the faded painting on the wall with Matt's clean-cut profile.

Lorna moved restlessly and thought, his roots are as stubborn as the roots of the yucca out there in the desert. She knew she had never had any roots at all. But she wanted no roots here in this desert. It frightened her so that she moved restlessly.

"Surely," she said, looking around with a distasteful glance, "someone will take the house off your hands."

Matt was shocked by her voice. He turned quickly from the window



and his features were blotted out in the shadows. His voice sounded queerly hollow when he spoke.

"Uncle John will . . . buy . . . it, Lorna," then after a long pause, "if we decide to take that office at Doctors' Center."

**H**E was very quiet as he led her toward the building which housed the offices. She was surprised to find anything so up-to-date and modern in Westfield. There were great, gleaming machines, enameled tables, a porcelain sink, examination tables—everything of the very latest design. The waiting room shut out the sun with neat, white Venetian blinds. It was furnished with easy chairs and plastic upholstered divans. It opened into two offices. Uncle John's name was lettered on one. The other was Matt's. Lorna read it proudly.

DR. MATTHEW WIRE . . . PHYSICIAN  
OFFICE HOURS 10 UNTIL 5

"And after hours, Matt! Until seven, eight, even midnight! A country doctor can't call his time his own." Her voice was sharp, but Matt's grin was agreeable.

"My first memories of wanting to be a doctor go back to riding in the old buckboard with my grandfather. I used to wake when he had a call. Sometimes Dad let me go with him, if Mother didn't object." His smile turned inward, lighting the depths of his eyes with sadness. "She didn't object very often," he added tenderly. "She knew how I felt."

Lorna gave him a sharp glance. Was he hinting that she, also, knew how he felt?

It had been different when he was a child. This had been his mother's home. She had always lived in Westfield, and she didn't dislike the thought that Matt would turn out to be a country doctor like his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather.

Matt had told her that there had always been a doctor in the family.

And, of course, there would be one again as soon as Uncle John was well again. Lorna felt brighter as Matt took her into the well-equipped laboratory—Hallie's domain, he called it—and showed her the white refrigerators.

When he opened them Lorna discovered that everything—penicillin, sulpha, and other drugs she had never heard of, were neatly packaged, and labeled in Hallie's precise, old-fashioned writing. Matt talked of Hallie with an affectionate smile on his lips.

"She's a great old girl, darling! When you know her, you'll love her as much as I do. She looks cold and frightening, but she's not. You should see her handle a sick child, or a crying baby." He grew reminiscent. "After Mother died, she looked after me with all the devotion in the world. She even let me come into her lab—it wasn't new and sparkling like this at that time—and play with her bottles and beakers."

Lorna watched the play of expression on Matt's face, and felt a queer, tugging loneliness. She wondered if she could be jealous of Hallie. Hallie who would be at Matt's side when the Honson twins were born! She spoke almost pleadingly.

"Why didn't I study nursing at the U, instead of all those other things, Matt? Then I could help. . . ."

"You do help," said Matt, dropping a kiss on the top of her bronze curls, "just by being my wife."

**S**HE loved hearing him say it, but she wasn't content. She turned, coaxing, "I insist that you take me with you, Matt. Take me with you when you go out on calls. . . ." She saw that his glance had turned sharply towards her, and she explained hurriedly: "I can meet people that way, Matt. Get to know them."

He smiled and nodded. "I want you to meet all my old friends. I want them to love you as I do." His dark eyes glowed into hers, and he spoke thoughtfully, almost as though he were unaware that he was revealing his thoughts. "There's something about being a general practitioner, like my father before me, that fascinates me, Lorna. There're always so many things to learn. And I keep thinking that here in Westfield I'll be the pupil and all my friends will be my teachers. It's not only their illnesses that will concern me. It's their joys and sorrows, their triumphs and their fears."

Fears! Lorna's mind snapped at the word and she knew that her own fear was growing with Matt's words, with the look in his serious, dark eyes.

"Oh, Matt," she burst out woe-fully, "there's so little I know about medicine. Penicillin, ACTH, and Cortisone are just words, although Uncle John does take them to con-

trol his arthritis! I've made up my mind to study Hallie's *Nursing Dictionary*. I need to learn, because back in Doctors' Center they will expect a doctor's wife to know something!"

Matt agreed quietly, although his voice was a little gruff. He glanced from the big windows in front, and remarked lightly, "We're going to have our very first visitor, Lorna. I see Carole crossing the street. Shall we go out and meet her?"

**L**ORNA saw the little girl with the roller skates coming towards them. Her brown braids were pushed out behind her as she flew along the sidewalk, and there was an eager interest in her wide blue eyes.

"Are you really going to live here, Dr. Matt?" she cried when she saw him. "Are you really going to be our doctor?"

He nodded gravely. "I really am, Carole." Then he introduced Lorna and said: "I do hope you two are going to be fast friends."

"We are," announced Carole firmly, and put out her small hand. "Can I call you Lorna?" she asked as they shook hands. "I think that's a very pretty name."

Lorna's smile told her that she could. Then Lorna looked at the small, golden cocker which trailed the child's skates and asked his name.

"Chews!" said Carole, smiling and showing the place where her front tooth was gone. "I call him that because that's what he always does. I love him very, very much. He's my most-best p'session!"

"Possession?" Matt repeated the

word laughingly, and teased her: "I'll bet you heard that somewhere. I'll bet you don't even know what it means."

"It means," said Carole triumphantly, "that I own him. No one can take him away from me." She frowned, trying to go on, and looked to Lorna for help.

"It means you love him very, very much, and want to keep him all for yourself, and never want anyone else to have him," said Lorna gravely. "Just like the way I feel about my china kittens," she added thoughtfully.

"Kittens?" Matt caught at the word with a puzzled tone. "I didn't know you had any kittens."

Lorna wished she hadn't mentioned them. Carole's eyes, too, were filled with a puzzled look. Lorna's face was pink as she said, "Someone gave them to me when I was about Carole's age. I loved them—still love them very much. I brought them with me to put on my dresser so that I'd never forget how I used to feel about being alone. I had no one. Nothing else to comfort me. Cousin Em was kind, but we were never close. So I clung to my kittens. They became a symbol of ownership."

**MATT** protested bluntly: "Any psychiatrist could tell you, Lorna, that it's not good for anyone to possess—really possess—anything. Carole doesn't really possess her little dog. He loves her, looks to her for kindness, food, other things. But she doesn't really possess him. He's a free little creature. He belongs to himself. Nothing worth having is worth possessing!"

He finished a little harshly, then, as if he felt he had been almost too forceful about it, he caught Lorna's hand and said lightly: "Come and look at the rock garden, darling. The cactus is in bloom. You've never seen cactus blooming before, have you?"

She was glad to hide her face, the strained look in her gray eyes, as she leaned over the brilliant flowers. They were as big as pottery cups, and just as colorful with their delicate, icy-looking pinks, golds, and ivories. They were deceptively lovely, and, with a little cry of delight, Lorna put out her hand to examine them. Carole's warning came too late.

"Look out, Lorna!"

But, already, she had run a cactus spine into her slender finger. A sharp, biting, stinging pain swam up her arm. Matt caught her hand and quickly drew the little spine out of the pale flesh. But the pain went on spinning through her hand. Carole stared at the tiny drop of blood which Matt had squeezed from the spot, and spoke gravely.

"Once Chews tried to smell a cactus flower, and Dr. John had to op'rate on his little nose."

Lorna stared at the tiny spot and wondered how anything could be so cruel. It was something like life—all bright and beautiful on the surface, but quick to thrust sharp points to wound and surprise her. She couldn't understand all the things that were happening to her.

Here were beautiful, waxy-looking cactus blossoms and she must not touch them. Back in the old

(Continued on page 140)



## *Her Hobby Brings Happiness*

MARTHA J. HOLM, EIGHTY YEARS OLD, MAKES KEEPSAKES FOR HER CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

Martha J. Holm, Logan, Utah, now eighty years old, finds much pleasure in making keepsakes for her seven children and her twenty-nine grandchildren. She makes quilts, crocheted tablecloths, bedspreads, doilies, pillowslips, sofa pillows, and many other decorative articles, including some exquisite textile painting. She does all types of plain and fancy sewing and tailoring. The homes of all her children and grandchildren contain some article of handwork made by Mrs. Holm.

Her activities have extended beyond homemaking and giftmaking, for she has taken an active part in Church and community work wherever she has lived. For eighteen years she was a ward Relief Society president and during this time she nursed the sick, assisted at births, and helped to prepare the dead for burial. She still enjoys work and is grateful for the privilege of service. "All through my years of service in Relief Society and other organizations," says Mrs. Holm, "I have been greatly blessed. My health even at the present time is good. I keep my own flower and vegetable gardens and do much work. I enjoy reading."



## *Sacrifice*

Gertrude Kovan

The rich may give great gifts to the Lord,  
But from some poor man's meager hoard,  
Who has come to give unto God his all,  
Which may only be just one thing, small,  
And in the wisdom of the Lord's eyes  
This man gives a greater sacrifice.

# Thoughts on Patience

Florence S. Glines

**P**ATIENCE is in no sense a passive virtue. It is not enduring things without an effort to improve them. It is not resignation. It is not giving up with a "What's the use?" attitude. It is just the opposite. It is the willingness to try, try again. It is the vision and the inward fortitude to analyze a situation and try one way after another until success is found.

Patience means staying steadfastly with what you know ought to be, without getting emotionally upset, until the task is accomplished. It means looking to the end result without minding the effort it takes to reach it. It means doing everything possible, without fussing over the ticking of the clock or the tired ache in your bones.

Patience is one of the chief ingredients of genius. Someone has said, "Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains"—and that is patience. We call patience by a great many names: genius, ability, luck, skill, brains. But if others do better than we, it is often due to the fact that they use more patience than we use.

"Oh, I can't get it right!" should be, "I'm not willing to stick to it until it is right!"

Patience, like any quality, becomes a habit through use and repetition. Try to keep your head when faced with a difficulty—also when faced with everyday living. Try to see what the real problem is and then tackle it. Stay with it calmly. Come back to it. Train your patience. You will reap the reward of serenity and success. It works out something like the story of the race between the hare and the tortoise. Remember, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but to him who has the patience to bring his work to completion.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

## *Elms in Winter*

Dorothy J. Roberts

The curving boughs of elm trees, black and bare,  
Hold the shapes of lutes upon the air  
Throughout the winter, motionless, benign,  
Each dark limb grown into a graceful line.

Lifting a lute for every wind to smite,  
Their branches break the monotone of white  
And write with charcoal bark for all to read  
Of men who cherished once the smallest seed.

Over the city, summerless and grim,  
Arching the avenues like cherubim,  
They spread the forms of peace where people go  
And bless their tangled footprints in the snow.

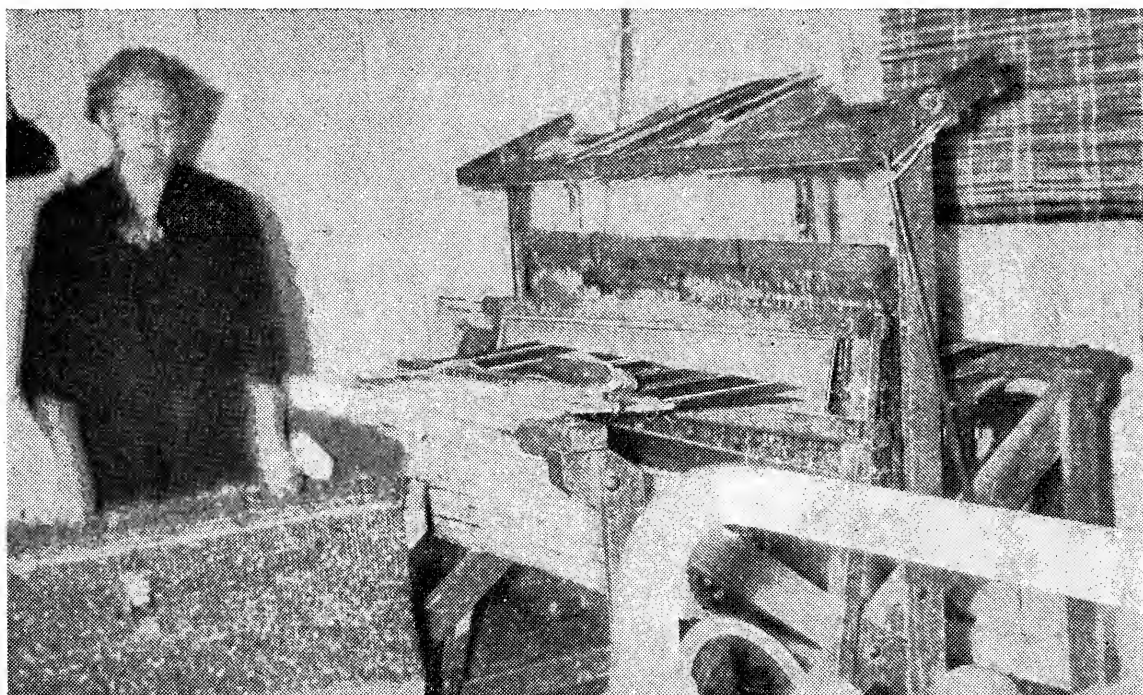


# From The Field

*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 Edna S. Hatch

### PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), PARAGONAH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL WEAVING PROJECT

Members of the Paragonah Relief Society participated in a carpet-weaving project during 1951—Iron County's centennial year. The beautiful rag carpet shown in the picture was woven under the supervision of Anna Riding Williamson, a professional weaver (standing at the left). Twenty Relief Society members participated in the weaving, and practically all the members sewed rags or strips of carpeting together. Emma B. Dalton is the ward Relief Society president.

Edna S. Hatch is president of Parowan Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Bessie W. Dayley

WEST POCA TELLO STAKE (IDAHO), ELEVENTH WARD BAZAAR  
October 16, 1951

Left to right: June Dorsey, work meeting leader; Ida Burrell, Counselor; Faye Hammond, President; Hannah Mathews, Counselor.

Numerous articles of fine workmanship were exhibited and sold at this bazaar. Particularly outstanding were the lovely quilts and the large assortment of work aprons and fancy aprons. Many beautifully embroidered tablecloths and pillowslips were included as well as toys and dolls.

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



Photograph submitted by Rula W. Choules

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, GEORGIA-FLORIDA DISTRICT OBSERVES  
ACHIEVEMENT DAY, August 9, 1951

Front row, seated, Relief Society district and branch officers: Second from the left, Pearl Paulk, Second Counselor in the Georgia-Florida District; Mildred Barlow, District Secretary; Tottie Brown, District President.

Second row, standing: Seventh from the left, Florence Milton, member of the district Relief Society board and President, Genoa Branch.

Third row, standing: At left, Rachel Roberts, member of the district board and President, Douglas Branch; fourth from the left, Ida Mae Carver, member of the district board; sixth from the left, Luella Bell, member of the district board; seventh from the left, Mary Cooper, member, district board.

Fourth row, standing: Third from the left, Lillian Thornton, member, district board.

Back row, standing: At left, Olive Dyal, President, Live Oak Branch Relief Society; third from the left, Frances Hammock, President, Perry Branch; fourth from the left, Annie Mills, member, district board; sixth from the left, Ollie Mae Adams, district Magazine representative; Ora Wilkerson, President, Willacoochee Branch; Elizabeth Lott, President, Fitzgerald Branch.

For this happy occasion Relief Society sisters from all over the district assembled in the forenoon, bringing their lunch with them, which was enjoyed under the trees, near the chapel at Douglas, Georgia. A beautiful display of sewing and art work was arranged in the chapel. A program and recreational events added much to the enjoyment of the day, but the highlight was the testimony meeting held after the other events. There are thirteen branch Relief Societies in the district, and these gatherings have been an annual affair since 1948.

Rula W. Choules is president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Emma B. Solomon

#### MOAPA STAKE (NEVADA) HONORS VISITING TEACHERS AND FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AT LUNCHEON, September 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Ellen Hafen; Carrie Conger; Flossie Wasden; Myrtle Cheel; LaPriel Bunker, former stake Relief Society first counselor, now president of the California Mission Relief Society; Lucile Earl, former president; Leah Huntsman, former second counselor; Dinah Chadburn; Rena Hardy; Rosella Hunt.

Back row, standing, left to right: Dency Stout; Hazel Hardy; Lillie Dotson; Della Schofield; Dean Tinkler; Ruby Ostenson; Erma Leavitt; Alta Cooper; Effie Tobler; Effa Swapp; Adelia Shurtliff; Evelina Williams; Melba Lewis; Rhoda Leavitt; Olive Marshall; Hazel Christensen; Marie Flowers; Minerva McKnight; Alice Aldredge; Arvilla Johnson; Amy Pierce; Julia Walker; Frances Harper.

Especially honored were the members who had served either as officers or as visiting teachers for twenty years or more.

Emma B. Solomon is president of Moapa Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Esther K. Gunnell

### MURRAY STAKE (UTAH), MURRAY SIXTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR FOURTEEN MONTHS

The ward Relief Society president, Wilma Svedin, stands in the back row, at the left. This ward made a 100 per cent visiting teaching record for fourteen months—September 1950 through November 1951.

Esther K. Gunnell is president of Murray Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Beulah Warren

### UVADA STAKE (NEVADA), ALAMO WARD RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS PAST AND PRESENT PRESIDENTS, March 17, 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Artimesia S. Stewart; Sarah J. Schofield; Edna S. Frehner; Nettie R. Graff.

Back row, standing, left to right: Louise B. Stewart; Mary S. Lee; Cecil V. Wadsworth; Gertrude B. Nelson.

This group includes all presidents from 1906 to the present time, except Mary Ann Stewart and Susan W. Wadsworth, deceased.

A corsage was presented to each woman, and a short outline of her life given.

Mary A. Hansen is president of Uvada Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Pearl U. Winkler

### NORTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH), MOUNT PLEASANT NORTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Gladys Peterson (1947-49); Hannah Matson (1940-41); Sybil Hanson (1932-34).

Back row, standing, left to right: Jane Brinton (1929-32); Annie Jensen (1936-40); Talula Nelson (1941-45); Amy B. Ursenbach (1945-47); Virginia Jensen (1949-51); Clea R. Madsen, who was president one week before the division of the ward.

These sisters are nine of the presidents who have served in the Mount Pleasant North Ward, which was the first ward organized in Mount Pleasant. Sister Illa Anderson, who served from 1932 to 1936, was unable to be present when the picture was taken.

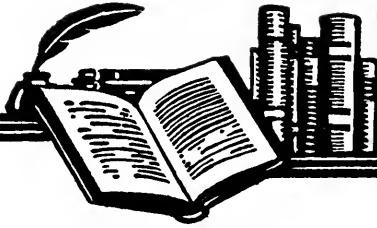
Pearl U. Winkler is president of North Sanpete Stake Relief Society.



## *Forgotten Ladder*

Grace Barker Wilson

A ladder leans against a barren tree  
 In the deserted orchard. The red paint  
 Curls crisply from the weather and the wind  
 Like tiny leaves the autumn has forgot.  
 The busy feet that recently had climbed  
 Up to the top to gather russet pears,  
 Now tarry by the fireplace in the glow  
 Of winter warmth. No living thing comes near.  
 Except a flock of birds, in passing, rest  
 A moment in the branches overhead.  
 It is a haunting and nostalgic thing  
 To see a ladder standing lonesomely.



## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 8—Lehi, Man of Visions

*Elder Leland H. Monson*

(Text: The Book of Mormon: I Nephi, chapters 1-8.)

For Tuesday, May 6, 1952

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).

IT was in the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, ruler of the kingdom of Judah, that many prophets came into Jerusalem to warn the people of the impending destruction of Jerusalem unless the people repented of their sins.

Even earlier than the reign of Zedekiah in Jerusalem, the Hebrews had heard the warning voice of a great Old Testament prophet. Isaiah preached political and ecclesiastical reform near the end of the eighth century B.C. He could see the approaching downfall of Jerusalem. Time after time, he addressed the people who thronged the streets of Jerusalem. The Assyrians, he insisted, had been permitted to waste and plunder Palestine because of the wrongdoing of the people of the kingdom of Israel.

Another prophet, this one living within the reign of Zedekiah, was Jeremiah. Reform was the one thing needful for the salvation of Israel. But his message went un-

heeded. He was persecuted and imprisoned.

Ezekiel, another Old Testament prophet of the period, did much of his preaching between 592 B.C. and 586 B.C. Like Jeremiah, he predicted the utter destruction of Jerusalem unless the people repented. He taught that men were individually accountable to God, and called upon each one to examine his own heart.

The great patriarch of The Book of Mormon, Lehi, felt as these other prophets, that the crying need of Jerusalem was for individual repentance. Called by God as one of the great prophets of this twilight period of Jewish nationalism, he felt his responsibility keenly. He prayed to the Lord with a sincere heart in behalf of his people.

In answer to his prayer “there came a pillar of fire and dwelt upon a rock before him; and he saw and heard much” (I Nephi 1:6). Quaking and trembling with fear, he re-

turned to his house in Jerusalem, cast himself upon his bed,

. . . and was carried away in a vision, even that he saw the heavens open and he thought he saw God sitting upon his throne, surrounded with numberless concourses of angels in the attitude of singing and praising their God. . . . He saw one descending out of the midst of heaven, and he beheld that his luster was above that of the sun at noon-day. And he also saw twelve others following him, and their brightness did exceed that of the stars in the firmament (I Nephi 1:8, 9).

The first one came and stood before Lehi, handed him a book, and bade him read. He was filled with the Spirit of the Lord, and he read, "Wo, wo, unto Jerusalem, for I have seen thine abominations!" (I Nephi 1:13). Many things did Lehi read concerning Jerusalem, that it should be destroyed, and that many of the people should perish by the sword, and that many others should be taken into captivity in Babylon.

Lehi went forth among the Jews and prophesied concerning those things which he had both seen and heard. To them he testified of their wickedness and abominations. The Jews mocked him and sought to take his life, but, as Nephi wrote: "The tender mercies of the Lord are over all those whom he has chosen, because of their faith, to make them mighty even unto the power of deliverance" (I Nephi 1:20).

The Lord commanded Lehi in a dream that he should depart with his family into the wilderness. Obedient to this commandment, Lehi took his family, provisions, and tents, and departed into the wilderness, leaving his house, his gold, sil-

ver, and precious things in Jerusalem. His family comprised his wife, Sariah, and sons Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi. He traveled three days in the wilderness in the borders near the Red Sea, and then pitched his tent in a valley by the side of a river of water.

There he built an altar of stones, and made an offering unto the Lord, and gave thanks.

His solicitous nature for the welfare of his family is implicit in what he said as he gazed around the little valley in which they were encamped. Observing that the river emptied into the Red Sea, he turned to his oldest son, Laman, and said:

O that thou mightest be like unto this river, continually running into the fountain of all righteousness (I Nephi 1:9).

And then he said to Lemuel:

O that thou mightest be like unto this valley, firm and steadfast, and immovable in keeping the commandments of the Lord (I Nephi 1:10).

It was from the depths of a sorrowing heart that these words came, for these two wayward sons had been complaining that their father was a visionary man who had led them out of Jerusalem to perish in the wilderness, because of the foolish imaginations of his heart. The same spirit which possessed the unbelieving Jews in Jerusalem was in these two sons. They did not believe the words of the prophets that Jerusalem was in danger of imminent destruction. Lehi, however, being filled with the Spirit of the Lord, confounded them that they did not dare to speak against him, and they did as he commanded. Nephi, however, desiring to know



the mysteries of God, cried unto the Lord and was visited by the Lord so Nephi believed the words which Lehi had spoken and Sam believed on Nephi's words.

Lehi spoke to his youngest son, Nephi, telling him that the Lord had commanded him in a dream to send Nephi and his brothers back to Jerusalem to the house of Laban for the record of the Jews and also a genealogy of Lehi's ancestors, engraved upon plates of brass. Nephi did not murmur but accepted the assignment willingly. "For I know," he said to his father, "that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them" (I Nephi 3:7). After many trying experiences, Nephi, the real leader of the group, brought his brothers back into camp with the records.

During the long absence of their sons on this sacred mission, Sariah, fearing that her sons had perished, accused Lehi of being a visionary man, saying, "Behold thou hast led us forth from the land of our inheritance, and my sons are no more, and we perish in the wilderness" (I Nephi 5:2).

Lehi comforted Sariah telling her that he knew the Lord would deliver their sons out of the hands of Laban and bring them down again into the wilderness. When they returned she agreed, "Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath commanded my husband to flee into the wilderness" (I Nephi 5:8).

Speaking again to Lehi, the Lord commanded him that his sons should again return to Jerusalem to bring down Ishmael and his family,

to join them in the wilderness, that they might raise up seed unto the Lord in the land of promise. Ishmael's family consisted of his wife, their five daughters, two sons, and their families.

Lehi's sons were successful in persuading Ishmael and his family to accompany them into the wilderness. After a short rebellion as they journeyed in the wilderness, they arrived at the tent of Lehi, ready to go to the land of promise.

Shortly after the arrival of Ishmael and his family, Lehi announced that he had "dreamed a dream or, in other words," had seen a vision. As a result of this vision, he said, he had reason to rejoice over Sam and Nephi, for he felt that they and their seed would be righteous. But he said that he had cause to mourn because of Laman and Lemuel. He feared lest they should be cast off from the presence of the Lord.

In his dream he saw a dark and dreary wilderness. Walking through this wilderness, he prayed to the Lord. Soon he saw a large and spacious field, in which grew a tree, the fruit of which was desirable to make one happy. Lehi tasted the fruit and was filled with joy. Casting his eyes round about to discover his family, he beheld a river running along near the tree. Not far off, he saw at the head of the stream, Sariah, Sam, and Nephi standing as if they knew not whither they should go. Lehi beckoned to them. They came to him and partook of the fruit.

After locating Laman and Lemuel, Lehi invited them to partake of the fruit, but they would not come to him.

Lehi then observed that a rod of iron extended along the river bank to the tree. He also beheld a straight and narrow path which came along by the rod of iron even to the tree. It also led by the head of the fountain unto a large and spacious field as if it had been the world. Innumerable people were pressing forward, endeavoring to follow the path to the tree. Because of a mist of darkness, however, many who started on the path lost their way. Others caught hold of the end of the rod of iron, and pressed forward through the mist to the tree, clinging to the rod of iron.

When they had partaken of the fruit, they observed across the river a spacious building filled with people, dressed in a manner exceeding fine. The people were mocking and ridiculing those who were eating the fruit. And, afterwards, those who had enjoyed the fruit were ashamed and fell away into forbidden paths and were lost. They did not feel the import of the message and say with Paul, that loyal and devoted follower of Christ in a later day:

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto

salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek (Romans 1:16).

Laman and Lemuel were numbered among those who did not partake of the fruit, and Lehi feared concerning their welfare. Lehi, with all the feeling of a tender, loving parent, pleaded with them to hearken to his words, that perhaps the Lord would be merciful to them, and to keep the commandments of God.

Nephi later was given an interpretation of this vision, recording that the tree was "the love of God . . . the rod of iron . . . was the word of God, which led to the fountain of living water, or to the tree of life."

All these visions were given to Lehi during the time of his residence in Jerusalem and his encampment in the valley of Lemuel, by the river of Laman. Truly he was a man of visions.

### Suggested Readings

MONSON, LELAND H.: *Life in Ancient America*, chapters 2, and 4-6 inclusive.

### Questions for Discussion

1. How does God rule among the nations?
2. How can we escape the mists of darkness which Lehi saw?



## *Storm - Bent Pine*

Iris W. Schow

Hold, while the rock remains where you are clinging;  
 Bend, if you must, before the baleful blast,  
 But never yield, no matter what its fury,  
 And you shall see it waste itself at last.

Though nearly spent, though torn of limb, though shaken,  
 Stand by your sacred, self-planned regimen;  
 If you survive, the hour will come to offer  
 A nesting place where hope can build again.

# Visiting Teacher Messages

## Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 8—"He That Will Not Believe My Words Will Not Believe Me—That I Am" (Ether 4:12)

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 6, 1952

Objective: To show that when one truly accepts Jesus Christ, he accepts his words as well.

IT is only logical to presume that if we believe in Christ, we will also believe his words. Likewise those who do not believe his words do not truly accept him, for he and his doctrine are inseparable. Belief in Christ is equivalent to saying, "I believe that thou art, so unreservedly I believe all thy words also."

From time to time we hear people remark casually, "Why, yes, of course I believe in Jesus Christ." But when this assertion is followed by discussion, it may be found that, in reality, they do not believe in him, for they reject many of his teachings. They may say, "Yes, I believe that principle, but not this one," or "I will accept that doctrine with reservation." This attitude belies the former statement of belief in Jesus Christ. The two are not compatible.

It is not necessary to have individual proof of certain facts to know that they are so. A great percentage of the knowledge we have concerning places and people and things comes to us second hand, third hand, or even more removed. Nor is it practical for each individual to expect that ordinary facts be verified for him personally. Some of the information in our sacred writings we receive second hand, or

more removed, as well; but pertaining to spiritual matters we may know personally by faith and through the operation of the Holy Ghost that a certain doctrine is true, as surely as we know any other undisputed material fact. When the Holy Ghost testifies to an individual that the words of Christ are true, he knows they are, just as surely as though Jesus himself came to him personally and told him so. An interesting statement regarding such knowledge was made by Warren Weaver, Director for the Natural Sciences in the Rockefeller Foundation, in the October 1950 issue of *Scientific American*. He declared: "It is rather surprisingly the case that the only time man is ever really sure is not when he is dealing with science, but when he is dealing with matters of faith."

Human beings are so constituted that when they entertain an attitude demanding proof that certain doctrine is true, they bar themselves from receiving the firm testimony that can come from the Holy Ghost. Individual revelation comes when there is a desire to find the truth. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," said Jesus. Never did he say, "Re-

sist, and ye shall know. Reject and criticize, and ye shall know." The humble searching of an honest heart will be answered by the unshakable testimony of the Holy Ghost.

Faith is a wonderful gift from God to those who diligently seek it. Through it one may know that Jesus is the Christ and that all the words he has spoken are true,

## *Work Meeting—Sewing*

### THE ART OF MENDING

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

#### Lesson 8—Linens and Household Articles

*Jean Ridges Jennings*

For Tuesday, May 13, 1952

(Textbook: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot)

A good homemaker will be just as diligent in repairing worn areas that occur in household textiles as those in clothing. It is thrifty and necessary to keep linens and other articles in good repair.

A careful survey should be made at regular intervals to check up on the condition of table linen, sheets, pillow cases, towels, bedspreads, and bath mats. Much time and effort can be saved by catching worn areas before they break into holes or tears. By making reinforcements early, you may save an article that you could not replace.

Blankets are always worth any extra time you spend in prolonging their life. When bindings wear out, rip off the ragged, worn, parts and replace them with new bindings. This will prevent tears from starting. You may buy material and make your own, or use that already prepared and sold in bolts at notions counters. It comes in a variety of colors, both cotton and rayon. If the blanket is not worth a new binding, strengthen the ends

with a blanket stitch finish after first stitching a couple of times on the machine to give strength.

Watch bath towels for the first sign of fraying on the selvage. Arrest the wear here by turning under the edge once and stitching two or three times on the machine. Darn small holes in terry bath towels with darning cotton, using a plain darn.

Repair terry bath mats the same way as you would towels unless the worn part is near the edge. In this case, cut off the worn part and bind the new edge with twilled tape.

When bedspreads need mending, patching material can be taken from the corners at the foot or from the end of an extra long spread. On tufted or chenille spreads straight tears can be drawn together with an overhand stitch. Then put in new tufts and the mend will scarcely show. In the absence of matching tufting yarn, six strand embroidery floss will do.

When patches are used either on lace or tufted spreads, set in patches that match the pattern as nearly as possible.

Sheets wear thin in the center while the outside edges are still strong. You can give your torn sheets a new lease on life when they tear in the center by splitting them down the middle and seaming the outside edges together, along the selvage. Lap one edge over the other and stitch twice to form a flat seam. Make small hems on the outside edges.

If small holes or tears appear in sheets or pillow cases, mend them at once with set in patches that are stitched in place on the machine. When hems split along the fold, trim off frayed edges, turn them in and overhand the two together. Or rip off the old hem, cut off along the old fold, and turn a new hem.

When pillowcases are worn along the side folds, rip out the end hem where it crosses the folds. Now take a seam deep enough to take out the worn edge, then restitch the hem.

Mend small holes in linen tablecloths or napkins with threads from the linen of the same cloth even if you have to sacrifice a napkin to

get them. For patching larger holes, take patching material from a napkin or an old cloth of similar weight and color. If the patch comes in a suitable place, disguise it by working a pattern or monogram over it. It then becomes a design instead of a blemish.

When hemstitching breaks on linens make new "spokes," to replace the broken ones, with a needle and thread. Long sections of worn or broken hemstitching can be replaced with fagotting. In some cases small rickrack can be inserted to replace the hemstitching.

When lace or marquissette curtains split lengthwise, weave in new threads. Darned places rarely show in full curtains as they lie in the folds when hanging. If the holes are near the edge, trim off the damaged part and put in a new hem. On some narrow curtains an added ruffle of net or a contrasting applied hem makes a suitable addition when torn parts need to be cut away, thus adding new life to your curtains.

## *Literature*—The Literature of England

### Lesson 24—William Wordsworth (concluded)

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

For Tuesday, May 20, 1952

**T**HE aim of our last lesson was to introduce Wordsworth and some of the ideas and personalities which helped build his philosophy as revealed in some of his earlier poems. In this lesson we shall attempt to point out further elements in his poetry which prove him to be a fitting spokesman for the essential English spirit, elements which en-

title him to be regarded not only as one of the early and great forces in English romanticism, but as one of her greatest poet-philosophers.

It has been justly observed of the nineteenth-century English writers that one difficulty in coming to know them is that many of them simply wrote too much. Wordsworth is not free from such criti-

cism, although it seems somewhat absurd to censure an author for writing a large body of works which are of highest merit, regardless of how much he wrote of inferior quality. Yet the practical problem remains of presenting the remaining pages of Wordsworth's work in our text in a manner most valuable to the Relief Society class leader and her class, and at the same time in a manner most economical of time and effort.

Admitting this problem, but at the same time believing that there are very few lines in Wordsworth which are so difficult as not to be understood on a careful first reading, we shall attempt to intensify the rewards of reading certain selections from Wordsworth by pointing out certain values within them, thus narrowing down more quickly the selections the class leader might wish finally to present in some detail to her group.

Our study of the *Preface to Lyrical Ballads* in our previous lesson revealed Wordsworth's new romantic principles of freedom to choose poetic form and word to make his poems as simple and unadorned as the common man in the street. Another great romantic principle, illustrated throughout his poems, is to be found in the lyrical, subjective mood and point of view which dominates his works. Regardless of what his announced subject may be, nor how simple or even childish it may at first appear, Wordsworth colors and strengthens and enlarges the most trivial subject into a profound revelation of human wisdom and insight. His method is always to answer the problems of reality by

probing deep within himself, and when he is successful in arranging his delightful and profound findings in an artistic form compatible with the inner idea he would express, we have another great poem produced.

It is therefore fitting, and not at all accidental, that Wordsworth should have written the greatest and most revealing autobiographical poem in our language. Begun in 1799 and completed in 1805 (although not published until after his death in 1850), "The Prelude" is the philosophical poem which resulted when Wordsworth retired to the remote lake district determined to write "a literary work that might live"; he sought in this work "to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them." The fourteen books into which the poem is divided contain a detailed account of his inner awareness during his schooldays and childhood, his tours of Europe, his disillusionment during the French Revolution, finally recounting how he was restored to an increasing love of humanity by the sustaining influence of nature.

Traditionally Wordsworth is heralded as the "poet-priest" of nature. The realm of the out-of-doors is his constant subject, but his theme is not nature for its own sake alone, but rather what it does for man—specifically for Wordsworth himself. While the two out of the fourteen books in our text contain many real and delightful descriptions of Wordsworth's joy as a child when surrounded by nature (an autumn day, page 126, l. 59 ff; a naked child's romping in the river, page 129, l. 282 ff; robbing birds'



nests, page 130, l. 326 ff; etc.), these passages describing the joys of nature are interspersed with poetized philosophizing, with wondering at the mysteries of nature and her effects upon the delicate soul of the growing boy. For example, in the opening lines he describes the liberating breeze of the country air, but really he is moved, not by the breeze, but by the remembrance of the joy which it aroused within him: •

Oh, there is blessing in this gentle breeze,  
A visitant that while it fans my cheek  
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy it  
brings

From the green fields, and from yon  
azure sky.

Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze can  
come

To none more grateful than to me; escaped  
From the vast city, where I long had pined  
A discontented sojourner: now free,  
Free as a bird to settle where I will . . . .  
The earth is all before me. With a heart  
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,  
I look about; and should the chosen guide  
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,  
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again!  
Trances of thought and mountings of the  
mind

Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,  
That burthen of my own unnatural self,  
The heavy weight of many a weary day  
Not mine . . . . (pp. 125-126)

It is these sublime musings, prompted by some scene or intimate beauty in nature, which give to Wordsworth the elevated grandeur which is the unmistakable signature of great poetry, a flavor which we have already found to be overwhelming in his "Tintern Abbey," and which recalls the majesty and vastness of Milton, whom Wordsworth loved and respected. In this first book from "The Prelude," as throughout all his best poetry, we find such passages. He philosophizes

about liberty (page 126, beginning line 31); he states the unrest of youth, and the nebulous desire to achieve grandly in mortality (page 127, line 94 ff.); confessing the inward conflicts of adolescence, he feels, as far better than his restlessness, the need

. . . to stray about  
Voluptuously through fields and rural  
walks,  
And ask no record of the hours, resigned  
To vacant musing, unproved neglect  
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.  
(text, page 129, lines 250-254)

On page 130, beginning line 340, he acknowledges the growth of immortal spirit within him "Like harmony in music"; on page 131, line 401, he begins a passage of moving beauty and power in which he expresses gratitude for the human soul and the thrill of feeling its being purified within by acquaintance with nature.

There are abundant similar passages—so abundant that many readers have become bewildered by the enmassed fruitfulness of Wordsworth's imagination and insight and left "The Prelude" as too big to read. Such a decision is unfortunate, for this poem is the pure fountainhead from which the best of Wordsworth flows into lines of mellow blank verse expressing his tender sensitivity of the human spirit; the sweetness and beauty of joy he finds in living the simple, natural life; and showing the rare skill with which he recalls the long-lost nuances of his growing mind and soul as he feels their awakening powers.

Note to Class Leaders:

"The Prelude" is fundamental to all of

Wordsworth's other writings, and contains the germ of all else. If you decide to use parts of it in your lesson, remember that intensive study is memorable and real. Applying Wordsworth's final advice in the *Preface*, read aloud until your own heart tells you that which is vital and beautifully done; here is material which your sisters will be grateful for hearing from your lips.

"Michael" is a happy combination of content and form, although it does contain a few lines of exalted cadence but trivial content which was one of Wordsworth's stylistic weaknesses. For example, he describes the lamp as

An aged utensil, which had performed  
Service beyond all others of its kind.

The strength of his writing in this poem lies in the fact that the lines themselves catch the simplicity of Michael's way of life; they also incarnate his industry, noble character, and wholesome ideals. Here is a tale centering about the unbounded love of father for son, and how, after the wayward son succumbs to the wickedness of the city, the aged father seeks solace in work and in the strengthening influence of nature. This poem has a slow-moving, solemn beauty all its own, but it records traits basic both in Wordsworth and in the essential English character.

In "Michael" as in several of his poems—"Resolution and Independence"; "London, 1802"; "The World Is Too Much With Us"; "Thoughts of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland"; we find the strongly romantic concern for the rights of man as they are warped, sometimes annihilated, by a social and political system which Words-

worth fears loves luxury and wealth more than it loves virtue, and which exerts an autocratic power at the expense of its subjects' liberty. In the person of the Leechgatherer in "Resolution and Independence" we find personified a gross indifference, almost a cruelty, of nature in having created so misshapen a creature who, living amid the usually beneficent surroundings of nature, is not protected by her from the economic necessity of men. This is not a strong note in Wordsworth's work, but it is a constant one, and displays a respect for realism and the sterner aspects of life which strengthens his stature as a romantic writer.

Aside from Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," the fifth stanza of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" is possibly quoted at more funerals than any other poem, and not without justification:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it  
flows  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

Particularly the first half of the stanza lends itself to quotation,

since it is short, contains a brilliant image which most aptly expresses the thought, and gives memorable statement to the reality of immortality. But fitting as this quotation has proved itself on such occasions, it is unfair and unfortunate, both to poet and audience, that this one passage is so often lifted from its context to become a unity of itself alone.

Granted that the above statement is somewhat extreme, it does, nonetheless, seem advisable to lift stanza five from the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" in order that this section may be read by all Relief Society women in the hope that they will thoughtfully, sympathetically, read the poem in its entirety. Only then can one experience the full flavor of Wordsworth's tone and mood; serene, delicate, large. Only then does the deeper intent of the poem become apparent: not only

does Wordsworth wish to proclaim his belief in immortality, but he desires even more to emphasize the near immortal state that is the awe-inspiring mystery of childhood. In parts nine and ten he comes as near catching the pure innocent joy of youth as did Blake in his *Songs of Innocence*. Indeed the two poets have much in common, not the least of which is their abilities so to commune with the very real otherworldliness that the beauty of their vision lights up their lines and their words attain a texture and a sustained loftiness rarely heard.

### *Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Discuss evidence that Wordsworth is a romantic.
2. What was his purpose in writing "The Prelude"?
3. Is Wordsworth a poet or a philosopher? Can these be combined?
4. Why might portions of "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" be compared to the poetry of Blake?

## *Social Science—The Progress of Man*

### Part 2—From Darkness Into Dawn

#### Lesson 14—The American Revolution

*Elder Archibald F. Bennett*

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 24.)

For Tuesday, May 27, 1952

**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.

#### *Political Freedom in American Colonies*

THE discovery of America brought to Europe many problems which had not existed before. The French colonists had no disposition to build permanent homes and sub-

due the wilderness. They were of a roaming disposition, and their country had many difficulties in making permanent settlements on this account. The French were not permitted in any sense to conduct their own political affairs. France

sent out officials to govern them and they were denied any voice in the matter. A similar attitude was taken by Spain.

The English colonists, however, came to this land with the firm conviction that they had rights which had been guaranteed them since the days of the Magna Charta, and that these rights were constitutional. In political matters the thirteen English colonies had considerable freedom. In fact they claimed all the rights which were granted to the English people at home. These rights included trial by jury, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom from imprisonment without trial, the right of habeas corpus, and other privileges embodied in the English common law. They had the privilege of organizing houses of representatives and smaller houses or councils, similar to the English Parliament. In this way they were enabled to make laws to govern themselves as long as they did not conflict with the laws of Parliament and the government at home. Such privileges were not extended to colonists under any other flag.

The English colonists held that they should not be taxed without proper voice in the affairs of government, and that they had the right to elect their own representatives. The English king and Parliament felt that they had a perfect right to tax and restrict the colonists.

With the French and Spanish such treatment seemed to be only natural, they understood nothing else, but not so with the English. Since the days of King John they had been trained to have high regard for the personal rights guaran-

teed them in the British law. Why, they felt, should colonists be considered different in any respect from British subjects who were within the shires and counties of Great Britain?

### *Restrictions on Commerce*

Regarding commerce and trade, the views held in all the European countries towards their specific colonies were similar. These views were that the colonies existed for the sole purpose of benefit to the mother countries. According to English law the home markets had a claim upon all the products coming from the colonies. Such trade had to be carried in English boats and delivered at English ports. The law followed the mercantile theory which was formed to protect the home manufacturers. The grants extended to explorers and early colonizers were based on the demand that definite jurisdiction should be maintained by the homeland.

In this regard, England was no worse, and, in some respects, much better than other countries claiming territory in the New World. The colonists were expected to produce needed raw materials, but such materials must not compete in any way with products made at home. They could not build up manufacturing establishments because such ventures would injure the business of manufacturers in the mother country. The colonists of one country were forbidden to trade with the colonists of another, or with other countries. Moreover, as the colonists were expected to furnish raw materials to their native land, they were also expected to purchase the finished products from

her. Because of these restrictions, they were forbidden to launch out in an enterprise not approved by the home government.

### *Religious Attitudes*

France and Spain admitted only Catholics to the American colonies, while the majority of the English colonists were Protestants and some belonged to the Church of England. Except in the colony founded by Roger Williams, real religious freedom did not exist. After the death of Roger Williams in 1683, the regulations which he established were greatly modified so that Roman Catholics were disfranchised as late as the eighteenth century.

### *Why the Colonies Rebelled*

The rebellion against the English government on the part of the American colonies was not brought about because they were more harshly treated than were other colonists, but occurred because the English people had been differently trained. They felt the injustice of treatment accorded them by the mother country, denying to them political rights, taxing without proper representation, and restricting freedom of trade and commerce. They resented the edict of the home government that they were not to manufacture, but only to furnish raw materials; then, when the raw materials were made up into salable goods, they resented buying them at excessive rates and paying a tax in addition. In this attitude toward the colonies, the British government perhaps had no thought of being unjust or unfair. It was a matter of thinking that the colonists were in America

simply to serve as a financial benefit to the British nation.

This treatment by the home government irritated the colonists. When they began to show their irritation, members of the British government in power at home showed resentment, and thus the breach was widened until reparation could not be made.

At the time of the rebellion against the English, Great Britain was at war with France, Spain, and Holland; and hostile neutrals were harassing her. When she endeavored, because of the cost of war, to place heavy burdens upon the colonists and tax them without representation, they protested and vigorously petitioned for relief from the burdens they felt were unjust. When their protests and appeals failed and they became subject to military rule and were forced to take care of the military forces, and when their civil liberty was threatened, their ports closed, and undue pressure brought to bear against them for rebellion, they rose up in their might and the Revolution was on. "The king," wrote Jefferson, "has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns and destroyed our people."

### *The Power of God Was With Them*

Looking back to 1775 and the years preceding and following, when the American government was in the travail of birth, it is plain to see that the Lord was keeping his promise and fighting the battles of the colonists. It was the decree of the Almighty that American land should be free, and that here political, as well as religious liberty,

should have a rebirth. If circumstances had not been right for the revolution, the colonists would have had a more difficult time in winning their independence. In the days of wooden sailing vessels, America was too far away for a successful campaign on the part of the British. The colonists were weak and they were taxed to the limit of their powers to maintain themselves. Even with all the wars and difficulties Great Britain was then encountering, had the Lord not been fighting on the side of the Americans, they would have failed.

The result of the conflict was more far reaching than was generally supposed. The freedom of the United States and the establishing of a republic in this Western Land were incentives to other peoples upon the shores of America. The Lord intended that they should all be free from political intrigues and domination of the Old World, for this was to be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles as long as they would serve the Lord and be humble. Had the English king, George III, and his Parliament hearkened to the voice of protest from the American colonists, and the voices of some statesmen at home, such as Edmund Burke, the whole trend of history in the New World might have taken a very different course. But such was not the destiny of things. Had it not been so, who can tell what would have happened to religious and political freedom which has since been proclaimed, not only in America, but has had its influence in many other parts of the world.

### *The Declaration of Independence*

The war knit the colonies togeth-

er in a common cause. At the outbreak of hostilities, the several American states or territories had various forms of government. Connecticut and Rhode Island held charters entitling them to manage their own affairs. Eight of them were under governors appointed by the king. Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland were governed by their proprietors, successors to those who had originally received grants. Each of the colonies had a legislative assembly; they levied their own taxes and had the chief voice in the making of their laws.

While, at first, they did not seek separation from the mother country, as the trouble progressed, they determined that no other course was open to them—and finally they were fighting for complete independence and the right to establish a government of their own.

In June 1776, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia offered this resolution to the Continental Congress:

Resolved: that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is and ought to be, totally dissolved.

A committee of five was designated to prepare a statement of the American cause. The committee appointed Thomas Jefferson, as one of its members, to draft a declaration. Except for minor alterations the Declaration was wholly Jefferson's in both word and spirit.

On July 2, the Lee resolution was adopted, and the Declaration was introduced and debated in Congress. Some changes were made during the debate, the most important be-



ing the omission of a passage that denounced King George for promoting the African slave trade. On the fourth day of July, 1776, the Declaration was adopted by the Congress, and later it was signed by the members of Congress. Thus, by legal act of representatives of her people, the Government of the United States of America was born.

This government is not the government which will be set up when Christ comes to rule. The Lord expects great things of this American nation, however, in assisting to bring to pass his purpose of preparing for the ushering in of the kingdom of God. When that time comes, the Prince of Peace will take his rightful place as God and Governor of all the earth.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Describe the mercantile theory of commerce believed in prior to the Revolutionary War.
2. Compare the American colonists of

England with those of other European countries.

3. Name three important differences between the colonists and the mother country of England.

4. Name some outstanding principles enunciated in the Declaration of Independence.

5. Why did Emerson describe the Battle of Concord as "the shot heard round the world?"

6. Cite evidences to show that the power of God was with the colonists.

7. Consider this forceful declaration by President Brigham Young: "There is not another nation under heaven, in whose midst the Book of Mormon could have been brought forth. The Lord has been operating for centuries to prepare the way for the coming forth of the contents of that Book from the bowels of the earth. . . . It was the Lord who directed the discovery of this land to the nations of the Old World, and its settlement, and the war for independence, and the final victory of the colonies, and the unprecedented prosperity of the American nation, up to the calling of Joseph the Prophet. The Lord has dictated and directed the whole of this, for the bringing forth, and establishing of his Kingdom in the last days" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, 1925 edition, page 167; 1941 and 1943 editions, page 109).

## *Music*—Fundamentals of Musicianship

APPRECIATION, CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1951-52

Lesson 16—Joy and Service Through Singing and Playing; Things We Should Know About Music; the Value of Music in Everyday Life

*Florence Jepperson Madsen*

Objective: To expand our understanding and appreciation of music; to render more efficient service through participation in music.

### *Joy and Service Through Singing and Playing*

"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 en-

joyments which people can have" (Eric Clarke, *Music in Everyday Life*).

Participation is the door to success and joy in any musical activity.

The organist, who gives the first welcoming tones in an assembly, and the conductor, who leads the audience or the chorus in a song, realize that they are

contributing to the success of the service, and that it is within their power to instill in the hearts of the participants a spirit of unity, peace, and reverence. This realization brings to them a sense of deepest joy.

The members of a congregation who sing together have the feeling of belonging and, through their singing, attune themselves to the spiritual joy of the occasion.

The missionary who makes use of his musical talents experiences, through this added power of service, greater spirituality and joy in his work.

### *Things We Should Know About Music*

#### Historical Facts

The earliest musical experiments of man were in the realm of rhythm. This was first done by tapping or beating on wood or other hard materials, by clapping the hands, or by stamping the feet.

Music history records that about 900 or 1000 A.D., the simple harmonization of melody came into existence and use. Previous to that time music history records that it was performed in unison and was learned by "rote."

#### Classification of Music Styles

Before presenting a song the conductor should classify it according to the nature of its message under one of the three types of vocal expression or style: Bel Canto, Declamatory, and Diction.

(a) Bel Canto (Italian) means "beautiful singing."

In this style, beauty of tone is of paramount importance. Melody lines are sung with continuity and smoothness. Word speaking is subdued.

Examples:

"As The Dew From Heaven Distilling"  
(Hymn)

"Come Unto Him" (from *The Messiah*, by Handel)

(b) Declamatory

This style includes the recitative and intense emotional songs as found in oratorios and operas, dramatic songs and scenes, and songs of characterization.

Examples:

"Thus Saith the Lord" (recitative for bass from *The Messiah*)

"The Erlking," by Schubert (Characterization)

"The Voice in the Wilderness," by Scott (first lines, dramatic)

(c) Diction

In this classification word speaking is of primary importance.

Examples: (from *Recreational Songs*)

"Cantique de Noel" (O Holy Night)  
by Adam, Narrative

"Bendemeer's Stream" (Irish Folk Melody), Narrative

"Grandfather's Clock," by Work, Descriptive

"Anvil Chorus" by Verdi, Descriptive

"The Bumblebee" by Rimsky-Korsakov (Instrumental), Imitative

"Swiss Echo Song" by Eckert (vocal solo), Imitative.

The descriptive and the imitative frequently overlap. Many of the songs we sing belong to the Bel Canto style. An intermixing of all the above styles produces interesting contrasts in a musical rendition.

#### *The Value of Music in Everyday Life*

She who works with a song in her heart ends the day's routine with a minimum of monotony and fatigue.

Practically every constructive recreational activity is complemented with music before, during, or after the event—the collegiate ball games, dances, moving pictures, concerts, radio programs, festivals.

Music stimulates noble thoughts, feelings, and emotions, and affords an ideal outlet for their expression.

It increases friendliness, understanding, and sympathy, and generates love and family unity.

Music dispels fear, gloom, and worry, and supplants these with courage, faith, and spirituality.

It develops sociability, personality, leadership, and poise.

All musical participation conduces to health and discipline of mind, body, and spirit.

"Literature has given a meaning to life; music amplifies that meaning. To understand music is to have an additional weapon to fight life's battles" (Eric Clarke, from *Music in Everyday Life*).

## “To Thine Own Self”

(Continued from page 109)

empty seats at school. I guess I've had my last date with Jiggs. He probably thinks I'm a poor sport. I don't care, I'm glad I didn't go.

And printed carefully across the bottom of the page: *To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.*

Sandra raised her eyes from the page. Mom had a problem, too. The Jiggs and Bricks in the world were horrid, and she hated them. She glanced down at the diary again and her eyes caught the inscription on the back of her father's picture. It was faded and hard to make out. It read: “For the sweetest girl in the world, from Jiggs.” *Jiggs was her own father!*

\* \* \* \*

**H**ER father's voice startled her. “This just came for you, Sandy.” He was standing on the attic steps holding a small florist's box.

“Whom is it from, Dad?” A surprised frown creased her brow.

“There is no card on the outside. Perhaps you had better open it.” He was suddenly aware of how small and alone she looked in the big attic.

She opened the box, and there in the tissue paper were a bunch of violets and a small envelope. The note inside was brief:

Dear Sandra:

I'd like to tell you how sorry I am about last night. I honestly didn't know there was going to be drinking at Hebe's. I know you are not that kind of girl, and I guess that's why I like you best. You surely acted quiet and mad.

If you're not still mad, would you go to Church with me tonight? I have to drive mother to Logan, but I'll be back about four and give you a buzz. I hope we can still be friends.

Brick

Sandra raised shining, tear-filled eyes from the note. “Oh, Dad!”

“Well, I don't know whom that's from, but you sure look happy about it.” He smiled tenderly at her.

“It's . . . it's from Brick.”

“Brick. That's the red-headed one who has been here so often. Is he the right kind of boy, Sandy?” He smiled sadly. “I guess I'm a little late in asking that.”

He climbed the last few steps and knelt beside her. “I'm sorry I didn't go to your graduation, baby. I . . . I guess I felt my life was over when mother left us. I sort of forgot your life is just beginning. I'll try to be a better Dad in the future.”

“You're the best Dad in the whole world.” It felt wonderful to put her head on his shoulder and feel the security of his arms about her. “Dad, did they use to call you *Jiggs*?”

Her father's eyes filled with memories. “Yes,” he chuckled, “but when you were born your mother felt a father should have a more dignified name, so she went back to my given name, James. She used to get angry when friends forgot and called me Jiggs. You know your mother was a great one for sticking to what she thought was right.”

Sandra smiled tenderly at her father. “Yes, I know.”

# Advice to a Daughter

Christie Lund Coles

Little daughter, now you stand  
Where the water blots the sand;

Where the castle, made with care,  
By foam's tassel is washed bare;

Find new places, build new things,  
The sea erases, yet it brings

Sea-shells. Take them . . .  
washed ashore;  
The waves' cool mouth will bring  
you more.

So, life will bring you loss and pain,  
Yet, always joy will come again.

## Ski Song

Lizabeth Wall

The wind is my brother,  
And he and I  
Shall climb a mountain  
White and high,

Shall climb a mountain,  
Tall and steep,  
Where pines are pointed  
And snow is deep.

The wind is my brother,  
And hand in hand,  
We shall climb to the  
Topmost tip and stand

Eager, exultant,  
And unafraid  
In a crystal world  
That the snow has made.

Then we shall swing  
In a winged flight  
Down the mountain,  
High and white,

Back to the land  
That the earth-man sees,  
The wind and I  
On a pair of skis!

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..... If Ye Love Me, Keep My	
..... Commandments — Madsen .....	.20
..... Jesus, Our Lord, We	
..... Adore Thee — James .....	.18
..... King of Glory—Parks .....	.20
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## Uncertain Possession

(Continued from page 114)

stone house were two dearly loved china kittens, and she had no right to want to possess them. Perhaps, someday, she'd get over being hurt and surprised by cactus spines, circling pain, and wild hawks. But she knew she would never be able to give Matt up to those who had a prior right to his mind, his thoughts, his attentions.

But she knew, also, deep in her heart, even as she rejected the thought, that she would never find real happiness here in Westfield, nor back in Utah, to which she dreamed of returning, unless she learned to let Matt go a little, learned to share him freely with those who also needed him.

(To be continued)

\* \* \* \*

### *Household Hint*

Lael W. Hill

A little boy's tee-shirt, worn past repair  
Can still dust a table or polish a chair  
Or wipe up the spots that get spilled on a floor—  
In fact, all the things it accomplished before!

\* \* \* \*

### *A Little World Or a Big One*

Caroline Eyring Miner

**T**HE size of the world we live in is much to our own choosing or making. It is as big or as little as the things we love and understand make it for us.

It is not a new philosophy that we possess only the things we understand and love. It was Goethe who said that what we do not understand we cannot really possess. This philosophy is very significant. It can make life as rich and full as heaven and earth or it can limit it to the four kitchen walls or to a chair at a machine, or to office walls.

A person may go through life enlarging his horizons, adding new interests; flower culture, interest in stars, skills in handwork, knowledge of birds, companionship of dogs, and his world grows bigger and bigger.

"I hate dogs"; "I don't know one flower from another"; "Stars, what stars?" Such expressions, and you know the speaker is living in a little world.

"Naughty doggie will bite!" "Musn't touch the flowers!" Your ears tell you some innocent child is being sentenced to a little world.

Life is what we make it for ourselves or for others, and the world we live in is truly as big or as little as the things we understand and love.

# The House With the Blue Roof

(Continued from page 99)

ing sign, Atchley & Hanning, George Hanning was standing, waving at her.

"Say!" he bellowed, "tell Bill to get along here! Doesn't he know I haven't had any lunch! What's the big idea, anyway?"

Even at a half block distance, George's scowl was plain to read. Sharp words sprang to Marian's tongue. She had an impulse to shout back at him, "Shame on you, George Hanning! Bill's waited for you to come back day after day! You're always late!"

But she only nodded. "He'll be back in a minute," she called and hurried her steps toward home, the realization of how she had disarranged Bill's day sweeping over her. He won't say much, though, she thought gratefully. And then, Poor Bill, between George and me he really has a tough time . . . . I don't know how he stays so calm.

Yes, yes, I do know, she thought. Why, Bill lives in the house with the blue roof, too. He always has! That's why he can put up with George Hanning—and with a wife that rushes off and leaves him stranded right in the middle of a busy working day!

Bill had that unbreakable calm around him that was like the peace of a big orderly room at night with the lamps lighted . . . . No matter where he was.

Bill, she thought, and her feet took her swiftly up to the door of home. Oh, Bill, I want to live in the blue-roofed house with you.

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## Where Drift Logs Lie

Mary Gustafson

The smoke curls lazily upward  
From the beach where drift logs lie,  
Curling beyond our seeing,  
Disappearing into the sky.

I rest on the pillowing seaweed  
Spilled from the going tide,  
Etching the scene with pictures—  
Completely self-satisfied.

I search through a million pebbles,  
For one of a different hue,  
Drifting them past lax fingers  
As a questing child might do.

The driftwood sinks to ashes,  
The sun is an embered coal,  
And I am filled with a restfulness  
That irradiates my soul.



# Promise and Fulfillment

Linnie F. Robinson

Long have your griefs and travail been  
The yoke of Laman's defiant sin;  
Trampled enough—your day is here,  
Look up and he will dry your tear.

Driven and scourged in your own land,  
Turn, and its gift is close at hand;  
No power can stay God's mighty word,  
Or stand against his flaming sword.

No power can change the promise given:  
Obedience will bring your heaven;  
Bring back the crowning of your right;  
Bring back your Canaan and delight.

Oh, red men, that from Lehi come,  
Of Joseph, God's most blessed son,  
Cleanse now your ways and hear his voice,  
That all your people may rejoice.

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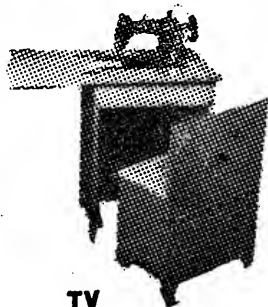
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# Loving and Working With Our Lamanite Sisters

(Continued from page 86)

kind of love that accepts them as they are, yet dares to dream, hope, plan, pray, and work for a better day for them and with them.

On a trip to Tuba, in northern Arizona, a little old man came toward us. His message, interpreted to me, was, "Tell her I pray for her every day because she helped my sick daughter last year." Can money bring such joy as this?

I hope to see the day when we can forgive and forget the mistakes of the past, and I hope this people will forgive us, too, for our neglect. Let us honor our pioneer ancestors by giving our service to bridging the gap between us.

Our Lamanite brothers and sisters need our help. In Jesus' name. Amen.

## Night Encounter

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

White peace had covered all the town  
And wrapped the trees, the hidden sky,  
Till there were only hills of down,  
The elms, the falling snow, and I.

I walked and Silence walked with me,  
Step after step with muffled tread,  
Till we were halted near a tree  
By added silence overhead.

I shivered. What was hiding there?  
And then I spied him, white on white,  
An owl returning stare for stare  
Before he winged into the night.

What passed between myself and bird?  
No eye could see, no ear could know;  
And I stood wondering how I heard  
A silence deeper than the snow.

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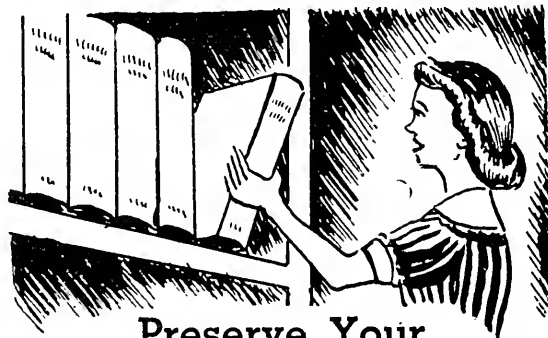
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## From Near and Far

It gives me great pleasure to tell you how much I enjoy reading each issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. There is so much that is worthwhile and inspirational, as well as educational and informational, in its pages. The series of articles by Elder Albert R. Bowen, "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter" [August, September, October, November, 1951] have been most enlightening and helpful. They have made me realize how much our Constitution means to us, as the basic instrument of government and the supreme law of the United States. It seems to me that these articles are most pertinent. The editorial in the November issue of the *Magazine*, "The Beginning of Harvest," breathes the spirit of Thanksgiving in this glorious land of America and helps us to appreciate more fully our wonderful blessings. The excellent address "If You Live Up to Your Privileges" (November 1951, address delivered at the annual general Relief Society conference, October 4, 1951) by our beloved President Belle S. Spafford, is truly inspirational and helped me to realize my privileges as a woman, and the opportunities I enjoy as a member of the Relief Society organization.

—Mrs. John Gardner  
Oakland, California

I bought a *Christmas News* yesterday and saw the article about the number of subscriptions secured by the *Magazine*, and I was so thrilled I must write about it. I think it is the quality of the *Magazine*, for even women couldn't sell an inferior *Magazine*. It is a wonderful thing to have such a *Magazine* being read by so many people. Sometimes, however, I wish we could have a deeper motive in the stories.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson  
Boise, Idaho

"The Household of Faith," an article by Vesta P. Crawford, published in *The Relief Society Magazine* in May 1950, was selected by the Genealogical Society of the Church for use as part of their program for Sunday evening, January 6, 1952.

I noticed that my subscription has expired, so I am renewing it right away because I don't want to miss any of our *Magazines*. There is so much to offer me and anyone in the *Magazine*. It can offer any woman what she is interested in, no matter how varied her tastes. I am work director of Lebanon Branch Relief Society, Mt. Graham Stake, and in the year I have been a leader I have gained in wisdom and love for our Relief Society and our *Magazine*. I enjoyed getting to hear our dear President Belle S. Spafford and Sister Leone G. Layton when they were here for our October convention. The inspiration and help these lovely sisters gave us is most heartening. I want to thank you for the wonderful talks and stories that I read in the *Magazine*, and especially for the lessons.

—Louise B. Morris  
Safford, Arizona

I have so much enjoyed the November *Relief Society Magazine*, and I look forward to the next one. A friend of mine was telling me today that one of my poems, called "Spring," was read at a Relief Society meeting recently. Surely it is very satisfying to know that anything I have written should be enjoyed at such a meeting.

—Gertrude T. Kovan  
Provo, Utah

Never was a story so purely given as "Another Mary" (December 1951). That story alone is worth many times the price of the *Magazine*. Thanks to the author, Mary Ross. Come again!

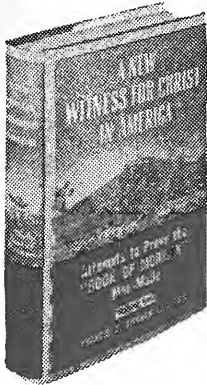
—Cloe Rogers  
Chesterfield, Idaho

I have never read any comments in the *Magazine* on the "Sixty Years Ago" page, but I want you to know that I enjoy that page as much or more than any page. The poetry always has a message that soothes the soul.

—Evelyn C. Leigh  
Los Angeles, California

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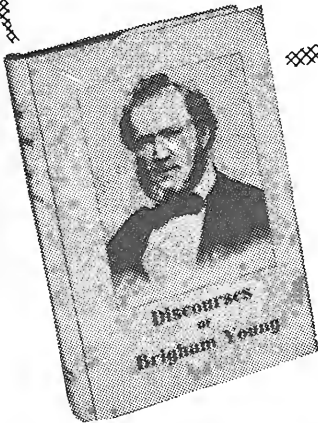
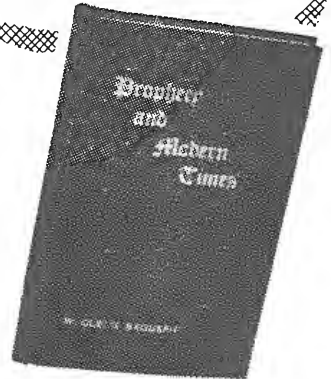
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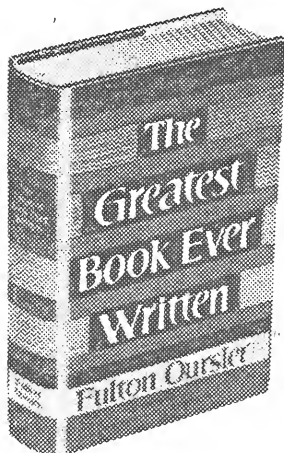
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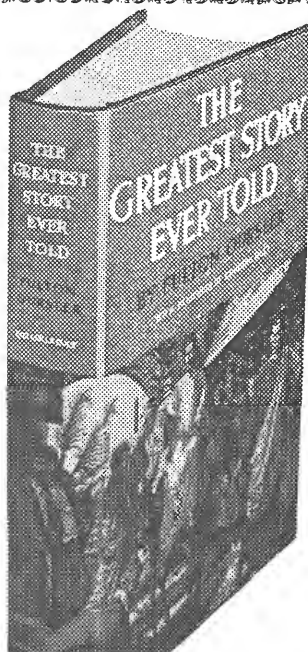
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MAGAZINE

VOL. 39 NO. 3

MARCH 1952



# 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. 39

MARCH

No. 3

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## *The Women of Nauvoo*

Christie Lund Coles

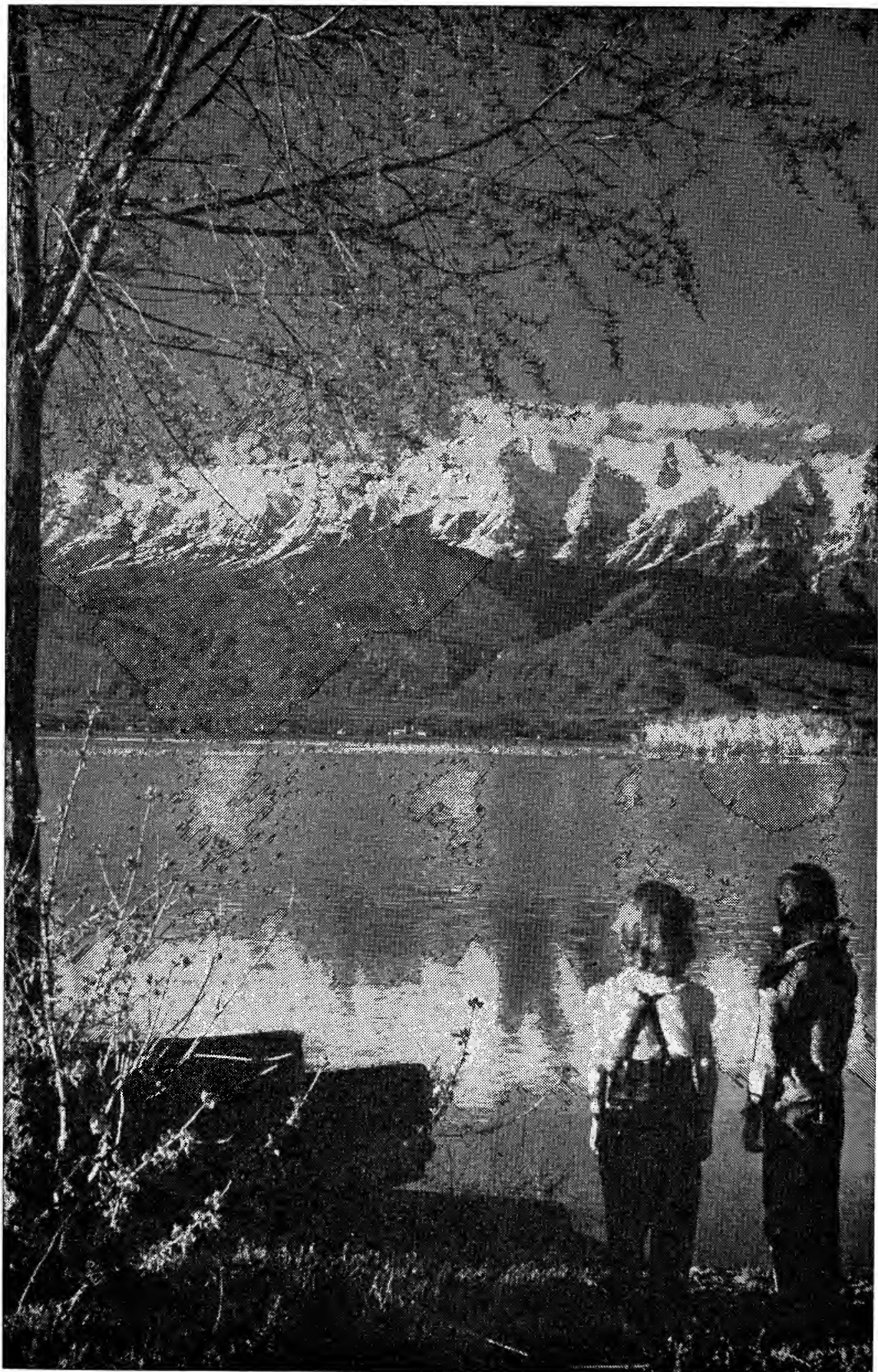
The women of Nauvoo, I think,  
Were much as women anywhere,  
They had their dreams, their momentary doubt,  
And they had prayer

To see them through the darkest night,  
The busy, shuttling day;  
And yet I think their very need  
Led them to pray

With more humility and faith,  
With more of power,  
Since fate had willed that they should rise  
In that noon hour,

When crisis after crisis marked  
The path that they must take,  
Where only the valiant ones could stand,  
The frail ones, break.

The women of Nauvoo, I think,  
Each knew her secret tears,  
Yet, oh, how tall her shadow lies  
Across the long, long years.



Josef Muench

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# Relief Society in the Lives of Latter-day Saint Women

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

*Counselor Marianne C. Sharp*

FROM the time that there was not found an helpmeet for Adam, and Eve was formed from his rib, righteous daughters of our Heavenly Father have sought to be true helpmeets to their husbands.

The first recorded command given to Adam and Eve was to be fruitful and multiply. Following the Fall, glorious Mother Eve, inspired with an enlightened knowledge, exclaimed joyfully, "Were it not for our transgression, we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient" (Moses 5:11).

Eve, herein, first recognized the work of woman upon the earth—that of bearing seed. Through obedience to this law woman receives her deepest satisfaction and greatest reward.

In fortitude and nobility of soul, the Latter-day Saint women of Kirtland, of Missouri, and of Nauvoo, bore children in the midst of journeys, in poverty, and in persecution, and many times with their husbands absent preaching the gospel. But they rejoiced in the blessings of the gospel and stood firm in adversity, comforting their husbands in affliction.

In 1842, when peace reigned for a short interlude in Nauvoo, and

the hearts of the sisters were filled with the satisfying joys of motherhood and family life, still there was found a hunger in their souls for united service to the beloved cause for which so many had already suffered death. They lived by the words of the Lord, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7).

When a few sisters approached the Prophet Joseph Smith and made known to him their desire to band together for unity in service, he answered, "Your offering is accepted of the Lord," and shortly thereafter he instituted, under divine guidance, the great Relief Society for the benefit of the women of the Church and the blessing of Church members. Through this organization the key was turned in behalf of women, and the promise made that knowledge and intelligence would flow down from that time henceforth. "It is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence," the Prophet declared. "You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms" (D.H.C. IV, page 605).

All of us present today are probably aware in a general way of the subsequent history of Relief Society. The Prophet Joseph con-

tinued to give instructions to the sisters at later meetings on their duties, responsibilities, and opportunities. How precious are his words and those of the prophet-leaders since that day!

In 1942, the hundredth anniversary of the organization of Relief Society, the First Presidency declared in a message to Relief Society:

Members should permit no other affiliation either to interrupt or to interfere with the work of this Society. . . . We urge this because in the work of the Relief Society are intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values found in no other organization and sufficient for all general needs of its members. We urge all the Sisters to take these things to heart, and to cooperate in continuing the Relief Society in its position of the greatest and most efficient woman's organization in the world.

How are the sisters today heeding this exhortation? According to our records there are more Latter-day Saint women who do not belong to Relief Society than there are who hold membership. We have over one hundred twenty-six thousand members, but there are over one hundred thirty-six thousand sisters who are not members. Relief Society has been termed the handmaid to the Priesthood. Upon Relief Society is placed the work of the Church to be performed by the women. Less than half of the sisters are carrying this work.

A member of Relief Society stretches her arms beyond the circle of her immediate family to bring help and pour solace and balm upon the hearts of the discouraged, the sorrowing, the distressed. The blessings to be obtained are certain.

Recently I heard a stake presi-

dent addressing a Relief Society gathering. He told how resentful he was as a child to be told by his mother, a Relief Society president, to hitch up the team so she could leave her family to minister to the needs of a neighbor. As he grew older, however, he affirmed, his whole feeling about the matter had changed and he urged the assembled sisters to follow in the footsteps of his mother and serve their neighbors. As I sat listening to him, I thought of hard trials which I knew had beset his giving full allegiance to the Church, and said to myself, probably the dearest blessing which came to his mother for her Relief Society work was not the blessings she received for her ministrations, but the fact that her devotion to her Church call had been such a guiding star for her son that he had overcome the obstacles in his path and become so faithful as to be chosen one of our great stake presidents.

The Relief Society is not an organization formed by man. It is the Lord's. Relief Society does not need us, we need Relief Society. Relief Society will continue in its great destined work of service without you or me. But we will forfeit blessings unnumbered if we step aside in the shadows.

May every Latter-day Saint woman awaken to the part she might be taking, to the responsibility she might be shouldering, to the blessings she might be earning, that in the day of judgment it may be said of each one "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," is my prayer.

# Individual Influence and Responsibility

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

Counselor Velma N. Simonsen

I HAVE here the front page of a recent issue of *The Deseret News*. Let me read you a few of the headlines:

“TEENAGE HOODLUMS SMASH WINDOWS”

“CIVIL DEFENSE BEGINS TRAINING PROGRAM”

“POLICE SLAYING TRIAL OPENS”

“TAX EMPLOYEE ADMITS  
+ MONEY SPLIT”

“SALT LAKE TOURIST LOSES \$185  
TO BURGLARS”

I do not read these headlines because they are new and startling, they are old and familiar to all of us, for we read almost these identical words every day in our newspapers. I read them to you because they indicate the serious condition our world is in today.

Many have attributed the evils of our times to subversive activity, but in reality it is rather through subversive inactivity that we have allowed ourselves to be brought to this state. Those familiar with the words of the Lord realize that this condition exists among us because men have *ignored* the commandments of the Lord and have thus allowed Satan to have power over them.

Most of us in this building today are Latter-day Saint mothers. Let us ask ourselves, What am I doing to correct these evils—evils of delinquency, intemperance, immoral-

ity, dishonesty, lack of public integrity, and the many other evils that the headlines proclaim.

We realize that something should be done, but perhaps we feel helpless with the overwhelming prospect of reforming the whole world. Possibly the mistake we make is that we encompass too much territory in our thinking. Most tasks, taken as a whole, are discouraging. Even the prospect of housecleaning our own homes would be overwhelming if we did not do it bit by bit. Starting with a dresser drawer, then a closet, then going from room to room, until the whole house is clean. It is one of the most potent tools of Satan to make us feel inadequate and discouraged.

One day a famous surgeon was performing a very delicate operation. The life of the patient depended upon the skill of his hands. At the same time in the basement of the hospital sat the electrician. He was thinking of the important work the surgeon did and was bemoaning the fact that he himself held such a useless position in life. Just then the lights in the hospital flickered and went out. Quick as a flash, the electrician, with a thorough understanding of his job, was able to repair the broken circuit, and the doctor successfully completed the operation. The work of the surgeon involved scalpel and



suture, that of the electrician, fuses and switch, yet it took the co-operation of both to save the life of the patient.

We must not underestimate the influence each of us has in her own sphere, nor how far-reaching that influence can be. I heard President George Albert Smith once say that if every person in the State of Utah would live the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments it could revolutionize the whole world. Isn't it worth trying?

**L**ET us start with ourselves and our own household. Let us maintain homes in which the gospel is lived and taught. Let us maintain homes that will send forth into the world men and women with strong testimonies of the gospel of Jesus Christ, men and women of character and moral integrity, who are equipped to meet life and carry their share of its responsibilities. Someone has said, "A good family life is, in the last resort, the nation's most priceless asset."

Henry C. Link in his book *Ways of Security* tells us that during the last war London parents shipped as many children as possible into the country where they would be physically safe from air bombardment. Studies made after the war showed that children who remained in London, with their parents, suffered less physically and emotionally, than did the children sent to the country for safety. The true security was found to be family unity, not physical safety.

The Latter-day Saints have always maintained that the home is one of the most important institutions

of society. In order that this most valuable institution might be utilized to its full capacity to obtain the rich spiritual dividends and the joy of fuller living that come from strong home and family relationships, the General Authorities of the Church have recommended to us the adoption of a definite Family Hour, where parents can gather their family around them and teach the gospel by precept and example, where they can use their influence where it can be most effective in developing spirituality in their children, and fortifying them against the evils of the world.

The Relief Society was given the special assignment to spearhead the program, and to do everything possible to encourage the observance of the Family Hour in every Latter-day Saint home. This year we have visited or will visit every stake of the Church in Relief Society conventions. We have given encouragement to the stake leaders, with some suggestions for successful Family Hours. Many of you here are stake Relief Society presidents to whom these instructions were given. Most of us are Latter-day Saint mothers, to whom these instructions apply. How many of us have put these instructions to work and are conscientiously observing the Family Hour?

We cannot tell you specifically what to do in each of your particular families, but let me offer a few suggestions that may help you to understand the nature and importance of a successful Family Hour.

Make the occasion one of natural informality, not a meeting. The element of spontaneity should be in

every get-together. Do make it a spiritual occasion. I once heard a brother say, "Give your children spiritual experiences and they will be satisfied with no other kind."

**T**EACH your children to pray. Last month in our stake conference, President Joseph Fielding Smith said that as a whole we are not a praying people. He said that throughout the Church a large percentage of the boys whom he interviews for missions say they do not have family prayers in their homes. Are we trying to solve the problems of today without seeking the aid of our Father in heaven? Let us not be too proud to pray *with* our families, as well as *for* them. It is a commandment of the Lord that we must teach our children to pray.

The Doctrine and Covenants says:

And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord (D. & C. 68:28).

Sisters, use your own initiative in arranging your Family Hours. Make sure all instructions and en-

tertainments, all exercises and amusements, are in harmony with the teachings of the Church. Make it an occasion to which each member of the family will look forward with interest and anticipation. Give thought and energy to the planning. Just like any other worthwhile project, good families do not "just happen." They have to be worked for. There is no excellence without labor, no real accomplishment without effort.

May we go home from this conference with the feeling that we can do the simple things which are necessary to help this sorry world, and with a determination to begin at once doing these things that we may receive the blessings promised to us by the First Presidency in 1915 when the Family Hour was first inaugurated. They said:

If the Saints obey this counsel (of teaching the gospel), we promise that great blessings will result. Love at home and obedience to parents will increase. Faith will be developed in the hearts of the youth of Israel, and they will gain power to combat the evil influences and temptations which beset them.

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## *Hymn for Afternoon*

Dorothy J. Roberts

It is only to thee, dear Lord, that I dare whisper,  
I am glad; only to thee;  
Only into thine ear I sing the joy  
Held undeservedly;  
Only unto thy knowing that I tell my peace,  
The peace to set me free;  
Only unto thy listening, the samite word  
Wafted in melody.  
Only to thee I bring the gratitudes  
Which beat and surge in me,  
The final sum, which is good, I bring, my Lord,  
The sum of all I see.

# The Spirit of Relief Society

*President Amy Brown Lyman*

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

**M**Y dear sisters, I am sure we are all overcome on this occasion with this beautiful session of the conference. We have been thrilled with the report of Sister Spafford which shows the great growth of this organization. It surely inspires us to go on and do our best for its continued growth, development, and effectiveness.

Of course, I think people as old as I am are sometimes given the privilege of reminiscing a little. I was thinking this morning of the time when I came here to conference, first as assistant secretary, forty-one years ago. I used to sit at a little table over here at the right so that Aunt Bathsheba and Aunt Em could call me over to do little errands for them. I thought of that, and then I thought of the number of stakes—fifty-five stakes at that time, and now they have grown to over three times that many. But the spirit of the Relief Society is always the same—that beautiful spirit, and the spirit of the gospel which accompanies it.

I am sure we were all touched this morning when our dear Sister Aki gave such a lovely testimony and such a fine report. Her graciousness and her loveliness and her faith are surely an inspiration to all of us.

I would like to suggest one thing this morning and that is that the Relief Society women constantly pledge themselves to the support of

our presidency and our general board in every particular, and that we support also the General Authorities of the Church, and all of the programs and the instructions that they have for us. I am sure that we can do no better than to do this. Let us keep this in our hearts and minds at all times.

I certainly desire to bear my testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel which to me is the greatest thing in the whole world, and the most comforting of all things. And I want to bear my testimony to the great good that has been accomplished in these hundred years by the Relief Society and by the dear sisters who have guided us and pointed the way for us. It is up to us now to do all that we can to carry on the work with vigor and efficiency.

While our organization is not the largest in the world, to me it is certainly the most important in all the world, for women, and I pray that the Lord will continue to bless and prosper it, and prosper everybody who takes part in it.

If I had the power to bless, I would like to bless all of you dear sisters—you valiant stake workers in our great cause. You have great responsibilities resting upon you, and I am proud of you and your efforts and accomplishments. You are all heroines in this great cause, and may the Lord continue to bless you, which I ask in the name of Jesus Christ.

*Third Prize Story*  
*Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest*

“The Least of These”

Margery S. Stewart

“IF only one person speaks to you . . .” Miss Nora had said. Timothy looked all around the chapel. It was beautiful and new and still smelled of the pale green paint. Now it was filling up rapidly with people. But none of them had seen him yet.

Timothy reached for the hymn book and opened it to the first song. When he stood up and sang right along with them . . . when they saw how well he could read, they would be glad. They would come over then and shake his hand and say, “Tim, that’s wonderful, when did you learn?”

Four girls drifted down to his bench, the third from the front. They were his age, fourteen, pretty and laughing. Tim looked up and saw the consternation in their eyes when they saw him, the hurried backing away. They found a place on the other side of the room. The horror began to enfold its black clouds about him. Timothy fought it as Miss Nora had taught him to do.

“Remember that’s in the past, Tim,” she said, “that was long ago . . . but now things are changing . . . you are changing . . . you are going to conquer all these things.”

Timothy thought hard about Miss Nora, because when he



MARGERY S. STEWART

thought of her, the clouds dissolved. He remembered the first day he had met her. That was a year ago. It had been the first day of school. The new teacher had called on him to read. She hadn’t known. She had thought he looked like any other boy. Timothy remembered how his palms had sweated and the gripping of his toes in his big shoes as the laughter began like a low, cold wind coming up from the derision of his classmates. He had fumbled open the book and stood there speechless, while the blood drummed in his ears and his head seemed to swell

as if it must burst and the black clouds billowed before his eyes.

"He can't read!" Jack and Phil had shouted scornfully. "He never could."

Other teachers had sometimes been embarrassed, or cross, as if he had played a trick on them. But this teacher said, casually, "Very well, then, Timothy, would you take this book to the office for me instead?"

His trembling knees could scarcely make the short distance to her desk, and out the door. He had leaned against the wall, dizzy and sick. The teacher came out.

She was an older woman with white hair and very blue eyes. She said, "I'm sorry, Timothy. I had no idea."

"That's all right." He talked very fast, the words tumbling over each other, because people never seemed to want to hear all he would tell them. "I was sick, in the first grade and in the second, too. When I came back to school everybody else was reading . . . only I didn't know how." He had no way to tell her how they frightened and confused him. Words, words, white, dancing demons on the blackboards that mocked and called him and twisted his mind into snarls when he struggled to decipher their meaning. "So I . . . I never learned."

**S**HE looked at him thoughtfully. "I have a friend who might help you, if there's the smallest chance at all. Miss Nora. She lives at 1952 Lilac Avenue. You go and see her, now. I'll call her and tell her you are coming."

Timothy had gone gratefully out of the great building, away from

the end of the class period, the roar of feet around him, the thin laughter, the drawing away, the prison of loneliness.

The place where Miss Nora lived was a little house, almost hidden under lilac bushes and locust trees. Miss Nora was small, too. She seemed very old to Timothy. She had gray hair above a brown, wrinkled, strong face. She had piercing blue eyes that looked him through and through. "You're Timothy Crandall," she said, "come in."

Timothy went reluctantly away from the sun and shadows of the cool September day into the crowded little living room that was Miss Nora's teaching room. There was a round table in the center of the room, cleared except for some books, a rocking chair by the old fireplace, an ancient, sagging sofa, and many framed pictures on the wall. But everything was incredibly neat and comforting to the eye.

"Sit down," Miss Nora said, "tell me about yourself."

But he couldn't speak.

Miss Nora went to a chest in the corner, opened it, and took out a football. She held it up, "What is it, Timothy?"

"A football." Now it was his turn to be scornful.

She laughed and tossed the ball to him. "You boys have so many . . . basketballs, baseballs, volley balls, it's hard for me to tell the difference." She went over to the table and opened a book. It had a picture of a boy holding a football. "What does he have?" Miss Nora asked again.

"A football." Now Timothy was

angry, because she had asked such a simple thing as that.

She pointed to the mysterious black letters, quite high, under the picture. "What is that word?"

Timothy looked at the word. He knew it could mean only one thing in the world and he began to tremble, the sickness came over him.

"There is no one here but you and me," said Miss Nora gently, "and I'll give you twenty guesses if you like, even though I know you know what it means."

". . . . Football." He hunched his shoulders, but there was no derisive laughter about him, there was only quietness and the purring of the cat on the window sill and Miss Nora's low chuckle.

"That's what it is, Timothy. Football." She rumbled his hair.

**T**IMOTHY looked at the word as he would look at a friend. It was a friendly little word with its curves and round letters, not hard and cold and mocking like the others had been. "Football," he said and touched it with his finger. "But the other words are real hard."

"No," said Miss Nora. "We will open the gate, very gently, here," she rubbed his head, "and the words will come in one by one."

"But reading makes me sick at my stomach," he protested.

"It is fear," Miss Nora said, "I will help you overcome the fear."

Timothy could hardly wait to get home. Everything would be different because of this day. But Rex, his older brother, the smart one, had just bought a new suit and everyone was admiring it.

"Go clean the basement, Timothy," his mother called, when she heard him come in.

But Timothy edged into the living room. "I have a new teacher," he said, "a private one."

"I know," his father said, getting ready to go back to the office. He had driven Rex home. "See that you behave yourself or it will be the worse for you." But his father looked at Rex all the time he was speaking. Timothy knew it was because Rex delighted his father, and he, Timothy, was like a thorn in his father's eye. It did not hurt him any more. It had become a natural thing.

"Run along, dear," his mother said. "I'm glad you like your new teacher. Do the driveway for me, too, I'm having visitors tomorrow."

Timothy went slowly downstairs. All the jubilation was gone out of the day. The great doors of loneliness had closed upon him again. Just as they were trying to close on him now, in church.

"Don't submit to it," Miss Nora kept saying. "Overcome it. There's a great treasure for you in church. It might be different now, Timothy."

Timothy looked down at his shabby trousers, castoffs from Rex. Perhaps if he came to church all dressed up, it would be different. But he always looked like this, clothes too large or too small, and his great hands spreading over his knees like hams. He stuffed them in his pocket as the bishop stepped to the pulpit.

**T**HEY sang a song he liked, "Shall the Youth of Zion Falter?" Timothy started to sing,



but his voice sounded strange all alone on the first three rows. He looked behind him. All the benches around him and behind him were filled. The people were like a forest. He longed with a dreadful aching to be lost among them, another casual tree, not like this, like a strange, tormented bird on the farthest branch. He was glad when the song was over and he could sit down again.

He bowed his head for the prayer. But in spite of himself, a slow anger stirred within him at Miss Nora for making him come, for making him promise that as long as one person spoke to him, he would continue to come. He straightened. No one had even nodded to him yet, so perhaps he wouldn't have to come again after tonight. If Mom and Dad came, it would be a cinch, but they had long ago given up attending church. He kicked his feet out straight. It was easy for someone like Miss Nora to go to church. She loved it. She was happy there, with people all around her, loving her, being glad for her presence.

When the sacrament was passed, he took it carefully, as Miss Nora had told him to do. He bowed his head and tried to reach out in his mind to that day upon the cross. He couldn't understand it all. But he felt a bond between the Man who had been spat upon and smitten and himself. He knew how Jesus had felt, Timothy thought, because he had been the center of that cruel circle many times himself . . . the children dancing around him, mocking him, and the

terror closing his mind, making him appear more stupid than he was.

But he wasn't stupid. Not any more. Now he knew how to read. Miss Nora had taught him. He knew the meaning of every word he looked at, except the very long and hard ones, and Miss Nora said even many brilliant people had to stop and think when they came to hard words.

He was aware suddenly of the speaker of the evening, a returned missionary from Hawaii. He was a tall, blonde young man, with a thin, gentle face. He had been stationed in the leper colony at Molokai. Timothy leaned forward, utterly forgetful of himself, his attention riveted on the speaker. He heard faintly the people behind him murmuring in sympathy when the missionary told of the little group of lepers shut off from the world by the terrible sickness of their flesh. Timothy thought suddenly, I know how they feel. I know just how they feel when people shrink away and are afraid. He was glad when the missionary told how they helped one another. I'd like to go there, Timothy thought, I'd like that fine.

**T**HE deacons on the first row made a small commotion and Timothy looked over there. He saw Jack looking his way and smiling.

At me? Timothy wondered. He made an uncertain, fumbling salute with his right hand. The smile faded on Jack's face, he said something to one of the other boys, and they looked Timothy's way and laughed.

Now Timothy could not wait for the last song to be sung, the closing prayer said. He would get out of this place and never come back. He crowded up the aisle, but it was too tightly packed to get through. He had to bide his time with the rest. He looked straight ahead. No one seemed to be looking his way. His hands were sweating and his heart knocking under his shirt. They probably thought he was dumb to come. They were probably hating him for coming. Perhaps they didn't think he belonged in their beautiful new church.

He reached the doors and the sweet smell of April flowed into his lungs. Ten steps to the sidewalk and he'd be through with church for the rest of his life.

Suddenly someone put a hand on his arm and drew him back.

Timothy wheeled about, angry and afraid. It was the returned missionary. "Hi, fellow," he said, "I noticed you when I was talking. You really seemed interested."

"I was," Timothy blurted. "You made it sound . . . sound . . ." He stood helplessly reaching for a word.

"I brought back some kodachromes," the missionary said. "Come over some night, I'll show them to you."

"Thanks . . ." Timothy said. He broke away and ran. He ran down the street, past his own house, running and running into the night. He could not outrun the tears on his face. Why am I crying, he wondered, because one guy spoke to me? Do I have to bawl because one old dumb guy speaks to me? But the tears flowed faster and faster, and the lump inside him did

not dissolve. It pained more than the time he had broken his leg.

He ran to Miss Nora's house and stopped. But only the porch light was on. That meant she wasn't home. When he saw the darkened windows, Timothy knew he had to see Miss Nora. He had to be with her just a few minutes, so she would help him to get back to that calm, quiet room where he could do anything, amount to great things if he tried long and hard enough. Maybe she's in church.

He went down the street and over two squares and found her meetinghouse. It was an older building, but beautifully kept, the April flowers, daffodils and tulips bloomed under the tall, lighted lamps. The services were just ending.

First a man came out, then boys catapulted down the stairs like noisy rockets, then girls danced their graceful way to the sidewalk, and then the older ones came. Miss Nora came. She was all alone. She smiled and spoke to a group of people, and they nodded back. Somehow, Timothy had expected to see her escorted out with trumpets and banners. It was a shock to see her come out like this, so small, so bent, and so alone.

Two girls sauntered past Timothy. They looked up and saw Miss Nora. "There's my piano teacher," one said angrily, "I sure hate her."

"Me, too" said the other. She makes you work too hard."

Timothy stood very still. Hate Miss Nora? How could anyone hate a woman as wise and kind as she? They just didn't understand her. She had opened the door of his prison and set him free. He reached

out to the girls, wanting to explain, and dropped his hand. People just didn't understand people. The great truth rocked him. They didn't know what was inside each other . . . the wonderful things Miss Nora carried in her heart and in her beautiful mind, her gentleness . . . the misery in himself. If they just knew each other, like he knew Miss Nora, they wouldn't pass with such cold, tight smiles, everyone afraid to let anyone else know how much they needed just words from each other, and little friendly pats, and good, firm handshakes when they met. He was crying again. He stepped back into the shadows. What was the matter with him, anyway? A big gook. Bawling every five minutes for nothing at all. Just because people were the way they were. But Miss Nora stumbled and Timothy

blundered out of the shadows to take her elbow and steady her.

"These foolish shoes," she said, "when will I learn I'm an old lady and wear something becoming to my years." She held his arm. "Was . . . it . . . was it nice at your ward, Timothy?"

"It was wonderful," he said. "There was a guy from Hawaii, a returned missionary . . . wants me to come over to his house and see some pictures."

She did not speak at all. She did not answer him. But when they reached the corner arc light, Timothy saw her face was wet with tears.

Now why should she be crying, he wondered, when I feel real good about everything. Real good. I feel strong and . . . and like I knew something more than lots of other guys.

Margery S. Stewart (Mrs. Russell S. Stewart), Salt Lake City, Utah, is well known to readers of the *Magazine*. She was awarded the first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1947 for her story "The Return," and her poem "The Broken Day" received the third prize award in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1950. In addition to many other short stories and poems, Mrs. Stewart has written two serials for the *Magazine*: "Joanna" (1949) and "Through This Door" (concluded in January 1952).

Mrs. Stewart is a member of several literary organizations and workshops. She has won a number of prizes in *The Deseret News* Christmas story and poem contests, including the 1951 award for her story "The Travelers." A recent honor to come to her has been the inclusion of her poem "Song for a Daughter" (first published in *Good Housekeeping Magazine*) in the anthology *Poetry Awards of 1951*, a collection of some of the outstanding poems of the year published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

With reference to her story "The Least of These" and her present activities, Mrs. Stewart writes: "Since coming in contact with one or two of the youngsters who are like the young boy in my story, I have been much concerned with their problems. I hope I have managed to convey something of their great need for love and friendship in this story . . . . *The Relief Society Magazine* is very dear to me, and I treasure the wisdom and beauty presented in its pages . . . . our daughter Sandra is now in her first year of high school, and our son Russell, Jr. is in the first grade. I am teaching the Blazer Boys in Primary and working in the Mutual Improvement Association."

# Truth Beareth Record of Truth

Lillie C. Adams

Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Digest of Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

**T**HE Book of Mormon is the greatest witness for the Bible, for itself, and for the Christ. Its advocacy for the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost is identical with that of the Bible. It is interesting to read in I Nephi 13:20-23 what is said by Nephi concerning the Bible coming forth from the Jews. It is interesting also to note in our Bible that a book shall come from the dust. Just as the Bible bears witness and testifies that Jesus is the Christ to the people of the Eastern Hemisphere, so does also The Book of Mormon bear witness to the Jew, Gentile, and Lamanite that he is the Savior of the world to the people of the Western Hemisphere.

A knowledge of II Nephi 29 will not only intensify our interest in a diligent study of The Book of Mormon in our course of theology this year, but it also gives the Lord's purpose for bringing forth more records than one:

. . . A Bible, we have got a Bible, and we need no more Bible. Have ye obtained a Bible save it were by the Jews?

Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth?

Wherefore murmur ye, because that ye shall receive more of my word? Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? Wherefore, I speak the same words unto one nation like unto another. And when two nations shall run together the testimony of the two nations shall run together also.

And I do this that I may prove unto many that I am the same yesterday, today, and forever; and that I speak forth my words according to mine own pleasure. And because that I have spoken one word ye need not suppose that I cannot speak another; for my work is not yet finished; neither shall it be until the end of man, neither from that time henceforth and forever.

Wherefore, because that ye have a Bible ye need not suppose that it contains all my words; neither need ye suppose that I have not caused more to be written.

For I command all men, both in the east and in the west, and in the north, and in the south, and in the islands of the sea, that they shall write the words which I speak unto them; for out of the books which shall be written I will judge the world, every man according to their works, according to that which is written.

For behold, I shall speak unto the Jews and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the Nephites and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel, which I have led away, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth and they shall write it.

And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites, and

the Nephites shall have the words of the Jews; and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel; and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews (II Nephi 29:6-13).

**WHAT** is the divine purpose of each nation having a record of its own? Is there not a plan, a pattern for salvation here and hereafter contained therein? All the principles of the gospel are clearly enunciated in The Book of Mormon. Everything for the perfection of the human personality is plainly taught. In this great book Christ gave to the Nephites the Sermon on the Mount, teaching the things we should do in our relationship to God and to man. Today it has been called the Magna Charta of Christianity. Also in this great book, in Mosiah 29, is contained one of the greatest documents of democracy ever written. What a recommendation this would be in the cause of peace if the world would adopt this doctrine. Yes, our Book of Mormon is filled with pages of pearls of wisdom and doctrines of singular beauty and philosophical values, which, if adopted as the foundation of our lives, will not only be a source of joy in this life, but eternal salvation in the world to come.

What is the philosophy of the Book of Mormon? The Lord's words to Nephi in the wilderness answer this question: "Inasmuch as thy seed shall keep my commandments, they shall prosper in the land of promise."

"Wickedness never was happiness" contains the core of Nephite

philosophy. Let us hear what our Prophet Joseph Smith says regarding happiness. "Happiness is the object and design of our existence; and will be 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" (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 255-256).

What was the great important truth that our Master taught to his beloved disciples on the Eastern as well as the Western Hemisphere? The same important truths concerning the Godship, the Sonship, the Holy Spirit—the Trinity.

It is a priceless privilege for our Relief Society sisters this year and in ensuing years to drink deep into the doctrines taught in our Book of Mormon, not only to learn the doctrine, but to make practical application of the truths taught therein in our daily lives. It has been said that The Book of Mormon is the greatest tool in the hands of the missionaries in converting people to Christ's way of life. May we not also say that it is the greatest tool in the hands of mothers and fathers in converting their sons and daughters to the gospel of Jesus Christ?

I should like to close with the words of our prophet and seer, President David O. McKay, the words he uttered on his birthday. He said, "Thanks most of all for the gospel of Jesus Christ, the true philosophy of a happy life which sanctifies and makes operative all other blessings." God bless us in our studies of The Book of Mormon and all our divine works is my prayer.

# Relief Society and the Gospel Message

Sai Lang Aki

[Digest of Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

**I** GIVE my greetings to you all. Aloha nui loa. My heart is full of love for you, my sisters.

We read in Proverbs (3:5-6): "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." If all the women in the world today could only realize the beauty and expression radiated by the Relief Society organization.

We need education. We need to be taught. This doesn't apply to you because you are in the land where there are three wise women before you. We have heard so much about the three wise men, but to me we have three wise women right here this morning in the Church, our presidency. I guess you agree with me.

Through them we receive the *Magazine*, and that *Magazine* visits us each month as a guide in the work of the Lord. This is a great work, it is a work of patience and love. It is not done by forcing any person, but through that love in us for the truthfulness of the gospel.

This reminds me of when I was sixteen. I became a member in the Relief Society through my mother, who is a member of the Relief Society. She encouraged me to join, and I went with her and I joined, and I found out that it was not

what the other sisters say: "Oh, that Relief Society! It is only for the aged people. You are young, are you going to that organization, and join with them? We wouldn't do it."

I tell you, my dear sisters, the Relief Society has taught me many great and important things pertaining to this work which I have loved. My first president, whom I labored with for twelve years as a counselor, through her inspiration, taught me many great things, and what you see in me today, it is all through her patience and love.

When the call came to my husband to go to China, to open that great mission, to assist President Hilton A. Robertson and his wife, we were so happy to be called to serve God and his people. Through that, we went to China, and the people of China are just like we are here. It was wonderful to be with those people. The women of China love to be taught; they love to learn the great things in life. They love to follow the right instructions, if they have them. But some false teachings have directed them into false ways. Many people who live there have been many years in darkness, but today the doors of heaven are open to those people. The gospel of Jesus Christ and its fullness has been established in that land.



When we were called by President David O. McKay to return, we folded up and went home with that feeling in us, that some day, that little seedling which we had planted in the hearts of the people will be a salvation to the millions of the Chinese people.

I have many things in my heart that I want to speak to you, but the King shall answer and say, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I want you to hear my testimony. I know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true. I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Only Begotten of the Father. God so loved his Son

he gave him to this world, that we may not perish, but we may have salvation. God did not send his Son to the world to condemn the world, but through him the world might be saved. So this, dear sisters, I urge you to carry on when you return to your different homes. May the Lord bless you all, bless also our dear presidency here, that they may have health and strength. I know this is a great work.

Before I am seated, I am going to sing you one favorite song, when I was at the age of sixteen. (Sister Aki sang "My Light Is But a Little One.")

May the Lord bless you all. This I ask in Jesus' name.

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## *The Last Snow*

Ouida J. Pedersen

This is the last snow,  
 No longer does it swoop  
 With widespread wings  
 To camouflage the earth,  
 Nor softly fall  
 With white persistence  
 Through the bitter night  
 Until its charity  
 Has covered all.  
 This is the last snow.  
 It clings to branch and stem  
 Tenaciously as if aware  
 Its moment is half done  
 And beauty it has hoarded  
 Winter long, may be dispelled  
 By one brief touch of sun.

# Dear Conquest

Deone R. Sutherland

## PART 1

WHEN Maggie Sullivan came to Oakville to teach high school, we all thought she wouldn't stay more than a year. Phi Beta Kappas with poodle haircuts and six freckles across the nose and eyes that spark your heart on zero-cold days don't usually want to stay in Oakville. Not that Oakville doesn't rest in the midst of the prettiest mountains you're ever likely to see, and isn't blessed with the best fishing in summer and skiing in winter. No, it's not that. It's a scarcity of likely bachelors. A certain number of girls marry boys here every year, and some go away and come back with husbands or wives, which is good for the community. But we all decided soon enough that there wasn't anyone special enough for Maggie Sullivan. And everyone in Oakville knows the importance of being married and having families.

Then Sister Kirkenson had her nephew Charlie, who is a lawyer down in River City, come all the way up to Oakville to straighten out a deed from old Grandpa Kirkenson. Soon as Charlie met Maggie he kept having to come up to work on that deed. Brother Kirkenson stopped Max Short and remarked on the amount of legal work Charlie was able to find in Oakville on the week ends they held the barn dances or special balls like the Deer Hunters' or Harvest.

The second month Maggie was in Oakville she came to board with

us. "It's like summer was comin' instead of winter," said My John. It was, Maggie was that sunny. She was a good talker and could keep My John checking his Bible along with the best of them, when she had a mind.

Martin Tulley who drives the school bus told My John that one afternoon when he went to the school early to pick up the children, Miss Sullivan had her whole class up the side of the mountain reading poetry to them.

"Were they listening?" asked My John.

"They didn't even come down the mountain when the bell let school out. I went myself to fetch them," answered Martin.

"Then that's all that matters," said My John, and he put a stop to Martin. There's lots of ways of teaching, and the happiest are the best ways. Maggie seemed to know all the happy ones.

Andy Gillis who works in the bank asked Maggie to go to the Deer Hunters' Ball, but Maggie had already said yes to Charlie Kirkenson. Everybody in Oakville knew by the next day that Andy Gillis had gallantly said to Maggie over the telephone, "It's a pleasure to be refused by you!" The young boys snickered about it, but nobody said anything to Andy. His temper was far too hot for that.

People came from miles around to the ball. We decorated the hall all day. School let out early, and

Maggie dropped by to help. "I've never been to one before," said Maggie, brushing back her hair. "The students say I have to wear red." She laughed, "My hair won't match." She hammered bunting right along with us. She was thin, but wiry, and held up well. No matter what I gave her to eat, she never gained a pound.

"I love it here," she said to me as we walked home to get supper and then start fixing up for the ball. I looked at her kind of sideways, but she was watching Indian Mountain.

"Ira Scott's got a cabin up there," I said. "Sometimes he holes up there in the winter."

"I love that mountain," murmured Maggie.

We older folks get out of the habit of exclaiming over the things we love, but it sounded all right when Maggie said it. Everything gets fresh again and dear when someone says love the way Maggie did.

"I used to walk barefoot after cows along that Main Street here in town when I was a little girl," I said laughing.

"Did you?" Maggie looked serious. "I never walked barefoot anywhere. Colds, you know. And then living in a city is different. I could live here all my life."

**M**Y John let Charlie in, and I went up to get Maggie. She wore a soft pink shirt with the collar open at her throat, and a rough tweed skirt that made her seem small and dependent, and soft, brown velvet shoes. "Is this close enough to red?" she asked me.

"Close enough," I said, thinking

how it didn't hurt her hair any, made her come alive and glow with color.

My John and I waited until Charlie and Maggie had a good start before we switched off the lights in the house and started out too. Nobody stayed home from dances in Oakville. If you were too old to dance you sat on the benches and talked. We believed in sociability and checking up on how things were going.

We got there just before the first dance started, which is the right time to get to a dance. The hall was crowded, and the brightness of the color made your breathing hurt for a minute.

"It's splendid," called Maggie going by on Charlie's arm.

My John led me out for the dance. He was puffing after the first one, and I could see Mrs. Gillis saving a seat for us, so we went to the wall for the next one.

"Who's Andy got tonight?" I asked May Gillis to start the conversation.

"Allie Peterson. I guess you knew he called up and asked Maggie."

"Yes," I said, and then I stopped listening, for someone else was moving along the edge of the benches, sitting down.

"There's Ira Scott," said May in a whisper. "Sour and rich as ever, I guess."

My John got up and went over to pass a word or two to Ira. Ira drew men to him, but he was too gruff and somber to have much to do with the women, though he always nodded his dark head polite enough. Some said he'd cared for

Isabelle Peterson who had got married at least seven years ago, but May Gillis said he'd never cared for anybody except himself. Sure, he'd taken Isabelle to a dance or two, but that didn't necessarily mean anything. My John said he'd just always worked too hard to be sociable. Paying off his Pa's debts and buying land and running cattle can keep a man lonely enough so he forgets the bowing and scraping ways.

"Being civil isn't bowing and scraping," I said to My John. "And there're more important things than buying more cattle than you know what to do with."

I guess I was unjustly critical. But Ira Scott was a man of too few words. And he had a way of never taking a compliment or praising anything. My John was coming back, and I straightened my dress for the third dance.

But I didn't have the third dance with My John. Ira Scott had come over with him, and though I asked Ira what he wanted to be dancing with an old lady like me for, we danced the third, and My John danced with May Gillis. I noticed Maggie out on the floor dancing with someone new again. She was a belle all right, I thought. I never had to worry about conversation with Ira. He wasn't much for talking.

"They say you just got about the best new tractor Oakville's ever seen, Ira," I said.

He bent his head to hear me, and then, without smiling, he offered laconically, "I guess there are better ones than what I've got. It'll probably give me trouble be-

fore long."

That was like Ira. When he'd bought the most beautiful filly in the valley, and George Waters had remarked on it, Ira had said he was sure something was wrong with its left hind foot.

Ira was a pretty good dancer, though I never thought it worth the trouble to remark on it. He would have said he could never keep time with the music or something equally depreciating and untrue.

I was surprised when the dance was over and Ira was guiding me over to My John and May Gillis, who had stopped on the floor to talk to Maggie and Charlie. My John introduced Maggie and Ira.

"I'VE seen you before," said Ira, smiling one of his rare smiles. "Riding up Indian Mountain."

"Yes," said Maggie smiling back. "I hear you live up there in the winter."

"Sometimes I do," said Ira. Then, taking Maggie's arm because the music was starting again, "I came late so I expect all your dances are filled."

"They are," said Maggie, "but this one is with Charlie, and maybe he won't mind." But Maggie's smile was for Ira, not Charlie.

"No," said Charlie, and he offered his arm to me.

"My," I said, "I never danced with this many young men in one evening for a good many years."

John had to sit out because he was puffing again.

Charlie wasn't as tall as Ira, but he had a nicer face, not so bony as Ira's. And, of course, he wasn't

(Continued on page 200)

# House Plants

Dorthea N. Newbold

Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

**S**URELY it is not necessary nowadays to try to sell anyone on the idea of growing house plants. The fact that there are so many women growing plants in their homes, using them as a part of the decorations, gives evidence of the pleasure and interest their culture gives.

The deep-seated love of growing things that is inherent in mankind may be satisfied by the nurturing of a window garden. Residents of our large cities, where growing conditions are worst, enjoy and value the single house plant or dish garden even more than do the homemakers in the rural areas.

Many invalids and shut-ins can find pleasure and an absorbing hobby in growing and caring for a collection of house plants, especially if they are given slips and small plants to raise, or seeds of some new kinds of flowers. Interest is always high if there is a new plant coming into bloom to claim attention.

With nearly 1,000 different kinds of plants suitable for growing in the house, there is no reason why one having a love for plants should fail in her efforts to grow them. Decorators encourage their use in the homes by providing plant boxes and plant shelves, and large windows in some homes provide ample light needed for their good growth.

Often the acquisition of a single potted plant will start a homemaker off on the pathway of a delightfully different hobby. She may become a

collector, as has happened so often when one becomes interested in growing African violets; or she may become so intrigued with one kind of plant that she will try her hand at hybridizing, just to see if she, too, can get some new varieties.

Most plants resent the hot, dry atmosphere of today's living rooms. It is wise to keep in mind that many of our plants are natives of tropical forests. In their native habitat they received dim or filtered sunlight, they lived in a rich, woodsy soil, where the humidity was very high. Ferns and palms and many of our foliage plants are examples. African violets, natives of East Africa, thrive very well in dim light, in fact many of our collectors have been quite successful in raising the violets under fluorescent lights. Other plants, such as cacti, whose native habitat is the desert, enjoy full sun.

Some plants are much happier if they are not placed in a window where they become subject to the extreme heat and cold of the window sill. On a cold day the temperature may become twenty to twenty-five degrees lower than the rest of the room, and hence, may be the cause of a plant going into a rest period, just when you were hoping for a crop of flowers. If a plant isn't doing too well we might try moving it either to a plant stand or place it on a shelf away from the window.

Humidity, or the lack of it, is one

of the big contributing factors to the success or failure of a window garden.

All plants transpire an enormous amount of water every day, as the sides of porous pots and the soil give up water vapor. The plant must have an ample supply of water to replace that which is lost through transpiration. The drier the air of the living room, the more moisture is given off by the plants, and the greater will be the need for water. Therefore, the larger number of plants you are growing, the higher the humidity will be, and better and healthier plants will result.

To be sure that the air is humid enough for plants, many house plant raisers have tin trays made about two inches deep to fit the window sills. They are filled with a one-inch layer of pebbles to set the pots on, and then filled with water.

These trays simplify the task of caring for the plants.

A good practice to follow if you can do so without injuring curtains is to spray the plants each morning, using a regular bulb spray, which produces a fine mist. However, if you have hairy-leaved plants, such as African violets and gloxinias—they resent water on their leaves. Use a very soft brush such as a baby's hair brush to clean the leaves off.

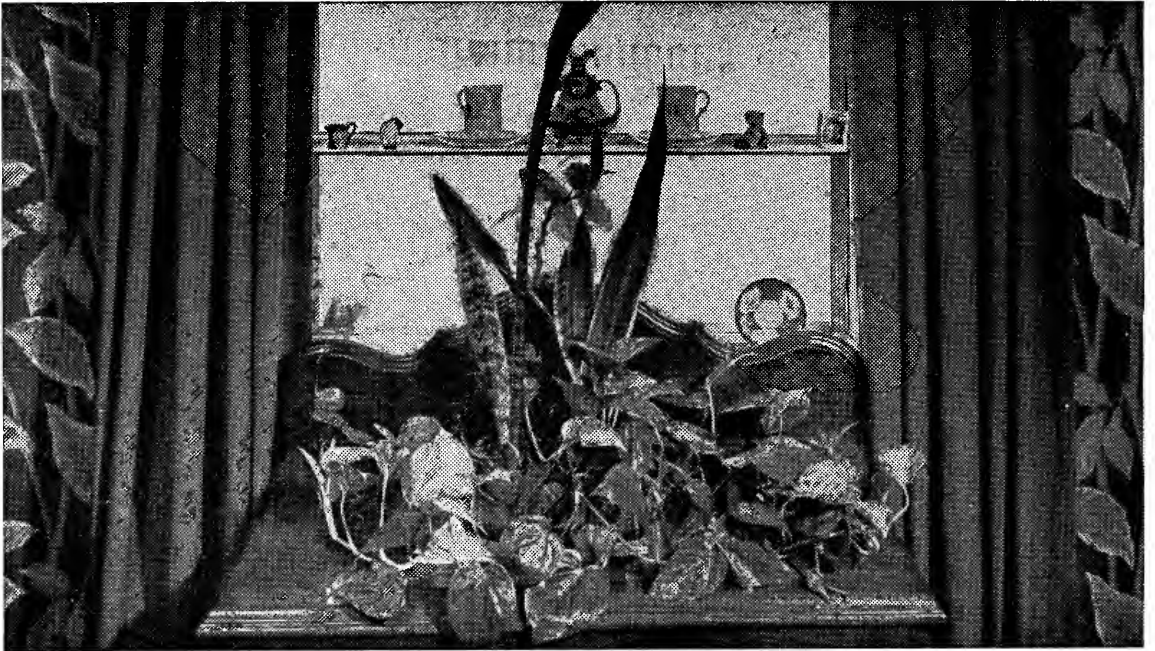
When a newly purchased plant has been in your home only a short time, some of the leaves may turn yellow and drop off. This is not a matter for great concern or worry unless an unusual number fall. The change from the greenhouse to your living room is the cause. Very soon the plant will adjust to its new living conditions.



Boyd Bullough

## AFRICAN VIOLETS





Hal Rumel

## ARRANGEMENT OF FOLIAGE PLANTS

Soil for house plants is of importance. It must be fibrous and porous enough so that an oversupply of water will quickly drain off the roots, yet it must be quite nourishing. The use of leaf mold is recommended for most mixtures. A good general purpose soil mixture is one made of two parts leaf mold four parts garden loam, and one and one-half parts well-rotted manure.

Some plants want a special soil mixture, and the plant specialist usually has his own ideas about that. A good mixture for potting cacti is to use four parts loam, two parts sand, one part leaf mold, and one part broken charcoal.

Drainage is of great importance. If the plants are allowed to become water-logged, the roots are denied the oxygen they need to carry on the plant functions, the plants soon turn yellow and die. To provide proper drainage in planting, place a piece of broken pot, concave in shape, over the drainage hole of the

pot to keep the soil from washing out. Next, use an inch layer of small pebbles over the piece of broken pot, then a layer of soil. Place the plant in the pot and fill in around the sides with soil, firm well, leaving at least one-half inch of space at the top of the pot for watering.

There are available wick-watered pots for growing plants that resent water around their leaves and crowns. Wick-watering is the method whereby water is drawn by capillary action from a lower reservoir up through a wick to the soil. The preferred wick is of glass fiber. The wick is pushed up through the drainage hole and is frayed out and spread out over the inside of the pot, resting right on the bottom. There is no need for drainage material when a wick is used. This type of watering is especially useful in keeping the soil evenly moist at all times. Some gardeners advise that the reservoir be allowed to go dry once in a while, as it seems to

do the plants good to dry off for a day or so. Gloxinias and African violets thrive under wick watering.

"Please tell me, how much water shall I give my plants, and how often should they be watered?" How often we hear that question! The answer is, it depends on the type of plant you are growing. Cacti, succulents, and dish gardens do not require as much water nor as frequent applications as do fuchsias and begonias or philodendrons. Watch the plants and give them lukewarm water when the soil seems dry to the touch. Save rain and snow water for your house plants, and watch them grow. Never allow plants to stand in a jardiniere full of water. Plants must have water, but they will die if their roots are kept constantly in water.

Every perennial plant has a resting period, and all who grow house plants should take this into consideration and treat plants accordingly. The resting period may become apparent by just a lack of flowers, or a lack of any new growth, or in some cases by the complete loss of leaves, as is the case with gloxinias. During the natural resting period, it is wise to give less water, no fertilizer, and, if possible, a lower temperature, during the resting period.

After repotting, a plant will not

need to be fed until the pots are full of roots. It is a simple thing to turn the plant from the pot to see if the roots have filled the pot. If the ball is filled with roots, you may assume it is ready to be fed. There are many liquid fertilizers on today's markets which are good. They are easy to use and are clean, too. Simply follow directions on the bottles. Never feed a plant when it is dry, water it first.

Do not allow your plants to become tall and scraggly looking. It is much better to use a little judicious pinching back, and to grow new starts than to fuss over an old, misshapen plant. Take cuttings, stem or leaf, and root by placing them in a pot of peat moss and sand, a half-and-half mixture. Keep the slips covered with a glass jar to prevent wilting. It is easy to keep a number of young plants coming along for replacements, and also to have on hand to give to friends.

No matter what kind of plants you have in your window garden, whether a collection of scented geraniums, a few of the more than six hundred known varieties of begonias, some of the beautiful amaryllis, or any of the new foliage plants, their use will give added beauty to your home, and added pleasure to your family and to you, the gardener.

Happy Gardening!

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## *Royal Raiment*

Pansy H. Powell

Soon we shall see our city wear,  
Like royalty of old,  
Her new spring costume richly decked  
With rows of crocus gold!

# The Wearing of the Gay

Frances Carter Yost

GRANNY O'Donnell felt all seventy of her years drag as she walked the four blocks from the depot to her little white and green trimmed cottage. Her old black leather purse under her arm wasn't heavy any more. And there wasn't enough money left in the purse to bother clenching it tightly, as she had when she went to the station.

"A ticket to Ireland and return costs as much as St. Patrick probably would a'paid for the whole of the Emerald Isle," she murmured. "Why, with prices doubling and tripling, there's nary enough left to buy the coat and hat me figured on buying in Salt Lake City."

As Granny turned the corner and caught sight of her home, her pace quickened. The little, squatty house, with its beak of a front porch, somehow reminded Granny of a big Kildare County hen begging her to get under its wing. The evergreens near the doorstep were beckoning Granny to stay here in this dear home forever.

"Begorry, there's nary a chance a coaxin' me to stay, pretty house," she said. "Patricia O'Donnell made up me mind years ago when once me laid hands to enough money I'd take meself back to dear old Emerald Isle for to gather me genealogy. And stir me up for Irish pancakes, I'll make the trip if I have to go in the togs I been a wearin' these past twenty years."

Granny shook her fist at the house and the evergreens.

She turned the key in the lock, and as she let herself in, she murmured: "That's what's in me craw. False pride is what's pullin' me spirits down to rock bottom. Gettin' too proud to be seen gettin' on that train at five P.M. this day with me same old plush coat and this old hat with the chicken feather. And me a carrin' this old carpetbag which is packed for the takin'. Yes, sir, lettin' false pride swallow me up hook, bait, and Irish catfish."

Granny gave the door a bit of a slam for emphasis. Releasing the hat pin, she removed her hat. Then she noticed her reflection in the hall mirror. This time she did not address the house or the door, but her own reflection. "Patricia O'Donnell, I'm ashamed of ye. Here this dear old coat has served ye well these twenty years like an old friend, warmin' yer bones every time ye steps out of the house, and ye wantin' to kick hat, coat, and carpetbag aside to make a showin' in front of yer friends as the train pulls out. Now, ya listen to me, Patricia O'Donnell, the important thing is the goin' to Ireland and the gettin' the genealogy of your ancestry. The important thing isn't the clothes ya go in.

"The very idea, considerin' spendin' the rest of yer days in Ireland 'stead of Zion, so ye could have money for extras. Ye'll get on that

train with your head high and a smile on yer face, and ye'll come back wearin' the same smile and the same coat, ya understand?

"Course I realize, Patricia, how ye feel. If ye was dressed better, yer relatives over in the Emerald Isle would believe ye when ye tells 'em what a grand and glorious place America really is. Course, I understand these clothes might give 'em some wrong notions about how nice Zion's been to you. But yer wearin' em, and proud, ya understand?"

Granny hung her coat carefully on a hanger, placed the hat on the hall shelf, and went into the living room. A flame burned low on the hearth. Granny placed a pine bough on the fire and watched a cone sputter. "Begorry, a fire takes away the March chill," she said.

The old walnut-paneled room, which reflected dignity and an air of its Irish owner, seemed to put a comforting arm about her. She dropped into the rocker by the fireplace. "I 'spect I'll just miss Relief Society today. Much better I'd rather spend me last hours here alone than mix with the crowd. Sure and I'll sit meself here till time to make the train. True, 'twill be the first Tuesday to see me not attendin' the society. But 'tis few will miss old Granny O'Donnell. Why t'was only the day before this that I put meself forward and went strollin' round to the various homes fixin' to say goodbye."

**G**RANNY leaned her head back on the rocker headrest, then, as though the clock reversed itself twenty-four hours, it was Monday

when Granny had put her coat on and went around the village calling on friends. . . .

The first house Granny had stopped at was Bessie Moore's, secretary of the Relief Society. Granny rang the door bell, and Bessie opened the door herself. At sight of Granny O'Donnell, Bessie quickly whisked something pink she was sewing behind her.

"Come in, Granny," she said.

Bessie always washed on Monday, but today she had her sewing machine out. Draped over the table was a beautiful brunch coat of flowered silk.

"Bessie, me girl," said Granny, "if yer fingers are not busy sewin' for the Society ye are sewin' for someone else. Now who, pray tell, is this pretty kimono for?"

Bessie cleared her throat. "Granny, my Bessie Bell goes to college this year," but her voice was unnatural.

"Sure, and she'll be a pretty gal when she wraps herself in this flowered kimono," Granny said with a twinkle. "Well, Bessie, since yer sewin' 'stead of washin' today, and I can't hang the clothes on the line for ye, t'will be leavin' I will."

"See you at meeting tomorrow," Bessie had called after her.

**G**RANNY had stopped next at Helen Morgan's, president of the society. She rang the door bell, three short ones, which Helen knew was Granny's code, then she walked in. Helen wasn't washing either this bright March Monday. Funny, Granny thought, Helen Morgan always washed on Monday, rain or shine. She was pressing blouses.

"Good morning, Granny. Nice day isn't it?" and Helen went on placidly pressing each blouse.

"Land sakes, Sister Morgan, when I seen the line empty o' clothes me thought ye was sick in yer bed with yer feet on a pillow," Granny laughed. "Come over I did, to fix ye some soup."

"Well, now, Granny, a person can vary her life a little. Today I'm pressing."

Helen Morgan was calm on all occasions, a quality which made her equal to the position of president of the organization. Helen rested her iron and smoothed her dark hair over her ears and into the bun at the nape of her neck.

"Land sakes, if ya won't look fancy, Sister Morgan, dressed in those colors o' blouses. White ye'll be wearin' on funeral days, pink for Sunday mornings, an' yellow for Relief Society meeting. Land, but that green blouse takes me eye."

There hadn't ever been time or money in Granny's life to think of fancy blouses and tailored suits. A film came over Granny's eyes, but her mouth wore its usual smile.

Helen Morgan noticed Granny fighting for control. She quickly changed the subject from clothing. "Granny, we'll be expecting you to Relief Society tomorrow, same as always. Then I'll drive you to the station in time to catch the five P.M. train for Salt Lake City." Helen hung the last blouse on its hanger.

"Now, that's right nice of ye," Granny said. "Well, it's best I push on. Wanted to visit a little today, this bein' me last."

As Granny went out of the front door she noticed a gray and a green

suit on the hall tree. "Probably Helen's girls left them there thoughtlessly. Helen waits on the family hand, foot, and heart," Granny murmured to herself.

Sarah Hall's home was Granny's next stop. Granny went around to the back door. "Sarah will probably be in her utility room this cheerful mornin' an' won't hear me a knockin' at the front," Granny murmured.

But Sarah wasn't washing. As she swung the door open for Granny a fragrant aroma of baking cookies rushed out to fill Granny's nostrils. As they entered, Sarah threw a clean tea towel over a fancy box she was packing.

"Have a cookie, Granny." Sarah was considered the best cook in the village. She worked quickly between rolling, cutting, and watching the cookies in the oven. "These are a new kind, Granny, called Scotch bread. Try them." She handed a plate to Granny.

"Sure an I could tell it was Scotch by the size," Granny laughed. "Sarah, believe me, ye could take the prize for bakin' at the world fair." Granny reached for another cookie. "But ye're too busy to be bothered with a gabber like o' me. And far be it from Patricia O'Donnell to interfere with a person's bakin'." And Granny started for the door.

"See you at the meeting tomorrow," Sarah called from the range.

Granny made short calls on Martha Tingey, Hannah Jones, and Mary Stone, the organist of the Relief Society. Queer thing, not one of the ladies had washed this Mon-

(Continued on page 203)

# *The Red Cross and Its Field of Service*

[Supplied by the Office of Public Relations and Public Information, American National Red Cross]

The 1952 Red Cross fund appeal comes at a time of continuing world-wide crisis that demands a great voluntary effort on the part of everyone, since military strength alone cannot solve the problems created by this crisis.

Each day volunteers in towns and cities throughout the country carry on a staggering program. Blood is collected and made available to the armed forces and to civilian hospitals; able-bodied and hospitalized servicemen and women are assisted in a thousand ways; disaster sufferers receive emergency care and shelter as well as long-term rehabilitation aid.

Through less dramatic programs of service, the Red Cross trains nurse's aides, home nurses, and first aiders, all of whom provide a foundation for civil defense and self help. The Red Cross gives our children an opportunity to serve their community, nation, and world—thus preparing them for the responsibilities of citizenship. In the fields of health and safety the Red Cross stands ready to give us instruction, training, and information. Internationally, it helps to make the facilities and advantages of our country available to other countries and peoples in need.

The Red Cross has a far-reaching effect upon the life of every American, especially during these uncertain times. Let's do our part to keep the services of the Red Cross geared to meet the needs of the nation and all its citizens. Answer the call of the Red Cross today so that Red Cross can answer the call of Americans tomorrow.



## *Valley Hills*

*Evelyn Fjeldsted*

The silver chain of circled hills  
Reaches high to gather snow  
To store within the deepest links  
Where cradled rivulets may grow.

Springtime climbs the heights along  
The stream-designed, snow-beveled drills;  
The valley holds the secret of  
Creation with the silent hills.

Roughly chiseled trails lead up  
To pinnacled and sun-bleached rocks,  
To mighty weather-sculptured cliffs  
That guard the fields and waiting flocks.

Changing with each season's mood,  
Harmonizing softly with the land,  
Wrestling, too, with winter's strength,  
Valley hills unfathomed stand.



# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1892

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

**THE RELIEF SOCIETY**—Programme of Exercises. (The general Jubilee meeting will be held in the Assembly Hall or Large Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, commencing at 10 A.M., Thursday, March 17, 1892, it being fifty years since the first organization, March 17, 1842.):

Singing by the Tabernacle Choir, Prof. E. Stephens, Musical Director

The Grand Invocation, by Eliza R. Snow, "O My Father, Thou That Dwellest."

Prayer by President Angus M. Cannon.

Singing, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord."

Opening Address, President Zina D. H. Young.

Reading, The Revelation to Emma Smith, Mrs. Zina Y. W. Card.

Reading a sketch of the Relief Society prepared for the occasion.

Singing by the Choir, Original Song by Mrs. Emily H. Woodmansee, "The Daughters of Zion! The Friends of the Poor."

Addresses by Counselors, Mrs. Jane S. Richards and Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith.

Addresses by the Apostles.

Speech by Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, Secretary, and Mrs. M. Isabella Horne, Treasurer.

Sentiments, The Relief Society and the Women of Zion, Mrs. E. B. Wells, Cor. Sec'y.

Anthem, "Daughter of Zion, Awake From Thy Sadness."

Prayer at High Noon, By One of the First Presidency.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION** will afford an opportunity for world-wide representation, such as never has been known in the history of this continent. The great and growing West with its boundless possibilities is still comparatively unknown to the Western world. The World's Fair of 1893 will give such grand opportunities for celebrity as have never before been accessible . . . . Utah is positively coming to the front in the van of the states . . . holding out splendid inducements for men of means, of skill and ingenuity to make available her native products.—Editorial

## ODE TO SPRING

I wakened to the singing of a bird;

I heard the bird of spring,

And lo!

At his sweet note

The flowers began to grow . . . .

As if the green world heard

The trumpet of his tiny throat . . . .

—Mrs. James T. Fields

**BEAR LAKE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE:** Pres. Julia P. Lindsay was pleased with the reports given, spoke of the importance of attending meetings often . . . . Coun. Elizabeth Collings bore a faithful testimony to the truth of this work . . . . "May we strive to be faithful that we may have clear consciences . . . ." Coun. Lizzie Hart spoke of filling the mission of assisting the sick and poor, also of improving now and not waiting for a better time to come to improve the opportunities . . . . —Sylvia Broomhead, Cor. Sec'y.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**C**ONCLUDING an American-Danish pact in Copenhagen, Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, the United States Ambassador to Denmark, has become the first woman to sign a treaty for the United States which includes the following three points: friendship, commerce, and navigation.

**M**R.S. MILDRED McAFEE HORTON, former president of Wellesley College, is the first woman to become a member of the board of directors of Radio Corporation of America.

**M**R.S. RUTH MAY FOX, former president of the Y.W.M.I.A., became ninety-eight years old on November sixteenth. She followed, this year, her usual custom of sending to her friends Christmas cards, on which was printed an original poem—one of power and beauty.

**L**OUISE SNELGROVE (Mrs. Willard B.) Richards, of Salt Lake City, who turned ninety-five on the twelfth of December, died January 25, 1952. Though her body was confined to bed for some time preceding her death, her mind moved clearly and commandingly. She astonished her friends with her accurate memory. A daughter says, "Company, to Mother, was like a blood transfusion—she picked up immediately."

**O**N November twenty-sixth, Mr. and Mrs. Heber Pehrson, of Salt Lake City, celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary. Their twelve sons and daughters were born in Fairview, Utah.

**C**HARLOTTE WHITTON, fifty-five, is the first woman to become mayor of a large Canadian city, in this case, the capital, Ottawa.

**L**UCY SMITH (Mrs. Thomas B.) Cardon, of Logan, Utah, former Relief Society general board member, celebrated her hundredth birthday on January fifth. She is still mentally alert and delightful. She enjoyed a wonderful party, receiving telegrams and floral remembrances from many Church and civic officials. Her own ward Relief Society organization sent a hundred red roses. Seven of her eleven children are living, and fifty-nine grand, great, and great-great grandchildren.

**E**MMMA DUNN KING, of Wendell, Idaho, great-granddaughter of Parley P. Pratt, has published articles and poetry, teaches Relief Society classes, and has been elected National Committeewoman of the Young Democratic Clubs of Idaho.



## *A Message to Relief Society*

WITH the return of Anniversary Day each year, Relief Society women the world over are led to contemplate anew the divine origin and mission of this great woman's auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We are led to consider our individual responsibilities toward it, and we resolve in our hearts, perhaps, to measure up more fully to what is expected of us.

The work of Relief Society is manifold and great, the mission of the Society divine. The prophets of the Lord, with inspired vision, have pointed the path and directed the course of the Society since the days of its founding.

Said the Prophet Joseph Smith: "This Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls." President Brigham Young, referring to its functions, specified: "These Societies are for the improvement of our manners, our dress, our habits, our methods of living." President Lorenzo Snow, directing the Society along educational lines, declared: "The Society should deal with subjects that tend toward the elevation and advancement of women in all lines of thought and action that benefit humanity." President Joseph F. Smith, referring to the mission of Relief Society, said: "It is not designed to look only after the poor and the needy as to their bodily necessities, but it is also intended to look after the spiritual,

mental, and moral welfare of the mothers and daughters in Zion, and all who are engaged or interested in female work."

President Heber J. Grant defined the Society as a "service institution," saying, "This institution is built upon service." President George Albert Smith, addressing a Priesthood session of a general Church conference, referred to the work of Relief Society as follows: "Through that great organization, the Relief Society, begun by the Prophet Joseph Smith, was given to womankind the dispensation of representing the Lord, in their way, as daughters, as wives, as mothers, and as representatives of their kind in all the world."

From our present beloved First Presidency have come impressive words. At the general conference in 1950, President David O. McKay emphasized the growing power and influence of Relief Society and urged "that increased attention be given and more intensified efforts put forth to maintain and preserve the dignity of motherhood . . . to perpetuate the truth that home is the true foundation upon which is built the structure of true civilized Christian society." President Stephen L Richards, speaking to us in our last general conference, said: "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, [Relief Society] of course, are chiefly responsible for one of them, or largely so, and you can help infinitely in the other one."

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., addressing a Relief Society general conference in 1949, told the sisters: "The Relief Society is the handmaid of the Priesthood of God in carrying on his work for the salvation of men." He prayed that God might give us the vision of the true homemaker, that we might be able to save by this course not only Zion, but the world. "And that is your destiny, and ours," said President Clark, "to save the world."

Pondering upon these statements of our prophets, we are led to exclaim, what a mighty and noble mission has been given to the women of the Church through Relief Society!

The call to service in this Society comes not to one or two or the few, nor to any selected group, but to all women of the Church. Membership in Relief Society should not be regarded as a matter of choice, but rather as one of obligation. Every Latter-day Saint woman, according to her circumstances and talents, has a responsibility toward the work of this organization.

Sometimes, women are led to excuse themselves for inactivity in the Society. Sometimes mothers with young children postpone the day of their affiliation, feeling that to affiliate when their children are small would work a hardship upon them and perhaps entail neglect of the children. President Lorenzo Snow, addressing the sisters at Saltair July 9, 1901, referred to this attitude saying, "It

might be thought by some that the labors connected with membership in the Relief Society would cause those sisters who belong to it to neglect their household duties. But this is not so. I will venture to say that the best wives and mothers and the most efficient housekeepers among us are members of Relief Society."

Through the years, thousands of women who have commenced activity in the Society when their children were young have borne sincere and grateful testimony to the fact that their homes and their children have been boundlessly blessed and benefited through their Relief Society membership.

The name of every Latter-day Saint woman should appear on the rolls of Relief Society, and each should lend to this great work the best support of which she is capable.

Out of this effort to meet her responsibility to this God-inspired and Priesthood-directed organization, there will come to her a spiritual grace, a womanly charm, a poise, an uprightness and stability of character, a development of her talents and abilities, a competence in the management of her home, a wisdom in guiding and directing her children, an understanding heart, a testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel that will be a deep and abiding satisfaction to her, and a comforting and sustaining influence as long as life shall last. As we have shared in the labors so will we most certainly share in the triumph of the work and in the eternal blessings which the Lord will give to his faithful daughters.

—B. S. S.

## *In Memoriam — Martha Jones Ballard*

NOVEMBER 7, 1873—JANUARY 12, 1952

Martha Jones Ballard, seventy-eight years old, passed away at the family home in Salt Lake City, January 12, 1952. She was the wife of Elder Melvin J. Ballard, a member of the Council of the Twelve, who died in 1939. Sister Ballard, a gracious and lovely woman, was the devoted mother of four sons and three daughters, a true homemaker, and a gifted and willing helpmeet for her husband. For twenty years she served as Relief Society president in the Northwestern States Mission, while her husband presided over that mission. Her loving service among the sisters is recalled with gratitude.

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

### *"All Her Ways Are Peace"*

Katherine F. Larsen

Always they have such gentle hands, the ones  
Who are born to ease the world's encumbering load:  
Laving tired, dusty feet bruised by the road,  
Cooling brows set on fire by relentless suns;  
Gentle their voices, soothing to troubled hearts;  
Nourishing food with competence they prepare;  
Growing gay flowers, sewing with loving care,  
Mending torn places, healing the sick, their arts.

From Rachel to Ruth who gleaned for Naomi's bread;  
From Sarah to Esther zealous for Israel's weal;  
Tirelessly they minister to the world's demands;  
Always the poor are helped, the hungry fed;  
Knowing all ways to bless, to soothe, to heal,  
Always they have such loving gentle hands.

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### *Announcing the April Special Short Story Issue*

The April 1952 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with three outstanding and experienced authors being represented. Look for these stories in April:

"Father Was a Good Provider" by Inez Bagnell

"The Long Day" by Maryhale Woolsey

"A Frame for Happiness" by Ora Pate Stewart

The April Magazine will also contain the second part of the four-part story "Dear Conquest" by Deone Sutherland, and the fourth chapter of Beatrice R. Parsons serial "Uncertain Possession," as well as several homemaking articles and other features of particular interest to women.

# Notes TO THE FIELD

## Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies

Since the last report, printed in the March 1951 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, to and including December 1951.

### ORGANIZATIONS

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Formerly Part of</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Bakersfield	California Mission, Northern California Mission	Arlene P. Sutton	May 27, 1951
Columbia River	Portland Stake Northwestern States Mission	Mona H. Kirkham	December 10, 1951
East Lethbridge	Lethbridge Stake	Fern R. Laycock	November 25, 1951
Fresno	Northern California Mission	Lyle J. Coombs	May 13, 1951
Mill Creek	Cottonwood Stake	Florence N. Single- ton	February 11, 1951
Monument Park	Bonneville Stake Hillside Stake	Minnie E. Anderson	June 24, 1951
Murray	Cottonwood Stake	Esther K. Gunnell	February 20, 1951
Santa Barbara	California Mission	Gladys B. Carmack	March 18, 1951
Santa Monica	Inglewood Stake	Odette P. Coulam	July 1, 1951
Santa Rosa	Berkeley Stake, Northern California Mission	Vera Maude Sorensen	January 7, 1951
Wilford	East Mill Creek Stake	Grace E. Berndt	February 12, 1951
Willamette	Portland Stake, Northwestern States Mission	Erma L. Snowberger	December 3, 1951

### REORGANIZATIONS

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
California	Mary H. Stoddard	LaPriel S. Bunker	October 6, 1951
Canadian	LaPriel R. Eyre	Anna H. Toone	September 21, 1951
East German	Marta Ann B. Stover	Lena W. Glaus	May 16, 1951
Eastern States	Betty Brown	Helen Beth Henrich- sen	October 25, 1951
Hawaiian	Irene P. Clissold	Stella C. Nelson	March 11, 1951
Near East	Berta W. Piranian	(Mission closed January 10, 1951)	
Netherlands	Lillian D. Lillywhite	(Died December 22, 1951)	



## REORGANIZATIONS

(Continued)

<u>Missions</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
New England	Gladys P. Young	Hattie B. Maughan	January 26, 1951
New Zealand	Virginia D. Young	Alice W. Ottley	September 27, 1951
Samoan	Francella C. Hale	Myrtle L. W. Paul	March 9, 1951
Southwest Indian	Lillian D. Flake	Thelma S. Buchanan	April 13, 1951
Tongan	Martha Elnora G. Huntsman	Joane W. Coombs	November 30, 1951
Uruguayan	Corrairie S. Williams	Afton K. Shreeve	June 22, 1951
Western Canadian	Holly W. Fisher	Elizabeth H. Zimmerman	November 26, 1951

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Big Cottonwood (Name changed to Cottonwood Stake, February 12, 1951)	Grace E. Berndt		
Boise	Maudell Harris	Elnora T. Loveland	June 3, 1951
Burley	Bertha P. Hill	Merna E. Marchant	May 6, 1951
Carbon	Florence L. Pace	Maude Warren	January 7, 1951
Cottonwood	Florence N. Singleton	(Stake dissolved February 12, 1951)	
Cottonwood (Formerly Big Cottonwood)	Oa J. Cannon	Oa J. Cannon	February 11, 1951
Cottonwood	Oa J. Cannon	Madeleine P. Stevens	July 9, 1951
East Los Angeles	Ruby G. Choate	Genevieve L. Anderson	June 21, 1951
East Mill Creek	Erma M. Dixon	Alice W. Ottley	March 11, 1951
East Mill Creek	Alice W. Ottley	Zettella W. Thurman	November 11, 1951
East Rigby	Lida Call	Virginia K. Campbell	July 11, 1951
Ensign	Alice B. Steinicke	Vivian R. McConkie	January 28, 1951
Granite	Ida Dean	Elsie B. North	May 27, 1951
Hyrum	Harriet C. Leishman	Mildred O. Norman	May 6, 1951
Idaho Falls	Venna H. Croft	Mabel J. Hansen	July 15, 1951
Kolob	Gladys S. Boyer	Grace C. Crandall	June 24, 1951
Mesa	Zelma Miller	Evalyn B. White	August 20, 1951
Moapa	Lucille Earl	Emma B. Solomon	June 3, 1951
Nampa	Ethel B. Andrew	Alta Fuhriman	June 3, 1951
Nevada	Marietta T. Call	Sylvia Johnson	September 2, 1951
North Davis	Pearl W. Burton	Oma E. Wilcox	September 9, 1951
North Idaho Falls	May W. Andrus	Ruby F. Olsen	May 13, 1951
North Rexburg	Hattie L. Rigby	Adalena M. Withers	July 22, 1951
Oakland	Hilda E. Perkins	Della W. Swensen	April 1, 1951
Oneida	Ida E. Evans	Chloe M. Howell	June 10, 1951
Palo Alto	Leila A. Gates	Ethel M. Beckstrand	September 16, 1951
Richland	Lucile J. Erickson	Pearl O. Clement	July 15, 1951
Roosevelt	Florence P. Nielson	LaRue O. Nixon	August 12, 1951
St. Joseph	Hattie S. Shurtz	Lavona Hoopes	December 9, 1951
San Francisco	DeLilah M. Fuellenbach	Gladys R. Winter	June 20, 1951

<u>Stakes</u>	<u>Released President</u>	<u>Appointed President</u>	<u>Date of Appointment</u>
Southern Arizona	Gladys E. Huish	Hilda M. P. Stutzman	May 27, 1951
South Ogden	Reka V. Parker	Erma V. Jacobs	September 9, 1951
South Salt Lake	Della D. Walton	Verney J. Olson	September 9, 1951
South Summit	Zella B. Johnston	Luella W. Walker	November 25, 1951
Sugar House	Vauna S. Jacobsen	Laura R. Millard	October 14, 1951
Taylor	Lisadore B. Crookston	Margaret W. Ririe	May 27, 1951
Timpanogos	Carrol Wells	Margaret J. Olpin	January 21, 1951
Twin Falls	Kathryn M. Merrill	Leah Kirk	September 16, 1951
Washington	Else B. Lundberg	Mae A. Evans	September 16, 1951
Wayne	Beatrice G. Brinkerhoff	LaVell King	April 29, 1951
Weiser	Naomi May Chandler	Della W. Alder	January 7, 1951

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## *Patriarch*

Nellie B. Brenchley

Frail he stands, with shoulders bent,  
Against the pulpit's strength he leans,  
And speaks to a silent throng, intent  
Upon his word, his voice serene.

Eyes glance not at the gnarled fingers  
That find the pulpit's edge and rest,  
But seek his benign face and linger,  
While he imbues their minds with righteousness.

But yesterday these sinewy hands  
Anvil and a mighty hammer knew,  
The irons they forged as countless as the sands,  
A blacksmith's strength from these crude tools he drew.

Hard the toil along the path he trod,  
But love of God and man sustained him then,  
And while he walked uprightly before God,  
He shaped the iron of character in men.

And strong these hands do yet remain  
And strong his faith—eternal life his goal,  
The hands of a blacksmith he may claim,  
But his is a Patriarch's soul.

# Room for Phyllis

Alice Morrey Bailey

ELIZABETH Webster was conscious again of the imperfection of her home as she came up the walk. Coming back to it after seeing Pearl's lovely home brought a sinking sensation of depression and she was glad she had insisted on Evelyn letting her off at the corner rather than driving her all the way. Some of the girls had never seen her home, and if she had her way they never would.

The door needed paint where the dog, Duffy, had scratched to get in; a part of the porch railing had come loose and was drooping. The house itself was an old-fashioned firebrick bungalow, with a gray cement porch and walk and not a hopeful line in it, so far as Elizabeth could see. You couldn't take off the porch and modernize the entrance without wrecking the roof. There was just no use.

The girls were home from school, getting lessons at the dining table, and Elizabeth stopped to look at their work, patting Dona's ten-year-old blonde head and smiling into her bright blue eyes. Phyllis was going on fourteen, wavering on the edge of womanhood, and just now her dark head was bent over a diagram which she was tracing with painful care. Elizabeth leaned over her shoulder.

"What are you drawing, darling?" she asked.

"Oh, this is a plan for my room—if I had a room. Our class in home-making is studying how to decorate our rooms, and, Mother, couldn't the boys move out of their room

and let us have it? All the other girls have rooms of their own, and when I hear them tell about what they do in them and how they look I just feel like crying. I wouldn't mind sharing it with Dona if we could have a decent one; but our bed jammed up against the fireplace in the front room, and all those bookcases, make it look like it isn't a bedroom at all."

"The boys wouldn't move, you know that, Phyllis."

Elizabeth heard Phyllis sigh as she proceeded to the kitchen. She had had no idea the children felt the same as she did about their home, and a sick feeling came in the pit of her stomach, but what could be done? The inside was as hopeless as the outside, with square rooms, whose arrangement was necessarily standardized and prosaic.

While Elizabeth peeled the dinner vegetables, her mind followed a familiar pattern to its inevitable and well-worn conclusion. If you could remove the hideous sliding doors from between the dining and living rooms and have a living room across the front of the house—but where would the girls sleep? For the fact remained that it was a two-bedroom house, she and Dave occupying one, while the boys had the other, and the family was definitely three-bedroom. If they could build a bedroom for the boys in the basement—if, if . . . .

And then what could you do without money? It was just as well to face the fact that Dave's earn-

ings would never be more, perhaps might even be less. The doctor had hinted that Dave ought to slow down a bit, after his operation, but Dave hadn't, and he flatly refused to let her work. They were behind on their bills from Dave's operation as it was.

**ELIZABETH** had become so discouraged about the house that she hadn't kept things up as she used to do. It hadn't seemed worthwhile to shampoo the rugs in the front room and dining room, since they were threadbare in spots. None of the floor coverings were very good, for that matter. The kitchen and bathroom linoleums were worn so that the red underground showed through, and the bedroom rugs were hopeless. The wallpaper in every room was faded or had yellowed to resemble wrapping paper, and it had seemed no use to launder the curtains at the end of summer.

Elizabeth, busy with these dark thoughts, forgot to smile when her menfolks trooped in, Dave from work, Bill from his after-school work at the grocery store, and Clark from wherever he had been since school let out. He was seventeen, in his last year in high school, and he delivered papers in the morning. Bill was twenty-one and in his last year at the university.

"How did your party go?" Dave asked conversationally at dinner.

"Fine. Pearl gave a lovely luncheon—creamed lobster—and her house is just beautiful—wall-to-wall carpeting and large picture windows—exactly the kind of house I've always wanted."

Light went out of Dave's eyes

and he bent his head to his eating. I didn't need to say that, Elizabeth chided herself. The house was an old sore spot with her, and she was always saying something that must hurt Dave.

"Pearl's son is getting married," she offered lamely.

"Some people can," said Bill bitterly.

"Now what do you mean by that remark?" Dave challenged.

"Nothing," said Bill. "Just skip it."

"Are you and Anne having trouble?" Elizabeth asked.

"No new trouble. Same old thing. She wonders why I don't invite her to the house, to get better acquainted with the family. Says I'm evasive about it."

"Well, why don't you, Son?" asked Dave, looking up.

"Invite Anne to this dump?" Bill demanded hotly. "That would really fix things between us. You should see their home, a ranch rambler, modern to the last degree."

Elizabeth was indignant. The very idea! Bill, ashamed of his home! Before she could open her mouth to say so, however, she remembered her own feelings as she came up the walk not two hours ago. What was that but shame? A white line appeared around Dave's mouth, but he blew out his breath without exploding.

"I see," he said testily. "Well, you could tell her this: Our home is paid for."

**THERE** was a sudden quiet around the table as Dave pulled the deeds from his pocket and laid them in the center of the tablecloth.

"Every bit?" ventured Dona. "And we don't owe a thing?"

"Every penny," confirmed Dave. "I made the last payment on it today."

"Oh, Dave!" said Elizabeth. It seemed incredible after so many years of making the payments, small though they were.

"Golly, Dad!" crowed Clark. "I'll bet that's better than you could say about ninety per cent of these high-class joints."

It was a high moment, and Elizabeth saw pride leap to the eyes of the children—even Bill's, although his next comment dampened it.

"Such as it is," he said rashly, and Dave winced.

"Yes, such as it is," he said, but didn't reprimand Bill, though Elizabeth thought Bill needed it.

"Dave, I think it is wonderful—the house being paid for," Elizabeth said when they were alone.

"Do you, dear?" asked Dave, pleased. "It would not have seemed such a long pull to most people, I guess, but we've had so many setbacks."

"I do wish it was nicer," Elizabeth went on. "I feel like not having a nice home is ruining the children's lives."

The pleasure had gone out of Dave's face again, and Elizabeth could have bitten her tongue.

"That's not what's ruining their lives," he said sharply. "It's not having the good pride of home."

"Well, really, Dave . . ." began Elizabeth reasonably.

"We lived in an adobe house when I was a youngster, and none of us was ashamed to bring our friends home."

"Well, our house wasn't so much," Elizabeth admitted. "No central heating, and no plumbing—but everybody loved to come there. Still . . ."

"Pride in their home is something children have to have," said Dave stubbornly.

"I certainly agree with that, Dave, but . . ."

"Elizabeth, I can't do anything about the house. I used to have dreams of what I could do. I was younger and stronger then. If I could take an extra job—but I can't. I'm worn out every night when I come home, keeping my end of the work up on the job. I've come at last to know that I'm not gifted at making money the way some men are. I'm just an old working stiff—a day laborer. Sometimes I think my insurance would do you more good than I do."

"Dave!" cried Elizabeth, thoroughly alarmed. "Dave, don't say such a thing."

**ELIZABETH** lay awake long that night in an agony of worry, and the dark fears for the happiness of her family seemed a yawning abyss, waiting to draw them in. It was as if there was a blight among them, breathing foulness on them all. Only Dona and Clark seemed untouched by it—but were they? Why was Clark gone from home so much? His friend, Snorky, he said, had simply a dilly place to study. And why had Dona been so glad about the house if she had felt entirely secure? Her heart yearned over little Phyllis, wanting her own room so much that she felt like crying, and it ached for Bill, so un-

happy from his love affair—but it trembled with fear, thinking of Dave actually wanting to die.

Her mind darted frantically about like a caged animal, trying to find some way out, some possibility of happiness for the family. Only one bright moment kept recurring, the quick pride in the faces of the children—and in her own heart—when Dave had said the house was paid for, when he had laid the deeds on the table. Poor Dave! This should have been a big day—a day filled with such bright moments, such pride, in celebration of the event.

“A child has to have the good pride of home,” he had said. They had all had it for a moment, after Dave’s words. Perhaps that was it, she thought grudgingly. Perhaps you could build pride with such words—or tear it down. Or tear it down! The admission was like the dreaded opening of the hall closet, and her guilty thoughts poured out like the inevitable avalanche that followed. Suddenly, sharply, and too clearly she could remember years of little scenes like tonight, with Dave wilting under the silken bludgeoning of her words—and the children listening, being indoctrinated against their home by her complaints. Not Dave’s, never Dave’s. The carping, nagging refrain had been her own as far back as she could remember, seeping into her family like slow poison. She cried out with the pain of the unbearable picture, and Dave—good, patient Dave—reached for her in his sleep.

“We should be thankful for our home,” she said brightly the next morning at breakfast. “They don’t

build houses like this any more—solid hardwood floors, thick walls, and plate-glass windows.”

“If you’re trying to sell it,” said Bill shortly, “I’m not buying.”

“Bill,” said Dave sharply, “apologize to your mother.”

IT was going to take more than words now, Elizabeth thought dismally. Maybe it was too late, for Bill, anyway.

“Phyllis,” she said after he had gone, “do you think you and Dona would like our room? Daddy and I could sleep in the front room.”

“I wouldn’t take your room, Mother.”

“I wouldn’t mind sleeping in the front room, and I’m sure your daddy wouldn’t.”

“Well, Mother,” Phyllis confessed slowly, “I don’t want to hurt your feelings, but what could we do with all that stuff in your room? It wouldn’t be our room with books and sewing and clothes belonging to someone else, and all those boxes of things you’ve saved.”

Nevertheless she came home that night bubbling with enthusiasm. “Marcia says her mother knows a real reasonable paper hanger, and he would do your bedroom for fifty dollars. I could . . .” she faltered, looking at her mother’s face. “Fifty dollars is real reasonable, isn’t it, Mother?”

“Fifty dollars!” said Elizabeth. “Why, when I was a girl we papered our own—for the price of the paper and we used flour paste.”

“Could we, Mother? I could help—and let me pick out the wall-paper and paint. I know exactly



what I want. Oh, no, Mother!" she broke off as Elizabeth went to the cupboard for the cracked sugar bowl. "That's the money you have been saving for your new dress."

The following week was a nightmare of sorting, lugging, lifting, and trying to find places for the things that had accumulated in the bedroom, of the exasperation of trying to hang paper, and Elizabeth despaired half a dozen times and wept from sheer fatigue, but went on grimly. Dave came silently to her aid when the ceiling proved too much for her, calmed her jagged nerves when her temper was short, and carefully sanded and painted the woodwork and furniture.

She salvaged some ruffled curtains and two white crinkle bedspreads long discarded, mended, dyed them yellow, and ironed them. She used one spread to put a floor-length flounce on the other and hung the curtains to a soft drape. Phyllis helped her shampoo the living room rug to its blue-green color, bringing out the small yellow and tangerine flowers. Its worn spot was well hidden under the bed, and the tangerine was picked up in the flounce for the dressing table and lamp shades which she and Phyllis had transformed from a bouffant and outmoded taffeta evening dress from her younger days.

She had looked with dismay at the paper Phyllis bought, but was amazed to see how the turquoise background, the subdued yellow roses and green leaves brought the room to life and color. In spite of her hands, tender from scrubbing, and the ache in her back, there was

a deep sense of satisfaction when the family inspected the results.

OF course Phyllis and Dona were ecstatic and proudly possessive, but Clark was green with envy.

"Why do the girls get everything?" he yelped. "Why can't our room be fixed up, too?"

"Money, Son," said Dave laconically.

"I could put off buying my jalousy and spend the money from my route on paper and paint and stuff. Of course, I wouldn't want it like this. This is pretty, but it's girl stuff. I want mine real nifty and classy, with built-in bookcases like we learned in shop, and my model ship."

"Count me out, Skipper," growled Bill. "I'm too busy to help, and I've another use for my money, but you go ahead so long as you don't bother my things too much. Anyhow, it won't be my room very long. I'll be moving as soon as I get my degree and a job, if Anne'll see it my way."

"Clark, that sounds wonderful," Elizabeth enthused, groaning inwardly at the thought of the work. I can't do it, she thought. I just can't. But she said: "Give me a week to catch up on washing and ironing and cooking."

"A week!" howled Clark. "I wanted to start tomorrow, but I'll wait."

At first Dave grumbled about being pushed out of the bedroom in favor of the girls.

"At least, it's more private," he finally conceded. "And nice having my books in the bookcase. If we had one of those studio couches

we could fold away, this room would be pleasant, with that fireplace."

"If we had that instead of our bedroom set we could take out those sliding doors and make a long living room out of these two rooms. I've always wanted . . ."

"So we could," said Dave, going over to inspect them. "And it wouldn't be so much trouble—or expense. A little lath and plaster, a few boards of flooring, and I could do the work myself."

So, from that beginning, by degrees and logical sequence, beauty spread throughout the house, with little money spent—a sacrificed movie here, diverted funds there—but much work. A swap advertisement brought the studio couch, and Dave excitedly discovered that the gate-leg table in the basement which Elizabeth had been using to stack things on was solid walnut. He glued, sanded and mended it with great care. Opened, it would seat eight people, so the heavy oak dining set went for paper and paint and varnish, and for odds and ends of furniture from secondhand stores. The eight coats of varnish, with alternate rubbings, polished the table to a dark mirror, and was a family project, with everybody excited, except Bill, who came and went, stubbornly disinterested.

**I**T was rather painful to let Clark hammer away at his room, but Dave wouldn't let Elizabeth interfere. "Better than a year at school, for the boy. Any damage he does can be repaired later on."

"I have to have the dining room rug," Clark said one day. "That

brown goes just right with the brown and yellow in my room."

"Clark, you can't!" Elizabeth protested. "We have only one rug in there now and we need two."

"Yah, and it looks like a postage stamp, now that the room's so big. Why don't you sand the floor and finish it? Snorky's folks have their living room like that and it's classy."

The varnish left over from the table was just enough to cover Duffy's scratches on the front door, and that, in turn, called for mending the porch rails. Everybody came to look, and there were high plans for the yard when spring would come, awnings, lawn furniture, and shrubs—outrunning the budget, of course. Everyone had ideas and all were alert for more. Brightness moved off magazine pages into the house, in colorful painting of the kitchen and bathroom floors, in red, yellow, and blue touches for the kitchen, and handy shelves for the bathroom.

Even the neighbors were curious and interested. "Land! I thought you were moving out when I saw all that stuff stacked on the porch to be hauled off. It sure is a marvel how things do collect," or, "I've brought you over that carved chair from my attic. Dave's so handy at fixin' things, and you with your fancywork. A little needle-point . . . No, I'll never use it. My eyesight's too poor, and no way to fix it myself. Besides, when I was sick you. . . ."

Better than all the improvements in the house, the sparkling glass and the filmy curtains, and the clutter of the hall closet restored to order, was the growing happiness of the

family. No one said in so many words: "I'm proud of our home . . . . I love my home." But it was there in abundant evidence—a lingering glance of appreciation for the bright floors, a finger gently touching the polished surface of the table. It went with the children to school, blossomed out in improved marks for their studies, and came home with them in troops of their friends, study groups, ice-box raids and slumber parties.

**F**INALLY Elizabeth invited her friends for luncheon and felt no twinge of shame for her home, although it was still humble compared to many of theirs. Dave began to talk about building a bedroom and rumpus room in the basement, and everybody was happy, except Bill.

Elizabeth's heart held a dull sorrow that she had let one of her children go beyond help. She had given up hope of being able to reach Bill, when, one morning, she noticed him going through the house opening closet doors, looking at walls and ceilings, at furniture and floors, as if he had never seen them before. Perhaps he hadn't really, for he had been cramming for term exams, putting in his usual hours after school and on Saturdays at the store where he was cashier, and trying to keep up on his dates with Anne.

"Have you lost something, Bill?" she asked, following him. "Can I help you?"

He was standing in the middle of the living room floor, looking critically around. His eyes took in everything, the very pale rose and moss green of the wallpaper, the gold of the gumwood bookcases and fireplace, the freshness of draperies and slipcovers.

"It's all right," he finally pronounced grudgingly. "The floor's keen, but it looks rather bare."

"I know, Bill, but carpeting would cost. . . ."

"You don't want to cover up a floor like this with carpeting. A shag rug or two—big ones. . . ."

"Yes, but even shag rugs. . . ."

"Cost money. I know. I've been thinking. I've got some money saved up—about thirty dollars. I'll buy a rug or two—white ones would be nifty—for before the fireplace and in front of that couch. I was going to blow Anne to a really big time, orchids, dinner, dancing, to see if I could square things with her, but if I could bring her home to dinner, to meet the family, and to show her we're not such a bunch of scrubs—I think it would clear up a few misconceptions between us."

Elizabeth tried to keep casual, but emotion trembled against her eyes and on her lips.

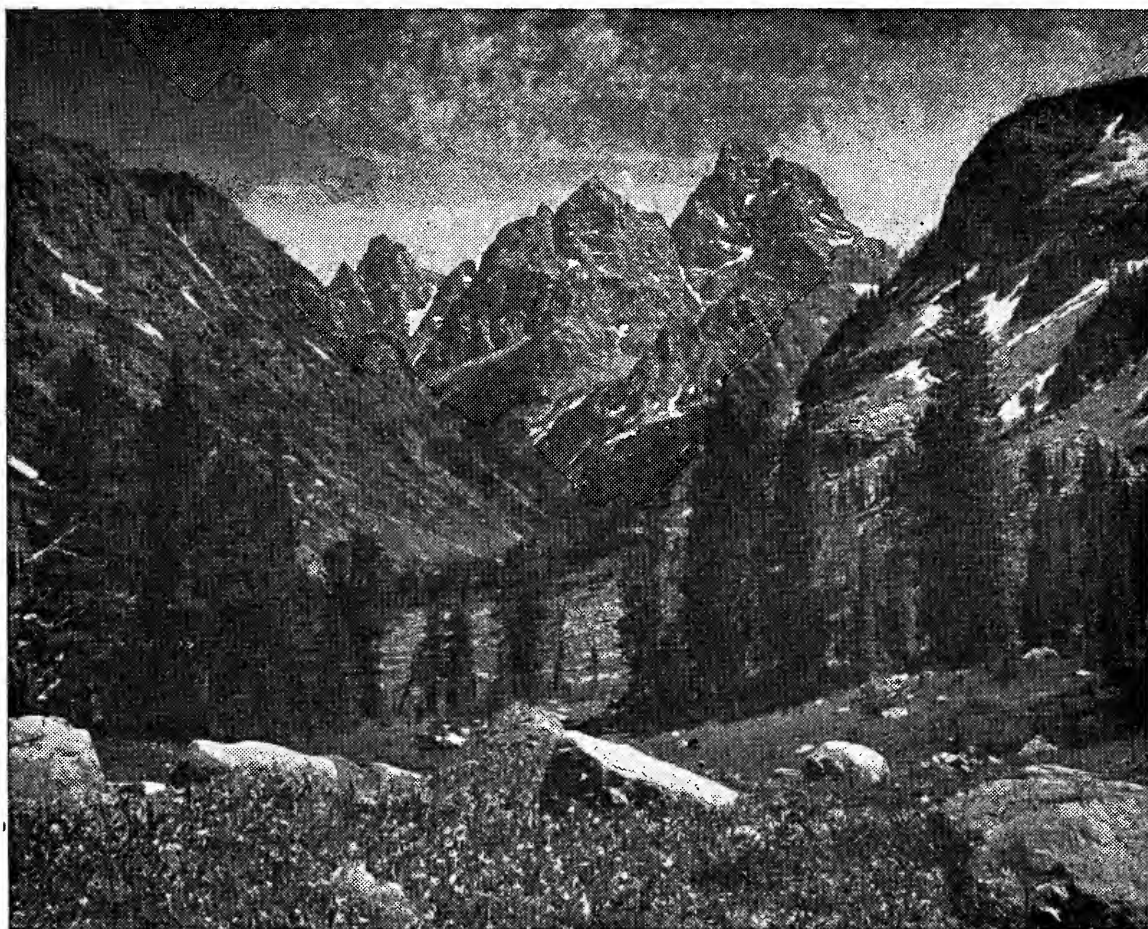
"Oh, Bill! Bill, dear," she said, "of course."

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## Command

Matia McClelland Burk

Ocotillo,  
 Open your petals  
 That out of your scarlet throat  
 The glorious song of desert spring  
 May pour.



Josef Muench

## THE GRAND TETONS, WYOMING



### *Sound*

Gene Romolo

Only the immobile lips of clay keep  
Ever silent. With more potent hearing,  
We might hark to the greening grass repeat  
Strange, blithesome sound and silent appearing  
Night throb with palpitating light of stars;  
Discern rare beauty hidden in a word,  
Hear the dolorous murmuring of scars  
Left on a heart, and from a single bird  
Learn of magic in a fluttering wing,  
Capture echoing strains from a lost lyre,  
Catch soft music that the windflowers sing,  
Hear rhythm pulsing in a soul's white fire  
And listen to dawn's voice dispelling night  
Before it covers earth with gold-spun light.

# The Crowning Touch

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

“**W**HERE did you get that hat? It’s the crowning touch. Perfect with that green suit! I’ve looked everywhere and . . .” That’s what they say.

Where did I get it? I made it. Why don’t you try one? A variety of fabrics as delectable as a cherry on a lime frappe is available; and the time the job takes is so little that it is negligible.

This year I made tams. They can be made of many kinds of fabrics and can be draped to becomingness for almost any set of features. I made mine of rayon, non-crushable velvet in a lovely old-gold tone. Maybe you would prefer pique or grosgrain silk for spring. I have had mine two weeks, and so far I have repeated it in eight different colors for friends, besides lending my pattern to others.

Here is my pattern (the size may be varied to suit individual preference):

## MATERIAL:

For the outside:  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of velvet, silk, or pique, or other material 39 inches wide.

For the lining:  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard drapery taffeta for lining velvet material; muslin, for lining pique; dress taffeta, for lining silk; matching sewing thread.

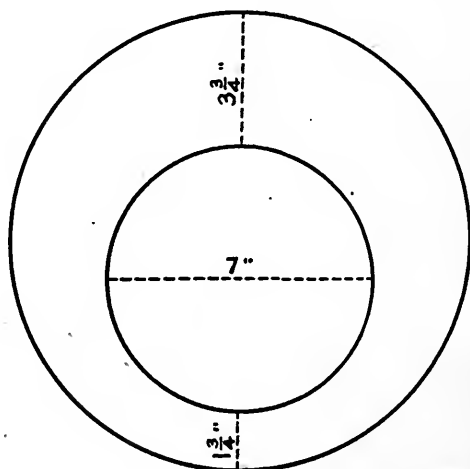
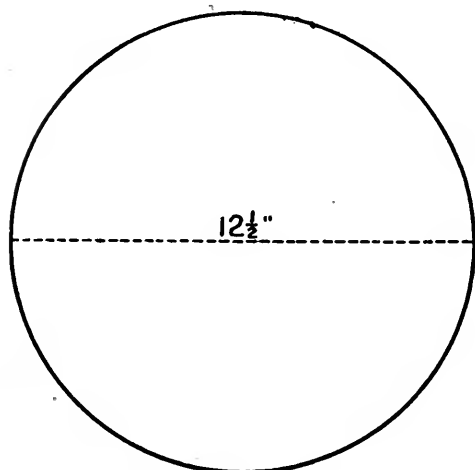
## PROCEDURE:

Cut two circles, twelve and one-half inches in diameter, from velvet or other material for the outside.

Cut two circles twelve and one-half inches in diameter from lining material.

Cut a head hole seven inches in diameter from one of the twelve and one-half inch circles of velvet, and in one twelve and one-half inch circle of lining. Make the head hole off center so that it is about one and three-fourths inches from the edge at the narrowest point.

Baste top circles, one of lining and one of velvet or other outside material, together, right-side-out, seam exposed. Baste all four circles together, placing velvet circle, with



cut-out head hole on top, velvet pile to pile, placing lining, with cut-out head hole, on bottom right-side of lining to right-side of lining. Run seam on sewing machine. Trim seams, but do not clip. The unclipped seam helps to stiffen the tam.

Turn right-side-out and join all four circles together by basting around the head hole.

Cut a bias strip of the outside material two inches wide and long enough to make a ring that exactly fits the head. Join into a ring.

Baste bias ring to head hole, velvet pile to pile, easing fullness of the circles to fit the bias ring. Run up seam on the sewing machine and trim. Turn under bias and finish band by blind stitching.

Lay the tam on the table with the hole side up. Pin left side just short of center to the top lining, using a long costume pin with a safety catch. Full the velvet and its lining generously, but keep the top lining taut. Wear the tam with the narrowest point just behind the right ear and drape to suit the wearer.

If the wearer parts her hair on the left side, the pinning may be reversed.

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## *Old Road*

Vesta N. Lukei

A mountain road, abandoned long ago  
 To summer growth of fern and winter snow,  
 To falling needles of the pine and fir,  
 Becomes in loneliness the lovelier.  
 The road belongs at last to all wild things—  
 To butterflies and birds with sun-bright wings,  
 To squirrels, silver-gray, with rhythmic tails,  
 And lizards making sudden dusty trails,  
 To tattered chipmunks, little mice, and fleet,  
 Shy deer who disappear on nimble feet.  
 Alone I walk in quietude, bestir  
 No leaves, but still I am a trespasser.

## *Valley Harbor*

Josephine J. Harvey

Up from the valley,  
 Beyond the circling hills,  
 I went in search of you.  
 I wandered unfamiliar paths,  
 Finding only alien hearts,  
 And no rest harbor for my soul.  
 Although I have returned,  
 My restless heart keeps seeking  
 The joy I knew when you were here.

## *Words for Spring*

Grace Sayre

When winter hills are bound in ice  
 And butterflies are only dreams,  
 The magic words of sun and spring  
 Will start the flow of streams.  
 Marsh-marigolds will light the paths  
 That long have lain in dark,  
 While on the fields, a silver song,  
 Announces—meadow lark!



# Uncertain Possession

Beatrice R. Parsons

## CHAPTER 3

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes with him to his hometown, Westfield, Nevada, to take over the practice of his sick uncle, a doctor. Lorna is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will mean so much to him that he will never belong wholly to her. She likes Matthew's Uncle John, and she admires Nurse Hallie, but it is Carole, a little neighbor girl, who brings comfort to Lorna in her loneliness. Two small china kittens, which Lorna has treasured from childhood, become to her a symbol of possession, but her husband tells her that nothing worth having is worth possessing.

A FEW nights later, Lorna came slowly out of a dream—a dream in which a bell kept jangling while Matt, who had been close to her side, seemed to drift further and further into distance.

Lorna called out chokingly: "Matt, Matt, don't go! Don't leave me!"

She felt hot tears on her lashes, felt that she was losing him, then she heard his voice, calm, reassuring, in the darkness. "It's the telephone, darling. I'll turn on the light."

The light sprang up and Lorna was fully awake, yet still shaken by her experience. She smiled ruefully.

"I wonder if I'll ever get used to calls in the middle of the night."

Matt smiled. "Of course you will." He answered the phone, talked for a moment, then put down the receiver, his face quietly grave.

"The Honson twins have made up their minds to arrive."

He dressed swiftly. Lorna's eyes were wide and disturbed as she watched him.

"But Matt, it's only a quarter to four!"

He knotted his blue tie. "The twins don't care what time it is." His eyes were smiling.

"Let me help," cried Lorna, slipping into her long, white robe. Her lovely hair made a soft, red-gold mist across her shoulders.

Matt nodded towards the phone. "You can call Hallie . . . ."

Going towards the telephone, Lorna wondered wistfully: "Why didn't I take nurse's training, Matt, instead of typing? Then I could be at your side, instead of Hallie."

Seeing his face, her cheeks grew warm, and she dialed Hallie's number quickly. When Hallie answered, Matt took the receiver and spoke into it.

"I'll have the car out in a few minutes . . . ."

Lorna, feeling a hot little rebellion at being left out, said sharply: "Matt, surely there is something I can do." And then, as he began to shake his head, a little sharply: "Matt, I want to come. I hate being left behind. I want to share . . . ."

His face was angered, yet he spoke softly: "Get dressed. There is something you can do." He seemed, in his anger, to be testing her, yet his tone continued quiet:

"There are four other little Honsons, Cliff, Jean, Harry, and Nelda. They range from three to seven. The Honson's home is small. A farmhouse. It's rather difficult having the children within hearing. You can sit with them in the barn and tell stories."

**L**ORNA, who had been scrambling into her clothing, stopped brushing her hair. Her face was a mask of uncertainty. "But . . . but," she stammered, "I'm not used to telling children's stories. I can't think of any. And . . ." she swallowed nervously, "I'd be frightened of the cows . . . ." She stood there trembling, seeing Matt's look.

He got his gray felt hat, put it on, and hesitated at the door. "Are you coming, Lorna?" His face said that she wouldn't.

She burned under his look. She was shaking from head to foot. She disliked his knowing that she was afraid to go, yet couldn't let him go alone. Her hands shook as she slipped into a light wrap and followed him outside to wait near the garage.

She had never known that night could be so dark. The stars seemed to brush against her curls. The noise of the car as Matt backed it from the garage sounded like thunder in her ears.

She saw a shadowy form crossing the lawn, and, although her common sense told her it was Hallie in cape and uniform, she made a queer, strangled little sound. Hallie stared at her in astonishment.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Wire! I couldn't think who'd be out at this time of night." She glanced at

Lorna's wrap, and wrinkled her brows, asking confusedly: "Are you coming with us?"

Lorna flushed under her tone. She explained swiftly: "Matt asked me to baby sit . . . ." Her voice trailed away, knowing that Hallie was still doubtful. "I'll admit I don't know quite what I'm to do."

Capable, efficient Hallie turned back the corner of her dark cape and spoke quietly: "You'll make out, Mrs. Wire."

Lorna winced. Hallie suspected the truth—that she wanted to be with Matt. She crept silently into the rear seat and felt as though she didn't belong. Matt and Hallie talked. Lorna didn't understand some of the things they said. It was her first experience with birth. She knew they didn't really need her. She wanted to tell Matt to take her back. But she knew she couldn't. She felt that he had already forgotten her, and leaned forward to say something. Matt answered a little curtly.

**H**E was driving swiftly, yet carefully. The streets of the town were slim pencils of brightness under his headlights. They passed the house where Anne lived. Then, a little further on, the house where Margaret lived with her elderly aunt. Then they were out in the plain of the valley. Her body grew weak as she thought of four small children and a creaking barn!

There were lights in the small, low farmhouse as Matt turned the car into a cluttered dooryard. Lorna stumbled a little on a child's toy as Matt helped her out of the car. Her fingers clung in desperation to

his. He loosened them firmly, yet gently. She saw his face. It was intent, serious.

"I'll send Mr. Honson out with the children, Lorna. You wait here." He motioned to Hallie, and opened the screen. Lorna felt darkness crushing down upon her. She wanted to run after them, to cling to Matt's arm.

Almost immediately Mr. Honson came out, leading the four little children. They had been wakened from sleep, and Lorna saw that their small faces were pinched and fearful. Although she knew she was talking in a too-grown-up manner, she wanted to reassure them, and herself.

"Children, come out with me. I'll tell you a story in the barn. Your Mummy will be all right, and pretty soon she'll have two babies for you to play with."

The little girls jumped up and down in their tiny slippers, and clapped their small hands in delight at the thought of the babies. The boys were not quite so jubilant. Mr. Honson thanked her gratefully.

"It's good of you, Mrs. Wire, to want to come way out here to look after the children. My wife and I can never thank you enough."

Lorna's cheeks were hot, and she was glad it was dark. She led the chattering youngsters into the barn. She heard a horse stamping his hay, and a cow made a low sound behind her.

The moon made a faint path of silver through the opened door, with a shadow advancing in it. Lorna jumped until she saw that it was only a kitten which had joined

their little group. Mr. Honson spread clean hay for them to sit on. The children clustered near, the smallest one clinging anxiously to her hand.

The eldest girl asked helplessly, "Is Mummy very sick?"

LORNA shook her head and patted the little girl's arm. "Your Mummy is all right. Dr. Matt is with her." What consolation in the words, even for herself. Matt was near. Everything would be all right. Now, if only she could remember some stories. She cast about in her mind. She made herself speak cheerfully, although her heart beat swiftly at each unfamiliar noise.

"I'll tell you about . . ." She tried hard to remember any story which Cousin Em had told. But there hadn't been many. Cousin Em had always been too busy to bother about children's stories. She could remember none, except the story of the Baby Jesus.

She groped for the right words. The children's eyes grew wide with eagerness as she commenced. Once in a while Cliff or Harry corrected her carefully. Once in a while her voice died quickly while she listened for sounds from the house.

Almost with the finish of her story, a tiny wail came through the opened door. It was followed, within minutes, by another one. Harry, the eldest boy stood up, his face solemn, yet filled with glory.

"Just like in the story, Mrs. Wire. A little baby—two little babies—are born."

All of them wanted to rush inside. Lorna had all she could do to keep them at her side. When

their father came, telling them that their mother was all right, and they could see the twins, they leaped with excitement and happiness.

Lorna calmed them. "You all must be as quiet as little mice! Mummy will be sleepy. So will the twins. Now, let's all walk softly . . . ."

She smiled to see them rise on tiptoe in their little slippers. They whispered as they walked across the yard. The smallest clung to her hand so that she, too, must go inside and see the babies. Her eyes filled with sudden tears as Mrs. Honson spoke in a faint, grateful voice.

"It was so kind, Mrs. Wire."

**L**ORNA was ashamed. She saw Matt and Hallie getting ready to leave. She avoided Matt's eyes. She went out and stood on the doorstep and shame swept over her.

She hadn't been kind and generous. She had been selfish and possessive. Matt knew and so did Hallie. There was no use pretending. When they came out, she spoke stiffly.

"It's almost dawn, Matt."

He looked at her, and said cryptically: "So it is, darling," as though he had only just noticed.

He helped her into the car. Hallie sat at his side, her shoulders bent

with weariness under her dark cape. She took off her stiff white cap to let the cool wind stir her short, graying hair.

The air was cool against Lorna's hot face. She looked at the valley in the pale dawn and saw that all the harsh gray lines had been washed away by the night.

She sighed tiredly. She had been so frightened during the night. Her heart had pounded so loudly that more than once she had been worried lest it alarm the children.

A smile curved her soft mouth. They were such nice children! The little girls were so soft and cuddly. The boys more manful, yet glad that she was there.

She wondered about that. The children had been glad she was there to tell them a story. They had been nervous, upset. And yet their fears had flown when they sat with her in the barn.

Lorna was surprised to find another thought in her mind. Why, in quieting their fears, she had forgotten her own. She smiled. That was what Uncle John had meant when he told her that life and cacti were filled with unsuspected prickles. She hadn't suspected that in spite of her own selfish desires, she could help others! She was glad it had turned out that way!

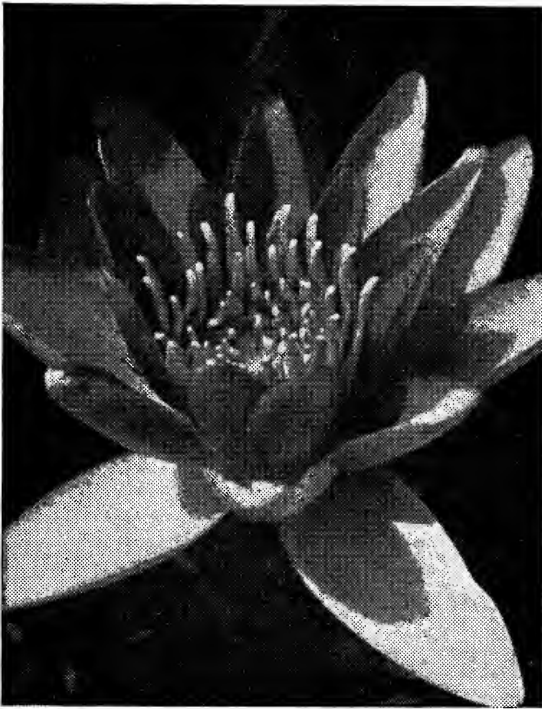
(To be continued)

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## *Inefficacy*

Hazel M. Thomson

I am the author of unwritten things—  
I cannot tell how my heart sings,  
Or to what heights my soul is borne  
As a warm south wind that blows  
On winter's frozen face.



Willard Luce

### WATER LILY

“YOUR yard always looks so nice,” my next door neighbor greeted me the other morning. “But it must be such a lot of work for you.”

Her words struck me with a little shock of surprise, for I have never considered my gardening in terms of “work.” We chatted briefly, and she went on her way, but as I returned to the flower bed I had been cultivating, I contemplated her remark.

Can it be considered work, I wondered, to come out of the house in the glow of early morning, and with a hoe gently disturb the cool, chocolate-colored earth around rosebushes fragrant with blossoms? And where is the drudgery in pushing a spade deep into the yielding soil, while the friendly sun warms one’s back and shoulders—almost like a benediction from the heavens?

# Gardening— Food for the Soul

*Pauline M. Henderson*

My garden is much, much more to me than a mere section of planted space around my home. It is, indeed, many things.

It can be a release from pent-up tension and frustration. If I am upset or angry, that is when I like to cultivate my flower beds. As I strike my hoe into the earth, each weed is an enemy going down to destruction. By the time the bed is clear of weeds, the tension is gone, and I am able to face the problem—whatever it may be—with new calmness.

Of all the activities involved in the making of a home, the planting of the garden is by far the most rewarding. I can spend hours cleaning the house, only to realize that in a few days I shall have to do it all over again. But the time I spend in the garden will show results for an entire season, perhaps even for years.

A garden can be just as surely a medium for self-expression as the painting of a picture or the writing of a poem. And no special talent is needed. A garden asks only loving care, and it will flourish and bloom for you, whether you be rich or poor, obscure or famous.

There is a lesson in faith to be learned from plants. Someone once said, "To tend a garden is to walk with God." Certainly a wavering faith cannot help but be strengthened as one watches a seed grow from a tiny, inanimate object to a living, flourishing plant. I seldom witness this miracle without thinking, along with Robert Browning, that indeed, "God's in his heaven. All's right with the world."

A garden teaches patience. Growing things will not be hurried. There is something so suggestive of timelessness about the processes of nature. I have often reflected, as I set out young plants, and felt the rich dark earth between my fingers, for how many ages has this self-same earth existed—how many more it will still exist! And I find my own petty troubles fading into relative insignificance.

Once, when a particularly dark cloud was shadowing my life, and there seemed no hope that I would

ever again come through into the sunshine, I happened to glance from my window at the flowering peach tree I had planted some years before. It was in the full glory of spring bloom—a mass of delicate pink blossoms—breathtakingly beautiful. Suddenly, I found myself remembering how that same tree looked in mid-winter—bare, gray branches silhouetted against a stormy sky, stark and dreary, giving not the slightest hint of the beauty that in just a few short months would burst forth. And I felt a sudden rebirth of hope surge within me. I thought, just as that tree has come from ugliness to beauty, so will this darkness eventually give way to light. And I found new courage to go on.

My garden is not the most beautiful in the neighborhood. To me it is not necessary that it should be. My grass is not the greenest nor my flowers the largest or most colorful. But I am content. Indeed, the flowers that I gather sometimes seem to me to be almost like an extra bounty—a sort of dividend from something that has already given me so much.

No, I cannot agree with my neighbor that gardening is work. Rather it is living in its truest sense.

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## *Twilight Hour*

Marian Schroder Crothers

Hushed now the turmoil of the day,  
 Blue, lengthening shadows gather near,  
 And stilled are all the sounds of earth  
 While homeward, silently, birds wing their way.  
 Held fast in this brief truce  
 Between the night and day,  
 Within this timeless, twilight hour,  
 I dream, and pray.



# A Price for Wheat

Angelyn W. Wadley

**W**HO can say what some specific commodity—for instance, a dress or a suit or a sack of wheat—is actually worth?

In an economy such as prevailed during the pioneer period in Utah, when the law of supply and demand operated without interference of arbitrary price controls or price-fixing arrangements, the cost of some goods rose to levels that seem shocking now, even by comparison with today's sky-rocketing price tags. In an issue of *The Deseret News* dated May of 1865, wheat was listed at \$6 per bushel, butter at \$1.25 a pound, sugar at \$1 a pound, flour at \$16 per hundred weight, and coal oil at \$12 a gallon.

The cash price of these items was of little concern to many people, however, for money they didn't have, and "store-bought" goods they had to do without. And yet, when exchange was by barter, instead of purchase for cash, the cost of necessities, especially the scarce ones, was sometimes heartbreakingly high in effort, emotion, and personal sacrifice.

Such was the price my great-grandfather paid for his wheat in the spring of 1864.

Lars and his wife, Maren, with eleven-year-old Peter and seven-year-old Christine, had come to Utah from Denmark. Lars had been a thrifty farmer, but after he and his family had accepted the message of the gospel and decided to migrate to Utah, he had not been able to get as much money from the sale of his farm as he

needed, since the buyers knew that as the date set for departure drew near, the Mormons would be forced to accept whatever fraction of the value was offered for their property. He was unable to obtain the two hundred dollars he needed, and the people tried to prevent him from leaving. So, although the Larsens had expected to have plenty to bring them to their destination and to establish their new home, in the end they were forced to leave their oldest daughter, Hannah, with a family who planned to come later. She was only fourteen, but she could earn enough by sewing to pay for her board and, in addition, save some money towards the expense of her own trip to America.

The Larsens arrived in Salt Lake City in September without money and without food. A former neighbor from Denmark, who owned a team and a wagon, took them to Draper, where they found a place to live. It was harvest time, so both Lars and his son soon found work. They flailed out enough wheat to earn three bushels for themselves. Most of this they planned to save for seed the following year, but it had to be moved across the Jordan river, and on the rickety bridge the loaded cart tipped into the water, and they lost all the wheat.

Early the next spring they moved to Pleasant Grove, where they bargained for a small piece of ground, with a dugout for a home, agreeing to pay for it from the harvest in the fall. But obviously there could

be no harvest without a planting, and Lars had nothing to plant. He borrowed a team of oxen to plow his ground, and for each day he used the team he worked two days for the owner, but he wasn't able to work in exchange for wheat, for none of his neighbors had any to spare.

**Y**OUNG Peter had stayed in Draper to earn his board and a small wage herding sheep. Lars remembered seeing a large strawstack on the place where his son worked. Perhaps he would be able to get a little wheat there, and it could be paid for out of Peter's wages. So he tossed a sack over his shoulder and walked about eighteen miles to Draper to find out. Discouraged, footsore, and weary, he returned the next day with the sack empty. Neither in Draper nor anywhere along the way could he obtain any wheat.

Each morning and evening as the Larsens knelt in prayer, they asked that some way would be opened for them to get the seed so sorely needed. Then, one day, Lars heard that someone had come up from Sanpete Valley and reported that there was wheat for sale down there. A man from Pleasant Grove was going to take a wagon-load of molasses down to exchange for wheat. Lars rushed to see this man and offered him a day's work for each day they were gone if he could go along and bring back some wheat for himself. To this the man agreed, and Lars went home overjoyed to tell Maren the good news.

But how could they pay for the wheat? Lars could work for the

trip, but he couldn't stay long enough to work for the grain, nor could he expect anyone to trust him until harvest time, with seed so much in demand.

Whatever household goods they had owned that had had any value had been sold for passage money. Now it wasn't a matter of choice and decision, for there was nothing to sell except their best clothes.

Maren took her husband's best suit out of the wooden chest. It was difficult for her to let it go, for she knew that for the rest of his life Lars would probably never have another one so fine. She had combed and spun the wool herself, and she had made and dyed the cloth. Love was woven into every inch of it. Maren had seen it on Lars only once—on the day when he had first brought it home and tried it on for her.

But there was no use protesting about taking it. She knew it had to go. Perhaps even that wouldn't be enough. It might not seem so valuable to someone else.

She hesitated only a moment, then she took her wedding dress out of the chest. It was a beautiful black alpaca, not new now, of course, but still as good as new. She had made it herself, and she was an expert seamstress. For a brief moment she held it up against her, remembering her dreams as she had sewed on it, and her joy as she had worn it on the day of her marriage. She blinked back the tears as she began to fold it—oh, so carefully, for she had planned to keep it always.

But food was far more important than a dress, especially this dress,

which she was keeping out of sentiment and didn't really need. If they could get even a little more grain than was needed for planting, it would be so good to have some bread again.

It might seem that they paid quite a price for the amount of wheat Lars was able to bring back. But perhaps it wasn't too much, for this was the turning point in this family's fortunes. Never again were they in serious want. Their effort and sacrifice were rewarded with a generous harvest. They paid for their

first fields and bargained for a few acres more, and they soon replaced their dugout with a comfortable adobe house.

Yes, it was quite a price to pay for a little wheat, but they were willing to pay it. They proved to themselves that those who have both faith and determination can find ways to solve their own problems and to care for their own needs. They and other pioneers set an example to all Latter-day Saints living today to care for themselves through thrift, industry, and sacrifice, if need be.

---

## Dear Conquest

(Continued from page 165)

nearly as dark. Charlie liked to josh a lot, but he didn't talk much during that dance. I could see he cheered up some after the dance was over, and he'd claimed Maggie again.

It was good that the next day was Saturday. Maggie was up fixing her own breakfast when I finally came to the kitchen. "I like to cook," she smiled. She wiped my dishes and then climbed on the stool to put them away in my high, inconvenient, old-fashioned cupboards.

Ira Scott opened the back kitchen door and smiled "I knocked at the front door, but I expect no one heard."

Maggie stood on the stool holding my blue china cream pitcher.

"We've been making lots of noise back here," I said to Ira, waiting for Maggie to speak.

"I wanted to ask Maggie to a wiener roast up on Indian Mountain tonight. I'm getting the party

up rather suddenly, but there's no better way of getting acquainted."

Maggie brushed the hair back from her face. I had heard her refuse Andy to go to the cowboy show at the *Palace* for tonight.

"I'd love to go," she said slowly.

"Of course you and John are invited," Ira said to me.

"Thank you," I replied, "we'd like it a lot."

Ira closed the door behind him, and Maggie got down from the stool. "I'll have to wash my hair, and maybe iron something. Oh, dear!" She whirled around, and I could see the color in her face.

"I'll make a three-layer cake and take," I said. "Ira's cousin Annie is probably arranging most of it. I'll call her and tell her."

But Maggie was standing by the wire screen door, her eyes on Indian Mountain. She hadn't heard a word I'd said.

(To be continued)



## *Multiple Hobbies Make Her Happy*

REBECCA H. TRACY OF BURLEY, IDAHO, IS AN EXPERT WITH NEEDLE  
AND CROCHET HOOK.

Although she is an expert seamstress and has done all kinds of plain and fancy sewing, as well as knitting, in many patterns and stitches, Mrs. Tracy's favorite hobby is crocheting. At the age of eighty-three, she still plies her crochet hook, creating many designs of great beauty and making bedspreads, tablecloths, doilies, chair covers, and numerous trimmings and edges and rosettes.

Her life has also been busy with more active pursuits. Her large family, thirteen children, sixty grandchildren, and eighty-five great-grandchildren, have received devoted interest and kindly assistance in their problems and in their various activities. Three sons, five grandsons, and two granddaughters have completed missions, and three grandsons are now in the mission field. For sixty-five years Sister Tracy has been a Relief Society visiting teacher, twelve years a Relief Society secretary, and she has been an officer in nearly all of the other auxiliary organizations.

Not the least among her "more useful" hobbies has been her devoted care of the sick, and visiting and assisting the needy and the bereaved.

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

## *Faded Memory*

Alice R. Rich

A note of Irish laughter as liling as a breeze  
And delicate as perfume in April apple trees,  
Waked when a sprig of shamrock, green as the emerald sea,  
Released a faded memory and tossed its breath to me.

# *A Family Is What You Bake It*

*Elsie Sim Hansen*

**T**HE other night, much to my surprise, my husband came home with a loaf of bread tucked under his arm.

As soon as he placed the bread down on the corner of the kitchen table, I knew it had not come from the market. I also noticed Jim was grinning. As I picked up the bread, I asked, "Jim, where did you get this? It looks like homemade whole wheat."

Flipping a loose curl on the back of my neck, Jim answered, "It is, honey. We had a demonstration down at the store today. This bread was left, and Miss Mead, the demonstrator, told me to take it home. It sure is good, I had a sample. You know, Marge, I was just thinking on my way home, mother used to make bread like this when I was a kid. I wonder why more women don't do their own baking nowadays. Why don't you try it sometime?"

Jim had given me an idea. Why shouldn't I try making some bread? It probably wouldn't be as light as that we had been eating, but it might help out on our budget.

The next morning, after the children had left for school, I got out my recipe book and decided to try my luck. I was really surprised how simple the recipe was. Of course, it took a little practice. Some of the maneuvers I went through getting the bread mixed to the proper consistency would have made good material for a comic book, but the results were worth it.

There was something so wholesome and appetizing about the aroma of that homemade bread when I opened the oven door it made me tingle all over, like the smell of chili sauce cooking on a crisp autumn day, when I would be walking home from high school.

That same day, after school, I wished that an artist could have been in my kitchen and painted a picture of my young son, as he took the first man-sized bite out of a warm slice of the golden brown bread, laden with honey. I am sure it would have been a masterpiece.

I shall never be too busy from now on to make bread, because I have learned that a wealthy, happy family, is a healthy, well-fed family.

---

## *Lovely Things*

*Grace Barker Wilson*

I have loved the shine of moonlight on the waters  
Of the restless ocean when the storm wind blows;  
And the silhouette of mountains in the sunset  
As a golden western day draws to its close.

I have loved white clouds against a sky of azure,  
But more beautiful than any other thing  
I find the pinkness of the earliest peach blossoms,  
And the greening apple orchards in the spring.

# The Wearing of the Gay

(Continued from page 172)

day, and everyone had been sewing, except Sarah Hall, and her turning out cookies like for a carnival. Queer thing, too, not one of them had mentioned her taking off for Ireland. And everyone of them had said, "See you at meeting tomorrow," just as if she were going to be around forever.

\* \* \* \*

GRANNY came to with a start. It wasn't Monday, but Tuesday. "If this don't beat the Irish, me takin' a nap in the middle o' the day. And a long time a sleepin' I been. Faith the cedar bough's burned blacker than pitch."

Had she missed the train? Granny looked at the clock on the mantel. It said 1:50. "Land sakes, if the clock isn't tryin' itself to be poky today. It is only ten minutes to two and me with three more hours to wait for the train. The ladies will be congregatin' at the little Relief Society house by now. Here I was fixin' to skip on the train without the ladies seein' this same old black plush coat 'till me bring meself back from me homeland. But, since it's not yet two, and I got me best clothes on, why, I best not miss the last meetin' after all. If I've a mind ta step lively I can get to meetin' and slip in whilst they're standin' for the opening song."

Granny hurriedly put on the black plush coat, pinned the hat on securely, not bothering to glance in the mirror. After wearing a hat a matter of years, the curves fit the right places. "I'll just pick up me

carpetbag on me way to the station," she said, as she put the old worn bag on the chair by the door.

Granny slipped into the little Relief Society house while the ladies blended their voices, as Mary Stone pedaled the organ to the tune "We Ever Pray for Thee." Granny was caught up into the familiarity of it all: Sister Helen Morgan presiding and Sarah Hall conducting the services. Sister Bessie Moore sat at the little secretary table. At sight of Granny, Bessie smiled and made a mark of attendance on the roll.

Sister Hall gave a few words of welcome: "We're glad to see the house full today. We're especially glad to have Granny O'Donnell with us. We were just thinking about going after her in a car when she walked in. Who but Granny would make time, the very day she was leaving for Ireland, to attend Relief Society? Bless her heart, we are glad she is with us."

Martha Tingey gave the opening prayer. Granny wiped an unseen tear at the closing, "Go with Granny on her trip, is our fervent prayer, and protect her."

Granny was glad now she had come to meeting. What did it matter about the old plush coat, or even the carpetbag? These were her real friends, they loved her as she was.

"And now we'll have a word from our president." Sarah Hall smiled at Helen Morgan. President Morgan arose, and calmly took her place at the little white pulpit.



GRANNY kept thinking about the train. What if it came way early today? Her eyes looked past the president and watched the squares of blue sky through the windows. Her eyes traveled about the little white building. Soon she would be speeding away from this place she loved. What was Sister Morgan saying?

"This is a fifth Tuesday, and since we have our welfare completed, we thought we would just turn the hour into a social. We'll all go next door to my house, and have a little going away party for Granny. Granny and I will lead the way, the others follow us out in twos." Helen Morgan walked down the little aisle. "Here, Granny, take my arm."

Things became hazy in front of Granny. One couldn't see well when the eyes were misty, but Granny smiled and took Sister Morgan's arm and they led the procession while Mary Stone pedaled the organ to the tune "A Hundred Thousand Strong."

As the group left the little chapel, one by one, they started singing the words. Granny's vision cleared and she sang gaily with the group, in her rich Irish brogue. As they entered Helen Morgan's long living room, Granny wasn't prepared for what she saw. At the far end of the room was strung a wire, and hanging on the wire and draped on a sheet, was a complete wardrobe, suits, top coat, hat, slips, underthings, why there was the very kimono that Bessie Moore had been sewing yesterday, and the four blouses Helen Morgan had pressed.

The ladies put up folding chairs in a double circle around the room.

Helen Morgan seated Granny in the armchair.

Everyone was expectantly silent, then Sister Morgan spoke: "Granny O'Donnell, I'm not good at speeches, but the ladies of the ward remembered all the quilts and sewing you have done for others in the thirty years you've been in our ward, and, well, all of us wanted to make a wardrobe for you, as a sort of going away present. There's everything we thought you would need, from a good warm coat to dainty crochet-edged hankies. And Sarah, bless her heart, even thought of packing a box of goodies for you to munch on the way."

Helen held up the gaily wrapped box Granny had seen at the Hall home the day before. "Here's a large steamer suitcase which Sister Hall is lending you, and a small overnight bag, which is yours to keep. Now, before we pack the clothes in them, the girls want to see you model the clothes, Granny." Helen Morgan put her arm gently on Granny's shoulder.

"Speech," everyone shouted.

GRANNY O'Donnell was trembling when she arose. Never in her wildest dreams had she expected to have an entire new wardrobe at one time. At length she found her voice.

"Ah 'tis I who is lackin' at speech makin'. But me heart is full to overflowin' with gratitude. Why, even if I had the money, which Patricia O'Donnell has not, why, begorry, I couldn't buy such an array of clothes in Salt Lake City tomorrow. And ta think ye dear ladies has sewed 'em with yer own hands.

May the Lord bless ya, I pray.”  
Granny sat down.

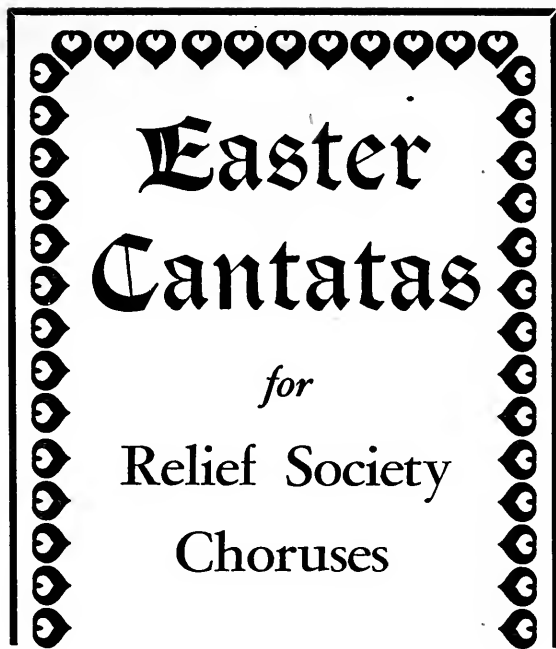
The moment seemed almost sacred. No one clapped. Then Bessie Moore and Sarah Hall took Granny by the arm and took her off to the bedroom, while Mary Stone and Martha Tingey took the gray suit and the green suit from the line. Granny recognized them now. They were the suits she had presumed belonged to the Morgan girls yesterday. Hannah Jones followed with the necessary accessories for each suit.

Granny tried on the green suit first. It fit perfectly. She paraded the length of the room with charm and dignity. Never had a model pivoted on Fifth Avenue to equal Granny O'Donnell. Then back to the bedroom, and helping hands fitted her into the gray suit, with the tailored buttonholes, and trim, good lines.

“She looks beautiful in the gray. She looks distinguished and impressive, but the green suit, with the cocky little hat and feather, is best for her. It's more like the Granny we know,” Bessie Moore said. Then she added, “She should wear the green when she goes on the train.”

“Yes, Granny, green surely is your color,” the whole group chorused.

Granny studied herself in the mirror. The gray made her look all of her seventy years, but they were good years, with trim and enchanting lines. Granny lifted her eyes from the hem of the suit to the features of her face. She smiled at her reflection. Then, when she



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spoke, the hum and laughter of the group stopped.

"Well, I'll tell ya what I'll do. I'll be seen wearin' the gray as I go through the big places: Salt Lake City, Chicago, New York, so as to look distinguished. But ya can be sure when I touch the soil o' the Emerald Isle, it will be the wearin' of the green I'll be a doin'."

The group clapped, then someone called out, "Good for you, Granny."

Granny looked again at her reflection in the mirror. The clothes did a lot for her, it was true, but clothes weren't the most important thing after all. It didn't matter so much if one was wearing the green or the gray, the important thing was for a person to make sure all one's facial wrinkles were the kind that turned upward. Yes, the important thing was the smile—the wearing of the gay.

---

## *Gift From Spring*

Ora Lee Parthesius

Flirt of a wind  
And dash of rain;  
Hat-lure behind  
A window pane;

Umbrella sheen  
Like flowered glass;  
Unearthly green  
Of wet, new grass.

Sky with a rift  
Like a bluebird's wing—  
Today is a gift—  
You are right! . . . From Spring.

# Let's Stuff a Rug

Thalia Black

**C**UT strips of material three inches wide, and sew together end to end.

Cut strips of cotton batting one-inch wide and fold inside the strips of material. Stuffing can be made from old blankets, cotton from a worn-out mattress, or even old overalls will do.

Sew edges of material together on the machine, holding stuffing firmly inside.

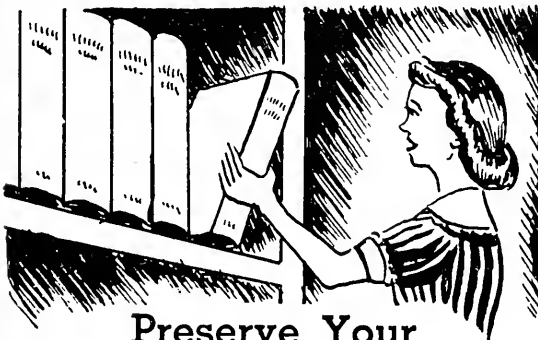
Braid tightly.

Lay the rug flat on the table on floor while sewing the braids together, so that it will lie flat when finished.

Sew with heavy linen thread doubled, or according to instructions given in *The Relief Society Magazine*, May 1949, page 317.

This is good for an evening of family fun and works up quickly for a good-sized rug in a single evening.

The braids are about two inches wide, and add four inches to the size of the rug with each round of sewing.



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# From Near and Far

Angelyn W. Wadley, of Providence, Utah, author of "A Price for Wheat," page 198, tells us that her story concerns her great-grandfather, Lars Christian Larsen, his wife, Maren, and their children.

I have just finished reading the January Magazine, and feel I must tell you about two or three things in it. First and foremost is the editorial "We Seek After These Things." It is so good and shows such insight and depth of character, and is beautifully written. I am coming more and more to believe that any message to get across must be put in simple, beautiful language. In the lessons I have been teaching in Sunday School I am continually impressed with the simplicity and the wording of the teachings of Jesus. I like Mabel Harmer's story "Eloise and the Indian" (First Prize Story in the Relief Society Short Story Contest.) The theme is current and very important, and the writing is good—in fact, the best I have read of Mabel's. I like the new serial "Uncertain Possession" (by Beatrice R. Parsons). It starts out in an interesting way and holds the interest. I am partial to serials, for I think the author can get deeper into motives and actions in a serial than in a short story.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson  
Boise, Idaho

I have just finished reading the January 1952 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* and wish to express my appreciation. I greatly enjoyed the poems, stories, and articles, but more especially the editorial "We Seek After These Things." I have seldom been more inspired and uplifted than by that editorial.

—Maud O. Cook  
Tremonton, Utah

I sincerely enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. Not only is it a wealthy source of knowledge for our lessons, but a pleasure and an inspiration to read.

—Lucille Hatch Nielson  
Burley, Idaho

I enjoy the Magazine from cover to cover and marvel at the beautiful scenes on the covers. Mt. Lassen and Reflection Lake, California, the frontispiece photograph for February 1951 was perfect. I have seen it many times while I lived in Westwood, California. We do not have an L.D.S. Church here. The nearest is about twelve miles, so you can see why I especially enjoy the Magazine.

—Mrs. Jay Cutright  
Bliss, Idaho

The first prize story in the January issue of the Magazine, "Eloise and the Indian," by Mabel Harmer, particularly appealed to me because it tells of a problem which confronted the mothers in our locality also. The story is very well written and I wish to thank Mrs. Harmer for it. All of the prize-winning poems touch my heart as they are timely and very beautiful. It is a joy to know that our Latter-day Saint women are thus developing their talents.

—Mrs. Joyce Christensen  
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I offer a word of praise for the December Magazine. It is truly beautiful, and I feel proud to have a small space within its covers ("Winter Witchery," page 864).

—Alice Whitson Norton  
Nashville, Tennessee

Since joining the Church five years ago I have learned to love *The Relief Society Magazine*, and each month I watch eagerly for it. We have found the Church magazines completely taking the place of other magazines to which we once subscribed. Our branch is medium-sized and growing rapidly. Nearly 100 per cent of the women are subscribers to the Magazine.

—Mrs. Alice M. Schmidt  
Marion, Iowa

I must tell you I believe the quality of the poetry you are publishing is better and better. I hope to have mine included occasionally.

—Mrs. Udell Hill  
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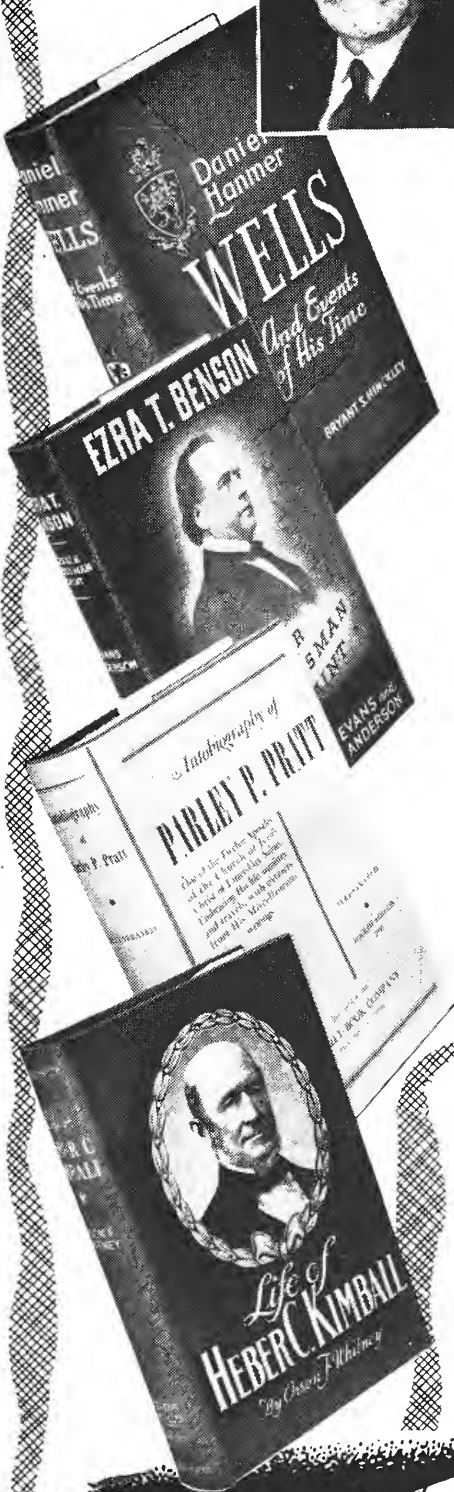
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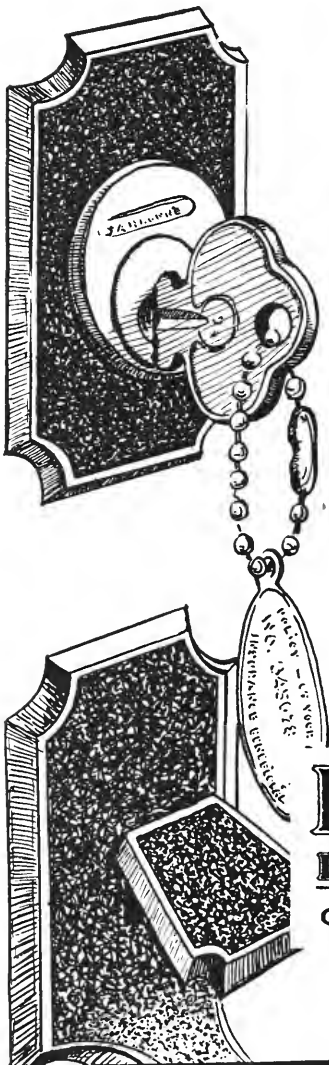
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VOL. 39 NO. 4

Special Short Story Issue

APRIL 1952

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

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Vol. 39

APRIL

No. 4

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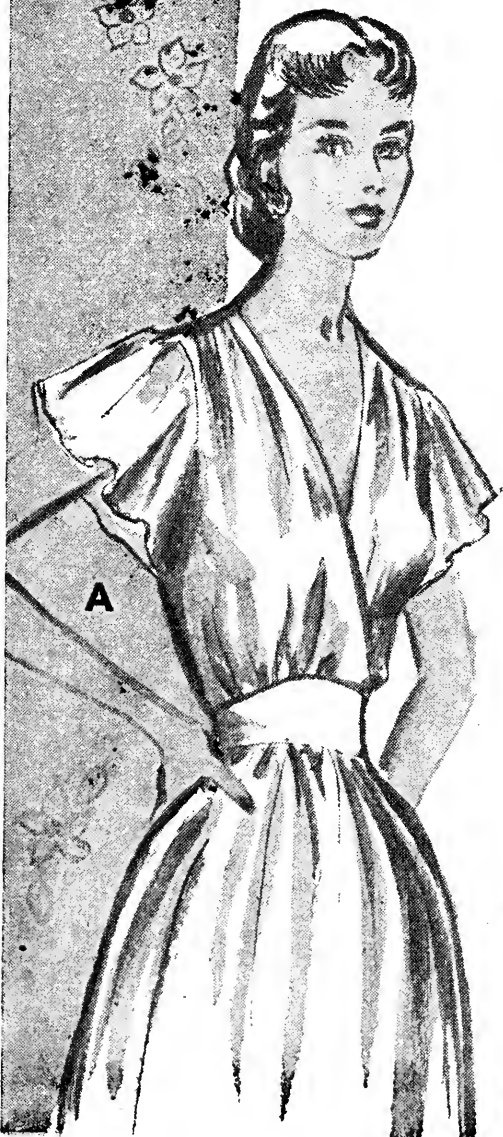
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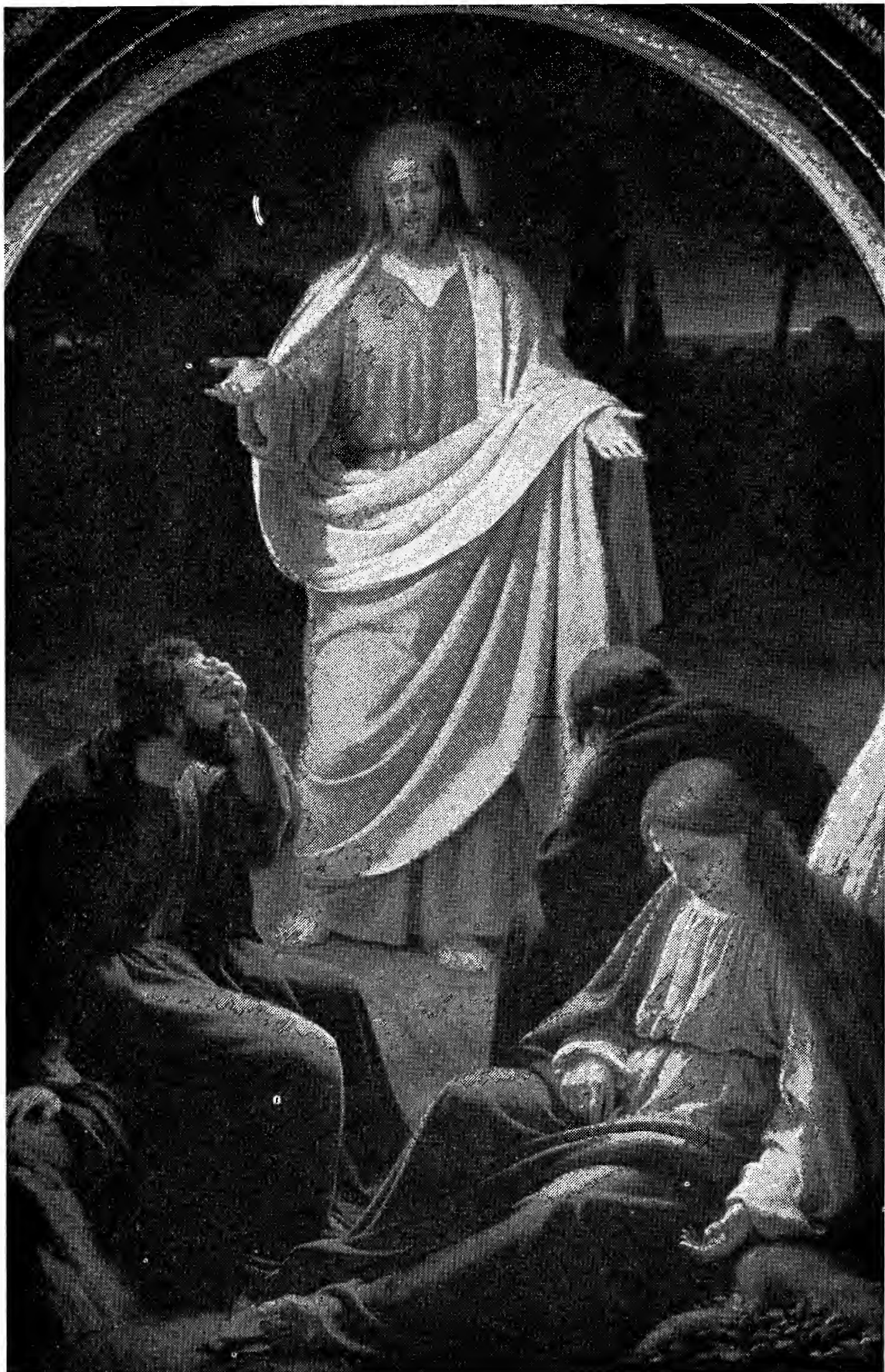
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**CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE**  
From a Painting by Thomas Wegener

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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VOL. 39, NO. 4

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## *Concerto*

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

Across the centuries soft music sings  
In names like *Bethlehem* and *Galilee*.  
*The Mount of Olives* stirs deep wonderings  
While psalms of grief run through *Gethsemane*.  
And *Calvary* can bring a sudden chill  
To pierce the warmth of summer with a cross,  
While tree which shared one sad day's penal hill  
Can stir compassion for all human loss.  
And who can say the name *Capernaum*  
And not see all the blest go singing by?  
Or *Pilate* and not hear the rising hum  
Of anger mount to screams of "Crucify!"?  
And who can say "Arise" and not greet  
The paean sung by Mary's running feet?

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The Cover: Apple Orchard in Montana, Photograph by Ernest Briscoe  
Cover Design by Evan Jensen



# The Women and the Resurrection

*Elder Matthew Cowley*  
Of the Council of the Twelve

IT is recorded that following the resurrection of the Redeemer of mankind there were many unto whom he appeared and who beheld him as an immortal soul possessed of flesh and bone.

He walked and talked with two of his disciples as they journeyed toward Emmaus, but as they walked together he withheld his identity. At the end of the day's journey he brake and blessed bread for them and "their eyes were opened, and they knew him." He appeared unto Peter who but a few short days before had denied him three times. At Jerusalem, at the Sea of Tiberias, and at the Mount of Olives, just prior to his ascension, he was seen by the apostles. He revealed himself as an immortal resurrected being to five hundred of the brethren at once. But the first witnesses of the most remarkable and miraculous event of all time were the women.

On another occasion during his mortal sojourn among men he had brought joy to the hearts of sorrowing women by restoring life to one who had died. Lazarus, whom Jesus loved, had died in Judaea and his sisters, Mary and Martha, were bowed down in grief. They had earnestly prayed, while their brother lay sorely afflicted, that their Lord would come and heal him. But four long days elapsed following the burial before the Master arrived. Martha, who first learned of his arrival at Bethany, went forth

to meet him, and as she approached him, she said: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

Jesus then uttered words the meaning of which Martha did not fully understand. He said to her: "Thy brother shall rise again."

To these words which were intended to assuage her grief and bring ecstatic joy to her heart, Martha replied: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

In answer, Jesus spoke those words which have ever since carried comfort and hope to the hearts of every believer who has mourned the death of a loved one: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

It was to the woman that he addressed the words which could have been uttered only by a divine personage. This saying alone was sufficient to place upon Jesus the Redeemer the mark of divinity. No other religionist, philosopher, or teacher, whether living or dead, has even presumed to possess the supernatural power suggested by those memorable words.

Mary, who had been apprised of the arrival of the Master at Bethany, joined Martha, and with him they hurried to the place where the body of Lazarus lay. When the stone was taken away from the grave Jesus cried with a loud voice:

"Lazarus, come forth! And he that was dead came forth."

Here was witnessed by the women a miracle which was performed by one who had at his disposal the powers of an omnipotent being. Here was made manifest to them the power of the Redeemer to restore mortal life to the dead. But even greater and certainly more important than this miraculous manifestation which they beheld was the resurrection of the Son of God himself, which the women were to be the first to witness; the redemption of a personage from mortality to immortality. This was to be the resurrection of him who had the power not only to lay down his own life, but to take it up again.

**T**O his disciples who bore the Priesthood, and with whom he had been intimately associated in his ministry, he had foretold his death and predicted his resurrection, but they were not to experience the incidents of the last hours of his mortal sojourn upon the earth nor the earliest hours after he had risen from the tomb. They did not follow their Lord to Calvary's hill; they were not witnesses of his crucifixion; they were not near by at the scene of the burial; nor were they the first to look upon the risen Redeemer.

One of the chosen Twelve had betrayed him into the hands of his assassins. One had denied him thrice in his hour of trial, and the disciples had slept when he had urged them to watch while he prayed. On more than one occasion he had reprimanded them with these words: "O ye of little faith."

There were other incidents which would indicate a wavering of devotion on the part of his brethren. There was never, on the other hand, time nor an occasion when the devotion of the women to the Savior could have been questioned. The constant affection, loyalty, and devotion of the Marys and the other women were evident under every condition. They were at his side when he labored up the hill to the place of crucifixion. They wept bitterly as they walked and, as he beheld their great sorrow, he spoke to them words which were to be among the last that he uttered. They were words of tenderness, yet words of ominous warning: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare . . . Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

It was a prophetic warning to the women of the destructive forces which were approaching and which would lay low in sorrow and anguish those who had denied the Lord. They, the women, were at the foot of the cross and heard the promise he spoke to the penitent thief, "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise"—the promise that carries hope and salvation beyond the grave to the spirits who would believe and obey the gospel which he would take to them during the interval between his death and resurrection. They heard the

prayer to his Father for mercy to them who were nailing him to the cross: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." They were beholding him when he looked down, with a tenderness and love that could never die, at her who was his mother. They, no doubt, listened to catch the words he spoke to her. Words which would reveal his anxiety for her future security.

To the grief-stricken mother he said: "Woman, behold thy son." And to John the beloved they heard him give this gentle command "Behold thy mother!" John immediately grasped the meaning of the words—that he was to care for the mother—for the record states: "And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

Following the departure of the mother with John, the other women continued at the place of crucifixion until they heard from the lips of their Lord the final cry of victory: "It is finished" and the last mortal prayer to his God: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Notwithstanding the heartbreaking experience of witnessing the crucifixion and death of the Master, the women could not depart from following after him, and they watched from a short distance the burial of the body in the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathaea.

**O**N the third day following the entombment they were the first to discover the empty grave. They had gone early in the day to the tomb prepared to anoint the body

with spices and ointment they had prepared before at the time of the burial. As they approached the tomb they were met by an angel who announced to them the glorious fact of the resurrection. "Fear not ye:" he said unto them, "for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified, he is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

After looking into the deserted sepulchre, the women were then commissioned by the angel to be the first to carry the message of the resurrection to the disciples: "And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him."

Mary of Magdala was so bowed down with sorrow upon seeing the empty grave that she did not hear all that the angel had said. She hastened to the disciples "And saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

Having reported that the body had been removed, she returned to the garden of his resting place. Here she was presently to be the most favored of women; she was to behold the immortal resurrected Son of God, her Lord and Master. As she looked again into the sepulchre where she had but a few hours since beheld the lifeless body, she saw "two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?"

And the woman answered: "Because they have taken away my

Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Then, turning back away from the sepulchre, there stood before her one whom she did not immediately recognize. It was the Lord whom she had been seeking. It was he who had risen from the dead.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Jesus then spoke to her but one word—and the tenderness with which the word was uttered revealed to her his identity. He walked and talked with two of his disciples during a day's journey to Emmaus not long after the resurrection, but his identity was withheld from them. But only one word was spoken to the woman and she no longer supposed him to be the gardener. "Jesus saith unto her, Mary."

The burden of a saddened heart was lifted when she heard her name thus spoken. Many times before she had thus been addressed by her Lord, but never before had her name been spoken by immortal lips. It was a woman's name, not the name of a disciple, that the resurrected Son of God first uttered. To him Mary was the most favored of names. It was not only the name of the first woman to whom Christ spoke as the risen Lord. It was the name of the sainted mother who had given him birth; it was the name of the sister of Lazarus who had seen him re-

store life to her brother; it was the name of the mother of James and John; and many others whom he loved no doubt bore the name which he had spoken to the woman in the garden near the place of his burial.

As he uttered the name, Mary beheld that it was Jesus who had spoken, and she cried out to him: "Rabboni; which is to say, Master."

She was the first to behold the resurrected personage and she was the first to hear his voice, but she was not to be the first to touch him. "Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father."

As the women had been the first commissioned by the angel to announce the resurrection of Jesus to the disciples, so also it was a woman who was sent by the Lord himself to proclaim his ascension to his Father; "but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

He later was seen by other chosen women before he appeared to the Priesthood. As these other women were returning from the deserted sepulchre "Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him."

Mary Magdalene had been the first to look upon the Redeemer in his resurrected state, but her eager desire to embrace him was not to be fulfilled. It was the other women who later saw him who were granted the honored privilege of touching the body of the first soul who had conquered death and the grave.

THE memorable episodes of the early hours following upon his resurrection evidence the gracious and considerate appreciation displayed by the Lord for the steadfast devotion and enduring love of the women. Jesus easily restrained any impulse which may have beset him to appear first to his disciples as a resurrected personage, rather than to the women. Manifesting himself first to the women was a reward which they had well earned and of which they were indeed worthy. He loved the brethren of the Priesthood, but the faithful women were accorded priority in the beholding of the risen Redeemer.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Savior stung,  
 Not she denied him with unholy tongue;  
 She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,  
 Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.  
 —Barrett

Christ's tribute to woman when he revealed himself to the women before he appeared to his chosen disciples, was second only to that of the Father when he selected a mortal woman to be the mother of his Only Begotten Son. No greater tributes than these have ever been paid to womankind.

Women who willingly give birth to the children of men do not ques-

tion the fact of redemption from the dead. As they suffer the pain and processes of the creation and pulsations of the embryonic life within them, there comes to them a certain conviction that redemption from death can be no more miraculous than birth. They have an inward witness of the scientific truth that the matter and elements of life are indestructible. The tender love of a mother implants within her heart the certain knowledge that the life of her child whose body has been lowered into the grave has not been annihilated, and that the physical elements of the body which was formed within her may again be brought together and become a resurrected soul. This sublime faith of mothers in the fact of the resurrection shall not go unrewarded, and just as surely as the women whom Christ loved beheld his body which had risen from the tomb, so will all mothers at an appointed time look upon their children, who have been taken by death, as resurrected souls.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."

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## Return

Marian Schroder Crothers

All yesterday, spring tapped upon my windowpane,  
 With slender fingers, tipped with silver rain.  
 Today, although I did not heed her call,  
 Bright jonquils glow along my garden wall.

# Elder Joseph F. Merrill

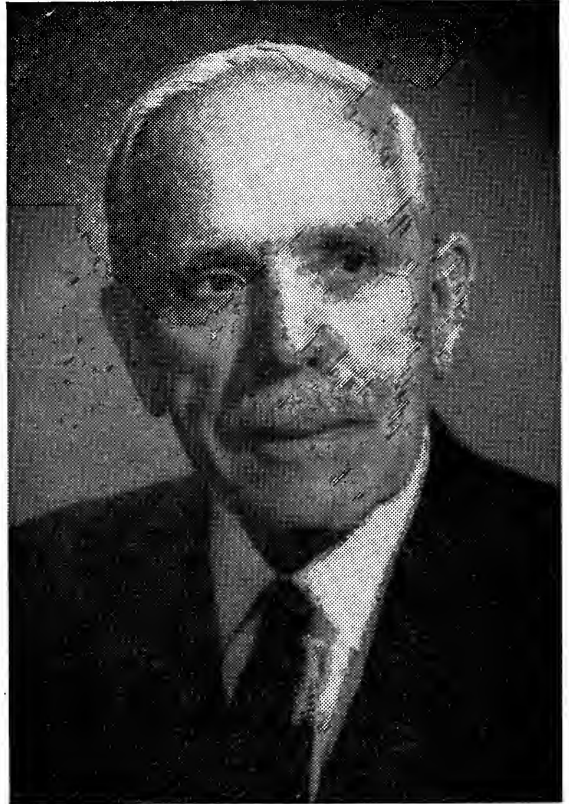
(August 24, 1868 - February 3, 1952)

*Elder Ezra Taft Benson*  
Of the Council of the Twelve

“**H**E has fulfilled every call made upon him, never excusing, never shirking, never complaining. He has been a minute man in the service of the Lord . . .” so said the First Presidency, as they, with numerous others, paid high tribute to Elder Joseph F. Merrill, nationally known churchman, educator, and scientist. Coming from the valley of his boyhood, associating with him in the Quorum of Twelve, and sharing an outer office in the Church Office Building have brought a deep appreciation and love for this warm-hearted, generous servant of the Lord.

Through inheritance, experience, training, and practice, he developed those rugged qualities that make for sterling character. Born and reared on a farm, he was driving cows long distances to pasture at five years of age and later walked miles to school. When eleven he was water boy on a railroad construction gang. At thirteen he was doing a man's job driving teams. The habit of long days of toil acquired in his youth carried throughout his life as student, Ph. D., university dean, commissioner of education, mission president, and apostle of the Lord.

The first child of a pioneer mother and a distinguished father, twenty years older, he ever acknowledged the blessings of coming from “a good Latter-day Saint home.” Here



ELDER JOSEPH F. MERRILL

he partook of a spirit of unity, love, and filial affection that formed a pattern for his own home with seven children.

As a boy in his home he learned well the lessons of industry, frugality, honesty, service, generosity, and faith in God and his purposes. A great advocate of secret and family prayer, he pointed with pride to his boyhood home where sometimes his father was too busy to eat his breakfast, but always had time for family devotion.

His insatiable desire for knowledge was in evidence when a child as he read aloud by candlelight from



The Book of Mormon while his mother performed the numerous household duties. In his love for truth he never temporized. This love for learning took him to four eastern universities for advanced work. His love of knowledge was a vital part of his very being, not only during the thirty-five years as a member of the faculty of the University of Utah, but every day of his long, progressive, and useful life. His family of children, all of whom have caught of this spirit, have all earned one or more college degrees.

Brother Merrill enjoyed athletic sports, but fought unflinchingly against gambling, liquor, tobacco, and other destructive vices. He was bold in denouncing evil and impatient with cheaters, spendthrifts, and the shiftless and idle.

He lived simply with no ostentation in home, food, or clothing. He persistently taught and practiced the basic principles of good health. It is said he never missed a day from the office because of illness. Frugal in his personal requirements and ever guarding Church funds, he gave generously of his means to loved ones, the Church, and to those in need. The latest evidence of this strong trait came as hundreds of his friends sat in the Benson Stake Tabernacle and received the sad news of his passing. There in the community of his birth, during the afternoon session of conference, as tribute was paid their beloved fel-

low-townsman and leader, evidence of his generosity was pointed to in the improved tabernacle in which we were meeting.

**I**N him there was no personal vanity. He loved the simple practical phases of the gospel. In his good-natured way, he would counsel the saints to "leave the mysteries alone." He loved life and believed "it is every man's duty to live as long as he can." Always optimistic and hopeful, he met every sorrow and disappointment uncomplainingly with buoyant recovery. He lived so that he had no fear of death. He was always prepared. His desire to die "in the harness" was granted after eighty-three years of fruitful activity and devotion.

It is with gratitude that we pay tribute to a great soul. His example has been an inspiration to young and old. He loved life and lived it richly. His greatest joy came not from college degrees or thirty years' listing in *Who's Who in America*, but in serving his fellow men by bearing testimony and presenting objective evidence of the existence of our Heavenly Father, the reality of the divine mission of the Lord and the fact that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God.

Truly it can be said of him, he fought the good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. His reward is sure. God bless his memory!



# The Long Day

Maryhale Woolsey

**W**ORRY about that day seemed to have been in Edie's heart even before she was awake. She felt it with her first drowsy stirring, when morning was a soft grayness at the windows, where the white lace curtains swayed like dim ghosts.

Coming awake in the strange bed, her outflung arm touched Vi'let-Doll's cold china face and her scratchy wool hair. Edie gathered the doll swiftly close to her, and cautiously untightened her eyes . . .

Then she remembered. She was in Auntie Page's guest room, in the wonderful bed with the high, soft feather tick and fringed spread, with the furry white bearskin rug on the floor to step one's toes into. She was a guest. Auntie and Uncle Page's guest. Yesterday morning, being a guest had been important and exciting. But yesterday nothing had seemed wrong. Yesterday she had not wakened with this queer unhappiness inside her, the tightness in her stomach, this *hurtingness* in her heart.

She couldn't understand it. It was like being afraid—only there wasn't anything to be afraid of. Unless . . . unless maybe she was like Louise, Mama's hired girl: ". . . sufferin' with fears, Miz Randall. Somethin's sure wrong. . . ."

Sometimes, something was wrong. Once a letter had come, saying Louise's mother had been sick; and once, her cousin's baby had died.

Edie shuddered. What if Mama had got sick? Or if something had

happened to Jackie, or to Baby-Sister-Celia? What if she shouldn't ever see them again? . . . She spoke to herself sharply, as Mama often did to Louise, "You'll make yourself sick, child! These fears you suffer are just idle worryin'. And worryin' never helps!"

A sunbeam darted in and crossed the room, dancing on the farther wall. Edie heard the household coming awake . . . good-morning voices, footsteps, the kitchen-stove noises — grate shaken, dampers turned. And presently the guest room door opened carefully to let Auntie Page's head through—white hair smooth and shining above the silver-rimmed spectacles, and the pleasant smile.

"Well, well! Awake already? Good morning, dearie. How's our little guest this morning?"

"I'm very well, thank you," Edie answered politely. "Good morning, Auntie Page." She began to climb out of bed.

For a while after that, the disturbing worry was busied away, though the breakfast-table attentions from Uncle Page and the hired men and Hilda didn't seem so happy as they had been yesterday, and the berries and ham-and-eggs didn't taste so good, and Auntie Page's shiningness seemed a little less shining.

After breakfast Edie took Vi'let-Doll and went outdoors. But yesterday's fun was not fun this morning, not even chasing Solomon, the big yellow tomcat who reigned

proudly in the back yard and orchard. This morning, Solomon stared at Edie a long moment and stalked away, and she felt snubbed and lonely; the queer unhappiness worried up again in her insides. She wandered around the big house to sit on the front porch steps and think about it. Remembering . . . .

**H**OW long ago it seemed! It had been Tuesday, then. She remembered Mama sitting in the low rocker holding Baby-Sister-Celia, while Auntie Page sat opposite in a straight-up chair, her gray silk dress glistening, her needle flashing in and out of the tight cloth in her embroidery hoops.

"Would you like to go to Auntie Page's house today?" Mama asked. "To stay till Friday, maybe? We've promised her you'd make her a special visit sometime. And you're quite a big girl now—five years old!"

Edie clasped her hands behind her back and stood gravely considering and looking at Auntie Page's kind eyes behind the silver-rimmed spectacles. She thought of all the things she liked to do at Auntie Page's house: look at the whatnot's polished seashells and china ladies and tiny gilded slippers and baskets; the big red plush album filled with relatives' pictures; the wax roses and lilies under a shining glass bell. Play with Solomon the tomcat, and listen to Hilda-the-hired-woman sing sad songs in a high, trilly voice. There had been many visits but never time for all the looking and doing Edie wanted. Now she was five years old—June second, over two weeks ago!—and she could, if she would like, go with Auntie

Page and stay till Friday. All by herself. Edie's insides began to wiggle excitedly.

"Will there be time to look at all the pretties?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, yes, dearie," Auntie Page said quickly. "All you want to. Every day, if you wish."

"I do wish." Edie nodded her head vigorously. She saw Mama and Auntie Page smiling funny, secret smiles at each other above Baby-Sister-Celia's fuzzy head. "Yes, Mama, I—I would like."

Then Mama had Louise bring Papa's brown satchel and set it on the floor. Its top stood open, a wide squarish mouth, to swallow Edie's things which Louise brought: the rosebud nightgown with blue feather-stitched ruffles, the blue-and-white checked dress and the next-to-best white dimity dress, and two pinafores, and a muslin petticoat, and panties and stockings and Edie's hairbrush and comb and some fresh ribbons. One by one the satchel swallowed them down just as it swallowed Papa's things when he was going on a journey. Edie stood watching, feeling bigness grow inside her. She wondered if going-visittings were as important as journeys . . . .

". . . And be a good girl, and remember your manners, dear," Mama whispered, kissing her good-bye. And Jackie said, "A-bye, Edie!" and ran away to chase Tubby-Pup. Louise stood by the door waving her hand to Edie when she had climbed carefully up into Auntie Page's gleaming black buggy, with bright-yellow wheels, be-

hind Auntie Page's special-own sleek black horse.

All down the clover-bordered lane and across the river bridge and around the cliff-topped hill, Auntie Page let Edie hold the long, thin shiny black whip. Once she let her flick it gently against the horse's flank; then he sprang ahead so suddenly that Edie tipped over against the back cushion of the seat, laughing excitedly at the fence posts whizzing by so fast. The sky was bright blue, with clouds piled fluffily as egg whites fixed for lemon pie. Auntie Page's big, gray stone house gleamed in the sunshine, growing nearer and bigger as the black buggy whirled along the road, past the green fields which smelled of new hay, the orchards which smelled of ripening June apples and red cherries, and the pastures which smelled of cows.

UNCLE Page, when he came in from the hayfields, had acted greatly surprised to see Edie. He had said, "Well, for goodness' sakes! Where'd this pretty little girl come from, Auntie Page?" Twinkles in his blue eyes, his gray mustache quirking a little.

"I came from my house. To visit Auntie Page," Edie said.

"Well, well! And Uncle Page, too? I declare, that's just what we need—a little girl in this house."

"Five years old?" Edie asked. Being five seemed especially important.

Uncle Page thought it over and said solemnly, "I think so. I 'spect five years old would be just about exactly right. And named Edith—Edie for a pet name." He found a

great big book and put it on a chair to make a high seat for Edie at the table.

Supper, that first night, was wonderful. Hilda had made strawberry shortcake especially because of Edie. Hired-man Mister Dan greeted her with, "Hello-o there! If it isn't my little sweetheart!"

The other hired man, whom Edie had not seen before, said, "Gosh sakes! We've got a little lady with us!"

"This is our little guest," Auntie Page explained. "Edie, this is Mister Fred."

Mister Fred smiled at Edie all over his round, sun-browned face. Mister Dan glared at him fiercely and said, "Hey, you Fred. Behave yourself, now. Edie's my girl."

Hilda said, "You boys both behave yourselves. Quit annoying Edie."

Edie, listening and smiling politely, was thinking back in her mind: Guest . . . guest. Being a guest sounded much more important than just visiting. It sounded wonderful.

The hours flying. Bedtime . . . Auntie Page helping her into her pretty nightie, helping her into the big guest-bed. The feather tick cushioned around her, shutting her into soft darkness. Morning . . . waking to the magic of the white room, the deep, soft bed, and a whole new day full of wonders and fun. Another bedtime—and suddenly thinking of Mama and Papa, Jackie and Louise and Baby-Sister-Celia. Lying awake, wondering if they were getting on all right without her.

**R**EMEMBERING, Edie just couldn't figure out where the wrongness began. It must have crept over the world in the night—that second night, while everyone slept.

Because nothing was right, this morning. Solomon wouldn't romp. Vi'let-Doll didn't care about anything. The whatnot figures had somehow faded. The kitchen food smells made a queer sick feeling in Edie's stomach. Cutting roses for Auntie Page wasn't fun like yesterday; the garden perfumes were unsweet, the sun was too hot on her head. Out across the green fields, heat waves were quivering; their silvery mist jiggled the river and trees and the hills which hid Papa's and Mama's house. Edie wandered miserably about, keeping close to the house. Space had become changed, fearsome. The orchard, yesterday so near and so nice, today seemed far away and frightening.

It was when Auntie Page called her to come in to dinner, that Edie suddenly guessed the meaning of it all. Dinner? Why, it ought to be suppertime by now! Unbelieving, she looked up at the sky . . . and there was the sun, all right, fiery-blazing, high up. . . .

Something had happened to time! That was it. No morning in all the world could be *this* long. It couldn't be right. *Something had happened to time!*

That explained it all—why it seemed such ages and ages since she said goodbye to Mama and Jackie and Louise; why Solomon and Vi'let-Doll had not cared to play . . . (cats are so wise, and dolls

know many secrets!) . . . and why Auntie Page's smile had been worried, when Edie brought in the roses. She had known the something. . . .

Edie stood still, there by the house wall, shocked and tense, until Auntie Page came looking for her.

"Didn't you hear me call you, dearie?" And anxiously, "You are all right, aren't you, Edie?"

"I think I . . . don't want any dinner, Auntie Page."

"Oh, my goodness! But of course you do. All little girls want dinners." Cheerfully Auntie Page took Edie's hand and led her around to the back porch.

There by the kitchen door, at the washstand, with its white basin and pitcher, its splasher with a long-legged pink bird among willows, Edie stopped to wash her face and hands. The pink bird's one eye leered at her scornfully, without friendliness. When she went inside, she felt a queer tension filling the kitchen. Everyone looked quickly at her and began talking in cheerful tones just like Auntie Page's.

**E**DIIE knew very well what *that* meant. It was like the time it rained so hard, when Papa was away. It rained and rained until the river came up out of its bed, spread over the fields and came close to the house; and Mama and Louise had queer, heavy looks in their eyes, and had gone around talking constantly in that too-cheerful way. Pretending they weren't scared . . . pretending things were all right. . . .

Just like these grown-ups in Auntie Page's kitchen, now. *They*

knew something was wrong; their knowing was in the glances which tried to hide their worry; knowing was in their voices, too bright, too hearty. They knew something was wrong—without knowing what would happen next! Their knowing and their uncertainty crowded around Edie like a thick, silent curtain.

Presently Edie couldn't stand it any more. Tears swimming up back of her eyelids, she put her spoon down and said, "I . . . I just can't, Auntie Page."

Amid complete stillness Auntie Page helped her off the great, big book, gently down to the floor. "Maybe we'd better have a rest, shall we, dearie?"

The guest room, with green blinds pulled down, was dim and cool and quiet; but it was a quietness which roared inside Edie's ears so sleep could not come. She wished she could hear Mama talking to her, or Jackie shouting at play, or Baby-Sister-Celia cooing, or even crying. Time had become so long, so awfully long! *Maybe today was never going to end at all!* Maybe there would never be a Friday to go home to Mama. . . .

She stayed on the bed, her body stiff, her eyes wide, until Auntie Page came back. While Edie started putting on her shoes, Auntie Page sat looking on. Auntie Page looked sad, Edie thought.

"Would you like to go home now, Edie?"

Edie was so surprised she jerked her shoelace clear away from the hole it almost had gone through. She looked up, feeling her face grow warm and alive. "Oh, yes! Oh,

please—can I?" And her mouth screwed up all crookedly as she tried to explain: "I need to see my Mama."

Auntie Page lifted her up and held her tight against her white waist; its crisp ruffles scratched Edie's cheek, but she didn't care. Her arms went tight around Auntie Page's neck.

"I thought so, dearie. I guess two whole days is a long time for a little girl to be away from her Mama, the first time," Auntie Page was saying gently.

THE ache in Edie's heart lessened as she watched Auntie Page put all the things back into the satchel. Auntie Page's smile looked queerly twisted; her spectacles had little gray clouds in their middles.

A long, long time later the shiny black buggy turned into the lane between the rows of clover, near the brown house. Edie saw Louise come out of the door, stand a minute and disappear. Then Mama came hurrying out, looked, and started running down to the gate. Mama looked scared, for sure!

"Now, now, Bessie! Nothing's wrong, nothing at all!" Auntie Page called out in that extra-cheerful way. And as soon as they were together, there at the gate, she began talking in letters—spelling something she didn't want Edie to know. "Just h-o-m-e-s-i-c-k, Bessie. That's all."

For once, Edie didn't care. She was too happy, being hugged so by Mama.

After a few minutes, Auntie Page was saying, "No, thank you, Bessie; I'd better start right back. It'll soon



be supertime. I should have started earlier, but . . . well, until I'd seen her *after* she rested, I really hoped to keep her till tomorrow at least. We loved having her. Next time will be easier, of course—you'll come and visit us again soon, won't you, Edie?"

Edie nodded, suddenly remembering all the times Auntie Page had wished for "a little girl like you, dearie" . . . and understanding dimly how Auntie Page needed to borrow her, to make the big stone house less lonely. Thinking of this, Edie nodded again, faster and harder, and said, "Oh, yes! Can—may I, Mama?"

"Little precious!" Auntie Page said, and kissed her. Then she got up into the buggy again, and turned it around and drove away down the lane.

Louise was scraping new potatoes in the kitchen. She said, "Hello, there. Didja have a nice visit?" And before Edie could answer, she added, "Run along now, chick. Out from underfoot while I'm cookin'!"

It seemed as if Edie had never been away!

She went out in back, still wondering. Everything had been so wrong—but now everything was just like before. But there was, still, something she couldn't understand.

All at once Jackie was running from under the lilac bush, running as fast as his chubby legs could come.

"Where was you?" he demanded. "I looked an' looked an' you wasn't there!"

Edie felt suddenly tall and wise. She swished her skirts importantly

as she told him, "Why, didn't you know? I was—away. I was being a guest."

He looked at her with emptiness in his eyes. He was too little to understand about being a guest, she thought. . . . Just as she was too little, she supposed, to understand about what had happened to time, today. Whatever it was, it must be all fixed up, now. But if she could only *understand*, she could be sure . . . she could stop worrying about it.

Long after sleep time came in the cozy bedroom where Jackie already slumbered in his crib, Edie lay in her bed, puzzling. In the sitting room, Mama was singing softly as she tended Baby-Sister-Celia; her voice floated soothingly into Edie's thoughts. The door was partly open, and through its narrow space Edie could see Papa sitting at his desk, getting ready to write a letter.

"Bessie," he said suddenly and surprisedly loud, "do you know what date this is?"

A pause, and Mama answered, "June twenty-first, dear."

"Uh-huh! Know what that means? The longest day of the year, honey."

"Why, it is, isn't it!" Mama said, surprised, too. "I hadn't thought a thing about it. Well, my goodness. The longest day."

Edie tensed, caught her breath. So *that* was it! She snuggled into her pillow, and swift, glad comfort eased through her. She hadn't been mistaken, and she was big enough to understand it. It wasn't that something was *wrong!* It had been simply and really, the longest day of the year.

# The Family Hour

Alberta O. and Roy W. Doxey\*

“**M**OTHER, when are we going to have Family Hour?” is not an infrequent question from one of our four children. This query comes from Cheryl, the youngest, age three, to Douglas, our oldest child, who is about to receive the Aaronic Priesthood upon graduation from the Primary. We have felt that the Family Hour makes a contribution, among many other very worthwhile values to such important events and as a preparation for baptism for the other children.

There are some practices we observe which appear to be of more than usual interest to all members of the family, and we believe the variety of the programs accounts for the children looking forward to them with anticipation.

We have the children indicate their preference for the particular program to be presented. Although this is the ruling principle in our practice, guidance in the form of suggestions from the parents preserves variety and what we consider a proper balance between the secular and the spiritual. We have felt that, in the main, there should be a religious objective in everything that is done, although the most popular single feature of the Family Hour is the showing of home movies, a hobby in the family for over ten years through which we are accomplishing a principal objective. The maternal and paternal grandfathers of the children passed

away several years ago, but the knowledge and memory of them are kept alive through this medium. For the children to see their grandfathers “alive,” walking and associating with their grandmothers and other living members of the family, is a great blessing. It is hoped that by this means the Latter-day Saint idea of love of family heritage under the patriarchal order may be fostered. We also found that during the fifteen years we lived in the East away from our relatives, movies showing cousins, aunts, uncles, and others were the best means of keeping before the children these family relationships. Since we have recorded the life of each child in colored movies from the time each was three weeks old, all have the delight of seeing themselves as infants, of watching birthdays, Christmases, and all the wonderful well-remembered days of childhood pass in review. Kimball, age six, never tires of seeing himself as a two-year-old with long curls, and being shorn of them in the barber’s chair.

Then, too, movies of Douglas’ baptism in the Susquehanna River at the approximate point where Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery baptized each other under the direction of John the Baptist, serve to re-emphasize this ordinance and provide an opportunity to teach the other children the meaning and purpose of baptism to which ordinance Clarke Benson, age sev-

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en, is now looking forward. An impressive event occurred as we were leaving the bank of the river following the baptism. The sun had not shone all day; the sky was dark and cloudy. But just as we were leaving the bank of the river following the baptism, we looked back upon the scene and saw that the sun had broken through the overcast, and was shining down in a circle upon the spot where Douglas had been baptized. It seemed to us as though heaven had acknowledged the event which had just taken place.

Birthday anniversaries of the children are always observed in our home with the traditional home-baked cake carrying the appropriate number of candles. To preserve the memory of the event and, above all, the memory of their little friends who attend the party, movies record the traditional blowing out of the candles and related activities. Each child always appears interested in seeing his birthday party, the Christmases, and other special events in his life, and to recall friends, some of whom have not been seen for years. Especially is this true of Douglas' Eastern friends.

A comedy or cartoon livens up our movie programs. Cowboy movies and pictures of the army and navy in commercially produced movies of news events during World War II years, are rated high in interest and serve to maintain interest in other offerings which have higher objectives.

**T**HE phonograph also has its place in our Family Hour. Children's stories and songs make a hit.

This is another effective means of teaching gospel lessons through Bible stories. The current series of Bible stories on phonograph records received through *The Deseret News* serve very well in this connection. Some semi-classical and classical numbers also find their place in our programs when records are enjoyed.

Among the family hours most treasured are those spent with the grandmothers. Here eighty-year-old Grandmother Doxey tells how, when she was very young, she was taken to Salt Lake City to attend a conference session. There, with her mother, she listened to President Brigham Young. Other stories about great-grandmother and great-grandfather crossing the plains as pioneers find interested listeners each time they are told.

Equally interesting are the hours spent with seventy-seven-year-old Grandmother Opheikens, when, with the children seated all about her on the living room floor, she relates the wonderful experiences of her childhood among the windmills and canals of Holland. Always there follows the wondrous story of her conversion to the gospel of Jesus Christ and the marvelous blessings that come from being a good Latter-day Saint.

The old true and tried method of teaching stories from the Book of Mormon and the Bible by telling the stories is used also. For a family with the age range of ours, we have found that the use of pictures, cut-outs, and other illustrative material, is most effective. Rainy Sunday afternoons are used to gather the children around the

table, there to color the cut-outs or pictographs from the *Our Promised Land* series. As stories of The Book of Mormon are told, the characters of the book come to life on a large flannel board. Inasmuch as our Family Hours have the principal objective of making Latter-day Saints of our children, we try to bring into these hours those activities which build desires to accomplish Latter-day Saint objectives. We have therefore taken occasion to tell missionary stories in the hope that the missionary desire will be engendered. The home movies assist here also because of our many pictures of missionaries and of some of the General Authorities who toured the

Eastern States Mission with us while we were there.

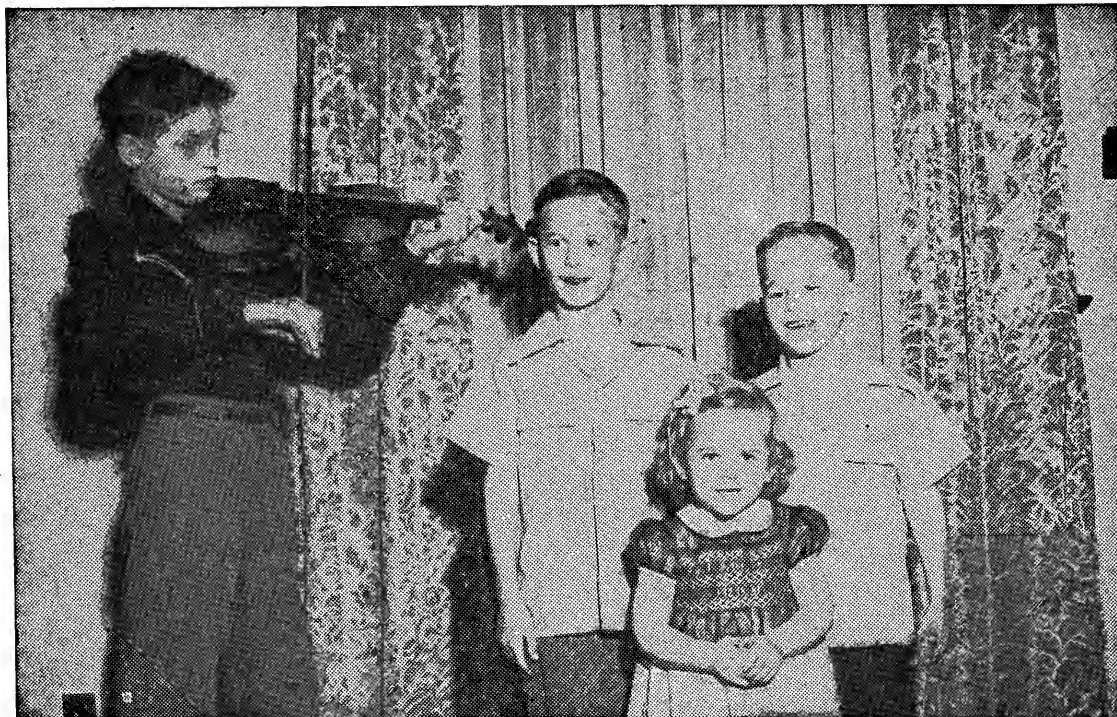
Individual participation sometime during each program is a "must," even though there may be some repetition. Recitations learned in school, Sunday School, Primary, or taught at home, with songs from various members of the family, give development. Douglas is learning to play the violin, so his contribution helps this phase of the hour, while Clarke and Kimball contribute vocal duets. At one time, when the children were called upon to give the names of the first few books of The Book of Mormon, Clarke's excited reply evoked some laughter when he said: "I know! I know! First Nephi, Second Nephi,



Willard Luce

#### MOVING PICTURES FOR THE FAMILY HOUR

Elder Roy W. Doxey, his wife, Alberta O. Doxey, and their children (left to right): Douglas, Cheryl, Kimball, and Clarke Benson.



Willard Luce

## MUSIC FOR THE FAMILY HOUR

The Doxey children, left to right: Douglas, Clarke Benson, Cheryl, and Kimball

Third Nephi, and Baptism by Emergency!"

"Freshments"—as the little ones call them—are a very important part of the Family Hour. These may consist of dinner dessert held over, or, if mother has had a very busy day—a box of raisins or nuts serves the purpose. Homemade candy, popcorn, or cookies are delicacies always welcomed. Popcorn balls and apples are never failing favorites with the children.

The Family Hour in summertime calls for outdoor activities. They take the form of short trips to nearby points of historical interest, picnics in the city parks, beautiful scenic drives in the mountains, and swimming parties. Church history, songs, and rounds are learned, and each child has opportunity to recite

favorite verses as we drive along. Canyon picnics have given our scout-age son a chance to demonstrate his recently-acquired knowledge of scout lore. New games are learned.

One Family Hour, still in the planning stage, is even now anticipated. Our plans are to start out very early some lovely spring morning for the "This Is the Place Monument." Here each child old enough will treat some phase of the pioneer story. Daddy will give an especially prepared talk, and then, in the beautiful early morning sunshine, each member of the family will have opportunity to bear his testimony, down to three-year-old Cheryl, who quite often says, "Let's talk about the gospel."

(Continued on page 279)



# Father Was a Good Provider

*Inez Bagnell*

I knew the groceries had arrived because the delivery truck backed out of the driveway just as Mom and I came hurrying up the walk. Mom was limping a little as those comfortable shoes Father had bought her had been pinching her feet all afternoon while we shopped.

"I'll get these shoes off, and we'll hurry dinner, Elizabeth," said Mom. With one shoe in her hand, she stopped at the kitchen door.

Father was already home from his law office and was acting queer. He was holding a bottle of large ripe olives up in front of him and it looked like those olives were on trial for their lives.

"Olives!" he said, "extra large fancy jumbo! I suppose that refers to the price."

He pawed through the grocery box and came up with both hands full of canned goods.

"There was a time when women were ashamed to feed their families out of a tin can," he said. "I can remember back when paper sacks and tin cans were considered sufficient grounds for divorce. What in tarnation is gelatin? And nuts, dates, vanilla, whipping cream! What am I doing, feeding my family or running a French pastry establishment?"

"I'm having some of the ladies in tomorrow," said Mom.

"You mean you aren't going to make me another date cake?"

Mom laughed. "Some lawyer you turned out to be, Roger, dear.

You just defeated your own argument. Case dismissed. The defense is going to rest. And I do mean rest!" Mom sank into a chair and pulled off her other shoe.

"Hand me that blue can of stuff, Roger. That's one thing you can't call an extravagance. It's a can of foot balm and I'm going to rub it on my blisters."

Father had picked up her shoes and was holding them up in the air admiring them, so I handed her the foot balm. "A nice looking pair of shoes," he said, "even if I did pick them out myself. They look sensible and comfortable, like shoes were meant to look."

"They pinch," said Mom.

"Women always buy such silly shoes. They forget that fundamentally shoes were intended for walking, so they go hobbling and teetering all over the streets. There was a lady in the shoe store with feet about the same size as yours, and she tried them on for me and said they were very comfortable."

"As a general rule, I prefer my shoes bought to fit my own feet," Mom said darkly.

By then she had her stockings off and Father sucked in his breath as he saw the big red blisters on her toes. "Elizabeth, get the iodine and some bandage, quick!"

Father told Mom to sit and rest, and he broiled steaks and lectured her. "I tell you, Grace, the trouble with the world today is too many flummy-diddles, too much folderol. Every day the courts are full of



divorces, and do you know what causes them?" He waggled his finger under Mom's nose. "People are helpless and extravagant. They have to have everything done for them!"

HE grabbed a knife and started to cut himself a slice of the big chocolate cake. He stopped with the knife in midair. "I see you got this at the bakery. Nowadays, women miss all the thrill of cooking." He started to cut the cake.

"Put the lid back," said Mom. "I'll feed it to the birds."

Father hummed as he cut the cake. He put the steak on a platter, added a can of mushrooms and a bottle of catsup. He opened the olives and helped himself to six just like they had never been on trial.

"Grace," he asked, "did I ever tell you about when our family used to live on the ranch? We used to buy everything in quantity. We'd only go to the store about once a month and we ate like kings for practically nothing."

For dessert Mom took a tray of pink pistachio nut ice cream out of the refrigerator.

Father had eaten about half his dish before he thought of something. "My mother used to have great sport freezing ice cream. Women now are missing all the fun."

"Roger Henderson," Mom said, "do you mean to tell me that you would enjoy that ice cream more if you knew that I personally chased the cow down and got the cream and shinnied up a tree to hunt for pistachio nuts and cracked ice from

the river to put in the freezer and turned it by hand for hours? Do you?"

Father just smiled, and Mom jumped up and started on the dishes.

"Father said he'd do the dishes, remember?" I said.

"Elizabeth, do the dishes," he said. "Your mother's tired."

"Never mind," said Mom. "It isn't like I had to build a bonfire and heat water from the creek to do them. All I have to do is put them in my modern labor-saving, thrill-killing, divorce-provocating electric dish washer. My, I'm almost ashamed to be getting them done so easily."

Father went in the front room to read the paper.

"Mom," I said, "are we awfully poor or is Father stingy?"

"No, Elizabeth, your Father is very generous. It's just that he gets these streaks and he can't forget that they did things differently on the ranch. He worries about all the trouble he sees in the courts, and since he can't do much about the whole world, he starts in on us here at home."

When we went in the living room Father had those shoes of Mom's looking at them again. "Remind me to pick up some mutton tallow tomorrow, and I'll rub it into these for you. Mother always rubbed mutton tallow into our shoes to preserve the leather. Say, you must have walked all over town today to get those blisters."

"We hunted material for Elizabeth's dance costume," said Mom.

"She ought to be learning something useful," said Father.

"Maybe we could apprentice her out to learn a trade," Mom said.

"No one would have her. She's too spoiled," said Father. "Girls nowadays aren't taught to do anything useful or to take any responsibilities. Then, when they get married and find out there isn't a money tree out in the back yard, they run home to Mama and get a divorce. I want Elizabeth taught the responsibilities of life." He was wagging his finger at Mom's nose again. "I want her to learn that she can't leave her husband and run home to us the first little thing she doesn't like."

I began to cry. "I don't want to have a marriage and a divorce yet. I'm only ten. Why can't I just live here like I am?" I ran and threw myself on the couch, sobbing loudly.

Father ran over and picked me up in his arms and started cuddling me. "There, there, don't cry. Grace, how many times have we agreed that we must be careful what we say in front of our child? After all, she's only a baby."

**T**HE next morning at breakfast Father had news for me. "Your mother has asked me to take over the buying for the house for her," he said. "You'll soon see a change around here. You won't see me running to the store every five minutes to bring back a quarter's worth of potatoes. I'll buy in bulk. Did I ever tell you about when we lived on the ranch?"

"Yes," Mom said quickly. "You ate beans by the peck. And you always ate by candlelight. It was romantic."

"Yes," said Father. "And my father taught all his boys to eat well, work hard, and to stand on their own two feet."

"Isn't Uncle Eddie your father's boy?" I asked.

"Of course he is. Why?"

"Does he stand on his own feet? I've heard you tell Mom he leans on you and borrows money from you, and never pays it back and just comes to see you to eat your chocolates and borrow things . . ."

"Elizabeth! Hush this instant!" said Father.

"That's what you say," I said. "You say he mooches, and Aunt Marie feels sorry for herself, and you're tired of loaning . . ."

"Elizabeth, in the future please pay more attention to your own affairs and not to things that don't concern you."

"Shall I make out a grocery list each day?" asked Mom.

Father laughed. "No, that isn't the way I'll do it. I'll only go to the store about every two weeks."

**T**HE last time Father went on a foodbuying fling he bought eleven bushels of over-ripe peaches from a fruit peddler. Mom canned them, dried, jammed, and preserved them. We still have scads of peach preserves in the basement, but for some reason we don't like them.

Toward evening Father's provisions began arriving. There were cases of milk, sacks of flour and potatoes, five hundred pounds of sugar, and a gunny sack full of red beans. That night he came up on the back porch staggering under what turned out to be a quarter of beef. He dropped it down. "I

wonder if I can carry in the rest of it.”

“The rest?” asked Mom. “You mean there’s more?”

“Yes,” replied Father. “I bought a whole beef. The farmer I got it from said he had to kill the whole thing at once.”

“We’ll have to buy one of those home freezers, won’t we?”

“On the ranch my mother used to take what we couldn’t use up and fry it, put it in a barrel and pour grease over it.”

“We’ll get a home freezer.” Mom sounded like it wouldn’t pay to trifle with her.

“Okay. Okay,” said Father. “I’ll see to it. But that’s the trouble with women nowadays. Lost all their pioneer spirit.”

The next day we were delivered a new home freezer, and a man came and cut the meat all up and wrapped it.

Father came home happy again that night. He had a big wooden barrel and several sacks of cabbage. “I’m going to make a barrel of sauerkraut like Father used to,” he said. “Yum, yum!”

They sliced cabbage on the back porch all evening and dumped it in the barrel. “Is that all you do to it?” Mom asked.

“Yes, as I recall, it just has to sour and start working.”

“I hope you recall correctly,” said Mom. “That’s fifty cabbages.”

The meals didn’t really get bad for several days because Mom had some things on hand. But we were always out of something and Father never bought such unnecessary items as nuts, dates, vegetables, or

green stuff. Just plenty of meat, potatoes, and beans.

A few days later he brought home a whole pork.

“A whole pork?” asked Mom.

“Yes,” said Father. “I asked the farmer if he wouldn’t kill just a ham and a slab of bacon, but he was a stubborn fellow. I’m going to home-cure it like father used to do. I’ll rub it with salt and wrap it up and put it in one of those drawers on the porch.”

“While you’re out there, take a look at that sauerkraut.”

Father took the lid off the barrel and sniffed. “It’s coming fine. It’s just starting to season.”

“I didn’t know there was a season in the world that smelled like that,” was Mom’s answer.

**T**HE next day Mom kept taking the lid off the sauerkraut barrel, then putting it back quick. “Fifty cabbages at thirty cents each,” she said. “No wonder it smells so rich.”

For dinner that night we had roast beef, potatoes, and beans, and for dessert, peach preserves. The next night we had the same thing. Then Father went out on the porch to look at his pork.

“It smells funny,” said Mom.

“It’s starting to season. I’ll rub more salt on it.”

“While you’re out there look at the sauerkraut,” said Mom.

Father looked at the sauerkraut and it was growing whiskers. “It doesn’t look quite right,” he said. “I’ll just skim the top wave off.” He skimmed the top wave off the sauerkraut and took it out back of the garage and buried it.

The next night at dinner Mom said, "Roger, aren't you a little tired of this meal? Wouldn't you rather I'd take the shopping back. I know you're terribly busy."

"What's the matter with this meal?" he inquired. "There are plenty of families in the world who would be glad to have a meal like this. I love peach preserves." He ate a very small spoonful.

That night he rubbed more salt on the pork. The sauerkraut had grown more whiskers, so he buried another wave of it behind the garage. "Those cabbages must have been frostbitten," he said.

The next morning Father said, "Grace, on second thought, I'm so busy, maybe you should make me a list of the things we need each week. I'll shop once a week."

All day long whenever Mom thought of something she'd write it down till the list covered a whole page. The next morning when she handed it to Father he made a snorting noise. "I can see there are a lot of unnecessary items on here," he said.

Mother was hopping mad when she unpacked the groceries that afternoon. "Elizabeth, guess what we're having for dinner? We're having beef, potatoes, beans, and peach preserves. Your Father has crossed everything else I ordered off the list."

Just then the phone rang. "Why, hello, Eddie, how nice," Mom said. "You and Marie be sure to come and have dinner with us."

Mom started to smile and hurry around and plan. Then she stopped smiling, got a pencil and made a list. "Come on, we're going to the

store. If your Uncle Eddie and Aunt Marie ate what we've been eating I'd be embarrassed to death."

We went out on the back porch and started for the door. But Mom turned her ankle on a gunny sack full of rice and almost fell down. She sat down and rubbed her ankle.

"Rice!" she yelled. "A whole hundred pound sack of rice, but I can't have one small can of baking powder." She stood there hesitating. "Well, come on," she said.

Outside, we saw Sandy, the neighbor's cocker spaniel, and two other dogs dragging something out from behind the garage. It looked like a ham, only I'd never seen green ham before.

"That looks like your Father's pork," Mom said. "I wonder . . ."

**WE** went out on the porch and looked in the drawers and they were empty, except for a bad smell.

"I knew Father was burying something last night," I said, "but I thought it was just another wave off the sauerkraut."

Mom went back in the house and took off her coat. "What's good enough for us ought to be good enough for them," she decided.

She cooked dinner and set the table with some long candles. Then she put on those home comfort shoes that pinched, and limped down to the basement. I saw her take the fuse plugs out of the light meter and put them in her dress pocket.

Father, Uncle Eddie, and Aunt Marie came before it was dark. Uncle Eddie and Father sat on the

porch and talked and I sat and listened. Uncle Eddie told Father about an idea he had to make molasses out of sawdust and how much capital he had to scare up. So I went in the house to show Aunt Marie my new dance costume. Father and Uncle Eddie followed me in.

"I guess I won't be able to wear the costume much," I said. "Father wants me to quit dancing and learn a trade."

"Well, that wasn't exactly what I meant," said Father.

Then I saw Aunt Marie look down at Mom's shoes. Uncle Eddie looked at them, too, and then they looked at each other.

Soon Uncle Eddie began hunting for Father's chocolates. He found one and sniffed at it. "Why, these are no better than the brand I buy."

Father looked apologetic. Mom put on the stewed meat and stuff. It didn't look very fancy. Uncle Eddie and Aunt Marie looked funny at each other some more.

"How is the law profession lately?" asked Uncle Eddie.

"Fine. Busier than ever."

"I always knew there'd be a slump in the law business."

"Well, there isn't," denied Father. "Say, turn on the lights. It's getting dark in here."

Mom jumped up and lighted the candles.

"I still can't find my beans," complained Father.

"I thought you liked candlelight," said Mom.

"It's all right but we need a little more of it." He got up and clicked the light switch. He tried the

kitchen light. "Phone the power company and tell them to come and fix our lights."

"I heard about some people who didn't pay their light bill," I said. "The company came and turned their lights off."

Father glared at me. "I always pay my light bill."

"Anyone might forget to pay their bill," said Aunt Marie.

"I said my light bill was paid." Father sounded cross.

"Okay," said Uncle Eddie. "It's a good story, so stick to it."

Father opened his mouth twice, but no sound came out.

"Lots of families are economizing these days," suggested Aunt Marie.

Uncle Eddie speared a piece of beef on his fork. "Personally, I have always preferred plain, cheap food."

"If you are referring to that piece of beef," Father yelled, "let me inform you that the critter cost me something over three hundred dollars all told. And we are not economizing. This month I have spent seven hundred dollars for groceries."

UNCLE Eddie shook his head sadly. Even I could see he and Aunt Marie were pitying Father.

They didn't stay long after dinner. Uncle Eddie said he had to hurry and see a man about a proposition. Father followed them out on the porch to say goodbye. He came back in looking stunned. He sat down and turned a ten-dollar bill over and over in his hand.

"Grace," he exploded, "he actually gave me ten dollars on what he owes me and said if I ever needed anything to call on him. He didn't

even ask me to loan him money. What's my money good for, if not to help my family when they need it?"

He jumped to his feet. "Grace, do you think he actually thought we were down to bedrock? What could have given him that impression?"

Mom hurried into the kitchen to clean up dishes in the dark, and Father paced around the living room like a caged lion. After a while he came in the kitchen and held out his hand. "I begin to catch on," he said. "Give me the fuses. I saw them in your apron pocket. I have been framed."

Mom gave them to him and he went down in the basement. She sighed with relief and turned on the electric dish washer. Soon we heard him chuckling to himself in the living room, so Mom and I went in.

"Is something funny?" she asked.

"Grace, I've just decided what's the matter with the world."

"Yes?" asked Mom cautiously.

"Yes," father repeated, "too many people get to thinking that money is the most valuable thing in life. They try to scrimp and save it. Grace, money should be used to purchase the comforts and pleasures of life it is possible to buy. What other earthly good is the stuff? Can you tell me?"

Mom blinked. "You'll have to wait for me," she remarked. "I follow but from a distance."

"If men would quit being so stingy there wouldn't be so many poor little helpless women cluttering up the divorce courts."

Father had a dewy look around

the eyes. "For what other reason would a man work and slave except to provide a few comforts for the ones he loves?" He reached down to pull Mom to him and I got in the middle. He looked down at me.

"Elizabeth, run down to the drugstore and buy two quarts of pink pistachio nut ice cream and all the syrup and nuts they'll sell you."

As I left, Father had Mom's shoes holding them up in front of him. "Those are without doubt the ugliest pair of shoes I have ever encountered," he said.

I hurried and bought the ice cream and all the trimmings. As I came to our back door, Sandy, the cocker spaniel, jumped out of the ash can with one of Mom's home comfort shoes. The way he chewed on it he must have been starved for mutton tallow.

Father loaded our dishes with ice cream and syrup and nuts. "Isn't it wonderful," he remarked, "the luscious confections that a family can have nowadays without any trouble at all?"

"Father," I asked, "did you have pink pistachio nut ice cream when you were on the ranch?"

Father had a lump of ice cream on his spoon the size of a door knob. "We didn't have many things to eat on the ranch," he said. "It's a wonder we didn't all die of beri beri, scurvy, and malnutrition, but we didn't."

I can't figure Mom out. Here she had the most wonderful opportunity to crow, but for the next five minutes I didn't hear a sound except the three of us crunching nuts.





Josef Muench

PEAR ORCHARD, CARMEL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA



*Do You Remember?*

Grace Sayre

The rain-wet dogwood bursts along the land,  
Its tinted blossoms opal as the day;  
Beside the stream, the silver, slanting rain  
Repeats its song of spring. Yet again  
The reaching ferns unroll their fronds of gay,  
Soft feathers for the trillium's white bells  
Unfolding for the advent of new spring;  
Mark now the flash of bluebirds on the wing.

Do you remember how the soft, sweet rain  
Opened the showy balls of white pear bloom?  
The rain that dripped in silver on each pane,  
Washing away the darkness and the winter—  
Do you remember? Do you still recall  
Its cleansing heart and soul from dark and gloom?

# A Frame for Happiness

Ora Pate Stewart

**A**LICIA WEBSTER looked through the large plate glass window that framed the flowering quince tree blooming in the front yard. Under the flowering quince her children, Catherine and Waverly, aged seven and four, were playing for the moment contentedly. Beyond the tree and the children and the spacious lawn ran the white lattice fence like a starched edging of stiff lace. And beyond the fence stood an impressive looking mail box, carefully lettered with the name, *J. Barnett Webster*. The mail box was one of the things that came with living so far out. And Alicia didn't mind the ruralness of it.

"Someday," Barnett had told her in those struggling days of depression when they were trying so hard to finish college, "we will buy a lovely hill at the edge of the suburbs; and we will build a house—a rambly one, with big shiny windows and a flowering quince tree in front. And you will never have to play another concert or give a music lesson again."

That someday had come. And Alicia thought, with a little pang of longing, of the dusty old cello that had been stored in the attic at her mother's for so many years. She looked at her slender fingers. They were whiter now, and there were no traces of the toughened ends, those sensitive tips that had always found just the right place on the strings and molded the tones as a sculptor molds his clay into living spirit. People had once trained their bi-

noculars upon those fingers, But they wouldn't now. Women at luncheons sometimes asked what lotion she used. And the girl at the glove counter always remarked about them. But something had gone from those hands, and Alicia knew it.

She looked beyond the mailbox and down the lane that led to the foot of their little hill. At the foot of the hill the McDermott's residence sprawled with all its little outbuildings and machinery. The McDermott house was small and squatty, and was covered all over with brown shingles that had curled and wrinkled in the weather, making the house look like an angry brown thrush with its feathers ruffled against life in general. The outbuildings had lost what character they once had; and the machinery managed only to give the aspect of junk.

The McDermotts had eight children, each with a haircut patterned from the same bowl, boys and girls alike. And on wash days the laundry, all colors homogenized into a dull blur, swung from the barbed wire fences. The fences ran everywhere, because the McDermotts had ten chickens, two pigs, one cow, and a goat. As an item was needed, a towel, a pair of overalls, or a change for the baby, the clothes came down from the fence, one at a time. Sometimes the sections surrounding the goat all came down the same day.

Across the lane from the McDermotts, and two hundred yards be-

yond, set back behind a stately row of poplars, was the sheltered estate of Amy English. Amy had always had position and had lived in the greatest comfort. Alicia had known her in high school. She wondered now if it could have been envy that had made Amy make fun of her and her cello in those painful, far-away days. Amy was very nice to her now, even solicitous. But Alicia felt genuinely sorry for her. Amy had had no cello to shape her younger years, and she had no children to mold her life around now. She merely had the wealth she had always had; and Alicia knew that that was not enough.

**I**T was queer. The McDermotts had so many children, and no money. And Amy English had so much money, and no children. And she, Alicia Webster, who had once been considered poor, was now considered rich, and had two wonderful children as well.

"I wouldn't trade with anybody," Alicia said to herself. "Still, it would be nice to have eight children as sweet as Catherine and Waverly."

I am not a very good neighbor, she thought. Surely there is something I could do for the McDermotts. And what could be done for Amy English? Her need is just as great. And here am I with everything; and what am I doing about it?

Just then some childish difference disrupted the quiet of the scene under the flowering quince, and Alicia went out to investigate. As she suspected, the girl was commanding the fleet, and the boy had one ship that he was determined to

man. Alicia divided the navy into equal properties, and smooth sailing was again maintained. But while she was doing this nautical problem she had not noticed that two ladies had walked the length of the lane and were now opening the white lattice gate.

"Good morning, Sister Webster," called an uncertain voice. "We hoped we'd find you at home." Both women looked at the big window. "My, what a beautiful window!" continued the one. "Just like a frame. A frame for the picture of happiness."

"We love our home," Alicia said modestly. "I guess we appreciate it so much because we have worked and waited so long." She had added this last because she had noticed the work-worn hands of her callers, and felt a little pang that her own white hands did not give the impression of usefulness.

"We have to work for everything worthwhile," said the woman, "and sometimes the waiting is as important as the working."

Alicia suspected that the woman had added this last because her work had not yet been rewarded.

"Learn to labor and to wait," Alicia quoted.

"My name is Agnes Mains," the woman announced, "and this is my companion, Martha Hensley. This is not our regular Relief Society visiting day, but we have an errand just the same. As you may know, we are building a new chapel."

Alicia did not know. She was still considered new in the neighborhood, she lived far out, and she had been too occupied to even look up the Church or have her membership

transferred. It was one of the things she was going to do next.

"Come on in," she invited cordially. "I'll get my purse and write you out a check."

"No, we didn't come for money," the woman said. "It's up to the men to raise the money this time, but the ward is having a banquet, and we are helping with the dinner."

**T**HEY climbed the flagstone steps, crossed the tile patio, and came into the living room.

"My, the window is just as much of a picture from this side," said the woman known as Agnes Mains. "That is the wonderful thing about a window. It both gives and takes. It frames the happiness within, and it frames the beauty without."

Alicia had never thought of it in just that way. Agnes Mains was somewhat of a philosopher. "We've always wanted a big window," Alicia said modestly.

"But you musn't let the window hold all the happiness inside the frame," cautioned Agnes Mains. "You must let it give. You must let it show outside."

Yes, thought Alicia, a frame should not be too confining. Just what was it that Mrs. Mains wanted her to give?

"We have come to ask you to do something for the banquet."

Something musical, thought Alicia. "Of course, I'll be glad to do anything I can, but I'm terribly out of practice." She thought of the cello, dusty and out of tune, perhaps even needing a string or two. "I suppose I could work up something. You really ought to have a trio for a banquet, though."

"Oh, yes, we have a lovely trio," agreed Agnes Mains. "The Manwaring sisters are going to play all the while we're eating."

The Manwaring sisters? Alicia had never heard of them. They must have come since her time. As she thought of it, Alicia decided she must have been before their time. Could it be that Agnes Mains had never heard of Alicia and her cello?

"Do you play the piano?" asked Mrs. Mains.

"Oh, not very well," replied Alicia.

"Well, what I was saying, we would like you to do something for the banquet. It is something very special. We want this banquet to be very fine."

Some limbs from the flowering quince? Alicia hoped not. It had just taken a good root.

"I will have some beautiful iris in another week," she offered.

"Oh, the Corless Floral is furnishing all the flowers," said Mrs. Mains.

Just what was Alicia to do for the banquet that was so special, and apparently such a secret?

"We are asking members to bring items of food," Mrs. Hensley enlightened.

"I would be glad to make you a large bowl of potato salad," Alicia volunteered.

"Sister Wanstrath and Sister Harkness are bringing the potato salad," said Mrs. Mains.

"I'm pretty good at graham-cracker pies," suggested Alicia.

"We're having ice cream and cake."

"We're having an awful hard time trying to get someone to make

the rolls," Mrs. Hensley confessed, "and we wondered if you would make two dozen clover-leaf rolls? You have such a beautiful home, and you must give an awful lot of parties, and they always serve rolls." She said it almost like a question.

**Y**ES, Alicia lived in a beautiful house. And she had a lot of parties. And she always served rolls. But Alicia had never made a roll in her life. She had always asked a friend, hired a cook, or gone to the bakery. She was just a little panicky. Why didn't they want her potato salad, or a graham-cracker pie?

"We want this to be a labor of love and good will," said Mrs. Mains. "Every item. . . ."

Alicia stood up. "I just can't bring rolls," she said in anguished tones. "Not clover-leaf rolls."

Why had she never learned to make rolls? It went way back to those dreadful days when there was never any shortening, nor enough sugar, and all the experiments with dough must be left to her mother, who could somehow make flour and water and salt turn into "something to eat" for a hungry brood. The thought of clover-leaf rolls thoroughly frightened Alicia.

"No, I will not be able to help you," Alicia said firmly. Then noticing the helplessness on Mrs. Hensley's face, "Another time perhaps. But not now."

The ladies left, and Alicia watched them through the window as they fastened the white lattice gate and trudged down the lane. They would not stop at the McDermotts. The McDermotts had

nothing to contribute toward a banquet. And they would not stop at the estate of Amy English, as Amy did not belong to the Church. They would trudge all the way back to the car line or to wherever it was they lived, and Alicia would never see them again.

But she didn't feel right about it. Never before had she refused to do anything she had been asked for the Church. If the chorister didn't show up, Alicia had wielded the baton; if a teacher was ill, Alicia could always be depended upon to give a lesson. And once, when a noted performer was detained and couldn't fill an engagement, Alicia had taken her cello and played a complete concert, to the delight of the audience and the cause. Yes, it had always been a part of her religion to do anything that was asked. That was the way one grew. Alicia did not want to stop growing. The ladies were now approaching Amy's gate. What day had they said the banquet would be held? Thursday wasn't it? And this was Monday. Alicia hurried to the phone.

"Amy, oh, Amy, this is Alicia. You see those two women who are passing your gate? I wish you'd run out and stop them. And Amy, tell them that Sister Webster will contribute two dozen clover-leaf rolls for the ward banquet. . . Yes, that's all, Amy. Thanks I'll see you soon."

Alicia did not notice that the steps of Agnes Mains and Martha Hensley were springier after they had passed Amy English's gate. She was busy studying the cookbook.

ON Monday evening, J. Barnett Webster came home to a supper of hot clover-leaf rolls, butter, and jam, with plenty of cold milk.

"There just wasn't any time for anything else," Alicia said apologetically. "I watched the rolls so hard. The waiting is as important as the labor."

J. Barnett ate them and patted Alicia's hand. The little Websters praised them just barely enough, because they were not precisely the best rolls they had ever eaten.

On Tuesday evening the McDermotts were surprised to see Alicia Webster at their door at suppertime with a huge pan of clover-leaf rolls.

If they don't want them, they can always feed them to the pigs, she thought to herself.

"They smell just like a bakery!" shouted one of the little McDermotts. And his smile was so wide that Alicia didn't notice his bowl haircut.

Mrs. McDermott was chopping up some rhubarb. "It's so nice of you to bring us these biscuits. Now you please take some of this pieplant home for a cobbler. We got plenty of it, and you're welcome as can be. Marybelle, you go out and pull Mrs. Webster some fresh pieplant. And be sure to get it where the goat hasn't been."

Alicia talked about the recipes for pieplant cobbler, and went home with a panful of the juicy stalks, and a heart that felt more neighborliness than it had felt since she had moved up on the hill.

On Wednesday evening Alicia put on her crispest frock and carried a pan of steaming rolls over to the estate of Amy English. They were as lovely a batch of clover-leaf

rolls as Amy had ever seen, and she told Alicia so.

"I am so happy that you are my neighbor now," said Amy. "I never felt that I knew you nearly well enough in school. And weren't we silly then? So childish. But my, you have certainly developed. I want to see much more of you, now that we live here side by side. And do bring the children. You'll never know how much I have missed. And I have wanted to talk to you about doing something for the McDermotts for Christmas, or Easter, or something. Let's have it here at my house. Although yours is so new and beautiful. Do come in and let us talk it over."

On Thursday evening Alicia went to the ward banquet. She took J. Barnett and Catherine and Waverly, and Mr. and Mrs. McDermott. Amy English came with her station wagon and all the little McDermotts. And everybody there praised Sister Webster's hot clover-leaf rolls. It was honest praise, because they were the best rolls there.

"They are perfectly wonderful," said Agnes Mains, and Martha Hensley smiled at her gratefully. J. Barnett gave her an understanding smile of praise.

Yes, thought Alicia, we grow by doing what we are asked to do. And she was a happier woman with her new skill. Maybe she would be a little stiff with a cello now. But she would never be afraid of a bread pan again.

As they drove into the driveway that night the lights glinted on the big picture window. Sister Mains was right. No frame should hold all the happiness. It was best to let some of it come out.



# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1892

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

**THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY:** After the death of Eliza R. Snow, which occurred Dec. 5th, 1887, Sister Zina D. Young, who had been her first counselor, took charge until the semi-annual conference of the Church, April 8, 1888, when she was appointed to preside over the Relief Society . . . . October 11, 1888, President Zina Young chose as her first counselor Jane S. Richards, as her second Bathsheba W. Smith; sec. Sarah M. Kimball . . . . One of the most notable features of progress of the Relief Society was the inauguration of annual and semi-annual conferences for women, where special instruction peculiar to their work could be given by the President and her counselors and other experienced women, and where verbal reports could be made by the presidents of stakes or their representatives . . . .

—Editorial

## JUBILEE HYMN

Written March 17, 1892, for the Fiftieth Anniversary of Relief Society

Well may the songs of gladness  
Within these vales resound,  
Hushed every note of sadness,  
And only joy abound . . . .  
The wheels of time have brought us  
With ever onward pace,  
Till fifty years their course have run  
For which we render praise . . . .  
This work in the beginning small  
Will great and greater be,  
Till happy millions gladly keep  
Each coming Jubilee . . . .

—Hannah Cornaby

**EDUCATE WOMAN:** The women of today are very desirous of becoming well educated and having their minds cultivated to as great an extent as possible . . . . A gentleman will wish his mother, sister, and wife, to attain to as high a degree of intelligence as he, himself desires to become, and will aid her in doing so . . . . We must be acquainted with the great issues of the day; the two National Parties. We must decide for ourselves what our politics are . . . . —May Brown

**BIRTHDAY PARTY IN KANAB, UTAH:** On the 15th of March, 1892 by invitation of Sister H. Y. Brown I went to her home and met other sisters there in honor of the birthday of her mother, Sister Persis S. Richards, who reached the ripe age of eighty-six years. Though feeble in body, she has a strong will, and is very industrious; a great lover of plants and flowers and at the present time they afford her much pleasure in tending and caring for them. She is conversant upon subjects of interest abroad; and takes pains to read the important changes taking place among the people she identified herself with in the early days of the Church. She often speaks of her early association with Sisters E. R. Snow, Presendia L. Kimball and Zina D. H. Young. Not being able to meet with us to celebrate the 17th of March, she wrote a few sentiments and testified to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith with whom she was personally acquainted . . . . —Harriet D. Bunting



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**O**N February eighth Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary was proclaimed Queen Elizabeth II. Her father, King George VI, died in his sleep in his country home in Sandringham, and Elizabeth and her consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, immediately flew home from Nairobi, Kenya (Africa); a stop in their planned around-the-world trip. Twenty-five-year-old Elizabeth has two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The new Queen is enthusiastically beloved by the British people, and her consort is also very popular.

**M**IRIAM PARKER, who came to Salt Lake City from Blenheim, South Carolina, because of the Church, recently won a certificate of proficiency from the National Shorthand Reporters Association. This is a top national award presented to only a few stenographers each year. In qualifying, Miss Parker took down court testimony at 200 words a minute for eight minutes.

**S**IXTEEN-year-old girl scout, Nancy Caton, of Presque Isle, Maine, is national president of six thousand chapters of Future Homemakers of America, an organization of high school students taking courses in homemaking.

**Z**ILPHA DIADAMA FULLER EARL, ninety-five, died in Mesa, Arizona, in January 1952. She was born in "The Great Territory of Deseret," near the present site of Las Vegas, Nevada, the first white child born in Nevada. During her years of service as a midwife in the vicinity of Pine, Arizona, she rode horseback, on many occasions as much as forty miles, to assist at births. She was the mother of eleven children, and among her descendants were eight great-great grandchildren.

**M**ORE colleges are open to women than to men in the United States, there being 273 colleges for women only as against 228 for men only. Of an estimated 2,045,000 college enrollment about 705,000 are women, with about 105,000 attending women's colleges; the other 600,000 are in co-educational institutions.

**T**ULANE University has received a \$30,000 grant for research on the B vitamins under direction of Dr. Grace A. Goldsmith, professor of medicine.

**T**HE United States Army's first woman dentist, Captain Helen E. Myers, was commissioned a year ago and has now been sent overseas to a hospital in Trieste.



## *Tabernacle in the Wilderness*

Behold, and hearken, O ye inhabitants of Zion, and all ye people of my church who are afar off, and hear the word of the Lord . . . (D. & C. 70:1).

**W**ITH the return of spring to the mountain valleys, the saints in Zion and those in far places are looking forward to the time of their meeting in general conference in the great Tabernacle on Temple Square. For eighty-five years members of the Church have assembled in this historic building to hear again the voices of their presidents and prophets teaching the principles of the restored gospel.

The Tabernacle, first used for general conference in 1867, was erected by faith and sacrifice, by a people who knew material poverty and spiritual grandeur. The saints return to conference as a people coming home to that which they love and cherish. For them there has always been enduring strength, security, inspiration, and a great peace within the walls of the Tabernacle.

In the early years the saints journeyed to conference from the "far boundaries" in wagons and buggies, on horseback, and many of them walked long distances to hear the words of salvation and to have their faith renewed. Afterwards, their days and weeks were blessed and enlightened by the lasting influence of precious words and lofty music—and the spirit of a united people gathered in worship. It is

as one devoted saint once remarked, upon his return to his farm after attending general conference, "And often, following the furrows, I seem to hear choir music and words of wisdom directing my course in life, even as I follow this furrow."

Now the great Tabernacle cannot hold the multitudes who come to conference, but the words of the prophets and the voice of the organ are carried to far places, and thousands who will never see the Tabernacle—who will never stand within its domed walls—still may enter into the spirit which is there, and they may be partakers of the joy and the uplifting comfort which so abundantly radiate from the sacred walls. And by the written word, the gospel messages are sent to the saints abroad to be long treasured.

And over the years the messages delivered at the general conferences in the Tabernacle have been words of rejoicing, of gratitude for the restoration of the gospel, for the Prophet Joseph Smith and The Book of Mormon, and for the carrying of the message of salvation to the far countries and to the isles of the sea. The saints have heard words of direction for their temporal wel-

fare, and they have been nurtured by eternal truth. They have been advised to build chapels, stake houses, tabernacles, and temples—to build with the strength of lasting stone, and with the beauty of the spirit “which exalteth.” They have been comforted in adversity and sorrow, and they have been instructed regarding their relationship

to “that great banner”—the Constitution of the United States, established “by the hands of wise men . . . raised up unto this very purpose.” And the saints have been instructed regarding that perfect and final government which Jesus will establish upon the earth for its everlasting glory.

—V. P. C.

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## *Easter on the Hills*

Alice Whitson Norton

Across the hills the voice of Easter sings—  
In feathery, leafing elm and budding vine,  
In sycamores that whisper in the sun,  
And storm-lashed oaks above the timberline.

Across the hills the voice of Easter sings—  
In homing birds now nesting in the trees,  
And on the passing winds the whole day long,  
Broadcast, with joyous hearts, their symphonies.

Across the hills the voice of Easter sings—  
Through tender plants now bursting into bloom,  
Each one revealing in a quiet way  
The resurrected Christ—the empty tomb!

## *Emigration*

Lael W. Hill

Already the valley holds warmth from this newest-come season—  
The delicate plumes of the June grass turn golden; deep red  
Appears, with its promise of love on the buds of the roses.  
The perfumes of linden and locust are mingled, wind-spread.

*Spring has gone up to the mountains and sharp-clefted canyons,  
Hiding blue violets there among lingering snows,  
Belatedly touching the maples and aspens with magic,  
Teaching swift water the liquid of song that it knows.*

Already the valley air shimmers in bright premonition;  
The pressure of summer grows firm over meadows and rills  
And, tentative, reaches ahead to the slope that lies nearest—  
Following spring up green trails to the cool of the hills.

# *Notes* TO THE FIELD

## *Delay in Magazine Subscriptions*

Due to unavoidable conditions, the Magazine circulation department has been delayed a few weeks in filling the orders of new and renewal subscribers. We trust that this delay has not caused too much inconvenience to these subscribers. We desire to thank all those who have been so affected for their patience and understanding.

\* \* \* \*

## *Save These Lives*

Furnished by the American Cancer Society, Salt Lake City Division

**FIFTEEN** million Americans will die of cancer by the end of this century unless present mortality rates are altered. Although improved diagnostic and treatment methods have lowered the death rate for some types of cancer, the number of deaths is rising because of our expanding population and its increasing proportion of older people.

Because cancer is nearly always curable when diagnosed in its early stages—and nearly always fatal when undetected until advanced—knowledge of the seven danger signals is of paramount importance. The warning symptoms are:

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 hoarseness or cough.
6. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

These signs do not, of course, point inevitably to cancer, but a physician should always be consulted.

More facts about cancer have been discovered in the last seven years than in the preceding history of the world. By spreading these facts through education and service, the American Cancer Society hopes to save thousands of lives this coming year. This is a much larger problem than might appear at a glance. Education and research become the major objectives of the Cancer Crusade. We need the help of everyone—in funds, time, and ability—to save the lives that can and must be saved.

# Your Flower Garden

*Dorthea Newbold*

Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

**T**HE word garden means a planted place apart—a place enclosed—a protected area. A garden may provide us with a retreat, a place where the family may relax and escape from the pressure and rush of the work-a-day world. Whether the garden area is large or small, it can provide the family with an outdoor area that is an inviting place in which to relax, and which supplements the rooms of the dwelling.

## *Planning the Garden*

When planning a garden some factors to be considered are: Is the space to be devoted to a play area for young people; for the entertaining of all age groups; or is it to be a hobby garden for the plant enthusiast; or is it to be a place of retreat for the aged? When we plan our homes we consider the amount of entertaining that the family does, and the house is constructed to provide ample room for ease of entertainment. Thus must we consider our life, and our habits, when planning a garden.

No matter how well-planned and planted a garden may be, it falls short of the goal of good designing, if, in the judgment of those using the garden, it fails to become an integral part of the dwelling. No matter then, how large or small the garden may be, it should have its definite beginning at the house.

We hear many discussions about the axis of the garden. These may

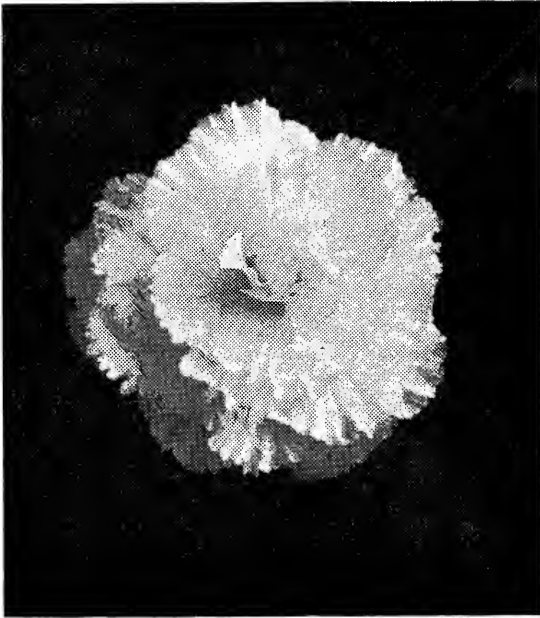
have caused quite a lot of confusion among the large numbers of beginning gardeners who plan and plant their own property. The simplest explanation of what the term axis means and how to adjust your plans to its use, is to regard the axis as the means whereby the beginning of the garden is carried on from a source which is an architectural feature of the dwelling. Very often it is desirable to lead out from the house with an open area of lawn which may be either oval, square, or circular. It may appear that there is no axis uniting the indoors with the outdoors. However, if the lawn area itself is recognized as a garden feature, that is, sharing a common axis with the house, and it is perfectly balanced with whatever architectural features give access to the lawn area (a porch, small patio, or just a plain doorway) then the desired unity is achieved.

In the informal garden no further thought need be given to the axial lines of the area other than to place a feature such as a bird bath, sundial, or a garden seat directly in line with the architectural feature of the house that gives access to the lawn.

## *Enclosures for the Garden*

Enclosed boundary lines for the garden are necessary to make the garden what it was intended to be—a retreat safe from the eyes of the public. The enclosing of the gar-





Josef Muench

### RUFFLED TUBEROUS BEGONIA

den may be accomplished in a number of ways. The use of stone walls in an area where rocks are plentiful is one of the oldest, and still one of the best ways of enclosing a garden. Use of native rocks is recommended then, along with the use of bricks that are of soft or dull grays or browns.

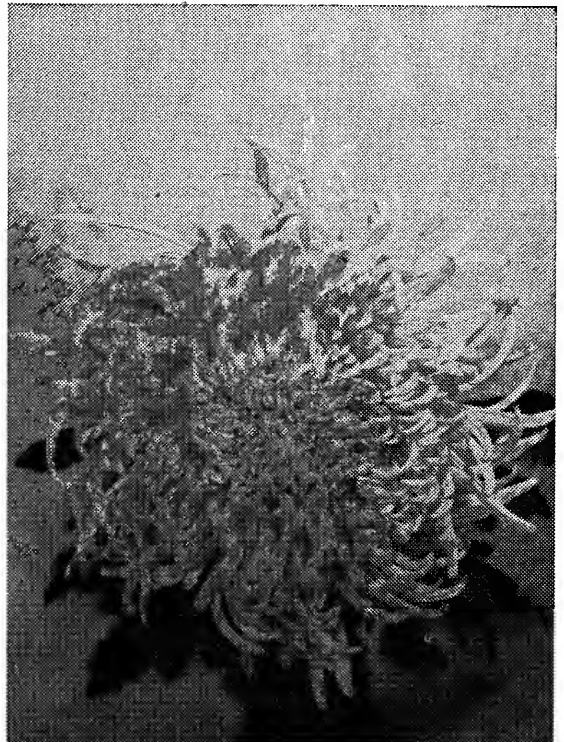
Fences of wood may be made in many new and different patterns. Unlike the old board fences, today's styles will provide the needed privacy and at the same time a complete circulation of air. Usually the fences are stained a nut-brown color rather than painted a stark white, which requires so much labor to keep the fence looking well, and dulls the colors of flowers if they are planted beside the fence.

Inexpensive wire fences may be used along the boundary lines. In time these may be disguised with hedges or may be covered with climbing vines which, in their turn, provide an excellent foil for the

colorful flowers that fill your borders. Flowers growing up into the air without a background of green, never quite show off at their very best. When planning your garden, then, plan to show your blooms to the very best advantage.

Shrubs planted along the boundary lines of the garden make an ideal enclosure. Here the gardener may have a wide selection of material to use. Color and interest may be introduced with the use of shrubs having a colorful bark that shows to best advantage during the dull winter days. With the coming of the flowering period, shrubs are weighted down with many fragrant flowers, for a border may have its esthetic value as well as serving its utilitarian purpose of enclosing the garden.

All the types and styles of enclosing a garden mentioned also pro-



Courtesy Eudora Whitson

### GOLDEN BALL CHRYSANTHEMUM

vide the gardener with endless opportunity to express her own personality. Through proper selection of planting materials and use of building materials, a boundary line may be achieved that is unlike that in any other garden.

#### *Arrangement of the Garden Area*

Within the boundary lines, divisions of the garden may be made. These are similar to the divisions of the rooms within your home; just a few well-proportioned rooms in the given area of the home are usually to be preferred to many small rooms. The garden area, then, should be arranged to avoid smallness and the danger of cluttering up the space. In her enthusiasm, a gardener may include too wide a variety of plants and too many garden features. These do not make a satisfying and serene garden picture, but result in a cluttered area which requires an unceasing amount of labor to maintain and never quite achieves the restful qualities so desirable.

In case your garden area is uneven, having different levels, do not be too anxious to haul in soil to make fills, or to smooth them out for a gradual slope. Regard the unevenness as an asset and plan to make of your garden a terraced beauty spot. Introduce rock garden plants to the area, using five to seven plants in a given area to produce a splotch of color that is pleasing to the eye. On steeper hills, a beautiful rock garden may be attained by planting carefully many of the rock garden plants



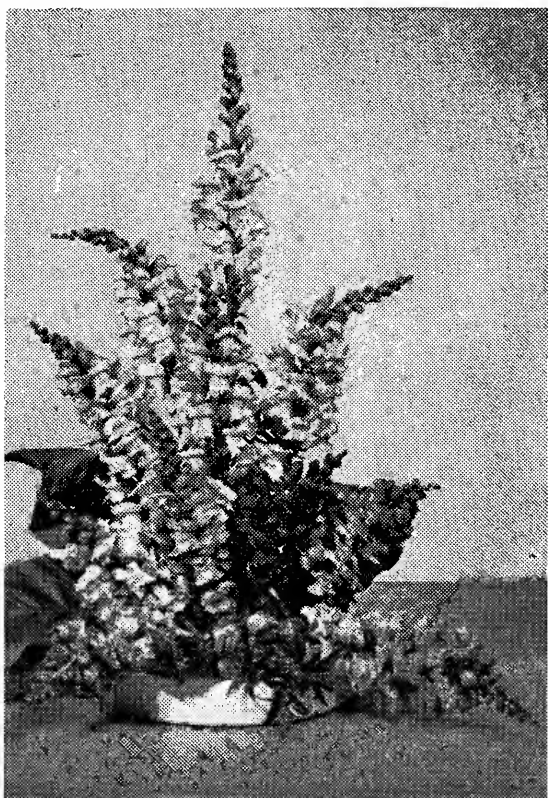
Courtesy *The Salt Lake Tribune*

CAPISTRANO ROSE



W. Atlee Burpee

ALDOUBLE PETUNIAS



W. Atlee Burpee

## TETRA SNAPDRAGONS

that thrive in your section of the country.

The formal garden plan is well adapted for use in the limited gardening space of the city and suburban lots. Quite contrary to the opinion of many gardeners, it is much easier to design, plant, and to maintain a formal garden than it is to maintain an informal garden.

*The Formal Garden*

The formal garden must always proceed from the dwelling, either by means of a center axis projected from a doorway, which may be distant or close, from the steps, or by the extension of wall lines. Symmetry and perfect balance are both basic requirements of the formal plan.

The simplest example of the formal garden that it is possible to make is that of the square backyard which is divided by walks, which may or may not have a central feature where the paths cross. This division by walks creates four lesser squares in each corner of the larger area. The division may go on further, in each case reducing the size of the squares. The separate plots may be planted as simply or as elaborately as one wishes, depending upon the time and the help available.

For the small home one may work out three successive plantings for the small formal garden, using spring bulbs, early summer annuals and, for fall color, chrysanthemums. The area should be worked over and enriched twice each year. This, in turn, eliminates much weeding and cultivation found necessary in maintaining perennial borders.



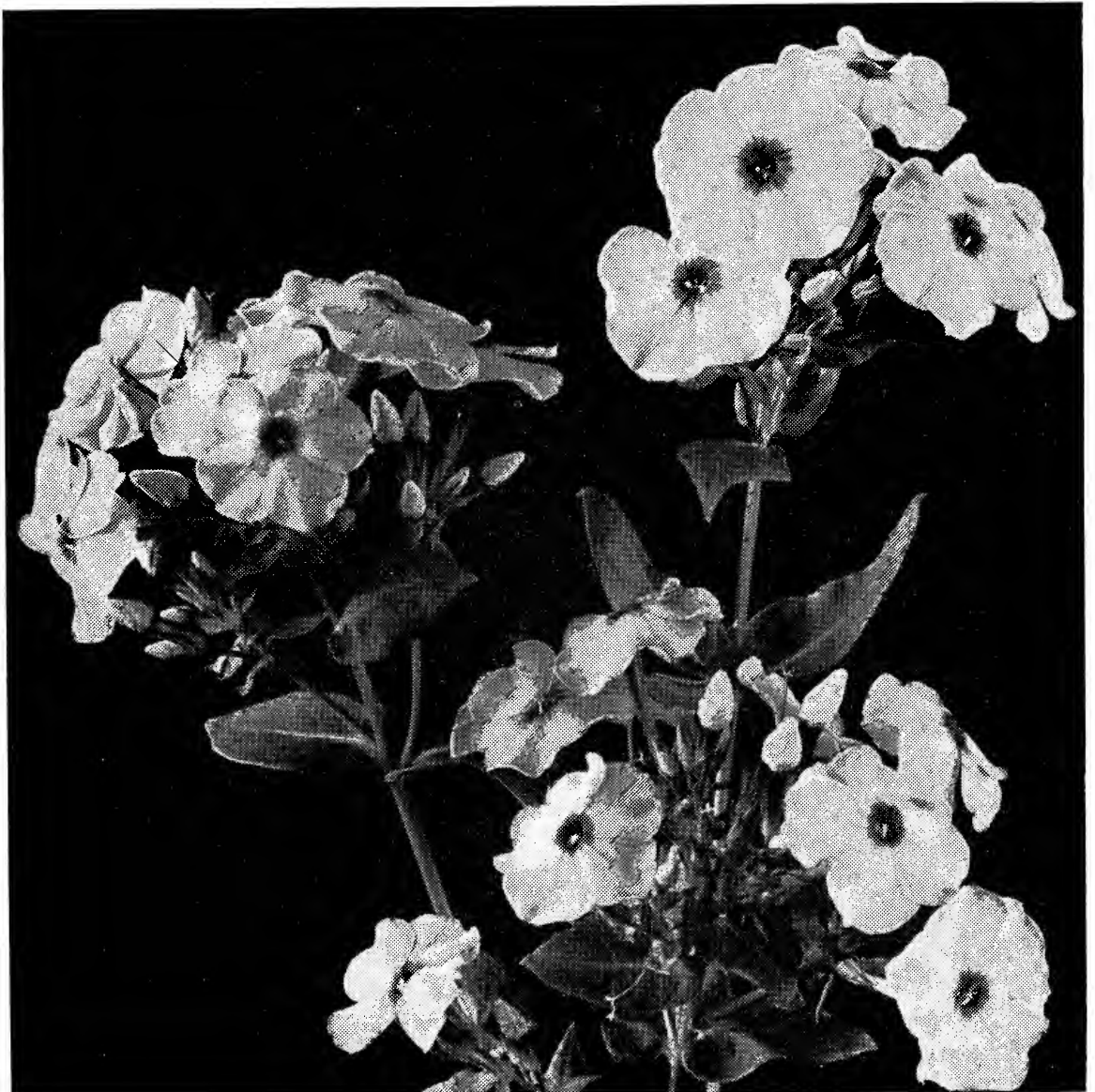
Willard Luce

## REGAL LILY

Many color schemes may be worked out with tulips, and by carefully planting all the tulips the same depth, they will bloom at the same time, providing they are all of the same type, such as the Darwin tulips. If unevenness of bloom of the same types has been experienced in the past, it may be due directly to the fact that some bulbs have been planted six inches deep and others only four inches deep. Be sure to have an ample supply of

forget-me-not plants on hand to use as a ground cover for the bulb beds. Use of violets for an edging plant is recommended. Select varieties carefully to be sure all the colors conform to the desired color scheme.

For summer bloom, plant annuals just as soon as the foliage of the bulbs begins to grow and the danger of frost has passed. Plant them among tulip plants, and you will find that the tulip foliage will



Ward Linton

### PHLOX BUDS AND BLOSSOMS



serve as a protection for the new plants being set out. When the annuals begin to grow rapidly, the tulip foliage will be brown and will gradually disappear from sight. It is suggested that a combination of pink and blue and white be tried in the small formal garden. Use pink petunias, blue lobelias, blue ageratum, and white sweet alyssum for a colorful display that will last you well. However, in making this garden be sure you keep in mind the fact that before the summer is past the small garden of annuals will become very monotonous, and do make some provision for a supply of chrysanthemums either all of one color or of an assortment of colors to be planted in the beds as soon as the annuals are spent. Plants should be evenly spaced, and if the soil is properly enriched and tended, excellent results with a small amount of labor will be yours.

Roses do exceptionally well in a formal garden. Here one may use almost any color scheme. If the divisions of beds are small enough one may fill each bed with a different colored rose, having one section all of red roses, one all of pink, one of white, and perhaps a square of vari-colored roses. Roses are easily cared for in formal beds, and make a radiant display of blossoms.

### *The Informal Garden.*

Now we come to the informal garden. There is no standard or stock informal garden plan which can be used for any and every garden, rather the peculiarities of each

area to be planted must be considered and the planning and planting done accordingly. In most instances the informal garden is one that is planned and planted very carefully to resemble as nearly as possible the very casual plantings made by Mother Nature.

There is no rule, for example, that says that roses must be planted in a formally designed garden; they may be enjoyed just as much and cared for just as easily if they are grown in rows as are vegetables, and the position of the garage on your lot may force you to plant your roses behind the garage because it is the only place that receives the six hours of sunlight that are so necessary for the successful culture of roses.

Great freedom is allowed in the selection of shrubs and flowers for the informal garden, and it is possible to develop a garden around one kind of plant, using many different varieties of the plant. Thus an informal garden lends itself well to the wishes of the gardener who specializes in one kind of plant.

In the perennial border the plants come into flower as others fade away, presenting to the gardener an ever-changing picture that provides interest and a challenge to try new and different combinations.

In arid lands, where weekly irrigations are necessary to insure the growth of the plant, we find a tendency on the part of the gardener to grow perennials in straight rows without regard to color mass-

es, or perhaps a plant put in here and there without pattern, resulting in a hodgepodge of plants. Perennials should never be planted in this manner. Rather they should be planted in groups of three or five, or seven to nine plants, where they can give an excellent accounting of themselves at the blooming period.

### *Flowers for Borders*

The tallest plants should be planted towards the back of the border, especially should perennials with good foliage be used at the back. Some of them should extend a little into the front of the border especially in the wider parts of the border. This provides interest and removes the danger of monotony. Hollyhocks, delphiniums, *Thalictrum glaucum*, spuria iris, and Siberian iris, are excellent selections for the back of the border.

There is a wide selection of dwarf evergreen edging plants that may be used for the front of the border, including the large family of pinks whose foliage is good the year around. *Heuchera sanguinea*, *Iberis sempervirens*, and some of the *Sedums* may be used.

In the intermediate part of the border may be planted daisies, from the very earliest blooming *doronicums*, commonly known as leopard's bane, and the many different *Pyrethrums*, on down a long and imposing list of white daisies produced by the industrious plant hybridizers.

It is wiser to use only a few different kinds of flowers in masses than to try to grow one plant of

every kind you ever have heard about. Then the desired splash of color is attained.

To be easily handled, a perennial border should not be wider than five feet, unless stepping stones are placed in the back part of the border to enable the gardener to walk along on the stones. Plants must be fed, watered, sprayed, and staked up. Even though, through necessity, you must use small furrows to irrigate your garden, you can, with care and thoughtful attention, so place your plants that you can enjoy masses of color during the flowering season.

Midsummer need no longer see your garden colorless and simmering in the heat, for, with the wide development of new day lilies and perennial phlox, we may have the most striking displays of color during the hottest days of the year. The day lily, common corn lily, or tawny lily of our grandmothers' day, have taken a new size and many enchanting new colors in recent years. Along with the other fine qualities, you may add that they are quite free of pests. Perennial phlox should be planted with a generous hand.

In years past the first frost blackened our tender plants, thus ending the gorgeous displays out-of-doors. Not so anymore, for, with the increased interest in gardening, we find that the plant hybridizers have provided for our selection an almost endless array of colorful chrysanthemums that will last until the chill winds of November drive even the hardiest gardener indoors.



# *The Second Spring*

Elsie Sim Hansen

**S**PRING slips over the hills into Southern California almost before February has left the calendar, bringing with her the fragrant aroma of millions of orange blossoms dancing on the wings of each gentle breeze.

The beds of ranunculus, stocks, and begonias make one think that a rainbow must have come to rest on the warm earth. The flowering shrubs and trees, stealing their delicate hues from the first rosy pink of an early dawn, spread in a panorama of color in every direction.

Yes, nature had really prepared a banquet of beauty from which we were permitted to feast, as if she knew this would be the last spring our family would spend in California.

One day, when it seemed our lady spring could no longer be the center of attraction, my husband came home and announced that his company was transferring him to another state.

We arrived in our new home about the middle of April, just in time to be smothered in billowy clouds of apricot blossoms. Neat brick homes were set in frames of scarlet tulips, golden daffodils, and giant pansies, with tiny white ribbon bows of lily-of-the-valley tied in every corner.

Nature, with her magic wand, was turning the newly planted vegetable gardens into patches of living green.

Later in the spring, while I was picking some luscious red strawberries, the thought came to me—how fortunate Steve and I were, not only because we had seen nature in all her majesty awakening the sleeping things of the earth from their winter nap twice in one year, but how, as parents, we were really living a second spring every year through the lives of our children. Obedience, faith in God, and charity are the flowers we are planting in the garden of their characters, so that when the springtime of their lives has passed, they may stand like sturdy oaks in the garden of their tomorrows.

\* \* \* \*

## *Talisman*

Vesta N. Lukei

Awake, my love, and climb the hill  
While all the earth lies cool and still.  
Come, catch the fragrance of the breeze  
Through dew-fresh groves of citrus trees.  
Oh, hear the morning meadow lark  
And watch the mountain shadows, dark  
And purple, silent, slide away  
Before the spreading gold of day.  
These perfect moments shared will start  
A day-long singing in my heart  
And be a talisman until  
We climb again adventure's hill.

## *Spring Showing*

Ouida J. Pedersen

His mother apprehensively,  
His father with marked pride,  
Present the fourth-year model  
Of a snub-nosed son; bird-eyed  
With eagerness, brown hands  
Chapped with weather,  
Rumpled shirt and breeches  
That won't quite stay together,  
Shabby cap precarious  
On wind-tousled head . . .  
Unlimited capacity  
For storing jam and bread.

# Dear Conquest

PART II

*Deone R. Sutherland*

Synopsis: Maggie Sullivan, young and beautiful, comes to Oakville as a high school teacher and attends the Deer Hunters' Ball with Charlie Kirkenson, a lawyer, and meets a rancher, Ira Scott. Ira plans a wiener roast on Indian Mountain and invites Maggie and a number of her friends to his cabin for the party.

**T**HE ride to Indian Mountain was especially lovely in the fall. Maggie's hair gleamed in front of us in the last of the evening light. We had our heavy jackets, but Ira said we would use the cabin if it got too chilly. My John balanced the three-layer cake on his knee. Ira turned into the narrow winding road up the steep mountain.

"Well, I expect you chose the best site around for a cabin," said My John, with appreciation, when we finally stopped the car.

"I hope to have more time to use it this winter," said Ira. "The ranch house is bleak enough in summer, without having to stay there the whole winter."

"You got enough men, it seems to me, to run things in the winter pretty well," said Annie, getting out of the car. "I keep telling Ira he should just move in with us during the winter and relax a little. He certainly isn't getting any younger."

Maggie had followed Ira out of the car, and stood looking down into the valley while we were talking. She wore a soft, blue wool jacket, and her curly hair looked sweetly

colorful above it. Ira stood by her, following her eyes. Her, "It is beautiful," we scarcely heard. But I could see Ira's face relax when she spoke.

The best room in the cabin was the living room. It went the length of the cabin and contained mostly fireplace and books and, of course, Ira's desk where he worked. I had never thought much of Ira being a reader until Maggie stood looking at the rows of books. But then the party was starting, and the fire was roaring outside. We could come in to a fire in the fireplace when it got colder later on.

"Perhaps we could have the 'Sing' inside," decided Annie.

Andy Gillis and Allie Peterson handed out the sticks for the roast, and the smell of sweet ears of corn was in the air.

"I've never been so hungry," sniffed Maggie.

"All you have to do to endear you to a host or hostess here in Oakville is to say you're hungry," laughed Annie bustling around. She was especially excited over Ira taking time out to mix with folks a little, I thought.

I got a funny feeling watching Ira across the fire after the main eating was over. He'd always been someone who had to know and get what he wanted. And there he stood with a foot on a log listening to the others sing, but his glance kept coming again and again to Maggie in the burnishing firelight.

It was too bad Charlie had had to go back to River City today. It would be a relief to have him back next week-end. Maggie would be busy with schoolteaching all week. Why, she had only met Ira Scott the night before, and the times Ira Scott had appeared at socials in Oakville in the last three or four years you could count on one hand. I was getting old to encourage needless fears.

"This is the very best evening I have ever had," said Maggie, sighing, as Ira made sure the fire was out.

My John was yawning in the cabin.

"We'll come up tomorrow and clean for you, Ira," said Annie, carrying things down to her car.

"All right." Ira was still kneeling at the fire. "I appreciate all your help, Annie."

"I loved doing it." Her voice was muffled from leaning over in the car. She straightened up. "I'd do lots more if you'd let me, Ira."

John came down the steps, carrying my cake plate.

Maggie watched the last ember sizzle into nothing. "It's so sad putting out the fire. I almost wish I'd left before."

"Yes," I answered Maggie, "it's too cold for another mountain party this year. This is probably the last." I climbed into Ira's car beside My John.

"But the place for the fire stays there," said Ira. "Next spring . . ." he began, and then he stopped. "Shall we go?" He opened Maggie's door, and we began the long winding ride down the mountain-side. I steeled myself not to be nervous about going down the jutting

lane in the dark. I wondered how Maggie could always be so relaxed. I followed her eyes and watched the dark, looming blackness that meant trees and underbrush move past the car. I began to feel easy with Ira driving.

ONE afternoon after the first heavy snowfall, Maggie helped little Alma Short build a snowman in his back yard which was next to ours.

"I think you're havin' more fun than Alma," My John called over.

"I am!" shouted Maggie.

Charlie Kirkenson came before the snowman was finished. He stood on a gunny sack on my back porch and shook off the snow while he laughed at Maggie.

"Oh, I am late," panted Maggie apologetically when she came running home.

I opened my oven door and basted Archie, the duck, once more.

"Don't do that again," called Charlie. "I can't stand it. I'll faint from hunger."

"It's only wanting someone to eat it," I called back, closing the oven, checking the top of the stove, and giving an eye to my dining room table.

Maggie darted upstairs, and in a moment was down again in a green wool dress. Melted snow crystals still glistened occasionally in her short hair.

"The snow makes your color good," said My John to Maggie.

"The oven makes mine," I said tartly.

"That it does," laughed My John. We sat down to dinner, and My John blessed the food. Then he

began carving the duck and filling my best bluebird plates.

"In no time at all you'll have to go to school on snowshoes," said Charlie to Maggie. "Will you like that?"

"I'll love it," declared Maggie, emphatically.

"And I won't be able to get in to see you for a few months. Will you like that, Maggie?"

"Not very much," laughed Maggie, "but I'll probably survive."

"You're heartless," said Charlie, and he speared his duck.

They left Charlie's car in front and walked down to the *Palace* through the snow. My John and I were still up when they came back.

"We couldn't even stop for a soda," Charlie explained. "I'm afraid of getting snowed in up here if the snow keeps falling. I'll have to start right away for River City, I guess."

"Be careful," cautioned Maggie.

"You wouldn't like to go to River City with me sometime?" asked Charlie. "It's a nice city to live in."

"I don't think so," said Maggie. She stopped unwinding her yellow scarf. "I like Oakville."

"I hear my competition's more than just Oakville, Maggie." Charlie was smiling, but his hands were unsteady on the buttons of his overcoat.

"That's right," said Maggie in a very low voice.

My John rustled his newspaper very loudly, and Maggie and Charlie quit looking at each other. Maggie went to the door with Charlie. She came back alone and fumbled

with my lace parlor curtains. She looked out at the snow.

"I'm an interfering old woman," I began, "but Charlie is one of the nicest young men a body could hope to meet anywhere this side of heaven."

"Yes," said Maggie sincerely, and then she said good night and went upstairs to bed.

IT wasn't long before Maggie almost did need snowshoes to get to the school. But Brother Isaacson brought his four children to the school right past our place, and he said one more on the "go-devil" wouldn't hurt anything. So Maggie rode there and back with them, unless she stayed late and walked home, which she liked to do.

Ira Scott came in from the ranch a few times, and when he did he unloaded at Annie's and then came straight to our place. Ira would sit in the living room sometimes and talk to My John about cattle. Maggie would curl up in an armchair by the fire and knit. Sometimes they hardly spoke a word to each other the whole evening. Ira took Maggie sleigh riding, and then he asked her to go skiing up Eagle's Peak.

"Do you know how to ski, Maggie?" I asked. I wrapped up cold turkey sandwiches for them to take.

"Yes," said Maggie, "but don't tell Ira. I'm going to let him teach me." Her eyes twinkled.

Ira had everything packed on the sleigh when he came for Maggie. He stood in the front hall waiting while Maggie adjusted her blue cap and drew on her long mittens. He looked long and thin and a little lonely, watching Maggie when he

thought no one was watching him. I felt a brief pang of sympathy for Ira. Maybe he didn't always get just what he wanted.

"I'm sorry our skiing days are over," I said to My John while I watched Ira cover Maggie in the sleigh.

"I'm not," grunted My John comfortably, "and don't say, 'Isn't that just like a man?'" He smiled at me as I went by.

"I think I'll start my pre-Christmas cleaning," I said energetically.

**I**RA and Maggie went out and got our tree and set it up. The night before Christmas Eve Ira came and they both trimmed it. Ira had moved into Annie's for the holidays. We had all gone to the schoolhouse for a Christmas program and party a few nights before Christmas Eve. We always went to the church for Christmas Eve. Maggie's stepmother had sent her a beautiful blue dress of the softest wool I'd ever seen, all trimmed in tiny silver buckles and a box of silver jewelry to go with it. I had crocheted Maggie a lace tablecloth, which I planned on slipping under the tree after everyone set out for the church.

The people were already singing Christmas carols when I reached the church.

"Who's the Santa Claus?" I whispered to Annie when the jingling of bells announced the arrival from the North Pole.

"It's Ira," whispered Annie. "I know, you're as surprised as I am."

I was too surprised to say anything. But he did his part well, laughing, calling out the names, his

voice going a little lower when he called Maggie's. None of the children guessed him, and when he came back later in his own clothes it seemed natural for him to be coming late. He and Maggie came over and sat by us.

We ate popcorn balls and listened to the Christmas program. Maggie played the piano for the singing and then played a solo. When she finished, she came back and sat beside Ira. They smiled at each other, leaving all the room behind. I reached over and took My John's hand. He was so startled, he jumped.

We opened the presents after we got back from church. Maggie gave John a white nylon shirt and me a flannel nightgown with matching slippers and robe. I was so pleased all I could do was blush.

Maggie opened the tablecloth and admired it. She tried it out on my table, and then sat holding it. "It's very beautiful," she said. "I love it because you made it, actually made it." She exclaimed so over things we made with our hands. As if that was one of the secrets for happiness she was just discovering.

**I** brought in the candy Maggie and I had made together for Christmas, and My John passed the nuts and fruit.

"This is a holiday," Maggie said, "I won't knit tonight."

Ira fixed the fire until the flames roared in the chimney.

"Will you play the piano again, Maggie?" Ira asked.

So Maggie put on her coat and opened the door into the little child's parlor. She and Ira opened the

piano, and Maggie played from *Peer Gynt*; then she played some Beethoven and Bach, and it all sounded exactly right. My John began to yawn, while I began to doze. It was a few minutes before I could make myself come awake enough to realize the music had stopped. I turned my head toward the parlor. Maggie was standing by the piano, and Ira, Ira was standing by Maggie cradling her head in his hands, holding her face as if he would never stop looking.

It couldn't have been as long as it seemed for me to force myself to drop my head without a sound. They tiptoed out of the parlor, and I heard them saying good night in the front hall. Maggie shut the door, and then she just stayed standing there. I got up and went into the parlor and closed down the piano. I shut the parlor door behind me. My John slept peacefully in his chair. I moved into the hall where Maggie still stood.

"Maggie," I said, "Ira's not had much of a happy life. I guess he's missed most of the joys, but, nevertheless, there's no good reason for you to want to break someone like Charlie's heart for a life that can't

help but be lonely and maybe hard. Ira's older and harder and not likely to change very much from what he's been. People have to keep changing all the time when they're married . . . they have to . . ."

Maggie looked up at me then with eyes so bright that the words faltered on my lips. I didn't know what I was trying to tell her anyway.

"You mean," asked Maggie, "it might be harder with Ira?"

"Yes, I guess so," I said.

"I don't want it easy," Maggie said fiercely. "I want it real. I want it to be the realest thing that has ever happened to me. If there's any meaning in my life, I'll find it through Ira . . ."

My John stood in the doorway. "Well, who's making all the speeches? When are we going to get to congratulate you and Ira, Maggie?"

Maggie smiled gently. "Now," she said. She held out her hand to us, and I saw the flash of a diamond. "Ira and I are going to be married in the spring."

My eyes began to mist as I kissed her, but hers were bright and so happy I felt a catch in my heart.

(To be continued)

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## *Easter Morning*

Eunice J. Miles

The darkened hope, the hidden glory,  
Stand revealed on Easter morn,  
When human limitations vanish,  
And consciousness of soul is born.  
Then Christ reveals himself to men,  
And hope eternal dawns again.





SARAH ANN PREECE AND HER HOBBIES

## *Two Hobbies—Music and Needlecraft*

Sarah Ann Boice Ames Preece Serves Her Church and Community and Makes Her Friends and Relatives Happy

Sarah Ann Boice Ames Preece, of Richmond, Utah, eighty-three years old, is a musician and a homemaker who uses her time and talents for service to others. She plays the piano, violin, and banjo, and sings beautifully, even at her advanced age. For family reunions, Relief Society socials, Family Hours, and community entertainments Mrs. Preece is in great demand. Her favorite tunes are: "Haste to the Wedding"; "Rock Creek"; "The Love Waltz"; and "The Waltz You Saved For Me." She has played the music for many dances, and, in December 1951, she and two of her daughters furnished the music for a dance in Richmond.

In addition to her musical talents, Mrs. Preece is an excellent reader and elocutionist, being particularly expert in presenting humorous recitations. She is also an excellent needlewoman and makes fancy quilts, knitted capes, stoles, and shawls. She crochets doilies of many intricate patterns and makes colorful crocheted rugs. Her homemade bread is famous in her community, and her recipes are treasured by many friends and relatives.

Of pioneer heritage, Mrs. Preece is the daughter of the first couple ever married in Oxford, Idaho, and her grandmother was the first woman of her handcart company to enter the Salt Lake Valley. A widow, she had requested permission from the company captain to begin her journey each morning a little earlier than the others, as she had so many young children to push in the handcart. Thus she was the first to be greeted by the scouts whom Brigham Young had sent out to meet the company, and they escorted the young widow into the Valley. Mrs. Preece is the mother of nine children, and she has 220 descendants.

# Low-Cost Meat and Other Protein Dishes

Elna Miller

Extension Nutritionist, Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service

Received Through the Utah Nutrition Council

**Y**OUR family needs foods which are high in proteins to build and repair the soft tissues of their bodies. The soft tissues include blood and muscles. Along with the good quality protein foods, you need those which are high in minerals and vitamins to help with the building and regulating of strong, healthy bodies. You also need foods which provide the calories for your daily energy needs.

We find our best quality proteins in animal foods. Milk, cheese, eggs, lean meat, including liver and other organs, as well as fish and poultry, are high in the best quality proteins.

Soy beans and other dried beans, peas, and lentils, whole wheat and wheat germ, peanuts and peanut butter, are our best plant sources of good proteins. These foods may be used to supplement the higher quality proteins from animal foods, but not to replace them.

Children and expectant and nursing mothers get along best when

three-fourths of their protein supply comes from animal foods and the other one-fourth from plant food. Other adults may be well nourished with half their protein supply from plant sources and half from animal foods.

Recent research in nutrition proves that our bodies function best when the protein supply is divided equally among the three meals. This newer research shows also that we make much better use of the proteins from plant foods when they are eaten at the same meal with proteins from animal foods, even though the amount of the animal protein food is small. A glass of milk taken with a peanut butter sandwich will improve the quality of the proteins in the peanut butter.

Variety meats such as liver, kidneys, heart, and tongue are usually much less expensive than are the muscle meats. They also are high in proteins as well as in minerals and vitamins.

## Variety Meat Recipes

### LIVER LOAF

(Use beef, pork, lamb, or veal liver)

1 ½ lbs. liver	1 tsp. salt
2 slices bacon	1 c. cracker crumbs
1 medium onion	1 ½ c. liquid
2 eggs	½ c. catsup

Cook liver slowly five minutes in water to cover. Save the liquid. Put liver through food chopper with bacon and onions. Add all other ingredients except the catsup. Tomato juice, milk, bouillon or liquid in which the liver was cooked may be used for moisture. Mix thoroughly. Pour the catsup into a well-oiled loaf pan. Pack meat mixture over catsup. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour. Serves 8.

## SPICED TONGUE SLICES

2 bay leaves	1 beef tongue
12 whole peppers	water to cover
2 c. sugar	2 tbsp. salt
2 c. vinegar	3 pieces celery
2 c. water	12 whole cloves
	6 small onions, thinly sliced

Wash tongue. Cover with salted water. Add the celery and spices. Cook slowly until tender, about one hour per pound. Skin and slice. Cook sugar, vinegar, and 2 cups water 10 minutes. Pour over tongue. Add onions. Store in cool place and use as desired. Serves 8.

## TONGUE SHORTCAKE

Place slices of leftover tongue on pieces of split hot corn bread and top with hot condensed mushrooms or tomato soup.

HEART FRICASSEE  
(Use beef, pork, or veal heart)

1 small beef heart, 3 pork hearts, or 2 veal hearts	2 tsp. salt
flour	½ c. sliced onion
¼ c. bacon drippings or lard	1 c. diced carrots
	1 c. canned tomatoes

Wash the heart and trim off hard parts, if necessary. Slice across grain. Dredge in flour and brown in bacon drippings. Season. Add onion and brown. Add carrots and tomatoes and cover tightly. Simmer about 1½ to 2½ hours, or until tender. Serves 6 to 8.

## Recipes for Dried Beans, Peas, and Lentils

The "bean family" recipes which follow are made with the addition of a small amount of lean meat, eggs, milk, or cheese. This small addition of protein foods from animal sources makes the proteins from the dried beans, peas, or lentils much more valuable. Dried peas or lentils may be used in place of dried beans in any of the following recipes.

*Cook the dried beans or dried peas this way:*

Look over the beans or peas and wash carefully. Cover 2 cups of dried beans or peas with one quart of cold water, and soak overnight or 5 or 6 hours in lukewarm water.

When ready to cook, add a teaspoon of salt and simmer slowly in the soaking water, in a covered pan, until the beans are tender but not broken. Add more water during the cooking, if necessary. You can add flavor by cooking beans with salt pork, sausage, bacon, or a ham bone.

## BEANS WITH FRANKFURTERS

Cut frankfurters in half lengthwise and arrange on top of cooked beans in a shallow baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven until the frankfurters are hot.

## BEAN SAUSAGES

Mash 3 cups of cooked beans; mix well with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon of sage, if desired, and salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with milk or bean liquid. Shape into the form of sausages, dip in raw egg beaten with a little water, then roll in bread crumbs. Brown in a little melted fat.

## DRIED PEA, BEAN, OR LENTIL SOUP

Wash one cup of dried beans or dried peas, or lentils, and soak overnight in 1 quart of water. In the morning, add a quart of water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of salt pork, an onion, and a few stalks of celery, if desired. Simmer until the beans, peas, or lentils are tender. Remove the salt pork and rub the rest through a strainer if you want a smooth soup. Cut the salt pork into tiny pieces. Add 1 tablespoon of flour mixed well with a little water to keep the bean pulp from settling to the bottom. Add 1 cup chopped, cooked ham, or other meat or hard cooked eggs. Stir, reheat, and season as desired.

## BEAN CHOWDER

1	c. dry beans	2	tsp. salt
1 $\frac{1}{2}$	quarts cold water	2	tbsp. uncooked cracked wheat or 1 tbsp. flour
1	c. diced carrots	2	c. milk
1	c. tomatoes	1	onion, chopped fine
$\frac{1}{2}$	c. shredded green pepper		

Wash the beans; add the cold water and soak overnight. Cook in a covered pan until the beans begin to soften, then add the vegetables and continue to cook until tender. Add salt and cracked wheat or flour mixed with a little cold water. Stir. Cook about 30 minutes. Add milk. Heat to the boiling point and serve.

## BEANS WITH CHEESE SAUCE

(Any kind of cooked beans are delicious served with this cheese sauce.)

## Cheese Sauce:

3	tbsp. butter	1	c. finely cut cheese
3	tbsp. flour	2	c. milk
$\frac{1}{4}$	tsp. salt		

Melt the butter, add the flour and the salt. When these are blended, add the milk gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. When the mixture is thickened, stir in the cheese, and put the mixture over hot water until the cheese is melted.

If a stronger cheese taste is desired, add a few grains of cayenne pepper, which will emphasize the cheese flavor. Serve hot on the hot beans.

Note: Free information on nutrition and diets for the family can be obtained from the Utah State Health Department, State Capitol, Salt Lake City; Department of Nutrition, University of Utah, Salt Lake City; and Extension Service, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

\* \* \* \*

*Milk Is Important*

Milk supplies the chief source of calcium to the average-age diet. This amounts to about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the total calcium in our national dietary.

In addition to the calcium, milk accounts for nearly half the riboflavin (B<sub>2</sub>), one-fourth the protein, and important amounts of several other nutrients.

Milk is the most economical food source of calcium and is an economical source of protein and riboflavin.—Utah State Department of Health

# Uncertain Possession

## CHAPTER 4

*Beatrice R. Parsons*

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never belong wholly to her. Soon, however, Lorna finds that she is making a place for herself in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. One night she goes with her husband and Nurse Hallie to the Honson home and takes care of the older children during the birth of twins, and this experience impresses her so that she feels that there is much for her to do in Westfield, and that by making herself useful she may increase her own happiness.

**A**FTER the night when the Honson twins were born, Lorna strove valiantly to rid herself of her childish terror of being left alone. She wanted to make Matt happy. She wanted to make him a good wife. But there was so much for her to learn!

He took her with him on long drives about the valley. He introduced her to his friends. She met Carole's parents, the Wilsons, who lived across the street.

Anne Clayton, a pretty girl with sparkling blue eyes and shining blond hair, and Jeanne Beatty, a school teacher with brown hair and blue eyes, were friends of Matt. They invited Lorna to shop with them, but her innate shyness compelled her to refuse, although Matt urged her lightly to accompany them.

"I will, one of these days," she

promised vaguely, and saw that Anne and Jeanne considered her a little standoffish. She had also promised Matt that she would call on Margaret, but somehow she never got around to doing so.

When she and Matt met old Jim Nason in the hardware store, the old man stared at her curiously, and with his usual bluntness, he exclaimed: "Pretty gal! Hope she's got brains as well as looks."

After he had gone, Lorna was flushed and a little angry. Her voice was crisp. "He's quite a character, Matt! I certainly don't like him. . . ."

But Matt said gently: "Jim's my oldest friend. He used to carry me pickaback when I was two. He took me fishing when I was six . . . ."

Lorna's laughter interrupted him. "I didn't think he was a human being! Well, if he was kind to you when you were little, he's certainly outgrown it!"

Matt laughed, too, but kept denying that Jim was as bad as he seemed on the surface. But Lorna squashed all his arguments, by declaring that Jim couldn't have much milk-of-human-kindness, since he wouldn't give that hospital to the valley.

"A statue of himself in the middle of Sky Valley," she cried scathingly. "Who would care what happened to such a grouchy, ugly old man?"

"I would," said Matt firmly, opening the door, and Lorna was

curiously surprised that he meant it. She brushed the matter aside and said she wanted to buy some blue thread. She was going to dress a doll for Matt's little polio patient, Patty Hamilton. She was going to use the scraps of blue net from her party frock.

The frock still hung carefully in her clothes closet, waiting the night when she and Matt would go dancing. But, she sighed, remembering how little time Matt ever had to himself.

The sign on his office said: "10 to 5." More often than not he worked from eight to nine, or even midnight. Many times, Lorna's dinner, neatly arranged in her shining little pots and pans, grew cold and unappetizing on her gas range. Then her gray eyes would meet Matt's accusingly when he came in.

ONCE she said exasperatedly, "Matt, I'm sure I'll never get used to it! Dinner's spoiled. I did want it to be nice." She put a pink bowl of shriveled potatoes on the table, and exclaimed, "Matt, if you were at Doctors' Center you'd always be home on time!"

He sighed tiredly as he washed his hands. "I had to drive over to John Barker's. He crushed his foot with his plow . . ."

She was immediately sympathetic. "Matt, is he going to be all right?"

He patted her arm as he sat down. "Darling, you've got to get over the idea that everyone who gets hurt is going to die!" His voice was teasing, and reassuring at the same time. "He'll be laid up for a while. And Helen will be

scolding and impatient about it, probably feel that she's terribly hard-done-by! But John will be all right. Hallie can drop over and dress his foot." He stopped talking suddenly, as she began filling his plate, then jumped up, saying: "I forgot! There's something I must tell Uncle John. . . ."

"Matt!" Her cry stopped him with his hand on the doorknob. She had been so happy to have him home. Now he was running off again. Her disappointment showed in her face. But she set his plate in the oven, as she saw him looking at her, and said, "All right, darling. I guess I'll never really make a good doctor's wife."

His dark eyes caressed her, though he did not touch her. His voice was gentle, tender. "There's nothing so very special in being a doctor's wife, Lorna. But there is something very special about being understanding, kind. You're growing that way, my dear. Just what this doctor ordered! He loves you very much. It's nice for him to come home and find you here."

Her heart was stirred so that she wanted to go to him, put her arms about him, hold him close. Yet she seemed to know that this was not the time. She laughed teasingly. "You're sure the doctor isn't sorry that he doesn't find a Westfield girl waiting for him. Anne, perhaps? Or Jeanne, maybe? Or . . ." with an intenseness she didn't realize, "or Margaret?"

"They're my friends. I think a lot of them. But I love you. And you're getting to be a wonderful person. You're learning not to neglect my telephone calls, or mes-



sages from my patients. You're learning . . . ."

He didn't finish. His eyes had caught sight of the two little china kittens on her dressing table, through the opened door, and his mouth closed firmly. It became a little stern as he opened the door, promising to come back in a few minutes.

**L**ORNA forgot her little pots and pans as she stared at the kittens. She knew what Matt had not said. So far, she hadn't been able to bring herself to give Carole the kittens. Her face was set. She needed her cats. Times like this, she needed them so badly. They comforted her, reminding her that she couldn't be thoroughly lonely and alone while she had them.

While she waited for Matt to come back, she picked up the doll dress she was making for Patty Hamilton's doll.

When Matt came back, his shoulders were damp with the first, sudden drops of desert rain. Lorna had never known that a storm could come up so suddenly. Just a moment before she had sat down to sew, the thunderheads in the west had seemed distant and far away. But now, as Matt opened the door, they were overhead, and splashing rain over the garden in a burst of water that amazed her.

As they ate their late dinner, she watched the storm, and teased Matt a little.

"When we came here, darling, you said it seldom rained. You sounded like the Chamber of Commerce, telling me that cabin and motel owners always gave the tour-

ists back their money when the sun didn't shine, or it rained. So . . . ." she smiled teasingly, "they'll return all rents tonight."

Matt laughed and helped her wash up the dishes while the rain thundered and pounded at the roof, and beat the swaying fronds of tamarisk low against the white picket fence. Flashes of lightning made Lorna wince, and she was glad Matt was there beside her.

"I'm scared, Matt," she whispered, as she leaned in the circle of his arm, watching the storm. Though she could not see the river, nor the steel bridge across it, which she had wondered about when they first came, she was sure the river must be a rushing torrent and all travelers glad of the firm, strong bridge.

Matt was worried about some of the farms along the river's edge. Once he spoke uncertainly about Jim Nason. Lorna frowned.

"Quit worrying about that awful old man, Matt. He's lived by the river all his life."

"But he hasn't been past eighty all his life," objected Matt a little curtly. "And goodness knows what he'll take into his mind to do during this storm. If he goes down to the river to fix his sand bags, he might . . . ." The worry in his eyes deepened, and almost before Lorna realized it, he was getting into his long, tan raincoat, finding his hat, shading it over his eyes.

"Matt!" She was shocked to know he was going to leave her, going out into a terrible storm to look after an unimportant old man. "Matt, be sensible! Of course the

(Continued on page 275)



## *A New Life for Old Greeting Cards*

Clara Laster

**E**VERY family has a number of old greeting cards, and there are always a few marked "special." These cards are lovely enough to hang upon a wall, but to hang them without the proper background does not seem fitting.

For instance, my daughter has received lovely birthday cards every year since her birth and she will not part with one of them. For years she wanted to hang them in groups upon the walls of her room.

Then, one day, a neighbor suggested a way to hang these greeting cards. The secret lay in purchasing plaster of Paris and making lovely wall plaques of them.

### *Materials Needed*

You will need a dish the size and shape that you desire your plaques to be. I would suggest a platter or dinner plate. Buy a jar of white vaseline and several pounds of plaster of Paris, which can be bought from any lumber store. You will also need water, hooks, and coarse sandpaper.

If you cannot buy hooks, these can be made from wire or any non-rust material. Cut out the motif on the greeting card. Each scene or picture should be smooth and flat, with the edges well trimmed.

### *Procedure*

Before beginning, have on hand a towel and a soft cloth. Grease the mold with a very thin coat of vaseline. Take the picture you have cut from the greeting card and soak it in water. Now measure as much dry plaster of Paris into a bowl as you judge the plaque will require.

Take the picture out of the water and place it face down on the bottom of mold. Be sure to center the picture properly. With the soft, dry cloth pat the picture gently

on the mold, making sure that there are no air bubbles under the picture or around the edges.

Now, mix the plaster of Paris with a little water to the consistency of whipping cream, or perhaps a little thicker. Stir this mixture until all lumps and air bubbles are removed. When this mixture is smooth, pour it into the mold to a thickness of one-half to three-fourths of an inch. Remember to work fast, as plaster hardens very quickly. Use the towel to make a padded surface. Drop the mold (plate) gently a few times on this padded surface until all bubbles come to the top and the plaster is evenly distributed. Put the hook in the center top of the plaque.

Let the plaque dry for about ten minutes, or until the plaster is hard. Then turn the mold upside down on the towel, and let it remain in this position until the bottom of the mold is quite warm.

When the bottom is warm, remove the plaque from the mold by dropping the mold very gently upside down on the towel. Now, take the plaque and smooth the edges with coarse sandpaper. Allow plaque about two days to harden. If you are in a hurry to hang it, however, it can be dried by placing it in the oven for about five minutes. The oven should be set at 350° and the plaque should be left in for five minutes. Then open the door and reduce the heat to 200° and continue to let the plaque dry for about thirty-five more minutes.

By taping ruffling or some chosen material to the back of the plaque, allowing the ruffle to extend out around the edges, you may use the finished plaque to help carry out the color scheme of a room. This method makes lovely and eye-catching plaques, and certainly gives new life to old greeting cards.

---

## Better Looking Patches

—Quicker

Thalia Black

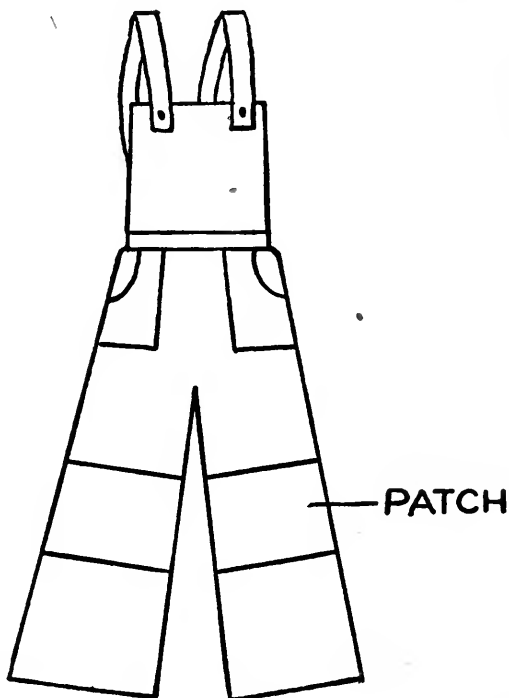
**U**SE a razor blade to rip the outside seam of overalls, high enough to allow the knee to lie flat on the machine.

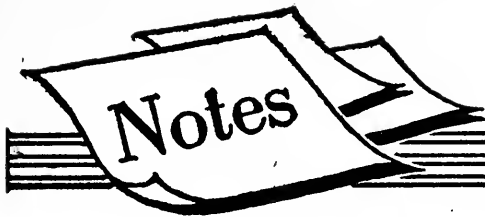
Cut a square patch large enough to cover the entire knee and several inches above and below the knee.

Sew in place.

Turn overalls wrong-side-out.

Sew outside seam.





# 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 Afton K. Shreeve

### URUGUAYAN MISSION, ASUNCION (PARAGUAY), CIUDAD NUEVA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

October 27, 1951

Sister Afton K. Shreeve, President, Uruguayan Mission Relief Society, at left; Sister Klara Krisch, President, Ciudad Nueva Branch Relief Society, at right.

Sister Shreeve reports that a spirit of happiness and true sisterhood prevailed at this bazaar: "The first activity was a special meeting, which featured a lesson on nutrition offered by two missionaries, LaVon Evans and Mercel Day, and a special message by Sister Shreeve. Then, as visitors and friendly investigators began to arrive, the prepared articles were placed on display, and the bazaar began. Included among the almost innumerable variety of items, were fruit bags, aprons, tablecloths, and all kinds of kitchen and linen items, and even common durable wearing apparel. When we asked how so few faithful workers could possibly produce such an immense quantity of high quality articles, Sister Krisch answered that she assigned one article to each sister after every weekly meeting . . . . Such is the prevailing spirit when hands are few . . . . Food, in the form of a nearly complete supper was served . . . and the remaining trays were freely delivered among a small crowd of hungry children who had gathered outside."



Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

**DENVER STAKE (COLORADO), CRESTMOOR WARD RELIEF SOCIETY  
SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED MUSIC FOR STAKE  
CONFERENCE, January 20, 1952**

Front row, left to right: Rosamund Ramstrom; Maurine Humphris, Second Counselor; Gwendolyn Manning; Enid Sherman; Miriam Caldwell, Secretary-treasurer; Helen Phillips; Amelia Nilson, pianist.

Second row, left to right: Lelia Higginson, President; Mabel Harston; Mary Clifford; Ethel Rathbun; Buena Tillotson; Jean Anderson; Reva Cram.

Third row, left to right: Lois Trenham; Lydia Johanasen; Cleo Copen, First Counselor; Dorothea Slack, chorister.

Della H. Teeter is president of Denver Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Grace C. Crandall

**KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY  
VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE MAINTAINED A 100 PER CENT  
RECORD FOR A PERIOD OF TWO AND A HALF YEARS**

Front row, left to right: Maude Roylance; Esther Johnson, Secretary; Harriet Williams, First Counselor; Clara Sumsion, President; Chloris Kindred, Second Counselor; Ethel Weight; Cornelia Allen.



Second row, left to right: Irene Strong; Melva Harrison; Maraby Beardall; Cora Phillips; Wilomina Merrill; Ann Lewis; Marguerite Hales; Lura Patrick; Martha Gabbitis; Rhoda Huff; Reva Roylance.

Third row, left to right: Erma Ewell; Malinda Sumsion; Leah Harrison; Mary Gabbitis; Susie Steffins; Arvilla Gardner; Lillie Wheeler; Rose Roylance; Bessie Averett; Velma Roylance.

Fourth row, left to right: Pearl Hall; Anna Young; Lucile Carter; Florence Ecker; Ella Whiting; Catherine Russell; Sylvia Larsen; Afton Palfreyman; Kate Holley.

Grace C. Crandall is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Leone R. Bowring

**TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, DALLAS (TEXAS) BRANCH  
RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 17, 1951**

Left to right: Edith Christensen, Secretary; Vanera Morris, First Counselor; Kathleen Whittaker, President; Maxine Bennett, Second Counselor.

This beautifully arranged bazaar included many crocheted and hand-embroidered articles, as well as a varied display of aprons. Women's dresses and children's clothing, blouses, skirts, and other articles added to the variety of items offered for sale.

Leone R. Bowring is president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Alligee L. Anderson

**JUAB STAKE (UTAH), NEPHI FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED 100 PER CENT FOR TWO YEARS**

Front row, seated, left to right: Naomi Belliston; Georgeinna Wilkey, a visiting teacher for thirty years; Lillian Painter, Rose Worthington, and Violet Bale, visiting teachers for thirty-five years; Kate Haynes, Second Counselor; Alligee L. Anderson, President; Pearl Jenkins, First Counselor; Ruby Cox, Secretary-treasurer; Lucille C. Lunt, Assistant Secretary-treasurer; Mary K. Lattimer.

Twelve teachers were absent when the picture was taken.

Lyle C. Pratt is president of Juab Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Nan Lindsay

**UNION STAKE (OREGON) DISPLAY OF MODEL HOMES AT THE UNION COUNTY FAIR, September, 1951**

Left to right: Union Stake Relief Society officers, Jessie Perry, Second Counselor; Nan Lindsay President; Argenta Salkield, First Counselor.

The house on the left was designed and furnished by members of the LaGrande First Ward Relief Society; the house on the right was constructed and furnished by Second Counselor Jessie Perry and work meeting leader Margaret Huber of the stake

board; and the house in the rear is the work of the Imbler and Elgin Ward Relief Societies.

The hundreds who viewed these houses were delighted with the perfection of detail in the harmoniously decorated interiors, which included handmade draperies, bedspreads, floor coverings, and furniture. The interiors were lighted and the homes landscaped.



Photograph submitted by Opal Broadbent

LYMAN STAKE (WYOMING), FARSON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY  
MEMBERS WITH THEIR CHILDREN ASSEMBLED FOR MEETING

Women seated in the front row, left to right: Sarah Pierce, First Counselor; Roberta Sorenson; Doris Wilson; Beverly Burton; Connie King.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lois Pritchett; Olive Jones; Donna Batt; Rosella Sellers, Second Counselor; Lenora Wright, President; Helen Sanderson; LaRue Jefferies.

Opal Broadbent is president of Lyman Stake Relief Society.

\* \* \* \*

*Orchard Spring*

Ing Smith

Blossom of apple, and blossom of plum  
Drift on the still air together  
Till brilliance of wings like an indigo cry  
Breaks the languor of white lace weather.

A moment to hold in the hand like a shell—  
A time of renewal, a time of farewell.

## Our April Short Story Writers

Inez B. Bagnell, Kamas, Utah, author of "Father Was a Good Provider," page 229, is the wife of Kenneth H. Bagnell and mother of three children. In writing of her literary activities, Mrs. Bagnell says: My story "I Know Where You Are" appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* in February 1950, and "We'll Always Remember" won second prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1951. I have had a few stories accepted by national publications. I love writing and hope, as the children grow older, to be able to spend more time at it. I wrote "Father Was a Good Provider" with one hand while stirring chili sauce with the other, as I never seem to have time to settle down to write. It is not a true story, however."

Mrs. Bagnell is literature class leader in her ward Relief Society and Sunday School chorister. Also she is a member of the Singing Mothers and plays regularly with an orchestra group.

Maryhale Woolsey has been introduced to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* frequently for some twenty years, seldom, if ever, being introduced without a reference to "Springtime in the Rockies," her most famous lyrical composition. Author of poems, stories, articles, she is also librettist of several published operettas for children and young people. She is a former newspaper reporter and feature writer, and for years she was an ad-

vertising copy writer. Mrs. Woolsey is never long away from her typewriter or notebook. Her story, "The Long Day," page 219, grew out of an incident in her own childhood—"without, however," she says, "such prompt explanation as came to Edie for the cause of that lengthy summer day."

Mrs. Woolsey is the mother of four daughters and grandmother to four small boys and six little girls. Her home is in Salt Lake City.

Ora Pate Stewart, author of "A Frame for Happiness," page 237, a daughter of Ezra G. and Ada Sharp Pate, is the wife of Colonel Robert W. Stewart, now retired from the United States Air Force. In the eighteen years since she finished her mission to the Eastern States she has had seven children, published seven books, written numerous short stories and poems, and given thousands of program lectures. "I've never been invited to South Dakota," she says, "but it has been my privilege to give programs in every other state." The entire text of her latest book, *A Letter to My Son*, was recently read over the British Broadcasting System in fifteen-minute installments on their program "Women of America."

Mrs. Stewart now lives in Salt Lake City, where she is literature class leader in her ward Relief Society and is active in educational and community affairs.

\* \* \* \*

### *Broken Treasury*

Margery S. Stewart

Never was world like this!  
Never a spring falling down  
From heaven in such flower falls,  
In such spray of birds, blue and  
Red-throated, splashing up from  
The green pools of meadows.  
Never such nights, with curved

Horn of moon spilling down music  
Of star notes, melodies of clouds,  
Viol music of shadows.  
There is a torrent in it all,  
As if the bars of heaven had broken  
And spilled beauty intended  
For a score of years.

## Uncertain Possession

(Continued from page 266)

old man won't go out into the storm. He's probably snug and warm inside his house. I've seen his house. It's even more firm and strong than this one. He can't possibly come to any harm." With relief, she pointed to the telephone. "Ring him up, Matt, and as a physician, demand that he stay inside."

Matt, bending the brim of his gray felt hat more directly over his eyes, shook his head briefly.

"Can't phone. Jim never did take lightly to Bell's invention." He was trying to be quiet, casual, trying to make her smile. Yet she knew that his lightness was only a cover-up. He was actually worried about Jim Nason.

LORNA tugged at his arm as a flash of lightning brightened the room, blotting out the paleness of the electricity with its eerie whiteness. She blinked her eyes to see, and found them filled with frightened tears.

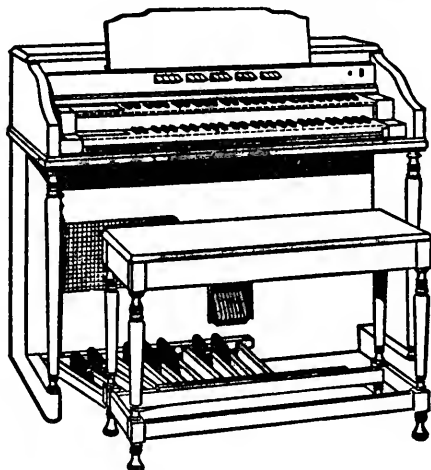
"Matt, you can't leave me. I'm frightened. I'll die if you leave me alone . . . ."

He cut into her cries with an abrupt anger. "Come along, then. You'll be safer in the car than anywhere. And you'll be with me!" His voice held cutting sarcasm, and little tenderness. He was annoyed with her childishness and didn't care if she realized it. He paused, saying shortly: "Are you coming?"

She was frightened to stay alone, yet she knew that Matt would be angry if she insisted on going. It

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really was ridiculous for her to want to go. Hallie and Uncle John weren't far away. She managed to speak calmly.

"I'll stay . . . I'll call Hallie if I get too frightened." She tried to make her voice calm. "Be careful, Matt. And don't catch cold."

Her lips felt a little stiff as she kissed him and let him go. But the look he gave her was reward enough to warm her as she waited for him to come back.

He was gone an hour, and came back to report that Jim had been tucked inside his house, unworried about the storm or his sandbags.

After her two-hour vigil, Lorna could laugh a little. The storm had long since died down, and only the eaves dripped quietly after the pelting rain. Her eyes smiled into Matt's.

"And of course Jim thanked you, darling!"

Matt smiled wryly. "Of course he didn't! He called me an interfering young busybody, and told me frankly that when he wanted anyone to look after him he'd call Uncle John." He was hanging up his raincoat as he talked, and when he faced her his forehead was flushed. "He seemed to think I came because I was trying to make an impression. About the hospital, I mean. He grumped about and said that he didn't approve of my motives . . ."

"You had no motives, Matt," cried Lorna indignantly. "You were simply worried about him." Her eyes flashed. "How can anyone be so . . . so . . . impossible! I'd like to give him a piece of my mind!"

MATT shook the dampness from his battered hat, and smiled at her, fondly. "Such a loyal little wife! But I don't believe giving Jim a piece of anyone's mind would help." His lips twisted into a rueful little grin. "I like Jim. I'm sure he likes me. He's got his faults. So have I. I guess I used to give him a bad time when I was a kid. So he's a sort of child, now, and he's giving me a bad time! But I can't stop liking or worrying about him. Even though I'd like to spank him as hard as he used to spank me when I climbed his apple tree!"

He finished laughingly, and Lorna looked at him, wondering how he could still be so fond of the old man. Matt had said he had faults, but she couldn't find them.

However, she did find something in Matt's little speech to make her think a lot. Perhaps that was the way with all people. They crossed off other people's faults, and tried to see good in them, just as Matt crossed off her faults of selfishness and possessiveness.

She had those faults, she knew, and she was trying hard to change them. She had proved that to herself by remaining behind when Matt went to Jim's. She had been terribly frightened. Yet she hadn't gone. She marked that down as a small credit on the proper side of her fight to forget how lonely she had been as a small girl. She'd been lonely, waiting for Matt to come back. But she hadn't let him know. The storm that had beaten outside the window had been as fearful as the one which had beaten inside her heart. But it was over.



And she hoped that she had won a little strength for the next time.

She had almost forgotten the storm by the time she met Jim Nason again. She was shopping in the super-market when she saw him pushing a little cart and selecting meager wares from the shelves.

He glanced at her huge basket of provisions, and gave her a wrinkled smile. "The Doc says you're a good cook, Mrs. Wire. He's always braggin' about you. Sometimes I wonder if you're as . . . ."

"Sensible as I am fair-looking?" finished Lorna crisply. Then she was ashamed, and her face flushed hotly as she opened her lips to apologize.

Jim brushed the matter aside with a brief wave of his hand, and said curtly: "You're pretty as a picture! On the outside. But I do hear tell that you're . . . well, a mite dissatisfied with Westfield and the people here. You'd like to go back to Utah and take Matt with you."

**L**ORNA hadn't dreamed that people knew how she felt. Or that they had discussed it with others. She felt herself burning with sudden rage. That's the way it always was in a small town like Westfield. The people all knew each other too well. Why, they even seemed to know what a person thought.

Lorna spoke sharply. "It's true, Mr. Nason! And why shouldn't I want to take Matt away from here? He's giving so much. And people don't thank him. Just look at yourself. The other night in the storm he was worried about you. And

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what did you say when he came to see you?"

"I said he was a young busybody, that I could take care of myself," said Jim flatly. "And I can. I don't need no young whippersnapper looking out for me . . . ."

"Yes you do," said Lorna just as flatly. "You need a friend as much as anyone. And Matt will be your friend, if you'll only let him. Not . . ." she said hotly, "just because he wants a hospital in Sky Valley, and knows that you could build one if you liked. But because Matt's a wonderful person. A fine doctor . . . ."

"And the man you love," finished Jim, very softly, as she stopped talking, knowing that she had raised her voice so that people were listening. Suddenly he touched her hand



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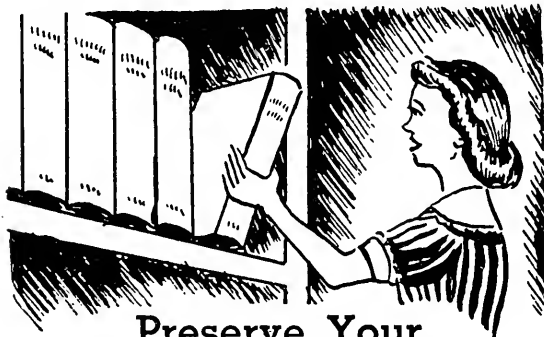
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with his gnarled, old one. His old face smiled into hers. "Yep, you love him! People been wonderin' about that. But I can tell 'em . . ."

"You needn't," said Lorna quickly, but Jim paid no attention.

"I can tell 'em, too, that you'd stay on here in Westfield, if your husband could get himself a hospital. But . . ."

"But, he can't," said Lorna harshly, and pushed her basket towards the check stand. She saw Jim staring after her. She knew she'd ruined Matt's last chance to ever get the hospital he dreamed about!

(To be continued)

\* \* \* \*

## Identity

Pansy H. Powell

No aspen spills its minted gold  
That he is not aware;  
No sparrow's death is ever tolled  
But he is listening there.  
When breezes sigh or robins sing,  
He hears no alien tongue;  
He knows the joy rich colors bring  
When April's flags are flung.  
So much to hear, so much to see,  
Yet God inhabits all.  
His the mountain's majesty!  
His the waterfall!

## Dawn

Beatrice K. Ekman

Dawn, a gray moth, unfolds her wings,  
And stars fade from the cobalt sky.  
The moon's pale light no luster brings;  
Across the fields long shadows lie.  
No wind-breath in the blossomed trees  
Nor blades of grass; the air is still.  
The night has let the gray dawn pass  
Without a sound above the hill.

# The Family Hour

(Continued from page 228)

Refreshments of a pioneer nature will follow.

In these busy times, when there are so many things to do, it appears increasingly important that we find some relaxation with our children in the Family Hour. Although we have not yet attained what we have considered our objective in keeping an evening for this purpose, each week, we have held one, two, or more per month. We believe the Latter-day Saint family can greatly enrich filial relations by this type of program.

\* \* \* \*

## April Is Here

Grace M. Candland

For now the rain is falling  
And a fitful wind blows;  
The fields are faintly greening  
Beneath the winter snows.

Now I hear the meadow lark—  
His clear and lilting trills,  
The annual spring announcement  
Echoing through the hills.

How can I measure my joy  
When earth is new again,  
And I may gather roses  
Along the country lane?

The pleasant days of budding  
And slow expanding leaf  
Hold part of summer's glory  
And autumn's golden sheaf.

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# From Near and Far

Sometime ago I was waiting to complete a long-distance telephone call in one of our larger cities. I noticed several of the office girls gathered together reading a magazine. As I knew several of the employees I asked what they were reading that was so interesting. I was informed that someone had come into the office to pay a bill and had left or forgotten her *Relief Society Magazine*, and they were all reading it and enjoying its contents. Sometime later I spent a week at the hospital and took along a dozen numbers of the *Magazine* to read while there. I read them all and enjoyed them. Too long I have considered *The Relief Society Magazine* as being for women of the household only. To me the articles by Brother Bowen on the Constitution of the United States (August, September, October, and November 1951) were especially timely, and the poetry, stories, and special articles are always enjoyable and instructive. I intend to continue reading *The Relief Society Magazine* and can heartily recommend it to the brethren of the Church.

—John O. Simonsen  
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I express my appreciation for Blanche Kendall McKey's beautiful story "No Tears, Beloved" (second prize story, February 1952). Its pathos touched my heart and I wanted to put my arms around "Jeanette." It is a story I shall keep to read and read again.

—Sylvia Probst Young  
Midvale, Utah

Words cannot express how much we enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. My fourteen-year-old daughter and I were patiently waiting for the conclusion of the serial "Through This Door," by Margery S. Stewart (January 1952). I always have to wait until my daughter reads all the stories, when it is my turn to read the *Magazine* from cover to cover. It is a wonderful *Magazine* to have in the home for all members of the family to read.

—Florence Burr Martin  
Preston, Idaho

Let me say again how much the *Magazine* means to me. I once heard a stake Relief Society leader say that if we as mothers would read every page of our *Magazine* and seriously try to live up to its teachings we would be educated women, abreast with the times, and would know no senility of mind or spirit in our declining years. I have read every line of the February number. I must mention the fine article "Good Afternoon, My Lady" by Mirla Greenwood Thayne. I am having my daughters read this especially. It will help them in preparation for the twilight years as well as now. I love the talks and poems on the Lamanites. My sixteen-year-old daughter has just finished reading *The Book of Mormon*, and she was particularly interested in the Indian material presented in the February *Magazine*.

—Mabel Law Atkinson  
Dayton, Idaho

The February *Magazine* is most attractive, and my poem "Vast Horizons Calling" (page 110) is proud to be placed under the beautiful mountain view. The cover, also, is beautiful, with its striking yucca illustration.

—Harriette Grace Eaton  
Redlands, California

I am pleased that my story "A Frame for Happiness" has been chosen for the April special short story issue. The *Magazine* for April last year was particularly lovely. The *Magazine* does much to encourage more abundant living through good literature, and I am always pleased when something of mine is acceptable.

—Ora Pate Stewart  
Salt Lake City, Utah

I do appreciate the opportunity to have my work published in *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is a wonderful *Magazine*, and the editors seem to have such a helpful attitude toward would-be-writers.

—Inez B. Bagnell  
Kamas, Utah

For your April reading . . .

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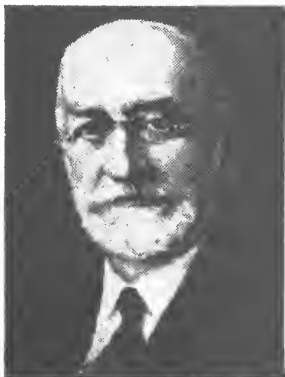
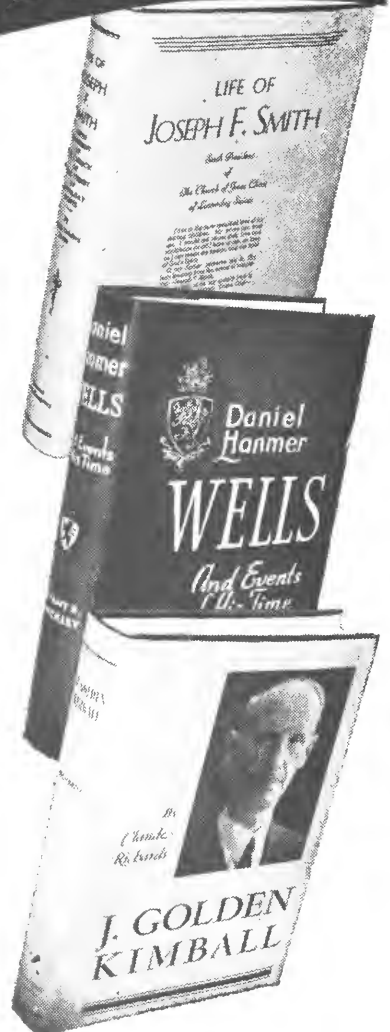
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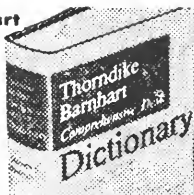
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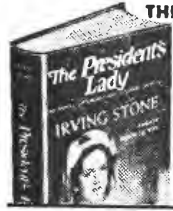
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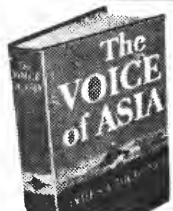
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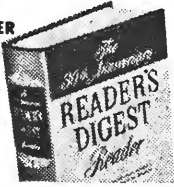
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*The*  
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MAGAZINE

VOL. 39 NO. 5

MAY 1952





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

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Vol. 39

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# *Overtones*

*Alice Morrey Bailey*

Mother is a word with overtones.  
Within its syllables the senses leap  
To every worthiness the memory owns—  
A cool hand on the brow of fevered sleep,  
The smell of new-made bread and berry pies,  
A smile of pride rewarding battles won,  
The sight of home that falls on homesick eyes,  
A soothing lullaby when day is done.

Its cadences retain a tender face  
And mellowed wisdom where the heart may grow,  
Yet leap the boundaries of time and space,  
Projecting every love that mortals know—  
This word which sends its singing down the years  
And magnifies its pattern on the spheres.

---

The Cover: Diamond Lake and Mount Thielsen in the Oregon Cascades  
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# The Spirit of a Mother's Day

*Mildred B. Eyring*

Member, General Board of Relief Society

**D**EAREST JIM:

Your very fine letter and beautiful card arrived today. Thank you so much for both. Your letters are always appreciated by all of us, and this special one to me is, of course, very precious. I shall put it in my treasure chest.

I confess that the occasion which prompted your message has always failed to arouse my own enthusiasm. My affection for my own parents and for my children, and theirs for me, has always been so spontaneous and deep that I have never welcomed the organized reminder of the relationship. (I know that I am very fortunate in having a devoted family, but I cannot believe that mothers whose children are habitually neglectful, greatly enjoy the artificially inspired remembrances those children may send once a year.)

I am sure that Miss Anna Jarvis had the very best of intentions when she started the idea of Mother's Day more than forty years ago, but I doubt that she foresaw how it would develop. In fact, I think I have read of her great disappointment in her later years at the way her idea had been modified and commercialized. Also, I suspect that she would have felt differently had she been a mother herself. She seems not to have realized that motherhood is its own reward, or punishment, depending on the sort of mother a woman is. Actually, the real debt owed by a child to his parents for life itself, must be paid

to the next generation. When you begin bringing your children to visit us your debt will be paid in full. You've already overpaid us in happiness and pride for everything we've done for you.

Mothers are just people, you know. There are all kinds, strong and weak, good and bad, willing and reluctant. The biological accomplishment of motherhood does not insure affection for the child. Yet, it seems to me, filial love is almost universal in children.

In the almost-forgotten days when instinct was the accepted theory of psychologists, the affection of children for parents was more easily explained than it is now. But perhaps the recent re-discovery of the importance of affection in the lives of infants indicates that there might possibly have been a basis for the instinct theory after all. At any rate it is recognized that often a neglected child has a strong emotional attachment for his derelict parents. There are, of course, many derelict children in whom seemingly fine parents have somehow failed to instill respect and devotion.

I can think of one universal good that could come from an appointed Mother's Day such as we celebrate. If the emphasis were placed on the privileges, opportunities, and obligations of motherhood; and if on that day mothers tried to measure themselves objectively, counted their triumphs and mistakes, and then re-dedicated themselves to their tre-

mendous task, much good could come of it.

I know I could profit by such examination and resolution. I am aware of numerous shortcomings in me as a mother. The fact that you love me, as I know you do, is a blessing which I feel I do not fully deserve. I am grateful to a kind Creator for making us as we are. Repentance and forgiveness are wonderful. Love is a miracle. Yes, I am sure an annual examination would be worthwhile for me.

But, as a day of affectionate remembrance and real significance for both a mother and a child, I would prefer the birthday of the child. That is the day that belongs to both of them in a way that no other day can possibly belong. For a child to sense his indebtedness to his mother and to honor her on his birthday would enhance the meaning of the day for both of them, and would in no way detract from the attention the child customarily receives.

Of course, I may be accused of scheming to have five celebrations instead of one. In reality it would make one less, because all the birthdays are celebrated anyway. It would mean only that each child's remembrance of me would be a very special one, unrelated and un-compared to that of any other. And another advantage not to be ignored, would be the impossibility of grand-

scale commercialism. Any advertising that was done would surely be much diluted by the very necessity of daily repetition. Still another very real advantage would be that the unfortunate women who are denied motherhood, and those, even more unfortunate, whose children fail to remember them, would not be made more unhappy by the unavoidable reminder of their misfortune as they are at present on Mother's Day.

Forgive me for writing such a dissertation on the subject. Your letter prompted the idea. I have just let my thoughts ramble and they've come out this way. What do you think of them? Shall I start something? Don't worry! You know I am not the campaigning type. But someday, perhaps, someone with more of a flair for that sort of thing will do something about making the observance of motherhood more in the spirit of motherhood.

It is good to know you are well and that your work is moving along so satisfactorily. I am sure the Lord will bless you for your devotion to it. I pray that he will bless you also for your devotion to me. I am very sincere when I close with the familiar phrase,

Worlds of love—

MOTHER

---

## *Forever*

Mary Gustafson

Miles may separate us,  
Years may dull the face,  
But the heart remembers  
And spans both time and space.



# A Tribute to Miss Tracy

*Sylvia Probst Young*

SPRING had come to Indian Bend, and on that Sabbath morning in May the world was at its loveliest. Our apple trees were gowned in white blossoms, and in the willows by the creek the blackbirds were holding their morning concert while we held Sunday School. I was playing the prelude music, and from my place at the organ I could look down at the congregation. The chapel was full, there was scarcely a vacant seat because it was a special morning—it was Mother's Day.

The mothers were seated on the first three rows of benches, and the sunlight coming through the stained glass window seemed to cast a sort of radiance around them that was almost heavenly. I looked at their faces—all familiar. One or two new mothers were occupying that place of honor for the first time. As I looked at them I thought of Miss Tracy. Surely she should have been among the mothers, for there is not an individual in Indian Bend who hasn't been mothered in one way or another by her.

Miss Tracy had come in a few minutes before and slipped quietly into a seat near the door. I could see her gentle, smiling face framed by the soft gray hair. And propped against the bench was the crutch that she always used. Miss Tracy is our school teacher. For over thirty years she has taught the first three grades in Indian Bend, and she seems as much a part of the school as the old ivy that climbs against

it. How familiar is that figure, a crutch under her left arm, limping slightly as she goes. Miss Tracy has used that crutch almost all of her life. Folks say she had some kind of disease when she was a child and it left her left leg shorter. If her lameness is any sort of handicap to her, though, no one knows it. She seems to be able to do almost anything anyone else can, and she always wears a smile.

My mother was in the first grade when Miss Tracy started to teach school back in 1918. Miss Tracy was just eighteen then, and she was engaged to be married. On the mantle in her living room is a picture of a young man in uniform—George Hayward from Clarksville. She told me about him once when I was spending an evening with her.

"That was a long time ago," she said, and her eyes grew wistful. "George was a handsome fellow and a good one, he could have married any girl in the country. So wasn't I a lucky girl to be loved by him?"

(That might have been true. But on the mantle is another picture of a girl—a lovely girl with sparkling eyes and a smiling face, a girl who radiated joy. So I would think that George Hayward was lucky to be engaged to her.)

"We had so many wonderful plans—just like young people do now—but there was a war and George had to go. I remember as if it were yesterday how we went down to Clarksville in Dad's white-



top buggy to bid the boys good-bye. It was hard saying goodbye. I stood on the station platform with his arms around me. 'I'll be back, honey,' he whispered, 'I'll be back before we know it.'

"But when the boys came back he didn't come with them. He was killed at Chateau-Thierry. I think that they buried part of my heart beside him. But I tried very hard to keep my grief inside, and I found the best way to do that was to keep busy. Work was good medicine. I decided then that if I couldn't have any children of my own maybe I could help mother other peoples'. And so I've kept teaching school and trying to help those who need me.

"And one of these days," she laughed and her eyes danced, "I'm just likely to up and steal somebody's youngster when they're not looking."

That was like Miss Tracy to end her story with a joke. She said that she had kept busy—how true that was. She has had time to sit up nights with the sick, to bake a pie for a tired mother, to read to some "shut-in," to sew for a needy family. She is never too tired to hear someone's troubles or to give sympathy and encouragement.

I once asked her if she didn't get lonesome in her big house all alone since her father died.

She smiled. "I never really feel like I'm alone," she said. "There's usually someone dropping in. Then I have my piano, and I like to get out the music that we used to sing and play it over."

Yes, Miss Tracy should have been a mother. How different her life

might have been if George Hayward had returned. But that just wasn't to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR Mother's Day program was beautiful. Mrs. Chandler sang "Mother Machree" as only she can sing it, and Mr. Shelley's tribute to our mothers was almost a masterpiece. The concluding part of the program was passing the carnations. We always give carnations to our mothers in Indian Bend. For some reason or other we have never changed that custom.

"The girls in Mrs. Hamilton's class will now present carnations to our mothers," Brother Boyle announced.

Mrs. Hamilton teaches the eight-year-olds. There were six little girls there to pass the flowers—and one of them was Peggy Gillis. My heart ached when I saw her, for Peggy's mother is dead. Mrs. Gillis died two years ago, and since then her children (there are five of them) have had quite a struggle. Mr. Gillis' work keeps him out of town except for the week ends, and fourteen-year-old Jean has tried to take her mother's place, and that is a big order. Miss Tracy has been little less than their guardian angel. Of course she never tells how she helps them can fruit, and sews for them, or the many evenings she spends at their home. But they tell it, and no one is surprised.

I looked at Peggy. She didn't look like an orphan, she was wearing a new dress and a new pink ribbon in her hair. I had a feeling that Miss Tracy had made the dress, but I didn't know. I did wish that

she wasn't up there passing flowers, though, it made me want to cry. Of course Mrs. Hamilton couldn't tell her not to, and maybe her sister didn't want to tell her not to either.

Mrs. Hamilton gave each little girl a bouquet of the fresh, spicy blooms, and they walked quietly among the mothers, giving one to each. When all of the mothers had received flowers the children walked back to their seats—all except Peggy Gillis. She stood a moment and looked around, then smiled and walked quickly down the aisle. At a bench beside the door she stopped, and, taking a big, red carnation from her bouquet, she thrust it into Miss Tracy's hand. Before Miss Tracy could stop her or say a word she had turned and was hurrying back to her place. You could have heard a pin drop in our little chapel. I thought I saw tears in Miss Tracy's eyes, but I was too far away to be sure.

Brother Boyle rose then to make

the concluding remarks, and I am sure that he voiced what we had all been thinking.

"Today we have honored our mothers," he said, "all of them. For surely we all know that there are mothers who have no children of their own, but are mothers nonetheless, for *theirs* are mother hearts."

Those words seemed like a benediction, and I thought that never had words been more appropriate than were those words for Miss Tracy.

Just how much that simple, childish expression of love had meant to her I learned two weeks later when I had an occasion to visit her. On her big, old kitchen table in a little glass bud vase was a carnation—once red, but now withered and brown looking. And if you should look at her keepsakes some day, I have an idea you would find it among them, because for Miss Tracy that little carnation was the perfect tribute.

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## *Not Happiness Alone*

Vesta N. Lukei

Love is not happiness alone,  
Nor deep content,  
But life's complete full overtone  
And testament.

It is the reaching for a star,  
The restless yearning  
After dreams that shine afar  
With midnight burning.

It is the shining filament,  
Quicksilver bright,

That weaves a pattern, heaven-sent,  
Through day and night.

It is the understanding heart  
That, knowing sorrows  
Of yesterday, with greater art  
Creates tomorrows.

Love holds all joy the heart has known,  
And soul's lament;  
It is not happiness alone,  
Nor deep content.

# Lily Pool—Rock Garden Combination

Willard Luce

SOMEHOW a lily pool and a rock garden just seem to belong together, like peaches and cream or bread and butter. A well-planned and well-planted rock garden makes a natural and beautiful backdrop for the pool and brings a bit of mountain loveliness into your garden.

The sides of the pool should curve informally and naturally to fit into the space. And the dirt shoveled from the pool makes a natural elevation for your rock garden!

There are a great many beautiful and highly colored stones which make wonderful museum pieces but are not especially suitable for rock gardens. Their bright colors fight for attention with the blossoms, and no plant can grow upon the rocks themselves. Then there is always the tendency to stand the rocks up so that the end result is more like a cemetery than the natural bank of a mountain pool.

A far better stone is one which is soft and porous, such as are found near many mineral springs. These usually have soft, neutral colors. The cavities help hold the soil and furnish a growing place for rock garden plants.

And don't limit yourself to what some seed catalogues classify as rock garden plants! Almost any plant which does not grow too tall can be used: spring bulbs, pansies, petunias, poppies, dwarf iris, violas,

to name just a few. Remember, however, your space is limited, and you must plan carefully so as to have a continuous succession of blossoms throughout the growing season.

In the pool itself you will want water lilies of different colors. These will cover much of the pool with large, round, green leaves, and furnish a variety of blossoms from late spring until early fall.

Water hyacinths are beautiful. In the South they grow so profusely as to clog the streams and canals. In the North, however, they die out during the winter unless taken up and cared for inside. In most cases their cost, plus this extra care, makes their value to a lily pool in the North somewhat doubtful.

Certain native plants, such as cat-tails and arrowheads, are abundant in many states and can add much to the beauty of your pool. Cat-tails must be watched carefully, however, or they will crowd everything else out. And care must be exercised in securing native plants to see that you don't also include a start of the many native mosses. Most of these are rapid growers which, if left alone, will soon crowd out and kill the other plants.

Another beautiful plant, but also a crowder, is the water iris. However, after a few years you will probably find your pool too crowded regardless of what you plant. Then is the time for a good spring

pool cleaning and plant balancing. Thin generously or you will be repeating the job before very long!

**I**F goldfish are to be kept in the pool, it would be wise to include some oxygenating plant such as Elodea, which will generate oxygen within the water of the pool, thus keeping it fresh. Also keep a piece of it in your aquarium with your fish during the winter months. It will keep the aquarium water fresh and provide you with a new start for your lily pool should that which you leave outside winterkill.

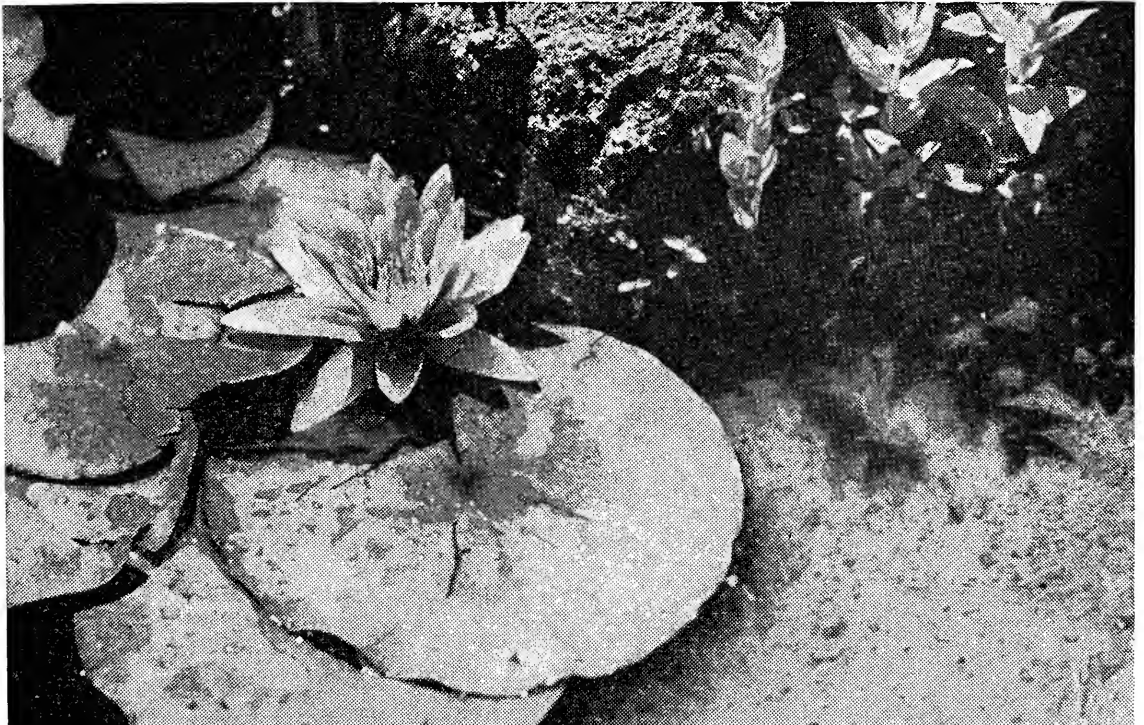
Snails are also helped by the Elodea and in turn help keep the pool free from decayed animal and vegetable matter. They, too, can be kept in the aquarium during the winter.

Frogs not only keep the pool free of mosquito larvae and various oth-

er insects; but they also furnish summer evening choruses—if you happen to enjoy summer evening choruses furnished by frogs.

Besides the beauty which a lily pool-rock garden combination brings to your back yard, it will also prove an invaluable source of nature study for yourself and your children.

You will be able to watch the bees flying from flower to flower, observe the hornets landing on the lily pads for a drink of water. You might even see the ugly nymph crawl up an arrowhead stem, split its own skin down the back and emerge a beautiful and shining dragonfly. You might see . . . . Oh, you might see any number of wonderful things from your lily pool and rock garden. If you don't already have such a combination, you might start planning for one in the future. It will be worth it!



Willard Luce

QUEEN OF THE POOL, THE WATER LILY (NYMPHAEA), RISES ABOVE ITS BROAD AND SHINING LEAVES

# It Happened One Day

*Edna Rae Madsen*

**S**PRING in Arizona is cool and pleasant. Bright cardinals flash everywhere; yellow grosbeaks fill the shrubs and bushes; mockingbirds sing all night long. The children go to school with no coats on. They skip and sing, play jacks and marbles, and hopscotch, long before their northern cousins.

However, I felt a bit lonely and dispirited in spite of the lovely weather; but that day something unexpected was to happen to change all my feelings.

Frank, my husband, taught music at the junior college, which was just down two houses and across the street from our place. As a special event there, Mr. Paul Bliss, the well-known pianist, was scheduled to play a concert. He was expected to arrive about noon on the bus from El Paso, and play at eight o'clock in the evening.

The concert was well advertised, and all the students were anticipating the event with a degree of excitement, but, for me, it seemed to have a special significance from the first time I had heard of it. One of my piano teachers years ago had given me "Twilight Dance," a piece by Mr. Bliss. The piece had always been a delight to me, and the name of Paul Bliss was so closely associated with it that it was a very real part of my impression of it. In fact, whenever I played it, it lifted me out of a despondency I often felt over the fact that I was not a great pianist myself, instead of just a housewife and

mother. I had painted, too, majoring in art, and this also added to my discontent.

The possibility of actually hearing Mr. Bliss in person, after all these years of playing this piece, had given me a new lease on life, as it were, and I could hardly wait for the concert.

As Frank went over to school that morning at nine o'clock, he noticed a strange man, with graying hair, wearing a plain brown coat and gray trousers, walking about the campus. Some classes had begun, so the grounds were empty of students. The man was wandering aimlessly about, enjoying the warm sunshine.

He was near the tennis courts when Frank went to him and spoke a cheerful good morning, instinctively realizing that this man was the renowned pianist. He had come on the early bus! Shamefully embarrassed that their famous guest had been neglected, Frank hurried him over to our place.

I had just finished the breakfast dishes and the bedmaking, for which I was definitely thankful. The three older children had gone to school, and little John was playing about, carrying the kitten backwards, as usual, under his arm.

By a nod of his head, Frank made it known to me that Mr. Bliss had not had breakfast. Suddenly realizing who was actually in the house, I went into action.

My emotions began getting the better of me, and my trembling hands kept nearly dropping things,

but the smile just wouldn't leave my face.

Mr. Bliss seemed highstrung, too! He kept coming into the kitchen nervously to see what I was doing. In the excitement, we kept bumping into each other. It was the most delightful confusion! I poured boiling water in the cup of postum, but, before I could pick it up, Mr. Bliss was right there and carried it into the dining room himself.

Once we were seated and eating, things quieted down. Frank talked about the climate while I made fresh toast and postum. He ate a little with Mr. Bliss to ease the tension he knew I felt, but Frank looked a little nervous, too.

When we were finished, Mr. Bliss jumped up from his place and began clearing the table. I tried at first to protest, but gave up and just let nature take its course!

Fearing that I hadn't done too well with breakfast, and he might leave, and so put an end to such a remarkable adventure, I stood in the kitchen tensely, listening.

To my great relief, Frank said, "You stay right here and practice on our piano—just make yourself right at home."

**M**R. Bliss graciously accepted. A silence followed—and then Mr. Bliss noticed the paintings on the walls. (They were the ones I had done in my student days.) Frank and Mr. Bliss went from one painting to another, making comments. I tiptoed along behind to listen. The picture hanging over little John's bed seemed to interest Mr. Bliss. He looked at it very intently.

"Your wife has a lovely talent," he said.

I floated back into the kitchen and was almost consumed with pure joy.

"I'll make a cake," I decided, and started sifting flour, to work off my feelings. It would be a delicate pink and white cake, with white fairy frosting. We would have a royal dinner! I proceeded to make plans for it. My painting was good! Mr. Bliss had liked it!

Instinctively checking on little John first, I went to the front door. There he was, riding pickaback on Mr. Bliss' shoulders all around the front lawn. His arms tight about our visitor's neck, laughing joyously, he hung on as Mr. Bliss trotted and bounced about on his hands and knees. Frank had a big smile on his face. Mr. Bliss was smiling, too. What fun there was!

I stood watching, and thought sadly, *no son of his own!* All of my selfishness about music and painting swept over me. I went remorsefully back to the kitchen and bowed my head in thankfulness for all of my children—and especially this last one, our beautiful baby.

Frank brought little John in to me, and the two men walked together back to the college. They later went to lunch together with some of the faculty members at the cafeteria. About one-thirty they returned, bringing a large suitcase with them. The case had been made especially to hold Mr. Bliss' formal suit to wear at the concert.

Since I did not know this, I asked him, "May I press your suit for you?"

He looked at me strangely and answered, "No."

Thoughts of his appearing in a wrinkled suit flitted through my



mind intermittently during the remainder of the afternoon.

I had straightened our front bedroom, smoothed the spread, drawn the blinds, closed the door, and made it as quiet, inviting, and restful as possible. There was a large Indian rug on the floor, and white curtains, with wide, soft ruffles, at the windows. Altogether, it would do, I felt, and Mr. Bliss could rest and perhaps sleep, if he wished. In this room we put his suitcase. He seemed quite at home, and I prepared to enjoy the rest of the day, after putting John to bed in the back room.

While I finished the cake and prepared the dinner, Mr. Bliss settled himself at the piano.

**A**FTER a time I became aware of the music coming from the living room. At first there had been scales and arpeggios over and over. And the satisfaction of knowing that he was playing our piano had been quite enough. Now I realized I was hearing a melody which completely captivated me. It disappeared, returned, in a most teasing, haunting manner.

Fascinated, I went near the piano. "What a lovely melody keeps running through that . . ."

This comment pleased Mr. Bliss greatly, and he explained, "It is the *Warsaw Concerto*. It was written by a very young man, they say, a soldier. It is his first composition. I am memorizing it, and it is rather difficult, because I am memorizing it from the orchestral score rather than from the piano score. Some of it I am having to compose or fill in myself. It is a beautiful composition."

I stood watching him in silence for some time, thinking about the young soldier. Then, noticing how dark it was, I asked, "Do you want the light on?"

"No," he answered, "I always practice with my eyes closed, and better in a dark room. Much of it I do at night with the lights off."

I was silent again, enchanted with all of this.

Finally, I returned to the kitchen, listening intently as the practicing continued, but occasionally was drawn back irresistibly to watch his long fingers race each other up and down the keys.

Once, he began telling me about his mother, "who" (he explained), "taught me for many years while I was young. We played my lessons over every day together. She sat right by my side until we finished the lesson, an hour or so every day. She was a wonderful person. A wonderful inspiration to me. Her devotion to me as a child and her teaching are the real reasons I have been able to accomplish what I have."

He was very eloquent in praise of his mother, but extremely modest concerning himself. Obviously he had loved her dearly.

The practicing continued, as over and over he played parts of the concerto—memorizing it. And the melody that threaded its way through it was dyed into my own mind until to this day I need but to hear it to relive my memorable experience with that great pianist.

Fearful of missing a moment, I stayed close to the house. About three-thirty Mr. Bliss decided to walk over to the church to familiarize himself with the piano there.

He had just settled himself to rehearsing his evening program when he was surprised by the arrival of a great many children and their teachers with books and lessons. In a matter of minutes they had completely taken over the church and there was nothing for him to do but leave. From the front door I saw him making his way down the long front steps of the building, completely surrounded by a horde of noisy, disheveled youngsters. He escaped and returned to our house as fast as possible, disappointed, but glad to find a quiet refuge.

"What was it over there?" he asked me, puzzled.

I laughed a little. "It's *Primary*," I answered, feeling unable to explain.

HE looked at me, still puzzled. I made a few remarks about children's religion classes, and let it go.

Several times during the afternoon Mr. Bliss disappeared into the bedroom, softly closing the door behind him. He is lying down to rest for awhile, I thought to myself. He would come out each time looking very much refreshed, as if he had slept. This, and the concerto, continued all afternoon.

Later, when he went over to the church again, leaving the door to his room open, I glanced in and noticed that the bed had not been touched. Puzzled, I looked about. The bed had not been slept on, I was positive. Yet Mr. Bliss had evidently slept. What had happened? What a strange person! And how had he refreshed himself?

When Frank came home Mr. Bliss began chatting about music, their common interest, but soon Mr.

Bliss was telling him all about his wife whom he had recently married.

"She is a lovely wife," he said dreamily. "She stopped in Albuquerque to rest while I came on here. If I had known how it was here I should have brought her with me."

The children and I wrapped up a small box of pecan nuts from our tree and tied it with a ribbon.

"Take these with you. They are for her," I offered.

He accepted them eagerly. "She will like them very much." His eyes, as he thought of her, filled with a loving light.

I kept worrying about his evening suit, still locked in the case. My husband was anxious, too.

"Do you want to get ready for the concert before we eat or . . . ?" Frank asked.

Mr. Bliss just looked at us in that strange way again, and said, "No."

The table, with the green salad, salmon loaf, homemade bread and butter, and the delicate white cake, cut in squares on little plates, and red raspberries from Utah in our tall sherbet glasses, made a very pleasant looking table. We sat down proudly, with the children all around beaming and smiling. We asked the blessing, and then we began our royal meal.

But, to our surprise, Mr. Bliss declined the food we offered, but said apologetically, "If I could just have this good bread and milk, that is all."

He insisted upon that simple fare but, to please me, he ate a generous piece of my cake and the ber-

ries. Seeing him there, the light on his face, surrounded by my beaming children, I felt that my own father was fed.

Having finished, Mr. Bliss jumped up from the table and started carrying his plate into the kitchen, and he kept on until the whole table was cleared, try as I would to make him feel he didn't need to help at all. It was really exciting, though, having such a famous man carrying the dishes. It has given my housework a glamorous touch forever after.

**I**T would soon be eight o'clock, time for the concert.

Finally Mr. Bliss went into the bedroom, and in a very few minutes out he came in a perfectly pressed black suit, with tails—white, stiff shirt, and all!

The church was filled to the brim, and there were flowers near the grand piano.

At first Mr. Bliss was very quiet and formal, but the friendliness of the audience soon affected him, and he became more relaxed. The applause he received was genuine, and I know he felt it.

To describe the scene is impossible for me, but I will say that none of us had ever heard anything like it before. His music was marvelous. It was perfect! And what do you think, for one of the encores he played my "Twilight Dance"! I wonder if Frank had anything to do with that? I hoped not. I would want that to have just happened.

As soon as it was over, we walked over to the dormitory where a reception was to be held. Everything was ready, the faculty women having

seen to that, and the table was a picture. The place was crowded, and there was much talking and visiting and gaiety.

Afterwhile I noticed that Mr. Bliss was missing. But where could he be? No one seemed to know. He had just gone.

I clutched Frank's arm and suggested anxiously that we had better find out what had happened. We slipped out and hurried home as soon as possible. No one was in sight. Horror-stricken, we looked about us. Frank opened the bedroom door. There he was, our guest, on the floor! Asleep! But at the opening of the door, he awakened, and we both stood staring at him.

The question was in our faces.

"It's the way I relax," he said. "I lie down perfectly flat and straight, and go to sleep immediately."

"So that's where you slept this afternoon!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "I have to do it to endure the strenuous work of my career."

**I**T was nearly time for the bus, so we had to collect our thoughts, as well as Mr. Bliss' things. The suitcase, the music, and all, were soon ready. After such an exciting day and evening, I was very tired. It was nearly midnight.

"Don't forget the nuts," I reminded him.

Mr. Bliss looked at me with great compassion, "You are tired, aren't you?" he remarked.

I smiled weakly but happily. "This has been a wonderful, wonderful day," I said sincerely. "A wonderful day."

We said goodbye, and Frank walked ahead of him out to our old car, carrying the suitcase. Mr. Bliss' shoulders drooped noticeably. He looked old. If we could just keep him here with us—just us and the children in quiet, peaceful Arizona! They drove to meet the bus that would take Mr. Bliss to another city, another audience, another adventure.

We were left to go on as usual at home, but with something new added. Something that had lifted us up and up and up! Life would never seem dull to me again. Being a mother was wonderful, and marriage—real and beautiful—was what I wanted after all! How blessed I was with Frank and the children!

And dear Mr. Bliss. God go with him and bless him all of his life!

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## *I Am Partial to Maytime*

Grace M. Candland

“There is no time like spring  
When life's alive in everything.”

—Rossetti

**I**T is true. This is a morning of creation, with all its bewildering beauty. It is free to everyone who will take the time to see it and give an attentive ear to its music and quiet unfolding.

Since the miracle of spring comes every year, we are likely to become but casual observers of the wonderful awakening all about us.

The day begins with the soft glow of daybreak, fair as a garden pink. The stillness of this lovely hour makes one feel that he is standing in the light of two worlds, so thin seems the curtain between them. Then the sun brings one back to reality. One sees the landscape bursting with new life, a veritable garden of Eden rising from the frost and snowbound earth of last December.

How can we describe the teeming growth emerging from the dewy bath of the night? The jeweled grass, millions of dripping green buds, flowers of every hue growing side by side; a clear stream meandering through the valley; the blackbirds' serenade from the willows on its bank; the meadow lark's song of praise to heaven. All have an exhilarating touch that no other season can have.

Then there is the odor of freshly turned furrows that enhances a feeling of security and joy in the good earth which feeds the body as well as the soul.

We seem to forget the harsh, unpleasant things of life. Like the earth, we are renewed in our faith, our hope, our reverence for the Author of all this beauty, this fragrance and sweetness that comes to perfection in Maytime.

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## *Revelation*

Marian Schroder Crothers

The tiny, dormant seeds,  
That break through shrouding sod,  
To flower in perfection,  
Reveal the hand of God.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1892

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

**MANNERS OF WORKING WOMEN:** Every day you may see on our streets a large number of women, who go quietly and briskly to their different vocations. The majority are stenographers and clerks, though there is a slight sprinkling of dress makers, telephone exchange girls, compositors, and girls who work in book binderies, and printing offices. They are not brusque, masculine creatures as you might expect; on the contrary they wear bangs and ruffles and laces just as other women do. Some are pretty and some are plain; some plump, some thin, and so far as appearances go, they are like the rest of womenkind . . . .

—N. V. D.

**TO AN UNKNOWN:** You are melancholy; and you are brooding over your own distemper; and so aggravating it. Neither prayer or meditation will cure it. The difficulty is that you are self-centered. Every self-centered person must be either self-conceited or melancholy . . . . You are making everything revolve about yourself . . . . There is only one question: are you useful? No? Then become useful. Set yourself, not to being happy, but to doing other people good. Forget yourself; think of others . . . . It is of small consequence whether you are happy or not. It is of much consequence whether you are of service to the world. Love is the cure for melancholy.

—Exchange

## THE CAPSTONE

'Tis a joyous day for Israel,  
Lo! the Capstone has been laid;  
Saints and prophets, sires and sages,  
For this day have longed and prayed;  
See the mighty hosts assembled,  
Hear the hills and valleys ring,  
With the shouts and loud hosannas  
Which they raise to God their king . . . .

—R. M. F.

**WOMAN'S WORK IN MEXICO:** The scenery from Diaz to Juarez, some seventy-five miles, is similar to that from Deming to Diaz, an open level country of vast extent with mountains and hills in the distance. We can trace the windings of the Casas Grande river by the lofty cottonwood trees growing on its banks . . . . We now reach Colonia Dublan, a settlement of our people, located on the banks of the river. The houses are of lumber and adobe. The farms slope from the road to the river . . . . Colonia Juarez is situated in a canon on the Piedras Verde river, which is lined with trees and runs lengthwise through the town. It is a thrifty, pretty little place, like an oasis in the desert; a number of handsome brick and concrete houses adorn the town. . . .—M.

**NURSES AND ACCOUCHEURS:** On Thursday evening, April 29, 1892, Dr. Ellis R. Shipp's class in Obstetrics and Nursing met at her residence, to enjoy a few hours socially after the winter's close application to study and their recent examinations which were passed successfully. A number of intimate friends met with them, our beloved Sister, Zina D. H. Young, joining in the congratulations and timely counsels to the ladies just starting out upon their important labors . . . .

—News Note



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**V**ISITING in Salt Lake City recently, Mrs. Lenora S. Slaughter, executive secretary of the Miss America Pageant, stated that Colleen Kay Hutchins, Utah's Miss America, has brought more praise to the Pageant than has ever been expressed before. People are impressed by her wholesomeness, her religious and educational background, her refraining from drinking and smoking. Religious magazines have written her up as a Latter-day Saint girl. As a "goodwill ambassador" for the United States, she has been on a South American tour and will soon go to Europe.

**M**R. DAVID (Andrea Mead) LAWRENCE, of Rutland, Vermont, nineteen years old, won the women's giant slalom ski race in the 1952 Winter Olympics at Norefjell, Norway. She is the second American woman in history to win an Olympic gold medal in skiing competition.

**E**LMA MILOTTE and her husband Alfred, naturalist photographers, are in Nairobi, Africa, for one or possibly two years, to record for Walt Disney's True-Life Adventure sagas the most savage animal life there. They do not resort to firearms or other lethal weapons, but lense their quarry from jungle ambush and waterhole blinds.

**M**R. CHRISTEN (Julietta Bateman) JENSEN, of Provo, died January 21. Mrs. Jensen will be remembered for her story of her Mormon pioneer mother's life, *Little Gold Pieces* and for teaching large groups of women in such literary subjects as world literature, Browning, and the Bible.

**A** *Letter to My Son* is an interestingly written book by Ora Pate Stewart, which will impress readers—young or old—with the high value of moral stability, especially a life of chastity.

**W**OMEN'S Air Force Sergeant Dorthe Isenhour, a Latter-day Saint girl from Salt Lake City, is "right arm" assistant to Chaplain Raymond Mattheson at Samson Air Force Base, New York. She helps encourage the religious and moral welfare of servicemen and their dependents at the base. She aids many welfare projects, including operating audio-visual devices used in religious instruction.

**M**R. ELIAS (ANNIE SWEN-SEN) JELTE, of Salt Lake City, a convert to the Church from Sweden, is now ninety-five years old and spends much time knitting, crocheting, and visiting her family, down to the seven great-great grandchildren.





## *"The Pursuit of Happiness"*

THE Declaration of Independence declares, "We hold these truths to be self evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and *the pursuit of happiness.*"

In every age of history man has sought for happiness. Today, in the throes of uncertainty and tribulation, the people of the world seem to have lost the knowledge of how happiness is attained, and pursue a mad whirl searching for it in wickedness. The word of God "wickedness never was happiness" goes unheeded.

In spite of this longing for happiness, many people defile the marriage vows. Selfish interests and self-gratification rob innocent children of the sanctity of a righteous home. Some people seek happiness in a withdrawal from the world. Legion are the number who pursue happiness through the pursuit of wealth, often selling their honor and debasing their souls for material possessions. Men grasp power by crushing the weak and, as tools of Satan, repudiate the very existence of their God, while ostensibly seeking happiness.

To a Latter-day Saint it seems incredible that man can be so blind to happiness. The Prophet Joseph declared, "Happiness is the object and design of our existence; and

will be 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. But we cannot keep all the commandments without first knowing them, and we cannot expect to know all, or more than we now know unless we comply with or keep those we have already received" (D.H.C. V, 134-135).

Relief Society was given to the daughters of God to help them pursue and attain happiness. Women often become so burdened in their household and mother duties and cares that there is a tendency to lose contact with others and confine their good works to their own family circle. Relief Society enlarges the souls of the sisters and guides them in service to others. Through its studies and work it inculcates "virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, holiness" and teaches the commandments of God.

Serving the less fortunate, comforting the sorrowing, visiting the distressed, kindle a love within the heart which warms and glows, radiating happiness throughout one's being. Through greater forgetfulness of self the spirit reaches out until, at times, there comes a flooding happiness which seems to foreshadow the blessedness of the eternity to come.

More and more one meditates upon the selflessness of Christ.

How rare were the occasions when he could be alone! Day and night the multitudes followed him. So dedicated was he to the world that once when he was told, "thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee," he answered, "Who is my mother? and who are my brethren? And he stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren! For who-

soever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother" (Matt. 12:47-50).

Relief Society trains the sisters of the Church for happiness. The pursuit of happiness ends in love of God and service to fellow men, and only by walking this path of light in righteousness will one reap happiness here and hereafter.

—M. C. S.



## *Our Young Mother*

Iris W. Schow

Our young mother taught us to gladden our eyes  
With the bright cyclorama that moves through the skies;  
To circle the earth upon fiction's bold wings—  
Through the practical use of impractical things.

To kindle tired minds with the sunset's warm glow,  
To gloat over jewels of crystalline snow,  
To harvest the manna the summer rain brings—  
Through the practical use of impractical things.

To ward off the blows that the world made us bear,  
By the armor of honor she gave us to wear;  
To drink to our fill at the truth's hidden springs—  
Through the practical use of impractical things.

Our mother was wise, though our mother was young;  
The shawl of affection she carelessly flung  
About us had more warmth than robes worn by kings—  
Through the practical use of impractical things.

## *May Morning*

Wanda E. Rhodes

The lilac's perfume fills the air,  
The iris is in bloom,  
But I must stay inside today  
And clean this cluttered room.

A book lies open on the chair,  
I long to know its ending,  
But who can treat a novel fair  
While over dishes bending?

My fingers yearn to scratch the soil,  
And pet the tulip buds;  
Oh, must I stay indoors and toil  
In tubs of foaming suds?

Nay! A robin calls me out to play  
With saucy criticism.  
A plague to household tasks in May!  
I will escape this prison.

# Notes TO THE FIELD

## *Preview of Lessons to Be in the June Magazine*

The general board is pleased to announce that the previews of the lessons for 1952-53 will appear in the June issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, rather than in the July issue. This will enable Relief Society class leaders to begin to plan their work for the ensuing year earlier than heretofore.



### *A Portrait*

Doris Riter

He painted a picture of dimpled face,  
A childish figure in ribbons and lace,  
With bluest of eyes and soft flaxen hair  
And the picture's fair as the child is fair  
But, oh, there's one thing he could not impart  
The love for the child in the mother's heart.



### *Sharing Sunshine*

Helen A. Nielsen

ONE bright spring day, I met a quiet woman with her arms full of manzanita. Shy, almost to the point of timidity, she offered me a bouquet. At the time of the year when cultured blooms were not yet ready to decorate our home, it was indeed a welcome gift. Its sturdiness bespoke the rocky hillside from which it had come. Its delicate pink color told of brilliant-colored sands swirled around its roots by rivulets of rain water.

While decorating the dining-room table, one had visions of rocks glistening with quartz, stones worn smooth by rushing flood waters from the hollow, and aromatic sage, cedar, and pine.

Oh, there was more than a few sprigs of manzanita on our dining-room table! There were memories of springtime hikes, the joy of having to use every part of one's lungs to conquer the mountainside, and a picnic eaten with hunger, and spiced with sand, with never enough water to quench the thirst. And the remembered thrill of that one sip of water someone was kind enough to share. One remembered the blue sky and the warm sun upon a bare head. Yes, that simple bouquet told many tales, and reminded one of the goodness of God to all his children here upon the earth he created for them.

I had one bouquet, but as I went from home to home, I found manzanita on the mantles, on the tables, and on the dressing tables of the homes I visited. Upon inquiring, I found at least six others with whom my friend had shared her springtime walk. Can one estimate the joy of that one armful of manzanita gathered in the quiet of a sun-warmed spring day?

# *Things My Mother Taught Me*

Matia McClelland Burk

**I**N looking back over my life and considering the most worthwhile things in it, I feel everlasting gratitude to my mother. So many things that are fundamental to success and happiness came from her.

My mother taught me how to pray. I cannot remember when I learned the Lord's prayer. Our nightly petitions besought God's loving care for those dear to us, and always wound up "and bless everybody in the world." Can a child utter such a prayer nightly and hate anyone? I have friends of many colors, races, and creeds. As the years go on, even in time of war, I can still make that petition sincerely for all of God's children.

My mother taught me to love the scriptures. We lived on a ranch, and I was never in a church until after I was fourteen, but we kept the Sabbath. A friend sent us Sunday School lessons, and every Sunday we studied them.

Long years have passed since those Sunday sessions, but I often remember, in time of need, some verse of scripture memorized, or some vivid Bible story my mother read in her earnest, dramatic voice.

Whenever I hear the magnificent cadences of the nineteenth psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork," I see a grove of nine cottonwoods providing a shady haven to four listening girls. Or when I hear the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," I see the same group, cozily warm in winter, around a sheet-iron stove; always with the happy leader, slender, fair, auburn-haired and absorbed. Many were the passages of scripture that mother taught us from memory, for not only was her heart in God's word, but much of God's word was in her heart.

My father, much older than my mother, had a fine voice and sang the old ballads beautifully, yet it was my mother who taught us to sing, usually to the accompaniment of a guitar which she played very well. I have often heard her say that she did not have a good voice, but, though not very strong, it was clear and true. We learned to sing, and all four of us have found joy in singing through the years.

My mother taught me to love poetry, and must have early planted rhythm in my mind. In that desert country we did not know the grandeur of northern winters, but one of my early memories is of an imagined towering peak that I visualized when my mother quoted:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;  
They crowned him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow."

—"Manfred," by Lord Byron

Many such stanzas came singing to my heart. With such a background, it is not surprising that three of us girls have carved a small niche for ourselves in the world of poetry.

Later, when my father died and we moved into town, where my mother taught in the public schools, we learned a good many other things. Among these things were the courage to work; the need to hold up our heads and earn our way instead of expecting others to do for us; the habit of scrupulous honesty; the need to help others less fortunate than we; and the habit of saying something good about others or keeping still.

It has been many years since I have spent much time with mother, but often my heart turns in gratitude to this little retired teacher, now bent and white-haired, but still peppery at times, full of ambition and as active as the doctor and her health will allow.

She writes charming letters to us, her children, to her doting grandchildren, and to a legion of friends and former pupils. She makes keepsakes and doll clothes for her seven great-grandchildren, and loves to hear news of them.

We often smile at the way things were done long ago. But in the days of doubt and turmoil, I often wonder if I have given my children as much to live by, as much to hold close in memory, as she, my mother, gave to me.

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

## *Some Spring*

Grace Sayre

Some spring, when lilacs wave their purple plumes  
And sweet wisteria hangs her pendant blooms,  
Through starry night and mystic petal rain,  
I'll sense the fragrant spring along the lane.  
Where fields of clover scent the greening land;  
There I'll wave a longing, beckoning hand,  
Wishing again for this ecstatic dream,  
My heart's swift rapture where the spring stars gleam.

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## *A "Needle and Thread" Hobby*

MARTHA JONES, PROVO, UTAH, HAS  
MADE SIXTY WEDDING QUILTS

“AUNT” Martha Jones of Provo, Utah, who is sometimes affectionately called “Grandma Jones,” has developed a hobby which keeps her happy and brings much joy to others. In her later years she has completed sixty wedding quilts, as well as many other quilts of different patterns. Shown with Mrs. Jones in the picture are a double wedding ring quilt and a silk quilt of double fan design. The silk quilt was made for a woman from South Africa who visited in Utah during the past summer.

An active Relief Society worker, Sister Jones has served for twenty-two years as an officer and forty years as a visiting teacher. The mother of seven children, she still found time for nursing and for community service. Now, at the age of eighty-four, she is grateful for the time which she can spend on her favorite hobby—quiltmaking.



MARTHA JONES

# Every Night at Our House

Thelma Hatch

WE have lots of good times at our house—turkey dinners, birthday parties, blizzards, and everything that makes life full. But there is one time that will always stand out above the rest in my memory. That is bedtime.

Night begins to roll over the valley, and before we can finish our bread and milk, it drops a little darkness that hovers over our house on the hill. As Grandpa always said, it's a good thing our house was built on a hill. Just the six of us keep its foundations rocking continually.

A family of six isn't so big, just Daddy, Mother, a big sister, Colleen, then in-between me, the brother LeRoy, then last, but not least, the pin-cushion of the family, Maybell.

This really isn't a big family, but it's the other members that add up. Other members, like Maybell's pet chicken, pet lamb, pet dog, another pet dog, pet horse, pet frog, pet pig, and pets are so attachable.

These members are not really unwelcome, but there is one little bit of humanity that is! It steps into the family tree just about when we're through with our bread and milk. It's the unpardonable, unforgiving clock.

Mother must feel something in the air about this time, because, at the same time every night, her head turns in the same direction, to look at the same clock, on the same shelf, with the same meaning.

"Bedtime!"

We four offspring run for refuge, but the selfish little clock still says eight o'clock, just as haughty as any clock can say it, without saying a word.

Again Mother gives the signal. "Bedtime!"

It's very hard to hear from one room to the other.

"Bedtime!" Oh-oh, this time Mother means it. She has the fly swatter. Then what follows is as regular as the sun rising and setting. LeRoy moans a ten-year-old moan, puts down his book, and worms himself into the kitchen. This time it's carrots, lettuce, raisins, bread crusts, and "Haven't we anything to eat, Mom?"

Mother doesn't hear. She has her head behind the hall door searching frantically for Maybell's pajamas. "Now think, Maybell, think!"

This is where I put down my algebra, almost too gladly, and head for the bathroom. Of course Colleen is already there, putting up her hair. Someday maybe I'll be a senior, too!

A rumble is heard as LeRoy dumps his loot on his dresser, then he runs down the hall and calls, "Hurry up!"

Colleen finally sails dreamily out of the bathroom and down the hall to our bedroom. She must have had a date last night.

Mother comes storming into the bathroom. "Thelma, where are they? You always hang them up. Now think, Thelma, *think!*"



Now, where do I think I put Maybell's pajamas this morning? I haven't the faintest idea, but I try to sound hopeful. "Did you look behind the hall door?"

Mother sighs.

Nearly every night I look behind the hall door for Maybell's pajamas, and often little Maybell has to sleep in something else. Maybell slides down the hall to the middle bedroom.

Off in the distance a terrific sound is accumulating. Maybell describes it as a geyser going off. But it's only Daddy tearing from the barn to the house. "I'll be late," he gasps, "late again!" as he heads into his bedroom and slams the door.

**O**UT in the hall I sit down and contemplate. Is this Wednesday again? Daddy is going to his stake presidency meeting, so it must be. I never remember a calendar hanging in our house. We have a system all our own, and it's very simple.

When Daddy goes to a Sunday School meeting, it's Monday; when he goes to a Mutual meeting it's Tuesday; on Wednesday night he goes to a stake presidency meeting; Friday night is a dance directors meeting. Saturday night he goes to a ward conference; and when Daddy goes to church all day—it's Sunday.

Really there is no need for a calendar.

Outside a honk is heard. The stake president is honking for his first counselor. Swish! Daddy rushes through the bedroom door, grabbing a handful of clothing and takes the forty yard dash down the hall. Someday it will turn out to

be his shirt and the bottoms of Maybell's pajamas that he grabs. He gets as far as the dining room, then drops his brief case as a signal. Then all the family come from everywhere and kneel down for family prayers. Although all is not peace and quiet afterwards, a spirit of love and thankfulness lingers with us.

Mother thinks she will go see if Daddy looks the same as he did last night when he was running to a meeting. "It might not even be the same man," she sighs. She runs to one end of the hall just to see Daddy run out the other end. But we catch the scent of his face lotion, and Mother smiles, "It's the same." It used to be his hair oil that we smelled, but he doesn't need that anymore.

Mother finally has Maybell and LeRoy tucked away in the middle bedroom. She doesn't expect them to go to sleep so early, but the attempt is made. She wearily goes to her back bedroom and lies down, hoping to sleep. It is now after nine o'clock, and all lights have to be out.

I know what to expect when I go into our front bedroom. Colleen is in bed reading her missionary's letters. I sit on the floor and listen and listen and listen, just like I wanted to be converted.

From the middle bedroom we hear a yelp from LeRoy, guardian of the food, and then Maybell, "Well, Mother, LeRoy won't give me any raisins!"

**W**HEN I climb in bed for what I hope will be the last time at night, and it is usually after ten

o'clock, I find Colleen reading *army* letters this time. We haven't quite decided if our new brother will be a missionary or a soldier.

At last Collen turns off our light, only to call out, "Mother, somebody left the yard light on!"

Mother calls down the hall and says since Colleen is the oldest she had better go turn it off. Then Colleen remembers that she forgot to write in her diary and begs, "Thelma, if you'll turn it off to-night, I'll just love you."

Of course, I don't want any hard feelings, so I go outside and turn out the light. Some night if I get electrocuted on that yard light, there will be a ghost wandering around.

Mother sweetly calls down the hall to see if we have our windows open, and Maybell decides she forgot to say her prayers. We are very quiet while every person, place, and thing in the world is blessed,

and then the little angel creeps back into bed.

As the course of the night wears on, Mother wonders if the water hose is still on the pansies, but, since it is after nine, I can't turn on the lights.

I take the journey to the pansy bed and swim the flood. Also I usually lock myself out of the house and have to detour to the back door.

Mother groans about her teeth, and LeRoy has finished all but one carrot.

Back in bed once more, time wears on, and finally Daddy comes home. Mother thinks it was surely a good, long meeting. Maybell thinks we've had a nice time, too.

The minute Daddy opens the door, Maybell starts to giggle. Daddy puts down his brief case and demands, "Great Scott! Aren't you kids asleep yet?"

"Yes," we all answer in a chorus, "you just woke us up!"

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## *Recipe for American Chop Suey*

Lila B. Smith

I like to make chop suey in the morning when I am going out to Relief Society or Primary, and have it ready to pop in the oven the minute I get home. The delicious aroma that comes from the oven while it is baking delights everyone. This recipe also makes a very good luncheon dish for the Relief Society work meeting.

### INGREDIENTS

½ lb. sausage  
 ½ lb. ground beef  
 2 large chopped onions  
 salt and pepper

Fry till brown, drain off the grease.

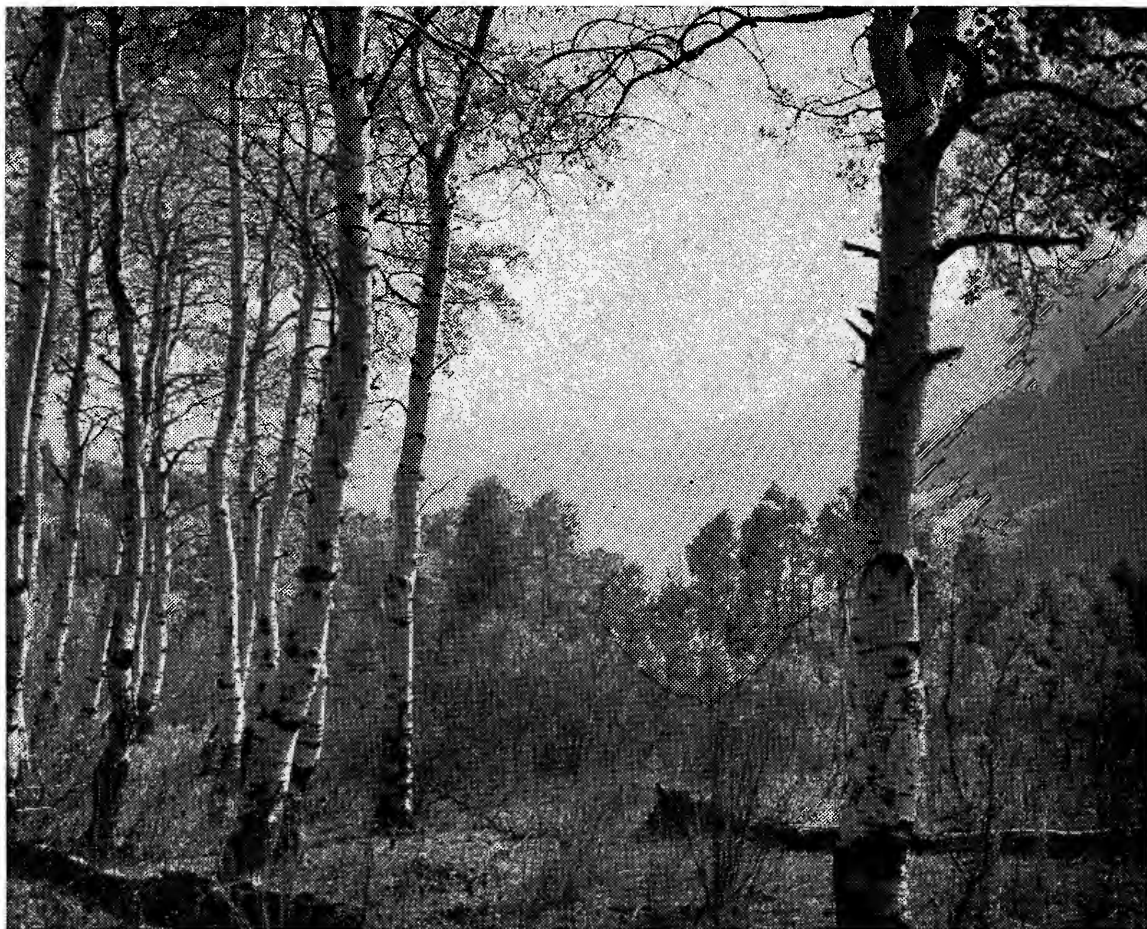
Add:

1 pt. tomatoes  
 1 c. cooked rice  
 1 c. cooked macaroni  
 1 c. white sauce made with the grease in which the meat was cooked.

Sprinkle cracker crumbs on top, and bake 45 minutes at 375°.

You can use all ground beef, if you care to, instead of part sausage, and you can add one can of mushroom soup, just as it comes in the can, in place of white sauce. Both ways are delicious.

This recipe serves ten.



Hal Rumel

ASPEN TREES IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH



*A Certain Pledge*

Harriett L. George

A tree stands like a certain pledge  
Of God's unfailing love;  
So sturdy and dependable,  
It reaches far above  
The other growing things of earth;  
And he who plants a tree  
Has placed his hand in that of God  
For all the world to see.

A storm may lay the garden low  
And strip the shrubs of bloom,  
May scatter fear in human hearts,  
Create an air of gloom.  
But when the sky is clear again  
And men resume their calm,  
The tree stands firmly in its place,  
Its strength a healing balm.

# Uncertain Possession

## CHAPTER 5

*Beatrice R. Parsons*

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, who has no home of her own and has lived with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never belong wholly to her. However, she gradually finds a place for herself in the community and in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. She meets Anne Clayton and Jeanne Beatty, friends of Matthew's, and becomes acquainted with Jim Nason, an eccentric recluse, who has been asked to help financially with the building of a much-needed hospital in Sky Valley. Two small china kittens, which Lorna has treasured since childhood, have become to her a symbol of possession, and yet she gradually learns to share herself and her husband with others.

**D**URING the days which followed one another like bright, shimmering beads in a necklace of hours, Lorna grew more and more used to living in Westfield, although she had never given up her dream of going back to Utah, and Doctors' Center.

However, she talked little about it to Matt. Since the time Jim Nason had talked to her, she had seemed to know that Matt would not like to leave Westfield. He still had his dream of a hospital for Sky Valley. She wanted to shake Jim Nason. With all that money, he would have nothing but a foolish statue of himself to show for it!

She knew the people needed a hospital, but there was nothing she could do to help them get one. So

she pushed the thought from her mind and dreamed of living in her own home town once again.

Lorna was often alone, in spite of the fact that Matt sometimes took her with him when he went to pay calls. Once in a while Matt and Lorna drove to a neighboring farm or ranch where mumps, measles, or chicken-pox held children prisoners.

Lorna amused herself by making scrapbooks from cut-outs from the pages of magazines. Matt's office was filled with medical magazines. And there were all of Hallie's R. N. magazines, but none of the pictures were for small children.

So Lorna bought and read the women's magazines, then cut them up for pictures. Always, she was rewarded by a smile from some small bulging, or speckled, little countenance.

So the days cut themselves into a pattern. There were her light household duties. The old house was not hard to keep clean, and she used her wedding gifts to make it attractive. Matt said she could have lived in a barn and soon would have made it over into a home. She liked hearing him praise her, and kept the house spic-and-span for him.

She also tried to take as many burdens as she could from Hallie's stiff, unbending shoulders. Hallie never thanked her. But Matt's grin showed that he knew. And understood!

Matt and Uncle John tried hard to keep office hours from ten until five.

More often than not, they ran until six or seven. And aside from his duties as general practitioner, Matt was also a local health officer. Sometimes he had to drive into neighboring towns to check on complaints.

Lorna looked ruefully into his tired face. "I know how it is, Matt. Besides the physical exertion of your twelve, fourteen, and sometimes almost twenty-four-hour days, there's the emotional strain, too. I can feel it when you're with a sick child. Or when Jeanne calls and you sit and look at her, almost probingly."

There was an unspoken question in her tone, and Matt nodded almost imperceptibly. "She's been complaining, lately, about tiny, shooting pains from the tips of her fingers to the back of her neck . . ."

"And that could mean, Matt?" prompted Lorna worriedly.

"It could mean . . ." he began, then shook his head as though to dispel such a notion. "It could mean nothing except that Jeanne is tired. She taught school all winter. And all summer she's been conducting classes for those children who didn't make their grades. She needs a rest."

"Why not send her away, Matt?" Lorna's voice had been eager. But it tensed as Matt glanced into her face with puzzled eyes. "Oh, no," she cried quickly, knowing that he was remembering the wild hawk which had intruded into their tight little twosome. "Oh, no, Matt! I didn't mean it that way . . ."

Matt's eyes were deep and tender. "I'm sure you didn't, Lorna."

She groped for words, still flushed, a little ashamed. "If there was only some way to make her take a vacation. If you could order her to rest. Perhaps I could take over her classes until . . ."

She didn't know how to finish with Matt looking at her like that. She and Jeanne hadn't been very close since Lorna had come to Westfield, and yet she had a great sympathy for anyone who needed to leave Westfield, even for a little time.

Matt considered: "I could send her away. Somewhere. Perhaps California." He planned swiftly: "You can suggest it . . ."

"Matt!" Lorna was on her feet, protesting weakly: "I couldn't. I'd be afraid . . ."

"Afraid!" Matt smiled. "Why should you be afraid of Jeanne? Or anyone for that matter? I had a feeling that you were getting over some of your shyness, your ridiculous fears."

Lorna was flushed, miserable as she sat down. "I guess I'll never be cured, Matt," she said thinly.

He came over and kissed her. "Of course you will, darling," he said reassuringly. Then he straightened up and confessed: "It's really nothing to be afraid, Lorna. Why, plenty of times I'm scared, too. That's one of the penalties—if there are penalties—of being a doctor. No man can study the chart of an eight-year-old pneumonia victim without wondering if the miracle drug, penicillin, can reduce temperature to normal within twenty-four hours. I can't think of Mar-

garet without feeling an impotent rage that I cannot cure her. I can't think of Jeanne without imagining the worst. Brain tumor . . . ." He broke off, saying gravely: "I'll send her to a hospital for X-rays. If only we had our hospital. . . ."

He stopped, as though the things that were pressing down upon him were more than he could bear. Lorna watched him pacing the room, and told herself, once more, and this time with an assurance she had never felt before, that she must talk Matt into leaving Westfield, the minute his uncle was ready to take over his patients again. Matt's own patients, at Doctors' Center, would have all the modern facilities, and he wouldn't have to worry so much.

She was almost glad to hear the telephone ringing so that Matt could stop pacing and answer it. She didn't mind the telephone so much when it rang at lunch time. Besides, Matt had really been able to enjoy his sandwich and cold milk. She smiled as he picked up the phone.

"Answer it, Dr. Matthew Wire! It's probably someone who knows we're alone together, having a cozy little chat, and . . . ."

Her voice drained slowly away as she watched Matt's features change. She knew the voice on the other end was terribly urgent by the way he answered.

As he put the phone down, he spoke crisply, "An accident, Lorna. A two-car crash. Several people hurt. They want Uncle John, Hallie, and me." He went to get his bag, adding: "Lorna, look after the

office. Please telephone the afternoon patients, and tell them we won't be here, to come in the morning, beginning at eight, if necessary."

He left the house quickly, after speaking on the intercommunication phone to Uncle John and Hallie. Lorna stood at the door, pale and shaken by the message; as the car rolled out of the driveway and up the street.

A few minutes later, she was almost glad to see Carole running across the street, her small puppy, Chews, barking lustily at her heels.

When Carole came in, Lorna was surprised to find that she was rather pale and frightened looking, and that she was crying a little wildly.

She hurried to ask about Chews, fearing that something had happened to the puppy. But Carole shook her braids, and through her sobbing, explained that it wasn't the little dog.

"It's not Chews! It's me!" She sobbed again, and held up her hand. It was crudely wrapped in a handkerchief—a not-too-clean handkerchief—and there was blood mixed with the dirt on the cloth. Carole cried shrilly: "I'm hurt! It's bleeding. It pains me. I don't know what to do. My Mama's gone to the grocery store, and Chews and I are all alone!"

Lorna was too shocked and worried to speak. She could scarcely manage her breath. She looked wildly across the street for Mrs. Wilson. For anyone. Carole's wails were loud and frightening. "Dr. Matt and Hallie are gone, and there's nobody to wrap it up."



LORNA stared in horror at the blood-soaked handkerchief which Carole had used to wrap up the cut. The sight of the blood made her physically ill. She felt faint, nauseated, and caught at the back of a chair to steady herself.

"Maybe Anne would know what to do," she muttered confusedly. "Or Jeanne . . ."

"I fell and broke a bottle," sobbed Carole, and Lorna wanted to sob, too.

But she knew that no matter how hard it was going to be to attend the cut, she had a responsibility. She remembered what Matt had told her once about a doctor, or nurse, having a great need for a poker face. She must pretend to be calm and professional in the face of Carole's fear.

"We'll go into the office," she said more loudly than she expected. "We'll find something to stop the bleeding. When Dr. Matt comes back, he can fix it properly. First," she said, opening Matt's office door, "I suppose we should wash off all the dirt . . ."

The warm water made Carole flinch, so she used cold. All the time she was examining the cut—which was long and deep—she felt like fainting and only kept herself from doing so by taking a big drink of cold water. She gave one to Carole, too.

"Now for some salve . . ." she said unsteadily, and her knees felt wobbly as she went towards Hallie's refrigerator.

Searching among the jars and bottles, carefully labeled in Hallie's precise handwriting, Lorna tried to recall what Matt had said about penicillin. Well, if it could

cure pneumonia, it could surely cure cuts! There was a big tube. She squeezed a more than generous amount on a piece of gauze and managed a not too unprofessional bandage on Carol's hand.

Then she made Carole lie down, for the child still looked pale and frightened.

"I'll see if I can find something for you to play with," she said as she disappeared into the corridors.

Oh, if she had only not given away the very last of her little scrap-books. The magazines were all cut up because she and Matt had already read them. Her eyes searched wildly all about the apartment. They fell on the little china kittens. Very reluctantly, she picked them up.

Carole was sitting up, looking out of the window when she came back. Carole didn't seem to see the kittens, she was crying again, and she hurried outside, calling, relievedly, over her shoulder: "Mummy's home, Lorna. I want my Mummy . . ." and her crying left a little thread of sound as she rushed to tell her mother about the cut.

Unsteadily, Lorna set the little kittens on one of the enameled tables, and knew that she must either lie down, or fall down. She was really going to faint. She managed the couch, just before the dark pit of unconsciousness closed about her.

SHE didn't know how long she was out, but after a while she opened her eyes and found her head aching fiercely so that she remained just where she was, knowing that her fit of nausea had not passed completely.

When the others came home, they found her lying there, listless, pale.

Matt was alarmed, seeing the upset office. His voice came in a hoarse little rush. "Oh, Lorna, Lorna, darling, what is it!"

Lorna was dimly conscious that she had left the bloody water in the basin, the penicillin uncapped, the gauze carelessly unwound. She tried to reassure the circle of worried faces that leaned over her.

"It was Carole, Matt. She cut her finger." She sat up, pushing her dizziness away with an unsteady hand at her temple. "I had to wash it and wrap it up. I . . . oh, Matt, I told you I'd faint at the sight of blood!"

She was so ashamed that she cried. Matt sat down beside her and stroked her gleaming curls.

"There, there, darling. As long as Carole's all right, you musn't worry."

She dried her eyes on his big, white handkerchief, knowing she was disgracing herself by acting such a baby. She saw Hallie capably swishing the water out of the dirty basin, methodically squeezing out a dab of penicillin before she put back the cap. The unused portion of the unwound gauze she tossed into the wastebasket with a little frown.

From under a clouded layer of memory, Lorna remembered that Matt had said that penicillin should always be refrigerated, that gauze must always be kept sterile.

Hallie's rubber heels moved quietly, yet purposefully about the laboratory repairing the damage Lorna had done. There was a chill

antagonism about her that made Lorna wince.

Now, she thought, disturbed, she dislikes me more than ever. Now she's more convinced than she ever was that I'm careless, thoughtless, not fit to be Matt's wife. Her thoughts stretched out, unbidden. Hallie sees right through me. She knows I'm afraid of things. Afraid to let Matt go very far away. She knows I'm jealous of his friends here in Westfield, because they've shared so much with him. Hallie knows that I'd like to keep Matt beside me all the time. She sees deep inside me, the way I saw deep into Carole's cut. She knows I'm selfish, possessive . . . .

Suddenly she put her head into the curve of Matt's arm and shoulder and wept convulsively: "Oh, Matt, let's go away from here. Away from horrible accidents. From cuts and bruises. Let's go home where things will be different. Where . . . ."

**M**ATT'S face was unsteady as he bent it towards her. His voice, however, was firm, steady.

"Lorna, you're hysterical! You're saying a lot of things you don't really mean . . . ."

Lorna sat up, biting her lips. Uncle John walked with his cane to open the door into the waiting room. Lorna's eyes widened, her face grew flushed. The waiting room was filled with patients. Her voice was choked as Uncle John went out.

"Oh, Matt, I forgot to telephone them!"

For an instant she detected some-

thing like impatience in Matt's features. Then he patted her arm and spoke soothingly.

"You've had a pretty trying afternoon, darling. Uncle John and I will take care of them." He turned to slip into his white coat, then saw the small china kittens on the enameled table. "At least," he said proudly, looking deep into her eyes, "you didn't forget one thing! You remembered the most important thing of all. You remembered to let Carole play with your little cats!"

Lorna gathered the kittens up into her hands, preparing to take them back to the apartment. Then she saw the pride and happiness in Matt's face, and she knew there was something else important she had to do.

Much as she cringed at the thought of giving away her small cats, she knew she must. Matt wanted her to. Hallie expected it. But she knew, by the unbending sternness of Hallie's back, that she was sure Lorna wouldn't. With her head thrown, almost defiantly back, she went shakily toward the door.

"Maybe Carole's finger should have some professional attention, Matt. I'll take her the kittens, and tell her mother you will see her later."

Matt's voice rang with pride. "You've done a really magnificent job all around, today, sweetheart. Carole will be happy with the little china cats. You'll be happy without them, I'm sure, when you get

used to the idea." His eyes went from graveness to twinkling laughter, and he added: "I'm sure no harm will come to Carole's finger since you doctored it with so much penicillin!"

He was laughing at her, Lorna knew as she crossed the street. Yet he really wasn't laughing at all. Her heart beat lightly as she saw Carole's mother coming towards the door.

Carole rushed through the screen before her mother could open it, and thanked Lorna with a quick hug.

"You're going to let me play with the kittens . . ."

"You may have the kittens," said Lorna, firmly.

Carole hugged her again, and her small hands trembled as they touched the china cats. Her blue eyes sparkled with happiness.

"Every time I've seen them on your dressing table, I've wanted to play with them, Lorna. I've never asked because . . ." Her voice drifted away, and her cheeks were pink.

Lorna's cheeks were pink, too, and she smiled at Carole's mother, over Carole's intent little head.

"She's going to be all right. Dr. Matt will look at her finger later on. He said I'd used plenty of penicillin."

Going back across the street, Lorna smiled. Matt had said "penicillin," but his eyes had said something far more healing . . .

(To be continued)

# Dear Conquest

## PART III

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Maggie Sullivan, young and beautiful, comes to Oakville as a high school teacher. Charlie Kirkenson and other young men are interested in Maggie, but she seems to prefer Ira Scott, a strange, silent rancher, whom she met at the Deer Hunter's Ball. On Christmas night Maggie and Ira become engaged and plan to marry in the spring.

**I**RA Scott and Maggie Sullivan were married in the temple the last of May, right after school let out. They came back to Oakville for a reception which Annie and I gave for them in my house. We opened the sliding doors between the living room and dining room and put out chairs, opened up the parlor, and served in there. Then we used the upstairs bedrooms for presents. Maggie wore a white satin wedding dress her stepmother had bought her, and Ira wore a new suit. They stood alone because Maggie had had so many friends in Oakville who thought they should be the special ones to stand up with her. That was a way Maggie had, making a person feel he was extra special.

Everybody in Oakville came to the reception, and though Maggie didn't invite many from other places, some drove in and stayed at the hotel. Maggie's stepmother wouldn't stay with me, but stayed at the hotel.

Maggie and Ira moved into the ranch house. Ira was always busy this time of year, but Maggie had wanted to finish the year's teaching

before her marriage, so they were married in the midst of his spring work, which included calving. The ranch was some distance from Oakville, but Annie and I managed to get out just before the wedding to work on it a little. It was built with no living room, but it had a huge kitchen. Maggie didn't seem too discouraged, but it might be another thing after she had had to live there awhile. Then there were the many ranch hands who ate in the kitchen. Maggie wanted to dispense with the cook until I made her go out and watch the ranch hands come in and eat. "It would take me all day to peel enough potatoes for that many people—buckets!" Maggie observed.

It wasn't until the middle of summer that My John and I drove out to the ranch. It looked hot and dusty even with the tiny new fruit trees rowing the house. The bunkhouses looked hot and brown, and there was no sign of life as we drove by. Maggie had her new curtains up, and screens.

The Mexican cook let us in. "Meeses Scott in bed," she said.

The pantry was off the kitchen, and she backed into it and continued scraping vegetables. The kitchen was changed a little. It had been painted in yellow and white, with some brownish stenciling, and there was a huge, round, braided rug in front of the fireplace that looked gay. The table was still monstrous for the men to eat at.

Maggie called from the bedroom. "Come in here, please, if you don't mind."

She lay in the huge walnut bed with its carved posts that had been Ira's father's. She had done more fixing up with the bedroom than the kitchen. I sat on the rocker with the tufted back by the bed while My John sat over by the window.

"I won't pretend it's a cold I've got," said Maggie. "Or something I ate . . ."

"I hope not," I said. "It's nothing to be hidden, but something to be shouted to the skies. I guess I'd have published it somehow if I could ever have had children."

Maggie reached over and took my hand. "I feel fine by late afternoon. Ira's going to get the doctor tonight. He won't let me even ride to Oakville in the car." Maggie laughed while I took out my crocheting.

**M**MAGGIE'S baby was born the last of April. We drove out to the ranch through the mud and damp April spring. I took my suitcase out, and My John left me for a week to do for Maggie after the baby came. Annie was there when I got there. She didn't seem to be relieved, but Maggie seemed glad to see me.

Maggie sat up in bed and held her baby in the cradle of her arm for me to see. He had black hair like Ira's.

"He's got a stubborn chin," I said, smiling.

"Oh, he's the best baby . . . ." Maggie began.

Every baby's a best baby, I

thought, but I liked to hear the mother say so.

Ira showed the baby to the men each day at noon and for a brief moment each night. "This is Sullivan Ira Scott," he would say. "Have you ever seen a bigger baby for his age?"

"Never," the men would say. Then Ira would come back and put the baby in his cradle and sit by Maggie's bed and eat.

Perhaps, I thought, this is all as it was meant to be from the very beginning.

"I'm glad the showers have stopped," Maggie remarked. "It's nice to have the sun so warm again. That window there is such a joy."

Ira looked out. "Don't say that," he said. "We need the rain in the spring, a lot of it, or we have trouble in the summer."

"Yes," I agreed, "a farming community never complains about the rain unless it turns to hail." Then Ira turned to go.

"Even the men have longer to eat and talk than Ira does," Maggie complained.

Ira leaned over the baby and touched his finger, kissed Maggie, and hurried out.

"He's a hard-working man," I said, but Maggie was turning the pages of a magazine so probably didn't hear.

I went home after a week and a half. Maggie said she was sorry to see me go.

"It does seem good to have someone to talk to," Maggie said sadly as I got into My John's car.

"Don't fret," I said. "That baby will keep you so busy you won't have time to talk."

"Yes, but I like to have someone to show him off to all the time," Maggie laughed.

"Well, Ira might not be so busy later in the season."

We waved goodbye.

It rained very little more in April or May, and the farmers who lived in town and owned farms farther out would stop after church or after dark, coming in from the farm, and worry among themselves about not enough rain.

**B**Y the middle of summer, when Ira and Maggie had the baby named in fast meeting, the drought was on. They came to Sunday dinner, but Ira kept worrying the whole time about starting home. He seemed even less talkative than I'd known him to be. Maggie tried to cheer us up by telling of little Sullivan's attempts to express himself. He was a sweet baby and seemed prettier every time we saw him.

Everyone was losing some cattle, but Ira was harder hit because he had the most cattle.

"But you have more left," I said cheerfully, but there was no answering smile from Ira.

They left soon after. Maggie kissed me on the cheek. "I'm sorry we've been such poor company."

"You've been fine," I said. "You be a comfort to Ira."

"He won't let me," said Maggie, and she turned away and jumped into the car.

The biggest rain we'd had for a few years came the first of August. The drought was over, and I wondered about Ira and Maggie. I decided the first chance I got I'd take out some blackberry jam I'd just finished putting up.

I didn't get out until the peaches were on. When Rosie, the Mexican cook, let me in, I could see Maggie's bottles of freshly put up peaches upside down filling her table. She was a real worker, there was no question about that.

"She down to the corral," pointed Rosie.

So I went out to look for Maggie. She was standing on the bottom slat of the gate watching inside. I'd heard about the expensive new Hereford bull Ira had just bought. Ira and one of the hands and a neighbor, Joe Marshall, were bringing him into the outer corral. They climbed out and came and stood near us by the gate, watching the bull.

"Now that was a real buy," said Joe Marshall. "I don't know how you manage to do it."

"He really is a good looking animal," agreed Maggie.

But Ira's face only looked cloudy as if he disliked Maggie saying that.

"I don't know," said Ira, "I guess he wasn't too much of a bargain. Maybe I should have waited to buy."

"Nonsense," said Joe.

I saw Maggie shut her lips tight. I wanted to say that that was just Ira's way again, but Maggie turned and walked up to the house with me.

"Since the drought he's been that way more than ever," said Maggie as we neared the house. "Even the baby. He won't praise anything any more, not that he ever did very much. But sometimes he did say some rather kindly things to me. See how he acted about that bull!" There was a sudden flash in Mag-



gie's eyes, and then she changed the subject.

IT wasn't three days after that that the news was all over Oakville. Maggie had sold Ira's new Hereford bull to Joe Marshall for the same price he'd paid for it. Jake Turner had been washing up at the pump in Ira's back yard when he'd heard Ira ask Maggie where in the world the bull could have gone.

"Why, Ira," Maggie exclaimed, "I've done the best thing for you. I persuaded Joe Marshall to take it off your hands at the same price you paid for it."

"You what?" Jake had stopped washing with a start at Ira's voice.

"Why, yes," Maggie had gone on, "you said yourself if you'd only waited you could have got a better buy later. Well, now you can have that chance."

That was all Jake heard. The men were coming up for dinner.

Joe Marshall took the Hereford bull back to Ira when he found out Ira hadn't favored the sale.

"No," said Ira firmly, "you keep the bull. You bought it fair. Maggie represents us both as I do."

Joe felt mighty uneasy about the black look of Ira, but finally he had to take it home again. Ira considered the deal closed.

I went out to see Maggie. After the bedroom door was safely shut, she stood at the window, dry-eyed and unhappy.

"I thought I had a point that Ira might see," said Maggie. "But all I've done is to make everything worse. Do you know what Ira said? All he's said?"

"No," I shook my head dryly, "but I can imagine."

"No, you can't," said Maggie. "He asked me in a tone so bitter you can't imagine, 'Why do you want to make a fool of me and of you?'" She dropped her head on her hand. "He wouldn't let me try to explain. I know now it was silly and stupid, but I thought a lot of talk would come out of it all. Instead Ira's even more silent than ever. He won't discuss it or let me." She straightened her shoulders. "Well, I'll keep trying in my blundering way anyway."

The baby began to stir so I picked him up and patted him. "He's a sweet one to hold," I said. "My isn't he getting to be a big one?"

"He is," said Maggie proudly.

I didn't see Maggie and Ira again until just before Thanksgiving. I wrote them asking them to come to Thanksgiving dinner with My John and me. Maggie answered that they would. It would probably be the last time they'd get in and back before the real snows began. I invited Grandma Friebach in to eat with us, too. She took turns with her numerous invitations so that My John and I felt real pleased that she could come to us this year. My John went out early and brought her back in his sleigh. When I tried to tuck her up in a rocker by the fire, she'd have none of that.

"I'll help," she said, and she did. She settled herself on a stool in my kitchen and proceeded to do wonders with my sweet potatoes. My John tried to get her to come in the living room and talk to him. "I'll

come when Maggie and Ira get here," she decided.

IT was almost eleven when Ira and Maggie and the baby arrived. Grandma Friebach and I both helped Maggie unwind Sullivan. He gave a few gleeful waves of his feet and arms and then turned over and began to drowse. Grandma rocked him by the fire. Ira stood by the window talking worriedly to John about snowstorms. There were flurries in the air, and the sky was dark enough so we had our lamps on.

"I never realized how important weather *whethers* can be," said Maggie, laughing lightly, "whether it snows or doesn't, whether it looks dark or doesn't, whether the wind blows or doesn't . . . ."

Ira looked at her silently while she ran upstairs with sleeping Sullivan.

"Well," announced Grandma Friebach to Maggie when she came down, "I think we're all ready to sit down at last."

My John blessed the food and then began carving the turkey. The wind and the snow had begun in earnest. There was a sudden wild blast of wind that rattled the windows, accompanied by a pounding at the front door. My John and Ira and I rose simultaneously. My John let Ira's man, Jake, in. He stood scattering snow in our front hall, wiping at his face and panting a story in Ira's direction.

"What about old Dominic?" Ira blocked the doorway into the hall, but we could still hear Jake.

"The little mare must have fallen on the ice crossing Muddy River. I don't know, Ira, what all old

Dominic's got broken, his collarbone and arm. He's not in his right senses at all. I can't find Doctor Rich at home; he's clear at the other end of town. I don't even know if we can get back to the ranch to Dominic with the doctor with this here storm. I had a terrible time getting through the last part of the way . . . ."

Ira was pulling on his coat, jerking at his boots. "We'll get the doctor and get out there all right," Ira grunted as he did up his boot straps. "I'm right sorry, John," Ira said, hurrying.

"That's all right." My John handed him his coat.

"Ira," Maggie said, her voice high and unsteady. She began to pull down her coat.

"You'll have to stay here," Ira said, his hands rushing at the buttons on his coat. "We'll never make it with you and the baby and the doctor in this storm. I'll be back as soon as I can. I've got to take care of old Dominic . . . ."

"You might not be able to get back . . . ." Maggie's voice trembled, but Ira never answered, just gave her a quick kiss and he and Jake swung the door shut behind them, and there was the jangle of the sleigh harness.

We sat back down at the table, but the room seemed too silent. Maggie's chin wobbled a little as she looked down at her plate.

"Ira's not asking much, Maggie," Grandma Friebach said briskly, "just that you stay here for a few days or a week or so depending on the weather, so he can help a hurt man that worked good for his fa-

(Continued on page 357)

# Magazine Subscriptions for 1951

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE faithfulness and devotion of Relief Society officers, Magazine representatives, and Relief Society Magazine subscribers were clearly demonstrated in the great increase in the number of subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine* in 1951. The number rose from 92,598 as of December 31, 1950, to 104,210 as of December 31, 1951, or an increase of 11,612.

Increased costs of paper, printing, and handling the Magazine gave grave concern to the general board at the close of 1951 regarding the maintenance of the subscription price at \$1.50. While the future in costs remains uncertain, it would seem that with such an increasing number of subscriptions, the subscription price can be maintained at the present rate of \$1.50, unless unforeseen increases occur.

The worth of the Magazine to Relief Society is beyond calculation. It allows a presentation to its members all over the world of all matters vital to Relief Society. Through its record of activities of Relief Societies in the stakes and missions, it binds the sisters closer together in a unity of understanding and love. It contains the lesson work and obviates the need of the sisters buying lesson booklets. It carries reports of the annual general Relief Society conferences to the tens of thousands of sisters who are not privileged to attend the conferences

in person. It contains articles by inspired writers of the Church. Besides offering an opportunity to Latter-day Saint women authors to have their literary work published, it provides worthwhile reading in harmony with gospel principles. The heritage of the writings of the women of Mormondom from the days of Lula Greene Richards, first editor of *The Woman's Exponent*, to the days of Susa Young Gates, first editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and up to the present, becomes increasingly precious. The sisters of the Church are grateful for the blessing of a Magazine to further the work of Relief Society, and show it, year by year, by the added number of sisters who support the Magazine.

In 1950 there were 120 stakes and 9 missions on the Honor Roll. In 1951 there are 151 stakes and 13 missions on the Honor Roll.

It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that the general board expresses its thanks to every sister who has helped to achieve the magnificent increase of subscriptions in 1951.

The Magazine representatives are to be congratulated on the great service they are rendering Relief Society by their tireless efforts in placing *The Relief Society Magazine* in the homes of the sisters of the Church.

# Honors for Highest Ratings

## Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 184%  
Magazine Representative—Nancy M. Rupp

## Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 262%  
Magazine Representative—Evelyn Ferrera

## Mission

Texas-Louisiana, 99%  
Mission Relief Society President—Leone R. Bowring

## Mission District

West Texas District, Texas-Louisiana Mission, 158%  
District Magazine Representative—La Prial D. White

## Mission Branch

Franklin Branch, 318%  
West Virginia North District, East Central States Mission  
Magazine Representative—Alice B. Hartman

## Stakes Achieving Highest Percentages

South Los Angeles (California)	.....184	Nancy M. Rupp
Nyssa (Oregon)	.....136	Mae E. Boyer
San Joaquin (California)	.....134	Wealtha Mendenhall
Provo (Utah)	.....134	Flora Buggert
Oquirrh (Utah)	.....128	Beatrice W. Dimond
Glendale (California)	.....125	Elsie Weber
Humboldt (Nevada)	.....125	Charlotte S. Ferguson
East Los Angeles (California)	.....120	Zelma Beck
Inglewood (California)	.....119	Maurine B. Campbell

## Missions Achieving Highest Percentages

Texas-Louisiana	.....99	Leone R. Bowring, President
Western States	.....98	Mildred M. Dillman, President
California	.....89	La Priel S. Bunker, President
Northern States	.....89	Lucy T. Anderson, President
Central States	.....84	Annie M. Ellsworth, President
Northwestern States	.....81	Mavil A. McMurrin, President
Southern States	.....81	Rula W. Choules, President
Great Lakes	.....78	Ella C. Burton, President
West Central States	.....78	Reta F. Broadbent, President

*Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Above*

South Los Angeles .....	Nancy M. Rupp
Nyssa .....	Mae A. Boyer
San Joaquin .....	Wealtha Mendenhall
Oquirrh .....	Beatrice W. Dimond
Glendale .....	Elsie Weber
Humboldt .....	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Pasadena .....	Blanche Calvert
Idaho Falls .....	Ila Stoddard
Shelley .....	Merle Young
East Long Beach .....	Margaret Bryan
Sharon .....	Edna M. Hansen
Sevier .....	Beth V. Anderson
Granite .....	Elizabeth W. McLelland
Pocatello .....	R. M. Drake
Sugar House .....	Alta Whitehead
South Box Elder .....	Edith E. Baddley
South Idaho Falls .....	Valeria Blatter
West Utah .....	Cleo L. Thatcher

*Stakes by Percentages*

South Los Angeles	184	Granite	107
Nyssa	136	South Box Elder	106
San Joaquin	134	South Idaho Falls	106
Provo	134	Liberty	106
Oquirrh	128	Taylor	105
Glendale	125	Minidoka	104
Humboldt	125	Union	104
East Los Angeles	120	Grant	103
Inglewood	119	South Salt Lake	103
San Fernando	118	North Jordan	103
Long Beach	118	Wasatch	102
Idaho Falls	117	Ogden	102
Cassia	116	Rigby	101
Pasadena	116	West Utah	101
Shelley	116	San Francisco	101
East Long Beach	115	San Juan	101
Sacramento	115	Portneuf	100
Rexburg	114	Bannock	100
Moapa	113	East Provo	99
Santa Monica	112	Blackfoot	99
Phoenix	112	American Falls	98
North Idaho Falls	112	Twin Falls	98
Nampa	111	Kolob	98
Pocatello	111	Uvada	98
San Bernardino	111	Boise	98
Sharon	110	Bonneville	98
Wilford	109	St. Joseph	97
Los Angeles	108	Palo Alto	96
Sevier	108	Ensign	96
Burley	107	Gridley	96
Sugar House	107	West Pocatello	96

South Ogden	96	Young	81
East Jordan	95	North Davis	81
Orém	95	Wells	81
Bear River	95	San Luis	80
Weiser	95	Raft River	80
Big Horn	94	Salt Lake	79
Denver	94	Snowflake	79
Monument Park	94	Lethbridge	78
Mt. Graham	94	Idaho	78
Seattle	94	Yellowstone	78
Parowan	94	Franklin	78
Pioneer	94	Lehi	78
University	94	Roosevelt	77
Bakersfield	94	Spokane	77
Florida	94	Reno	77
Southern Arizona	94	Washington	76
East Rigby	93	Beaver	76
North Box Elder	92	Kanab	76
Ben Lomond	92	Cedar	76
North Rexburg	92	Maricopa	76
Highland	92	South Davis	75
Malad	92	Lyman	75
Uintah	92	Mount Jordan	75
Emigration	91	South Summit	75
Tooele	91	Temple View	75
Utah	91	Star Valley	75
Park	91	Hillside	74
West Jordan	91	Juarez	74
New York	91	South Carolina	74
Timpanogos	90	Mount Logan	74
Millcreek	90	Portland	73
Cache	89	Nevada	73
Santa Barbara	88	Berkeley	72
Bear Lake	88	South Sevier	72
North Weber	88	Riverside	72
Murray	88	Wayne	72
Santa Rosa	88	Richland	72
Cottonwood	87	Benson	71
Oneida	87	Millard	71
Mount Ogden	87	Smithfield	71
St. Johns	87	North Carbon	70
East Riverside	87	Montpelier	70
South Bear River	87	Nebo	70
Alberta	86	Hyrum	70
Deseret	86	North Sanpete	70
Teton	86	Lost River	68
East Cache	86	Garfield	67
Duchesne	85	Summit	67
Mesa	85	South Sanpete	67
San Diego	85	Emery	65
Carbon	84	Grantsville	64
Farr West	84	Logan	63
Blaine	84	Moon Lake	62
Weber	84	Panguitch	62
Lake View	83	East Millcreek	62
Oakland	83	Juab	61
Alpine	83	Santaquin-Tintic	61
St. George	83	Woodruff	61
Davis	83	North Sevier	59
Palmyra	82	Gunnison	58
Zion Park	82	Moroni	54
Chicago	82	Morgan	54
Fresno	81	Oahu	27



# HONOR ROLL

Relief Society	Enroll- ment No.	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll- ment No.	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>Alberta Stake</b>	637	551	86	<b>Rhoda Sloan</b>	<b>Beaver Stake</b>	508	388	76	<b>Zelma S. Muir</b>
Aetna	19	19	100	Iris Jensen	Beaver First	78	74	95	Martha Beaumont
Cardston First	59	61	103	Anna Olsen	Beaver Third	93	79	85	Kate Bowman
Cardston Second	73	60	82	Celia Willmott	Milford First	64	62	97	Frances Kinross
Cardston Fourth	68	68	100	Minnie Gallup	Milford Second	62	51	82	Mildred Wilcock
Glenwood	61	46	75	Eliza Beavers	<b>Ben Lomond Stake</b>	710	656	92	<b>Maude P. Close</b>
Hartley	21	17	81	Annie B. Orr	Lorin Farr	98	135	138	Evelyn Poulter
Hill Spring	68	63	93	Viola Wynder	North Ogden First	83	102	123	Edith V. Judkins
Leavitt	45	34	76	Pearl Redford	North Ogden Second	70	59	84	Louise B. Ellis
Mountain View	64	65	102	Jane Payne	Ogden Seventh	83	73	88	Lenora Poorte
Taylorville	17	17	100	Rowayne Woolsey	Ogden Twenty-first	88	82	93	Doris C. Richards
De Bonita Branch	9	7	78	Grace West	Ogden Twenty-ninth	65	65	100	Edith Andersen
Jefferson Branch	16	16	100	Agnes Sherman	<b>Benson Stake</b>				
<b>Alpine Stake</b>	752	623	83	<b>Sadie Meredith</b>	Cornish	52	39	75	Sarah Leavitt
American Fork First	75	67	89	Edith B. Jones	Lewiston Third	62	49	79	Anna W. Mills
American Fork Second	79	60	76	Alwene Ritchie	Richmond	109	84	77	Margaret Johnson
American Fork Third	84	63	75	Rhoda Parker	Richmond South	106	84	79	Margaret Anderson
American Fork Fourth	58	64	110	Ann C. Hansen	Trenton	73	58	79	Martha Cottle
American Fork Sixth	70	64	91	Sylvia Walker	<b>Berkeley Stake</b>				
American Fork Seventh	85	94	111	Marie Reimschuessel	Berkeley First	64	55	86	Mae Waldram
American Fork Eighth	80	65	81	Leona W. Larson	Berkeley Second	72	60	83	Adele Duncan
<b>American Falls Stake</b>	328	323	98	<b>Harriet Peterson</b>	East Richmond	36	34	94	Lula Turner
Aberdeen First	65	56	86	Ida M. Hurd	Richmond	46	48	104	Mary Bledsoe
Aberdeen Second	78	73	94	Harriet Peterson	Walnut Creek	49	44	90	Dorothy E. Mathews
American Falls	46	48	104	Clara Wagstaff	<b>Big Horn Stake</b>	817	772	94	<b>Elna S. Johnson</b>
Rockland	77	81	105	Lela Hartley	Basin	42	60	143	Ona Scott
Springfield	30	30	100	Marie B. Thurston	Burlington	59	49	83	Della Allen
Sterling	32	35	109	Annie R. Nelson	Byron	64	65	102	Margaret Winzen- ried
<b>Bakersfield Stake</b>	279	261	94	<b>Anna E. Gage</b>	Cody	39	36	92	Mrs. Lewis Barling
Bakersfield First	79	85	108	Alfrita B. Moyes	Cowley	119	119	100	Della Mathews
Bakersfield Second	44	36	82	Erma Tribolet					
Bakersfield Third	24	31	129	Ida Mack					

Delano	10	120	Juanita B. Brooks	176	138	Lovell	78	Mable Cox
Lancaster	16	156	Barbara S. Jones	144	114	Lovell West	79	Gladys Wilkerson
Porterville	24	100	Cecilia Heindel	29	29	Otto	100	Marie Heath
Taft	36	78	Juanita Davis	8	8	Penrose	100	Tilda Wasden
<b>Bannock Stake</b>	<b>361</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>Ida Sorenson</b>	54	51	Powell	94	Gwen Miller
Bench	24	25	Rosezella Hanson	31	44	Worland	142	Daisy Nissen
Central	25	24	Libbie Maughan	8	14	Belfry Branch	175	Mary Youst
Cleveland	24	21	Vera S. Nielson	16	18	Iona Branch	113	Maggie Beal
Grace First	63	73	La Dean Hendricks	17	20	Meeteetse Branch	118	Alma Bennion
Grace Second	83	72	Ada Williams	940	929	<b>Blackfoot Stake</b>	99	<b>Almira L. Clayton</b>
Lago	37	39	Norma Mickelson	103	107	Blackfoot First	104	Tressa Higginson
Mound Valley	29	27	Mrs. Clyde Condie	113	111	Blackfoot Second	98	Floretta McCurdy
Thatcher	49	52	Naomi Robbins	50	63	Blackfoot Third	126	Verda S. Clark
Williams	27	100	Hazel Dalton	125	136	Blackfoot Fourth	109	Margaret Lamprecht
<b>Bear Lake Stake</b>	<b>523</b>	<b>461</b>	<b>Millie Sprouse</b>	50	52	Blackfoot Fifth	104	Rose James
Bloomington	60	46	Bertha C. Thornock	74	69	Groveland	93	Sarah J. Chapman
Fish Haven	25	26	Ethel Perkins	85	95	Moreland	112	Gladys W. Belnap
Garden City	50	41	Margaret Hodges	66	66	Riverside	100	Mrs. Von Hansen
Lake Town	43	47	Montry M. Kearn	28	29	Riverton	104	Cassie Brown
Lanark	31	26	La Reva Findlay	44	36	Rose	82	Donna Bischoff
Liberty	33	27	Laura Poulsen	112	91	Thomas	81	Uarda Merrill
Ovid	41	41	Hazel L. Peterson	54	48	Wapello	89	Bernadine Petersen
Paris First	64	61	Rosa Grandy	695	586	<b>Blaine Stake</b>	84	<b>Reta E. Orchard</b>
Paris Second	85	64	Beulah H. Bird	37	33	Fairfield	89	Blanche V. Naser
St. Charles	74	65	Vidella Booth	84	85	Gooding	101	Myrtle Nielson
Sharon	17	17	Hazel Long	75	86	Jerome First	115	Mary Coates
<b>Bear River Stake</b>	<b>505</b>	<b>478</b>	<b>Rennis A. Larkin</b>	99	107	Jerome Second	108	Bessie Mae Hutchison
Beaver	43	36	Hilda Johnson	47	38	Richfield	81	Charlotte Reed
East Garland	28	28	Naoma G. Oyler	15	12	Dietrich Branch	80	Mary Cleveland
Fielding	73	57	Voylet Grover	18	18	Shoshone Branch	100	Dellina Baumann
Garland First	65	65	Ida Hartman	625	611	<b>Boise Stake</b>	98	<b>L. Emma Cordon</b>
Garland Second	81	84	Rhoda Christopherson	92	103	Boise First	112	Rinda Sudweeks
Park Valley	37	33	Edna Palmer	61	65	Boise Second	107	Julina Hardy
Plymouth	44	33	Eathel Estep	100	104	Boise Third	104	Lorraine Hatch
Snowville	36	60	Cora Daley	83	85	Boise Fourth	102	Leah Mih
Stone	24	33	Lela Pratt	60	48	Boise Sixth	80	Myrtle Overgard

Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	
Glenns Ferry	30	39	Leola Thurman	Farmington Second	47	52	111	Katie Cunningham
Meridian	93	75	Mae Fewkes	Kaysville First	81	71	88	Serena Warner
Eagle Branch	20	26	Norma Marshall	Kaysville Third	89	70	79	Effie Miller
Mountain Home Branch	14	16	Estella M. Hall					
Bonneville Stake	739	721	Rhoda B. Carter	Denver Stake	468	441	94	Bernice H. Brown
Bonneville	108	102½	Hannah Allen	Barnum	50	39	78	Helen Bohn
Douglas	114	98	Merrie H. Richards	Cheyenne	52	46	88	Edith W. Scott
Garden Park	106	115	Eunice Thomas	Crestmoor	49	53	108	Marian B. Lindsay
Thirty-third	132	135	Melba Johnson	Denver First	66	74	112	Bernice H. Brown
Yale	173	133	Ila C. Norton	Denver Second	50	41	82	Drusilla B. Ferree
Yalecrest	106	138	Rhoda Carter	Englewood	52	57	110	Idell M. Quinn
				Fort Collins	33	25	76	Bessie C. Peterson
Burley Stake	613	655	Leona Budge	Laramie	42	53	126	Rose Eads
Burley First	44	50	Norma Curtis	Boulder Branch	19	15	79	Betty Saxton
Burley Second	64	67	Ella B. Boatman					
Burley Fourth	70	76	Louise Stoker	Deseret Stake	711	614	86	Alpha Nielson
Burley Fifth	48	81	Zelma Whittle	Delta First	86	70	81	Dona Sorenson
Declo	88	96	Hattie Richins	Delta Second	78	63	81	Nellie Sorenson
Pella	33	44	Jane Walker	Delta Third	96	81	84	Ione Dalley
Springdale	49	50	Gladys Johnson	Deseret	65	54	83	Inga Black
Star	29	35	Hannah Bowers	Hinckley	99	74	75	Rose B. Dutton
Unity	63	64	Ellen Poulton	Leamington	37	30	81	Essie Anderson
View	55	45	Thelma Taylor	Lynndyl	33	40	121	Alpha Nielson
				Oak City	76	63	83	Adele Anderson
Cache Stake	591	527	Orilla J. Lucas	Oasis	36	30	83	Erma Skeem
Logan Third	86	83	Louise R. Rich	Sugarville	25	30	120	Norma A. Poulsen
Logan Fourth	112	100½	Jessie Bouwhuis	Sutherland	62	57	92	Lena Steele
Logan Ninth	108	109	Mabel L. Michaelson	Abraham Branch	10	11	110	Eleanor Murry
Logan Fifteenth	81	68	Maye H. Thomas	Callao Branch	8	11	138	Inez Tripp
Logan Sixteenth	106	89	Vellys B. Jensen					
Logan Seventeenth	98	86	Jeanette Bergener	Duchesne Stake	251	214½	85	Ora Holgate
Carbon Stake	611	516	Gertrude Edwards	Arcadia	32	29	91	Ida Dean Horrocks
Dragerton	58	63	Vada Anderson	Bridgeland	36	31	86	Letta Meyer
Price First	76	82	Martha J. Smith	Duchesne	92	80	87	Luella Powell
Price Third	94	88	Louise Mabbutt	Hanna	17	21	124	Pearl Turnbow
				Tabiona	42	36½	87	Minnie Hamilton

Wellington First	40	47	118	Myrtle Cook	608	520	86	Anna N. Stettler
Wellington Second	44	47	107	Esther Tidwell	88	66	75	Cleo J. Ricks
Cassia Stake	197	229	116	Jane R. Hale	85	85	100	Helen R. Allen
Basin	22	33	150	Marion Gorringe	93	77	83	Gladis Hancey
Marion	27	27	100	Sarah Adams	70	75	107	Abby G. Jensen
Oakley First	43	63	147	Ada L. Hale	68	52	76	Della P. Davis
Oakley Second	47	57	121	Jane R. Hale	80	64	80	Margaret H. Swenson
Oakley Third	29	30	103	Irene B. Sutton	55	44	80	Jane M. Niederhauser
Cedar Stake	626	476	76	Isadore Barton	69	57	83	Elna King
Cedar First	86	66	77	Alice Knight	626	597	95	Vida W. Fowles
Cedar Second	63	55	87	Ila L. Bauer	74	57	77	Roberta Antezak
Cedar Fourth	72	72	100	Alba Hansen	77	80	104	Geneva Jacobsen
Cedar Fifth	71	57	80	Alice Matheson	58	60	103	Ida J. Leafquist
College	83	64	77	Florence Higbee	93	100	108	Hazel Anderson
Newcastle	21	22	105	Belle Hulet	60	47	78	Leda Despain
New Harmony	30	26	87	Esta S. Taylor	96	99	103	Mary E. Jenkins
Chicago Stake	380	311	82	Avera C. Homer	73	93	127	Marie Griffiths
Milwaukee	60	64	107	Vivienne Hart	520	600	115	Margaret Bryan
North Shore	46	50	109	Clara Force	88	122	139	Susie Elsmore
Aurora Branch	13	13	100	Elinor Wollcott	73	77	105	Elsie L. Phillips
Batavia Branch	6	6	100	Bertha Hayes	48	50	104	Yvonne Eynon
Milwaukee South Br.	13	24	185	Hulda Moeller	61	65	107	Helen McCombs
Racine Branch	19	21	111	Martha Hubert	90	101	112	Manila Worsnop
South Shore Branch	19	17	89	Amy Landeck	41	47	115	Lorraine S. Johnson
West Suburban Branch	37	34	92	Helen J. Elkin	63	65	103	Fannie Y. Lundquist
Cottonwood Stake	626	546	87	Evelyn P. Shelton	30	46	153	Elvira Bollschweiler
Big Cottonwood	60	54	90	Dorothy Holmgren	26	27	104	Muri Fullmer
Holladay First	103	81	79	Gladys Hansen	567	678	120	Zelma Beck
Holladay Second	51	52	102	Ellen Bonham	82	101	123	Martha J. Dreiser
Holladay Third	119	102	86	Lillian Lamborn	85	98	115	Alberta Milligan
Holladay Fourth	93	103	111	Virginia Pederson	76	80	105	Florence Williamson
South Cottonwood	93	94	101	Elsa A. Fors	73	73	100	Mildred Hatch
Davis Stake	568	469	83	Edna Trimble	46	54	117	Grace P. Mauss
Centerville First	117	118	101	La Vern Darley	33	38	115	Helen McEwen
Centerville Second	48	41	85	La Von Duncan	48	59	123	Gwen G. Boyd
East Cache Stake	608	520	86	East Long Beach Stake	520	600	115	Margaret Bryan
Benson	88	66	75	Bellflower	88	122	139	Susie Elsmore
College Hill	85	85	100	Fullerton	73	77	105	Elsie L. Phillips
Hyde Park	93	77	83	Lakewood	48	50	104	Yvonne Eynon
Logan Fifth	70	75	107	Long Beach Third	61	65	107	Helen McCombs
Logan Tenth	68	52	76	Long Beach Fifth	90	101	112	Manila Worsnop
Logan Eighteenth	80	64	80	Norwalk	41	47	115	Lorraine S. Johnson
Logan Nineteenth	55	44	80	Santa Ana	63	65	103	Fannie Y. Lundquist
North Logan	69	57	83	Garden Grove Branch	30	46	153	Elvira Bollschweiler
East Jordan Stake	626	597	95	Huntington Beach Br.	26	27	104	Muri Fullmer
Butler	74	57	77	East Los Angeles Stake	567	678	120	Zelma Beck
East Midvale First	77	80	104	Alhambra	82	101	123	Martha J. Dreiser
East Midvale Second	58	60	103	Belvedere	85	98	115	Alberta Milligan
Gardenview	93	100	108	Eastmont	76	80	105	Florence Williamson
Midvale First	60	47	78	Mission Park	73	73	100	Mildred Hatch
Midvale Second	96	99	103	Montebello First	46	54	117	Grace P. Mauss
Union Second	73	93	127	Montebello Second	33	38	115	Helen McEwen
East Long Beach Stake	520	600	115	Rosemead	48	59	123	Gwen G. Boyd
Bellflower	88	122	139	Whittier First	48	73	152	Amy C. Hyndman
Fullerton	73	77	105	Whittier Second	37	74	200	June C. Hayward
Lakewood	48	50	104					
Long Beach Third	61	65	107					
Long Beach Fifth	90	101	112					
Norwalk	41	47	115					
Santa Ana	63	65	103					
Garden Grove Branch	30	46	153					
Huntington Beach Br.	26	27	104					

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
East Mill Creek Stake	73	55	75	Gloria Taylor	Fresno Stake	317	257	81	Laurine A. Ensign
Highland View	396	394	99	Sarah H. Passey	Fresno First	53	50	94	Mary L. Petty
East Provo Stake	62	50	81	LaRelle Elliott	Fresno Second	68	55	81	Marinda F. Berg
Provo Eighth	44	65	148	Theresia H. Muhle-stein	Merced	34	36	106	Villa Stewart
Provo Ninth	45	43	96	Ardel W. Andraesen	Coalinga Branch	12	12	100	May P. Folsom
Provo Twelfth	45	56	124	Ruby W. Hawkins	Dinuba Branch	12	10	83	Faye Westfall
Provo Thirteenth	59	61	103	Lou Cox	Exeter Branch	15	15	100	Carrie Whitney
Provo Fifteenth	68	67	99	Frankie Fitts	Hanford Branch	15	16	107	Juanita Henson
Wymount Branch	538	500	93	Dale Burtenshaw	Los Banos Branch	6	6	100	Eunice Swearingen
East Rigby Stake	46	38	83	Velma Morgan	Garfield Stake	34	27	79	Nina T. Moosman
Clark	33	40	121	Anna S. Christensen	Boulder	75	64½	86	Rose Beebe
Garfield	25	26	104	Wilda Pabst	Circleville	21	21	100	Gail Coats
Lorenzo	62	57	92	Minnie T. Lee	Kingston	655	820	125	Elsie Weber
Milo	35	36	103	Margaret Cole	Glendale Stake	83	87	105	Frances Kelland
Palisade	55	49	89	Dortha Radford	Elysian Park	69	102	148	Elizabeth Burnett
Rigby Second	61	72	118	Adelia Clark	Garvanza	116	127	109	Ruth Burt
Ririe First	67	85	127	Alice Adamson	Glendale East	112	146	130	Viola D. McIntire
Ririe Second	51	39	76	Dale Burtenshaw	Glendale West	71	102	144	Henrietta Atkinson
Shelton	465	403	87	Erma L. Haslam	Highland Park	85	101	119	Emma Jane Clark
East Riverside Stake	126	117	93	Clarissa C. Winsness	La Crescenta	18	24	133	Alta England
Fifteenth	81	63	78	Susan R. Earnshaw	Sunland	101	131	130	Mae Davis
Sixteenth	126	133	106	Eleanor Smith	Sunset	677	723	107	Elizabeth W. McLel-land
Twenty-eighth	98	88	90	Ida W. Snow, Pres.	Granite Stake	76	102	134	Toni Landvatter
Emery Stake	103	89	86	Alene Anderson	Columbus	96	96	100	Clara Love
Castledale	113	94	83	Deborah Huntsman	Fairmont	144	147	102	Sentella Pace
Emery	406	371	91	Polly R. Griffin	Forest Dale	188	142	103	Catherine Wiseman
Ferron	83	84	101	Sallie S. Keate	Lincoln	127	127	100	Emma Armstrong
Emigration Stake	77	66	86	La Ver O. Nunley	Nibley Park	96	109	114	Mazie Roberts
Twenty-first	406	371	91	Polly R. Griffin	Wells	568	587	103	Clara W. Stout
North Twenty-first	83	84	101	Sallie S. Keate	Grant Stake	72	78	108	Belvreen Palmer
	77	66	86	La Ver O. Nunley	Hillcrest	47	65	138	Margaret Jones
					Lorraine				

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Twenty-seventh	88	79	90	Florence E. Murphy	Ridgedale	88	83	94	Antonia Zimmerman
East Twenty-seventh	73	81	111	Viola L. Walton	Smith	57	65	114	Vivian Rice
Ensign Stake	852	815	97	Susie C. Winward	Smith West	74	65	88	LaPreal Ames
East Ensign	95	109	115	Jane Tibbals	Spring Glen	64	57	89	Gene Goff
West Ensign	148	153	103	Florence S. Simmons	Springview	67	73	109	Esthma Fort
North Eighteenth	150	159	106	Susanna F. S. Kruys	Wandamere	44	50	114	Iva Dell Holmberg
North Twentieth	112	120	107	Cleo Gayle Parratt	Wandamere Park	55	51	93	Elnora Caproni
South Twentieth	132	129	98	Hazel Hegrum	Grantsville Stake	102	80	78	Eva I. Worthington
Farr West Stake	528	446	84	Berta R. England	Grantsville Second	365	349	96	Violet Gray
Farr West	71	60	85	Sarah Baker	Gridley Stake	46	50	109	Arvilla Graham
Lomond View	54	49	91	Ethel M. McEntire	Chico	36	30	83	Katie Carter
Marriott	43	47	109	Charlotte S. Blair	Grass Valley	125	97	78	Fayette Sorenson
Mound Fort	77	82	106	Phyllis Hufstetler	Gridley	33	34	103	Violet Gray
Ogden Fifteenth	71	61	86	Emma L. B. Allen	Oroville	21	22	105	Pearl Smith
Plain City	107	83	78	Alminda L. Johnson	Paradise	104	116	112	Lydia Helton
Slaterville	36	40	111	Amelia E. Holly	Yuba City	25	20	80	Rhoda Jensen
Florida Stake	402	376	94	Maude G. Hawkins	Gunnison Stake	672	616	92	Lucy C. Beers
Axson	33	36	109	Margaret Mizell	Axtell	54	63	117	Gladys Stutz
Lake City	28	28	100	Ora Lee Milton	Highland Stake	138	111	80	Marie F. Miller
Palatka	39	30	77	Hilda Anderson	Crystal Heights	96	95	99	Ruth Harris
Springfield	71	71	100	Grace C. Roden	Highland Park	62	69	111	Maude Neeley
Waycross	27	26	96	Arzella Jordon	Park Avenue	96	75	78	Carmen Brown
Wesconnett	26	30	115	Elizabeth Jammes	Parleys	152	152	100	Alda Anderson
Gainesville Branch	14	20	143	Doris D. McCall	Rosslyn Heights	98	80	82	Ella J. Keddington
Oak Grove Branch	8	17	213	Iva Williams	Stratford	156	124½	80	Vera Hurley
Sanderson Branch	19	19	100	Mattie D. Stringer	Hillside Stake	142	128	90	Malone Mumford
Starke Branch	20	17	85	Jenene Manning	Mountain View	165	206	125	Charlotte S. Fergu- son
Franklin Stake	774	603	78	Gladys Bosen	South Edgehill	20	20	100	Charlotte S. Fergu- son
Fairview	72	59	82	Bertha N. Cole	Wasatch	39	55	141	Vera Crissey
Linrose	34	26	76	Leta Davis	Humboldt Stake	12	15	125	Elaine Jones
Mapleton	27	27	100	Cora Knapp	Carlin				
Preston First	173	132	76	Mary A. Moser	Elko				
Preston Second	80	87	109	Chloe C. Peterson	Montella				
Preston Fifth	36	30	83	Nettie S. Nielson					
Preston Sixth	57	45	79	Florence Stark					
Whitney	55	44	80	Madge H. Ransbottom					



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Wells	51	56	110	Margaret E. Dahl	Lethbridge First	86	91	106	Mabel Pizzey
Winnemucca	19	38	200	Mary Conan	Macleod	7	14	200	Vivian K. Faulkes
Rowland Branch	4	9	225	Bertie Hyde	Orton	18	18	100	Lillie T. Derricott
Ruby Valley Branch	8	13	163	Vela Hawkins	Picture Butte	40	37	93	Lucille Karrin
Hyrum Stake	72	63	88	Ann Anderson	Stavely	12	12	100	Ida L. Rodgers
Hyrum Second	63	48	76	Merle Jenson	Brooks Branch	13	12½	96	Deleen Eveson
Millville	130	99	76	Ethel Jones	Burdett Branch	12	14	117	Claire Ashton
Wellsville First	391	305½	78	Jennie S. Gilbert	Champion Branch	14	16	114	Carolyn Davies
Idaho Stake	91	91½	101	Grace Michelsen	Liberty Stake	677	719	106	Lila B. Pressler
Bancroft	9	12	133	Rosa Rindlesbaker	Harvard	134	120	90	Alvida Nelson
Hatch	30	34	113	Margaret Hebdon	Liberty	120	135	113	Alice Russell
Kelly-Toponce	20	20	100	Edna Darlington	North Second	72	76	106	Thelma B. Nielsen
Lund	426	497	117	Ila Stoddard	South Second	71	77	108	Mae Thomson
Idaho Falls Stake	107	131	122	Lydia M. Clark	Third	80	88	110	Rachel Garff
Idaho Falls Second	80	87	109	Estelle Salisbury	Eighth	121	143	118	Katherine McOmie
Idaho Falls Fifth	75	79	105	Ellen Cannon	Ninth	79	80	101	Myrtle Robison
Idaho Falls Ninth	103	136	132	Mrs. Clifford M. Scoresby	Logan Stake	51	42	82	Nettie Abrams
Iona	61	66	108	Amy Hansen	College	33	28	85	Wanda Olsen
Lincoln	449	536	119	Maurine B. Campbell	Young	596	702	118	Ethel Spongberg
Inglewood Stake	40	37	93	Afton Broberg	Long Beach Stake	64	68	106	Mildred Moon
Centinella	136	171	126	Dora M. Benfer	Compton First	73	78	107	Annie Anderson
Inglewood	48	49	102	Irene White	Compton Second	100	103	103	Elese Taylor
Lawndale	72	93	129	Josephine K. Bullock	Long Beach First	98	100	102	Geraldine Klaeager
Lennox	60	73	122	Marie B. Harden	Long Beach Second	56	78	139	Mary McKinney
Redondo	53	57	108	Hortense B. Smith	Long Beach Fourth	36	51	142	Louisa Rich
Torrance	40	56	140	Bernice Chapman	Long Beach Sixth	59	96	163	Marie DeSpain
Westchester	93	74	80	May B. Petty	Lynwood	48	47	98	Ruth Schoharff
Juab Stake	40	56	140	Bernice Chapman	San Pedro	62	81	131	Edith Harris
Nephi Third	40	56	140	Bernice Chapman	Wilmington	515	556	108	Rebecca Rowe
					Los Angeles Stake	77	88	114	Velma Shirley
					Adams	70	78	111	Mary B. Stokes
					Arlington	101	111	110	Nell C. Frame
					Beverly Hills				

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<b>Juarez Stake</b>									
Dublan	44	44	100	Melvina Jones		104	111	107	Charlotte O'Connor
Juarez	66	57	86	Bertha Shupe		60	87	145	Marie E. Jensen
						103	81	79	Evelyn Anderson
<b>Kanab Stake</b>	439	335	76	<b>Nellie Heaton</b>					
Alton	29	23	79	Esther W. Heaton		20	16	80	Mabel Howell
Glendale	46	42	91	Sarah E. Black		23	19	83	Eunice Hartvigson
Moccasini	11	17	155	Nora M. Heaton		31	31	100	Ruth T. Olsen
Mt. Carmel	21	18	86	Mina Gardner		39	44	113	Lucy Guyaz
Orderville	80	82	103	Hester P. Heaton		45	36	80	Mrs. De Leath Rice
						10	12	120	Marian Fletcher
<b>Kolob Stake</b>	734	721	98	Ivy C. Anderson					
Mapleton	86	103	120	Ardilla Perry		474	356	75	<b>Hertha Hofer</b>
Springville First	103	124	120	Addie Underwood		88	75	80	Viola Rollins
Springville Second	61	66	108	Eudora Jensen		25	25	100	Etheleen Twitchell
Springville Third	81	73	90	Maude Christensen		46	55	120	Cora Hamblin
Springville Fifth	80	80	100	Venna A. Reese		57	53	93	Anne M. Bluemel
Springville Sixth	54	71	131	Sara R. Hyde		31	24	77	Martha Rock
Springville Eighth	67	59	88	Alice Wilmott		12	9	75	Lenora S. Wright, Pres.
Springville Ninth	60	62	103	Ellen Larson		24	26	108	Lucile G. Butterfield
<b>Lakeview Stake</b>	535	446½	83	Beth McEntire					
Clinton	86	78	91	Ivy Johnston		594	544	92	<b>Mary B. Bush</b>
Hooper First	82	85	104	Manita Sutor		36	37½	104	Ruby H. Lundburg
Kanesville	37	29	78	Clara Fletcher		15	18	120	Evelyn Nalder
Lake View	82	74	90	Lyma B. Cook		105	107	102	Pearl W. Thomas
Riverdale	67	70	104	Pearl Champneys		134	136	101	Beth B. Facer
						110	85	77	Helen H. Thomas
<b>Lehi Stake</b>	516	402	78	<b>Hazel May Bone</b>		32	30	94	Beth C. Davis
Lehi First	113	88	78	Hazel May Bone		45	48	107	Anna Lyle M. Jones
Lehi Second	95	66	78	Edna Loveridge		37	32	86	Verla Hill
Lehi Third	83	76	82	Esther Jones					
Lehi Fourth	88	72	82	Marvel Peterson		692	523	76	<b>Lola O. Turley</b>
Lehi Fifth	89	77	87	Francis Comer		132	105	80	Caroline J. Warner
						89	87	98	Freda Allred
<b>Lethbridge Stake</b>	744	582½	78	<b>Emily Anderson</b>		67	73	109	Mathonia Magnusson
Calgary First	54	57	106	Helen Faulkner		58	64	110	Thora Hamblin
Clareholm	34	30	88	Lvella Rice		17	22	129	Chloe Randall
Diamond City	26	22	85	Esther Wilcox		79	69	87	Hettie Rae Wilbur
<b>Hollywood</b>									
La Brea	60	87		Cherry Creek		594	544	92	<b>Mary B. Bush</b>
Wilshire	103	81		Holbrook		36	37½	104	Ruby H. Lundburg
				Malad First		15	18	120	Evelyn Nalder
<b>Lost River Stake</b>				Malad Second		105	107	102	Pearl W. Thomas
Challis	20	16	80	Malad Third		134	136	101	Beth B. Facer
Lemhi	23	19	83	Pleasant View		110	85	77	Helen H. Thomas
Leslie	31	31	100	St. John		32	30	94	Beth C. Davis
Salmon First	39	44	113	Samaria		45	48	107	Anna Lyle M. Jones
Salmon Second	45	36	80	<b>Maricopa Stake</b>		37	32	86	Verla Hill
Leadore Branch	10	12	120	Mesa First		692	523	76	<b>Lola O. Turley</b>
				Mesa Fourth		132	105	80	Caroline J. Warner
<b>Lyman Stake</b>	474	356	75	Mesa Sixth		89	87	98	Freda Allred
Lyman	88	75	80	Mesa Tenth		67	73	109	Mathonia Magnusson
Manila	25	25	100	Pine		58	64	110	Thora Hamblin
Mountain View	46	55	120	Tempe		17	22	129	Chloe Randall
Rock Springs First	57	53	93			79	69	87	Hettie Rae Wilbur
Superior	31	24	77						
Farson Branch	12	9	75						
<b>Rawlins Branch</b>	24	26	108						

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>Mesa Stake</b>	876	752	86	<b>Lola White</b>	<b>Mt. Graham Stake</b>	677	638	94	<b>Myrtle P. Tenney</b>
Alma	81	64	79	Isabelle Harris	Duncan	49	60	122	Jennie Johnson
Chandler	78	73	94	Edith Eyring	El Paso Second	50	53	106	Ruby S. Brown
Gilbert	49	48	98	Jewel Clement	Franklin	37	30	81	Marie Goodman
Mesa Fifth	158	162	103	Rachel Nichols	Layton Second	89	92	103	Clara Nelson
Mesa Seventh	81	87	107	Anita Atwood	Lordsburg	25	31½	126	Ruth B. Barnes
Mesa Ninth	74	61	82	June Ellsworth	Safford	103	121	117	Itha Booth
Queen Creek	33	26	79	Martha Tenney	Solomonville	23	24	104	Annie B. Larson
Casa Grande Branch	14	13	93	Irene Herbert	Upper Valley	25	23	92	Caroline B. McDonald
Coolidge Branch	46	41	89	Rhoda Langford	Virdeen	46	57	124	Emma J. Lines
Hayden Branch	24	20	83	Mrs. Chester Pratt	Animas Branch	12	10	83	Armita G. Richins
Superior Branch	21	17	81	Josephine Farley	Las Cruces Branch	13	15	115	Margene B. Becar
<b>Millard Stake</b>					<b>Mt. Jordan Stake</b>	595	447	75	<b>Bertha S. Powell</b>
Fillmore Second	76	60	79	Claris C. Peterson	Crescent	55	51	95	Ellen Mickelsen
Flowell	35	29	83	Rose Christensen	Draper First	100	84	84	Alice W. Stay
Holden	96	75	78	Margaret Jackson	Draper Second	98	97	99	Loe E. Gordan
<b>Millcreek Stake</b>	378	339	90	Ethel A. Smith	Sandy Fourth	72	57	79	LaPreal Morris
Millcreek First	77	67	87	Catharina Van Leeuwen	<b>Mount Logan Stake</b>				
Millcreek Second	50	60	120	Ada Toone	Logan Thirteenth	80	85	106	Emily H. Anderson
Millcreek Third	54	57	106	Edna Harvey	River Heights	70	70	100	Rose Hansen
Valley Center First	63	49	78	Beauton Lenfestey	<b>Mount Ogden Stake</b>	969	844	87	<b>Martha M. Tolman</b>
Winder	64	68	106	Hilda Van Beekum	Highland	93	106	114	Rita Williamsen
<b>Minidoka Stake</b>	463	482	104	<b>Alene Summers</b>	Ogden Twenty-third	92	116	126	Ardella Nichols
Acequia	40	40	100	Ella Harrison	Ogden Twenty-fourth	88	129	147	Bessie Adam
Emerson	21	27	129	Louie Mae Mecham	Ogden Thirty-third	132	132	100	Martena Leishman
Hazelton	38	53	139	Delilah J. Wickham	<b>Murray Stake</b>	642	564	88	<b>Mildred W. Bailey</b>
Heyburn Second	57	48	84	Mary Wilcox	Grant	123	124	101	Blanche Bradford
Paul	43	51	119	Verda Platt	Murray First	117	100	85	Lucille Jones
Rupert First	41	54	132	Maybell Stevenson	Murray Second	62	63	102	Eloise Baker
Rupert Second	96	96	100	Emma Garrett	Murray Fourth	46	49	107	Faye Eustance
Rupert Third	51	54	106	Eva O. Lowder	Murray Fifth	63	67	106	Mary Ann Jensen
Hunt Branch	14	13	93	Ardell Hooper	Murray Sixth	83	75	90	Fawn Noren
<b>Millcreek Stake</b>					<b>Nampa Stake</b>	524	583½	111	<b>Isabell Svedin</b>
Millcreek First	77	67	87		Caldwell	66	56	85	Mrs. G. M. Garner

<b>Moapa Stake</b>	703	791	113	<b>Florence A. Johnson</b>	Homedale	59	59	100	Mary Leavitt
Boulder City	73	81	111	Lu Ella Cowan	Kuna	38	46	121	Ida Hatch
Bunkerville	35	37	106	Charma Stout	Melba	39	34	87	Rita Bradshaw
Charleston	97	100	103	Dorothy D. Goshen	Nampa First	61	59½	98	Blanch Woolard
Henderson	24	49	204	Mrs. J. A. Tweedie	Nampa Second	75	80	107	Mrs. Alvin Hunter
Kingman	37	42	114	Minnie E. Stowell	Nampa Third	60	65	108	Anniemay Zesiger
Las Vegas First	88	94	107	Belle Hall	Nampa Fourth	59	102	173	Hanna Castaneto
Las Vegas Second	59	78	132	Loreta L. Monson	Black Canyon Branch	13	15	115	Fern Bowden
Las Vegas Third	74	83	112	Lucile Pein	Marsing Branch	35	39	111	Ruth Davis
Littlefield	11	16	145	Vinda Reber	Star Branch	19	28	147	Emily Kent
Logandale	55	58	105	Nola Hanning	Nebo Stake	91	75	82	Ethel T. Hiatt
Mesquite	70	76	109	Nelda Houston	Park	105	81½	78	Clara Orton
Overton	67	70	104	Erna Earl	Payson Third	57	45	79	Maxine Moore
<b>Montpelier Stake</b>					Spring Lake	70	74	106	Laurel Loveless
Bern	25	22	88	Myrtle Steckler	West				
Cokeville	46	36	78	Ella Hunsaker	Nevada Stake	51	44	86	Edith Reid
Geneva	33	32	97	Barbara T. Tueller	Lund	30	36	120	Maud Miffien
Montpelier First	68	60	88	Marie Glauser	Ruth				
Nounan	18	14	78	Mary Minnig	New York Stake	202	183	91	Viola W. Fulton
Raymond	14	19	136	Eleanor Saxton	East Orange	43	39	91	Erika Anderson
Wardboro	28	30	107	Genevieve Kunz	Manhattan	29	24	83	Margaret E. Heidt
<b>Monument Park Stake</b>	365	344	94	Agnes M. Vincent	Queens	47	49	104	Grace Miller
Beacon	63	63	100	Rose Rasmussen	Uniondale	27	30	111	Anna Koenig
Hillside	67	94	140	Ethel Flynn	Westchester Branch	33	27	82	Erna Soller
Monument Park	127	131	103	Nellie Pinney	North Box Elder Stake	585	541	92	Christina N. Bott
<b>Moon Lake Stake</b>					Bear River	76	77	101	Lorena Waddoups
Boneta	25	21	84	Jennie Brotherson	Brigham Third	82	72	88	Fern Channell
Mount Emmons	36	27	75	Elmira Snow	Brigham Fourth	91	99	109	Geneva F. Wright
Mt. Home	41	31	76	Wilma Thayne	Brigham Seventh	61	63	103	LaVina Hansen
<b>Morgan Stake</b>					Brigham Eighth	104	80	77	LaVinia Clark
Peterson	30	28	93	Althea Carrigan	Corinne	91	71	78	Meltrude A. Nelson
Slide	17	13	76	Alta Creager	Harper	21	23	110	Edith Baty
<b>Moroni Stake</b>					Honeyville	59	56	95	Daisy Duke
Moroni West	88	75	85	Mrs. Lynn F. Peter-son	North Carbon Stake	79	104	132	Estella Gale
					Helper	20	22	110	Florence I. Anderson
					Storrs	18	15	83	Sarah Donaldson
					Scofield Branch				

<b>Moapa Stake</b>	703	791	113	<b>Florence A. Johnson</b>	Homedale	59	59	100	Mary Leavitt
Boulder City	73	81	111	Lu Ella Cowan	Kuna	38	46	121	Ida Hatch
Bunkerville	35	37	106	Charma Stout	Melba	39	34	87	Rita Bradshaw
Charleston	97	100	103	Dorothy D. Goshen	Nampa First	61	59½	98	Blanch Woolard
Henderson	24	49	204	Mrs. J. A. Tweedie	Nampa Second	75	80	107	Mrs. Alvin Hunter
Kingman	37	42	114	Minnie E. Stowell	Nampa Third	60	65	108	Anniemay Zesiger
Las Vegas First	88	94	107	Belle Hall	Nampa Fourth	59	102	173	Hanna Castaneto
Las Vegas Second	59	78	132	Loreta L. Monson	Black Canyon Branch	13	15	115	Fern Bowden
Las Vegas Third	74	83	112	Lucile Pein	Marsing Branch	35	39	111	Ruth Davis
Littlefield	11	16	145	Vinda Reber	Star Branch	19	28	147	Emily Kent
Logandale	55	58	105	Nola Hanning	Nebo Stake	91	75	82	Ethel T. Hiatt
Mesquite	70	76	109	Nelda Houston	Park	105	81½	78	Clara Orton
Overton	67	70	104	Erna Earl	Payson Third	57	45	79	Maxine Moore
<b>Montpelier Stake</b>					Spring Lake	70	74	106	Laurel Loveless
Bern	25	22	88	Myrtle Steckler	West				
Cokeville	46	36	78	Ella Hunsaker	Nevada Stake	51	44	86	Edith Reid
Geneva	33	32	97	Barbara T. Tueller	Lund	30	36	120	Maud Miffien
Montpelier First	68	60	88	Marie Glauser	Ruth				
Nounan	18	14	78	Mary Minnig	New York Stake	202	183	91	Viola W. Fulton
Raymond	14	19	136	Eleanor Saxton	East Orange	43	39	91	Erika Anderson
Wardboro	28	30	107	Genevieve Kunz	Manhattan	29	24	83	Margaret E. Heidt
<b>Monument Park Stake</b>	365	344	94	Agnes M. Vincent	Queens	47	49	104	Grace Miller
Beacon	63	63	100	Rose Rasmussen	Uniondale	27	30	111	Anna Koenig
Hillside	67	94	140	Ethel Flynn	Westchester Branch	33	27	82	Erna Soller
Monument Park	127	131	103	Nellie Pinney	North Box Elder Stake	585	541	92	Christina N. Bott
<b>Moon Lake Stake</b>					Bear River	76	77	101	Lorena Waddoups
Boneta	25	21	84	Jennie Brotherson	Brigham Third	82	72	88	Fern Channell
Mount Emmons	36	27	75	Elmira Snow	Brigham Fourth	91	99	109	Geneva F. Wright
Mt. Home	41	31	76	Wilma Thayne	Brigham Seventh	61	63	103	LaVina Hansen
<b>Morgan Stake</b>					Brigham Eighth	104	80	77	LaVinia Clark
Peterson	30	28	93	Althea Carrigan	Corinne	91	71	78	Meltrude A. Nelson
Slide	17	13	76	Alta Creager	Harper	21	23	110	Edith Baty
<b>Moroni Stake</b>					Honeyville	59	56	95	Daisy Duke
Moroni West	88	75	85	Mrs. Lynn F. Peter-son	North Carbon Stake	79	104	132	Estella Gale
					Helper	20	22	110	Florence I. Anderson
					Storrs	18	15	83	Sarah Donaldson
					Scofield Branch				

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North Davis Stake	829	669	81	Mrs. Graydon Holt	Ogden Stake	755	770	102	Chloe F. Summerill
Clearfield First	117	105	90	Elsie Bennett	Eden	36	34	94	Catherine Stallings
Clearfield Second	52	55	106	Mary Banz	Huntsville	69	63	91	Ella Allen
Layton First	67	51	76	Dorsey Hodgson	Liberty	23	26	113	Fern B. Clark
Layton Fourth	106	106	100	Grace R. Forbes	Ogden Fourth	140	148	106	Theo Johansen
Syracuse	106	102	96	Iva Jensen	Ogden Sixth	81	82	101	Elizabeth Thompson
No. Idaho Falls Stake	594	663	112	Janet L. Landon	Ogden Thirteenth	111	111	100	Ramona P. Snow
Coltman	53	78	147	Marion Judd	Ogden Twentieth	100	132	132	Nanna Christiansen
Idaho Falls First	103	116	113	Elizabeth Elg	Ogden Thirtieth	86	78	91	Madge Crawford
Idaho Falls Fourth	106	135	127	Anna Christofferson	Ogden Thirty-first	109	96	88	Ada Egginton
Idaho Falls Seventh	156	163	104	Emma Jensen	Oneida Stake	681	594	87	Leona P. Winger
Osgood	62	53	85	Maurine Freeman	Banida	28	24	86	Ada Bell
Ucon	114	118	104	Elva Andrus	Dayton	84	68	81	Pearl Beutler
North Jordan Stake	587	604	103	Elthura Mackay	Glencoe	26	22	85	Mary B. Larsen
Bennion	72	76	106	Blanche Parker	Glendale	15	15	100	Eulalia W. Larsen
Granger First	64	72	113	Martha M. Parr	Mink Creek	58	50	86	Della Keller
Granger Second	81	86	106	Louise Scott	Oxford	30	25	83	Clara Olson
Granger Third	60	87	145	Malinda H. Christensen	Preston Third	67	70	104	Amy S. Kern
Redwood	46	46	100	Louisa Skog	Preston Fourth	88	93	106	Anna F. Palmer
Taylorsville First	66	63	95	Loretta Foote	Preston Seventh	108	96	89	Verneta Larson
Taylorsville Second	67	68	101	Rosalma Van Buskirk	Treasureton	21	21	100	Vera Atkinson
Kearns Branch	9	17	189	Frances D. Fish	Winder	37	31	84	Leona P. Winger
North Rexburg Stake	636	586	92	Arvilla Parkinson	Oquirrh Stake	421	537½	128	Beatrice W. Dimond
Hibbard	72	60	83	Mary Saurey	Garfield First	47	60	128	Zelma Payne
Newdale	40	41	103	Zola Allen	Garfield Second	50	52	104	Earlean McGee
Plano	54	74	137	Arvilla Parkinson	Hercules	14	17	121	Mary Coe
Rexburg First	137	109	80	Eva Summers	Magna	101	139½	138	Izella Jeppson
Salem	69	55	80	Afton Anderson	Pleasant Green	140	148	106	Leatrus Turner
Sugar	164	167	102	Irene R. Pincock	Spencer	69	121	175	Florence Reid
Teton	100	80	80	Reva Clark	Orem Stake	418	398	95	Alice Harris
					Beverly	31	30	97	Eva Hulet
					Geneva	96	96	100	Thelma Benson
					Orem First	42	42	100	Eliza Anderson
					Timp View	21	31	148	Donna Pullman

HONOR ROLL

North Sanpete Stake										
Fairview South	126	97	77	Araminta Clement	Vineyard	68	55	81	Mae Schroder	
Milburn	14	14	100	Vida S. Graham	Windsor	74	82	111	Cora Hooley	
Mt. Pleasant Third	47	48	102	Lucille R. Seely	Palmyra Stake	886	729	82	Mrs. Frank Sorensen	
Mountainville	14	12	86	Vera Shelley	Lake Shore	97	80	82	Berniece Rigtrup	
Spring City	102	86	84	Bergetta Jensen	Leland	44	35	80	Kathryn I. Huff	
					Palmyra	40	37	93	Tressa Sorensen	
North Sevier Stake					Salem	94	127	135	Dora H. Cloward	
Aurora	90	69	77	Maxiene M. Curtis	Spanish Fork Second	108	83	77	Lucy L. Hill	
Vermillion	22	17	77	May Gledhill	Spanish Fork Third	126	99	79	Mildred Houston	
					Spanish Fork Fourth	130	103	79	Gladys Christmas	
North Weber Stake	570	502	88	Alta M. Goble	Birdseye Branch	16	16	100	Rachel Spencer	
Ogden Third	79	74	94	Martha M. Burnett	Thistle Branch	9	10	111	Ethel Anderson	
Ogden Tenth	106	92	87	Eliza M. Kerr	Palo Alto Stake	420	403	96	Sarah Avery	
Ogden Sixteenth	91	76	84	Armenta S. Malan	Burlingame	42	52	124	Iris Pickering	
Taylor	64	67	105	Melba P. Favero	Naglee Park	31	36	116	Eliza Horsfield	
Warren	47	36	77	Libbie Neilsen	Redwood City	75	77	103	Aileen Weaver	
West Warren	27	30	111	Lorraine Barron	San Jose	45	51	113	Maud L. West	
West Weber	77	63	82	Rene McLean	San Mateo	58	80	138	Harriet S. Zeitschel	
Wilson	79	64	81	Sarah H. Holmes						
					Panguitch Stake					
Nyssa Stake	332	450	136	Mae A. Boyer	Hatch	43	45½	106	Effie J. Deuel	
Nyssa First	46	66	143	Lynette Anderson	Henrieville	31	23½	76	Virginia Johnson	
Nyssa Second	52	84	162	Ardath H. Baker						
Ontario	90	123	137	Wanda Mortimer	Park Stake	773	704½	91	Lillie S. Schricker	
Owyhee	48	49	102	Edna Hartley	Duncan	70	82	117	Winifred Poulter	
Parma	27	35	130	Lelia Bartshe	Emigration	65	68	105	La Vern Hanks	
Vale	69	93	135	Avis Belnap	First	87	90	103	Clara Dittman	
					Tenth	80	77	96	Lamecia Pierce	
Oakland Stake	591	491	83	Mary L. Stewart	Thirty-first	105	98	93	Geneva A. Odle	
Alameda	68	53	78	LaVina H. McRae	Princeton	138	110	80	Afton Thomas	
Castro Valley	51	53	104	Della Eck	Webster	91	88	97	Gertrude M. Hobson	
Dimond	104	106	102	Lila F. Graham	Parowan Stake	350	329	94	Betty M. Sorenson	
Elmhurst	64	62	97	Francina De Vries	Enoch	30	34	113	Cora Murie	
Livermore	6	6	100	Sylvia Wardell	Paragonah	78	60	77	Erma Lamoreaux	
Maxwell Park	67	56	84	Geraldine Compton	Parowan First	64	79	123	Mildred Gilger	
San Leandro	59	46	78	Agnes M. Nelson	Parowan Second	70	57	81	Mary Stubbs	



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Parowan Third Summit	84	73	87	Minnie Orton Lucy Green	Moulton	10	10	100	Julia Clark
Pasadena Stake	518	602	116	Blanche Calvert	Sublett	12	12	100	Pearl A. Hall
Baldwin Park	48	62	129	Ardella Hackford	Yost	14	12	86	Viola Tracey
East Pasadena	66	69	105	Mabrye Phillips	Reno Stake	426	327	77	Louise L. Bell
El Monte	73	95	130	Louise Mariger	Carson City	13	16	123	Ruth M. Meacham
Las Flores	83	97	117	Sydney Raleigh	Hawthorne	34	39	115	Ada Jensen
Monrovia	84	110	131	Letitia Meyers	Lovelock	17	17	100	Erna Adams
North El Monte	46	47	102	Sarah Anderson	Portola	20	26	130	Leah D. Williams
Pasadena	52	56	108	Clara Toone	Sparks West	49	53	108	Florence B. Nelson
South Pasadena	66	66	100	Mamie Gerwin	Susanville	46	35	76	Genet Johnson
Phoenix Stake	723	811	112	Florence M. Broberg	Westwood	28	25	89	Mary Young
Capitol	86	78	91	Edna Smith	Rexburg Stake	597	681	114	Geraldine B. Johnson
Glendale	61	71	116	Julia S. Kremer	Archer	79	94	119	Norah Grover
Phoenix First	90	92	102	Alta Mathews	Burton	57	76	133	Leone Beattie
Phoenix Second	64	80	125	Nancy Lou Harbison	Independence	41	35	85	Margaret Barber
Phoenix Third	86	109	127	Ann Pomeroy	Lyman	61	69	113	Jessie Moulton
Phoenix Fourth	40	47	118	Nora L. Johnson	Rexburg Second	144	170	118	Maud Taylor
Phoenix Fifth	56	94	168	Pauline Judd	Rexburg Third	73	92	126	Wanda Hunziker
Phoenix Sixth	73	62	85	Ruby Biggs	Rexburg Fourth	142	145	102	Sibyle Smith
Phoenix Seventh	54	71	131	Minerva B. Gillette	Richland Stake				
Scottsdale	49	53	108	Cornelia Worthen	Richland First	69	54	78	Carol Powell
Buckeye Branch	16	15	94	Mrs. H. C. Gable	Sunnyside	41	31	76	Verna Hoyt
Sunnyslope Branch	34	31	91	Frances M. Hansen	Toppenish	26	23	88	Agnes B. Ferguson
Pioneer Stake	692	649	94	Mary Jacobs	Walla Walla	53	46	87	Irene D. Harrison
Cannon	70	62	89	Lillian Van Leuven	Yakima	30	28	93	Hannah Crimin
Edison	91	74	81	Joyce Ferguson	Rigby Stake	697	707	101	Sara Simmons
Glendale Park First	23	37	161	Elna Buehn	Annis	56	64	114	Jeanette Browning
Glendale Park Second	29	37	128	Dena Lund	Grant	54	52	96	Ruby Pinnock
Jordan Park	88	114½	130	Marie Taylor	Hamer	39	40	103	Amelia Smuin
Riverview	89	70	79	Elizabeth S. Warren	Lewisville	114	93	82	Dora Armstrong
Twenty-fifth	99	89	90	Hildred E. Cook	Menan First	66	72	109	Emily Hart
Thirty-second	27	37	137	Anna Albertsen	Menan Second	75	77	103	Erna Gunderson
Thirty-fifth	53	53	100	Edith Murray	Rigby First	77	79	103	Audra Peterson

Pocatello Stake	781	864	111	Mrs. R. M. Drake	Rigby Fourth	68	70	103	Ann Nielsen
Fort Hall	20	24	120	Zella Hall	Roberts	66	66	100	Ruth Marriott
Inkom	89	91	102	Ada Hall	Terreton	50	62	124	Maurine Peterson
Pocatello Second	61	69	113	Helga H. Pugmire	Beaver Creek Branch	32	32	100	Leeola N. Harmon
Pocatello Fourth	81	99	122	Esther W. Johnson	Riverside Stake				
Pocatello Sixth	81	98	121	Eva B. Barrow	Center	71	54	76	Pearl F. Jones
Pocatello Seventh	89	93	104	Mae W. Brown	Riverside	76	86	113	Hillevi Daniels
Pocatello Eighth	47	52	111	Mrs. E. J. Davis	Roosevelt Stake	547	423	77	Amanda M. Henrie
Pocatello Twelfth	60	61	102	Mrs. E. S. Swisher	Ballard	46	47	102	Myrtle Winn
Pocatello Thirteenth	140	152	109	Mrs. Florest Dawson	Bennett	14	13	93	Joyce Bolton
Pocatello Fourteenth	74	83	112	Erma Summers	Roosevelt Second	89	109	122	Adella Rowley
Pocatello Fifteenth	39	42	108	Beth Barlow, Sec.	Whiterocks	20	16	80	Pearl Walkup
Portland Stake					Sacramento Stake	543	624	115	Martha V. Gattiker
Colonial Heights	67	80	119	Delores Zabell	Arcade	67	82	122	Rose R. Baldwin
Laurelhurst	50	64	128	Celia Cox	Carmichael	73	73	100	Myrie Bolles
Moreland	79	64	81	Hattie W. Carlson	Fair Oaks	36	52	144	Elsie J. Green
University Park	59	44	75	Elizabeth Stevenson	Roseville	53	60	113	Nida B. Morey
Portneuf Stake	431	432	100	Ada L. Parris	Sacramento First	89	105	118	Margherita Singleton
Arimo	65	72	111	Merle Tippets	Sacramento Second	54	55	102	Laverna B. Lewis
Cambridge	21	24	114	Vella Bioxham	Sacramento Third	67	68	101	Minnie A. Du Frain
Downey	110	95	86	Margaret Yearsley	Sacramento Fourth	30	47	157	Belva Cayocca
Garden Creek	28	28	100	Ethel Henderson	Woodland	31	37	119	Vendla Gordon
Lava Hot Springs	62	47	76	Emma Roswell	Auburn Branch	22	22	100	Alice W. Ursenbach
McCammon	78	95	122	Wynona M. Glass	Placerville Branch	11	15	136	Goldy T. Baker
Swan Lake	32	34	106	Marie Henderson	Spanish Branch	10	8	80	Rumaldita Martinez
Virginia	35	37	106	Marion Brady	St. George Stake	684	565	83	Agnes S. Pickett
Provo Stake	449	599½	134	Flora Buggert	Central	14	14	100	Lucyle Bracken
Manavu	98	235	240	Flora Buggert	Gunlock	23	21	91	Maybell Hunt
Provo First	96	83	86	Elizabeth A. Phillips	Ivins	15	15	100	Fern M. Hafen
Provo Fifth	76	78	103	Fanny S. Whimpey	Leeds	28	23½	84	Etta M. Mariger
Provo Seventh	88	104	118	Mary Josie	Mt. Trumbull	6	6	100	Rebecca Bundy
Provo Tenth	43	48½	113	Eva Thorsen	St. George First	66	62	94	Edna Cunningham
Provo Sixteenth	48	51	106	Edyth R. Maxfield	St. George Third	80	66	83	Ella B. Neilson
Raft River Stake	181	144	80	Alice O. Neddo	St. George Fourth	69	63½	92	Vilate Leavitt
Malta	56	67	120	Alice O. Neddo	St. George Fifth	60	62	103	Alma Spendlove

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
St. George Sixth	99	79	80	Emma C. Abbott	Ione Branch	19	24	126	Theodora R. Thomas
Santa Clara	60	45	75	Selina Hafen	Lodi Branch	10	27	270	Wilma McCombs
Veyo	12	16	133	Harriet B. Chadburn	Manteca Branch	18	20	111	Helen Gillingwater
St. Johns Stake	391	340	87	Kathlyn A. Brown	San Juan Stake	376	378	101	Vivian W. Redd
Alpine	20	22	110	Jessie Jepson	Blanding	86	92	107	Neta Young
Eagar	111	115	104	Agnes M. Lund	Grayson	94	118	126	Volate Shumway
Gallup	28	25	89	Juanita Jones	Moab	73	69	95	Elma Dalton
Lund	26	26	100	Clara B. Laney	Monticello	100	82	82	Lewie Christensen
Nutriosio	8	13	163	Thelma Mangum	Lockerby Branch	10	8	80	Maxine Johnson
St. Johns	137	107	78	Geneva Greer	San Luis Stake	505	404	80	Opal McDaniel
St. Joseph Stake	495	480	97	Nira P. Lee	Alamosa	80	88	110	Opal McDaniel
Bryce	18	20	111	Nellie Dixon	La Jara	94	83	88	Florence Knight
Central	56	61	109	Winnie Smith	Manassa	126	96	76	Pauline Holmes
Eden	19	19	100	Viola Colvin	Romeo	48	45	94	Opal Nance
Ft. Thomas	30	30	100	Hazel B. Bryce	Santa Barbara Stake	291	257	88	Elsie N. Buell
Globe	37	40	108	Lorraine B. Smith	Ojai	24	25	104	Zelpha P. Marengo
Miami	54	48	89	Ella Sims	Paso Robles	17	14	82	Leah P. Godfrey
Pima	121	129	107	Zela McBride	San Luis Obispo	36	33	92	Eileen Godbey Hart-
Thatcher	160	133	83	Sarah Hales	Santa Barbara	50	49	98	man
Salt Lake Stake	861	678½	79	Clara C. Neeley	Santa Maria	34	38	112	Frances Olsen
Capitol Hill	94	89	95	Mary L. Fawcett	Ventura	42	37	88	Audra Faris
Fourteenth	123	92	75	Emma R. Jacobs	Lompoc Branch	11	13	118	Nydia R. Hansen
Nineteenth	88	75	85	Marie M. Hardwick	Santa Monica Stake	446	501	112	Lillie K. Whitehead
Twenty-second	103	108	105	Alma Laxman	Brentwood	100	152	152	Frances D. Kolarik
Twenty-third	36	46	128	Clara Oveson	La Cienega	86	91	106	Eva L. Quigley
San Bernardino Stake	646	715	111	Evelyn W. Heath	Mar Vista	75	86	115	Sylvia N. Petersen
Arlington	45	66	147	Pearl Hudkins	Santa Monica	135	110	81	Madonna Wallace
Colton	46	62	135	Artie J. Davis	Westdale	50	62	124	Agnes M. Nelson
Hemet	48	54	113	Reva Kribs	Santaquin-Tintic Stake	66	50	76	Elaine Kirk
Ontario	65	71	109	Ivie Thompson	Goshen	17	15	88	Harriet E. Barney
Pomona	65	70	108	Elizabeth J. Apgood	Elberta Branch	66	50	76	Elaine Kirk
Redlands	28	28	100	Barbara Christensen					
Riverside	82	82	100	Cornelia Jacobson					

San Bernardino 1st	65	68	105	Laura Lee Hilliker
San Bernardino 2d	76	78	103	Sue Powell
Victorville	24	20	83	Savoy Lewis
Elsinore Branch	11	21	191	Lillian Pollan
Mira Loma Branch	14	14	100	Ruth Bates
Perris Branch	12	25	208	Priscilla M. Smuin
Yacaipa Branch	22	25	114	Sible Reagan
<b>San Diego Stake</b>	555	469	85	<b>Thora Holgren</b>
Fairmount	91	71	78	Verda Ward
Hillcrest	64	74	116	Sarah Bodily
La Mesa	60	90	150	Della Campbell
National City	43	48	112	Allagonda Lund
North Park	65	62	95	Josephine Gallacher
<b>San Fernando Stake</b>	538	637	118	<b>Helen K. Yaple</b>
Burbank	80	94	118	Jane Reynolds
New Hall	9	10	111	Amy Haws, Pres.
North Hollywood	103	168	163	Elizabeth Jacobs
Reseda	77	97	126	Vera Snow
San Fernando	45	74	164	Edith Knapp
Sherman Oaks	52	52	100	Zilpha Nowlin
Van Nuys	63	65	103	Sue Bartlett
<b>San Francisco Stake</b>	392	394	101	<b>Josephine T. Danford</b>
Balboa	77	77	100	Beatrice Simister
Mission	82	92	112	Gladys W. Parker
San Francisco	89	84	94	Anna Jensen
San Rafael	45	38	84	Mary E. Spencer
Sunset	99	103	104	Florence Phillips
<b>San Joaquin Stake</b>	349	469	134	<b>Wealtha Mendenhall</b>
Modesto	75	101	135	Iva Allen
Oakdale	24	32	133	Pearl Ward
Stockton First	63	70	111	Elva Wolfenbarger
Stockton Second	52	68	131	Ella J. Hart
Tracy	24	37	154	Sarah S. Dana
Turlock	43	58	135	Mary U. Tiffany
Brentwood Branch	21	32	152	Alice Lewis

<b>Santa Rosa Stake</b>	357	312½	88	<b>Eva Southwick</b>
Napa	51	53	104	Elizabeth N. Daniel
Santa Rosa	53	54	102	Judith Lindelof
Ukiah	27	24	89	Jessie B. Keeley
Fairfield Branch	30	39	130	Dorothy Johnson
Fort Bragg Branch	10	11	110	Gladys M. Hendricke
Lakeport Branch	22	21	95	Delores B. McCoy
Petaluma Branch	17	18	106	Virginia Terribilin
Sebastopol Branch	12	14	117	Kate Hardisty
Willits Branch	11	13	118	Eva Southwick
<b>Seattle Stake</b>	675	635½	94	<b>Chelta D. Brown</b>
Bellingham	36	45	125	Ella M. Petrie
Bremerton	50	44	88	Cleo M. Carlsen
Everett	32	36	113	Rhoda McCarrroll
Olympia	39	32	82	Dona Williams
Renton	59	45	76	Mabel McKilrath
Seattle First	76	62	82	Lucile G. Henrie
Seattle Second	46	54½	118	Hilda A. Shomaker
Seattle Third	43	39	91	Arleta Calkins
Seattle Fourth	26	26	100	Charlotte Myler
Seattle Sixth	20	20	100	Mary B. Glenn
Shelton	19	25	132	Bernadene Ramin
Tacoma First	83	64	77	Devone Johnson
Tacoma Second	37	40	108	Wilma E. Brechbiel
Tacoma Third	28	47	168	Irene Howell
Arlington Branch	10	8	80	Una Carlson
Port Orchard Branch	19	19	100	Myra Ennis
<b>Sevier Stake</b>	718	774	108	<b>Beth V. Anderson</b>
Glenwood	65	68	105	Lois Sorenson
Greenwich	13	16	123	Alta V. Sorenson
Koosharem	63	66	105	Etta Crawford
Richfield First	89	97	109	Myrtle Brown
Richfield Second	75	77	103	Hattie Bean
Richfield Third	96	99	103	Pearl Farnsworth
Richfield Fourth	89	89	100	Rozella Hawley
Richfield Fifth	68	77	113	Jane Y. Pollett
Richfield Sixth	78	95	122	Luceal Kramer

Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>So. Idaho Falls Stake</b>	<b>458</b>	<b>487</b>	<b>106</b>
Ammon	121	127	105
Idaho Falls Third	110	127	115
Idaho Falls Sixth	128	133	104
Idaho Falls Eighth	99	100	101
<b>So. Los Angeles Stake</b>	<b>924</b>	<b>1698</b>	<b>184</b>
Downey	114	170	149
Grant	60	123	205
Huntington Park	82	173	211
Manchester	119	153	129
Matthews	115	190	165
Maywood	106	164	155
Miramonte	55	128	233
South Gate	114	299	262
Vermont	76	155	204
Walnut Park	83	143	172
<b>South Ogden Stake</b>	<b>759</b>	<b>725</b>	<b>96</b>
Ogden Fourteenth	103	108	105
Ogden Eighteenth	91	75	82
Ogden Twenty-sixth	106	126	119
Ogden Twenty-seventh	57	76	133
Ogden Twenty-eighth	126	114	90
Ogden Thirty-fourth	90	89	99
South Weber	50	39	78
Uintah	44	34	77
<b>South Salt Lake Stake</b>	<b>615</b>	<b>634</b>	<b>103</b>
Burton	83	111	134
Central Park	87	88	101
Eldredge	87	73	84
Granite Park	63	47	75
Haven	76	90	118
North Central Park	55	94	171
South Gate	101	101½	100
<b>Valeria Blatter</b>			
Melvina Reed			
Azilea Johnson			
Wanda Johnson			
Genevieve Nichols			
<b>Nancy Rupp</b>			
Priscilla Morris			
Alice Taylor			
Oralie Wilkinson			
Ruth Minton			
Bertha Milius			
Avilda Kowalski			
Jennie Stauffer			
Evelyn Ferrara			
Violet Tripp			
Nellie Hunter			
<b>Loretta Cramer</b>			
Addie T. Nelson			
Lura C. Wright			
Ellen N. Brewer			
Lucille Cook			
Margaret Williams			
Luella Brown			
Venice Poll			
Elizabeth Fernelius			
<b>Hedy T. Davies</b>			
Martha Reinhold			
Peggy Oliver			
Irene Urry			
La Rue Kevern			
Anne Anderson			
Evelyn Harrison			
Lillian Woolstie			

Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>Sigurd Venice</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>100</b>
	45	53	118
<b>Sharon Stake</b>	<b>471</b>	<b>518</b>	<b>110</b>
Crest View	32	32	100
Edgemont	70	75	107
Grand View	36	51	142
Hill Crest	41	44	107
Lake View	38	41	108
Lincoln	57	73	128
Oak Hills	70	73	104
Pleasant View	69	71	103
Timpanogos	58	58	100
<b>Shelley Stake</b>	<b>567</b>	<b>655</b>	<b>116</b>
Basalt	52	53	102
Firth	58	95	164
Goshen	71	74	104
Jameston	44	47	107
Kimball	19	30	158
Shelley First	83	112	135
Shelley Second	85	86	101
Shelley Third	61	63	103
Taylor	33	34	103
Woodville	61	61	100
<b>Smithfield Stake</b>	<b>83</b>	<b>76</b>	<b>92</b>
Smithfield First	129	102	79
Smithfield Third	99	82	83
Smithfield Fourth			
<b>Snowflake Stake</b>	<b>714</b>	<b>561</b>	<b>79</b>
Claysprings	25	29	116
Flagstaff	46	42	91
Joseph City	67	65	97
Pinedale	17	18	106
Snowflake	134	100	75
<b>Emily M. Nebeker</b>			
Jennie Cowley			
<b>Edna M. Hansen</b>			
Dorothy Carter			
Florence G. Dalton			
Mary Stephenson			
Zeda Emmons			
Minnie Nuttall			
Ann Millett			
Camellia T. Denys			
Ruth C. Meldrum			
Amanda Bigelow			
<b>Merle Young</b>			
Thelma Hoskins			
Florence Hanny			
Ellen Dye			
Viola Hillman			
Florence E. Gifford			
Lottie Robinson			
Meryl Hamilton			
Arita Van Eps			
Pearl Clark			
Edna Kotter			
<b>Jessie Littledike</b>			
Cora W. Aston			
Rebecca P. Larson			
<b>Elizabeth S. Baldwin</b>			
Aurela Plumb			
Martha W. Thomas			
Gladys McLaws			
Jane M. Jackson			
Marge Hunt			

Winslow	64	57	89	Ruby McHood
Woodruff	24	27	113	Lorena Smithson
Linden Branch	6	9	150	Grace Wilson
McNary Branch	18	25	139	Laura B. Willis
<b>South Bear River Stake</b>	<b>537</b>	<b>465</b>	<b>87</b>	<b>Eva B. Hansen</b>
Deweyville	51	40	78	Jennie Fryer
Elwood	43	44	102	Janusine Peterson
Penrose	20	21	105	Lena Jensen
Promontory	18	16	89	Doris W. Flint, Sec.
Tremonton First	70	78	111	Leah Deakin
Tremonton Second	91	80	88	Hazel Ranson
Tremonton Third	63	57	90	Lillian Barfurs
Tremonton Fourth	88	71	81	Eliza Woodruff
<b>South Box Elder Stake</b>	<b>607</b>	<b>646</b>	<b>106</b>	<b>Edith E. Baddley</b>
Brigham City First	107	112	105	Artie Sessions
Brigham City Second	106	118	111	Pearl Olsen
Brigham City Fifth	100	103	103	Myrtle Clifford
Brigham City Sixth	91	97	107	Jayne W. Bergstrom
Mantua	49	49	100	Verle N. Anderson
Perry	43	56	130	Ruth G. Hirschi
Willard	111	111	100	Dee Rae Christensen
<b>South Carolina Stake</b>				
Charleston	31	35	113	Mary R. Behre
Columbia	50	50	100	Daisy Neeley
Gaffney	27	21	78	Ila Black
Hartsville	31	26	84	Gladys Watson
Spartanburg	21	16	76	Elizabeth Noblin
Augusta Branch	10	13	130	LaVerne Holley
Sumpter Branch	16	21	131	Katherine M. Griffin
<b>South Davis Stake</b>	<b>949</b>	<b>716</b>	<b>75</b>	<b>Myrtle B. Hatch</b>
Bountiful First	71	69	97	Dina M. Hansen
Bountiful Third	84	89	106	Edith C. Clay
Bountiful Sixth	90	94	104	Anna K. Bangerter
West Bountiful	115	102	87	Orla P. Hillhouse

<b>South Sanpete Stake</b>				
Ephraim North	82	71	87	Dora Sparks
Manti South	136	105	77	Sarah D. Anderson
Sterling	31	36	116	Janet J. Otten
<b>South Sevier Stake</b>				
Annabella	64	55	86	Sylvia Davis
Central	46	48	104	Betty G. Hansen
Joseph	46	42	91	Zina Parker
Marysvale	63	50	79	Annie Burr
Monroe South	90	70	78	Ina Naser
Sevier	19	15	79	Lillian Bridges
<b>South Summit Stake</b>	<b>426</b>	<b>320</b>	<b>75</b>	<b>Ruth Huff</b>
Kamas	90	74	82	Vinnie Leonard
Marion	34	39	115	Melba Beal
Peoa	31	38	123	Evelyn Stembridge
Woodland	41	33	80	Francell Gines
<b>Southrn. Arizona Stake</b>	<b>447</b>	<b>418</b>	<b>94</b>	<b>Edna B. Allred</b>
Douglas	52	43	83	Edna L. Huish
St. David	58	44	76	Florence Bateman
Tucson First	81	92	114	Louisa Done
Tucson Second	65	76	117	Mrs. A. A. Stephens
Tucson Third	61	68	111	Rowena Holladay
Whitewater	33	32	97	Anna Porter
Willcox	14	19	136	Lenore Duncan
<b>Spokane Stake</b>	<b>373</b>	<b>288</b>	<b>77</b>	<b>Vadus Marx</b>
Dishman	44	38	86	Verna D. Edwards
North Spokane	53	54	102	Ruth E. Newport
Pullman	29	22	76	Phyllis C. Smith
Sandpoint	27	33	122	Wilma M. Marshall
Coeur d'Alene Branch	35	37	106	Emma Masten
Colville Branch	11	9	82	Ressa Wood, Pres.
<b>Star Valley Stake</b>	<b>739</b>	<b>553½</b>	<b>75</b>	<b>Ada Hillyard</b>
Fairview	54	54	100	Maud Ransenberg
Freedom	87	80	92	Alice Ivie



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Grover Thayne	52 63	44 53	85 84	Mary S. Hepworth Martha McKim	Twin Falls Second Twin Falls Third Twin Falls Fourth Castleford Branch Filer Branch	80 100 95 23 32	104 113 95 23 35	130 113 100 100 109	Mable M. Judd Vera Holland Bertha Bolton Velma Allred Willia Hepworth
Sugar House Stake	742	793	107	Alta Whitehead	Uintah Stake	690	632	92	Elsie M. Palmer
Bryan	116	118	102	Catherine Sipkema	Ashley	43	36	84	Elva Erickson
Emerson	140	170	121	Katie Fairbanks	Davis	44	33	75	Idella Smuin
Hawthorne	114	123	108	Mayme Stevens	Glines	50	38	76	Effie Holfeltz
Marlborough	130	137	105	Gladys Isaacson	Jensen	52	39	75	Amelia Ainge
Richards	126	127	101	Vera Schmitt	Lapoint	58	51	88	Lillie Bigelow
Sugar House	116	118	102	Ruth Marley	Maeser First	40	40	100	Marie Johnson
Summit Stake					Maeser Second	47	47	100	Edna Pope
Coalville	69	54	78	Elizabeth Simister	Naples	67	54	81	Eva Haws
Hoytsville	53	52	98	Blanche Crittenden	Tridell	36	40	111	Virgie Behrman
Upton	16	14	88	Ethel Blonquist	Vernal First	80	70	88	Mrs. James Chivers
Taylor Stake	580	608	105	Loreen Brewerton	Vernal Second	66	63	95	Pearl D. Winder
Magrath First	91	103	113	Maysie Toomer	Vernal Third	72	79	110	Alice O. Billings
Magrath Second	79	82	104	Amy Fossey, Sec.	Bonanza Branch	13	15	115	Aloah Vietti
Raymond First	62	54	87	Alice Shaw	Rangely Branch	22	27	123	Reva Watkins
Raymond Second	68	60	88	Annie Larsen	Union Stake	418	433	104	Leona M. See
Raymond Third	63	77	122	Mrs. E. J. Anderson	Baker	62	62	100	Sadie E. Shelton
Raymond Fourth	60	61	102	Ruby Holland	Enterprise	8	9	113	Amyrue Gent
Stirling	70	73	104	Elsie Perrett	Imbler-Elgin	27	27	100	Biancha Quebbeman
Welling	35	38	109	Roberta Smith	La Grande First	103	84	82	Lydia Cantrell
Coutts Branch	16	17	106	Emily Collett	La Grande Second	100	118	118	Leona M. See
Tyrells Lake Branch	9	14	156	Mary Hamling	Pendleton	46	60	130	Lenora Blanchard
Warner Branch	8	12	150	Etta Ellingson	Union	51	53	104	Erma W. Badger
Wrentham Branch	19	17	89	Eva Siewert	Wallowa	11	13	118	Amy Lou Werst
Temple View Stake	713	535	75	Alida W. Nielsen	University Stake	485	454½	94	Etta Cowles
Arbor	99	74	75	Doris Wilks	Eleventh	77	58	75	Ida M. Carlson
McKinley	114	101	89	Olive Dixon	West Eleventh	60	50	83	Irma Piercy
Sixth-Seventh	73	96	132	Helen Hemmingway	Twelfth	115	119	103	Gertrude Russell
Teton Stake	434	374½	86	Ruby F. Christiansen					
Bates	26	27	104	Julia J. Riplinger					

HONOR ROLL

Cache	18	20	111	Edna Harris	Thirteenth	93	115½	124	Emma Larsen
Cedron	20	20	100	Leatha Kunz	Stadium Village Branch	62	59	95	Gloria Pearce
Chapin	15	16	107	Annie Stone					
Clawson	31	26	84	Marie Little					
Driggs First	56	43	77	Vilda H. Ellis	Utah Stake	447	408	91	Bertha Memmott
Driggs Second	45	36	80	Thelma Jackson	Park	54	56	104	Anna J. Anderson
Jackson	40	52	130	Ila Tanner	Provo Third	137	117	85	Esther Hurst
Pratt	26	21	81	Vada Green	Provo Fourth	63	53	84	Amme S. Ridge
Victor	85	65½	77	Edith F. Humble	Provo Sixth	57	64	112	Jane B. Evans
					Provo Fourteenth	49	51	104	Nellie M. Diamond
					University	87	67	77	Leda Law
Timpanogos Stake	508	459	90	Ora W. Thorne	Uvada Stake	307	301	98	Isadora Price
Grove	80	70	88	Fern Smith	Panaca	47	56	119	Isadora Price
Lindon	90	71	79	Ella Smith	Pioche	52	121	233	Hertha Kroencke
Manila	60	62	103	Mrs. B. N. Allen					
Pleasant Grove First	99	91	92	Ethel Fenton					
Pleasant Grove 2d	105	105	100	Alice Deveraux					
Pleasant Grove 3d	74	60	81	Vern Young	Wasatch Stake	645	661	102	Mildred Lawrence
Tooele Stake	706	644	91	Jennie A. Wallin	Center	30	31	103	Blanche Muir
Lake View	39	30	77	Georgia Droubay	Charleston	38	45	118	Zina Ritchie
Stockton	30	35	117	Elva Benson	Daniel	51	51	100	Ina Orgill
Tooele First	98	79	81	Bessie S. Kemp	Heber First	108	94	87	La Prael Knight
Tooele Second	87	65	75	Leona Hitesman	Heber Second	104	87	84	Ardith Young
Tooele Fourth	102	88	86	Elsie Curry	Heber Third	73	74	101	Margaret C. Callister
Tooele Fifth	62	55	89	Ruby Jordan	Heber Fourth	79	114	144	Verna Hicken
Tooele Sixth	42	45	107	La Dean Long	Midway First	65	73	112	La Neva Averett
Tooele Seventh	53	51	96	Annie Gollaher	Midway Second	62	62	100	Margarett C. Kelly
Tooele Eighth	39	65	167	Mary McKellar	Wallsburg	35	34	97	Ethel Batty
Tooele Ninth	16	30	188	Beth Paystrup	Washington Stake	502	384	76	Mary E. Stimpson
Vernon	28	23	82	Bessie Anderson	Arlington	86	90	105	Velma H. Allred
Deseret Branch	10	14	140	Mary Carson	Baltimore	54	47	87	Carma C. Martin
East Tod Park Branch	9	13	144	Thelma Miller	Chevy Chase	81	73	90	Ruth Rasband
					Washington	63	61	97	Jean Liljenquist
Twin Falls Stake	591	581	98	Ruth Lanning	Wayne Stake				
Buhl First	41	33	80	Johanna Jensen	Fremont	37	33	89	Deiliah Albrecht
Buhl Second	48	40	83	Margaret Rosen- crantz	Hanksville	14	19	136	Ethel Noyes
Kimberly	66	52	79	Betty C. Holmquist	Loa	77	71	92	Ilene Van Dyke
Murtaugh	39	43	110	Geneva Moyes	Thurber	72	60	83	Tamor Christensen

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Kirtland	58	63	109	Eva. Noel
Cortez Branch	22	20	91	Annie Hinton
Durango Branch	29	31	107	Iva Ferguson
Kline Branch	12	17	142	Loretta Slade
Zion Park Stake	384	316	82	Lillian Roundy
Hurricane North	91	68	75	Louise P. Jepson
Hurricane South	88	91	103	Gwenivere White
Rockville	27	29	107	Mary H. DeMille
Toquerville	40	33	83	Edith Klingonsmith

## MISSIONS

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Australian Mission	282	212	75	Ruth Mackay
Bankstown	28	23	82	Isabel Strachan
Enmore	37	32	86	Mae Clark
Glen Huon	11	17	155	Gladys E. Woolley
Hurtsville	12	22	183	Florence Wardingley
Melbourne	36	28	78	Yvonne MacKay
Nambour	9	11	122	A. R. Lyell
British Mission	9	7	78	Ellen Cotten-Better-idge
Cheltenham	10	13	130	Isobel Granger, Pres.
Ipswich	8	6	75	E. Pearce
Oldham	9	9	100	Edith M. Henderson
St. Albans	6	5	83	Beatrice Aver
Wolverhampton	623	554	89	La Priel S. Bunker
California Mission	127	102	80	Josephine Allen
Arizona	19	16	84	Cleotha Johnson
Chino Valley	47	38	81	Mary Payne
Prescott	20	22	110	Fern Willis
Wickenburg				

Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Weber Stake	681	572	84	Myrl S. Stewart
Ogden First	111	87	78	Robena Harris
Ogden Second	102	76	75	Rosanna Walker
Ogden Eleventh	101	104	103	Sadie Masters
Ogden Nineteenth	86	79	92	Elva Craynor
Ogden Twenty-second	76	76	100	Ida M. Cook
Washington Terrace 1st	38	38	100	Verda Walker
Washington Terrace 2d	30	30	100	Donna Sandberg
Weiser Stake	410	388	95	Fannie Chandler
Emmett First	64	55	86	Bertha Tolman
Letha	62	73	118	Ann Jensen
New Plymouth	44	53	120	Della Morrison
Payette	38	41	108	Rozella M. Sinclair
Weiser	80	88	110	Clarmond Rice
Cascade Branch	17	21	124	Clara McMurdie
Midvale Branch	4	8	200	Edna L. Fuch
Wells Stake	840	677½	81	Mabel C. Wood
Belvedere	151	128½	85	Grace Foxley
Ivins	103	94	91	Della Riley
McKay	111	95	86	Anna Sund
Waterloo	147	115	78	Fern Brown
Whittier	130	101	78	Lucille Nebeker
West Jordan Stake	836	760	91	Sarah Henderson
Bingham	63	61	97	Ethel Jones
Bluffdale	63	52	83	Pearl Kylan
Copperton	77	73	95	Phebe Johnson
Herriman	50	66	132	Agnes Dansie
Riverton First	69	72	104	Eliza Reynolds
Riverton Second	92	77	84	Evelyn Beckstead
South Jordan	129	129	100	Elsie J. Merrill
West Jordan First	133	115	86	Clara E. Beckstead
West Jordan Second	94	73	78	Mrs. Leo V. Gardner

<b>West Pocatello Stake</b>	576	551	96	<b>Reta C. Austin</b>	Colorado River
Pocatello First	80	62	78	Emma Hurst	Needles
Pocatello Third	73	87	119	Letha Stevenson	Parker
Pocatello Ninth	98	98	100	Eva Richardson	Imperial Valley
Pocatello Tenth	127	104	82	Flora Jensen	Brawley
Pocatello Eleventh	87	124	143	Rhoda Dickerson	El Centro
<b>West Utah Stake</b>	478	482	101	<b>Cleo L. Thatcher</b>	Mount Whitney
Pioneer	77	77	100	Harriet Bigler	Barstow
Provo Second	101	103	102	Margaret Gabbitas	Bishop
Provo Eleventh	84	84	100	Leah Patton	Independence
Rivergrove First	67	69	103	Eva Ricks	Lone Pine
Rivergrove Second	54	54	100	Annie P. Tanner	Oak Creek
Sunset	95	95	100	Lillie M. Campbell	Verde Valley
<b>Wilford Stake</b>	456	496	109	<b>Martha W. Paulsen</b>	Williams
Cummings	78	69	88	Leone Monroe	San Geronio
Grandview	75	81	108	Sarah K. Pearson	Beaumont
Imperial	85	72	85	Thora Hunter	Indio
Kenwood	71	69	97	Helen M. Bateman	Palm Springs
Valley View	96	132	138	Maud C. Graham	South Coast
Wilford	51	73	143	Mary Caldwell	Escondido
<b>Woodruff Stake</b>					Fallbrook
Evanston First	86	71	83	May Townson	Laguna Beach
Hilliard	20	25	125	Naomi Harris	San Diegoito
<b>Yellowstone Stake</b>	646	504	78	<b>Laura Hillam</b>	Vista
Egin Bench	57	44	77	Sarah Mason	Yuma
Marysville	40	33	83	Marjorie Gunter	Ajo
St. Anthony First	84	103	123	Almina Johnson	Yuma
St. Anthony Third	68	51	75	Irene Pettingill	Canadian Mission
Twin Groves	31	26	84	Nelle Bowen	Bellville
Wilford	60	48	80	Clarissa Brown	Brantford
Kilgore Branch	20	20	100	Elsa Jensen	Chatham
<b>Young Stake</b>	359	290	81	<b>Zetta Brimhall</b>	Oshawa
Farmington First	56	58	104	Zetta Brimhall	Ottawa
Jewett	20	16	80	C. Mae Hunt	St. Catherine's

12	9	75	Flora Swanson
4	6	150	J. L. Neal
48	43	90	Thelma E. Lunceford
23	23	100	Irena Wadell
21	20	95	Nadene Christiansen
106	81	76	Addie Smith
20	17	85	Minnie B. Conklin
17	20	118	Luara Birmingham
11	11	100	Blanche I. Olds
9	8	89	Nina Linbeck
51	70	137	Elizabeth A. Merwin
28	28	100	Cherill Petersen
10	31	310	Alice M. B. Muirhead
60	52	87	Miriam C. Hale
11	11	100	Mary K. McCray,
			Pres.
13	15	115	Ruth M. Ainsworth
11	12	109	Mae Kehlinbrink
123	117	95	Fawn P. Wilcox
18	21	117	Elenora Camphuysen
21	28	133	Edna M. Jones
24	22	92	Lola Belnap
15	12	80	Jennie G. Lewis
18	14	78	Florence C. Reany
69	60	87	Mary Larson
38	33	87	Barbara McElmury
31	27	87	Eva N. McGovern
8	7	88	Ethel Vandervoort
11	9	82	Gladys Meek
15	12	80	Mabel Barnwell
19	18	95	Gretta Houston
19	18	95	Eva E. Musson
13	10	77	M. Ruth Neil
66	63	95	M. H. Schulzke
13	19	146	Allie Halstead

Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
<b>Central Atlantic States Mission</b>				<b>Mountain View</b>	3	100	Marion Cornett
Goldsboro	11	14	Estella Eubank, Pres.	Poplar Bluff	16	13	Alta Wright
Kinston	11	9	Evelyn Cartledge	Southwest Missouri	116	89	Lorene Tidlund
Tarboro	14	82		Bentonville	7	7	Sarah C. Poar
North Carolina Central	185	75	Verlia C. Young	Fayetteville	6	6	Deane B. Kitterman
Charlotte	15	14	Mrs. L. F. Braddock	Joplin	22	19	Juanita R. Shiveley
Colfax	20	18	Georgia Bennett	Miami	10	9	Rhea Blessing
Durham	11	14	Betty Thompson	Pittsburg	8	8	Pearl Green
Jackson Springs	8	7	Mrs. A. D. Ennis	Siloam Springs	3	3	Ollie L. Johnson
Kannapolis	24	21	Melba Coats	Springfield	30	23	Gladys Drummond
Roxboro	11	10	Myrna Henderson	West Kansas	61	57	Marie Moore
North Carolina East	104	79	Mary Shingleton	Dodge City	20	17	Mary M. Shumard
Hampstead	9	10	Avanell Glade	Larned	8	10	Elsa Webb
Jacksonville	8	7	Mrs. P. H. Robinson	St. John	8	6	Joan Jordan
New Bern	11	12	Mrs. James Hollis	Syracuse	5	8	Helen Thornburgh
Wilmington	20	25		Ulysses	6	7	Alta Dew
North Carolina North	39	36	Lorna H. McPherson	West Oklahoma	140	106	Grace G. Cullimore
Elizabeth City	15	19	Alma M. Jones	Duncan	13	13	Lettie Sadler
Roanoke Rapids	6	6		Enid	13	11	Laura Jean Byrne
North Carolina West	7	7	Sarah E. Israel	Oklahoma City	31	35	Mary R. Thompson
Ashville	7	7		Stillwater	18	18	Clara V. Nelson
Virginia Central				<b>East Central States Mission</b>			
Danville	10	9	Ocey W. Gauldin	Kentucky Central	53	40	Essie C. Morgeson
Hoges Store	12	10	Sadie E. Parr	Bradfordsville	13	10	Grace Wells
Virginia East	88	71	Mabel H. Crouse	Lexington	15	12	Elizabeth Shrout
Norfolk	29	26	Sarah I. Hill	Winchester	8	8	
Portsmouth	13	11	Katherine C. Cole	Kentucky West			
Virginia North	14	11	Irene C. Dunn	Elkton	8	6	Nettie Lee Hooper
Charlottesville	14	11		Morgantown	15	12	Geneva Childers
Virginia West				Tennessee East			
White Sulphur Springs	18	15	Katie Foster, Pres.	Knoxville	11	11	Veda Trayis
<b>Central States Mission 1011</b>	<b>852</b>	<b>84</b>	<b>Annie M. Ellsworth</b>	Tennessee West			
Arkansas	50	46	Nell Wiggins	Jackson	8	6	Mrs. Harry Ross
El Dorado	26	28	Ila Lovelace	Memphis	41	34	Tilda Davis

HONOR ROLL

Hot Springs	10	9	90	Lucretia B. Nadle	West Virginia North	45	56	124	Alice B. Hartman
Little Rock	8	7	88	Nell Wiggins	Franklin	11	35	318	Hillary Rymer
Central Kansas	104	110	106	Nellie Meador	Parkersburg	5	6	120	
Arkansas City	16	12	75	Donna E. White	West Virginia South	116	92	79	
Chanute	6	5	83	Edna F. West	Charleston	43	45	105	Emma Atkinson
Coffeyville	9	8	89	Betty Spears	Eastern States Mission	618	475	77	Helen Beth Henrick- sen
East Wichita	24	35	146	Nellie Meador	Albany	14	12	86	Beth Taylor
Hutchinson	5	8	100	Dorothy Clay	Allentown	10	11	110	Mary Boyer
Junction City	7	7	160	Bird Corcoran	Bradford	6	6	100	Helen M. Clark
Parsons	7	12	171	Anna Belle Spencer	Buffalo	18	17	94	Louise C. Winspear
Salina	7	7	100	Aileen Button	Camden	14	14	100	Marie M. Schroeder
East Oklahoma	103	100	97	Maryalice Stewart	Chester	7	7	100	Julia T. Brown
Bartlesville	17	17	100	June Jones	Erie	15	17	113	Susie Christian
Eufaula	9	7	78	Opal L. Price	Germantown	20	24	120	Edith R. Viccellio
Gore	8	7	88	Elza Mae Chisum	Groversville	13	14	108	Martha Milks
Henryetta	8	9	113	Shirley Farmer	Johnstown	7	7	100	Florence Fisher
Muskogee	8	8	100	Dorothy M. Boyd	Kingston	5	4	80	Olive G. Gray
Seminole	6	8	133	Jo Ann Cooper	Monmouth	10	9	90	Alice B. Hansen
Tulsa	27	32	119	Mildred Wall	Monongahela	8	6	75	Lillian McDonald
Independence	250	211	84	Gertrude A. Pearson	Niagara Falls	17	16	94	Tessa M. Udy
Armour Hills	25	26	104	Naomi Nelson	Oneonta	9	7	78	Aseita Ward
Claytonville	6	5	83	Ada A. Fridell	Palmyra	16	14	88	Dora Ferguson
Independence	40	30	75	Juanita Harris	Philadelphia	35	37	106	Florence B. Bennett
Knob Noster	6	6	100	Margaret T. Beard	Pittsburgh	28	23	82	Virginia Birtcher
Leavenworth	8	8	100	Margaret E. Bowen	Punxsuatawney	12	9	75	Orphis M. Mercer
Northeast	28	22	79	Stella Richards	Reading	10	11	110	Pearl D. Yeager
Rich Hill	13	10	77	Louise King	Rochester	18	16	89	Hazel Hicks
Riverview	16	13	81	Thelma Higgins	Sunbury	8	6	75	Mary Grace Gleason
St. Joseph	21	24	114	Margaret Courtney	Washington	12	9	75	Virginia Danley
Sedalia	14	11	79	Grace Furnell	Wilmington	14	22	157	Beatrice C. Stirland
Topeka	12	9	75	Edith Kuhn	York	11	12	109	Sylvia E. Palsgrove
Westport	32	36	113	Pauline Slight	Great Lakes Mission	880	683	78	Ella C. Burton
Missouri					Central Indiana	149	122	82	Ellen R. Clayton
Columbia	9	9	100	Evelyn Wood	Cambridge City	17	15	88	Bertha Lilly
Jefferson City	5	8	160	Fannie Edgell	Columbus	19	15	79	Alice King
St. Louis	52	42	81	Bertha Ohsiek	Indianapolis North	34	30	88	Alice Coffey
Southeast Missouri					Muncie	28	30	107	Florence E. Hoskins
Hayti	10	9	90	Pauline Britton					



Relief Society	Enrollment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enrollment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
North Indiana	23	28	Elsie L. Martin	Superior	12	12	Hazel Welch
Fort Wayne	11	11	Norma Weinbrenner	Tower	3	3	Mrs. R. A. Bruneau
South Bend	12	10	Fannie S. Pate	Virginia	5	5	Violet H. Larson
South Indiana	14	12	Florence M. Schultz	South Minnesota	4	3	Vera B. Peterson
Bloomington	134	133	Sophia B. Gordon	Austin	4	3	Ethel Shine
East Michigan	15	17	Bernice Confer	Fort Frances	7	12	Mildred Sandberg
Toledo	36	36	Alfrid Tracy	Gettysburg	10	9	Lottie Lehew
West Michigan	14	17	Jannette Harston	Grand Forks	15	15	Barbara Gelder
Battle Creek	12	12	Norma E. Wilson	Minneapolis No. 2	11	9	Clarice Rawlings
Battle Creek	8	6	Jean Anderson	Sioux Falls	24	20	Marjorie E. Berthman
East Michigan	21	20	Emma Enwald	Winnipeg	504	448	Lucy T. Andersen
Toledo	12	10	Albertine Hiltz	Northn. States Mission	50	46	Malinda W. Flake
West Michigan	16	15	Lucile Tate	East Iowa	5	10	Sue T. Ferguson
Battle Creek	92	95	Beatrice F. Nielsen	Bonaparte	11	13	Florence N. Schaffer
Flint	44	36	Emma Wolfe	Cedar Rapids	14	13	Lois E. Swapp
Grand Rapids	27	36	Nellie A. Allen	Iowa City	8	6	Edith Grappendorf
Jackson	12	12	Wanda P. Puckett	Waterloo	75	83	Rena P. Custer
Kalamazoo	9	11	Mrs. Floyd B. Randall	North Illinois	5	5	Betty Naule
Lansing	12	12	Florence Collins	Elgin	13	24	Rena P. Custer
Muskegon	7	7	Trelva Wilson	Galesburg	5	6	Alma Busker
Muskegon	21	17	Margaret Calkens	Rockford	32	35	Marilyn Bales
Saginaw	8	8	Lulu Belle Blackham	Tri City	117	105	Pearl B. Kelly
Central Ohio	89	87	Rosa Bang	South Illinois	4	6	Helen C. Gill
Columbus	40	56	Ola Napier	Alton	16	13	Norma Bartley
Dayton	8	7	Lena Bennett	Clinton	8	8	Lettie Crews
Lima	316	238	Lillian Ruth Norwood	Danville	7	7	Jane Preble
Springfield	13	12	Valeda Stetson	Decatur	17	13	Freda Belle Dial
North Ohio	8	6	Mildred Shortsleeve	Farmer City	11	12	Viona Turpin
Springfield	22	18	Priscilla H. Gale	Murphydale	4	9	Fannie Stamp
North Ohio	7	8	Mrs. Lloyd Fitch	Quincy	3	5	Anne Burrows
Alliance	8	8		Springfield	23	19	Anna Marie Tehrholz
Canton	12	12		West Frankfort	11	9	Nila Risner
Cleveland	7	7		West Iowa			
Warren	8	8					
South Ohio	89	87					
Cincinnati	40	56					
Middletown	8	7					
New England Mission	316	238					
Amherst	13	12					
Bangor	8	6					
Burlington	8	10					
Cambridge	22	18					
Farmington	7	8					

Hartford	15	18	120	Dorothy G. Stowe	Des Moines	25	20	80	Grace Clark
New Bedford	13	11	85	Eleanor Rimmer	Winter Quarters	98	81	83	Afton Hardy
New Haven	9	11	122	Phyllis G. Cannon	Council Bluffs	24	18	75	Vera Leenier
New London	8	8	100	Aurla E. Mitchell	Lincoln	22	22	100	Rosa L. Newbill
Northern Maine	16	16	100	Dorothy S. Wiley	Wisconsin	107	101	94	Hazel M. Branham
Portland	5	4	80		Eau Claire	17	16	94	Luella M. Schroeder
Portsmouth	6	5	83	Viola Martin	Fond du Lac	6	13	217	Myrtle Dowland
Providence	6	6	100	Beatrice P. Johnson	Lynnhurst	12	20	167	Selma Hofman
South Royalton	12	12	100	Sadie Whitcomb	Oneida	12	9	75	Beth Neider
Springfield	17	23	135	Genevieve Davis	Rhineland	10	17	170	Eva Dutcher
<b>No. California Mission</b>	<b>749</b>	<b>580</b>	<b>77</b>	<b>Amelia E. P. Gardner</b>	Sheboygan	5	5	100	Margaret Heck
<b>Klamath Falls</b>					Wausau	4	4	100	Esther Waite
Alturas	10	13	130	Bertha Smith					
Tulelake	15	15	100	Betty Lynch					
Monterey Bay									
Salinas	25	22	88	Alton Ward					
Sunnyvale	27	23	85	Gertrude Reuckert					
Watsonville	26	20	77	Laura Hellyer					
Redwood	82	65	79	Magdalene Wilcox					
Crescent City	12	14	117	Margery Johnson					
Eureka	21	24	114	Maggie Poteet					
Rogue River	187	161	86	Helyn B. Hassell					
Ashland	65	51	78	Venita L. Macklin					
Etna	14	19	136	Eva Facey					
Grants Pass	39	37	95	Delna Evans, Sec.					
Medford	44	35	80	Bertie McGrow					
Yreka	16	13	81	Ruth Dutra					
Shasta	162	129	80	Irma Angus					
Corning	20	16	80	Mae Woodward					
Cottonwood	14	14	100	Laurel E. Calder					
Orland	12	13	108	May Parker					
Red Bluff	22	17	77	Marian Wiseman					
Redding	44	40	91	Sarah Leathan					
Willows	6	8	133	Martha M. Nelson					
<b>North Central States Mission</b>									
Lake	37	35	95	Ruth J. Peterson					
Duluth	17	15	88	Margaret E. Hallgren					

<b>Northwestern States</b>									
<b>Mission</b>	1042	847	81	<b>Mae A. McMurrin</b>					
Bend	104	99	95	Juayne O. Farrington					
Bend	29	40	138	Florence A. Spencer					
John Day	13	11	85	Blanche M. Childers					
Redmond	20	24	120	Adele Nelson					
Corvallis	101	87	86	Lucile T. Hardman					
Albany	15	14	93	Ruth Odegard					
Lebanon	15	15	100	Virginia Winstead					
Newport	13	17	131	Elizabeth Carriker					
Sweet Home	12	9	75	Rose Tyler					
McMinnville	173	150	87	Melba Duncan					
Astoria	23	19	83	Karen A. Hagnas					
Buxton	8	7	88	Fay R. Gibson					
McMinnville	28	21	75	Christia Walker					
Molalla	7	6	86	Mary Coltrin					
Newberg	12	13	108	Rotha Young					
Silverton	6	6	100	Annette Harris					
Tillamook	19	22	116	Bertha Winfield					
Veronia	14	11	79	Maxine Medges					
Woodburn	18	19	106	Leurilla Wilcox					
Oregon									
Klickitat	16	13	81	Edna Wolsey					
Oregon City	41	42	102	Vanda Marchant					
Vancouver	38	33	87	Ann Fettis					

Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Puget Sound	71	62	Joyce C. Elzinga	McCalla	18	16	Mary L. Vining
Grays Harbor	15	13	May D. Hale	North Mississippi	3	3	Ruth Lamar
Port Angeles	18	17	Joyce C. Elzinga	Columbus	18	15	Robbie Whitsell
Raymond	14	14	Bertha Zakel	Sarah	5	5	Viola I. Holliday
Winlock	12	12	Mrs. Russell Forman	Senatobia	59	47	Hilmar H. Bair
Rainier	97	76	Alice Brownell	South Carolina	6	5	Eunice Rainwater
Buckley	16	17	Helen S. Smith	Bennetsville	16	14	Deloris Anderson
Monroe	10	13	Ethel Barron	Myrtle Beach	7	8	Eva E. Strickland
Southern Oregon				North			
Bandon	11	9	Maybelle Wilde, Pres.	South Florida	10	11	Ida Lewis
Junction City	20	15	Mary E. Holmes	Ft. Lauderdale	14	12	Inez H. Wychyk
Westfir-Oakridge	9	9	Margaret Draper	Ft. Myers	6	9	Leona Draper
Wenatchee	153	120	Mae Groom	Ft. Pierce	18	18	Bessie Hearn
Moses Lake	37	29	Delsa Lybbert	Miami Second	85	65	Alberta S. Clifton
Quincy-Ephrata	28	23	Margaret F. Amou- reux	South Georgia	10	10	Myrtle Hutcheson
Wenatchee	37	37	Pauline M. Baird	Hazelhurst	20	20	Vivian Louthier
Individual Branches	83	75		Ridgeland	32	28	Florrie Hughes
Anchorage	31	29	Gertrude M. Phillips	Savannah	80	79	Mrs. Jeremiah Sims
Fairbanks	14	13	Merlene C. Anderson	West Florida	14	17	L. V. Adams
Juneau	11	12	Effie Boutin	Bristol	9	11	Minnie Chesser
Kellogg-Wallace	16	13	Ruby Euhert	Crestview	10	9	Clara Mae Sims
South African Mission				Marianna	6	5	Julia Mae Kennedy
Luanshya H. R.	6	5		Olive	13	13	Dorothy J. Breland
Ramah	13	11		Panama City	9	9	Audra Peacock
Springs	8	10		Sink Creek	5	7	Esther Johnson
				Telogia	11	11	Elma S. Pulham
				West South Carolina	7	6	Mrs. A. J. Lee
				Aiken			
				Rock Hill			
Southern States Mis. 1281	1038	81	Rula W. Choules	Texas-Louisiana Mis.	935	926	Leone R. Bowring
Alabama	79	74	Arcola De Witt	East Texas	17	15	Fern Collier
Bayou La Croix	5	6	Ellen E. Ladner	Gilmer	28	22	Edna B. Cole
Biloxi	7	10	Daisy Harvey	Longview	11	11	Mrs. J. B. Haden
Lamison	17	15	Effie Stockman	Marshall	4	9	Vaughn Rawley
Mobile	17	18	Efina L. Hewett	Queen City	5	8	
Pascagoula	8	8	Violet Odom	Tyler			
Pensacola	15	14					



Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative	Relief Society	Enroll-ment	Subscriptions No.	Pct.	Magazine Representative
Austin	35	30	86	Susie Ricks	West Central States	1187	921	78	Reta F. Broadbent
Center Point	10	8	80	Lena Tullis	Mission	265	221	83	Irene Buttelman
Corpus Christi	16	12	75	Joyce Smith	Butte	20	23	115	Marie Evans
San Antonio	43	53	123	Addalee Smith	Butte	49	38	78	Elaine T. Sweeney
Victoria	10	14	140	Othelia Schuchert	Dillon	37	38	103	Lucile Rossiter
West Texas	31	49	158	La Priel D. White	Helena	39	41	105	Victoria G. Peterson
Monahans	15	23	153	Muriel C. James	Lima	14	14	100	Mrs. Geo. R. Gillette
San Angelo	16	26	163	Maxine Clark	Livingston	18	14	78	Ruth V. Norton
Western States	846	817	97	Mildred M. Dillman	Sheridan	15	14	93	Jean Miller
Denver	38	34	89	Sadie Ard	Great Falls	181	170	94	Ivy Stott
Brighton	5	5	100	Thelma McDaniel	Bynum	19	24	126	Gladys Peterson
Greeley	20	18	90	Sarah M. Yapp	Conrad	10	11	110	Ida Embleton
Sterling	8	8	100	Ilese M. Jorgensen	Ft. Benton	10	10	100	Armida Hanberg
East New Mexico	57	48	84	Millie Scott	Golden Ridge	9	10	111	Vera Nelson
Alamogordo	9	8	89	Jane Simms	Great Falls	62	92	148	Idalu Haynes
Hobbs	8	8	100	Avalon Smart	Simms	17	13	76	Sarah Farnsworth
Tucumcari	5	9	180	Ella Huffaker	Missoula	293	241	82	Elizabeth Bradshaw
Pueblo	67	65	97	Ethel Quarels	Allendale	19	28	147	Ada Morris
Canon City	14	11	79	Ladeen Tally	Columbia Falls	12	21	175	Ora Blodgett
Colorado Springs	36	35	97	Thelma Shupe	Hamilton	41	45	110	Minnie Wendt
La Junta	10	11	110	Vera Eddings	Kalispell	31	27	87	Venetta Brawer
Trinidad	7	7	100	Eva Green	Polson	12	12	100	Martha Porritt
San Luis	10	8	80	Elda Kennelly	Stevensville	9	10	111	Itha Johnson
Taos	65	66	102	Lula Dunsdon	Northern Montana	17	16	94	Katherine Hein
Scottsbluff	12	16	133	Marie Snider	Harlem	147	116	79	Dorothy Milam
Bridgeport	10	14	140	Jane Blann	Wyoming	46	35	76	Carrie Buchanan
Sidney	22	21	95	Lula Dunsdon	Casper	7	6	86	Agnes M. Reed
Torrington	315	283	90	Jane Blann	Ft. Washakie	18	20	111	Judy Savage
West Colorado	18	18	100	Lula Dunsdon	Lander	21	16	76	Florence Orchard
Delta	32	36	113	Ann Newman	Thermopolis	11	13	118	Ada Edwards, Pres.
Fruita	29	42	145	Estelle Madsen	Yellowstone	28	21	75	Paulina Stephens
Glenwood Springs	80	62	78	Afton Holt	Sumatra	8	7	88	
Grand Junction	25	20	80		Individual Branches	14	16	114	
Meeker	21	20	95		Baggs				
Montrose					Belle Fourche				
					Glasgow				

Palisade	11	10	91	Vera Miskin	Rapid City	9	8	89	Elizabeth Thomas, Sec.
Paonia	24	24	100	Elizabeth Williams	Western Canadian Mission	16	12	75	Idella Thomson
Rife	16	14	88	Glenda Richardson	Creston	50	39	78	Melba McMullin
West Nebraska	29	31	107	Emma Mae Allen	Edmonton	6	6	100	Dorothy Golightly
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Hastings	4	5	125	Vera M. Combs	Moose Jaw	7	8	114	Mrs. E. Romeril
North Platte	9	8	89		Nanaimo	20	16	80	Zona Jacobs
West New Mexico	224	260	116	Della Miller	New Westminster	10	10	100	Mrs. D. Sniker
Albuquerque	84	128	152	Mabel Singer	North Shore	6	6	100	Mrs. E. Gunning
Deming	11	11	100	Ina Peterson	Pemticton	10	10	110	Marie Smith
Hot Springs	15	14	93	Erma Kae Bingham	Pincher Creek	7	7	100	Darlene Swainson
Los Alamos	24	28	117	Alta Jordan	Red Deer	6	5	83	Mary Sloan
Santa Fe	12	14	117		Vernon	20	23	115	Christine Baker
Truth or Consequences	15	14	93		Victoria	11	11	100	Linda Stehr
Branch not in District					White Rock				
Uravan	6	6	100	Louise Warren					



*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 Leila G. Eldredge

#### SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), BOUNTIFUL SECOND WARD DISPLAY OF DOLLS AT ANNUAL BAZAAR

Left to right: Cristie Hatch and Gladys Everett.

These dolls added much interest, color, and financial success to this bazaar. For the second consecutive year Sister Hatch and Sister Everett have bought new dolls at after-Christmas sales, and they have gathered dolls and scraps of material from ward members. They have re-finished dolls and dressed them beautifully from tip to toe, making many extra items, as well as complete wardrobes. The lovely "bride" dolls are a specialty of these Relief Society women.

Officers of the Bountiful Second Ward Relief Society are: Zelma Duffin, President; Thelma Gibson, First Counselor; Mabel Goodfellow, Second Counselor.

Leila G. Eldredge is president of South Davis Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by LaVera W. Coombs

### LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), FOURTEENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Vesta Whatcoot, First Counselor; Eva Chapman, Second Counselor; Dolly Sorenson, President; Carrie Borchet, Secretary.

These sisters were the first to be officers of the Relief Society in the Fourteenth Ward after its division from the Sixth Ward in 1946. They were released in September 1951, and shortly after that Sister Sorenson left, with her husband, to serve in the North Central States Mission.

LaVera W. Coombs is president of Logan Stake Relief Society.



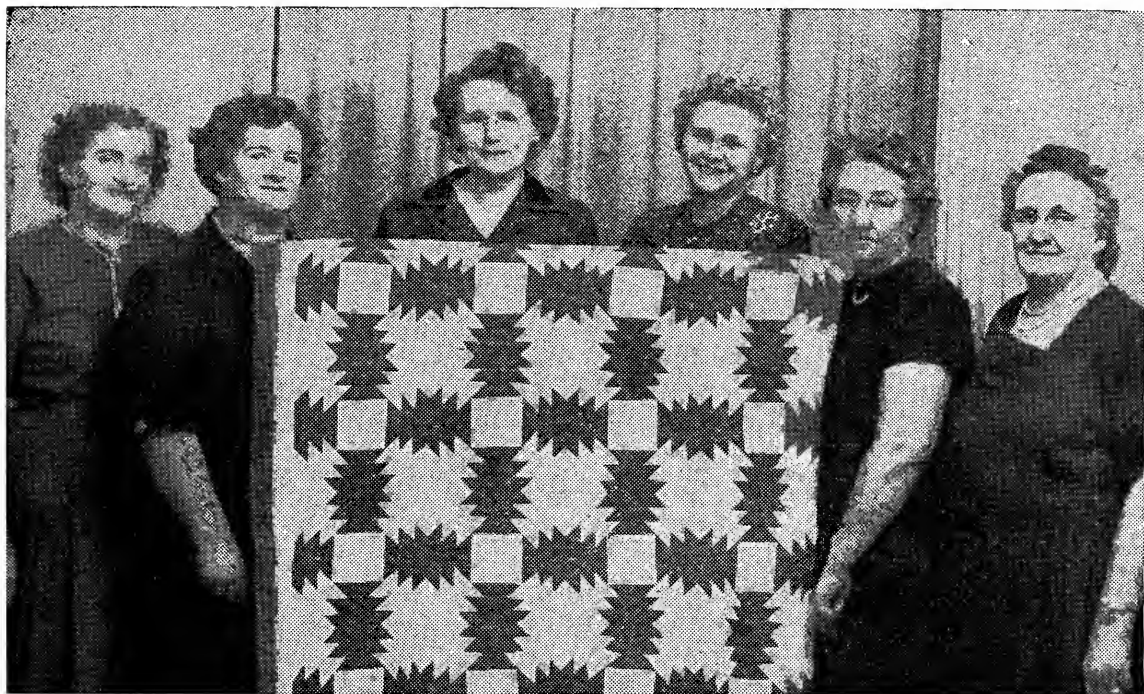
Photograph submitted by Mary L. Lewis

### PUERTO RICO RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS MANY ACTIVITIES IN SMALL ORGANIZATION

Left to right: Pauline Rudd, teacher and assistant in music; Catherine Golding, Secretary; Joy Barker, First Counselor; Abbie Lamb, President; Mary L. Lewis, Second Counselor; Virginia Padin, Puerto Rican member, an expert in needlecraft.

Most of these young Relief Society members are wives of servicemen stationed in Puerto Rico. Sister Ruth Smith was unable to be present when the photograph was taken, and Sister Olive Golding, of Price, Utah, who was a member for a time, is not in the picture.

Sister Lewis reports the activities of this enthusiastic group: "We were fortunate to have enough Latter-day Saint women to organize a Relief Society among the wives of the servicemen. Each week the members met at one of the homes under the direction of President Abbie Lamb. Sister Padin attended every meeting and taught us many beautiful fancywork patterns. Each member completed an embroidered blouse, and, as a Christmas project, the group made clothing for a needy native family. We had several visitors to our meetings, and they were greatly impressed."



Photograph submitted by Edna J. Kindred

**SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, AMMON WARD, DISPLAYS QUILT SENT AS A GIFT TO THE JOSEPH SMITH HOME, PALMYRA, NEW YORK**

Left to right: Marjorie Judy, Secretary; Dian Judy, President; Pamela Southwick, First Counselor; Leda Jones, Second Counselor; Vera Lee, work meeting director; Olive Empey, quilting leader.

This beautiful and exquisitely made quilt is designed in the pattern known as "Washington's Pavement," and the sisters greatly enjoyed making the quilt for this worthwhile purpose.

Edna J. Kindred is president of South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ella C. Burton

**GREAT LAKES MISSION, PURDUE BRANCH (LAFAYETTE, INDIANA) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS WHO SPONSORED A BAZAAR**

November 10, 1951

Front row, seated, left to right: Alice Christensen; Fay Probst; Colleen Baxter, President; Mayda Low; June Jacobsen; Ruth Aikele.

Back row, standing, left to right: Glenine Wallace; Elaine Watt; Kathleen



Richardson; Velva Lee Smith; Damaris Williams; Fae Baker; Rae Simonsen, Second Counselor; Ina Nelson; Dessie Olson, First Counselor.

The bazaar commenced at six o'clock p.m. with the serving of a cafeteria-style family supper. Sister Ina Nelson was in charge of the food. At six-thirty the fish-pond was opened for the children, under the direction of Sister Aikele and Sister Wallace. At seven o'clock the sewing booth opened. As it was near Christmas time, everyone was eager to take advantage of the lovely articles on sale. Francis Stephenson and Elaine Watt were in charge of this booth. Other displays included bakery goods, an art booth, and a booth displaying Christmas gift wrappings. A one-hour program concluded the evening's entertainment, with Brother John Simonsen acting as master of ceremonies.

Ella C. Burton is president of the Great Lakes Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Madeleine P. Stevens

### COTTONWOOD STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSICAL DRAMATIZATION, "ODE TO A MESSENGER," January 17, 1952

Front row, at left: Sister Iola J. Peterson, stake chorister; Bishop Arion Erekson, voice for the "Master" in dramatization.

Second row, standing next to, and just back of Bishop Erekson, President Madeleine P. Stevens, Cottonwood Stake Relief Society.

Back row, at left: Evelyn P. Shelton, stake *Magazine* representative and author of the dramatization, and composer of the music.

In *Magazine* cover at right, soloist Mildred O. Shaw.

The purpose of this unique and beautifully presented dramatization was to bring to the attention of the sisters the great service rendered by *The Relief Society Magazine*. In the introduction, read by the stake literature leader, Maurine B. Folsom, the following comments were emphasized: "*The Relief Society Magazine* serves as the heart of the great organization—its messenger, its instructor, its lifeline. To portray the magnitude and scope of this homemaker's guide, we present this musical dramatization."

Each ward in the stake furnished a group of Singing Mothers for the stake chorus, and these groups formed the nucleus for developing a larger chorus in each ward, so that the dramatization could be presented in each ward during the month of February.



Photograph submitted by Pearl Bullock

### DANISH MISSION, ESBJERG BRANCH DISPLAYS QUILT AND WELFARE CLOTHING

Standing, back row, second from the left is Sister Pearl Bullock, a missionary, and district president.

Sister Bullock reports that this small branch has "done a wonderful work with used clothing sent from America. Six hundred articles of clothing have been prepared by the sisters and are now on hand for use. The sisters here in Denmark are sweet and humble. They love the Relief Society and are willing and faithful. A most wonderful spirit of love is felt in all our meetings. The testimonies are genuine, and the sisters love the gospel."

Minnie B. Sorensen is president of the Danish Mission Relief Society.



## *Re-Entrance of Spring*

Maryhale Woolsey

A thousand thousand times, spring has renewed  
This peaceful valley. Springtime—long unnamed,  
But known by every charming, changeful mood—  
Has set the bright streams dancing, and reclaimed  
These hills from winter's rule. Year after year  
Unrolled the meadows' flowered carpetings,  
Saw slim red willows put on leaf-green sheer,  
And birds, bound nestward, fold contented wings.

A thousand thousand times, the waking land  
Will bring this gladness to the eager heart,  
This sureness of new miracles at hand—  
And one high lovely moment, quite apart,  
When wonder enters by some secret door  
As if springtime had never been, before.

# Dear Conquest

(Continued from page 317)

ther and for him for a long time.”

Maggie looked up. “Ira’s asking a great deal when he asks me to stay safe while he’s in danger or going through some trouble alone, always alone . . . .”

We all fell silent again until Grandma Friebach began to recount some of the Thanksgiving dinners she’d given or been to more than fifty years ago.

It was dark by five, when My John bundled Grandma Friebach up and took her home in the sleigh. Maggie fed Sullivan his supper in the kitchen, balancing him on her lap while he did his best to reach his dish and upset it.

“Maybe,” Maggie said, trying to make her voice light, “Ira will miss us.”

“Course he will,” I said, hanging up my dishcloth.

Maggie hid her face against the back of Sullivan’s little fat neck. Her voice broke. “This isn’t the kind of marriage I expected, that Ira and I have. It’s more of an endurance match. I can’t bear to see so much that was good turning into something bad.”

“Ira’s just a dreadfully proud man,” I said.

“I want him to be proud.” Maggie began to cry. “But I want him to be using his love as well as his pride. Ira’s got to be reached, but I don’t know how. Love’s got to be stronger between us than pride.”

Sullivan squirmed to reach his mother’s face. Maggie brushed away the tears with the back of her hand and swallowed hard just as My John banged open the back kitchen

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..... Children’s Friend—Adams .....	.15
..... God Shall Wipe Away All Tears—Roma .....	.16
..... Grateful, O Lord, Am I—Roma .....	.15
..... I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked—O’Hara .....	.22
..... Lift Up Your Heads—Hopkins.....	.12
..... Lord’s Prayer—Malotte .....	.25
..... On the Highway to Galilee— Dulmage .....	.12
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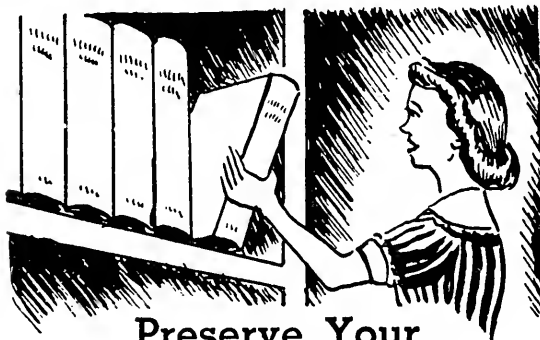


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door and entered, red-nosed, red-cheeked and puffing steam.

"It's a real blizzard blowing this time for sure."

I threw him a warning glance, but Maggie's widening eyes, suddenly darkened with fear, were already on the window which was blocked by snow and winter darkness.

(To be concluded)

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

*Kindness*

Mabel Law Atkinson

Kindness  
Is the language  
Requiring no training  
For the deaf to hear or the dumb  
To speak.

*Invited*

Lael W. Hill

Prim-shod, along the pavement  
I walk my proper way,  
And all the lush green lawns call out  
For me to come and play.

I wish that I were small enough  
To act like any child  
And dance across their shining green  
With bare feet white and wild.

How soon I'd leave my slippers  
And answer that blithe call  
With dancing barefoot on the grass—  
If I were only small!

Prim-shod, beside the lush green lawns  
I walk and wish today—  
Tomorrow I'll kick off my shoes  
And dance there anyway!

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*Beulah Huish Sadleir*

It takes a patient hand, they say,  
To pick first violets after snow—  
Their fragrance is my overpay  
If this be so.

## Desert Spring

*Jessie M. Robinson*

The desert is a garden  
Of multi-colored cacti-bloom;  
Saguaros green and white are columns  
In a golden room.

And sands are flaming music  
With ocatillos blossoming;  
And in the arching turquoise sky,  
The vagrant birds will sing.

Within this temple garden,  
Slender yuccas, one by one,  
Will lift their ivory chalices  
In worship to the sun.

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# From Near and Far

I have just read for the "manyth" time, your most inspirational editorial report of the October conference, 1951 (*Relief Society Magazine*, December 1951, page 830, editorial by Marianne C. Sharp). I read every word published in the *Era* of the conference speakers, and so far as women of the Church are concerned, your selection of statements of the brethren includes the most vital statements of the entire conference messages. Thank you, and heaven continue to bless your efforts.

—Annie P. M. Hepworth  
Garberville, California

It is with interest that I have just read the article "Individual Influence and Responsibility" (By Counselor Velma N. Simonsen, March 1952). In reference to front page headlines which appear south of "49," we, here, north of "49" also experience many similar headlines. From these reports, it would be indicated that we (both North and South) should accept our "individual responsibility and influence" in the upbuilding of our country and its people. As individual citizens and as organized groups, it becomes our duty to correct the conditions which exist.

—H. E. Richardson  
Victoria, B. C., Canada.

Thelma Hatch, author of the story "Every Night at Our House," page 303, is sixteen years old and lives in Bancroft, Idaho. She is a great-granddaughter of Parley P. Pratt.

We returned from Mexico last week to find a pile of congratulation letters for my story "The Wearing of the Gay" (March 1952). Since then I have had no end of calls and personal comments, all of which proves how well the *Magazine* is read. I believe the story "The Least of These" (third prize story, March 1952) is one of the finest stories I have ever read, and "Room for Phyllis" (by Alice Morrey Bailey) is one which all can profit by. Also, I would like to compliment Kay Islaub for her fine story "To Thine Own Self" in February, and also Hannah Smith's story "The House With the Blue Roof."

—Frances C. Yost  
Bancroft, Idaho

Please let Mrs. Coles know how very much I admire her frontispiece poem "The Women of Nauvoo" in the March issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. I have heard my grandmother speak of the wonderful fortitude and courage of the women of Nauvoo. She was one of them. I especially like the two last lines of the poem. I once heard the deceased Harrison R. Merrill call Christie Lund Coles "the Sara Teasdale of Utah." Her work is very lovely.

—Gene Romolo  
Provo, Utah

Our family is enjoying the *March Magazine*. We are planning to use material from it for our next Family Hour. Our youngest daughter will retell Frances Yost's charming story "The Wearing of the Gay" (She loves its message and its gaiety); our school-teacher daughter will read "The Least of These," by Margery S. Stewart, and I shall read several poems, one of which will be "The Women of Nauvoo" by Christie Lund Coles. I am so grateful for Margery S. Stewart's story, as it gives a needed sermon without preaching. Both our daughters liked the story "Room for Phyllis," by Alice Morrey Bailey.

—Mabel Law Atkinson  
Dayton, Idaho

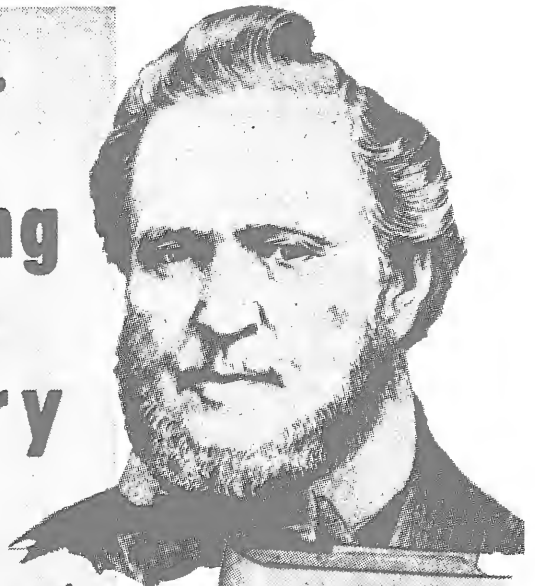
I would like to mention the many letters which have come to me about the article: "A Faith-Promoting Memory" (*Relief Society Magazine*, November 1951), letters from all over the country, and two from daughters of Brother Hatch, mentioned in the article. They remembered that he often referred to the trip described in the article.

—Esther L. Warburton  
Evanston, Wyoming

Being Indian, I really like the article "The Place of Relief Society in the Indian Program" (By Elder Delbert Leon Stapley, February 1952, page 76). Both the *Era* and *The Relief Society Magazine* have really been an inspiration and help to me.

—Mrs. Jennie Morin  
Wolf Point, Montana

# *Reading for May:* **Brigham Young and Church History**

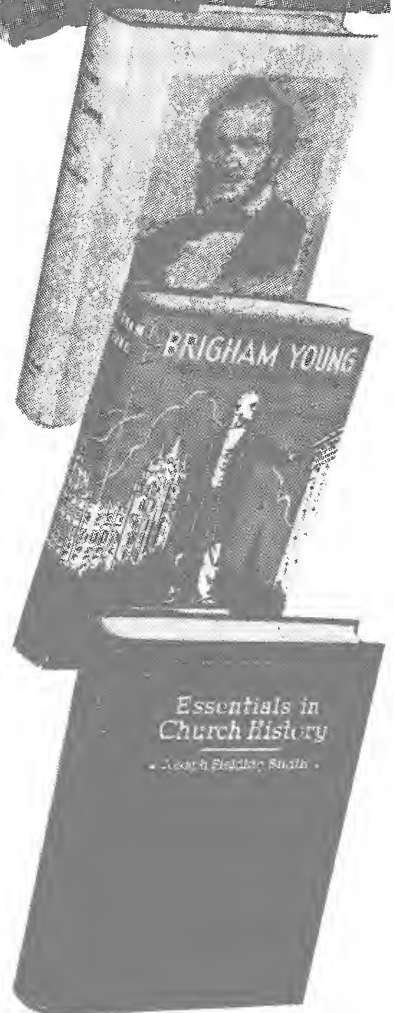


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*The*  
**RELIEF SOCIETY**  
MAGAZINE



VOL. 39 NO. 6

JUNE 1952



# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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

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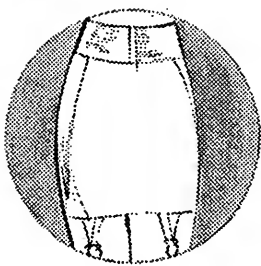
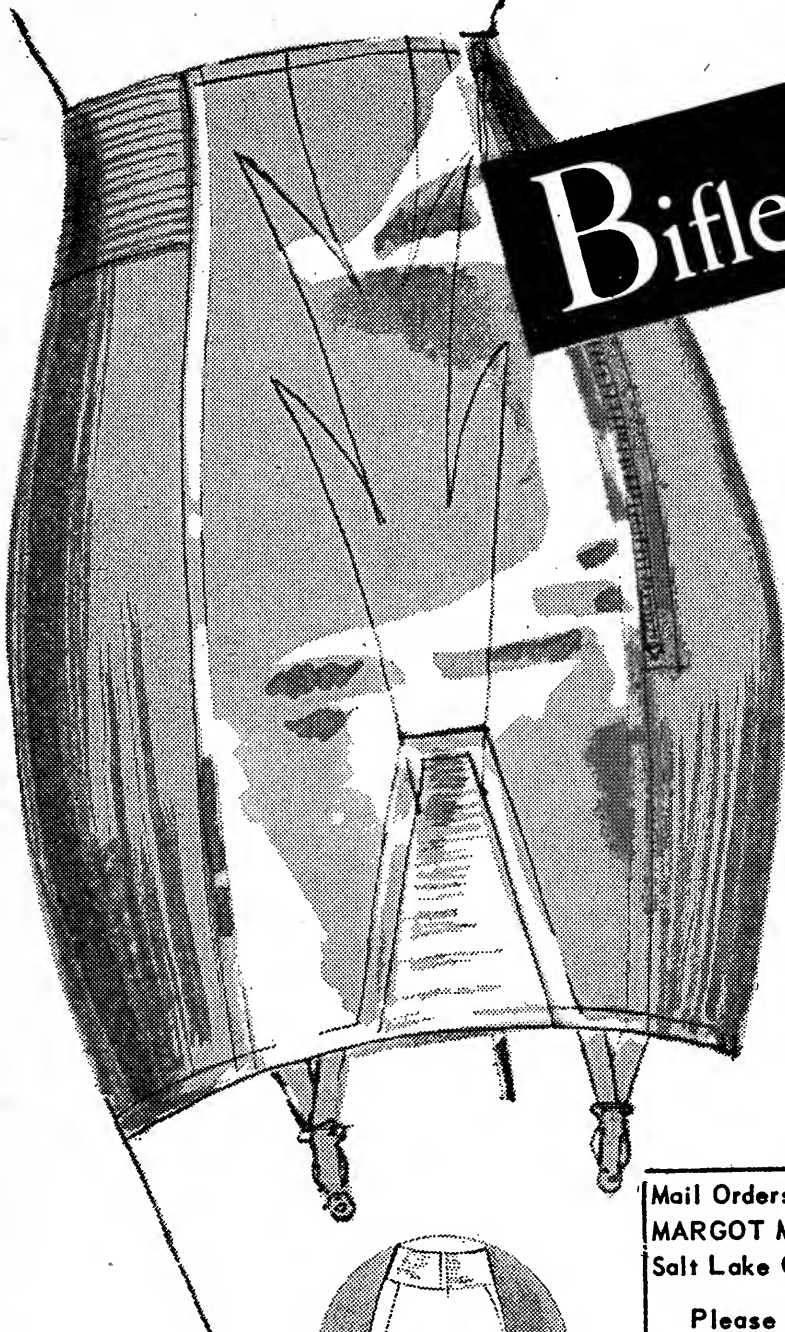
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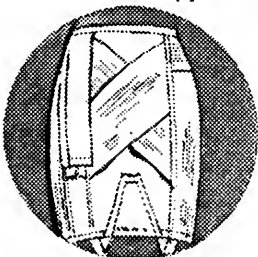
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# *At the Final Moment*

Katherine F. Larsen

In all simplicity great things are given;  
No fanfare heralds truth, no panoply  
Nor plumes dress truth; the heavens are not riven  
With lightnings to announce discovery.  
The searcher after truth may range abroad,  
Or deep into coverts of untrammelled lore,  
Only to find on some path often trod,  
Traversed again, the thing he missed before.

Truth, at the final moment, is disclosed,  
Not in the dress of aristocracy  
As even the finder once may have supposed;  
But lies at the moment of finality  
In utter naturalness, unembellished, rude—  
Stark in the beauty of simple rectitude.

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The Cover: MacArthur Park, Los Angeles, California; Photograph by Ward Linton  
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Frontispiece Photograph: Grove on Mount Timpanogos, Utah; Hal Rumel

# An Appreciation of The Book of Mormon

Elder Leland H. Monson

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 3, 1951]

**WE** live in a day when the concept of a divine Christ has been weakened in the minds and hearts of men and women. The utterances of Dr. Percy Stickney Grant show the strength of this movement:

Christ was a wonderful man, a beautiful character. But to say a man born upon this earth, created by the power of God, had in himself the power of God is superstition. Very few clergymen who have been educated in the larger universities accept the idea that Jesus had the power of God . . . . I cannot believe in the miraculous origin of Christ. He never said he was of divine origin, and I do not believe he was divinely conceived (*Chicago Tribune*, January 19, 1923).

This lessening of a belief in the divine Christ started to gather momentum in the seventeenth century deistic movement of England and Continental Europe. These deists robbed much of Christianity of its belief in sacred ordinances and of the concept of a divine Christ. In their minds Jesus was a great moral teacher, but he was not divine. The movement threatened to engulf Christianity, but, fortunately, great religious leaders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries stemmed the tide.

Then, in the nineteenth century, a movement known as higher criticism of the Bible, snake-like, coiled itself around the Protestant churches and squeezed the lifeblood of Chris-

tianity from them. All too many Protestant ministers refused to give obeisance to the concept of a divine Christ. Like the seventeenth century deists, they taught that Christ was a great moral teacher, but that he was not divine. The poet Robert Browning, in an effort to invalidate the claims that Christ was not divine, gave to Christians one of their most potent weapons. "This great moral teacher," Browning wrote, "proclaimed that he was divine, and a great moral teacher cannot lie."

Resulting from this decline of belief in a divine Christ, I feel that Christianity has lost much of its grip over the minds and hearts of men. The Gargantuan power that Protestant Christianity once held to make the Sermon on the Mount come to life in the deeds of men and women has been attenuated. Morality with the concept of a divine Christ can ascend to the very heights of God himself; morality without this belief remains forever on the plane of weak and puny man.

The failure of religious leaders in our day to activate the truths of religion in the lives of their adherents was aptly given by a learned American radio commentator who recently said, in substance:

We have learned to speak into a microphone and have our words heard across a continent, but we have not learned how to speak from our hearts to our neighbors. We have learned how to wing ourselves

into the stratosphere, but we have not learned to approach heaven by activating the Sermon on the Mount in our lives. We have learned how to transform rock into fabrics of beauty, but we have not learned how to refine our base desires and appetites. We have learned how to live more comfortably, how to lengthen our span of life, but not how to live better.

Only an unalterable faith in the divine mission of Jesus Christ will make it possible for us to change this condition, to write every syllable of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount into deeds.

In the second quarter of the nineteenth century at a time when it was most needed, The Book of Mormon came forth out of the dust to reaffirm and to re-establish in the hearts and minds of men the concept of a divine Christ, and there has followed in the wake of those who have truly accepted its message a transfiguration of the gospel into their lives. Just as the tuning fork enables a singer to establish true tones, even so this divine concept helps us to harmonize our lives with the divine pattern. What the world needs today is the knowledge and the faith which The Book of Mormon can give, that Jesus is the veritable Son of the great God who holds this world in its orbit.

Alma, one of the greatest missionaries in the entire thousand-year period of Nephite civilization, said:

But behold, the Spirit hath said this much unto me, saying: . . . And behold, he shall be born of Mary, at Jerusalem which is the land of our forefathers, she being a virgin, a precious and chosen vessel, who shall be overshadowed and conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring forth a son, yea, even the Son of God (Alma 7:9, 10).

In fulfillment of this Book of Mormon prophecy, Christ came and visited some of the lost sheep of the House of Israel. He was introduced to the multitude gathered around the temple in the land Bountiful by God, the Eternal Father, who said:

Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased . . . hear ye him. . . . And it came to pass that he [Jesus] stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people, saying: Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world. And behold, I am the light and life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world . . . (3 Nephi 11:7, 9-11).

And the book carries its own promise, which has been fulfilled to all who have met the requirements. Moroni makes the pledge, writing:

And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost. And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things (Moroni 10:4-5).

I have learned to place much value on this great record of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. I read it first as a boy, read it at a time when I had absolute faith in its divinity, a faith that was poured into my boyish heart as I knelt in the folds of my mother's dresses, and as I sat in candle and lamp-light by the old kitchen stove with my father. I have never lost that faith. I have read The Book of Mor-



mon again and again, pondering over its significant messages into the wee hours of the morning.

Wearied by intense mental effort, or by the cares and anxieties of life, I find that I can rebuild my whole mental outlook on life in an hour spent with such beautiful characters as the brother of Jared, Nephi, Benjamin, Alma, Mormon, and Moroni. To study *The Book of Mormon* is like enjoying cooling shade and refreshing water after a day spent in the parching sun.

I believe that it should be read and studied as a book, not by extracting parts here and there for examination, not piecemeal. The Relief Society course of study has been organized in such a way that it should encourage every member to read the book. *The Book of Mormon* is the text. The course will fail in its primary objective if members of the Relief Society do not read the entire book.

*The New York Times Book Review* of April 21, 1946, contained an article, "Books That Influenced America," written by David A. Randall. The article gives the list of the one hundred books which have most influenced American life and culture. *The Book of Mormon* is number thirty-eight on the list. The list was compiled by three Americans: Frederick B. Adams, Jr., Thomas W. Streeter, and Carrol A. Wilson, all business people and widely

read New Englanders. It is now not only a religious duty of our Church membership to read *The Book of Mormon*, but it is a matter of culture to become familiar with the content of a book the influence of which has been rated so highly by men not of our faith.

In teaching the *Book of Ether* as a history of an ancient civilization, we ought to remember that it is a very fragmentary and incomplete history of a people who lived upon this continent from about 2247 B.C. to about 600 B.C., a period of sixteen hundred years. Only the most important events were recorded, and these in very brief form. In the case of the long reigns of certain kings, we have only a comment that they lived wickedly, and their people suffered.

Like all history, however, some valuable lessons can be gained from the reports. It is the pattern of history behind the facts that can serve as a monitor to us in our time, and lessons should be taught accordingly.

*The Book of Ether* has some unusually worthwhile messages for our generation, concepts on governmental reform through spiritual uplift, ideas on the art of bringing peace and happiness into our individual lives. It is so uplifting, so inspirational, that it is a must on the reading list of every sincere Latter-day Saint.

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## Faith

Ida Isaacson

I will not be hitched to the plow of ignorance  
Nor sit under the tree of despair  
As long as God will hear and answer prayer.

# “Here Am I; Send Me”

A Tribute to Elder LeGrand Richards of the Council  
of the Twelve

*Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin*

ISAIAH heard the voice of the Lord saying, “Whom shall I send . . . ?” and immediately the ancient prophet replied, “Here am I; send me.” Isaiah’s willing and unhesitant giving of himself to the work of the Lord has a remarkable parallel in the life of Elder LeGrand Richards, the newly appointed member of the Council of the Twelve.

Every call from those who preside over the Church is the word of the Lord to Elder Richards; it has been so since his early childhood. Always has his answer been, “Here am I; send me.”

Four times a missionary, three times a ward bishop, a stake president, and for fourteen years the Presiding Bishop of the Church, head the list of his major calls to positions of great responsibility, preceding his call to the Council of the Twelve. The writer’s impressions of Elder Richards, as a result of close and treasured association with him in the office of the Presiding Bishopric, are the general objectives and suggested limitations of this writing.

It would be impractical, if not impossible, to mention, in this brief overview, all of his superb qualities of leadership or to grade them one above the other. It is most unusual that any one man should possess so much inherent ability to be in full control of any situation needing his attention at any time.



ELDER LeGRAND RICHARDS

Bishop Richards adopted the “open door” policy at the outset of his administration as the Presiding Bishop. His office door was closed only when it was necessary to insure the privacy of council meetings and to guard confidential interviews. His warm welcome to anyone who wanted to see him for any reason is known in every corner of the Church.

The Presiding Bishop of the Church seems always under the urgent necessity of making decisions covering an area in Church procedure, the extent of which, very few really understand. Ever in the

midst of this almost continuous avalanche of problems calling for solutions, the judicious mind of Bishop LeGrand Richards invariably suggested the unerring answer. The size or the nature of the respective problems was of little consequence so far as his powers of solution were concerned. Problems imposing the necessity for wise decisions, never seem to be a burden to him; he considers them only as opportunities.

While the responsibilities of the Presiding Bishop have to do largely with the temporal affairs of the Church, there was always the warmth, depth, height, and breadth of unmeasurable spirituality brought to bear upon all matters coming under his direction. His associates could never lose sight of the fact that he wanted every council meeting, every act, every decision, influenced by love, fellowship, and a deep sense of spirituality. He held it to be essential that these virtues be in evidence even in the handling of the temporal affairs of the kingdom.

**HIS** mind is one of unusual versatility. His decisions are studied, but they are quick and accurate. He can be interrupted in the consideration of one problem and instantly recall the details of another, wholly unrelated, with the greatest of ease.

He can attract the unhesitating smile of a babe in arms. Little children delight to be near him. He exemplifies the attitude of Jesus, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Persons of all ages and on all in-

tellectual levels are instantly at home in his presence. Becoming acquainted with him for the first time, seems but the renewal of an already established friendship.

Bishop Richards has but to indicate his desires to any who work under his direction, and through his ingenious powers of leadership he gets the very best efforts they have to offer.

His eagerness to always give credit to those who assist him in any way in the achievement of desired goals, sets him apart as one of the too few leaders who know how to inspire the unquestionable loyalties of associates without the slightest suggestion of command.

Tens of thousands who have come up through the quorums and groups of the Aaronic Priesthood, and who now bear the Aaronic Priesthood, have come to look upon Bishop Richards as a modern-day Aaron. As the Presiding Bishop, he was President of the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church. Under his forceful leadership, the Aaronic Priesthood program was brought to its highest level in history. His charge to stake and ward leaders has always been "If you will follow the program, there is no reason why you should lose a single boy."

His loyalty to the leadership of the Church is one of the most inspiring attributes in his character; it spreads its contagion over everyone who comes in contact with him. His loyalty to and defense of stake and ward leaders in the righteous discharge of their responsibilities are well known everywhere. Could it not be that his high sense of loyalty to others at-



ELDER LeGRAND RICHARDS AND HIS FAMILY

Front row (on floor), left to right: Roger Boyer; Tad Callister; Paula Callister; Richard Boyer; Douglas Callister.

Second row (on couch, being held), left to right: Scott Iverson; Alden L. Richards; Becky Richards; Charlotte Louise Richards.

Third row (seated on couch): Mrs. J. Grant Iverson (Mercedes Richards); Ina Jane Ashton Richards (wife of Elder LeGrand Richards); Elder LeGrand Richards; George Lamont Richards.

Third row (at left of couch): Janet Boyer; Alden R. Richards; (at right of couch): Clara Iverson; George LaMont Richards, Jr.

Fourth row, standing, left to right: Mrs. Alden Richards (Laura Mae Penrose); Mrs. George LaMont Richards (Edna Fae Firmage); Reed E. Callister; Mrs. Reed E. Callister (Norinne Richards); J. Grant Iverson; Mrs. Harold Boyer (Marian Louise Richards); Harold Boyer; Richard Callister; Carolyn Boyer; David Callister.

Not included in this group picture are Mrs. J. Glen Dyer (Nona Richards) and her husband and three children, who live in Washington, D.C.

tracts the loyalty of others to him? He is not without the love and unqualified support of every true Latter-day Saint everywhere.

Kneeling with him in prayer at the beginning of each day's work, listening to humble petitions for inspiration and guidance, always gave one the feeling that the Lord was

standing near; he could not be very far away. Innumerable personal experiences with Bishop Richards added evidence upon evidence that he was recognized as the Lord's chosen servant and that he was blessed and magnified in all his ministrations.

Absolute honesty, unbounded

faith, unfeigned humility, generosity in abundance, unlimited kindness, a deep and abiding love for all mankind; these help to complete the portrait of a leader we all love.

IT would be an unforgiveable oversight if attention were not directed to his beautiful, lovable wife who stands beside him now, as she has stood beside him in all calls made upon him. Sister Richards is loved and admired by all who know her. In any hour of discouragement or disappointment, as well as in all hours of rejoicing, her inspiration and unqualified support have been a source of great strength to him.

His labors are not finished; his work is not done. We look up to him now as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. God called, through his anointed servants, and Elder Richards answered, as did Isaiah of old, "Here am I; send me." He is now a special witness to all the world that Jesus of Nazareth is the Son of God, the Redeemer of the

world; that the Father and the Son appeared to the boy Joseph Smith, who became the instrument through whom the Lord restored the gospel and established the Church of Jesus Christ upon the earth.

Qualified in character, experience, and knowledge of the gospel, Elder Richards will become a mighty instrument in proclaiming Jesus Christ and him crucified to the world.

His attitude is best expressed in the words of a beautiful hymn:

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,  
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;  
I'll say what you want me to say, dear  
Lord,  
I'll be what you want me to be.

We honor this servant of the Master, advocate and defender of the faith, good Samaritan, friend of man, apostle of the Lord, Jesus Christ. The Lord bless him, the Lord keep him. May we who follow always answer the call of the Lord, as he has done from his earliest youth, "Here am I; send me."



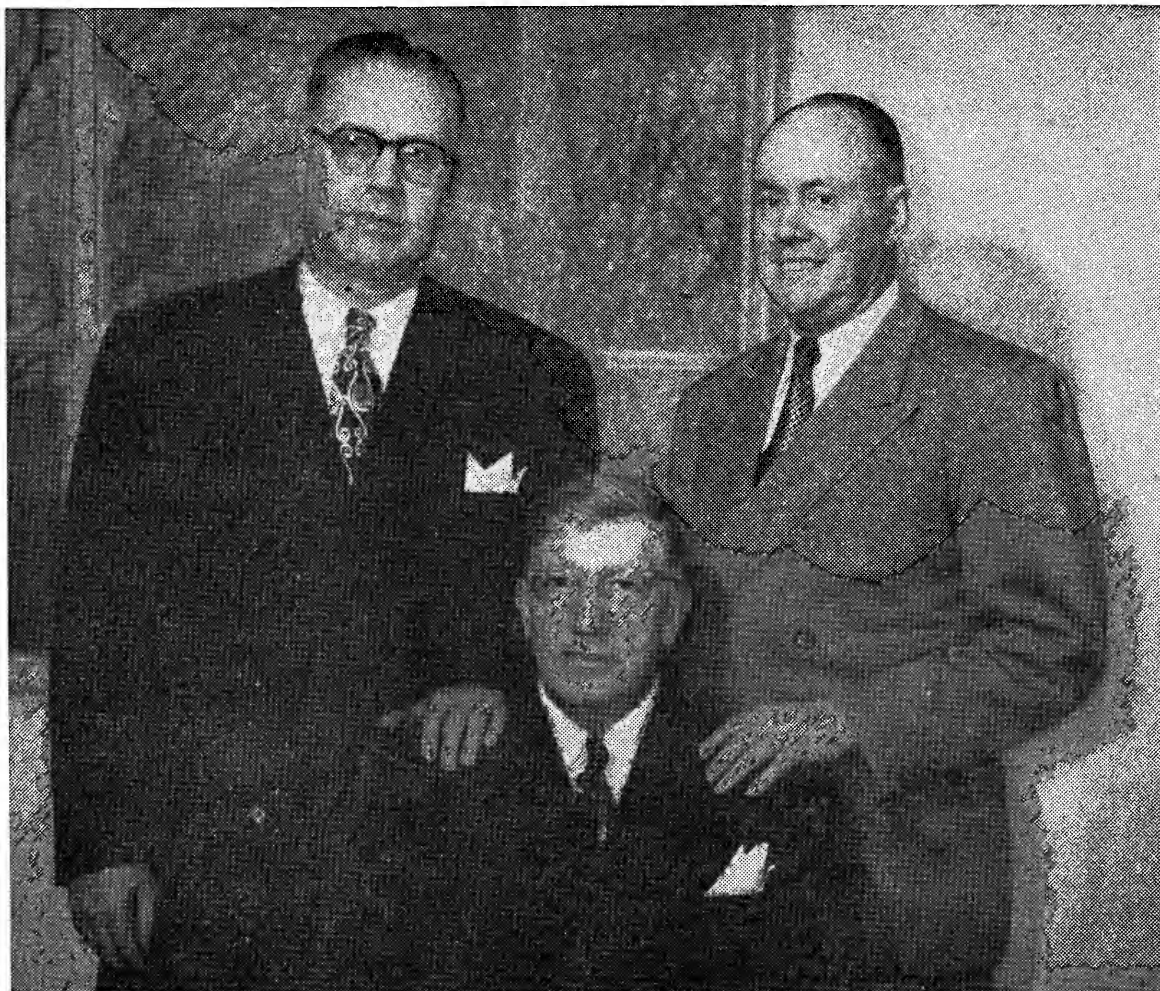
When the Lord sent his servants out in this day, he told them they were not going to be taught of men, but to teach that which he would give unto them by the power of the Holy Ghost. I do not know very much about the philosophies of men, but I know that God created the feelings of the human heart, and the human soul, and I know that God has a way of bringing joy and happiness into the souls of men, when they seek after him, and when they enjoy the gift of the Holy Ghost, far beyond anything that men can purchase with their money.

—From the first conference message of Elder LeGrand Richards following his appointment as a member of the Council of the Twelve, Sunday afternoon, April 6, 1952.



# The Church Sustains a New Presiding Bishopric

*Elder LeGrand Richards*  
Of the Council of the Twelve



## THE NEW PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin, center; First Counselor Thorpe B. Isaacson, left; Second Counselor Carl W. Buehner, right.

**D**URING the closing session of the 122d annual general conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held April 6th, 1952, Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin was sustained by the saints as the eighth Presiding

Bishop of the Church. Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson was sustained as first counselor, and Bishop Carl W. Buehner as second counselor in the new Presiding Bishopric.

Bishop Wirthlin comes to his new position exceptionally well pre-



pared. He served eight years as second counselor and six years as first counselor to former Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards. During these years of faithful and devoted service, he has become familiar with all the responsibilities that will now rest upon him. He has visited most of the stakes of Zion, and some of the missions, and, therefore, enjoys a wide acquaintance with the members of the Church to whom he has greatly endeared himself.

Bishop Wirthlin's activities and positions of responsibility, before becoming a member of the Presiding Bishopric, included a mission to the Swiss-German and Central States Missions; bishop of the Thirty-third (Salt Lake City) Ward; and president of the Bonneville (Utah) Stake.

He had much to do in formulating the Church Welfare Program which had its origin during the depression of the early nineteen thirties.

In the division of responsibilities among the members of the Presiding Bishopric, Bishop Wirthlin had special direction of ward teaching throughout the Church. For years, he was adviser to the General Church Welfare Committee; Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Hospital; Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Salt Lake L.D.S. Hospital. He was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Deseret Gymnasium; Chairman of the Board of Directors of the McCune School of Music and Art; member of the Board of Directors of the Deseret Book Company; Secretary of the Society for the Aid to the

Sightless; and, since the death of Bishop Marvin O. Ashton, has directed the Washaki Indian Project and farms. Bishop Wirthlin has directed the Cochran and Knight ranches owned by the Church in Canada.

He has been associated with Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve, in supervising and directing the operation of Church-owned lands in the states of Florida and California. His contribution of leadership to these projects has been very profitable to the Church. He represents the Church as a director of the Farmers and Growers Market; KSL Radio Station, and KID Radio Station at Idaho Falls, Idaho. In addition to these many responsibilities, he has had other important assignments within the office of the Presiding Bishopric, such as: member of the Church Committee on Expenditures; Church Budget Committee; Church Personnel Committee; supervision of office management within the Presiding Bishopric's Office.

**WHEN** the above list of assignments to one member of the Presiding Bishopric is considered as being only one third of the major responsibilities shared by the Presiding Bishop and his counselors, it can be appreciated that Bishop Wirthlin will need the faith and prayers of the saints to sustain him as he assumes his responsibilities as the Presiding Bishop, which include the overall supervision of all the duties and responsibilities of the Presiding Bishopric.

With the call to the office of Presiding Bishop, there will come to

Bishop Wirthlin the great honor and privilege of presiding over the Aaronic Priesthood of the entire Church. He is admirably qualified to lead the young men of the Church in the discharge of their Aaronic Priesthood responsibilities.

Bishop Wirthlin has great faith; he loves the Lord and the Church; he loves the saints. He has wielded a great influence for good with the young people of the Church. He is loyal to the General Authorities. He is a hard worker; he moves with dispatch; he makes quick and sound decisions.

Bishop Wirthlin is sustained by his wife, Madeline Bitner Wirthlin, who is a devoted and true Latter-day Saint, and an accomplished executive in her own right. Their children number three sons and two daughters. His outstanding family is a source of great strength and humble pride.

**B**ISHOP Thorpe B. Isaacson has already brought inspired and efficient leadership to the Presiding Bishopric during the five and a half years he served as second counselor previous to his recent appointment as first counselor.

One of our first contacts with Bishop Isaacson was when his only son was stricken with polio and was in an iron lung in the hospital. He and his good wife came to the office of the Presiding Bishopric and invited the Bishopric to kneel with them in prayer in their son's behalf. Bishop Isaacson promised the Lord that if he would but spare his son's life, there would be nothing the Lord could ask him to do that he would not be willing to do. The Lord acknowledged the faith of his

servant, and his wife: their son was healed.

When President George Albert Smith asked whether he would be willing to serve as a member of the Presiding Bishopric, he replied: "Yes, but I would like an opportunity to go East and see if the officials of the company I represent will let me appoint a manager for my business, to conserve for myself the result of many years of hard work I have spent in building the business. However, if they will not permit such an arrangement, I will tell them to take the business." He had no intention of breaking his promise with the Lord no matter what it cost.

To Bishop Isaacson, as a member of the Presiding Bishopric, have come many important assignments, such as: Supervision of the Tabernacle block buildings and grounds; supervision of buildings and grounds of the Church Offices; representative of the General Authorities with the Tabernacle Choir; Adviser to the Primary Children's Hospital Board; Adviser to the Relief Society Social Welfare Department; Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Logan L.D.S. Hospital; member of the Board of Directors of the Salt Lake L.D.S. Hospital; member of the Executive Committee and Board of Directors of Zion's Securities Corporation; member of the Board of Directors of the Hotel Utah; and many other assignments within the Presiding Bishopric's office in connection with maintenance of Church buildings throughout the Church, including the beautification and landscaping programs and furnishing of new buildings; member of the Church Appropriations Com-

mittee. He is also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Utah State Agricultural College.

Bishop Isaacson married Lulu Maughan Jones of Wellsville, Utah, a charming lady and a devoted Latter-day Saint. They have one son and one daughter, both of whom they and the Church can justly be proud.

ALL who know of the faith and sterling qualities of Carl W. Buehner, feel that a very wise choice was made in his call to serve as second counselor to Presiding Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin. The Lord always seems to have some good man in training for important work to be done. Bishop Buehner served successively as second counselor, first counselor, and bishop of the Forest Dale (Salt Lake City) Ward; member of the Granite Stake High Council; and successively as second counselor, first counselor, and president of the Granite Stake; chairman of the Salt Lake Welfare Region; and, at the time of his appointment to the Presiding Bishopric, was a member of the General Church Welfare Committee. As president of the Granite Stake, his work with the Aaronic Priesthood and girls of the same age was unusually successful. He has a deep feeling of understanding and love for young people and their activities. Speaking of youth activities, he achieved eleven letters in high schools sports.

Following in the footsteps of their father, Bishop Buehner and his brothers have established a prosperous business in Salt Lake City, manufacturing building blocks, cast

stone, etc. Bishop Buehner's company furnished the cast stone for the Idaho Falls Temple.

Bishop Buehner's parents were converts to the Church, emigrating to Zion from Germany, when Carl was only two years old. His rise to success in business and to become one of the General Authorities, demonstrates that the door of opportunity is open to all here in this land of freedom and also in the Church.

In 1922, Bishop Buehner married Lucile Thurman who has the faith to sustain her husband, and the natural grace and charm to take her rightful place among the wives of the General Authorities. They are the parents of three daughters and one son.

\* \* \*

The apostle Paul, when defining the responsibilities of a bishop, wrote that he should be, "One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; (For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?)"

In this respect, all three members of the new Presiding Bishopric are an example to all bishops and to the entire membership of the Church. All three of them have wonderful families who are supporting them in their sacred ministry.

May the membership of the Church sustain these humble servants of the Lord with their faith and prayers as they function in the responsibilities of their high offices in the Presiding Bishopric.

# Contest Announcements—1952

**T**HE 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 contests study carefully the articles on creative writing which appear in this *Magazine*, and also similar articles in the June issues for 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, and 1951.

## *Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest*

**T**HE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1952. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize .....	\$25
Second prize .....	\$20
Third prize .....	\$15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1953 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:

- That the author is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
- That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
- That it has never been published.
- 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, 1952.
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*

**T**HE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1952 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1952.

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 1953. 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, 1952.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.



## Creation of Poetry

Margery S. Stewart\*

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,  
With the wonderful waters 'round you curled,  
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,  
World, you are beautifully drest.

—William Brighty Rands, from *The Child's World*

THIS was the first poem that impinged itself on my consciousness. I remember myself, a child of six, singing the lines over and over, sending my own gladness of being alive and my wonder of all I saw around me out into the air. In that poem I had found a channel that would let me pour some of what I felt back into the world. This little poem seemed to connect me in some way with the mysterious life around me.

Since then I have searched for poems that connected my thoughts and emotions with those of others who have gone before or are con-

temporary with me. It is the inner person who seeks wistfully for signposts on the journey of his days. This is one reason for the popularity of many poems which the intellectual world discards as trite or didactic.

My point is this, in a world of many needs, there is a place for many poets and poems. The child needs a singing poem to feed his small, growing mind. The youth needs a poet who is strong and courageous and adventurous to answer his own impetuous spirit and his struggles. The mother needs poems to give back to her facets

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\*Margery S. Stewart, Salt Lake City, Utah, author of short stories, serials, and poems, is well known to readers of the *Magazine*. She was winner of the first prize in the Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1947, and winner of the third prize in 1952. Her poem "The Broken Day" placed third in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1950. Mrs. Stewart's poems have also appeared in many other publications, including *Good Housekeeping Magazine* and *Ladies Home Journal*.



of the life she is living, to show beauty and heroism and wonder in the simple, often monotonous, deeds of her day. The mature man feeds his mind with stronger and richer fare, lest his mental faculties atrophy and he is left to wander miserably in the morass of materialism.

There must be poems for laughter and there must be poems to breathe upon a grieving heart an understanding of sorrow and a compassion for weakness. Some poets would rather write a song that a child will love and cherish all his childhood than a brilliant epic.

Yet, on the other hand, the mental giants who pioneer the new plains of the mind, and the unknown realms of poetry, bring back treasure that cannot be measured. Poetry would grow increasingly less in importance and power and beauty if it were not for the truly great, who with courage and perseverance, forge out of their own experiences and their own observations, poetry that is life as they see it. However, among other points to remember, there is one observation that every lover of poetry should consider when reading such poetry or writing it—*is it truth?* A true picture of life may accomplish much good, but a poem that arouses the baser emotions is not a great poem, however highly it may be praised by critics.

Judges of poetry contests are kind to poems that are original, that express true emotion, that create a picture of beauty or present a new facet on an old subject. But there is one type of poem few poetry critics can endure—that is the *devised* poem.

A *devised* poem is, to my way of thinking, one in which the writer consciously creates.

"I will now write a poem," says Nora Lee, "on flowers. Yes, on flowers, because I have read so many pretty flower poems, or on mountains, or on the West."

So Nora Lee sits down and consciously creates a poem on flowers, or mountains, or the wide-open West. She feels no emotion toward roses. She is not moved within by the memory of a field of daffodils, as was Wordsworth. But she writes a poem on flowers, and tells the world flowers are lovely, which the world already knows. Nor is she caught up in the intricacies of creation. She does not love her poem enough to create singing phrases, or different rhyme endings. "Moon and June have been good enough for a great many years," says Nora Lee, "so they must still be adequate." They are not, though once the combination of the two words must have been exciting to the eye and the mind. Such trite combinations bring nothing but a groan to the modern reader, especially one who has been feeding his poetic spirit with the exquisite rhymings of accomplished masters of poetic technique.

Just as one cannot create a perfect dress or suit without much practice in sewing and an artistic eye for color and line, one cannot create a poem without much study, much thought, and much travail of the spirit.

"As a man thinketh in his heart," said Jesus, "so is he." Out of the thoughts the world is thinking today, come the great billowing clouds of blackness, the evils, the

fear, the cruelty, and hatred. How important it is for all Latter-day Saint writers to send forth those thoughts that will heal and bless and enlighten suffering mankind.

A Latter-day Saint woman who is a poet today has a far greater responsibility laid upon her than merely to express herself. She must be actively engaged in bringing before the world, beauty, compassion, courage, generosity, kindness. Not in preaching. That is not the poet's sphere. But in holding, always, the lighted candle of truth and love. It is no easy task. She must have courage enough to light that candle again and again. She must be strong enough to conquer the enemies of her own mind and soul. She must have the courage to present the truth, though she is threatened on every hand by the enemies of truth. She must be willing to spend hours clothing her thoughts in beautiful and gracious garments so they will find a place in the hearts of men. She must be brave enough to see them cast out and forgotten, willing to do it all over

again, taking for her payment not money, but someone saying, "I was in desperate trouble, and I read your poem and it helped me, made me stronger."

Let the poet beware whom he takes for his guide. For in this restless and confused day, literary standards are set up and cast down all within a year or two. In these shifting sands, it behooves the writer to remember the words of another poet who cried:

... to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act 1, scene 3.

#### 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 & Wagnall's Company, New York City (\$2.75).

### *Wind in the Pine Trees*

Pansye H. Powell

Wind in the pine trees  
Sighing, sighing,  
How can I sing  
When your voice is crying?

Wind in the pine trees  
Singing, singing,  
How can I weep  
To your melody's winging?

### *Mountain Cabin*

Beatrice K. Ekman

I climb the hill on the alpine trail  
Where the aspens grow;  
The shadows are long on slope and swale  
Far down below.

I climb the hill to the mountain crest;  
The night draws near,  
The sun is lost in the purple west—  
The stars appear.

# Basic Recipe for a Short Story

Martha Robeson Wright\*

LET us say that writing a story is, in a way, like making a cake. There are hundreds of varieties. We each have our own preference, and we can make some kinds better than others.

But there are certain basic ingredients that must be put into all cakes. If you leave out just one, the cake is a failure. It isn't a real cake. It falls flat, or is soggy, or full of holes. If you're not proud, you can cover it with a thick, rich icing and try to get your family to think it's a cake. Or you can throw it in the garbage can, and make a new one.

Sometimes, a story is "iced" with beautiful writing, which makes the reader think for a minute that a story is there. Unlike the cake icing, it hasn't been done intentionally. The writer has written so easily that she herself doesn't realize her failure. I'm not saying a story must not be well written. The best story in the world will not be successful unless it is fairly well written. But too often the writer thinks a lot of beautiful words strung together make a story.

The difference between making a cake and a story is: once your cake is baked you can't put in the

missing ingredients. With a story, you have another chance.

So, before you make your final copy, go over your story and see if you have put everything in that the basic recipe calls for.

## 1. *Problem*

Does your story have a problem? In other words, is your main character in some difficulty? And what is most important—is that difficulty solved by the main character? If you don't have this, you do not have a story. This applies to all types of stories, from a simple preschool age juvenile to the most complicated adult one. For life is full of problems for us from the time we are born until the day we die. They can be as simple as a child trying to overcome the fear of learning to walk. But, large or small, *the problem must be solved in a story*. It doesn't have to be physical action. It can be mental, emotional, intellectual.

For example, let's imagine you have written a story of a man who wants friends. He can't understand why people aren't friendly. That is his *problem*. He doesn't realize, at first, the real reason is that he tries to force friendship by

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\*Martha Robeson Wright, Ogden, Utah, is the author of eight excellent short stories which have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*: "Hoops for Amanda" (July 1939); "A Pinch of Dust Is a Dollar" (August 1941); "Give Thanks for What?" (October 1942); "Ten Miles to Calico" (May 1945); "The Scar" (April 1946); "Dinner at Nora's" (November 1945); "As You Were" (November 1946). Her stories have also been published by many of the large-circulation women's magazines in the United States and in Canada. A member of the "Blue Quill" writers group of Ogden, and a member of the League of Utah Writers, Mrs. Wright is a gifted author and well qualified to give advice on the technique of the short story.

bragging about his superiority and achievements. He honestly believes the fault is in others, and he is going to break down that resistance some way. He must solve that problem.

## 2. *The Theme*

What theme does your story have? What is your story trying to say? What does it prove? Does the reader feel that the story has some significance? Using the same example as above, the theme would be: If you want friends you must be friendly; you can't force friendship; actions speak louder than words.

If you don't have a theme, your story hasn't proved anything, except that something is missing. *But do not preach.* Do not point out, as the author, what you are proving. It must be implied by the actions and thoughts and words of the main character and what he learns for himself. A reader appreciates being allowed to draw his own conclusions, without any explanation or expository writing. If you feel you must explain, exhort, and point out, don't write stories. Write essays.

## 3. *Motivation*

This is the reason the main character tries to get himself out of the difficulties he is in. Using again, the bragging man: His motivation is a desire for friends. He longs hungrily for them. That gives him the impetus to solve his problem.

## 4. *Crisis*

Your main character must reach a place where he has to make a de-

cision, one way or the other. It is the high point of your story, toward which you have been working. That main character must come to the place where he stands at a crossroads and must choose which way he will go. What is he going to do? Does he want friends or doesn't he? Will he see himself as others see him, or will he keep on boosting his own ego? By this time, the reader must be eager to learn the outcome.

## 5. *Climax*

This is the answer. The climax is when he makes his choice. And how he does that will depend upon the way you have built his character from the beginning. But you cannot leave him hanging in the air. He must decide.

You can have him astute enough to realize, from something that takes place, why he lacks friends, and decide he is going to change his ways—or at least attempt it. (Now, mind you, he can actually be all the things he brags about.) But it's his personality that is at fault. We do not like to be forced into friendship. We want the privilege of judging for ourselves. So once the man shows us that he has learned something of this, we like him.

Or, you could have him say to himself, "People aren't friendly to me because they are so jealous of my abilities and accomplishments. I'll never find anyone up to my intellectual level with whom I can be compatible. So, I don't care whether they like me or not. I'll go on my way alone."

But, either way, *he has solved his problem.*

### 6. Emotion

"Fiction," a well-known writer of books on writing, has said, "is the art of making your readers feel emotion." And I agree. If you leave this out, your story will fall flat. Like a cake without baking powder. The reader must feel something for the struggle of the main character, whether it be love, sorrow, pity, hate, disgust, or admiration. And above all, the reader must be able to *understand* why he acts the way he does.

### 7. Characterization

Have you made your characters seem like real people? Does the reader get a clear picture of each individual, or do they all talk alike? Each one should have certain traits of action, or speech, or mannerisms that set him apart from the others. It can be done with just a word or two. What they say and how they act will tell the reader what they are.

### 8. Viewpoint

A lot of the strength of your story depends on whose viewpoint the reader sees. Most stories are told in third person because that is the easiest way to get into the minds and hearts of the characters. And, as a general rule, it is **best** to tell the story *through the eyes of the main character*, and keep that viewpoint throughout the story.

Sometimes, a viewpoint is changed in a story, but it isn't the wisest thing to do. It takes a professional writer to do it well enough not to break the interest of the reader.

### 9. Dramatization

In other words, have you *shown* what happens in your story in scenes, or have you told about it? You don't need many scenes, and you can bridge them with transitory sentences to shorten and take care of the time element. For instance, you could say, "All the next day he kept away from the office. But he had to appear there sometime. So he went down on Thursday." Then your next scene would be in the office, dramatizing the action that takes place. By dramatizing, you know, of course, I don't mean a big to-do and rushing around. It can be a quiet scene. But your character should act it out, rather than you tell about it.

### *Appearance of the Manuscript*

I am putting these directions in at the suggestion of a friend of mine who has read many manuscripts of new writers who did not know how to prepare a story to send to an editor or to enter in a contest. And those who have been initiated will not need to read this paragraph.

It will be advantageous for an author entering the contest to know the general rules for preparing manuscripts, as well as the specific directions which apply to manuscripts entered in the Relief Society Short Story Contest. A manuscript is the personal representative of the author, and it should be as neat and clean as the author would be if she were to appear before an editor or before the contest judges. The paper used should be white, in regulation 8 1/2 inches by 11 inches size, and it should be thick enough so that the typing doesn't show through from the page be-

neath. The typewriter ribbon should be new enough so that the type can be read easily without strain on the tired eyes of the editor and the contest judges. There should be at least a one-inch margin on the left-hand side of the paper and three-fourths of an inch margin on the right hand side. For manuscripts not submitted in contests, the name and address of the author should appear in the upper left-hand corner of the manuscript, but the rules of this contest require that the author's name should not appear on the manuscript. The number of words contained in the story should be written in the upper right-hand corner of the first page. The title of the story should

be centered about a third of the way down on the first page, and the next page and all continuing pages should have the title of the story and the page number written about one inch down from the top of the page in the upper left-hand corner. This designation and numbering of pages is necessary because pages may become lost or misplaced in the handling of the manuscript. An author should always retain a carbon copy of her story and keep it in her files for reference.

These Relief Society contests always bring in excellent stories, and the competition is so keen that the judges have a difficult time choosing the best ones. Here's hoping yours will be among them.

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## *Summerward*

Maryhale Woolsey

June is a highway winding into summer,  
 As measured miles we tread its golden days,  
 Guided by spires of blue-delphinium hours  
 That stand like signposts down a warm green maze.  
 Rosepetal moments curve to dreaming vistas  
 Of summertime's serenely waiting land,  
 And evening skies hold up a star-set compass  
 To point the heights where tallest days will stand.

Move gently, Spring—that we may hold each lovely  
 And transient beauty heart-close; let us learn  
 Beyond forgetting, June's ascendant highroad . . .  
 Summerward leading, mapped for no return.



# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, June 1, and June 15, 1892

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

TEMPERANCE: "Let your moderation be known unto all men," was the exhortation of the apostle Paul; and there has never been a time in the world's history when such an exhortation was more needed than the present, because intemperance in many things has become so common that it is almost the author of all the evils from which we suffer. . . . Then how much sin and sorrow is caused by intemperance in speech. The apostle James says the tongue is an unruly member, hard to tame. . . . We should also be temperate . . . and not allow angry feelings to take possession of us. If we could only remember at all times that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and could so exercise sufficient self-control to return a soft answer when angry words are spoken.—Phebe C. Young.

WHAT SOME WOMEN HAVE DONE: It is a matter of history that 320 years B.C. Martia, Queen of London, first promulgated the principles of the English Common Law in her judgments and enactments. Her Martian Statutes or Code outlived the Roman, Anglo-Saxon and Norse invasions, and we have it on good authority that Alfred the Great revived her Briton laws and enforced them among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes. Two centuries later they were re-enacted under Edward the Confessor, and a century after, again by Stephen—therefore the earliest laws of Great Britain which in substance have been in force 2,200 years, were made by a woman.  
—From "Women's Reports"

## WILD FLOWERS TO SARAH

Heart's beloved! to you I send  
Greetings from the canyon's shade,  
Gathered where the branches bend  
And streams with light o'erlaid;  
Where the birds in sweetest chorus  
Sing their message with my heart,  
And the flowers breathe their kisses  
In sweet odors for their part.

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

SAN JUAN STAKE: Monday night the 11th of April, in company with Pres. A. F. Hammond, Sister Elizabeth Howard and Mary A. Freeze, left the City by way of the D. & R. G. R. R. to visit San Juan Stake . . . reached Thompson's Springs the following morning, where a carriage was in waiting to take us to Moab, arriving at that place about 4 P.M. We held meetings the next day at ten A.M. with the Relief Society . . . and remained there until the next morning, when Brother Holyoak and wife went with us on our way having fitted out a team with every convenience for travel. . . . We traveled over fearful gulches and dugways, finally coming to a lovely place, very grand, we camped for the night, made a great fire of pine trees, prepared supper and after singing and prayer—we retired, slept well in the open air and felt refreshed . . . rose early in the morning . . . that day we passed between the La Salle and Blue Mountains, far apart, and arrived at Monticello at five P.M.

—Elizabeth Howard



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

A gem for your scrapbook is the address of Mrs. David O. (Emma Ray) McKay to the Brigham Young University Women, "Attitudes Towards Peace as Fostered in a Well-Directed Home," printed in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*, April 16. Mrs. McKay stressed the importance of relations between the parents, between parents and children, and among the children themselves. Dwelling on the need for courtesy as well as character in the home, she recalled the mutual consideration and the low-voiced but respected mother in the early home of her husband's family.

**RELIEF** Society Magazine contributors and other Utah writers won a lion's share of awards in the various contests featured at the biennial convention of the more than 150 branches of the National League of American Pen Women held in Washington, D. C. in April. Three first places were won by Olive Woolley Burt. Blanche Kendall McKey, Sylvia Pezoldt, and Carrie Midgley, each won a first place. Winning second place awards, were Renie H. Littlewood and Sylvia Pezoldt. Erla Young's art work won fourth place in over-all contributions to juvenile literature. The Utah Pen Women President, Ruth H. Chadwick, tied for third place for the greatest number of new

state chapters installed. Mrs. Chadwick had been invited to present a pageant for children's literature, and wrote one illustrating the purpose of the *Children's Friend*, and dramatizing three stories from its pages.

**WELL** deserved indeed by Mrs. Milton (Cora Lindsay) Bennion is the honor of being chosen Utah Mother of the Year. Mother of ten children—seven of them living, all outstanding persons, Mrs. Bennion has always been admired for her combination of a sweet, womanly personality with high intelligence and quiet efficiency. In the home of Mrs. Bennion and her husband, formerly Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah, outstanding characteristics are: frugality, affection, respect for the rights of the individual, and a variety of activities. Mrs. Bennion was a member of the general board of Relief Society for nineteen years.

A woman's heroism stirred the hearts of a nation when, after the crash of a DC-4, the burned body of a stewardess, with that of a four-month-old infant, was found in the aisle. Frances Housley, twenty-four, had opened the door, advised calmness among the passengers, and then instead of escaping herself, had turned back into the flaming cabin to rescue a baby.



## *The 122d Annual Church Conference*

THE 122d annual general conference of the Church was an inspirational occasion to the tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints who crowded into Salt Lake City on April 4, 5, and 6, 1952. The experience of one convert sister was typical of the faithful. She reached the Tabernacle on Sunday morning at 6:00 o'clock so as to be assured of the privilege of being present at the proceedings of that day. Her physical body went without food all day, but her spiritual body partook of a feast.

The sustaining of Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards to fill the vacancy in the Quorum of the Twelve, occasioned by the recent death of Brother Joseph F. Merrill, was joyful news to the saints at home and abroad where his great missionary work is known and appreciated. Likewise pleasing to the saints was the naming of Bishop Joseph L. Wirthlin as Presiding Bishop, with Bishop Thorpe B. Isaacson sustained as first counselor and Brother Carl W. Buehner called to be second counselor.

President David O. McKay presided and conducted the sessions of the conference; and the admonitions and advice to the saints of their Prophet, Seer, and Revelator were attentively heard and humbly and gratefully received. In his opening remarks President McKay gave short statements showing the achievements of the Priesthood, the

auxiliaries, and the genealogical work. He also sounded a warning on the efforts in the world "to deprive man of his free agency—to steal from the individual his liberty." He continued, "Next to life itself free agency is the greatest gift of God to man." Another cause of apprehension he voiced was, "the threatening upset in national standards, the increasing tendency to abandon ideals that constitute the foundation of the American home." To counteract these evils, he advised officers and teachers in the Church to do as Paul exhorted: "Preach the word; be instant—that is, eager, earnest—in season and out of season." The Word to be preached, President McKay declared, is:

. . . the gospel plan of salvation . . . .  
 Preach in season and out of season belief in God the Eternal Father, in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost . . . .  
 Second: Latter-day Saints proclaim that fundamental in this gospel plan is the sacredness of the individual . . . . Third: Preach that the plan involves the belief that governments were instituted of God for the benefit of man. Man was not born for the benefit of the State . . . .  
 Fourth: Preach the sacredness of family ties . . . . Fifth: Proclaim the necessity of honesty and loyalty . . . . Preach that honesty in government is essential to the perpetuation and stability of our government as it is necessary to the stability of character in the individual.

In President McKay's closing message at the conference he exhorted the saints of the United

States to be more loyal to their country, saying:

This is an election year. Upon you devolves the responsibility of choosing our servants in government, for whoever is elected to preside over this country as President, as senators, members of the House of Representatives are your servants, not your rulers. And do not be slothful on the day of election, but come out and exercise your right and privilege as a citizen of this great Republic. What doth it profit though a man say he hath faith and have not works? Here we should prove ourselves loyal citizens.

The address of President Stephen L. Richards, which depicted the history of the Tabernacle, found an echoing response in the hearts of Latter-day Saints to whom the Tabernacle is a hallowed building. President Richards declared that the Tabernacle is:

The place where the authorized servants of our Lord are sustained and confirmed by the voice of the people. Here in this venerated Tabernacle has every President of the Church, save only one, been upheld as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. From here has gone forth the law out of Zion, and the blessings, the love and compassion of the servants of the Lord for his children.

President Clark warned and plead with the saints against rationalizing the gospel:

I hope that the people will not listen to the rationalizing of men who undertake to make God's plan conform to what they think it should be in their weak and ineffective reasonings.

After citing modern scriptures which answer the questions: Where did we come from? Why are we here? Whither do we go? President

Clark twice urged the saints to read sections 76 and 88 of the Doctrine and Covenants to "see what the Lord has laid up for us when we live the principles of the gospel."

President Clark solemnly affirmed:

Those who have followed him [Joseph Smith] in his high and great calling of President of the Church and the Presiding High Priest of the Church, have the same rights, the same privileges, the same authority which he held, even from Joseph's time down to President McKay, who holds those rights, exercises those functions, possesses all of the spiritual powers of the Priesthood which Joseph had, and that this Church will continue to go forward, that those who follow President McKay will enjoy the like privileges, the like authority, and exercise the like functions. There is no doubt about this . . . and if we could just take this into our hearts and understand it, make it part of ourselves . . . the power of this people would be unlimited.

Obedience to the exhortations of the First Presidency, the Quorum of the Twelve, and the other General Authorities is expected of all Latter-day Saints. Many were the warnings and admonitions given to uphold and obey the words of the prophets of this day and to sustain them by word and act. The thousands who saw and listened to the proceedings over the radio and KSL-TV attest to the fulfilling of the prophecy of Daniel that the stone cut out of the mountain without hands will stand forever and will yet fill the whole earth. May Latter-day Saints living now be found among the faithful of that day through obedience to the words of the prophets given to them in the great conferences of the Church.

—M. C. S.

# Adventure in Glass

## 1—Beginnings in the Old World

*Alberta H. Christensen*

Member, General Board of Relief Society

Adventure keeps an endless tryst with skill  
Upon this thin-blown vase of ancient glass,  
Where dreams are crystal leaves no frost shall kill,  
Though springtime fade, a thousand summers pass.

“I hope,” someone said to me recently, “that you will never be bitten by the Old Glass Bug. If you ever are, you’ll be sorry.”

I merely smiled. I had been bitten, and I was not sorry.

The world of glass is fascinating. It is a world in which accidental discovery, planned experiment, failure and success have combined to produce factors which make modern living possible. To stand even at the threshold of the world of glass is to become aware of the great part it has played in the cultural and industrial development of man. One need only to visualize living without glass for the microscope, telescope, spectacles, windowpanes, mirrors, and the various household utensils and apparatus for scientific research, to realize this fact.

Though the scientist would probably place ornamental glass and tableware at the bottom of the list of glass contributions, in all ages these wares have represented the artistic zenith of the glassmaker’s art. Treasured for their color, beauty of form, and decoration, these possessions have often opened the door to this world of usefulness and beauty.

It was at this door of ornamental glass that I met the Old Glass Bug

—through a little dish, pale blue and satiny smooth. It had been given to my mother at her wedding over seventy years ago, and I had admired it since childhood.

Now, having learned something of the history of glass and how to identify many of the types and patterns used by our early glassmakers, new value is placed upon the Ashburton goblet grandmother carried across the plains. It is no longer merely a piece of old glass. The Baltimore pear sugar bowl can never again be just an old-fashioned dish. Through a pair of Bristol vases, imagination bridges space and time, carrying me back to the land of my ancestors.

The purpose of these articles is not to emphasize “collecting,” but to stimulate appreciation for these interesting old pieces which we already have—pieces which were, formerly at least, to be found in practically every household.

In order to really enjoy these articles we must know something about the history and art of glass-making, which will take us back through the centuries and into far countries, for there is in the form and technique of making glass a thread of continuity reaching from antiquity to the present.

**T**HE making of artificial glass is an ancient craft, although when and where it originated is uncertain. A large glass ball-bead made about 1500 B.C. was found at Thebes, in Egypt, and there are those who give a much earlier date for primitive glassmaking in Mesopotamia. An old and familiar legend told by the historian Pliny states that the first glass was produced accidentally by Phoenician sailors camped on the Syrian coast. Syria was the home of a high degree of culture before the ascendancy of Rome or Alexandria, and it is thought by some authorities that Syrian methods of glassmaking were carried into upper Egypt by Syrian craftsmen. As Egypt went her conquering way among the nations of the ancient world, she showed a great respect for the arts of her captives, absorbing them into her own culture.

The Egyptians seem to have used colored glass first as gems, probably on a parity with natural gems, and it was there that the use of mosaic later reached a perfection never since surpassed. Whether to Egypt, or Syria, or elsewhere, belongs the honor, it is certain that craftsmen in both countries became adept, at an early date, in making objects of glass.

While the Chinese were early masters of the potter's art, producing excellent porcelain, they paid very little attention to the making of glass. Persia did not acquire an early understanding of glass culture, although she may have been the first to use gold in decorating her fragile blue ware. In Greece, during the Golden Age of Pericles, glassmaking was closely allied to

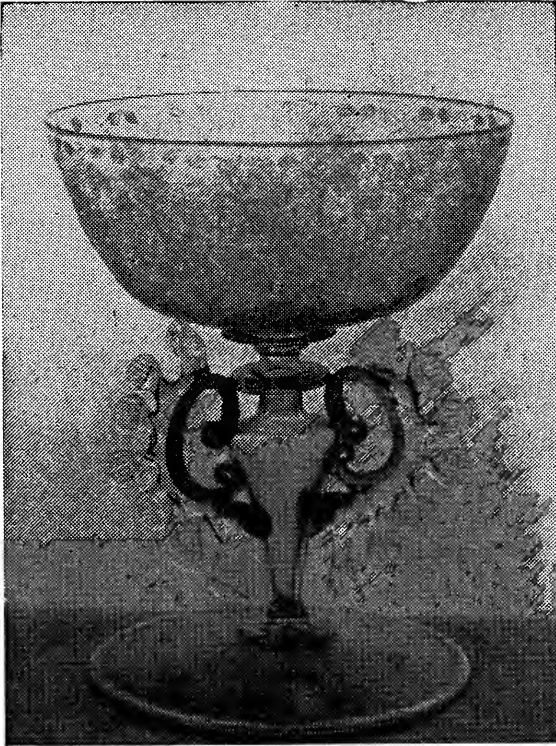
architecture, and some Athenian houses had glass floors, ceilings, and side panelings.

The Romans, who were for a time content to import their glass from Syria and Egypt, had by the first century A.D. not only become manufacturers, but had achieved a skill which has perhaps never been surpassed. They developed a clear glass and became experts, mastering nearly every form of cutting, including the cameo method. They used all colors except ruby. Glass articles were in common use. Houses had glass windowpanes; beautifully ornamented glass service appeared on their tables. According to Pliny, glass drinking vessels were more popular than those made of silver or gold.

The art of glassmaking was greatly influenced by the division of the Roman Empire in the fourth century, A.D., as were the other arts. In the Eastern Empire the making of fine wares continued, but in the West glass of all kinds became a luxury. The spread of the barbarians throughout Europe did not entirely extinguish the art of glass blowing, but before the end of the fifth century A.D., when the division of the Empire was complete, glasshouses (small glass factories) existed only in isolated spots. Glassmakers retreated to the forests, making chiefly green glass (bottle glass, we call it today) drinking vessels, instead of the richly ornamented and expertly blown glass of previous years.

**I**T was not until nearly one thousand years later that many of the techniques of glass blowing and





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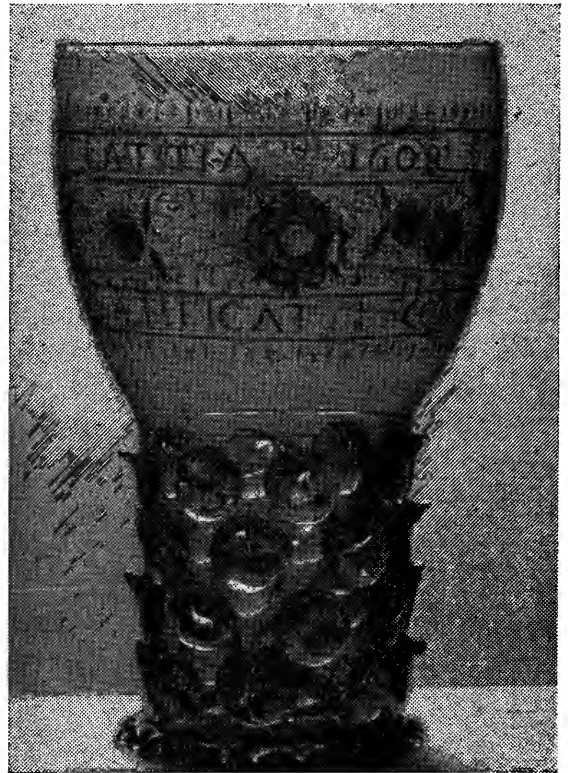
CLEAR GLASS GOBLET WITH  
PALE BLUE WINGS  
(Venetian) Sixteenth Century

decoration lost during the Dark Ages were "rediscovered." Though Venice was not the only Italian city to make fine glass, it figured prominently in this renewal of the glassmaking art and became the most famous. Toward the end of the thirteenth century the "noble gentlemen" of Venice moved their glasshouses to the island of Murano, separated from the mainland by a strip of sea, in an effort to prevent the trade secrets of glassmaking from becoming known.

The very term "Venetian Glass" brings to the mind those lovely fragile objects with which we are familiar, gay ornaments decorated with sea horses, dragon wings, and flowers, though the Venetians also

made mosaic, mirror glass, and myriads of artificial pearls and fantastic forms. Every shade of color seen in sunset or morning clouds found expression in the delicate wares made by Venetian glassblowers. Their models were copied everywhere, and today the modern Persian glass varies very little from Venetian glass of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Venetian glass is noted for its lightness and fragility. It was never cut, although some varieties were enameled, marbled, and frosted. Its appeal to the lover of beauty is to be found in its exquisite colors and fantastically rare forms. The



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New York City

ROEMER OF GREEN GLASS  
Decorated in Gold, With Touches  
of Red Enamel  
(Germany) About 1608

Venetian lace glass (latticino, in which fine threads of opaque white glass appear in the body of the glass) was never quite equalled by others.

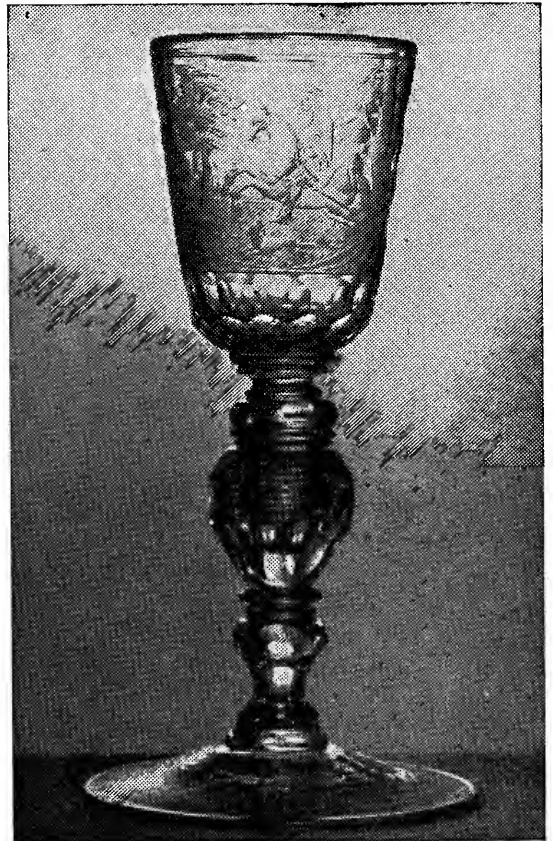
Finally, in the sixteenth century, the nobility of Europe who had been importing Venetian wares, decided to sponsor the production of glass at home. In France, the Lowlands, and in England, to some extent, Italian glassworkers were induced to teach their techniques to native artisans who, in time, evolved new forms and styles suited to local needs and tastes.

**S**PANISH glass should not be overlooked for two reasons: first, because as early as the thirteenth century the output of the furnaces at Barcelona and Cadalso was in many ways comparable to Venetian wares, and second, because Spanish glass influenced our own early glass more than is ordinarily supposed. Our two-handled, covered sweetmeat jars, and our engraved "flips" (small drinking glasses) owe much to Spanish influence. The Spanish loved glass, and the decline of glassmaking in Spain is coincident only with the exhaustion of fuel in that country.

The French, also, were early makers of glass. It is said the first glass bottle factory in France was established in 1290. A crystal glass of wonderful clearness was eventually made at Bacarat, France, which is still famous for its product. While the Bohemian style of ornamentation was often heavy, the French used only floral designs, remarkable for their elegance and beauty. In-

teresting to the collector are the very beautiful paper weights, called millefiori (thousand flowers) which originated in Venice, and later were made in Bohemia, but were perfected in France.

Though Venetian glass was long the most famous in Europe, it found a rival in Bohemian glass which, in the early seventeenth century, became a new product through the use of the "rediscovered" technique of glass cutting and wheel engraving. These important contributions were made by such men as Henry

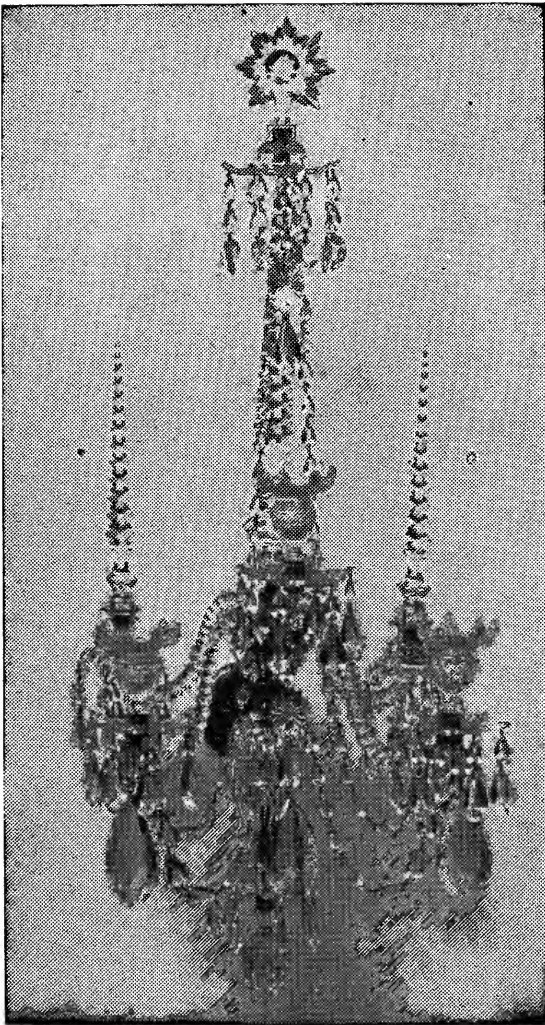


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New York City

#### STANDING CUP

Decorated With an Engraved Hunting  
Scene

(Bohemian) About 1710



The Metropolitan Museum of Art,  
New York City

### CUT-GLASS WALL LIGHT

(Irish) Eighteenth Century

Schwarhardt, the Miseroni, and Caspar Lehmann, gem cutters, who applied the lapidary method and equipment to glass. The glasshouses of Bohemia and nearby localities became world famous for their fine colored wares.

Kunckel, a Silesian, working in a glasshouse in Potsdam, Germany, detected the fact that to get the wonderful shade of ruby, the glass

had to be twice heated, and that the gold added to produce this color must be used in minute quantities only. The ruby glass and emerald glass made by Kunckel are prized collectors' items.

Early Bohemian glass was greenish in tint, but the artisans later developed a glass so clear that it resembled rock crystal. This they etched and engraved artistically. They often engraved upon it elaborate landscapes, flowers, animals, trees, people, towns, and coats of arms. A stag bounding through a forest is particularly characteristic. In the middle of the nineteenth century everyone who made the "European tour" brought home Bohemian glass for the dining table and dressing room—tall, slim decanters, and glasses of ruby and white, the ornamentation often being large thumb prints. Esteemed by the collector are those tall, covered standing cups or goblets, called "pokale."

The handsome clear Bohemian glass was the glass "de luxe" of Europe until the coming of the English and Irish flint glass, which possessed a quality that Bohemian glass did not have—the power of dispersing light. At first influenced by workers from France, Germany, and the Venetians, the English eventually evolved a style and metal all their own. English and Irish flint glass, cut and engraved, found greatest favor with the Americans, especially in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

There is no complete isolation in the arts, either in technique or



The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

WILLIAM AND MARY MARRIAGE BOWL  
(English 1700)

ideas, and neither land nor sea are barriers. The American Colonies also shared in the adventures of the glassmaking world, their first glass-

houses being manned by workmen from nearly all the glassmaking countries of Europe.

(To be continued)

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*Lonesome Things*

Grace Barker Wilson

The loneliest sound earth things can make  
Is the wind as it blows just treetop high;  
Or, in dusk of evening, the loon's wild cry  
As he rises, wide-winged, from the reedy lake.

*Beauty Lives in the Heart*

Grace Sayre

Beauty in nature lives its short hour, and is gone;  
Beauty of lineament is shorter still;  
But the beauty that lights the eyes lives on and on . . . .  
If you lay your love on its altar, let it fulfill  
All that has made life beautiful: joy in the heart,  
Love of the good, courage, sincerity—each has its part.



# Vacation Plans

Dorothy Boys Killian

JANE Cummings looked across the table at her blue-eyed Bill and wondered how on earth any woman could feel it a nuisance to have her husband come home for lunch.

"Wait till you've been married ten years instead of ten months," her friend, Sandra, had chuckled over the phone this morning when Jane had said she was whipping up a pudding for Bill's lunch. "You won't want to have your day cluttered up with a man on your hands during the noon hour."

"You're looking at me rather fondly, my dear," Bill said teasingly. "Have I unwittingly done something wonderful?"

"Don't be so cocky, Mr. Cummings," Jane grinned back at him. "But I'm so glad you came home to lunch today even if I am in the midst of spring housecleaning because . . . ."

"Because it's been four long hours since last we met? I feel that way, too."

"Well, yes, that," Jane agreed, smiling, "and then I had a phone call this morning from Sandra Jamison with the most exciting news!"

"From Sandra?" Bill's voice suddenly became cautious.

"Yes," Jane said, "but, Bill, this is something you won't be able to resist. She's asked us and two other couples to spend our vacation with them at their cottage on the shore. Won't that be glorious?"

Swimming, tennis, wonderful meals . . . ."

"Jane, you know how I feel about the Jamisons," Bill interrupted. "They're all right, but what's the use of kidding ourselves? We just can't afford to travel in their crowd."

"But this won't cost a cent, Bill. A luxurious two weeks for nothing. What more could you ask?"

"And with the luxury," Bill groaned, "we'll have mobs of people milling around, no privacy at all, suitcases full of clothes . . . ."

"That's just it," Jane broke in. "We have those clothes now, and we might not have them later. I was looking over my summer trousseau things this morning when I was cleaning out my closet, and I wouldn't have to buy a stitch."

"Do you remember," Bill said, "that I wanted to go to the North Woods on our honeymoon, but you insisted on that summer resort instead? Oh, Janie, if you could only see the place I want to take you! The quiet woods, and that sparkling lake—it would be perfect—cooking eggs and bacon over a campfire in the cool of the early morning, paddling our canoe into a shallow cove among the water lilies, taking a dip when the sun got hot . . . . If you'd only give it a try!"

"SOMEDAY, of course, Bill," Jane answered impatiently. "But I just can't bear to pass up this opportunity. Besides, it will

be good for your business for you to meet all the people who are sure to drop in there. Please, Bill, just this one more time?" Jane pleaded.

"I'm wondering if it will always be 'just this one more time,'" Bill said quietly.

"Oh, don't be so dramatic! We probably won't have another chance like this for a long time anyway."

"Are we, by any chance, working up to our first serious quarrel?" Bill tried to laugh, but it didn't quite come off.

"Maybe we are," Jane said, her voice rising. "But you're being so unspeakably stubborn! We can go camping any old time, but this invitation . . . ."

"Is one I would rather not accept," Bill said flatly.

"Perhaps I had better accept only for myself then?" Jane gasped at the import of her own words. She looked fearfully at Bill.

His lips were a tight line as he deliberately pushed back his chair and looked down at her from a great, cold height.

"Do as you please, of course. This is a free country," he said and stalked out of the kitchen.

Jane pushed her untasted pudding aside and ran pell-mell upstairs with the vague idea of having a good, hard cry. But the bedroom was upset, with the cleaning half done. She remembered how they had laughed last night as they had fairly dug their way to bed through clothes bags, curtain rods, and hat boxes.

"Somehow it makes you feel really established in your own home, this going through your first spring housecleaning," Bill had said, re-

moving a pair of shoe trees from his pillow slip.

"You may not feel so happy about it Saturday when you help wash the kitchen walls and woodwork," she had warned.

"Honey," he had answered, coming up behind her and putting his arms around her, "doing anything with you is fun."

"Anything except going to a house party with me," Jane muttered to herself now as she mechanically smoothed the sheets on the bed. They had gone much farther than she had meant to, she realized sadly, but now that the issue had come to a head, she could be just as stubborn as her husband.

SHE yanked the bedspread up over the pillows and literally threw herself into the job of cleaning out Bill's closet. She picked up his bag of golf clubs and pitched them out into the room. Behind them, on the floor, tucked way back in a corner, she saw an oblong canvas bag. Some of his old army stuff, she supposed.

She was just about to toss it out to join the golf bag when she saw what looked like a sales slip tucked into the leather strap which bound it. Backing out of the closet holding the heavy canvas in her arms, she read, "Mr. William Cummings—2 sleeping bags—\$35.00."

When on earth had he ordered these? She looked back at the date, "5/3/50."

May 1950, last year, two months before their wedding! Jane let the

(Continued on page 423)



# *Picnic Meals*

Evelyn Hansen

Director of Home Service, Utah Power and Light Company

Prepared Through the Utah State Nutrition Council

"Mom, let's have a picnic!"

This is the summer plea of children and the wish of many adults. A picnic can be wonderful fun for the entire family, including mother, if it is planned and prepared correctly. A picnic is an excellent form of summer entertaining for friends and guests, and can be the relaxing answer to a hot day.

Picnics can also help solve expensive food problems on trips and vacations.

## *How to Package and Pack Foods for "Away From the House" Eating*

1. Use polyethylene bags, or freezer bags. These are not cellophane. They can be used over and over again, are moisture and vapor proof. They will keep bread and cake moist, greens fresh and crisp. Keep them and take them home again. Wash and dry well and use over many times.

2. Use an insulated electric roaster or casserole to make an excellent portable refrigerator. Put ice cubes or a piece of ice in polyethylene bags and close the top with an elastic band to keep the water from the other foods; or use a metal or glass container for ice, such as a shortening can, tall fruit juice can, or glass jar with a lid.

3. Use paper plates, cups, forks, spoons, and napkins—take plenty. Also provide paper tablecloths. These will reduce the dishwashing and laundry work when you return home.

4. Use paper tubs and plastic dishes, both with lids. These are inexpensive and come in sizes from  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup, for individual serving, to large sizes for quantity.

Salads, desserts, pickles, and relishes can be individually dished at home and are easy to serve at mealtime. Variety stores and those with freezer supplies carry these items.

5. Use Aluminum foil—freezer weight—to hold foods for cooking or reheating on a camp stove or bonfire. Use this material instead of cooking utensils.

## *To Keep Foods Hot*

1. Have foods boiling in a large, well-covered kettle. The deepwell cooker kettle is excellent. Put the kettle in the center of a pasteboard box that is larger. Pack layers of newspaper around the sides and over the top of the kettle. Cover all with a rug or blanket.

2. Cook a single food or a complete meal in the insulated roaster or casserole. Put the whole roaster in the car. This meal will keep hot up to five hours.

3. Carry food in a utensil that can be used to reheat it on a camp stove or bonfire.

A good hot dish can easily be carried if there will be not more than 3-3½ hours before serving time.

## RECIPES FOR PICNICS

## KIDNEY BEAN SALAD

- |               |                                 |               |                             |
|---------------|---------------------------------|---------------|-----------------------------|
| 2             | c. cold lunch meat, cubed       | 2             | tbsp. pimiento, chopped     |
| 2             | c. canned kidney beans, drained |               | salt and pepper to taste    |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ | c. sweet pickle, chopped        | $\frac{1}{4}$ | tsp. Worcestershire sauce   |
| 3             | tbsp. green pepper, chopped     | 4             | tbsp. cooked salad dressing |

Rub salad bowl with garlic. Add Worcestershire sauce and salad dressing. Combine all ingredients in a bowl and toss lightly. Recipe will fill 12 small paper cups.

To complete the meal you might serve: sliced raw tomatoes, raw carrot sticks, bread and butter sandwiches, cupcakes, fresh fruit in season, and lemonade or milk to drink.

It is not necessary to have many kinds of foods to have a good picnic. Simple, nutritious foods are less work and more fun. Bake the cupcakes in individual paper cups. These may be frozen and kept on hand. If you do not have a vacuum jug, carry the lemonade base—lemon juice and sugar only—in a pint jar. Add a tablespoon to each cup of cold water. Use plenty of sugar so that you have a syrup-like mixture.

## CHICKETTI

- |               |                         |                 |                       |
|---------------|-------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| 4-5           | lb. chicken             | $\frac{1}{2}$   | c. chopped pimiento   |
| 1             | can consomme            | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | c. cut ripe olives    |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ | c. finely cut celery    | $\frac{3}{4}$   | tsp. paprika          |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ | c. finely chopped onion | 4               | c. uncooked spaghetti |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ | c. chopped green pepper | 2               | c. grated cheese      |

Brown disjointed chicken. Place browned chicken and 3 c. water in thrift cooker. Turn switch to high, when steam appears turn to low. Cook about 3 hours, or until tender. Remove meat from the bones, cut in small pieces, and return broth to the thrift cooker. Add consomme and water, total six cups. Brown the onions and green pepper in fat, and add to the mixture, together with the chicken, pimiento, celery, seasonings, and uncooked spaghetti. Turn switch to high until steaming again, then turn to low and cook about 30 minutes longer. Add the olives and 1 c. grated cheese. When cheese is melted, serve with remaining 1 c. cheese sprinkled on top. Yield: 8-10 servings.

## TALLERINI

- |               |                     |               |                             |
|---------------|---------------------|---------------|-----------------------------|
| 1             | green pepper, diced | $\frac{1}{4}$ | lb. dry noodles             |
| 1             | lb. hamburger       | 1             | no. 2 can tomatoes          |
| 2             | tbsp. olive oil     | 1             | no. 1 can whole kernel corn |
| 1             | small onion, diced  | 1             | c. ripe olives              |
| 1             | clove garlic, diced | $\frac{1}{2}$ | c. olive liquid             |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ | lb. grated cheese   |               |                             |

Brown pepper and hamburger in olive oil on high heat. Add remaining ingredients. Put cover on skillet, and when steam appears, remove cover and stir mixture. Replace cover and turn unit to simmer position for 45 minutes.

To complete the meal, you might serve: combination vegetable salad with French dressing (take the dressing in a jar and add just before serving), bread and butter

sandwiches or rolls, chiffon cake with frozen fruit topping or fruit turnovers. These are individual pies and may be prepared and kept frozen if they have fruit fillings.

Prepare the combination salad foods ahead and put into polyethylene bags. Chill well. Add an ice cube or two if desired. Drain well before adding the dressing. All salads should be thoroughly chilled to prevent spoilage. Put bread and rolls, cakes and pies, in polyethylene bags so they will keep fresh and moist.

### *Food for Trips*

Do you like to eat as you travel? Snacks and out-of-hand foods will satisfy this desire and keep children happy. Foods that are easy to eat and do not increase thirst will aid cleanliness and lessen the stops for a drink for children.

#### SANDWICHES

1. Graham crackers put together with cream-cheese filling.
2. Cheese and crackers.
3. Carrot and raisin filling on whole wheat bread. To make the filling, mix lightly  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. peanut butter, 1 c. shredded carrots,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. seeded raisins,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. cooked salad dressing. Use generously between slices of buttered bread.
4. Hot dog buns or hard rolls hollowed out and filled with your favorite chicken or fish salad.

#### DEVILED CHICKEN SPREAD

- |   |   |               |                           |
|---|---|---------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | 6-oz. can boned chicken or equivalent in cooked chicken | 1             | tsp. dry mustard          |
|   | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Accent                               | $\frac{1}{4}$ | tsp. curry powder         |
|   | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt                                 | $\frac{1}{2}$ | c. mayonnaise             |
|   |   | 3             | hard-cooked eggs, chopped |

Flake the chicken into small pieces. Combine Accent with other seasonings and mayonnaise; add to chicken and blend. Toss eggs lightly into chicken mixture.

Sandwiches containing meat, chicken, or fish should be chilled or frozen before packing in warm weather. Wrap each sandwich in waxed paper, then put several into a polyethylene bag. Put them in your freezer or the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. Pack while still frozen. They will be ready to eat in 3 - 4 hours.

Cookies, crackers, and small cakes are very good while traveling, as are apples, bananas, grapes, prunes, or fresh fruit in season.

Fried chicken is always good if you don't want to stop at a cafe for the first meal out. Have it frozen as you leave home, and it will keep all day, even in the hottest weather. Raw foods, such as lettuce, carrots, celery, or fruit can complete the meal.

### *Keep Our Country Clean*

Take along a few empty paper bags to hold soiled napkins, paper goods, and food waste. It is the responsibility of all to keep picnic grounds and highways clean and attractive. Put refuse into cans at picnic sites, if available; otherwise, take it with you and deposit in cans at service stations.

# Uncertain Possession

## CHAPTER 6

*Beatrice R. Parsons*

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, who has no home of her own and has lived with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never be wholly hers. However, she gradually finds a place for herself in the community and in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. She meets Jeanne Beatty and Anne Clayton, friends of Matthew's, and becomes acquainted with Jim Nason, an eccentric man, who has been asked to help financially in building a much-needed hospital in Sky Valley. Two small china kittens, which Lorna has treasured since childhood, have become to her a symbol of possession, and yet she gradually learns to share herself and her husband with others. One day, while Matthew and Nurse Hallie have gone out on an emergency call, Carole cuts her hand and Lorna attends the wound and gives the little china kittens to Carole.

**L**ORNA was fast coming to know her husband. The almost fierce independence in him, the almost terrifying impatience to learn all there was to learn about the mysterious working of human chemistry. He studied eagerly while Lorna sat quietly sewing, glad to be alone with him, even though he was deep in his book.

His mind was always busy, learning the names of the drugs that would subdue, or conquer a certain disease, probing, solving complex problems that Lorna could scarcely comprehend. When he was worried, he sought Uncle John, or

Hallie, and Lorna had that old, frightening feeling of being shut out.

She was trying to conquer her fears and jealousies, and yet she still feared Matt's friends. Anne, Jeanne, and Margaret had shared his boyhood, his gay, happy youth.

One morning just after breakfast—and for a wonder—before a patient arrived, Matt and Lorna sat on their own little patio, under everlasting, lavender sweet-pea vines that shed their fragrance over them. Lorna always enjoyed these little stolen moments alone with Matt, and she was almost impatient to see Carole running across the street. She had a lovely, framed portrait in her hands.

"It's a picture of Margaret! She gave it to Mama." She sighed, deeply, happily, looking at it, "Isn't she beautiful, Dr. Matt?"

Matt took the picture in his hands and studied it. Lorna looked over his shoulder at a quiet, lovely face, with soft, lustrous dark hair molding the thin cheeks. The eyes seemed to be quietly waiting.

"Is she really like that, Matt?" asked Lorna, catching her breath. "Is she really so lovely, almost fragile looking?" She had meant to call on Margaret, had promised Matt she would do so, but she hadn't gone. She was ashamed, and said: "Matt, I've meant to go and see her. Hallie told me she hadn't been so well since she visited Patty Hamilton. I've been so

busy . . . ." Her voice dwindled, as Matt looked at her. She had no real excuse.

Matt spoke tensely, holding the frame much too tight. "Go to see her, soon, Lorna. I want you to be good friends."

Lorna glanced at her husband in quick alarm. "Is she very . . . ?" She had been going to say, "ill," but Matt's eyes, darting from Carole's small face to her own, had warned her. She tried to be cheerful for Carole's sake. "Surely anyone so lovely, so . . . well . . . alive can't be . . . ." She nodded triumphantly: "Margaret must be all right, Matt. Remember how wrong you were about Jeanne. She had those X-rays, and she wrote that they showed nothing!"

Matt handed the picture back to Carole, but he said nothing. The worry that deepened his eyes didn't go as he went to the office. Lorna read Jeanne's letter again, and felt that Matt was worrying too much about Margaret. She said as much to Hallie one afternoon when they had a moment or two alone.

Hallie's starched uniform rustled crisply, and she gave Lorna a strange look. When she spoke her voice was a little gruff.

"One of the first things a nurse has to learn is not to speak lightly of anyone's illness . . . ."

**L**ORNA flushed angrily. "I wasn't trying to be callous . . . ."

Hallie shook her head. "You weren't being callous, Mrs. Wire. You were being casual."

Lorna's eyes flicked to Hallie's stern face. "You think I'm jealous because I know how much Margaret means to Matt!"

"Margaret means a lot to everyone in Westfield," corrected Hallie very quietly. She worked carefully with the tubes and bottles in her refrigerator, and said, surprisingly enough: "How would you like to go driving this afternoon, Mrs. Wire. I have to go out to John Barker's place and look after his dressing . . . ." As she saw Lorna about to refuse, she added coaxingly: "Helen Barker gets lonely out there on the farm. She'd like to have a visitor. She's been complaining of her back, lately. But Dr. John and I doubt if there's really anything wrong."

She motioned to Lorna, who followed her reluctantly, and said as they got into the car: "I'm sure there's nothing wrong with Helen Barker that can't be cured by a good hard talking to from John. But she's got him under her thumb so that he doesn't dare say his name is his own."

She guided the car carefully along the cottonwood-shaded street, and didn't look at Lorna, as she added: "Helen's mother was one of those people who always have to rule. Helen grew up to think she must rule John. He was all right until she made him dance to her tune. Now he's just a lazy, shiftless man who deserves most of Helen's nagging."

Lorna listened to Hallie's words with one ear. She wasn't really interested in Helen and John Barker. She didn't know why Hallie wanted her to see them. There must be a reason, for Hallie wasn't the sort of person who did things hit or miss. But what it was, Lorna couldn't guess. Besides, she was thinking of Margaret, and of the

way Matt had looked when he spoke about her. She broke into the middle of Hallie's dissertation about foolish wives.

"Tell me about Margaret," she said a little crisply, demandingly.

Hallie turned her head and gave her a sharp glance. "I've known Margaret since she was a child. She was very like the sister Matt never had. They grew up on the same block, though her family moved away after she had rheumatic fever. It left her with a bad heart."

**L**ORNA was ashamed, but she had to know the answer to the question that was troubling her heart. Her voice was low, tense, and Hallie had to bend to hear it.

"Was Matt . . .? Were they . . . in love?"

For a moment Hallie didn't answer. Then she said a little flatly: "They might have married if Margaret hadn't become ill. She put all thoughts of love aside when she learned of her condition."

Hallie seemed to be considering further. At last she said firmly: "No, Matt never loved her. Not the way he loves . . . you. But he promised her something. He promised that when he grew up and got to be a doctor, he'd cure her weak heart."

Hallie's hands were suddenly taut on the wheel as she turned into the Barker's farmyard. "There's nothing Matt can do, only stand helplessly aside and wait."

The words fell like cold rain on Lorna's shoulders as she got out of the car and crossed the yard at Hallie's side. She wondered if the world had changed, darkened. Yet the sun shone with its accustomed

brilliance on the littered yard, the run-down farm. She heard Helen's sharp voice calling from the broken screen door.

"Nurse Hallie, see if there isn't anything you can do for my sore back. John just sits there and sits there, his foot up. I have to do all the chores . . ." On and on went the stinging, lashing voice as Hallie asked about the back, promised to have Dr. Matt drop in when he was out that way, then looked at the foot that John had crushed with the plow. It looked awful to Lorna's sick eyes, but Hallie assured her that it was coming nicely.

Watching John's lined, patient face, hearing his wife's scolding voice, a thought came unbidden into Lorna's mind. A thought about a wild hawk circling a gray mountain peak. Her lips trembled suddenly, recalling what Hallie had said about John having been a jolly young man.

So that's why Hallie had brought her here. It was plain to her now. Hallie had wanted to show her an object lesson in what a selfish, possessive wife could do to a fine husband. Lorna's cheeks burned hotly as she watched Hallie finish the dressing.

For the first time she felt that perhaps it wasn't all Hallie's fault that they were so far apart. She wanted to say something to Hallie as they got back into the car, to let her know how grateful she was to know about the Barkers. But she couldn't find words to say.

She was glad when Hallie broke into her thought, saying casually: "We're passing Margaret Benson's home in a few minutes, Mrs. Wire.

(Continued on page 420)



# Dear Conquest

## PART IV (CONCLUSION)

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Maggie Sullivan, young and beautiful, comes to Oakville as a high school teacher. She makes many friends, however, her preference is for Ira Scott, a strange, silent rancher, who has few friends. Ira and Maggie become engaged on Christmas night and are married in May, despite the misgivings and apprehension of many Oakville people. The next April a son is born to Ira and Maggie, but Ira's stubborn pride complicates the relationship between them. At Thanksgiving time they visit in Oakville at the home of Maggie's former landlady, but Ira finds it necessary to return to the ranch to care for one of the hired men who has been injured in an accident. The blizzard forces Maggie and the baby to remain in town.

**T**HE next few days were filled with worry for all of us. The storm didn't seem to ease up any, and we couldn't know for sure that Ira and Jake and the doctor had got through to the ranch. My John had gone to doctor Rich's the day after Thanksgiving to see if the doctor had gone with them.

"He did," Ann Rich told My John, "but I wish he hadn't. This is good weather to stay inside." It was, too.

On Sunday we went to church, and Maggie seemed to have a real nice time showing off the baby and visiting. Everybody was surely glad to see her and most everyone had something comforting to tell her about. They mentioned worse storms, times people got through when the drifts were higher and the winds were blowing harder. It

helped a little, I guess, but Maggie stayed tense and worried underneath it all.

Jake brought the doctor back into town a week later. He dropped him off and came straight to our place. Again Maggie ran to get the baby's things ready when she heard Jake was in town and coming, but Jake had different news for her.

"Ira says I wasn't to take the risk of trying to bring you through. It's too rough and hard going, and nobody knows what kind of storm could be blown up before we get halfway. He says not come to the ranch at all no more if I got to bring you."

Maggie stared at Jake, shifting from one foot to another on the newspapers in my front hall. "When am I going home, Jake?"

"He's coming for you himself. Just as soon as Dominic is out of danger and Rosie can take care of him all right. He says another week or so. He says before Christmas for sure. Ira says he'll come in to get you himself, and if you and him can't get back, why you all can just spend the winter at his cousin Jane's house which is really mostly his anyway."

"Yes," said Maggie resignedly, "we could do that."

Jake sighed in a kind of relieved way. I handed Maggie the lunch we had put up for her and Jake to eat on the way out. She handed it to Jake. "Thank you, ma'am," he said and buttoned his coat.

"Thank you, Jake. Tell, Ira . . . . Oh, never mind." Maggie let Jake go then, and we went back to face some more waiting.

"It's something to know he's safe," I said.

"It's almost everything," said Maggie.

The weather continued to be bad until almost the middle of December. Even with it snowing Maggie began to watch for Ira, began to jump at sounds. If a day cleared up at all, she was sure Ira would come that day, and her spirits drooped as the evening came on.

"Sullivan will forget what his Daddy looks like if he doesn't come soon," sighed Maggie.

"I don't know about Christmas," I said to My John. "I just don't have the heart to fix a real Christmas dinner without Ira."

"Of course we'll have Christmas," Maggie and My John exclaimed in one breath. They laughed, and I thought how rare it was we heard Maggie's laughter now.

"Ira'll be in before Christmas, you don't need to worry none about him," My John said to Maggie. We all tried to believe it.

**WE** borrowed a high chair from the Shorts next door. It had been Alma's. Sullivan banged on the tray when he wanted more food. His was the only appetite which didn't diminish any as the days before Christmas became fewer.

"I expect we should be taking it back," Maggie said, looking at the high chair. "We only borrowed it for a week."

Maggie insisted on helping me all the time about the house. I got so I was hard put to invent things

for us to keep on doing. One morning after Maggie had seemed more discouraged than usual, we were awakened before dawn by Maggie going down the stairs. My John and I both got up and went down, and there was Maggie on the back porch struggling with her snowshoe straps.

"I'm going to him," she sobbed, even as we got her to go back up the stairs. "There are so many misunderstandings between us. Maybe he's never coming for me . . . ."

"You couldn't ever make it," My John said indignantly. "Why Ira himself would have come in if he'd thought it safe enough, but it isn't. You wait another week to Christmas when the snow's not so soft, and I'll take you out if Ira isn't in."

"You promise?" Maggie asked.

"Sure do," said My John cheerfully, and we all went back to bed.

Sullivan was at the pulling stage. He'd pull your hair or ear or a dish off the table or anything hanging down. My John was talking seriously about raising money for the new chapel one night, and Sullivan reached up and just as seriously gave a long pull on My John's nose. If it hadn't been for the baby, I guess Maggie couldn't have stood the waiting as well as she did. Yet because of him I'm sure Maggie's heart broke a dozen times when she worried about his father.

We began preparations for Christmas. My John brought in the tree. We left the decorations until Christmas Eve, as had long been our custom. More snow made it unlikely that Ira would attempt to come in to Oakville that week before Christmas even if Dominic was out of danger. I baked my fruit

cake long in advance, and Maggie made candy. We decided we'd have the regular dinner on Christmas day as usual and hope for Ira. I couldn't somehow decide about going to the schoolhouse or the church for the programs. The schoolhouse program was always held a few days before Christmas Eve, and that night we all sat about the house trying to decide whether or not to go until it was too late.

"I'm a coward," said Maggie mournfully. "I'm afraid I'll miss Ira the first minute he comes to town."

"That's only natural," I said. "None of us felt like going out tonight. And there's the baby to keep us home."

"Well, we have to go to the church," My John insisted. "Maggie's on the program."

"Yes, that's right," said Maggie. "I'll have to play. I should be practicing."

For the next day or so Maggie opened up the parlor and played the piano most of the day. It helped ease her mind a little, it seemed.

**T**HEN too soon it was the day before Christmas. I wondered how Maggie could ever live through Christmas Eve without Ira. My heart sank when I drew back the curtains and saw softly falling snow. It seemed as if everything was against us. I could hear My John's hungry walk downstairs, so I shut the curtains again and went downstairs to get breakfast. We spent the morning cooking and doing last minute cleaning. We ate lunch, and then Maggie put Sullivan down for his nap. I went to the attic for the Christmas decorations in order that

they'd be ready for evening. I had just started down the stairs when there was a repeated knock at the front door. My heart gave such a jump I sat back on the stairs. The whole house was still, and then again the knocking. In a moment I was down to the hall where Maggie stood.

"Open the door, Maggie. It's probably the Shorts with our Christmas presents."

Maggie came alive. "Of course," she said.

But it was Ira standing on our front porch with the snow turning his black coat white.

"Come on in, Ira," I invited. "That's a fearful draft coming up the hall."

Maggie stepped back quickly from the open doorway. Ira shook himself and stepped into the hall. He and Maggie stood facing each other.

"How's Dominic?" Maggie asked after a moment.

"Out of danger and much better," Ira said. He handed some packages to Maggie. "Presents for under the tree. I'm sorry I couldn't get in to get you sooner."

"I'll take your coat, Ira," Maggie said solemnly, and Ira began to pull off his things. It was as if everything was going on in slow motion. I put Ira's presents under the tree, and Maggie and Ira went in and sat before the untrimmed tree.

"Sullivan's fine," Maggie offered. "He's asleep."

"I can hardly wait till he wakes up," Ira said with such a wistfulness I almost quit disliking him for a minute for all the trouble Maggie had been through.

"Well," I suggested, "I guess I'd better see to an early supper. Then we can all go over to the church together. Maggie's got to play."

"I'd like to hear her," Ira said rather gruffly.

I waited another moment and then went to the kitchen. The quiet living room made the palms of my hands break out in a cold sweat. I opened the door. "You ought to practice, Maggie; the parlor's nice and warm by now."

They both moved to the parlor, and in a moment I heard the piano.

**M**Y John came in the back door, and I made him sit down on a chair in the kitchen. "We'll just have to wait it out, I guess," I sighed. "I'm afraid it's going to take a little time."

My John washed his hands and then started crumbling the dry bread for the dressing.

"Be sure you put enough sage in," reminded My John.

I gave him a swift look and pressed my lips together. If that wasn't like a man, worrying about his stomach at a time like this. Then the piano stopped. With My John there I didn't dare try to listen. Their trouble ought to be dissolving before now, and then I heard Ira's voice.

I began to set the dining room table, and his voice came more distinctly. The very sound of it seemed beautiful even to my old ears. There was love in the voice, a proud man's voice, but so full of love Maggie would be all right forever. It was happening. I went back to the kitchen and leaned against the wall and wiped my eyes.

"The onion bothering you?" asked My John. He opened the kitchen door and pulled me behind him; he opened the dining room door just a little. "Listen," he said.

"I don't need to," I tried to say, but he shushed me. Maggie's hands were stroking Ira's hair as he kneeled beside her on my green carpet.

"I've been afraid," Ira was saying, "always afraid if I praised anything too much or said I cared for anything a great deal that thing would disappear. I guess I was always trying to recover from some blow or other when I was younger until I shrank up inside myself. That's a child's way of acting—thinking the fates are after you."

Maggie murmured something.

"No," said Ira, "I cared so much for you and Sullivan that I was afraid you couldn't be real—that something would happen to rob me of you. And then when I lost some cattle, I thought it was because I'd been bragging so much—been so proud of all I had."

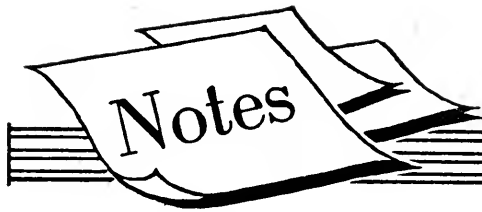
"No, no," murmured Maggie.

"No," and Ira looked up and smiled at her. "When there was no way for me to talk about my love for you because you weren't out at the ranch, when I realized that without you, I could never be a whole man again, I vowed I'd talk everything out your way, say everything. I'd tell you first thing how much you mean to me."

"Oh, Ira, I was letting so many little, unimportant things matter. How I've missed you, Ira . . ."

My John shut the door. We went back to the kitchen. "Feel better?" asked My John. I nodded, smiling

(Continued on page 418)



# From The Field

General Secretary Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

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 Drusilla B. Newman

### RIVERSIDE STAKE (UTAH), ROSE PARK WARD SINGING MOTHERS Relief Society Sunday Evening Service, March 16, 1952

Front row, left to right: Vevedeen Hill, organist; Myrle Davis, chorister; Lucille Mills; Grace Bradford, Secretary-Treasurer; Betty Jo Reiser, President; Delores Hedin; Lucy Feveryear; Phyllis Roe.

Second row, left to right: Norma Edwards; Miriam Sims; Evelyn Wilcox; Helen Goates, First Counselor; Doris Irons, Second Counselor; Laura Rasmussen, work director.

Back row, left to right: Ruth Adams; Marie White; Margaret Williamson; Lois Steenblik; Marian Spencer.

Drusilla B. Newman, President, Riverside Stake Relief Society, in reporting this outstanding event, comments: "It was thought that it would be of interest to note the number of children involved in such a group, represented by nineteen mothers, the total being fifty-six. While such a large number of children poses some problems and handicaps, when practices are called and performances given by these Singing Mothers, we feel that our children are a blessing and that we appreciate our activity in Relief Society even more because of them."



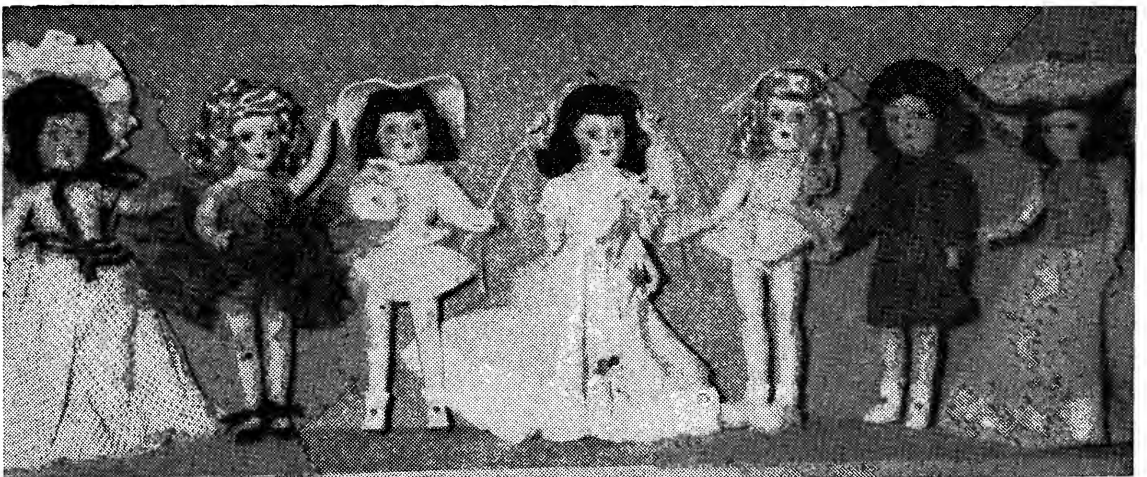
Photograph submitted by Rula E. Frank

### SEVIER STAKE (UTAH), RICHFIELD FIFTH WARD BAZAAR December 1951

Left to right: Secretary Letta Staples; President Vanorma Anderson; Counselor Madge Parks.

Many articles of fine workmanship were exhibited and sold at this bazaar, including pillowslips, dish towels, many varieties of aprons, children's clothing, hats, bonnets, and decorative items. The ward was less than a year old when this successful bazaar was held.

Ivy C. Ashby is president of Sevier Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Bessie W. Dayley

### WEST POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), POCATELLO FIFTH WARD DOLL DISPLAY

A unique and successful work project has netted over one hundred dollars for Pocatello Fifth Ward Relief Society. In reporting their "Doll Project," Bessie W. Dayley, Second Counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency, describes the work: "Catering to 'her last doll' seekers, the Relief Society women made hand-knit, crocheted, and tailored wardrobes for fourteen-inch dolls. Accessories were made to complete the outfits. Bertha Cragun, work director, supervised the project, and Shirley Tolley was doll chairman."

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





Photograph submitted by Pearl W. Jones

### MALAD STAKE (IDAHO), MALAD SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY WORK MEETING

Officers, standing at the back, left to right: Kathryn Harding, work meeting leader; Hannah Peterson, work chairman; Fern A. Willie, First Counselor; Mary C. Sweeten, President; Lile B. Kern, Second Counselor; Pearl W. Jones, Secretary.

The sisters of this ward have engaged in a large number of work meeting activities: quilting, rug weaving, hairpin lace, netting, crocheting, tatting, making applique, textile painting, flower making, picture painting, and special demonstrations of floral arrangements and candy making.

Hanna S. Harris is president of Malad Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Annie M. Ellsworth

### CENTRAL STATES MISSION, SOUTHWEST MISSOURI DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Left to right: Charles W. Brown (portraying the Prophet Joseph Smith); First Counselor Lorene Tidlund (Emma Smith); Second Counselor Marie Brown (Eliza R.

Snow); Gertie Ohler (Zina D. H. Young); President Lena Nickle (Emmeline B. Wells); Ruth Wintle; Marian Broman; Pearl Green; Vera Dalrymple (Amy Brown Lyman); Ada Harris (Louise Y. Robison); Naydeen Sandmire (Bathsheba Smith); Wilma Johnson (Belle S. Spafford); Clara Mitchel; Gladys Drummond (Clarissa S. Williams); James W. Nickle, District President.

This special program was held March 16, 1952, at Webb City, Missouri, celebrating the birthday of Relief Society. The theme of the program included the organization of the society and the lives and labors of the presidents. The cake on the table was decorated with the words: "110th Anniversary of the Relief Society." The program was arranged and conducted by District Relief Society President Lorene Tidlund.

Annie M. Ellsworth is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Lena W. Glaus

#### EAST GERMAN MISSION, LEIPZIG DISTRICT, DELITZSCH GEMEINDE (BRANCH) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Sister Lena Glaus, President, East German Mission Relief Society, reports the many problems and opportunities for service in the East German Mission: "We think our mission is the best mission in the whole Church. Do you know why? Because no other mission has as many problems as we have. Our mission is made up of ten districts. Some two months ago President Glaus invited all of our Relief Society district presidents to come to Berlin. We really had a spiritual feast, and many tears were shed for joy and the privilege they had of meeting the mission mother. These women are like our pioneers of old—they can "take it," and they are true to the core. I am sincerely thankful for the opportunity I have of laboring here in Germany with these fine people."



## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Elder Leland H. Monson

THE purpose of this year's lessons on The Book of Mormon is to familiarize Relief Society sisters with the narrative, the characters, and the teachings of the first and second books of Nephi. These two books give an account of a second colony that migrated from the Eastern Hemisphere and settled in the land of promise about the time of the demise of the Jaredite civilization, 600 B.C.

These colonists formed a small settlement under the immediate leadership of Lehi, father of six boys, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, Nephi, Jacob, and Joseph. Together with the sons and daughters of Ishmael, and Zoram the servant of Laban, keeper of the Brass Plates, they founded a new civilization in the land of promise.

It was not long after the death of Lehi, however, until the older brothers, Laman and Lemuel, recalcitrant and disobedient from the beginning, renounced the leadership of Nephi. With murder in their hearts, they sought to take Nephi's life.

With the loyal members of the colony, Nephi separated from Laman and Lemuel and their families, and founded a new settlement north

of the original place of disembarkation. Henceforth, two civilizations flourished on the land of promise, the Nephites and the Lamanites.

Nephi laid the foundation of a great civilization, undergirded with a high degree of spirituality. Laman and Lemuel established a people of an idle nature, a people "full of mischief and subtlety."

Like all great history, this account is filled with valuable lessons for us. Studying the principles of their success and their failure, we come to understand what we should undertake and what we should avoid. This record, more than any other we have, teaches us that when a people is righteous it prospers, but when it is unrighteous or wicked it declines.

To the degree that we learn from our reading of this portion of The Book of Mormon the basic concepts which contributed to success, and set about sincerely and vigorously to activate these principles in our lives, in just that proportion will the course be meaningful and profitable to us.

It is the mission of The Book of Mormon to be a new witness of Jesus Christ.

The author feels that he should

repeat the instructions given by the Relief Society general board concerning the use of maps and unauthorized publications:

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 requirements 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.

The titles and objectives for the course of study for the second year are as follows:

#### Lesson 9. *Preparation for the Journey*

Objective: To show that "if . . . the children of men keep the commandments of God he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them" (1 Nephi 17:3).

#### Lesson 10. *Journey to the Land of Promise*

Objective: The Lord aids those who

keep his commandments to accomplish righteous purposes.

#### Lesson 11. *The Value of Records*

Objective: To demonstrate the value of records to a people of God.

#### Lesson 12. *Lehi's Later Exhortations*

Objective: To realize the great concern of Lehi for his people and the necessity of obeying the commandments of prophets.

#### Lesson 13. *Separation Into Nephites and Lamanites*

Objective: To show the power of righteousness and spirituality in building a great civilization.

#### Lesson 14. *Nephi*

Objective: To gain an appreciation of the character and teachings of Nephi, and to realize the value to all men in emulating them.

#### Lesson 15. *Nephi's Predictions, Promises, and Instructions*

Objective: To study Nephi's predictions concerning the Jews, Nephites, Lamanites, and the Gentiles.

#### Lesson 16. *The Words of Jacob Recorded by Nephi*

Objective: To study the eternal truths taught by Jacob.

## *Visiting Teacher Messages*

### Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Leone O. Jacobs

**T**HE Visiting Teacher Messages for the year 1952-53 are a continuation of the course "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth." The

scriptural passages for these messages have been taken from the chapters of The Book of Mormon which will be studied in the the-

ology lessons this year. However, these visiting teacher messages do not necessarily tie in with the theology lessons, but are complete and separate messages within themselves.

The Relief Society has a sacred obligation to teach the gospel to the sisters of the Church, and these visiting teacher messages are designed to help in the fulfillment of this responsibility. The general board particularly desires that the visiting teacher message leaders fully sense this responsibility; and we urge them to encourage the visiting teachers to be conscientious in presenting these messages in an interesting, informal, and friendly way in Latter-day Saint homes.

The titles of the eight messages and their objectives follow:

**Lesson 9. "Wherefore, Do Not Spend Money for That Which Is of No Worth, Nor Your Labor for That Which Cannot Satisfy"** (2 Nephi 9:51).

Objective: To encourage women to seek after true values in life.

**Lesson 10. "But to Be Learned Is Good If They Hearken Unto the Counsels of God"** (2 Nephi 9:29).

Objective: To point out the meaning of true education.

**Lesson 11. "... I Work Not Among the Children of Men Save It Be According to Their Faith"** (2 Nephi 27:23).

Objective: To show that faith is necessary in order to receive blessings from God.

**Lesson 12. "Therefore, Wo Be Unto Him That Is at Ease in Zion"** (2 Nephi 28:24)

Objective: To point out the need for being always on guard against the wiles of Satan.

**Lesson 13. "Yea, I know That God Will Give Liberally to Him That Asketh. Yea, My God Will Give Me, If I Ask Not Amiss"** (2 Nephi 4:35).

Objective: To encourage praying to the Lord for guidance, and to point out that he will answer our prayers aright.

**Lesson 14. "Wherefore, the Lord God Gave Unto Man That He Should Act for Himself. Wherefore, Man Could Not Act for Himself Save It Should Be That He Was Enticed by the One or the Other"** (2 Nephi 2:16).

Objective: To bring to our minds an awareness of the importance of free agency, and to stimulate its intelligent use.

**Lesson 15. "... For They Who Are Not for Me Are Against Me, Saith Our God"** (2 Nephi 10:16).

Objective: To stress the necessity of giving support to the work of the Lord.

**Lesson 16. "... And If It So Be That the Children of Men Keep the Commandments of God He Doth Nourish Them, and Strengthen Them, and Provide Means Whereby They Can Accomplish the Thing Which He Has Comanded them"** (1 Nephi 17:3).

Objective: To leave the comforting thought that if we keep the commandments of God he will help us to achieve the things that are required at our hands.



# Work Meeting—Home Management

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

## Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Rhea H. Gardner

“Mothers are the moving instruments in the hands of Providence to guide the destinies of nations.”—Brigham Young

A nation can be no stronger than the homes of which it is constituted. The strength of the home is influenced more by the wife and mother than by any other one person. She guides and directs the activities that go on within her own home, and plays a vital role in determining the kind of homemakers her daughters will become. Homemakers truly are molders of destiny.

The purpose of this course of study is to help homemakers find greater enjoyment and satisfaction in the work they do, and to stimulate appreciation for their membership in the homemaking profession.

In his address delivered at the annual general Relief Society conference in October 1951, President Stephen L. Richards said:

The women that want to get away from home are the women that never learn to have any real pleasure and enjoyment in their homes with their children. They want to get away, because they are often unhappy. . . . 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 (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1951, page 801).

Let us not run away from our responsibilities, but rather learn to discharge them so well that our work will become our greatest source of happiness. A busy homemaker was asked, “How are you able to do so many things?” She answered: “I get energy to do one thing from the joy I have in doing others.” She evidently was a successful home manager.

Wise mothers use the housekeeping jobs as the curriculum through which children grow to mature adulthood. Dr. Charters, psychologist of Ohio State University, has said that between the time when a baby throws his bowl of cereal on the floor to the time when he finds a cloth and wipes the floor clean without being told, after spilling something, there is a long and patient process of learning. He points out that the way the teaching is done can make the difference between a genuinely mature person and an unhappy, maladjusted adult.

Rather than to think of home management as a joy involving only scrubbing, cleaning, dusting, cooking, and patching, let us look beyond these processes to the bigger accomplishments and view them as they affect the lives of family members.

The course will cover a two-year period of study. During the cur-



rent year the following topics will be treated:

Lesson 1. *Management of My Home*

Lesson 2. *Making Hours Count Most*

Lesson 3. *Using Energy Wisely*

Lesson 4. *Providing for Order and Convenience in the Kitchen*

Lesson 5. *Providing for Order and Convenience in Rooms Other Than the Kitchen*

Lesson 6. *Spring Housecleaning*

Lesson 7. *What Is Income?*

Lesson 8. *How Can Income Best Be Used?*

Note to Class Leaders:

Class leaders are encouraged to watch for current articles written by qualified persons in magazines and newspapers to supplement the lesson material in *The Relief Society Magazine*. References for additional reading will appear with the lessons.

## *Literature*—The Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

**I**N this age of competition, noise, and speed, the opportunity to enjoy quiet beauty, to listen to one's own thoughts, or to visit with old friends and perhaps find new ones, comes too rarely. Modern life has become like a crowded highway along which we race, tense and tired, seeing nothing in the blurred landscape that flashes past as we rush along to our unknown destination. And yet all the beauties of the countryside, the valleys, mountains, lakes, and streams, the homesteads and villages where old friends and neighbors, and perhaps interesting strangers live, are still there to be enjoyed if we will slow down, leave the highway, stroll along the quiet lanes and pause to renew old friendships and make new ones among the genuine folk who dwell there.

This year we are to have the opportunity of spending an hour each month visiting one of the most interesting spots in the history of

literature, the period of romanticism. There we shall sit quietly in a shady garden and listen as Coleridge explains what poetry is, and gives us his opinion of the writings of Shakespeare. Again on another day, we will read the immortal "Ancient Mariner" to illustrate his standards of good poetry. We will visit the baronial estate of Sir Walter Scott and learn from him of his country and people, of his love for and pride in them as revealed in his poems and novels. We shall watch from a hilltop as the handsome, courageous, Lord Byron unfolds his drama before us in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and "Don Juan." We shall hear the symphonic melodies of Shelley, and be fascinated by the colorful tapestries of Keats. We shall become acquainted with Jane Austen and the manners and customs of England in her time. And, as a final excursion, we shall spend a pleasant hour enjoying a panoramic view of this entire lovely retreat.

Each class leader will serve as a well-informed guide. The lessons in the *Magazine* will be the guidebook. In them, you will find summaries of historical backgrounds, life sketches, and brief excerpts from the works of these great writers. Study the guidebook as the wise tourist always does, so that you will know what to expect and look for, and then carry your *Magazine* with you as you join us each month for these eight satisfying visits in the land of romanticism.

The textbook for this year's study of literature is the same one used the past year: Woods, Watt, Anderson: *The Literature of England*, Vol. II. This is for sale at the Deseret Book Company; price \$5.00. Reasonably priced editions of the two novels, one of Sir Walter Scott: *The Heart of Midlothian*, price 75c, and Jane Austen's: *Pride and Prejudice*, 65c, may be purchased at the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Following are the lesson titles and objectives for this year:

Lesson 25. Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) (Text, pp. 163-190; 328-336).

Objective: To sketch a portrait of Coleridge and to indicate his influence as a philosopher and critic.

Lesson 26. Coleridge, the Poet (1772-1834) (Text, pp. 163-190)

Objective: To study Coleridge's

poems as illustrations of his poetic theory, that we might more fully understand, and thus enjoy his works.

Lesson 27. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) (Text, pp. 190-199) *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Objective: To sketch the importance of place and tradition in Scott's life and writings that his achievement may be more fully understood and enjoyed.

Lesson 28. George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824) (Text, pp. 200-248)

Objective: By detailing the principles of romanticism which he immortalized in his life and writings, to come more fully to know Lord Byron.

Lesson 29. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) (Text, pp. 248-273; 315-318)

Objective: To relate Shelley's idealism to his lyrical poetry.

Lesson 30. John Keats (1795-1821) (Text, pp. 273-296)

Objective: To understand more fully the relation between Keats' life his theory of beauty, and his poetry.

Lesson 31. Jane Austen (1775-1817) *Pride and Prejudice*, *Emma*, or *Persuasion*

Objective: To attempt to understand Jane Austen's world of reality.

Lesson 32. Readings in Romanticism—a Review

Objective: To re-define the length and texture of the romantic strands, that finally they might be bound together in a solid knot.

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## Alchemy

Caroline Eyring Miner

Sorrow may be changed to wisdom  
By some strange alchemy,  
And wisdom lead one in the way  
To sweet felicity.

# *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

## Part III—In the Way of Destiny

### Preview of Lessons for 1952-53

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

THE seven lessons for 1952-53 conclude the series taken from *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. Part III is entitled "In the Way of Destiny." In this, as in the previous periods studied, we see two opposing camps in battle array. The forces of evil and oppression and ignorance are marshaling all their might to stay the destined triumph of righteousness; but theirs is a losing fight. The purpose of God cannot be frustrated. A study of the worldwide advances of this period will convince us, with Moroni, that "the eternal purposes of the Lord shall roll on, until all his promises shall be fulfilled" (Mormon 8:22). Many of those purposes have been already established; much remains to be achieved. But the irresistible trend of events is ever toward their accomplishment.

Wise men, inspired of the Lord, drew up the Constitution of the United States. Similar devotees of freedom in Great Britain and in other lands were moved upon by the same spirit, and greater free agency was guaranteed to many peoples. The doctrine was accepted widely that all men are entitled to equal rights and justice. Under these favorable circumstances, it was possible for the gospel to be restored and promulgated, and the Church to be organized to endure and increase.

The Church teaches loyalty to established governments under which its members live; and these believe in "obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law" (12th Article of Faith). Yet it recognizes the fact that no government upon the earth is perfect, and that even the best of them can only serve as a preparation and a forerunner for that glorious period when Christ shall rule and reign over the whole earth. During the millennium, wickedness shall be removed from the earth, and peace and justice and righteousness shall prevail.

Dangerous trends toward irreligion and immorality, meanwhile, are all too evident on every hand, and in every country. There is an almost universal tendency toward treason against God and his divine and saving principles. Nothing short of genuine repentance can stay the decrees of destruction which shall come upon all those who do wickedly. With every decline in righteous living comes a resurgence of oppression and dictatorial government and efforts to deny man his agency. The world today, wounded and bleeding, is fearful of fresh outbreaks of unimaginable destructiveness. The signs of the fulfillment of prophecy are on every hand.

In the midst of present turmoil and apprehension, we are permitted, by the light of revelation, to

see beyond the impending ills to the glorious future when the Savior shall come in glory, evil shall be banished, and world-wide happiness shall prevail. Man, becoming more and more God-like through faithfulness, can eventually attain to his destined high place in the future, a glorified and perfected being on a celestialized world. Such a vision should carry us forward in full faith.

Following are the lesson titles and objectives for this year:

### PART III—IN THE WAY OF DESTINY

Lesson 15. *The Constitution of the United States* (Text: chapters 25-29)

Objective: To present the truth that in a critical period of American history the Lord raised up wise men to establish the Constitution of the United States, for the protection of the rights and privileges and moral agency of man.

Lesson 16. *The British Constitution* (Text, chapter 39)

Objective: To make clear how Great Britain has set before the world an example of free government, the outgrowth of centuries of struggle for liberty, and how her political organization has influenced for good constitutional systems all over the world.

Lesson 17. *Church Attitude on Governments and Law* (Text, chapter 30, page 347; chapters 32 and 29)

Objective: To exemplify the Church teaching that its members should be

loyal to the government and the laws under which they live, and "be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign."

Lesson 18. *Modern Trends in Government* (Text, chapters 33-34)

Objective: To show that nations, rejecting truth and worshiping worldly things, are drifting toward irreligion and the darkness of hate and evil, and a woeful lack of respect for law and order. The world is aligning itself into two camps, dictatorship and communism on the one hand, and democracy on the other. Peace is imperiled and preparations for war are on a scale heretofore unexampled.

Lesson 19. *Preparing the Way* (Text, chapter 35)

Objective: To make clear that the Constitution of the United States and other national constitutions which embody good principles are forerunners to prepare the people for the perfect government when Christ shall rule as King.

Lesson 20. *The Kingdom of God* (Text, chapters 40-41)

Objective: To explain how, at the climax of world history, the wicked shall be swept off, and the Lord shall come in glory to reign over the righteous for a thousand years of peace.

Lesson 21. *Destiny of the Earth and Man* (Text, chapters 42-43)

Objective: To emphasize the truth that the earth is destined to become a glorified celestial kingdom, sanctified and immortal, inhabited only by those who attain to celestial exaltation.

# Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year only one writer not previously represented among the authors of the lessons, is introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*. She is Mrs. Rhea H. Gardner, author of the work meeting lessons on "Home Management."

Rhea Hurst Gardner, Home Management and Furnishings Specialist for the Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service, was born and reared at Shelley, Idaho, a daughter of Samuel Harris and Wilhelmina Clossner Hurst. Here she received her early education and practical experience in work on the family farm and in the home. Her mother served as a ward Relief Society president for the first twenty years of Rhea's life.

She received her B.A. degree in Home Economics at the college which she is now serving, and a M.A. degree from Cornell University. For the past thirteen years she has been a member of the Utah Extension Service. In this capacity

it has been her privilege to work with Relief Society officers and members in almost every community in the state of Utah.

Her Church activities include a mission to the Northwestern States, Primary president, and teacher in the M.I.A. and in Sunday School. In 1948 she was married to Ivin E. Gardner in the Idaho Falls L.D.S. Temple. Six months later, death took her companion from her. Five stepchildren and fourteen grandchildren remain to bless her life.

Her hobbies are preparing good, wholesome food, wood finishing, and creating beauty in homes.

For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see the following references in *The Relief Society Magazine*:

Elder Leland H. Monson, page 472, July 1951

Leone Openshaw Jacobs, page 472, July 1951

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, page 471, July 1949

Elder Archibald F. Bennett, page 469, July 1950.



## Dear Conquest

(Continued from page 405)

and tried to make up for lost time as far as dinner was concerned.

We had a fine time at the church. Sullivan was as good as gold on Ira's knee the whole time, though he occasionally made a wild grab for Ira's nose. Ira grinned ever so proudly, and agreed with every good comment anybody made about the

baby or Maggie's playing or anything else.

We opened the presents under the Christmas tree Ira and Maggie had trimmed just before we left. One of Sullivan's presents from Ira was a tiny carved Hereford bull. I thought he must have had it made or bought it somewhere, but Ira

said he'd carved it himself. It was unusually clever. The wood had been highly polished and little joints had been placed in the two front knees of the bull so he could bow. It had a little horse-hair tail.

Maggie stared at the bull and then at Ira. Ira smiled at her.

"It took me awhile to figure things out; then when I did I couldn't get in from the ranch. I made this while I wasn't fixing Dominic up. We'll use it as a peace-maker, all right?"

"All right," laughed Maggie, and then Ira threw back his head and laughed. "I saw that bull sale as funny after I got back to the ranch and had time to think, but I missed you too much to laugh at anything out there."

Sullivan reached up and pulled Ira's ear.

"Well," I said, stifling a yawn, "this has been a happy Christmas, hasn't it?"

"It has," agreed Maggie and Ira together. Then we all laughed again over nothing and everything.



## *A Flower's Way*

*Evelyn Fjeldsted*

Night simulates the bud of day  
 Secret, closed—a flower's way;  
 Morning, like the opening flower,  
 Discloses wonder with each hour.  
 Day, the full-blown flower, grows,  
 Unfolding simply like the rose;  
 And evening, like a blossom spent,  
 Has long been touched by each event.  
 Unopened flower is the night,  
 All darkness, but the bud of light.

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## Uncertain Possession

(Continued from page 401)

I promised I'd bring her news about Patty Hamilton . . . ."

She left the sentence unfinished, for Lorna to say whether or not they should go. Lorna nodded briefly.

"I'd like to meet her."

**THEY** stopped before a neat frame house. Along the picket fence tamarisk waved fern-like fronds. Flame-red gladioli lighted a sudden fire at the edge of a pool where small, golden fishes flashed among pink and white water lilies.

Lorna felt a little as though Hallie and Matt—all of them—were wrong about Margaret's health as she saw her upon the porch. She had expected her to be in bed, pale and worn and twisted with pain.

Instead, a lovely girl—the girl of Carole's photograph—came down a step or two of the porch, smiling brightly, holding out her hands to Hallie.

"Hallie, I've been waiting for you." She caught the older woman's hands in a swift, understanding grip, then turned to Lorna, her black eyes bright with the knowledge of who she was. "It's Mrs. Wire . . . Lorna . . . isn't it? Matt has been telling me all about you. I'm so glad you could call."

Her voice sounded a little breathless as she led them back up the steps and seated them in the rustic chairs. Lorna's mind buzzed a little.

So Hallie had been coming here all the time! Margaret had given her away. And Matt knew it, too.

He hadn't warned Lorna. He had wanted the two women to meet as casually as two new friends might meet. He had wanted Lorna to see the woman he was so interested in. He wanted Lorna to know just how well she could be, yet how dangerously ill.

Lorna couldn't hide her astonishment as she glanced at Margaret. Margaret's eyes were deep and serious as their glances met and clung.

Margaret spoke very quietly, "Matt has been telling me that you were coming to see me. He has told me about your little scrapbooks. I think you're a sweet person, Lorna. And perhaps, sometime, you'll make a little book for Patty Hamilton. It will be some time before she's up and around."

**LORNA** promised. She felt like crying as Margaret went slowly into the house to ask her aunt to make some punch and bring some of her raisin cookies.

Hallie was watching Lorna, and when Lorna looked up she saw a brief kindness in Hallie's eyes that was quickly dimmed as Hallie spoke.

"I know you've been jealous of Margaret, Mrs. Wire. In a way you haven't been to blame. Matt is very fond of her. But there's nothing to fear from any standpoint except your own. Matt is too big and fine a person to ever guess that you were jealous. The idea is completely outside his comprehension."

Her words were like tiny flails against Lorna's shamed heart. Impulsively, she moved to Hallie's side on the big rustic divan, and just as impulsively touched her hand.

"All day long you've been trying to help me understand myself. I want to thank you. I . . ."

She didn't finish because Margaret and her aunt came out upon the porch. Margaret's aunt poured the pale lime punch and Margaret put a plate of dainty cookies in Hallie's hands.

Hallie took one and passed the plate to Lorna. Her usually stern, cool eyes held a little smile. When she spoke her words made warm happiness rush into Lorna's heart.

"Have a cookie, Lorna. You must be hungry after our long drive." Then, quickly, lest Lorna's shaking hands drop the cookie plate, she took it and put it down on the table. Immediately, she began chatting lightly about other things.

Then it was time to go back home. Hallie drove silently. Lorna had very little to say. It was as though both of them knew the door that had been closed between them was now opened a little crack.

Lorna promised herself that she would not make any more mistakes. As long as Hallie was holding out her hands, trying to help, she'd be all right.

And so would John Barker. And Margaret. They had Dr. Matt to lean upon. As long as he was there, they'd be all right, too!

(To be continued)

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## *The Quiet Night*

Josephine J. Harvey

The gentle winds at twilight  
Sway the branches of the palms,  
And darkness falls too soon.

There is a peaceful beauty  
In the quietness of moonlight  
Falling on hibiscus blooms.

## *Concerto*

Ing Smith

We listened. You murmured,  
"One river endures:  
Our love in this music—  
My music and yours."

For none could have told us  
How years would define  
Two separate rivers—  
Your music and mine.

## *Unquestioned Miracle*

Christie Lund Coles

The June day curves about me here,  
Rich to the eye, opulent, rare;  
As gleaming and translucent  
As freshly polished crystal ware;

As opalescent and as blue  
As water splashing silver notes;  
With emeralds carpeting the earth,  
And bird-song tinkling myriad throats;

With fields still diamond-starred with dew  
Giving the scent of wild, fresh clover;  
With hills dotted with petit-point;  
With tinsel sun, gold-warm all over.

With magical, shimmering, China silk  
Caught upon each leafing bough;  
Here . . . the unquestioned miracle  
The doubting heart . . . believing now.

## Land of Gold

Vesta N. Lukei

Green aisles of peace are these  
Amid the orange trees  
That, fragrant, fruitful, grow  
In even row on row.  
The sunlight through the leaves  
A moving pattern weaves  
Like flowing water green  
With iridescent sheen.  
The perfume in the air  
As nectar, sweet and fair,  
Invites the hummingbird,  
But scarcely seen or heard.  
Small captured suns, the round  
And orange fruits abound.  
They are the pure bright gold  
These southern valleys hold.



## Vacation Plans

(Continued from page 395)

heavy gear drop on the floor as she sat down heavily on the bed.

So he had been quietly planning this camping trip down to the last details, and then the bride had ridden over his dreams with her own preferences, hardly even listening to his ideas. The bride is everything.

But now, a year later, she was doing it again. Only this time she wasn't a bride any longer, she was a wife, and marriage is a sharing thing.

She looked, shame-faced, at Bill's picture on her dresser, gave the sleeping bags a tender flick with her dust rag, and then started downstairs to phone the office. Bill wouldn't mind being interrupted to hear the news she had to tell him!

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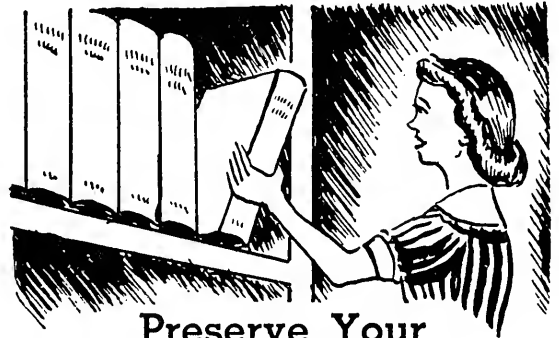
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# From Near and Far

Since entering the mission field in December 1950 I have received *The Relief Society Magazine* as a gift from the Monrovia, California, Relief Society. This is one of the most useful and helpful gifts I have received. It has given me many ideas and helps in preaching the gospel. I have loaned out my copies to some of the Mexican members who read English, and they have also enjoyed the Magazine.

—Doris D. Whitlock

Spanish-American Mission,  
Houston, Texas

I have been reading *The Relief Society Magazine* since I was a young girl. I have always enjoyed the clean, wholesome stories and the messages given to the women of the Church.

—Vilate B. Leavett,  
Kirksville, Missouri

The poetry published in *The Relief Society Magazine* is excellent, and, in my opinion compares favorably with any poetry appearing in the big-circulation national magazines—and no wonder—for the poets who write for *The Relief Society Magazine* also write for the national magazines (Katherine F. Larsen, Christie Lund Coles, Margery S. Stewart, Lael W. Hill, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, to name a few). I particularly enjoyed "Lullaby" (January 1952 frontispiece poem, by Lael W. Hill) and that lovely, sensitive poem "The Silence" (April 1951) by Margery S. Stewart.

—Lois Geumlek  
Salt Lake City, Utah

My little sister sent me *The Relief Society Magazine* for a birthday gift last year, and I must say it has been one of the added joys of my missionary experience.

—Maxine Thomason  
Stockholm, Sweden

My mother receives *The Relief Society Magazine*, and I enjoy it very much, even though I am only sixteen. I especially enjoy the stories and the poems, as they are very uplifting.

—Loa Fern Smith  
Glendale, Arizona

Since my earliest recollection *The Relief Society Magazine* has been a visitor in our home. When I was a boy my mother was president of the Relief Society in Parowan Stake. After we moved to Colorado in 1887 she served as stake president of San Luis stake for twenty-five years. It often fell to my lot to meet the visiting sisters from Salt Lake. My mother being a lifelong friend of Emmeline B. Wells (General President of Relief Society 1910-1921); I met and conversed many times with her. I pride myself on having received a goodbye kiss and blessing from her. With praise and prayers for your splendid work,

—A. P. Mortensen  
San Bernardino, California

I enjoy the Magazine very much and find that it is for young mothers, as well as old. I shall flaunt it before my young family, so that they will grow up reading choice literature instead of sensational material from "popular" magazines. Being especially interested in poetry, I love that best of all.

—Nellie B. Brenchley  
Preston, Idaho

The Magazine is published for mothers and the women of the Church, and we find that it is also enjoyed by teen-age daughters. They do enjoy the pictures and the fiction also. It is good to have worthwhile reading for all. An elder here gave a sermon based on an article in the Magazine last Sunday evening. The Priesthood members also enjoy the Magazine.

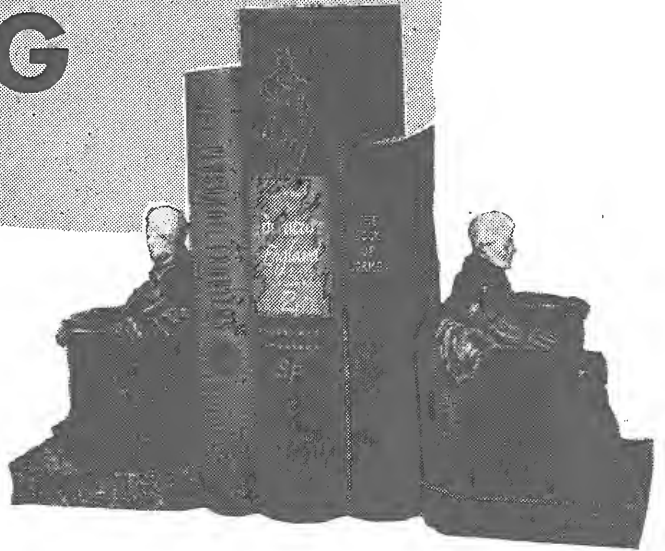
—Miriam W. Wright  
Creston, Montana

Just a word of appreciation for the Magazine. My mother, Zilpha Fuller Earl, who died in January 1952, loved *The Relief Society Magazine* more than any magazine. Also, she had many copies of *The Woman's Exponent* which she read and reread, particularly in the years after she became a cripple.

—Inez Earl Sigmon  
El Centro, California

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Lessons for October

JULY 1952

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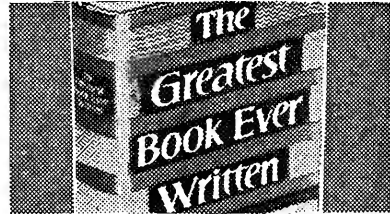
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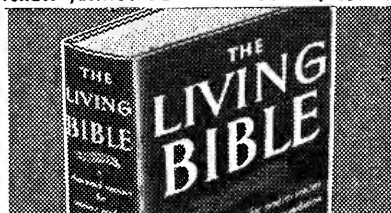
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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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

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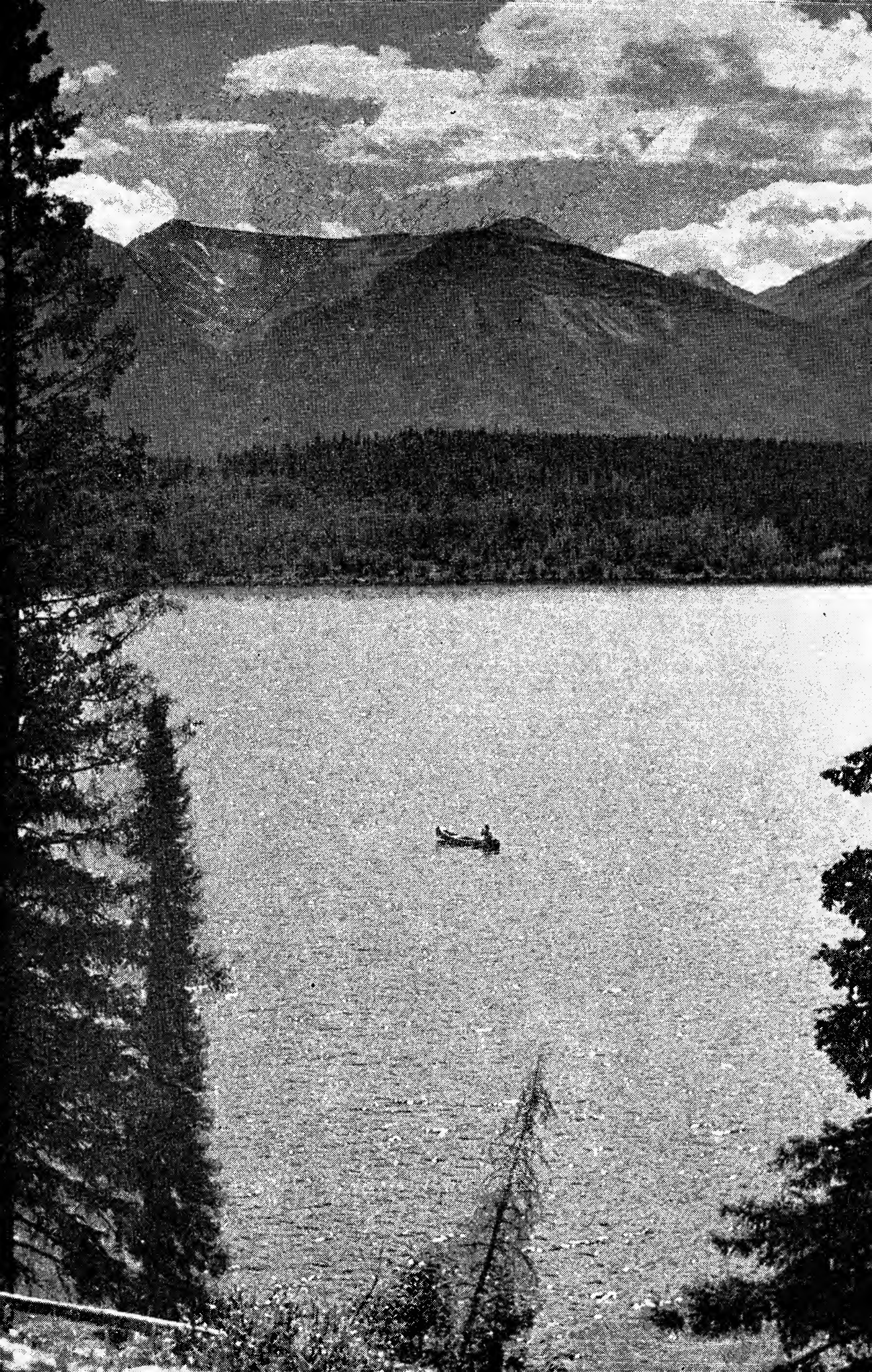
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# *Westward in This Era*

Dorothy J. Roberts

To those who first ranged westward in this era,  
Who, tasting a new glory, found it good;  
To those with quickened sight for lengthened space—  
Earth's wildernesses dwindle. Power stood

Fire-ringed above their barricades,  
Greater than the might of man, or mile  
That raised against *The Word* a bitter threat  
In sullen stretch of sage or voice of guile.

Drouth could not quench their spirits' living springs,  
Nor rob their hunger of its vital bread.  
Where parching winds had gnawed the dim trail through,  
They only stayed to splice the broken thread.

A clarion roll of prophecy, fulfilled,  
Climbed its high crescendo in their day . . .  
Barriers were straw before the hoofs of brass,  
And the young lion loosed against the prey

---

The Cover: Mount Chephen in the Canadian Rockies

Photograph by Josef Muench

Frontispiece Photograph: Pyramid Lake, Jasper National Park, Canada

Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

# Girders of Strength

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

**A**S a skyscraper is supported and reinforced by girders, so is a social structure. The pioneers builded by means of strong girders a social structure which has risen from a lowly, despised station to one of enviable eminence. But as steel girders may be weakened by corrosion and rust to let a building collapse, so may our society fall if we let the girders corrode, or build the ever-growing social structure with an inferior framework.

Let us examine some of the pioneer "girders" and follow them into our day. Our forefathers had *faith*—not only faith in God as our Heavenly Father, and in Jesus Christ, as his Son, not only faith in Joseph Smith and their leader Brigham Young as prophets of God, not only faith that the golden plates were real and translated by the Prophet Joseph with God's aid—that they contained the word of God and a history of the ancient inhabitants of this continent, but faith in themselves as sons and daughters of God, who not only enjoyed the knowledge and privileges of the new dispensation, but carried the responsibilities of that knowledge and those privileges.

Not only the doctrines and covenants of the Church were theirs, but a philosophy of life which actuated their very beings through every waking hour, affected their work and their play, their responsibilities as citizens and as parents. This sense of responsibility felt so keenly by our ancestors was the belief in

man as an individual which was in them brought to the highest point in the world's history.

So few people ever analyze the philosophy of Christianity, the philosophy on which the whole Western civilization was built, viz., that a man is important in and of himself as an individual, equally important with all other men in the eyes of God; that a man is not just an animal of flesh, blood, and bone, but a complicated individual, containing a spirit, a spirit which is linked with a spiritual life wherein God dwells, an individual with a divine spark, who can commune with the spiritual world by means of prayer, inspiration, and revelation. So every man is important in his individual way, but along with his importance he carries grave responsibilities.

It was this idea of a man's being important as an individual and responsible for his own welfare economically, mentally, and spiritually, unanalyzed and unrecognized, which rose like a great tidal wave, moving men westward across unchartered seas and unknown continents, and which reached its pinnacle in the great surge which was the Latter-day Saint movement. That is the key girder in our social structure, the intangible rod on which our strength as a people rests.

Our forefathers were industrious in every sense of the word. They believed in work as a virtue, as a solace for sorrow, as a means

of progress. They who left fine homes of luxury, beauty, and convenience, set about building with their own hands homes in the wilderness of whatever materials the wilderness and their own hands could provide. They worked with their hands wherever necessary and felt dignified by their labor.

Another girder was their living, acting *brotherhood*. They co-operated for their safety and their progress, they co-operated in small groups, for love, to help a stricken or needy brother. They were neighbors in actuality in their everyday living, giving and accepting help; but no man demanded it as his right.

They had courage—not only the courage to face the wilderness, hardship, privation, illness, and death, but courage to be different when that difference to them meant righteousness. A great deal of their physical courage, it could be argued, was the instinct to survive. But they could have survived singly had they deserted their faith and their people and returned to the world that had renounced them. Such was inconceivable to them. An individual of that caliber does not renounce what he believes, what he knows, in which he rejoices, in order to be physically comfortable. They were following something within their hearts which was greater than comfort, greater than luxury, greater than security. They were following a warm and living light, and they had the courage to suffer for it.

Their courage thrived as well on everyday fare as it had in the great emergency. They had certain ideals of conduct which they followed,

and would never have considered violating in order to be popular or a good sport, a jolly good fellow. They knew that a man can be idealistic and decent and have very enjoyable living.

**T**HEY were a loyal people—loyal to their faith, their leaders, their group, and to each other, but above all loyal to their ideals. Theirs was no gangster loyalty—they did not condone evil-doing. To love a friend is one thing, to uphold him in crime and sin quite another. Their disapproval of wrongdoing was a powerful social weapon, and no man excused his evil deeds by pointing to lax custom. Men do not die for intangibles, as our forefathers did, and then tremble in fear of losing the companionship of a loose-living associate. Honor was something to uphold, a warm and comforting thing. Their loyalty was built on *integrity*. A public duty was a sacred trust, not a means for private favor and profit.

Our ancestors built with *humility*. For all their sureness of a man's individual importance it was an importance linked with man's responsibility in the upbuilding of God's kingdom. An individual was important in that he was subject to no other man's will, body, or soul. He had his own free agency, and the kingdom of God was far-off and needed much, and our ancestors had a fair idea of the smallness of man. They were wise. And a wise man knows that however hard a man studies, however much a man learns, he has still much to learn in relation to perfection, and he knows little indeed if he does not know how little he does know.

They were studious, forever seeking knowledge, and created an institution of higher learning within five years of their entry into the Salt Lake Valley, but they were never arrogant and overly proud of their learning.

AND our pioneers knew their responsibilities as parents. They were aware of the importance of discipline in the structure of human happiness. To them obedience was the first law of life. Without obedience they would have perished on the plains. They were too near their experience of being face to face with death to have forgotten the position of discipline in the scheme of human living. They knew that a child's feeling of security needs a certain sureness that right will be approved and rewarded and evil will be exposed and righted.

Every parent among them was charged with the responsibility of guiding his children in the ways of righteousness and happiness. His was often a gentle hand, but it was never a hand that hesitated to guide a child around dangerous shoals because of a half-digested theory that somebody had read recently or heard in a lecture. They knew the value of struggle and did not overprotect their children.

Progress must take its course. People living in crowded cities, with modern conveniences, modern comforts, and luxuries, traveling in various conveyances, all of them rapid, buying fruits and vegetables in paper bags, bathing in hot water as many times daily as suits their habits, washing clothes automatically, using electrical and gas-run

equipment which does many of their mundane tasks, cannot be expected to react in all ways as people did when they were face to face with the earth in all they did. But we still need the strong girders that went into the building of our social structure, or the structure itself will fall. Brick and stone, even nuggets of gold, are not enough, and will not stand by themselves alone.

A civilization is more than automobiles, modern furniture, picture windows, easy working hours, high wages, electrical equipment, college degrees, and beautiful clothing. A civilization is built on ideals for which people will die because they mean more than life itself. Our civilization was built by our martyrs, not by the Falstaffs, who found "discretion the better part of valor." It was built by our heroes, living and dead, not by those who "fight and run away."

If we have not courage, individual courage, to live by our ideals, even if at the moment we are left lonely, we shall find ourselves in the end lonely indeed. If we have not vision, the long view, to strive for the distant goal, we shall lose what the past has gained for us. If we trade our loyalty to righteousness for loyalty to the gang, we have tied our kite to a very short string and will never soar.

If we lose our sense of responsibility we have lost all. No society ever corrects the faults, errors, sins, and crimes which it condones. When we say, "We've always had graft," or "Well, everyone else is doing it," we are simply shrugging off our responsibilities. To admit

an evil makes doing something about it imperative. We don't want the feeling of guilt which comes of admitting wrong and doing nothing about it. We lack the courage and stamina to face the unpleasant task of cleaning it up, if we deny or excuse it, or give it sanction by claiming that it is widespread and so acceptable.

No social structure ever stood high and strong without the girder of responsibility; and the history of the rise and fall of civilization has shown that when great masses of people trade their responsibilities for security and ease they have neither ease nor security long. The slothful, the irresponsible, the people who do not cherish their individuality enough to shoulder its accompanying responsibilities, soon lose their importance as individuals.

No civilization ever lasted long or grew strong on arrogance. The arrogant are the most quickly defeated because their weakness is so evident and they are so vulnerable. Because we are, perhaps, a civilization containing the greatest numbers of literate people the world has ever known, does not make us a wise people. We assume that because we can read and that we do read that we are able to understand and weigh wisely that which we read. Flaunting our arrogance may well be our downfall.

**O**UR forefathers loved truth and sought it wholly. Today we take the easy road with half-truths with a catchy, slogany form. We say, "Labor creates wealth" as though we were uttering unquestioned wisdom. But will it bear

analysis? Nothing is so futile as undirected labor. The pioneers had good leadership, their labor had a pattern. Nothing is so destructive as misdirected labor. It takes labor to plan and execute a robbery, but it makes no wealth. Labor, then, is one of many factors that weld into the making of wealth. Because most of the others are intangible, it is easy to fail to see them and to realize their importance. There are factors, such as vision to see a dream, courage to follow the dream when the odds are against one, insight into the difficulties and possibilities, persistence to work and study when the lights of victory are dim or almost out and the body and spirit are tired, willingness to work long hours into the night through fatigue and frustration, and a deep sense of responsibility. "Where much is given, much is expected." There are other factors such as timing, and even chance plays its part, but these are enough to illustrate our tendency to lean heavily on a partial truth in the face of all our educational advantages.

We have a precious heritage. We are closer to the girders of strength with which our fathers builded than any other people. The social structure they left for us may be built upon, but in the one we are building on the foundations of the old, let us look well to our girders. Let us build them strong, that in reaching for height we do not forget the necessity for strength, that in building for beauty we are not deceived by gold leaf and glitter, that in wiring for artificial light we do not forget the sun.

# *What Might Have Been*

Winona Powers

Once I had a dream.

It was my birthday; I was old; and all the people of the town had assembled to honor me, their oldest citizen, for all the good I'd done.

"Not big things, no," the Mayor said, "but for the little kindnesses that she has shown her neighbors through the years . . . the accumulation of little acts that mean she was always there to lend a helping hand."

Mrs. Thompson was there. She had lived next door to me while her family was growing up. Five little Thompsons there had been—I remembered distinctly—and she had needed lots of help during their baby years. She thanked me for it now, and there were tears in her eyes.

Tony Morales made a speech, too—a young lawyer now he was, handsome and fine. He told how I always remembered his brothers and sisters at Christmas, and how he could always, when he needed money, mow my lawn or do some weeding after school.

There were other shadowy faces, too . . . faces that said, "She visited me when I was ill . . . She always smiled when she said, 'Good morning.'"

It was a bad dream when I had it, for, you see, I was not doing any of those things for which they were praising me. If I had the dream tonight, I hope it would not be a bad one.



## *Moment on a Plateau*

Iris W. Schow

Time passes, and the little fingerprints  
Are wiped from every door and window frame;  
The bathing suit once improvised in haste  
Is found still hanging in the basement corner,  
Forgotten, gritty from the stream's-edge sliding  
That passed for swimming with our roguish dear.  
The little tractor, lost, lamented, missed,  
Appears where snow has camouflaged the rose;  
The drawing on the wall gives way at length  
Before redecoration, and the top,  
Secreted behind Ibsen, lies revealed.  
Who knows when the last sign  
Those happy days have been, becomes effaced,  
And outcry from the soul comes no more daily?  
How does joy taper off? When pain cease throbbing?  
I sometimes think  
We pass so often in and out of heaven  
Our final going is a natural step.



# Canadian Rockies Cradle Church Settlements

Claire W. Noall

**I**N the national parks of the Canadian Rockies we find the backdrop for the Latter-day Saint settlements of Southern Alberta. These towns are very fortunate in being on, or near, some of the direct highways leading to world-renowned playgrounds. The mountain ranges extend nearly into Alaska. The parks, which include an area of over 8,000 square miles, are linked by highways that offer the most spectacular scenery.

Once seen, the continuously magnificent views are never forgotten. Usually the interpark roads run along the floors of narrow valleys, walled on both sides by glacial mountains. The dark forests of evergreens, reaching toward the gray summits of thousands of stone peaks, are held by cold, white hands. Icy fingers move with timeless deliberation toward the lakes and rivers, carving their way through the ranges. The rivers cut dramatic gorges. At times they roar and boil through narrow, overhanging channels. The spray-bedewed atmosphere above the marble or limestone crevasses cools the face of the traveler—but it fires his spirit. Here, if ever, the famous saying should come to mind: "Men are, that they might have joy."

Nowhere will one's feelings be more buoyant or deeper than in these glacial playgrounds.

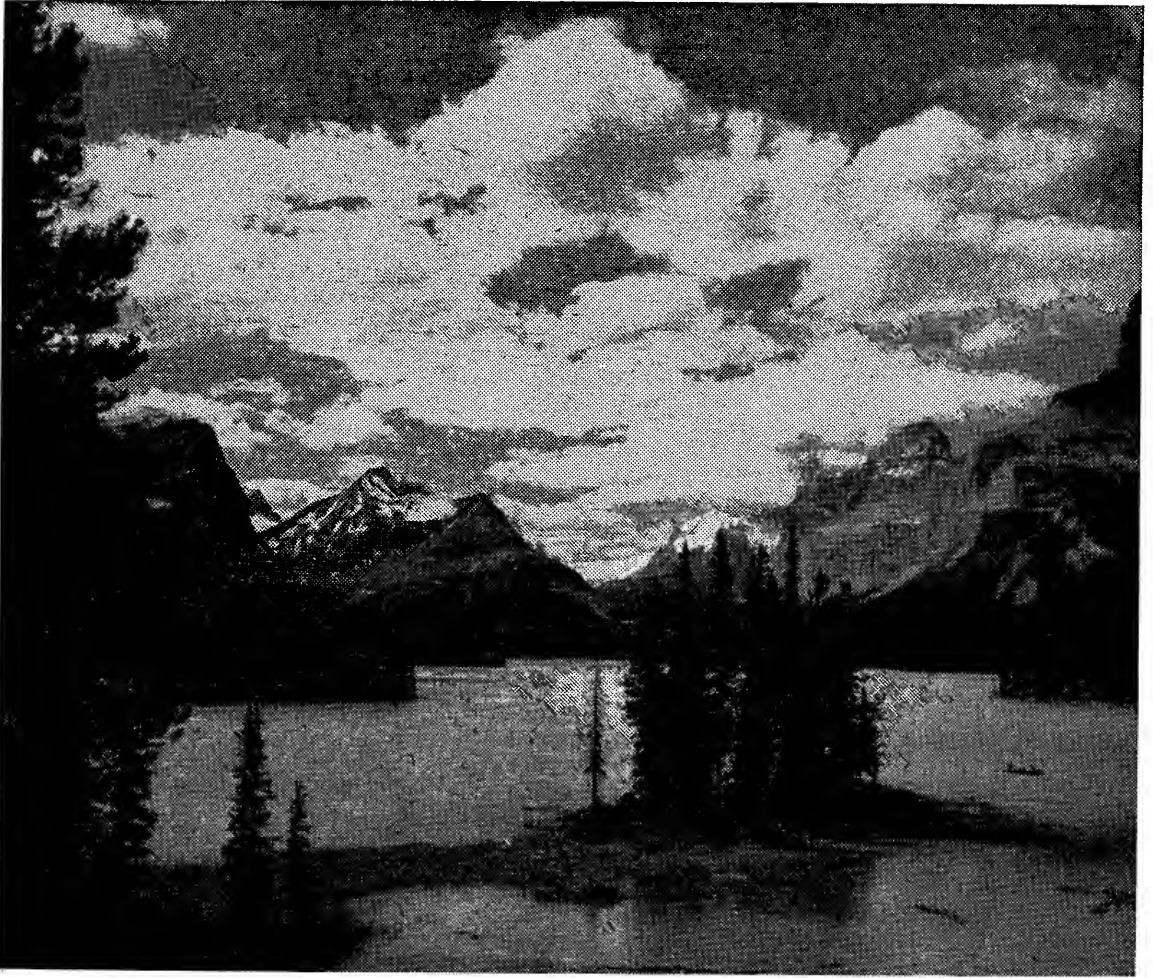
Only five years after Lewis and Clark completed their journey to

the Pacific Coast by way of the Columbia River, some of these northern passes were explored. In the interest of the great fur companies, trappers found their way over the Athabasca trail as early as 1811. Toward the middle of the century missionaries, scientists, and artists climbed these high passes. Among these explorers were Father de Smet, the Belgian priest, and David Douglas, the Scottish botanist, whose name we know in connection with a beautiful species of fir tree.

Less than a hundred years after the white summit of the Athabasca trail was first crossed, Banff, the first national park in the Canadian Rockies, was set aside. Its northern boundary cuts through the Columbia Ice Field. Its southern limits lie just beyond the present townsite of Banff, with its permanent population of nearly 2,000 people.

In 1907, Jasper, the largest of Canada's parks, was defined. An area of over 4,000 square miles spreads north from Banff Park, including part of the ice field. Jasper townsite, another all-year resort, is 186 miles north of Banff. The two cities are connected by a long section of these emerald highways, jeweled with their lakes and streams. (See frontispiece photograph of Pyramid Lake.)

Adjoining the two parks to the west, through which railroads as



Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

### MALIGNE LAKE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA, CANADA

well as highways run, are Yoho and Kootenay National Parks. Yoho is in the valley of the Kicking Horse. The river and the pass were named for an accident involving a kicking horse, which happened to their discoverer, Sir James Hector, the geologist.

Approximately one hundred miles south of Banff—again in the midst of amazing mountains, rivers, and lakes—nestles the International Peace Park—Glacier National Park, in the United States, and Waterton Lakes, north of the boundary. Over an invisible line, motorboats on upper Waterton Lake constantly pass unchallenged, giving their passeng-

ers the freedom of this international intent for peace.

Within thirty-five miles of Chief Mountain Highway, eastern entrance to Waterton Lakes, the Latter-day Saint temple at Cardston, stands.

**I**N the late 1880's, when the first of these Canadian national parks was being set aside, three Latter-day Saint settlements were being founded. Vast ranches were stocked and cultivated near Cardston, Lethbridge, and Raymond, the three points of a triangle. Today their elevators rise along the highways almost as close together as

fence posts. Toil and labor were the mottoes of those settlers. The plains, with their utterly amazing harvests of grain, required the hardest kind of work to be fulfilled.

Nor had the improvement of the parks yet been realized. The dream stood only against the horizon of time. For the Mormon settlers, the mountains rose in the mist of distance. They were there—one-time hunting ground of the Indians—the Crees and other nations. When the Latter-day Saints came they were the friends of the Indians. To the mountains they were still strangers.

The latter statement is no longer true. Lethbridge lies on the direct road from the south to Calgary—gateway from the east to Banff

National Park. We made our first visit to this park when the days were immensely long. On Dominion Day, July first, we were in Lethbridge. We found the stores closed, and so pushed on to Calgary through late afternoon sunshine, a distance of eighty-five miles. At Calgary we lost our sense of moderation. Banff National Park beckoned to us. We could not refrain from moving toward the mountains.

Not long after leaving this lovely city, with its two wide rivers, and its high green hills, and its modern housing developments, we passed some fields where a colorful rodeo was being attended almost equally by Indians and whites. We soon learned the reason for the presence



Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

A ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE CONSTABLE PAUSES ATOP SULPHUR MOUNTAIN IN BANFF NATIONAL PARK, CANADA



Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

PEYTO LAKE, FROM THE BANFF-JASPER HIGHWAY,  
ALBERTA, CANADA

of so many Indians. As the white men's cars sped back to Calgary, the Indians' Fords livened the road toward the mountains. We were following the Bow River. Suddenly the level line of the plains broke. The river deepened into a shallow wooded gorge. Against the mountain wall, which we were now approaching, group by group, Indian villages began to appear.

Evening had come when we entered the forest, but darkness had not fallen. It was barely candlelight when, at nearly ten P.M., we reached Canmore, a tourist camp beneath the Three Sisters, striking gray limestone peaks rising above snow fields of the Selkirk Range. At six-thirty the next morning, we were taking color pictures; the light

was perfect, shot through with rich gold.

A half-hour's drive took us to Banff townsite, where the travel bureau will supply any information you desire about park accommodations. By all means make your reservations ahead of time. They range from luxury hotels to moderately priced motor lodges and campsites. Banff town offers its year-round outdoor swimming pool, fed by warm springs; its famous Norquay chairlift for skiers, horseback trails, and challenging slopes for alpine climbers.

North from Banff, the rough roads of the past are now only a myth. All you have to do is start out and have a wonderful time. You will see, along the Banff-Jasper





Courtesy, Canadian Government Travel Bureau

SOUTH END OF BOW LAKE AND CROWFOOT GLACIER, BANFF  
NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA, CANADA

highway, Lake Louise, forty miles north of Banff City. Long before you come to this perfect lake, with its high horizon of the Victoria Glacier, you have undoubtedly passed some long-legged, heavy-shouldered moose. One glimpse of them on land reveals the fact that nature has made their legs grotesquely long. And it is all the more interesting to see them with their cows and their calves, near the edge of the slough, wading in the reed-filled bogs.

**O**N the bluff above the moose-grounds, less than twenty-five feet from the road, mountain sheep may be frolicking, playing hide-and-

seek with you, or merely staring, somber-faced. As we stopped for pictures, a little boy pointed to a lamb and whispered, "It's got a nest up there." With shining eyes, he gave his secret away.

The incredible beauty of the highway opens foot by foot. Mile-posts are numbered. Printed keys give you the names of the mountains, glaciers, lakes, and rivers you are passing. Lovely Bow Lake seems to be only a still river, widening, narrowing, stretching for mile after mile. The glaciers amaze you with their great depths. Yet there are always more ahead. And Hector Lake is a thousand-karat emerald. One wide and precipitous moun-

tain is literally covered with slender waterfalls of great height.

Above the steel bridge that takes us across the North Saskatchewan River, we see the shelf from which these falls tumble. Back of this rises the mountain crest and the ice fields which feed them.

We are in another valley, much higher than the one through which we have traveled, and which was dominated for over thirty miles by Mt. Chephren (cover photograph of the *Magazine*), so named because from certain views it resembles an Egyptian pyramid.

We are climbing Sunwapta Pass, through a high, filled-in valley. The Arctic willow grows along the banks of icy streamlets. Here the river has no size. The last we saw of it, it was plunging through a crevasse, almost subterranean. With a loud roar, it churned through its deep fissure.

At the top of the pass we approach the Columbia Ice Field—a tremendously deep area of snow and ice which feeds three oceans: the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Arctic. We have left the Saskatchewan, as it plunged down the canyon toward Hudson's Bay. On the west, the Kootenay River feeds the Columbia; but as we continue north toward Jasper townsite, we follow the Sunwapta River to its confluence with the Athabasca. This flows to the Arctic.

The edge of the Athabasca Glacier is only a quarter of a mile from the highway. We drive to the green ice, and, standing on the field, take color pictures. It is eight P.M., thirteen and a half hours after our first pictures of the day, and these were not the last on that

July second. Starting from this point snowmobiles will give you a fascinating ride over a ten-square-mile field—about one-thirteenth of the surface area of this great source of many waters.

On and on we go to the north, past Athabasca Falls, and finally to Jasper, a hospitable city with a decidedly British flavor. One of the most beautiful spots in the whole chain lies ahead, thirty-two miles beyond the city. An eighteen-mile drive takes the real adventurer to Medicine Lake, and across it by motor boat. Then he hikes or rides horseback up Maligne Canyon to exquisite Maligne Lake, nestled between two great ranges. For sixteen miles it penetrates their thickly-wooded walls.

Southward, we finally speed, enjoying every view of these infinite peaks and distances far more than when we first glimpsed them. From among several choices, we routed our way through Kootenay Park to reach Waterton Lakes. We made a great loop through British Columbia, passing many an orange-colored sawdust pile smudging and smoldering beside the sawmills. Finally we crossed the continental divide from west to east at Logan Pass, in the Glacier Park of the United States; and then over the little link to Waterton Lakes. We took the well-known boat ride down the seven-mile-long upper lake, across the unseen international boundary. The steep pine-clad walls were flecked with mist. It was sunset. It began to rain—terrifically. And still we loved this experience.

In the morning a fresh breeze set the waves glinting with the same  
(Continued on page 495)



# A Time to Forget

## CHAPTER 1

*Fay Tarlock*

“I’M awfully sorry,” Serena Abbe said. She bent to pick up her pencil which had dropped to the floor. “Will you start again, please?”

“I hadn’t started,” Mr. Green said. He took off his glasses to rest his eyes and carefully scrutinized Serena’s face. He was a man in his late sixties with white hair and a rosy face. With his right hand he twisted a tuft of his white hair until it stood erect, giving his face the look of a benig old owl.

“You were in a troubled day-dream. They seem to be habitual with you these last few days.” There was no reproof in his voice. Rather he asked to understand.

“It’s nothing, really.” Serena’s soft brown eyes, almost the color of her natural curls, darkened with embarrassment. Her fair skin flushed. She was a slender, quietly pretty girl, with a straight nose that wrinkled when she smiled. When she felt no one was watching her, her face was sad.

“I think it’s just that I’ve let myself get too upset by what’s happening to our world. And,” her smile was very sweet, “after a long winter, vacation time is near.”

“Yes, vacation always helps.” Mr. Green was carefully adjusting his glasses. “You’ve been with us five years, haven’t you?”

“Late this June,” Serena said, wondering what he meant.

“That’s long enough for me to

give you a little advice, isn’t it?”

His shrewd blue eyes twinkled and Serena nodded.

“You’re still a young girl, barely twenty-six; you’re attractive. It is a waste and an insult to life to let what happened six years ago make your life a wanton waste.” His face was serious as he leaned forward, emphasizing his words. “It’s time you faced the thing squarely.”

Serena could not meet his gaze. She turned her eyes to the window. Across Montgomery Street she could see the window of another office building, and above the building the drifting May fog.

“I’ll never feel any other way,” she said in a low voice, her eyes still turned. “Something in me died.” She clenched her hands tightly as she faced her employer. “Oh, in a way, I’m over it. One has to live.” She unfolded her hands and took up her pencil. “I’ll be all right in a day or two, Mr. Green, and I won’t let it interfere with my work again.”

There was moisture in Mr. Green’s eyes. “Your work hasn’t suffered. You’re the best secretary I’ve ever had or ever will have. It’s what is happening to you that concerns me.” He wiped his eyes and started to dictate.

That night she walked home to her one-room and kitchenette apartment halfway up Telegraph Hill. The fog was in, full strength, and the wind that blew it was

sharp. Serena thrust her hands into the pockets of her short green jacket as she pushed her way up the hill. Once inside her top-floor room, she opened the windows to let in the cool, damp air and lit her gas burner to be warm. Summer in San Francisco, she thought, shivering.

FOR several days she'd been like this. Now she was fully aware that she must make a decision, one that would end the confusion in her mind. Even when she got the telegram saying that Jim Towers was missing in action over Tokyo Bay, she hadn't gone off the deep end. She had quietly finished college in her Oregon home town and come to San Francisco to work for Mr. Green, a senior partner in a large law firm. Mr. Green had long been a friend of her father's.

But the telegram had been the end of many things. It was no use wishing she had married Jim. He had insisted she was too young for that. She knew, with a fervent knowledge, that there would be no other man in her life. Whatever life she lived would be lived with his memory.

She was polite, sometimes friendly to the men she knew, as long as they asked for no more than a surface friendliness. Anything more sent her into a cold retreat.

As she stood by the window, watching the fog blow over the eucalyptus trees and the gray roof tops above her, she thought of what she wanted in life. Since she had come to San Francisco her father and mother had died, leaving

only a married brother in the old home.

A home of her own, a house with a little land and a garden and trees, that was what she wanted. She smiled doubtfully at the thought. From her father she had inherited about two thousand dollars, which she meant to use when she wanted something badly. Once it would have made a house possible, but not today. On her salary, she was lucky to dress well and afford an apartment by herself.

"I'll have to take a vacation soon," she said out loud as she took off her green knit dress and green jacket and changed into a yellow padded housecoat and slippers. But where? She didn't want to go to her brother this year. It might be, in this mood, best to go with one of her friends, perhaps a girl from the office. She must take herself in hand or she would become like old Miss Wyatt, in charge of the files. Miss Wyatt screamed at people and cried when she thought she had been offended. Yet Mr. Green kept her on because she had been with him a quarter of a century.

She opened her small refrigerator to take out a chop and vegetables. I think I'll go out and spend the week end with Cousin Harriet and George in Meadtown, she suddenly decided, and felt better. After supper she would phone Harriet.

Harriet was her mother's cousin, childless, and long married to George Lester. They had a small walnut farm in the beautiful San Vincente Valley. Because George had a heart condition, they lived very quietly. Serena made it a point

to visit them briefly on the infrequent occasions she had someone to drive her. They made no particular fuss over her, yet she felt they were glad to see her on her rare visits.

**S**HE was finishing her dinner when the telephone rang. It was long distance, Mrs. Hale, a neighbor of Harriet's at Meadtown. Serena had met her only a short time ago.

"I don't want to upset you, dearie," Mrs. Hale said in the voice of one who is bursting with the importance of her message, "but I have some bad news for you. Your cousin Harriet and her husband died today. George died early this morning and Harriet went soon after. I knew you'd want to know."

Serena asked for time to get a chair, her legs were so weak. "Harriet went a few hours after George, just like that," Mrs. Hale went on, enjoying her role as newsbreaker. "I always knew poor Harriet would kill herself waiting on George like she did, but what could she do?"

Before Serena could answer, Mrs. Hale rushed on. "She lived just for George, and she couldn't keep herself going any longer." Then, abruptly, as if she remembered she was talking on long distance, she said, "The funeral will be Wednesday in Valley Oaks at eleven. Can you come?"

Serena assured the lady she would come and arranged for Mrs. Hale to meet her at the Valley Oaks bus station.

When she told Mr. Green the next morning, he told her to take the whole day off, and Thursday, too, if it were necessary.

"I'm sure there'll be no need of that," she said. "I know nothing of their affairs. The Hales are taking care of everything. They've known Harriet for years. I'll be back Thursday."

On Wednesday she awoke to another day of chilling fog. The gray mists were dispersing when she crossed the bay. By the time she reached Valley Oaks the sun was warm overhead.

Mrs. Hale, dressed in discreet black, looked disapprovingly at Serena's smart suit of gray gabardine, and drove her to the funeral service.

After the last rites were concluded, Mrs. Hale guided Serena back to the car with a suggestion that she come to the Hale place for lunch.

"You might want to take a look at Harriet's place," she said. "I haven't an idea who is getting the property, do you?"

Serena shook her head. She supposed George had relatives somewhere.

"Look," Mrs. Hale nudged Serena, "that's Frank Howarth. He was their lawyer. I know him well enough, I'm going to ask—look! He's coming here!" Mrs. Hale's excitement mounted with each word.

**S**ERENA saw a tall, bent, elderly gentleman with a worn brief case under his arm. She had noticed him looking at her during the services. He took her hand now and called her by name. He wanted to know if Mrs. Hale would bring Serena to his office. They might as well come before lunch. It wouldn't take long.

Mrs. Hale, perspiring in her excitement, rushed Serena to the car.

Serena was only mildly excited. Harriet must have left her some small bequest. She thought of the beautiful old mahogany dining room set she had often admired.

Half an hour later when they left Mr. Howarth's office on a Valley Oaks side street, Serena was sole heir to Harriet and George Lester's twenty acres of walnut land, house, outbuildings, farm equipment, and car. When Mr. Howarth read the will in his thin old voice, the shock was so great that she had been numb. Her first thought, upon recovering, was one of remorse because she had not visited the quiet couple more often, had not been more thoughtful of them.

"They must have been lonely," she said to Mr. Howarth. "I didn't know I meant anything to them."

"They felt you were worthy of the bequest," Mr. Howarth said dryly. He went on to say that the title to the place had been clear for a year, and that when all expenses had been paid there would be a few hundred dollars in the bank. The Lesters had spent almost everything they had on their home; their monthly annuity stopped with their deaths.

As the lawyer talked, Serena's state of shock passed and she began to realize her good fortune. She was the owner of a pleasant home set on productive acres in one of the world's most desirable spots. It was like a fairy story. She took a firm grip on the arm of the oak chair.

"To keep my head from floating away from me," she said, smiling at Mr. Howarth through a mist of tears.

Then, like a quick stab of pain, she thought of Jim. How he would have loved the walnut orchard in San Vincente Valley!

\* \* \* \*

"I'VE asked you three times what you are going to do now that you are a property owner," Mrs. Hale chided Serena. They were out of town and driving through the low pass that led into San Vincente Valley. "Do you think you can run a walnut orchard? Do you know anything about it?"

"I haven't had time to think about it."

Serena scarcely heard her words, she was so busy trying to bring her thoughts into focus. She had always enjoyed the tree-shaded ride through the valley to Meadtown and felt a prick of envy for the people who lived in the low ranch houses. Now she belonged to the valley, with its great walnut trees above the smooth purple earth, and the green hills beyond. She noted the new subdivisions, the little white houses almost touching each other, like the trees they had uprooted. In a few minutes Mrs. Hale was through the village center and passing through the orchards. She turned her car into the lane that was now part Serena's.

After lunch, Mr. Hale, a long-retired business man, left the women alone while he napped. Mrs. Hale insisted that she drive Serena down the lane to her new home.

"Do you know who owns all the property adjoining yours and across the lane? It belongs to Jeff Landeau. He has one of the best orchards in the valley."

Serena nodded to show she had heard. As they turned down the curved driveway, Serena felt as if she were seeing it for the first time. The bridal wreath had long since lost its white bloom, but the blue anchusas and the golden poppies made a vivid contrast against the background of blooming pyracantha hedge. The smooth, green lawn curved into borders bright with petunias, and the bank of pinks close to the white house gave out a heady perfume.

"They spent their entire lives on this garden. You'll never be able to keep it up like Harriet did." Mrs. Hale's voice was discouraging. "I'd like to go in with you," she added more cheerfully, "but I have errands to do in town. Come by when you are ready to leave."

SERENA stood on the lawn, away from the plane tree, enjoying the bright May sun. Turning her back to the house, she looked up at the trees framing the driveway. A clump of redwoods hid the butane tank, and across from them, away from the lawn, were tall pines and a huge oak tree, whose long branches protected the house from the afternoon sun.

Sighing in satisfaction, she went into the screened porch. The house was younger than she had thought, finished just before the war, the lawyer had said. It was a good house, with spacious rooms, built to last for generations. The big living room was all windows and French doors. There was a long, cool corridor with glass doors, and two bedrooms, each one larger than Serena's apartment. The dining room faced the porch, all glass

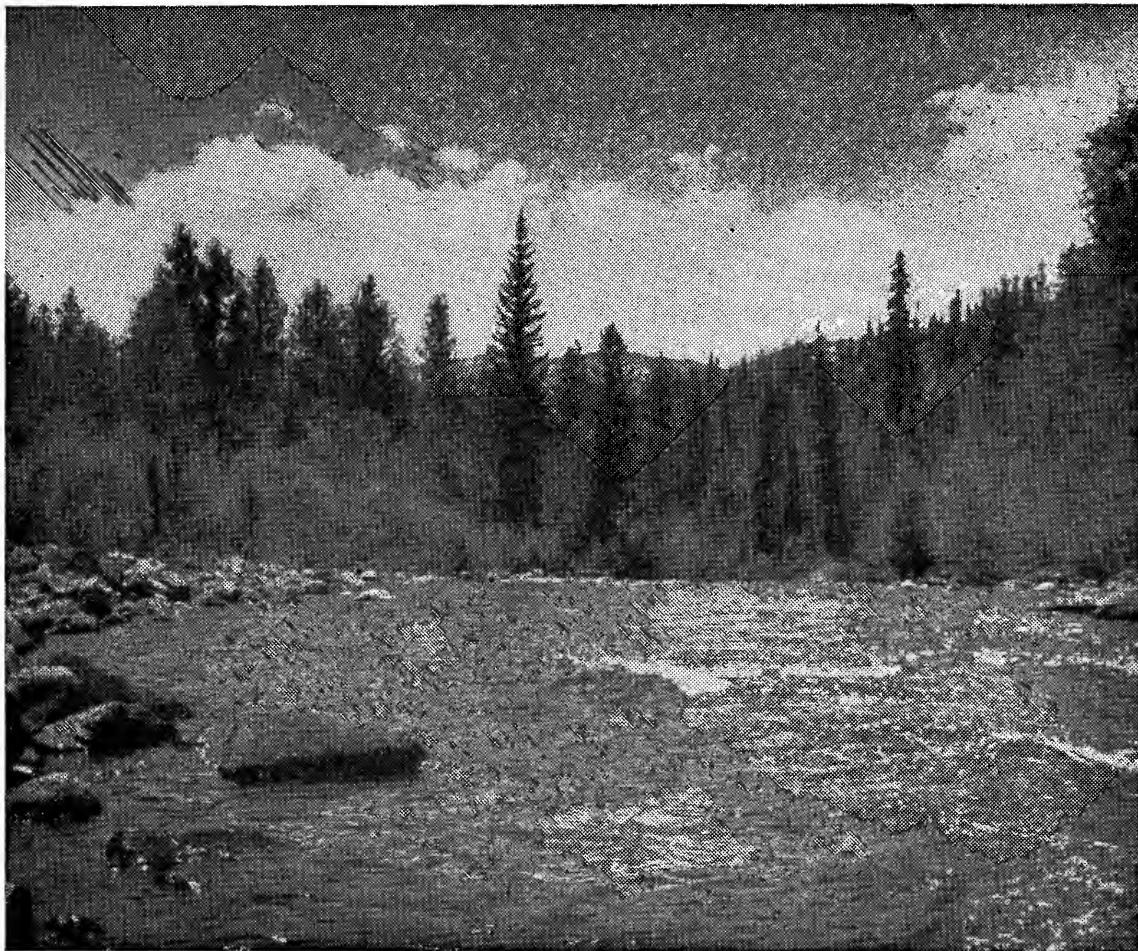
doors, and there was a big farm kitchen, even a tidy basement, with a gas furnace and shelves of fruit.

Serena saw her domain with humility. She must be worthy of the house. From now on it would be not only her home, but it must be a place of refuge for others. I will be generous with this house, she promised intensely. Walking under the walnut trees, she saw with curiosity that the leaves had a reddish tinge and were not yet in full growth. A few of the dark catkins remained on the gravelled driveway. Serena breathed deeply of the sweet air. Twenty acres of peace and privacy, all hers!

In the white barn she found a black car, only three years old, and looking like new. There was a battered pickup of prewar days, and some farm implements. She got into the car, saw the tank was full of gas. It was a good thing she had recently renewed her driver's license. If she could find the key, she would try the car.

She got as far as the kitchen porch. A car, a shining new green pickup, was coming down the driveway. The driver was a tall man, suntanned and handsome. He was close enough for Serena to see his deep-set blue eyes and dark hair. His eyes were serious, even grave, and he had a firm mouth and strong chin. On the seat beside him was a small replica of a son, with the same smooth dark hair and unsmiling blue eyes. The two of them got out of the car and stood there on the gravelled walk in the walnut shade, looking at Serena as if she were an intruder.

(To be continued)



Willard Luce

ROCK CREEK IN THE HIGH UINTAHS, UTAH



*Pattern for Loveliness*

Grace Sayre

With song and laughter and curving wing,  
Beauty lifts in a patterned swing;  
True as the moon and tide together,  
Rise and fall with their silver tether;  
So does loveliness pulse and surge,  
Its heartthrob beating a rhythmic urge,  
Moving swiftly in a forward swing,  
Lightly held in time's bright wing,  
Bearing upward in delicate grace  
To the singing stars in a singing space.



# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1892

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

**BEFORE RAILROADS:** Before the advent of railroads through our beautiful Territory, when we traveled much by team, it was my good fortune to make an almost ideal journey through a very sparsely settled district. . . . We began our journey way down in the Blue Valley Country, but recently a part of Piute County. . . . To the South lay the grand old Henry mountain, densely wooded from base to summit . . . . Sixteen times during the day we crossed the stream which has a quick sand bottom . . . . The next morning we passed through a box canon . . . . If the mountain had been cracked from crest to sea level and the wagon road made at the bottom of the crevice it would have looked just so; or, as one of the children remarked, "God has marked out this road with His finger that we may not have to go up on this side of the mountain nor down on the other . . . ."—Ellen Jakeman

### I WANT YOU SO

I have not turned away my eyes  
From green of earth, or blue of skies,  
And I still hear, as once I heard,  
The splash of stream and song of bird.  
The way seems smooth before my feet,  
Yet in the dusk these tears will flow,  
"I want you so! I want you so!"

—*The Magazine of Poetry*

**WOMEN'S WORK IN THE WORLD'S FAIR:** . . . women of Utah, you have a glorious heritage. You breathe a higher and purer air than most of your brethren; your eyes constantly rest upon one of the most glorious landscapes with which God has ever blest the vision of man; your soil yields most abundant growth; you are environed by mountains with hearts of gold and veins of silver, and sinews of iron; you have magnificent resources. It remains for you to take advantage of this opportunity to show to the world the wealth and the grandeur that God has given you.

—Mrs. Solomon Thatcher, Jr.

**A VERY PRETTY GIFT:** A very pretty gift and much appreciated was that of a box of pressed ferns and sea-weed from the Sandwich Islands and the box contained unique Relief Society badges, such as were worn by the native sisters there on Jubilee Day, March 17th. The badges were for Zina D. H. Young and her counselors including one for the editor.—Editorial

**ELECTIONS:** The great question of the next President of the United States is to most people, a very exciting public matter . . . . So far so good, but the end is not yet reached, but for the good name of our great Republic it is to be hoped peace and good order may be maintained and a disposition to bear disappointment bravely if on the losing side. Women are as deeply interested in this grave national matter as men can possibly be and have as much or more at stake.—Editorial



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**V**ESTA N. LUKEI, Redlands, California, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, is the author of *Mild Silver and Furious Gold*, a collection of lyrics recently published by Citograph Press in Redlands. The poems, revealing an optimistic spirit and a sensitive appreciation for people and places familiar to the poet, are beautifully expressed.

**K**ATHLEEN NORRIS, well-known California novelist and civic worker, spends much of her time in making public addresses urging women to take an active part in the affairs of local, state, and national government. During her trip to Utah in May, she said that in the coming half-century women should become so interested in the welfare of society that half the voters in the affairs of government would be women.

**M**RS. TOY LEN GOON, American Mother for 1952, is fifty-seven years old, a Chinese-born laundry woman from Portland, Maine. Her name was presented by the Portland Business and Professional Women's Club, which mentioned the high regard in which she had been held in the community for thirty-eight years. Mrs. Goon has worked very hard to encourage and help her eight children with their education, especial-

ly since the death of her husband eight years ago. Her oldest son is Doctor Carrol Goon of Salt Lake City, twenty-seven years old. Mrs. Goon was honored at a luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. Here indeed we see democracy in action.

**Q**UEEN JULIANA of the Netherlands visited the United States in April with her husband, His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard, primarily to study American production methods. The Queen considers it a good thing that Dutch women are now able to choose whether or not they shall work outside their homes, and she favors advancing women's rights in Holland. She calls herself a "working woman" and justifies the title. Among many other duties, she looks over about two hundred letters a day, answering some personally and delegating other replies. The Queen speaks English, German, and French fluently. She dresses simply, patronizing Dutch shops and personally observing the economy which is at present a national necessity. She lives in a homey suburban palace, rather than in the formal, large palace at the Hague, and spends considerable time daily with her four young daughters, who attend the most progressive schools in Holland, and who, later, may marry commoners if they choose.



## *The Narrow Room*

**R**ECENTLY, in a small town, a woman who had lived there all her life died at the age of eighty-three. Many of her relatives—nieces and nephews and grandchildren who had gone away to live in far places, returned to attend the funeral. Afterwards, when they assembled in the small cottage, set up against the hills, one of the granddaughters remarked: "I feel sorry for Grandma, having to live more than eighty years in this little town, limited in her activities and in her viewpoint—as one living in a narrow room."

But that young woman did not really know her grandmother, nor did she realize that the spirit can grow and expand and reach toward perfection in any environment. The woman who lived in the small town became aware of this significant truth as her years lengthened, as her understanding was quickened, and as her heart learned the ways of unselfish love.

To her, at first, her home itself was a place of wonder and enchantment—her home, to change and mold to her own ideals of beauty and convenience, to shape to the needs and the comfort of her family. Home was a broad field in which she could use her industry, her artistic talents, her practical skills, to the fullest extent. Every wall, every floor, every window, the doorways, the porches, all became

places of interest. Her first carpet was gay in its varied colors, and it felt luxurious and soft to her feet. The chairs, which her husband made, and which she painted, were treasured objects that lasted a lifetime in her kitchen. The corner cupboard, where she placed the set of dishes which had been in her mother's family for generations, became a lasting joy. Sometimes she would stand quietly for a few minutes looking at the dishes and enjoying them, thinking about the other homes in strange lands that had been made beautiful by those same dishes.

In her relationships with her husband and children, she found that as she gained understanding to look at life also through their eyes, her own world became broader.

Once, as she read from the New Testament aloud to her small son, she saw the words of Jesus in a greater radiance, and she felt that she had entered into that hallowed place—the world of a child—and had shared an innocent, all-trusting faith with her small son.

And one day, when she was old, and it was autumn, she came into the living room carrying an armful of bright, yellow marigolds, and saw her husband sitting by the fireplace with his head bowed on his hands. Then it seemed that all her life with him passed in review, and she realized that her love had grown so

deeply with the years that she could never be separated from his nearness while she lived upon the earth, even though she might be denied his companionship in the interim between their times of passing—and that, afterwards, they would be together in eternity.

Although she was known as a “homebody,” this woman reached out to accept all the blessings that community life could give her, and she gave freely of her own gifts. She could not sing nor play the organ, but she could read well, and much of the poetry and literature familiar to the people of the town had come to them in the rich and sensitive voice of this woman who treasured books because they were links between the great thoughts and deeds of the past and the dreams of the unknown tomorrow.

Once, for a Fourth of July celebration, the people of the town erected a liberty pole and placed

the flag of the United States upon it. This woman read the Declaration of Independence as her part on the program—and after that she knew the contents of that great document—and others remembered also.

She had never thought of her life as narrow or restricted, for each day she saw before her more opportunities than she could ever explore, more beauty than she could ever fully appreciate, more people than she could ever serve as she wished to serve them. And, more than all of this, she saw earth life as part of a great cycle, and she felt close to her pre-existence and near to the aftertime.

In the wide, unbounded realm of the spirit, there are no limitations, no barriers save only those which the spirit itself establishes. For the reaching, growing, eternal spirit, there is no narrow room.

—V. P. C.



## *Landholder*

Marian Schroder Crothers

He knew each field,  
 And from his house could look across the waving wheat  
 That grew knee-deep in spreading green.  
 He named each one:  
 The North Field, Barn Field, and the Coulee Piece;  
 The Little Hay Field.  
 These were familiar as are streets to city folks.  
 He met the challenge of the soil;  
 With silver plowshare turned the rich, warm earth,  
 And in his steady, patient way,  
 Watched changing seasons come and go.  
 He felt abiding oneness with the land;  
 In this close kinship,  
 Found deepest joy that he could know.

# A Message In Action

Maggie Tolman Porter

SARA Matthews walked briskly the three blocks to meet her Relief Society visiting teacher companion, Sister Reva Norris, who had called earlier and made the appointment that morning.

"How long have I kept you waiting?" panted Sara, as she came up to their appointed meeting place.

"Only a few minutes. I've just caught up with my breath. I was afraid you'd be waiting for me," laughed Sister Norris.

"If it weren't for one place," said Sara Matthews as they both lingered in the shade of the elm tree, "I would enjoy these visits immensely."

"Meaning where?" queried her companion, knowing very well what the answer would be, for she, too, dreaded that certain visit.

"Sister Allen's, of course. She has resented our visits ever since Brother Allen met his death in that terrible car accident."

"I know," answered Sara. "Last time she was worse than the month before. I wonder if it could be anything personal."

"No, I don't think it could be that. I've heard she treats everyone who visits her the same, cool way. Remember, last time she didn't even turn down the radio."

"And she left the room when you were giving the message, and . . . ."

"Yes, but her children were quarreling and fussing like a battle royal was going on. Perhaps she

could not come back. We never waited to see if she would return."

"Perhaps we left too soon," regretted Sara.

"Considering it all," explained the older Sister Norris, "I think we should give her credit for any doubts and have a little more faith that the Lord will help us."

"I've heard she refuses any and all offers of help or friendship. I wonder . . . ."

"Yes, I wonder, too, just how many have really offered her comfort or assistance. I'm ashamed to admit I've never called on her, only as a Relief Society visiting teacher. I've never visited her as a neighbor and friend. Have you?"

"Just once. It was before the funeral. She was very bitter. She felt that a just God would not deprive them of all that life held dear, not while they were all striving to serve him. It was hard to reason with her about her sorrow. I think she still feels the same way," remarked Sister Norris as they leisurely went on their way.

"Let's go there first this time, and get it over. Then we will enjoy the rest of our visits," commented Sister Matthews.

"I doubt if this is the proper attitude for us, if we expect the Lord to help us. I made a special prayer for Sister Allen before I left home. I . . . ."

"So did I, and just now I have pleaded in my heart that he will prepare her to receive our message. It's so wonderful today."

THEY paused a moment at Sister Allen's gate. A bed of scarlet zinnias was wilting in the hot August sunshine.

"Do you remember last May when we made our visit, Brother and Sister Allen were planting that very bed? He told us it was scarlet zinnias."

"Yes, and when we came in June he was gone. It must be terrible to have one's companion and father of three small children taken so suddenly."

"There was such a small insurance. I doubt if after the expenses of the funeral were paid she had much left. Little we know how she really feels . . . poor little mother!" Sister Matthews sighed as she opened the little gate. The lawn needed mowing and watering, they noticed, as they stepped upon the shady porch.

"Remember, it's your turn," whispered Sister Matthews.

"Yes, I know," and Sister Norris knocked gently on the front door. There was no answer. However, they could hear voices in the back part of the house.

"It would be easy to report not at home and go on to the next place," suggested Sister Matthews timidly.

"After asking the Lord to help and prepare the way for us? Oh, no, Sister Matthews. We're going to deliver our message somehow. I just don't know . . ."

"You are right," Sara agreed, quickly.

Slowly they walked around to the back of the house. At the open kitchen door they saw the situation at a glance. The mother was hold-

ing a sick baby under her arm, while she tried to wring clothes. The two older children, Billy—age nine—and Sue—age seven—were trying to feed the clothes into the wringer.

"Children, please. I'll do it! I'm afraid you'll . . ."

A gentle knock at the screen brought the family to attention. "Oh, it's you ladies! Will you please excuse me? You can see I have a sick baby. He's cried almost continually for two days and nights. I have no clean clothes for him and I just have to put out this wash."

Sister Norris and Sara walked on in without an invitation.

"Come, dear," said the older sister kindly. "Let me look at little Timmie. I have reared nine babies, and I've learned quite a bit about their illnesses."

Sister Norris decided the trouble might be an earache. She knew the doctor was out of town.

"You might try applying moist heat to his ear," she suggested.

After a few minutes the tired little sufferer settled down and fell asleep.

The worn-out mother watched Sister Norris as she put down the baby. Her eyes, too, were heavy for sleep.

"Come with me, Sister Allen. You must get some sleep while little Timmie is asleep. You are as worn out as he is. You . . ."

"Oh, no," Sister Allen refused quickly, "I have to get these peaches put up and the clothes finished while he rests. I've not . . ."

"Don't you worry, but lie down right here beside him. We will help you some way. You just for-



get it all and rest," Sister Norris insisted, kindly.

The tired mother was almost asleep when Sister Matthews entered the room, a little later. "What kind of syrup do you want for the peaches, Sister Allen?"

"Just like you'd make if they were yours," she answered drowsily.

\* \* \* \*

"**WE** had better call the president, Sister Hatch," Sara suggested when she had closed the bedroom door. "She will tell us what to do. There is a lot of help needed."

Besides the large, unfinished washing to do and the bushel of peaches to be canned, there were a table and sink filled with unwashed dishes, a part of last week's ironing to be done, and a tub of fruit jars to be washed and sterilized.

"Sister Hatch has asked two of the neighbors to come and help for an hour or two," Sara reported in a few minutes. "They are faithful Relief Society workers and said they would be glad to lend a hand. I told her we would stay and help, too, and finish our visits another day."

A few minutes later Sister Scott and Sister Jones were added to the force. The children stood spellbound. They had never seen work disappear like that before.

Sister Norris, noticing them, beckoned Sister Scott aside, then to the children she said, "I'm sure you dear children want to do something to help in this surprise for Mama, don't you?"

"Sure we do," answered Billy.

"We want to do anything we can. We know how tired our Mom is."

"Me, too," chimed Sue. "I like to work."

"Sister Scott says she has a nice, new lawn mower. Do you think you are big enough to mow your lawn?" asked Sister Norris.

"I sure am!" answered Billy as he straightened up with a boyish swagger.

"You will find it in our garage, help yourself," smiled Sister Scott.

"I can turn the water on Daddy's zinnias, I know better than to sprinkle them in this hot sun," chimed in Sue as she ran for the hose.

**I**N a few minutes she returned, her little face all aglow. "I can wash fruit jars, too, Sister Norris. My hand is just the right size for the jars."

"Of course you can," smiled Sister Matthews as she put the last sparkling dish in the cupboard. "I'll fix you a nice suds and we'll have that tub of jars ready in a jiffy."

"I'm ashamed the way I've neglected Sister Allen," mused Sister Scott. "I called at the time of her trouble, but she seemed to resent my intrusion. I just put off calling. If I had known about her sick baby I'd have been too glad . . ."

"The same with me," interrupted Sister Jones. "It's so easy to put off something like this, expecting each day you will do it. I guess our chances to be angels—I mean *ministering angels*—come and we just let those chances slip by. I'm so glad Sister Hatch asked me. I told her I would keep an eye on Sister Allen for her."

As the last jar of golden peaches was put on the table, another neighbor, Sister Martin, walked in with a basket of sandwiches and a pitcher of ice-cold lemonade. "I see you have most of the work done," she commented, as she surveyed the orderly kitchen. "I saw you working from my window and thought you'd be hungry."

"We haven't had time to think of eating, but — I'm starving," laughed Sister Norris.

"I'll bet the children are famished, too," Sara decided, calling Sue and Billy in to help eat the sandwiches.

The afternoon wore on. Order had emerged from chaos. As they were finishing the last of the ironing, Sister Allen walked into her immaculate kitchen. She stood for a moment surveying it all, and

her eyes welled with tears. "You must have been right, Sister Norris. Little Timmie seems much better."

She tried to keep back her tears, as her eyes traveled from one woman to another. "I guess I do have a lot to be thankful for, after all. I can never tell you what your help has meant to me today. But I guess I can show you hereafter. Please call again to see me. I need your friendship and want every one of you to spend an afternoon with me very soon."

The sun was nearly setting beyond the mountains as Sister Norris and Sara again came to their meeting place.

"Well, Sister Norris, we still have our Relief Society teaching to do. Just what did we do today?"

"That, Sister Matthews, was A Message in Action."



## *Far Echo*

Pansy H. Powell

A hundred years from now someone will say,

"I wonder if she felt the same as I—

Loved to sit silent at the close of day

To watch red sunset dimming in the sky.

I wonder if she felt the faery power

Of love's enchantment, if she ever knew

The sorrow of a midnight's lonely hour,

Had long-kept memories from which she drew.

I wonder if she found life hard to bear.

At times; she lived so long ago

When life was easy, though she had her share,

No doubt, of secret anguishes and woe."

So will she say, when I am long since dead,

For so of Great-grandmother I have said!

## *We Are Seven*

Caroline Eyring Miner

A lovely, intelligent, golden-haired teen-age girl confided to me the other day, "I want a big family when I get married—we had five—that isn't enough—we just had one girl at that. I want five girls and five boys."

It was good to know that we still have Latter-day Saint girls with such dreams. And I said a silent prayer, "Make her dream come true, please, dear Lord. It would just be the irony of fate for a girl like that to be unfortunate enough not to have a family at all."

Too often, even among our Latter-day Saint girls, we find them planning for a family of two—one boy and one girl, or maybe two of each.

Father always said you had to have quantity to have quality. While I'm not sure that is entirely true, it is true that in a large family all must share in the work of the household, the money obtained must be divided and subdivided, and there usually is enough work, and only enough money to make good children. It's hard to spoil all nine or ten children in a large family. There just isn't enough pampering to go around.

According to our religious belief, we are responsible for rearing a good family—giving choice spirits an opportunity to possess mortal bodies. As mothers in Israel let us try to instill in the hearts of our daughters a sense of responsibility and joy in bearing children. "It's the best way to bring souls into the Church," said father in his terse way, "raise our own." And mother always said, "The Lord broadens your back to bear the burden of a large family, and lets you know all the joy of it."



## *The Tale of a Shirt*

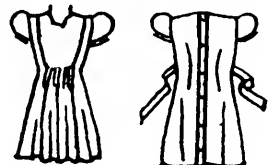
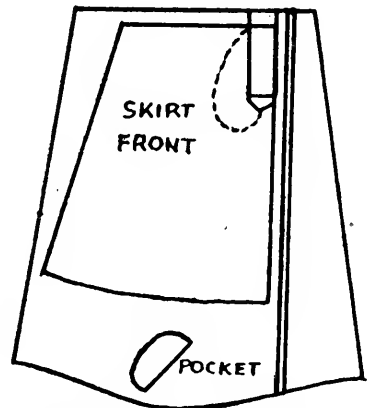
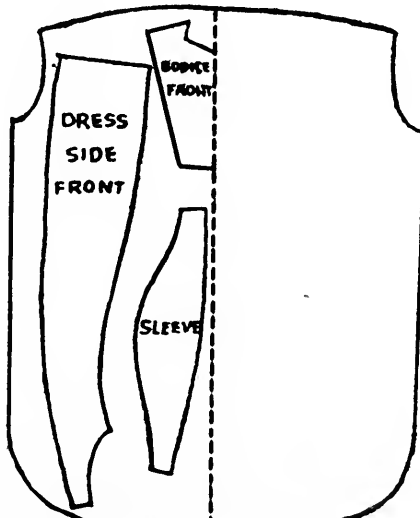
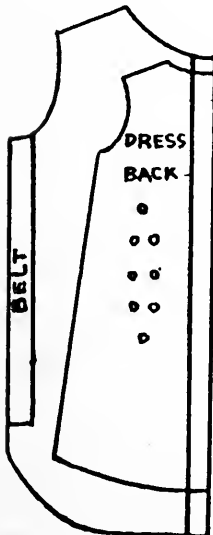
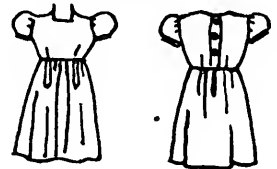
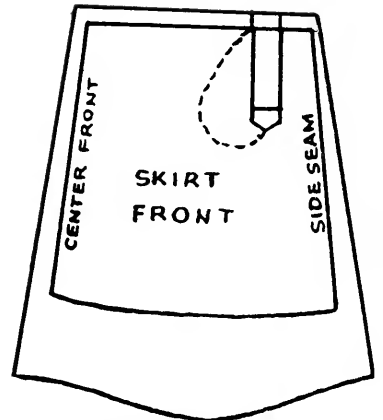
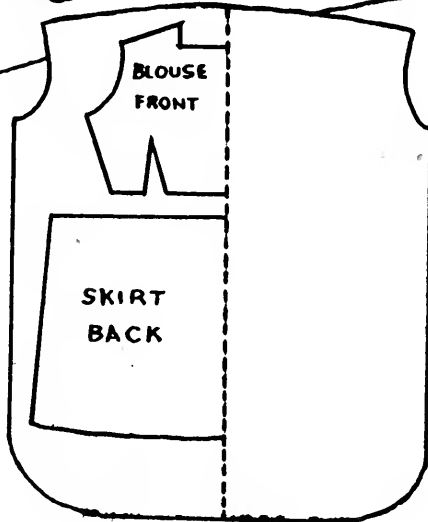
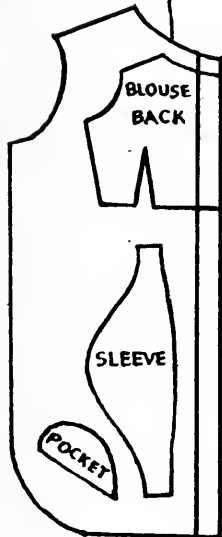
Mary R. Reynolds

This is the story of a shirt, in fact of two shirts, because father had discarded two of his as no longer wearable. There were also two little girls, Margaret and Mary, who needed new everyday dresses.

Mother decided there was plenty of good material in father's old shirts, so she got busy. One was a blue from her scrap bag. The other was a soft green chambray, which she trimmed in white. She used the patterns illustrated herewith, which were planned especially to utilize the pieces of a man's shirt, and Margaret and Mary are now wearing dresses of which they are very proud. You can see how really good-looking the results are.

To save work the buttoned front of a shirt was used to make the back buttoning of a dress. The plackets on the shirt sleeves make the pocket tops. Each dress was made entirely from one shirt. Why not try converting a shirt into a child's dress yourself?

—Reprinted by permission from *Farm Journal and Farmers Wife*, August 1942



# Adventure in Glass

## II—AMERICA MAKES GLASS

*Alberta H. Christensen*

Member, General Board of Relief Society

**T**HE courageous settlers of our Northeastern Coast, who had in their homeland been somewhat familiar with the beauty and use of glass, probably considered it impractical to hazard such fragile articles in a crowded sailing vessel. Indeed, there was no need for such in the early days of life in the New World; the wigwam, cave, sod hut, and early clapboard houses required sturdy durable equipment and simple utensils.

Window glass became an acute need, but was very difficult to obtain as late as 1700. Newcomers were advised to bring their windowpanes with them, unless they desired to content themselves with oiled paper or sliding panels, which were the usual substitutes. It is stated that in certain parts of Maine in 1745 there was not a single house with a pane of glass in it. We also read, though it seems incredible when we think of the multiple uses of glass today, that men were born, lived, and died in the areas which now constitute the states of Maine, Vermont, Virginia, and the Carolinas, who had seldom, if ever, seen the substance called glass, and had never themselves used it. Glass is not often mentioned in documents relating to life in the Colonies in the seventeenth century.

Though this be true, glass was actually being made in America in a few isolated glasshouses, and it is

an interesting fact that the very first industry to be undertaken in the Colonies was that of making glass. It is also interesting to know that, although the need for windowpanes and household utensils was so great, our first glass was not blown for local requirements, but for export.

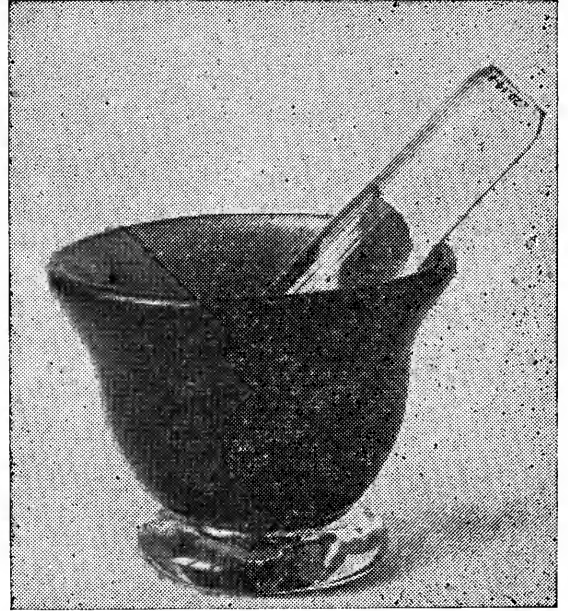
The first attempt at glassmaking in the New World was in the little colony of Jamestown. An unlimited supply of fuel from the forests, and sand to be had for the taking, induced John Smith and the settlers to erect a building for the making of glass. Their intention was to export the product to England and thereby lure immigrant workmen to the newly settled land. With the second group of arrivals (1608) were eight Dutch and Polish glassmen, and the following year samples of the product were shipped, with furs and tar, to the mother country. But these Jamestown colonists, with a "preponderance of non-working gentlemen," were not an ambitious lot, and the venture was short-lived, the building soon falling into decay. What this first American glass was like is a matter of conjecture, but it is probable that the only products were bottles of dark glass.

A few years later the glassmaking interest was revived by the London Company, and a second glasshouse was constructed. This Jamestown

factory was to make beads for trade with the Indians, six Italian glass blowers being sent over for the purpose. Bottles and windowpanes were probably also made in this short-lived venture.

**T**HE second glassmaking project takes us to Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1639. No record of the activities of this glasshouse has come to light, but fragments of dark-greenish glass have been found near the wall that once bounded the property of what was for years called, "Glasshouse Field."

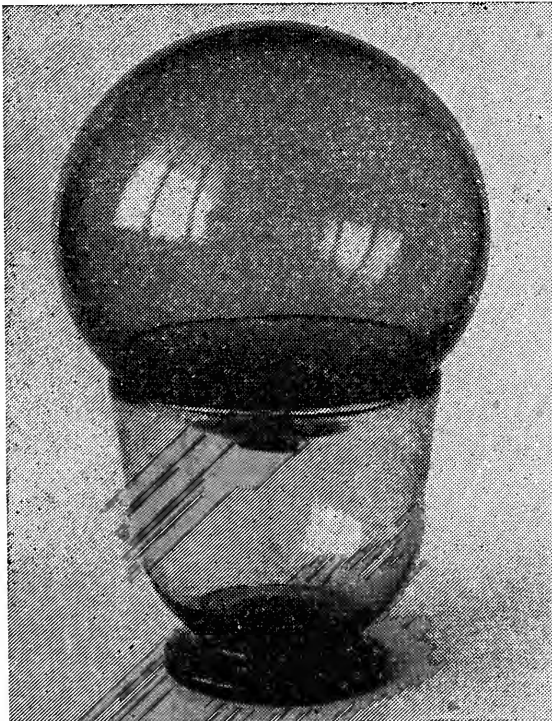
Before 1664, during the Dutch occupation of New York, Jan Smedes ran a glassworks on what is now Wall Street. A glassmaking venture was also mentioned by William Penn in a letter of 1683, but it



The Metropolitan Museum of Art  
New York City

**MORTAR AND PESTLE**  
(amber and green)

South Jersey Type, possibly  
Wistarberg  
Eighteenth Century



The Metropolitan Museum of Art  
New York City

**OLIVE-GREEN BOWL WITH  
BALL COVER**

South Jersey Type  
Eighteenth Century

was apparently short-lived. So we have our pioneer attempts at glassmaking taking place in Jamestown, Salem, New York, and Philadelphia and, although we know nothing definite about the output of these four pioneer houses, we may safely assume that it was limited to window glass and to bottles.

The first successful glassworks was established in Salem, New Jersey, by Casper Wistar, a German immigrant who came to this country in 1717, and who was the forerunner of hundreds of Germanic glassblowers who contributed to the success of American glassmaking in the eighteenth century. Wistar, who was manufacturing brass buttons in Philadelphia, decided to make glass, probably as a business venture. Since he himself knew



nothing about the art, he imported four glass experts from Rotterdam. The Wistarberg glassworks, carried on by his son Richard, ran continuously for a period of forty years. Twenty-five years ago practically all early glass found in this area was attributed to this factory, and yet, except for two newspaper advertisements listing such commercial products as window glass, bottles, and the like, we can only speculate on the glass the Wistars produced.

We must not forget that the glass blowers had the right to use the fag end of the pot to blow useful and ornamental objects for their own households or for friends. They were the designers as well as the craftsmen, and they formed pieces as fancy dictated. It is in these off-hand pieces blown at Wistar that the so-called "South Jersey tradition" originated. It was carried on by glasshouses immediately following, some of which were manned by former Wistar workmen. No matter how delicate or graceful in shape or decoration these articles were, there was about them a quality of sturdiness, rather than fragility. For this reason the glass in the South Jersey tradition has the distinctive characteristic of individuality and a peasant quality associated with folk art.

**T**HE credit for introducing flint (lead) glass in America has usually been given to Henry William Stiegel, who was born in Cologne, Germany, and arrived in Philadelphia in 1750. He is reputed to have produced the first clear and colored tableware in competition

with Continental and English markets, and because of certain personal characteristics, many romantic, colorful legends have grown up around him and his glassmaking career.

Self-reliant and aggressive, Stiegel found work at a pioneer ironworks owned by Jacob Huber. Two years later he married Huber's daughter Elizabeth, acquiring an interest in the business which he operated after Huber's death. It is perhaps by strange coincidence that not only was Stiegel's mother named Elizabeth, but his first wife, his glass furnace, and his second wife were also named Elizabeth.

Stiegel was ambitious; in 1763 he built a glasshouse at Elizabeth Furnace, Pennsylvania, making bottles and window glass. With the bottleworks established, he built another glasshouse at Manheim, Pennsylvania. It was his dream to produce glass comparable to the finest Continental ware, so, borrowing money on every hand, he sailed for Europe. He studied in London and Bristol, every phase of the glass business, and we find among the expert glassmen Stiegel induced to come to his Manheim factory, English, German, and Italian workmen—one hundred and thirty men trained in the best glassmaking traditions of the Continent.

Stiegel succeeded in his ambition to produce glass of quality, and those pieces which are identified with his factory are prized possessions. It is thought that his molded ware of English type was made of flint metal by his English workmen, while his continental style engraved and enameled ware



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**STIEGEL TYPE FLIP**  
(drinking glass)  
Enameled in Colors  
Eighteenth Century

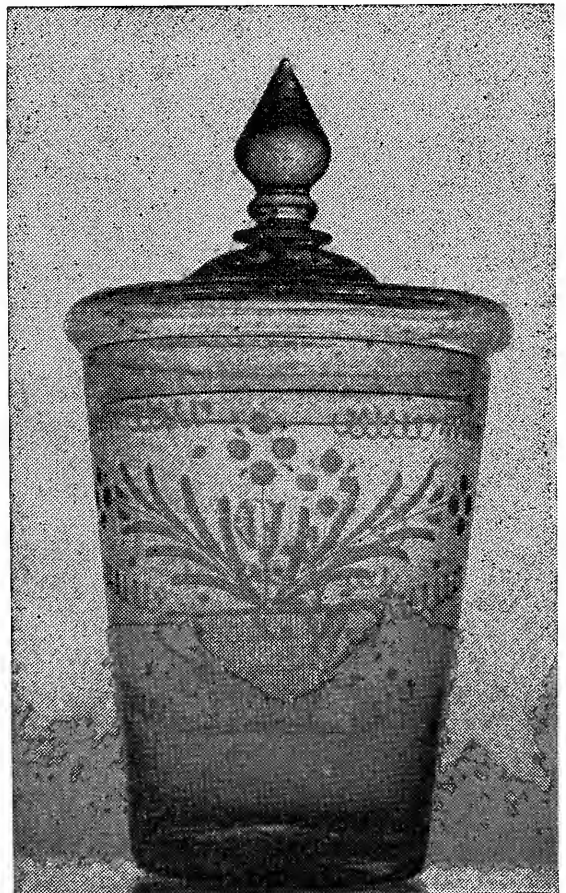
was of the soda-lime glass, with which his German workmen were familiar.

Business flourished at Manheim, but prosperity went to the head of William Stiegel. An apparent "illusion of grandeur" caused him to indulge in great extravagances. He built for himself a mansion and a castle and furnished each lavishly. He was called "Baron," traveled in a coach and four, and his goings and comings were announced by the firing of a cannon.

Although Stiegel was interested in the personal welfare of his workmen and their families, and even in the religious and musical training of their children, his extravagances led to disapproval and an entanglement of debt. He finally became

bankrupt and was imprisoned. Shorn of all his earthly splendor, William Stiegel, who gave America its first impetus toward perfection in glass, died penniless in 1785.

**T**HOUGH Stiegel's are the earliest table and ornamental wares of which there is any definite knowledge, they are so similar to their English and German prototypes that positive identification is often impossible. Students prefer to speak of the Stiegel tradition, which is the antithesis of the South Jersey. In Stiegel ware we have skills standardized to conform to commercial requirements. Both



The Metropolitan Museum of Art  
New York City

**SMALL ENGRAVED DRINKING  
GLASS**  
Stiegel Type  
Eighteenth Century

lead and soda-lime glass were used. Shapes were expertly formed and more sophisticated. Both clear and colored glass were made, the colored metal being in shades of rich blues, purples, amethysts, and, rarely, emerald green.

Lists of items made at Manheim include all the table articles in vogue during the period: decanters with ball stoppers, flips, mugs, wine glasses, tumblers, sugar bowls, cruetts, smelling and scent bottles. The clear glass is frequently of a beautiful quality, with a texture rarely equaled even in English lead glass, and was often decorated by engraving or enameling.

The Stiegel engraved work was done on thin blown glass and left unpolished, in contrast to foreign

engraving. Characteristic designs are the tulip, baskets of flowers, sunburst with birds, rows of dots, and latticework borders. Painting with vitrified enamels, similar to work done in Germany, Switzerland, and France, was done in six brilliant opaque colors. The designs were often of a floral nature with a central figure, such as a woman in a boat, a dog, a bird, or a building with a steeple, and they appeared on such articles as mugs, tumblers, and bottles.

Stiegel gave us our first decorative tableware, his product reflecting the influence of both England and Germany. In the nineteenth century the Stiegel tradition and techniques were carried westward and there developed into richer and more typically American forms.



## *Sudden Flight*

Vesta N. Lukei

Below this grain-gold hilltop where I stand  
The canyon valley overflows with green  
Of citrus groves that climb the sloping land  
And stretch slim, reaching fingers up between  
The arid sun-baked backs of rock-ribbed hills  
The valley's quietude and mine are one  
Until a haunting faroff whistle spills  
Its harmonies where silver train tracks run

Then, arrow-swift, the train speeds into sight,  
And I who stand as rooted to this land  
As any tree, know suddenly the flight  
Of wild birds winging, spirits lifting, and  
The surge of throbbing blood in every vein—  
And, oh, my quickened heart pursues the train!

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Alcoholism, in the majority of cases, has many basic social roots. The best way to "cure" it is to prevent it. The way to prevent it is to stop the use of alcohol as a beverage. . . . "Teaching moderation" won't do it, and we know this because it never has done it—teaching abstinence will help.

—From *The Clipsheet*

# Uncertain Possession

## CHAPTER 7

*Beatrice R. Parsons*

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, who has no home of her own and has lived with a cousin, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never be wholly hers. However, she gradually finds a place for herself in the community and in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. She becomes acquainted with Jim Nason, an eccentric man, who has been asked to help financially in building a much-needed hospital for Sky Valley. Two small china kittens which Lorna has treasured since childhood have become to her a symbol of possession, and she finally gives them to Carole, and feels that she is becoming more willing to share herself and her husband with others. When Lorna finally meets Margaret Benson, an invalid, and a dear friend of Matthew's, she regrets her attitude of indifference and makes an effort to be friendly and helpful.

**D**URING the following month, Lorna and Margaret became fast friends. It was easy for Lorna to know just how Matt had grown so fond of Margaret. She was a fine person, intelligent, thoughtful, kind. She never complained, though there was a quiet, waiting look in her beautiful eyes that told Lorna that she knew how very ill she was. Lorna was glad that Hallie had showed her the truth about Matt and Margaret.

She was glad that Hallie had taken her to see Helen Barker. Lorna tried to feel different about Matt. She loved him deeply. But she

tried to curb the possessiveness that tugged at her soul. She knew her husband well. He was the sort of man who must share himself with others.

Lorna was learning that her own share of Matt was something no one else could ever own, yet she still kept dreaming of going home. Uncle John was much better. He was gathering up his practice, becoming more and more able to attend the ill of Westfield. Lorna felt that soon—she hoped very soon—they'd be leaving Westfield. Uncle John had long ago told her that he would be glad to take the old stone house off their hands.

But Matt was still reluctant to part with it. It held so many memories for him. Often, when he and Lorna were alone, he would reminisce. The stories he told made her laugh, sometimes, and want to weep for the little boy who had gotten into so many scrapes. Lately, she'd been hoping for a little boy of her own. An active, blue-eyed child like Matt.

Ever since she had fainted over Carole's cut, she had hoped stronger than ever. But she hadn't said anything to Matt, wanting to be very, very sure before she awoke hopes and plans in his heart. As soon as she was sure, she would tell him. And Hallie, and Uncle John.

She had grown to love them almost as much as Matt did. They were growing to be more and more

her own family, just as they were Matt's. Yet she didn't consciously tell herself this, or tell Matt. To her this knowledge was like a rose in bud. She was only partly conscious of how her life was twining itself into Hallie's and Uncle John's. It was only at rare intervals that the thought crossed her mind. Then she rejected it, knowing that her only hope was to go back, have Matt more and more to herself as his duties as a doctor lessened. Back home Matt would not have the responsibility which he had in Westfield. There would be plenty of doctors to consult with, and a big hospital where patients would have all the advantages of modern medicine and surgery.

Uncle John and Matt still dreamed of a hospital for Sky Valley. Once, speaking of old Jim Nason, Uncle John gave Lorna a merry glance.

"You made quite a hit with the old man, Lorna," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "He told me the other day that you were the only female who ever stood up to him, spoke her mind. He hinted that if he had ever thought of giving a hospital, instead of a statue, to Westfield, he'd want to talk his plans over with you. He said you were, to quote him, 'as pretty as a magazine cover, and twice as sensible.'" Uncle John sighed, and his eyes were dreamy. "I hope he does talk plans with you, someday."

Lorna was astonished. "But we were at each other's throats like a couple of wild cats," she laughed, protestingly. "He let me know

that he didn't like me. And I certainly didn't hide the fact that I thought he was being mean to Matt, and everyone else in Westfield."

Uncle John laughed, and winked at Hallie, who, starched and stiff-shouldered, leaned over a microscope, closing one eye to see. Almost as though he were speaking for Hallie's ears alone, he murmured: "Did you hear her, Hallie? That time she said *Westfield*, as though it, and the people in it, were important to her, too."

He was teasing, of course, and Lorna flushed hotly. As she left the office, she told herself, impatiently, that she didn't really care about Westfield. All she cared about was having Matt close to her side.

He came home for a late lunch, looking worn and wearied. Lorna felt, serving him a salad and crisp roll under the lavender sweetpea vines, that there was nothing in the world she wanted more than to rub away the worried, tired wrinkles in his brow. Another polio case had kept him busy all morning.

As he poked at the pale green lettuce in the brown salad bowl with his fork, and stared worriedly at nothing, he sighed deeply.

"We're going to need an iron lung. I telephoned Reno. They're sending it over immediately. Now if we only had our own lung, our own hospital . . ."

His hands dropped wearily down, and when he began eating, it was as though he didn't quite know what Lorna had prepared. She wanted to make him forget, and spoke eagerly.

"Matt, have you forgotten! This

is our wedding anniversary. We've been married seven months." She looked across the top of her own brown salad bowl, and cried excitedly: "Matt, let's celebrate. Let's go dancing. I'll wear my blue frock. We'll forget everything--Westfield, sick people, everything! We'll be together--just the two of us--recapturing some of the wonder of our wedding day."

Matt's eyes were shining as she finished, and his mouth was curved in a tender smile. He reached across the little rustic table and touched her hand. There was love in the touch, and gentleness, and a swift eagerness to know again those beautiful hours that made his worry and tiredness fly away.

"We'll do it," he declared smilingly. "Uncle John and Hallie can take over. We'll go dancing. We'll look into each other's eyes. You'll wear the blue frock. And for a few hours we'll be glad, gay, and a little mad with happiness."

He finished his salad hurriedly, and promised that he would quit early, so that they would have plenty of time to dress, and drive over to the lake. As he dropped a light kiss on her forehead, he added with a twinkling little grin: "There's a full moon tonight, darling. Just for us."

**L**ORNA knew he was remembering what she had said about dancing under a brilliant platter of a moon, while desert breezes wafted desert perfumes all about them, and a wondrous desert night give them back their lovely dreams.

Lorna was pressing the blue frock when Carole came to the screen and rapped eagerly. She had

her little china kittens all tucked into a pink blanket, and she set them carefully on a chair as she perched on a hassock and talked to Lorna. Her face was clean-scrubbed, her cotton frock neat and clean, her brown braids smooth and tied with ribbons to match her dress. She let her eyes widen as she surveyed the billowy net skirt that Lorna was pressing.

"What a beautiful dress, Lorna. The prettiest I've ever seen. Are you wearing it to the party tonight?"

Lorna set the iron upright and asked with interest: "What party, Carole?"

"It's one for Netty Stevens. She's going to marry a soldier she met--one from Korea. He's going back, and Netty's going as far as California to wait till he comes back." She smoothed her short skirt, and sighed: "The Stevens' are quite poor. There are six children besides Netty. Her mother can't afford a pretty wedding dress for Netty. But Netty says she doesn't care a lot. Just as long as she can marry Bill and go through the temple, and . . ." Carole broke off, adding shortly: "The party is to give Netty some wedding gifts. She won't have many. But everyone will be there. Is that why you're pressing your pretty dress?"

Lorna shook her head, her eyes misty with happiness. "Dr. Matt and I are going dancing, Carole. I'm going to wear this dress tonight."

Carole sighed, relieved: "I was worrying that you were going to wear it to Netty's party. And it wouldn't do at all. It's too fancy.



The party's a barn dance. In the new barn Mr. Stevens has almost finished. Everyone will wear square-dance frocks, or blue jeans."

Lorna smiled. "I do believe I could spare a few sheets and a pair or two of pillow cases from my own trousseau," she said brightly. "Do you think you and your mother could take them over to the barn dance for me?"

Carole looked terribly disappointed. "Aren't you going, Lorna? Everyone will be expecting you. I'm sure Netty asked Dr. Matt to ask you. I heard her. Did he forget to tell you?"

Lorna laughed, forgiving Matt. "He did forget, Carole. But it doesn't matter. It's our seventh monthly wedding anniversary. We are going to our own party."

When Carole was gone, Lorna hung the lovely, swirling frock on a hanger, and went to find the soft, new sheets she wanted to send to Netty. She wrapped them carefully in pale pink tissue paper, and made a great, fluffy ribbon knot on the top of the package. Matt told her it was kind of her to want to share her nice things with Netty, and kissed her lightly before he began to dress. Lorna dressed, too, slipping into her gay, cotton housecoat while she brushed out her gleaming curls.

CAROLE ran across for the package, looking cute and old-fashioned in her long, gathered yellow cotton frock, a replica, she told them, of one her mother was to wear. She eyed Lorna eagerly.

"Have you changed your mind? Are you coming, too?"

Lorna shook her head. But Matt,

adjusting his tie, spoke almost lazily. "Why not, darling? We can go dancing some other time. There will be a lot of people at the party who want to meet you . . ."

"Matt!" Lorna's voice was sharp with disappointment. "You promised."

He spoke soothingly: "I promised, and we'll go dancing if you want to, darling. But we've all the rest of our lives to celebrate our own wedding anniversaries. We ought to help Netty celebrate hers first." He added thoughtfully: "She'll be so disappointed if we aren't there. She told me she wanted us, especially, when she invited us." He looked a little guilty, and finished quickly: "Lorna, I forgot to tell you I'm ashamed."

She told him it didn't matter. She was disappointed that he wanted to go to Netty's when he could have been alone with her. That old, possessive feeling swept over her, and she bit her lip to keep it from trembling.

Carole, the pretty package in her arms, started for the door, then turned and said casually to Matt: "Margaret won't be there, either. Her aunt telephoned Netty. Margaret's had another attack."

Matt's shoulders straightened, and deep worry tugged at his brows. "She's been overdoing again. I told her she musn't give so much of herself to others. But she insisted she was all right, and went to see that new polio patient."

He seemed to have forgotten the dance, Netty's party, everything, as he picked up his bag. His voice was urgent, and apologetic all at once. "I'll be right back, Lorna.

We'll go dancing. But there may be something I can do . . . ."

The door slammed sharply behind Matt, and Lorna stood there, her face a little pale, her gray eyes strained, staring after him. The blue dress, on its hanger, stirred gently in the breeze that came through the opened window, and its rustling crept into Lorna's mind.

**S**HE stared at it with hot, angry eyes. It seemed that every time she planned anything very special with Matt, something happened. Something intruded! If only she could speak loudly, as she had in the car, and send these instructions away as she had seemed to send the hawk away. Tears of anger and bitterness flowed down her cheeks. She didn't care, now, whether she and Matt went dancing or not. The lovely evening she had planned was spoiled anyway. She glanced at the beautiful blue dress, and spoke heatedly.

"I'll talk with Matt tomorrow! I'll have it out with him. He'll have to realize that we never have an instant for our very own selves. He'll have to see that we can't go on like this. I'll make him know that we must leave here . . . ."

Her hot little harangue was interrupted by a knock at the door. At first she thought it was Matt, then she saw Hallie, all dressed up in a long, green cotton square-dance frock, coming into the room. Hallie, who evidently had heard Lorna's voice, looked about for Matt.

"Thought I heard you talking to him," she said, glancing about, speaking in a curious tone when she found he wasn't there.

Lorna flushed hotly and con-

fessed, "Matt ran over to look in on Margaret. She's not well. We were going dancing. I was going to wear my blue frock, and . . . ."

Hallie was inspecting it with critical eyes. "It's very lovely, Lorna. A frock for any young woman to wear. Now if only Netty had something like that . . . ."

"She can have it," said Lorna almost spitefully, jerking it off its hanger, and handing it to Hallie. Her voice was almost hysterical as she cried: "Let her have it. It doesn't matter. Matt's already forgotten what that frock means to me . . . ."

"He hasn't forgotten, Lorna." Across the swirling folds of the blue net, Hallie's faded eyes were stern and accusing. "It's you who has forgotten, Lorna. Only you! . . . ." She put the dress hurriedly back on its hanger, saying firmly: "Wear it, Lorna. When Matt comes back. Wear it, yourself, and recapture all those hours that you had Matt all to yourself . . . ."

As though she had said more, much more, than she had meant to say, Hallie went swiftly from the room, her long skirt flapping unaccustomedly about her ankles. Lorna heard her going towards the garage to get Uncle John's car.

For a long time Lorna stood there staring at the dress, seeing it in all its sheer, filmy loveliness, thinking of everything it had meant to her when she wore it for Matt.

All at once—not pausing to pursue the matter to its conclusion—she picked the frock up in her arms and ran to intercept the backing car.

(Continued on page 493)

## *By Early Candlelight*

Home—Unknown

Bonnie A. Kesler

Illustration by the Author

**I**T was the first week in February, 1846, when Annie found herself knee-deep in packing. Orders to move had come unexpectedly early. She had hoped it would be spring before they left Nauvoo, when traveling would be much easier, but now, instead of having time to collect the goods they originally planned, she and her husband Hyrum must start for the West with only their one wagonload, one yoke of oxen, one cow, a tent, and a gun.

They would leave in three days—the date was set for February 6, at five in the morning. Hyrum was choosing the farm tools, seeds, a water barrel, and the animals. Annie must collect the bedding, cooking utensils, and small barrels for the food.

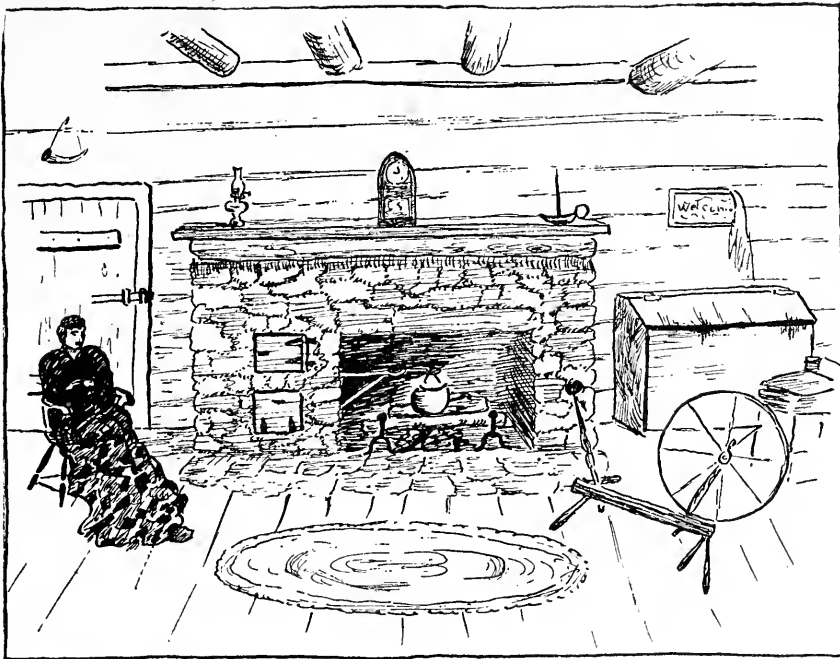
In selecting things, she knew that one thing which she would not leave behind was a little stove given to them as a wedding gift by her parents when they lived in New York. It was just seventeen inches high and could be used in the covered wagon for cooking and heating whenever the weather would be too severe to cook on the open bonfire. Hyrum had made a chimney, which stuck out of a neat hole in the canvas top of the wagon.

There were other items to choose among. In the corner stood a large wooden flour box which Hyrum had made in his spare mo-

ments. In it she decided to place a patch quilt that she and her neighbors had sewn at a quilting bee; each block was made from the dress of a friend, and each friend had embroidered her first name and the date on her block. Into the folds of the quilt she tucked several pieces of ironstone china that her mother had brought from Wales, and an Irish linen tablecloth which Hyrum's mother had given them just before their third child was born. So it would not become bent, she carefully packed a candlemold, which she had bought with money earned from selling duck feathers. It was a specially prized mold because twelve candles could be made at once.

As Annie picked up her mending again, she raised her eyes to the newly whitewashed wall, and the gold frame of a picture caught her attention in the flickering light. Yes, that picture must go, too. It was of her and Hyrum on their wedding day. Annie lifted the picture from the wall, dusted the top, and between the folds of the linen cloth the beloved picture took its place.

There had been many hurried gatherings to decide who should leave first and who should leave later. For the good of all, everyone was making his precious contribution: the farmer, his homemade plows, the blacksmith, much-needed tools, the carpenter, the mason, and



the cooper, who made and repaired casks and barrels. The women were contributing their spinning, weaving, soap, and sewing.

Finally, for Annie and Hyrum, most of the packing was finished. Annie knew that late in the evening Hyrum would be busy with his bootmaking, his last big job. Later, as the open fire and candlelight glowed in the quiet room, Hyrum put sides and buttons on the boots while Annie did the fine stitching. Finally, he held the shoe last up and gazed at it fixedly. A deep frown came across his face. Why, there would hardly be space for even a small article like that in the wagon, he thought, and yet it would be in great demand with the hundreds of miles of walking ahead of them. Putting the last back on his stand, he decided to take it with them.

Those last three days passed swiftly, and all too soon Annie and Hyrum were spending their last night together in their comfortable home. At three o'clock the next morning they were up and busy preparing to meet the large company at the west end of Dover Street. It was cold, and a fresh snow lay on the ground. The oxen seemed restless at being aroused so early. Wheels crunched on the frozen ground, and the wagon chains clinked and rattled in the early morning darkness.

Hyrum's form was barely visible by the heads of the oxen as he guided them down the road. Annie knew it would be a long road, and that it would be a hard road, but it was *their* road, with God's blessing; and they set their faces forward and they bade farewell to their beautiful, beloved Nauvoo.

# Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

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 Mae Matis

### FINNISH MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, TURKU, FINLAND Dramatization of the Organization of the First Relief Society March 17, 1952

Left to right: Elli Heinonen as Sarah Kimball; Goth Lindenius as Bathsheba Smith; Terttu Tuomi as Desdemona Fulmer; Sirkka-Liisa Kaapro as Elizabeth Whitney; Eeva Halonen (kneeling), representing a daughter of Sarah Cleveland; Helvi Vuorela as Sarah Cleveland; Elder Malcolm Asplund as Willard Richards; Elder Feral M. Finch as the Prophet Joseph Smith; Elder Ray C. Huffaker as John Taylor; Anja Hovland as Emma Smith; Toini Halonen as Eliza R. Snow; Tyttl Kilpinen as Sophia Packard; Raija Toytari as Margaret Cook.

Mae Matis, President of the Finnish Mission Relief Society, reports from her mission: "On the 17th of March anniversary we held our fourth Relief Society conference in Finland. Relief Society officers and teachers from all over the mission met together for a two-day conference. Seven different cities were represented, and we had a very profitable and enjoyable time together. The highlight of the conference was the dramatization of the organization of the first Relief Society in 1842. It was beautifully done, and the members and friends received a better understanding of the purposes of Relief Society work."





Photograph submitted by Edna Nelson

### PALMYRA STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE AND FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CLOSING SOCIAL

Stake music director Isabell Rust is seated in the center of the front row, and the organist, Beatrice Davis, is seated on Sister Rust's left. Stake Relief Society President Twila Isaac is seated first at the left on the fourth row.

Choruses from all the wards of Palmyra Stake participated in the lovely singing given at the stake conference and the Relief Society closing social, and the numbers presented were well selected and beautifully rendered by the combined choruses.

Through the study of The Book of Mormon at the theology meetings, eighty-five copies of The Book of Mormon have been placed in homes.



Photograph submitted by Margaret W. Ririe.

### TAYLOR STAKE (ALBERTA, CANADA), MAGRATH FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR SEVEN YEARS

An outstanding activity in Taylor Stake has been the remarkable record set in visiting teaching, especially in view of cold winter temperatures and the widely scattered Relief Society membership in some districts. Magrath First Ward visiting teachers have so diligently and faithfully performed their duties that their 100% record has been unbroken for seven years.

Margaret W. Ririe, President, Taylor Stake Relief Society, reports, also, that the Raymond Second Ward has had a visiting teaching record of 100 per cent for two years and three months.





Photograph submitted by Ethel M. Beckstrand

**PALO ALTO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), PALO ALTO WARD SINGING MOTHERS PARTICIPATE IN WARD PROGRAMS, STAKE CONVENTION, AND RELIEF SOCIETY BIRTHDAY PARTY**

Front row, left to right: Ilene Hatch; Ruth Bowen; Opal Millar; Lorna Holdaway; Doris Kelly; Peggy Grow; Fredone Nielson, director; Elaine Murray; Helen Reeves; Cleo Griffiths; Ruby Haight; Leila Gates; Inez Astin; Vivian Anderson.

Back row, left to right: Mildred Lindsey; Drucilla Irwin; Elizabeth Van Wagener; Gussie Rae Smith; Julie Nielson; June Felsch; Ruth Ballif; Barbara Bushnell; Janet Leonard; Joyce Anderson; Arlene Lyons; Mildred Hunt, accompanist.

These Singing Mothers were organized in the autumn of 1951 and have enjoyed a very happy and successful association as singers and as Relief Society sisters. All the wards in Palo Alto Stake participated in the music program given by the Singing Mothers on the occasion of the Relief Society birthday party, March 17, 1952.

Ethel M. Beckstrand is president of Palo Alto Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Betty Mortensen

**UNIVERSITY STAKE (UTAH), STADIUM VILLAGE BRANCH HONORS VISITING TEACHERS AT LUNCHEON**

February 4, 1952

Front row, seated: eighth from left, Shauna Larson, literature class leader.

Second row, seated: second from the left, Elaine Burton, organist; fourth from the left, Katheryn Wager, theology class leader; fifth from the left, Beverly Rowland, work meeting leader.

Third row, standing, left to right: fifth from the left, Gertrude Waterman, social science class leader; sixteenth from the left, Betty Mortensen, visiting teacher director; seventeenth, Donna Greybill, secretary; eighteenth, Patsy Kiser, First Counselor; Darlene Sheffield, President; LaVina Donaldson, Second Counselor.

The chorister, Carolyn Shumway, was not present when this photograph was taken.

Betty Mortensen, reports that this entertainment, which was held in the evening, consisted of a program, games, and refreshments. The Stadium Village Branch Relief Society is composed of young wives and mothers who greatly enjoy their Relief Society activities. They hold their regular meetings, as well as their special socials and entertainments, in the evenings, when their husbands, who are University students and instructors, can be at home to take care of the children. An excellent system has been worked out by these young women whereby they take care of each other in times of illness and assist each other in looking after the children, when it is necessary for a mother to be away from home during daytime hours. To these young women, Relief Society work is a blessing as well as a responsibility, and they feel that their activities in Relief Society are helping to make them better wives and mothers, as well as better members of their university community.

Fanny S. Kienitz is president of University Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Jane T. Richards

**BRITISH MISSION, WELSH DISTRICT, CARDIFF BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS AND THEIR DAUGHTERS WHO FURNISHED THE MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE**

March 23, 1952

Front row, left to right: Patricia Doidge; Marie Price; Hermione Ainsworth; Rose Doidge, Second Counselor.

Second row, left to right: Joan Corcoran; Muriel Thole, First Counselor; Sylvia Addinall; Cecila Edwards, President; Emily Allen; Marion Gelder.

Back row, left to right: Jane Thompson, chorister; Ruther Roberts; Doris Gwyther; June Cawley; Violet George; Diane George; Edith Robst; Edna Pearse.

This Relief Society, organized for only a year, has grown steadily in cultural, relief, and spiritual activities. From two members, it has grown to twenty active sisters who are in great demand as a chorus at all district functions.

Jane T. Richards is president of the British Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Elizabeth H. Zimmerman

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, EDMONTON (ALBERTA) BRANCH  
SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY  
ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM, March 17, 1952

Amy Sykes, the chorister, stands third from the left in the back row, and the pianist, Ruby Walker, stands directly in front of Sister Sykes.

Brother Eldon Tanner, President, Edmonton Branch, stands at the left in front, and back of him, left to right are: Brother Vi Wood; Margaret Boone, Secretary; Enid Haas, work director counselor; Melba McMullin, President; Back of this group, at the left, are Brother Arthur McMullin, of the branch presidency, and Urinda Wood, education counselor.

Daffodils were used as decorations for this anniversary program, and the Relief Society women and the members of the Edmonton Branch presidency are wearing daffodil corsages and boutonnières.

Sister Elizabeth H. Zimmerman, President, Western Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports that the Edmonton Branch is "fortunate in having a quantity and quality of talent from which to draw for direction in different lines, providing variation in activities and stimulating interest. There are usually about fifty members present at Relief Society meetings."



Photograph submitted by Renie H. Littlewood

SOUTH BOX ELDER STAKE (UTAH), WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESI-  
DENCIES AND MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES HONORED FOR  
SUCCESS IN THREE-YEAR PLAN

Front row, left to right: Grace V. Price; Amy D. Larsen; Cora Quayle; Alice G. Jensen; Verl Anderson; Iva Lou Nebeker; Ora N. Anderson; De Rae Christensen.



Back row, left to right: Ezma L. Knudson, President, South Box Elder Stake Relief Society; Pearl Olsen; Oletha Meservy; Jane Bergstrom; Ruth G. Hirschi; Artie Sessions; Gladys White; Myrtle F. Clifford; Edith E. Baddley, Stake Counselor and Magazine representative; Renie H. Littlewood, Stake Secretary.

Sister Littlewood, in writing of the success of this plan, describes the method of organization and procedure: "Three years ago Sister Baddley and the ward Magazine representatives decided that if the North Box Elder Stake (there is a friendly rivalry between us) could make their quota of 100 per cent subscriptions, that the South Box Elder Stake could duplicate it. They determined to reach that goal in three years, or less, if possible. They planned an intensive campaign, with Magazine parties, quiz programs, menus, and other suggestions taken from the Magazine, so that the subject was kept constantly before the Relief Society women, and the Magazine representatives themselves. Three years ago we did not quite make the honor roll, then we advanced to just above honor-roll average, then up to 95 per cent, and this year to 106 per cent, and we are very proud of our wards that made this record in spite of a number of handicaps."

Ezma L. Knudson is president of South Box Elder Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Golden R. Buchanan

#### SOUTHWEST INDIAN MISSION, TOADLENA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY SEWING DISPLAY

Left to right: Juanita Bitsilly; Sister Jack, and Elder William Jefferson Jack.

Included in this beautiful display of handwork and machine sewing done by the Indian women, are: aprons, pillowcases, cushions, a quilt, and many colorfully embroidered articles. All of the work shows careful workmanship and attention to fine details.

Thelma S. Buchanan is president of the Southwest Indian Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Rose Burner

### HUMBOLDT STAKE (NEVADA), ELKO WARD "PAGEANT" OF PRESIDENTS"

Representing Past and Present General Presidents of Relief Society  
and Ward Relief Society Presidents

Front row, left to right: Emma Bowers, President, Elko Ward Relief Society; Rose Burner, President, Humboldt Stake Relief Society; Doris Libro; Madeline Strong; Jenny Bell.

Back row, left to right: Eunice Trone, former president, Elko Ward Relief Society; Gladys Turner; Alice Schoenfeld; Gladys Jensen; Naida Stoddard.

Rose Burner is president of Humboldt Stake Relief Society.



### *Rosepetal Carpet*

*Mabel Jones Gabbott*

Rosepetals carpet the lawn where I must mow;  
But yesterday, it seems, in amber grace  
They leaned upon the breeze, their fragrant gold  
Freighting the boughs to earthward in this place.

Once they outshone the sunset's brilliant ray.  
Now they lie curled and crisp upon the grass.  
Swiftly the knives cut green and gold away.  
Only the fragrance lingers as I pass.



## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 9—Preparation for the Journey

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: 1 Nephi, Chapters 1—16)

For Tuesday, October 7, 1952

Objective: To show that “if . . . the children of men keep the commandments of God he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them” (1 Nephi 17:3).

**H**AVING studied the life of Lehi, we are now ready to relate and examine the incidents connected with the preparation which Lehi made for the long and hazardous journey to the land of promise.

As a result of the vision in which Lehi saw a pillar of fire and was overcome by the spirit and shown many marvelous things, Lehi went among the Jews in Jerusalem, prophesying of the future appearance of the Messiah, and testifying of the wickedness and abominations of the Jews, and the destruction of Jerusalem, except the people repented.

The Jews were stirred to anger by Lehi’s criticism and his prophecies, and therefore sought his life as they did the prophets before him.

But God protects his prophets until their missions are completed, though they may be called upon to suffer, as was Joseph Smith. Joseph, suffering in Liberty Jail, was told that “all these things shall give

thee experience, and shall be for thy good” (D. & C. 122:7). Furthermore, he was instructed as follows. “For there is a time appointed for every man, according as his works shall be” (D. & C. 121:25). “Thy days are known, and thy years shall not be numbered less; therefore, fear not what man can do, for God shall be with you forever and forever” (D. & C. 122:9).

Nephi, recounting the events of his father’s life, adopted much the same point of view:

I . . . will show unto you 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 (1 Nephi 1:20).

The Lord directed Lehi to take his family and depart into the wilderness. Lehi left his house and the land of his inheritance and, with his family, made a three days’ journey into the wilderness, taking only provisions and tents. At the close of this period of travel, he



pitched his tent in a valley near the mouth of a river which emptied into the Red Sea. Here he built an altar of stones\* and made an offering unto the Lord and gave thanks.

The family of Lehi was comprised of Sariah, his wife, and Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi, his sons. In this valley Lehi was given instructions regarding the preparations to be made before continuing the journey.

### *The Brass Plates*

Lehi had not been long in this valley of Lemuel, for so he named it, until Laman and Lemuel began to murmur against their father for his having taken them away from Jerusalem. But Nephi sought the Lord in faith and was told that they should be led to a land of promise. Lehi was instructed by the Lord, in a dream, to send his sons back to Jerusalem to get from Laban, a keeper of Jewish records, the record of the Jews, including a genealogy of their forefathers. This record was engraved on plates of brass (I Nephi 3:3).

Lehi went first to his two older sons and told them of the mission the Lord required at their hands. Disobedient and recalcitrant, these two boys murmured because of the difficulty of the task which had been assigned them. To Nephi, however, Lehi said, "Go, my son, and thou shalt be favored of the Lord, because thou hast not murmured."

Nephi answered this request:

I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them (I Nephi 3:7).

When Lehi heard the words of Nephi he was "exceeding glad," for he knew that Nephi had been blessed of the Lord.

Transmuting gospel principles into terms of daily living, Nephi grew up to be a natural leader, a man of God.

Having supplied themselves with necessary equipment and supplies, the four brothers set out for Jerusalem for the purpose of obtaining the brass plates. When they arrived at Jerusalem they consulted with each other and cast lots to see who should go into the house of Laban. The lot fell to Laman. Laman went into the house of Laban, the keeper of the records, and made known his desires to have the plates of brass. Laban was angry and thrust Laman out, accusing him of being a robber and threatening to slay him. Laman fled to his brothers and reported what had happened, and they were exceeding sorrowful.

Laman and Lemuel were about to return to their father, but Nephi sought to persuade them to continue their efforts to secure the brass plates, saying:

As the Lord liveth, and as we live, we will not go down unto our father in the wilderness until we have accomplished the thing which the Lord hath commanded us" (I Nephi 3:15).

He then urged his brothers to be faithful in keeping the commandments of God:

It is wisdom in God that we should obtain these records, that we may preserve unto our children the language of our fathers; And also that we may preserve unto them the words which have been spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets . . . since the world began,

even down unto this present time (1 Nephi 3:19, 20).

As a means of obtaining the plates, Nephi suggested that they return to the land of their inheritance and gather together the gold, silver, and precious things which they had left behind, and offer them to Laban in exchange for the brass plates. This plan was followed, but they met with failure. Not only did Laban refuse the exchange, but also he robbed them of their wealth. The boys fled into the wilderness and hid themselves in the cavity of a rock.

Angered at Nephi and their father, Laman and Lemuel spoke many hard words and smote Nephi and Sam with a rod. As they smote them with a rod, an angel of the Lord came and stood before them saying:

Why do ye smite your younger brother with a rod? Know ye not that the Lord hath chosen him to be a ruler over you, and this because of your iniquities? Behold ye shall go up to Jerusalem again, and the Lord will deliver Laban into your hands (1 Nephi 3:29).

In spite of this divine manifestation, Laman and Lemuel continued to murmur, questioning how Laban could be delivered into their hands. Nephi sought to build their faith and to point out that the Lord was mightier than all the earth. When darkness fell about them, Nephi had them hide outside the city walls, while he stealthily crept into the city. He was led by the Spirit towards the house of Laban, not knowing beforehand the things he should do. As he came near the house, Nephi found Laban on the ground in a drunken stupor.

He saw Laban's sword and drew it from the sheath. The hilt was of pure gold and the workmanship thereof was exceeding fine. The blade was made of "the most precious steel." Nephi wrote, "I was constrained by the Spirit that I should kill Laban, but . . . never at any time have I shed the blood of man. And I shrunk and would that I might not slay him" (1 Nephi 4:10).

However, the Spirit continued to tell Nephi to slay Laban, saying:

Behold the Lord slayeth the wicked to bring forth his righteous purposes. It is better that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief" (1 Nephi 4:13).

Nephi then obeyed the voice of the Spirit and took Laban by the hair of the head and smote off his head with his own sword. Then Nephi dressed himself in Laban's clothes and armor, and went towards the treasury where the records were kept. In the voice of Laban, Nephi commanded the servant who had the keys of the treasury, to give him the plates of brass and to follow him outside the walls of Jerusalem. The servant supposed Nephi to be Laban and did as instructed.

When the brothers saw Nephi dressed in the clothes and armor of Laban, and with his sword, they fled, for they thought it was Laban. After, however, Nephi called to them, they ceased to flee. Nephi, large in stature, and strong, seized the servant, Zoram, while he explained to him the purpose of their mission and promised they would spare his life and he would be a free man if he accompanied them.

Zoram agreed to go into the wilderness and tarry with them from that time forth. He took an oath to that effect, after which Nephi says, "our fears did cease concerning him" (I Nephi 4:37).

The faith and persistence of Nephi had resulted in their obtaining the brass plates. Then they returned to the tent of their father.

In the meantime, Sariah had complained against Lehi, saying that he was a visionary man. Lehi had comforted her, telling her that the Lord would deliver their sons from Laban. After the return of their sons, Sariah, with increased devotion, rejoiced with the others, and they offered sacrifices and burnt offerings unto the Lord in thankfulness.

From the brass plates, Lehi learned that he was a descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and as such was entitled to all of the blessings of Joseph, which were many. He also learned that the record contained the five books of Moses, which gave an account of the creation of the world and of Adam and Eve, and a record of the Jews from the beginning down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. It also contained the prophecies of the holy prophets from the beginning down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah, and also many prophecies of Jeremiah.

### *Ishmael and His Family*

But this was only part of the preparation for the journey. Lehi was also instructed of the Lord to send his sons back to Jerusalem to get the family of Ishmael. They gained favor in the sight of Ish-

mael, and he and his family took their journey down unto the wilderness with the brothers to the tent of Lehi.

On their journey, Laman and Lemuel, and two of the daughters of Ishmael, and the two sons of Ishmael and their families, rebelled against the others. Nephi chided his brethren and tried to increase their faith by revealing to them the great blessings of the Lord, but in vain. Because of their anger, they bound Nephi with cords, and planned to leave him in the wilderness to be devoured by wild beasts (Hugh Nibley, "Lehi in the Desert," *Improvement Era*, March, 1950, p. 201).

Nephi prayed that according to his faith in the Lord he might be given strength to burst the bonds. The bonds were loosed from his hands and feet, and Nephi stood before his brethren a free man. They were determined to bind him again, but their hearts were softened by the pleadings of one of the daughters of Ishmael, her mother, and a son of Ishmael. The brethren were sorrowful because of their wickedness, and bowed down before Nephi and pleaded for forgiveness which he frankly gave. Nephi exhorted them to pray to the Lord for forgiveness which they did.

After praying they came on down to the tent of Lehi. There they offered sacrifices and burnt offerings to the Lord as an expression of gratitude for blessings they had received. Later the sons of Lehi could take the daughters of Ishmael to wife that they might raise up seed unto the Lord in the land of promise.

*Spiritual Preparation*

Even with the colony fully assembled, and with the brass plates on hand, still there was more instruction needed to prepare this little colony for the journey to the promised land. Lehi was instructed more fully by means of his vision of the tree, the river, and the rod of iron. (See Lesson 8.)

Nephi was strengthened in his faith by the vision he sought and received of the things his father had seen. This vision interpreted for him his father's dream and gave him a foreknowledge of Christ's ministry in the flesh and his future appearance on the land of promise. Furthermore, it permitted Nephi to see the rise and the decline of his own people, the future coming of the Gentiles to the land of promise, and the condition of the people upon that land in the last days when the Lord should bring forth the record to the Gentiles.

The Lord prepared the colony of Lehi spiritually with visions of

striking significance to them. They knew that their new destination was to be a land of promise only so long as they kept the commandments.

The sons of Lehi, and Zoram were married to the daughters of Ishmael. Lehi was commanded of the Lord by night to take his journey unto the wilderness. On the morning of his departure, Lehi found on the ground by his tent door a brass ball with two spindles (the Liahona), a compass which was to point the way through the wilderness.

*Questions on the Lesson*

1. What does the Lord mean by "a time appointed for every man, according as his works shall be?"
2. Why did the Lord want Lehi and his colony to have the brass plates?
3. What characteristics of the members of Lehi's family are highlighted by Nephi's account of these trips back to Jerusalem?
4. Why did the Lord give visions to Lehi and Nephi?

*Visiting Teacher Messages**Book of Mormon Gems of Truth*

Lesson 9—"Wherefore, Do Not Spend Money for That Which Is of No Worth, Nor Your Labor for That Which Cannot Satisfy" (2 Nephi 9:51).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 7, 1952

Objective: To encourage women to seek after true values in life.

**E**ACH of us is responsible for the wise stewardship of his time and means while here on earth. Each of us will be called to give an accounting of himself to determine

whether or not he has been a worthy and profitable servant. This accounting is in the making each day of our lives.

A phrase sometimes used by

merchants in advertising their wares is, "We give you the most for your money." And a legitimate question for us to ask ourselves is, "Am I getting the most for my money? Am I receiving full value and lasting satisfaction for the effort I expend?" These questions should be of serious concern to Latter-day Saints, for surely what we do with our money, our time, and our energy determines the goal we will achieve.

Is my heart set on acquiring material possessions only? Am I laboring for the perishables of life? Or am I striving also for indestructible treasures which will go on with me into eternity? In this money-mad world it would seem that the chief ambition of many is to accumulate worldly goods, but the Lord distinctly instructed, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness" (Matt. 6:33).

An old French proverb says, "Money is a good servant but a bad master." Money may build or destroy, curse or bless, depending upon the use made of it. If seeking the kingdom of God is the first

concern, then money can help materially in achieving noble ends.

Perhaps we are unaware that some of our ambitions and desires may be leading us to a fruitless end. Perhaps some of our efforts should be rerouted along other lines. Unless we carefully examine our daily schedules, we may squander time and substance on worthless endeavors, or on worldly pleasures which impair body and character. Such conduct cannot truly satisfy.

Upon what, then, may we judiciously spend our money and effort? What are the labors which will satisfy? Endless joys and deep satisfactions come from such endeavors as the wise rearing of a family, development of creative talents in the service of the Lord, missionary activity, temple and genealogical work, kindly ministrations to neighbors and friends, and all forms of Church participation and study.

Supposing today were your last on earth;  
The last mile of the journey you've trod;  
After all your struggles, how much are  
you worth?

How much can you take home to God?  
(Anon).

## *Work Meeting*—Home Management

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

### Lesson 1—The Management of My Home

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, October 14, 1952

**B**USINESSES have risen to monumental heights and have fallen to the point of complete disintegration largely because of management.

Homemaking today is the largest

single business in operation in the world. In the United States alone there are more than 45,000,000 women engaged in the profession of homemaking. In financial mat-

ters the homes of the nation do a larger business than is transacted by all the oil companies combined. But the handling of finance is but a small part of home management.

If the survival and growth of business in general is dependent upon sound principles of management, how much more must our homemaking business rely upon them! Managers of a large number of successful commercial businesses were asked what they regarded as essential qualifications of a good manager. The five characteristics they believed most important were:

### 1. *Personal Qualities of the Manager*

The personal qualities of a manager determine, more than any other single thing, the character of a home. The degree of pride and interest the manager has in her work can make it either a challenge and opportunity or a matter of boredom. Her spirit is contagious and is passed on to others in the household.

"How is it possible for a woman to remain enthusiastic about a job that must be repeated every day or several times each day?" This question has been often asked. It is perfectly true that one job may be more interesting than another, but also true is the fact that one mind may be more interested than another. The maintenance of enthusiasm in work is an art to be learned." (*Management in Family Living*, Nickell and Dorsey)

### 2. *Basic Knowledge of Facts*

A knowledge of at least the fundamentals in the field in which one is manager, makes the job easier and the accomplishments more satisfying. One's willingness to learn is of greatest importance. A good manager never admits that she "hates" to do anything that is part of her responsibility. Rather, if there is something she has not yet learned to do or learned to like to do, she plans ways of improving her skill. This phase

of the work, then, becomes a new avenue for enjoyment, because things we are able to do well become more pleasing and satisfying to us.

### 3. *Plan of Work*

While planning is the responsibility of the homemaker, plans which all the family share in making are the most successful.

One of the main purposes of a work plan is to minimize worry, confusion, and rush periods in the home. A balanced plan includes time to do all necessary things and time for rest and recreation.

Success in planning depends, to a large extent, on the manager's ability to adjust to changing conditions. Be the manager of your plan; don't let your plan manage you. Regard it as a guide, not as an iron-clad law that binds you to adherence, or it will surely fail.

### 4. *Willingness to Share Responsibilities With Others*

A happy family is one in which there is a fair division of labor, and in which it is taken for granted that each member will play his part.

The truly loving mother-home-manager encourages her children to take and enjoy responsibility with her as fast as they are able to do so, then, when it becomes necessary, they will be able to work alone, prepared in every way for their role in adult life.

### 5. *Evaluation of Accomplishments*

The ability and willingness to look back and evaluate the effectiveness of one's accomplishments is an important step in management. The best method of doing a thing today may not be the best tomorrow. Occasionally ask yourself, "Are my present habits and practices in accord with the best way of doing things, or are they shackles about me?"

Home management is more than a job to do each day. It is a plan for getting full value for every expenditure, whether it be in time,



energy, money, or opportunity. It helps us to make the best use of what we have, and thereby move forward progressively. "The highest reward for one's toil is not what he gets for it but what he becomes by it" (John Ruskin).

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Is the ability to be a good manager an inherited quality, or can it be developed?
2. What are some things that determine the role the homemaker plays in

the family living plan—servant, cook, personal maid, or homemaker, loved, respected, and honored?

3. How does a work plan make it possible for us to do more things, such as spending more time with our husbands and children and enjoying more recreational activities?

4. What jobs do you enjoy doing most? Why? What ones the least? Why? Liking is a matter of learning to do a thing well. Learning takes place much faster when the learner has a desire to learn, when he is in a happy frame of mind, and when his mind and body are rested.

## *Literature*—The Literature of England

### Lesson 25—Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 163-190; 328-336)

For Tuesday, October 21, 1952

Objective: To sketch a portrait of Coleridge and to indicate his influence as a philosopher and critic.

AS our lives get themselves lived while hemmed in by unseen beauty, on rare and scheduled occasion we may permit ourselves to visit such outcroppings of the deep eternal mysteries as are to be known near the ocean, atop the mountain, at Niagara, Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, or the Colorado. Often on the second visit, or after the first stress of awe is past, we might well revive the exhilaration of the scene by viewing it upside down and backwards through arm akimbo. This abrupt inversion, the replacing of mass with light and sky, creates a new spectacle for us, and we have lived twice because we have seen twice.

Vast correspondences exist between such natural beauties and the

exalted and subterranean Samuel Taylor Coleridge. And if nature might be renewed by inversion, so might he.

If thus we begin at the ending, we find in his self-composed epitaph (text, page 190) evidence of strength arising from weakness, pathos from belief:

Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child  
of God

And read with gentle breast. Beneath  
this sod

A poet lies, or that which once seemed he.  
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;  
That he who many a year with toil of  
breath

Found death in life, may here find life  
in death!

Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame  
He asked, and hoped, through Christ. Do  
thou the same!

### Personal Characteristics

Within popular literary circles Coleridge might easily be accepted as perhaps the most outstanding personage of the romantic period—but for somewhat the wrong reasons. Instead of thus emphasizing the eminent flaws in his life and character, let us forget them. For the moment let us forget his rash decision to leave college to join the King's Light Dragoons when he could neither curry, mount, nor ride a horse. Let us forget his finally leaving college without taking any degree. Likewise, let us forget his unfortunate marriage and estrangement; his inability to make his way financially and his almost lifelong financial dependence on others; his quarrel with Wordsworth and other friends; his inability to finish any long poems save one; and, finally, the almost total withering of his poetic powers at the age of thirty, possibly due to his almost complete enslavement to opium for a number of years. (It may be noted, however, that eventually he was able to free himself from the habit.)

Instead, let us accept the whole of his life, and praise his greatness for what it was. Let us remember that his self-education was profound, and that the first generation of the romantic period was dominated by his penetrating, philosophic mind and his most brilliant imaginative powers. Let us remember that Coleridge in his lifetime knew great love, and enjoyed friendship with the great men of his day, and that when these friends helped him financially they seemed to feel it to be a rewarded burden, if one at all. His poetic life was brief and his output of first-rate



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

As a Young Man

poetry confined to a mere handful, yet that handful exhibits a poetic power and an imaginative depth equal to the greatest in English literature.

Following his brief years as a producing poet, Coleridge continually attracted and swayed the best minds of England by his magnificent conversational and lecturing powers. As a romantic philosopher who related current trends in English letters to their Germanic backgrounds, as a Christian thinker who related Christianity to emerging scientific trends and to German romanticism, he performed inestimable service, while more than any other man he laid the solid critical basis upon which the full appreciation of Shakespeare's genius was first erected to full height,

and upon which it still exists today. During his own lifetime his virile critical writings and opinions more than those of any other save Wordsworth, gave life and direction to contemporary literary trends, and he remains today one of the most quoted, most influential critics in English literary theory.

If we thus view Coleridge's accomplishments beforehand, we should be more appreciative of his overall achievement and less prone to disparage him as a potentially great poet whose life was one largely of dissipation and failure. That his life was one of bitter tragedy, and disorganized impulsiveness, no one can deny. Yet in his writings we can discern a repentant attitude and a desire for a better life.

But enough of sweeping generalization; it is time to put solid foundations under our evaluations. Yet the attempt to choose a few rewarding excerpts from Coleridge's prose might well be likened to going shopping in a wealthy city with a book of signed blank checks and the desire to "pick up one or two lovely things"—the further we go, the deeper in we get, until finally the harvest becomes almost richer than we can bear.

### *Power of Imagination*

It should be pointed out that in all the sister arts, from architecture to poetry, the creation itself is possible only when a solid, though scarcely visible, critical foundation has first been laid. Central in Coleridge's life, in his criticism, and in his poetry, is the human imagination, which he richly defined in his *Biographia Literaria*, his most famous critical writing (text, page 331,

l. 46-63). For all those interested in poetry, this definition cannot be read too frequently nor too thoughtfully. Within context he defines the imagination in answer to his question:

What is poetry? is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet? that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts, and emotions of the poet's own mind. The poet described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity that blends and (as it were) fuses each into each, by that synthetic and magical power to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination (text, page 331, l. 31-46).

The poet, then, is one who uses the magical fusing power of the imagination to blend into "the living truth of an organic whole" every part of man's active soul. And not only does the imagination order and subordinate all parts of man into a harmonious oneness; it also re-creates the poet within himself and in his relation to the world about him, which formerly he has known only through the senses. The physical world becomes most truly alive only when the senses perceiving it become so magically quickened by the imagination that we are enabled to become (imaginatively) whatever object or person or animal our senses report to us.

The aroused senses re-create and elevate the materials of the common, physical world into a more exalted reality than we ever knew in everyday life. For example,

which is more enduringly real, the tangible rose in the garden, the memory of that rose on a February morning, or the rose as the symbol of passionate love as it has been acknowledged throughout the entire literature of love, and immortally caught in Burns' line, "My luv is like a red, red rose"?

Which brings us nearer reality: a visit to the sacred grove or the song, "Oh, How Lovely Was the Morning"? A visit to the U.S.S. Constitution as she rolls in the waters of Boston Harbor or Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem "Old Ironsides"? Which will live longer: Hopalong Cassidy, Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, or an actual English boy? Shakespeare's "imagined" Hamlet or the actual Danish king? Your own most frightening experience or the universal horror of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"?

### *Function of Poetry*

For Coleridge the imagination unifies man not only within himself and within his physical world, but with the divine spirit throughout the universe. For him, the imaginative re-creation of experience is not only the source of all great art and poetry, it is the basis of spiritual and religious experience as well. But, in order to realize the spirit above, says Coleridge, we must first realize the spirit deep within each of us, those mysterious inner realities which are powerful yet rarely acknowledged and even more rarely communicated. It is because "The Ancient Mariner" plumbs these depths and is successful in re-creating these imaginative realities that it is one of the great poems in our tradition, and

completely unrivalled in its genius. And in thus lifting man above the confines of self, sensation, time, and space, Coleridge believes the function of poetry resembles that of religion:

Both poetry and religion throw the object of deepest interest to a distance from us, and thereby not only aid our imagination, but in a most important manner subserve the interest for our virtues; for that man is indeed a slave, who is a slave to his own senses, and whose mind and imagination cannot carry him beyond the distance which his hand can touch, or even his eye can reach (Lecture VIII, 1811-1812).

For Coleridge, the only experiences, whether poetic or religious, are those within the soul; another of his fundamental, lifelong convictions was that life is an organic, progressive growing toward higher levels of perfection. However, the "truths by which we rise must be earned by constantly exercising our senses and understanding, reason and imagination, and finally, our faith. One of the greatest functions of poetry is so to enlarge man's soul and sympathies that he may more capably use the above means of lifting himself to fuller self-realization.

### *Discussion of Poetic Values— Biographia Literaria*

We are now ready to return to Chapter XIV of his *Biographia Literaria* for Coleridge's detailed discussion of poetic values. In his discussion he defines the purpose for his supernatural poems in *Lyrical Ballads* as being to interest

. . . the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they

have been to every human being who . . . has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency (text, page 328, l. 19-25).

In these poems he hopes to:

. . . transfer from our inward nature a human interest semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith (l. 36-40).

Here, then, is the requisite which all poetry, indeed all art, must fulfill.

After pointing out such terms as "the language of real life," upon which he formed the first disagreement with Wordsworth, Coleridge states that the materials of poetry and prose are the same; poetry is a different combination of these ingredients, since it has different objects in view, of which he names three.

The lowest form of poetry hopes to assist one in remembering useful facts, as in the lines:

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November.

The object of the next class of poetry is to communicate truth, with an accompanying pleasure "of the highest and most permanent kind" but which is not the purpose of the poem.

A third class of poems is that in which pleasure is the end sought, and "though truth, either moral or intellectual, ought to be the ultimate end, yet this will distinguish the character of the author, not the class to which the work belongs." (See text, page 330, l. 2-18.) He then praises the society which refuses to honor poets skilled in

diction and imagery, but whose moral values are unsound. Later (page 331, l. 2-12) Coleridge points out that such great works, as a very large proportion of the book of Isaiah, are "poetry in the most emphatic sense," yet they do not contain regular meter and rhyme. If, then, the highest type of poetry may or may not contain truth or meter, how can a poem as such be defined?

Coleridge says:

A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having this object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the whole as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part (text, page 330, l. 40-47).

His last point before discussing the function of the imagination in poetry is that poetry excites "a more continuous and equal attention" (page 331 l. 24, 25) than prose, which means that in order for us to receive the condensed meaning of poetry, we must attend more closely. "Finally," he writes:

. . . good sense is the body of poetic genius, fancy its drapery, motion its life, and imagination the soul that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one, graceful and intelligent whole (text, page 331, l. 80-84).

Thus writes one of the most brilliant of the romantic minds, the most substantial of its critics. Here we find no evidence of "romanticism" in the bad sense of excess, unrestrained emotion, impulsive, chaotic organization, or being led astray by whim or fancy. Perhaps we might best end Coleridge's dis-

cussion of poetry by a quotation from his *Anima Poetae*: "Poetry which excites us to artificial feelings makes us callous to real ones."

### *Criticism of the Works of Shakespeare*

We are now ready to apply Coleridge's critical theories to two other areas of his writing: his masterful criticism of another author, and his own poetry. The lesson following will be devoted to Coleridge's poems; here we shall call attention to his criticism of Shakespeare (text, pp. 332-336) which one critic has claimed is indispensable equipment for the fullest appreciation of Shakespeare's genius.

Previous to Coleridge's critical re-evaluation of him, Shakespeare had been regarded as an unrestrained, unguided natural genius, unmindful of any conscious rule or design in his dramas. Coleridge praises him for having planned his work with great care, for best combining the heterogeneous elements of life into a harmonious oneness, and for creating great characters

rather than relying on artificial tricks of plotting or coincidence. He follows the law of unit, which is the law of nature; he also follows the natural trend by drawing his material from life and people as they are, rather than from the freakish or the improbable. His moral values are always true, nor does he moralize, but allows the audience to infer what the character is from his own words and actions, not through the interpretation of the intruding author.

### *Note to Class Leaders:*

Class leaders should feel free to draw material at will from these critical writings, and to illustrate Coleridge's critical points by illustrations from Shakespeare or Isaiah.

### *Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Why, in order to form a valid judgment of Coleridge, must the events of his life be related to his writings?
2. Why might his life be considered a failure? A success?
3. Discuss Coleridge's definition of a poem.
4. Why should one know Coleridge's criticism of Shakespeare?

## *Social Science—The Progress of Man*

### Part III—In the Way of Destiny

#### Lesson 15—The Constitution of the United States

*Elder Archibald F. Bennett*

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapters 25; 26; 27; 28; 29: pp. 335-336).

For Tuesday, October 28, 1952

Objective: To present the truth that in a critical period of American history the Lord raised up wise men to establish the Constitution of the United States, for the protection of the rights and privileges and moral agency of man.

#### *A Most Critical Period*

**B**EFORE the outbreak of the Revolution the thirteen colonies, which later formed the union

of the United States, were to all intents and purposes separate and distinct from each other. The difficulty with the mother country



brought them to a unity of purpose and resistance by force of arms against the wrongs imposed upon them. Although the colonies were separate units acting independently of each other, the bond of common interest and sympathy for each other in their struggle was the cement which bound them during the period of the war. A Continental Congress was convened and exercised jurisdiction throughout the days of the revolution. Delegates from each of the colonies held seats in this Congress.

At the close of the Revolution the several states found themselves independent of Great Britain, but confronted with the danger of falling apart now that the stress of war and necessity which the war imposed upon them to stand together had been removed. Some of the wisest statesmen among the patriots saw this danger and attempted to avert it. George Washington, in a circular letter to the state governors, wrote in June 1783, saying:

There should be lodged somewhere a supreme power to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederated republic, without which the Union cannot be of long duration.

John Fisk, the historian, has referred to the period between 1783 and 1789, as the most critical period in the history of the United States. Hostilities came to an end; the army was disbanded; but the men had not been paid. Congress was impotent to raise funds and many of the wisest minds were fearful that the army would rise and take matters into its own hands. For a time it appeared that the sev-

eral colonies would go their separate ways. It has been truthfully said:

But though America had won her independence, she had not secured harmony and union. While the war lasted the states fought like brothers, side by side; now that the danger was over, they threatened to fall apart. We were like a barrel made of thirteen staves, but yet without a single hoop to hold us together. Under the Articles of Confederation or Constitution adopted in 1781, the nation had no President—no head. It had only a Congress, and that Congress was destitute of power. It might pass good and useful laws, but it could not compel the people to obey them. It might beg the people to give money, but it could not make them furnish it. It might ask for soldiers to defend the country, but it could not draft them . . . .

Distress and discontent grew worse and worse. The states quarreled with each other about boundary lines, about commerce, about trade. Instead of being a united and friendly people, they were fast getting to be thirteen hostile nations ready to draw the sword against each other (Montgomery, *American History*, pp. 189-190).

### *A Loose Confederation*

At this particular time the United States was merely a confederation of the states, or a number of small nations which had entered into an agreement to live together and act in concert in relation to their common welfare. The idea prevailed among them that this federation could be severed at any time and each state reserved the right to withdraw at will from the union thus formed. Under the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States," the union had no President, no supreme court, and consisted of one house of Congress made up of dele-

gates elected by the legislatures of the states, whose jurisdiction was greatly limited. There were so many defects and restrictions in the Federation that some wise men in the nation readily perceived that something more nearly perfect, more powerful and binding upon the colonies, was necessary if the union was to be preserved.

### *The Constitution Ratified*

It was with this objective that in May 1787, a convention of delegates from all the states, except Rhode Island, met in Philadelphia. The number of delegates was fifty-five, but only thirty-nine of them signed the Constitution. George Washington presided. Benjamin Franklin, the dean of the convention, was in his eighty-second year, but it is said of him he was as alert and active as a young man of twenty-five. Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, and Marshall had the leading part in the drafting of the Constitution, and after it was adopted by the Convention, Madison and Hamilton were untiring in their efforts in urging its ratification by the several states. Writings of these men which appeared in *The Federalist* show the inspiration of the Almighty which rested upon them.

The preamble of the Constitution of the United States reads as follows:

We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America.

After a stormy period of nearly four months in which some of the delegates almost despaired of ever coming to a peaceable agreement, the Constitution of the United States was adopted by the Convention. The next step was to have the people of the thirteen states ratify the action of the Convention. That same year three of the states ratified, and eight more the following year. Rhode Island and North Carolina delayed for some months, but finally joined with their sister states in ratification. The Constitution went into operation March 4, 1789, and thus became the vital and basic law of the United States. George Washington was elected President of the United States April 6, 1789, and was inaugurated on the 30th day of that same month.

### *Wisdom of the Constitution*

The Constitution is the greatest document, so far as we know, ever adopted by organized society for government, outside of the kingdom of God. It furnishes the nation a system of checks and balances for its protection so that any one department of the government cannot, without losing its sacred functions, be overcome or subordinated by another. There are three great departments provided: the legislative, the judicial, and the executive.

Each is given power to defend itself against the encroachments of the other two, and each acts as a check on the others . . . . The framers of the Constitution sought to give each department its due share of power, and prevent any one department from making itself supreme. For instance, the executive power is vested in the President; but he also exercises important legislative functions in his veto,

and judicial power in his right to pardon. The legislative power is lodged in Congress, but the Senate acts as an advisory council to the President—without its consent no important appointment can be made and no treaty ratified. The judicial power is entrusted to the Supreme Court and inferior courts; but, as no law can be enforced which the Supreme Court declares to be unconstitutional, the Supreme Court, in fact, exercises supreme legislative functions. Finally, the House of Representatives, by means of its initiative in taxation, exercises a most effectual control over the executive department.

. . . the legislative power is confined to certain subjects enumerated in the Constitution, and is further restricted by the first ten amendments, especially by the tenth, which declares that "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 (Channing: *Students' History of the United States*, pp. 240-241).

The people should guard, with jealous care, against the time ever coming when anyone of these three branches may surrender its rights to any other, or be swallowed up and overcome by some other branch of the government. Today there are many who advocate the destruction of these safeguards given us by the framers of the Constitution, who were men inspired to make this document as near to the fundamental doctrines of the kingdom of God as it was possible under the circumstances for it to be.

The wisdom of the provisions in the Constitution which protect the liberties and inherent rights of the citizens, should be apparent to all. They should be guarded and protected with jealous care. The Constitution is our assurance against anarchy and despotism. Every Lat-

ter-day Saint should be familiar with every part of this great document.

With the provision of the Constitution that there should be no religious test, and that every person should have the right to worship according to the dictates of conscience, the fulness of religious liberty was born. This principle, we may see from a study of the past, has been of gradual growth and development since the days of the emancipation of the people from religious tyranny at the time of the protestant revolution. It took several centuries for the seed to develop and bring forth the fully developed fruit, which it did when the government of the United States was formed. In this way the Lord prepared the way for the restoration of the gospel with all its keys and powers in the dispensation of the fulness of times. He, in his infinite wisdom, prepared the way, commencing several hundred years before and working through brave and humble men, many of whom became martyrs to the cause of truth, when darkness ruled supreme over the face of the earth.

#### *The Church and the Constitution*

From the very beginning of this latter-day work we have been taught that the Constitution of the United States is an inspired document. Such it was when it came forth from the hands of the framers. Above all peoples on the face of the earth the Latter-day Saints should uphold, defend, and cherish this sacred document. It has been predicted that the time will come when it will be threatened with destruc-

tion, and when that time comes the true Latter-day Saints will rally to its support. The Lord said:

And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me.

Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my church, in befriending that law which is the constitutional law of the land (D. & C. 98:5-6).

Therefore, it is not right that any man should be in bondage one to another. And for this purpose have I established the Constitution of this land, by the hands of wise men whom I raised up unto this very purpose, and redeemed the land by the shedding of blood (D. & C. 101:79-80).

Since the Constitution was based upon correct principles founded, as the Prophet Joseph Smith has said, "on the wisdom of God," as he saw fit to give it to our fathers, we, above all peoples on the earth, should rally to its support in time of need and rejoice in its great protecting influence.

The great English statesman, William E. Gladstone, said of the American Constitution:

So far as I am able to observe, it is the greatest instrument ever stricken off at a given time, by the brain and purpose of man.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, while suffering unjustly at the hands of officials who had sworn to uphold and defend the sacred principles of the Constitution, wrote to the saints to defend and sustain the constitutional law of the land and to be loyal to the fundamental principles of our government:

Hence we say, that the Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of its liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun.

It is one of the first principles of my life, and one that I have cultivated from my childhood, having been taught it by my father, to allow every one the liberty of conscience. I am the greatest advocate of the Constitution of the United States there is on the earth. In my feelings I am always ready to die for the protection of the weak and oppressed in their just rights (Joseph Smith, D. H. C., 3:304; 6:56-57).

Reference for study: "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter," *The Relief Society Magazine*, August, September, October, and November, 1951.

### Thoughts for Discussion

1. Why is the period immediately following the Revolutionary War called "the most critical period in American history?"
2. What dangers arose from the loose confederation and weak government under the Articles of Confederation?
3. Name some of the leading advocates for adopting the Constitution.
4. What has the Lord said about the Constitution and the men who framed it?
5. Why could the Prophet truly say: "I am the greatest advocate of the Constitution of the United States there is on earth?"
6. Why should "we above all peoples on the earth rally to its support in time of need?"
7. Note the words of President George Albert Smith (given after quoting D. & C. 98:4-7): "In other words, if we fail to sustain the constitutional law of the land, we have transgressed the will of our Heavenly Father . . . . We still believe

that there is only one way whereby we may enjoy peace and happiness, and that is by observing the constitutional law of our land, and by sustaining that constitutional law that was inspired by our Heavenly Father at the inception of this great government. So, as Latter-day Saints in these times of unrest, we may know that no man is a faithful member of this Church, in good standing, who refuses to sustain the constitutional law

of the land, and who lends himself in any way to break down that organized system of laws that has been prepared for the good of the community. The Lord directs that we seek after good men and great men, and that we pray for and sustain them in order that the laws that are enacted for our government may be such as he would be pleased to endorse" *Improvement Era*, July 1949, pp. 429, 477).



## *Deeper Images*

Alice Morrey Bailey

There is more than body-hunger in this lad,  
For new-baked bread, the warm and spicy thrall  
Of homemade apple pies, the supper call.  
You cannot say exactly he is sad.  
Other boys have been so illy clad,  
Or grown rib-thin and just as gangling tall.  
On him unmended sox, or none at all  
Remind of her whose touch he never had.

There are deeper hungers in his eyes—  
His hope, his quick desire to please, reveal  
Uncertainty. His awkward gesture cries  
For comforting; his needs make dumb appeal.  
His is the sharp and haunting wistfulness  
That clings unseen about the motherless.

## *The Summer-Hearted*

Lael W. Hill

She saw red roses twined about a mailbox,  
White daisies starring pathways down the hill,  
Long, green hair of the weeping willow, swaying  
In the restless breath of little winds, until  
The warm and fragrant silence of midsummer  
Laid quietness on them, and they were still.

And all of summer twined about her—joyous  
With smiling pansies, blue forget-me-nots,  
To mark her quickened spirit's bright unfolding;  
And little winds made quiet in her thoughts.

# Uncertain Possession

(Continued from page 465)

UNCLE John, in cowboy boots and ten-gallon white Stetson, came haltingly across the lawn, using his cane lightly. He stared at her in astonishment, as she laid the frothy dress on the back seat of the car.

Her voice tumbled in an anxious torrent, as she explained, "I'm sorry, Hallie. And ashamed! Take this to Netty. She'll love it just as I do. I won't need it. When Matt comes back, we'll come to the party. That is," she concluded uncertainly, "if I can find Matt's boots!"

Before Hallie could do more than smile, before Uncle John could even do that, Lorna rushed back into the house, spilling things from the hall closet in her eagerness to find Matt's things.

As she worked, she smiled, thinking: "We don't really need to go dancing at the lake to know that we're still in love. We don't need a blue dress to remind us. The moon will be just as big over the Stevens' barn . . . ."

She had found the boots. She held them triumphantly up as Matt came into the hall. She was in a hurry to tell him what she had done about the blue dress.

But his drawn, white face stopped the words in her throat. He came a little unsteadily to face her, and she didn't need his words to tell her what had happened. His voice was deeply quiet, and his dark, steady eyes were filled with pain.

"She was gone, Lorna. Even before I got there . . . ."

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"Matt, Matt!" She touched his hand gently. Many of his patients had been called away. Always he had been concerned, grieved to have them go. But this was different. Looking at him, seeing the strained anguish in his face, she knew that something had gone out of Matt's life that would never enter it again. In losing his best friend, he must close a page of life that had been lovely, beautiful.

Right now, Lorna knew, watching him drop into a chair and bury his dark head in his hands as a long shuddering sob tore through him, Matt must walk alone. Though she was there beside him, she could not call him back from his lonely vigil.

And she did not try, nor even want to do so. She knew that this was the door that had always been shut against her. Even if she had been able to open it, she would not have tried.

For the first time she was sharing her husband willingly, generously. A closed door would never be so cruel and harsh against her ever again. Her lips moved silently, as she followed Matt into the living room, knowing that he was not aware of her presence.

Deep in her heart her unspoken words cried out to Matt: "I am here, my darling. I'll always be here! When you come back to me, I'll be waiting . . ."

And she knew that the waiting would be neither hard, nor so very, very long.

(To be concluded)

# Canadian Rockies Cradle Church Settlements

(Continued from page 439)

sunlight that was glorifying the great square dome of the Cardston temple—almost within sight of these now radiant mountain walls. Chief Mountain stands alone, to the east, guarding Waterton Lakes. Yet it is near the highway to Cardston—one point in the triangle of towns, so blessed to be so near these beautiful parks.

\* \* \* \*

## Memory

Beatrice K. Ekman

Only the ones we lose, we keep, some say.  
Years slip behind us, one by one  
The step grows slow and the hair turns gray,  
And the little race is run.

Only the ones we lose, we keep—  
His memory shall not pass,  
Though lonely years upon me creep  
Like shadows over grass.

## Serenity

Maude O. Cook

There is a peace in homely things,  
The well-worn shoe, the deep-scarred floor,  
The weathered seat beneath the oak,  
The dark wood of an aging door.

The face serene from conquests won,  
Has timeless beauty etched in scars;  
The soul that moves above the crowd,  
Already walks among the stars.

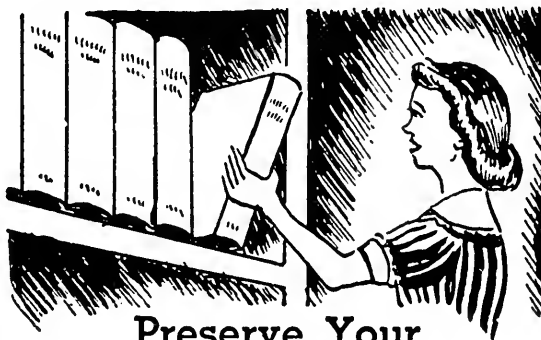
Here time clings with tenacious hold,  
No need for restless speed or flight,  
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## From Near and Far

Eva Willes Wangsgaard, author of "Girders of Strength," page 429, long a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and winner of many awards in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, is a nationally known poet and author of distinction. During the past year she has won awards in seven different national poetry contests. She is a member of the Blue Quill writers' club of Ogden, Utah, and is second vice-president of the League of Utah Writers.

Claire W. Noall (Mrs. Matthew F. Noall, Salt Lake City), author of "Canadian Rockies Cradle Church Settlements," page 434, is well known for her scholarly research in western history and for her excellent travel and regional articles. Her work has appeared in *California Folk Lore Quarterly*, *The Utah State Historical Quarterly*, *The Improvement Era*, and many other publications. She is a member of several literary and professional groups, including the League of Utah Writers and the National League of American Pen Women. Mrs. Noall's mother, Elizabeth S. Wilcox, was a member of the general board of Relief Society for many years.

Fay Ollerton Tarlock (Mrs. Anthony Tarlock, Danville, California), author of the serial "A Time to Forget," beginning in this issue of the *Magazine*, page 440, is a graduate of Columbia University's school of journalism. Her stories and articles have appeared in magazines of national circulation, including *The Atlantic Monthly*. She is known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* as the author of many excellent short stories.

I was very pleased with the picture and piece ("A Needle and Thread Hobby," May 1952, page 302) and have received several letters from California, Cedar City, Ogden, and other places, offering congratulations on it. I was eighty-five on the 6th day of April, 1952, so many thanks for your kindness.

—Martha Jones  
Provo, Utah

I desire to express my appreciation for Alice Morrey Bailey's perfect poem "Overtones" (Frontispiece, May 1952). This poem is pure artistry in its correctness of technique and its use of words, but most of all in its power to recall each one's mother to the readers. I shed a few joyous, nostalgic tears as I visioned my sainted mother doing the tasks mentioned, with a song of thankfulness for her motherhood on her lips; and for a few moments I longed to be a child again, then accepted my present responsibility with a greater desire to be the mother my children will be able to remember as I remember mine. That poem alone is worth the price of the *Magazine*.

—Mabel Law Atkinson  
Dayton, Ohio

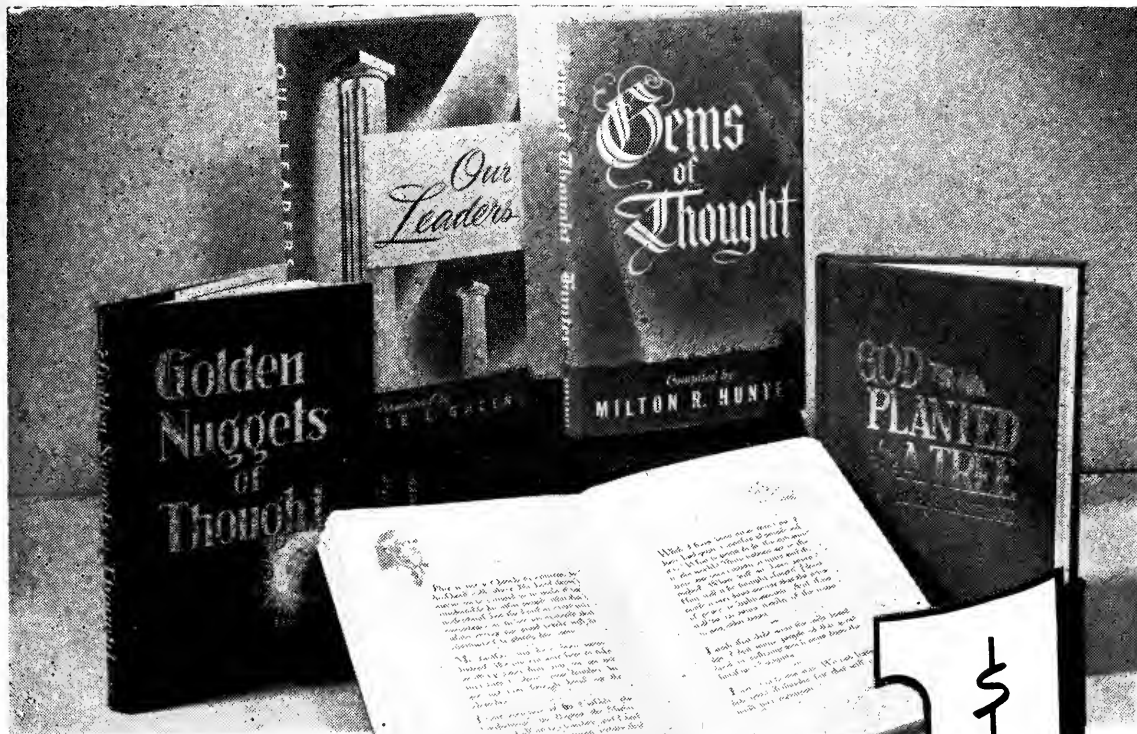
I loved the story "It Happened One Day" (by Edna Rae Madsen, May 1952). That natural, transparent style of writing seems to me excellent and artistic. Let us see more stories by this promising author.

Congratulations to Thelma Hatch! "Every Night at Our House" (May 1952) is an excellent story, full of humor and human interest. I read it twice and then read it again to my family and even my husband liked it. It is really a little masterpiece. The poem "Our Young Mother," by Iris Schow (May 1952) shows poetic insight and depth of feeling. Miss Schow is a fine poet and I always enjoy her work.

—Dorothy J. Roberts  
Salt Lake City, Utah

I have been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years, and I have always enjoyed it as it has brought me many hours of pleasure. I wish to thank you for the present serial "Uncertain Possession" by Beatrice R. Parsons. This is the best, most professional story you have ever published. May we look forward to more like it.

—Amy D. Green  
Salt Lake City, Utah



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*The*  
**RELIEF SOCIETY**  
MAGAZINE

VOL. 39 NO. 8

Lessons for November

AUGUST 1952





# *Dry Season*

*Lael W. Hill*

Now we concern ourselves with the shape of a cloud—  
With direction and swirl and gusty-sudden wind;  
The plain grows listless under the sun's hot flood—  
Its weight of summer lies heavy on the land.

Who would have thought we could weary of skies so clear  
Or look to the rise of dawn with a clutching dread  
Hard at the heel of our thought? But the sun's desire  
Shimmers over us, and its portent is not good.

Now we concern ourselves with the shape of a prayer  
For billows of dark above us, cool and kind,  
Released into silver channels across earth's floor—  
And the grateful calm of souls after it has rained.

---

The Cover: Lake Almanor and Mount Lassen, California  
Photograph by Don Knight  
Frontispiece Saguaros Along San Carlos Lake, Arizona  
Photograph by Josef Muench

# From Near and Far

## Invitation to Relief Society

Women, women, God is calling,  
Calling you from home today.  
Leave your work and bring your children—  
You can study while they play.  
Learn the truths about the gospel,  
Literature, and science, too.  
Come all women here among us,  
God will love you, if you do.

Come and join our Singing Mothers,  
Sing the strains of life and love.  
We are led by noble women,  
Of their time they freely give.  
Come and sing about the gospel,  
Join with us in songs of praise.  
Then your burdens will be lighter,  
Life will bring more happy days.

—Lera Clark Maughan  
Bountiful, Utah

"The Hee-Haw Pony" story by Florence B. Dunford (third prize story, March 1950) is still a special favorite of the children of my family. They ask for it again and again. They remember the pony and the children, especially the little girl who stuttered. Needless to say, I like that story, too.

—Clark N. Stohl  
Salt Lake City, Utah

How lovely Iris Schow's mother must be! I'm grateful that she gave us a glimpse of her through her poem "Our Young Mother" (May 1952). And Sylvia Probst Young, in her simple, beautiful way, makes us recognize the Miss Tracys in our communities and appreciate and love them a little more ("A Tribute to Miss Tracy," May 1952).

—Mabel Law Atkinson  
Dayton, Idaho

I very much enjoy the serial "Uncertain Possession," by Beatrice R. Parsons (beginning in January 1952). In fact I enjoy all the Magazine. It is a tribute to your fine editorship.

—Sylvia Probst Young  
Midvale, Utah

As a family we would feel that we had lost something or someone if the Magazine did not arrive each month. Our seventeen-year-old daughter thinks it is the best publication printed and looks eagerly forward to its arrival. This, of course, is just sharing our own feelings in the matter.

—Mrs. Ivy Gregson  
New Westminster, B. C.,  
Canada

I have always shared my mother's Magazine (Mrs. Alice M. Lambert, Roosevelt, Utah), but she left us in May, so I want to carry on her wise example. Enclosed find check for my subscription. Mother worked in the Relief Society for over fifty years. No matter what other economies she had to make, she always had the Magazine. Many carefully kept copies were passed on to the local society when she died. I am sure the Magazine will be a comfort to me and an inspiration to live right.

—Della L. Snyder  
Myton, Utah

Words cannot express how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is the only contact I have with the Church here in Jamaica. I read the Magazine and pass it on to other families and they enjoy it as much as we do, even though they are not members of the Church. We have been on the island for eight months and are looking forward to coming back to the States in September. Living among other people who have not had opportunities to become acquainted with our religion has certainly made me appreciate our wonderful heritage. The Magazine was presented to me as a gift from my mother, Mrs. A. W. Wallin, and no other gift could have been appreciated and enjoyed as thoroughly as the Magazine has been.

—Mrs. Bernice Gilman  
Mandeville, Jamaica,  
West Indies

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# The Place of Brigham Young University in Church Education

*Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson*

President, Brigham Young University

LET us look at a day in the life of Ann, a typical Brigham Young University student.

Ann lives in a home at the edge of the campus, which is rented by the university to six girls. Today she arises at 6 A.M., for she has a class at 7:45, and it is her turn to prepare breakfast for the other girls. Yesterday she helped do the shopping at the local market. The girls do all of their own meal planning, cooking, and housekeeping, practices which, along with early rising, are encouraged by the university, because they are good training for future homemakers. Some classes actually begin at 6:40 A.M.

Breakfast is soon ready—orange juice, eggs, bacon, toast, and milk, but no coffee. Ann calls the other girls from their dressing and early study, and as all are assembled they kneel at their places and conduct family prayer.

Prayer plays a great part in the lives of all these girls, for they are religious. In fact, ninety-seven per cent of the student body of the university are members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. One girl in Ann's apartment is not a member of the Church, but she kneels and takes her turn at prayer, because she is investigating the gospel and enjoys the religious atmosphere.

The forenoon is busy—a class in

English, then a class in American History. Ann's teachers are all members of the Church and often refer to Church doctrine in their lectures.

In history she is taught that the American Constitution was divinely inspired. She is impressed—she had been told that before—but the fact that the statement is made by one holding a Doctor of Philosophy degree impresses her anew.

It is Tuesday, so she spends the third period in the great new Field House in devotional exercises. They are held in the Field House because nearly four thousand students attend. They assemble once a week to worship their Creator. The meeting is opened with prayer, and the massed choruses of the university, led by one of the music faculty, sing a Latter-day Saint hymn. A member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles is the speaker. (Next year it is planned to have every member of the General Authorities address the student body sometime during the year.)

After devotional, Ann has a religion class. Everyone at the university is required to take religion—at least two credits each quarter. Ann likes religion classes. There are courses in the departments of Archaeology, Bible and Modern Scripture (Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of

Great Price), Church History, Church Organization and Administration, and Theology and Religious Philosophy. Since over fifty different courses in religion are offered, Ann has a variety of choices. The classes are opened with prayer and song and carefully follow a course of study. Through these classes Ann has greatly strengthened her testimony. Since she studied these courses as intensively as any other college course, she got much more out of them than when merely auditing the same subject matter.

At noon Ann goes through the cafeteria line for her lunch and carries her tray to the table where her friends usually meet. She places the food on the table, then quickly and silently bows her head and says a brief blessing. No one ridicules her and she is not embarrassed at this school which is dedicated to religion. There is no coffee served in the cafeteria nor at any other place on the campus. There is no smoking, either.

**A**NN is majoring in Home Economics, so in the afternoon she has a good, stiff course in chemistry—both class and laboratory work. She expects when she graduates to be either a dietician or a mother who really knows the composition and value of foods—she will probably be both.

She studies during the balance of the afternoon, most evenings, and on week ends. She learns that scholarship, like any other great reward, comes only through daily and constant work. And she soon learns to enjoy study as much as she once

learned to enjoy play. Hard study, like virtue, she finds, has its own reward.

On Tuesday, however, after a long afternoon of work, Ann goes to Mutual Improvement Association meeting in the Joseph Smith Building on the campus. It is a meeting of the Campus Branch, which is made up of students living on and near the campus. It is an unusual branch, for it is made up of and operated entirely by students and this last year had an average attendance of 1,016 in sacrament meetings. Ann likes the fast meetings best of all, because the testimonies of the young people from all over the world are thrilling to her. Because so many young people want to bear their testimonies, two fast services are held each Sunday, and over forty students relate their spiritual experiences. Ann realizes, as she never realized before, that ours is a worldwide Church—it is not confined to Utah, nor even to the Western United States.

At Mutual Improvement Association meeting Ann sits with John. John is one of seven hundred returned missionaries on the campus and met Ann at one of the regular student body dances. They are engaged to be married when both of them graduate next year. It is a pattern which is the case with many young men and women at the Brigham Young University. Coming from far distances, where there may be little opportunity to marry in the Church, and surrounded at the Brigham Young University with a religious atmosphere and a wholesome social life, many young



people marry or become engaged on the campus, and they nearly all are married in one of the temples of God.

Such is a day in Ann's life at the Brigham Young University. It can be multiplied by six thousand, for these are the routines and influences which affect that many young people at Brigham Young University every day. And the benefit does not end with them. The tens of thousands of students who have gone out from Brigham Young University carry this influence into their lives, their homes, and their wards.

**T**HIS spirit has been characteristic of Brigham Young University training since the founding of the school in 1875, when Brigham Young requested Dr. Karl G. Maeser, a convert of the Church from Germany, to come to his office.

"Brother Maeser," said the President, "I have another mission for you. We have been considering the establishment of a Church school, and are looking around for a man—a man to take charge of it. You are the man, Brother Maeser. We want you to go to Provo to organize and conduct an academy to be established in the name of the Church—a Church school."

A few days later, Dr. Maeser called at the office of President Young, and said, "President Young, I am ready to go to Provo. What are my instructions?"

"Only this," replied the President, "I want you to remember that you ought not to teach even the alphabet or the multiplication tables without the spirit of God. That is all. God bless you. Goodbye."

Brother Maeser carried out the instructions faithfully, and the pattern has never been forgotten. Those words have been engraved in the minds of the Brigham Young University faculty since that humble beginning with twenty-nine students, and today that charge still stands as a guidepost. A striking example of this spirit was forcefully illustrated last year when, although corrupting influences pervaded national athletics, the Brigham Young University basketball team won the National Invitational Tournament championship at Madison Square Garden after the members of that team, as a group and in accordance with their traditions, had engaged in simple prayer—not to win but to do their best.

In many ways, Brigham Young University is a powerful missionary:

- (1) The ninety-seven per cent of the student body who are members of the Church gain spiritual strength to fortify themselves and their families and wards throughout life;
- (2) of the three per cent who come to the university as non-members, over twenty-five per cent have become converted to the gospel, and over seventy-five per cent have expressed their gratitude for the religious influence of the school;
- (3) the missionary classes conducted as part of the regular religion curriculum have prepared thousands of young men and women for calls to the mission field; and
- (4) the seven hundred returned missionaries on the campus continue in the missionary spirit by conducting meetings, assisting prospective missionaries, and continuing in missionary labors.



Courtesy, Public Relations Department  
Brigham Young University

#### OPENING ASSEMBLY AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Students from all over the world sit according to geographical groups, illustrating wide distribution throughout the Church.

**A**T Brigham Young University the Church has gathered outstanding authorities in the fields of science, business, art, letters, education, religion, and other humanities. It is, therefore, only natural and proper that the Church should turn to Brigham Young University for contributions from this group. And they respond in many ways, such as in the preparation of manuals and lesson books for auxiliary and Priesthood groups; the presentation of lectures and radio sermons; composition, arrangement, and performance of music; assistance in Church pageants, and speech arts; writing of magazine articles and books, and so on. The school, also, conducts Leadership Week every summer on the campus and in Canada, to give Church members the advantage of expert knowledge on many subjects for ward use, such

as Book of Mormon Institute, Family Life Institute, genealogy training, courses for teachers, Relief Society work, Church Welfare practices, chapel maintenance, etc.

Because Brigham Young University is the *Church* university, it has become one of the phenomena of modern education. Last year, when most universities in the Nation were showing declines in enrollment, Brigham Young University showed increases as high as twenty-three per cent. This growth is, in large part, due to the growth of the Church, which is doubling in size every twenty-three years. More than one-half of the members of the Church now live outside the State of Utah, and, accordingly, just about half of the students at Brigham Young University come from outside the State. The per-

centage of students from outside the Church increases each year.

Brigham Young University, however, is growing at a rate much in excess of the rate of growth of the Church. This is because members of the Church are becoming better informed about the purpose, mission, and destiny of the school. The stake conference visits of members of our faculty at the invitation of the General Authorities have resulted in an increased realization that this is the Church university. This close tie-in with the Church has made the Brigham Young University student source just about co-extensive with the geography of the Church, for the 6,216 students who attended Brigham Young University last year came from 192 of the 193 stakes. They also represent many missions, forty-seven states, and seventeen foreign countries.

This development is solid and healthy and is bound to continue. In constantly adding buildings, faculty, and subject matter, Brigham Young University is marching toward its destiny of becoming one of the world's great universities in secular learning, and the greatest university in the world in the training of young men and women as the children of God. Next year new departments will be added in nursing and engineering sciences.

**T**HE newly appointed director of the School of Nursing is a Latter-day Saint woman who is acknowledged as one of the Nation's leaders in her field of nursing. There is such a great demand for nurses everywhere, especially in the twelve hospitals now maintained by the

Church, that any girl graduating from the new College of Nursing will be assured of an excellent position at good compensation. And even if a graduate marries and resigns her position, her training as a nurse will make her a wiser mother and be of lasting benefit to her.

Also high in the plans of the Brigham Young University is a College of Family Living, which will be a pioneering movement in American Education. Because the Brigham Young University student body has forty-one per cent women, while most co-educational student bodies run about twenty-five per cent women, and because there are twenty-five per cent more L.D.S. girls in the Brigham Young University student body than in both of its sister institutions in Utah combined, one great emphasis of the school will be placed on family living. The college of that name will be centered in a new building which will house the Home Economics Department, Nursing, Psychology, Sociology, and related departments.

As this article is written, word has again been received that the members of the graduating classes of the Brigham Young University who graduated ten and twenty-five years ago, respectively, have more children per graduate than the graduates of any other American university. In this respect, the Brigham Young University has already achieved a national reputation, for this is a record that is repeated nearly every year. The new College of Family Living, housed in a new modern building, will aid greatly in preparing future Brigham

Young University graduates, both men and women (for this college will be for men as well as women), better to prepare themselves for future parenthood—so that their children will have the faith and well-earned fortune of their fathers.

Construction already has begun on a vast housing project which will be under the supervision of the College of Family Living, and which is aimed to assist in furthering the objectives of that College. It includes sixteen new dormitories, which will house nearly one thousand students. These will be apartment-type buildings in which the girls will plan and prepare their own meals, giving them practical household experience. The girls also will be supervised and will receive help from the Home Economics Department in home science. They can study, work, play, and conduct family prayer together.

Add this home training to religious foundation, schooling in the arts and sciences, and wholesome environment, and the influence of Brigham Young University in Church education looms tremendous. While such an expression is indefinite, so is the influence itself. No one can put his finger on any specific total of good that any institution accomplishes, because influence for good multiplies in geometric proportions. We know, simply, that it is contributing to the upbuilding of the kingdom of God, and that cause is worthy of our continued efforts.

Truly, Brigham Young University is the Church university its founders intended it to be. It is the creation of inspired leadership supported by the tithepayers of the Church. It is theirs, and they should look to it for the education of their children as eagerly as the devoted faculty of that institution seeks to serve those children.

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## *Dispossessed*

*Blanche Sutherland*

I called this garden spot my own,  
Redeemed its soil once bleak and fallow,  
Seeded and nursed it till; summer-grown,  
It bloomed in larkspur, rose, and mallow.

But here I find a wild dove grieving  
High in the trellis, a spider weaving  
Its silver strands to bar my path;  
Birds that rise in whirring wrath  
At my approach. Here, at their will,  
Bees and butterflies drink their fill,  
While perfume breathed from bud and flower  
Is spent by a careless wind each hour.

Dispossessed, yet its joy, its wonder  
Are still my own and none denies,  
Though wind and wing complete their plunder,  
Only the night can rob my eyes.

# Papa Took Us Fishing

*Christie Lund Coles*

PAPA wasn't an outdoor man. He was a thinker, I guess, for he was a lawyer and sometimes traveled as far as the county seat to plead his cases. He was always meticulously dressed, tweeds and worsteds during the week, and the most beautiful of black broadcloths for Sunday. You'd think by looking at him that he was a city-bred man, with his rather slender build, and his lean, handsome face; his large, hazel eyes framed by gold-rimmed glasses; and his black handlebar moustache, which he touched up with some delicately scented pomade.

Yet, he was reared in the country, and only went away for his schooling. Mama was from the city. She hadn't ever seen a cow until she came West. But she was the one who liked the outdoors. She took care of the flowers, the chickens, and the vegetable garden, as well as the strawberry and raspberry patches. That's how it goes, sometimes.

Still, when it came to knowing how to make a straight furrow, turn the water into the ditches, and prune the roses, it was Papa who could show her how to do the work, even though he didn't really like to do it himself.

I think he wanted to enjoy country outings more. For instance, every summer our neighbors, on either side of us, took fishing trips. Websters, east of us, had one of those new contraptions called an automobile, and they had even got

as far as Yellowstone Park with it, and back. Libbys, across the street, had a Harley-Davidson motorcycle with a sidecar attached. It gave you goose pimples to watch them spinning around the corner, the sidecar leaning to the earth as though it were going to dash them out any minute. And at the unheard of speed of *twenty miles an hour*.

Then came that summer when Papa decided we were going to take a trip. Not a long trip, mind you, not up to see Grandma and Grandpa, as we did quite often, and not to the city, which was nothing new for us, because we got free passes on the train because Papa was the attorney, but a trip to the mountains. A fishing trip, to be exact!

When the neighbors heard about it they were all anxious to go along. Websters wanted to take their car, but Papa said he wouldn't be responsible for it going off the dugway up Rockcreek Canyon, even if it had gone to Yellowstone. I think Mr. Webster was offended, for he snorted and called Papa behind the times. Papa reminded him of the day he first drove his car downtown and kept yelling, "Whoa," and nothing happened.

Of course, Libbys couldn't take their motorcycle because the whole family wanted to go (three girls and a boy). We had three girls, too, and two uncles who lived with us, which, altogether, made quite a crowd.

**P**APA and Mr. Libby got together and planned the trip carefully. Each one decided to rent a white-top wagon, as there was room between and under the seats for quite a lot of provisions. The top would shade us from the sun, if not from the wind and rain.

I won't soon forget how Papa and Jim and Willie packed provisions. They had everything from home-cured ham to radishes, and loads of Mama's buxom loaves of bread. But the thing Papa seemed most concerned about was salt. We had to have bags of it. When Mama asked him why all the salt, he explained, patiently, that the salt was to put the trout in until we got home. After all, hadn't he fished when he was a boy, didn't he know all about those things?

No one dared dispute him, nor wanted to, since it was all so heavenly exciting, going out after dark to find night crawlers on the lawn, putting them in tin cans of moist dirt; watching Mama put the lids on the big flour cans filled with food; and being unable to keep from laughing at Papa in bib-top overalls and a blue denim shirt topped by a farmer John straw hat.

And, most exciting of all, of course, was the day we left, being up before sunup, getting ready, running back and forth across the street to talk to our girl friends in breathless whispers while we waited for our fathers to come with the horses and wagons . . . .

We could hear the clomping of the horses' hooves on the red dirt road a block away, and it sounded like the cavalry that old Grandpa

Libby told about in the Civil War. And it looked almost like that, too, in the half-darkness, for the one buggy had four horses pulling it, and the other one had two monstrous ones that were gray and white and might have been the ones that pulled the dray from the depot each afternoon. We ran back, squealing as they drew nearer, and the horses reared to a stubborn halt.

I soon saw that it was Papa's buggy that had the four horses, and two weren't really horses, they were small, adorable colts.

Mama protested about having the colts, but Papa raised his voice and said that was all he could get, and nothing was going to spoil this fishing trip after he'd worked so hard to plan it. So they began loading. All the salt went on the floor and my sister and I got to sit on it. It made a comfortable, if rather scratchy seat, though by noon I was so hot and dusty that I was actually tasting salt.

The men had planned it so that we wouldn't be too long riding in the hot sun, and we really weren't, for we reached the place and made camp by about two-thirty. Still, it wasn't as simple as that, believe me.

**I**N the first place, Mama said Papa was driving too fast, and he replied that he was just trying to keep up with old Libby who was trying to show off because he had once been a cow-poke, and was used to handling horses. In the second place, we reached the dug-way. Just like that, we were on it. The horses didn't seem to know the difference and didn't want to



slow down when Papa pulled the reins. And, worst of all, one colt was so near the edge that it kept starting to slip off. Mama was a right good hand in the garden, but this was too much for her city sensitivity. She began to cry, to beg, to cajole. Papa, helpless to do anything about the situation except hold the team back, which he was doing to the best of his ability, became angry.

Then she became even angrier as she sat jolting on the seat, holding on with one hand, keeping her hat on her head with the other. Finally, she commanded him to stop and let her out, and said she would rather walk any day, and if he didn't stop, she would jump out, no matter what the consequences. She would. She even looked over the side as though she might be ready to attempt it.

Papa wrapped the reins around his fist, and the horses stopped. Mama, tears streaking her dusty face, climbed out. She reached into the back of the buggy and insisted that we three girls get out also. Jim, the youngest of the uncles, who was pretty pale around the gills, began to follow suit. I'll never forget how Papa (who was, ordinarily, the gentlest of men) turned on him, crying, "You sit down!"

He sat down, believe me, and away they went, lickety-split. The colt couldn't have fallen off if it had wanted to. There wasn't time.

We started to walk in the dusty, long road. When we had gone quite a distance, we saw Papa slowing down, saw him stop. He called

back to ask if we wanted to ride. Mama merely shook her head.

Of course, all this was forgotten when we made camp. It was a beautiful spot, near the mountain-side, which was covered with evergreens and aspens and different kinds of wild berries. We could hear the stream singing over the rocks; could see blue jays and many other kinds of birds weaving about overhead, chattering to us. Our camp, set amid a group of trees which almost formed a large room, was secluded and cool. To the side were other trees which formed other rooms, some of them small and so shut in even from the sky that they were cold and dark. Pine needles lay in deep carpeting on the ground, and there was the sigh of wind above us, sounding almost like distant choir music. My sisters and friends and I soon made one of these rooms our playhouse. We had stumps for tables and chairs. The grownups were busy unpacking, putting up Libby's tent.

**A**FTER we had all washed in the icy water, we were starving, so we ate ham fried over the campfire, fried potatoes, and corn boiled in a sooty-black kettle. Then, since it was dark and we were all tired, beds were made—and with what mounds of bedding! The one seat came out of our wagon, and quilts and pillows were spread in the bottom for Mama and us two younger girls. Sue, the eldest, and her friend, Ruth Libby, said they weren't afraid to sit on the ground nor sleep there either. So, still in their clothes, they curled up to-

gether. Papa and my two uncles slept together, and the Libbys divided themselves up likewise, Mrs. Libby and her two youngest in the tent.

The last thing I remembered was feeling secure and warm between Mama and Inez, though the air on my cheek was like little pricks of ice.

The next thing I knew I could hear voices. I rose up and could see a flashlight, and Papa and Mr. Libby leaning over a new campfire. It was so terribly dark that I was sure even they couldn't have thought it was morning.

Then I could hear Mrs. Libby crying, saying over and over, "I know I heard a bear, I know I did. He was right in the brush above here." And she had a gun in her hand!

Papa turned the flashlight up there, ran it across the hillside, but there was nothing to be seen except the heavy brush, which didn't seem so attractive now, and might be full of all kinds of dangers.

Mama decided to get up and said we might as well stay where we were and go to sleep; we were safe enough. I asked why she didn't stay there, too, then. I didn't feel safe since we were so near the hill, neither did Inez. We got our shoes and sweaters on and climbed out, making for the fire, which was blazing now, and sending out tongues of warmth to lick our faces. The logs we had sat on at suppertime were still there, so we all sat down, and that hour or two was something extra special to be remembered, to be savored, to be talked about all our lives.

When the fire had died down the night before, Papa and the other men had put some potatoes under the hot ashes, close to the ground, as they used to when they were boys, they said. Now, with long sticks, they dug them out. They were steaming hot and baked perfectly, till the skins were crisp and smelled like nothing else in the whole, wide world.

WE each had one on a tin plate. We buttered them with homemade golden butter from a crock, salted them, and ate. When we had finished, my uncle began playing his harmonica, and we all began to sing, "Memories," "On the Banks of the Wabash" (Papa's favorite), "In the Gloaming," and all the other songs we could remember.

After a little while, I think I fell asleep against Papa's shoulder. But I woke up again, in my bed, to see the sunlight dripping faintly through the trees, to hear them all preparing to go fishing. Mama came over and told me it was only six-thirty. She said I might as well sleep, but I begged to go with the men up the stream. Finally she consented, brushed and braided my hair, put two sweaters on me, and warned me to be careful.

Papa kissed her and said that I could bring some fish back for breakfast. She handed me a tin pail, and I started up the road holding my father's hand. Libby's boy, Sam, looked disgusted. He was an expert fisherman, and didn't want anybody around who might make a noise or frighten the fish away. He struck out ahead and went to a

different spot than the others. I don't think they missed him, but he did get more fish than the others.

Still, I remember running down the road with four or five silver speckled trout in my bucket. Mama slit them with a sharp knife, cleaned them, rolled them in flour and salt and pepper, and fried them. Some fishermen prefer the large lake trout, but I have heard others say that nothing quite compares to the fresh, mountain trout. At least that morning, I was sure nothing could be better.

We stayed three days. We hiked, waded, gathered chokecherries and wild currants. We spent hours lying in the sun—as the shade was too cool—hearing the music of the pines, smelling their matchless freshness.

The men fished in the mornings and evenings, dozed in the daytime or played kick-the-can or horseshoes with us. Of course, there were the usual near-accidents: Inez fell into a deep part of the stream, and Mama had to pull her out; Susan came very near to being shot by Sam, who was doing some target

practice and didn't know she was on the other side of the stream.

All in all, it was simply a heavenly trip while it lasted. But our groceries were running out, and Papa had a case coming up before the court, so we all packed and got ready to go home.

Papa told Mama she was going to ride in the wagon because what difference did it make if she fell off a mountain or died of a sunstroke. She said she would try it, but if she really got scared she would have to do the same thing again. They both laughed, and Papa patted her affectionately.

Inez and I curled up on the bags of salt again (with a blanket over them) while Mama wondered if the grocer would take some of the salt back. Papa said you could bet he wouldn't ask him, even if the salt had to last us the rest of our lives. You see, Mr. Webster owned the store, and he would know by the salt how many fish we brought with us home.

How many! Inez and I giggled as he said that. Because, to be exact, we brought precisely none.

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## Today

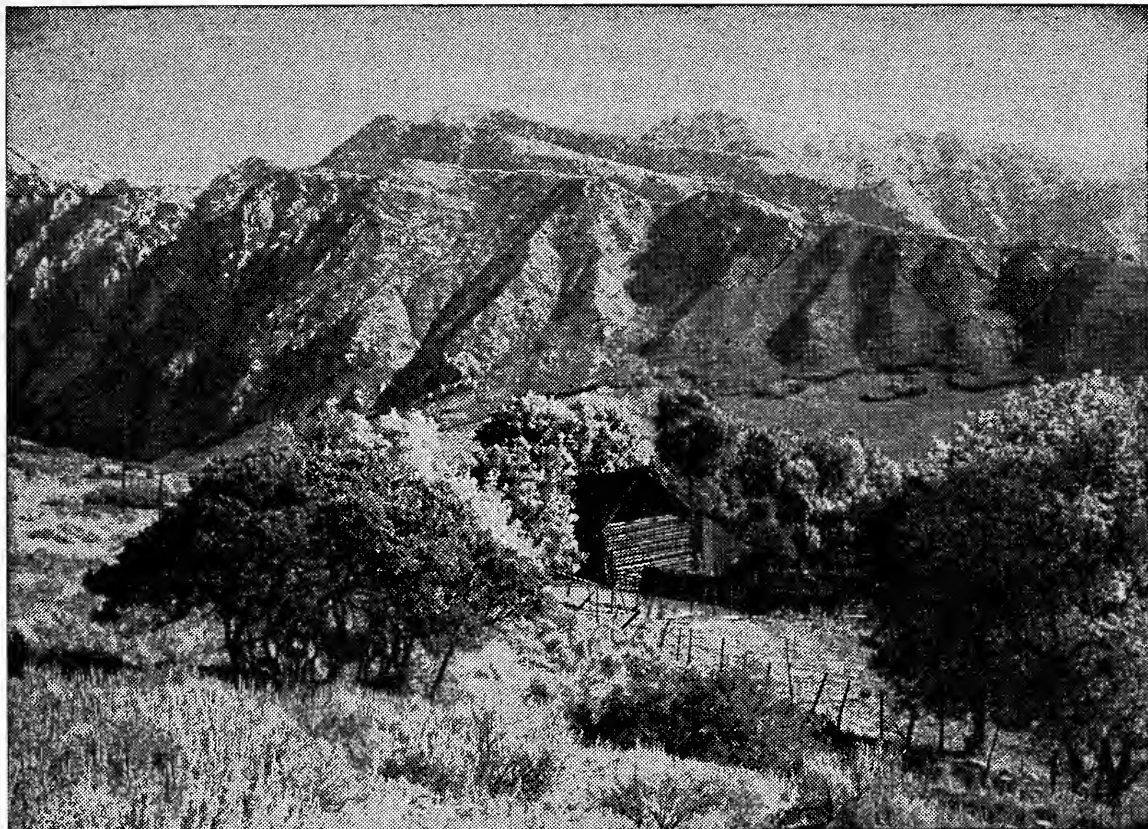
Annie M. Ellsworth

It is today that I must try to live  
As if tomorrow was not meant for me;  
It is today that I must ever give  
The finer things of life that are so free.

A friendly greeting and a smile may cheer  
A sad and lonely heart along life's way.  
Don't wait until the heavy skies are clear,  
But give that treasured gift of love today.

"Procrastination is the thief of time!"  
Don't think that on the morrow I will  
give;  
Tomorrow may be but a dream sublime,  
So I must scatter sunshine while I live.

Just give your smiles, your service, and  
your love  
TODAY, that you may gather friend-  
ships true;  
The blessing of a finer, richer life  
In all its fulness will come back to you.



Hal Rumel

WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH



*Remembered Inspiration*

Maud Miller Cook

Both desert and mesa vastness  
Have beauty all their own,  
But I miss the friendly nearness  
Of the mountains I have known.  
Their rugged forms brought courage,  
Their snow-capped peaks brought peace;  
Their silent grandeur—reverence  
Bade faith and hope increase!

Their flaming colors in autumn,  
Like beauties of the soul,  
So rich in mellow memories  
That mark life's closing scroll,  
Gave warmth and blessed assurance,  
That heights so won would light  
The waning years with tranquility,  
In tune with the infinite.

# Real Estate

*Luzelle S. Eliason*

“**T**HANK you, Mrs. Norbett, for showing us the house, but I doubt if it's what we really want. The kitchen is so small, and only one bath. But do call us if you list anything else in our price range. You know what we would like now.”

Mrs. Lewis smiled her “just so” smile, and went out, followed by Mr. Lewis, echoing his wife's thank you.

Christie Norbett sighed as they closed the door of her small real estate office. She looked in relief at the clock on the wall. Almost five. Almost time to go home to the boys.

“Do call us when you find what we want,” her thoughts went back over Mrs. Lewis' words. How can I ever find what they want, or what anyone wants? she thought. I'm so tired of looking at houses, showing houses to people who never find what they want. Of course, it must be my own fault. If I were any sort of saleswoman, I could make them believe they want what I have to sell. And, after all, that's all it amounts to. If you believe you want something, then you actually do. Perhaps she had gone to work too soon after all. Perhaps if she had waited longer, her grief might have been dulled a little more. But her folks and Ross' had been so sure that work was the thing that would help her, and perhaps it had. But she had no heart for it, no enthusiasm to give to it.

Ross, her husband, had died

almost six months ago from injuries received in an automobile accident. His death had been the end of many things for her. All the meaning of life had been blotted out. For herself, it didn't matter. But there were the boys, Ross Jr. and Johnny. For their sakes, she must carry on. She must make a living for them, somehow. And their lives must not be devoid of hope and happiness, even though hers was. It was such a hopeless task. How can you give to someone that which you have lost yourself? And, especially, how could she do anything for them when she was forced to spend her days in an office or traveling about the city showing people houses all day, and sometimes even in the evening, since that was the only time some of her clients were free to look at real estate?

During the day the boys were in school. After school Ross took care of his brother until she was able to be home, and every now and then Mrs. Baker, her neighbor, looked in to see if they were all right.

The office had been her husband's, and he had done very well in the business, but Christie was certainly a failure at it. Suddenly she laid her head on her arms on the desk and sobbed. And when her sobs had quieted a little, she prayed. In low tones she prayed for help and guidance and strength to bear her burden. An inner peace came to her, as it had done

before, and she felt able to go home and face her boys.

**S**HE went into the small supply room and bathed her eyes. She powdered and combed her hair, trying to hum a little as she did so, to build up her spirits.

There was a gentle tapping on her office door, which at first she only half heard. Then it became more insistent. Well, when did my clients start knocking? she wondered, as she went quickly and opened the door.

An elderly man stood there, holding a worn felt hat in one hand. With the other he offered a gnarled and calloused handshake.

"How-do, Ma'am," he said in a friendly voice.

"How do you do, Sir? Won't you come in?"

"Thanks. I'll do that if you don't mind."

"Sit down, won't you?"

"Thanks," he said again. "My name's Burrows, Israel Burrows."

"Israel?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Quite a name, isn't it?"

"Unusual, Mr. Burrows. Can I help you?"

"I sure hope so, Mrs. . . . Norbett," he hesitated, glancing at her name on the open door.

She closed the door and took her place behind the desk.

"You have some property to sell, Mr. Burrows, or do you want to buy some?"

"Both, you might say." After a moment's hesitation, he continued, "I guess I got to sell my farm, and buy a house in town, on account of my wife's health. Maggie's fail-

ing, and the doctor says she needs to be in town for treatment."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Christie said. "I usually don't handle agricultural property. Just houses here in town. But since you want to buy a house, too . . ."

She took a listing blank from her desk drawer and, with pen poised, asked Mr. Burrows to give her the necessary information. This done, and the blank properly filled out, Christie sat studying it, as Mr. Burrows talked on.

"It's a right pretty little place, Mrs. Norbett. About three miles out of Sperrydale. Sperrydale's not much of a town till you get to know it. Only about two hundred people there, but mighty fine people."

"But, Mr. Burrows, that's almost one hundred miles from here. I don't know. . . ."

She was afraid she shouldn't list the place. If she started taking out-of-town property, she would be away from the boys even more.

Mr. Burrows, however, was becoming eloquent in his description of the farm.

"A stream runs through?" She asked, making notes as he talked.

"Yep, comes right down from the mountains. Fish in it, too, trout. Plenty water for irrigation. Prettiest little farm you ever saw. Trees, chokecherry bushes, wild roses, most everything you can think of. Just a small farm, you understand. Raise just enough hay and grain to feed my stock, and maybe a little left over to sell. I sure hate to sell out, though. It's like losing part of the family."

He paused, and looked at her



with grave anxiety in his eyes, "Mrs. Norbett," he asked, "will you find me a buyer who'll love the place and take good care of it?"

Christie smiled reassuringly. "I'll surely try."

In the back of her mind a plan was forming. A day's outing for the boys. Just what they all needed. They would drive out to Sperrydale and see the farm. Just about have to, she thought. The old man is so sentimental about it, he probably isn't giving me an accurate description. And the boys will love seeing it.

\* \* \* \*

**E**ARLY the next Saturday morning, Christie packed lunches, and the three of them left for Sperrydale. The boys were really excited. Besides having a whole day with Mom, they were going to a real farm. There had been a shower during the night, and the air was fresh and sweet. As they left the outskirts of the city, Ross insisted on rolling his window down to get the full benefit, even though the early morning chill was still much in evidence. Meeting his eyes, usually dark and solemn, but now shining with a quiet glow, she felt that they must have excursions like this more often. Johnny was bouncing about on the back seat, trying to see everything on all sides at once.

Christie drove leisurely, stopping occasionally when the boys wanted to see something, so it was ten o'clock when they reached Sperrydale, and were directed out to the Burrows farm. They passed sev-

eral small farms, and one which they judged to be a large ranch. Ross was busy instructing young Johnny as to what was growing in each field as they went along. He had spent the preceding summer on an uncle's farm, and considered himself an authority.

When they arrived at the Burrows farm, Christie found herself thinking that perhaps Mr. Burrows hadn't exaggerated after all. It was an inviting place with a comfortable looking little house set among green trees. The stream was there, with willows and wild rose bushes growing along its banks, and the mountains rising loftily behind it. The farm buildings and yards were neat and well cared for.

Mr. Burrows showed them around the farm and saddled a gentle pony for the boys to ride. Then he took them to the house to meet Mrs. Burrows, who was a small, gentle lady, with her face etched with lines, many of them the imprint of courageously borne pain. She took them through the little house. Christie loved the old-fashioned kitchen with its braided rugs and rockers, and studio couch. It was obviously where the old couple spent much of their time.

**T**HE shining new electric range and oil heater looked quite out of place.

The Burrows insisted that they have lunch with them; but not wanting to add to Mrs. Burrows' burden, and, seeing disappointment mirrored in the boys' faces, Christie explained they had brought a picnic to eat. They promised to

come back to the house for cake and ice cream later.

"Gee, Mother, I guess this is the swellest place there is," said Johnny. "I'll find a place to eat," he cried running ahead, and down to the stream.

"He thinks he knows so much," said Ross, who would have liked to run too, but he was carrying the lunch, and felt very strongly about his place being beside his mother.

"A fish!" Johnny was shouting and running along the bank. "Hurry! I saw a fish!"

That was too much for Ross, who handed the lunch to his mother and ran to join Johnny.

"Aw, he probably imagined it," Ross said, as Christie reached them.

"He could have seen one," Christie explained. "Mr. Burrows says there are fish in the stream. But you have to be real quiet or you scare them away."

After they had eaten, the boys wanted to explore. Christie told them to go ahead but to stay close to the creek. That way they wouldn't get lost.

"Don't go too far, though," she said. "We must leave soon."

Christie cleared away the remains of the picnic and walked upstream. After a bit she sat down, and leaned against a tree. She listened to the quiet sounds around her, the gentle moving of the leaves, the rippling flow of the stream, an occasional call of a bird or strumming of an insect. She felt eased and quieted. I could stay here forever, she thought. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could?" she mused aloud. "It would be perfect for the boys, and we'd be together."

"But, how silly!" She brought herself up shortly. Running a farm wasn't a woman's job, what would they live on? But then—what were they going to live on anyhow? "I don't make enough in real estate to keep myself," Christie spoke aloud.

THE insurance money was still untouched, she reminded herself, but soon she would have to dip into it. It would be much better to invest it in property like this than to let it sift away for living expenses. She pulled a leaf from a low branch and smelled the fragrance of it.

What do farmers' widows do? Some of them must go on running farms. Meditatively she got up and called the boys. Their answer came back thin, but clear, so she knew they were not too far away. She shouted to them to start back, then quickly made her way to the farmhouse.

Mr. Burrows was sitting on the porch, so she joined him there.

"Maggie's taking a nap," he said. "Doctor's orders. Well, how do you like the place?"

"Wonderful," she sighed.

"You ought to buy it."

"Me? How would I run a farm?" She was startled that he should have sensed her thoughts.

"That oldest boy of yours would be a big help. You could raise chickens, have a garden. Milk cows. The boys could milk 'em. Milk truck calls here every day. School bus, too. Only three miles to grade school in Sperrydale, and fifteen miles to Halloway to high school. You'd probably have to hire a neighbor for the heaviest

(Continued on page 567)

# Fisher Towers

*Celia Luce*

**A** NEW foot trail has opened up a wonderland for the people of the West, and for travelers into the canyon country. For years sightseers have been driving to Fisher Towers, and driving away again, not much impressed. The few who really went into the section came away full of tales of great beauty. But the trip took a full day or more and was full of danger and hardship all the way. So, much of the region remained hidden, though a road went to its very door.

Fisher Towers are about twenty-five miles up the river from the Moab bridge over the Colorado River in Eastern Utah. The road winds along the edge of the river with massive cliffs pushing in from both sides, and the great river and the tiny road pressed close together between them. At last the cliffs fall back and the road winds through Professor Valley, revealing towering figures grouped together around even taller monoliths, which seem to be lecturing to the audience of stone.

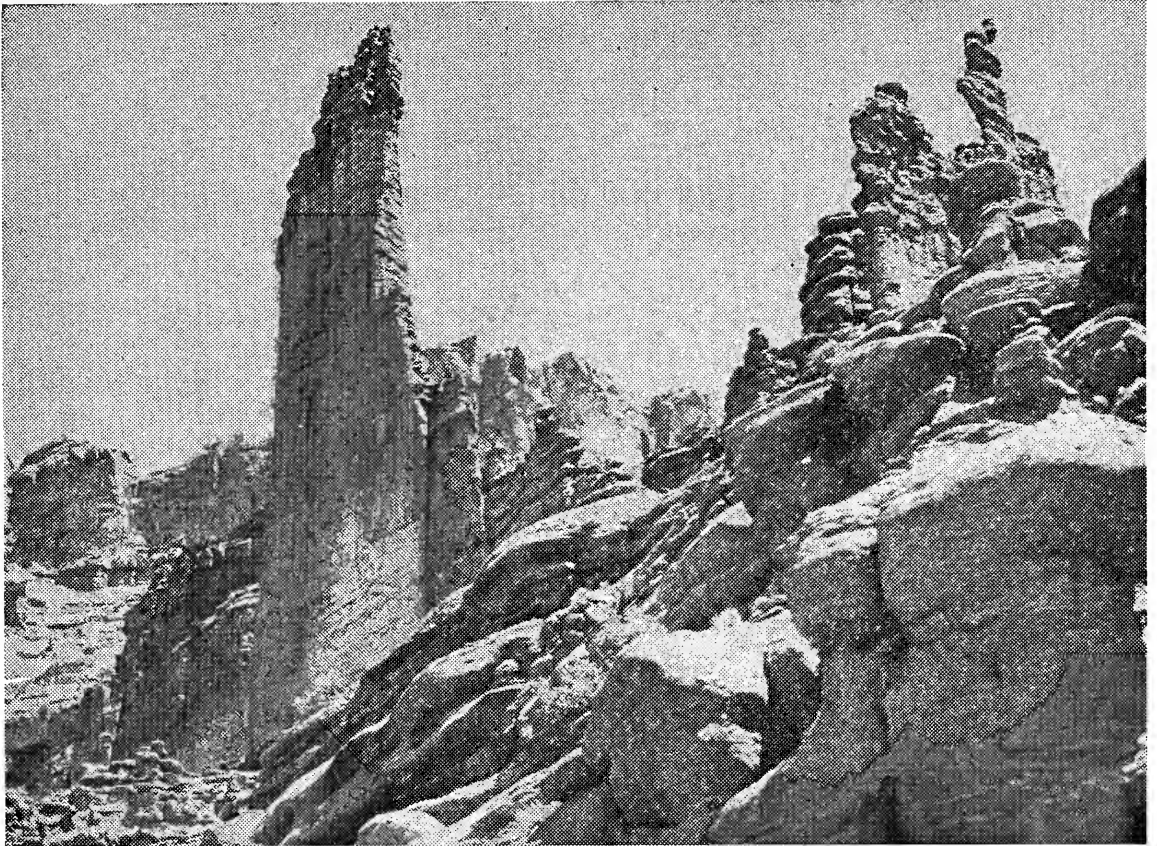
Side roads take off once in a while toward the distant high, blue crags of the LaSal Mountains. Then comes the road to Fisher Towers. It climbs for about a mile to an area of broken cliffs, and the first close view of the deep, narrow towerlike pinnacles. Here the road ends. The road has to end here, for the land ahead is so broken and twisted that even a foot trail was difficult to make.

We followed the trail and were amazed as we went around the first ledge. Ahead was a semicircular area where great cliffs climbed toward the sky. The cliffs were almost straight up and down, yet delicately carved like a great pattern of crinkle crepe cloth. Deep red clay had washed down over the monuments in a tapestry effect, creating a thousand patterns.

The trail follows the base of the great straight cliffs, going around the edge of the circular valley and on to the next circular valley. The first seems beautiful until you see the second, and it seems the most magnificent there could be until you see the third, and so it is until the end of the trail.

The tops of the cliffs are pointed and spired like the tops of great Gothic cathedrals, and again they change pattern with each change of view. One wall looks as high as a twenty-story building and narrows to about ten feet in thickness as it juts out to form the partition between two circular valleys. The great cliffs keep their crinkle crepe and tapestry pattern, though they change in form at every step. And the sky behind them turns deep blue in contrast with the deep red of the cliffs. It is a blue you see only when red cliffs stand out against the sky.

**T**HE view below is as interesting as the view above. At the trail level there is a sharp change, and the circular valleys are filled with



Willard Luce

## FISHER TOWERS

The slab at the left is ten feet wide at one end and not much wider in its entire length—the height of a twenty-story building.

strange, rounded, goblin shapes. Thin, long tongues of land reach out over the weird rounded forms in places, with the edges of these tongues of land eroded into rounded toadstool shapes, dropping away into canyons filled with more round, red forms.

Figures and silhouettes are everywhere. A Mexican sleeps under a wide sombrero; a pioneer mother has children clinging to her fluted hoop skirt. A Buddha sits in solemn contemplation next to a goblin face. A circle of braves writhe in a war dance around a frozen stone fire. A few more steps, and the change of viewpoint changes them all into other forms. And so it is as the trail goes on and on,

gradually up and up. Then as you come back down the two miles of trail, the different viewpoint makes it all seem new again.

Beyond the round, red goblin figures is an even more wonderful view of Professor Valley, with the Colorado River small against the bluffs in the distance. In another direction you get occasional glimpses of Onion Creek, which drains the Fisher Tower region. Even from the distance the creek looks crystal clear, but its waters are poisonous, containing arsenic.

Fisher Towers were named after a homesteader who settled on Onion Creek. His farm is on up past the narrow twisting gorge which cuts

*(Continued on page 567)*

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1892

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

**WOMAN'S WORK:** What is it! When did it begin; when will it end? What is the object and ultimate reward? Our minds must travel back to the time when the earth was new and fresh and fair from the hands of its Creator. When man was placed upon it then woman was quickly by his side, herself the fairest of all and her influence was quickly felt for good or evil; but it was when mother Eve heard the cry of her firstborn . . . that woman's work really began.—Phebe C. Young

### WELCOME

(Old Folks' Reunion at Payson, June 29, 1892)

Ye who bear the silver crown  
Of a life complete with age,  
Ye whom wisdom gives renown  
By her long-life heritage;  
Old folks everywhere held dear.  
Filled with years three score and ten,  
Welcome, yea thrice welcome here,  
Honored guests of honored men.

**LADIES SEMI-MONTHLY MEETING,** 14th Ward: Counselor E. Stevenson said: "We can't live too near the Lord in these times, the good things we hear should be put into daily practice, we should cease to speak evil of one another, and learn the lesson of charity; be guarded in all our sayings, we know that our lives are full of trials" . . . . President Horne made closing remarks, exhorting the sisters to be faithful and diligent in all their duties, that they might receive the blessings promised.

**A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY:** Spain and America have been exchanging civilities on the occasion of the anniversary of Columbus setting sail from Palos on his voyage of discovery four hundred years ago on the third of August . . . . The day was celebrated in Spain with appropriate festivities . . . . The women of America cannot be too mindful of what they owe to that noble Queen, who so generously aided in the enterprise which has given to us . . . "this choice land above all other lands." It would seem as though the women of America ought to do something magnificently permanent to perpetuate the memory of this singularly estimable and heroic Queen . . . . But for Isabella's personality in the adventurous enterprise of Columbus he could never have set sail from Spain. . . . A woman's courage inspired Columbus to do and dare, all honor to Isabella—Editorial

**OBSERVATION:** Strictly, no two persons can see the same thing in the same way, for it can never happen that two persons have precisely the same groups of ideas relating to any subject. These depend on our past experience, on our education, on the belief of our times, on our various sects or parties, on our pet theories, our interests, and our desires. Did we but bear this in mind how many quarrels and disputes might be saved. How modest we should be in condemning, how careful in counseling.—Selected



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**M**RS. ANNE C. MILNE, Utah's oldest citizen, at 103 years, was crowned queen of the Old Folks Day celebration June 25, at Liberty Park, Salt Lake City.

**M**RS. RUTH MAY FOX, former president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, now ninety-eight years old, requested to write a song for the June conference, revised one that she had written two years ago, "In Triumph We Shall Sing." Professor Crawford Gates composed the music.

**A**T the biennial convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc., three women correspondents were presented by Judge Sarah T. Hughes, federation president, with a bronze medal and plaque, each bearing the inscription "Distinguished Service Award." One was Salt Lake's own Charlotte Knight, daughter of Mrs. Raymond S. Knight, correspondent for Collier's. The others were May Craig, representing a chain of New England papers, and Marguerite Higgins, of the New York Herald Tribune.

**I**N admitting girls to Vassar, one of the oldest and best-known colleges for women in the United

States, all students accept work duty, turn about, such as distributing clean linen, setting tables, drying silverware, serving at message centers, acting as inspectors. This system makes possible a lower tuition. Freshman girls choose their roommates and also their rooms by lot. Some new dormitories are being built for co-operative living, housing, marketing, and meal preparation. For the first time in its history Vassar has a woman president, competent, charming Miss Sarah Blanding.

**D**R. FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK, now of Murray, Utah, ninety-two years old, is credited with being the first person to develop the use of recorded music in the public schools. She suggested a music-appreciation program for schools in 1911, and from then until 1937 (when she moved to Utah) was director of R.C.A. Victor's national department of music education. She is the only surviving member of the committee that founded the National Federation of Music Clubs in 1873 in Chicago.

**F**OR the first time in the 113 years' existence of the Connecticut State Board of Education, a woman, Mrs. William A. Hutton, has been elected chairman.





## *Present Day Need for Nurses*

As there is nothing more productive of happiness than good health, nothing more uncertain than its possession, there can be no study pursued to better advantage than that which teaches how best to preserve and increase its properties. There is no calling of greater importance, or more becoming to a woman, old or young, than that of being a good nurse, since accidents will happen and sickness must occur while mortality lasts.

THUS was introduced an editorial in the *Woman's Exponent*, volume 2, June 1873, in which was set forth the great need for trained nurses in that early period in Utah, as well as the responsibility of Relief Society to encourage women to avail themselves of the existing nurse training opportunities.

Throughout its history, Relief Society has accepted, as an important aspect of its program of caring for the sick, the encouragement and recruitment of women for enrollment in nurse training classes. For a period of more than forty years, the society itself continuously sponsored nurse training classes, and at various periods of special need it has conducted intensive recruitment programs. While it places high value upon bedside nursing care given by faithful Relief Society women whose ministrations have been characterized by a spirit of loving service, great native ability, and nursing aptitude, it has always recognized the values accruing to the patient as well as to the nurse from training in this important field of service.

Today throughout the nation there exists an acute shortage of

trained nurses, both practical and registered. The Advertising Council for the Committee on Careers in Nursing has this to say:

Hospitals in almost every community are faced with a shortage of candidates for nursing, a need to maintain rigid standards of nursing care, and more demands upon their facilities. . . . While the total number of nurses has almost doubled since 1941, we must compare the increased demands for nursing care during the same period. Hospital admissions have almost doubled, births in hospitals more than tripled, and out-patient visitors nearly doubled.

This, together with the steadily increasing numbers of hospitals, the expanding health services of all kinds, the constantly increasing number of large urban communities with the specialized nursing needs, the drain upon our reservoir of nurses brought about by the critical and tragic conditions incident to war, all cry out for more trained nurses.

The seriousness of the situation causes us as Relief Society women, concerned with the care of the sick, to once more awaken to our responsibility to encourage women with natural qualifications, integrity of character, high moral standards,

and other eligibility requirements to enter training classes that will prepare them for one of the most dignified, needed, useful and satisfying careers for women—the nursing career.

Many communities have schools offering nurse training, both practical and registered. Our own Brigham Young University plans to open a school of nursing this fall where women may prepare themselves as registered nurses. (See article by President Ernest L. Wilkinson, page 499.)

Treatment of the sick has undergone tremendous changes in recent years. It demands ever-increasing numbers of women trained in meet-

ing the exacting requirements of hospital life and sickroom ministrations. The training investments pay high dividends in benefits to humanity and personal rewards.

Relief Society officers and members, always concerned with the care of the sick, should acquaint themselves with the courses offered for both practical and registered nurse training in their own or nearby communities. (This information may be obtained through your state board of health.) Relief Society women everywhere might well encourage eligible women to enter this greatly needed humanitarian field of service.

—B. S. S.

\* \* \* \*

## *Affinity*

Dorothy J. Roberts

You coaxed a beauty from the plain, drab loam,  
From the brown bulb buried near your valley home.  
You nurtured beauty to a flaming sheaf,  
Its coral guarded by a sword-sharp leaf.

You fashioned beauty on a tall stem and thin  
To answer a deep, urgent cry within.  
Beauty was the glowing counterpart  
Of a queenly loveliness within your heart.

Beauty was your bread, the succor for your need,  
And your call was answered in a flower seed;  
You wakened beauty with a sharpened hoe  
And knew the rapture that creators know.

Somewhere within, a dream of beauty dwelt.  
You strove to realize it as you knelt  
Above your garden through the sun-hot hours  
And traced its image in a bed of flowers.

# Adventure in Glass

## III—THE ART OF GLASSMAKING

Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

**T**HERE are many recipes for making glass, especially today when glass is used for so many and varied purposes, but certain ingredients are essential. Silica (usually in the form of sand) is the chief ingredient. In fact, a very beautiful glass can be made of pure silica, but since silica needs to be heated to very high temperatures in order to soften it so that it can be "worked" into various shapes, certain alkalies, such as lime, soda, potash, and lead, are added. These act as a flux and lower the temperature at which this fusion of the materials takes place.

Tints of greens and ambers, resulting from metallic impurities present in the natural sands, are sometimes neutralized by adding arsenic or manganese in the same way that blueing is used in our laundry process. The term "metal" refers to the glass in either its molten or hard state.

### *Basic Kinds of Glass*

Green glass (common bottle glass) refers to glass in its natural color, neither made colorless nor artificially colored, and is usually made from less pure materials. It is therefore of a green or amber tint and was undoubtedly the first glass produced in America, as elsewhere. While green glass was definitely the metal for bottles and flasks and windowpanes, household

utensils were frequently fashioned from it. As techniques developed, more careful selection of raw materials and greater control of impurities resulted in regulating the type and quality of glass produced.

A clear metal, used in most European glasshouses and in some American manufactories, was made with soda and lime as its alkalies and was called soda-lime glass.

Flint glass, probably so called because in early days burnt flints were used as silica in its making, is clear glass made with lead as the fusing agent, and the perfecting of this glass is credited to England, although it was not a sudden discovery. Flint glass and lead glass are, therefore, the same metal, and the terms are used interchangeably. Flint glass has more brilliance than soda-lime glass and, because of its softness, is more adapted to decoration by copper wheel engraving and wheel cutting. Our finest glass was blown or pressed from this type of metal.

### *Methods of Making Glassware*

In ancient times hollow vessels of glass were made by winding overlapping threads of molten glass about a core, and when they had congealed, removing the core, which was a slow and laborious process.

After the invention of the blow-pipe, glass was blown into a hollow



Hal Rumel

GLASS BLOWER HANS YLST, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, SHAPES A BOWL

bubble by human breath and then shaped by simple tools into various forms. The process of making glass by hand requires imagination and skilled craftsmanship, and the techniques involved have remained essentially the same through the centuries.

In early days, the decision regarding quality and amount of ingredients to be used rested with the superintendent of the glasshouse, who was usually an expert glass blower and was called the *gaffer*. The center of interest in the glasshouse was the furnace. Small factories usually had but one furnace, but as business grew more were added, some factories having as many as five. These furnaces accommodated from six to ten clay pots in which the metal was heated. Wood was the first fuel to be used, and was eventually replaced by coal, and more recently by gas.

The making of the clay pots in which the metal was heated offered one of the greatest problems confronting our early glassmakers. These huge clay pots often required as long as two years for making and seasoning, while their average life span was from six to ten weeks.

### *Handblown Method*

The blowing of a single article usually required the co-operation of several workmen, and although methods no doubt varied slightly in different glasshouses, the procedure was essentially the same.

The master blower (*gaffer*) did most of his work seated in a chair which was equipped with flat iron arms. An assistant would take up a quantity of the molten glass on



Hal Rumel

MR. YLST WORKING WITH BLOWPIPE



Metropolitan Museum of Art

THREE-MOLD DECANTER  
(American—1810-1815)

the end of an iron blowpipe, which he rolled back and forth on an iron-topped table called the *marver*. He then handed the blowpipe to the gaffer who, by swinging and blowing, inflated the *gather* to the approximate size and shape desired. At this point a second helper approached with a small glob of hot glass on the end of a solid rod called the *pontil* or *punty* rod, which he attached to the bottom of the blown article. The blowpipe was removed with a sharp rap and the opening or lip was reheated and made very smooth. With a few simple tools, the gaffer manipulated the glass into its finished form, adding handles or feet or covers as needed.

A rough scar was left on the bottom of the blown article when the *pontil* rod was removed, and this was, until reproductions made it un-

reliable, used to identify some kinds of old glass. The glass article, still hot, was left for a day or more in a long annealing oven where it was carried through gradually diminishing temperatures until it could be taken into the open air.

### Blown-Molded Glass

Glass that was blown into molds was called *blown-molded glass*. In molding, the gather was lowered into the mold and then inflated until it had filled every crevice of the mold. For some objects, the mold was made in one part (dip mold), but, sometimes, to avoid marring the pattern when the soft glass was removed, the mold was an open and shut device, composed of two, three, or more parts. Some molds were full size, others were part size and were used to give pattern impression only. When the glass was removed, it was expanded by further blowing.

Three-mold glass is one of the few types of glass that can, with a degree of certainty, be called American. Because it was blown into hinged molds that opened out in three sections to allow the glass to be safely removed, the product is called *three-mold glass*. Slight ridges or seam marks may be seen on the finished piece. An authority on glass of this period states that such seam marks have significance on blown glass only, never on pressed ware, and that even when the molds were made in two or four parts, glass of this category so made is still called *three-mold*.

### Pressed Ware

The pressing machine, as we know it today, was an American in-

vention by which glass was actually squeezed into shape in molds. At first, the pressing machine was hand operated, but pressing has been entirely mechanized in modern times.

### *Types of Decoration*

Engraving was accomplished by holding the glass article against a small spindle or copper wheel over which a stream of oil and emery powder was pouring. Cutting was a similar process, but used a larger wheel, and sand and water. Both these processes require patience and dexterity.

Enameling refers to a process of painting on glass, the work being finished by firing.

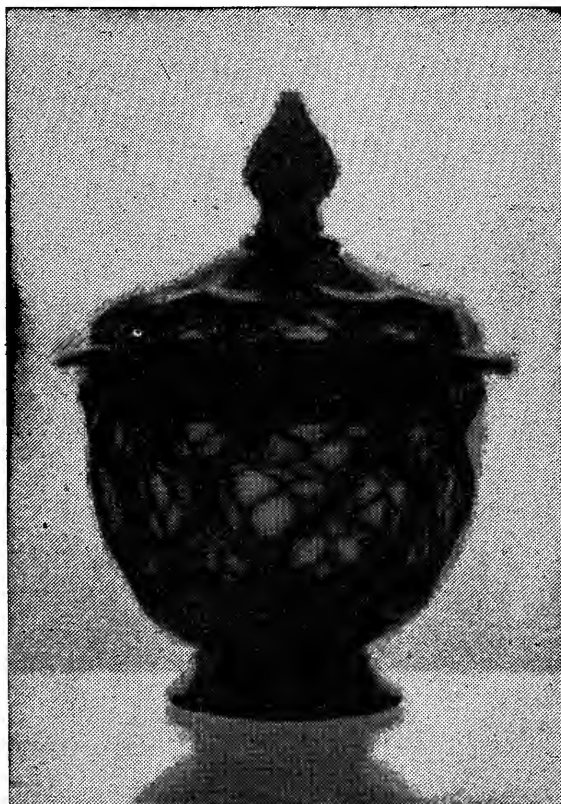
Individuality naturally accompanied the work of craftsmen who were not restricted by mechanical devices and requirements. The importance of this original expression was illustrated in the wares of our early American bottle and window-glass houses.

### *Early American Bottle and Window Glasshouses*

Before the invention of the pressing machine, very little of the flint glass produced in this country could be called typically American. Perhaps this was because so many of our early glass blowers were imported, and our glassware therefore reflected the influence of Britain and the Continent. But there were some expressions of originality and these developments were not to be found in the large flint-glasshouses but in the small country factories where bottles and windowpanes were made. In fact, these bottle-

glass factories figured very prominently in the early nineteenth century, since bottles were among our most important glass items until 1860, the old hand methods being largely used in their making. The output of these small glasshouses invariably included wine and medicine bottles, ink wells, snuff and blacking bottles, and demijohns.

It is interesting to know that glass for windowpanes (called bull's eyes or roundels) was, at this early period, blown into large bubbles which were sheared from the blowpipe and flattened on the floor of the glasshouse. There was usually a scar or swirl in the center of the metal where it had been attached to the blowpipe.



Metropolitan Museum of Art

PATTERN MOLDED SUGAR BOWL  
AMERICAN—STIEGEL TYPE  
(Probably 18th Century)





Metropolitan Museum of Art

TYPICAL AMERICAN COMMEMORATIVE FLASKS—19th Century

### *Historical and Pictorial Bottles*

Between 1820 and 1860, vast numbers of interesting pictorial and historical bottles were put out by these factories. These are as truly American as anything we have in blown glass. Made in two-part molds, these early bottles were finished for smoothness at the opening by reheating. Flasks from the Eastern houses were usually natural greens and amber, but Western flasks sparkled with artificial hues of green, blue, or amethyst.

On these flasks we have pictured the history of a young and growing Nation, its industrial development and many political events and celebrities—both native and foreign. Motifs such as the American eagle, the head of Washington, and agricultural symbols were favorites. Interesting flasks of irregular shape bore inscriptions such as this one from the Kensington, Pennsylvania, factory: "I Have Endeavored to Do

My Duty." Another, from Baltimore, read, "Corn for the World." These flasks, some of them of expanded sunburst design, and in a wide range of colors, make interesting objects for the collector. The Pitkin works at Manchester, Connecticut, is credited with producing a flask with a swirled ribbing which was called the *Pitkin flask*. Daisy motif bottles are of Stiegel origin.

Even more interesting than the regular output of these glasshouses were the wares individually created by the glass blowers for their own families or for presentation gifts.

### *Lily-Pad Decoration*

A type of decoration which originated in the South Jersey glasshouses, probably in the days of Wistar, was produced by the lily-pad technique. The effect was achieved when an article which was being blown was dipped into a second gather of hot metal and then

was tooled by hand into a curved design resembling a lily pad. Many specimens of this technique appear in our museums. Threading around the necks was also characteristic. From New Jersey the migrant glass blowers went to New York State where they continued to practice these same techniques. In fact, this type of work reached its peak in the New York window glasshouses, although the Stoddard factory in New Hampshire produced some interesting lily-pad articles.

A bi-color effect was, sometime later, obtained by fusing threads of one color in trailing loops or striations upon the solid background color.

Connoisseurs of the quality of glass agree that the best expression of art in glass is in the manipulation of the material, without extraneous decoration. Glass used as its own ornamentation is illustrated in the fashioning of the fine Venetian ware, and in certain traditional American forms, such as the lily-pad technique. These have no need for embellishment by cutting or enameling.

A continuance of the Stiegel tradition of pattern molding is illustrated in the early glass of the Midwest. In addition to the glasshouses of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, factories flourished in Ohio soon after the land was settled. The products from such works as Mantua and Zanesville followed their Stiegel prototypes, although some changes evolved. In general, articles were larger. Sugar bowls often had no base or feet; the covers fit inside a flange and were domed or double-



Metropolitan Museum of Art

GREEN PICTURE—SOUTH JERSEY TYPE  
With threaded neck and lily-pad  
decoration  
(American—circa 1800)

domed. Pattern molds were used with skill. Sometimes a ribbed impression was swirled, or blown into another mold to give a second impression, or was expanded by further blowing. This technique appeared in the thinnest of flint glass and produced very interesting effects. Colors were principally ambers and greens, beautiful ambers in nearly every shade from deep brown to golden or honey tones being used.

Sugar bowls, creamers, pans, and compotes, many of which were thin blown and molded, exhibit so much ingenuity and skill of manipulation that they rank with the finest art of glassmaking and are given highest rank in the whole range of early American glass manufacture. They were the expression of glass men who had been trained in our own country and understood its needs.

# A Prairie Breeze, A Prairie Fire

Agnes C. Beebe

THE July sun baked my shoulders. It was too hot to continue weeding, and the children might be awake, so I closed the garden gate and walked to the house, my big straw hat in my hand. A strong wind waved the washing on the line, a hot breeze, but it fanned my face.

I looked toward the east for my husband, Bob, who should be getting home soon from his fifty-mile trip to town. There was no sign of a car on the road winding down through the hills to the ranch, but as my glance followed the broken skyline I saw a small spiral of smoke. It was directly northeast, and there wasn't a building in that direction for miles. My heart gave a frightened lurch. It must be a prairie fire!

The washing flapped ominously. A wind, a hot day, and a prairie fire, a bad combination. Our buildings, on the creek bottom, were entirely surrounded by hills and buttes. I couldn't see the fire nor tell just where it was, but ten years on the prairie had taught me that fire of any kind leaves no time to ponder.

I ran to the telephone and called my nearest neighbor, two miles east. Perhaps from her home on the open flat she could see the fire. No one answered. Even the usual eavesdroppers were absent. We were the last on the line, and the next phone was five miles south. I decided to find out how much help was needed before I called farmers out of the field.

Johnny, our hired man, was working with the combine crew four miles east. There would be plenty of help there. I hustled Sonny and Sister into coveralls. By the time we reached the old Ford pickup, Sonny, with the mop pail, Sister, dragging old gunny sacks, and I, with two empty milk cans, the smoke was rising in a small cloud and drifting north in the wind.

I stopped at the flowing well to fill the cans. What else did I need for fighting a prairie fire? Oh, yes! I ran to the coal shed for a couple of shovels. Then we drove east, the children excited at the unexpected ride.

The ranch building was surrounded by pasture, except for some small alfalfa fields, the grass well eaten down, but green for that time of year. Even if the wind changed and the fire came into the pasture it wouldn't make much headway. But it had been a rainy spring, and the open land, that was neither cropped nor pastured, had at least two feet of dry prairie grass.

Whenever I came to a break in the hills on my left I could see the smoke, but I couldn't tell the exact location until I reached the flat, open country. The fire was not more than a mile north of the road, the red flames reached savagely toward the black clouds of smoke. I turned toward it on an old trail and saw a team and wagon near the burned prairie. Thank goodness, someone else was there.

The blaze was headed northwest,

but it had not covered many acres. I must have seen the first spiral of smoke. The rest of that section was prairie, but the surrounding sections were cultivated fields, some of our own among them. There were no dwellings, just a few old shacks that occasionally were used for grain storage.

"A bonfire!" Sonny shrieked, and Sister clapped her hands and squealed.

Any possible fire fighters were hidden by the heavy smoke, but I noticed a big truck coming in from the east. We reached the fire together. In it were the men from the combine, and Johnny came over at once.

"Do you know how it started?" I asked.

"**B**IG Ole, a newcomer to this community, was getting gravel from that old pit over there and emptied his pipe," he answered. "It was just lucky the Walser kid was riding by, and Ole sent him for help."

"It can't do much damage, can it?" I inquired.

"Well, I don't know," began Johnny, "The wind . . ."

Even as he mentioned it, there came a gust that sent the smoke whirling upward, and with it a shower of sparks.

"Johnny, it's going toward the wheat field!" That was Jim Johnson yelling. And the wheat field was ours.

Jim was an early homesteader, a veteran of many prairie fires. He took charge immediately. Turning to me, he ordered, "Miz Benz, take

Johnny home for the tractor and plows."

Then he said to his son, "Harry, take the truck and get Sandy Henrickson. He was summer fallowing over on the southwest quarter of thirty-three this morning."

There came another whirlwind, billowing the smoke back toward us. We were all coughing, and the little ones wiped their eyes as Jim and Johnny unloaded the cans, sacks, and shovels. Jim's final instructions, as Johnny took my place behind the wheel, were: "Call the store at Butte Center, Miz Benz, and bring some more water."

Harry rumbled away to the north, and we rattled westward. I didn't know the old Ford had that much speed, nor did I suppose Johnny would ever drive so fast. Johnny was valuable help, honest, dependable, but up to now he had never been hurried. He talked slowly and never unnecessarily. I was startled when he said, "Twould be too bad to lose that section of wheat, Mrs. Benz."

Johnny was right. We had probably had as good yields in previous years, but we certainly never had had a better looking stand. It was tall and heavy from the early summer rains, and it was ready to harvest. Fire would sweep through it as through tall, dry grass. Our only cash crop would disappear completely. We depended on the wheat for our running expenses, and we were trying desperately hard to build up our herd of cattle. If we lost the wheat we might be forced to sell cattle we needed to keep.

At the ranch Johnny put gas in

the tractor and hitched on the plow while I searched for more cans. With beef cattle, we had little need for milk cans, but I located four more and brought some big jars from the root cellar for filling with drinking water.

Old Mrs. Hacker was alone at the store when I rang. She couldn't drive a car, but she promised to send the first passer-by for help. When I reached the well Johnny was a half mile up the north road. I wondered why he went north on a mere trail instead of east by the graded road.

When I returned there were five cars and a truck parked near Ole's wagon. The fire had burned eighty rods into the field, leaving a black swath through the yellow wheat. I could see a dozen men fighting along the sides and, as the smoke occasionally lifted, more men further ahead. And, I could also see the outline of a small building. How could I have forgotten that old tarpaper shack on the Higgins homestead, now the only building left on that section, and right in the path of the flames?

**I**T had been empty for years, but just the week before Sandy Henrickson had asked if a transient worker he had hired in town could move his family there. I didn't even know the family's name, but only yesterday Bob had mentioned they were there when he looked at the grain. The man would be at work. Had the woman realized the danger when she saw the smoke and taken her children to safety?

Old Mr. Wood, Jim's father-in-law, had been left at the rear with

sacks and a shovel to watch for stray sparks. Perspiration made gray lines down his blackened face. The acrid fumes from the still hot, burned wheat started us coughing again, but when I reached him I managed to blurt out, "Those people! Did someone see that they got out?"

Mr. Wood held his hand to his ear. He had not heard and I had to shout. "That man who works for Sandy Henrickson! His wife and children! They live there in that shack. Did someone get them out?"

"I didn't know there was anyone there, Miz Benz. You better find Jim. He went on that side." He waved his hand toward the east side of the fire.

I forgot to see if Mr. Wood's sacks were dry. I was on my way to find Jim. The smoke grew heavier as we went along the edge of the blaze. Our red eyes watered. Sister asked for a handkerchief, but I couldn't take my hands off the wheel to help her. All three of us were coughing.

As we bumped across the field, Hank Miller and Bill Nielsen, sweat pouring from their red faces and bodies, hailed me. They took off a can of water, had a drink, and called to the men nearest them, Bob Erickson from up north on the river, and a man I didn't know. By their clothes, they must have been on their way home from town when they stopped to help. I wondered how the men could talk. The three of us in the car were almost choking.

Again I inquired between coughs, "Those folks that are living in the

shack, the man who works for Sandy? Did they get out all right?"

"Well, now," said Hank, "I'd forgot about them. They sure must have seen the fire, though, and gotten out. Nils just took the empty cans to the old well up there, but you'd better find Jim. He's got my car. But don't try to go around that end of the fire."

I drove just near enough the next fighters to be certain Hank's car was not there. The water could wait. I had to find Jim first of all.

Although the wind was still strong enough to fan the fire and it had burned a mile and a half, the men had kept it in a narrow strip. If only it wasn't headed toward the shack!

Sister was sniffing, and Sonny kept saying, "I don't like the smoke, Mommie, I don't like it."

I still hadn't found Jim when I met Harry, with several others in the truck. Not far behind was Sandy on his tractor. Directly east of the house I turned and followed Harry toward it.

Then I saw Johnnie and realized why he had taken the north road. He not only had saved two miles, but had reached the fire where he could head it off. He had remembered the shack! He was plowing two large circles around it and must have made several laps by the width of the brown lines.

A woman and several small children stood close to the house. As the Johnson truck reached Johnnie's plowed strip, a tall stranger, followed by Harry and two Henrickson boys, jumped out. The three young men hurried the children to the truck. Harry waited for the man and woman, who came running from the shack, their arms full of belongings, before he backed the truck away from any fire danger.

I saw Harry and the man hurry back to help the Henrickson boys, who were firing the wheat and grass between the plowed circles. Suddenly I was very shaky, but it didn't matter. There was no longer any need to find Jim. The prairie fire was stopped!

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## *Of My Own Asking*

Iris W. Schow

Why does a dash of spray or a salt breeze  
 Become an invitation, luring me?  
 What is this longing for a heaving deck  
 I feel each time I watch a ship at sea?

Is it a reckless remnant in my blood  
 From some old salt who laughed at Neptune's frown?  
 Or is it just a wistful heritage  
 Ancestral stay-at-homes have handed down?



# *How to Renew an Old Suit*

Thalia Black

## *Frayed Sleeves*

When the ends of coat sleeves begin to fray, cut the lining loose at the cuff, turn the end of the sleeve wrong-side-out, and sew a seam around the sleeve with the sewing machine. Make the seam straight and deep enough to take in all the weakened material. Turn it right side out and baste. Sew the lining back by hand.

The seam will be at the very end of the sleeve, and will never be noticed.

## *Worn Cuffs*

When the cuffs of pants show wear, let them out straight, using a razor blade to cut the stitches. Put a piece of similar material under the worn place and darn with the sewing machine, using matching thread. Sew cuffs back into place.

## *A Three-Cornered Tear*

Use a small needle, and thread that matches the material. Darn back and forth by hand, working into the material for one inch around the hole on all sides. Work on the right side of the material, but keep the stitches on the wrong side and do not bring them clear through the material. At first darn loosely and far apart, to pull the tear together in the right place to conform with the pattern of the material. Go back over it several times.

To finish, use a running stitch, catching first one side and then the other; tuck under any frayed edges that have been missed in the darning. Use small stitches and pull together very tightly.

This kind of repair must be done slowly and with patience, but can scarcely be seen when completed.

## *Reinforcing the Seat*

Before a hole is worn through, turn the pants wrong-side-out and cut a pattern from newspaper, following the lines of the pants. Cut two pieces, using rayon or cotton material of a color similar to the color of the pants.

Baste into place.

Sew to the seam of the pants with the machine. Sew around the edges by hand, using very small stitches.

## *Half-Pockets*

Use heavy, unbleached muslin, or a flour sack will do. Cut the pocket off one-half inch below where it is sewed to the suit to allow for a seam. Duplicate the piece that is cut off, and sew into place, using a felled seam to make a smooth job inside the pocket.

## *Frayed Pockets*

Use material from underneath pants cuff. Cut about one inch wide and as long as the opening at the top of the pocket, allowing enough to turn under at the ends. Put on the same as any other binding, making it fit snugly.

The material in the binding will run the opposite way from the material in the suit, but will never be noticed in so small an area.

As each repair job is completed, steam with a medium hot iron, through a damp cloth.



Photograph, Courtesy Myrtle Janson

## *A Paint-Brush Hobby*

Lillian Bunker Corry, Cedar City, Utah, and Some of Her Oil Paintings

Mrs. Lillian Bunker Corry, proprietor of "Lillian's Toy and Gift Shop," is a woman of many talents and much ambition, to which she adds hard work and enthusiasm. However, she gives her sister credit for her decision to try her hand at oil painting. "My sister, Ethel B. Miner, is responsible for my hobby. She is very good at painting herself. For Christmas one year she gave me my first outfit—paint, easel, pallet, brushes, and board, and she said to me: 'Now, Lillian, you've got to start painting.' Just for fun one day I got the paints out and began to work on a snow scene—my first effort in oil." Since then she has studied with several eminent Utah artists—Oliver Parsons, Glen Turner, and George S. Dibble. She is a member of the Springville Art Guild and the Utah State Institute of Fine Arts.

Mrs. Corry has been a widow for twenty years, courageously meeting the problem of rearing and educating three sons. For thirteen years she was librarian at the Cedar City Carnegie Public Library. She has studied the pipe organ and has been organist and social science teacher in Relief Society. "Somehow, I can't do things by halves," she says. "I'm very happy with my little shop, even though I did have to sell my beloved piano and my car to start the business." Mrs. Corry believes that being busy makes for happiness. Someone complained to her recently that there are no opportunities for "oldsters," to which she replied, with vigor: "I have more planned than I could possibly do in two lifetimes. The world is full of opportunities for anyone at any age!"

# A Time to Forget

## CHAPTER 2

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works as a secretary in San Francisco, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Being worried over her future, and lonely, she decides to take her vacation early and visit her cousin Harriett Lester in San Vincente Valley. Before leaving, however, a neighbor of Harriett's, Mrs. Hale, telephones that Harriett and her husband have died within a few hours of each other. Serena attends their funeral and is surprised to learn that their walnut farm has been left to her. Mrs. Hale takes Serena to see the property, and there she meets Jeff Landeau and his son who regard her as an intruder.

THE man lifted his broad-brimmed hat. He was dressed in working clothes, but his boots of fine leather were polished and he was clean-shaven.

"I've been looking after the Lester place," he said in a smooth, deep voice, keeping his eyes carefully leveled on Serena. "Are you Mrs. Lester's niece?"

"Mrs. Lester was my mother's cousin." She felt as if she were saying it in self-defense. She had never seen this man before and yet he seemed to dislike her.

The man turned his gaze toward the orchard. "You have a good thing." His tone was almost curt.

"I know that far better than anyone else." She tried to keep her irritation at his manner from showing.

He turned back to Serena. "Excuse me," he said and smiled. His smile was sweet, and Serena wondered if she had been wrong. "I'm

Jeff Landeau, and this is my son David."

"Oh, you own the big orchard next to mine, and you know a great deal about walnuts." She extended her hand, smiling up at him. It might be that he resented a stranger taking possession of the land. Country people could be like that.

He took her hand and for a brief moment their eyes met. Then he dropped her hand. "I don't know about that," he said, dismissing any further small talk. "I stopped by this afternoon to finish levelling the orchard. I don't know what your plans are for the orchard, but if you don't mind, I'd like to finish the job today."

Without waiting for her answer he started across the driveway, followed by the silent boy.

Serena stretched out her hand in quick protest. "Can't you stop a moment?" She was aware of a pleading note in her voice and tried to be more matter-of-fact. "I haven't any plans, Mr. Landeau. Until a few hours ago I had no idea this land would be mine. I'd appreciate it if you could take time to give me a little advice."

The man and the boy stopped, waiting. For a minute, when she suggested that they go around front to the lawn chairs, she thought he would refuse. But he walked behind her to the front lawn. They sat facing each other, the sun warm on Serena's back. He looked at her, still waiting.

Because it was so hard to begin, she hesitated, twisting her handkerchief in her hands.

"What do you intend to do first?" he asked kindly, breaking the silence.

"I have a job in San Francisco. I told Mr. Green, my employer, I'd be back in the morning. I thought I'd go back tonight, then come out Friday night and get acquainted with the place over the week end."

**J**EFF Landeau scuffed the grass impatiently with his polished boot. "This lawn hasn't been watered for four or five days," he said, with a sharp edge to his voice. "In this weather it will be brown by Saturday, and you could lose a lot of your flowers." He stood up, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "You wouldn't notice it, living in San Francisco, but we've had no rain to speak of since the latter part of March, and the ground is parched, though it is still May."

It was as if he blamed Serena for the rains not coming. She did not rise with him. "I haven't had time to think it over, Mr. Landeau, but I can telephone Mr. Green to say I won't be back until Monday."

"Do you intend to run this place on your week ends?" His tone implied that she might be that foolish.

"No," Serena said quickly, her face hot. "I know it can't be done on week ends. I'll commute to work like other people do." She knew now, as she said the words, that she would live in the house. "I can water the grounds night and morning and over the week ends, but I don't know what to do about the orchard." She rose to her feet, her

eyes grave. "Do you think a woman could take care of it?"

"There's a woman in the valley across the mountain who runs an orchard, but she's not exactly your type." Jeff Landeau's mouth did not change, but his eyes were smiling.

"What is my type, Mr. Landeau?" Now Serena's voice had an edge.

The smile that had begun in his eyes spread over his face. He looked amused. "I wouldn't know that right off," he answered, his eyes noting her expensive gabardine suit, her high-heeled pumps, and her sheer stockings. "She's a big woman, would make two of you. And she's got a man's drive."

Serena laughed. "I don't expect to get much heavier, working two shifts, but I might develop more drive."

"That's up to you," he answered, his face serious again. "George used to do the cultivating with an old tractor he has. He saved a lot of money that way. I did the pruning and managed the harvest, until the last two years, when I've done everything, cultivating, dusting, and harvesting."

**S**HE was silent, trying to envision the work of the orchard.

As if he read her mind, he reached to a walnut branch overhanging the lawn and plucked a leaf. "I wonder if you're one of those persons who think all there is to a walnut orchard is just going out and picking up the nuts? If you are, you have a surprise coming."

She was really angry now. "I

know better than that, Mr. Landeau," she said, biting her words in quick succession, "but I still don't know what it takes to run an orchard."

The hardness went out of his face. He looked kind, even gentle. "I don't expect you do at that. You'll learn as the seasons come around. That's how I learned it."

"I can't wait too long," she told him, feeling the urgency of her need. "I must know if it's possible for me to live off this land. That will determine my plan."

He scrutinized her again, as if he were estimating the cost of her smart clothes. "That's hard to say," he said slowly. "If you could do all your own work, except the harvesting, and you can't, because you haven't enough equipment—this amount of acreage doesn't warrant buying it—you might make a go of it." His eyes left her and went directly to the orchard.

"There are so many things to consider. We've had good prices for a long time now, but this year they are taking quite a tumble. And there's the weather. We never know what it will do to the harvest. This year's crop isn't large." He turned, looking her squarely in the eyes. "I'd say if you have a job you'd better keep it for a year or two. Then you can tell."

Serena watched him turn towards the car. She waited, feeling he was not finished. By the car he paused.

"It's a long way out here to commute, and you have a full-time job in town. Have you thought of renting your orchard? You'd get a share of the profits and your house would bring a good rent."

"Oh, no!" She was fiercely intent. "I intend to live here. I'll keep my work in the city as long as necessary." A happy thought came to her. "Maybe I could find something to do in Meadtown or Valley Oaks."

"That would simplify things for you." Jeff Landeau whistled to the boy, who was climbing the oak tree on the far side of the lawn. "When I get the orchard dragged, there won't be much more to do until harvest—just cultivate a little more and count the aphids, and when there're too many, dust." He put on his hat and got into the car. "You'll have time to get acquainted and you can decide then what help you need." His foot was on the starter.

SERENA'S hands went out in an unconsciously appealing gesture. "If you don't mind, Mr. Landeau, I wish you would continue with the orchard. We can talk terms when we both have more time."

He said nothing, only nodded, and drove his pickup to the lower yard. Serena watched him leave the car and walk to his tractor, midway in the orchard. She wondered if she had done right to ask him to continue with the maintenance. The man plainly didn't think too well of her. He might dislike women in general. She felt sorry for his wife.

Sighing, because all of a sudden she felt tired, she went in to place a call for Mr. Green.

After Mr. Green's startled congratulations on Serena's becoming a property owner, she decided she would start work by watering the

lawn. The day was warm for May, and her gabardine suit felt hot and sticky, her pumps tight. In a closet she found a short-sleeved cotton dress and low-heeled shoes, a size too large. There was a yellow plastic hose fastened to a hydrant by the front steps. She began to sprinkle the lawn.

It will take forever, she thought, looking at the wide expanse of lawns and flower beds. She remembered what Jeff Landeau had said of the dry spring. Would there be enough water in the well? She prodded about the flowers. The soil was hard and dry. Busily she moved the hose back and forth, barely penetrating the top of the soil in her eagerness to spread the water.

A boy, no, it was a little man came through the hedge that separated her land from the Landeau orchard. He was a Mexican, an aging man with hair that shone like silver in the sun and dressed in clothes so big that they looked like the shapeless garments of the villagers in his native land. He came to her, bowed, and took the hose from her hand. His dark eyes, even his lean, brown wrinkled face had a radiant quality.

"No, Mees, thees way," he said, turning off the water. Then he sprinted around the corner, returning in a moment with a steel rod in his hand. He fitted it to a valve on the edge of the grass and the water spread in a high arch over the lawn.

When she thanked him, he shook his head saying, "I like you, Mees."

"I like you, too," Serena said. "Can you show me the well?"

The little man looked at her, puzzled, and lowered his head. "Not much English, Mees," he murmured. Then he raised his head and his face was radiant again as he said, "I do, Mees."

HE ran around the corner again, coming back with a spray nozzle which he fastened to the hose and carefully placed at the edge of a flower bed. The spray adjusted, he beamed proudly at Serena.

Reaching back into her high-school Spanish, she haltingly asked him where he lived. His reply came in a cloudburst of Spanish, and she asked him to speak slowly. She learned that he lived with some families who rented cottages at the far end of the Landeau orchards. His name was Luis Pedro Garcia de Trejada.

Jeff Landeau must have sent him over, or Mrs. Landeau. That was more likely. Leaving him to do the sprinkling, Serena made her exploration of the farm. She found the well, covered by a doll-sized pump house. There was an acre or so of young walnut trees, not yet in production, a small vegetable garden, badly in need of water. On the other side of the driveway was a family orchard. Delighted, Serena saw that she would soon be picking her own cherries and apricots. Later, there would be peaches and apples. There was a lone fig tree and an arbor of seedless grapes. From the fruit orchard she walked to the end of her walnut acres and back, her feet sore from the unwanted exercise on the hard clods. She saw Jeff Landeau drive his tractor out of the orchard. From a distance, the orchard floor looked smooth as



a board. All the weeds were gone, even from the base of the trees, sealing in the moisture for the long, dry summer ahead.

Luis was watering the vegetables. He saw her and turned off the water. "Mees," he called beckoning her to the well. Pointing to the measuring board on the side of the pump house, he said in Spanish, "No more for today. In the morning, yes." Then he bowed and went across the orchard.

By now it was almost sunset. She felt tired and hungry, too tired to change into her clothes and go back to town. On the shelves in the little room off the kitchen she found canned goods and crackers. There was canned fruit in the basement.

When she went into the familiar guest room to open the windows, the air was hot and still. Even the walls were warm. Loath to sleep inside alone on her first night, she dragged the mattress to the screened porch, promising herself she would somehow get the springs and bed out tomorrow. In the linen closet were clean sheets and blankets, all smelling of lavender. Sleepily she removed her shoes and stockings. She hoped Mrs. Landeau would call soon. It would be good to have neighbors.

There must be a million crickets, she thought. At first they sounded louder than the traffic up Telegraph Hill. Then they became the music of the night. The air was unbelievably cool. It smelled so good she wanted to breathe it all in at once. The stars were there, back of the lace of the trees. Sleep, that had long been so difficult, came easily as she looked at them.

IN the morning, responding to Mr. Howarth's telephone call, Serena drove into Valley Oaks to sign the necessary papers. The old lawyer counseled her to hold onto her money. "Remember," he said, "the walnut expenses all come before you get your payments. You get a final payment early this fall, but I doubt if it will defray the dusting and harvesting expenses." Hinting that she might do well to sell the farm, he told her that the sale would bring a tidy sum.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I intend to keep it."

"That's your privilege," he answered dryly, but his look said plainly that he thought her incapable of managing the land.

Back in Meadtown, she stopped for groceries and found a shop where she could buy a pretty cotton dress and a pair of sandals. After lunch, eaten on the side lawn where the smell of pinks was sweet in the air, she began the long process of removing the personal effects of Harriett and George from the drawers and closets. Everything that was suitable she packed to give away. After she had washed the shelves and drawers and lined them with clean paper, the most of Thursday was gone and the house was still and warm.

Outside it was hot, hotter than yesterday. She turned the sprinklers on the side lawn and started toward a flower bed. Before she had the spike inserted, Luis was moving across the orchard.

"I do, Mees," he said, taking the hose.

Serena sat on a white garden chair to watch. When all the sprinklers were adjusted, Luis chattered to her in Spanish. She learned that he had fought with the revolutionists in Mexico. That had been the great period of his life, when he had a wife and children and hope. Everything was gone now. All he needed now was to satisfy his small needs and to love God. To love God meant that he must love all God's children. Tears came to his dark, shining eyes. They were both silent, Serena trying to understand him.

Suddenly he faced her, a look of humble entreaty in his eyes. "You need me, Mees," he said and bowed to her. His face lit up with a smile as beguiling as that of a child, and he added, "I need you." He burst into torrential Spanish, which she could not follow.

Serena stared at him, more bewildered than ever. He smiled again, this time to assure her, and after rearranging the sprinkler over the flowers, he ran quickly through the orchards, towards the Landeau place.

Watching Luis, barely visible through the green of the leaves, Serena saw a slender, quick-moving woman in the Landeau yard. In a moment she disappeared with Luis. Soon a car came down Serena's driveway. It was Jeff Landeau in his green pickup. Luis rode with him.

**T**HE tall, sun-tanned man wasted no words on small talk. "You seem to have yourself a hired man," he announced, as he got out of the car.

"I couldn't understand what he meant," Serena said, with a sigh of relief, motioning for her caller to be seated in the redwood chair opposite her. "When he goes so fast in Spanish, I can't make him out, and he never slows down. But if that is what he wants, you will have to tell him I can't afford a hired man."

"I think you can afford this one." There was a little twinkle in Jeff Landeau's blue eyes. "He seems to have taken a fancy to you, and you can certainly use him."

"I know that," she admitted ruefully. "I'm just realizing what it will take to keep the grounds, and I haven't thought of the housework yet."

"Luis has been in the valley about a year, living with the Mexican families on the far side of my orchard. The houses are small, and all the people have children. I think Luis has been sleeping in his car this summer." He spoke slowly, watching her carefully.

Serena's face showed her solicitude.

"Luis isn't young any more," Jeff said, scoring his point. "I don't think he was ever a fast worker. Now he's too old for the farmers to want to hire him, wages being what they are."

Serena felt as if he were charging her with the fate of Luis. She liked the little man, and felt they would be compatible. He needed a decent place to live, but how could she, a young woman, living alone, share her home with him, even if she could afford his wages?

(To be continued)

# Children Can Cook

Melba S. Payne

“**M**OTHER, please just let me make some teeny weeny cookies all by myself.”  
What mother has not heard this plea or one like it? Perhaps you felt like answering, “Oh, run on and do something, but please leave mother alone.”

There are times in the life of every child when he wants to satisfy the urge to create something he can eat. Don't crush this inherent desire; encourage it. Even your little sons may grow up to be grateful someday because you taught them how to do simple cooking. As for your daughter, you will be delighted with what she will be able to accomplish if you will but be patient. When she is able to make tasty casseroles, plain desserts, and cookies, you will be rewarded for your efforts.

Begin first by teaching your children how to arrange an attractive salad, by using, for instance: lettuce and cottage cheese with pears, pineapple, or peach halves. Teach them how to scrub and dry the potatoes, then rub them slightly with shortening before putting them in the oven to bake. They can learn early how to wash rice and place it in the top of the double boiler. Write out recipes for even these simple things and include several kinds of salads and easy-to-make refrigerator dishes. Place these recipes in their own special box of recipes.

Don't try to teach your child how to make a cake all at once. First you might try having him use various cake mixes to learn a few simple steps: how to combine dry ingredients with liquids; how to grease and fill the pans; how to set the oven temperature; and how to tell when a cake is done. After she has made a few cakes this way, give her a good plain recipe to follow exactly. Keep out of her way, yet be near in case you are needed. What if she does make a few mistakes? So do you, and don't be too hard on her for them, or she may acquire a dislike for the whole business of cooking.

Get a box of biscuit mix, and after your child has learned how to mix with liquid, then let her roll and cut the soft dough into little round mounds. The process of making buttermilk or baking powder biscuits from first to last will be much less frustrating to her, and she can say, as children love to say, “These are my very own.”

Above all, have patience, mother, patience, and you will soon discover that your children can cook.



## Home Light

Sylvia Probst Young

I stood high on a hill and watched the night,  
With gentle arms enfold a quiet town,  
As one by one the yellow lights shone up,  
And one bright star shone down.  
I marked one little light among them all,  
One little light to me was beckoning.  
Content, I made my way—the light of home  
Is such a warming thing.

# Uncertain Possession

## CHAPTER 8 (CONCLUSION)

Beatrice R. Parsons

THE week following Margaret's sudden death was a busy one for Dr. Wire. An outbreak of measles in the valley kept Matt, Uncle John, and Hallie continually on the go. Lorna was glad that Matt was too busy to dwell on Margaret's passing. His hurt and pain had been deep, but it was slowly drifting away. Now that Uncle John could take up the reins of his practice, with Hallie's assistance, Matt was beginning to talk of going back to Utah.

Lorna was growing more and more certain of her pregnancy. She wanted to share the wonder of her knowledge with her husband, but the time never seemed to come. Matt was out of the house most of his waking hours, and when he came home, he usually dropped to sleep over his late dinner.

When, at last, on a beautiful sunshiny morning, he announced, with a twinkle of relief in his eyes, that the epidemic was past and that he and his lovely wife were due for a holiday, Lorna was jubilant.

She packed a picnic basket with everything he liked, and went over and over in her mind about how she was going to tell him of their coming child.

When she turned the key in the lock, she gave the telephone a little grimace of distaste. "Now, ring as much as you like! Matt won't hear you." She tucked her hand under Matt's arm and urged him down the walk. She said playfully: "I'm

beginning to think of that instrument as having a hundred arms, each one of them always reaching out to snatch you away from me."

Matt sighed tiredly as he got out the car. As they drove out of the yard, he said: "You won't have to fear the telephone much longer, darling. I've made up my mind to go back. I'm not needed here any longer . . ."

"You'll always be needed, Matt," she interrupted warmly, and was as surprised as he was to hear herself saying it. "That is," she amended gently, "you'll always be needed wherever a doctor is needed, darling."

But she knew that her words hadn't gone deep enough into the truth. People would always need Matt for his professional skill. But wherever he went, whatever he did, people would always need Matt for himself, too. She was suddenly sorry for the many families in Westfield who would feel Matt's loss.

Yet, this was what she had always wanted. This was what she had dreamed so long. To go back with Matt, to see him established in an office, which would not take so much of his time, so much of himself.

Whatever was the matter with her? Thinking about going away made her a little sad. She looked about with wondering eyes. This cottonwood-shaded street was as familiar to her as the back of her hand. Once it had seemed strange,

unwelcoming. Now it seemed to be part of herself. She knew all the people in all the houses. They were her friends!

Matt didn't talk much as they drove. That left Lorna to look around her. Her mind registered sights and sounds that had been so terrifying to her the day they arrived. Things she had scarcely been aware of during the nervous tension of her arrival in Sky Valley opened up before her amazed glance with a clarity, and a beauty, that surprised her.

The gray mountains seemed blue in the morning sunlight. The jagged peaks, which had so frightened her the day she came, were emerald-jeweled with scattered pines. Even the long, pencil-thin strip of highway that crossed Nevada and flung itself headlong into the salt flats of her native State, was not so strange as once it had been.

Their wheels pounded a gay rhythm as they passed the marching poplar trees and crossed the sturdy steel bridge. She smiled a little at the trickle of water in the deep gorge and remembered the night that Matt had worried about Jim Nason.

That was her Matt—thoughtful, kind—always worrying about others, never consciously remembering himself. She knew now that this quality in her husband was what made him such a fine doctor. She laughed suddenly, happily, to see a gaily striped lizard scamper out of range of danger from their wheels.

In the distance the lake was blue as the dress Netty had worn for her wedding reception. Along the sides of the road the great, flowering yuc-

ca lifted worshiping heads to the desert breeze. The Joshua trees cast manlike shadows before the blazing sun. Large gray jack rabbits hopped out of the sage and surveyed their hurrying car with lifted ears.

Lorna said suddenly: "Oh, Matt, isn't it beautiful . . . ?"

He interrupted slyly. "I told you it was."

"So you did," she said wonderingly, and knew that this was the time and place to tell Matt about the baby. Her face was shining as she sought for what she must say, and remembered Mrs. Honson. "How are the twins, Matt? Have they gained weight? What formula do they have?" On, on, asking question after question, filing the answers away for future reference for her own child.

**M**ATT grinned. "Their weight has increased exactly as it should. Mrs. Honson is doing wonderfully, too." He was thoughtful, saying slowly: "I've been studying the new technique in childbirth, Lorna. Uncle John and I have been discussing it. It's controversial, but I think it's good. In some hospitals the new mother is urged to walk around soon after her child is born. Doctors have found that it prevents circulatory complications."

Lorna's eyes were shining, and she nodded eagerly. "I'm going to try it, Matt!"

He lifted his head and stared at her. "You, Lorna?"

After all her plans for telling him romantically, she blurted out: "We're going to have a baby, dar-

ling. You and I. And you're going to be my doctor. We'll try out the new technique together."

"Lorna, Lorna!" Matt was delighted. So delighted that he slowed the car, stopped it, and turned to look into her eyes. When he saw the truth, he kissed her gently. Then started the car again, saying tenderly: "Lorna, I do believe I'm the happiest, luckiest man in all the world."

She was glad that she had been able to contribute to his happiness, and what he called his "luck." But it went deeper than that. The word he should have used was "love." Love and luck and happiness were all mixed up together in what they had. And a lot of unselfishness, too. Matt's unselfishness. And soon, her own, she told herself, firmly. Then they would have everything that goes to make happiness.

She knew that she would never entirely conquer her possessiveness of Matt. Perhaps of their child! But she would teach herself the truth of something Matt had said to her when she had first come to Westfield—nothing worth entirely possessing, is worthy of possession! So she would school herself to let Matt wing like a gray hawk into the wide-spreading field of his profession, and she would let her child go from her side, at manhood, secure, in the wise, courageous things she would teach him.

As they came within a short distance of Jim Nason's farm, she smiled grimly, remembering how selfish the old man had grown. She stared at his neat stone house, his dike of sandbags at the edge of the

meandering brook which could turn into a rushing torrent during a desert storm, and frowned a little to see Jim waving an authoritative hand in Matt's direction.

"Oh, oh," she groaned, "that awful old man! Now what in the world can he want of you, Matt?"

MATT didn't know, but he slowed the car beside the neat rail fence and called: "Hi, Jim!"

But the old man was looking at Lorna, and scarcely returned his greeting. He came briefly to the point.

"Been thinkin' over the things you said to me, young woman! Been thinking that maybe a hospital is better'n a statue. Been thinkin' that maybe when I git a little time I'll have a talk with your husband . . ."

He stopped abruptly as he turned and went into his house. Surprise turned Lorna's gray eyes into opals, and as he started the car, Matt's surprised whistle cut through the air.

It wasn't until they were halfway to the lake that Lorna remembered that they hadn't even thanked Jim. Tears stood in her eyes and she touched Matt's arm. He looked down at her in sudden anxiety.

"Lorna, don't cry! I know how little you want to stay in Westfield. I've promised that we'd soon go back. Uncle John can handle everything . . ."

His words made her sob a little, and she hurried to interrupt, "Matt! You can't run off and leave everything to Uncle John! You've got to stay and help with the hospital. What would the people of West-



field think if you walked out on them now?"

Matt was staring at her in brown-eyed astonishment. For a moment he struggled to find words. Then he burst out, "Lorna, do you know what you're saying? Do you know . . . ?"

She nodded firmly, wiping her tears away with the back of her hand, and sniffing childishly.

"Of course, I know, Matt! I'm telling you that we've got to remain in Westfield. Help the people get their fine, modern hospital." Her face was shining with plans. "We'll both work, darling. And Uncle John and Hallie, too. And when our son grows up, he'll be a doctor just like his father, and . . ."

She stopped, realizing that the car had stopped, too. They were at the edge of the lake. Matt was looking at her with such a happy, wonderful glow in his eyes that she felt warm to the very core of her being.

There were people in gay little groups all over the white beach, so he could not take her in his arms and kiss her. But she found him trembling a little as he helped her out of the car.

She lifted her hand and put it against his arm. Not with her old, possessive gesture, but with a new confidence and love. His fingers closed over hers and clung for a long, silent moment. Then they got out the picnic basket and spread their brilliant Indian blanket on the sand.

There were children playing all about them, and people shouting, laughing. Yet Lorna didn't mind. All these people were her friends. This beautiful lake, this spreading valley, the gray hills, and the low stone houses far in the distance behind the soldierly poplars were hers and Matt's.

And after a while it would be their children's. Lorna's heart glowed with happiness as she opened the picnic basket and handed Matt a sandwich. They looked into each others eyes and suddenly they were laughing like two gay, care-free children sharing some wondrous little secret.

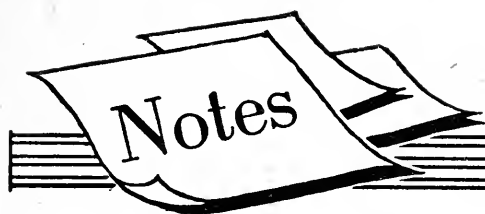
Matt's eyes and voice caressed Lorna as he whispered: "Darling, do you think any two people were ever so happy as we are? And will always be," he added very, very softly.



## *Think of Me Sometimes*

Katherine F. Larsen

Think of me sometimes when rain softly falling  
 Washes new leaves to a tenderer green;  
 Think of me—not in the gold glare of noonday—  
 Let a fleet, shy thought slip somewhere between  
 Day's end and star-time, when evening's bird calling  
 Blends dusk with music, nostalgic—serene . . .



# From The Field

*General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering*

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 Ethel L. Mauss

### JAPANESE MISSION, MIYAGI DISTRICT, SENDAI BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ASSEMBLED FOR SOCIAL, March 20, 1952

President Teiko Mutakami is seated second row, center, with Sumiko Shirota, a missionary, at her left, and Gertrude Souza, missionary, at her right.

This happy occasion commemorated the 110th anniversary of the organization of the first Relief Society. A brief history of the organization was presented, together with a summary of the activities and accomplishments of the Sendai Branch. Some of the beautiful handwork done by these sisters was exhibited.

Ethel L. Mauss is president of the Japanese Mission Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Cora L. Nielson

### BEAR RIVER STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE AND RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION

At left, seated at the piano, pianist Hazel Riser; at right, at organ, organist Ellen Capener; Merle D. Larson, the director, stands at the right, back of the organ.

The total membership of Bear River Stake Singing Mothers is about sixty-five, and many of them travel long distances for rehearsal and performances. Only about half of the wards of the stake are included so far in the membership of the chorus, but plans are being made to include all the wards, as the chorus is serving to bring the sisters together in the unity of love and service.

Ruby W. Nielsen is president of Bear River Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Marguerite S. Davis

### FRESNO STAKE (CALIFORNIA), EXETER WARD ACHIEVES 100 PER CENT VISITING TEACHING RECORD FOR 1951-52

Front row, seated, left to right: Marguerite Mangine, Second Counselor; Nadyne Cranston, First Counselor; Emma Reip, President; Erma Terry, Secretary.

Back row, standing, left to right: Joan Schultz; Bertha Young; Sarah Wilson; Roberta Weiner; Alma James; Ardelle Thomas; Ruby Smith.

Sister Marguerite S. Davis, Secretary, Fresno Stake Relief Society, reports the devotion and enthusiasm of these sisters: "Considering the distances traveled in a farming community, such as Exeter, we feel justly proud of the accomplishment of these sisters and hope to encourage them in their work."

Lyle J. Coombs is president of Fresno Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Margaret J. Olpin

### TIMPANOGOS STAKE (UTAH), LINDON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY

Front row, seated, left to right: First Counselor Velma Gillman and President Pearl D. Chapman.

Back row, standing, left to right: Secretary Louie Gillman; Second Counselor Erma Tomlinson; work meeting leader Helois Johnson.

The presidency of the Lindon Ward Relief Society reports that the bazaars in this ward have been so successful that the members have been able to furnish the Relief Society room in the new chapel with a fine piano, hardwood chairs, beautiful draw drapes, and an electric sewing machine. Additional funds, for other worthwhile projects, were secured through the variety of beautiful and useful articles which sold readily at the bazaars and gave much pleasure to all who participated.

Margaret J. Olpin is president of Timpanogos Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Alice A. Call

### LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS Photograph taken in January 1952

Some of the stake and ward Relief Society choristers and officers are identified as follows:

In front, at left of piano and organ, left to right: stake chorister Ethel Taylor Sessions; pianist, Winnifred Beckstead.

Front row, left to right: Mabel Parry, stake work meeting leader; Louise Luke, Secretary, Beverly Hills Ward; Laura Hale, chorister, Beverly Hills Ward (11th from left); Mary Fitzell, counselor, Arlington Ward (14th from left); Emeline Judd, chorister, Hollywood Ward (16th from left).

Second row, left to right: Marion Pinkston, stake education counselor (7th from left); Rea Schapp, chorister, Arlington Ward (9th from left); Darlene Noyes, chorister, Wilshire Ward (11th from left); Caroline Naylor, chorister, LaBrea Ward (18th from left); Artel Lent, President, Arlington Ward (19th from left).

Third row, left to right: Golda Hogan, stake Secretary (first at left); Edna Sant, secretary, LaBrea Ward (3d from left); Dorothy Koer, Counselor, Beverly Hills Ward (14th from left); May Casey, Counselor, Hollywood Ward (19th from left).

Alice A. Call is president of Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Reta F. Broadbent

WEST CENTRAL STATES MISSION, GREAT FALLS (MONTANA) BRANCH  
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS PAGEANT OF MOTHERHOOD

May 16, 1952

Front row, left to right: Mrs. Ceylon Humphreys; Mrs. William Jones; Mrs. Ralph M. Jones; Mrs. Chris Gerhart; Mrs. Dan Thurber.

Back row, left to right: Mrs. Robert L. Booth; Mrs. Harold C. Brandley; Mrs. Earl Jensen; Mrs. Lyman Tracy; Mrs. LeRoy Cook; Mrs. J. P. Croft; Mrs. C. L. Killpack.

This beautiful pageant, "The Flowers of Motherhood," was composed by Mrs. Harold C. Brandley, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Massachusetts. The pageant, depicting mothers of the past, was presented in honor of Mother's Day, and symbolized courage, faith, service, sacrifice, appreciation, devotion, gratitude, and remembrance. The dialogue was read by Mrs. William G. Jones, Mrs. Robert L. Booth, and Mrs. Brandley. Mrs. Helen Bergman was organist and took charge of the music, with Mrs. Allen B. Monk as soloist, accompanied by Mrs. Gaylord Johnson.

Reta F. Broadbent is president of the West Central States Mission Relief Society.

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## *When Morning Comes*

Evelyn Wooster Viner

Dark and fearful is the night  
When terror clutches at the heart,  
But doubly sweet is morning light  
That cleaves the night and day apart.



Photograph submitted by Della R. Hulme

### BEAR LAKE STAKE (IDAHO), GARDEN CITY WARD, FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS SERVE FOR A TOTAL OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS

Front row, at right: Amanda L. Pope, age ninety-three, who served from 1908 to 1930. She became a visiting teacher when the Garden City Ward Relief Society was first organized in 1879. She also acted as Y.W.M.I.A. president for many years and has been active in other auxiliaries, as well as rearing a large family.

Front row, at left: Celia A. Langford, daughter of Sister Pope, who acted as president from 1930 to 1939. Sister Langford served as secretary in the Relief Society for twenty-three years before her appointment as ward president. She has also been active in other auxiliary organizations, and is still a diligent class leader in Relief Society.

Back row, standing, left to right: Millie Sprouse (1939-1948), who has also served as a Primary president and served in many other auxiliary positions; Leone Loveland (1948-1950), who has also acted as organist in Relief Society and as a class leader in the M.I.A.; Theora Hodges, who became ward Relief Society president in 1950 and is still serving. She has long been an active worker in Relief Society and other auxiliaries.

Della R. Hulme is president of Bear Lake Stake Relief Society.

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## *Nocturne*

Ruth Harwood

The majesty of mountains in the night,  
 The myriad dark patternings of trees,  
 The glory of the star-brocaded skies,  
 The mystery of moonrise—all these  
 I am remembering as background for  
 The wonder of your love-illuminated eyes.





## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 10—Journey to the Land of Promise

*Elder Leland H. Monson*

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi, Chapters 16-18)

For Tuesday, November 4, 1952

Objective: The Lord aids those who keep his commandments to accomplish righteous purposes.

WITH the needed spiritual instruction, the possession of the brass plates, the membership of the colony completed, and a compass to point the way they should travel, Lehi and his group started from the valley of Lemuel into the wilderness. Dr. Hugh Nibley, in his series of articles on "Lehi in the Desert," presents logical evidence which he feels is sufficient to justify our drawing the conclusion that it was a camel caravan. The little colony took with them their tents, provisions, and seeds of every kind, and departed into the wilderness across the river Laman.

They traveled four days in nearly a south-southeast direction. They camped at a place they called Shazer. This stop was necessary, for they had need of replenishing their supplies of food. The men seem to have been experienced archers. Equipped with bows and arrows, they went into the wilderness to secure food for their families.

Having replenished their supplies, they went forth again into the wilderness. They followed the same general direction as before, following the direction indicated by the compass, which took them into the more fertile parts of the wilderness which were near the Red Sea. After traveling for many days, they felt the need of further rest and of replenishing their supplies. They halted their journey.

We might designate this place as the camp of the broken bow, for here it was that Nephi broke the steel bow he had brought with him from Jerusalem, making it extremely difficult to obtain food. The bows of the other men had become almost useless because they had lost their spring. Unable to face difficulty and disaster with courageous hearts, they were sorrowful and "did murmur" against the Lord. Nephi, however, blessed with ability to adjust himself to the situation at hand, and possessing initia-

tive and resourcefulness to a high degree, fabricated a bow and arrow from wood. With this bow and arrow, a sling, and stones, Nephi, following directions given him on the compass, climbed to the top of a mountain and killed animals in sufficient quantity to supply the colony.

It is interesting to note Nephi's account of the workings of the ball. (See 1 Nephi 16:26-30.)

Hunting with the bow and arrow and with the slingshot was the common procedure among the Arabs living near Jerusalem in 600 B.C. Nephi's description of hunting corresponds with known historical facts concerning hunting in that territory in 600 B.C.

Their next journey was to a place called Nahom, which took them many days. Here Ishmael died and was buried. His death, together with hunger, thirst, and fatigue caused the daughters of Ishmael to murmur against Lehi and Nephi and to desire that they be allowed to return to Jerusalem. They even plotted with Laban, Lemuel, and the sons of Ishmael to kill Lehi and Nephi. Conditions were ripe for another rebellion among a large part of the colony, but the voice of the Lord came and chastened them exceedingly, so that they repented of their sins.

All of the traveling up to now had been in a south-southeast direction, undoubtedly through the more fertile parts along the Red Sea. Their next journeying was to take them nearly east to the shores of Irreantum (many waters). They named the place Bountiful, because there was so much fruit and wild honey there.

It was a time of rejoicing for the little colony when they came to the seashore. For eight years they had suffered from lack of food, physical exhaustion, and the worry and anxiety incident to traveling through a strange wilderness. The Lord had forbidden them to make much fire, perhaps as a means of promoting safety from discovery by wandering bands of nomads who might have killed them. Resulting from this command not to make much fire, were many problems of food preparation, but the Lord said: "I will make thy food become sweet, that ye cook it not" (1 Nephi 17:12).

Other difficulties were experienced by the women, for they gave birth to children in the wilderness. Despite these difficulties, however, the women became strong like unto the men, and learned to suffer hardships without murmuring.

The members of this little colony were now fully cognizant that if "the children of men keep the commandments of God he doth nourish them, and strengthen them, and provide means whereby they can accomplish the thing which he has commanded them . . ." (1 Nephi 17:3). They must have rejoiced in this knowledge, and must have recognized that, through the furnace of affliction, one is refined.

When the colony "had been in the land of Bountiful for the space of many days," the Lord instructed Nephi to build a ship in which they were to sail to the land of promise. Nephi made tools from ore which he smelted from the rock, having been divinely directed to the ore. From the skins of animals, he made a bellows with which to blow the

fire, and smote two stones together to make fire.

It was amidst all kinds of adversity that Nephi built the ship. His brothers labored reluctantly, because they believed he did not have the knowledge to build a ship and did not believe that the Lord had instructed him. Like other obstructionists, they stood by the wayside and made their incisive remarks. "Our brother is a fool," they said. They expressed themselves as wishing they had remained in Jerusalem where they could have enjoyed themselves, and asserted the righteousness of the people of Jerusalem.

Nephi, in opposition to their arguments that God had not instructed him, presented a sound inductive argument in which he cited many historical examples to prove that the Lord does direct men. "He leadeth away the righteous into precious lands," he said to them, "and the wicked he destroyeth, and curseth the land unto them for their sakes" (1 Nephi 17:38). Nephi knew that "he that is righteous is favored of God" (1 Nephi 17:35).

Many more things did Nephi tell them, calling them to repent:

And now it came to pass that when I had spoken these words they were angry with me, and were desirous to throw me into the depths of the sea; and as they came forth to lay their hands upon me I spake unto them, saying: In the name of the Almighty God, I command you that ye touch me not, for I am filled with the power of God, even unto the consuming of my flesh; and whoso shall lay his hands upon me shall wither even as a dried reed; and he shall be as naught before the power of God, for God shall smite him (1 Nephi 17:48).

And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said many things unto my brethren, inasmuch that they were confounded and could not contend against me; neither durst they lay their hands upon me . . . (1 Nephi 17:52).

And the Lord told Nephi that he would shock his brethren "and this will I do, that they may know that I am the Lord their God." And the Lord shook them, even as he said. "And now, they said: We know of a surety that the Lord is with thee, for we know that it is the power of the Lord that has shaken us." And Nephi's older brothers fell down and were about to worship him, but Nephi would not allow it, telling them that the Lord their God was the one they should worship. The brothers were humbled, and they ceased to impede the work of building the ship (1 Nephi 17:52-55).

Nephi's power and reliance on God may remind us of Parley P. Pratt's description of Joseph Smith in Richmond jail, when Joseph rebuked the guards for their base conduct. "SILENCE, ye fiends of the infernal pit. In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still; I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk, or you or I die THIS INSTANT!"

Describing the event, Parley P. Pratt writes:

He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained, and without a weapon; calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked upon the quailing guards, whose weapons were lowered or dropped to the ground; whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet till a change of guards.

I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in majesterial robes, and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended on a breath, in the Courts of England; I have witnessed a Congress in solemn session to give laws to nations . . . but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains, at midnight, in a dungeon in an obscure village of Missouri (*Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*, pp. 229-230, 1874 Edition).

After the ship was completed, the Lord instructed Lehi to take his colony into the ship. Lehi had two more sons, Jacob and Joseph, who had been born in the wilderness. They loaded the boat with fruit, meat, honey, and other provisions on which they might subsist. They also took seeds with them. They were driven forth by the winds towards the promised land.

After having been driven forth before the wind for many days, Laman, Lemuel, and the sons of Ishmael and their wives began to sing and to dance, and to speak with much rudeness forgetting "by what power they had been brought hither." Fearful, because of their unbecoming conduct, Nephi reproved them. Unwilling to take criticism from Nephi, they became angry, and Laman and Lemuel bound Nephi with cords.

Immediately the compass ceased

to work, and they did not know which way to steer the ship. Soon a great and terrible tempest arose, driving them back upon the waters for the space of three days. They began to be frightened exceedingly, nevertheless they did not loose Nephi. On the fourth day they were driven back. "The tempest began to be exceeding sore," and they were about to be swallowed up in the depths of the sea before they released Nephi, whose wrists and ankles were badly swollen. There was, however, no murmuring on the part of Nephi because of his afflictions.

When Nephi was released, he took the compass, which again worked, and they sailed again towards the land of promise. How long they were on the water we do not know, but the record states, "after we had sailed for the space of many days we did arrive at the promised land; and we went forth upon the land, and did pitch our tents; and we did call it the promised land" (1 Nephi 18:23).

### Questions on the Lesson

1. What kind of hardships were suffered by this colony?
2. What is there to justify the conclusion that the Lord helped these people?
3. What characteristics of Nephi are revealed in this lesson?

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## No Word

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Should I receive no word from you,  
Then could the darkness be like this—  
A night from some star-deep abyss  
With wind that drowns  
All other sounds  
Wind, rising wild and free,  
Surrounding me.

# Visiting Teacher Messages

## Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 10—"But to Be Learned Is Good If They Hearken Unto the Counsels of God" (2 Nephi 9:29).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 4, 1952

Objective: To point out the meaning of true education.

"**H**E is a very well educated man," we hear someone remark, "yet he had only fourteen days of formal schooling." Such a situation may well be so. Some of the world's great characters did not have the opportunity of so-called formal education, yet this did not prevent them from becoming educated in every sense of the word. Education is not limited to that which is offered in formal institutions of learning. One may be educated without having attended a college or university. On the other hand, a man who has acquired impressive degrees may, nevertheless, be lacking in true education.

In considering this subject the question to be pondered is, "What is the purpose of my being here on earth? What are the things I should learn while here?" Mere attendance at school may not supply the answers to these important questions.

The acquisition of truth and the living of truth will give one real education. The search for truth should be the quest of all people everywhere.

What is truth? The Lord tells us, "And truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come" (D. & C.

93:24). The Lord advises us to learn:

Of things both in heaven and in earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms (D. & C. 88:79).

These quotations indicate that our Heavenly Father desires us to gain knowledge about our world.

Formal education is desirable, if we also hearken to the counsels of God. We should be anxious for knowledge about our world, and equally anxious to learn our responsibility to the world. If our learning includes this, then it is good. Some people are not given the opportunity for a formal education; however, to obey the Lord's commandments does not require schooling.

"The purpose of education," said President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., "is to know and recognize truth, to love truth and to live it." The gospel of Jesus Christ is truth, the commandments of God are true principles, and our learning should help us to live the gospel, not estrange us from it.

Students should be discriminating in their appraisal of material presented to them. If the information given in school takes one away from God, then it is not truth and is not good education. Many who have had very little formal education are quick to recognize the will of God and to conform to his will. On the other hand, some who are college trained have not learned to

hear our Heavenly Father and live according to his instructions. As Herbert Spencer says, "To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge."

Complete living calls for religious instruction and practice, as well as the acquisition of secular knowledge. The two must go hand-in-hand to enrich the whole person.

## *Work Meeting*—Home Management

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

### Lesson 2—The Use of Time

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, November 11, 1952

Time is all the capital stock there is on the earth. You should consider your time golden; it is actually wealth (President Brigham Young).

**A**T the time of our birth, each of us received an endowment of shares of the capital stock referred to by President Young. Each share has a value of 365 golden days or 8,760 precious hours. Unlike material wealth, the shares must be used immediately upon maturity, for they cannot be kept nor given away.

The difference between success and failure, as a homemaker, lies mainly in how we use our time. It is not the hours we put in, but what we put into the hours that counts.

There is no ideal pattern for the division of time, because of individual differences, needs, and desires. There are guideposts, however, which, if followed, will help

us make more efficient use of our time by eliminating wasteful expenditures. Some of the guideposts are:

#### 1. *Face Yourself*

"Time's a'wastin'" everytime two steps are taken to do a job that could just as well be done with one, or none at all. Today's homes, and especially the kitchens, are time and step-savers. Millions of dollars have been spent in finding ways and means of doing work with the least cost in time and energy.

An improved way of doing a task may mean a saving of only a minute or two. This saving, however, repeated each day or week, means hours or even days saved over a period of a year.



2. Analyze each task you perform by asking yourself:

Is each part of it necessary?

Could the time I spend doing it be shortened without a sacrifice of really important values?

Is the way I do it the best way, or am I habit-bound?

Is the equipment I use the best I can afford for the job to be done, and is it in good working condition? It has been estimated that the use of unsuitable equipment increase the drain on time from 50% to 500%.

3. Save Steps, Stoops, and Motions—They Use Precious Time

Store supplies and tools near the place where they will be used first. This may mean having some things such as knives, spoons, etc., in two or three different places. Arrange them in your cupboards and drawers so they can be readily seen and easily used. Time spent hunting is wasted.

Use a carrier to take loads, rather than carrying them piece by piece. Carts and trays are cheaper to buy than are new feet.

Avoid unnecessary handling of tools and materials. Practice the habit of placing things in their right place in the first place.

Learn to use both hands for doing a task, whenever possible.

4. Take Time Out For Rest

Frequent short rest periods make it possible for us to work more efficiently and for a longer time. Intersperse work with recreation. Life is dull for us if we have time only for the things that must be done.

These are but a few of the many ways we could all adopt to make better use of our time. "Employ thy time well . . . since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour," was the advice Benjamin Franklin gave the people of his day. Let us so live that when the time comes for us to give an account of the use we made of the "shares of capital stock" given us, we will be acclaimed profitable servants by our Father in heaven.

#### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Is the use you make of your time based on the things you consider most important for yourself and members of your family, or self-imposed habit?

2. Many have never reached their goal in life just because they never took the time to plan a course of travel. When in our life should such a plan have its beginning?

3. What are some of the factors that determine whether or not we are using our time wisely?

4. What time-saving methods have you found in your home? Discuss.

### *Summer*

Gene Romolo

Summer is the bud of spring full-blown.  
 For her, time measures minutes rhythmically;  
 Her days are rich in honey-storing hours,  
 For hers are golden months of mothering  
 That bring forth, for the Autumn's garnering,  
 Tree's mellowed fruitage, gold of sheaf-spread fields,  
 And lush-ripe loveliness the vineyard yields.

# Literature—The Literature of England

## Lesson 26—Coleridge the Poet (1772-1834)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 163-190)

For Tuesday, November 18, 1952

Objective: To study Coleridge's poems as illustrations of his poetic theory, that we might more fully understand, and thus enjoy, his works.

### *Productive Period of Coleridge's Life*

**T**HROUGHOUT Coleridge's entire life he suffered greatly from rheumatism and neuralgia. It is possible that he began the use of opium to alleviate his pain. In his youth he found release for his fierce intellectual energy in reading widely. In later years Coleridge recalled that even at the age of three he read a chapter from the Bible. Throughout his years of formal education he was always regarded as a precocious youth, but because he habitually read what interested him rather than what he should read for his classes, he finally left Cambridge in 1794 without a degree.

From his earliest years Coleridge wrote a great deal of promising poetry. During college he wrote a play, which was later revised and produced successfully. During the next three years after college he was so preoccupied with revolutionary social, political, and economic reforms, Unitarianism, marriage, and journalism, that he wrote little poetry, and it was governed by conventional form and tone. Then, in 1797, he met Wordsworth, who later referred to Coleridge as "the most wonderful man I have ever known." Each personality stimu-

lated and complemented the other into one of the most significant periods of co-operative literary activity in English literary history. In this union of talent and genius Wordsworth found stimulation which was lifelong; for Coleridge it lasted only half a year—"that glorious half-year" from November 1797 to May 1798—yet in this brief period his greatest works were written: "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," part one, and "Kubla Khan." Also during this period the two poets talked into reality the theory and plan of their *Lyrical Ballads*, which, with Wordsworth's prefatory statement added in 1800, became one of the most revolutionary and important writings in English criticism. In 1798 Coleridge wrote "France: an Ode," and four years later, in 1802, his "Dejection: an Ode" lamented the departure of his poetic powers. Henceforth, as earlier, poetry was not his primary concern, but philosophy and religion, and one or the other of the following occupations: farmer, tutor, preacher, reporter, political writer, reviewer, editor, translator, lecturer, dramatist, and philosopher.

That any man can achieve poetic immortality with such a tiny handful of poems forces us to conclude



From an Old Print

### RYDAL WATER IN ENGLAND'S BEAUTIFUL LAKELAND

This lake, and others near it, formed the scenic surroundings for much of the best work of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Nab Cottage, home of the poet's son, Hartley Coleridge, may be seen in the background across the lake.

that they must excel in whatever virtues they possess. And it is so. Concerning Coleridge's poetic powers Leigh Hunt wrote:

Of pure poetry strictly so called, that is to say, consisting of nothing but its essential self, without conventional and perishing helps, he was the greatest master of his time. If you would see it in a phial, like a distillation of roses, it would be found without a speck.

If from poetry we remove all "conventional and perishing helps," such as whatever vogue in imagery, diction, rhyme, rhythm, and stanza form might be popular, what have we left to define as poetry? In our last lesson we learned that Coleridge defined "imagination as the soul of poetry." Because this qual-

ity is supreme in his own poems, just as his criticism said it should be, we see not only the beautiful harmony between his own theory and practice, but also Leigh Hunt's justification for praising the purity of poetic content which Coleridge's poems contain.

#### "The Ancient Mariner"

In order to study Coleridge at his best, we must turn to "The Ancient Mariner," a poem whose universal appeal has never dimmed and which is generally acclaimed as the best literary ballad in English. For generations it has been read by every schoolboy, which tempts one to say that any poem which can be understood and enjoyed by the average person automatically for-

feits all claim to being great literature. Actually it is characterized throughout by the simplicity of greatness: it is so inevitably direct and clear and unified that not until one attempts to duplicate its qualities elsewhere does Coleridge's full achievement begin to be realized.

If we agree to allow "The Ancient Mariner" (and "Christabel") to represent Coleridge at his best, we might also feel it profitable to discuss its merits in terms of some eight critical values which Coleridge presented in his definition of poetry (*Biographia Literaria*, ch. XIV, the basis of our last lesson). Ideally the greatest profit from such an approach is the realization that no great work of art can arise from a basis of inferior critical standards, and that while the artistic creation may fall far short of fulfilling ideally the author's critical principles, on the other hand, the artistic creation can never rise above the goals the artist is attempting to attain.

### *Critical Values of Poetry Applied to "The Ancient Mariner"*

1. "The living truth of the . . . whole." The narrative tone, simple ballad verse form, common but brilliantly sharp words, and bone-clean organization; the mass of authentic detail, both of the physical reality and revelations of inner psychological suffering and terror—all are unified by the warming imagination into a living oneness. Proof of the flawless unity is found in the spell of the supernatural which the reader, almost as if he were the wedding guest, feels so strongly from the first to last. There is no desire to skip, no fleeting concern with any reality save that of the power

arising from the page before him. Words are scarcely acknowledged as such, so rich is the experience, so real is the need to live the story.

2. *Reality of senses re-created imaginatively.* Sight is the supreme sense: that which we see vividly we remember; that which we remember we continue to see with the inner eye. We cannot escape from Coleridge's magic because so skillfully, so intuitively, does he present before us the central yet common detail. Following the suggestion of his words, we realize within us the detail which at once suggests the whole.

Limiting our search to the first section, let us discover the sensory words with which he gains and holds our attention, one of the most difficult feats for the storyteller. Only three phrases are needed to make the mariner completely real before us: "long gray beard," "glittering eye," and "skinny hand." Only two are necessary to depict the ship amid the fierce storm: "sloping masts," and "dipping prow." To transport us deftly to the Antarctic, Coleridge needs three images: one for the eye, "ice, mast-high, came floating by, as green as emerald"; two for the ear: the ice

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound . . . .

The ice did split with a thunder-fit . . . .

Note the vigor of the verbs in the first line and the eerie, unfamiliar flavor of *swound*, which first shocks by presenting some terrible unknown, then somehow magically suggests the combined flavor of *swoon* and *wound*, both of

which add greatly to the fulfillment of the poet's intent.

3. *The power of imaginative reality as superior to heterogeneous actuality.* This point is demonstrated in No. 2 above: *selection and condensing* are the secrets of good writing. It should also be pointed out that never a wasted stroke is made as he transports us from the wedding to the Antarctic, to the Pacific, to harbor home. Compare such narrative power with the hodgepodge of detail which constitutes an actual day, or which now within your mind is all you have of some trip you have made.

4. *Re-creation of psychological and supernatural realities through the senses.* Because these end-values arise more strongly from an entire scene, from the accumulative power of many scenes, and finally from the poem as a whole, it is difficult to limit their origin to isolated images. However, at least the general direction of Coleridge's intent can be indicated by pointing to lines which appeal to more than the senses. For example,

He holds him with his glittering eye . . . .

and the guest

. . . listens like a three years' child.

Within himself each reader somehow knows why a glittering eye blinds, yet it is a knowing which is so common a knowledge that it is most difficult to state it in words.

We expect Coleridge to marshal all available forces to intensify his effect. Just as this first scene is made more immediate by being written whenever possible in first person,

present tense (I am), so he gradually begins to personalize the forces of nature, that they might convey mystery, awe, and the great inner conflict between good and evil which tortures the Ancient Mariner and all the world. The sun is neither good nor bad as

Out of the sea came he . . . .

but the sun is *he*, not *it*, and the mystery of the sunrise inspired all primitive peoples; even today's rational man tends to stand in awe before it.

The forces of evil begin to emerge symbolized as the Storm-blast, "tyrannous and strong . . . struck with his o'ertaking wings . . . and forward bends his head" as he pursues with yell and blow his foe, the ship. It is to be expected that this evil force takes man to a place of evil. One of the eternal terrors is that of whiteness, the absence of all color, all life. Surrounded, then, by the ice making "noises like a swound," and the "dismal sheen" of the snowy cliffs and fog, the ship is desperately in need of any sign of rescue and hope. It is at this moment that the Albatross comes,

As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

In this drear nothingness anything graceful and alive must represent forces of good. These men, terrified by a seemingly malignant nature, not only accept the bird as good, but as a symbol of Christ and a benevolent God. It is only after the bird arrives that the enclosing ice thunders apart and liberates the ship, as if enraged that the forces of good have come to champion the

helmsman who now can steer an escape.

For the moment the forces of good are triumphant; it is then that "a good south wind" carries the ship to safety and peace, while the happy crew calls the Albatross to food and frolic. But almost at once the forces of evil again begin to descend; soon the ship is once more surrounded by the awfulness of white:

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke  
white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

It is in the stanza following that the Ancient Mariner confesses shooting the Albatross. He never gives a reason why, but we accept the returning whiteness as the symbol of evil. It is this incident which reminds us that man by his very nature succumbs to evil, not for any reasoned cause, but merely because in moments of weakness man feels the fascination and inexplicable mysteries of evil, and does not resist.

At the moment it seems almost superfluous to mention Coleridge's next two points:

5. *Avoid artificial materials; use those true to life.*

6. *Poetic faith inspires "willing suspension of disbelief."* So skillfully has the poet brought us to believe that the events of nature and man mentioned thus far say to our inner souls far more than such events usually express.

7. *The end of poetry is pleasure or delight arising from within the whole poem itself.* While the poem should please, the source of that high pleasure should be within it, whether the source is meter, rhyme,

or truth. Here and elsewhere in his critical writings Coleridge approves of truth that arises from within the poem, but opposes the addition of another truth or lesson imposed on the organic poem from without. Thus to read "The Ancient Mariner" only as a lesson which points the moral that we should be kind to birds, or to point to the near-final thought beginning,

He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.  
(text, pages 584-585)

as the kernel of the poem which justifies all else, is to read Coleridge with a shallowness as unfair to his genius as it is unsustaining to us. To moralize thus is to violate the integrity of both poem and poet. This poem is a great moral allegory, in which the conflict between good and evil is recreated through use of imagination, symbol, and sense imagery. Instead of preaching a moral, this poem creates within itself a far larger, deeper theme: that when man, constantly torn between the elemental conflict of good and evil, succumbs to do evil, he suffers for his sin and expiation is never complete; only in part he can atone by showing love for all life. Let us not narrow so great a theme into a moralizing about kindness to animals. To do so is to sell the soul of the poem for a mess of pottage.

8. *"Imagination is the soul of poetry."* Without the blending power of the poet's living imagination no poem can come alive. Without imagination, which is first and last, all else is vain. Only with imagination as its soul is such a poem as this possible.



### Other Poems of Coleridge

These same values and rewards are found in "Christabel" (pp. 176-184), developed by similar techniques, although in this poem the tone of mystery and the developing awareness of evil are suffused more subtly throughout the entire fabric of the poem. Likewise a fragment, the sensuous, luxurious "Kubla Khan" (text, pp. 184-185) is an intense revelation of Coleridge's rich imagination. "France: an Ode" (pp. 185-187), has the tone and power of great poetry, and best represents the pure idealism of the young Coleridge. "Dejection: an Ode" (pp. 187-189) is powerful in its pathos as Coleridge bids farewell to "My shaping spirit of Imagination" (l. 86) which he feels he has lost.

#### Note to Class Leaders:

While on first reading it might appear that this study of Coleridge has been only

to justify his criticism, actually the purpose of this detailed approach has been twofold: (1) to point out how great art arises when solid critical principles have first been clearly established; and (2) to sketch, in some detail, a method for absorbing a poem with profit and increased understanding, hence enjoyment. The suggested method for presenting this lesson is, first to discuss in detail similar to that within the lesson as much of "The Ancient Mariner" as time will permit; then to read the poem aloud. It would seem particularly profitable, here as elsewhere in our study, to encourage the class to read both the lesson and "The Ancient Mariner" some time before the lesson period.

#### Suggestions for Discussion

1. Why is "The Ancient Mariner" a great ballad?
2. How can its large, sustained popularity be accounted for?
3. How does Coleridge make us see and feel what he wishes us to?
4. What is the function of unity within a poem? How is it attained in "The Ancient Mariner"?
5. Discuss the poem as a conflict between good and evil.

## Social Science—The Progress of Man

### Part III—In the Way of Destiny

#### Lesson 16—The British Constitution

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapter 30).

For Tuesday, November 25, 1952

Objective: To make clear how Great Britain has set before the world an example of free government, the outgrowth of centuries of struggle for liberty, and how her political organization has influenced for good constitutional systems all over the world.

#### The Secret of England's Greatness

THE island of Great Britain, including Wales, Scotland, and England, is slightly larger than the State of Utah and less in area than

the State of Colorado. This "tight little isle" as it has been called, has exercised a wonderful influence upon the world.

It has been said that England's

isolated position is by far the most important factor in the understanding of her constitutional history. Great Britain is separated from the main coast of Europe by a narrow strip of water some twenty miles wide, but this channel has afforded a natural defense against the other nations of Europe. From time immemorial the nations of Europe have manifested a jealousy of each other, and have possessed a desire to possess as much of their neighbor's territory as they could obtain by the power of might. This greed and fear have necessitated the creation of large standing armies on the continent of Europe constantly at hand ready for any emergency. The English Channel has obviated any such need on the part of Great Britain. The Bill of Rights, passed in 1689, declared that "the maintenance of a standing army in time of peace without the consent of parliament is contrary to law."

England's greatness also lies, Dr. William Bennett Munro has said, in the genius of her people:

The fusion of racial strains—Celt, Saxon, Norman and Dane—gave to the British islands a breed of men in whom the ardor for free political institutions was strong. So strong did it prove to be, in fact, that it ultimately became the root of Britain's difficulties with her own colonists. The people of the British Isles, and their descendants wherever scattered, have in all ages been impatient of improvised, uncertain, or dictatorial authority; on the other hand they have had at all times an innate respect for political authority based upon their own consent.

And something, finally, must be attributed to the happy accident that no rigid constitutional framework was devised in the earlier stages of British history

to hold the course of political development in check. The Briton has never had much use for political abstractions. He has been openly averse to a system of government based upon fixed principles and involving the application of exact rules. For this reason the British constitution has never been permitted to assume a stereotyped form. It has remained unsystematized, uncodified and to a degree indefinite (*The Governments of Europe*, pp. 3-4).

Then, again, the blood of Israel is profusely scattered throughout the island of Great Britain; not so profusely in the "Emerald Isle." This accounts for the fact that the friction between England, Wales, and Scotland could be brought to a peaceful close with a unity among these peoples; but in Ireland the conflict has gone on even to the present day. Moreover, another sign that the blood of Israel was widely diffused in Great Britain is manifest in the fact that out of this land have come to the land of Zion the thousands who have received the gospel. Next to Great Britain there have come out of Europe the largest numbers of Latter-day Saints from the Scandinavian countries, and then from Germany. All of these nations are closely related by blood.

### *Political Stability of Great Britain*

While in early times England was subject to absolute monarchical rule, in the course of time that nation developed into the world's greatest imperial representative government. In the British nation, when the people become dissatisfied with an administration, they take the same steps which are taken by the people

of the United States, they resort to the ballot box and express their choice. When that choice is expressed it is the end of the matter, the people respect the will of the majority. In despotic countries this is not so.

The art of free government has been the greatest contribution of the Anglo-Norman race to the civilization of the world. Civilized man drew his religious inspiration from the East, his alphabet from Egypt, his algebra from the Moors, his art and literature mainly from Greece, and his laws from Rome. But his political organization he owes most to English conceptions, and constitutional systems all over the world are studied with words and phrases which can be explained only by reference to the theory and practice of English government. It is true, of course, that representative government has sprung from the soil in other countries, but it has usually withered and died. The British constitution is the mother of constitutions; the British parliament is the mother of parliaments. No matter by what name the legislative bodies of other countries may be known, Congress or Chamber, Reichstag or Rigsdag, Storting or Sobranje, they all bear the impress of their maternity. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, therefore, that the democratization of the entire civilized world, largely through the influence of Anglo-Norman leadership, is the most conspicuous fact in the whole realm of political science. Not to know and appreciate this fact is to miss the first clue to an understanding of the science of government (Munro, *The Governments of Europe*, page 1).

It is true there has been representative government in other countries. Ancient Greece was under such a rule. For hundreds of years the Nephites had some sort of government of that kind, and many of the Germanic tribes of Europe, even while they were in the midst of their savagery, and before Christian-

ity reached them, exercised a sort of democracy. But these forms and attempts at popular government perished in the course of time. The influence of the British Empire has been the leaven, in this regard, which has leavened the lump in modern times. The pain, the struggles, the accomplishments obtained in behalf of freedom, have been felt in many other lands, and other peoples have been influenced by them.

### *Unique Character of the British Constitution*

Great Britain has never assembled a constitutional convention like the American colonies did in 1787. The British constitution is a composite picture containing many fundamental measures passed by Parliament, and her unwritten laws which have survived the ages. It is composed of the charters, statutes, precedents, traditions, and court decisions that have come down piecemeal from very early times. It may be defined as being without definite body and form, but, nevertheless, composed of many parts. It is a living thing. It may at any time be modified or changed by act of Parliament, yet the great features which express the liberties of the people are so definitely fixed and the thread of this freedom is so indestructibly woven through the fabric that to destroy it would be to destroy the nation itself.

While the people of the Empire are living under a monarchial form of government, and they honor their king, yet all the affairs of state are well within the hands of the people.

The British system of government shows great stability. This comes, no doubt, through long centuries of custom and training. The enforcement of the law in Great Britain is superior to that in the United States, where too much attention is paid to the technicalities and too little to the spirit of the law. In this respect the United States needs drastic and permanent reform. To our shame our officers at times have shown disrespect for the intent of the law and inexcusable delay at the expense of the taxpayers. Because of the law's delay and the failure of justice through technicalities, we have witnessed in the United States disgraceful scenes within recent years—scenes which have brought down upon our heads the just rebuke and ridicule of foreign people.

### *Fabrics of British Constitutional Law*

There are several great elements at the basis of British constitutional law. These are: the Magna Charta of 1215, the Petition of Right of 1628, the Bill of Rights of 1689, the Act of Settlement of 1701, the Act of Union of 1707, the Great Reform Act of 1832, the Parliament Act of 1911, and the Government of Ireland Act of 1922. These, taken altogether, however, constitute but a fragment of the British constitution. There are many ordinary statutes which have been passed by Parliament dealing with sundry matters. These acts range over many centuries, coming down to very modern times. The common law is the body of legal rules which has grown up outside of

Parliament and gained general recognition.

English history began with a monarchy where the king was practically supreme. The king made the laws and his officers enforced them. The change came gradually, and the responsibility of making and enforcing the law was eventually shifted to other shoulders. The Stuarts held to the doctrine of the divine right of kings. They also sought to destroy the measure of representative government which had been established before their time. James the First was wise enough not to attempt to enforce all of his views. Charles the First was not so wise, and his attempt to enforce his despotic rule carried him to the scaffold. It is said that in the reign of Charles II the people were as indifferent to their form of government as at any time. One historian has said:

Charles II was at this period as absolute as any monarch in Europe. The nation seemed to have lost all idea of liberty, and nothing but the indolent, unenterprising disposition of the king prevented him from riveting the fetters of tyranny so as to render them indissoluble (*General Biography*, Vol. 2, page 616).

Charles, however, died without accomplishing his purpose, and his brother James II, who succeeded him, was eventually forced to abdicate and William, Prince of Orange, and his wife Mary, eldest daughter of James, came to the throne. This was the end of despotic rule in England.

Today Parliament makes the laws of England, and, while its form is that of a monarchy, it is neverthe-

less "a veiled republic." No statute is valid today without the Crown's consent. There is never an appointment made, including that of the Prime Minister, except it is done in the name of the Crown. Britain is today "Her Majesty's government," and every department is "Her Majesty's"—the navy, the army, Parliament, or whatever it may be. Parliament, however, wields the real power of the British government. It can make her laws and change them, but the people would as soon expect to see the island sink into the depths of the sea as for Parliament to attempt to change some of the fundamental principles which have become so well established through long usage and custom, such as the right of the individual

to the possession of private property, which is a part of the constitution, but not a part of the written law.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. What has been the distinguishing mission of Great Britain in history?
2. Have someone report what has been the effect of her island location upon Britain's history. Cite historical events.
3. What factors have made for the stability of the British representative system of government?
4. Show that, despite the continuance of the Crown, "Parliament wields the real power of the British government."
5. Why is the English Parliament justly called "the Mother of Parliaments?" Name countries which have modeled their form of government, in part, after that of Great Britain.



## *To a Teacher*

Alta J. Vance

She lived above the world  
 And caught up many to her higher plane.  
 Between her and those who walk in clay  
 There was a bond  
 If they but wished to grow.  
 She placed high value on the human soul  
 And recognized its limitless possibilities.  
 For a dozen years she taught me;  
 For a life time I shall recall her teachings;  
 And I shall hope my heaven  
 Will give me further learning  
 At her feet—  
 To hear her voice and know again  
 Her majesty of soul.

## Real Estate

(Continued from page 515)

work until the boys get older. Might be you could find work in Halloway in the winter, if you needed more than the farm would make."

Christie sat quietly for a while, her eyes half closed. When she finally spoke there was a new determination, a lilt of hope and courage in her voice.

"We're going to do it, Mr. Burrows. We're going to buy your farm! Somehow I know that it's the answer for us."

And she was more certain than ever when the boys came back, and she told them her decision. Johnny was beside himself with joy, and the glow which had been gone from Ross' eyes since his father's death miraculously returned.

## Fisher Towers

(Continued from page 517)

off the bottom of Fisher Towers, on up toward the LaSal Mountains, in Forbidden Valley. Forbidden Valley is so named because it is so difficult to reach. In Onion Canyon the roadbed and the stream bed are the same for about a mile. The canyon is narrow, only ten feet wide in one place, and not much more all the way, with the walls rising four hundred feet. These walls are the same deep red as the Fisher Towers, being part of the same formation.

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Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A hummingbird has paused to whirl  
Where hollyhocks are swinging;  
Rose-colored ruffles rise and stir  
To greet a rainbow winging.

A dart, a dip, an ardent kiss—  
What pleasure could be sweeter?  
But love at best is fleeting bliss  
And rainbow wings are fleeter.

## In Unity

Maude O. Cook

A tiny raindrop of itself  
Is of but little worth;  
Yet it can, with others of its kind,  
Rejuvenate the earth.

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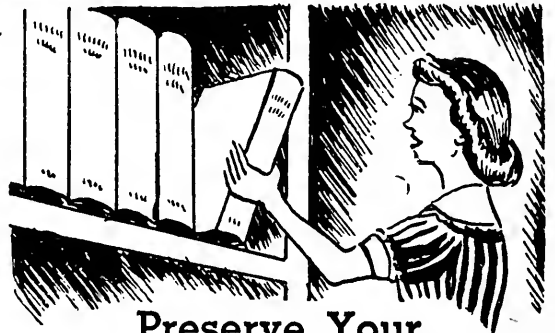
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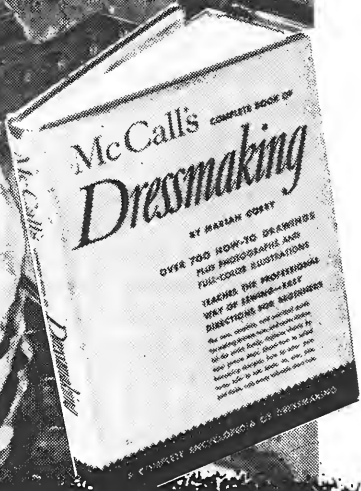


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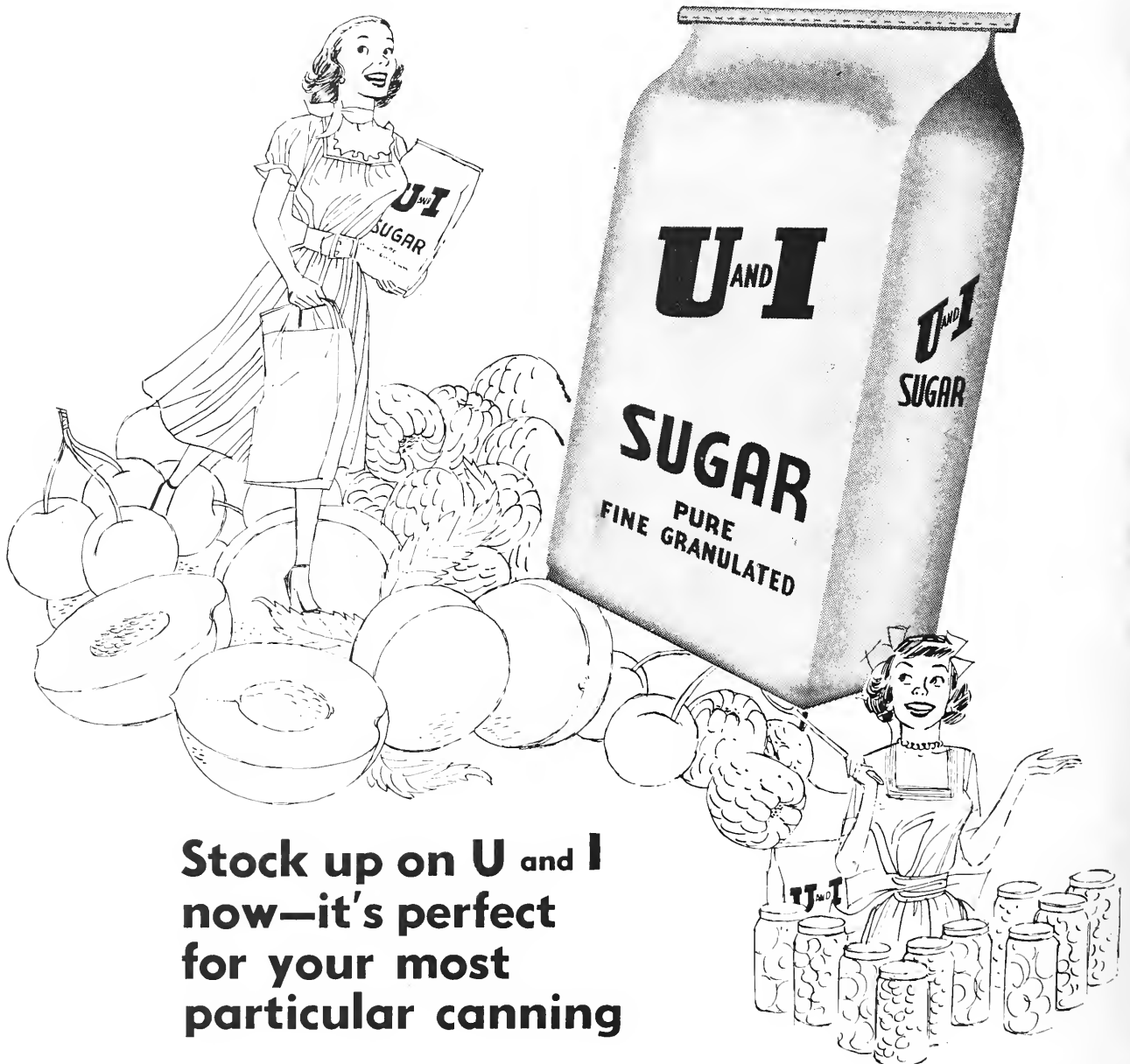
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*The*  
**RELIEF SOCIETY**  
MAGAZINE

VOL 39 NO. 9

Issued for Dec

SEPTEMBER





# *Aftermath of Summer*

Katherine F. Larsen

When waning summer's richness lingers,  
Down bright air  
Float sounds like sun the leaves are sifting—  
Everywhere  
The children's voices rising, falling,  
Interplay  
Like leaves in sun and shade; their laughter  
Light and fey.

Now summer leaves are yellowing—falling—  
Down blue air  
Lie secret empty lanes still haunted  
Everywhere  
By wraiths of laughter. Lonely lost winds  
Seek and sigh,  
Searching out paths where school-bound children  
Chattered by.

Seasons must change; autumn's hushed hours  
Follow after  
Each summer, golden and rich with sun  
And children's laughter.

---

The Cover: Crystal Springs Dam, California  
Photograph by Don Knight

Frontispiece Photograph: Autumn in Owens Valley, California, by Don Knight



# From Near and Far

I think Sister Maggie Tolman Porter ought to be commended on her story "A Message in Action" (July 1952). Every member of Relief Society ought to read it and put it into practice. Whether we are Relief Society teachers or what part we play in this great organization, there is always something we can do to help someone in need. I certainly enjoy my *Magazine* and look forward to it each month.

—Ruby S. Ralphs  
Clifton, Idaho

I was greatly impressed with the series of articles "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter" (August, September, October, and November 1951), by Elder Albert R. Bowen. I would like to have this for reference purposes.

—Stanley C. Kimball  
Montebello, California

I have just finished reading the current chapter of the continued novel "Uncertain Possession." It is a wonderful story, so full of the things in life that are important. I would certainly enjoy reading more stories by Beatrice R. Parsons.

—Mrs. David G. Shores  
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I take this opportunity to express the joy I receive from reading our lovely *Magazine*. Church reading material is limited here on Guam, so it is always a pleasure to receive the *Magazine*. We are looking forward to reaching Zion again in the near future.

—N. Susan Pollock  
Guam, M. I.

The *Relief Society Magazine* is tops in its field, and a magazine fine enough to match it would be hard to find anywhere in the world. It is worth binding and worth keeping in any good library.

—Elder Louis R. Jackson  
Rivera, Uruguay, So. America

I am so filled with inspiration after reading the *Magazine* each month that I fairly fly to the task of preparing my literature lessons—if one can call such a joy and privilege a task. How clearly William Cowper made me see that life's handicaps need not curtail our talents nor prevent us from giving whatever we can to the world.

—Wanda Rhodes  
Logan, Utah

The arrival of *The Relief Society Magazine* causes a pause in the routine of our home while we enjoy a treat of lovely poems. "Unquestioned Miracle" (June 1952), by Christie Lund Coles; "Creative Artist" by Ruth Chadwick (June 1951); and Alice Bailey's beautiful Mother's Day poem "Overtones" (May 1952), are a few which have impressed me greatly. I deeply appreciate the opportunity to have my work appear with that of many of the sincere writers of the Church.

—Iris W. Schow  
Brigham City, Utah

It seems as if I am welcoming a life-long friend into my home with each issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*—a visit that is eagerly awaited.

—Mrs. LaVina Byington  
Augusta, Georgia

Let me take this opportunity to say how much I have enjoyed the *Magazine* throughout the years I have taken it. To us in the mission field it is a monthly injection of spiritual strength, a transfusion of the lifeblood of our organization. Sometimes we feel faraway and out of touch with the main body of the Church, but in the *Magazine* we find spiritual admonitions, poetic inspiration, practical information, wholesome reading material, and, best of all, overwhelming evidence that throughout our organization there are other women with problems and aspirations, faith and falterings, convictions, and lessons to prepare.

—Cynthia M. Trunnell  
Houston, Texas

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

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No. 9

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# Decisions and Free Agency

Elder Marion G. Romney  
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address delivered at the general assembly on Friday, June 20, 1952, at Brigham Young University Leadership Week]

WHEN Brother Yarn asked me to participate on this program, he suggested that I speak to the subject "Free Agency and Decisions." The printed program indicates that "Decisions and You" has been your week-long theme. I suppose, therefore, that it has been about exhausted, and it may be that you, yourselves, have been about exhausted by the discussion of it.

I recall hearing of a very able farm hand who was put to work in a root cellar, his assignment being to sort field run potatoes, placing the No. 1's, 2's, and 3's in separate containers. Before the day was done he asked for his pay, saying he couldn't take it any longer. His surprised employer—for the man had all season been working long hours at heavy labor—sought the reason for his sudden taking off, reminding him of his enviable record as an able worker. "Oh, I don't mind the work," he said, "it's the making of these decisions which is driving me crazy."

In the hope that I shall not, on your behalf, push that drive to its final conclusion during the next few minutes, I have elected to reverse the suggested title and talk to the subject "Decisions and Free Agency."

Before doing so, however, I desire to call to your attention three familiar truths. The first one is

that free agency is an established and enduring principle.

Our political structure has been built upon the premise that men are entitled to liberty and freedom as a divine endowment. This concept was germinating in the minds of Englishmen as early as 1215 A.D., when they wrung from King John the Magna Charta.

Sustained by their faith in and love for religious freedom, the Pilgrim Fathers were able to stand up against King James when he vowed "he would make them conform or harry them out of the land. . . . Some of them were imprisoned, all were impoverished, but they held fast to freedom and truth." Taking temporary refuge in Holland, "they determined to (and did) perpetuate their ideals by founding a state in the American wilderness."

A century and a half later, challenging the right of King George to restrict their rights as Englishmen, the Congress of the thirteen colonies wrote into the Declaration of Independence these inspired words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

When, by the successful termination of the Revolution, the domination of the mother country had

been shaken off, the Americans wrote these principles of freedom into the basic law of the land. You all remember, of course, the Preamble to the Constitution: "WE THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure *the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity*, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

You are all likewise acquainted with the liberties guaranteed by the first ten amendments to the Constitution, which are, to all intents and purposes, a part of the original document itself.

**O**UR national strength has always been in our devotion to freedom. Abraham Lincoln once asked the question, "What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence?" to which he replied:

It is not our frowning battlements, or bristling seacoasts, our army and navy. These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of these may be turned against us without making us weaker for the struggle. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prized liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors (Speech of Abraham Lincoln—Edwardsville, Sept. 13, 1858).

We who have accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ not only share this heritage of political freedom, but we have a more sure knowledge in the revealed word of God that

free agency is a fixed and an eternal principle. We know that it operated in the heavens before the world was. We know that it was the issue which divided the spirit hosts and brought the war in heaven, and we know that free agency triumphed in that conflict.

The second truth to which I call your attention is that the statement in the Declaration of Independence, to the effect that men are endowed by their Creator with the right of liberty, is a divine truth. The Lord said to an ancient prophet, "I gave unto them (men) their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency" (Moses 7:32). And to the Prophet Joseph he said, "I gave unto him (Adam) that he should be an agent unto himself" (D. & C. 29:35).

That this endowment was to all men has been revealed repeatedly. Abraham, for example, taught that the purpose of mortality was to provide men an opportunity to be tested in the exercise of their agency. "We will prove them herewith," he quoted the Lord as saying, "to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them" (Abraham 3:25).

"Wherefore," said Lehi, "the Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself . . . . Wherefore, men are free" . . . (2 Nephi 2:16, 27).

Samuel the Lamanite repeated this truth, saying, "Remember, my brethren . . . ye are free; ye are permitted to act for yourselves; for behold, God hath given unto you a knowledge and he hath made you free" (Hel. 14:30).

The third truth I wish to call to

your attention is that free agency is a mandatory prerequisite to man's growth and development. Deprived of the liberty and power to make decisions and act upon them, men would be but puppets in the hands of fate, making no progress and developing no character.

The preservation of free agency is more important to individual men and to the race than is the preservation of life itself. Indeed, the independence to act for oneself is life, for without it "there is no existence."

"All truth," says the Lord, "is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence. Behold, here is the agency of man" (D. & C. 93:30-31).

Now, while it is important to understand that free agency is an established and enduring principle, that all men are by their Creator endowed with it, and that it is a mandatory prerequisite to man's growth and development, still it does not lie in our power in any way to affect these general principles. They will endure because they are eternal. Of far more importance to us, because we can do something about it, is to understand that our personal liberty and freedom depend upon the decisions we make under these eternal principles.

**F**REE agency is not a one-way street. In and of itself it guarantees neither growth, freedom, nor peace. These consummations hang upon the alternatives elected in its exercise. Every decision one makes affects his own freedom, that is, it broadens or narrows the area

in which future decisions may be made. This truth may not be so apparent with respect to minor decisions as it is in major ones, but it is nevertheless always at work. And, as Shakespeare said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

To take an illustration from another of his plays: "Who can control his fate?" asks the ruined Othello. No one, of course, because one's fate is determined by the alternatives he chooses in making his decisions. But everyone controls his option, that is, chooses his alternatives. Othello himself had independently evolved the decision which fixed his fate. You will recall when he entered Desdemona's bedchamber, where he was eventually to smother her, he saw the lamp and said: "Put out the light, and then put out the light: If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again the former light restore, Should I repent me." Then turning to Desdemona, he said: "But once put out thy light, thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat that can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose, I cannot give it vital growth again, it must needs wither."

It seems to me that the rise and fall of civil liberties in nations testify conclusively to the controlling effect decisions of men have upon their freedom. Our generation has seen free agency die in nation after nation, following the people's decision to adopt Fascism, Nazism, socialism or communism. What

would not the folks behind the Iron Curtain today give if they could again exercise their choice between a republican form of government, as set up under the Constitution of the United States, and communism!

It seems to me, says one author, that history is a "mere record of blundering option followed by iron servitude to the irremediable suffering thereby entailed."

Enoch, beholding in vision the heavens and God himself weeping over the wickedness of mortal men, inquired, "How is it that the heavens weep, and shed forth their tears as the rain upon the mountains?" And "how is it that thou canst weep, seeing thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity?"

And the Lord answered:

Behold these thy brethren; they are the workmanship of mine own hands, and I gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency; And unto thy brethren have I said, and also given commandment, that they should love one another, and that they should choose me, their Father; but behold, they are without affection, and they hate their own blood; And the fire of mine indignation is kindled against them; and in my hot displeasure will I send in the floods upon them . . . and misery shall be their doom; and the whole heavens shall weep over them, even all the workmanship of mine hands; wherefore should not the heavens weep, seeing these shall suffer? (Moses 7:32 ff.)

**T**HE teachings of the scriptures are crystal clear as to the consequences which follow the alternatives involved in the making of decisions.

"Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse;" said Moses,

"a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God . . . And a curse, if ye will not obey (them)" (Deut. 11:26-28).

"Men . . . are free to choose liberty and eternal life . . . or to choose captivity and death," taught Lehi (2 Nephi 2:27).

And Nephi said that those of this our generation who persist in making wrong decisions will be "brought down into captivity . . . and destruction, both temporally and spiritually." The "captivity and death" here referred to involve a restriction of the area of one's choices.

Tom Collins—pen name of an Australian author—points up the manner by which such a restriction comes about, in his rather unusual treatment of the parable of the prodigal son:

A young man has reached an absolute poise of incentive. He tosses a shekel. "Heads—I go and see life; tails—I stay at home. Heads it is. The alternative is accepted; whereupon destiny puts in her poke, bringing such vicissitudes as are inevitable on the initial option. In due time, another alternative presents itself, and the poise of incentive recurs. The Prodigal spits on a chip, and tosses it. "Wet—I crawl back home; dry—I see it out. Wet it is." So he goes to meet the ring, and the robe, and the fatted calf. His latter alternative has taken him home; and a felicitous option on his father's part has given him a welcome. But the earlier alternative is following him up, for the farm is gone. The "father" himself cannot undo the effect of the foregone choice. . . . Such momentous alternatives are simply the voluntary rough hewings of our own end. Collins, *Such Is Life*, the University of Chicago Press, pp. 85-88).

Now, I am not saying there is no recovery from a wrong decision. Two of the most glorious principles



of the gospel—repentance and forgiveness—make a recovery possible. But the farther one goes in the making of wrong decisions, the more difficult it is to recover, that is, to repent and gain forgiveness. And one can, by persisting long enough, reach the point of no return. He has then become an abject slave. By the exercise of his free agency he has contracted the area in which he can act almost, if not quite, to the vanishing point.

Samuel, the Lamanite prophet, speaking to those who so persist, says:

In the days of your poverty ye shall cry unto the Lord; and in vain shall ye cry, for your desolation is already come upon you, and your destruction is made sure; and then shall ye weep and howl in that day . . . and say . . . O that we had repented in the day that the word of the Lord came unto us . . . Behold, we are surrounded by demons, yea, we are encircled about by the angels of him who hath sought to destroy our souls. . . . O Lord, canst thou not turn away thine anger from us? And this shall be your language in those days. But behold, your days of probation are past; ye have procrastinated the day of your salvation until it is everlastingly too late, and your destruction is made sure (Hel. 13:32 ff.).

**T**HESSE poor souls have placed themselves in the power of Lucifer and his followers, who, as you remember, became "perdition." Their final fate is to be cast out into outer darkness, such punishment being the natural consequence of the alternative they elected in the making of decisions. The fact that they were originally endowed by their Creator with free agency does not save them from the most awful bondage, the bondage of sin.

Just as the making of wrong decisions in the exercise of free agency

limits future choices and, persisted in, results in slavery, so the making of right decisions enlarges the area of future choices and leads to perfect freedom. The sustained course of our fathers for more than 700 years, marked by King John's signing of the Great Charter, the contributions of the Pilgrims, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the winning of the Revolution, the adoption of the Constitution, the abolishment of slavery, the extension of suffrage to the negro by the fifteenth amendment and to women by the nineteenth amendment, established the widest political freedoms and civil liberties recorded in secular history. God grant that this generation shall not throw them all away.

Each of the above steps promoted liberty because they were in harmony with the divine law of free agency. And the final truth is that the adoption of every alternative harmonizing with divine law leads to liberty. "Obedience to law is liberty."

The apostle James characterizes the teachings of Christ as "the perfect law of liberty." He, of course, got this doctrine from the Savior, who said to "those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:31-32). And "if the Son . . . shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (John 8:36).

The fourth book of Nephi gives an account of a people who approached this freedom through electing to follow the teachings of Jesus:

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 . . . . And there were great and marvelous works wrought by the disciples of Jesus, insomuch that they did heal the sick, and raise the dead, and cause the lame to walk, and the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear. . . . And the Lord did prosper them exceedingly (4 Nephi 2 ff.).

They multiplied and waxed strong in the land:

. . . . and became an exceedingly fair and delightsome people and they were married, and given in marriage . . . . And . . . there was no contention in 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 (4 Nephi 10 ff.).

Contrast, if you will, the joyous state of this free and happy people with the torture of those enslaved souls described by Samuel the Lamanite, crying in vain for God to deliver them from the torment of the demons by whom they were encircled. And remember that the whole difference between their circumstances came about as the inevitable result of the decisions they had made in the exercise of their agency.

**J**UST as Satan became "perdition" through the exercise of his agency, so Jesus became "the Christ, the Son of the Living God," through the exercise of his. And

he has said that men, all men, who will endure to the end in electing to follow him may become perfect as he and his Father are perfect.

"I give unto you these sayings," he states, "that you may understand and know how to worship, and know what you worship, that you may come unto the Father in my name, and in due time receive of his fulness. For if you keep my commandments you shall receive of his fulness, and be glorified in me as I am in the Father" (D. & C. 93:19-20).

Now the realization that our personal liberty and freedom depend upon the decisions we make ought to inspire in us a desire and a determination to elect such alternatives as will preserve and enlarge our freedoms. Possessed of such a purpose one is constantly faced with the problem of discerning the destination to which an alternative leads. I am persuaded that the lack of this power of discernment accounts for much of the confusion in the world. There are many people desiring to make proper choices, but unable to tell where an alternative will lead. There is a crying need today for men to act upon Mormon's counsel:

Take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God, or that which is good and of God to be of the devil. . . . See that ye do not judge wrongfully; for with that same judgment which ye judge ye shall also be judged. Wherefore, I beseech of you, brethren, that ye should search diligently in the light of Christ that ye may know good from evil . . . (Moroni 7:14 ff.).

I would that we might all enjoy the blessing recently pronounced

upon the head of a young lad. "You have the power of discernment," said the patriarch, "to look forward into the future and discern and understand the results which come from righteous living . . . . You can recognize the effect of evil tendencies even in their beginning. . . . You are, as it were, a watchman upon the tower of Zion, because of this power which the Lord has blessed you with and this understanding which you have and which will grow with you through your years to see and understand the results, which are small in their beginning."

If you would possess this great blessing, follow Mormon's admonition to "search diligently in the light of Christ that ye may know good from evil." If you will do so with the courage to choose the good, we shall preserve and extend the civil liberties won for us in the long struggle between 1215 and 1920. And if we endure to the end in choosing proper alternatives in making our decisions, we shall continue in the word of Christ and by the truth be made free indeed, as Jesus said. May God grant that it may be so, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.



## *Sublimity*

Bertha A. Kleinman

Do you only sing when your soul is filled  
 With the joy of a perfect day?  
 Do you only smile when your heart is thrilled  
 With the good you long to say?  
 Do you only give when prosperity  
 Enlivens your generous hand,  
 Or when bounty invokes your charity  
 To pity and understand?

I have seen you smile when I knew your soul  
 Was bordering on despair;  
 I have heard you sing with a courage whole  
 To cover the heartache there;  
 I have seen your stature and fortitude  
 Expand in adversity,  
 And your courage wrung from a self subdued  
 Merge into sublimity.

---

*Be Sure to Register So You Can Vote In the November 4th Election!*

# A Case for Martha

## PART I

*Hannah Smith*

“... Martha was cumbered about much serving” (Luke 10:40).

**A**FTERWARDS, it seemed to Janet that the whole idea, complete, came to her in the shattered splinter of time in which she fell off the stepstool in the service porch. Probably the thought had been growing, silently and secretly, in the depths of her rebellious mind ever since the first of the summer when Frances Brooker arrived to collaborate with Dave on a classical literature transcription series. But at least it had stayed buried firmly in her subconscious until the minute when the stepstool teetered and she'd shut her eyes firmly and not been able to catch herself as she tipped over backwards with an ear-splitting scream.

If you had told Janet Winters at the first of the summer, before Frances Brooker came, that she'd welcome being laid up in bed, she'd never have believed you, for Janet, sitting on her front porch on a sunny Memorial Day afternoon, was a happy woman, burstingly, consciously happy, with a sense of quiet ecstasy born of a delight in the day and the various facets of her life.

The clatter of Dave's typewriter from the study upstairs brought to her mind her husband's clever, ugly face and deep drawl, the warmth of their easy companionship. With summer vacation approaching, Dave's classes in classical literature

at the university were nearly over and he was plunging into three months of work on a long-dreamed-of project, the phonograph recording of a series of classical stories in modern vernacular and setting.

Janet, her agate eyes glinting amusedly, thought of the many times she'd watched him stride up and down, ruffling his sandy hair with a long nervous hand, while he orated on this pet project of his.

“I'd start with Beowulf and work straight through. No bedtime story atmosphere, either,” he'd say. “If I'm lucky, I'll get Frederick March or Helen Hayes or Laughton to do the narration. Try to capture the rhythm of the original in early English translation, but put the stories into the language and surroundings of today.”

And his voice would take on a familiar sonorous note, as if he himself were Paul Muni or Charles Laughton telling the story of an ancient battle or incident in twentieth century words.

Around the corner of the house their daughter Barbie, age eight, was playing paper dolls with Pauline, her playmate from next door. Janet, without moving her braid-wrapped head from the porch pillar, could see her daughter vividly, the animated freckled face a small feminine carbon of Dave's, the gaps in her teeth giving her smile a jack-o'-lantern look.

Behind Janet on the porch stood a blue bassinet, and in it, with his small posterior humped in the air, slept David Carter Winters, II, the crowning jewel in Janet Winters' delightful kingdom. She put her hand back and touched the basket gently, as if to reassure herself of the incredible reality of Cart's existence.

Inside her house, everything was in glittering, impeccable order, awaiting the arrival of their summer house guest. Janet ran a quick mental eye over her world—newly waxed floors, freshly laundered curtains, refrigerator filled with company fare . . . .

"Oh, oh, what a beautiful day," she sang, softly and tunelessly, filled with a great, rich sense of well-being, as she waited for the unfamiliar outline of Frances Brooker's car down the street.

**M**ISS Brooker—or rather, Dr. Brooker, was a professor at an eastern college and an authority in Dave's own field. He'd felt incredibly lucky when, after a year's exchange of letters about the recording project, Dr. Brooker had agreed to spend the summer in Denver collaborating on the series. Janet had insisted on inviting Miss Brooker to stay at the house, although Dave had protested the idea.

"Let her rent a room somewhere near," he'd said, "I'll see enough of her in the daytime without having her around the house in the evening."

"I get tired of conversations about formulas and carrots and vacuum cleaners," Janet told him. "I'd like to know a woman like Dr. Brooker

—someone who has read everything and been everywhere. It'll be wonderful to have her around the place."

"I'll have to wear a bathrobe in the hall, I suppose," Dave had grumbled, giving in.

And now Dr. Brooker was coming. In fact, precisely on time, she had come. Janet rose from the step and ran down the walk as a dusty black coupe drew up at the curb and a tall woman in a rumpled gray suit slid out from under the steering wheel.

Janet, receiving her firm, cordial handshake, liked her instantly. There was an easy friendliness about the newcomer—short curly hair beneath a casual felt, a mobile, handsome face devoid of make-up, lively gray eyes below crooked black eyebrows. Under Dr. Brooker's quizzical smile, however, Janet felt herself flushing and wished she'd changed into something a little more adult-looking than her yellow pinafore.

But the visitor was looking beyond her, beaming warmly at Dave, who, hair rumpled and tie askew, was loping down the steps three at a time.

Frances Brooker skirted Janet quickly and advanced to meet Dave with long, graceful strides. "Dr. Winters! This is a pleasure! I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed your letters. I have a trunkful of notes ready—and I'm extremely anxious to get started!"

"Fine!" Dave had pulled his tie still farther out of line and returned Dr. Brooker's handshake with enthusiasm. "You met Jan, didn't you?"

THE tall woman smiled benignly in Jan's direction. "Yes, I did." Again her glance made Janet feel somehow absurd and childish, even though the other woman's voice was cordial.

"It's nice of you to take me in, Mrs. Winters. I hope you won't treat me as a guest this summer. You'll find me an odd duck, I know." Her gaze shifted humorously to Dave and her laugh was a low, enchanting chuckle. "I'm not very aware of my surroundings, I'm afraid. Just give me a sandwich now and then, a cot and a typewriter, and I'll be happy."

Dave laughed in response as he put a husbandly arm across Janet's shoulders. "You'll get more than that, whether you want it or not. Jan is a high-powered housewife."

Frances Brooker's smile at Jan was genial. "I'm sure of that. I suppose you help Dr. Winters a good deal with his work, too?"

Janet was furious with herself for stuttering. "Well, I d-d-did, but . . ."

Dave hooted fondly, "Jan? Can't get her to sit still long enough. Jet-propelled, cleaning, cooking . . ."

"Really?" In one word the newcomer had catalogued her neatly—and disappointedly—Janet felt. Illogically annoyed with Dave, she opened her mouth to defend herself, but Dr. Brooker had turned and was hauling brief cases and filing folders from her car. While Janet hovered awkwardly on the curb, the newcomer carried on a running volley of shop talk with Dave, a jumble that included comments on the life of Chaucer, the best make of portable typewriter, the distance from New England

to Colorado, and the price of transcription records.

"I'll get your room ready," Janet said humbly and went toward the house, feeling vaguely let down.

The sight of the guest room cheered her, however. She stood for a minute in the doorway admiring the new chintz draperies and matching box spread. She'd made them herself the week before, and their glowing colors gave the old white-painted furniture a needed air of elegance, she felt. She turned back the bedspread, opened the doors to the wardrobe and the adjoining bathroom, and then ran down the steps to the kitchen, whistling.

Dinner was going to be something quite a little bit beyond the sandwich Dr. Brooker ordered, she thought with pride, as she arranged canapes on a pie plate to be popped into the oven at the last minute. Baked ham and sweet potato puff were Dave's favorites. The orange muffins had been a last minute inspiration, along with the almond slivers in the mixed green salad. Barbie, impressed by the presence of a guest, made no objection to eating her dinner early from the kitchen table.

IT was with a fine sense of the dramatic that Janet announced, "Dinner is served, Dr. Brooker, Dave," and opened the double doors to reveal the round mahogany dining table spread with lace, the candlelight, and settings for three.

Frances Brooker turned slightly to acknowledge the interruption, but without a break in the incisive flow of her dissertation.



"Minute, dear," Dave mumbled, rising, but his eyes were abstracted and fixed on Dr. Brooker's intense, animated face.

The conversation became general at the table.

"What story do you intend to dramatize first?" Janet asked Dr. Brooker, who had nibbled absently at the hot crab-flake canape and now sat sipping her glass of water.

The other woman looked questioningly at Dave before answering. "Well, I hadn't discussed that yet with Dr. Winters, but I have an idea I should like to begin with a certain simple little story from the New Testament. . . ."

Frances Brooker put down her fork and leaned forward to look at Dave, her gray eyes glowing. "This may seem strange to you, Dr. Winters, but I'd like to begin with a favorite of mine—the story of Mary and Martha in the King James version."

Dave was surprised. "Really? Why?"

"Well, I think the story is a little classic that could portray a profound lesson to modern-day Americans. Don't you think the two women are perfect modern prototypes?"

Dave leaned his elbows on the table. "I don't . . ."

"The country is full of busy, fretting Marthas, both male and female, so intent on making a living, eating rich food, buying lavish, elaborate clothing, that they lose sight of our best American tradition, the tradition of Emerson and Thoreau . . ."

"Plain living and high thinking!" Dave finished with relish. "That's a

good point! I like it. Then how would you develop the story?"

FRANCES Brooker's eyes were dreamy; her voice was rich and slow. "Well, I believe I'd make the setting one of a row of suburban bungalows. (No, thank you, Mrs. Winters, I never eat ham.) I'd begin the script with Martha—a high, harassed housewife's voice, complaining about the cost of living, the price of shoes, the difficulty of obtaining fresh eggs at the grocers. Then I'd interject Mary's voice—low, unhurried, sweet . . ."

"Discussing the beauty of the day, maybe?" Dave nodded, his eyes kindling.

"Exactly!"

Color ran up Janet's cheeks. "I always wondered about the story of Mary and Martha," she said, fighting down a note of tension in her voice. "I never did believe that Christ was reproaching Martha for cooking his food or caring for the house. I always felt that the point of the story was, that she was, well, cumbered with much serving . . ." Janet stumbled along earnestly, trying to put her idea across.

Dave's laugh and Dr. Brooker's had the same indulgent note. Janet's flush deepened.

Although Dave's voice was casual, Janet squirmed under the reproof she thought she heard in it. "Jan feels a little touchy because the story hits her," he said teasingly. "I tell her every day that she works too hard."

"I do get creative satisfaction from housework," Janet said defensively, trying to keep her voice light.

DR. Brooker shook her head in friendly reproof. "I'll have to be very stern with you, Janet," she said. "You put away these lace tablecloths and all this fragile crystal. Feed us on simpler food, too, and then you can spend your time on pleasanter things. Your husband tells me you had a drama major in school; I'm sure you could give us some valuable pointers on the transcribing."

"That's a swell idea!" Dave sounded so enthusiastic that Janet hated herself for her petty, irrational feeling of irritation toward their visitor. She's trying to be friendly, to include me, she reminded herself sternly.

In the kitchen, Janet spoke sternly again to herself. She did like too many frills, too many extra touches about her housekeeping. She loved to wax and starch and scour and polish. For the first time she wondered if Dave had felt she neglected him for the house, the children. Until tonight everything had seemed all right. If only

Frances Brooker hadn't made her suggestions in front of Dave, though!

When Janet returned to the dining room, their guest had risen from the table and glanced with startled amusement at Janet. "Oh, so many dishes!" she said, looking through the kitchen door and shaking her handsome head. "Why don't you stack them, Janet, and come and talk?"

It seemed too quibbling to explain that the dishes would still be in the sink next morning to add extra complication to the confusion of the breakfast hour, with Cart waiting for his bath, Barbie hungry and voluble, to rush off to school, and the usual baby laundry and house cleaning ahead of her.

"I'll come and visit later," she replied.

Dave patted her shoulder affectionately.

"Martha! Martha!" he said—and then he followed Frances Brooker out on to the porch.

(To be concluded)



## Autumn

Christie Lund Coles

The willow-fingers fall about me  
And speak to themselves in the stream's glass;  
The dust rises and the crickets chirp  
In the seared, spent grass.

And I, grown older suddenly,  
Remembering the lush warm summer, stand  
Strangely eager to allay the hour  
Of frost upon the land.

# Your Child Is an Individual

Celia Luce

A teacher lined the children up on the playground for a race. "Ready, set, go!" and they were off.

"Now," said the teacher at the end of the race, "did you all finish the race at the same time?"

"Of course not."

"Larry, here, came in first," went on the teacher. "Does that mean that Larry is any better person than Tommy who was near the last? Tommy was running as hard as he could and ran a fine race, but he couldn't catch Larry. But Tommy can play baseball better than Larry. Shall we judge the boys in our class by how fast they run or how well they play baseball?"

"Foolish, isn't it? But no more foolish than trying to judge the students in this class by how well they read or how well they do their arithmetic. Each of you should be judged by how hard you are working and how much you are improving, rather than by how you compare with others."

If we parents could only feel this way and work for such an understanding! Each parent, naturally, would like to be able to say to himself, "See what a wonderful child I have! He is the brightest one in his class." However, usually if a child doesn't progress rapidly in his school studies, the parent's pride is hurt, and the child is made to feel that he has, somehow, failed his parents. He may be doing the very best he can, but he has failed anyhow. He is up against

something too big for him, and so he soon stops trying. He takes on the defeated look common to "slow" children.

This is unnecessary. Lacking ability to be outstanding in school subjects does not mean that a child is not intelligent. In reading biographies of great men one is surprised to learn how often they did not progress well in school. Thomas A. Edison was kept home from school because his teacher reported he was unable to learn anything there.

There are many reasons why a brilliant child may be slow in school. Perhaps he has home problems. Often a child from a home where he doesn't feel loved and needed and wanted and secure can't think about arithmetic or reading. Or he may feel that effort is useless since no one at home really cares.

Bad health can effectively slow a child down. Poor school work is often a danger signal showing the need for a thorough physical examination.

Poor eyesight and hearing also may make a child seem backward. A physical checkup should include a thorough check on eyes and ears.

OR a child's outstanding abilities may not be in the line of lesson work. And children in school are usually judged only by the kind of intelligence that applies to lesson work. Equally important is mechanical intelligence. Some chil-

dren who are slow in school are practically geniuses when it comes to making things and working with engines and tools. These children have just as much of a chance to be successful adults as the child who reads well. They should never be branded as slow, but appreciated and praised instead.

Then there is social intelligence, and it does not necessarily go with good school work. A person who gets along well with other people is a successful person. He is liked and often advanced rapidly in jobs. He is a leader.

Many teachers realize this situation and would much rather talk over a child's problems with his parents rather than send home a slip of paper that brands a hard-working child as doing unsatisfactory work.

The child who is working in school and doing his best deserves the satisfaction of a job well done. He should receive praise from his teacher and parents no matter how he compares with others.

No parent would deny a child food and stunt him physically, yet many well-meaning parents will stunt a child's personality by insisting that he is a failure in life because he can't be a superior student no matter how hard he tries. Every person on earth has the need to feel important, to feel satisfaction within himself, to feel worthwhile and needed. A sense of failure makes a person stop trying, in fact, makes him almost unable to try.

Let us then, as parents, make the most of a child's good points, appreciate him for what he is, and free him to do his best.



## *In Lieu of Brush*

Alice Whitson Norton

If I possessed the gift to draw,  
I'd paint a garden place  
All hedged around with hollyhocks  
And dainty Queen Anne's lace.

And sure I'd paint a weathered church,  
With graceful rising spire;  
And woods wrapped in a flaming coat  
Of autumn's vivid fire.

But since I cannot use a brush  
For painting even birds,  
I'll strive to make my pictures clear  
Through gracious, shining words.

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— *Be Sure to Vote on November 4th!* —

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1892

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

INTERESTING ITEM FROM PROVO, UTAH: We desire to inform all those having cocoons to reel that we have engaged the services of a competent reeler. Those wishing cocoons worked up can confer with the President of the Silk Association. Also wish to state that we are having a number of dress goods woven at the Provo mill and we are about to make a Silk Flag for the World's Fair, also a silk shawl and other minor articles. —M. A. Till

A PIONEER ADDRESS (Delivered at the celebration in Provo, July 24, 1892): Truly this is the day when every man and woman who has been the recipient of the God-given privilege of this Divinely favored land, between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast, should bow their heads in humble reverence, and lift their hearts in earnest praise and thanksgiving to their Father in heaven for this day—the anniversary of that day when the brave and inspired band pitched their scorched and tattered tents in the Great Salt Lake Valley and seized upon the key that opened up to our race the new and golden world . . . —Electa Bullock

## MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Near half a century now hath fled  
Since thou an infant lay—  
On rapid wings the years have sped,  
The moments passed away.  
They have not idly passed we know,  
For thou, dear, noble one,  
Among the humble, weak and low  
Thy willing work hast done.

—Alofa

WHY SO MANY MEN DO NOT MARRY: If a man looks upon marriage as a divine command, he will be looking for a whole-souled woman to link her destiny with his, and if he is worthy of that kind of a woman he will be preparing to take care of her and her children. But if he is like a great many of the young men among us . . . who cannot keep out of debt on a steady salary of \$2.00 per day with no one but themselves to keep, a young lady would display a great deal of courage to join . . . with such a man, even if she should get the chance . . . How many of our young ladies today are working in factories, in stores, in schools, cleaning, washing, ironing . . . and in numerous ways earning their living, and bid fair from all appearance, to go to their graves unwed, while the young man with nearly always a salary double the size of theirs . . . cannot keep out of debt and afford to marry . . . —C.C.R.W.

RELIEF SOCIETY NOTE FROM IDAHO: I had the honor with Stake President Temperance Hinckley, to accompany Presidents Ricks and his counselors . . . on a tour around the south part of Bannock Stake. We held twenty meetings, traveled two hundred and eleven miles and home again in ten days. We had an enjoyable time, were met with welcome and good cheer . . . It seems to me that those who desire to live their religion can see the necessity of doing so more and more every day. I can testify to the fact that there is a united band of faithful sisters in the Bannock Stake Relief Society, willing to respond to every call made upon them.

—Mrs. M. S. Anderson



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**MISS DEON NIELSEN**, of San Francisco, California, a student at the Brigham Young University, won a \$1,000 "Achievement Award" upon her graduation from George Washington High School last year. The award was given to Miss Nielsen for her outstanding accomplishment as a pianist, her activities in home and community life, her leadership, and for a number of character and personality traits. Miss Nielsen is a teacher of piano and is active in Latter-day Saint Church activities.

**EVELYN WOOSTER VINER**, well-known Latter-day Saint writer, and a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years, died in Santa Cruz, California, June 22, 1952. Her poetry, sensitively written, portrayed the joy and beauty of home life and a perceptive appreciation of religion as it influences earth life and our attitudes toward eternal life.

**MARIANNE MOORE**, eminent poet who recently won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, has won much acclaim for her *Collected Poems*, published this year by the Macmillan Company. She is also winner of the Bolinger Prize for 1951 and the National Book Award for Poetry.

**IN** March 1952, Tillie Lewis Day was named Business Woman of the Year (1951) by a poll of women editors of Associated Press newspapers. She demonstrated that the pear-shaped pomodora tomato, previously grown only in Italy, and especially choice for canning, could be cultivated in the San Joaquin Valley in California, and she organized, in Stockton, Flotill Products, rated the largest independent cannery in the world, credited with doing a \$20,000,000 annual business.

**FRANCES C. YOST**, Bancroft, Idaho, won second place in the Magazine Fiction classification of the National Press Women's contest for 1951. This contest was confined to material published by presswomen of America during 1951, and Mrs. Yost's winning contribution was—we are proud to announce—"She Shall Have Music," printed in *The Relief Society Magazine* for March 1951.

**AURANIA ROUVEROL** ("Bob" or Aurania Ellerbeck of Salt Lake City) has written several stage and moving picture successes, including "Skidding," which created the Hardy Family, later of radio screen fame.





## *Vote in the November Election!*

“Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye should observe to uphold” (D. & C. 98:10).

**T**HIS commandment of the Lord enjoins every Latter-day Saint citizen of the United States both to seek out and uphold honest, good, and wise men in government. As with all other commandments of the gospel, the responsibility rests upon the individual who will be answerable for his actions or inaction in this regard.

The Relief Society general board, through the Relief Society publication, *The Relief Society Magazine*, takes this opportunity to call to the attention of all Latter-day Saint women who are United States citizens, the obligation for each woman to study the issues of the day, the characters and actions of those aspiring to office, and their views on the issues, and then make sure she is registered and votes on election day, November 4, 1952, in line with her findings.

Each woman may have guidance in her decisions. In the first place she knows that the Constitution of the United States was inspired of God and embodies principles which allowed the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to be established within its borders. She also knows that this was the only country wherein the Church could have been established. She may evaluate different principles, then, which are advocated as being good

in proportion to their agreement with the Constitution of the United States and the eternal principles of the gospel. She may also study the advice and warnings of General Authorities of the Church and follow their counsel. Probably vital declarations will be made at the forthcoming general Church conference in October by prophets of the Lord.

Latter-day Saint women have a long history in exercising the voting privilege. From the time that the gospel was restored, women members voted alongside the brethren on all matters submitted for vote to the general Church membership. In subsequent years whenever Church principles prevailed in government, women were given the franchise. Thus, a Latter-day Saint woman was the first woman in the United States to vote. During the turbulent years prior to 1920 while the women of the United States were seeking the vote, Latter-day Saint women were friends and loyal supporters of Susan B. Anthony and other women leaders of the United States whose efforts and struggles resulted in the adoption of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution in 1920, giving women of the United States the right to vote.

At that time and previously, fears were often expressed that if women

were given the vote, where they were in the majority they could vote all men out of office. Such a situation has never materialized and to Latter-day Saints it would seem a most regrettable condition should it ever come. To vote for a candidate because of the sex of an individual would not be following the admonition of the Lord who declares honesty, goodness, and wisdom as the necessary qualifications for office holders—not sex.

Every qualified Latter-day Saint woman should vote. The indifferent and neglectful citizen who does not vote might fall into the category spoken of by the Savior, "because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

For a number of years, Relief Society members have been given the opportunity, in their social science course, of studying courses on government; the 134th section of the Doctrine and Covenants "Declaration of Belief regarding Governments and Laws in general; and the progress of man toward freedom since the perfect government as given to Adam was lost by man. In addition to the information learned from these studies, it is possible, through modern inventions, not

only to hear prospective candidates discuss current problems, setting forth their own opinions, one may now also see them speaking. In such seeing and hearing, however, it is well to keep in mind that one is not judging the handsome face, the musical voice, nor even the pleasing personality, one is judging the honesty, goodness, and wisdom of the candidate.

This is a crucial period in the history of the United States. Latter-day Saints know the promises and warnings of the Lord to his people. They know he established the Constitution of this land. They know of the prophesied evils which will fall upon it if the cup of iniquity becomes full. They know that "when the wicked rule the people mourn." They know that the majority of the people get what they want in government.

Now is the time for every Latter-day Saint woman prayerfully and intelligently to seek righteousness of decision that when she votes in November she may obey the commandments of the Lord:

"Wherefore honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye should observe to uphold."

—M. C. S.

\* \* \* \*

## *Opportunity*

Grace Sayre

This magic key I made today  
I shall not need for yesterday,  
But lest I want or beg or borrow,  
I keep this key to use tomorrow.

— *Be Sure to Vote on November 4th!* —

# *Notes* TO THE FIELD

## *Annual General Relief Society Conference*

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 1 and 2, 1952. 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 ward should present to the president of the respective organizations 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.

# Adventure in Glass

## IV—Our Nineteenth Century Flint Glasshouses

*Alberta H. Christensen*

Member, General Board of Relief Society

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century only about nine of the American glasshouses established before 1800 were still in operation. These factories were located near large centers of population, otherwise they could not have survived. Quantities of fine glass were still being imported from England and Ireland, since wealthy Americans were apparently not ready to accept homemade tablewares. Moreover, the English manufacturers had subsidized American glassmakers in order to keep the glass market, so that flint glass manufacture in the Colonies was temporarily in abeyance and only bottles and window glass were being made around 1800.

The tariff of 1824 gave new impetus to the industry, for now American glassmakers could compete and even undersell the foreign products. This resulted in the birth of so many new glassmaking ventures that between 1820 and 1840 at least one hundred factories are known to have been in operation in the United States. The story of their struggles, success, and the nature of their products makes interesting reading, but in this brief resume we can consider only a few of those which operated over a long period of time, or in some way contributed a direct influence on the progress of American glassmaking.

### *Bakewell and Page*

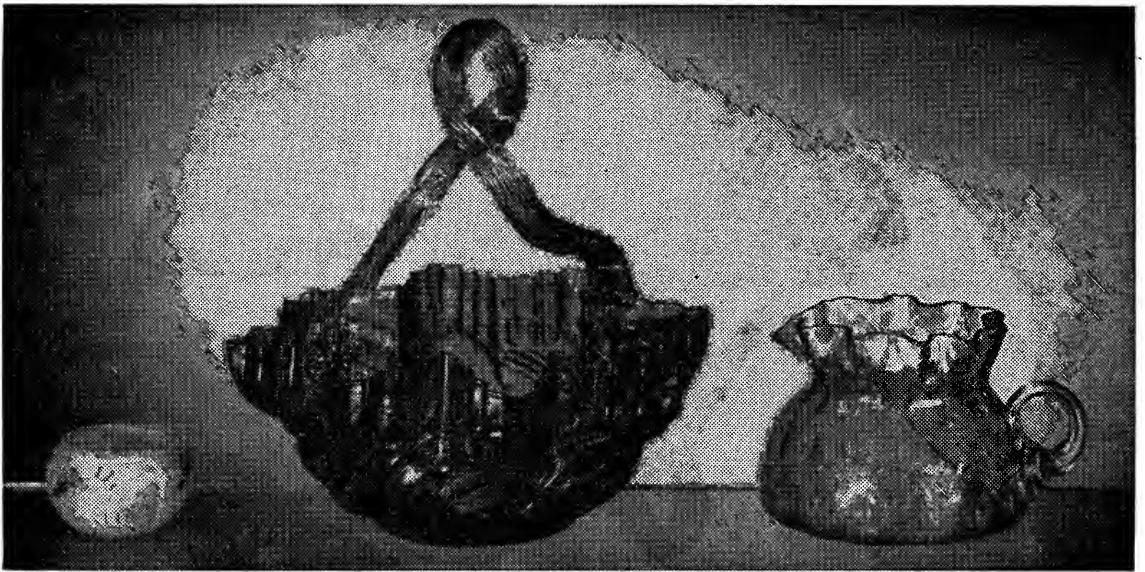
For the re-establishment of the flint-glass industry in the early nine-

teenth century we are indebted to two men of English descent who began construction of a glasshouse in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Lack of funds caused them to sell their uncompleted venture to Benjamin Bakewell and Benjamin Page, both from Derby, England. These men brought the factory to completion, and the firm eventually was known as Bakewell and Page. From the beginning, the Pittsburgh glasshouse was known for the quality and brilliance of its metal and its fine cutting. In fact, the Bakewell firm was probably the only one in 1819 producing cut and engraved tableware. The first crystal chandelier made in America is supposed to have come from the Bakewell factory. Cut glass of American manufacture was a novelty and attracted a great deal of interest throughout the country.

Many glasshouses were to be erected in the Pittsburgh area, but the Bakewell firm had the longest continuous existence of any of them, remaining in operation until 1882. Although a great deal of early American glass is recognized as coming from the Pittsburgh houses, it is not easy to attribute it to a definite maker. Much of it is not cut, but blown-molded in the method used by Stiegel, and appears in rich tones of blue or amethyst, and occasionally emerald green.

### *The New England Glass Company*

In 1818, the great New England



Courtesy O. M. Burch  
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

Amberina Art Glass (rich amber-to-ruby color) fluted bowl with twisted handle (center); left, small bowl; right, Pomona cream pitcher, made by the New England Glass Company, about 1885.

Glass Company, which was to become one of the largest manufacturers of glass in the world, was organized in East Cambridge, Massachusetts, and from the beginning it assumed and maintained a prominent position in our glass-making world. Its fine flint wares were cut and engraved, all kinds of household and tablewares being made. We read that throughout its long career this company produced glass which for quality and purity was not excelled by any other manufacturer in America, or for that matter in any country. William Libby and his son, Edward, became associated with the New England glass company and took over the business in 1880 at a time when striking colors were popular in glassware. Young Libby encouraged experimentation and as a result, new types of glass were "invented," the best known being *Amberina*, *Peachblow*, and *Pomona*. The most

popular was the *Amberina*, which was a rich ruby red, shading to pale amber, and produced by reheating parts of the object. The term *Peachblow* was suggested by a famous Chinese peachbloom vase, which brought a great price at auction in the early 1880's.

The ware produced by the New England Company ran from opaque white to deep rose. Although other glasshouses produced a similar product (but in different colors), the New England Company is usually credited with originating this particular glassware.

A later and far greater contribution of the Libby firm was a development in glassmaking technique. All glass had until 1900 been either hand-blown, molded, pressed, or made by a combination of these techniques, and by a few skilled workmen. Here, for the first time, was developed a wholly automatic glass-blowing machine, and it

resulted in tremendous progress toward more economic production of bottles, tumblers, and even stemware.

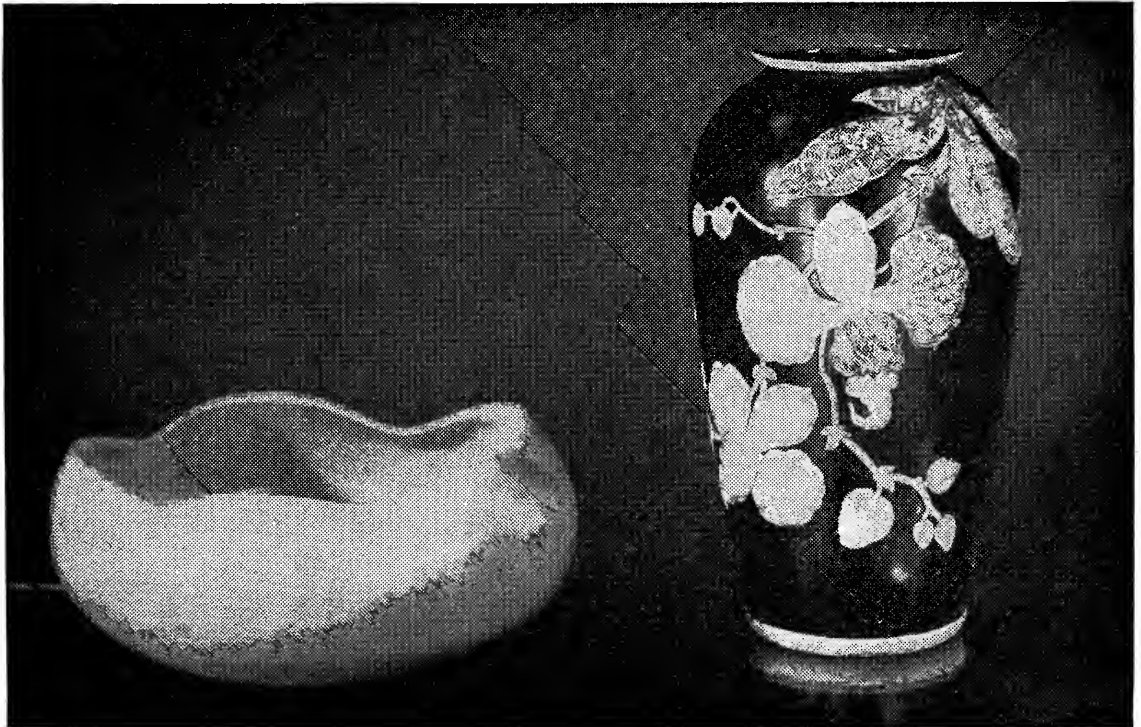
In the 1880's, after natural gas was discovered in northern Ohio, Edward Libby moved his plant to Toledo. With a rich background of glassmaking tradition, the Libby Company is still making glass of high quality, keeping pace with the tastes and needs of the American people. The trend toward more casual living has prompted the output of inexpensive tableware which retains the beauty of old New England glass but is moderate enough in price for almost any homemaker to own.

#### *Boston and Sandwich Glass*

More articles and books have been written and more human interest stories told about the Boston

and Sandwich Glass Company than about any other glass factory in the United States if not in the world. There has also been a good deal of misinformation circulated about this company and its founder who was its animating spirit for over thirty years.

Deming Jarves, descended from a Huguenot family, was the first manager of the New England Glass Company in Cambridge, but upon inheriting some wealth at the death of his father, he began a new glass venture at Sandwich, Massachusetts, which was incorporated in 1826 as the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company. His previous experience at Cambridge and his own inherent qualities of resourcefulness and business insight were demonstrated in the advantageous location he picked for his glassworks and in the men he selected to be associated



Courtesy O. M. Burch  
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

At left, Peachblow (white to deep rose) bowl, and, right, Cameo glass vase, made by the New England Glass Company.





Metropolitan Museum

### FLASK OF FILIGREE GLASS

Alternating White and Colored  
Ribbons

Nicholas Lutz, Boston and  
Sandwich Glass Company

with him. The little village of Sandwich, lying at the foot of Cape Cod, between Buzzard's Bay and Cape Cod Bay, was selected because of the abundance of timber for fuel. However, the agent sent by Jarves to arrange the land purchase was more than ambitious, for the company found itself owning twenty-two thousand acres of forest.

Jarves brought with him glassworkers from Boston. Some were imported from England, and, later, skilled laborers from Ireland, France, and Belgium were employed, including an expert mold maker. Jarves built houses for his workmen, helped them to furnish them on easy terms, and constructed a horse railroad to carry freight

from the harbor to the plant. In fact he was the central figure in the life of Sandwich, the town that "glass built." Considering the Old Colony railroad rates too high, Jarves threatened to build a steamer to carry his product to Boston. Laughing, one of the men replied that the acorn from which the oak would grow to provide lumber for the ship had not yet been planted.

"Wait and see," answered Jarves. He built the steamer, christened it the "Acorn," and it carried the glass freight to Boston. The acorn was a favorite motif for glass pressed at Sandwich.

Within the factory he encouraged his best men to experiment with mixtures and colors rewarding them for their success. He also communicated to his trusted men his



Metropolitan Museum

### CLEAR GLASS ENGRAVED VASE

American—early 19th Century



Courtesy O. M. Burch  
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

Fine Pressed (flint) Glass compote and pitcher, sharp diamond pattern, made by the New England Glass Company, 1865-70.

industrial ideals, his regard for fine workmanship, and his love for beautiful colors.

From the very beginning the Sandwich factory ranked with the New England Glass Company and the Bakewells of Pittsburgh in the quality of its output—these three being the most successful glass companies operating in the United States at that time.

The diversity of the glass produced at Sandwich is amazing, ranging all the way from thirty-eight pound punch bowls, to miniature children's playthings. There were dainty vases in every form and pattern, pressed tableware, lacy cup plates, lamps, and candlesticks, clear and ruby cut glass, enameled Bristol type mugs, heavy pressed celery vases that had little to rec-

ommend them, as well as blown pieces of great delicacy and beauty.

The Sandwich Company was at the height of its financial prosperity during the seventies and even survived the panic of 1873, but when Jarves resigned management of the company in 1858 the glass industry was merging into the mid-Victorian era of mass production. Factories were springing up like mushrooms throughout the Midwest. Cheaper transportation by river and nearness to coal fields gave them almost a monopoly of Western and Southern business.

Meanwhile, a formula for lime-glass, which was less expensive than the fine flint (lead) metal, had been discovered at the Hobbs Brockunier Glass Works in Virginia, and the Midwestern factories were using it

successfully. Labor strife also increased, and the Sandwich Company finally attempted to meet the competition by producing tableware sets of limeglass, along with its finer wares. Its illustrious career was brought to an end after sixty years of successful operation. Several attempts to reopen the Sandwich works were later made, but all were short-lived. One attempt was by William Swansey (1904), but this also was unsuccessful, and in 1907 its doors closed, never to open again.

Deming Jarves had no Boswell to preserve for future generations the details of his personal life and idealism, but recent lovers of the Sandwich ware have recovered enough facts regarding him and his adventure in the world of glass to give us much interesting reading. For sixty years the story of Sandwich success could be read in the clouds of smoke rising above the little town of Sandwich. Today, the story is read in the cabinets of collectors, in museums, and in the isolated pieces owned by lovers of beautiful glass.



## *To My Absent Neighbor*

Zera Wilde Earl

I passed by your old home this afternoon.  
 Its fields lay bare in late-fall somnolence;  
 A cloud of blackbirds rose, then settled on  
 That row of willows by your pasture fence.

Your vacant house looked wistful, peering through  
 The naked trees, as though it felt a lack.  
 Could it be wishing, as I often do,  
 That you were coming back?



*Be Sure to Register So You Can Vote In the November 4th Election!*

— *Be Sure to Vote on November 4th!* —

# A Time to Forget

## CHAPTER 3

*Fay Tarlock*

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, feels lonely and dispirited over the loss of her fiance, Jim Towers, who has been killed in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits a walnut farm in the San Vicente Valley. On her first visit to the property she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, who is staying with some laborers on the Landeau property, offers to help Serena with the farm work.

JEFF stretched his long legs and sat upright in the redwood chair. "Luis is a good man, one of those rare things, a truly good man. And reliable, why I'd trust him with anything." Then he turned in his seat, a little frown on his face. "I don't know just how to say this, I don't want to sound maudlin, but I believe that Luis is a man who has found God."

That's it, Serena thought. Luis was at peace with himself.

"Luis has seen dark times," Jeff cut into her thoughts with haste. "I'd want you to know that, but he has come out of them, how I'll never understand. You need have no fear of him." With that he was silent, his eyes closed. Serena felt that he had forgotten her and Luis.

Looking at him, something stirred inside Serena. She felt a quickening of her emotions she could not understand. She looked at Jeff again, still lost in his dark thoughts. There was something about him that reminded her of Jim. Something in the way he

moved, the tone of his voice, and his concern about Luis.

Her thoughts came back to Luis. "I still don't know . . ."

As if he could read her thoughts, Jeff opened his eyes. "What Luis needs most of all is a decent place to live. He has friends. He goes to Church. He's a Mormon, you know. But he has no house. If you could give him his food and a few dollars a month, he'd be content. I'll give him extra work from time to time." He sat on the edge of the chair, waiting for her decision.

"I will try to make some arrangements."

"I have the arrangements so clear in my mind, that I forgot you haven't had time to become acquainted out here," Jeff explained as he stood up. "There's a good enough bed in my barn, all wrapped in canvas. Luis could sleep there in summer. When it gets cold he can move into my basement." He started to move away. "Think it over if you want, but to Luis having a home will be a gift straight from heaven."

Serena jumped to her feet. "I don't have to think it over," she cried, happily excited. "Does he want to start work tomorrow?"

Luis bounded out of the car, tears streaming down his brown, wrinkled face. "God bless you, Mees," he said and bowed. Then he hurried towards the barn,

"Well that's all settled," Jeff Landeau said and he and Luis drove away. Serena watched the car disappear into the twilight of the lane. She had a home, a walnut farm, and a hired man.

ON Monday when she asked for an early vacation, Mr. Green said, "Hold on now. You've already been out there four days. You wait until harvest time. You'll want time off then, and on a farm there'll be emergencies coming up every week or so. You'll want a lot of time off. Better save for it." He turned to his work, grumbling something about needing her now more than ever.

Serena saw the wisdom of his advice and promised to wait.

"When you have an extra load of typing, you can stay out there and do it. That will save commuting." He looked at her as if he thought she might be getting a little weak-minded. Like Jeff Landeau and Mr. Howarth, he thought she should sell the farm.

Serena stayed in town until Friday. Joan Givens, a girl in an adjoining office, offered to take the apartment lease. With that settled, she bought summer cottons for Meadtown and some gay material to cover the somber chairs on the screened porch, along with some new plastic ruffles to enliven the kitchen windows.

Early Friday evening she was ready to leave. Albert, the office boy, had borrowed a pickup from a neighbor who was a house painter. He carried her belongings, radio, pictures, lamps, books, to the paint-stained pickup, and they were off to the San Vincente Valley.

The warm weather was over. Fog hung over the hills on the western rim of the valley, but the stars were bright overhead. Luis had cut the lawns, and the earth was fresh and sweet. Albert, big-eyed and open-mouthed in wonder, stayed for a late supper. There were radishes and sweet, tender peas, along with lettuce barely old enough to be eaten. Luis served, his eyes happy above his white apron. Tomorrow, friends were coming.

Serena fell into the commuter's rhythm. She was up with the sun to find Luis had already arrived, and was squeezing her orange juice and cooking a dish of cereal. She drove to the bus station at Valley Oaks, leaving her car in a parking lot to be retrieved when she came home in the dusk.

After dinner she would sometimes sit in the kitchen awhile with Luis, teaching him English and learning Spanish herself, glad for his sweet face and bright old smile. In the last light of day she walked across the lawns and on the brick paths, telling Luis, before he left for the Landeau place, what was to be done on the morrow.

**A**LMOST before her eyes the walnut trees came into full leaf, drawing a green curtain between her and the other world. Even the white clapboards of the Landeau place were hidden. She caught no more glimpses of Jeff, moving about his yard, and Mrs. Landeau's trim figure was no more than a shadow against a green curtain. David was out of school, but his play hours were over before she arrived home.

Serena had city friends out almost every week-end. After Miss Wy-



att's first visit, that lady bought herself a new office dress and quit screaming at people. The friends helped with the weeding and watering, and Luis made them the savory, hot dishes of his homeland. Once a week he went into town for a Church meeting, and came home laden with tamales and tortillas. Bread, he said, did not satisfy the hunger.

Often at night Serena was so tired she fell asleep the moment her head reached the pillow. When loneliness came upon her she worked in the vegetable garden or brought greens to the chickens. There was little time for introspection, and at times, in spite of the dread headlines, she knew a kind of peace for the first time in years.

She was wise enough to know that she should find some friends in the community—participate in life and not always be an observer. But she was not quite ready for the plunge. It was Mrs. Hale who forced her decision. There was to be some kind of a community potluck supper, and she insisted Serena go with them. It was on a Friday night, and Serena took a cake. The supper was on the high-school lawn. Serena watched the people come, two by two. Except for one frail old lady of more than eighty years, Serena was the only other single person and, try as she might, she was aloof and lonely. In the city it was easier, girls could go about together, or one could go alone. But it was not participating. She almost envied Luis the companionship and sense of belonging which he found in his Church.

Most of the people on her side of the valley had lived there for

generations, since the gold-rush days. Just to look at the big white houses set back from the highway among the walnut trees gave Serena a feeling of permanence. She could wait to know those people, for they would be there for many tomorrows.

There was one exception. Mrs. Landeau should have paid her the courtesy of a call, if only for the sake of business.

ONE Saturday morning Serena was alone. No one was coming out from town, and Luis had gone to do the marketing. She was watering the lawns so that the well could recover for the evening work. Just as she was turning the last valve, she saw the long-awaited Landeau car come down the drive. Only the father and son were in the seat, however.

"Good morning," Jeff Landeau spoke impersonally, as to a stranger. "I've come to take a look at the trees. Have you seen any aphids?"

"Should I?" Serena asked brightly, going to meet him. She would not know an aphid if she saw one.

"You should, if there are any to see." Ignoring her light tone, he walked straight to the trees on the side lawn, examining one leaf after another. She followed, peering at the leaves as he held them in his hand. From the surface of a leaf he flicked off a tiny speck. "When you get more than ten to a leaf, it's time to do something." He walked to another tree.

David walked with him, trying to match his father's long stride. Serena followed behind, the hard pellets of dirt bruising her sandaled



feet when they walked into the orchard.

Turning suddenly, Jeff said, "You need some sensible shoes." He walked on.

She didn't like his tone. "These are cool and light. I like them." She ignored the pain and followed him from tree to tree.

"Do they need dusting?" she asked anxiously.

"Not yet," he said. "We're lucky this year with the ladybug invasion. But if the cool weather continues, you'll have to watch."

For him the conversation was closed. He got into his car and called David, who was watching a blue jay dip its beak into the wet grass.

Serena was not satisfied. "How do you spray?" She really wished to know the process. This man should remember she was a novice.

He waited until David was beside him. "We use nicotine dust," he said, and managed the turn in the driveway.

Of all the disagreeable men! Why did he dislike her so much? And he was always repeating the pattern, ending the conversation abruptly and driving away. She ought to get someone else to care for the orchard. There were a number of other men who would be glad to do it. Yet as a newcomer to the valley, she should be careful. To change might give her a reputation of instability.

In the house she felt restless, even sad. Luis had cleaned the house thoroughly yesterday. She looked at Jim's picture over the living-room desk and went quickly outside. The longing for him was

becoming only the memory of a longing, but a persistent memory.

SHE decided to visit Mrs. Hale. She went in and changed to a fresh blue-print dress and put on a pair of heavy hose to protect her feet, for she would be walking.

Mrs. Hale, resting on her front porch, welcomed her warmly, "I was thinking of you this very minute and telling myself I had to get down to see you today." She got slowly to her feet and pulled out an easy chair for Serena. "Now tell me what you've been doing. Have you been lonely?"

"I've just been keeping busy," Serena countered, relaxing in the deep chair and enjoying her neighbor's gay border of purple and cerise petunias. "This morning I was alone, and it seemed a good time to visit you. You know," she smiled at Mrs. Hale as she said it, "you and Mr. Landeau are the only neighbors I know. He's been over several times to see about the orchard, but Mrs. Landeau has never called. It would be easier to do business if she did."

"What Mrs. Landeau?" asked Mrs. Hale testily, her nostrils dilating.

"Mr. Landeau's wife, of course, David's mother." Serena's voice showed her surprise at the question. She wondered if Mrs. Hale had not been listening.

That lady gave a short, knowing laugh. "Don't you know," she asked, leaning towards Serena and lowering her voice confidentially, "that there is no Mrs. Landeau? Beth Landeau died better than five years ago, and Jeff hasn't looked at an-

other woman since." She sighed, enjoying his fidelity. Then with narrowed eyes she looked at Serena.

"I didn't know," faltered Serena, trying to adjust her thoughts. "I just thought there was a Mrs. Landeau. I've seen a woman moving about the yard. I thought she was his wife."

Mrs. Hale chuckled, the superior chuckle of a woman who knows. "That will please Delia. Delia," she said, in answer to the question in Serena's eyes, "is Beth's cousin, and she'll never see sixty again."

"I saw her through the trees, and she has a slender figure," Serena spoke in justification.

"Yes, Delia prides herself on her figure, and her hair doesn't show much gray." She laughed heartily, and Serena knew the lady was already planning how to tell the story.

"You'll just have to forgive me," Mrs. Hale apologized, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes. "I took it for granted Harriet had told you about the people here."

"They seldom talked of anyone. I met you only because you brought the cake over on Harriet's birthday, remember?"

Mrs. Hale remembered with a nod. "I'll have to tell you about it." She moved her chair closer, settling down for a long, enjoyable tale. "Beth was Beth Henley. At one time her father owned most of the land in this part of the valley. We bought our place from him, and so did all the people from here on into town. Even your place is part of the old Henley farm. Did you know that?"

NOT waiting, Mrs. Hale went on. "And Beth was the only child." She looked at Serena impressively. "She inherited everything her parents had and she inherited almost everything on her mother's side, too. Her inheritance there ran into six figures."

Serena's eyes were wide. She had no idea the story would be so interesting. "Yes, just two years before Beth died, she came into the full inheritance. But this is the part you must hear." Mrs. Hale was almost whispering. "When Jeff Landeau married her, he didn't have a penny except his salary as a high school teacher. He was the high school athletic coach here and taught Spanish, and Meadtown didn't amount to much then, just a little farming village."

"Mr. Landeau wasn't a valley man then?"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Hale's tone implied that this was not in Jeff's favor. "He came from somewhere in the southern part of the State, on the coast, I believe. He was courting Beth the year we came here. Everyone in the valley was watching. We all wondered which one she would take."

"She could have her choice?" Serena asked the question judiciously.

"Choice!" Mrs. Hale might as well have said, Ha! "She could have had her pick of anyone, even if she hadn't had a cent. She was a pretty girl, slender, and about your height, and smart as a whip. Jeff Landeau did well for himself in every way when he married Beth."

Serena felt a tug of sympathy for Jeff Landeau. No wonder he was so grave now.

"It was real love, all right," Mrs. Hale prattled on. "Beth was as crazy about him as he was about her, and they were both crazy about the farm. The old people were alive when they first married, and when he wasn't working in the orchard he was pumping them about walnut raising. He read every bulletin there was and went to every farm demonstration. He's a real farmer now, and a good one." Mrs. Hale settled back, her hands folded across her ample lap.

"**T**HEN he did all right with the Henley fortune?" Serena wanted to hear more.

"Indeed he did," chortled Mrs. Hale. "But the old-timers in the valley, the ones whose fathers and grandfathers got the land first, have never been able to forgive him for inheriting his land. They wanted Beth to marry a valley boy, but it was none of their business. If he lives to be a hundred, Jeff Landeau will still be the man who got his farm by marriage."

"Thanks for telling me." Then, as if to herself, she added, "He looks like a gentleman, and I feel he is one, but every time I meet him he is almost rude to me."

Mrs. Hale's eyes narrowed again. She leaned forward, placing a plump hand on Serena's slender one. "I wasn't going to tell you this, my dear, but you mustn't blame Jeff too much. You see, when you inherited George and Harriet's farm, you were young and unmarried, and the farmers have been ribbing Jeff about his new neighbor." She looked at Serena out of the corner of her eye.

Astonishment was Serena's first reaction. Her soft brown eyes opened wide, then her cheeks flushed in anger. She jumped from her chair, so indignant that she was trembling. "I'm glad I understand," she said, trying to control herself. "But I wish someone would tell Jeff Landeau that he has nothing to fear from me." She bit off each word, as if Jeff Landeau could feel the sharp impact. "I'm one of the few females of marriageable age who isn't interested in Jeff Landeau or any other man." She felt tears coming and turned her head.

Rising, Mrs. Hale patted her gently on the shoulder. "I know, my dear. Harriet told me about you once. I know you're not interested in marrying, though you should be." She pressed Serena's hand in a final gesture. "You should forget and marry some good man."

Serena did not answer. She wanted to get away.

"Jeff's a fine man," Mrs. Hale continued, "a fine man and he needs a mother for David. Delia's good to him, but it's not right to have a boy raised by a spinster past sixty." She looked shrewdly at Serena. "He's a fine catch if a girl knew how to get him."

Serena had herself in hand. She smiled. "Thanks for telling me, Mrs. Hale. I won't mind his rudeness now."

She walked down the lane under the green shade. She felt a kind of wry kinship with Jeff Landeau. They were two souls dedicated to the past.

*(To be continued)*

# Heritage of a Day

Marjorie Linthurst

**I**N the small breakfast room Elizabeth Baxter clutched her husband's hand tightly. It was midnight, and she wasn't able to sleep for thinking of Peter.

"If only they weren't so sure," she said again to Rush, "if only they could say a year or six years . . . or at least that he'd live for six months!"

She did not dare to let herself think about less than six months time. Peter was so filled with joy and love of life that Elizabeth winced at the thought of a defective heart the doctors had said might stop anytime.

"You'd want them to be honest," Rush said now, "you said if you knew, you could prepare yourself."

It's hard, she thought, her fingers taut on the glass of warm milk, it's so hard to tell him he can't run or jump, and it's hard for the little fellow not to play with other children.

She watched Rush clear off the dishes and put them on the sink, thinking how wonderful he was, so big and quiet. Then, there was another stab as she thought how much Pete looked like him, the butter-yellow hair and the brown eyes and olive skin. She buried her face in her hands.

"Come on, honey." Rush laid a tender hand on her bowed head. "Isn't that new neighbor, Mrs. Ayres, moving in tomorrow, and didn't you promise to help her? You're going to be in no fit condition to do anything." He paused and his next words came out heav-

ily, "Even to take care of Pete."

A feeling of shame flooded over her, and quickly she dried her eyes. "Of course, darling, let's go back to bed." She smiled at him, trying to be as young and gay as she had been before she learned the doctor's diagnosis—twenty-five, with a lovely little cottage of their own and a wonderful husband . . . and child. "I'll . . . I'll sleep now, I'm sure."

But she did not sleep much, only in fits and starts, as she'd done since that terrible night after the last heart specialist told them there was nothing they could do for Peter.

She rose early the next morning and peeked in quietly at Peter as she'd done so many times during the night. Horrible, to be checking his breathing, but she did just that, standing at his door, counting one, two, one, two.

After a few minutes she went into the kitchen, already warm with the fresh, new heat that meant they'd have another hot summer day. Rush helped Peter with buttons and shoe laces, and presently they both came out, looking fresh and vigorous. Elizabeth peeked at herself in the little mirror over the sink. She'd combed her smooth, dark hair, but she was pale, and there was a tautness around her mouth that she couldn't remember seeing before.

She hugged Peter with the new hunger that already looked ahead to emptiness, and then quickly set the cereal and eggs and orange juice

on the table. Peter ate a lot, but then he was well . . . .

"They're getting at it early, I see," remarked Rush, looking out to the house next door, "Jumping Joshua, how many children do they have?"

ELIZABETH was refilling Peter's glass with milk. "Five, I think, five or six," she answered carelessly, "they're adopted, I guess, or foster children without adoption."

"Can I play with them, Mommy?"

"She looks cheerful," commented Rush quickly, his eyes following the slim young woman's movements as she lugged a roll of bedding into the house.

Elizabeth was concerned that she was feeling angry. She looked at Rush resentfully and bit back bitter words. Of course, the woman was cheerful, any woman with a home and children not doomed to death, could be cheerful. Abruptly she shoved back her chair.

"I wanna play, Mommy." Peter looked up at her, his brown eyes confident.

"Peter, you'll be all right out in the back, honey," she told him, but she knew he wanted to be with other children.

When she kissed Rush goodbye at the door, he asked slowly, "You couldn't take him over, I suppose? He'd be so happy!"

She shook her head. "I'd better watch him through the fence. One of the other children might push him." She looked up at Rush with great fear in her eyes.

Care, care, she thought, her mind leaping ahead to what *might* happen.

So, after Rush had gone, she took Peter to his little fenced playground in their back yard and then went next door to see what she could do for the Ayres family.

"My name's Harriet," the woman said when they'd talked a bit over a brace of kitchen chairs, "call me that. Heavens, even some of the children do!" She was moving about the kitchen as she spoke, putting the electric toaster on the shelf, unpacking dishes.

"They aren't your own, you said?" Elizabeth's own hands became busy with the unwrapping of cups and saucers, while Mr. Ayres brought in more things, tagged by the older children carrying their own little loads.

"No." Harriet paused. "I can't have any of my own." The sunlight struck her warm brown eyes and pink cheeks. *Cheerful*, Rush had said. Yes, she was a happy woman. "This is a foster home, they call it. The children stay here . . ." She paused, and then, turning her face to Elizabeth's intent blue eyes, quite simply finished the sentence, "as long as they need me."

"Now, honey, where does this go?" asked Mr. Ayres from the doorway.

"Oh, don't tell me you lugged that way around here!" Harriet's laughter filled the kitchen like a blossom. "Johnny, that goes on the front porch!"

Harriet's husband turned to Elizabeth, his eyes full of mock sorrow. "You see, now she tells me!"

Elizabeth laughed in spite of herself, and the release it gave her made her sigh.

HARRIET was looking out of the window, not paying much attention to Johnny. "Butch has gone over to play with your little boy, Mrs. Elizabeth. Well, that's good," she continued contentedly, "they're about the same age, and I'll have Butch for about a year."

Elizabeth started. "No!" she said sharply, "no, he musn't go over there!"

Harriet turned a surprised face toward her, "Why . . . ?" But already Elizabeth was out of the back door and halfway to the fence, calling to Butch as she ran.

"Oh, little boy, come back here! Do come back!"

Butch came slowly back to his own yard, and Elizabeth, seeing Peter standing rosy and sturdy by his sandbox, felt a great relief.

She bit her mouth, placing a shaking hand upon Butch's shoulder. "It's . . . it's all right," she said, trying to speak calmly; "only . . . only Peter can't . . . well, he can't play with you . . . ."

She turned miserable eyes to meet Harriet's, sensing, rather than seeing that the other woman had followed her.

Harriet's fingers, firm upon Butch's little shoulder, urged him toward the house. "Daddy needs you to help him," she said quietly, then as he scooted across the yard, she turned back to Elizabeth. "If you want to tell me . . . ."

"Of course." Elizabeth felt her fingers tighten upon the hard wire of the fence. "It's . . . it's Peter's heart . . ." Her voice lowered to a whisper. "Any day . . . ."

Harriet's own voice was warm and sympathetic. "I'm so sorry."

She laid her hand upon Elizabeth's taut arm. "You must not leave him, even for such a short time and distance. Johnny and I will manage beautifully. I'll be over soon, but call me if there's anything you need me for."

Returning to her own back yard, Elizabeth felt a surge of warmth. How strong and comforting this woman was! Of course, though, she was not going to lose a son.

ELIZABETH was rather surprised to see Harriet coming through the gate about ten the next morning. She hadn't thought she'd see her neighbor so soon, not until the family got settled, at least.

"Well, hello," she said, coming to the door.

Peter was in his room building blocks, as it was a foggy morning. Instinctively, Elizabeth glanced in at him, her eyes checking the movements of his little body, one, two, one, two.

Harriet came in.

"Sit down," Elizabeth said cordially, and it was then, when the other woman didn't speak nor raise her eyes, that Elizabeth knew something was wrong. They sat at the kitchen table, facing each other for a full minute before Harriet spoke.

"Butch is leaving."

"Going where?"

Elizabeth looked at Harriet stupidly.

Harriet's mouth tightened, her finger tracing a design on the table. "A relative is going to take him at once." She looked into space.

Pity swept over Elizabeth. She loves Butch, she thought.

"Didn't you know he'd have to go sometime?"



Harriet gave her a strange, sharp glance. "Of course, they *all* go sometime," she said.

She sniffed and rose. "Heavens, I didn't mean to weep on your shoulders, but Johnny, well, he misses the children, too, when they go, they're each so precious. I hate to add to his grief by showing my feelings."

Elizabeth felt a stab. Rush had been so unhappy. Of course, Harriet was right. One should try to hide one's feelings, even though a cruel picture lay ahead.

She got to her feet. "Is Butch going today?"

"Tomorrow." Harriet turned at the door. "How's Peter?"

Elizabeth's hand tightened anxiously on the edge of the door. "He's fine," she said, and then, reluctantly, "he's lonely . . . . I know he needs other children."

Harriet hesitated. "I'm giving a farewell . . . oh, a kind of party for Butch this afternoon. Couldn't . . . wouldn't you like to bring Peter over?"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Elizabeth at once, "he might get over excited or . . . ." She broke off, the scene as she'd been imagining it during the past two weeks flashing in front of her eyes. "I couldn't" she repeated, "thanks."

**H**ARRIET left, and Elizabeth thought, how calm she's become. She accepts what's given her so easily.

"No, *not* easily," she retracted aloud. Her voice sounded strange to her own ears.

Turning, she saw that Peter had come quietly into the room.

"Will they have ice cream, Mommy?" he asked.

"We'll have it, too," Elizabeth said quickly, dismayed that he'd heard, "we'll have our own party, honey, right here in the kitchen." Yes, that was best, not to let him out in the yard. He'd see the other children playing games at the party.

"I wanna go!" Peter came close to where she was standing, and she saw the tears in his eyes. "I don't wanna be by myself!"

Elizabeth looked at him silently. I'll be with you, she wanted to say, but she knew that wasn't enough.

Suddenly her fears rushed into a great feeling of thanksgiving, and she murmured wonderingly, "He is mine eternally. I'll have him forever, after a short separation."

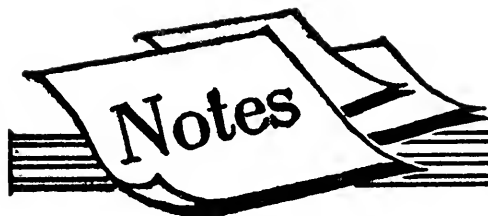
"Please, Mommy." Peter pressed closely to her, and she put a hand on his head.

"Darling . . . ." The sound came from her heart. From the breakfast room window she could see Harriet with Butch, kneeling in front of him, wiping his face. What was it she had said? They all have to go sometime.

We must be grateful for each day, she thought, and no one is sure of another.

She knelt suddenly to Peter, tears coming to her eyes. "Darling, we'll go to the party," she said.

Then, all at once, the day came to her as being fresher and warmer. The fears in the future faded. There was only the thought that this was a wonderful day and Peter was going to laugh at the party and be happy.



# From The Field

*General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering*

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 Nina J. Langford

### SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH) PAST AND PRESENT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS HONORED AT SOCIAL AND LUNCHEON, February 15, 1952

Front row, left to right: Nina J. Langford, Secretary-Treasurer; Loretta S. Cramer, former Magazine agent, now First Counselor; Dessa L. Richins, former second counselor; Reka V. Parker, immediate past president; Olive W. Cory, first stake president; Erma V. Jacobs, present President; Hilda T. Halverson, former visiting teacher, now Second Counselor.

Back row, left to right: Zella S. Crockett, visiting teacher leader; Lea L. Johnston, social science leader; Mabel E. Draper, chorister; Helen B. Hansen, work meeting leader; Bertha W. Miller, literature leader; Mattie G. Ray, theology leader.

Vera P. Pettit, organist, was absent when this photograph was taken.

Approximately 275 Relief Society members attended the social and luncheon.



Photograph submitted by Maria W. Whitaker

**MILLARD STAKE (UTAH), HOLDEN WARD VISITING TEACHERS  
ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS**

Front row, left to right: Geneva Jones; Geniel Stevens; Delores Jones; Elza Nixon; Clara Crosland; Leda Wood; Jean Hofhines; Lola Stevens; Marjorie Stevens.

Second row, left to right: Lena Bennett; Elmeda Turner; Fay Wood; Josephine Stephenson; Ada Bennett; Emily Johnson; Margaret Jackson; Clara Lyman; Hattie Bennett.

Back row, left to right: Henrietta Hunter; Ellen Stevens; Vera Nixon; Algie Stephenson; Nettie Hunter; Lula McKee; LaNola Johnson; Lula Dobson; Betty Stanley.

Hazel Harmon served as president of the Holden Ward Relief Society from September 1948 to January 1952, and Hattie Stephenson is the new president.

Faymetta S. Prows is president of Millard Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Zetella W. Thurman

**EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH), EVERGREEN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY  
BAZAAR, May 9, 1952**

Left to right: Mignon Cummings, First Counselor; Emma Wheat, President; Henrietta Olson, Second Counselor; Agnes Murdock, work meeting director.

This beautifully arranged bazaar included many crocheted and hand-embroidered articles, twenty quilts, and a varied display of aprons. Children's clothing, women's dresses, fancy dressed dolls, and plants and shrubs added to the variety of items offered for sale.

Zetella W. Thurman is president of East Mill Creek Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Bernice S. Anderson

EAST RIVERSIDE STAKE (UTAH), TWENTY-EIGHTH WARD GOLDEN  
ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL HONORS FORMER OFFICERS AND  
ELDERLY SISTERS, February 9, 1952

Seated, left to right: Erma L. Haslam, President 1940-44; Angelina K. Brooks, President 1916-1933; Susan W. Schindler, present President.

Inset: Mary A. K. Karren, President 1933-1940, now living in California.

Standing, at the back: Bishop Lester J. Lees.

Emma Ridd, now deceased, was the first president of the Twenty-Eighth Ward Relief Society, serving from 1902 to 1916.

Bernice S. Anderson is president of East Riverside Stake Relief Society.



## *Magic in Making Jelly*

Norma Morris

September's lovely hues,  
Reds, golds, and grape-blues—  
From garden and hillsides steep  
Are garnered for keeps  
By some art of magic bent  
To retain a nostalgic scent  
And bring to friends who care  
A bit of cheer for winter's fare.



S E L E C T E D   D A T A

## annual report—1951

**T**HE record of service and achievement of Relief Society for 1951, its 109th year, is illustrated on the following pages. The report shows steady growth in practically all aspects of the program in the 188 stakes and 42 missions reporting. The reports were carefully prepared—in the stakes, 50 were perfect and 128 required only minor corrections; in the missions, 5 were perfect and 28 required only minor corrections. The narrative sections reflected the enthusiasm of the workers as well as increasing interest in many special activities, including Singing Mothers choruses, which are gaining in number throughout the Church and are increasingly active.

The membership of 132,451 shows a commendable increase of 5,901 over 1950. The growth in membership did not, however, increase proportionately with the growth in Latter-day Saint families. Since the goal is to enroll every Latter-day Saint woman (it being assumed there is a woman eligible for membership in every family), there is great need for both stakes and missions to intensify their efforts to increase membership. During the year 60% of the members received development in leadership through engaging in leadership activities, a gain of 3% over 1950.

The average attendance at regular meetings throughout the Church increased slightly (34.37% in 1951, 34.01% in 1950). Theology and testimony meetings continued to have the largest attendance, followed by social science, work meeting, and literature.

Visiting teacher meetings increased 1551 over 1950, with an average attendance of 47%, a decrease of 2.38% from 1950, showing a need to strengthen attendance at these meetings in both stakes and missions.

The gratifying increase of 145,141 visits to families, with 5,584 more visiting teachers in 1,531 more districts, brought the average number of visits to families to 7.59 in 1951, a slight increase over 1950, indicating steady advancement toward the goal of 12 visits annually to each Latter-day Saint family.

Compassionate service continued to expand as indicated by 11,200 more visits to the sick and homebound over the previous year and in assistance given at time of death. The narrative sections of the stake and mission reports indicate a growing solicitude for the aged, infirm, and homebound through many helpful and kindly acts, showing that compassionate service has spiritual significance to our membership because it symbolizes love and consideration for our fellowmen—one of the main objectives of our organization. In the present state of uneasiness that possesses the world in general, many members, as an outgrowth of their work in the society, have found great satisfaction and comfort in mitigating human suffering by rendering compassionate service on a personal basis, thus carrying out the grand key words of the society as spoken by Jesus, "Ye shall do the work which ye see me do."

The general board is deeply grateful to the officers and members of the society for the steady progress made in the various aspects of the program during 1951. With their continued loyalty and support, we shall go forward to bring the benefits and blessings of Relief Society to ever-increasing numbers of women throughout the world.

*Margaret C. Pickering*

General Secretary-Treasurer

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Illustrated by Dorothy Platt Handley

# Membership

5,901 MORE R. S. MEMBERS OR... 132,451!



## IN STAKES

1,275 more L. D. S. Families  
or a total of 225,184

5,366 more R. S. Members....  
or a total of 106,758 or **47%**  
Of Potential Membership



## IN MISSIONS

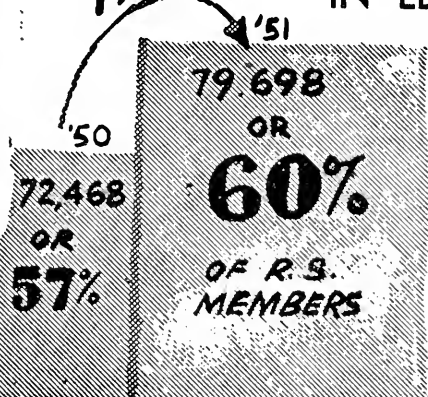
5,954 more L. D. S. Families  
or a total of 45,539

535 more R. S. Members....  
or a total of 25,693 or  
**56%**  
Of Potential Membership



*A real story of Activity!*

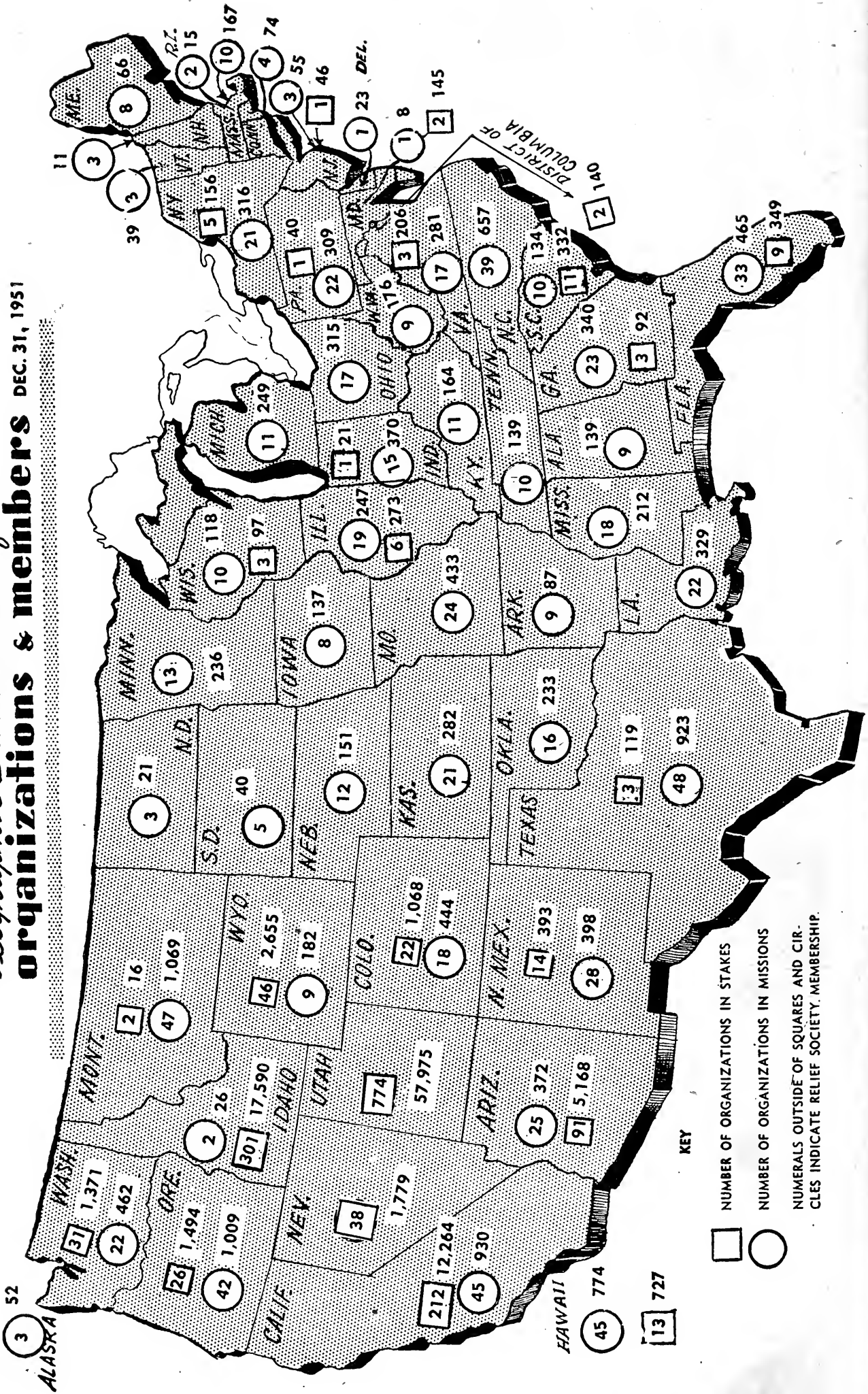
7,230 MORE WOMEN PARTICIPATED  
IN LEADERSHIP ACTIVITIES



1950	1951	
24	24	General Officers
2,091	2,190	Stake Officers
488	420	Mission Officers
11,189	11,839	Local Executive Officers
5,033	5,448	Other Officers
10,018	10,568	Class Leaders
43,625	49,209	Visiting Teachers



*Geographic Distribution of*  
**organizations & members** DEC. 31, 1951



**KEY**

□ NUMBER OF ORGANIZATIONS IN STAKES

○ NUMBER OF ORGANIZATIONS IN MISSIONS

NUMERALS OUTSIDE OF SQUARES AND CIRCLES INDICATE RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP.

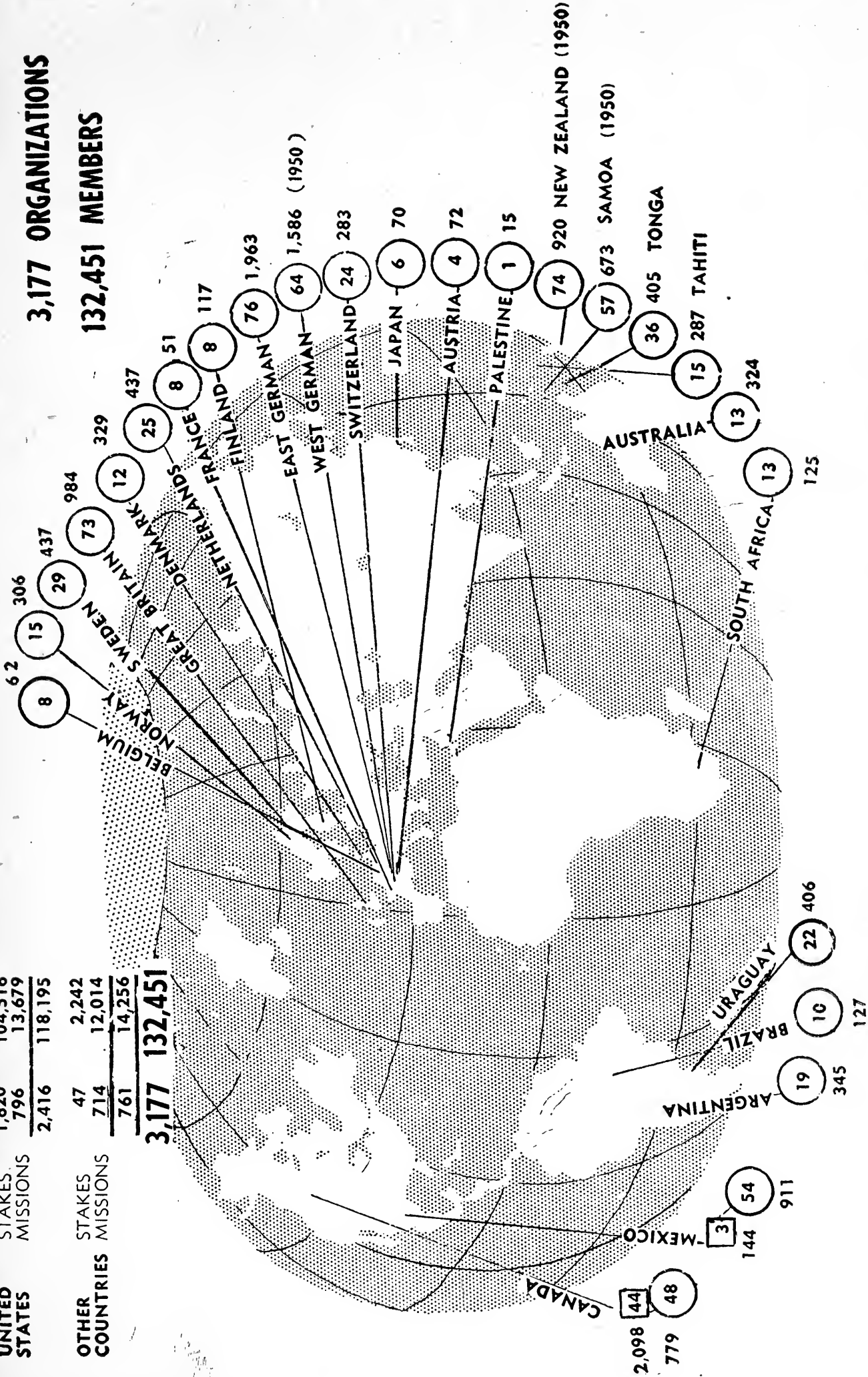
DEC. 31, 1951

# 3,177 ORGANIZATIONS

## 132,451 MEMBERS

UNITED STATES	ORGANIZATIONS	MEMBERS
STAKES	1,620	104,516
MISSIONS	796	13,679
	<b>2,416</b>	<b>118,195</b>

OTHER COUNTRIES	STAKES	MISSIONS
	47	2,242
	714	12,014
	761	14,256
	<b>3,177</b>	<b>132,451</b>



# Meetings and Attendance

137,069 TOTAL MEETINGS HELD



## 15,164 Visiting Teachers' Meetings

IN STAKES

12,609 MEETINGS HELD  
47% AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

IN MISSIONS

2,555 MEETINGS HELD  
43% AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

## 95,491 Regular Meetings

IN STAKES

IN MISSIONS

THEOLOGY	12,880	10,540
WORK	17,674	13,610
LITERATURE	12,423	9,075
SOCIAL SCIENCE	11,123	8,166
	<u>54,100</u>	<u>41,391</u>

34,458 AV. ATTENDANCE  
OR 32%

11,066 AV. ATTENDANCE  
OR 43%

## 26,414 All Other Meetings

IN STAKES  
15,045

IN MISSIONS  
11,369



# Visiting Teaching Service

2,055,803

TOTAL VISITS

or an average  
of 7.59 visits  
to each family

AT HOME .. 1,387,914

NOT HOME .. 667,889

2,055,803

OR

145,141 MORE VISITS

5,584 more  
Visiting Teachers  
or a total of 49,209

1,531 more  
Districts or  
a total of 26,823





# Educational Meetings

45,524 ... OR 34% TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE



## TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

IN STAKES

IN MISSIONS

*Theology*  
50,110



38,672  
OR  
**36%**

11,438  
OR  
**44.5%**

*Work*  
43,741

32,982  
OR  
**30.8%**

10,759  
OR  
**41.8%**

*Literature*  
43,110

32,330  
OR  
**30%**

10,780  
OR  
**41.9%**

*Social Science*  
44,824

33,848  
OR  
**31.7%**

10,976  
OR  
**42.7%**

# Compassionate Service



11,200 more  
Visits to Sick and  
Homebound or a  
total of 193,558

21,636 Days  
Care of the  
Sick...

4 DAYS LESS THAN  
IN 1950

( 8 1/2 HOURS = 1 DAY )



	1950	1951
Number of Funerals at Which R. S. Assisted	5,449	5,952
Dressing Only For Burial	619	649



# *Sewing Service*

178,441 ARTICLES



QUILTS . . . . .	14,153
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING..	19,132
WOMEN'S CLOTHING...	23,441
MEN'S CLOTHING...	2,391
HOME FURNISHINGS....	38,444
MISC. ARTICLES . . . .	80,880

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**178,441**

*These figures can merely indicate the many hours of service and skill given by R. S. women. Because of a reduced Welfare clothing Budget Assignment and increased home-making activities, other than sewing, 10,600 fewer articles were completed.*

AN AVERAGE OF  
**36,574**

SEWED MONTHLY AT WORK MEETINGS  
OR **27.6%**



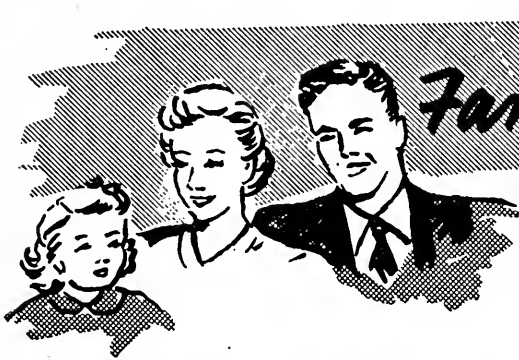
# Church Welfare Service

AVERAGE NO OF WOMEN  
PARTICIPATING IN:

WELFARE SEWING AT WORK MTG. **12,856**

WELFARE SEWING AT SEWING CENTER, **3,492**

WELFARE PROJECTS OTHER THAN SEWING, **10,595**



## Family Welfare Service

**7,310** INITIAL VISITS  
OR 181 FEWER THAN IN 1950

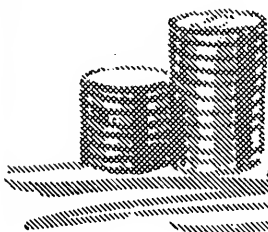
**17,162** FOLLOW-UP VISITS  
OR 363 FEWER THAN IN 1950

WOMEN SO VISITED WHO:

GAVE SERVICE ON CHURCH WELFARE PROJECTS  
**1,493** OR 72 FEWER THAN IN 1950

SEWED AT WORK MEETINGS  
**1,598** OR 2 MORE THAN IN 1950

SEWED FOR THEMSELVES AND FAMILIES  
**1,864** OR 15 FEWER THAN IN 1950



# Financial Report

\$2,086,073 BALANCE NET ASSETS

## CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

**Total Assets** \$3,084,369.18

CASH BALANCE	712,807.39
<i>JAN. 1, 1951</i>	
CASH RECEIPTS	1,081,656.12
WHEAT FUND	422,912.22
WAR BONDS, ETC.	106,109.46
REAL ESTATE	116,081.06
FURNITURE	515,571.34
OTHER ASSETS	129,231.59

**Total Liabilities** \$998,296.15

ACCTS. PAYABLE	2,365.75
CASH DIS-	
BURSEMENTS	995,930.40

### RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING FUND—1947-51

Receipts .....	\$573,232.29
Contributions .....	\$561,837.84
Interest .....	9,677.45
Proceeds from sale of book "Wist Ye Not" .....	1,719.00
Expenses .....	4,116.40
Cash balance Dec. 31, 1951 .....	\$569,115.89

# Comparative Financial and Statistical Data 1950-1951

		1951	1950	Changes 1950 to 1951	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
<b>ORGANI- ZATIONS</b>	<b>STAKES AND MISSIONS, TOTAL</b>	230	221	+9	+4.07
	Stakes	188	180	+8	+4.44
	Missions	42	41	+1	+2.43
	<b>Local</b>	<b>3,177</b>	<b>2,981</b>	<b>+196</b>	<b>+6.57</b>
	Wards in Stakes	1,667	1,559	+108	+6.93
	Branches in Missions	1,510	1,422	+88	+6.19
<b>MEMBERS</b>	<b>MEMBERSHIP, TOTAL</b>	132,451	126,550	+5,901	+4.66
	<b>Stakes</b>	<b>106,758</b>	<b>101,392</b>	<b>+5,366</b>	<b>+5.29</b>
	<b>Missions</b>	<b>25,693</b>	<b>25,158</b>	<b>+535</b>	<b>+2.13</b>
	General Officers and Board Members	24	24		
	Stake Officers and Board Members	2,190	2,091	+99	+4.73
	Mission Presidents and Other Officers	420	488	-68	-13.93
	Ward and Branch Executive Officers	11,839	11,189	+650	+5.81
	Other Officers	5,448	5,033	+415	+8.25
	Class Leaders	10,568	10,018	+550	+5.49
	Visiting Teachers	49,209	43,625	+5,584	+12.80
	All Other Members	52,753	54,082	-1,329	-2.46
<b>L.D.S. FAMILIES</b>	<b>L.D.S. FAMILIES, TOTAL</b>	270,723	263,494	+7,229	+2.74
	In Stakes	225,184	223,909	+1,275	+5.69
	In Missions	45,539	39,585	+5,954	+15.04
<b>MEETINGS AND ATTENDANCE</b>	<b>MEETINGS HELD, TOTAL</b>	141,346	127,846	+13,500	+10.56
	General Board Meetings	27	32	-5	-15.62
	<b>In Wards and Branches</b>	<b>137,069</b>	<b>123,893</b>	<b>+13,176</b>	<b>+10.63</b>
	Regular Ward Meetings for Members	95,491	88,970	+6,521	+7.33
	March Sunday Night Meetings	8,461	7,021	+1,440	+20.50
	Visiting Teachers Meetings	15,164	13,613	+1,551	+11.39
	Ward Preparation Meetings	13,735	10,404	+3,331	+32.02
	Ward Conferences	2,694	2,469	+225	+9.11
	Ward Conference Preliminary Meetings	1,524	1,416	+108	+7.63
	<b>In Stakes and Missions</b>	<b>4,250</b>	<b>3,921</b>	<b>+329</b>	<b>+8.39</b>
	Stake & Mission Dist. Board Meetings	2,382	2,311	+71	+3.07
	Stake & Ward Officers (Union) Mtgs.	1,868	1,610	+258	+16.02
	<b>VISITS TO WARDS AND BRANCHES BY     STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS</b>	<b>17,964</b>	<b>16,636</b>	<b>+1,328</b>	<b>+7.98</b>
	To Wards by Stake Officers	13,559	12,644	+915	+7.24
	To Branches by Mission and District Officers	4,405	3,992	+413	+10.35
	<b>AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR     MEETINGS FOR MEMBERS</b>	<b>45.524</b>	<b>43.045</b>	<b>+2,479</b>	<b>+5.76</b>
	In Stakes	34,458	32,128	+2,330	+7.25
	In Missions	11,066	10,917	+149	+1.36
	<b>PER CENT OF MEMBERS REPRESENTED     BY AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGU-     LAR MEETINGS</b>	<b>34.37</b>	<b>34.01</b>		
	In Stakes	32.27	31.68		
In Missions	43.07	43.39			
<b>ACTIVITIES</b>	<b>VISITING TEACHING</b>				
	Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	26,823	25,292	+1,531	+6.05
	Family Visits, Total	2,055,803	1,910,662	+145,141	+7.60
	Home	1,387,914	1,323,469	+64,445	+4.87
	Not Home	667,889	587,193	+80,696	+13.74
	Per Cent at Home	67.51	69.26		
	Number of Communications in lieu of Visits	27,140	31,528	-4,388	-13.92
	<b>EDUCATIONAL MEETINGS</b>				
	Average Attendance at Relief Society				
	Theology	50,110	46,435	+3,675	+7.91
	Work (Sewing)	43,741	41,697	+2,044	+4.90
	Literature	43,110	41,381	+1,729	+4.17
	Social Science	44,824	41,963	+2,861	+6.82
	<b>SEWING SERVICE AT MEETINGS</b>				
	Average No. of Women Sewing Monthly	36,574	37,014	-440	-1.19
	Total Articles Completed	178,441	189,041	-10,600	-5.61
	Kind of Articles:				
	Quilts	14,153	15,123	-970	-6.41
	Other Bedding	—	6,665	-6,665	-100.00
Children's Clothing	19,132	27,624	-8,492	-30.74	
Women's Clothing	23,441	25,387	-1,946	-7.67	
Men's Clothing	2,391	5,740	-3,349	-58.34	

**COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA  
1950-51 (Continued)**

	1951	1950	Changes 1950 to 1951		
	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent	
<b>ACTIVITIES</b> (Continued)	Household Furnishings	38,444	+38,444	+100.00	
	Other (Miscellaneous)	80,880	108,502	-27,622	-25.46
	<b>COMPASSIONATE SERVICE:</b>				
	Visits to Sick and Homebound	193,558	182,358	+11,200	+6.14
	Number of Days Care of Sick	21,636	21,640	-4	-.018
	Number of Bodies Dressed for Burial	649	684	-35	-5.12
	Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	5,952	5,449	+503	+9.23
	<b>CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE:</b>				
	Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meeting	12,856	—	+12,856	+100.00
	Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	3,492	—	+3,492	+100.00
	Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other Than Sewing	10,595	—	+10,595	+100.00
	<b>FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE:</b>				
	Number of Initial Family Visits Under Direction of Bishop	7,310	7,491	-181	-2.42
	Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	17,162	17,525	-363	-2.07
	Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	1,493	1,565	-72	-4.60
	Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	1,598	1,596	+2	+.12
	Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	1,864	1,879	-15	-.80
	Number of Wards With List of Nurses	1,461	1,095	+366	+33.42
	<b>MAGAZINE</b> Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	102,754	92,281½	+10,472½	+11.35
	<b>FINANCES</b>	Cash Receipts	1,081,656.12	860,583.43	+221,072.69
Cash Disbursements		995,930.40	824,272.67	+171,657.73	+20.83
Net Assets		2,086,073.03	1,998,391.72	+87,681.31	+4.39

**Membership 1951**

MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1, 1951.....	126,550
<b>INCREASE</b>	
Admitted to Membership .....	23,852
<b>DECREASE</b>	
Removed, Resigned, or Died .....	17,951
<b>NET INCREASE</b> .....	5,901
MEMBERSHIP DECEMBER, 31, 1951 .....	132,451





## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 11—The Value of Records

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi, Chapters 19-22; 2 Nephi, Chapters 1-27)

For Tuesday, December 2, 1952

Objective: To demonstrate the value of records to a people of God.

**T**HE Nephites appreciated the value of records and acted accordingly. The Lord instructed them concerning the importance of records from the beginning of their history. In preparation for their journey to the land of promise, Lehi was commanded to send his sons back to Jerusalem for the plates of brass, as we learned in lesson 9.

As soon as Lehi's sons returned from Jerusalem with the brass plates he searched the plates from the beginning. He discovered that they contained the genealogy of his forefathers. Lehi seems not to have known before reading the brass plates that he was a literal descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt (1 Nephi 5:14, 16). From his study he also learned that Laban was a descendant of Joseph, therefore, he and his fathers had kept the records.

In an earlier lesson in the course, we learned that special blessings were given to Joseph and his seed, who were also entitled to all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and

Jacob. To learn that he and his seed were entitled to all these blessings gave to Lehi information of value in teaching his posterity.

Not only did the brass plates contain the genealogy of Lehi's forefathers, but they also contained the first five books of Moses, including the story of the creation of the world; a record of the Jews from the time of their beginning down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah (about 598 B.C.) and also an account of the prophecies uttered by the prophets from the beginning down to that period.

Lehi prophesied that these brass plates "should go forth unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people who were of his seed" (1 Nephi 5:18).

Alma refers to this and other prophecies, saying that the brass plates should be kept and handed down from one generation to another, "And be kept and preserved by the hand of the Lord until they should go forth unto every nation,



kindred, tongue, and people" (Alma 37:4).

During the period of Nephite civilization, these plates were passed down from king to king and prophet to prophet. Amaleki, writing of the people of Mosiah, who moved northward and discovered the civilization of the Mulekites in Zarahemla, comments as follows: "Now, there was great rejoicing among the people of Zarahemla; and also Zarahemla did rejoice exceedingly, because the Lord had sent the people of Mosiah with the plates of brass which contained the record of the Jews" (Omni 1:14).

The Nephite prophets recognized the value of these records, for they frequently quoted from them when they instructed the people. Nephi is very specific as to why he read much from the brass plates to his people. He wrote:

I read many things to them, which were engraven upon the plates of brass, that they might know concerning the doings of the Lord in other lands, among people of old. And I did read many things unto them which were written in the book of Moses; but that I might more fully persuade them to believe in the Lord their Redeemer I did read unto them that which was written by the prophet Isaiah; for I did liken all scriptures unto us, that it might be for our profit and learning (1 Nephi 19:22, 23).

He quoted Isaiah 48 and 49 (1 Nephi, chapters 20 and 21) and expounded them to his people. In 2 Nephi he quoted chapters 2-14 inclusive, from Isaiah (2 Nephi, chapters 12-24), explaining, "my soul delighteth in proving unto my people the truth of the coming of Christ" (2 Nephi 11:4).

Living as we do in a day when

much of the Christian world has lost its belief in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, how valuable the Book of Mormon can be to us and to our Lamanite brethren as a new witness to the divinity of Jesus Christ. Restricted space prevents my making an analysis of Isaiah as quoted by Nephi, but even a cursory examination of the material will be rich in dividends to a reader.

Nephi, however, is not the only prophet who quotes from the brass plates. The prophet Abinadi used the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to establish the fact that Jesus would come down among the children of men and redeem his people (Mosiah 14:1-12; 15:1). Moroni also encouraged his people to read from the brass plates, writing: "Search the prophecies of Isaiah" (Mormon 8:23).

Thus far we have been discussing the brass plates as being valuable because they contained the genealogy of Lehi, and because they contained history and doctrine. Now let us turn our attention to another value recognized by Nephi: "And behold, it is wisdom in God that we should obtain these records, that we may preserve unto our children the language of our fathers" (1 Nephi 3:19).

To one unfamiliar with language changes, this may not seem significant. Without the use of a common book, however, the language of a people changes in a few hundred years until the written word of former times is unintelligible. We need only observe the changes that have taken place in English between 600 A.D. and the present day to indicate what happens. I quote two examples, the first from Old

English, and the second from Middle English:

Hwaet, we Gar-Dena in gear-dagum  
Theod cyninga thrym gefrunon  
Hu the aethelingas ellen fremedon!  
—*Beowulf*

When that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to  
the rote.

—Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*

The use of one common record would do much to prevent the radical changes that took place in English. The fact that Moroni encouraged his people to read from Isaiah may indicate that such radical language changes as have occurred in English did not occur among the Nephites, that the language of the fathers was preserved.

It is clear from evidence presented that the Nephites did consider the brass plates significant. Nephi records: "And we had obtained the records which the Lord had commanded us, and searched them and found that they were desirable; yea, even of great worth unto us, inasmuch that we could preserve the commandments of the Lord unto our children" (1 Nephi 5:21). And we must remember that the brass plates represent only one of the cherished records of the Nephites.

Nephi refers to the fact that he was instructed to keep the history of his people on two different sets of plates (1 Nephi 19:1-7) which were passed by kings or prophets to their successors in office. On the small plates they engraved an account of the ministry of the people. Mormon thought so much of the small plates that he attached them to his plates and passed the two records

on to Moroni (The Words of Mormon: 6).

The large plates contained the secular history of the Nephites and Lamanites. So important was this history in the eyes of the Lord, that he commanded Nephi to make the record.

Centuries later, the importance of keeping proper records was taught to the Nephites by the Savior himself on his visit to the Western Hemisphere following his resurrection, when he directed the Nephites living in that day to "bring forth the record which ye have kept."

And when Nephi had brought forth the records, and laid them before him, he cast his eyes upon them and said: Verily I say unto you, I commanded my servant Samuel, the Lamanite, that he should testify unto this people, that at the day that the Father should glorify his name in me that there were many saints who should arise from the dead, and should appear unto many, and should minister unto them. And he said unto them: Was it not so? And his disciples answered him and said: Yea, Lord, Samuel did prophesy according to thy words, and they were all fulfilled. And Jesus said unto them: How be it that ye have not written this thing, that many saints did arise and appear unto many and did minister unto them? And it came to pass that Nephi remembered that this thing had not been written. And it came to pass that Jesus commanded that it should be written; therefore it was written according as he commanded (3 Nephi 23:8-13).

Subsequently, in the twilight period of Nephite history, the prophet Ammaron instructed Mormon, then a lad of ten, to take the large plates from their depository when he was twenty-four and to engrave on them an account of the doings of the people (Mormon 1:2, 3).

Mormon felt that records were so important that he devoted a good portion of his life to the study of Nephite history and to engraving it in abridged form on a record which he made. Moroni, the last prophet of the Nephites, devoted much time to the same undertaking for the Jaredite nation from The Book of Ether (Ether 1:1-2).

From the beginning to the end of the one-thousand year period of Nephite history, the prophets stressed the need of records and kept them. Helaman, living near the middle of the period, wrote:

And now there are many records kept of the proceedings of this people, by many of this people, which are particular and very large, concerning them . . . a hundredth part of the proceedings of this people . . . cannot be contained in this work. But behold, there are many books and many records of every kind, and they have been kept chiefly by the Nephites (Helaman 3:13-15).

The Nephites were a record-keeping people because God had commanded it.

They were also a record-preserving people for the same reason. Individual prophets were so concerned about the records that they made their preservation a matter of prayer. Enos prayed about them and writes: "And I had faith, and I did cry unto God that he would preserve the records; and he covenanted with me that he would bring them forth unto the Lamanites in his own due time" (Enos 1:16), thus pointing out another one of the major values of the records. Nephi also stressed the fact that the record should come forth in our day (2 Nephi 27:1-22).

The value of the record, The

Book of Mormon, to our day and time has been aptly summarized by Brigham H. Roberts:

First, to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord has done for their fathers.

Second, to teach them the covenants the Lord made with their fathers that their remnants may know that they are not cast off forever.

Third, that this record may convince both Jews and Gentiles that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, and that He manifests himself to all nations.

Fourth, that the knowledge of a Savior might come especially to the remnants of the house of Israel on the Western Hemisphere, through the testimony of the Nephites and Lamanites as well as through the testimony of the Jews, that they might more fully believe the gospel.

Fifth, that the Jews might have the testimony of the Nephites as well as that of their fathers, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God.

Sixth, and I think mainly, to be a witness for the truth of the Bible, to establish its authenticity, and its credibility by bringing other witnesses to testify to the same great truths that are contained in the sacred pages of the Bible; to restore to the knowledge of mankind many plain and precious truths concerning the gospel which men have taken out of the Jewish scriptures, or obscured by their interpretations; for which cause many have stumbled and fallen into unbelief. In a word, it is the mission of the Book of Mormon to be a witness for Jesus, the Christ; for the truth of the gospel as the power of God unto salvation; for that purpose it was written, preserved from destruction and has now come forth to the children of men through the goodness and mercy and power of God.

Above everything else the record is a new witness to the divinity of Jesus Christ. Moroni, as he bade farewell to the Gentiles of our day and to his brethren, emphasized this value, saying:

And now I, Moroni, bid farewell unto the Gentiles, yea, and also unto my brethren whom I love, until we shall meet before the judgment seat of Christ, where all men shall know that my garments are not spotted with your blood. And then shall ye know that I have seen Jesus, and that he hath talked with me face to face (Ether 12:38-39).

Writing directly to the Lamanites of the last days, Moroni closes the record exhorting them to read the record with a sincere heart and with faith in Christ, and promising that God would manifest the truth of it unto them by the power of the Holy Ghost (Moroni 10).

### *Suggestion to Class Leaders*

Writing the selections of Old and Middle English (as given in the lesson) on the blackboard, will be helpful in showing how a language can change.

### *Questions on the Lesson*

1. Why were the Nephites commanded to keep records?
2. How were the plates of brass valuable to the Nephites?
3. Of what value are Book of Mormon records to the Gentiles of our day? To the Lamanites?
4. What is the chief mission of The Book of Mormon?
5. How are Church records being kept today?

## *Visiting Teacher Messages*

### *Book of Mormon Gems of Truth*

Lesson 11—"I Work Not Among the Children of Men Save It Be According to Their Faith" (2 Nephi 27:23).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 2, 1952

Objective: To show that faith is necessary in order to receive blessings from God.

**T**HE scriptures are filled with instances in which faith has wrought mighty miracles. When Jesus turned and saw the woman who had touched the hem of his garment, he said, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour."

On another occasion, two blind men followed the Savior, crying: "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us . . . and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes,

saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened" (Matt. 9:27-30).

To the brother of Jared Jesus said, ". . . Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood; and never has man come before me with such exceeding faith as thou hast; for were it not so ye could not have seen my finger" (Ether 3:9).

The scriptures relate many instances in which lack of faith was responsible for failure to receive desired blessings. When Peter was walking on the water toward the

Master, the wind became boisterous and he was afraid and straightway began to sink, "And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" (Matt. 14:31).

We read in Matthew 13:58 that when Jesus came into his own country, "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Even the Christ did not perform great works if the people did not manifest faith in him. The apostle Paul states:

... For he that cometh to God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him (Hebrews 11:6).

The unwavering faith of the boy Joseph Smith brought the vision of the Father and the Son and their message to him. He believed implicitly the words of James, as he read:

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" (James 1:5-6).

We read in the Doctrine and Covenants:

There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (D. & C. 130:20-21).

This startling question then comes to our minds: May we not be denying ourselves blessings from our Heavenly Father because our faith is too weak to work righteousness, to obey the laws upon which blessings are predicated? Perhaps unclaimed blessings might have been ours had we possessed the faith to earn them. Might it be that we are so absorbed in material matters that we neglect the development of this vital quality, this great moving power of faith?

The attainment of great faith, like other accomplishments, entails constant exercise and cultivation. We must live the laws of the gospel, which beget faith, purifying ourselves of the weaknesses of the flesh, in order that the channel may be kept open between ourselves and the power from on high. "As fast as we open our hearts to the influences of righteousness, the faith that leads to life eternal will be given us of our Father" (*Articles of Faith*, TALMAGE, page 107).



## *Precaution*

Pansye H. Powell

When hourly the wild goose trumpet calls  
And sheep press close in fold,  
The mountains put on their Paisley shawls  
To keep them safe from cold!

# Work Meeting—Home Management

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

## Lesson 3—Using Energy Wisely

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, December 9, 1952

“We buy the quality of our life with the use we make of our time, energy, and money” (Anon.).

**E**NERGY is one of the most important human resources. Because it is ours to use, we often use it extravagantly. Let us consider the per cent of increase in expenditure of energy required to do certain household activities in relation to lying still.

### Where Our Energy Goes

The amount of energy each of us has is only power to accomplish. The use we make of it is the important thing.

Homemakers, more than people in any other profession, should be mindful of energy conservation practices, and then apply them. A few to which we could all afford to give consideration are:

#### 1. Use Body Equipment Wisely

One of the easiest ways to save energy is to use the body properly. Few people do this unless they train themselves.

Good posture is the basis for the effective use of the body. It is the alignment of the major body weight—the head, chest, and pelvic or hip sections. Proper alignment balances the weight naturally over the base of support, the pelvic girdle

Whenever the head or chest is out of alignment, strain in holding them up is placed on the small muscles of the back. This requires extra energy and speeds up a feeling of fatigue.

The body machine performs most efficiently at a steady, moderate speed. The amount of energy to do a task increases with the speed at which we work. A study of fatigue problems of homemakers reveals that, other than poor working conditions, confusion, hurry, and pressure to get things done on time are the most frequent causes of fatigue.

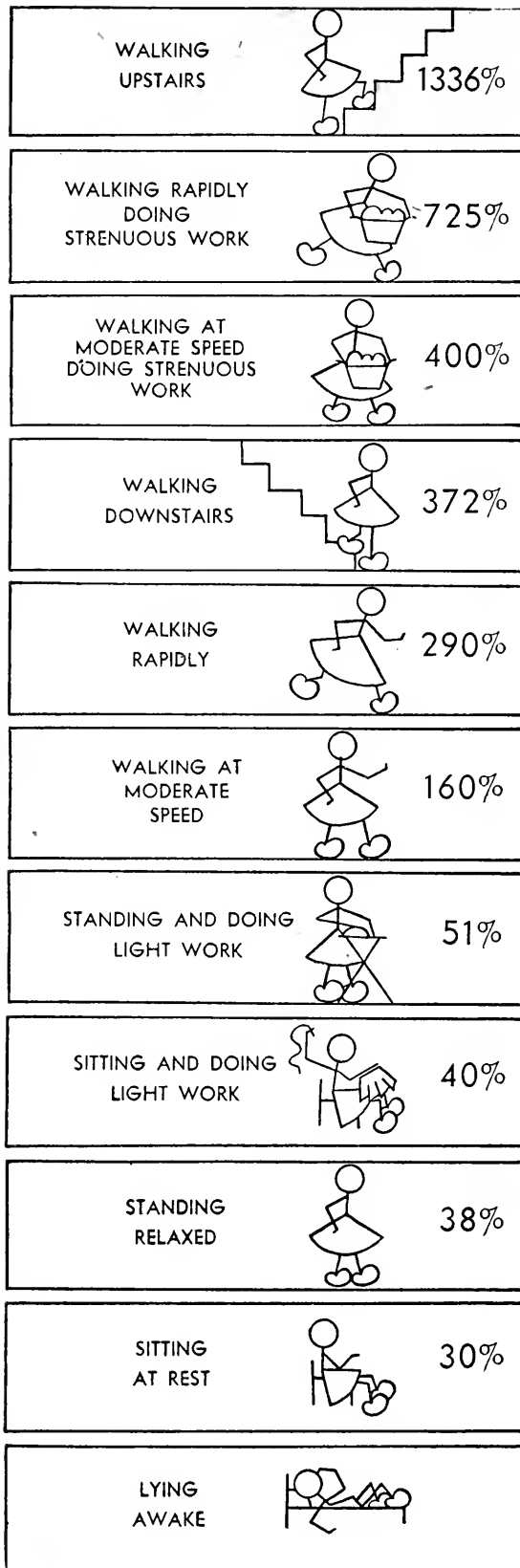
Homemakers, who learn to sit whenever possible while doing their work, will have more energy to spend in other activities. Sitting requires eight per cent less energy than does standing. To learn to work sitting down requires practice, but it is well worth the effort. For example, sit down to iron or to pare vegetables. Alternating standing and sitting is more restful than either one continued for a long period.

Control of the mind is even more difficult than control of the body. If we can train ourselves to accept the things we cannot change, we will have more energy to change the things we can. Worry, irritation, discontent, and general unhappiness burn up energy fast. On the other hand, interest, enthusiasm, and serenity of spirit reduce the amount of energy required to a bare minimum.

#### 2. Develop Energy-Saving Work Habits

The ease with which you work partly depends upon the preparation you make for a job. Watch yourself as you work. Do you handle one tool or piece of equipment several times, picking it up and putting it down, when it might have been handled once for several operations? As you follow each process of each task through, ask yourself the question: “Am





THE PER CENT OF INCREASE OVER LYING STILL IN ENERGY EXPENDITURES IN DAILY ACTIVITIES

I doing it with the fewest motions and the least effort? If not, decide on the reason, then do your best to correct it.

Wise use of energy must be preceded by systematic planning and organizing for the job to be done. Energy is often wasted in collecting the things needed to do a certain job. Before you begin to clean a room, assemble the dust cloths, brushes, furniture polish, and other cleaning supplies in an easy-to-carry basket (perhaps one for each floor). Carry it with you from room to room. When through, set it aside in a storage closet until needed again. Keep abreast of the latest tools and improved materials.

Most of us waste energy moving articles, which are seldom or never used, in search of what we need. A good practice, at least once each year, is to remove everything from cupboards and drawers. Before returning them to their usual places, ask yourself if they are used often enough to justify the storage space they require. If you are in doubt, place them in an out-of-the-way place, until you are sure whether or not they are no longer needed. If not, dispose of them.

### 3. Wear Suitable Clothes

Suitable clothes for work should be considered a part of the homemaker's necessary equipment. Shoes should be comfortable, with even heels of suitable height. Shoes with uneven heels and soft soles neither protect the feet nor properly support the body. House dresses should be fitted comfortably for bending and reaching. A dress which pulls or binds as you work will tire you unnecessarily. Apron straps that slide off the shoulders or that are uncomfortable in any way are extravagant users of both physical and nervous energy.

These are but a few of the things we might do to make more efficient use of this great human resource of energy. There are many, many more ways of conserving energy with which you are already familiar. Why not share them with others?

Let us resolve today that the quality of our lives shall be good, because we have made wise use of our time and energy in the routine, but satisfying work of homemaking.

## ENERGY-SAVING TIPS

1. Eliminate all unnecessary parts of a job. For example: Use a large tray when carrying dishes to avoid a number of trips.
2. Keep everything within easy reach. For example: Keep one salt container on stove and one where mixing is done.
3. Use the best tool for the job. For example: Inexpensive glass onion chopper, potato peeler, mechanical grater.
4. Eliminate constant use of stairs. For Example: Place articles to be taken upstairs or down in one place and carry several at one time.
5. Don't rush. For Example: When using vacuum cleaner, go slowly over floor. It saves energy and picks up better.
6. Save unnecessary motions. For Example: Hang your clothes from a basket that is raised rather than from one placed on the floor.
7. Prepare as much as possible of the day's menu during the morning while in the kitchen.
8. Have wastepaper baskets in several rooms. Use a large one to empty small ones into and avoid many trips.

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## Literature—The Literature of England

### Lesson 27—Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, (pp. 190-199).

For Tuesday, December 16, 1952

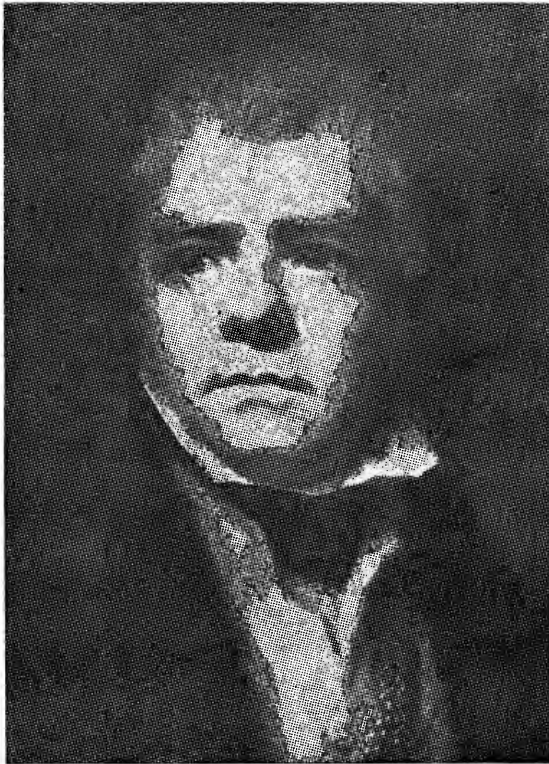
Objective: To sketch the importance of place and tradition in Scott's life and writings that his achievement may be more fully understood and enjoyed.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native Land!  
("The Lay of the Last Minstrel,"  
Canto VI, stanza 1)

#### Critical Estimate of Scott

In large part each man is influenced by the world in which he lives; some few men are given the power to influence their world in return. During his maturity Sir

Walter Scott achieved the status almost of a national hero. In 1813, even before he had begun writing his novels, he refused the position of Poet Laureate which was offered as recognition of his poetic excellence. In 1821 he was knighted for his literary achievement. Before his death, in 1832, he wrote thirty-two novels, which were so overwhelmingly popular that in every



A Perry Picture  
Copyright 1935

SIR WALTER SCOTT  
1771-1832

capital city of the western world translators fought for the first copy of his new books, so anxious were all peoples to read him. In England he was the literary lion of the day, the first of the romantic writers to achieve wide popularity, the first English author to create a landed estate and build a lavish mansion from literary profits alone, and the first to develop the technique of the historical novel until the novel was accepted as a respectable form of literature. He was ranked with Shakespeare, and even today there are eminent critics who pronounce him the greatest English novelist, and who group him with Shakespeare and Dickens as the three great English artists at depicting humanity.

Yet even during his own lifetime

many of the other romanticists found his mind shallow and unphilosophic, his style careless, and his plots filled with the stock devices of stolen wills and missing heirs and hairbreadth escapes. Scott himself admitted the weakness of his plots, yet he rarely planned the ending of his novel before he began writing, believing that writing by formula killed his spontaneous flow of language in which he knew his strength lay. Throughout his best novels which, except for *Ivanhoe*, dealt with the hundred years of English and Scottish history before his own time, Scott consciously avoided portraying controversial figures in religion and politics; rarely in his characters did he do any deep psychological probing. His treatment of his noble characters, particularly their dialogue, was stiff and artificial, while most of his heroes and heroines are too usual to be interesting, and the love story follows the usual pattern, without passion or individuality. The further back in history he laid the scene of his novel, the less realistic it became. Sometimes he completely confused events, placing them in periods when they could not have occurred, and he was also guilty of attributing to ages past the moral views, language, and customs of his own day. Much of his uneven writing was done when the pattern of the plot or the tastes of his audience forced him to describe material with which he had no sympathy; he had no ability whatsoever to describe with warmth and reality those problems or peoples toward which he felt indifferent in his own life.

How possibly can all these flaws in his work be admitted, while at

the same time he is supposed to be so great a novelist? How can we know which authority to believe today, when one suggests somewhat dubiously that some of his works may endure for adolescent readers, while another stoutly maintains he is still England's greatest novelist. In fairness we can deny neither viewpoint until we go to his work and decide for ourselves. But before examining his work, the raw materials from which his writings were drawn demand attention.

#### *Background and Characteristics*

In 1745-46, only twenty-five years before Scott was born, occurred the Jacobite rebellion, the last attempt by staunch, sentimental Scotchmen to re-establish Scotland as a separate nation and free her from English rule. By Scott's time it was evi-

dent that Scotland could not exist apart from England, either politically or economically, but from his earliest youth Scott seems to have dedicated himself to keeping alive the Scottish literature and traditions which told of his beloved nation when Scotchmen were still strong and free and noble.

Scott's intense love for place became the driving force throughout his life. Only by knowing the great hearts and daring deeds of the past, Scott felt, could the traditions of the rough highlands and border country inspire Scotchmen of his own day to live nobler lives than the rather ignoble ones they were living; only by bringing alive to them Scotland's history, thought Scott, could he inspire those of rich Scot blood to rise above themselves and perpetuate this glorious tradi-



A Perry Picture  
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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME, ABBOTSFORD, SCOTLAND

tion. It was this conviction which became the great theme of Sir Walter Scott, both in his personal life and in his writings.

Scott's name meant, "the Scotchman." His clan was that of Branneuch, a wild, cattle-thieving band of ardent feudal patriots who fought to the end for Scotch rights. His father was the first of the clan to be content with the tameness of town life. Walter recorded that his lullabies were Jacobite hymns. Lamed by infantile paralysis, and thus curtailed in physical activity, he read widely, but from his earliest years history and romance were his first loves. At twelve he had begun a manuscript collection of old ballads, and throughout his youth he rode about the countryside, gossiping with the common people, absorbing thoroughly their humor, superstition, dialect, and simple manliness.

As is proved by the content of his writings, Scott loved people. He was kind, generous, disarmingly hospitable, and extremely likeable, surely the most neighborly, friendly member of the romantics. We are not surprised to learn that during his leisurely afternoons at Abbotsford he played with his hunting dogs unceasingly, and when he rode after the hounds, as he frequently did, he was both reckless and fearless.

#### Concept of Chivalry

Scott's lifelong ambition was to be a Laird, or landed aristocrat, again in loyalty to his vision of the past. There was something almost feudalistic in his concept of what the benevolent yet firm aristocrat should be. In both his life and

works the qualities of honesty, simplicity, courage, honor, and loyalty predominate, warming both the author and his very human characters in the heart of the reader. Scott never philosophized about the soundness of his views, nor questioned the justifications of his enduring loyalties. The best of the past was for him the largest challenge he could hope to meet. Indeed he lived by his own definition of chivalry—as stated in his memorable novel, *Ivanhoe*:

Chivalry alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle from the churl and the savage; it rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace.

In 1825 the great mansion of Abbotsford was aglow with festivities: Scott's fondest dream had been realized for his son was wedded to the niece of Scottish royalty; he had founded his line of landed aristocracy! The next year, because of a secret partnership with a publishing firm (kept secret because both the trade of printing and publishing novels, Scott feared, would be considered below the dignity of a public official), he not only went bankrupt, but his firm owed 117,000 pounds. Though Scott had been rash and too trusting of his partners, he was not to blame for the debt, yet in order to fulfill his own definition of noble conduct he assumed the entire debt and began working at an even more fervent tempo than before to satisfy his creditors. His wife died, and in the final six years of his life he broke his own health in the attempt to



free himself from debt, but in two years he paid off some forty thousand pounds, and soon after his death his royalties cleared his honor, and further endeared him to all Englishmen and to his grieving public.

### Poetry of Scott

All critics of Scott tend to agree on the values of his poetry. While it is not poetry of the first rank, and while sometimes it is marred by his inability to restrain his own exuberant statement, at its best it contains the vigorous free action of Scott's own character (as in "Lochinvar," pp. 193-194). In such pure lyrics as "Coronach" (page 196) and "Proud Maisie" (page 198), he caught and condensed into a small area a true and sincere emotion. In such reckless, hearty lines as in "Soldier's Song" (page 197) he recalls the hearty defiance of decorum as sung by Burns. But in his own ballad form and quality, in action, scene, lyric power, and vigorous honesty these poems prove Scott to be a singer in his own right, not the greatest, but enduring.

### Novels of Scott

It is in his novels that we find the best of Scott, and in one of his best novels, *The Heart of Midlothian*, we can discover his virtues and some of his faults.

Today our imaginations are almost entirely fed by techniques of mass communication: digests of novels, articles, events, radio dramas, movies, and television. After receiving the synthetic life story of our time in neatly packaged dehydrated capsules, it might seem unduly tedious to read a novel in its

entirety. While the reading does take time, if we are to enjoy the author and his world, there is no other way. If we do take the time, we will find in the passing through the pages far more truth, and deeper, than if we read a condensed version. The imagination can absorb everything only so fast; reading from a page is a pace much fairer to the author and the reader.

### *The Heart of Midlothian*

*The Heart of Midlothian* was written in 1818, the sixth of Scott's novels. *Midlothian* is the Edinburgh jail. This novel is esteemed one of Scott's best because it is an actual world filled with his real characters; it is rich in dialogue, both of noble common folk and of the lowest ruffians. Herein the illusion of reality is attained.

In place of the slow beginning found in some of Scott's novels we have the crazed vigor of mob violence as portrayed in the Porteus riots of 1736, a protest against a haughty, cruel master of the guard who needlessly had fired into the mob of Scotchmen. The main characters are commoners rather than lords and ladies; Jeanie Deans incarnates the simplicity, strength, and courage of the ideal Scot, as she refuses to lie in court to save her sister from being hanged for a crime she did not commit, and when she walks to London to plead her case so sincerely but eloquently before the queen that Effie's life is spared. The book is filled with enduring characterizations: David Deans, her staunchly religious father who by the grandeur of Jeanie's act rises above his own dogmatic narrowness; Dumbiedikes, the



wealthy neighbor; Ratcliffe, the thug turned turnkey at the jail; Madge Wildfire, an insane, pathetic product of Scotland's outlaw class; her cruel, unscrupulous mother—the list is too large to state here fully.

Structurally this novel is very weak. The beginning riot motif does not relate directly to the main plot, and the "happy ending events" after Jeanie's return from London are excessive in number and quite tediously drawn out. Despite these weaknesses, *The Heart of Midlothian* is a self-sustaining reward for its truth, reality, wholesomeness, and the almost bewildering wealth of characters it contains.

#### Note to Class Leaders:

The problem of presenting Sir Walter Scott, some of his poems, and one of his novels in less than an hour is insurmountable. If you wish to do only the first two, do so, and may you have the joy of a job well done. However, if you want to know, or to review Scott as a novelist, by all means get a copy of *The Heart of Midlothian* and read it slowly, marking passages that reveal a person in a small area, either through rich Scottish dialogue or through Scott's realistic eye.

In presenting your lesson, the best approach would seem to be to tell the story in your own words in ten or fifteen minutes, no more. Then read excerpts

which illustrate the values you wish to emphasize in the novel. At least three excerpts would seem essential: Jeanie's call on Dumbiedikes for financial aid (ch. 26, pp. 272-279 at will); Jeanie's audience with Queen Caroline (ch. 37, pp. 403, 405, 409 at will); and the death of Madge Wildfire (ch. 40, pp. 431-434). There are various approaches: read a series of passages which portray Jeanie; use short quotes to present many characters, showing how even so brief a presentation as that of Dick Ostler (less than a page, ch. 28, pp. 300-301) successfully presents the living actuality of a character. You might wish to give a series of scenes: the riot scene; the meeting of Jeanie and Robinson near her home at night; Jeanie and Effie in the Tolbooth; Madge and Jeanie in church, the humbling of David Deans when Jeanie returns from London, etc. Choose whichever pattern seems most easy and rewarding, so long as the series of quotes follows a plan.

Much of Scott's essence is in Scottish dialect. If you can learn to read this as if it were your own background or telephone conversations, the accent and the strange words not only will soon come easily, but the power of Scott's dialogue will be presented most effectively.

#### Suggestions for Discussion

1. Discuss the weaknesses and strong points of Scott, the writer; Scott the person.
2. Why did Scott become interested in history and folk ballads even before he entered his teens?
3. What are the enduring qualities of Scott's poetry?
4. What are some of his excellences as a novelist?

## *Social Science—The Progress of Man*

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.



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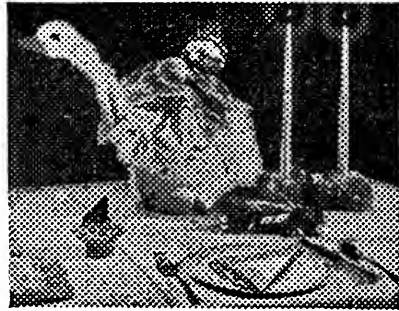
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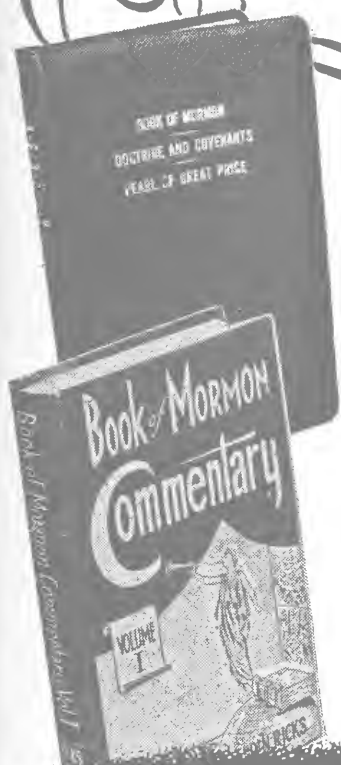
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MAGAZINE







# *Autumn Drive*

Christie Lund Coles

The road before us glistened in the sun,  
Smooth and bright as polished leather,  
While it seemed the wild geese heralding our way  
Said we were glad to be together;

We saw the withered cornstalks on the ground,  
We saw the rounded stacks of smooth, sheared hay;  
The tumbleweeds blown far against a hill  
Were purple as the tamarisk in May;

We saw the sun spill through the empty trees,  
Where summer's nests pathetically were seen;  
We saw the first bright shoots of winter wheat  
That in this dying time were living green;

We saw a fallow dry farm, delicate,  
Soft-colored as a piece of brocatelle,  
A setting for the farmhouse with its barn,  
Its lean-to, rusty pump, and cool, rock well;

We saw the broken milkweed pods, their treasure  
Flying about like wisps of silk frieze.  
We smiled upon it all, and on each other,  
Caught in the blue-gold circle of the day

---

The Cover: Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco, California  
Photograph by Jeff Thomson  
Frontispiece: Autumn Valley, Near San Juan, California  
Photograph by Ward Linton

## From Near and Far

I read the Magazine from cover to cover and wouldn't miss a single issue. Every article has something for me and is a big help in rearing my small family.

—Mrs. Arlene P. Helmsley  
Salzburg, Austria

I am writing a few lines to tell you how much *The Relief Society Magazine* is appreciated in our home. I have a daughter about twelve years old who has been reading the stories from the Magazine for about four years. She has access to a variety of other reading material, but in most instances she prefers a good story from the Magazine. I am very thankful that she is learning to love good reading and that we have a Magazine containing the type of literature that will be uplifting to girls of any age. I am enclosing a little motto that I wrote several years ago:

Relief Society is the place for me,  
An intelligent wife and mother I'll be;  
Talents long hidden in a little dark room  
Will soon be awakened and burst into bloom.

—Mrs. Julia Shepherd  
Ovid, Idaho

I was born and reared in Utah, but am making my home in Sweden now. We don't have the advantages of Relief Society as I remember it from my younger years, but each week we have a Book of Mormon class. At present I have twin nephews here on a mission—the Eckman twins from Salt Lake City. My sister, Mrs. J. Wallin, Tooele, Utah, sent me a gift subscription to the Magazine. She is visiting here with me and together we enjoy the Magazine. It is my closest contact with the Church.

—Mrs. Tece Dahlen  
Alvsby, Sweden

I take *The Relief Society Magazine* and enjoy it very much. My husband and I are converts to this wonderful Church. We hope to come to Utah some day. We are natives of California.

—Leona Mendonca  
Napa, California

We would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much we enjoy the Magazine. Its excellent literature is always of a beautiful nature and on a high plane, and the Magazine as a whole inspires us with stronger testimonies and greater desires to serve God and to be good representatives of his Church and our women.

—Charlene Madsen  
Mission Stenographer  
Canadian Mission,  
Toronto, Ontario

*The Relief Society Magazine* has been in our home for many years, and we have enjoyed the many editorials, articles, stories, poems, and lessons. My daughter has read the Magazine from the time she first learned to read. When she finished high school she wasn't sure just what course she should take at the University, when she read an article by our dear Apostle Widtsoe, advising girls to go into home economics. Right then and there her mind was made up to take a home economics course, which she did, and has now been teaching for six years.

—Nellie Bentson  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

When I receive *The Relief Society Magazine* it is like a cool drink of water from the spring in the oasis in the desert, after traveling all day. I am with my husband laboring in the Swiss-Austrian Mission. The Relief Society president from my ward in Long Beach, California, sent the Magazine to me and I want you to know how much I appreciate it as I have been president of the Frauenhilfsvereine (Relief Society Association) here in St. Gallen, Switzerland, for over a year. I find the same sisterly love existing here in the mission as in America, and I do appreciate this opportunity.

—Lily N. Hortnagel  
St. Gallen, Switzerland

When my Magazine comes, I read all the poetry first, for I love to express my thoughts in that way.

—Viola D. Miller  
Afton, Wyoming

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# “Evils and Designs . . . of Conspiring Men in the Last Days”

LeRoy A. Wirthlin, M.D., F.A.C.S.  
Member, General Church Welfare Committee

“**W**HAT cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?” Thus goes the radio or television voice in a question which implies acquiescence, if not approval, of the medical profession to the use of cigarettes and tobacco, since the doctor himself is a smoker. If the doctor smokes, the intended inference is that it is all right for everyone to smoke. Reference to the medical profession to popularize the use of tobacco, to disclaim the irritating effects of one brand of cigarettes over another, or for some other advertising purpose is all too well known.

As a class, doctors probably smoke neither more nor less than other classes of men or women, but they, having the technical knowledge of the injurious effects of tobacco, have been singled out for the special attention of the tobacco companies. Apparently, in the past the purpose was to curry favor with the doctors, for representatives of tobacco companies sent doctors gifts of generous quantities of cigarettes. In New York City such gifts were usually followed by a list of questions so offered that answering would appear to place the doctor in the position of favoring some current promotional medical claim. Detail men were sent to doctors' offices and even hospitals to create friendly relations. In some instances this, too, was for the purpose of seeking

the appearance of medical support for some statement to be used for advertising purposes. Such statements of medical men were in the nature of paid testimonials, and, to the knowledge of the writer, some were given in a light and jocular frame of mind. This kind of testimony cannot be compared to the usual sober and conscientious attitude of the true medical researcher, nor is it consistent with the spirit and experience of the medical profession as a whole.

One wonders, too, if the tobacco companies, in their generous attention to the doctors, are not well aware of the potential opposition were the true facts of the poisonous effects of tobacco made known in a widespread and concerted effort by the medical profession. The history of preventive medicine and public health reveals the wholesome attitude of medical men toward the public good. The rise of the pure food and drug laws, in the interest and participation of organized medicine in creating standards and preventing the sale of adulterated and harmful substances, further reinforces the role of public benefactor traditionally characteristic of the doctor of medicine. Why the publicity campaigns of the tobacco tycoons who sell a noxious and toxic weed to young and old, male and female, have been permitted to carry on so long, is hard to understand.

As in the past with adulterated foods and drugs, is there a faint suggestion of light rising on the horizon? The following question appeared in a recent medical publication: "Should the false claims in the advertising of tobacco come under the pure food and drug laws?"

**I**N the prodigious expenditure of radio and television time, the purchase of newspaper, magazine, and billboard space, and their never-ending reference to the medical profession by the tobacco advertisers, is there any real basis for their medical claims? Are doctors, as serious professionals, in favor of smoking in the health sense, or do they recommend the use of tobacco for any human need? Nothing could be farther from the truth! On the contrary, the experience of the profession in the study and treatment of the physical and mental disorders of man has been completely in harmony with the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants that, "tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man."

It is common knowledge among doctors that smoking is injurious in many types of heart and blood vessel disease, digestive disorders, inflammatory conditions of the mouth, throat, larynx, and lungs, and that any and all tobacco smoke of whatever brand is irritating to every membrane with which it comes in contact; and if used long enough may initiate cancer anywhere from the lips to the lungs. The overwhelming recorded evidence is available in medical writings for all to read who will. Scientific articles by the hundreds treat-

ing technical phases of the injurious effects of tobacco and nicotine in a multitude of human dysfunctions and malignancies (cancers) fill the compiled volumes of medical literature.

In curiosity the writer consulted the *Current List of Medical Literature* for the past year and a half to see what had been recently added. In the year 1951 alone, there were forty-five scientific reports and papers listed under tobacco and fifteen under nicotine. Up to June of 1952 there were seventeen under tobacco and fifteen under nicotine. Care was taken not to include any report or paper suggesting the use of tobacco or nicotine as an insecticide or for any agricultural purpose. The papers counted were essentially all reports on the technical ill affects of tobacco on the physiology of some body process or tissue in human beings—ninety-two scientific papers written within a period of seventeen months all condemning tobacco. The *Quarterly Cumulative Index Medicus*, an index covering medical writing from all over the world, lists an average of twenty-eight reports on tobacco and nicotine per year for the four years prior to 1951. As typical of hundreds of others, the following titles are suggestive:

"Tobacco Smoking Habits and Cancer of the Mouth and Respiratory System," *Cancer Research*, 10:539-542, September, 1952.

"Smokers Larynx," *Annals Otol, Rhino and Larynx*, 59:541-546, June, 1950.

"Lung Cancer in Iceland" (role of cigarette smoking), *Lancet*, 2:245-247, August 12, 1952.

"Some Medical Effects of Tobacco Smoking," *British Medical Journal*, 1:4760-29, March, 1952.

"Carbon Monoxide Absorption in Smoking," *Gesundheit and Wohlfahrt*, Zurich, 31:2, February, 1951, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

As characteristic of earlier reports, the following is offered by Dr. Robert Abbe in the *New York Medical Journal*, 102:1-2, 1915, "Cancer of the Mouth, The Case Against Tobacco." In the conclusion he writes:

The occasional medical protests against the injurious use of tobacco are always met by an outbreak in the public press—inspired perhaps, by commercial interests—quoting octogenarians who owe their long lives to having always smoked. Thus the public is beguiled while no note is sounded about the thousands who are perishing from its extended use.

**I**F the index of titles on irritating tars and other injurious substances in tobacco were separately investigated, additional papers on its toxic effects would, no doubt, be uncovered. The entire medical literature would produce a bibliography so large, if thoroughly investigated for scientific reports on all the ill effects of tobacco, that a single number of *The Relief Society Magazine* would hardly be enough to list them. Obviously, therefore, one cannot do justice to the recorded medical evidence against tobacco in this brief article, though a short excerpt from the *Cancer Bulletin of Texas*, July-August 1950, indicates the spirit of the entire case against the noxious weed:

#### TABAC

The tobacco shops of Paris are distinguished at night by diamond-shaped red lamps which brightly illuminate the narrow streets. These red lamps have a new and grim appropriateness for if we

accept the conclusion of several different groups of investigators, tobacco might well be found to contain dangerous carcinogenic (cancer forming) agents.

"Doctors E. L. Wynder and E. A. Graham have observed that lung cancer in many American hospitals is the most frequent visceral cancer of males. This same observation has been made in several hospitals in England and Germany. Of 650 patients with epidermoid and undifferentiated carcinoma (cancer) of the lung studied at Barnes Hospital in St. Louis, there were ten nonsmokers. Over ninety per cent of patients with these types of lung cancer smoked cigarettes; this value is far greater than the percentage of cigarette smokers in the general hospital population . . . .

**"DURING** 1949-50, at Barnes Hospital, for every woman with lung cancer, eighteen men died of the disease. Similar ratios have been observed elsewhere, and have been interpreted by some authors to suggest that cigarettes would not cause cancer, because women also smoke. Wynder and Graham, however, point out that ninety-five per cent of their lung cancer patients have smoked for twenty years or more and eighty-five per cent have smoked for at least thirty years. Relatively few American women have smoked that long. (It has been predicted by Dr. Graham that within the next twenty-five years cancer of the lung will be a common disease among women.) . . .

"These findings have been confirmed, more or less, by Dr. R. Shrek in Chicago and Dr. M. Levine in New York. In Dr. Shrek's series of eighty-six veterans with

lung cancer, sixty-nine per cent were moderate to heavy smokers. Levine, in a study of records of several thousand patients, likewise found a positive correlation between the use of cigarettes and lung cancer. . . .

"An interesting facet of the subject is that several persons who have scrutinized the material carefully have quit smoking."

What is to be done in the face of the barrage of false and pernicious cigarette propaganda brought to the very heart of the home by radio and television, done in the philosophy of the "big lie," used with such telling, though temporary, effect by Hitler and Mussolini, now being tried by Joseph Stalin—the theory that the "lie," being big enough and told often enough, people will believe it? Sad to say, many do. The poet Pope understood when he wrote:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Judging from the report of the Utah State Tax Commission issued July 15th for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1952, the "big lie" is effective in Utah. In the year 1951 the per capita use of cigarettes was seventy packs—fourteen hundred cigarettes for every person in the State. The total year's expenditure for cigarettes alone was \$9,913,357. With the Latter-day Saint population comprising about sixty per cent of the people of Utah, this evidence is mute testimony of the success of tobacco advertising both among non-members and members in the State of Utah.

"IN consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation" (D. & C. 89:4).

What is to be done? The teaching of the Word of Wisdom in the auxiliary organizations, and the No Liquor-Tobacco Program are much needed services, directed as they are to the youth and to the adults. The golden opportunity for reaching the soul with the revelation of the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, is in the home, when children are small—when, in the trusting innocence and natural confidence of a young child in its mother, it first hears the story of the Lord, of Jesus, and the First Vision. From that time when the deepest impressions of life are made should the teaching begin. How? As a revelation, as coming from the Lord himself—as the word of the Lord. We hear many secondary reasons, health arguments, scientific disclosures, word of experts, etc., etc., why the law should be observed, but not enough of the Lord's place in the great revelation. No effect will be so deep nor long lasting as teaching faithfulness to this truth, as the word and will of the Lord, as pleasing to the Lord. Small children are susceptible, especially in their tender years, to the loving and spiritual influence of a faithful mother. It is natural for them and meets all the psychological and Biblical principles of rearing the young. Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

The best opportunity belongs to the parents, particularly to the mother with small children (with the radio and television turned off). A child thus deeply impressed, if kept active in the Church, will be best safeguarded against the incessant clamor of the tobacco advertiser. "No one can gainsay the word of the Lord," is the reaction we should try to create in our children when they hear the bombast of the radio or see the sweet and pretty girl chosen for the purpose of declaring some virtue of a particular brand of cigarette.

A four-year-old tot living in the neighborhood was aghast with surprise and disappointment when she first saw the mother of a friend smoke a cigarette. She declared, "Jesus will not love you any more!" The tot may not have had the right words, but her childish innocence was offended by the unnatural and worldly practice. She did have the right principle, for Paul said:

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are (1 Cor. 3:16-17).

This mother was amused at first, but must have done some thinking, for, later, she gave up smoking.

The appeal in the teaching of the principle in the home, of necessity, must go largely to the young mother, for with the husband away working and the children left in her hands, she is in the key position with a choice and blessed opportunity. May the Lord be with her.

Our greatest protection against the "evils and designs of conspiring men in the last days" is to teach the Word of Wisdom early and sincerely in the home—to teach it as the word and the will of the Lord, to show by example and by his spirit the true course—and neither the "Big Lie" nor the Father of Lies will so easily succeed.

\* \* \* \*

## *Lost Season*

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

That year the frost was victor over gardens.  
In their old feud he conquered every bout.  
Frost was a sleek white panther every morning  
And left dark tracks when he was driven out.

I'd never thought to see the lilacs frozen,  
A summer without lilacs could not be.  
My heart could not believe, the buds unopened,  
No fluted flasks of perfume on the tree.

Incredible that there should be a summer  
Rose-trimmed and scented tripping down the year  
To meet the sorrel-mounted, red-caped autumn  
While I still wait for lilacs to appear!

# Uncertain Heart

Sequel to "Star Dust" (Relief Society Magazine, November 1951)

Leone McCune

ON a Saturday morning in October, Kay Farnsworth stood before her mirror in her bright, chintz-hung bedroom. She examined herself appraisingly for a moment — deep, cream-colored skin, brown eyes, with reddish flecks in them. Eyes that looked back at her with a half-pleased, slightly mysterious expression, as if they held some lovely secret. She drew a stiff brush through her short auburn curls and hummed a little tune.

Don loves me, she thought dreamily. And I think I'm falling in love with him.

Then she stopped abruptly at the sound of the postman's whistle in the street. She laid the hairbrush down on the dresser and ran lightly down the stairs and out through the front door.

There might be a letter from Don, although it was really too soon to expect one. He had been gone only three days. Gone to Bryce Canyon with his geology class.

A little tremor of excitement ran through her as she stood waiting for the postman to hand her the mail.

"Lookin' for somethin' special today, huh?" he grinned as he slowly, deliberately, sorted it out.

"Special, special," she smiled back and took the magazines and letters inside. She riffled through them quickly. There was no letter from Don.

The flutter of excitement changed now to a dull, slow thudding in her

breast, as she stared unbelievably at the signature in the corner of one envelope.

The envelope read: Barry Westcott, 348 Rayburn and 10th, San Francisco, California.

Why would Barry be writing to her now? She hadn't heard from him in nine months. Not once, since she'd been in San Francisco. There she had refused to marry him away from home, and without the consent and blessing of her parents.

She placed the family's mail on the hall table and walked slowly up the stairs to her own room, closing the door softly behind her. Still slowly, she moved toward the window, tearing the envelope as she went. She read the letter through quickly, then sank weakly into a chair.

Barry was coming home just to see her and talk with her. He loved her dearly and wanted her to marry him in the temple as she wished. Everything would be as she wanted it. She would see that he had changed. He would be home tomorrow around six o'clock.

Kay could see him as though it were yesterday—his blonde handsomeness, his never-failing charm. She thought he'd forgotten her completely and now he had written as though their relationship had never been broken. She had wanted to put him forever from her mind. But even while she dated with other boys, she constantly



drew comparisons. His special way of expressing himself concerning some matter over which he was enthusiastic. His mannerisms. The indolent slouch of some young man would unfailingly bring back the image of Barry—his easy grace, his perfect poise.

But not Don. She had never compared him with Barry to Don's discredit. Don was pretty special in his own right. Not what you'd call handsome, but good-looking and very nice. He was serious about his work, but fun to be with. He was three years older than Kay. He'd been on a mission and was in his fourth year of college.

In the early summer when he had returned home, he had begun dating her frequently. She couldn't help being flattered.

Don knew exactly what he wanted in life. He planned to graduate, then continue his studies in geology down in California. He was a fine person, the kind her parents approved of, the kind any girl would be proud to marry. Kay relived an experience of two weeks before.

**V**ERNON College was having its annual trip up the mountain where they lighted the great torches forming the V. Kay and Don had gone together. While the students were all singing and eating around the fire, it suddenly started to rain. Being aware of what might follow, they all started at once down the trail. At one point it rained so hard that Kay and Don stopped under a jutting rock for shelter. They looked at each other, laughing and breathless. He had

already given her his jacket to put on over her own, but he reached out and drew it more closely around her neck. At that moment there was a flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder, terrifyingly close. And then she was in Don's arms. He bent his head and kissed her. A second later, his arms dropped quickly to his sides and he reached for her hand.

"We'll have to get out in the open, it's too dangerous here by the rocks. Who'd guess it would give us fireworks this time of the year?"

Laughter and shouting rose above the rain as the students hurried as fast as they could go along the trail.

As suddenly as it began the deluge ended, reducing itself to a mere drizzle.

Kay, breathless and tired, begged to rest a few minutes. They waited in a little clearing and looked down over the slopes, where the city lay glimmering in the misty dusk.

Don drew Kay's arm through his and pulled her closer to his side.

"I love you, Kay. I didn't want to tell you just yet, because I wanted to be more sure of you. But it won't wait."

He turned toward her, searching her face.

"Can't you tell me you're glad?"

Kay stared back at him. Her lips moved, but she seemed unable to form any words.

"Someone told me about Barry. You aren't still in love with him, are you?"

"No," Kay said quickly, emphatically. "That ended a long time ago."

"Then think about us, will you? Think about it a lot. We'd better be on our way now."

Kay still said nothing, only clung a little tighter to his hand.

They reached the foot of the mountain where his car was parked and he helped her in. He took his own jacket from her and placed a robe around her shoulders. "I'll have you home in a jiffy," he said, and drove as quickly as possible through the sloppy, water-run streets.

They were soon at Kay's house.

"Take good care of yourself, so you won't catch cold," he cautioned. At the door he leaned toward her. "I'm going to remember that you kissed me back." And then he was running down the walk, toward his car.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**ITTING now in her blue and pink chintz chair, she fingered Barry's letter in her lap. Then picked it up and read it through again, slowly this time, then laid it away in the back of her dresser drawer.

She didn't want to see Barry, she told herself. She refused to think of him consciously. But after all this time, why did he have the power to upset her so? For the rest of the day she could think of nothing else. The next morning in Sunday School she scarcely heard anything that was said.

On Sunday afternoon her parents were called away. She was glad they wouldn't be at home when Barry called. He had said in his letter, he would be at her home around six o'clock.

She hurried home from church expecting to find Barry sitting on the front porch, but there was no word, and the telephone didn't ring. She walked to the front window and stared unseeing into the early twilight. The clock struck seven. She almost held her breath. When the phone rang a minute later she jumped and her heart began a suffocating thudding in her breast. Let it ring. I won't answer it. Let it ring. But after the fourth ring she held the receiver in her hand and found enough strength to say, "Hello."

Barry's voice came low, sweet as a caress over the wire. "Darling, I love you. Forgive me for hurting you." She didn't answer. "Kay, are you there?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I'll see you in about an hour. I just got here."

"It's no use, Barry." Her voice was low and strained. "We just don't see things the same way."

"But you're wrong. I told you I'd changed."

"No, Barry, no. Why make it so difficult for ourselves?"

"I'll see you in half an hour," he said firmly and put the receiver down.

She might as well face it. She'd have to see him and get things settled once and for all.

Resolutely she reminded herself of their bitter parting. He had wanted her to marry him in San Francisco or not at all. And she had refused unless they could be married in the temple at home.

She was ready to leave when he rang the door bell.

"Darling, how are you?" he

smiled. "But I don't need to ask. You're gorgeous as ever."

He guided her along the path and helped her into the car. Before starting it, he turned to take her in his arms.

"No, Barry, please." Kay drew back. His arms dropped and he looked at her earnestly.

"I'm begging your forgiveness. Tell me you'll forget what happened in San Francisco."

"All right, Barry, we'll forget the whole thing."

"That's my girl. Now what would you like to do? Shall we go somewhere and have dinner?"

"I'm not in the mood, Barry."

"We'll take the Circle Drive and stop on Campus Hill then. Nice view of the town from there."

HE tried making light conversation, asking about mutual friends and how she was making out in college. Kay was quiet and unresponsive. In a little while they reached the hill, and when they stopped, Barry tried again to take her in his arms.

"All right, Kay, go on punishing me," he said a little bitterly. And then tenderly, "But I love you and you love me. It's just as simple as that. I've only two weeks leave and then I have to be back. We could be married this week or the first of next. Now doesn't that make you happy?"

"I don't know, Barry, I really don't know. Why did you wait all this time before getting in touch with me?"

"But, angel, I can explain that. I did try. I tried hard to forget you, but it wouldn't work and that's why I'm back."

"You didn't imagine I'd be sitting at home all this time, waiting to hear from you? Everything between us ended last March. I didn't think you'd ever try to get in touch with me again."

"I've told you I tried to forget, but it wouldn't work. I'm still in love with you, and you love me, even if you are temporarily interested in someone else. There is someone then?"

Kay said, "Everything was over between us, anyway."

"It never was for me, and it wasn't for you. We belong together, Sirius, don't you know that?"

"I think perhaps we're miles apart."

"It isn't so. I'll do anything you want me to do, anything."

"I wouldn't want you to marry me in the temple to please me, but because you wanted to of your own accord. It wouldn't be any good unless it was what you wanted to do yourself, with all your heart."

"I told you I'd changed and I mean it. We'll be married as you wish, and you know all the requirements. I'm ready to meet them all. Now, angel, name the day and we'll start making preparations."

"Barry, we can't do that. People change. We've got to be sure this time. I won't be rushed into it."

"I won't rush you," and he reached out and drew her to him roughly, pressing his lips hard on hers.

"You belong to me because I want you so much."

Kay disengaged herself from his arms.

"Take me home now, Barry, please."

"But the evening's just begun," he protested.

He couldn't persuade her to change her mind, so he took her home.

**H**E called the next morning before she left the house, and after that she saw him every night. He turned up at college unexpectedly, took her to lunch, and went with her to some of her classes.

Not once during the week did he mention wedding plans, just tried in every way to win her all over again.

On Thursday, Don returned and called to ask her to go with him to the dance on Friday night. She had to tell him she had other plans.

"That's all right, honey. I'll see you there. Save a dance for me."

When Don arrived he had Sandra Lee with him, who watched him with adoring blue eyes.

When he came upon Kay dancing with Barry, she saw the color mount in his face, the hurt, startled look in his eyes. The next moment he was smiling his sweet warm smile, his eyes a little more brilliant than usual.

Later, when she danced with him, he made no reference to his feelings for her, only talked about his trip and took her back to Barry.

On Sunday, Barry went with her to Sunday School and sacrament meeting, took her to his home for dinner. His family welcomed her cordially. They were happy and pleased to have Barry home, if only for a visit.

After that all the magic of former days with him returned. She was sure now that he had really changed. In every way he proved himself to

be exactly what she expected of her future husband.

There were just two things that bothered her now. She had not indicated to her parents that Barry had asked her to marry him. She wanted to have it decided in her own mind first. From the time he arrived she had sensed their disappointment, though they tried hard not to show it. But she hoped when her father and mother learned that they would marry in the temple, they'd accept it and be happy, too. Then there was Don. She dreaded to hurt him. She would have to tell him at the earliest opportunity.

She saw him in the corridor that same afternoon. He took her arm in his warm, friendly way. "How about a date to the game tomorrow night?" Kay shook her head. "How about tonight?"

"Let's walk out onto the campus. I want to tell you something."

He held the door for her, and they went out under the yellow maples into the bright October afternoon. They were silent as they walked across the leaf-strewn grass.

"You look serious," Don said, watching her sober face.

They went a little farther and Kay stopped, turning toward him. Facing him now she found it difficult to begin. The words seemed to stick in her throat. Then she told him quickly, bluntly, that she was going to marry Barry.

**S**HE saw the light die in his face. She heard the sharp intake of his breath, and its release on a deep sigh. His gray eyes regarded her

long, searchingly, as if he couldn't take them away.

At last his voice came low and husky, "I hope you'll be very happy. That's all I want, that you'll be happy." He waited a little awkwardly for a moment, attempting a feeble smile. He made a small gesture toward the building. "My education must go on. Math is calling me." He started back. After a few steps he turned and looked at her. "I'll be seeing you around, Kay. If you ever need me, I'll come running." He went swiftly then, his dark head bent forward.

For some reason, unaccountable to herself, she wanted to hold out her arms to him and call him back.

On Tuesday, Vernon College played State, and Kay and Barry and the crowd took in the game at the stadium. They were all in a jubilant mood, for Vernon came out victorious, and the students were ready to celebrate. They went to the "Calico Cat." They sat at the tables pounding their glasses with their spoons as an accompaniment to the school song. Someone turned on the juke box, and Barry pulled Kay to her feet, just as Jake Owen danced by with his girl. She saw him wink at Barry.

"Let's go over to the Blue Moon, eh, Barry?"

But when he asked Kay, she refused to go.

"Why not, angel?"

"Because it's just a cheap place. We're having fun, let's stay here."

"You heard what the lady said, big boy," Barry told Jake, and they glided away.

Later, when they were leaving to go home, she heard Jake talking

with Barry again. They were laughing, and Jake gave him a slap on the back as he left.

There was no doubt left in her mind now that Barry had changed. And yet she had to repeat this to herself, over and over. She went to sleep with her promise that the next night they would tell her parents of their plans.

By ten o'clock the next morning, however, she learned that Barry had gone back to the Blue Moon with Jake, and his former crowd.

KAY felt sick as she hung up the receiver, and walked unevenly toward her bed and sank into it, pulling the covers around her, while she trembled as from the cold.

Barry hadn't changed. He was just as irresponsible as ever. He could be such a fine person, if he'd only take some things more seriously. His promises weren't important to him at all. She knew now that the person she loved was not Barry, but the person she had thought him to be.

She felt no hurt, only a great sadness. Sadness that Barry could be so deceitful, that he had so little honesty, and sorrow for the girl he would some day marry. But most of all she felt sorry that she could have been so easily deceived, and that she had let his physical charm overshadow her judgment. What a terrible mistake she had almost made.

And she thought of Don, whose honest gray eyes had regarded her earlier that night with, now that she thought of it, a grave concern. Would he want her back? The tears dried now on her cheeks. He wouldn't be Don if he didn't!



A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Brozik

## COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA



### *Our Land*

Ida Isaacson

For centuries soft-moccasined red men roamed through our land, gazing up at the mountains, that raised their lonesome spires to God, and all the while restless waters lapped against the shore, breathing a quite undertone, that whispered.

Columbus came, glorious and brave, to find America.

Columbus, long since your ashes have wasted away like gossamer against a fickle wind. Time alone has ripened your valor and your fame; but the tracking of your journey will lead deep into the hearts of Americans.

Plymouth Rock, your Pilgrims wove indelible dyes in us, your children, dyes that sun and wind and desire cannot change. Lamps of learning, proud and bright, light our land.

Factories stand now where sagebrush wasted in the sun.

Clear streams of cool water run through the veins of America, feeding her thousands.

Church bells peal and God is very near, and life is good and sweet, and we shall carry on.

For we love our land, America.



# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1892

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

**SOUL MESSAGE:** Words are the lights which the generations carry, these kindle lamps along the track of life, some of them give a glorious lustre, clear as the most brilliant star, while others are dim flickering and uncertain . . . . The Hebrew prophet proclaimed the message which God had given him. . . . Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away. —L. M. Hewlings

**MISS MAUD MAY BABCOCK** . . . who has recently come to teach in this city and has been engaged by the Faculty of the Utah University is certainly a very pleasing and attractive person as well as an accomplished elocutionist and teacher of Delsarte. Mrs. Susa Y. Gates met Miss Babcock last summer at Harvard, and was instrumental in securing her services for Utah. —Editorial

**THE FLORAL EMBLEM FOR UTAH** will be balloted for at the coming Territorial Fair in October. The Board of Lady Managers have selected the following flowers as candidates, Sego Lily, Yellow Primrose, Indian Paint Brush, Wild Rose, and Marguerite . . . notice of this should be immediately and widely spread, and all ladies should cast a ballot for our emblem, in order to show their interest in Utah and her exhibit, at the World's Columbian Exposition. —May Preston, Secretary

### THE EYES THAT CANNOT WEEP

The saddest eyes are those that cannot weep;  
The loneliest breast the one that sobbeth not;  
The lips and mind that are most parched and hot  
Are those that cannot pray and cannot sleep.

. . . .  
Pity, O God, the eyes that cannot weep.

—*The Woman's Recorder*

**THE RELIEF SOCIETY IN THE MEXICAN MISSION:** The fifth quarterly conference of this Mission was held in Colonia Juarez, August 29, 1892, President Mary Eyring presiding. . . . After expressing the happiness she enjoyed in her labors and the steady progress being made by the Society; exhorted the sisters to be faithful and true to the trust reposed in them, in fulfilling all the obligations of true womanhood . . . . Counselors Cynthia Stowell and Ellen Lunt addressed the Conference in an excellent spirit . . . . The subjects treated upon were, the valued labors of the officers and members of the Relief Society; the gathering together of earnest women interested in the establishment of righteousness upon the earth, and acting as ministering angels by precept and example, encouraging the virtues of modesty, purity and chastity; visiting the widow and fatherless in their afflictions, and keeping themselves pure and unspotted from the world . . . . —M. E. Teasdale, Sec.

**TEMPERAMENT:** To most women the home is the one place where they desire to be appreciated and understood, and how very often they spoil everything by that nervousness that is so common in women of high-strung temperament . . . . The prolongation of human life with all one's faculties sound and good is one of the objects that this people have sought to achieve: but the fact is we all want the blessing without the effort. —Editorial



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**M**ANY contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine* received special recognition at the annual Roundup of the League of Utah Writers in August. Two stories published in the *Magazine* received high honors: Blanche Kendall McKey won second place in the published story division for "No Tears, Beloved" (February 1952), and Maryhale Woolsey won honorable mention for "The Long Day" (April 1952). Ouida Johns Pedersen won first honorable mention for her poem "The Last Snow" (March 1952).

**I**N the Republican presidential nominating convention Clare Boothe Luce made a speech in favor of nominating Margaret Chase (Mrs. Clyde H.) Smith, our only woman United States senator, for vice-president of our country. Reasons arose within the party for a change of mind, and the nomination was not made. The Democrats in their convention nominated both Judge Sarah T. Hughes, president of the National Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and India (Mrs. Herbert T.) Edwards, vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee, and chairman of the women's division of the national committee, for the office of vice-president. Both names were later withdrawn.

**L**UCY SMITH (Mrs. Thomas B.) CARDON, oldest resident of Logan, Utah, died August 20th at the age of one hundred years. Intelligent, beautiful, and charming, she was the mother of eleven outstanding sons and daughters. She was president of the Cache Stake Relief Society for twenty-three years, and a member of the general board of Relief Society from 1892 to 1902.

**M**R.S. IVY BAKER PRIEST, a Latter-day Saint from Bountiful, Utah, is assistant chairman of the National Republican Committee in charge of the women's division. She has a busy schedule in Washington, D. C., and is speaking in many states.

**M**R.S. ADA DYER RUSSELL, eighty-nine, retired character actress and a native of Salt Lake City, who played many famous roles in the old Salt Lake Theater, died in July 1952. She appeared in the farewell performance in October 1928 and was instrumental in having the bronze plaque placed on the theater site. As a young actress she toured Australia and Europe, and while returning home from a London engagement, she met the well-known New England poet, Amy Lowell, later becoming her close friend and secretary.



## *"Seedtime and Harvest"*

While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease (Genesis 8:22).

**N**OW in the season of the richness of the earth and the gathering of the harvest, we are reminded again of the ancient promise that the earth will continue to respond to the labor of men and women, that it will produce food for us, and yield also the beauty, and the color, and the comfort of its changing seasons.

From earliest times men have rejoiced in the splendor of earth and have derived great satisfaction and exalted joy in contemplating the endless possibilities and the enduring grandeur of this "footstool of heaven." Not only have the natural garden spots of earth been loved by the children of men, but the waste places and the wilderness have also been endeared to those whose lives have been spent in lands of little rain. Poets and prophets from earliest recorded time have expressed their close communion with the earth, even as Isaiah portrayed the exaltations of his people: "Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord has comforted his people" (Isaiah 49:13).

In the desert places and the mountains of Palestine, Jesus found comfort and rest to his soul. The shores of Galilee, the valley of the Jordan, the arid hills of Judea,

and the environs of his home in Nazareth were rest places on his journeys and quiet havens where he communed through prayer with his Father in heaven.

In all ages, men and women who have lived close to the earth have derived strength and serenity—purpose and fulfillment, from communion with mountains and valleys, fields and forests, realizing the truth of the ancient words: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

To the home seekers of the latter days, the mountain valleys, in their awesome splendor, lay before the pioneers as a land of promise, a Canaan in the West. And the conquest of the arid land became a soul-inspiring task that minimized the difficulties and the tragedies of drought and floods. Brigham Young once voiced the rejoicings of his people when he said: "How does the earth feel when righteous men and women are walking upon it? . . . I tell you there is strength in it."

One of the disrupting forces of our modern society is the great concentration of population in large centers, where few people have access to the steadying influence of contacts with fields and flowers, the amber beauty of wheatfields and the russet bounty of orchards.

Also, it has been the observation of many that older people who have a plot of land or a little garden, or even a window filled with growing things, retain their physical and mental health longer, are more contented, and feel themselves an integral part of the ever-growing, ever-changing, ever-blessed earth.

Now in this time of autumn, may we once again rejoice in the harvest, may we be generous with the portion which is ours, and may we remember that the earth has ample possibilities to yield food for all. When, through flood or drought or wind, or through human negligence and indifference, the cycle of seedtime and harvest is broken, then people in many parts of the earth are hungry and

desolate. By example, through individual effort and responsibility, and through our united co-operation in the Welfare Plan, we as Latter-day Saints may help to make a better and a happier dwelling place for men.

O God of our salvation . . . . Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power. Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people . . . . Thou visitest the earth. . . . Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers. . . . Thou crownest the year with thy goodness . . . . and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing (Psalm 65:5-13).

—V. P. C.

\* \* \* \*

## *Child by a Stormy Sea*

Lael W. Hill

Five years old, full of joy and wonder,  
He runs along the gray sand looking to the thunder  
Of the wide wind over and the white waves under.

Sky-eyed boy, he runs along the beaches—  
Leaps to meet the wild gulls, the splashed wave-reaches—  
Laughing to the songs that the swift wind teaches.

Never a doubt the way that he is going—  
Quick along the curved edge, nor ever pause nor slowing—  
Part of earth and sea he is, and dusk-wind blowing.

Oh, wise of heart, who slipped a dull, safe tether—  
For rippled sand, for curled sea, now let us race together—  
Sharing for an hour this windy-silver weather.

# *In Memoriam—Elder Don B. Colton*

September 15, 1876—August 1, 1952

**E**LDER Don B. Colton, director of the mission home in Salt Lake City, for fourteen years, died August 1, 1952, at the age of seventy-five. Prominent in civic affairs and a devoted worker in the Church, he had served as United States Congressman, as president of Uintah Stake, president of the Eastern States Mission, and as an inspirational and beloved leader in many other positions of trust and responsibility. Two of his Easter messages published in *The Relief Society Magazine*: "Jesus Christ Our Lord" (April 1948) and "Jesus—Lord of the Resurrection" (April 1949) expressed Brother Colton's deep and abiding faith in eternal life and the joyful reunion with loved ones in the Father's kingdom.

As author of the theology lessons for Relief Society ("The Life and Ministry of the Savior," 1947-1951), he particularly endeared himself to the women of the Church.

The family of Brother Colton, in a note of appreciation for the sympathy extended to them by the general board of Relief Society, expressed Brother Colton's love for his work in preparing the theology lessons: "Brother Colton loved his work with you in the cause of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. He enjoyed so much writing the theology lessons and appreciated the opportunity to enlarge his knowledge of his Lord."

Relief Society members in all the stakes and missions of the Church extend heartfelt sympathy to Sister Colton and the family. May all the loved ones of Brother Colton be comforted at this time and may they be uplifted in spirit, recalling and always remembering the tender, compassionate spirit and the great love which Brother Colton manifested throughout his life.

\* \* \* \*

## *The Aster*

Gene Romolo

When autumn plucks the petals of the rose,  
Leaving only briars on each stem,  
The aster with a varied beauty blows,  
To hearten us before there falls again  
The cold, white covering that winter flings  
Upon earth's breast to smother growing things.

# Adventure in Glass

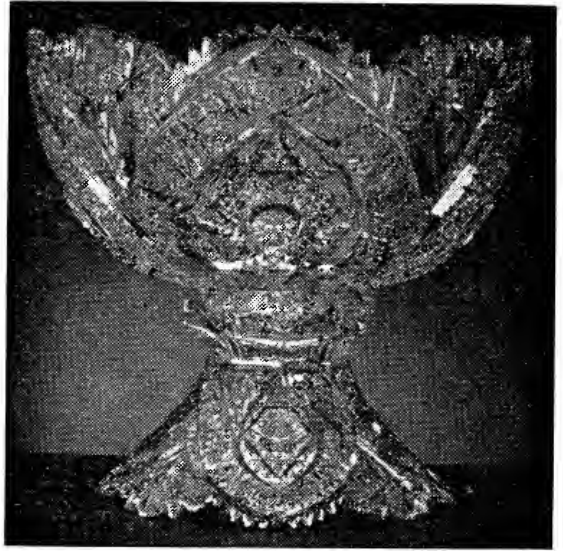
V—American Pressed Glass

Alberta H. Christensen

Member, General Board of Relief Society

**T**HE invention of the pressing machine, which was the first major change of technique in nearly two thousand years, revolutionized the art of glassmaking. It made quantity production possible, and this put the glass industry upon a sound economic basis.

Several glasshouses were, in the 1820's, making such items as knobs, by a process of mechanical pressing, but no one had, as yet, produced a drinking vessel by mechanical means. In 1827 Deming Jarves, founder of the Boston and



Courtesy O. M. Burch  
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

## CRYSTAL PUNCH BOWL

This heavy crystal glass bowl, made by Libbey Glass Company, shows the elaborate workmanship prevalent at the turn of the century.



Courtesy O. M. Burch  
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

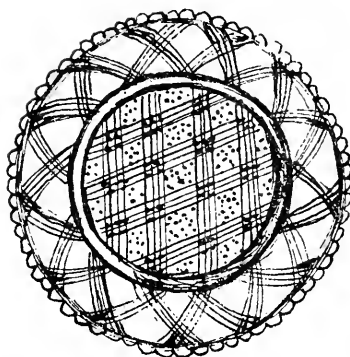
## CUT GLASS TABLE

This unusual piece, in the Neola pattern, is thirty-two inches high, and the top has a diameter of twenty-eight inches. Made by Libbey Glass Company, 1902.

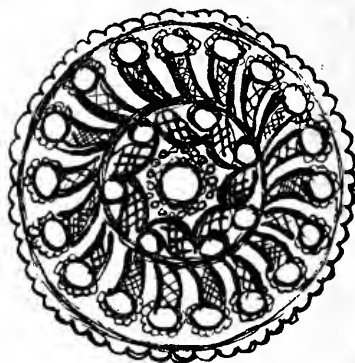
Sandwich Glass Company, assisted by a practical workman, contrived a mold and a hand-operated machine by which he made the first pressed tumbler. This simple invention opened the way for mass production, and pressed glass, less expensive than blown ware, eventually found its way into every American home.

The glass blowers, at first apprehensive, became panic-stricken, for they feared the new development might rob them of their handcraft. They threatened Jarves' life, and he was forced to remain inside his house for six weeks. Nevertheless, the new device was



Heart and Sheaf of Wheat  
Pattern

Scotch Plaid

Peacock Feather and  
Scrolled Eye

## PRESSED GLASS CUP PLATES

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

soon adopted everywhere, and the glass workmen still found plenty of work.

*Lacy Glass*

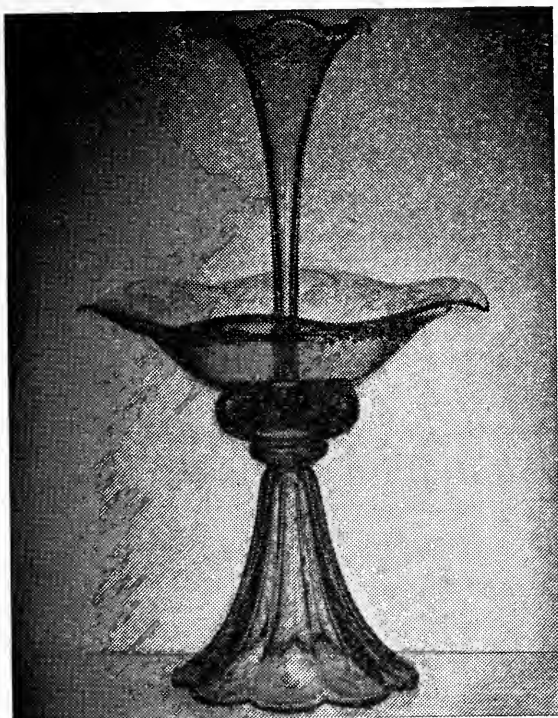
The use of interesting and elaborately designed molds gave distinction to the output of the factory at Sandwich. Much of this early pressed ware is known as "lacy glass," which is in a class by itself because it is distinctive and was produced over a comparatively short period. The term is suggested by the lacy appearance of the background, which is covered by fine stippling. Lacy patterns were suited to the pressing process and could not be obtained by any other technique. So much of the fine lacy glass was produced at Sandwich that many people think only of Sandwich when the term "lacy glass" is mentioned, although it was made elsewhere. The lacy-glass period lasted for less than three decades, but during this time quantities of distinctive pressed ware were produced at Sandwich, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere. At its best, lacy glass was very effective, but the making of elaborate molds was an expensive process, and it was eventually discontinued, and more simple designs were substituted.

By the early 1830's lacy glass was being pressed in all forms, although the bulk of the output consisted of flat or shallow articles, such as cup plates, tea plates, sauce dishes, and salts, although such items as sugar bowls, compotes, celery holders, trays, and pitchers were successfully made. The greater part was made from clear lead-glass, but this early ware sometimes contained bubbles, and was frequently irregular from an uneven pressure of the plunger. The larger and more ambitious forms of lacy glass are the trays with open handles, compotes on high foot, in canary yellow, peacock blue, amethyst, or dark green. Lacy glass was not, however, so often produced in color, as the designs appeared to greater advantage on clear glass.

*Cup Plates*

Following the trend of the period, historical and commemorative patterns were introduced, the majority of them appearing on those attractive little items known as cup plates.

These little plates were about three inches in diameter and were made, previous to the advent of the pressing machine, of earthen-



Courtesy O. M. Burch  
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

#### SIMPLE EPERGNE

Decorated with simple copperwheel engraving, made by the Libbey Glass Company.

ware. They were used to avoid stain or damage to good linen and polished wood. Our forefathers 150 years ago often drank their tea from saucers, and the little plates were used to hold the cup while the hot tea was cooling in a saucer. Originally the plates sold for a few cents apiece and were popular for thirty years or more. Hundreds of them were decorated with conventional or lacy patterns; some had portrait heads of such important people as Washington, Queen Victoria, or Franklin. These were made in clear glass and a wide range of colors. A great number of historic and patriotic subjects were also used and were probably made in all the early glasshouses where the pressing machine was adopted.

#### Pattern Glass

During the late forties, what was known as pattern glass came into being and flooded the country during the next forty years. The term here refers to a whole matching set of glassware. This pressed tableware, with its numerous designs, some of them very attractive and interesting, found a place in most American homes and are now prized by their owners more for sentimental values than for the quality of the metal. An interesting glass made by the Gillinder Glasshouse of Philadelphia, combined a clear glass with a motif of acid-finished glass which resembled camphor; hence the term camphor glass. This combination appears in the pattern glass known as "Lion Glass" and the "Westward Ho." The latter, which shows an Indian,



Courtesy O. M. Burch  
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

#### CASED GLASS VASE

Brilliantly colored glass overlaid on clear glass, a popular decorative technique in the nineteenth century. Vase made by Libbey Glass Company.

a log cabin, a bison, and a deer, was obviously a bid for western trade.

An important branch of glass pressing was that of making lamps. Some lamp bases were pressed in molds made especially for that purpose, but often lacy cup plates (made thicker) were used upside down and were attached to fonts that were hand-blown. Later, entire whale-oil lamps were made (in separate parts) by the pressing machine. Thousands of styles were produced, for in America the whale-oil lamp preceded the candle. The greater number of these lamps were of clear glass, though occasionally they were made in color.

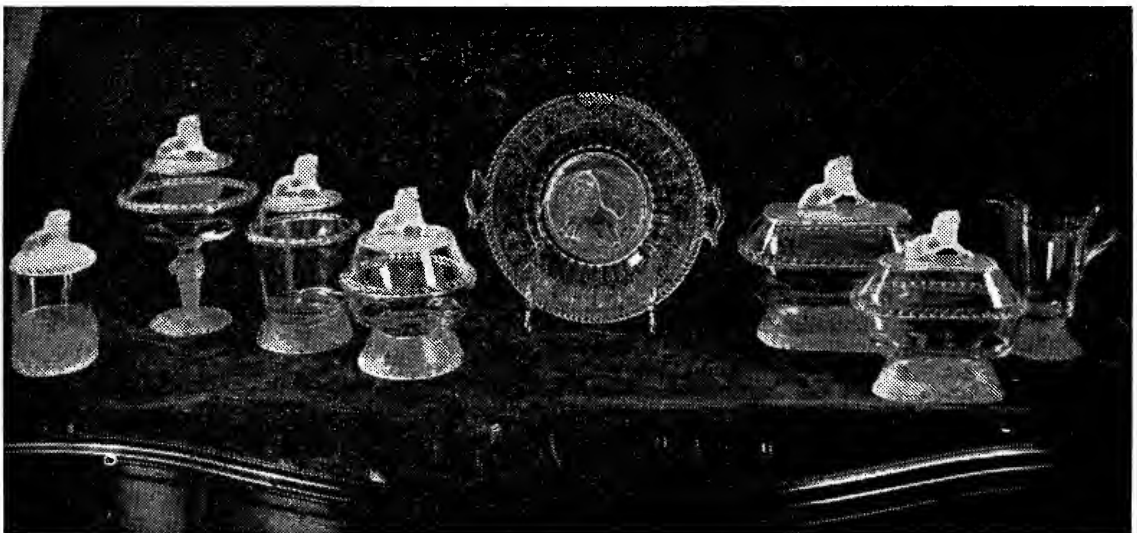
Candlesticks, seldom made before the advent of the pressing machine, were now made in numerous styles. At first they had pressed bases only, the stems and nozzles being hand-blown. Later, completely pressed candlesticks became simple in design, their appeal resulting from use of unusual color, red, amber,

royal purple, sapphire blue, canary, and opaque white. The dolphin was the most famous of all candlestick designs, appearing in the 1850's, and was probably a result of Venetian influence. The larger ones, with square bases, originated at Sandwich.

### *Blown Glass*

Although enormous quantities of pressed glass were produced for our own use and for export, some glass was also hand-blown during the Victorian era. There were always customers who could afford the more expensive hand-blown articles, and many beautiful articles were produced during this period.

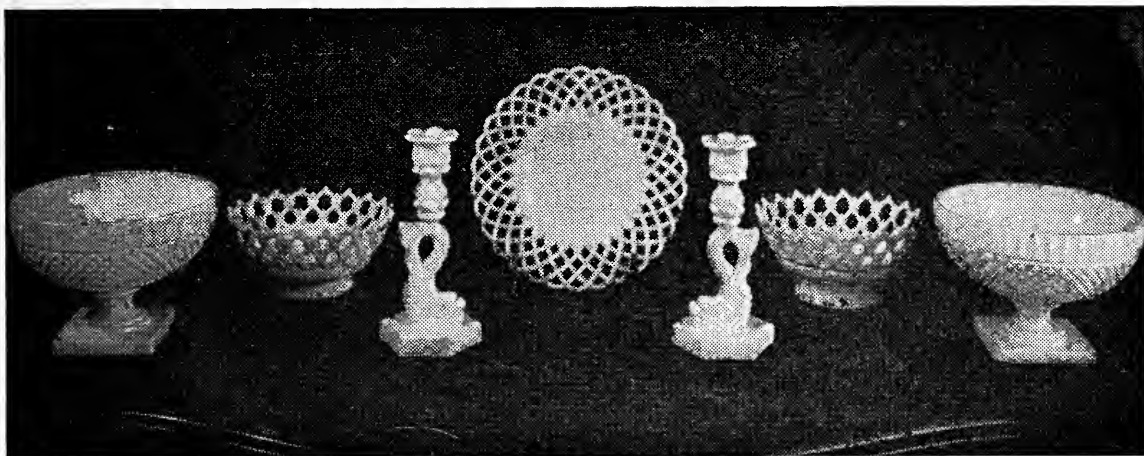
The New England Glass Company at this particular time surpassed all others in its technical accomplishments. One of the interesting glasses blown there was called "cased glass," which was similar to the famed Bohemian ware. Blown from the finest flint metal, it appeared in such forms as toilet



Hal Rumel  
(Courtesy Marianne C. Sharp)

### LION-PATTERN GLASS

Clear Glass With Frosted Heads



Hal Rumel  
(Courtesy Marianne C. Sharp)

#### MILK GLASS GROUP

Pair of Diamond-Point Compotes, "Lace-Edged" Bowls, and a  
Pair of Dolphin Candlesticks

bottles, lamps, and vases. By this method, brilliantly colored glass was overlaid on clear glass, and designs cut through the colored layer permitted the clear glass to show through.

It was the period of the bowl or dish on foot (Italian tazza type) and the epergne. An epergne, in its simplified form, was a shallow dish with a trumpet-like vase rising from a socket in the center. Sometimes it was a very complicated affair, reaching a height of two or more feet, and having a series of curved arms holding glass baskets, and interspersed with glass leaves. These centerpieces were a specialty at Sandwich.

Silvered glass, produced in imitation of silver, was also a Victorian novelty. It was blown double and coated on the interior with a silver nitrate preparation. Sometimes it was blown paper-thin but often was clumsy and inartistic and more suitable for door and furniture knobs than for tableware. It was made in a number of factories.

Solidity and a great deal of

ornamentation in the form of cutting, engraving, and gilding were in demand during the mid-nineteenth century. Fruit dishes, compotes, and epergnes of great height were impressive, and vases and chandeliers gave a desired effect of magnificence. By 1880 a great deal of experimentation was producing interesting new "glass types" and color effects. A gradual shading of one color into another was to be found in such glass as the "amberina" and peachblow of the Cambridge Company and the Burmese (yellow to coral pink) of New Bedford. Items made by this technique were attractive, but unfortunately were sometimes marred by decoration of enameled flowers, birds, or even verses of poetry.

An attempt to imitate porcelain resulted in the opaque-white ware known as milk-white glass. These experiments, including the Favril glass of Tiffany, were interesting because of their unusual colorings, but they denied the true function of glass, which is to transmit light.

# A Case for Martha

## PART II

Hannah Smith

Synopsis: Janet Winters was delighted when Frances Brooker arrived to spend the summer as a house guest while she collaborated with Dave Winters on a series of classical narratives to be done in twentieth century idiom and setting for phonograph transcription. However, on their first evening together, Frances Brooker reproached Janet for her obsession with superb housekeeping, fancy cooking, and elaborate table setting, and suggested that she was being a "Martha" who, as her Biblical predecessor, was "cumbered about much serving."

**B**Y the time the last pan hung scoured and shining on the rack above the stove, Cart was howling thirstily for his ten-o'clock bottle. Janet changed and fed him quickly, then hurried out to the porch. The conversation had reached a scintillating height, flickering back and forth between the two like expert sword play. Frances Brooker was sitting out on the edge of her deep rattan chair, scowling in wry protest at something Dave was saying. She glanced up, smiling, as Janet came through the door.

"Good!" she said. "We need an umpire, I must say. Your husband has some preposterous ideas, Janet. Absolutely ridiculous!"

"Now, look here . . ." Dave was saying in a loud, spluttering tone. "Now, look here, Frances . . .!"

Janet saw that his tie was, as usual, up under his ear, his hair more tousled than ever. She settled down happily next to him in the porch swing, slipping her feet

with a silent sigh of relief, out of her high-heeled, dress-up sandals. Listening drowsily and admiringly, she realized it would be stimulating to know this clever woman . . . so profound . . . so . . . .

She sat up with a startled embarrassed laugh, realizing abruptly that Dave had spoken to her twice.

"Sorry, Davie," she said, aghast. "I guess I'd better go in to bed, before you have to carry me."

In the following days, her hope for better acquaintance with Frances Brooker proved bafflingly difficult to achieve. As soon as Dave's classes at the university closed for the summer, he and his new collaborator settled into a hard working, seldom broken routine. Each morning they spent in the study, their typewriters pounding out a rapid duet, interrupted at intervals by the rise and fall of their absorbed, argumentative voices. In the afternoons they made trial transcriptions of the records, for length and timing. The evenings were often given over to correcting the day's work and planning for the next morning's task.

Janet, knowing Dave's enthusiasm for the project and observing the steady advance of the work, fought down a small vague feeling of abandonment. It wasn't so much that she and Dave were missing their usual vacation together; they'd agreed regretfully on that long before, she reminded herself. It wasn't that Frances Brooker was un-



friendly. But whenever she talked with her, Janet always seemed to come away feeling somehow baffled and frustrated, even though their talks inevitably consisted of solicitous protests from Frances that Janet was working too hard—suggestions that she should use paper napkins instead of linen, cut down on her ironing, her house-cleaning. When Janet protested feebly that the work had to be done, that she enjoyed most of it, Frances Brooker's expression always seemed to Janet to hold a faint tinge of incredulity.

FOR some unnamed reason, she stopped wearing in her hair the bright ribbons that matched her cotton dresses, and she put away a particularly frivolous pair of red sandals. Several times she found herself dragging unrelated, pedantic topics into the table conversation, and Dave's fondly amused look would make her burn with a feeling of awkward immaturity.

Janet felt that something was wrong between her and Dave, something, down below the surface of things.

*The summer will soon be over, she kept reminding herself; then everything will be the same again.* However, one evening in July Janet began to fear that she and Dave might not regain their old footing.

Barbie had been tantalizingly difficult to get to bed, and it was nearly nine before Janet joined the two collaborators in the study, taking with her a library book she'd snatched up as she passed the hall table. Her mind was only partly on the story, when Dr. Brooker looked over abruptly and asked her what she was reading.

Janet had been sitting with her legs curled under her and her book on the arm of the chair, and, at the sound of the other woman's voice, she suddenly felt kiddish and awkward. She straightened and put her feet on the floor. "Why . . . ." She found herself flushing defensively. "A light novel."

"Interesting?"

"Not especially—I just happened to pick it up," Janet stammered, hating herself for the apologetic note in her voice but unable to erase it. "I was too tired for anything heavier."

Frances Brooker put her elbow on her chair back and smiled at Janet, shaking her head with amused reproof. "Still polishing goblets and ironing linen," she said. "You owe it to yourself, Janet, to cut out a lot of this—manual labor."

*You could if you wanted to, her tone seemed to add.*

Janet had just opened her mouth to answer when her eyes caught Dave's . . . a stranger's gaze, calm, analytical, and frighteningly dispassionate.

"I do think Frances is right," he said. "You do have a Martha complex, Jan. Frances was just saying this morning that the average woman . . . ."

All at once Jan jumped up, the phrase, the superior tone angering her.

"The average woman!" she said. "Is that what I am to you now, Dave Winters? Just an . . .?"

Before he could answer, Frances crossed the room and put a hand on Janet's arm.

"Of course you aren't," she said, in warm concern. "I'm afraid this is my fault—and I was only trying



to help in what I said. But, as an outsider, let me warn you, Jan—you should spend more time with Dave, give some of it to his work.”

JANET left the room before saying something she'd regret later. She'd take the car and drive, she decided—but, no, the keys were in Dave's pocket. Then she remembered the extra set on top the broom closet. She was on the second step of the rickety kitchen stool when the stepstool teetered—and, surely, it was between that time and the next jarring instant when the idea struck her.

She was moaning when Dave reached her. Her eyelids fluttered open and caught a camera-shutter glimpse of his stricken face—then flickered quickly shut again. Something really did hurt—and badly—she discovered with surprise.

“Bad shoulder sprain,” was the doctor's verdict. “Stay off your feet and give that shoulder a rest. Your husband says he can make arrangements for someone to take the baby for a while. And your friend here says she'll be glad to get the meals.”

“You mean—Dr. Brooker?” Janet's voice, even dulled and drowsy with sleeping pills, held a note of incredulity and dismay.

“Surely!” Frances Brooker's voice from the foot of the bed, at Dave's elbow, was bright, friendly, and confident. “Not any trouble at all. I'll be glad to help.”

JANET slept. Later she awoke with such an aching sense of misery that for a minute she could hardly orient herself to its magnitude. Then she remembered. She'd done a silly, childish thing, on a reckless

impulse—and now, as if in judgment, Frances Brooker was stepping into another part of her life, usurping still more of her own cherished kingdom.

Janet stared at the ceiling. She heard brisk steps in the kitchen, a feminine voice, Dave's deeper, answering tone. She licked a tear off her lip. She had a sudden vivid picture of Frances Brooker, apron-clad, stirring Dave's breakfast cereal while she chatted lightly, sparkingly, about Milton.

Janet gave a strangled sob and pulled the covers over her head. When Dave tiptoed in, she stayed under till she heard him go away.

It was a long while later before he came back, carrying a tray, attractively set and bearing a dismally — to Janet — appetizing-looking breakfast.

“She can even cook,” Janet said dully, looking at the food.

Dave put the tray down on the bedside table.

“What?” he asked abstractedly. “Oh, yes, I guess she can.” His eyes were on Janet and they had a seeing, Dave-ish look in them. “She makes an awful lot of fuss about it, though. Do you know, I asked her if she'd have time to go over a transcription tonight, and do you know what she said?”

Janet got up on her elbow. Her eyes held a look of bright and dawning interest. “No . . . .”

Dave looked righteously aggrieved. “She said, ‘No! no!’ She said she was dead tired already and that she was going to bed right after dinner. Why, she doesn't even have Cart here. She hasn't done a thing except get breakfast and order groceries.”

There was a small, tentative knock on the bedroom door.

"Come in!" Janet called, cordiality ringing in her voice.

Frances Brooker's face was flushed. There were parallel lines across her learned forehead. When she met Janet's smile, her gray eyes held a look that could only be interpreted as respectful.

"Janet," she asked worriedly, "I hate to bother you now, but there are several questions I'd like to ask about the house."

"Go right ahead," said Janet affably. "Ask me anything."

"Dr. I. Q. herself," Dave grinned, pinching her toe through the blank-

ets. "Say, since Frances is so busy, would you mind if I read the transcript to you?"

Janet's lashes demurely hid her eyes. "Why . . . no, Dave," she said. "I'd love it."

While Dave's voice rose and fell Janet was only half listening. How long would she have to stay in bed, she wondered.

"How do you like it?" Dave asked, putting down the script and tucking the blanket in carefully around her.

"It's lovely," said Janet dreamily. "Now read me the one about Mary and Martha."



## *Packed Lunch Suggestions*

Hazel Stevens

Utah State Department of Health  
Prepared for the Utah State Nutrition Council

Now is the time when school children, in some areas, will be eating carried lunches. Many men and women will continue to pack a daily lunch.

A good lunch must nourish, must taste good, and should carry and keep well.

### *Precautions*

In hot weather bacteria multiply very quickly and foods such as potato salad, fish sandwiches, cream puddings, and so on, may be problems. Wide-mouthed thermos bottles are best for some of these foods. Lunches should be stored in cool places—not in the sun, heated furnace room, or closed up in a

warm car. Even in winter months, lunch boxes need to be in a cool place. Some foods used for lunches, which are packed several hours in advance, may need refrigeration.

Hot foods should be piping hot when packed and cold foods should be icy cold.

Lunch pails and thermos jars should be cleaned daily.

### *Equipment and Materials Suitable for Carried Lunches*

Accessories add interest to a carried lunch and make possible a greater variety of food. Such accessories might include:

Lunch pails  
 Thermos jars  
 Clean paper sacks  
 Wax paper and wax paper bags  
 Plastic bags or plastic material in sheets  
 Half-pint jars with good lids (wide mouth preferred)

Spoons or forks when necessary  
 (silver, plastic, or other types)  
 Paper cartons, waxed (with covers)  
 Plastic sauce dishes in various shapes  
 (round or pie-shaped)  
 Paper place mats  
 Napkins—large and small

### Sandwiches

A variety of breads makes the lunch box interesting. Try 100 per cent whole wheat, enriched white, rye—with or without caraway seeds, mixed meal breads, pumpernickle, or raisin bread.

Sweet breads may include cin-

namon, date, raisin, banana—with or without nuts. They can be used plain, buttered, or with a cream cheese. Cornmeal, bran, or fruit muffins, cut in the center and buttered, make nice additions to eat with salad and stewed fruits.

### SANDWICH FILLINGS

- |                        |  |
|------------------------|--|
| Peanut butter:         | Plain or with honey, jam, or ground raisins<br>With minced crisp bacon or green pepper<br>With grated carrot or chopped celery   |
| Peanuts:               | Chopped or whole, with mayonnaise, or added to other mixes   |
| Cheese:                | Cottage cheese, drained, plain or with chopped nuts, parsley, chives, green pepper<br>Brick or Cheddar cheese<br>Creamed cheese, plain or with nuts, green peppers, olives, or chives  |
| Meats:                 | Sliced lamb, pork, beef, veal roasts (thoroughly chilled before packing)<br>Ground left-over roast with minced onion and salad dressing<br>Crisp bacon, plain or with egg, and fresh tomato separately packed<br>Sliced chilled meat loaf, plain or with dressing or mustard |
| Canned Meats and Fish: | Deviled ham, Vienna sausage, tuna, salmon, ham<br>Corned beef, beef tongue, veal loaf  |
| Chicken:               | Chilled stewed chicken—plain sliced<br>Minced, with salad dressing<br>Fried piece wrapped separately   |
| Eggs:                  | Hard-cooked, mashed, seasoned and moistened with evaporated milk or cream<br>Plain, or with chopped parsley, pepper, or crisp bacon  |
| Miscellaneous:         | Olive and nut, with dressing<br>Avocado—mashed, seasoned with savory salt or onion juice—with a bit of lemon juice<br>Avocado and egg salad<br>Chilled baked beans (mashed), seasoned with a bit of catsup   |



Courtesy American Institute of Baking

### *Freezing Sandwiches*

Some types of sandwiches can be made in quantity and frozen for future use. Good types for freezing are: chicken, beef, salmon, cheese, and peanut butter. These usually keep three to four weeks. Ham usually becomes strong after two or three weeks. Sandwiches should be packaged separately in moisture-proof, vapor-proof, resistant paper and labeled for identification. They carry best and seem fresher when packed in the lunch box in the frozen state.

### *Foods for the Thermos Jar*

Hot foods should be packed very hot for safety and to be tasty. Rinse the thermos jar in hot water, then

fill with very hot water and allow to stand until ready to fill. When cold food is desired, rinse the jar in ice water and refrigerate the food prior to packing in the thermos.

Foods best suited to the thermos are:

Hot stewed vegetables, such as tomatoes, hot broth, meat stews, oyster stew, chowder. Particularly good are: chicken-noodle soup, cream of celery soup, cream of pea soup, corn chowder, and beef-rice or barley-beef stews.

Hot juices, such as tomato juice, plain or spiced; grape juice, grapefruit juice, orange juice, lemonade, apple juice, or cider.

Hot milk beverages, such as Postum made with milk, chocolate-flavored milk.

Cold drinks, such as molasses milk shake, banana milk shake, eggnogg, or

cold milk, chilled fruit and vegetable juices, such as orange, tomato, grapefruit or fruit punch.

NOTE: (Wide-mouth, small thermos jars are ideal for cold salads, stewed fruits, soft puddings.)

### *Suggestions to Add Variety, Nutrients, and Extras to a Carried Lunch*

Radishes—washed in advance, packed in containers with a square of ice  
 Carrot sticks, chilled, packed in wax paper or small plastic bags  
 Green pepper strips  
 Slices of raw turnips  
 Celery, plain or filled with cream cheese  
 Wedges of crisp cabbage or sections of crisp head lettuce  
 Green onions, packed well to avoid exchange of flavors  
 Whole tomatoes, apples, or oranges (peeled or unpeeled). Other fresh fruit in season, such as plums, peaches, apricots, pears, or grapes  
 Pickles—sweet or sour or dill  
 Olives, stuffed, green, or ripe  
 Hard-cooked eggs, halved or whole, plain or stuffed  
 Wedges or cubes of brick cheese  
 Dried fruits—plain or stuffed with cheese or nuts or dipped in coconut mix  
 Nuts—peanuts or cashews  
 Corn, potato, and cheese chips

### SUGGESTIVE DESSERTS FOR CARRIED LUNCHES

Fruits: fresh, dried, stewed, or canned  
 Fruit salads: molded or plain  
 Puddings (chilled thoroughly before packing): rice, custard, lemon sponge, sago and tapioca, brown betty, pumpkin custard  
 Gingerbread, applesauce cake, sponge cake squares  
 Sweet breads: Nut, raisin, date, or orange—plain or with cream cheese  
 Cookies, oatmeal, peanut butter, raisin nut, brownies, and fruit-filled tarts or turnovers, such as apple or berry.

### SUGGESTED LUNCHES

The type and amount of food will vary with the individual's activity, hours of work, and time of eating

#### *Light Lunch*

Egg salad sandwich  
 Peeled orange  
 Thermos with milk

#### *Medium Lunch*

Egg salad sandwich  
 Carrot sticks  
 Thermos: cream of tomato soup  
 Oatmeal cookie  
 Peeled orange

#### *Heavy Lunch*

Egg salad sandwich  
 Peanut butter and crisp bacon sandwich  
 Carrot sticks  
 Corn chips  
 Peeled orange  
 2 oatmeal cookies  
 Thermos of milk or cream soup

# A Time to Forget

## CHAPTER 4

*Fay Tarlock*

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits from her cousin Harriett Lester, a walnut farm in the San Vincente Valley. On her first visit to the property she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican who is staying with some laborers on the Landeau property, offers to help Serena with the farm work. Serena learns that Jeff's wife, Beth Henley, a wealthy woman in her own right, has been dead more than five years.

THE coolness of July gave way to unprecedented August heat. The hills encircling the valley turned to dun color, save for the trees and shrubs on the western side. Even in San Francisco the gray fog did not roll in from the ocean. Waves of heat met Serena when she came through the tunnel that led to her valley. By the time she reached home there was often a cooling breeze and she was glad she had the screened porch for a bedroom.

Luis watered early in the mornings, using the water almost to the danger line, then resting the well until the cool of evening. Each week less water registered on the measuring shaft. The apples that had shown so much early promise fell from the trees, dry and inedible. The peaches on the young trees were sweet, but they did not develop to full size, and the figs almost gave up growing, as if the tree had no will to reach out for the disappearing water. Only the

walnut trees held their own, their green branches stretching outward and upward.

"The soil of your land is heavy and good," Luis told her proudly in Spanish.

Jeff Landeau rode over one evening. When Serena saw him get out of the car, she waited inside for him to strike the porch gong, determined to meet his coolness with casualness.

"I've been looking at the trees," he said, "and the aphids are bad. They're bad all over the valley in spite of the heat. If the breeze ever lets up in the evening, we'll dust."

She thanked him, but did not invite him to sit on the cool lawn.

A few nights later when she came home, not a leaf stirred in the orchard. She ate outside, Luis serving her a salad he had bought in the village. "Too hot for you to cook, Mees," he said, wiping his brown face with a big red handkerchief.

"Dust tonight?" She pointed to the walnut trees.

Luis' brown, wrinkled face smiled with understanding. "Leesen, Mistar Landeau, he dust now."

From the distant orchard she heard the whine of the dusting machine, loud and mournful as it came closer. Later, its monotony brought sleep. A little before midnight a cool breeze came and ended the dusting. Coughing, Serena awoke. About her the air was



thick and colored, like a heavy yellow fog covering her. She stood up, half asleep, struggling for breath and smelling the nicotine. From the rear she heard Luis running and calling, "Get in Mees, get in!"

**S**HE ran into the living-room, blanket-wrapped, while Luis shut the doors and windows, all too late. A film of fine dust lay on everything, and the smell hung in the room, heavier than dust. After the breeze had drifted the cloud of nicotine down the orchard, she sent Luis back to the orchard. Because her sheets and blankets were covered with the penetrating spray, she came inside to sleep. Why hadn't Jeff warned her so that she could close the house? Perhaps he thought the sound of the machine was warning enough for a walnut grower.

The next evening she was alone. It was Luis' night to go into town for a church social. He had cleaned the house and left her supper ready to be eaten outside, where she could enjoy the gaudy zinnias and the banks of thirsty marigolds.

The shrill clang of the telephone broke the evening stillness. Jeff Landeau had never called her before, but she knew his voice the instant she heard his deep "Hello."

"If you will loan me Luis for the evening, I can finish around the yard and dust your orchard tonight."

When she told him it was Luis' night out, she could almost feel his irritation, it was so strong.

"I haven't a man on the place," he complained, "either they are sick or they have sick relatives, and

we may not get another still night like this until it is too late."

He paused, and Serena knew he was trying to think his way out.

"Anything I can do for you?" She asked it lightly, making conversation.

"Why I think you could," he replied in surprise. "It will be your test of a farmer."

"What do you want me to do?" There was excitement in her voice.

"You can drive for me while I handle the dusting." He was daring her.

"When will you be ready?"

"In fifteen minutes."

**S**ERENA ate the last of her ice cream and changed quickly into an old, blue linen dress, with a short jacket. She wound a blue silk scarf around her short brown curls and went on the lawn to wait. Overhead the plane tree, with its graceful leaves, was still, and she could see the golden afterglow of the day through the great oak beyond the lawn. Stretching herself on the cool grass, she closed her eyes and waited. There was no sound save the goodnight twittering of the birds and the chirp of an early cricket.

The sound of a car on her gravelled drive brought her quickly to her feet. Jeff Landeau got out of his pickup and opened the door for her.

"You look pretty fancy for a lady crop duster," he said, the amusement in his blue eyes denying the severity of his mouth.

"But practical, I hope." She slid into the driver's seat. Close by was a pile of clean white handkerchiefs, man-size. She looked questioningly at them.

"You'll be ready to use them soon." He got in beside her.

Tonight was her first close view of the Landeau yard. The old house with its white clapboards and high railed porch was freshly painted, and there were summer flowers. It looked as if Delia had said she wanted a flower garden and Jeff had gone out and hurriedly planted flowers in straight rows to satisfy her. Everything was neat. The fine farm machinery was sheltered in the white barn. The drive-ways were carefully raked and weeded. Yet the place looked lonely, even gloomy.

Young David was in the barn hammering. "I'm making a boat," he confided, pleased to have company. "It's a flatboat, to float down the river."

"Where will you find a river in this dry country?" She leaned out to appreciate the pieces of light wood.

"I'll sail it in a tub. Or maybe I'll wait until winter. Daddy says after this hot summer it will be a wet winter, and the water will run in the ditch along the lane, enough to sail a real boat."

Serena remembered the narrow ditch filled with weeds, and said, "Oh, I hope not enough for a real boat. That would mean floods."

By now Jeff had the dusting machine adjusted and the sacks of dust poured into the hopper. Serena's coughing ended the conversation, and, at a wave of his father's hand, the boy went back into the barn to his lonely play.

"When it gets bad, tie one of these around your nose and mouth," Jeff said and gave her a handkerchief.

SHE piloted the car up and down the rows around the barn and house. Occasionally they paused a moment to let the dust settle so that they could breathe. Jeff knew what he was doing and enjoyed it. His enthusiasm reached Serena, and her laughter was young and gay as they drove through the yellowish mist. By the barn he hoisted more bags of dust into the rear of the pickup while Serena got out of the car to sniff the honeysuckle, sweet in the young moonlight.

"It's the smell of the moonlight itself," she declared, holding up a spray to Jeff. He stuck it grudgingly into his buttonhole. "When you get as old as I am you just smell the dust," he said.

On the way to Serena's place, Jeff glanced at her through the rear mirror as she tucked a stray curl inside the silk scarf. Leaning against the window, he sang in a smooth baritone, "She had a dark and rovin' eye, and her hair hung down in ringlets."

Surprised as much by his unexpected burst of song as by his mellow voice, Serena answered him in her clear soprano, "She was a nice girl, a proper girl, but one of the rovin' kind."

They sang lustily together until the machine's whine started and obscured their voices.

This time they were finished before midnight. They were ending the last row when the cool wind came, carrying the dust away from the trees. Serena took off the binding handkerchief to revel in the cool, clean air. Stopping the car under the grape arbor by the kitchen door, she said, "It's been fun."

In the moonlight his face looked

relaxed and young. "Did I pass the test?" she asked, teasing, yet wanting an affirmative answer.

For a brief moment Jeff's arm touched hers. She could feel its warmth and vitality. Then, abruptly, he withdrew it and got out of the car to resume the driver's seat. "Yes, you passed the test." His voice was stiff and cold.

She stepped to the ground, suddenly chilled and tired. The moment of intimacy was gone.

"Good night," she called and went into the house.

A week after the dusting, the hottest weather of the summer came, not two or three days at a time, but a week, ten days, and then August slid into September, the heat still strong. The green nuts began to show brown cheeks. It was sunburn, getting worse each day.

"We don't know how bad it will be," Jeff Landeau told Serena one evening as he stopped with David on his way home from town. "I'm going to start harvesting the Persian orchard the end of the week, then we'll start the Concord. I'm afraid the entire crop will be darker this year."

"I know that sunburn shrivels the nuts, but does the dark color affect the quality?" she asked, phrasing her question carefully to hide unnecessary ignorance.

David's blue eyes opened wide. "You don't know much about walnuts, do you?" he asked in surprise. "When the nuts are dark, we don't get as much money."

"That's your answer—in a nutshell," Jeff added.

That night Serena felt lonely,

the house too big. Because the night was suddenly cool, she closed the doors before she sat down to read. Before she could open her book, there was a light tap on the door and Luis came in, his hair neatly brushed and in his freshly changed clothes, as always a little too large for him.

"Scuse, Mees." He stood in the doorway, an apologetic, yet determined look on his face.

Serena invited him to sit down. He took a straight-backed chair, facing her. Then in slow, careful Spanish he began to talk. He hoped she would forgive his great audacity, but for all these months he had watched her and now he must speak.

"You have too much of the sadness; Senorita." He clasped his hands together in a gesture of supplication. "With me, with others, you try not to show it, but it is there. Now you are young and your strong body and mind can resist this malady of the spirit; yet the time will come when it grows too strong for you." He raised his eyes to study her face.

"Ah, Senorita, there are people in this world created by God and do not want God. Of such people we can expect little. But you, Senorita, God did much for you, and you have a debt of gratitude."

Surprised, Serena could not resent these words, for they were spoken in truth. She lowered her eyes, looking at her hands, slim and still in her lap.

"Sadness," Luis went on slowly, "makes in time for bitterness and despair. Between us and hope it puts a barrier. Senorita, I know." Luis spoke with much earnestness.

"I, too, had the sadness once. But I had not your wisdom, for I did foolish, bad things."

"**H**OW did you find yourself?" Her voice was so low that she scarcely heard it.

Luis smiled his quick, radiant smile and moved his gnarled brown hand in a graceful sweep. "That, Senorita, is a story of great length, but I first heard of God's plans for his children from two young men of your country. I heard of the gospel from them—these missionaries, and that was the beginning."

Then, as if he had said too much, he bowed and excused himself.

For a long time after Luis left Serena sat in her chair, staring at her folded hands but not seeing them. Luis' words came hard. She had cherished the belief that by now, at least, her malady was hidden from others. Yet, if Luis saw it, it was just as plain to others. The time had come when she must forget.

With a quick, decisive gesture, she got out of her chair and went to the desk where Jim's picture stood. It was a young Jim, smiling and confident in his officer's uniform, proud of his first wings. "Dear Jim," she whispered, taking the picture in her hands. Not looking at it again, she placed it in the bottom of the chest in the big bedroom which she reserved for guests. She would not look at it again until

time had softened all her memories.

That night she lay awake for a long time. She was in that dark country where the past ended and she could not yet see the light of tomorrow. When at last she slept, she dreamed of the walnut harvest. She was on the lawn and the nuts came falling down in a brown shower. Jeff Landeau stood under the tree. "Pick up the nuts," he told her. She held some in her hands, turning them over and laughing, happy because they were her possession.

Riding on the bus next morning, Serena evolved her plans. First she would find someone to live with her, a woman or a girl who needed a home. Perhaps it would be a teacher, a young one who, like herself, found it difficult to become a living part of the community. Together, they could make their way. They could go to the various church socials. Perhaps they would visit Luis' church. They would attend the high school plays and cheer the basketball team. Serena would bake cakes for the boy scout food sales. There was the Farm Bureau she could join. And all the time she would be looking for congenial work nearer home. That shouldn't be too hard in the fast-growing community. Within the year she would make the break from Mr. Green' and the office.

(To be continued)

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## *Caterpillar*

Iris W. Schow

Ugly, plodding through the dust,  
Fumbling after higher things,  
Yet his instinct, wise as trust,  
Gains the bright reward of wings.



Wayne Davis

## HARVEST FIELD, ALPINE, ARIZONA



### *Late Harvest*

*Beatrice K. Ekman*

The window framed late harvest fields,  
Stubble and sheaves of twine-bound grain.  
The round, full moon was at the flood,  
A worn, dirt road turned down the lane;

In the inverted bowl of night  
The quiet stars gleamed overhead;  
On mountain slopes and kneeling hills  
A mesh of moonbeam silver spread.

Above the stately poplar trees  
Wild, migrant geese went winging by;  
We heard their ancient, yearning call  
Echoing down the sky.

# *Make Your Own Fall Hat*

Winifred P. Sanders

ALL women love beautiful hats and the psychological value of a new hat is something no one denies. You can have a hat to match every outfit. "Wonderful," you sigh, "but how could I afford that?"

Easy, make them up, make them over, make them excitingly and exclusively your very own. Your hat, that important center of interest, can be your own creation through the delightful discovery of hatmaking.

Students in the art of designing and hatmaking have found that it is fun to exchange ideas and suggestions. Observations and experiences are also good teachers. Watch the smart hats on the street. Be an alert window shopper, and examine the better current style trends, most expressive of your personality. Clever handling of style, shape, and color can perform astonishing illusions that will flatter both face and figure.

To begin with, let's take an old hat and make it over. No doubt you have several tucked away in some dark corner of the clothes closet. After all, you say, the material in them is so good, and it is a shame not to do something with them. You certainly can, and you'd be surprised what can be done.

## MAKING OVER A FELT HAT

### *Washing*

If a hat has lost its style, but not its quality, then you are in for an adventure in hatmaking. A felt hat can be washed, just as you would wash a nice, wool sweater.

First, take everything off the hat, trimming, head-size band—everything. You can use a razor blade to do this, but be careful not to cut the felt. Wash the hat in lukewarm sudsy water and rinse well in water of the same temperature. Do not wring the hat out, but roll it up in an old towel to get all the excess moisture out.

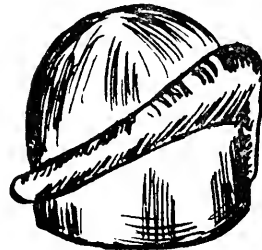
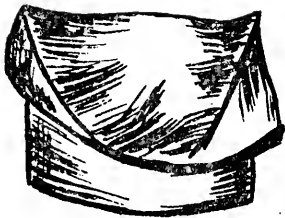
Felt can be stretched and pulled into shape by means of gentle tension, but should not be forced with abruptness. It is surprising how, for example, a small crown can be formed into a broader low crown, with enough excess felt left to make a narrow, flat, or rolled brim, all in one piece, or continuous from the crown.

### *Blocking a Hat*

After a hat has been washed it is ready for blocking. Block the hat while it is still wet. In fact, you can finish the hat while it is damp. Sewing on damp felt is much easier than sewing on dry felt, as the needle sometimes splits the felt when dry.

To begin the blocking process, ease the hat on to the hat block and smooth it into shape. Smooth the top of the crown in a circular motion until it takes the shape of the block. Find the head size placement and tie a cord around it. For experimentation, try different ways of creasing and smoothing the hat into different contours. The crown may be molded into various folds, it may be crease-pinched partly in front or partly in back at different levels. Folds may be over





### FELT SHAPES ON HAT BLOCKS

each other or be made to turn in and out and back again. Do not worry if the dye comes off on the hands, it will disappear after several washings. Dark-colored felts always shed dye.

After the felt has been shaped, as a general rule, the edge needs trimming. It is easy to cut felt, especially while wet. (This can also be done when the felt is dry.) Decide on the exact line edge for the brim and mark it with chalk. Cut the edge straight across with scissors. Scrape the edge with the blade of the scissors or with a razor blade, and when dry, steam press the edge, and it will close in with a roundness which has a commercial appearance. Or the edge can be turned back one-half inch and hemmed, by hand, using the slip stitch. At the same time a wire can be placed inside the hem to give a more finished and professional look. Any portion of a re-blocked hat which needs steam pressing can be done after the felt is dry. Use a padded mit or an improvised pad, apply to the felt, and steam press. Move the pad as needed, and repeat until the effect desired is obtained.

#### *Types of Blocks*

In hatmaking the block is to the hat as the mold to a bowl of jello. Your block gives your hat its shape, so it has a very important part in

making your hat turn out just right. Blocks are made from wood, papier-mache, fiber cloth, and many other types of material. If you make your own block or use a buckram shape, the block must be built up with a water repellent hardening agent, such as shellac, clear varnish, clear lacquer, or enamel, or the block may be covered with glued tape, then sized or painted.

Blocks are usually made in two pieces—crown and brim. You can even use your imagination and search the kitchen for possible utensils lending themselves to block shapes. A large wooden salad bowl, jello mold, or cake tin for a brim, or even a vacuum cleaner roll could be used in making a rolled brim. Wet your piece of buckram or felt, put it over the shape you want to use, and slip it off when it is dry. A piece of thin muslin could be used first, before the buckram is put on the mold. Even plant pots of various sizes make good hat blocks. Try them on your head first, for fit.

You'll find it exciting to make your own blocks and invent your own hat shapes.

If none of these improvised blocks suits you, then use your own head for a block. Stand before the mirror and shape the felt with your fingers. Many lovely hats have been made this way, but you

do have to spend enough time to get the felt very smooth.

#### *How to Clean an Old Hat*

To clean an old felt hat, brush it thoroughly to take out dust and loose surface soil. Dampen a cloth with a good commercial cleaning fluid and rub it over the hat evenly, removing spots as you go. After cleaning a white felt hat rub it with a cake of powdered milk of magnesia.

To restore the shape, hold the hat over a teakettle, with a press pillow on the underside against the out-of-shape part. Steam. Steam softens the sizing in felt and makes it easy to shrink or stretch. Push in one direction with left hand against the out-of-shape part, and pat press with fingers of right hand. Allow to dry.

#### MAKING OTHER TYPE HATS

There are other types of hats you can make besides washing an old felt hat or cleaning and retrimming one of which you have grown tired. There are *the covered frame, the pattern hat, and the wire frame.*

#### *Covered Frames*

Here's another place where you can let your imagination be your guide. Frames are like blocks, except that they are not reinforced as heavily and are usually in one piece. In the factory, frames are made over wooden blocks the exact shape and size of the finished buckram shape. They can be made from buckram, crinoline, or willowette. There are many types of buckram frames, including the calot, mushroom, pill-box, sailor, bonnet, and cloche, and their variations. Factory-made, or

ready-made frames, can be purchased as a timesaver, and are very reasonably priced. However, you can easily make a few of the simple types if you have a skull block.

The buckram style you choose is up to you, and the fabric you use is a matter of your choice. For winter wear, there are woolens, velvets, melusine, velusheen, and a score of other materials to choose from.

The general principle of covering frames is consistency in the thread grain. The fabric may be placed at center front and center back on the true bias. The true bias will, therefore, fall at right side and left side, and the top will be placed similarly. Each style of buckram shape is a problem in itself, but once you have learned to cover a few different types, the others will come easy.

#### *The Pattern Hat*

Pattern hats are soft hats, with no wire. They do not cover a frame. Sometimes pattern hats are made from straw or felt bodies. Straw cloth, skirt felt, and many other types of fabrics are ideal for pattern hats. If stiffening is needed use a lining of a soft, light weight fabric such as taffeta, French crepe, honeycomb, net, sized crepe, or an interlining of cotton muslin, crinoline, taffeta, cotton felt, or cotton flannel. The lining should be cut one half to one-fourth inches smaller than the hat itself. Interlinings may be sewed at the same time the hat is sewed. Lay the linings separately, seam to seam, and tack. Pattern hats are generally sewed from the inside. Sewing machine stitching is strong and practical. The variations of pattern hats are: sectional crowns, two-piece crowns,

tip and side crown, soft brim without frame or wire, two-piece berets, and sectional berets.

### *Wire Frames*

Transparent hats, made with the use of wire, are usually covered with very sheer materials, such as marquisette, crepe, chiffon, or lace. Crowns, open or closed, are generally framed of covered wire in varieties of shapes. Buckram crowns, covered with velvet, may be adapted with transparent brims.

### *Sewing the Hat Together*

Although some of the stitching used in the making of a hat can be done with the sewing machine, as suggested above, most of the work must be done by hand, since the homemaker does not have access to the special machines used in millinery manufacturing. To join the brim to the crown, place the edge of the crown over the brim and use the back stitch to hold the two together, or the slip stitch can be used if you decide not to use a band of velvet or other material to cover the seam. The sweat-band or head-size band on the inside of the hat is usually made of gros-grain ribbon, shaped and steam pressed in a circle before it is placed inside the hat.

### *Trimming*

If a hat is still in good style, it can be retrimmed, to give it a new look. You can wear a hat several seasons with little change in its contour. But the thing that makes the hat new again is a change in the trimming. It seems that everyone remembers the trimming, if it is a little unusual, more than the shape of the hat. Therefore, you can take a good basic hat and have sev-

eral different trims for it, by just snapping the trim on and off at a moment's notice.

What one person can wear to good advantage is not so good for others. You can use certain materials to experiment with in deciding on suitable decorations for hats. Tissue paper is adjustable for certain shapes, as well as to determine size and bulk for different types and styles. It can be pleated, gathered, and made into bows, flower effects, and novel motif creations. For color effects, colored tissue paper can also be used, as well as fabrics. Use the trimming you have on hand. Never throw away anything that is still usable, such as ribbon, feathers, or flowers. Arrange for placement and ideas just as a trial. Try on hats which have interesting decoration and study them to see how the decoration is made. Use the ideas in different combinations as a trial and error method.

### *Retouching Old Trimming*

You can renovate old flowers by brushing with a good liquid cleaner, or dip into the solution and brush gently with a paintbrush, let dry, trim edges and retouch the surface of petals with milliner's shellac, or make a thin solution of gelatin and use your thumb and fingers to put it around the edges. This gives body and freshens the appearance. Spot or dip in the cleaner, soiled ribbon, lace, and similar trimmings. Place soiled feathers in a jar of cleaner, tighten the lid, and shake well, always using precaution if the cleaner is inflammable. Freshen veils by sponging or dipping in cleaner; stiffen veils by placing between wax paper, with wrapping paper under and over, and press

with a hot iron. Clean velvet by spotting. Clean velvet ribbon by placing a dampened cloth over an upturned iron and pulling the ribbon along the surface edge of the iron. This forces the pile outward and takes out wrinkles.

### *Sewing the Trimming*

Flowers, feathers, and other hat ornaments and trimmings may be sewed to the hat with the tack-and-tie stitch, which is stronger and less noticeable than the continuous stitch. Always use thread of a

matching color, and, if you do not have access to millinery thread, you can take ordinary thread and slide it over some beeswax to make it strong. In doing all of your millinery sewing you will find it easier to use a milliner's needle, which is longer than the ordinary needle.

Two important rules for sewing hats are: 1. *Do not oversew*; use only the necessary stitches. 2. *Hide all stitches*, except where the stitching is used for special ornamentation.

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## *Beyond the Season's Changing*

Grace Sayre

Each dusty, brown road staggers  
Through depths of aster haze  
To carry sumac torches  
For lambent autumn days.

Beyond the season's changing,  
Each autumn flare shall blend  
Along each reddened roadway  
Where gypsy fires ascend.

## *Design for Leaves*

Mirla Greenwood Thayne

It's easy to imagine  
Till one almost believes  
That scores of cookie cutters  
First cut out the leaves.

So many shapes and sizes  
Some fancy, others plain,  
With scalloped edge and etchings traced  
Through every slender vein.

And while they wait for winter's snow  
To freezer pack them down,  
They cool from summer's searing heat,  
Sun-baked a golden brown.

And some crisp autumn morning,  
Don't be surprised to see  
Each crunchy, toasted, amber leaf  
Frosted daintily.

## *I Would Sing*

Mary Gustafson

I would sing of the wind in the redwood;  
A squirrel that scampers its limbs;  
Thrushes that carol a melody  
Of praises and psalms and hymns.

I would sing of the rippled river,  
And the ferns that line its way  
As it goes from a spring beginning  
Down to the width of bay.

I would sing of the trail I travel,  
Dusty and soft to the feet,  
Of the bluffs where the eagles gather  
Away from the dust or heat.

I would sing of the stars that welcome  
The traveler to balsam bed,  
And a cover that scents of the forest  
As the night drifts overhead.



## *"Aunt Emma Webb" Makes Six Quilts in One Year*

"Aunt Emma Webb" of Parowan, Utah, is eighty-nine years old, but her age does not prevent her from being busy and happy. During one year she made the six beautiful quilts shown in the photograph. The dress in the left-hand corner was made entirely by hand and won first prize at the Iron County Fair. Mrs. Webb also crochets, makes rugs, blouses, aprons, and many other beautifully designed and carefully constructed articles.

She does all her own housework, laundry, and shopping, and is a gracious hostess who always has homemade cookies, cake, or pie on hand to serve to her many friends when they call on her. She is still an active member of the Parowan Third Ward Relief Society, and takes great interest in Church and community affairs. Two of Mrs. Webb's six children are still living. She has been a widow for many years, but she has adjusted so well to sorrow and disappointment, and has kept herself so busy and so cheerful, that she is known among the people of her community as an outstanding example of "growing old gracefully."

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### *Rainmaker*

Pansye H. Powell

I know a way  
To make it rain:  
Go out and wash  
A windowpane!

## *New Values in the Family Hour*

Fay Knight Jones

**E**VEN though we live in this day of opportunity, I sometimes wonder if we are as happy as our parents and grandparents were in their life of simplicity. They taught their children to sing, dance, and recite and to play home games, to be kind, modest, and to avail themselves of every opportunity.

Let us not rely too much on our schools, Church, and our city for the guidance of our children.

Let us follow the advice of our Church leaders and continue Family Hours. We usually begin our Family Hour with our evening meal served in a party atmosphere—sometimes before the fireplace.

The children are delighted and feel like it is something special for them. After our dinner we usually gather around the piano and sing some of our favorite songs from our Latter-day Saint hymns and other children's songs. Then one of the family reads us a story from a Bible storybook or a good moral story. Other nights we enjoy playing a game or two that all can enjoy. We have a family hobby of photography, and some family nights are filled with seeing some of our own movies and slides of pictures we have taken on vacation trips and of our relatives.

In the summer, when the evening are long, we plan our family night in the canyon with a picnic together. If a good moving picture is playing at one of the theaters we sometimes enjoy seeing one together.

On this special night, we also discuss the little family problems which have come up in our home during the week. We all have a chance to express ourselves and give suggestions for improvements we might make. We have time in this evening to iron out many little difficulties.

We close our family night with our regular family prayer in which all members participate in turn.

We all feel greatly benefited by our Family Hour.

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### *Indian Summer*

Marian Schroder Crothers

There was no wind.  
The trees that lined the lane  
Stood silent,  
Long since blown bare  
By crisp October winds.  
Yet on their dying vines, a few grapes clung;  
Chrysanthemums, defiantly, in reckless beauty glowed.  
Hushed, the whole earth lay quiescent,  
Softly enfolded in amethystine haze,  
Token of Indian summer.

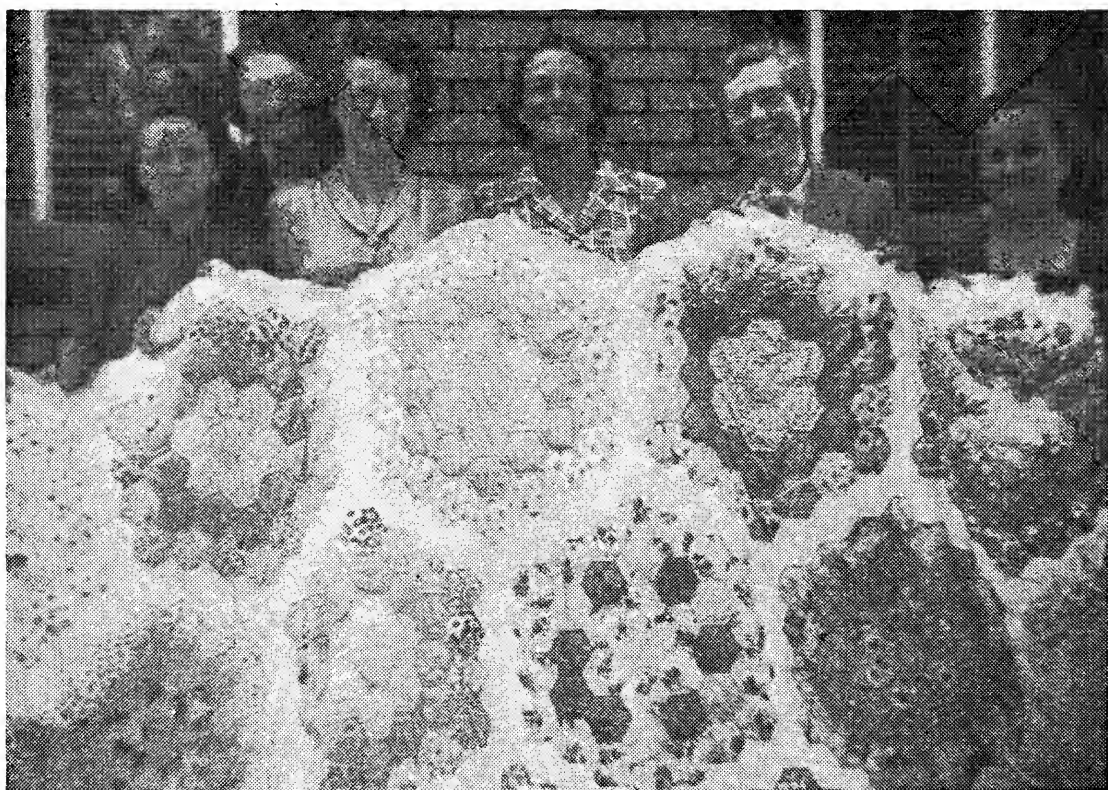


# Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

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 Hattie B. Maughan

### NEW ENGLAND MISSION, ST. JOHN BRANCH (NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA) RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS DISPLAY QUILT

Left to right: Lena Cosman, Secretary-Treasurer; Ardella B. Ford, President; Mary Gardiner; Muriel McGeouch; Helen Hubbard; Jessie Frye.

Hattie B. Maughan, President, New England Mission Relief Society, reports that the St. John Branch is small, but active and energetic. "They are earnestly engaged in conducting food sales, bazaars, and rummage sales to raise money. This group is typical of our small Relief Societies, and duplicate reports could be sent from many areas of the mission."



Photograph submitted by Belva Petersen

**MOUNT OGDEN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT "HYMN FESTIVAL" AT CLOSING SOCIAL, May 28, 1952**

Front row, left to right: Mathel Ridges, chorister; Louise Knight, organist; Karma Paulsen; Hazel Kartchner; Wynona Vogel; Delpha Brown; Fern Clark; Marybelle Stevenson; Elizabeth Gabler; Margaret Zitsman, narrator; Melba Corky; Grace Williams; Laurel Dixon; Lyda Noorda; Lena Hone; Leona Huggins; Effie Stevenson.

This chorus consisted of 130 voices, with eight wards being represented under the direction of their choristers and organists. Singers were grouped in a semicircle, four rows deep, in the center of which was a beautifully decorated table, carrying out the musical theme and the traditional colors of Relief Society—blue and gold—in a blue cloth with gold musical notes and scales attached, and figurines holding musical instruments. Refreshments were served. Belva Petersen, President, Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society, expressing the spirit of the lovely occasion, reports: "We felt, by the participation of so many members, and the deep spiritual message of the hymns, that it was an afternoon of outstanding achievement and harmony of spirit—a fitting climax to a busy season."



Photograph submitted by Edith Y. Harris

**CHICAGO STAKE (ILLINOIS), LOGAN SQUARE WARD BANQUET HONORING ELDERLY MEMBERS, June 3, 1952**

Front row, left to right: Frida Jausch; Elizabeth Wilms; Pauline Waldvogel; Caroline Anshov; Mathilda Daum; Gwennie Matheson.

Back row, left to right: Carrie Jensen; Theresia Anderson; Margaret Kerr; Anna Shallbetter; Marie Bishoff.

Hilda Oniunes, President, Logan Square Ward Relief Society, reports that this banquet was given in special honor of the older sisters who have contributed many years of faithful service, as an expression of love and appreciation for their devotion.

Edith Y. Harris is president of Chicago Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Agnes D. Hurst

### SAN JUAN STAKE (UTAH) FIVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right: Hattie R. Barton (1929-1940); Lucinda Redd (1919-1929).

Back row standing, left to right: Ruth H. Redd (1943-48); Margie H. Lyman, present President, appointed February 22, 1948; Charity L. Rowley (1940-1943).

The first president of San Juan Stake Relief Society was Mary N. Jones. She had served as president of Young Stake Relief Society from 1903 to 1912, and in that year the stake was divided and Sister Jones became president of San Juan Stake Relief Society, serving until May 18, 1919.



Photograph submitted by Geneva Garfield

### FARR WEST STAKE (UTAH), FARR WEST WARD VISITING TEACHERS MAKE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR 1950-51

Front row, seated, left to right: Grace Coy; Anna Westergard; Annie Wayment; Zenia Chugg; Jane E. Taylor, visiting teacher message leader; Elizabeth Garlick; Rebecca McEntire; Laura Brown; Eva Brown; Emma Fisher; Mamie Taylor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Ada Higley; Mary Brown; Verna Painter; Clara Schoonmaker; Wanda Thompson; Larene M. Brown, President Farr West Ward



Relief Society; Viva Jensen, First Counselor; E. May Chugg, Secretary-Treasurer; Elida Taylor; Lillian Dickamore; Sarah Baker; Zola Davis; Nelda Taylor; Marie Taylor; Rachel Bramwell, stake board member; Allegra Barnes; Gladys F. Taylor; Velma Debb.

Other visiting teachers not appearing in the photograph are: Viola Blair, Grace Hunter, and Beverly Markos.

Sister Zenia Chugg has given forty years of service as a visiting teacher, and is still serving at eighty-six years of age. Elizabeth Garlick, sister of Zenia Chugg, has given fifty years of service and is seventy-eight years old, but now released.

Geneva Garfield is president of Farr, West Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Luella W. Cannon

#### WEST GERMAN MISSION, NURNBERG DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS EXHIBIT HANDWORK AT CONFERENCE

Luella W. Cannon, President, West German Mission Relief Society, stands ninth from the left, and Luise Kleinlein, President, Nurnberg District Relief Society, stands at Sister Cannon's left.

Sister Kleinlein, in writing to Sister Cannon, comments on the lovely spirit present at the Relief Society Conference: "In the name of all the sisters of the Nurnberg District, we wish to thank you once more very heartily for the great pains you have taken in connection with our conference, and for the lovely exhibition of handmade things. There was a lovely spirit among us. I know for certain that it also gave you much joy. May we continue to co-operate in love so that we may be successful in our mutual endeavors."

Sister Cannon reports that exhibits of handwork from several districts were taken to the various conferences: "During the round of conferences I have taken with me an exhibit of the handwork contributed by the various branches of the mission, which has been a stimulus to the people. In addition to this exhibit, a number of districts have brought displays of their own, some of which were really outstanding."



Photograph submitted by Josephine Jenkins

#### FLORIDA STAKE, JACKSONVILLE SECOND WARD SOCIAL FEATURES INSPIRATIONAL PROGRAM, April 29, 1952

Seated at the table, left to right: Frankie Copeland, Second Counselor; Thelma Dickie, President; Gladys Kelly, First Counselor; Lutiska George, work meeting leader; Minnie Dills, First Counselor, Florida Stake Relief Society.

On the fifth Tuesday in April an inspirational program was given, and a covered-dish luncheon followed. Forty aprons, made in preparation for Mother's Day, were displayed.

Josephine Jenkins is president of Florida Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Jane T. Richards

#### BRITISH MISSION, LIVERPOOL DISTRICT PRESENTS PAGEANT "THE ORGANIZATION AND WORK OF RELIEF SOCIETY," April 26, 1952

This beautifully staged and inspirational pageant was written by Elsie Scott of the Preston Branch, staged by Bessie Corless, also of Preston, and directed by Ida Taylor, Relief Society Supervisor of the Liverpool District. The first scene portrayed the organization of Relief Society in Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842; the second scene represented the expulsion from Nauvoo. In the third scene, the work of the

visiting teachers was given, followed by a portrayal of the educational program of Relief Society. The last scene pictured welfare work, with the sisters grouped around a sewing machine. "The grand finale," reports Sister Corless, "was when all the participants in the pageant (fifty-two) assembled on the stage and sang 'Oh, Blest Was the Day When the Prophet and Seer . . . .' The pageant was thoroughly enjoyed by every one of the 170 persons present."

Jane T. Richards has recently been released from presiding over the Relief Societies of the British Mission, and Elizabeth B. Reiser is the newly appointed president.



Photograph submitted by Gladys R. Winter

**SAN FRANCISCO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD  
DISPLAYS PIONEER ENCAMPMENT TABLE AT SOCIAL  
May 22, 1952**

At left, seated: Florence M. Costa, Secretary; at right, seated: Roxey W. Kanzler, in charge of the stake canning project; Orel Elder, director of the trouser project.

Standing, left to right: Ann R. Barton; Josephine T. Danford; Gladys R. Winter, President, San Francisco Stake Relief Society; Jacketta M. Quealy, who designed and furnished all the articles for the table; Jessie B. Martin, Education Counselor; Leeta N. Squire; Mary W. Tolley; Deane K. White; Laura R. Pugmire; Edna N. Somers, Work Director Counselor.

The Stake Relief Society board entertained the women of the stake at this unique and most enjoyable social in recognition of the splendid work done in completing 784 pairs of trousers, for the welfare assignment in less than four months. The program and reception were climaxed by the beautifully detailed and historic representation of a pioneer encampment. All the figures and wagons were made by hand. Sagebrush was sent from Wyoming, and branches, to represent trees, were brought from over two hundred miles.





## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 12—Lehi's Later Exhortations

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi, Chapters 1-4, 12)

For Tuesday, January 6, 1953

Objective: To realize the great concern of Lehi for his people and the necessity of obeying the commandments of prophets.

**I**N the declining years of his life, Lehi showed much concern for his people. He worried about the wickedness of part of the members of the colony, which had been established in the land of promise. He warned them of dark days ahead, except they repented. He repeated to them what the Lord had said: "Inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments ye shall prosper in the land; but inasmuch as ye will not keep my commandments ye shall be cut off from my presence" (2 Nephi 1:20).

This land, he told his colony, had been promised to him and his seed forever and "There shall none come into this land save they shall be brought by the hand of the Lord" (2 Nephi 1:6).

Lehi warned, moreover, that if his descendants were wicked, God would bring other nations here to inherit the land, who would take their possessions from them and would smite and scatter them. On the other hand, he pointed out that

if those whom the Lord should bring out of the land of Jerusalem would keep his commandments, they should "be kept from all other nations, that they may possess this land unto themselves" (2 Nephi 1:9).

In accordance with this promise, we know that the Lord veiled the land from the time that Zedekiah was carried away captive into Babylon and the Mulekites came to the promised land, until Columbus discovered America. During this time the Lord developed in Europe a freedom-loving people, and Columbus and others were directed to this land. They scattered the remnants of Lehi's seed and took most of their best land from them. Later, the great Constitution of the United States was established under divine guidance which guaranteed religious liberty. Then the Lord restored his gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in accordance with ancient promises it was carried to the remnant of Lehi's descendants.

To return to Lehi's exhortations, he further told his children that God had been merciful to them by directing them out of Jerusalem. He told them that in vision he had seen that Jerusalem had been destroyed.

He cautioned the querulous and disobedient members of his family not to rebel against Nephi, and delivered a very convincing and moving defense of Nephi, saying, "He hath not sought for power nor authority over you, but he hath sought the glory of God, and your own eternal welfare" (2 Nephi 1:25). He promised them if they would listen to the voice of Nephi they would not perish (2 Nephi 1:28).

After Lehi had finished speaking to his sons, especially Laman and Lemuel, he singled out other individuals and groups for the purpose of blessing and instructing them. He promised Zoram, the servant of Laban, who had accompanied them to the land of promise, that because he was a true friend to Nephi, and faithful, his seed should be blessed upon the land of promise with Nephi's seed, provided they kept the commandments of the Lord (2 Nephi 1:30-32).

Turning then to Jacob, the first son who had been born amidst much tribulation and hardship in the wilderness, he blessed, comforted, and instructed him. He told Jacob, that God "shall consecrate thine afflictions for thy gain" (2 Nephi 2:2), thus giving us a fundamental concept of Mormonism.

Shakespeare recognized the principle when, in his play, *As You Like It*, he had Duke Senior say:

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his  
head . . . .

Out of the furnace of affliction we may emerge refined as pure as gold. Hardships are a good means of discipline. (See D. & C., section 122:7.)

He instructed Jacob that "redemption cometh in and through the Holy Messiah," who would offer himself as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind, and would atone for the sins of all those who would repent. Modern revelation states:

For behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer if they would repent; But if they would not repent they must suffer even as I; Which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit—and would that I might not drink the bitter cup, and shrink—Nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men (D. & C. 19:16-19).

Lehi explained to Jacob that: "it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things" (2 Nephi 2:11), righteousness and wickedness, holiness and misery, good and bad, so that man might have freedom of choice, free agency, under which plan there could be true growth and development.

And thou hast beheld in thy youth his [the Lord's] glory; wherefore, thou art blessed even as they unto whom he shall minister in the flesh; for the Spirit is the same, yesterday, today, and forever. And the way is prepared from the fall of man, and salvation is free.

And men are instructed sufficiently that they know good from evil. And the law is given unto men. And by the law

no flesh is justified; or, by the law men are cut off. Yea, by the temporal law they were cut off; and also, by the spiritual law they perish from that which is good, and become miserable forever.

Wherefore, redemption cometh in and through the Holy Messiah; for he is full of grace and truth.

Behold he offereth himself a sacrifice for sin, to answer the ends of the law, unto all those who have a broken heart and a contrite spirit; and unto none else can the ends of the law be answered.

Wherefore, how great the importance to make these things known unto the inhabitants of the earth, that they may know that there is no flesh that can dwell in the presence of God, save it be through the merits, and mercy, and grace of the Holy Messiah, who layeth down his life according to the flesh, and taketh it again by the power of the Spirit, that he may bring to pass the resurrection of the dead, being the first that should rise.

Wherefore, he is the firstfruits unto God, inasmuch as he shall make intercession for all the children of men; and they that believe in him shall be saved.

And because of the intercession for all, all men come unto God; wherefore, they stand in the presence of him, to be judged of him according to the truth and holiness which is in him. Wherefore, the ends of the law which the Holy One hath given, unto the inflicting of the punishment which is affixed, which punishment that is affixed is in opposition to that of the happiness which is affixed, to answer the ends of the atonement.

For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things. If not so, my first-born in the wilderness, righteousness could not be brought to pass, neither wickedness, neither holiness nor misery, neither good nor bad. Wherefore, all things must needs be a compound in one; wherefore, if it should be one body it must needs remain as dead, having no life neither death, nor corruption nor incorruption, happiness nor misery, neither sense nor insensibility.

Wherefore, it must needs have been created for a thing of naught; wherefore there would have been no purpose in the end of its creation. Wherefore, this thing must needs destroy the wisdom of God and his eternal purposes, and also, the power, and the mercy, and the justice of God.

And if ye shall say there is no law, ye shall also say there is no sin. If ye shall say there is no sin, ye shall also say there is no righteousness. And if there be no righteousness there be no happiness. And if there be no righteousness nor happiness there be no punishment nor misery. And if these things are not there is no God. And if there is no God we are not, neither the earth; for there could have been no creation of things, neither to act nor to be acted upon; wherefore, all things must have vanished away.

And now, my sons, I speak unto you these things for your profit and learning; for there is a God, and he hath created all things, both the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are, both things to act and things to be acted upon.

And to bring about his eternal purposes in the end of man, after he had created our first parents, and the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and in fine, all things which are created, it must needs be that there was an opposition; even the forbidden fruit in opposition to the tree of life; the one being sweet and the other bitter.

Wherefore, the Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself. Wherefore, man could not act for himself save it should be that he was enticed by the one or the other (2 Nephi 2:4-16).

God established the plan of free agency and gave it to Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. They were free to partake or to refrain from eating the fruit of the forbidden tree. Eve was deceived, but Adam knowingly partook of the fruit, realizing that Eve would be

driven from the garden, and consequently they would be able to multiply and replenish the earth. As Lehi presented the problem, "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25).

According to Lehi's instructions to Jacob:

. . . they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself (2 Nephi 2:27).

Choosing liberty and eternal life, men would achieve the full purpose of existence, which is joy (2 Nephi 2:25).

After concluding his remarks to Jacob, Lehi turned to Joseph, who was also born in the wilderness, and encouraged, instructed, and blessed him. To Joseph, Lehi explained that he was a descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and that God had made great covenants with Joseph in Egypt and with his seed. From his seed was to come a righteous branch of the house of Israel, not the Messiah, but another branch. But Lehi pointed out that this Messiah, Jesus Christ, would visit his posterity.

From the descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, the Lord, so Lehi taught his son, would raise up a choice seer, whose name would be Joseph and whose father's name would be Joseph, referring, of course to Joseph Smith, Junior, the prophet, and his father, Joseph Senior.

And unto him will I give commandment that he shall do a work for the fruit of thy loins, his brethren, which shall be

of great worth unto them, even to the bringing of them to the knowledge of the covenants which I have made with thy fathers (2 Nephi 3:7).

Lehi quoted Joseph in Egypt as saying:

. . . the fruit of thy loins shall write; and the fruit of the loins of Judah shall write; and that which shall be written by the fruit of thy loins, and also that which shall be written by the fruit of the loins of Judah [referring to The Book of Mormon and the Bible] shall grow together, unto the confounding of false doctrines and laying down of contentions, and establishing peace among the fruit of thy loins, and bringing them to the knowledge of their fathers in the latter days, and also to the knowledge of my covenants, saith the Lord (2 Nephi 3:12).

Lehi promised his son Joseph that his seed should not be destroyed because they would hearken to the words of the book (2 Nephi 3:23).

Nephi tells us of the greatness of the prophecies which Joseph of Egypt had made concerning them and their future generations which were written upon the plates of brass (2 Nephi 4:1-2) about which Lehi spoke to the sons and daughters of Laman and Lemuel. Lehi told them that if they were brought up in the way they should go, they would not depart from it. Therefore, he told them that if they were cursed he would leave his blessing upon them that the cursing might be taken from them and answered upon the heads of their parents. He promised that God would be merciful to their seed forever and forever because of his blessing. Referring to the Lamanites of the last days, he said that in the end they should be blessed (2 Nephi 4:6-9).

We are not informed as to what Lehi said to the sons of Ishmael. To Sam, however, he gave the promise that his seed should inherit the land like unto Nephi's, that his seed should be numbered with the seed of Nephi, and that Sam should be blessed in all his days.

After this great patriarch of The Book of Mormon had blessed and instructed his household "according to the feelings of his heart and the Spirit of the Lord which was in him, he waxed old. And it came

to pass that he died, and was buried" (2 Nephi 4:12).

### Questions and Problems

1. Why is the doctrine of free agency superior as a means of developing character to the doctrine of predestination?
2. Why did the Lord create a world in which we have opposites, good and evil, love and hate, etc?
3. What is meant by the statement, "Men are that they might have joy"?
4. What promises were given to the seed of Joseph in Egypt?
5. How, through his instructions, did Lehi show concern for his people?

## Visiting Teacher Messages

### Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 12—"Wo Be Unto Him That Is at Ease in Zion!" (2 Nephi 28:24).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 6, 1953

Objective: To point out the need for being always on guard against the wiles of Satan.

**I**F there were any place in the world one would naturally suppose he could be at ease, that place would be in Zion. However, constant vigilance is necessary always, even in Zion, for evil is not banished from the earth. The words of the song by Eliza R. Snow aptly express this thought:

#### THINK NOT, WHEN YOU GATHER TO ZION

Think not when you gather to Zion,  
Your troubles and trials are through  
That nothing but comfort and pleasure  
Are waiting in Zion for you:  
No, no, 'tis designed as a furnace,  
All substance, all textures to try,  
To burn all the "wood, hay, and stubble,"  
The gold from the dross purify . . . .

Think not when you gather to Zion,  
The prize and the victory won.  
Think not that the warfare is ended,

The work of salvation is done.  
No, no; for the dread prince of darkness  
A tenfold exertion will make,  
When he sees you go to the fountain,  
Where freely the truth you may take.

(Hymns, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1950 edition, page 21).

When we are complacent, satisfied with ourselves, that is the time we are most vulnerable to the enticings of Satan. When we are at ease Satan may lull us away "into carnal security," causing us to mistakenly believe all is well. This false sense of security is extremely dangerous. So long as there is any iniquity in Zion, all is not well, and we must not be at ease.

We should take nothing for granted. As parents, we should not take the security and well-being of

our children for granted. To be confident that our children can do no wrong, is to court trouble, for as long as any of us shall live, there are temptations to which we might succumb. Only he that endureth to the end is secure. Our General Authorities are ever counseling parents to know at all times where and with whom their children are.

Certainly we should not take the gospel for granted. The gospel is like a precious but tender plant which must be nurtured and cared for constantly, in order that it may grow and continue to flourish. A knowledge of the gospel does not carry over from one generation to another. Each individual must study and know it for himself.

We cannot rest on the good deeds and characters of honored ancestors. No matter how gloriously our forebears have lived and died, no matter how valiant they have been in the testimony of Jesus, they

cannot add to our spiritual stature. John the Baptist, in speaking to the multitude, said:

Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, That God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham (Luke 3:8).

We cannot rest on the laurels of past years of service. Occasionally we hear someone say, "I think I have done my share. All these years I have labored. Now I deserve a rest." As well might we say, "I have eaten all these years, I think that should suffice." Our spirits are in need of constant nourishment just as much as our bodies.

Let us not be deceived nor blinded by the craftiness of men, nor by flattery, nor by false doctrine circulated in our midst. Let us ever be on the watchtower, as it were, on guard against any encroachment of the evil one.

## *Work Meeting*—Home Management

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

### Lesson 4—Providing Order and Convenience in the Kitchen

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, January 13, 1953

**O**RDERLY homes do not just happen. They are the result of careful planning, the cultivation of orderly habits, and the desire by all family members to be orderly.

#### *Planning the Kitchen*

Ideally, houses are adapted to the needs of the family. Too often

the family must adapt itself to the house. It is much easier to be orderly when each part of the house is planned for the particular work or activity that is to be carried on there. Much storage space is often wasted because the space is not efficiently planned. Space, particularly in the kitchen, is valuable,



not as so many inches or feet, but how well it is adapted to the articles that are to be placed in it.

Homemakers would do well to make a blueprint of their daily and weekly activities before making any change in their homes, especially their kitchens. With each activity, such as food preparation, cooking, and cleaning, make a list of all the supplies you will need. This information will provide facts on: how much storage space is needed; how deep and how far apart shelves should be; and what special subdivisions of space are needed.

The arrangement of large equipment plays an important part in the degree of order that exists in the kitchen. Homemakers make more trips between the sink and stove than between any other pieces of equipment. The three most important pieces of equipment, the refrigerator, the stove, and the sink should be arranged in close proximity, with adequate working space separating them. We really have three centers of work: the food preparation and mixing center, including the refrigerator; the cooking and serving center, including the range; and the sink work center. Utensils, supplies, and dishes should be stored as near as possible to their point of first use in each center. This would make it necessary to have duplicates of a few items, such as knives, measuring cups, and spoons.

### *Have a Place for Everything*

All of us are not fortunate enough to have our kitchens especially planned for us. This need not license us to be disorderly, how-

ever. Rather we should let this be a challenge to see how convenient and orderly we can make them. Doing so can be lots of fun. A small planning desk, conveniently located, makes it possible for the homemaker to do her record keeping and planning while meals are cooking.

We must know where we are going to place every single item. To have a place for everything and to keep everything in its place cuts housework. It should become automatic to take out from their storage spaces, different ingredients, mixing bowls, pots, and pans, and later put them back where they belong.

To test the efficiency of the present arrangement of things in your kitchen, make note of all the "side" trips you take the next time you prepare a meal, or even a single dish for a meal. See how many of these you can eliminate by reorganizing things. By rearranging the equipment and supplies in her kitchen, an Iowa homemaker reduced the distance she walked, in doing her kitchen work, from five miles each day, or 1,825 miles a year, to two and a half miles a day, or half the distance. She also did the work in one hour less time each morning.

After you have assembled everything according to "first use" you will likely find that you have only half enough space in your cupboards. Do not become discouraged, for many kitchen cupboards can be made to hold twice as much as they now hold.

Shelves often are placed too far apart for efficient use of all the space. Many are so deep that, if

we used all the space, we would have to place things three or four rows deep. What chance would a homemaker have to keep her cupboards orderly with such an arrangement? Remedies for such conditions are numerous, inexpensive and fun to make, if you enjoy using a saw, hammer, sandpaper, and surface finishes. If you do not enjoy making over the shelves and cupboards yourself, they can be purchased in just the kind and size to suit your needs.

Partial, or narrow shelves, placed between the main ones, provide space for medium and small items. Door racks also help to utilize space that otherwise is wasted. They may be made or purchased to hold a wide variety of things, such as spices, extracts, lids, soaps, scouring powders, and glasses. Hooks screwed into the inside of the door will hold measuring cups, spoons, and other small articles. It is a great convenience to have a utility closet in or near the kitchen, with space for storing the carpet sweeper, brooms, vacuum, and cleaning equipment. Hooks can be used on the inside of the door for hanging brushes and dusters.

The purpose of fitting cupboards with these conveniences is not only so there will be a place for every-

thing where it is used first, but also to eliminate the stacking of things. Only dishes of the same size and kind should be stacked together. Nothing should be more than one row deep, except where there are two or more packages of the same thing. When this is done, everything is clearly visible and easily accessible. Cupboards arranged in this way are no problem to keep orderly and clean. They are also most convenient to use.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. What are some of the "fruits" of orderly homes? Of disorderly homes?
2. Abraham Lincoln once said, "A person can be about as happy as he makes up his mind to be." Cannot the same thing be said about being orderly?
3. Have class members tell of conveniences for order they have discovered.

### *Lesson Reference Material*

"Kitchen Cupboards That Simplify Storage," Cornell Extension Bulletin No. 703, Mailing Dept., Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., 5c each.

"Kitchen Cupboard Conveniences for Order and Ease in Working," Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service Fact Sheet. Utah residents contact local county Extension offices. Nonresidents send to Utah State Agricultural College, Extension Service, Logan, Utah, 5c per copy.

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## *Intervenings*

Susan T. Jennings

There seems within fall's stillness,  
An intervening quietude,  
Like twilight's mellowed memories  
In soft accented interlude.  
In intervenings, one can see  
The beauty in man's destiny.

## *Autumn Leaves*

Margaret B. Shomaker

The tree spreads, one by one,  
Its rich array of falling leaves  
Over the faded grass of autumn,  
Yellow and gold;  
A gypsy's shawl.

# Literature—The Literature of England

## Lesson 28—George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 200-248).

For Tuesday, January 20, 1953

Objective: By detailing the principles of romanticism which he immortalized in his life and writings, to come more fully to know Lord Byron.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—  
roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee  
in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
control

Stops with the shore; upon the watery  
plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
groan,

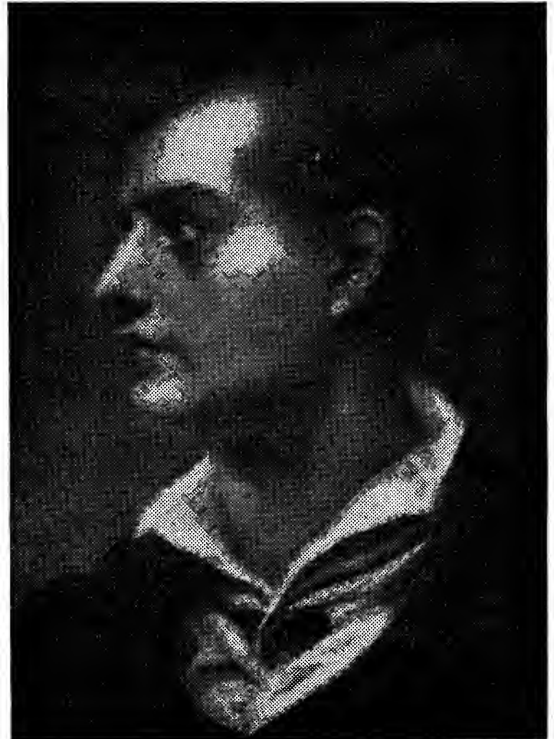
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined,  
and unknown.

(*Childe Harold, IV*, 1603,  
text, pp. 222-223.)

### The Romantic Byron

**T**HROUGHOUT the nineteenth century and up to the present generation, thousands of school children have been swayed by Byron's personality as they memorized these lines. Particularly the first line has been found useful, since it presents not only the magnificence of nature, but the grandiloquence of the romantic period as molded in the very essence of romanticism; Lord Byron, bad, and cynical—yes, but handsome, passionate, courageous, and free—with the dashing pertness and charm which to his death characterized both his poetry and his life.

The above quotation also reveals the pose of disillusionment, melan-



A Perry Picture

LORD BYRON  
1788-1824

choly, even morbidity, which loomed so large in the romantic tradition and in Byron. Yet, life being somewhat less than perfect, it was inevitable that, after the pure political and social idealism of the young Coleridge and Wordsworth, all the romantics save Shelley should bury their shining hopes either in conservatism or disillusionment. After examining the events of Byron's life, this vein of melan-

choly and satire which runs through-out his poems is more understandable, particularly in view of the integrity which always drove Byron to write with utter frankness both of himself and of his world.

Since his most famous poetic works, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and *Don Juan*, are but extended self-portraits, a knowledge of his life is imperative; indeed, in few other instances have poet and person been so completely fused into one wholeness.

### *Early Life*

The only child of an erratic, capricious mother and a handsome, profligate father who very early deserted his family, Byron's early environment was deplorable. A congenital lameness, painfully and ineffectively treated, rankled in his morbidly proud soul. Naturally affectionate, Byron was exposed alternately to his mother's sentimental gushings and harsh condemnation. For such a mother he felt some contempt, although he grieved sincerely at her death.

At school his dazzling antics brought him attention, notoriety, and friends. He took wrestling lessons from a professional, and, despite his leg, he was noted for his athletic prowess. It is asserted that he brought a chained bear to a college lecture. And he wrote poetry, which he justified as not being beneath his noble status, since his lameness prevented him from becoming the man of action he always wanted to be. When reviewers attacked his work, he replied with such savage satire in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" that for the rest of his life they wrote favorably

of his works. He also spoke out his contempt for the literary lions of the day: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Scott.

### *Early Fame and Marriage*

After a two years' tour of the exotic, little-known regions about the Mediterranean, a tour on which he rode horseback five hundred miles through Spain and swam the Hellespont from Greece to Turkey, he wrote the first canto of *Childe Harold*, and at age twenty-four awoke one morning to find himself famous. He was the lion of British letters, the rage of London society, and for fifty years the most famous name in England and on the continent. Women idolized his handsome profile, his cutting wit, and his disdain for government and social conventions. He had many amorous intrigues, but finally married Anne Milbank, a shallow heiress. Almost at once they quarreled violently, he calling her stupid, she seeing him sarcastic, of violent temper, and of incorrigible morals. Soon after their daughter Ada was born she refused to live with him, and Byron, feeling unjustifiably deserted by a superficial wife, left England in self-exile, never to return to an English society which had already treated him like an outcast.

### *Self-Exile*

He joined the Shelleys in Switzerland. There he fell in love with a married woman, Countess Guiccioli. Later, fired with accumulated revolutionary fervor, he sold all his goods to purchase military equipment, and sailed for Greece to become the man of action and fight for her independence against the

Turks. He died ignobly of a fever, but, in true Byronic surroundings, during a night of tumultuous thunder claps and lashing storm. His heart was buried in Greece, however, his body was returned to Hucknall, England, his natal town, not Westminster Abbey, for burial.

### *Byron's Character*

It would be as unfair to Byron to point out only his bad qualities as it would be to the reader to point out only his better ones. Most shoddy was his treatment of the women he knew, including those of his own kin, even as he had been shoddily treated by them. He was proud, scornful, sarcastic, a rebel, and a cynic. With Napoleon as his most recent example, Byron believed all government was selfish and untrustworthy, that English society was corrupt, while her literature and culture were artificial and dull. But he also possessed virtues: he could be affectionate and kind; he was sincere and honest in all that he wrote and did, admitting his weaknesses as well as his virtues. Above all he hated hypocrisy, and he was tireless in exposing the difference between truth and pretense, whether in contemporary society, politics, poetry, or religion.

### *Byron's Poetic Qualities*

In his poetry as in his personal actions, Byron was driven by his own fire and vigor. Goethe described him as "a fiery mass of living valor hurling itself on life." One large reason for his great literary success was that he caught this spark within his lines of poetry. Amazingly productive throughout his

short life, Byron wrote with a style which is racy and flowing, now melancholic, now satirical, now ecstatic with passion for liberty or beauty, but never dull. Sometimes it is more clever than poetic; rarely is it deep or profound; but within his lines is the dash and flavor of youth, which captures the imagination with its ease and bite and, when he wills, its beauty.

The great weakness of his style arose from the very ease with which he wrote and felt. Because his phrases came so easily he wrote too much, and at his worst colored his emotion with melodrama and rhetoric.

His oriental tales, with the idealized Byron as "Byronic hero"—proud, yet secretly kind, and modest toward gentle women; rebellious against restraint and disillusioned with society; handsome, dashing, pleasure-loving, yet concealing an inner melancholy—these tales are now little read. Yet many of the ingredients of the Byronic hero dominate his best known works, which reveal him not only as a romanticist, but as a revolutionist and satirist as well. It should not prove surprising that Byron's favorite author was Pope, who alone surpasses Byron as an English satirist.

### *The Satirist*

In "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" the twenty-year old poet proved his early maturity and lasting excellence in satire. While his telling blows at the country's most powerful critics cowed them into praising him throughout his life, his appraisal of the current "scribbling crew" interests us more. Scott's "half-strung harps whine mournful

to the blast;" the "ballad monger Southey" is advised to

. . . cease thy varied song!  
A bard may chant too often and too long:  
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare.

Next he attacks Wordsworth, "the dull disciple of thy school," and finally Coleridge, who loves "turgid ode and tumid stanza" and is branded as "the laureate of the long-eared kind" (text, pp. 203-205).

### *The Lyrical Poet*

It may well be that Byron's strongest bridge with the future will be his short lyrical poems. Such lines as

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies . . . .  
(text, page 205)

are immortal in their simple, pure feeling for the compelling mysteries which surround feminine beauty and love. Here is the inevitable ease and exalted loveliness of true poetry, found also in "Stanzas for Music" (page 207) and in "So We'll Go No More A-Roving" (page 224). This style might well be compared with that of

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
(page 205)

which contain the swollen rhetorical tone familiar to the lovers of the dramatized Byronic pose. Similar ingredients may be detected in "The Destruction of Sennacherib" (page 205), which reveals Byron as the poet of glamorized, melodramatic action, battle conquest, and

death in a style more lavish and exciting than Scott cared to compete with.

In Byron's "Sonnet on Chillon" (page 207), the high-singing, clarion tone of the incensed champion of freedom sings out with the same clarity as that of his lyrics, but with an additional power of penetration:

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art:  
For there thy habitation is the heart . . . .

In these fourteen lines Byron catches the brilliance of his idealistic fervor as he never does in the almost four hundred lines which compose his poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon" (page 207).

### *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

Byron is at his sustained best in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* which, despite Byron's direct disavowal, are entirely autobiographical. Canto III of *Childe Harold* (pp. 212-219) begins and ends with a lament for his daughter Ada, whom he has never seen since she was taken from him as a babe. But now neither England nor memory can hurt him, since

Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam  
to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep . . . .  
(l. 16-18)

As his theme, he sings of "The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind" (l. 20).

He tells how he has suffered under the "keen knife of silent, sharp endurance" (l. 41-42), but that he can bear the burdens of life through the joys of creation and the freeing solitudes of nature as opposed to his



life among men where he feels he  
is a thing

Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,  
Drooped as a wild-born falcon with  
clipped wing. (l. 128-129)

His narration of Waterloo is well done, although he deploras the battle as a "king-making Victory" (l. 153) since it restored the evils of monarchy to power (pp. 214-215). Next he flees from the evils of mankind to Lake Geneva in Switzerland, where he finds peace.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?  
(l. 631-632)

In "binding all things with beauty" he identifies himself with nature:

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies  
a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?  
(l. 667-668)

and in passages of continuing beauty he pays passionate homage to the hush of night, the "stars! which are the poetry of heaven!" (l. 784), the sky in peace, and when tumultuous with the "fierce and far delight" (l. 831) of a night storm. But, he concludes, "I have not loved the world, nor the world me" (l. 1009); and asks that he and the world part fair foes, although he is willing to grant that there may still be virtue and hope and goodness in the world (text, pp. 219-223).

In Canto IV he pays passionate tribute to "Rome! my country! city of the soul!"

Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
The orphans of the heart must turn to  
thee . . . . (l. 694-695)

and praises Time (l. 1162-1170) that she has beautified and avenged the past so that now, amid the past, Byron feels within himself the dread power which comes from living in the past as incarnated in the grandeur of Rome.

### Don Juan

In *Don Juan* (text, pp 225-246) as in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, the style has the easy grace and fluency which is Byron's hallmark. Again he begins by insulting the leading poets of the day, both because he doesn't care for their poetry and because they have all forsaken the courageous revolutionary convictions of their youth. With tongue in cheek and a roughish gleam in his eye, he pokes fun at whatever pleases him: the epic form, the classical authors, the moral-seeking reader and the dull one, contemporary editors, and reviewers.

Canto II (pp. 228-235) begins with the story of young Don Juan, a romantic young Spaniard who pays mocking farewell to home and mother and goes to sea in a ship which is sunk in a storm. The first stanza sets the tone:

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth  
of nations,  
Holland, France, England, Germany or  
Spain,  
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;  
It mends their morals, never mind the  
pain . . . . (l. 1-4)

Young Juan feels the pangs of parting (page 230), becomes seasick along with his tutor (page 231) while Byron satirizes those who succumb to seasickness (l. 257-264). After twelve days the ship sinks and the crew take to boats.

Canto III (text, pp. 235-239) reveals Byron's warm admiration for Greece, her past, and her destiny. He contrasts her present weakness with the past. He then laments that the glory of Greece must be entrusted to poets such as Orpheus, who displays feeling, yet who is not to be trusted since poets

. . . are such liars,  
And take all colors—like the hands of  
dyers.  
(l. 695-696)

Then follows a most serious, intense stanza in which he says that "words are things," and marvels that the written word survives all else. He returns to modern poets to scorn them even more bitterly than usual (page 237). Then, in delightful self-ridicule, he apologizes for having digressed from the story (l. 761-768).

Canto IV (page 239) begins with the famous line

Whom the gods love die young

and tells of the romantic love between Don Juan and Haidee, daughter of a pirate who rules a deserted island. They are separated by her father, and she dies in sadness. Here, too, Byron censures himself for his excesses (l. 409) of rhetoric and irony, and the story continues in the pure romantic tradition.

Satirist and cynic, playboy and poet, idolized and idealist, Lord Byron contained within himself many faults and virtues. He also possessed the pure fire of romanticism so that, to his own age and to the century following, he has been accepted as perhaps the central figure of at least one phase of the romantic spirit.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Discuss the effect of Byron's life upon his poetry.
2. What are the strong points of Byron's character?
3. If Byron was a cynic, why did he finally give his life for Greek independence?

## *Social Science—The Progress of Man*

### Part III—In the Way of Destiny

#### Lesson 17—Church Attitude on Government and Law

*Elder Archibald F. Bennett*

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapter 30, page 374; chapter 32; chapter 29).

For Tuesday, January 27, 1953

Objective: To exemplify the Church teaching that its members should be loyal to the government and laws under which they live, and "be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign."

#### *Respect for Authority*

The Latter-day Saints have always been taught to respect authority. This doctrine has come down from

ancient times as a requirement of the Lord's people. Peter impressed this duty upon the primitive saints, and it forms the substance of the

twelfth article of faith given to the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith. This applies to the members of the Church in every land, whether it is one of popular government or otherwise.

It is a fact, however, that people who have a hand in governing themselves are bound to have a greater love for established authority than are those subject to despotic or dictatorial government. In the one case they feel that they are to some degree responsible for the government, having had a hand in the choosing of those who make and enforce the laws. On the other hand, in dictatorial governments, the people are relieved from all responsibility and cannot be expected to have the interest they otherwise would, in the functions of government.

#### *“Be Subject to the Powers That Be”*

In a revelation given to the Church, August 1, 1831, the Lord said: “Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land. Wherefore, be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet.” It has been the doctrine and practice of the covenant people of God in all ages to be subject to the worldly “powers that be,” and to sustain and uphold them in all just and proper government.

When the Jews came to Jesus, tempting him, and trying to trip him in some manner so that they could find an accusation against him, they said: “What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute

to Caesar, or not?” He answered them, “Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Caesar’s. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar’s; and unto God the things that are God’s” (Matt. 23:17-27).

In the dispensation of the meridian of time Peter instructed the saints as follows:

Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord’s sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; Or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men (I Peter 2:13-15).

The same commandment is required of us in the dispensation of the fulness of times, as we see from the revelation given to the Church in August 1831 (D. & C. 58:22), quoted above. The Church has accepted as a law unto the Church, binding on all the members, the Articles of Faith. These articles have been included with the standard works of the Church, as a standard in doctrine and practice. The twelfth article reads as follows:

“We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.”

This requirement applies to the saints in every nation upon the earth as it is at this time constituted. The members of the Church in the British Empire are under the strict injunction to be loyal to that government and its laws. The same

injunction is strictly required of the members of the Church in Germany, Italy, France, Scandinavia, Japan, and wherever they reside upon the face of the earth. Moreover, when members of the Church travel from one nation to another, they must by all means respect the laws and customs of the several nations which they may visit as long as they sojourn within their dominions. This rule is imperative and will be so long as governments of men exist and prevail upon the face of the earth.

*A Declaration of Belief*

At a conference of the Church held in Kirtland, Ohio, August 17, 1835, the Doctrine and Covenants was presented to the assembled conference for its acceptance or rejection. After the brethren there assembled had carefully and studiously considered the matter, the revelations which had been previously selected by the Prophet Joseph Smith were accepted as the word of the Lord by the unanimous vote of the conference, and were ordered printed. On the occasion of this conference, Joseph Smith the Prophet and his second counselor, Frederick G. Williams, were not present. They were on a brief mission to the saints in Michigan, and because of this were not familiar with all the proceedings of this conference. After the conference had accepted the revelations, an article on marriage, which had been written by Oliver Cowdery, was read by Elder William W. Phelps, and was ordered printed in the book with the revelations.

When this action had been taken, Oliver Cowdery arose and read

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another article, also written by himself, on "Governments and Laws in General." This article the conference also ordered printed in the book of Doctrine and Covenants. Unfortunately, a great many people, because these articles appeared in the Doctrine and Covenants, readily concluded that they had come through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and hence were to be received on a par with the other parts of the book of revelations. Because of this misinformation articles have been published from time to time declaring that these words on Government and Laws have come to us with the force of revelation, having been from the mouth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. This article and the one on "Marriage" were not considered as revelations by the conference, but were published as an expression of belief of the members of the Church at that time.

The article on Governments and Laws has appeared in each edition of the Doctrine and Covenants since 1835, and has been accepted as the preamble of the article states, as a declaration of belief of the Latter-day Saints. (See D. & C. section 134.)

### God Overrules

It should not be understood that because Oliver Cowdery declared, and the Church has approved, the statement in this article "We believe that governments are instituted of God for the benefit of man," that therefore God has been the author of every government upon the earth. He is the author of government, for government prevails throughout the universe, but some of the despotic governments have

been far from governments established or instituted by the hand of God. In the beginning, as previously stated, government was instituted for the benefit of man, but man in his rebellious nature turned from that government given by the Almighty to organizations of his own. It is a fact, however, that the Lord does overrule all nations. Kings and potentates may plot and plan and league together, but the Lord sets the bounds of their habitations and their authority and says, "This far, and no farther, shalt thou go."

The history of nations as it is recorded, reveals clearly and positively the fact that the hand of the Lord has been the ruling hand among all kingdoms. The destinies of nations as well as the destinies of individuals are in his hands. Kings, presidents, despots, and dictators will rule until the Lord declares it is enough, and then their kingdoms and authorities shall cease upon the earth.

### Good and Wise Men Should Be Sought

President Brigham Young declared:

It is alleged and reiterated that we do not love the institutions of our country. I say, and have so said for many years, that the Constitution and laws of the United States combine the best form of government in force upon the earth. But does this follow that each officer of the Government administers with justice? No; for it is well known throughout our nation that very many of our public officers are as degraded, debased, corrupt, and regardless of right as men well can be.

I repeat that the Constitution, laws, and institutions of our Government are as good as can be, with the intelligence

now possessed by the people. But they, as also the laws of other nations, are too often administered in unrighteousness; and we do not and cannot love and respect the acts of the administrators of our laws, unless they act justly in their offices (J. of D. 6:344).

Will the Constitution be destroyed? No; it will be held inviolate by this people, and as Joseph Smith said, "The time will come when the destiny of the nation will hang upon a single thread. At that critical juncture, this people will step forth and save it from the threatened destruction. It will be so (J. of D. 7:15).

Similar truths were taught by President Joseph F. Smith:

I hope with all my soul that the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be loyal in their very hearts and souls to the principles of the Constitution of our country. From them we have derived the liberty that we enjoy. They have been the means of guaranteeing to the foreigner that has come within our gates, and to the native born, and to all the citizens of this country, the freedom and liberty that we possess. We cannot go back upon such principles as these. We may go back upon those who fail to execute the law as they should. We may be dissatisfied with the decision of judges, and may desire to have them removed out of their places. But the law provides ways and means for all these things to be done under the Constitution of our country, and it is better for us to abide the evils that we have than to fly to greater evils that we know not what the results will be. All we have to do if an officer is not executing the duties of his office righteously is to impeach him or wait till his term of office is out, and then shelve him in the lawful way. The people have the power to leave him out and put a better man in his place, and that is strictly in accordance with the commandments of God contained in the book of Doctrine and Covenants. Wherefore honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good and wise men you should observe to uphold, in positions of

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honor and of trust, that they may execute righteousness and prove themselves worthy of the confidence and patronage of the people who elevate them to positions . . . .

Joseph Smith, the prophet, was inspired to affirm and ratify the truth, and he further predicted that the time would come when the Constitution of our country would hang as it were by a thread, and that the Latter-day Saints above all other people in the world would come to the rescue of that great and glorious palladium of our liberty. We cannot brook the thought of its being torn into shreds or destroyed, or trampled under foot and ignored by men. We cannot tolerate the sentiment at one time expressed by a man high in authority in the nation. He said: "The Constitution be damned; the popular sentiment of the people is the constitution." That is the sentiment of anarchism that has spread to a certain extent, and is spreading over the land of liberty and home of the brave. We do not tolerate it. Latter-day Saints cannot tolerate such a spirit as this. It is anarchy. It means destruction. It is the spirit of mobocracy, and the Lord knows we have suffered enough from mobocracy, and we do not want any more if it (Conference Report, October 1912).



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*The Higher Powers*

Paul is quoted in the Bible as having said to the Roman saints: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation" (Romans 13:1-2). The Lord corrected the translation of Romans 13:1-2 through the Prophet Joseph Smith so that it reads:

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power in

the church but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.

Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves punishment.

For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise for the same (Romans 13:3).

He who is subject to the higher powers, which are the powers of God and his authorized servants, will also obey the laws and be subject to the governments of man. For thus we are commanded until he comes whose right it is to rule.

### Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the attitude of the Church toward observance of the law of the land in which we live?
2. Demonstrate the truth of the following: "Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land."
3. Comment on the wisdom of the Savior's expression: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." What did he mean?
4. Have a member explain the outstanding principles enunciated in the declaration accepted by the Church in conference "On Governments and Laws in General." Are these principles valid and acceptable today?
5. Discuss the world-wide application of the twelfth article of faith.
6. Define the expression: "the powers that be."
7. What is the obligation of all citizens having the right and power to do so, to select good and honest and wise men to administer their laws?
8. In this connection read the words of political wisdom of good King Mosiah in the Book of Mormon (Mosiah 29:10-32).

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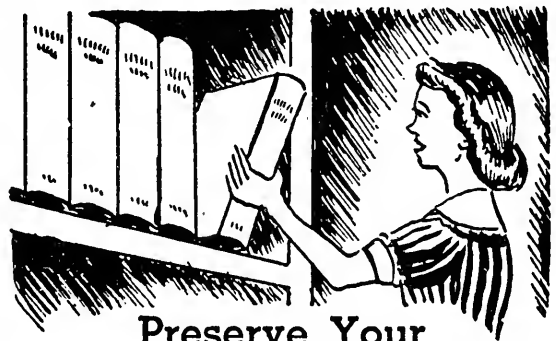
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## The Hunt

Evelyn Fieldsted

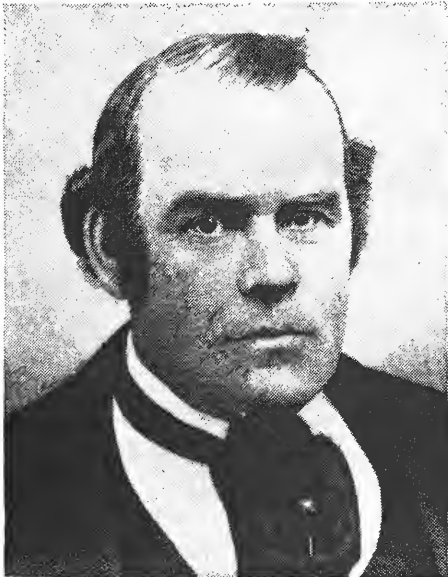
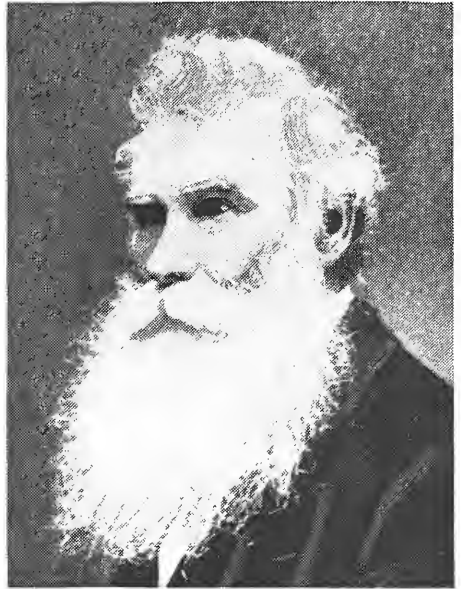
Autumn leaves zigzagged to earth  
 With tripping rhythm faint and slow;  
 The blue, gray fawn with great soft eyes  
 Left the golden woodland with the doe.

The hunters waited tense and long,  
 Then followed close beside the hill—

A moment and the big deer fell  
 Tried to rise, and then lay still.

Behind the cliffs the sun moved on;  
 The lostling in the thickets hid.  
 A cold wind swept the shadow's length  
 Where sylvan wild life frequented.

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**RELIEF SOCIETY**  
MAGAZINE



VOL. 39 NO. 11

Lessons for February

NOVEMBER 1952



# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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

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# *Valleyward*

Dorothy J. Roberts

I must not roam the autumn hills  
Nor drink their glory long,  
Lest flame ignite the flame in me  
And rouse too strange a song.

I should not follow mauve that twists  
The straight and level way  
Of valley roads to fit the wild,  
Free flight of a mountain day;

Nor hear the liquid melody  
Caress the maple's root,  
Nor too long watch the siren wind  
Sweep trails for the errant foot.

I must descend from blazing heights  
To planes the mind may bear,  
Where wisdom curbs the careless stream  
And lays a thoroughfare.





GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF RELIEF SOCIETY VIEWS ARCHITECT'S  
DRAWING OF RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Left to right: President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen.

# *Announcement of Relief Society Building Site*

[Announcement Made at Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

*President Belle S. Spafford*

**S**EVEN years ago at the general session of our Relief Society conference, we spoke to you of an unfulfilled dream that had persisted in the minds and hearts of Relief Society women through the years—the dream of having a Relief Society building, a home of our own, one that would beautifully and suitably represent the women of the Church. We told you of the urgent existing need for such a building more adequately to house the general offices and to enable us to better serve the sisters of the Church.

At the conference held in 1947, we proposed a plan, which you voted upon, whereby our Relief Society women would raise a total of \$500,000—or half a million, to be used in the erection of the building. This vast sum of money was to be raised in one year. It was a mammoth undertaking for the sisters, but with characteristic loyalty and zeal, with a spirit of love for Relief Society in their hearts, they went forward to accomplish the task. The blessings of our Heavenly Father were poured out upon us, and just one year, lacking two days, from the time the fund-raising program was launched, we were able to announce in our general conference the full accomplishment of

the task we had set ourselves. A total of \$554,016 had been contributed to the Building Fund. Since that date the fund has been increased by further contributions and interest from the bank, to a total of \$569,115.89 as of today.

Since the culmination of the fund-raising program, we have anxiously awaited the time when the First Presidency would designate the building site. Today, our hearts are filled to overflowing with thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father and with gratitude to the First Presidency for authorizing us to announce at this conference to the Relief Society sisters throughout the world, the site granted by the First Presidency upon which our Relief Society Building will be erected. I am sure this news will be received with rejoicing by Relief Society women wherever they may be.

\* The site granted us for the building is the corner property at Main and North Temple Streets, in front of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building.

**F**ROM the depths of our hearts we thank President McKay, President Richards, and President Clark for their deep understanding of our needs and desires, and for



their great consideration in granting us this choice site, one that has been the continued first choice of the general presidency; one that fulfills the desire of President Zina D. H. Young expressed in 1896 when she said, "We want to have a house and we want land to build it on, and it should be in the shadow of the temple."

We thank our advisors, Brother Joseph Fielding Smith and Brother Mark E. Petersen, for their support and counsel in this program. We thank the other General Authorities for the consideration they have shown us. We were greatly helped by the counsel and encouragement given us by the Presiding Bishopric. I especially mention Elder LeGrand Richards with whom we worked so

closely while he served as Presiding Bishop. Brother Richards inspired us with courage and a spirit of confidence.

We love and appreciate the sisters of Relief Society throughout the world for their loyal support and great accomplishments in behalf of the building. Above all, we acknowledge the merciful kindness of the Lord toward his daughters.

As a presidency we assure you of our earnest desire to do only those things which are for the upbuilding of Relief Society. We offer our full devotion and best efforts to the completion of this wonderful program, ever obedient to the counsel and direction of the Priesthood authorities who preside over us.



## *A Story in Snow*

Grace Sayre

Only a magic paragraph  
Lies between the robin's call  
And the bright field—a wonderland  
Of sparkling air—the first snowfall.  
But countless dreams have run between  
The dogwood's grace to winter bloom;  
Along the margin, now briefly sketched  
Is winter's feathery plume.  
Between the stanzas of the year,  
Write winter footnotes, brightly penned.  
Here is the book, the plot, the ink,  
Write, as the snow's soft flakes descend.

# “As for Me and My House, We Will Serve the Lord”

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

*President Belle S. Spafford*

**I**T is with a feeling of deep humility and a sincere recognition of my great need for the sustaining spirit of the Lord to attend me that I speak to you today.

Conference sessions such as this are designed to acquaint us with what our Father requires of us as his children; to upbuild our faith and strengthen our testimonies; to direct us along the paths of righteous endeavor. I earnestly pray what I say may bear out, at least in some small measure, the purposes for which we are convened.

Today I should like to bring to your minds a message from an ancient prophet of Israel, the prophet Joshua. This message was of great significance in the day it was given, and it continues with us today of equal import.

The tribes of Israel had inclined their hearts toward a worship of strange gods. Joshua, fearing for his people, “gathered all the tribes to Shechem, and called for the elders of Israel, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers, and they presented themselves before God” (Joshua 24:1).

And Joshua warned them of what was happening among them. Earnestly admonishing them to put away the strange gods that were among them, he called upon them to repent, exhorting them to serve the Lord, God of Israel, in sincerity and truth. Then, in the power and majesty of his calling as their proph-

et, he called upon them thus: “Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord” (Joshua 24:15).

The choice to be made by these tribes of Israel that day is a choice which men have had to make through the ages. Countless numbers have chosen, as did Joshua of old, to serve the Lord in sincerity and truth: tens of thousands among us today have so chosen.

For those who make this choice the path is straight and narrow, but the road is well marked. None who earnestly desire to follow it need go astray. If we would serve the Lord, we must love him, for it is not given to men to serve whom they love not. We must love our neighbors as ourselves. It is attendant upon those who choose to serve the Lord to obey the ordinances and keep the commandments of God. We must remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; we must bring our tithes and offerings to the storehouse of the Church; we must fast and pray; we must keep ourselves pure in body and in spirit; we must keep the countless commandments which the Lord has given us for our well-being and for the establishment of his kingdom.

If we would have our households serve the Lord (and what parent who loves the Lord has peace of soul without this?) then we must

maintain homes of faith and righteousness, putting obedience and service to God foremost. We must ever hold before our families a vision of the greatness, the goodness, the power, and the love of God. We must help them to see the wisdom of his ways, the priceless worth of his words, and the precious values accruing to those who do his will, even though they may not fully comprehend his purposes. We must never be found compromising in the slightest degree with sin nor surrendering even in the smallest measure to that which runs counter to his teachings.

These things are contingent upon all who make the choice made by Joshua. In addition, the Lord makes special and individual requirements of almost everyone. Some of these are related to the work of the Church; others are highly personal in nature. Some are fulfilled with comparative ease and rejoicing; others are difficult, testing the faith and trying the soul. Such requirements are made by our Father of his daughters as well as of his sons.

**WE** remember the special requirement made of Hannah, one that would have sorely tested any mother. Hannah was without a child. So sad was her heart over this, so say the scriptures, that "she wept and did not eat . . . she was in bitterness of soul." Then Hannah prayed unto the Lord, petitioning him that he should give unto her a man child. And the Lord heard her petition and answered it. To Hannah was born a son, who was called Samuel. Then Hannah re-

joiced in the Lord, saying: "There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God" (I Sam. 2:2).

But it was required of Hannah that she should keep the vow she had made with the Lord, that she should give the child Samuel to the Lord as soon as he was weaned, that she should take him to the temple where, under the care and guardianship of Eli, the priest, he should be trained to minister in the temple. What a severe requirement to be made of Hannah! What a test for any mother! Like any mother, she must have wondered how Eli would care for her baby. She must have wondered if the babe would waken in the night and miss her. She must have wondered how her own longing heart could be comforted.

But Hannah had chosen to serve the Lord. She loved the Lord. God had been good to her. He had taken away her reproach. He had assuaged her heart hunger by sending her the child. She stood ready to keep the covenant she had made with him. She bequeathed this most precious gift to the Lord, and mother-like, she found solace in each year making for her son a coat which she brought to him when she came up to the temple with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.

We remember the requirements made of the mother of Moses; of Deborah when she was called upon to lead the hosts of Israel in battle; of Mary, the mother of Jesus. We remember the requirements made of our own pioneer women of Nauvoo. Facing unspeakable hardships, they left the comfortable homes

which they and their husbands had built with thrift and industry, and they courageously set out to establish new homes in a barren wasteland, driven thence because they had chosen to serve the Lord.

The Lord has given to us a perfect and a divine organization, his Church, through which we are kept aware of our obligations and responsibilities to him and through which we may most effectively serve him in the establishment of his kingdom. He has been especially mindful of the women of the Church, giving unto us our beloved Relief Society through which we are to do that part of his work which is according to the natures of women. Some there are among us who, though expressing a will to serve the Lord, fail to recognize this, seeing in this society only another woman's organization dedicated to worthy purposes. Some there are who even place it beneath other women's organizations in importance. Lured by worldly popularity and acclaim, induced by personal advantage and prestige, perhaps deceived by flattery or confused by false values, they relegate this divinely established society to a position of lesser importance in their lives, or even neglect it entirely, rather than to place it first and to cling fast to it above all others because it is the medium given us by the Lord through which Latter-day Saint women are to do their part in the establishment of his kingdom.

Our latter-day prophets have said of Relief Society:

No other woman's organization in all the earth has had such a birth. This divinely inspired origin brings with it a corresponding responsibility, in consecra-

tion to service, and in the loftiest loyalty to the Priesthood of God and to one another . . . members should permit neither hostile nor competitive interests of any kind to detract from the duties and obligations, the privileges and honors, the opportunities and achievements of membership in this great Society.

**T**HE Lord has always been mindful of those who serve him. Great and marvelous are his benefactions to his children. Did not Joshua remind Israel of this when he declared:

For the Lord our God, he it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed (Joshua 24:17).

Did the Lord not bless Hannah for her righteousness so that she bore three sons and two daughters, and has her name not been perpetuated through the ages of time because of the righteous works of her son Samuel as a prophet and servant of the Lord? Of all the children whom she bore, it was the son whom she dedicated to the Lord who brought lasting honor to her name.

Did the Lord not bless the arid soil of this desert land that it would yield fruitful crops? Did he not preserve his followers from famine by sending the gulls?

Has he not blessed your household and mine even beyond our greatest hopes when we have served him in full righteousness?

The world today is moving at a fast and reckless pace. The problems, the struggles, the sorrows, and the heartaches press hard upon us. Few there are who are spared. At

times, even though we may be living to the best of our knowledge and understanding, we are called upon to pass through experiences the reason for which we fail to understand. Big trials and little ones seem to be the lot of man. Evil influences are abroad threatening our homes and our families. They are at times so subtle as to be almost unrecognizable yet so powerful as to destroy. We hear on every side: whither are we heading; where will it all end; what is to become of us; what are we to do?

For our Relief Society sisters there is but one answer: "As for me

and my house, we will serve the Lord." In this lies our hope, our peace, our comfort, our strength, and our promise. In this we fulfill our earthly mission, earning for ourselves exaltation in our Father's kingdom.

That the Lord will bless the sisters of Relief Society with the will to serve him in full righteousness, and with the strength and wisdom to so order their homes and so direct their children that they will grow up with a love of God foremost in their hearts and a willingness to serve him, is my earnest prayer.



## *Joy Here and Hereafter*

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

*Counselor Marianne C. Sharp*

**W**E are living in a day which the Savior foretold as a time of wars and rumors of wars, of famines, of pestilences, and of earthquakes. The vanities of the world, pride, the cares and corruption of the world are thrust close to our lives. In spite of outward and even inner conflicts, however, Latter-day Saints must stand firm and strive to be the leaven to lighten the world.

However, we cannot escape all the judgments of God which are being poured out upon the inhabitants of the earth. The Prophet Joseph Smith pointed out "the law of heaven . . . does not promise that the believer in every age should be exempt from the afflictions and

troubles arising from different sources in consequence of the acts of wicked men on earth" (D.H.C. II, page 7).

On the contrary, we know that Latter-day Saints have been called upon and are today called upon to endure many afflictions and to pass through many troubles. This, however, should be expected as a part of the probationary period which this world provides for its inhabitants, as a testing ground to see whether or not we will hearken to the words of the Lord and keep his commandments. It is in times of stress and trouble that a person reveals his strengths and weaknesses, and through experiences of anguish we progress either toward the light

or turn away into darkness. Of the Savior himself it is recorded, "though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered" (Hebrews 5:8).

In spite of the sorry state of the world, Latter-day Saints cannot allow themselves to be crushed by their worries and cares, but, instead, we must remember the great purpose of man's existence on earth as declared by Lehi, "Men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25). Joy here and hereafter should be the daily and eternal goal of Latter-day Saints. The Prophet Joseph Smith stated the aim of existence in these words, "Happiness is the object and design of our existence; and will be 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" (D.H.C. V, pp. 134-135).

What are a few of the principles by which we should live to experience this joy? One, fundamental to our happiness, is to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all the trials and sorrows which may come to us, for he declares, "And in nothing doth man offend God, or against none is his wrath kindled save those who confess not his hand in all things, and obey not his commandments" (D. & C. 59:21). By so doing, even with our mortal understanding, sometimes we can discern a purpose. But when we cannot, we must accept adversity as we accept good fortune, knowing that these things are all for our experience and refining.

Contrast this attitude which engenders joy with that of an unfortunate person who lost a loved

member from the family circle. Because of the sorrow of the family, the person decided that no loving Heavenly Father would permit such suffering. This attitude finally resulted in a denial of the very existence of God and in discarding the light of the gospel. There was an utter lack of appreciation shown by this person for the great principles of sacrifice and suffering. There was no recognition of the suffering of the Father himself at seeing his beloved Son undergo the agony of Gethsemane and the cross, that thereby we all might receive eternal joy. If we would have joy, we must accept the truth that sacrifice and suffering are essential to our progress and are to be borne with fortitude and a cheerful heart.

**H**OW often in Holy Writ does the Lord admonish us to be of good cheer and to do things with cheerful hearts and countenances. To make the best of any situation we may find ourselves in makes for happiness. I recall the instance of a sister who nursed a paralyzed son for twenty years. Never was she heard to utter a complaint either at her own lot or that of her son's. She served him not only with the loving devotion of a mother but with a cheerful heart and joy in her soul. Only she and the Lord knew of her moments of travail, and surely he comforted her, for she always looked on the bright side of life and maintained her home in its former spirit of thanksgiving and gratitude. Truly she had found the mainspring of joy in her soul.

If we would find joy, we must heed the Lord's word, "If thou art sorrowful, call on the Lord thy God



with supplication, that your souls may be joyful" (D. & C. 136:29). Where else can we seek joy in sorrow but from the Lord? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: And ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light" (Matt. 11:28-30).

One of the surest means of bringing joy unto the soul is to obey the second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Ministering to another's need fills the soul with joy. But if we refuse a call, what despondency and turmoil crowd the soul! Brigham Young once asked "What will give a man joy?" His answer was "That which will give him peace" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, p. 362). The words of Alma state the truth, "Wickedness never was happiness."

We will never find joy in living

after the manner of the world, for the Lord commands us "to lay aside the things of the world" (D. & C. 25:10). As we grow older, true values become more apparent and a greater realization comes to us of the necessity to spend our time in the pursuit of "virtue, uprightness, faithfulness, and holiness."

The words of Brigham Young sound a warning and a promise: "The only heaven for us is that which you make yourselves. My heaven is here (laying his hand upon his heart). I carry it with me" (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 362).

We must carry our own joy with us in our souls, received continually by prayer to the Lord and by living the commandments. The joy in the knowledge of the gospel and the living of it is beyond that of everything else. May each of us here prove in our own lives the truth of the words "Men are, that they might have joy" is my prayer.



## *Let Us Magnify Our Callings and Enlarge Our Souls*

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

Counselor Velma N. Simonsen

**T**HIS is a frightening experience, to stand in this great building and address this vast audience of Relief Society women. I pray that the Lord will bless me that I may overcome some of my great fear, that I may say some word that will inspire us to

be more valiant in helping to build his kingdom here upon the earth.

Recently, I had occasion to re-read the minutes of the early Relief Society meetings in which the Prophet Joseph Smith gave counsel and instructions for the guidance of the Relief Society. I was impressed

by the number of times he admonished us to "expand our souls" and to "magnify our callings." He said, "Everyone should aspire to magnify his own office, meekness, love, purity, these are the things that should magnify us." And "Let your hearts expand, let them be enlarged toward others." And again, "You must enlarge your souls toward others." I wonder if we are neglecting this counsel: to enlarge our souls, to magnify our offices?

The vast majority of us here today hold the important calling of mothers and homemakers. This is a calling we must constantly endeavor to magnify. It will certainly enlarge our souls. Most of us have personally experienced the glories of motherhood and the joy that comes of homemaking, but are we consciously magnifying that calling in the sight of our daughters? I am sure we need to do so.

Last week, in talking to a young mother, I mentioned that I was to talk in Relief Society conference. She said, "Please say something to the mothers about the need for them to teach their daughters the importance of being homemakers." She said that among her friends the greatest cause for unhappiness and discontent that she had observed was in girls feeling that they had given up remunerative, interesting, and important positions or careers in the business world to become what they termed "mere housekeepers."

Just yesterday I met another young friend who recently married and moved to another state to live. She was home on a visit. I asked her how she was enjoying her new home. She said, "I am having a

wonderful time. Most of the friends I have met do not have any children, the few that do have children have very good baby tenders, so we play golf or tennis in the mornings and bridge in the afternoons. It is a great life if I do not get fed up with it."

Of course she will get "fed up" with what she is doing. Golf and tennis are fine recreational activities, but anything in excess is not good; and they are not activities that are worth the full time of a Latter-day Saint wife. But she will find herself, for I know her Latter-day Saint mother, and her training has been for something better than for that which she is doing. Mothers, let us teach our daughters the glories of true motherhood, the joys of homemaking, and the responsibilities that go along with such a career.

Brigham Young (in his discourses) tells us that women have great influence, that besides being the mainspring and soul of our being, they wield a great influence in guiding the destinies and lives of men upon the earth. He says, "The mothers are the moving instruments in the hands of Providence to guide the destinies of nations." He also says that we should use that influence in training our children in the way they should go, and if we fail to do this, we assume fearful responsibilities (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 308-309).

Sisters, we also have the great blessing of sharing the Priesthood with our husbands and sons. Are we magnifying that office by helping our sons or our husbands to honor their callings? Do we make it easy and pleasant for them to at-

tend their Priesthood meetings and to fulfill their Priesthood assignments, thereby showing our appreciation of this great blessing?

A short time ago my husband and I, with some friends, were guests in the home of a wealthy widow. As we were leaving her home we thanked her for her gracious and bounteous hospitality. She said, "Do not thank me, I am the receiver tonight, for you have brought into my home the influence and spirit of the Priesthood." One of the sisters said, "I know what you mean." She replied, "Oh, no you don't, there is not one of you women here who knows what I mean, for you have always had the Priesthood in your homes through your fathers or your husbands. My husband was not a member of the Church and, although we have had great material wealth, there has never been a time when I would not have gladly given it all to have had my husband hold the Priesthood."

Sisters, let us study and pray that we might know the great blessing which is ours, and that we might magnify our callings as sharers of the Priesthood.

Too often we are not aware of the importance of our position as women and members of the Church. Too often we feel that if we are not especially called to some position of prominence we have little opportunity to do good, or that our work is of little value or consequence.

The story is told of some children who went to glean in a wheat field. Most of the children worked

steadily, but there was one who seemingly wasted much of his time visiting with other children and admiring nature. When evening came, the angel of the wheat field called to the children to bring in their sheaves to the gate. So the children came. Some had great piles laid close and even; some had large, loose sheaves that looked more than they were; but the child that had run after the butterflies came empty-handed.

The angel said, "Where are your sheaves?" The child hung his head and said, "I had some, but I have lost them, I know not how."

"None enters this gate without sheaves," said the angel.

"I know that," said the child, "but I came to see where the others were going, besides the children would not leave me behind."

Then all the children cried out together. One said "Dear angel, let him in. This morning I was sick. This child came and showed me the butterflies and I forgot my pain. And he also gave me of his sheaves."

Another said, "Dear angel, let him in! At noon the sun beat on my head so fiercely that I fainted and fell down; this child brought water to revive me and was so glad and merry that my strength returned. He gave me also of his sheaves."

And a third said, "Just now, as evening was coming, I was weary and sad, and had so few sheaves that it seemed hardly worth my while to go on working, but this child comforted me, and gave me of his sheaves. Look! it may be that this sheaf is his."

AND all the children said, "We too have sheaves of his, dear angel, let him in, we pray you." The angel smiled and reached his hand inside the gate and brought out a pile of sheaves. It was not large, but the glory of the sun was on it so that it seemed to brighten the whole field. "Here are his sheaves," said the angel. "They are known and counted every one." And he said to the child, "Lead the way in."

Recently a humble, retiring sister whom I had loved passed away. As I was preparing to go to her funeral, the thought came to me, "I wish more people had known this dear sister as I knew her for her many small acts of kindness to me." I was afraid there would be few at the church to pay their last respects to her. I was mistaken, the meetinghouse was packed with people. A prominent member of the Church spoke at the services. In his remarks he said, "To my knowledge this sister never did a spectacular thing in her life. There will be no monuments raised to her memory. She wrote no great poems, nor did she ever make great music. Judged by the world's standards, she was unimportant. But she has a record of seven years of one hun-

dred per cent Relief Society visiting teaching. She carried about in her soul the divine art of making peace, of planting hope in forlorn hearts, and planting faith in bleak and barren lives, of banishing gloom and dispelling fear, and of encouraging people to new endeavor. She has done temple work, visited the sick, and administered in homes where death was. She has a record bright with deeds of mercy, and when she is judged by the Supreme Judge, she will be one of God's noblewomen."

How well my friend obeyed the counsel of the Prophet to magnify her calling and to expand her soul toward others! The spirit of unselfish giving of one's means and of oneself is a fundamental part of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

As Relief Society members, we have a most wonderful channel through which to serve each other and the stranger at our doors. Opportunity is ever open to us to learn of the needs and the discouragements—the hopes and the fears of those about us. And, though rushed by our own daily tasks, may we yet find time or take time to ease the burden of others and to magnify our callings and enlarge our souls, is my prayer.



Yea, blessed are they whose feet stand upon the land of Zion, who have obeyed my gospel; for they shall receive for their reward the good things of the earth, and it shall bring forth in its strength. And they shall also be crowned with blessings from above, yea, and with commandments not a few, and with revelations in their time— they that are faithful and diligent before me (D. & C. 59:3-4).

# Report and Official Instructions

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1952]

*President Belle S. Spafford*

**I**T is now my pleasure and privilege to present to you a brief report of the status of the society as revealed in the 1951 annual reports, as well as to bring to you a few suggestions to aid you in carrying forward the work along approved lines.

## *Organizations and Reorganizations*

At the close of 1951 there was a total of 188 stake and forty-two mission organizations, an increase over 1950 of eight stakes and one mission. Records reveal at the close of 1951 a total of 3,177 local Relief Societies, an increase of 196 over the previous year.

We sincerely thank the sisters who have presided over the stake and mission Relief Societies and who are now relieved of this responsibility. We appreciate their services. We extend to the sisters who now hold these positions our love and best wishes for success and joy in their new labors.

## *Missions*

The United States missions are contributing materially to the strength of Relief Society in all aspects of the work. We especially recognize their accomplishments in visiting teaching, compassionate services, and Magazine circulation.

Reports from foreign missions are heartening. The basic purposes of the society are being kept well in mind and the work directed toward their fulfillment.

## *Membership*

Relief Society as a whole made a substantial membership increase of 5,901 during 1951, giving us a total of 132,451 members. We commend you for your efforts to enlist new members, particularly young mothers. A number of you have changed the time of meetings to morning or evenings to suit the convenience of young mothers with small children. In many instances this has proved helpful; in a few cases it has not achieved the desired results. We are wondering if in those instances in which it has been unsuccessful if the change of time was based upon a sufficiently thorough knowledge and sound appraisal of the need for change.

## *Evening Relief Societies*

With regard to evening meetings, we recognize that in some wards they are definitely to be preferred or are even essential to a successful Relief Society. However, we must also recognize that there are certain problems incident to them. We should hold evening meetings only when a survey of the membership or a careful and sound determination of the ward situation shows it to be the time most convenient for the greatest number of eligible members within the ward. Generally speaking, daytime meetings are to be desired for mothers. Most mothers, particularly those with adolescent children, need to be in their homes with their families at

night; frequently our older sisters cannot attend at night, and they must be considered; in wards scattered over a wide area transportation to and from meetings at night becomes a problem; visits by stake leaders become limited, and when distances are great, they may have to be discontinued; evening does not lend itself to complete work meeting activities, while visiting teaching and most of our welfare work must continue as daytime activities.

#### *Evening Union Meetings*

Evening ward Relief Societies are frequently officered by women who are employed in the daytime, which precludes attendance at a daytime union meeting. These officers need and desire union meeting help and have appealed to stake officers to hold this meeting at night. While we recognize the value accruing to ward officers from the union meeting and regret to see any officer denied this help in the conduct of her work, we feel that the needs of the few who cannot attend in the daytime scarcely warrant bringing the many out at night. We, therefore, encourage you to hold daytime union meetings. Of course, in those instances where the Relief Society departmental session of the stake leadership meeting is considered as the union meeting, the meeting of necessity would be an evening meeting.

#### *Average Attendance*

Average attendance at the regular meetings for the general membership showed an encouraging increase of 5.76 per cent. There is in attendance at regular meetings

an average of 45,524 women. This, we realize, is only thirty-four per cent of our enrolled members, but it represents the largest increase we have had for several years.

#### *Visiting Teaching*

We are deeply grateful for the marked increase in the number of visiting teacher visits, the quality of teaching being done, and the splendid accomplishments of the nearly 50,000 faithful Latter-day Saint women who month by month perform this needed service. There were 2,055,803 visits made during 1951, an increase over the previous year of almost 150,000 visits.

#### *Educational Program*

During 1951, sixty per cent of our members participated in leadership activities. Of this number 10,568 were engaged in teaching the prescribed courses of study in the wards and branches. Courses of study are carefully planned with a view to building testimonies of the gospel and to have meaning in the lives of Relief Society members.

Reports from the stakes indicate that 45,206 women have read the section of the Book of Mormon covered by the lessons for the first year of the course. This represents 34.13 per cent of our enrolled members. This season the sisters are to be encouraged to read the first and second books of Nephi. Officers will be asked to submit to the general board at the close of the season a report similar to the one called for this year.

#### *Work Meeting*

Figures for 1951 show the work meeting to be the third best at-



tended in the stakes and the least best attended in the missions. Sewing continues to be the major activity of the day, in line with the recommendation of the general board. There were 178,441 articles produced during 1951. However, only a little over one-fourth of our women sewed at the monthly work meeting.

We encourage you to use the lessons on "Home Management" in your stakes. They are needed.

Stake presidents who desire to do so may invite to the regular work-meeting department of union meeting the sisters who have the special assignment to teach the recommended work meeting lessons on "Home Management" in the wards of their stakes. In such cases, the stake work-meeting leader, in addition to assisting the ward work meeting leaders with regular work meeting activities, should devote a portion of the class period at union meeting to a consideration of the recommended "Home Management" lessons.

### Book Reviews

We note a growing tendency toward the use of book reviews at work meetings, as well as for opening and closing socials; in some cases a fee is charged in connection with the socials. I quote the recommendation of the general board with regard to the use of book reviews in connection with work meetings, published in the October 1944 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*: "Books should be carefully selected. This feature, while appropriate for occasional use, should not be overdone nor used to the exclusion of other types of activities." This matter has recent-

ly been considered by the present general board and the 1944 ruling is fully endorsed.

With regard to the use of book reviews for opening and closing socials, it is the viewpoint of the general board that programs for these socials should reflect the activities of the society and provide opportunity to use the talents and abilities of as many of the sisters as possible. They should be characterized by a spirit of sociability. While we would not rule out book reviews at opening and closing socials, we feel that most careful consideration should be given to their use, bearing in mind the interests and needs of the members, as well as what you wish to accomplish by these socials.

### Socials and Membership Dues

With regard to fees for the opening and closing socials, these socials are part of a well-defined purpose of the society to provide social activities for Latter-day Saint women within the realm and under the direction of Relief Society. The opening social focuses attention upon the forthcoming season's work, bringing the sisters together in a spirit of sociability and friendliness, and is often a means of enlisting them as members of the society. The closing social is an expression of appreciation for the support the sisters have given the society throughout the season. Considering this, it scarcely seems befitting to charge for such socials unless treasuries are so depleted as to make it absolutely necessary in order to cover the actual costs of the function. The general board recommends that they be not used for money-making purposes.

Some societies make a charge for these socials equal in amount to the annual membership dues, others make a charge sufficiently high to include the amount required for membership dues in addition to a fee for the function. Officers then credit those attending with having paid their dues. The general board sees no objection to urging members to pay their annual membership dues at the opening social itself or at the first Relief Society gathering in October, but it is the opinion that dues should be paid as dues and not as a fee to a social.

### *Welfare Activities*

Throughout the Church the sisters are giving excellent support to the Church Welfare program, with 12,856 sisters sewing for Church Welfare at the work meetings during 1951. There were 3,492 who sewed at sewing centers, and 10,595 women who helped with welfare projects other than sewing. There were 7,310 initial and 17,162 follow-up visits made to families in need by Relief Society presidents under the direction of their respective bishops. While this was fewer than the previous year, we know presidents ever stand ready to render this service upon request of their bishops.

Compassionate services continue to expand. There was a total of 193,558, or an increase of 11,200 visits made to the sick and homebound. There were 21,636 eight-hour days of bedside nursing care given the sick. The number of funerals at which Relief Society assisted totaled 5,952, an increase of 503. The narrative reports indicate a growing solicitude for the aged, the infirm, and the homebound, for

which we are extremely grateful.

In view of the great shortage of nurses, both practical and registered, and considering the ever-growing trend toward hospitalization for the sick, Relief Society, in meeting its responsibilities to the sick, has felt to encourage nurse training. We acknowledge your efforts and accomplishments with great appreciation. We call your attention to the editorial on this subject in the August 1952 issue of the *Magazine*.

Because of the nurse shortage and because we realize the great value to the home of mothers having some knowledge of home nursing, we encourage you to provide instructions wherever possible in home nursing for Relief Society members. We suggest that you consult your local Red Cross chapter to ascertain whether or not they are in a position to co-operate with you in conducting such classes.

### *Food at Funerals*

Questions with regard to Relief Society providing food for the family of a deceased person at the time of the funeral are recurring with considerable frequency. This service is not a required service under all circumstances, but, like all other welfare services of Relief Society, is based upon need. Need may not necessarily be financial. Upon ward Relief Society presidents rests the responsibility for determining the need of a family for this service. We also refer you to the *Handbook*, page 84, the paragraph "Service at Time of Death."

### *Ward Relief Society Conferences*

Since 1942 the evening meeting of the November fast Sunday has been assigned to Relief Society by

the First Presidency and has been designated by the general board as the time for holding the annual ward Relief Society conference. However, in instances where Priesthood authorities now hold a week-day Relief Society ward conference, this conference will be regarded and recorded as the annual ward Relief Society conference. The Sunday evening meeting will then be regarded and recorded as a special Relief Society Sunday evening program. However, in those instances wherein a week-day conference does not include the holding of an officers' meeting and the sustaining of officers and teachers, the general board recommends that these features be included as a part of the November Sunday evening meeting activities.

Where a monthly ward leadership meeting is held with Relief Society officers and class leaders meeting in a departmental session, the session nearest to the date of the ward Relief Society conference may be considered as the officers' meeting of the conference unless the bishop otherwise designates. If the Relief Society departmental session of the ward leadership meeting is used as the conference officers' meeting, the ward Relief Society president, upon authorization of the bishop, would so notify the stake Relief Society president and time would be allotted in the meeting for a stake Relief Society representative. This conforms to the instructions of the general board in relation to the program for the officers' meeting of the ward Relief Society conference.

#### *Furnishing Relief Society Rooms*

Numerous requests have come to

the general board regarding the responsibility of Relief Society in furnishing so-called Relief Society rooms in ward meetinghouses. We are authorized by the Presiding Bishopric to read the following statement for your information:

The ordinary furnishings of so-called Relief Society rooms in ward meetinghouses are financed the same as are furnishings in other rooms of the meetinghouse, that is, they are purchased with ward funds matched by the Church.

If the Relief Society wishes additional or more elaborate furnishings than would ordinarily be provided for the room, the society itself would then be expected to purchase these items with its own funds. However, in purchasing such additional furnishings the Church will match Relief Society funds the same as it does ward funds, provided such items are purchased through the Church Purchasing Department. Application for the purchase of items through the Church Purchasing Department should be made through the ward bishop.

The Church does not match Relief Society funds in the purchase of equipment such as a sewing machine. A stove to be placed in the meetinghouse kitchen would be regarded as a part of the necessary equipment of a ward kitchen and would be purchased by the ward; however, if the stove were strictly for Relief Society use, for example, a stove placed in a small kitchenette adjoining a Relief Society room for the convenience of the sisters, it would be regarded as a special Relief Society furnishing and would be purchased with Relief Society funds. Carpets and draperies are ordinarily regarded as the usual furnishings for the Relief Society room.

We are advised that if you wish to know the items usually allowed for furnishing a Relief Society room, you may write the Church Purchasing Department.

#### *Family Hour*

We remind you again that Relief Society assignments in promoting

the Family Hour, and in co-operating with ward and stake no-liquor-tobacco committees are continuous ones. We know you recognize the importance of these.

Sisters, may I say to you as stake leaders, Relief Society women are willing and capable leaders as well as good followers. Whatever you direct them to do, they will do well. It is, therefore, imperative that you direct their activities with wisdom and along approved lines. Remember, Relief Society was not instituted as a money-making organization; money-making activities are incidental to our real work, which is to minister to the needy, care for the sick, comfort the sorrowing; to

elevate and advance our sisters and to make of them better Latter-day Saints, wives, mothers, and homemakers. We urge you to see that Relief Society work is so planned and organized as to be accomplished without unnecessarily drawing the sisters away from their homes and families, who so need them in this day of unrest and destructive influences. Your responsibilities are great, but experience has long since taught us all that the blessings are more than commensurate with the service rendered.

May our Heavenly Father be with you in your responsible callings, I sincerely pray.



### *Still Life*

Christie Lund Coles

The groups of aspen trees lean like girls  
Whispering in their eyelet petticoats;  
The sloping hillside, touched by mauve and red,  
Echoes the meadow lark's last singing notes.

Tules stand straight as arrows by a pool,  
Forming a mirror for the poplars, high;  
Blackbirds perch on gnarled and knotted posts,  
And geese seem pinioned on the far, gray sky.

### *House of Happiness*

Jennie Brimhall Knight

Take what God gives, oh, sister mine, and build your home of happiness.  
Perhaps some have been given more, but many have been given less.  
The treasures lying at your feet, whose value you so idly guess,  
Another builder, looking on, would barter heaven to possess.  
Have you found work that you can do, is there a friend that loves you best?  
Is there a place which you call home where spent and worn your soul may rest?  
A friendly tree, a book of song, a pet that loves your hand's caress?  
Take what God gives, oh, sister mine, and build your house of happiness.  
Trust not tomorrow's dawn to bring the dreamed of joys for which you wait.  
You have enough of goodly things to build your house in rich estate.  
Tomorrow, time's relentless stream may bear what now you have away.  
So take what God gives, oh, sister mine, and build your house of happiness today.

# The Discarded Dishes

A Story of Two Pioneer Women Who Loved Beautiful Things

Angelyn W. Wadley

AS Lurena packed the food that was to be her contribution to the harvest feast, into a basket, she was thinking that she had never prepared for a Thanksgiving dinner with more true thankfulness in her heart than she felt today, on this, the first Thanksgiving feast in the "Great Salt Lake City of the Great Basin of North America." It was the tenth of August, 1848—a ripe blue and gold day, with the warm, lush fulness of late summer in the atmosphere—a perfect day for festivity and happiness. It seemed right to celebrate Thanksgiving now, she thought, instead of waiting for the usual time in late autumn.\* For there was now an abundance of fresh vegetables and some melons and wild berries, and the grain had just been harvested so at least for the present there was plenty of flour. In spite of the serious threat to the crops from the cricket scourge, the gulls had miraculously come in time to save much of the wheat, and the thick burnished stubble left standing in the fields still boasted of the soil's ability to yield.

Lurena and her husband John and their children had come with the first company which followed Brigham Young's vanguard. More than fifteen hundred people, and over five hundred wagons had been in the group.

They had helped to clear sagebrush from the fields. They had helped to build the fort, a section of which was still their home. They had helped to build the bowery in the center of the fort where the dinner and program were to be held today.

The Valley looked quite different now than it had on that late September day almost a year ago when Lurena had first seen it from the mountainside. Over five thousand acres of land had been planted. The area enclosed by the fort now contained 1800 inhabitants. Some houses had been built outside of the fort, and still many people were living in dugouts and tents and even wagons.

It had been a hard year, with more people coming all the time and never quite enough food. Since March several parties of disbanded volunteers of the Mormon Battalion had arrived from the West. But all had shared alike, and there had been no real starvation so far.

Now, today, everyone was joining in the celebration, even some companies stopping over for a rest on their way to California.

And, as Lurena worked at her part of the preparation, she felt a close kinship with that remote Pilgrim grandmother who had stepped from the deck of the Mayflower onto a strange land, and who had learned real gratitude by know-

\*Actually two Thanksgiving celebrations were held in Salt Lake in 1848. The first one, in August, was a harvest feast. In October, a second public dinner was held as a part of general conference and celebrated the return of the Mormon Battalion.

ing want. So she, herself, had stepped down from a covered wagon into a new life and had learned the real meaning of Thanksgiving.

Nearly everything was ready now. She was dressed in her best black alpaca. The children were scrubbed and combed and dressed in their best, too. They were sitting out on the doorstep chattering excitedly, and trying to keep clean. The food was packed. Only the dishes to get ready, and then as soon as John returned from some last minute checking of his responsibilities for the celebration, they would go to the bowery.

**S**HE took a stack of plates down from the shelves that served as a cupboard and began packing them into a box. They were very ordinary white plates with a small gesture toward decoration around the edge in the form of a narrow shell-like scallop. Some were chipped and on others the glaze was broken into hairline cracks from too much heating. But when Lurena had mentioned that it would have been nice today to have had some finer china to match the importance of the occasion, John had commented with masculine practicality that plain dishes matched their home and table better, and, anyway, it was what was served on the dishes that counted most with him.

It wasn't that Lurena wanted to be ostentatious or have any better things than her neighbors had, but now, as she worked, her regret that she had not been able to bring her better dishes with her on the trek West cast a cloud across the happiness of this day. She wondered if she would ever really get over

her disappointment. She seldom mentioned it anymore. There was no use bothering John about it, and, anyway, he would never quite understand the kind of hunger she felt for beauty in the furnishings of her home.

John loved beauty, too, but he said, "God made so much of it, if we only open our eyes to see it, there's no use worrying too much about the trifle man can add." The fiery western sunsets, trees silhouetted on a ridge, miles of prairie grass undulating in the wind, were the things that stirred him. And John loved the beauty in growing things. He loved the fields, whether brown from the fresh turned sod, green with spring shoots, or heavy for harvest. Already the fields were as beautiful as those they had left. Lurena had known all the time that it would take much, much longer to have beautiful homes again. She must be patient. Yet there was that longing, especially poignant at the moment, for at least some of the little things. She should be able to forget it, for leaving the dishes had been her own decision. And if she could go back once more to that moment of choice when she stood by their wagon that June morning a year ago, she probably would do the very same thing again.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HEY had not been with the saints in Nauvoo, and they had not wintered on the plains. Brigham Young had sent a circular letter to the Church members throughout the world, asking them to join in the colonization of a new Zion in the West. In response to this call, they had come from In-



diana, prepared and well equipped, in time to join the first large company getting ready to leave Winter Quarters.

While their faith had not had to meet the acid test of being driven from place to place, their convictions were strong, and they were ready to share with this group of people whatever hardships might lie ahead.

John had been appointed captain over ten wagons, and early on that morning of departure, he was walking down the line to see that all were ready before he gave the signal to "roll out." Several hundred wagons had already started, and a cloud of dust was rising ahead. Suddenly a man came galloping up and shouted at John. Lurena turned. She couldn't hear the conversation, but she recognized the man. He was the captain of another ten wagons getting ready further down the line. John and this man had liked one another from the day they had met, and by now had become good friends. Lurena wished that she and his wife, Arabelle, could be close friends, too, considering how the men felt.

Arabelle was a beautiful young woman. She had a rich soprano voice that added much to the social life of the group. And even on the packed earth of the camp, she could dance quadrilles with the grace and lightness of a wood nymph. She had less talent for some of the more irksome aspects of camp life.

It wasn't that Arabelle deliberately tried to get out of her share of work, but she seemed so fragile and helpless she aroused a protective feeling in people. Someone more

competent was always shooing her away and taking the job over. Part of the time Lurena, too, felt like mothering her. Other times she wanted to spank her. She had been particularly nettled last evening when Arabelle, complaining of her dread of the days ahead, had remarked, "I think this trip is going to be harder for me than for some of you because I've always been used to nice things and comfortable living."

But, as Lurena thought about it later, she was more forgiving. We're all worried about this, she admitted to herself. Nevertheless, she was glad they had been assigned to different companies and so would not be in the same camps throughout the journey.

John came back to her at the wagon. "Thomas just came to tell me that they have one box that he can't get on his wagon, and Arabelle says it simply has to go. He wants to know if anyone in our company can make room for it. I told him I would ask you and see what we could do."

"But you know best about that," she answered. "You said we were loaded to the limit."

"Of course! Everyone's loaded to the limit. We can't put more on unless we take something off, but I'm the leader, I hate to ask anyone else to do it. Is there something we could leave?"

Lurena didn't answer.

"What about that box of dishes—I mean those extra ones?"

Lurena was still silent.

JOHN slipped his strong arm around her waist. "I hate to ask you to do it. I know you've

wanted to take those along. But you are always so sensible and understanding. This is no time for sentiment. The essentials must be considered first, and that's only a box of fancy dishes. You probably won't have any use for such fragile things out there anyway."

She leaned her forehead on her hands on top of the high wagon wheel.

"Only a box of fancy dishes!" John had said. But some of them were heirlooms. Some had been her mother's, some her grandmother's, some were her wedding gifts. She thought of how carefully she and John had planned what they would need, what they could take. They had sorted, measured, packed and re-packed, and again and again she had taken out some other treasured thing to be left behind. But dishes weren't very large, and she had an unusual fondness for pretty ones. Each time she had put them back with the things to go.

Only some fancy, fragile dishes? No, they were days of her childhood back in Pennsylvania. They were her dreams as a young bride. They were the recollection of friends and special occasions in her own gracious, hospitable home. They were a bridge between all she was leaving and the uncertain, frightening future.

But John was right. They were non-essential, and the important things had to go. After all, only the dishes would be left. What they meant was a part of her. The memories would be with her always.

"Take them out," she said softly.

"I told Thomas I knew I could count on you to understand," John told her.

She listened as John lifted out her cherished box and carried it to a clump of bushes several yards away. She didn't dare to look lest she change her mind and ask him to bring it back.

"Help me to be unselfish and charitable and worthy of my part in this great work," she prayed softly.

The box Thomas brought was larger than the one John took out. It took some re-arranging to fit it in. It would only go under her feet beneath the seat in front. There it hunched her knees up uncomfortably because it was so high, but who was expecting comfort on the trip ahead?

\* \* \* \* \*

"EVERYBODY ready?" John called from the doorway.

Lurena brushed her hand across her forehead as if to push away the memories and answered, "Almost."

When they reached the bowery, quite a number of women were already there, setting the plank and trestle tables. A committee member came over to designate the section of table for Lurena to set, so she put her hampers of food on a seat and began to spread her tablecloths, while the children scattered off to play.

Just then Arabelle arrived, followed by two-men carrying a large box which they set down carefully at the head table.

"All of you come here a minute," Arabelle called gaily.

The women gathered around her.

"The committee asked me to set the head table where the Authorities and those on the program will sit," Arabelle explained. "I have some very nice china which we can

(Continued on page 780)

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1, and November 15, 1892

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

**ISABELLA OF CASTILE:** Isabella's powerful mind at once grasped the geographical problem (presented to her by Columbus), but she was won more by the consideration that there might exist a people ignorant of the Christian religion and that to her might belong the honor, that through lending herself to the enterprise (the westward journey of Columbus) she would be the means of converting them to the faith in which she believed. —Phebe C. Young

**THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM:** Try and think that if you can find faults in your friend, how many more can she find in you. Just run over the list on your own side. Every one of us likes the woman who says pleasant things, and the saying of them really creates the feeling of them; if you keep at it long enough you will grow to see the best in everybody.—Ex.

### COLUMBUS

. . . World-binder, bridger of the boundless seas,  
The conqueror and colossus of the waves,  
Who stood on meditation's starry height,  
Above the cluds that canopied the age . . . .  
No marvel; thou wert God's, not man's elect,  
And thou didst serve eternity, not time . . .  
Should heaven prepare . . . a land of liberty . . . .

—Bishop O. F. Whitney

**THE PRINCIPLES AND POWERS OF GOVERNMENT:** No education is considered quite complete in modern times that has not been enriched by a broad general understanding of the principles and civil powers of the government under which the individual may live, and the duties of citizens toward that government. The exercise of authority, the making and administering of laws, restraint, control, direction and regulations, by the state of its citizens. How and where the state secures or derives its powers; and by learning the source and extent, know what the sacred rights of the individuals are. This applies to women as well as men, and no amount of merely ornamental accomplishments quite atones for the absence of the deep under strata of power and duty developed by the study of that science, upon which rests the entire fabric of civilization.

—Ellen Jakeman

**ADVERTISEMENT:** The Woman's Co-operative Institution keeps on hand dress goods and trimmings, fancy articles and notions; books and stationery, equipose waists . . . . Dress making in all its branches, millinery, latest styles, hats and bonnets cleaned and retrimmed, feathers curled, stamping done to order, buttons covered while you wait.

**RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING IN THE SIXTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY:** Counselor Giauque said "the Relief Society is one of the grandest institutions on the earth. The world is patterning after us in these things. Societies and charitable institutions are in many parts of the world for the benefit of the poor. The teachers of our Relief Society everywhere are like angels of mercy, speaking words of comfort, ministering to the sick and needy, those who are sick need the faith and prayers of such, when the body is weak the mind is also weak and such need the faith of those who minister to them. Those who are called to preside need our faith and prayers.

—E. W. Condie, Sec.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**MRS. MILDRED JENSEN JOHNSON**, Latter-day Saint farmwife, Rexburg, Idaho, placed second in the recent National Conservation Essay Contest conducted in connection with the convention of the National Association of Soil Conservation Districts, in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Johnson's essay had previously placed first in the Idaho contest, and a recording of her own voice presenting the essay was given at the Ohio convention.

**MRS. RAE ASHTON** of Vernal, Utah, has been elected national president of the American Legion auxiliary. In a speech given after her election, Mrs. Ashton commented upon the importance of the Legion in American life, saying that fifty-five veterans are members of the United States Senate, 224 are members of the House of Representatives, and thirty are governors of the States. A festive homecoming parade and community celebration was given in honor of the Utah woman upon her return from the Legion convention in New York City in September.

**DORTHY BURGESS**, in the biography *Dream and Deed* (University of Oklahoma Press) tells the life story of the Wellesley teacher, author, and poet, Katharine Lee Bates, who wrote "America the Beautiful."

**A** bust of Susan B. Anthony, executed by the American sculptor Brenda Putnam, and made possible by a \$10,000-fund collected under the sponsorship of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, will be placed in the Hall of Fame, New York University. Miss Anthony (a warm friend of Relief Society leaders) worked with magnificent courage to remove discriminations against women and to open up for them new opportunities with just compensation and privileges.

**MISS ANNA FILLMORE**, a former Salt Lake nurse, has become the first general director of the National League for Nursing, recently organized in New York City to replace the Association of Collegiate Schools of Nursing and the National League of Nursing Education and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing. Miss Fillmore holds a master of public health degree from Harvard University and has occupied important executive positions in the field of nursing both in Salt Lake City and in New York City.

**FOUR** of the books of Frances Parkinson Keyes have sold well over a million copies each. They are: *River Road*; *Came a Cavalier*; *Dinner at Antoine's*; *Joy Street*.



## *"Praise Ye the Lord"*

IN ancient Israel the law commanded that three times a year all the males of the chosen people were to appear before the Lord in the place which he should choose in the Feast of Unleavened Bread, and in the Feast of Weeks, and in the Feast of Tabernacles. These were connected with the harvest and the gathering in of the fruits of the year and sacrifices were prescribed by the law. Impressive ceremonies and rites were added in later times to the observance of these feasts.

In this country there was instituted before the beginning of the nation a holiday for an expression of thanksgiving to the Lord. It is a day when the bounteous fruits of the harvest are spread in rich profusion around the board where the family gathers. But, in addition to the feasting, the day has become one on which family ties are strengthened and cemented, as members gather from distant places around the family hearthstone. It is a day when thanks are returned to the Lord, not only for life-sustaining sustenance but likewise for the eternal ties and spiritual strength of a family.

On some Thanksgiving Days a loved one may be on the battlefield, or absent because of illness. At that time fervent prayers as a family are offered up for the safety of the loved one. The year that the family circle is again complete, heartfelt thanks arise to the Lord for

the glad reunion. The Thanksgiving Day is eagerly anticipated from year to year as an opportunity for the united family to render thanks and praise to the Lord.

To Latter-day Saints the Lord declares, "Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things. Thou shalt offer a sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in righteousness, even that of a broken heart and a contrite spirit" (D. & C. 59:7-8).

It is well, when offering gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord, to examine oneself and see that the heart is broken and the spirit contrite. God does not look upon man as man views his fellow beings. God sees the soul of man, his heart and spirit.

Some, richly attired, partake of an elaborate feast on Thanksgiving, others enjoy a frugal meal at a simple table in plain attire. Who but the Lord knows what hearts are truly thankful and whose prayers arise as fragrant incense before the throne of God?

The Jews, at the Feast of the Passover, sang the Hallel-psalms 113-118. These related the blessings of the Lord to his chosen people and again and again sounded the refrain, "Praise ye the Lord." The concluding words were, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."

It might not be amiss, at this approaching Thanksgiving season, to take time as a family to recall the

blessings of the Lord during the year just passed, and to praise the Lord. If those who gather have broken hearts and contrite spirits,

truly it will be a day of sacrifice for that family, to be visited with a blessing from the Lord.

—M. C. S.



## *Purpose*

Laura Lyman

I will take my bread from arid lands  
And not from soil  
That yields her gifts to careless hands  
For little toil.

I will plant my wheat and plant my heart  
Where cactus grows,  
And ask no more than my soul shall bloom  
As the rose.

## *First Snow*

Beulah Huish Sadleir

How soft the snow falls on  
November's dry, spent earth—  
It emphasizes lack of sound,  
Like bird calls and  
A cricket's chirp.

Each falling flake reaffirms my faith—  
The cycle of the years  
Remains the same.

## *Open Your Window*

Kate Richards

Thank you  
For moving the shade a bit;  
Allowing me to see that which  
Was back of it.

Long have I known and loved  
You—just a part;  
Today the shade was lifted  
And I saw you  
With my heart.

## *The Greatest Is Love*

Betty Zieve

"Faith, hope, and love, these three . . . and the greatest of these is love."

All of us could love a little more and cry over our disappointments and sorrows a little less. The greatest cure for any despondency is good will and service to others. True happiness comes from loving and serving God and following the teachings of the Savior in doing good among the children of men.

Life is everywhere, you cannot escape it; try enjoying it. Learn to appreciate every person with whom you come in contact; look for hope and beauty and significance in springtime and books and ideas. Little things can lift the spirit: a handclasp, a smile, a bright "Hello." These things are small in themselves, and yet they mean so much. Be the one who furnishes a fresh "Good morning" to your world!



# Adventure in Glass

## VI. Twentieth Century Glass

*Alberta H. Christensen*

Member, General Board of Relief Society

SINCE there is no date at which we can say, "This point marks the beginning of modern glass," it is perhaps wiser for us to consider glass of the twentieth century, pointing out those departures from the current trend and those features which are new and original in feeling. This we can say of twentieth century glass, mechanization of the industry has created an unequalled standard of quality and precision, and the original designs of able artists have given it uncommon distinction.

### *Glassmaking in Europe*

The movement which is responsible for so much of today's fine glass began at the turn of the century in France. Through the designs and techniques used by such men as Galle, Dammouse, and Henry Cros, which were radically different from those of the established French factories, attention was again brought to the potentialities of glass.

Rene Lalique, a distinguished jeweler in Paris during the 1890's, was also one of the great contributors to modern glass. Abandoning precious stones in a search for a less expensive material adaptable to his art, he began experimenting with glass and found it so fascinating that within a few years he was working entirely with it. Lalique, truly a man of this century, did not share the craftsman's horror of mechanization, but used machines

wherever possible to make his designs available to the public. During his versatile career, he made entire walls, doors, tables, small statues, necklaces, and even automobile radiator ornaments out of glass. He often used frosted and opalescent effects. Perhaps more than any other individual, Lalique made the modern world aware of decorative glass.

Baccarat, one of the older European glasshouses, known since the eighteenth century for excellence in glass production, has also contributed much to modern glass. In recent years, Chevalier (Georges) has been retained as a designer, and striking sculptural pieces in purest crystal have been made. Daum, also a French glass company, less known but long admired in Europe, has been making massive crystal pieces, often decorated with bubbles. Items from the Daum factory were exported to an admiring American public in the early part of the century.

Sweden is the second great center for contemporary glassmaking in Europe, Kosta and Orrefors being the best known factories. The Kosta factory is one of the oldest in Europe, having celebrated its 200th anniversary. Its modern designs are usually done in colorless glass worked into the metal. Orrefors, a much younger company, which began by producing commercial glass, has contributed much to the modern development of glass. By



Metropolitan Museum

PALE BLUE GLASS BOWL  
Engraved Design by Simon Gate  
Swedish (Orrefors Factory)  
Twentieth Century

1917, Simon Gate and Edward Hald were directing the art policy of the company, the latter cultivating the art of engraving to a rare degree of excellence. Today his neo-baroque masterpieces are unrivaled for design and execution. The death of Gate in 1945 deprived the world of one of its truly great designers.

Before leaving Northern Europe we should mention two important women designers. One is Gerda Stromberg, who is responsible for the glass produced in her sons' factory near Orrefors (Sweden), and the other is the brilliant Gunnel Nyman of Finland, whose untimely death occurred recently.

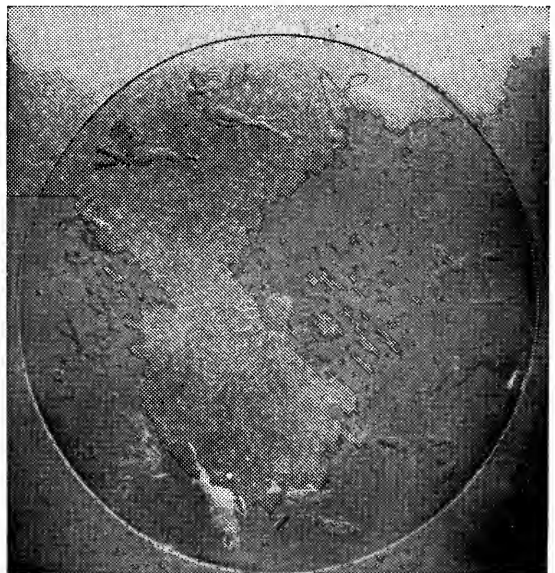
The best known glass from Holland comes from Leerdam, which has for years turned out a fine crystal as well as colored glass in clear shades of blue, green, and gray. The factory maintains a school where designers are trained and where they can observe the actual making of glass. This factory, besides its regular wares, makes one-of-a-kind pieces called "Inica."

England and Belgium have done relatively little experimental work in the past fifty years, but both coun-

tries have maintained a high standard of production. In England the scene has long been dominated by such illustrious names as Webb, Brierly, and Whitefriars. Of these Whitefriars has shown the greatest tendency toward original and modern design.

Austria and Czechoslovakia have long been important glassmaking centers. Such designers as Horejc and Stefan Rath are well known for their work in Austria's Lobmeyr glasshouse, and the Moser Company, in Czechoslovakia, is outstanding for its colored glass and crystal.

Mention of Italian glass to most of us means one word—Venice. And it really is from the Venetian works at Murano that most of the fine Italian glass comes. Italy, a maker of beautiful glass through the centuries, has maintained the steadiest tradition of glassmaking of all European countries. Murano has never been known for large



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CLEAR GLASS MARINER'S DISH  
Engraved With Signs of the Zodiac  
Designed by Sidney Waugh  
Steuben Glass Works, Corning,  
New York, 1904

factories, but for the small independent glasshouses and their artistic, skilled craftsmen.

### *Glassmaking in America*

Cut glass was the major output of the American flint glasshouses around 1900. Great quantities of this ware, good, bad, and mediocre, flooded the market at a time when glass was no longer valued for its fluid quality, but for sparkle and splendor. Much of the glass of 1880, which can be admired for its fine metal and careful workmanship, was later copied in the cheapest of pressed glass. Tablewares became thicker and heavier.

By 1910 cut glass was the prized possession of every bride, but, except for the more expensive pieces, good design had been replaced by poorly executed stars, pinwheels, and prismatic slices on mediocre metal, and shaped by pressing. However, glass cutting has continued to the present day, and, fortunately, much of it has been inspired by the fine craftsmanship of an earlier period rather than by its immediate predecessors. In fact, much cut decoration of the past thirty years has been really charming. Becoming more and more abstract in design, rock crystal cutting continues in favor. Color was revived after 1920, and it is today possible to purchase table glass for almost any color scheme. Black and white in combination, ruby, blue, amber, and amethyst have replaced the pale pinks and greens of thirty years ago. These are to be had in ordinary pressed glass and in the finer flint wares.

At the turn of the century, Louis Tiffany invented a process for staining glass, which resulted in the

product called Favrile. This glass had color variations of an iridescent nature similar to that given ancient glass by deterioration. Tiffany was an experimenter, ranking with his French contemporaries, but, unfortunately, he had no immediate followers of note.

It was not until 1933 that America again took a world-prominent place in the production of glass. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr. in that year founded the Steuben Division of the Corning Glass Works at Corning, New York, for the purpose of expanding the artistic possibilities of a brilliant crystal perfected at Corning. John M. Gates was appointed director of design, and the sculptor Sidney Waugh became its chief designer. A distinct style, thoroughly American in feeling, and yet comparable to the best European forms, has been the result. More recently, Steuben invited twenty-seven well-known artists, who had never worked with glass, to submit designs to Steuben's master engravers. This stimulus and competition has shown America and Europe that glass is a medium worth the attention of artists in other fields. The designs of Thompson, Wier, and John Dreves have been interesting and original. This company has recently gone back to traditional eighteenth century form for some of its pieces.

It would be impossible to discuss the many glass companies that are giving us modern American glass, but we shall mention the beautiful original forms and the clear glass reproductions of eighteenth century techniques that are being produced at the Blenko Glass Works at Mil-



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FAVRILE GLASS VASE  
Louis Tiffany, New York  
1875-96

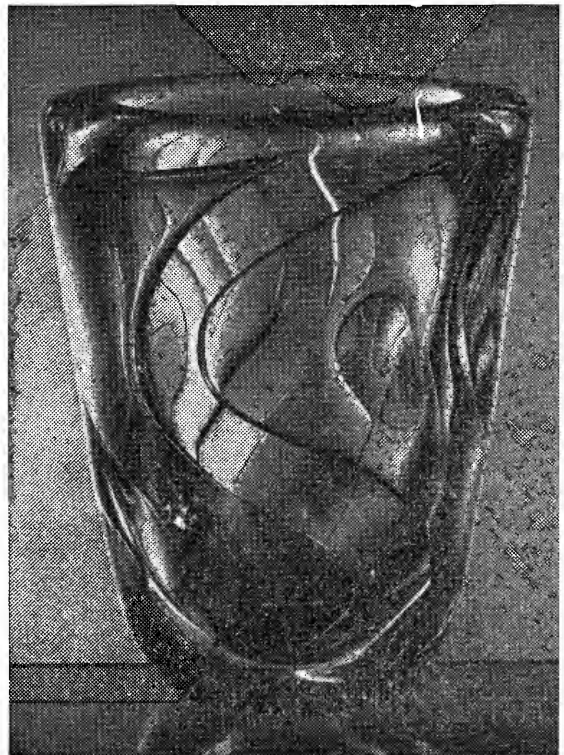
ton, West Virginia. The work is done entirely by hand. It is also putting out glasses of original design, with a distinctly modern feeling. Some of these have simple applied ornamentation; others are self-decorated by large bubbles enclosed in the glass. A glass, shot with fine bubbles, is blown in useful forms in colors, including turquoise and chartreuse.

Utah-born Dorothy C. Thorpe, an unusually versatile woman, has been creating interesting new designs for glass, and her wares are eagerly sought throughout the country. One of her best loved designs is a graceful portrayal of the Utah State Flower—the sego lily.

In keeping with the modern

movement as expressed in glass, American glassmakers are using the material in heavy masses (as done by the European designers years ago), and sculptured cutting is employed to modify the form. Angular contours often replace curves. Our large glass factories are making a variety of pressed glass items, but the mechanical process is rarely used (as done by Deming Jarves) for impressing a showy design, but rather to create new and interesting forms. By improved scientific methods, a high technical efficiency has been achieved so that modern table glass is certainly a thing of perfection.

It is hoped that certain forms and techniques of our present period will be of such worth that they will become part of our glassmaking tradition.



Metropolitan Museum

CLEAR CRYSTAL VASE  
Decorated With Air Spirals Formed  
Between Walls  
Steubcn Glass Works, 1913

# A Time to Forget

## CHAPTER 5

### *Fay Tarlock*

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits from her cousin Harriett Lester, a walnut farm in the San Vicente Valley. On her first visit to the property, she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, offers to help Serena with the farm work and she begins to spend all her spare time at the farm. She learns that Jeff's wife, Beth Henley, a wealthy woman in her own right, has been dead for more than five years. Serena makes friends with young David and her interest in Jeff Landeau increases, and also, she finds comfort in the wholesome and buoyant attitude which Luis displays towards life. Finally, Serena decides to leave her work in San Francisco and make her permanent home in San Vicente Valley.

**T**HE first day of the harvest began at seven o'clock, barely sunrise. Serena was up in the cold at dawn, too excited to do more than merely taste breakfast. Luis, who was working on the Landeau huller, left with a warning for her to supervise the picking near the flower beds and to distribute the sacks to the pickers.

Promptly Jeff drove his tractor and shaking machine into the orchard. Behind him trailed the crew to handle the shaking and poling. Fascinated, Serena watched the cables adjusted to the limbs, and the tractor started.

The trees quivered like live things. Then the nuts came down in a brown rain. Serena ran and gathered some in her hands, loving the feel of the satiny shell, freed

from its tight hull by last night's shower, the first of the year. Then she remembered her dream and laughed in pleasure.

She watched the pickers move in, men, women, and children. It was like a procession as they left their cars and approached the trees with their trailing buckets. When they came to the trees, they dropped to their knees and for a moment their laughing voices were still.

There was music in the steady rhythm of the nuts, the emptying of the buckets, and the quivering trees. The branches that yesterday had drooped wearily with their burden, stood out in the cool air, straight and free.

You won't have to work so hard now, drawing those gallons of water up through your roots, Serena thought, as she watched a tree divesting itself. It was good to be a nut grower. She felt alive and full of hope, as if she had lived long for the fulfillment of this day.

By noon of the fourth day the shaking crew was gone. Only the pickers, a little quieter, were there. Dusk, and they left the orchard empty, save for rows of bulging sacks to be picked up in the evening. Each night the big Landeau truck came through the orchard; and each morning, the nuts, cool in their sacks, were poured into the huller. Here they were washed and scrubbed, the culls sorted from the sound ones, and all placed in the drying racks of the dehydrator



sheds. From here they went to the big plant at Valley Oaks. Soon she would know the financial return.

"Your orchard and mine," Jeff told her on the fourth day as he left for lunch, "have always had some of the highest grade nuts in the valley, but this year it may be a different story. From the crack test so far they won't make top grade." He picked up a nut from the gravel and cracked it with his white teeth. "See!" He held out the meat halves, one deep ivory in color, the other a golden brown. "They taste just as good, but they ought to be whiter."

**T**HAT night rain was predicted. By morning dark clouds scudded overhead, and strong winds blew all day. The following morning the ground that had been so smooth and firm was dark and soft. Under the trees the walnuts lay thick, almost as if the trees had not been shaken. Whenever the rain stopped, Serena, in old shoes, gleaned the nuts. Luis could not help. He would be working the huller for weeks more, as Jeff Landeau moved his crew from one orchard to another, each day more anxious to be done before more storms came.

For two weeks Serena gleaned, until her bones ached at night. Week ends, friends from town came out to help. Most of what they picked, they carried home. Serena broadcast invitations to friends to come out for their winter's supply of nuts. When her vacation ended, she was in the orchard a few minutes each evening after she got home, anxious to

fill a bucket before dark. Now the nuts did not mean money, they meant something precious to be saved so that people could enjoy them.

A big rain ended the gleaning. It moved in on a high wind and seemed to stay forever. Day after day the rain poured down. For awhile the earth absorbed it, but soon the roads reverted to streambeds, and the orchards became lakes. Serena's lane was a sheet of water on which David's boat bobbed up and down until it was carried away by a new cloudburst. The long drought was broken.

When the rains stopped for a time, the mists came in damp and warm. By late November the dun hills were green and the leaves hung green on the trees like midsummer. Serena was home for a few days typing briefs for Mr. Green. It was eerie, sitting in the living room and looking out on the still, green world, shrouded impalpably by the gray mist.

One day, tired of typing, she walked outdoors in the late afternoon. It was like walking in a dream, and for a moment she felt lost in the stillness.

Reality came to her with David, coming in his high boots through the orchard. She smiled, for he, too, was in a dream. In his extended hand he held a long stick. He walked silently forward, his eyes also lost in a world of his own.

"Hi there, David!" she called. "Where have you been so late?"

**T**HE boy stopped still, his face turned toward her, the dream-like quality still there. Then it dropped from his face like a discarded mask. He smiled politely,



but she knew she had interrupted some play that had been more real than reality.

"I've been to cub scouts." He started to move on.

"I interrupted you. What were you playing?" She detained him with her question.

"I was an Indian stalking through the woods. You stopped me from getting a deer for my starving family." He was very serious.

"I'm sorry." She was equally serious. "Can I make it up to you by giving you some cookies?"

His eyes told her that it was foolish to think cookies could replace venison for starving Indians, but he followed her into the house. "You know," he said, munching cookies, "at school we are studying colonial times. Tomorrow night I think I'll be a Puritan hunting a turkey for Thanksgiving, but I'd rather be an Indian."

She kept him in the kitchen talking for as long as she dared.

"After these cookies, I feel acquainted with you, Miss Serena. I'll stop by again if you'd like me to." He looked up at her, gentle and wide-eyed, as he said, "Maybe you get lonely like I do sometimes."

"You shouldn't be lonely, David. You have your father and Delia." She laid her hand lightly on his soft, brown hair.

"Oh, Dad's all right," the boy said, "but he's so busy most of the time that we don't have much fun. Except on Sundays," he added loyally. "On Sundays he tries to be with me all he can. Delia's all right, too, but she's just a second cousin, not a mother. I don't expect too much of her."

He looked at Serena, showing plainly that he was struggling with an idea. "How about you?" he asked finally. "You have Luis and lots of friends. I see them every Saturday and Sunday. We don't have many people come, just a few relatives. Delia gets too tired to cook for friends."

"Oh, Luis is all right," Serena said, confiding to him in return, "but he's getting to be an old man, sometimes, tired, like Delia. And my friends are just here on week ends. Sometimes I think I'd like some relatives instead." She smiled down at him. "If ever you are lonely on week days, remember I'd be glad to have you come."

"I'll do that." He held out his hand in parting.

**S**HE watched him disappear into the mist-hung trees, an ache in her heart for the boy who was lonely, and an unacknowledged one for the woman who had no son.

Jeff Landeau had been over once since the harvest. He examined her chart from a walnut association and told her about what her returns would be. After the harvesting and dehydrating bills were paid, the remaining money would be too small for her to think of giving up her job. Serena struggled with discouragement. She had a valuable piece of land, which she had to work hard to support. If she could do all the work except the actual harvesting . . . no, the idea was ridiculous. The hard labor of cultivating, pruning, and hoeing was not for her, and Luis was too old to do it all. Office work was still her only solution.

"Another year, a bigger crop, and

a cooler summer, and it will be a different story," Jeff consoled her.

For a time they had seemed on the verge of friendship, then he retreated again. She would have said that he occupied none of her thoughts, yet she sometimes found herself watching for his car to go up and down the lane. She recalled that for a good many years she had been as cold and indifferent toward life as Jeff Landeau. These last few months she was beginning to live again. Life was giving her back half a loaf, and she was grateful for the half.

One Friday in early December the rain came down in tropical downpours. Serena decided to spend the night in her old apartment with Joan Givens. She would do her Christmas shopping on Saturday and complete plans for the Christmas party on the farm. Four girls from the office were coming for the long holiday, along with two other friends. On Christmas day a number of young men would come for dinner. It was to be a gala time.

Saturday Serena shopped in the rain. When she got up early Sunday morning it was still raining and there was a cold wind. She decided to start for home, stopping at Valley Oaks for breakfast and for church. But along the highway there were so many washouts and so much flooding that she decided to go home at once. Luis was faithful, but there was a limit to his capacity.

When Serena came to her lane she was really worried. The side ditch that Jeff Landeau had recently scraped and enlarged was no longer adequate. The lane was a

turbulent river; the orchards lay deep in water. From the driveway she could see that her lawn and flower beds were flooded. Rushing into the cold house, she called, "Luis, Luis!"

He came from the basement, struggling with a bucket of water and wet to his knees.

"Ah, Mees," he cried, relief fanning out over his tired face, "too much water, too much water. Very bad!"

**H**E set the bucket on the kitchen floor and began gesturing and talking rapidly in Spanish. There was water everywhere, he repeated.

Alarmed, she followed him into the basement. The water was seeping through the cement walls and floor.

"Everything is ruined," he moaned in Spanish. "The furnace will not operate, and I do not know how to get out the water."

Serena was frightened. The water was rising steadily. Stepping up on the basement stairs, she surveyed the havoc. "Buckets will do no good, Luis," she told him, shivering in the damp cold.

Tears streamed down the old man's face. "All night, Mees, I work. Too much water."

She made some chocolate and toast and had Luis start a fire in the living room fireplace. His wet boots left marks on the rug. "Get into some dry clothes," she told him.

Luis only moaned, "Too much water. Everything ruined." He said it over and over, and his hands trembled.

They drank the hot chocolate together, huddling close by the fire.

The wind blew harder, swaying the tall pines and the great oak on the edge of the lawn.

Rain lashed against the windows, bending the shrubbery and shutting off all view of the outside.

"I'm sure the water is rising," she said more to herself than to Luis. She could imagine it swirling underneath the house and seeping up through the living room floor. Luis must get into some dry clothes and she must get the water out.

"I'll call a plumber," she decided.

Even as she spoke she knew the uselessness of it. A hundred people must be ringing the same number. Still she tried every plumber's number in the directory and got only one answer, a woman who said that her husband could not possibly come until tomorrow. When she finally put the receiver into its cradle, she felt hopeless.

**L**UIS, warmed by the drink and the fire, stopped trembling. "Ah, Mees," he said sadly, watching her face.

"We've got to have a pump, Luis." She stood in the center of the room, pressing her cold hands together. "Do you know where we can get a pump?"

Understanding, as sudden as lightning, came to Luis. "A pump, Mees, I know where."

With no more explanation, he ran from the room. Serena saw him jump into her car and drive quickly towards the Landeau place. She had no more than built up the fire and changed into an old brown tweed shirt and a yellow sweater than he was back again. Close behind was Jeff in the green pickup.

Jeff had on high rubber boots, a gray raincoat and hat. He looked strong and happy, as if he enjoyed the storm and was confident he could master it. Waving to her in greeting, he lifted a small electric pump from the rear of his car. Luis followed him into the basement, carrying a long garden hose.

Standing hopefully by, Serena watched them wade through the water to attach the pump and start it going. Soon the water was shooting though the hose onto the flooded lawn. Serena let out a long sigh of relief and a little color came back into her white face.

Jeff walked uninvited into the kitchen, stopping first to wipe his boots on the rug. "That's the first time that basement's ever had water in it." He washed his hands at the kitchen sink.

"Will the water keep seeping through?"

Jeff dried his hands with a paper towel. "I'm afraid it will if the rain keeps up. We reached saturation point a long time ago. You must keep the pump there and I'll rig up a device that will start it automatically."

"It's awfully generous of you. I was just about panic-stricken before you came." She smiled at him warmly, pressing her hands close to her sides in the sweater pockets to warm them.

"You don't look much older than David," Jeff said, returning her smile. Serena's heart gave an unexpected leap. This was a new Jeff lingering here in the cold kitchen and eying her with warm approval.

"Won't you come into the living room where there's a fire? I'll heat

you a cup of chocolate as soon as I can get some dry clothes for Luis."

She wondered if he would refuse, but instead he thanked her and went into the living room, as if he wanted to stay.

**I**N the big bedroom closet on the top shelf she found an old suit she had thought too worn to give away. Then she found her garden shoes, some woolen socks, and an old sport shirt. She handed them to Luis, who was shivering in the kitchen. When she came in with the steaming chocolate, Jeff, his raincoat off, was standing with his back to the fire, appraising the room. It was the first time he had been in the room since she had taken possession.

"You've made this room come to life. It's a good room, but it always looked as if its heart was put in cold storage." He gave his head a little shake. "I don't know what you've done to it, but you've given it life."

"I didn't know you were an interior decorator," she answered brightly, as she handed him the steaming cup.

He looked a little foolish, then he smiled, making his face look young and eager. "I've spent so much time thinking how I'd like to change the old farmhouse that I'm a little touched on the subject." He began sipping his drink.

"What do you want to do with it?" Serena sat down on a small chair near the fire, stretching out her cold, stiff fingers to the warm

blaze. It was good to have Jeff and his exuberant strength with her on this dark afternoon. The sound of the wind sweeping up the driveway only made the room seem warmer.

"My wife liked it the way it was. She was sentimental about the old place."

It was the first time he had ever mentioned his wife. Serena turned her face attentively toward him, still warming her hands.

"Beth was born in the old place. Never lived in another house," he explained. "Of course we modernized it some, put in new floors and central heating and new plumbing, but it still needs a lot done with it. Now I have to fight Delia. She wants it just the way it was when she was a girl; so I just let things go."

He set the cup on the fireside table and stood there, twirling his rain hat.

It was on the tip of Serena's tongue to say, "Won't you sit down? There are things I need to ask you about," but before she could form the first word, there was a new and stronger burst of wind, rattling the windows and swaying the trees. In alarm, she and Jeff rushed to the window nearest the fireplace. They saw the wind sweep down more fiercely and heard the sound of a tree cracking. Before their astonished eyes they saw the old oak tree uproot itself with a mighty sound and topple towards the house.

(To be continued)

# *Adventures in Eating*

Gladys R. Winter

President, San Francisco Stake Relief Society

**F**OOD does more than nourish the body. We have all noticed how even a very simple lunch, on Relief Society work-meeting day, will bring an atmosphere of friendliness and cheer that stimulates the mind, while tired muscles relax. It is equally noticeable that interest is quickened when some new dish is served, especially if it is one that is inexpensive and easily prepared. So, in our stake, we try to encour-

age the serving of dishes that are a little unusual. Our aim is to have an interesting luncheon period, but it is even more important to give the homemakers new ideas to take home to their families.

The recipes I should like to share are a few of the favorites of my family. These are inexpensive, easy to prepare, and can be cooked the day before serving, so only reheating is necessary.

## **PIZZA**

A form of hot sandwich that has wide appeal is Pizza, pronounced "Peet-za." This can be very simple, or many ingredients can be put on top. If you have an Italian delicatessen available, you may be able to get the plain Pizza pie, already cooked; or you could use the prepared yeast roll mix that is available in a package. However, here is a standard recipe, in case you prefer this method. This dough is not light and tender, but is more the texture of French bread. A wedge of Pizza served with a simple green salad or thin soup is delicious.

### **Crust:**

4	c. sifted flour	½	tsp. salt	
	½	yeast cake	1	c. warm water
1	½	tsp. sugar		

Sift flour into bowl, saving ¼ cup for flouring board and hands. Crumble yeast cake into warm water and blend. Add salt and sugar; beat well. Pour liquid into well, made in center of flour; work into flour. Turn out on bread board lightly dusted with flour saved from the four cups. Knead all flour into mixture until dough is smooth and elastic. Cut dough into three equal pieces; roll each until smooth. Place on floured board, cover with waxed paper, and set in warm place for two hours to rise. Pat rounds into flat circles and fit into three greased 9-inch pie or cake tins.

### **Topping:**

The simplest basic topping could be put on the dough before it is put in the oven for baking, and any additions added if the Pizza pies are heated later.

- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes, well drained, or two 6-oz. cans tomato paste  
½ tsp. oregano or thyme
- 2 tbs. chopped, mild or green onion
- 1 c. grated or sliced cheese  
salt, pepper, and a few drops olive or salad oil sprinkled over top.

Other popular additions are:

- Pork sausage, bulk or links, well cooked
- Sliced stuffed olives or minced ripe olives
- Stems and pieces of mushrooms
- Anchovies, either flat or rolled

Or, before filling is put on, line dough with thinly sliced Italian ham, or any other flavorful meat



Courtesy National Cotton Council

### CASSEROLE TOPPED WITH STUFFED EGGS



### PENNSYLVANIA-DUTCH CASSEROLE

An authentic Pennsylvania-Dutch Casserole has always been a favorite with us. This was given me by a woman from Pennsylvania, and I have no exact measurements. Take about equal parts cooked macaroni and raw potatoes, sliced thin. Put these in layers in a deep baking dish, with a little sliced onion near the center layer. Over the top, pour tomato juice or puree, being sure it gets through all the layers to the bottom of the pan. Have it come about to the top of the potato-macaroni mixture. It may be necessary to add more during the cooking, so it won't be dry. Salt and pepper to taste, and over the top, place slices of bacon. Cook for about 1½ hours in a rather slow oven, 300° to 350°.

### KADJAREE

For a change, let's consider Kadjaree from India next. This dish takes such a short time to prepare that it's really easier to cook it just before it is to be served. Any cooked, left-over fish can be flaked and used, but I prefer a smoked fish. Kippered cod is my favorite.

- 1½ c. cooked rice
- 1 c. flaked fish
- 1 hard-boiled egg, chopped, except two or three slices for garnish
- 2 tbsp. butter

Mix together, taking care to keep it hot, pile on hot platter, and sprinkle with a little nutmeg and curry powder.



## TOPPER'S DELIGHT

½ lb. frankfurters	Enough salad dressing to moisten well
¼ lb. American cheese	Frankfurter buns
6 medium-sized pickles	

Put frankfurters, cheese, and pickles through food chopper, using medium knife. Add salad dressing, and mix well. Spread on cut side of frankfurter buns. Arrange in shallow baking pan; place in hot oven 5 to 10 minutes, or until heated through.

## CORN CHOWDER BISQUE

3-4 slices bacon, cut in small pieces and fried  
 4 onions, cut and fried in bacon fat until yellow  
 6 potatoes (or less) cubed  
 1 tsp. salt; ¼ tsp. pepper

Barely cover with water and cook until tender, then add:

4 tomatoes, or the equivalent in canned tomatoes or puree  
 ¼ tsp. soda  
 1 qt. hot milk thickened with two tbs. flour  
 Bring to a boil and add I can cream style corn.

For large crowds, from youngsters after a ball game, to an evening for adults, this dish has met with enthusiastic success.



## *Make Quilt Blocks Quickly*

Thalia Black

**K**EEP a large box handy, containing scissors, pencil, pins, and pattern for quilt blocks. When sewing, instead of rolling the scraps together and storing them in the bottom of a trunk, cut out the quilt blocks.

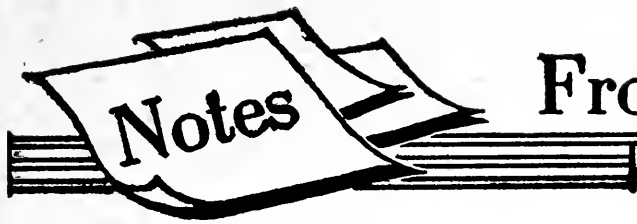
Pin all the blocks of like color together, and store flat in the box. They will be ready to sew when the opportunity comes.



## *The Path to Home*

Mabel Law Atkinson

When hammers of the rain beat on my head,  
 And temper tantrums of the hurricane,  
 Shouting its uncontrolled and furious wrath,  
 Strike fear that numbs my heart, I take the path  
 That leads to home, and soon I feel again  
 Secure and calm. Love's mantle gently spread  
 About my trembling form gives me release—  
 The path to home will lead to God and peace.



## From The Field

*General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering*

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 Lena Oxborrow

#### RENO STAKE (NEVADA), SPARKS WEST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL

Left to right: President Annie D. Ashby; First Counselor Ruth G. Oborn; Second Counselor Floral H. Vanderhoof; Secretary Beth H. Baughman.

At this social a playlet was presented, picturing the first meeting of Relief Society held in Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842. The playlet was arranged by President Annie D. Ashby and directed by the chorister, Margaret Baker. A gaily decorated birthday cake made a beautiful centerpiece for the table, which was decorated in the Relief Society colors, blue and gold.

Lena Oxborrow is president of Reno Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Merna E. Marchant

### BURLEY STAKE (IDAHO), BURLEY SIXTH WARD WORK MEETING

In front, at right, seated, working on lamp shade: ward Relief Society President, Leona Hall.

Standing, center, rear: Ina Starley, stake Relief Society work meeting leader.

Seated, extreme right, Naomi Ward, demonstrator.

This organization was fortunate in having a member, Sister Ward, skilled in making lampshades. Many beautiful shades were made and the women enjoyed their work and the pleasant association in the meetings.

Merna E. Marchant is president of Burley Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Eva C. Taylor

### EASTERN STATES MISSION, ONEIDA DISTRICT (NEW YORK), SYRACUSE BRANCH WORK MEETING

Front row, seated, left to right: Fern S. Jones, Oneida District President; Alice Fessenden, Syracuse Branch Secretary; Edna Browne, Syracuse Branch President; Verna C. Harris, Syracuse Branch First Counselor; Iva Bush, Oneida District Secretary.

Second row, standing; left to right: Rose Garrow; Grace Downing; Winona LaLone; Anne Mallery; Clella Barella; Margaret Jameson; Minnie Nilsson.

Back row, standing, left to right: Fern Hatch; Mabel Downing, Oneida District First Counselor; Minerva Grant; Dorothy Marcy; Lillian Printup; Elizabeth Tarbell.

Eva C. Taylor, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society, reports: "Syracuse Branch is one of our most active and progressive groups. Six members are Lamanite sisters from the Onondaga Reservation, of whom four were present at this meeting: Sisters Garrow, Nilsson, Printup, and Tarbell. The Lamanite ladies form a valued part of this very active Relief Society."



Photograph submitted by Leona R. McCarrey

### BENSON STAKE (UTAH), COVE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Barbara Hendricks; Maxine Rawlings; Martha Shumway; Violet Larsen; Mary Hendricks; Alice Titensor, director; Beth Titensor; Virginia Jensen.

Back row, left to right: Edna Larsen; Luella Preece; June Monson; Francis Allen; Wavie Allen; Rachel Allen; Neta Allen; Jessie Larsen; June Kingsford; Agatha Allen.

Leona R. McCarrey, President, Benson Stake Relief Society, in reporting the activities of this energetic and talented group, remarks that, in spite of the small size of the ward, the chorus has "done an outstanding work. They furnish the music for sacrament meeting once a month, as well as on many special occasions. They are often invited to sing in other wards of the stake, as well as in the Logan Temple."



Photograph submitted by Vinetta R. Simpson

### WEBER STAKE (UTAH), WASHINGTON TERRACE SECOND WARD REGULAR RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING AND TWO NURSERIES

The Relief Society membership of this ward is composed largely of young mothers. There are in the photograph forty-two women and forty-three children. Joan Moser is president of Washington Terrace Second Ward Relief Society, with Wanda Scholes and Florence Bingham as her counselors, and Elaine Anderson, secretary. This organization has more than doubled its membership since January 1, 1952, by holding morning Relief Society meetings.

Pearl Van Dyke is president of Weber Stake Relief Society.





Photograph submitted by Lucy T. Andersen

### NORTHERN STATES MISSION, AMES (IOWA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS AND BABIES

Left to right: President Marjorie S. Peterson and daughter Denise; Second Counselor Beth S. Lambert and son David Kay; First Counselor Beverly R. Hamilton and son Elliott Dale; Secretary Louise P. Allen and son Ross Michael.

Lucy T. Andersen, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, reports that these officers "all have babies under one year of age, and yet continued with all their Relief Society activities, both prior to the birth of their children and afterwards. They really have a fine organization, being the wives of the students and faculty members."



Photograph submitted by Pearl O. Clement

### RICHLAND STAKE (WASHINGTON) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION June 18, 1952

Front row, left to right, Stake Relief Society Board: Lillian Patterson, Magazine representative; Naomi Brimhall, First Counselor; Pearl O. Clement, President; Hazel Haynie, organist; Geneve Galbraith, Second Counselor. Special guests: Edna Reid, who has been a visiting teacher for forty-one years; Anna Bloomquist, a visiting teacher for

sixty-two years; Annie Robertson, a visiting teacher for fifty-six years. Other stake officers: Lola Barfus, work meeting leader; Maida Millar, social science; Ellis Smith, Secretary; Bessie Thompson, theology. Reva Davis, the chorister, stands between, and just back of, Sisters Bloomquist and Robertson.

All but one of the eight wards of Richland Stake were represented at this convention, which was an inspiration to all the sisters and was well prepared and beautifully rendered. A special feature was a tableau by Richland First and Second Wards entitled "The Spirit of Relief Society Teachers," which portrayed the unselfish devotion of true teachers. A poem "Too Busy," composed by Maida Millar, expressing the development of a teacher, was read, and addresses were given by several Relief Society officers and by the honored elderly sisters.

Pearl O. Clement is president of Richland Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Augusta Stobbe

#### SHIRAZ RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZED AS THE FIRST BRANCH IN IRAN

This Relief Society was organized January 22, 1952, with the following officers: Augusta Stobbe, President (front row, at right); Jane Miller, Secretary-Treasurer; Lulu Anderson, theology class leader; Marge Gagen, work meeting leader; Beth Hall, social science class leader. The Secretary-Treasurer, Jane Miller, also teaches the literature lessons.

President Stobbe reports: "We had seven members when our Relief Society was organized, and now it has grown to sixteen members, and many more have expressed a desire to join. Many of the leading Iranian women have shown great interest in our work and have attended our meetings. We love the work and the spirit of Relief Society and have decided to continue our meetings through the summer months. We have pending a program of food preservation and sewing, which we hope will interest the Persian women. I have been told that a Relief Society was organized in Teheran in July, 1952."





Photograph submitted by Jean D. Wright

### SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION, SALISBURY, LUANSHYA, AND BULAWAYO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETIES

Upper photograph, Salisbury Branch Relief Society, left to right: Verna Joubert; Mary Maxwell, President; Ursula King, Secretary-Treasurer; Imelda Williams; Eileen King, First Counselor. Kathleen Rickson, the Second Counselor, was not present at the time the picture was taken.

Center photograph, Luanshya Branch Relief Society, left to right: Jean Charsley, Secretary-Treasurer; Aletta Nieuwenhuizen, Second Counselor; Aletta Terblanche, First Counselor; Gertrude Fourie; Georgina Spear, President; Johanna van Deventer, Second Counselor.

Bottom photograph, Bulawayo Branch Relief Society.

Front row, seated, left to right: A. Rhodes; Johanna Juber, President; Lillian Sparks, Second Counselor.

Back row, standing, left to right: Janet Sparks; Louise Ninow; Joyce Jones; Dorothy Frost, First Counselor; Lorna Sparks. Norma Thwaites, Secretary-Treasurer, was not present when the picture was taken.

Jean D. Wright, President, South African Mission Relief Society, reports that during the latter part of 1950 the elders started organized missionary work in Northern and Southern Rhodesia, and the work resulted in the organization of the Salisbury and Bulawayo Branch Relief Societies in Southern Rhodesia, and the Luanshya Branch Relief Society in Northern Rhodesia.

\* \* \* \*

## *If You Should Be the One*

Grace Barker Wilson

If you should be the one to go before  
 Into the timeless future's afterwhile,  
 I'll count you harbinger for me, not lost,  
 And wipe away my tears, and see your smile.

\* \* \* \*

## *A Parent Is Always a Teacher*

We Learn About Honesty

Caroline Eyring Miner

**T**HIS summer the children and I took a trip to the Petrified Forest, where we had a very satisfying experience in honesty. We went into the Forest in the opposite direction from where the museum is located and, although a sign or two indicated that petrified wood was not to be taken from the national park, the children rationalized that a few tiny scraps picked up from the ground were not included in the instructions. I let the children go on with their rationalizing, hoping they would find their own answer as to the honest thing to do. I noticed they were not so sure of themselves in their rationalizing regarding their right to their specimens that they did not try to hide their treasures, and they mentioned a little fearfully that possibly it wasn't right.

In the museum I called their attention to the letter from a man in India whose conscience had pricked him into returning a piece of petrified wood he had taken long years before. We also saw the size of the piece of petrified wood which, if taken by each visitor, would completely deplete the park in a very short time. We read again that it was not right to take any petrified wood at all.

As we left the museum, I noticed that one after another of the children threw down their tiny scraps of petrified wood. I was gratified. As we passed the inspection station and were asked about the possession of petrified wood, we could all answer, "We have none."

"We could have got by the officials, I suppose," I said quietly to the children, "but a lie would have had to be added to the dishonesty, and we could never have hidden those two scars from ourselves. Wasn't it a good feeling to be honest?"

The bright smiles of the children were answer enough. Just out of the park we stopped at a little shop to buy samples of petrified wood. The shopkeeper was very generous. As we drove away one of my Scouts said, "Boy, we got our petrified wood, and better than that we still have our Honor Bright."



## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 13—Separation Into Nephites and Lamanites

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 2 Nephi 5)

For Tuesday, February 3, 1953

Objective: To show the power of righteousness and spirituality in building a great civilization.

THE time came when Nephi found it necessary to separate from his older brothers, Laman and Lemuel, and their followers. Because of their malicious and revengeful natures, they resented being corrected by their younger brother. They felt that it was their right to govern, for they were older than Nephi. They could not understand that the mantle of leadership in this God-directed colony, so far as the Lord was concerned, must fall upon the individual who could undergird the civilization with the spiritual qualities which make a nation endure. Nephi was that leader.

They sought to take the life of Nephi. Warned of the Lord, Nephi separated from his brethren and fled into the wilderness in much the same manner that Lehi had done about thirty years earlier when he left Jerusalem for his first encampment in the valley of Lemuel by the Red Sea. Nephi took with him the plates of brass, the ball or compass, and the sword of Laban.

How far Nephi and his followers

traveled from the place of their original disembarkation, we are not told. Nephi records that they journeyed into the wilderness for a space of many days and then pitched their tents in a place they called Nephi. He gives us accurate data on the membership of the group which followed him. It comprised: first, Nephi's family; second, Zoram and his family; third, Sam and his family; fourth, Jacob and Joseph, his younger brothers; and fifth his sisters. It was only the group which believed in the warnings and revelations of the Lord which accompanied him.

With this group, among whom there existed a spirit of unity, cooperation, and love, it would be much easier to establish a great colony. The members of this colony may remind us of the group under the leadership of Brigham Young that came from Nauvoo, Illinois, and its vicinity across the plains to the Rocky Mountains. They had a common purpose and could work co-operatively to achieve a common goal. What a contrast

there was between these two groups and the colony Lehi led from Jerusalem to the land of promise! The separation into Nephites and Lamanites was a means of giving Nephi an opportunity to use his leadership for the purpose of building a civilization of greatness and power. And we must bear in mind that such a nation cannot be measured by modern concepts of greatness wherein the material aspects far outweigh the cultural and spiritual.

Woodrow Wilson caught the vision and gave it to us in his address at Swarthmore College, delivered October 25, 1913, in which he said:

William Penn crossed the ocean, not merely to establish estates in America, but to set up a free commonwealth in America and to show that he was of the lineage of those who have been bred in the best traditions of the human spirit. I would not be interested in celebrating the memory of William Penn if his conquest had been merely a material one. Sometimes we have been laughed at—by foreigners in particular—for boasting of the size of the American Continent, the size of our own domain as a nation; for they have, naturally enough, suggested that we did not make it. But I claim . . . that the size of America is in some sense a standard of the size and capacity of the American people. And yet the mere extent of the American conquest is not what gives America distinction in the annals of the world, but the professed purpose of the conquest, which was to see to it that every foot of this land should be the home of free, self-governed people, who should have no government whatever which did not rest upon the consent of the governed (Woodrow Wilson, address at Swarthmore College, as quoted in John A. Beaty, et. al. *Facts and Ideas*, pp. 190, 191).

The thing that makes a country really great is its spirituality, and the activation of high purposes in the lives of its citizens. A great

country, like a great man, must enrich the world.

Turning our attention to the kind of nation Nephi encouraged, we discover that he founded it on a strong spiritual base. Nephi knew that his kingdom must supply, in addition to daily needs, something for the mind and spirit without which life is not worth living. For that purpose he had separated from his brothers. He exhorted his people to keep the statutes and commandments of the Lord according to the law of Moses. He built a temple constructed after the Temple of Solomon. Undoubtedly, this temple was a factor in measuring the spirituality on which the superstructure of their civilization was built.

He selected his two younger brothers, Jacob and Joseph, and consecrated them priests unto the people. He was cognizant that he must continually teach the people correct principles and inspire them to transmute these principles into terms of daily living, if he were to build his nation on a foundation of rock.

Already deeply impressed with the necessity of record keeping, he brought, as we have said, the plates of brass with him. The spiritual ideals of his race could now become part and parcel of the civilization he was to build. He also continued to engrave on the large plates of Nephi a chronicle of the political and social activities of his people. Moreover, following divine instructions, he made a set of small plates upon which he engraved an account of the ministry of his people. (See 1 Nephi 9, also 2 Nephi 5:30.)

Nephi encouraged and developed agriculture and stock raising. He took care to mention on the small plates that the people sowed seeds in abundance and that they reaped bountiful harvests. He also explained that they had flocks and herds of all kinds of animals.

Nephi was also much interested in mining and smelting. That he knew the process is certain, for he mined and smelted ore from which to make tools to construct the ship that brought the colony to the land of promise. He tells us that ores existed in great abundance in the land of Nephi. He also pointed out that he taught his people to work in all manner of wood, iron, copper, brass, steel, gold, silver, and precious ores.

He was not content to have his people live in tents, for he records that he taught them to build buildings. Undoubtedly, this refers to homes and public buildings, including a temple.

If he had not mentioned the fact, we should have known that the people were industrious, because the type of civilization he described calls for industry. But Nephi does not leave us in doubt. He wrote: "And it came to pass that, I, Nephi, did cause my people to be industrious, and to labor with their hands" (2 Nephi 5:17).

To me this statement is significant. He must have realized the two-fold value of work: (1) It is the foundation of success in achieving one's goals; and (2) it exercises a potent curative power on man. We are all familiar with the fact that industry is an indispensable accompaniment of progress, and it is the second value, the cura-

tive power of work, which we need to value more. Henry W. Longfellow confirms this curative value of work by writing, "Idleness makes me unhappy."

The founding of this independent nation, highlighted with noble spiritual purposes and indispensable means of material progress, fulfilled earlier prophecies. Nephi, according to prophecy, had been a ruler and teacher over his brothers, and now the Lord, because of wickedness cut them off from his presence. They did not have the sacred records, and they had deprived themselves of power to communicate with God. In accordance with prophecy and because of their iniquity, the older brothers were cursed with a dark skin (2 Nephi 5:21). The Lord wanted them to be loathsome to the Nephites, for he desired to prevent intermarriage, warning the Nephites that whoever intermarried with the seed of Laman and Lemuel would be subject to the same curse.

These Lamanites became an idle people, "full of mischief and subtlety."

They however, were used by the Lord in his wisdom:

And the Lord God said unto me: They shall be a scourge unto thy seed, to stir them up in remembrance of me; and inasmuch as they will not remember me, and hearken unto my words, they shall scourge them even unto destruction (2 Nephi 5:25).

In writing of the thirteenth year, thirteen years since they left Jerusalem, Nephi records: "And it came to pass that we lived after the manner of happiness" (2 Nephi 5:27).

These two civilizations, resultants

of two widely contrasted ways of life, stand before us, the one producing love, generosity, and progress; the other resulting in hatred, selfishness, and retrogression. The one was developed by high purposes and much industry; the other with low ideals and idleness.

### Questions on the Lesson

1. What principles of progress applicable to our nation, are found in the development of the Nephite civilization?
2. What is the two-fold value of work?
3. Specifically, what can we do to help build our civilization on a spiritual foundation?

## Visiting Teacher Messages

### Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 13—"Yea, I Know That God Will Give Liberally to Him That Asketh. Yea, My God Will Give Me If I Ask Not Amiss" (2 Nephi 4:35)

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, February 3, 1953

Objective: To encourage praying to the Lord for guidance, and to point out that he will answer our prayers aright.

**T**WO conditions are required in this quotation as being necessary for receiving blessings from God: the asking of our Heavenly Father and the asking not amiss. We are advised, "Ask and it shall be given you; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7).

Perhaps we do not supplicate our Father in heaven for guidance and help often enough. Some may have the idea that we should ask him for help only in times of great stress or emergency. But Amulek says:

Cry unto him in your houses, yea, over all your household, both morning, mid-day, and evening. Yea, cry unto him against the power of your enemies. Yea, cry unto him against the devil, who is an enemy to all righteousness. Cry unto him over the crops of your fields, that ye may prosper in them. Cry over the flocks of your fields, that they may increase (Alma 34:21-25).

We learn from scripture that light and understanding come to the children of men after they have earnestly sought after it. The Doctrine and Covenants contains many instances which demonstrate this truth. In translating The Book of Mormon, and in setting up the organization of the Church, the Prophet Joseph Smith and the brethren aiding him, were often puzzled over some point of doctrine or some question concerning procedure. They took their problems and questions to the Lord, and the answer that was needed to go forward in the work came to them in answer to their sincere prayers.

On the other hand, we recall the unfortunate experience of Martin Harris with the 116 pages of The Book of Mormon manuscript. He pleaded with the Prophet Joseph



Smith for the privilege of taking the manuscript home to convince his wife and some skeptical friends of its authenticity. Twice the Prophet inquired of the Lord and twice the request was denied. Still Martin implored, and so insistent was he that Joseph inquired of the Lord a third time, and this time the Lord gave his consent, upon certain conditions. Martin did not live up to the conditions, however, and the manuscript was lost. The Lord was displeased, and the Urim and Thummim was taken from the Prophet, for a period of time.

The story is told of a little girl, who, for many weeks prior to Christmas, prayed constantly that she might get twelve dolls. Her parents were in very humble circumstances and knew it would be out of the question to give her twelve dolls. One doll would be all they could possibly afford. Much as they tried to persuade the child that twelve dolls were not necessary for her happiness, she steadfastly continued her prayers, and seemed confident that she would get the dolls. The mother and father became perturbed lest the little girl's faith

might be shattered when her prayers were not answered as she wished, but Christmas morning a great surprise awaited them.

When the child arose and hurried to find her presents, she looked at the one beautiful doll, snatched it up and held it closely, and talked lovingly and tenderly to it, seeming perfectly satisfied. Bewildered, the father finally asked, "It's all right, isn't it, that Heavenly Father didn't answer your prayers?" To which the little girl quickly replied, "Oh, he answered my prayers. He said 'No.'"

We, too, are little children in our relationship to our Father in heaven. Many of the demands and petitions we ask of him must be answered by "No." Not because he would withhold anything from us, if it were for our benefit, but because it would be unwise for us to have some of the things for which we ask.

The Savior is the superb example for us to follow. "O my Father," he prayed, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. 26:39).

## *Work Meeting*—Home Management

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

### Lesson 5—Orderly and Convenient Storage Areas

*Rhea H. Gardner*

For Tuesday, February 10, 1953

**A**MPLE storage space is essential to order and ease in managing the home. Enough space, however,

is not the only consideration. It must be the right kind of space located in a convenient place. This

means that the space should be adapted to the specific articles that are to be placed in it. Each item should be readily visible when doors are opened, and easily removed when needed.

The principle of storage according to place of first use, is just as important in other rooms as it is in the kitchen. Precious time, and many steps will be saved if everything is stored near where it is first used.

Convenience is an inducement to orderliness. Order is much more likely to be maintained if it requires no extra effort. Even the untidy person should find it so convenient to replace things, that the articles he uses make their way back to the right place almost in spite of his careless habits.

### Drawers

Neat, orderly dresser drawers make dressing easier, because articles can be found easily and are always in condition to wear. Frequently, dresser drawers are too deep for orderly and convenient arrangement. You may remedy this situation by attaching cleats on the inside of the drawer to hold a tray. The tray should be no more than half the length of the drawer. This makes it possible to slide it from side to side as articles in the bottom part of the drawers are needed. The depth of the sliding tray will depend upon what you plan to store in it and the total depth of your drawer. Any inexpensive wood that can be sanded smooth, or some composition boards, are suitable for this purpose. They may be given a natural finish, enameled, padded with attractive easy to clean fabrics,

or just lined with material that is suitable for color and design.

Drawer dividers are also useful in keeping different things separated, or articles of a kind together. Dividers may be only boxes of different sizes and shapes fitted neatly and snugly into the drawer, or they may be of wood held in place with cleats. Even the lids of firmly constructed boxes may be used in shallow drawers.

### *Linen and Bedding Storage*

The problem in planning storage for linen and bedding is to organize and divide space so that any one article may be reached without moving others. Sliding shelves or trays may be placed between regular shelves when they are more than twelve inches apart. Otherwise a stacking of dissimilar articles, or a waste of space, is likely to result. The efficient homemaker will develop a plan for folding the linen so it will fit the space planned for it.

### *Clothing Storage*

Proper care of clothing, while it is in storage, will do much to prolong its life and beauty. Self-made, or movable commercial-type closets are worth considering if a shortage of space is your problem. They will more than pay for the cost in prolonged life and beauty of garments.

It is easy to hang up a coat if there is a closet nearby. You will want one at both front and rear doors. With some low rods and hooks, children are encouraged to hang up their own clothes. Shelves above the children's rod provide space for sweaters, caps, and mittens.

If you keep things off the floor in the closet, it will be easy to dust the floor and keep it clean. Place shoes on racks, or in shoe bags fastened to the closet wall or the inside of the door. The back of closet doors may be used for storing a variety of things, such as hats, shoes, and ties. Equipment for these can be purchased or made at home. An umbrella rack and a rack for purses could also be placed there.

### Other Closets

Storage space needed in the living, dining, sewing, and bathroom will depend upon your own personal needs and the activities of your family. Arrange storage space in each room to suit things that are used there, as, for instance, a towel rack low enough for children to reach. Built-in storage units are usually less expensive and require less space than the movable kind.

### Orderly Habits

All the conveniences in the world will not make homes orderly unless the people who live in them have a desire to be orderly. The orderly way is the easiest way, because there is less wasted energy. Order is ennobling; disorder restricts and confuses. Money helps to make order possible, but it is surprising what can be done without it where there is initiative and creative ability.

Some homemakers were asked, "What is the secret for order in your home?"

Here are a few of their answers:

1. Take time to plan my work. Each week I spend a few minutes planning menus I wish to serve my family during the coming week, with the necessary market list. This eliminates last-minute trips to the store, a lot of leftovers in the

refrigerator, and delayed meals due to last-minute planning.

My children and I plan the cleaning work on a weekly basis. Certain parts of the house are cleaned each week. We hardly know we have done any extra work, and the house is never turned topsy-turvy by an overall housecleaning once or twice each year.

2. In our home we have a regular time for doing each task. We like to begin each day with the family kneeling in family prayer before partaking of a healthful, appetizing breakfast. Such a beginning seems to put us in a state of readiness for the tasks that are to follow. A family breakfast at a regular time makes it possible for me to put my house in order early in the day, and to be free to use my time for other tasks. It also makes it easy and natural for other meals and other tasks to follow in an orderly way.

3. The credit for order in our home is equally shared by all family members. As a family group, each of us, from the three-year-old up, knows what his responsibilities are in the care and the management of our home. My husband and I try to make orderly habits important. Our children are rewarded with words of praise when they do things well. Conveniences are planned for their rooms, as needed, to help make being orderly easy. Most of them are planned and made by children and parents working together.

4. It was the practice in my childhood home, for each person to put everything he had used during the day, in its right place before retiring. This practice has been carried over into our home. With each person doing his share, no one is over-burdened. The children always know where to find their clothes when they arise, because each has a certain place he puts them when he goes to bed.

### Thoughts for Discussion

1. What is the secret for order in your house?
2. Recent studies showed that fatigue is more often the result of working where there is disorder than the output of physical energy.
3. Discuss the relationship of disorder to irritability.

# Literature—The Literature of England

## Lesson 29—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 248-273; 315-318).

For Tuesday, February 17, 1953

Objective: To relate Shelley's idealism to his lyrical poetry.

The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.  
("To.....: One Word Is Too Often  
Profaned," stanza 2)

### *The Idealist-Poet*

THE theme of Shelley's life and genius was his attempt to depict a life more real and ideal than actuality had yet offered, that he might thus aid his fellowmen in attaining such an exalted state. In the preface of his masterpiece, *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley wrote that he had always had "a passion for reforming the world." Equally true and revealing was his statement that "one is always in love with something or other. The error consists in seeking in a mortal image the likeness of what is perhaps eternal."

While Shelley believed that perfection is not to be attained in mortality, he never ceased to strive toward it, both in his ideals and in his poetry. The greatness of the poetry he created matches his lofty theme. If Byron was the most famous of the romantics, Shelley has come to be the best loved; he is commonly referred to as "the poet's poet," and is often proclaimed as "the purest lyric genius in English literature."



A Perry Picture

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

Two sets of quotes might create a fitting backdrop against which to present the events of his life. The first group of excerpts is from his *Declaration of Rights* (text, pp. 316-318) published in his twentieth year:

8. It may be considered as a plain proof of the hollowness of any proposition, if power be used to enforce instead of reason to persuade its admission. Govern-

ment is never supported by fraud until it cannot be supported by reason.

17. No man has a right to do an evil thing that good may come.

18. Expediency is inadmissible in morals. Politics are only sound when conducted on principles of morality. They are, in fact, the morals of nations.

25. If a person's religious ideas correspond not with your own, love him nevertheless. How different would yours have been, had the chance of birth placed you in Tartary or India.

29. Every man has a right to a certain degree of leisure and liberty, because it is his duty to attain a certain degree of knowledge . . . .

31. The only use of government is to repress the vices of man. If man were today sinless, tomorrow he would have a right to demand that government and all its evils should cease.

The following excerpts are from his reasoned, impassioned *Defense of Poetry* (not in textbook) written in 1821, the year before his death:

A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.

Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

Poetry compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe, after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration.

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

The great secret of morals is love . . . . A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and

of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause.

Thus, from his own words, we know of Shelley's belief in freedom, fairness, tolerance, knowledge, morality, love, and in poetry as the best means of making man aware of reality, that he might be morally strengthened.

### *Shelley's Youth*

The facts of Shelley's life are well known and widely published (see text, pp. 248-251). However, some of the facts need support and explanation, that erroneous conclusions be not jumped at and Shelley be made a smaller man than he was.

From his poetry it is obvious how sensitive Shelley must have been. How unfortunate, then, to have as a father a narrow, bigoted man who never understood his son and who was concerned only with perpetuating the Shelley wealth and name. (At Shelley's death his father promised to support his wife and son only so long as she didn't attempt to perpetuate her "shameful" husband's name by publishing a biography.) The young Shelley, as eldest son, shocked his sire by threatening to divide his inheritance equally with his mother and sisters, an action unheard of at that time.

School was likewise a reign of tyrants, either of cruel teachers or older fellow-students, who constantly violated what Shelley felt to be his rights. In retaliation he blew up a section of the school fence with gunpowder, and filled

his room with blue fire from chemical retorts. When a teacher asked in fright what he was doing, Shelley replied, "Sir, I am trying to raise the devil." At age fifteen he read William Godwin's *Political Justice*, and from thenceforth he was true to his desire to reform mankind. The tract on atheism for which he was expelled actually proposed agnosticism, and while in his youth, he did doubt the existence of a deity, in his later works, *Hellas* and *Prometheus Unbound*, he speaks of Christ with highest respect, since Christ brought the doctrine of love by which alone, Shelley thought, man can save himself; in his mature list of great literature the Bible excelled all others.

At nineteen Shelley became infatuated with Harriet Westfield. Her sister, fully aware of the advantage of having Harriet marry the eldest son of a wealthy country squire, pushed the match, and Harriet appealed to Shelley for protection from her father. The gallant, idealistic Shelley responded, and the young couple married, then went to Ireland to save that country from Catholicism by handing out tracts on Dublin street corners, attaching them to balloons, and even sending them afloat in bottles.

That the Shelleys failed in this crusade is not so important as what the pamphlets contained. Shelley urged the Irish to oppose the two institutions which throughout his life he felt were the greatest perpetrators of man-made evil: historical sectarian Christianity (not Christ and his principles), and undemocratic government. In overcoming these evils, Shelley held violence should not be used, but

only constitutional resistance by ballot and persuasion. Through reason and love men should come closer together, in the spirit of the Beatitudes. Then only could man truly progress.

During this early period of zealous reform Shelley came to believe that abstinence from alcohol and meat was necessary to save mankind, but like many of his other early principles, these were eventually abandoned. By 1815 in his fragmentary *Essay on Christianity* he openly praised Christ but condemned sectarianism and, in later years, he spoke of his early, extreme poem, *Queen Mab*, as "villianous trash."

#### *Self-Exile and Death*

Meanwhile Harriet began to sense that because of her husband's revolutionary idealism she was being denied the comforts and luxuries of life for which she had hoped. At the same time Shelley fell in love with William Godwin's magnetic, intelligent daughter Mary. He told Harriet everything; but she refused to release him. Since he believed that marriage without love was hypocrisy, he eloped to Switzerland, sending half his income to Harriet and their child. When two years later in 1816, Harriet committed suicide, Shelley was doubly despised by English society, since his attacks on orthodox Christianity were already well known.

When the courts denied him custody of his children because of his atheistic and anti-social opinions, he considered himself banished from England. Like Byron he never returned, living abroad on



a substantial legacy left him at the death of his grandfather.

Some six years later Shelley was drowned off the Italian coast. When his body was recovered, a copy of Keats' poems was found in one pocket, Socrates' writings in the other. Thus in death as in life he surrounded himself with his two great loves: a vision of ideal man, and poetry. It is significant that Byron, frank and fearless, repeatedly spoke of him as "without exception the best and least selfish man I ever knew." Those who knew him best remembered him as modest, kind, sincere, and devoted to his dynamic ideals. In contrast to Byron, he never knew fame while alive, and so slowly was he accepted that his works were not printed until seventeen years after his death.

### *His Greatest Work*

Both for its vision and its poetry Shelley's verse-play *Prometheus Unbound* is his masterpiece. It has justly been called "the supreme expression in literature of the doctrine of the perfectibility of the human race." The play is a continuation of the plot of *Prometheus Bound* by the ancient Greek master of tragedy, Aeschylus. For bringing the secret of fire to mortals, thus liberating man in part from Jupiter's power, Prometheus has been chained by Jupiter to a mountainous crag, where ravens come daily to eat at his heart.

Even though originally Prometheus gave Jupiter power to rule, Prometheus will not annul the great law that finally evil is vanquished by its own inner weakness. Despite his torture, Prometheus finally is capable of stifling his feelings

of hatred and revenge toward Jupiter, and, instead, pities him as an instrument of evil. In that moment Jupiter's power ends, and mankind is free. Thus man always holds within himself the power to overcome human misery and cruelty by using those principles which Shelley loved best: gentleness, virtue, wisdom, patience, and above all the Christian virtue of love. The play's length prevents its being included in our text, but two of its most lovely songs may be read on pp. 256-257.

We have discussed the eternal beauty of Shelley's ideals; now we are ready to realize in these songs that form and content are inseparably one, and that beauty of content inspires beauty of form:

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing . . . .  
("Asia," text, pp. 256-257, l. 1-3)

The final stanza of the second movement might well state Shelley's own credo:

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;  
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;  
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.  
("Demogorgon," text, page 257, l. 17-25)

### *Lyrical Powers*

Surely, we must agree, herein is

revealed a soul great in power as in beauty. Here, as throughout his poetry, we are "compelled to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know." Indeed, it is Shelley's imagery and music and beauty of expression, rather than his ideas alone, which have caused him to be universally loved. His flawless lyrical power of expression is without comparison; nor can it be described in words other than Shelley's own:

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,  
Spirit of Night!  
Out of the misty eastern cave,  
Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
Thou vovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear—  
Swift be thy flight!  
(*"To Night,"* text, page 261)

The mystery of words and of poetry has never been more powerfully presented, although we find echoing tones of it in Browning and Tennyson, two of Shelley's staunchest admirers. Each of Shelley's poems, like the poet himself, has its own soul which is real and powerful and intangible, and is not to be condensed or summarized or otherwise violated.

#### *"Ode to the West Wind"*

Shelley believed that the soul of the universe was one of love, best revealed through poetry which dealt with nature. Thus his best-loved poems have as subjects the night, clouds, wind, and a bird. Each of these announced titles, however, merely serves as the medium or symbol for Shelley's own impassioned lyrical strain. Rarely is the "pure serene" of poetry so pure and sustained as in these poems; often the imagery is breath-taking, so

powerfully does it present the very life-breath of the poet's own overwhelming inner reality. For example, in his "Ode to the West Wind" (text, pp. 255-256), we are transported, not by the wind, which even now blows each day, but by what Shelley sees and feels; the wind, forest, sky, sea are but merest excuses for Shelley to communicate the anguish, fear and hope, the appreciation of nature, the past, sensations which were rampant in his inner heart when he was first conscious of the wind's expressing or symbolizing what he felt.

This poem might well be compared to a symphony in five movements. In the first three the West Wind is described amid forest, in the sky, and over the sea; in the fourth, repeating smaller images (or themes) from the first three movements, Shelley bridges the gap between the first three and the last, which is a prayer that Shelley's spirit may be as that of the West Wind. In each movement, save the last, the same motif occurs: out of beauty finally come ghosts, "pestilence - stricken multitudes," "black rain and fire," sapless foliage of the ocean "suddenly grown gray with fear," "I fall . . . I bleed!" and, in the last, "Drive my dead thoughts over the universe." Within the three middle movements this note of somberness and fear is the final one; in the first and last stanzas the wind is acknowledged as both good and evil "destroyer and preserver," as spring following the chill of winter. Also in these two movements the theme of death and birth occurs.

The first four stanzas contain the two motifs which are repeated in

the final prayer stanza: each of the first three begins in music and beauty (violins and flutes) only to end with majestic cadence, full-ringing chords throughout the orchestra, with much brass, tympani, and cymbal-crash. This crescendo of emotion and power also occurs in lines 52-54 ("As thus with thee . . . I bleed!") The last two lines are modulation and transition before the full-throated magnificence of the climactic movement. The first three stanzas of the fifth movement are still somber: "tumult of thy mighty harmonies," "deep, autumnal tone," "Sweet though in sadness," "Drive my dead thoughts . . . like withered leaves."

But in line 64 we are "quickened" to a new birth, and the tone and rhythm change. Now the ashes to be scattered are from "an unextinguished hearth" rather than a cold one; nor are they called ashes alone: now they are sparks as well—sparks which the West Wind is to scatter to all mankind as "the trumpet of a prophecy." Then, light and truth having risen out of darkness, fear, "hectic red," "de-

caying leaves," and "closing night"—then the thought of winter is vanquished in the jubilant anticipation of spring!

Here is the simple unity, the accumulative power, and deep emotional penetration of great writing. It should also be noted that the poem also incarnates Shelley's belief in art and poetry as the best means of communicating to the hearts of men, in order that seeing truth through symbol and the imagination, all men may be bettered.

If time permits, similar ingredients and attainments might be pointed out in other of Shelley's poems, from the brief but piercing "Ozymandias" (page 253) to "Adonais" (pp. 262-270), which deservedly ranks with Milton's "Lycidas" as a great elegy.

#### *Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Discuss Shelley as a reformer.
2. Why, as a reformer, did he believe so fervently in the use and necessity of poetry?
3. How can we know from his poetry that Shelley believed in the perfectibility of man?



### *Memorable*

Iris W. Schow

He who seeks for beauty but to please his eye  
Finds it as elusive as a butterfly,  
Passing like a rainbow ephemerally away,  
Unimportant as the dream forgotten in a day.

He who, while at labor, has observed the glow  
Of a perfect sunrise, comes at length to know  
Beauty held in duty's mesh keeps its rightful place,  
Permanent as emerald, remembered like love's face.

# *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

## Part III—In the Way of Destiny

### Lesson 18—Modern Trends in Government

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, chapters 33-34).

For Tuesday, February 24, 1953

Objective: To show that nations, rejecting truth and worshiping worldly things, are drifting towards irreligion and the darkness of hate and evil, and a woeful lack of respect for law and order. The world is aligning itself into two camps, dictatorship and communism on the one hand, and democracy on the other. Peace is imperiled and preparations for war are on a scale heretofore unknown.

#### A Warning Voice

It should be plainly manifest to the casual observer, as well as to the thoughtful student, that the nations of the earth are rapidly drifting towards the abyss of destruction and the time spoken of by the Lord when he said he would make an end of all nations. This drift has increased since the First World War. Our Savior declared that he will not come until the cup of iniquity is full. The signs that the cup is rapidly filling are constantly before us, and while this is an unpleasant topic, extremely so to those who are unrepentant and living in disobedience of the commandments of the Lord, nevertheless someone is compelled to raise the warning voice.

The Lord has poured out abundant knowledge in all material things upon the inhabitants of the earth. Great progress has been made in mechanics, in chemistry, in physics and other sciences. Men have built great telescopes by which the hidden galaxies of the universe have been brought to view. They have, by the aid of the microscope, discovered vast worlds of micro-or-

ganisms. They have discovered means to control disease, and thus prolong life. They have, by the aid of anesthesia, made men insensible to pain, thus permitting major and delicate operations which would not otherwise be performed. They have invented machines more delicate than the human touch, more sensitive to light and able to see farther and truer than the human eye, and other machines so powerful that by their aid mountains may be removed. The accomplishments of men, through the inspiration the Lord has given them, but which they seldom acknowledge, are too numerous to mention. This is a wonderful age. Everything, it seems, to make men happy, prosperous, and comfortable, to lessen their difficulties and responsibilities, has been given unto them; but still they are in the midst of turmoil, dissatisfaction, and distress. Men have rejected the most important knowledge—the saving laws of God. There has been a great indifference manifested toward religion and all its virtues. Men came out of the war hardened in their views and judgment toward religion and lacking in moral stability.

In the United States in recent years there has grown up a woeful lack of respect for law and order. This spirit is also manifest in other countries, but in the United States we have been, and still are, infested with gangsters, thugs, and organized criminals, as wicked and powerful as were the Gadianton robbers in olden times. These criminals have been using modern inventions to aid them in their evil work.

#### *Paganistic Trend of Education*

The trend of education throughout the world is materialistic and mechanistic; the swing is away from God. What the advocates of these doctrines are pleased to call "modernism" and "liberalism" eliminate faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. These teachings deny the necessity for the atonement and its efficacy. They teach that through untold ages man has been gradually ascending the ladder of intelligence since he "evolved" from lower forms of life and gained a conscience. Therefore, they declare the story of Adam and the garden of Eden is a myth coming to us from an age of credulity and superstition. It is loudly proclaimed that some of the books of the Old Testament were not written by the men whose names they bear. The modern teaching eliminates the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus Christ and every other creature, and hence denies the testimony of the disciples of our Lord, who were eyewitnesses of his resurrection. No wonder that sober-minded men are crying out against these evils and calling on the people to "return to God."

#### *The Cheapening Trend of Literature*

There has never been a time in the history of the world when so much literature was before the people as there is today. Hundreds of tons of books, pamphlets, magazines, to say nothing of newspapers with their demoralizing, sensational sections, are being printed every year. What are the people reading? A great many are content with the cheapest trash, the sensational and sex-appealing literature.

#### *Moving Pictures As an Evil*

There is no other one agency of greater value to the people in the interest of education than the moving pictures. But Satan has laid his slimy fingers upon the films. It is questionable if any one thing coming prominently before the people in modern times has surpassed the moving picture as a force in the influencing of youth towards evil. Can it be denied that the lawlessness which prevails is greatly contributed to by films portraying the craftiness of the defiers of the law?

#### *Influence on the Sanctity of the Home*

In the home the baneful effects of the modern moving picture are manifest. Marriage is treated with disrespect and in a spirit of levity. The trivial manner in which many look upon marriage in this present day is an abomination in the sight of God. Men and women enter the sacred relationship on a whim or fancy, and on another whim or fancy that relationship is broken. The home, because of this attitude, has lost its sanctity. The world today is practicing unchastity, and the

Lord has said that the committing of this sin is second only to murder in gravity.

### *Intemperance*

All who prize the gift of salvation realize that the exaltation which they seek is based, among other things, upon cleanliness of life. Sanctification of the body comes through obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ. No body can be sanctified when it is filled with filth. Liquor, even in its milder forms, makes the user besotted. The use of tobacco has a like effect upon the body. It impairs and destroys. Now that the appeal is being made by greed and corruption to women, inviting them to partake of liquor and tobacco, the downfall of the nations is accelerated. It seems that a large percentage of the men and women today love filthiness rather than cleanliness.

### *Violation of the Sabbath*

The Sabbath day is not observed as it should be. Sunday is the great holiday, the day of pleasure in many parts of the United States and the world. How can we claim a right to the blessings of the Almighty when this commandment is disobeyed?

The words of ancient Israel come peeling down the vista of time with prophetic warning to the people of the present day, but they heed not the warning because they are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

### *Modern Trend Toward Dictatorship*

The modern trend of the nations is towards dictatorship. It has taken form in two great camps. But, nevertheless, the direction is the same, although reached by different

routes. On the one side the direction which is to make an end of all nations is through *communism*; and the other side it may be reached through *Facism* and *Nazism*. While these two forces are apparently arrayed against each other, nevertheless the goal to be reached by them eventually is the same.

### *Peace Taken From the Earth*

The Lord said that the beginning of the end was to be at the rebellion of South Carolina, at the commencement of the Civil War in the United States. From that place war was to be poured out, and the time was to come when it would be poured out on all nations:

. . . with the sword and by bloodshed the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquake, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath, and indignation, and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations (D. & C. 87:6).

The warfare upon the earth has scarcely ceased, if it has ever ceased, since the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter. As soon as peace is declared in one part of the world, war raises his ugly visage in another. The First World War did not frighten the world into peace. Peace will not come through fright. When greed and wickedness prevail upon the face of the earth, there will be no peace, and the final conflict is sure to come. Peace has been taken from the earth never again to return until Christ comes to restore it. The angels have been sent on their mission to reap down the earth and to bind the tares that they may be



burned. (See D. & C. 86.) They are at work among the nations.

President Wilford Woodruff as early as 1893 made this declaration:

I want to bear testimony to this congregation, and to the heavens and the earth, that the day is come when those angels are privileged to go forth and commence their work. They are laboring in the United States of America; they are laboring among the nations of the earth; and they will continue (*Millennial Star* 58:739).

War is not over; the present conflicts in the earth, and recent conquests, which were as brutal and barbaric as those of ancient times, lend proof to this statement. Then, if prophecy is to be fulfilled, there awaits the world a conflict more dreadful than any the world has yet seen. John saw this in vision, and it has been also partly described by other prophets. (See the *Voice of Warning*, 1881 edition, pp. 38-54, as found in the text, pp. 404-408).

### *The Blindness of the Nations*

Unwittingly, in their lust for power and their jealousies and fears, the nations of the earth will bring all of this to pass. They have placed their trust in the arm of flesh, which cannot save and have forsaken the arm of God, which is mighty to save. The feeling today in the world, nation against nation, is extremely tense. Armies are stationed on borders watching and fearing lest some overt act by another people may be committed.

Strange it is that the world cannot learn its lesson without passing through untold suffering, needlessly brought upon it because it will not repent. The Lord does not delight in the shedding of blood, nor in

the offering of human sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, but he has decreed wars among the wicked, because they will not repent. The time is at hand when the "wrath of God shall be poured out upon the wicked without measure—unto the day when the Lord shall come to recompense unto every man according to his work, and measure to every man according to the measure which he has measured to his fellow man" (D. & C. 1:9-10).

For the hour is nigh and the day soon at hand when the earth is ripe; and all the proud and they that do wickedly shall be as stubble; and I will burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that wickedness shall not be upon the earth (D. & C. 29:9).

### *Treason Against God*

Former President Elmer G. Peterson of the Utah State Agricultural College, who spent several months in Europe in 1936, made the following comments:

Two or three hundred million people are now living under dictators, dictators with scientific weapons at their disposal of such destructiveness that civilization conceivably could be wiped out if they are ever loosed, and under a political organization which gives men no choice. It is impossible for any one who has not seen it to sense fully the degree to which democracy and human liberty have been crushed on the continent of Europe . . . .

May I say one other thing? There is a definite correlation between the decline of freedom and democracy and the decline of Christianity in these countries . . . . Any real sense of individual relationship to a Supreme Being has disappeared and these nations no longer believe that they are accountable to this Just Judge for their acts. Christendom, so-called, has to a marked degree everywhere in it become Godless. This, I believe, is the

root of the world's ills. Christianity, under the benign influence of which our civilization has developed, is now denied by the very nations it made great and powerful. This is treason, probably the most serious treason ever committed upon earth. And who can believe that we can escape the penalty for such an act?"

Although the world is being visited with judgments, Latter-day Saints are sustained and encouraged by inspired messages from their prophets, such as the following taken from the 1951 Christmas Greetings of the First Presidency:

Our sympathies go out in this season of love and good will to the victims of injustice and tyranny among the nations, particularly to those suffering the awful calamities of war. We pray constantly for a cessation of hostilities, from which so many of the innocent suffer; and we pray for rebuke to the wicked, that the hand of the Lord may stay their terrible impositions upon millions of his children. We likewise pray for all the righteous throughout the earth, that more power may be given to them to combat the atheistic forces of evil, who wreak their havoc among the nations.

We say to our people, do not lose heart whatever may betide. The Lord is with his work. He will not forsake it. It has been put in the earth not merely for a century or a millennium. It is established for eternity. It will triumph over all opposition. It will eventually lead all men to the ways of peace, and they who remain faithful and true in the Kingdom will have that surpassing joy which we wish for all this Christmas time.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Name modern nations where the trend has been toward dictatorship or communism. Show that each deprives man of his God-given free agency.
2. What are some of the agencies, good in themselves, being debased today? Is television accomplishing all the good it could?
3. What future perils await the world if it does not repent and return unto God? Are there evidences of such repentance?
4. Comment on the declaration that peace has been taken from the earth and will not return till the coming of Christ.
5. Is there any real peace in the world today?
6. Point out the truth in the Book of Mormon statement that "Wickedness never was happiness" (Alma 41:10).



## *Autumn Night*

Elizabeth Waters

How black the fir trees loom against this hill,  
 Their pointed shadows etched beneath the moon—  
 How ghostly gleams this meadow, stubble-strewn  
 With summer's withered grasses, dry and shrill.  
 The stream within its reeds flows dark and chill,  
 And nameless whisperings, a half-heard rune  
 Fretting the tranquil radiance of night's noon,  
 Arise and die again as night winds still.  
 My love is not awake, nor yet quite sleeping;  
 Restless he stirs, and turns to dreams again.  
 Alone, I pause here at the window, keeping  
 This hour as balm against some future pain,  
 Not yet persuaded that my present heaping  
 Of joy, unlike this moonlight, cannot wane.

## The Discarded Dishes

(Continued from page 737)

use here. Would you like to see it?"

She began to spread her cloths and take out some beautiful dishes, truly much nicer than most of the others could bring to this dinner. Lurena, drawn by her fondness for pretty dishes, stood by with the others to watch. Just looking at the smooth, translucent texture and the graceful floral designs brought back into her heart the longing ache for her own "best dishes." For, as pretty as she admitted Arabelle's were, her own had been even lovelier.

She wondered what had become of hers. Could the box still be hidden in the wild growth of vegetation? Might someone else have found and taken it? Or had the dishes been scattered and broken by now?

She scarcely heard the admiring comments of the group around her until a question caught her attention.

Someone was asking, "How did you ever manage to bring so much fine china with you? We didn't have room for anything except the barest necessities."

"We didn't have room either, really." There was a tone of triumph in her voice as Arabelle replied, "But some of you simply don't show enough spunk. When Thomas told me there just wasn't room for this box, I cried all night. The next morning I told him that he had no idea how hard it was for a woman to start out for a wilderness and have to leave all of her precious personal things be-

hind. Then I told him that he would have to find some way to bring the things I wanted most or I wouldn't come. So he inquired around and found that John and Lurena had some space to spare. They brought it for me, didn't you, dear?"

She smiled across the table at Lurena.

"You never knew what was in that box did you? But you were so fortunate to have plenty of wagon space. It was lucky for me, too."

Arabelle turned back to her table setting and her enjoyment of the neighbors' admiration.

**T**HE color drained slowly from Lurena's face, and for a moment she felt as if her knees might give way and let her fall. Then her cheeks flamed hot. A muddle of emotions battled for expression while she struggled to control them, but she just stood there. She couldn't speak a word.

Not here! Not now! She couldn't say the hateful things that flashed into her mind! But just wait until tomorrow! Then she would go to Arabelle and tell her what a spoiled, selfish creature she was.

Driven by a burst of emotional energy, she hurried back to her own table and busied herself setting out the food and her own plain white plates. Hot tears squeezed through her blinking lids and splashed off her cheeks, but she didn't care. Her mind was completely occupied with planning what she would say tomorrow.

Soon the work was done. The

tables were ready, and people were filing into their places. Lurena looked around for her family. She must regain her composure, for she didn't want them to know how the day had been spoiled for her.

She saw her husband coming through the crowd. Kind, strong John, with his practical sense of values. He was made of the stuff pioneering required. Was she as equal to her role? Now she could see the children with him. Their faces were shining with happy excitement and anticipation. She musn't spoil that.

Suddenly she saw everything with a new perspective. Her heartaches were tied to the past. The children looked to the future. After she was gone, they would still be here to reap the benefits of her efforts and sacrifice, and after them would be their children and their children's children. That was what made everything worth while. They would have beautiful homes, nice furnishings, beautiful dishes, and lovely gardens. They would have not only plenty of the necessities, but also the little "extras" in comfort and beauty.

She looked around until she saw Arabelle, standing proud and happy beside Thomas at the head table, and Lurena realized that her anger had already burned itself out. She would never go to say the resentful things she had planned. What was the use of saying them now? Standing there, Arabelle seemed so young, so vulnerable, such a tender little reed against the strong currents of this rugged life. Perhaps, more than some of the other women, she *did* need a few familiar possessions to give her courage. Any-

# Christmas . . .

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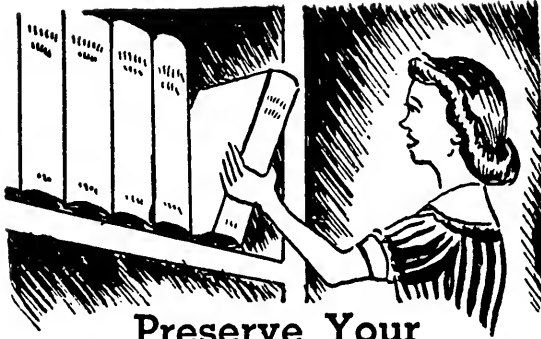
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## *Pressure Bent*

Mary Gustafson

Little Miss Gray was like her name,  
She never saw the sun,  
For there was always work to do,  
And errands to be run.

She had no time to stop before  
The park where dahlias grew,  
Or listen to a thrush call,  
For there were things to do.

Her feet were just a pace behind  
Her body as she went,  
Head forward and against the wind,  
Toil-turned and pressure-bent . . . .

Had she but paused to look a moment  
At the pink and buttercup,  
She could have had a bit of resting  
And a chance for looking up!

way, she surely would never have asked for the space if she had known.

It was time for the celebration to begin. The assembled people bowed their heads for the prayer of gratitude and the blessing on this Thanksgiving feast.

No one saw Lurena raise her handkerchief to wipe a few fresh tears—soft tears this time that washed away the crumbled walls of bitterness. And no one heard her murmur softly to herself after her own reverent Amen, "After all, it was only a box of dishes."



## *Song of Loneliness*

Vesta N. Lukei

Oh, this I never knew,  
Or noticed till tonight,  
That distant trains create  
A melody of flight,  
And far across the hills  
The unseen train tracks sing,  
Attuned to loneliness—  
Awake and listening.

## *Heart at Rest*

Beatrice K. Ekman

The dark before the dawn  
Engulfs the air;  
A slumbering stillness waits  
Upon the stair.  
Quiet the fruited orchard  
And the street;  
No twittering of birds,  
No hurrying feet.  
Your dear, dark head  
Upon the pillow pressed—  
The house is full again,  
My heart at rest.

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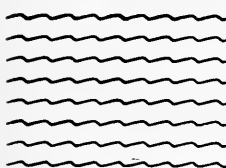
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*Unexpressed*

Hilda V. Cameron

Sometimes things happen,  
Things we cannot express—  
A sudden light,  
A sense of joy,  
An unforgettable caress.

There is no strange oblivion,  
There is no curtain drawn  
So close but we  
May catch a glimpse,  
Or feel the nearness  
Of a loved one—gone.

*Love Must Be Free*

Ada Marie Patten

“I love this bird,” my small son said,  
“I’m surely glad I found it.”  
But when he looked, the bird was dead,  
His hand too tight around it.

Some big folks, even, fail to see  
In order to love rightly,  
That which we love, we must set free—  
Love dies if held too tightly.

*A Little While*

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Life is such a little while—  
Remembered summers come and gone.  
The winter’s discontent removed,  
The coming of a youth’s new dawn.

Life is just a little while—  
A great love safe within the past,  
A love that was not realized,  
But was understood at last.

Life’s longest road is but a span—  
A song, a sorrow to outlive,  
A prelude’s length of measured time,  
With much to have and much to give.



## From Near and Far

I would like to express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*. My mother always subscribed to it, but I must admit that I really didn't become interested in it until after I married and had my own subscription. All of the stories are wonderful, and I always look forward to the next issue and another chapter of a continued story. I also enjoy the articles on travel, cooking, etc. At present I am particularly enjoying the series of "Adventure in Glass" (by Alberta H. Christensen).

—Mrs. Florence Dye  
College Station, Texas

It gives me pleasure to see the name of Bertha A. Kleinman in *The Relief Society Magazine* again (Poem—"Sublimity"—September 1952). I hope I may see it more often. Bertha Kleinman is a very talented and modest woman who has never sounded a clarion concerning her achievements. A recent letter received from her informed me that the State of Arizona had asked her to write a pageant for its centennial. I thought her friends who love her work might like to hear of this honor she has received.

—Gene Romolo  
Provo, Utah

May I say how much I enjoy the *Magazine*, and I do find it helpful in so many ways—always feel uplifted after reading the stories, and I realize that my American sisters have much the same little problems as I. Although I am not a member of your Church, I enjoy many happy friendships with your people and admire them very much indeed. One of my friends paid a year's subscription as a wedding gift to me, and what a wonderful gift it has proved to be!

—Mrs. Ken Tippett  
Coventry, Warwickshire,  
England

The *Magazine* is of great interest to me. When I read the stories they make me want to do a good deed, as it seems all of them are about people doing good for others, and it makes me feel that I want to be one of them.

—Mrs. Colleen Zorger  
Derby, Kansas

I love the "Invitation to Relief Society" poem (by Lera Clark Maughan, August 1952).

—Mrs. Rosetta Weder  
West Allis, Wisconsin

While reading through our *Magazine*, I appreciate more and more my affiliation with the Relief Society organization out here in this Western States Mission, because through its purpose, so much good is possible where the spirit of our Lord is present among our dear members. We will continue to do our share to make our membership larger and better and we will endeavor to increase the circulation of our wonderful *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Delta N. Williams  
Uravan, Colorado

Thank you for the check and the extra copy of the *Magazine* containing my poem "Sublimity" (September 1952). So many have told me they take the message strictly for them. And I am glad they do. When folks ask what is my favorite of my own work, I always say if anything I have written fits someone's need, then that is my favorite. Thank you, too, for the nice mention of Evelyn Viner's passing. She was an active member of our writer's club, and her last assignment in her literary course was to interview an author, and she chose me. It was her last night in Mesa. Another recognition that thrills me is your acceptance of Bernice Clayton's two poems ("First Steps," July 1951, and "Deep Winter," January 1952). She is still bedridden from paralysis, but keeps keen mentally, and is so sweet and cheerful.

—Bertha A. Kleinman  
Mesa, Arizona

I am a visiting teacher in our ward, and how I enjoy it! Our topics, as published in the *Magazine*, are so uplifting. They encourage us and give us the belief that there is something in life worth living for. My daughters love to read *The Relief Society Magazine*. My husband says it is one of the best books we have. I prefer it to any other.

—Julia Walker  
Mesquite, Nevada

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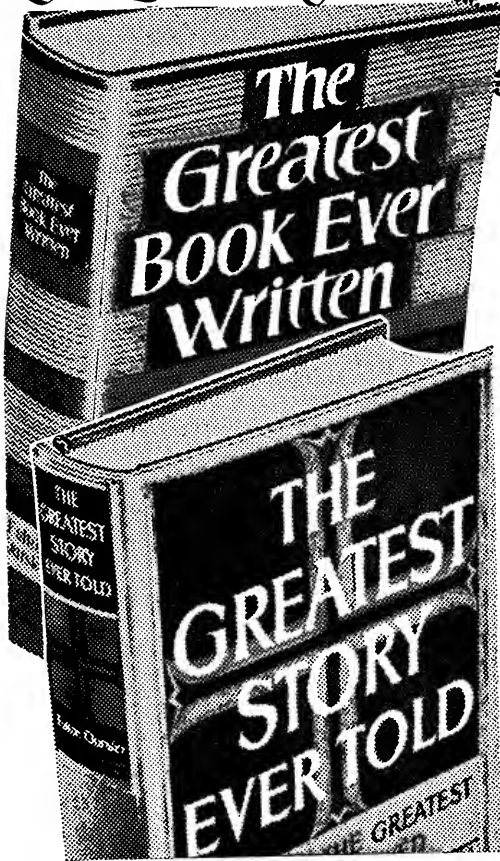
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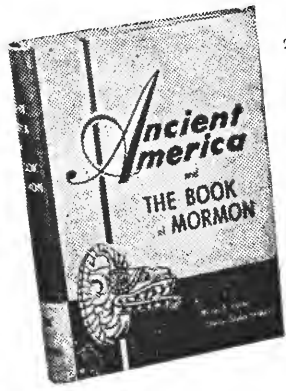
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## From Near and Far

Our family certainly needs the Magazine. We have five lovely daughters and six stalwart sons, and as each one comes along to "story" age he enjoys the Magazine.

—Lovetta Slade  
Redmesa, Colorado

It seems that I have always enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*. First, it was the stories when I was a girl. Now my children read the stories, and I read it all.

—Mildred McKenzie  
Boise, Idaho

I should like to take this opportunity to thank you for a wonderful Magazine. It means so much to me. Isolated as we are from any branch of the Church, indeed from any other members of the Church, it seems to bring renewed cheer and encouragement to me with every reading, and provides a goodly portion of the spirit of the Lord.

—Maurine B. Hansen  
Rock Boy Agency,  
Box Elder, Montana

The October number came yesterday. It is equal to each of its predecessors. I always say *The Relief Society Magazine* is the best of buys in this inflated age. I especially liked the article "Evils and Designs . . . of Conspiring Men" by Dr. LeRoy A. Wirthlin. Mothers must work diligently with their young, while young, to stamp out the cigarette habit, which is taking over the entire world. I surely like short prose of poetic standards, such as the article by Ida Isaacson, "Our Land," and "New Values in the Family Hour," by Fay Knight Jones, also many previous ones written by Caroline Eyring Miner. May our Magazine bring us more of these with every issue. I cannot stop without mentioning the poetry. Eva Willes Wangsgaard's "Lost Season" is beautiful. Mirla Greenwood Thayne's "Design for Leaves" is enchanting. What could be cuter than Pansy Powell's "Rainmaker" and Iris Schow's "Caterpillar"?

—Frances C. Yost  
Bancroft, Idaho

We have enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*, as it comes into our home each month.

—Harry Harpster, Jr.  
Burley, Idaho

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much and have been a constant reader of it for many years. At home (Provo, Utah) I always read my mother's issues, and when we moved here, a year and a half ago, I subscribed for myself. I am always rereading some particular poem or story that I especially like.

—Blanche Moore  
Chicago, Illinois

So many of us have received so much good from the music articles written by Sister Florence J. Madsen (1950-52) that we sincerely hope they will be continued in the Magazine.

—Mrs. McDowell  
Layton, Utah

We should like to express our appreciation to those who write and edit *The Relief Society Magazine*. We did read it each month as it came to our home in Salt Lake City, but our appreciation of it has grown since we came here to England with our parents President and Sister A. Hamer Reiser. As our copy is received we each take our turn at reading it, and we often refer to it for talks, suggestions to the sisters in the mission, and things of interest to all of us. The poems and stories are suited for all ages and groups and we never tire of reading and rereading them. Mother enjoys telling the Relief Society members of all the good material that is found in the Magazine, and on some occasions father has taken it up to enjoy. It is always on hand for the many people who come into this home, and the elders find many things of interest.

—Elaine and Carolyn Reiser  
(16 and 14 years of age)  
Office of the British Mission,  
London, England



# *They Looked for Him*

Lael W. Hill

They looked for him to come in a great splendor,  
Robed in the purple of a potentate,  
Charioted and crowned, after the manner  
Of David or of Solomon.

Through their long wait  
They looked for him to come with a loud sounding  
Of trumpets, with a bright sword in his hand,  
To vanquish all the Caesars and the Herods  
And bring new wealth to glorify the land.

Their priests and prophets, telling of Messiah,  
Said he would be a king come saving them—  
And so they looked for him to be with armies,  
Invincible . . . .

Some few, at Bethlehem—  
Poor shepherds from the hill, three weary Magi,  
The humble-minded and the truly wise—  
Noted the star, the Child born in a stable.

How many others turned away their eyes,  
Still looking for a king with mace and sceptre—  
So blinded by the literal, worldly word  
They missed the greater glory of their Savior—  
And never knew the coming of their Lord.

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The Cover: *Pyracanthus Berries*

Photograph by Josef Muench

Frontispiece: *Christ Blessing a Child*, from a painting by  
Carl Bloch, Camera Clix, New York

# Home, and the Building of Home Life

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

**M**Y brethren, you do not count for much here today, and you sisters of the Relief Society, the greatest organization of women in the world, the oldest national organization in this country, I come before you at the request of your presidency with a hope and a prayer in my heart that I may say nothing that will mar the wonderful spirit of this meeting, and, on the other hand, if the Lord blesses me, I may add something, perhaps, to what has been said.

## *Relief Society Building*

I should like, first, to congratulate you upon the nearer approach of the building of a house that shall be yours. I do not know how many of you know just what happened to a building that was erected for you once before. That is the building of which you now occupy a small part. You have heard the story of the camel, which, being on the outside of the tent with a great sandstorm coming on, put his nose under the edge of the tent and asked the master to let him keep his nose there. It was pretty bad outside. Then the camel put in his head, and his ears, and then his front quarters, and finally his whole body, when he kicked the master out.

That is almost an exact duplication of what has happened to you sisters in the building of which you

now have a part. Originally yours, the brethren began to move in on you, and then they moved farther and farther, but by dint of hard work and earnest struggle, you still maintain a part of it.

I charge the brethren who are younger than myself, and who will come along after us who are now in charge, that they see to it that no such thing as that happens to this new building, but that when it is built, and you get into it, that they leave you alone and let you enjoy it.

## *Home Life*

The sisters of the presidency came to me and asked me to speak, and more or less gave me the topic about which they would like me to talk. They said it was my turn this time. There did not seem to be any way of my getting out of it, so I came along. I am not going to say anything new or startling—well, I may say something startling, I do not know, but I am not going to say anything that is new.

Instead of thinking of this as an address to you, I would like to think of it as sort of counseling together with you about the subject which I finally picked as covering what the sisters wished me to say: "Home, and the Building of Home Life." I am going to recall to you a number of elements that go into



the building of home life. I repeat, you have heard them all before.

In the first place, I would like to remind you sisters again of your divine calling. You are created and placed on the earth to be the mothers of the spirits that were created by our Heavenly Father to come to this earth and prove themselves whether or not they could obey all the commandments which the Lord, their God, should give them. That is your great mission. Everything else is subordinate to that.

### *Hostesses to Children*

Then I would like you to know that no daughter nor no son of yours has ever intruded himself into your family. You invited him in, you invited her in, they are your guests, and you owe to them all that a good hostess owes to her guests. I think we cannot hold that too firmly in mind.

I would like, then, to suggest to you that as a host, not only are you furnishing them a body, but you are also supposed to furnish them a healthy body. I know that among the best, the most perfect homes, and from the most perfect bodies, there comes, sometimes, a malformation. I know that. Somewhere, I suppose, way back beyond the reaches of our memories or our knowledge, some mother or some father committed a wrong which passes down.

But this you can do, and this I think it is your responsibility to do: you yourselves can so live that nothing of that sort shall come to your children as the result of your misdoing. What comes from the past you cannot control; but what comes

to the future, in that you may have a large part. Do not forget the law of heredity, sometimes laughed to scorn by the learned; but I am as persuaded as I am that I am talking to you, that there is much in heredity.

Do not forget, either, that there is a very close relationship between the physical body and the spirit. I do not know the relationship, but my observation teaches me that the debauched, polluted body almost never gives a housing to a spirit that is not touched by that pollution. Such a debauched body and a healthy, growing spirit seem not to go together.

So live wisely, live as the Lord commanded, obey his commandments, and then you will do your part, and whatever may come to your loved ones will not be your responsibility. Motherhood is the highest type of service of which we mortals know.

### *Right Kind of Home*

In building your homes, there are a number of things that you know as well as I, should be there.

If you are going to build the right kind of a home that shall be a place in which you can train in the ways of God, these spirits whom you have invited to come to you (they are not intruders), then there must be in that home, love. There can be no real home life where there is no love.

Next, there must be prayer; a prayerless abode is not a home.

There must be in that home, honor. We must be honorable as among ourselves, as parents, as children, as brothers and sisters.



There must be mutual respect. We must respect one another. Even love will not take the place of respect.

There must be example. We, the parents, must set the example. Do not forget that. You young parents, particularly, do not think that your children will walk the straight and narrow paths, if your lives make detours. Live as the Lord has commanded.

There must be obedience, not by force, that is, not by physical force. There must come obedience from the spirit, imposed by the spirit of the father and the mother, and that imposition is one of love and kindness.

There must be seemliness in the home, and by seemliness I mean that the home conversation must not be on low and vulgar levels. A vulgar story has no place around the home fire, around the table, no place in the sitting room. It is wholly out of order. A vulgar story is a cheap kind of amusement.

Bring into your home the best of culture, of education. They must be in the home. I would have you reflect for a moment upon the fact that a tremendous amount of the modern art, of the modern literature and music, and the drama that we have today is utterly demoralizing—utterly. Scarcely an “ad” in the paper (that is an exaggeration), but too many “ads” in the paper are sexy, designedly so. Your music—well, I do not know how far above the tom-tom of the jungle it is, but it is not too far. And your drama, plus music—some of it came out of the voodoo huts. You know the names that some of your

choice dances had when they were first introduced; maybe you have rechristened them, given them a sort of respectability.

These things you must watch. They all have their effects on the children. Make your home life as near heaven life as you can.

You fathers and mothers, keep track of the recreation, amusement, of your children. I know I am proposing a very difficult thing. But every parent should try to learn this from the girl or boy who goes out for the evening: where, with whom, at what. Try to bring that nearness between yourselves and your children that they will be able to repose in you the confidence which it is necessary that they should have in order to give you the answers to those questions. I repeat, I know I am giving you a hard task.

### *Chastity—a Sacred Possession*

The sisters asked me, particularly, to say something about chastity. I am going to talk about it. I hope you will pardon the plainness of it, but in order that I might be reasonably sure that I meant what I said, I have written that out.

I wish to conclude my remarks with some observations about chastity, the most sacred possession of youth or age. It is more precious than life itself.

I shall speak with great plainness, yet as delicately as I can. But gross abominations must be called by their right names, and our attacks against them must be direct and as forceful as we can make them.

Before proceeding with that dis-

cussion, I wish to say a very few words on the subject of marriage.

The patriarchal blessings given to our people show that a very great preponderance of them belong to the tribe of Joseph, most come in through Ephraim, though some come through Manasseh. The Lord enjoined upon ancient Israel that they marry only among themselves, "For," said the Lord, "thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God" (Deut. 7:6).

I have not seen where the Lord has released us, as members of a tribe of Israel, from that law. I earnestly urge the youth of modern Israel strictly to observe that law and to marry only as by that law provided. This is the Lord's decreed way. The same dangers that beset ancient Israel from intermarriage, the mixing of blood with the nations among whom they lived, also beset us—the danger of infection with the heresies, the iniquities, and sinfulness that exist among unbelievers.

### *Fuel Added to Flames*

Returning to the law of chastity: Many influences (more than ever before in my lifetime) are seeking to break down chastity with its divinely declared sanctity. The schoolroom, the press, authors, poets, artists, dramatists, musicians—all, consciously or unconsciously, are adding fuel to this flame of sexuality that is sweeping over the world.

In schoolrooms the children are taught what is popularly called "the facts of life." Instead of bringing about the alleged purpose of the teaching, that is, the strengthening of the morals of youth, this teaching seems to have had directly

the opposite effect. The teaching seems merely to have whetted curiosity and augmented appetite. Never before, in my lifetime, has immorality had the tolerance and the prevalence it has today among youth and the middle-aged.

Reports, too frequent and well-authenticated to be ignored, are that some teachers in our colleges—some near and some farther off—are teaching their unmarried students that the sex urge is like hunger and thirst and is to be satisfied at their wills. I have spoken about this on other occasions. I now repeat: He who teaches this depraved doctrine is acting as an emissary of Satan. No amount of ridicule, sarcasm, no trifling pettifoggery with scientific truths, no atheistic sophistries, can change this fundamental fact.

There are other abominations that go along with this. With genuine apologies, I will mention some by way of warning.

The person who teaches the non-sinfulness of self-pollution is in the same class with the teachers who prostitute the sex urge.

So also the person who teaches or condones the crimes for which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed—we have coined a softer name for them than came from old; we now speak of homosexuality, which, it is tragic to say, is found among both sexes. I wonder if you girls have ever reflected on the thought that was in the mind of the man who first began to praise you for your boyish figures. Not without foundation is the contention of some that the homosexuals are today exercising great influence

in shaping our art, literature, music, and drama.

I forebear to more than mention that abomination of filth and loathsomeness of the ancients—carnal knowledge with beasts.

### *Mothers Warned*

Mothers in Israel, do not, for the sake of your daughters, nor for the sake of your sons, take it for granted that they are uninfluenced, untouched by all this, for if you do, some mother will someday have a rude awakening from her complacency, and that someone might be you. Never forget that Satan stands at the very elbow of each of your sons and daughters, he awaits outside the threshold of every home, every minute of the day, watching for, seeking for the slightest weakness in the armor of righteousness with which you have clad your loved ones, with which you have surrounded your home; so that against that weakness he may bring to bear every vile, every stratagem, every base feeling and appeal—and he has every evil at his command—to the end that he may destroy your loved ones. I have said all this before.

Mothers in Israel, in that home which it is in your power and which it is your duty to build, that home of bodily well-being, that home of love, and prayer and precept and example, of harmony, of seamliness and respect, and education and culture, bring into that home such an understanding and reverence for chastity as shall preserve your children—your own flesh and blood—from the second greatest of all sins, unchastity.

I will read you the words of the great prophet, Alma—his words, not mine—when he was speaking to his son Corianton, who had deserted his missionary field and gone astray. Alma said:

And this is not all, my son. Thou didst do that which was grievous unto me; for thou didst forsake the ministry, and did go over into the land of Siron, among the borders of the Lamanites, after the harlot Isabel.

Yea, she did steal away the hearts of many; but this was no excuse for thee, my son. Thou shouldst have tended to the ministry wherewith thou wast entrusted.

Know ye not, my son, that these things are an abomination in the sight of the Lord; yea, most abominable above all sins save it be the shedding of innocent blood or denying the Holy Ghost? (Alma 39:3-5).

So spoke the prophet Alma.

You mothers in Israel, it is your divinely given opportunity and responsibility carefully to teach your daughters and your sons the enormity of the sin of unchastity. There are cases, too many in the aggregate—one such case is too many—that come to the attention of your presiding sisters here, of young girls, brought to the depths of disgrace and despair, because, uneducated by their mothers, they suffered themselves to be led into transgression, and are to give birth to babes begotten out of wedlock. However long these poor, wayward ones live, they never quite outlive the stigma. Their friends, the members of the ward, their parents, of course, and the Lord, if they repent, will forgive, but mem-

ory lasts and scars the happiness of all the years that follow.

### *Teach the Truth*

Mothers in Israel, let no lack of teaching on your part lead to such a tragedy. Teach your daughters and equally your sons, the truth about this transgression. In our Church there is no double standard. Instil in them from earliest childhood a reverence for the unpoluted body, bring them to know the divine purpose of sex—the urge to provide bodies for the spirits yet to be tabernacled. See that they understand the glory of the chaste body and of the child born without taint. Do not fail in this, that you may stand before God in the day of judgment, unafraid, unabashed, free of blame.

I would not be misunderstood. To the young girl or young man who transgresses there is full opportunity to rise from the despair that comes after the transgression. The Lord has said to the rest of us:

I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men (D. & C. 64:10).

This we must do—forgive and hold nothing against the transgressor, and then forget, too—if we can. To the repentant transgressor the Lord has promised his forgiveness also, and has declared:

By this ye may know if a man repenteth of his sins—behold, he will confess them and forsake them (D. & C. 58:43).

To such repentant sinners the Lord extends his boundless, infinite mercy and love, and in his judgment thereafter, he will, I am sure,

impose the least of penalty that justice requires.

All you repentant transgressors come, partake of God's all-wise divine justice and of his boundless, infinite mercy and love. To transgressors, yet unrepentant, the Lord calls:

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (Matt. 11:28-30).

I quote again from Alma, this time his counsel to his son Helaman:

And now, O my son Helaman, behold, thou art in thy youth, and therefore, I beseech of thee that thou wilt hear my words and learn of me; for I do know that whosoever shall put their trust in God shall be supported in their trials, and their troubles, and their afflictions, and shall be lifted up at the last day (Alma 36:3).

God bless you mothers in Israel, and give you wisdom and understanding, patience and charity, and courage also, that you may not falter. May he bestow upon you that rare and priceless gift of discernment, that you may mark the betrayer long before he strikes and so frustrate him; that you may sense, even before your loved one is aware, that Satan is slyly whispering waywardness into the innocent ear so that you may drown that whispering with the voice of counsel dictated by love and wisdom.

God be with each and every one of you always, that you may meet to the full your divine calling of motherhood in Israel, I pray, in Jesus' name, Amen.

# The Annual General Relief Society Conference

October 1 and 2, 1952

*General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering*

THE increased number of stakes, with the consequent increased number of stake officers, made it advisable to hold conference meetings, except five departmental sessions, in the Tabernacle. There were 1557 representatives present from the stakes and 38 from the missions. (Mission presidents were not in attendance at the conference.) All stakes except New York and Willamette were represented. The general session filled the building, with many persons standing.

The Officers Meeting on Wednesday morning was addressed by President Spafford, who gave Official Instructions, and by Elder Spencer W. Kimball and Elder Harold B. Lee of the Council of the Twelve. The Singing Mothers of Hillside Stake, Jane Schultze, director, and Julia Smoot, accompanist, furnished three inspiring numbers.

At the Wednesday afternoon meeting from 1:30 to 2:30 p.m., Elder Matthew Cowley of the Council of the Twelve gave an address, followed by a brass instrumental selection, "Nephite Lamentation" played by Sheldon Hyde, Keith Smith, Glen Dalby, Darro Glissmeyer, and Frank Carlyle, under the direction of Elder George H. Durham. This was a very impressive prelude to the

presentation of the theology department work on The Book of Mormon.

Following this meeting five separate departmental sessions were held from 2:45 to 3:45 p.m.: work meeting; secretary-treasurers; Relief Society Magazine; music; and audio-visual aid guidance—a new department this year.

Wednesday evening the annual reception for stake and mission officers and board members was held in the Lafayette Ballroom, Hotel Utah. Music for this occasion was furnished by Florence Allen, Maacah Taufer, and Lota P. Lamoreaux.

Thursday morning the discussion of the educational program was continued—visiting teaching, literature, and social science being presented. The "Harmony Strings," composed of Afton Solomon, Maacah Taufer, Afton Woffinden and Rilla Rieger, accompanist, rendered a beautiful number "Beside Still Waters."

The general meeting Thursday afternoon included addresses by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen. Sister Emma Ray McKay, wife of President David O. McKay, gave an interesting account of their recent visit to the European missions. This was followed by a short report of the

Finnish Mission Relief Society by President Mae P. Matis who was in the United States on a brief visit. Music was furnished by a Singing Mothers chorus of almost six hundred voices, representing thirty-two stakes in Salt Lake, Davis, Weber, and Sevier counties. (This chorus also sang at the Friday sessions of the semi-annual conference of the Church.) Florence J. Madsen directed the chorus of Singing Mothers as well as the congregational singing of the conference. Elder Frank W. Asper served as organist.

A welcome surprise at the general meeting of the conference was the announcement by President

Belle S. Spafford that the First Presidency had granted a site for the Relief Society Building—the northwest corner of the block east of Temple Square, in front of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building.

The Official Instructions given by President Spafford and the talks by the general presidency were published in the November issue of the *Magazine*. The talks of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Elder Harold B. Lee, and Sister Emma Ray McKay are presented in this issue; and the talks by Elders Spencer W. Kimball, Matthew Cowley, and W. Cleon Skousen will be published in subsequent issues.



## *Christmas Preparations*

Ruth H. Chadwick

We wreath our homes in tinsel  
And a blaze of colored light;  
Then shop until exhausted  
For gifts that look just right.

As days grow few and shorter,  
We rush and slave away  
To flaunt our costly trimmings  
To all who pass our way.

But our numbed, neglected spirits  
Pretend they do not know  
They, too, should be all polished  
And hung with mistletoe.

For when it's Christmas morning,  
And all the Yule bells ring,  
Will souls, veneered and calloused,  
Have the will to sing?

## *Encompassed in the Rays*

Dorothy J. Roberts

Through cities' maze, past sleeping host,  
They threaded tangled ways:  
The wise in lore were never lost,  
Encompassed in the rays.  
Upward, outward, ringed in light,  
They brought life-burnished gold  
And broke the fast of darkened sight  
In holiness's fold.  
Bring then the myrrh of sacrifice;  
Let cameled faith go far  
Till that discernment of the eyes  
Shall recognize the star.



# Fast Offerings and the Welfare Plan

*Elder Harold B. Lee*  
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 1, 1952]

**A**FTER that superb prayer offered by Sister Lyman at the beginning of this meeting, I am sorely tempted to change all that I had planned to say and follow along one line of the thinking of that prayer; but I shall curb that and satisfy what I want to say by reading to you merely two or three verses from the inspired instructions of King Mosiah on the subject of voting. Sister Lyman has appealed to you as the leaders of the Relief Society organization to stimulate the people of the Church to vote and to become active in the politics of this country. This is what King Mosiah said:

Therefore, choose you by the voice of this people, judges, that ye may be judged according to the laws which have been given you by our fathers, which are correct, and which were given them by the hand of the Lord.

Now it is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right; but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right; therefore this shall ye observe and make it your law—to do your business by the voice of the people.

And if the time comes that the voice of the people doth choose iniquity, then is the time that the judgments of God will come upon you; yea, then is the time he will visit you with great destruction even as he has hitherto visited this land (Mosiah 29:25-27).

Let it never be said of the Latter-day Saints that they did not allow their business to be done by the voice, the majority voice of this people. Make certain, so far as lies within your power, that the great majority of our people express themselves at the polls at each election, and the one which is forthcoming is no exception. I urge you to hear the prayer of Sister Lyman and see that it is answered in the good works of your organization.

I have been asked by your presidency to say something about the law of fasting and the payment of fast offerings as it relates to the Welfare program and also speak on certain other related matters. Back in 1935 I was given an assignment by the First Presidency, which was to become the beginning of my service in what has recently, and since that time, been known as the Church Welfare Plan.

A Church-wide survey had been made the September previous to 1935, in which a report had been asked as to the number of Church members who were receiving aid from the Church or from public agencies, and the amount in dollar per capita costs to be computed. The results of this Churchwide survey were put into my hands by the Presidency early in 1935, and I was asked to compile them and to bring

back to the First Presidency certain deductions as a result of that study.

I made the study as best I could with help of others of the brethren who were called into the service, and found that if all of the Church members would pay at least \$1 per capita fast offerings, that there would be, then, a total amount in the hands of bishops to duplicate what had been done for that previous period survey in caring for the needy, both by the Church and by public agencies.

When that report was read (that is where this grievous \$1 per capita came into the picture), some people assumed that if they paid \$1 per capita that they had paid a full fast offering, which was never intended to be the fact or the instruction, but it was merely a way of figuring what might be possible if everybody paid at least \$1 per capita.

**W**HEN I made my report to the First Presidency, pressing the fact of the \$1 amount that would come from the proper observance of fasting and the payment of fast offerings, President Grant brought me, I thought, upstanding by a remark, in which he said, "Now, I am not primarily concerned with the amount of money that comes from paying fast offerings; but I am primarily concerned with the blessings that will come to this Church if our people observe the law of the fast."

With that remark ringing in my ears, I went back to make a careful study of what fasting would mean, financially or temporally, and spiritually to this people. I asked my-

self the question, "What is the law of fasting?" and I found President Joseph F. Smith defining it in these words in which I thought was given a rather excellent interpretation:

It is, therefore, incumbent upon every Latter-day Saint to give to his bishop, on fast day, the food that he or his family would consume for the day, that it may be given to the poor for their benefit and blessing; or, in lieu of the food, that its equivalent amount, or, if the person is wealthy, a liberal donation, in money, be so reserved and dedicated to the poor.

And then I asked myself, "What are the blessings the Lord promises us from fasting and paying fast offerings?" President Grant in an expression which is on record, gave me these answers: first, the financial blessing and next, the spiritual. This is what he said, regarding the financial blessings:

Let me promise you here today that if the Latter-day Saints will honestly and conscientiously from this day forth, as a people, keep the monthly fast and pay into the hands of their bishops the actual amount that they would have spent for food for the two meals from which they have refrained . . . we would have all of the money necessary to take care of all the idle, and all the poor.

Of the spiritual blessings he said this:

Every living soul among the Latter-day Saints that fasts two meals once a month will be benefited spiritually and be built up in the faith of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—benefited spiritually in a wonderful way.

As I read that statement, I recalled what the Prophet Isaiah had declared as to the blessings that

would come to him who would fast and deal out his bread to the hungry, as written into Isaiah, the 58th chapter, beginning at the 8th to the 11th verses. Here were four magnificent, spiritual promises that the Lord made to those who would fast and deal out their bread to the hungry, as written in Isaiah, the first promise:

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.

Then the Lord promised:

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.

And again the Lord promised:

And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday.

And, finally, this promise:

And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

**T**HOSE blessings translated into the incidents and the problems of life, are fairly well illustrated in an incident that was related by one of our mission presidents to the General Authorities a few years ago. While we were living through those days of suspense during wartime, this father related this incident:

It was fast day. He had risen early in the morning, the chores were done out on the farm, and

he was now spending a few minutes, out in his fields before time to go to the early morning Priesthood meeting.

He said, "I had never been very strict about urging my family to fast, we had just sort of said, 'Now you children, if you want anything to eat, you will have to help yourselves, Mother is not going to cook any breakfast,' and most of them did, and so there wasn't very much fasting in the home as a general practice."

This morning as he walked out in the fields, his mind was not particularly on his two sons who were over on the fighting front, but, suddenly, he was stopped as he walked through the fields, by a terrible impression which came upon him, that something was wrong with one of those sons. He turned to go back into the house. He said, "I didn't just walk, but I ran, and I called my family down into the front room, and said to them, 'Now, I don't want any of my family to eat a bite of food today, I want you to fast, and I want you to pray, and I want you to kneel down here with me and have family prayer, because I had an impression out there that something is wrong with our boy over in the war.'"

And so they gathered around and had their morning prayer. They fasted, and they did not stop their fast, but they continued to fast after that day. Ten days of anxiety went by, then there came, through the Red Cross, the word that on that morning (and when they corrected the difference in time, it was the exact moment when that father had that impression), his

boy with his buddy had fallen on a "booby-trap" and his buddy had been literally blown to pieces, and this boy had been horribly mangled and had lain at the point of death.

Fasting and prayer—"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here am I."

It seemed to me as I heard him say that, I was hearing again the words of the apostle Paul who, on the way to judgment before the Emperor of Rome, records the incident where they were in danger of shipwreck. You remember the story. This is what the Apostle Paul testifies: "But after long abstinence [or fasting] Paul stood forth in the midst of them and said . . . . For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, Saying, Fear not, Paul . . . Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me (Acts 27:21 ff.)."

No mother who really understands the law of fasting would knowingly want her family deprived of the blessings which come from its observance. It then becomes the responsibility of this organization, the Relief Society teachers, to teach every mother in her home this law of fasting and the paying of fast offerings, for the keeping of which so much is promised in the way of spiritual as well as temporal blessings.

**W**ITH that much stress laid upon the payment of fast offerings you might well ask, "Then, if these promises are true regarding the payment of fast offerings for

the care of the needy, then why do we need the Welfare production, beyond the payment of fast offerings?" President Joseph F. Smith said, you recall his words as I have read them, something to the effect that those who are able are expected to give more than the value of the two meals from which they fast.

By the Welfare program, there is provided the opportunity for some to work on Welfare projects, and those who wish, to give Welfare contributions beyond the value of the two meals abstained from on the first Sunday of the month.

And then remember, President Grant said that fast offerings will provide sufficient money, but he did not say sufficient commodities, and so our interpretation today, as the inspired direction of the Presidency has taught us, is that fast offerings, fully invoked and paid and commodities fully produced from the Welfare budget annually, will give to us both money and commodities sufficient to take care of all the needy of the Church.

We have passed through a period during wartime when we saw a time when money would not buy food because it was not available. We have had some experience with the Government rationing program, and we have learned that if we had our pockets full of money, if we did not have the rationing stamps to give us the permission to buy, we would be helpless. The rationing program did not apply to the commodities that were provided by ourselves and for our own people, and we learned again the inspired wisdom of our leaders who taught

us how to meet an emergency in this modern day.

You recall President George Albert Smith reporting to this conference, that after the war had ended and there was such an appeal from our people overseas for aid, that he went back to Washington and there sought the aid of the President of the United States for ships in which to send commodities, clothing, and food over to our people in Europe. The President said to him, "Well, where will you get the food? Those are critical items. They are short items."

President Smith said, "If you will provide the boats, we have the commodities already provided and in storehouses, as a result of the combined efforts of all our people." Then there commenced the sending of many carloads of foodstuffs which were distributed to our people. How many times have we heard testimonies borne that those commodities thus provided to meet an emergency in a serious situation, were the means of keeping many of our Latter-day Saint people overseas, and others outside of the Church, alive, except for which they would not have survived that critical period.

Production in the Welfare program provides work opportunity for the able-bodied who are in need, to help produce that which they do need. It provides the opportunity for volunteers to help to produce for the rainy day.

**WE** are under instructions from the First Presidency of the Church to say to you sisters, and

to our brethren who preside in the stakes, and wards, and missions of the Church, that no effort is to be spared to get every soul who is able-bodied to help to produce that which he himself needs, and to see to it that he is not forced to receive the aid he needs in idleness, if he is able-bodied.

This is a necessary step for the preservation of the self-respect of the receiver. It gives opportunity for the maximum help of those who are being aided to reduce the costs of the commodities thus provided, and it brings those in need in personal contact with other volunteer workers for the spiritual and moral uplift which comes from such teamwork. And we ask that you sisters see to it that every effort is made to see that the instructions of the First Presidency are carried out.

Now, then the relationship of fast offerings to the Welfare program is clearly in evidence. Fast offerings are to provide the money, primarily, and the Welfare production, through the Welfare budget each year, is to provide commodities.

What would you think of a family which had provided commodities which stocked their granaries and cellars and pantries, and then allowed them to spoil while they went out with money, hard-earned money from the salary income, to buy the very commodities which were spoiling in their basements and cellars? It should be a very improvident family which would be thus foolish, and yet that is exactly what we do when we stock our storehouses with commodities and then allow them to deteriorate

while we use fast offerings to go buy the very things which have been produced in the budget.

Similarly you are doing just exactly that thing when you requisition by a bishop's order on a storehouse, a commercial item that could just as well have been supplied as a Welfare-produced commodity. Now you sisters have in your hands the guiding of that distribution, and in an orderly way to see to it that all we produce in the Welfare program is distributed before we attempt to use money to buy a commercial item that could well have been supplied from Welfare-produced items.

Now, in meeting emergencies in the Welfare program, we should not do any other than we would do with an individual case, except that we deal with the problems en masse. Sometimes in our zeal and in our over-anxiety to take care of the unfortunate, we rush to do things that are hurtful to our Welfare unity. We expect the individual to do all he can to help himself, whether it be an emergency for a single family or for a whole community, that the relatives will do all they can to help, then the Church steps in with commodities from the storehouse, with fast offerings to meet their needs that commodities from the storehouse will not supply, and finally, the Relief Society and the Priesthood quorums will assist with rehabilitation.

Sometimes in our zeal we have gone out and had extra drives, benefit dances, performances, and socials, and etc., all unneeded and unnecessary if we had merely

followed the Welfare program as it has already been set up. We ask you to see to it that all such unneeded activities are curbed in the interest of the harmony that the proper following of Welfare principles would have supplied.

Something has been said here about making special drives for clothing and so on to be sent to minority group missions, such as Brother Kimball has been talking about. We are sure that we could avoid a lot of waste and a lot of lost motion if you, who desire to make contributions for the benefit of our Indian missions or our Spanish-speaking people, or others, if you would see to it that they are made through the channels of the Welfare program with the understanding that any mission desiring aid of whatever kind, all they have to do is make their appeal through proper channels, and from storehouses well-stocked and most convenient to that particular mission, will be supplied their need to the extent of the need.

If we understand these things, these few principles, we believe that greater harmony will result.

The Lord bless you, my lovely sisters, increase in you the faith and testimony which have carried you on thus far to a glorious achievement.

I bear you my humble testimony, as President McKay is on record as having said, that this Welfare program has not come up as a mushroom overnight, it has come by inspiration, and that inspiration has come from the Lord. I bear that testimony in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.



# Activities of Latter-Day Saint Women in Europe

Emma Ray McKay

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1952]

WHEN in Copenhagen several years ago, we visited the Thorwaldsen Art Gallery. One of the most interesting pieces of sculpture there, is that of a shepherdess holding a crowded nest of little cupids, little loves. Three of these are sleeping, showing unawakened love. Two are kissing in innocent baby fashion, representing the mating season. One is flying away, little fickle love, and one is patting a dog's head, portraying faithful love.

But the greatest love of all, the love that passeth understanding, the love that Jesus came here to teach, the love that the Relief Society sisters show toward the needy, the ailing, the down-hearted, was not represented.

There are many women who believe with King Benjamin that he who is in the service of his fellow men is in the service of his God. Not only our beautiful sisters here in America, but our kind, loving, devoted women in Europe who believe that "If everyone helped someone always, the lesson of happiness would need no learning."

From my observations in London, I have concluded that the Relief Societies are trying to carry on the work in Europe just as efficiently as it is done here. We women attended a Relief Society meeting in the morning while the men were in

Priesthood meeting. I was surprised to see such a large crowd of Relief Society representatives of various branches who made good reports of their societies. I was amazed at the information and intelligence shown in the two papers read, one on "Temple Marriages," and the other on "Family Life." Both were excellent, worthy of good university students. Singing Mothers were dressed in white blouses and black skirts, and each wore a corsage. They sang beautifully. I wondered whether I was in Europe or home in America.

## *Meeting in Glasgow*

A women's meeting was held in Glasgow in which a sister gave a very interesting talk on "Incidents of Latter-day Saints Crossing the Plains."

We had no opportunity of attending Relief Society in Glasgow and Edinburgh, but we saw the two new meetinghouses made out of fine old dwelling places. We saw the exquisite French paintings brought to life by the washing of the walls, the huge mirrors sparkling in the recreation room, new paint on woodwork, and new paper on walls, much of which was done by the women. Also, we heard of numerous meals prepared and sold by them to help pay for these commodious places of worship.

An interesting testimony meeting was attended in Glasgow. The women testified that they were better in every respect after having lived the gospel than before. They said they entertained more ennobling thoughts and therefore lived nobler lives. They said it was easier to control their tempers, and consequently more gentle words and more happy smiles were in the household. They said they had saved money and had cleaner and healthier bodies by leaving off smoking, and that they tried harder to make their marriages a success by being kinder and more understanding.

#### *Foreign-Speaking Missions*

In the foreign-speaking countries only one special Relief Society meeting was held, I suppose because of our not being able to understand the language. This was in Sweden. We also attended a Mutual entertainment in Stockholm, the action of which was understood, but not the words. One little skit had its setting on a streetcar. This car was represented by a long row of chairs occupied by the actors. A large wheel was attached to the leading chair for the motorman, and the noise of the motor was made by a sweeper. This was cleverly done and brought forth much laughter.

#### *Swiss Gleaner Girls*

In Switzerland the Gleaner Girls serenaded the President at nine o'clock in the morning. Some of the women, having risen very early, had gone to the high mountains and had gathered the edelweiss and other flowers difficult to find and presented the President with a large

bouquet. This we can keep because most of these flowers are still beautiful when dry. The Relief Society presented him with a lovely handmade tablecloth embroidered in the various shades of browns, the colors of Switzerland.

In all the countries of Europe, our dear sisters, wives of mission presidents, Relief Society workers, Mutual and Sunday School workers, and children loaded us down with flowers, and they seemed so happy in bestowing these beautiful blessings upon us all.

#### *In Berlin*

In Berlin, some of our women had taught three little girls to give a short welcoming speech in English while presenting flowers. Each one finished with the words, "I love you." In Basel, some little girls had been taught a song in English, with the words directed to the President, "We'll Be a Sunbeam for You."

We were pleased to observe in the mission homes that the Relief Society and Mutual women helped prepare the delicious dinners for the President of the Church and his party, and seemed so thrilled when we all went into the kitchen, shook hands with them and congratulated them on the tasty viands prepared. We couldn't talk Dutch, nor Danish, nor Finnish, nor Swedish, nor German, nor Norwegian, nor French, but we had our words interpreted to them and theirs to us. Presents which we shall treasure always were given to us in these various countries by missionaries and saints.

Many women of the Church met us at the airports, with missionaries

singing the well-known songs of Zion.

### *Girl Scouts in Finland*

Some of the women of Finland, as Girl Scouts, entertained us on John's Day, the midsummer holiday, in one of the impressive pine and birch tree groves in the country. It was glorious! One young woman with a voice full of emotion gave a welcoming speech in English to the President.

The women of the Church, as also the men, were thrilled to meet the President of the Church. In every place they welcomed him by singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." I wish you could have seen the expressions on their faces as they looked at him. Many had tears in their eyes, and they gazed at him tenderly, as women look at their babies. Some kissed his hands. Some reached out their arms to grab his hand with a determination that nothing could stop—even when told at two of the meetings that he would not have time for handshaking. Some touched his coat gingerly as though touching something sacred. Some held on to his arm a second or two, and one woman in Frankfurt grasped his left hand as he was leaving the pulpit and held it all the way while he was struggling through the crowd to get down the hall to the car. It was only when he stepped into the car that she released it.

Usually when we shook hands with the saints in most of the countries, I was on the President's right. The people shook hands with me first, then with the President. Lawrence and Mildred, on the Presi-

dent's left, wondered why some people with closed fists offered left hands to them. We learned afterwards that the hand that shook the President's was considered sacred and would not be touched by any other or even washed for some time.

### *Story of Faith*

One Latter-day Saint woman who had been ousted from her home behind the Iron Curtain and had lived on streets and in bombed buildings with two children, became sick and finally paralyzed. When we were in Germany, she was bed-fast. She sent her two children to church to shake hands with the President and gave them strict orders to come back to her that she might touch the little hands that the President had touched. She knew that she would be made well. What faith she has! I sincerely hope that she will be the recipient of our Heavenly Father's choicest blessings.

### *Devotion of an English Girl*

Faith and a desire to serve by the young girls of the Church may be illustrated by the actions of an English girl. She was a trapeze performer for Ringling Brothers Circus. She was naturally religious but belonged to no church, having found none that suited her ideas. One Sunday morning, as was her custom, she took a bus, deciding to go into a church passed by this bus. It happened to be The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After being there awhile she said to herself: "This is the Church for me, the one I have been looking for." She left the position that paid

well to work in the mills. I said to her, "Why did you do that?" Her reply was, "I couldn't serve the Church working for the circus because I would be away all the time." She is an intelligent girl, with a knowledge of four languages. She loved the circus, but gave it up that she might do her part in making her branch of the Church a success. That, I call devotion.

### *Mission Homes*

The mission presidents' wives have a great responsibility, especially those who have to furnish new mission homes. The West German mission home has been made from a bombed out building. To furnish it suitably for home, missionaries, visitors, and missionary supplies has taken much keen planning on the part of Sister Cannon. In France, Sister Woolf is in the midst of these troubles. Before the war, the house belonged to a very wealthy man. During the occupation, the Nazis stole his money and his best paintings and made off with him somewhere. The stained glass windows, some of the beautiful furniture, large mirrors, and marble baths are there, but when a home like this must be changed into a church, it takes a great deal of thought on the part of both the mission president and his wife. All of our presidents' wives are lovely, capable women, doing a great work being mothers to missionaries, in charge of Relief Societies, and having the responsibility of caring for a large mission home.

### *Missionaries*

I'd like to say a word about your sons in the mission fields, mothers.

You should be proud of them. I am. To see how they are developing as leaders, to note the good taste shown in the choice of music, readings, and other means of entertainment in the five concerts given to us. To observe their ability to perform on violin, piano, flute, and voice, to watch their kindness to the saints. The thoughtfulness shown by missionaries to the people was best noted in the crowded meetings. They would always arise and stand, giving up their seats to others. In Berlin this might have caused great disappointment for them, but for an interesting incident.

A large picture show house was rented for the meeting, but it was not large enough. There were nearly three thousand people present. The captain of eight policemen said: "This will never do. We cannot have the aisles and sides of the room crowded this way. It is a fire hazard." So the missionaries and some other saints had to go outside. One of the missionaries said to the captain, "The President of our Church is here, and it would be a great disappointment to these people not to hear his address. None of them smoke. Perhaps the fire hazard would not be so great." The policeman looked around. "You say none of these people smoke? They are a very well-behaved crowd. All right, let them all go back." And in walked the missionaries and others, including the eight policemen, all of whom stood up in the rear and listened to the service.

A Norwegian reporter while waiting in the hall to speak to President McKay, was struck forcibly by

the singing of the missionaries. He said in a two-column article about the President and the Mormons:

There is something which the Mormons have which we have never heard at any conference or meeting at any place in Norway. A key is sounded on the piano, and then a little choir, we guess it to be an octette, sings a psalm. Their voices are unbelievably harmonious; deep, soft, and heartfelt, and the harmony of the psalm is new, original, captivating to the ears which have become tired of the rusty unison songs of the state churches. We breathe a breath of disappointment when the song is over and have a wish in our minds that the broadcasting department had been on the spot with a wire recorder. The presentation was outstanding.

And so we leave the Mormons for this time, and it enters into our minds that people are peculiar and that the souls of men wander so differently and that there are so many who have taken out a patent on the truth. But out of all the sects with whom we have been in occasional contact, the Mormon people seem to be one of the better.

Their singing was so utterly and unbelievably beautiful.

A good opportunity was given me to study some of the women outside the Church in Europe. Courtesy, politeness, and kindness were particularly impressive.

### *In England*

The first day we reached London we went to the Mall to see the Trouping of the Colors. The missionaries had kindly saved a place for us, but even so we had to stand two hours to get a glimpse of the procession. I stood an hour, then had to sit down on the curb, which was an undesirable place to see the parade, but an excellent opportunity to observe the crowd.

One of the women had brought a stool. If she had remained on it she might have seen something, but she was so very much concerned about others not being able to see, that she was off the stool most of the time that others might get a glimpse. Another woman with a stick contraption against a tree was doing the same thing. Some women had brought mirrors attached to sticks. If they held the sticks high enough they could see the parade reflected through the mirrors. Those who had them were insisting so much upon others borrowing them, that I fear they saw little of the affair themselves. A good-natured, kind, gentle, generous crowd illustrating the fact that "Life's finest blessing is the ability to find joy in doing something for somebody else." A commendable virtue manifested by leading officials whom it was our privilege to meet.

### *Visit With the Queens of Holland and England*

No one could have been more considerate or more courteous than Queen Juliana of Holland was to us. And when we arose to go, saying that we did not want to intrude too long upon her time, she said, "Oh, going so soon? Why I have all the afternoon free."

And the Queen of England! She noticed that many of her guests were unable to see her because of the numerous visitors from her various possessions. So, forgetting her weariness from handshaking, she and her family walked down a large area in plain view. Evidently thinking of the many who loved her, but

who failed to see her because of the crowd, she went out of her way to be gracious.

The trip was very wonderful even though strenuous. I hope it has done a great deal of good. I feel that the people, after hearing encouraging talks from their President, will make renewed efforts to work in the service of their Lord. The President's hearty handclasp will help, too. Sometimes words are

not needed so much as the clasp of the hand, for:

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts.

The touch of your hand and mine,  
Which means far more to the aching heart

Than shelter and bread and wine.

For shelter is gone when the night is o'er  
And bread lasts only a day,  
But the touch of the hand and the sound  
of the voice

Sing on in the soul away.



## *Journey to the Holy Land*

Martha Whiting Brown

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!  
My childhood dream come true!  
I see the old Jerusalem  
While traversing the new.

Last night I saw King David's tomb,  
The casket where he lay—  
I wonder if the king can see  
Jews gathering today?

I'm wondering if Hannah wept  
As up the path she trod,  
To leave her babe in Eli's care  
To hear the voice of God?

Today they showed me Bethlehem—  
It seemed so short a way,  
Back to the shepherds and the star,  
The manger, and the hay.

I'm standing now upon the hill,  
Where Jesus was betrayed  
And I can see Gethsemane,  
And hear the prayer he prayed.

O Father, can't thou make them one?  
He prayed so long ago—  
How blessed are they who, seeing not,  
Believe. But now I know.

## *The Star*

Gene Romolo

The star that lit the way to Bethlehem,  
On that momentous night so long ago,  
Remains undimmed in sentient minds of them  
Who seek for wisdom zealously to know  
The will divine athwart life's every hour.  
Its glory shines on them effulgently—  
The star, symbolic of ethereal power,  
That leads to Christ and immortality.



# Stars for Molly's Tree

Olive W. Burt

GAY, absorbed in thoughts of her Christmas plans, was only half aware of the people crowded into the swaying bus, until two small hands, blindly seeking anchorage, clutched at the soft fur of her coat. Instinctively, Gay reached down to remove the hands, and then she paused as her eyes encountered two wide, serious brown eyes looking up at her. The child, however, sensing Gay's purpose, let go of the coat and grabbed at two gray tweed legs that pressed close against her in the crowded bus.

Gay came out of her reverie then and her eyes moved up, past the little girl's head, to a lean brown face above broad shoulders that swayed precariously, as one arm reached upward to the strap and the other encircled a heavy, sleeping little boy.

Gay had to smile, and just then the brown eyes in the lean face looked down at her.

Gay forgot her threatened coat and her Christmas plans, as an instinct she didn't know she possessed spoke, "Let me hold him for you."

The tall man smiled—a wide, friendly smile, but Gay thought the corners of his mouth looked tired, and there was sadness in the dark eyes.

"You are very kind," he said simply, and placed the little boy in her lap. Then his freed hand took hold of the little girl's, and he said gaily, "Now we're okay, Molly!"

The little fellow snuggled against the softness of Gay's coat, and one

fat hand buried itself in the expensive fur. Gay paid no attention to the clutching fingers, her arms held him tenderly. It was amazing, she thought suddenly, how a child fits into one's arms.

The tall stranger leaned down. "I took them to see Santa Claus," he explained, "and I guess they got pretty tired. But," a grim note came into the pleasant voice, "I wanted them to have everything that goes with Christmas this year!"

Gay nodded. She understood that—with the threats to call fathers into service, it might be his last Christmas with them. The thought sent a shiver up Gay's spine. But it was rather wonderful to look ahead and plan in the face of such uncertainty.

Gay glanced down at Molly. Two brown pigtailed stood out from under the little pointed bonnet. Her cheeks were clear and rosy. They must have a wonderful mother, too, to keep them so pink and healthy. But where was she now? Probably home getting their dinner. They would be the kind to co-operate like that.

"I couldn't find any stars," Molly said seriously. "I looked and looked."

"That's too bad," Gay answered, but she smiled brightly at the little girl. "You can make your own stars, you know—prettier than those in the stores."

"Can you?" asked Molly. "Then Daddy will help me make some."

As the bus neared the stop two

blocks from Gay's own, the father leaned down toward her.

"I'll take him now," he said. "I get off here. And thank you very much."

"Thank you very much," Molly echoed surprisingly, and Gay's eyes met the father's in a quick smile of amusement.

He gently lifted the sleeping baby, and, holding Molly's hand, made his way toward the door. Through the window Gay saw them walking down the street, snowflakes falling lightly around them.

"Well!" she thought enviously, "that's the kind of father to have."

SHE remembered back to her own childhood Christmases and the way her brothers and sisters and she had gone down town to see Santa Claus. She couldn't remember her mother or father ever going with them. They'd been rather large before they even knew of the treat that waited in every store—a Santa Claus with lollipops or a picture book or a little toy for every visitor. They'd make the rounds together after that, going home loaded down with cheap trinkets—the best part of their Christmas over. For her parents had been matter-of-fact people, not given to romancing of any sort.

"There's too much work to be done," her mother often said sternly, "and not enough money for foolishness!"

Tears stung Gay's eyelids at the memory. She blinked them away impatiently. She must be awfully tired to start getting sentimental just because she had held a sleeping child for a few moments.

Sentiment had no place in her life—then, or now, or ever. She had made up her mind long ago to keep away from emotional entanglements of any sort. She knew what she wanted—a carefree life, with plenty of lovely clothes and sparkling, adult companionship. She had worked hard to get to a place in the business world where she could afford the things she admired. She had hoped to make the right friends, and now, this very Christmas, her plans were working out. Her employer's wife, the elegant Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, had noticed her. She had invited Gay to her Christmas Eve party. After this, anything could happen.

As Gay left the bus, the Christmas lights were coming on in the houses along her street—gay, glittering lights that revealed holiday preparations in every home—except her own. Her apartment was dark and empty. Money spent on Christmas glitter could be put to better use. She hung up her coat, stroking the lovely fur. It had taken her a long time to pay for it, but it was worth the sacrifice to know that she looked the part she hoped to play. And some day there would be diamonds—even if she had to buy them for herself. Gay smiled wryly. Let Molly worry about Christmas stars, she'd spend her effort on diamonds every time. The sparkle lasted longer.

Gay found herself thinking about Molly and her tall father off and on all the next day, and as she rode home in the bus she felt an irresistible impulse to get off at the corner and walk down the street to see what kind of home they had.

She probably would not recognize it, she thought with amused scorn at the idea, but she did leave the bus and walked along the sidewalk in the direction Molly and her father had taken.

**T**HE street was a very ordinary one, with snow-covered yards, carefully swept walks, small houses beginning to twinkle with Christmas lights in the early dusk. Half-way down the block, Gay caught her breath sharply. There it was!

It was a tiny house, very commonplace, but lighted up like a birthday cake. Colored globes hung in the windows and were festooned across the porch. Right at the edge of the porch was a single green evergreen tree, rather scrubby, but brave with strings of popcorn and cranberries. A crooked star glittered at the top. And there, beside the tree, putting on the finishing touches, stood Molly and her father.

"Hello!" called Gay. "Looks like Christmas!"

The man looked up from his work and came striding toward Gay, Molly tagging close at his heels.

"Well, if it isn't the nice lady that helped us out yesterday on the bus," he said grinning. "Yep, it is Christmas, nearly."

"I made a star for myself like you said," bragged Molly, pointing. "We're trimming a tree for the birds, and maybe Santa Claus will leave something for me, too."

"It's a fine idea," agreed Gay. "The birds will love the popcorn and cranberries."

"There's suet, too," beamed Molly, and trotted back to her work.

Molly's tall father leaned lazily on the gatepost.

"Do you live along here?" he asked. "I'm ashamed to say it, but I know scarcely any of my neighbors."

Gay shook her head. She felt a little foolish now.

"I live down two blocks," she explained, and added hastily, "I was just walking by." That was almost true, anyway.

There wasn't much more to say, so Gay moved on along the little street, turned the corner and hurried home.

She had a million little things to do to get ready for the big party at the Montgomery's—her hair to be done, a manicure, some special little items to buy. But she couldn't concentrate on them. When she left the office early on Christmas Eve in order to take care of these personal things, her feet led her away from the beauty shop and cosmetic counter, straight to the most fabulous toy store in town.

She frowned as she entered. She had no business fooling around here. It was crowded and noisy, but Gay found herself looking at the eager children with new eyes—eyes that saw Molly and her small brother in every snow-suited youngster that pushed against her skirts.

At the doll counter she studied the display carefully until she found exactly what she wanted, a doll with a freckled face and two brown pigtails, as different from the rest of the dolls as Molly was different from other little girls. And then she hunted for the right Teddy-bear, small, and soft, and cuddly.

By the time she had finished, it was too late to keep her appointment at the beauty shop. Gay

shrugged resignedly. Her hair would have to do—even for the Montgomery's affair.

**S**HE hurried home and wrapped the gifts carefully in bright oil-cloth. It had begun to snow, and she didn't want them to be damaged during the long, wet night. For she was going to slip over, as soon as it was dusk, and put the gifts under the birds' tree in Molly's yard. The children would find them on Christmas morning and be surprised. The nice mother and the tall father would be surprised, too. They would look at each other, each giving the other credit for a sweet Christmas gesture. And when they found out at last that neither was responsible, they'd have a mystery in the family, a mystery that would bind them closer as the years went on and each returning Christmas would set them wondering about the unexpected, unexplained gifts on their tree.

Gay glanced at the clock. Her new dress was laid out, glittering, on the bed. She'd have plenty of time to do her little errand and return before the Montgomery car called for her, as had been arranged.

She hurried through the light snow, her heart beating strangely.

"It's fun, really, to sub for Santa," she thought. "It makes me all shaky inside—shaky and twinkly, like that absurd star of Molly's." She giggled a little.

In front of the little house the tree glittered merrily through the falling snow. Beside it, the big window framed a Christmas-card picture. The tall father was sitting beside the blazing logs in the fire-

place. He held Molly, sleeper-clad, on one knee, and the little boy on the other. He was evidently telling them a story. Across the fireplace a low rocker sat, empty.

The nice little mother, Gay thought, must have just left it. She'd probably gone into the kitchen to make hot lemonade. Gay could imagine her coming through the door, a tray in her hand, the children reaching up eagerly.

Gay hung her gifts, putting them back among the branches so that passersby wouldn't see them and be tempted to take them. Then she stepped closer to the big window and stared in. She had forgotten where she was, what she was doing. She was just a curious woman, eager to see another woman to see what she was like.

The father bent his cheek to Molly's hair, unbraided now and falling loose over her shoulders. He sat there very, very still for a minute. Then he gently put Molly down on the settee beside him, placed the sleepy baby by her, and went into the kitchen.

Gay's throat grew taut. He would be going to help bring in the lemonade and cookies. Gay, shielded from the sight of anyone by the tree branches, decided to wait till they came back. Then she would go.

"Come out of there!" a voice called quietly.

Gay started, turned, and looked up into a face that was grim in the light from the window. She moved from the shelter of the branches.

"You!" cried Molly's father unbelievably. "What on earth?"

"I was playing Santa Claus," Gay

said in a small voice, and pointed to the bundles on the tree.

The man stood very still, looking at her.

**G**AY felt she should say something more.

"I saw you sitting there and you looked so—so—sweet," she ended apologetically. "I just wanted to see Molly's mother come out with the cookies and lemonade . . . ."

The mouth, which had started to smile, became grim again and his eyes were sad and dark. He spoke softly, "Molly's mother," he said, and his tone was a caress, "she won't be coming. She's gone . . . ." His voice caught.

"I'm sorry!" Gay put her hand on his arm. "Dreadfully sorry. I didn't know."

"Of course you didn't," he said gently. "She died a year and a half ago, soon after Danny was born. This will be our second Christmas without her, and now the children are older, I'm trying to make it almost as good as she would have done. I can't bear for them to miss a real home Christmas."

Suddenly he shook his head, as if to shake the memory from his eyes, and he smiled at Gay.

"But my Aunt Edith, who has been helping me with the children, is making lemonade in the kitchen," he said happily. "Won't you come in and have some?"

"How did you know I was out here?" asked Gay.

The laugh rippled down over Gay, warming her. "There's a mirror over the fireplace, if you'll notice. And a face against the windowpane . . . . I couldn't be sure

whether it was real and maybe the answer to my dream."

Gay went in, a little embarrassed, but Molly jumped up and ran to her and the little boy opened a sleepy eye and smiled at her. She sat down and took him on her lap.

"Aunt Edith," Molly's father said to the little, gray-haired woman who came in carrying a tray, "This is . . . ."

"Gay Gregg," supplied Gay, quickly.

"This is my Aunt, Mrs. Norris, 'Auntie,' to all who love her," said Molly's father. "And I'm Pete Norris," he added, as if just remembering that Gay didn't know his name.

They drank the lemonade and ate the gingerbread cookies; hung the children's stockings with a great deal of excitement; and got the children into bed. Gay had to untangle little Danny's fingers from her hair as she put him into his crib. She straightened up, hating to leave him. So she stood there, looking at the rosy face on the pillow, seeing the damp, blond curls on his forehead.

When she turned to leave the room Pete was standing in the doorway.

"It's dreadfully late," she said, "I must hurry. I have an important engagement at nine."

Pete looked at his watch and grinned.

"You can still make it if you rush," he said. "Come on, I'll walk you home."

As they neared Gay's house, she saw the Montgomery car drawn up at the curb.

"They're waiting for me," she said. "I shouldn't have been late!"

**PETE** whistled. "Some chariot!" he said enviously.

Gay smiled ruefully. "It isn't mine, of course. But I hope, maybe, some day . . ." She stopped suddenly. "Thanks, Pete, for bringing me home. I must skip."

"Thank you, little Santa Claus," Pete said softly, his big hands holding hers so she couldn't rush away as she knew she ought to do.

"Not Santa Claus," whispered Gay, feeling just a little bit sorry for herself, "just Cinderella."

Pete looked at her closely.

"Well, Cindy," he said, very, very gently, "when the coach turns into a pumpkin, call on old Pete.

Tomorrow, on Christmas Day, he can offer kids, not coaches; stars, not diamonds." He turned and walked swiftly down the street.

Gay went slowly to the waiting chauffeur. "I'll be ready in a moment," she said apologetically.

She started toward the steps slowly, thinking of stars and the sweet, expectant faces of children, thinking of toys and Christmas trees—and forgetting the glitter of diamonds.

She would go to the party, as she had promised—but tomorrow—tomorrow she would go back to spend Christmas with Molly and Danny and Pete! She had found that she preferred stars to diamonds, after all—even if the stars were homemade.



## *The Gift Without the Giver*

Caroline Eyring Miner

**I**N "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.



# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1892

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

**THE CHRISTMAS OF THE PIONEERS:** Christmas is coming! Happiness and luxury are in the words, happiness and comfort, for a brief season even for the poor. With these words comes a reflection upon the first Christmas ever held in this valley, and that by the Mormon Pioneers. . . . Christmas . . . in their wagons, tents and hastily constructed cabins, a merry, a thankful Christmas! For there were no enemies . . . all was hope and faith in the promises given them. . . . Not many of them saw with prophetic eyes the miracle to be wrought by prayers, faith and works . . . O, ye Pioneers! What have ye brought to light? Where once your wagons camped in the arid dust and brush, a city's streets are paved; where once your camp fire burned, electric lights now glow, and your cabins have given place to palatial edifices of industry and commerce. Your camp-fire schools are changed to academies and colleges, your looms to factories. . . . To many of our pioneers but few more Christmases will come, they will have passed to where the Prince of that Day will greet his worshippers. Honor, happiness, comfort and rest be yours while yet you stay; and passing to the promised reward, may you fall sweetly asleep to a glorious awakening. —Augusta Joyce Crocheron

**THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE WOMAN'S EXPONENT IN THE WELLS HOME:** Eliza R. Snow, the President of the Relief Society, the largest organization of women this side of the Rocky Mountains, was a regular visitor here as long as she lived; and here in this very room most of the business pertaining to the conducting of the Society in all its several Stakes and branches, not only in Utah but throughout the world, has been deliberated upon and decided. Many thousands of letters pertaining to this charitable organization have been written here at this same desk, and from here sent abroad to nearly all parts of the civilized world. Zina D. H. Young who succeeded the former President, has made this place her headquarters in the same way . . . the romance of this old place is greatly enhanced by the many poems and stories written here, and which perchance were better from the very glamor that lingers round the place . . . —Emmeline B. Wells

### PREPARATION

So much is said, so much is done,  
To make old Christmas merry,  
With pleasant jokes and guileless fun,  
It should be joyous, very.  
Bright hopes, and little cause to fear,  
With blessings crown the closing year . . . .  
Again, unto myself I'll speak;  
To concentrate my labors,  
I'll earnestly and kindly seek  
To bless my poorer neighbors.  
Religion undefiled and pure,  
Means visit and relieve the poor.

—L. L. Greene Richards

**CHRISTMAS TIME:** It is good that this time of refreshing comes, good for the children who need these pastimes, good for the grown people who need this change from daily toil . . . a respite for the weary, a time to feel for the needy, to gather one's own family round the table of cheer . . . and family incidents are related that bind the children to the homestead, and make firmer the union of kindred and friends. —Ed.



# Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

**F**RANCES ALDA, Metropolitan Opera soprano and world-famous diva, wife of Ray Vir Den, died recently in Venice, Italy, at the age of sixty-nine. Her death occurred only thirty-six hours before she was scheduled to hear her old friend Toscanini conduct an orchestra at La Scala Opera House.

**F**LORENCE CHADWICK became the first woman to conquer the twenty-one mile Catalina, California, channel when she spanned the waterway in thirteen hours, forty-seven minutes, and thirty-two seconds in September 1952. In commenting upon this feat of strength and endurance, Miss Chadwick remarked: "I compare it for thrills with the time I broke Gertrude Ederle's record for swimming the English Channel."

**I**N September, May Craig, Washington representative of several newspapers, flew over the North Pole with twenty-four Danish and American correspondents, for the unveiling of the U. S. Air Force's quarter-billion dollar Thule base, on Danish soil. The scenery was extraordinarily majestic. Miss Craig expected to be the first woman to make the trip, but a Navy WAVE had preceded her.

**M**R. OSCAR A (Mildred) AHLGREN is the new president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, an organization comprising 11,000,000 women in forty countries—a tremendous potential force to aid in achieving international understanding, justice, civilization, peace.

**M**R. and MRS. WILLIAM J. WILLES of Salt Lake City have celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary.

**M**R. LAVINA S. BERRY, of Hurricane, Utah, ninety-eight, recently came to Salt Lake City for a family reunion.

**V**ESTA P. CRAWFORD, Associate Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, won first prize in the contest sponsored by the Utah Poetry Society for Poets Day in October, with her poem "Dominion Over the Earth." Ouida Johns Pedersen, a contributor to the *Magazine*, was awarded both second and third prizes. *Magazine* contributors winning honorable mention were Katherine Fernelius Larsen, Pansy Powell, and Elizabeth Wall.



## *From a Far Country*

“. . . behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him” (Matthew 2:1-2).

THE Magi of old who crossed the high mountains and traversed the desert wilderness, seeking the infant King, came from a far country to a hill town of Judea. Their journey and their search may be symbolic of the spiritual journey which people throughout all time have made in their quest for a messenger from the Eternal Father. For each must find for himself the priceless faith, the precious knowledge that the Lord lives, and that he sent his Son to earth that men might have everlasting life. This is the message of Christmas, the message of the gospel, the “Word” of which prophets and seers have testified since the beginning of the world.

And yet the quest for a full understanding of the glorious message which Jesus brought to earth is not easy in its accomplishment. And there are many of us who never arrive at the place of our desire and our hope, for there are obstacles and detours and dark valleys which detain us along “the King’s highway,” and which delay or prevent our arrival at the point of perfect peace and understanding.

We must come to the true knowledge of Jesus, the acceptance and living of his words, from many and various byways of life. In our own

time, and to a certain extent, in all past history, the believer or he who would become a believer, is confronted with a multitude of philosophies and innumerable patterns of life. He is beset with myriads of panaceas for destroying evil; he is confronted with a perplexing array of schemes for achieving justice and brotherhood. And yet all that is needed for us and for our world is the gospel which Jesus brought to earth—his Sermon on the Mount and his words beside the Sea of Galilee.

It is a far journey for us to come from the uncertain land of confusion and perplexity to that place where we comprehend the gospel of Jesus in all the splendor of its simplicity.

We must come from the secret valleys of our own disappointments, our sorrows, and our personal tragedies to the contemplation of the teachings of the Savior, who also walked with grief, as is written in the gospels—for Jesus said unto his disciples: “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me” (Matthew 26:38).

In the course of our journey and our search to find and truly live according to the words of the Master, we must come from the dark wilder-

ness of our imperfections, our limitations, our indifference, and our mistakes, to the lofty pattern of individual discipline and rectitude—to the Savior's plan for everlasting brotherhood—to the beginning of peace on earth. "The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up" (Matthew 4:16).

For, though we are not always wise or humble or courageous or persistent, we are all as travelers coming from a far country to Bethlehem to find the Prince of Peace.

Let us seek him not only in the Christmas season, but throughout all our days and years—throughout the span of our earthly wayfaring. Let us seek him in our joy and our sorrow, in our times of loneliness, and let us search for him in the hearts and in the hopes of our brothers and sisters who journey with us from a far country to the place of light and hope—to that eternal city of fulfillment—"For the kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country . . . ." (Matthew 25:14).

—V. P. C.

\* \* \* \*

### *First Snow*

Beatrice K. Ekman

All night the wind  
 Beat to a fitful measure;  
 Now with the dawn  
 Its threshing wings are stayed . . .  
 And from the cloud's  
 Reserved and hidden treasure,  
 A turf of snow  
 Upon the earth is laid.

### *The Wise Men*

Ida Isaacson

**T**HEY came and fell down and worshipped him, those wise men from the East. With turbans in hand and knees pressed against the ground, a thousand joys swept up from the eager, burnished, expectant faces, as they looked upon the King. Upon the altar of his precious birth, they heaped their glad souls' devotion.

As they knelt, they heard the plaintive cry of the infant Christ. And the star, the star that had lead them to this place, shone down from above as by some special timing circumstance.

Thoughtfully they had sought him; humbly they had found him; graciously they knelt before him and meted out the rich, warm embers of pure joy that only the hearts of noble and earnest men could know. Then they departed into their own country leaving gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Long since, the frankincense, and the myrrh, and even the gold have been lost, but not so with the Wise Men who first gave of themselves.



Courtesy National Cotton Council



## *Christmas Candies to Make at Home*

Ethel C. Smith

### *Caramel Squares*

- |   |   |   |               |
|---|---|---|---------------|
| 2 | c. sugar  | 1 | tsp. vanilla  |
| 1 | pint cream (some top milk or evaporated milk may be used) |   | pinch of salt |
| 1 | c. dark corn syrup  | ½ | c. nuts       |

Combine sugar, syrup, salt, and  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the cream. Boil for 20 minutes; then add another  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the cream and boil for twenty minutes longer; add the last  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the cream and boil for another twenty minutes. Mixture should form a very firm ball when tested in cold water. Remove from heat, add vanilla and chopped nuts. Pour into greased pan and let cool. While still slightly warm, cut in squares.

### *Butter Toffee or English Toffee*

- |   |                        |   |                                   |
|---|------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1 | ¼ c. sugar             | ¼ | pound blanched, ground almonds    |
| 2 | tbsp. light corn syrup | ½ | pound milk chocolate (semi-sweet) |
|   | ¼ c. water             |   | chipped or shaved                 |
|   | ½ pound butter         | ½ | pound walnuts, ground or rolled   |

Cook sugar, water, syrup, butter, and ground almonds together, stirring frequently at first and constantly in the last stage of cooking. Cook over medium heat for 10 to 15 minutes, or until mixture is light brown in color and leaves the pan when stirred (light crack stage when tested in cold water). Watch closely to prevent scorching.

Pour into shallow greased pan. Sprinkle with the chipped chocolate at once while hot, so chocolate melts. Then sprinkle with the chopped walnuts. When cool, break in pieces.

### *Marshmallow Squares*

- |               |            |   |   |
|---------------|------------|---|---|
| 2             | c. sugar   | 2 | envelopes unflavored gelatine, soaked in 8 tbsp. cold water |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ | c. water   |   | dash of salt  |
| 2             | egg whites | 1 | tsp. vanilla  |

Cook sugar and water to soft ball stage. Pour softened gelatine into syrup. Whip for 20 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff and gradually fold into syrup mixture. Pour into shallow pan to cool. Remove from pan (dip quickly into hot water and turn upside down on waxed paper), and cut into squares. Roll in ground nuts or coconut.



### *Snowfall*

Grace Sayre

The falling snow is writing poems  
All along the countryside;  
You can feel a metered rhythm  
Pulsing, drifting—far and wide.

The falling snow is writing poems  
White upon a hemlock spray;  
Closely on the needled branches  
Snow inscribes an icy lay.

The falling snow is writing poems  
Out upon the wild, gray sea.  
No words are lost; though winds are stormy,  
Tides will bring them back to me.

### *Winter*

Vesta Nickerson Lukei

Bare boughs  
Are caught at dawn  
In tangled mist, and make  
A cobweb hung with dew across  
The sun.

### *Today*

Mabel Law Atkinson

Let me  
So store my mind  
With gracious thoughts  
That when my eyes are dim  
I shall find companionship  
In solitude.



# “Under Thy Protecting Care”

Angelyn W. Wadley

MARY Ann leaned back against the slats that formed the sides of the railroad car and tried to shift her weary body into a more comfortable position. The wind, blowing through the open car into her eyes, made her feel sleepy. In spite of the bumping of the train, perhaps she could get a little nap, she thought.

It was good to be going again. This was the fourth time the party of English emigrants had changed trains since they had left the steamer which had brought them from New York harbor, up the Hudson River to Albany. Like the others, this was a car built for cattle, but it was a better one than the others had been. At least the sides felt secure enough to lean on and the straw on the floor was clean and dry enough to sit on. It wasn't comfortable, of course. Cinders from the engine rained down on them, and the fine straw blew up in their faces, but who expected comfort on a trip like this? Just getting there was what counted.

The railroad authorities had been reluctant to let this group of nearly a thousand Latter-day Saint converts travel at all on freight trains—entirely contrary to policy, they had said. But finally they had agreed and most of the group were happy to put up with discomfort since they had no money to spare for luxury travel. Nevertheless, the delays had been wearing. There had been engine trouble, long waits for trains, and once some cars had

been derailed, but fortunately no one was hurt. Then at Quincy they waited two nights and one day for another train, with no place to go but the station yard. The women had taken advantage of the day to wash clothes in the river. A heavy wind the second night made it impossible to sleep out in the open, so they spent the entire night huddled close to the station. Since they were not traveling first class, they were not admitted inside. At five in the morning they had started again but twelve miles out they found a bridge damaged by the rebel army (for this was July 1864, near the close of the Civil War). This time they had to wait all day, and another night they camped in the woods while the bridge was repaired.

So it was no wonder they all rejoiced to be moving again. With good luck now, this train would carry them to the Missouri river—the end of the railroad and the beginning of the wagon trail across the plains to Utah.

That would be the bad part of the trip. The teams and wagons sent to meet them would be heavily loaded with supplies being freighted to Utah and the emigrants' luggage. Mary Ann well knew that she and all others who were strong enough would be expected to walk.

Mary Ann was twenty-four years old, happy and healthy, and her faith was strong. Although she had left her family with sadness, know-

ing they might never be together again in this life, she had left with their love and blessing and the conviction that she was doing right, and she felt a thrill of triumph as each threatening obstacle was overcome. She wondered if someday in the future, she and perhaps others, might read the diary she was keeping and look back on this trip as a great adventure.

Her sleepy head nodded and bumped against the side of the car but she roused herself to join the conversation of the little group of special friends who were seated near her—Dorcus, Mima, Walter, and Alex, all young people like herself, making this momentous journey without others of their families.

A gust of wind brought another shower of sparks, and Mary Ann sat up and pinched them out with the rest of the passengers.

"Just imagine, we're going thirty miles an hour!" Alex was holding his watch as he spoke. "I've been watching the mile posts. We're traveling a mile a minute!"

Bouncing and rattling along with no top to shut out the wind, it seemed almost unbelievable speed to these young people of nearly a century ago, who, before this trip, had never traveled faster than a horse trots pulling a cart.

Suddenly there was a commotion! The thirty occupants of the car crowded up to the front. A cinder had set the straw on fire in the back corner. The man nearest tried to stamp it out, but the wind fanned the blaze until, in a few moments, it was out of control. Hastily they pushed the straw apart to make a bare space between the

fire and the people, but before that was done the wooden side of the car was burning. The people in the car ahead and the one behind saw what had happened and began to shout, but there was no chance that they could be heard by the engineer above the roar of the train.

"I know what to do," Alex shouted to Mary Ann, "pray that I'll succeed!"

He pushed to the front of the car and climbed to the top. While the frightened people watched, he swung himself to the next car, climbed down into it, pushed through the passengers to the front, and climbed to the next. There were eight cars ahead that he must cross before he could reach the engineer to have him stop the train. Meanwhile the fire was spreading. Could he possibly get there in time? Could he get there at all? One misstep would mean death to him and perhaps to all of those in the burning car. They waited through the long minutes breathlessly and prayerfully.

Mary Ann thought of that anxious night of the storm at sea when even the captain admitted they were in great danger. And that other time when the pirate ship with the black flag had come so near the sailors were afraid their ship would be attacked. On both occasions the saints had gathered on deck for prayer, and both times their lives had been preserved. This fire was a different kind of danger, but surely their kind Father in heaven would not desert them now. He would help Alex succeed in his difficult attempt.

Fervently Mary Ann's lips whis-

pered over and over the words that were a part of all her prayers, "Dear Father, keep us under thy protecting care."

There was a breathless moment of uncertainty. Was the train slowing down, or did they just imagine it? Yes, it was—slower—slower—slower, and finally, with a jerk of the brakes, it stopped. Quickly the worried passengers climbed out over the sides and were

sent ahead to crowd into the baggage car. There was no water available to fight the fire, so the train went on until they came to a switch track where the car, now all afire, was switched onto a siding. Before the trainload of converts was out of sight, the car was burned beyond repair, but the lives of this faithful group of saints had been spared once more to continue their journey with gratitude and rejoicing.



## *Conquering Ourselves*

Anne S. W. Gould

In Proverbs it is written, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The greatest thing to accomplish in the world is to conquer ourselves. We can conquer the art of cooking, we can conquer the art of music, and the hundred and one other things that men set out to do; but the greatest of all is to conquer oneself.

Some people have a quick temper, one of the hardest things to conquer; some have to overcome impatience or depression; some, the tendency to gossip; others, intolerance and prejudice.

Every person has some weakness that has to be conquered. Every Christian should make it the main thing in life to develop a well-balanced character, so that he is aware of himself every minute of the day. One aim, one purpose in life, is to please God. Jesus said: "To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." If we love anyone we try to please him. Bad temper, impatience, and all the other miserable habits cannot please God, so we try to eliminate them from our characters and follow in the footsteps of Jesus, who is the way.

To conquer ourselves is the greatest thing we can accomplish in the world. If we are in earnest, we can accomplish much; but, like learning to play the piano, we have to practice. To conquer ourselves, we have to practice, too. We need a quiet time every day to be calm, to think about our determination to conquer our weaknesses, to think of the virtues we desire. If you are impatient, think of yourself as always patient, tolerant, and kind. We will fail many times, but there is no real failure except in ceasing to try.

It will take a whole lifetime to conquer ourselves, but we must never forget that all we take with us out of this life is what we have gained spiritually; and God our Father, who loves us, gives us the help of his Holy Spirit. He gives us the Bible and other inspired writings, and he has given us the greatest gift of his Son, the Christ, who has shown us the way to spiritual strength.



## *Christmas Packages for Children*

Clara Laster

**C**HRISTMAS is a season of laughter. It is an occasion when children have great expectations. Their eyes are large and full of enthusiasm each passing day. At this time of year parents should meet that youthful challenge with patience, and a special desire to fulfill their expectations to the richest degree.

One doesn't have to buy expensive gifts, however. For these do not always bring delight to our children. Laughter and happiness come from simple sources. A package, for instance, may be wrapped to match the mood and personality of a child. This will bring a smile to the lips of that youngster.

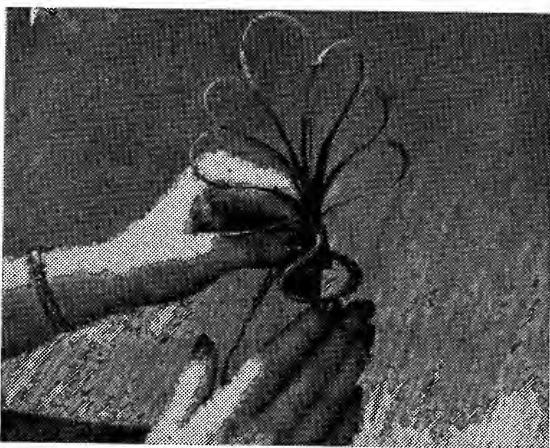
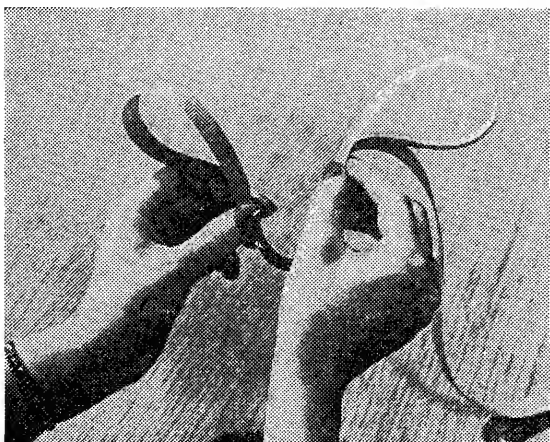
Here are a few ideas and suggestions for a package that might be wrapped just right for one of your children.

### CANDY-ANN PACKAGE

If you have an umbrella for daughter or a long toy for Junior, or any lengthy present to wrap, try making a Candy-Ann package. This gift brought laughter and delight to my daughter last Christmas.

This package is so simple to do, a child could wrap it. You will need a stapler, scissors, cellophane tape, and a long box. If you cannot find a long box, make one from pasteboard. You will also need candy-striped paper and tinsel.

First, take a long box and place your gift inside. Take a sheet of candy-striped paper and let it extend only far enough over the top and bottom of the box to be fastened down with tape. Take another sheet of the same paper and cut out four round



Courtesy Tie-Tie Products

## HOW TO MAKE A LOOPED BOW FOR DECORATING PACKAGES



circles. Now, trim two of the circles smaller than the other two. Roll these into arms and fasten to the package with tape.

The other two circles are for the skirt and bonnet of Candy-Ann. Take these and staple tinsel around the edge of each one. See how simple it is? Now place the round package in the center of the skirt and mark around it with a pencil. Cut out the hole and slip the skirt up from the bottom of package. Fasten it to the package with tape. Make a sash of red ribbon and tie in a bow in the back.

Place the last circle on top of your package, for it is the bonnet. Make a small slit on each side and run some ribbon through. Tie this in a bow under a "make-believe chin." Make secure with the tape. Cut the eyes and mouth from a sticker and stick in place.

Candy-Ann is finished. She should stand under the tree without help. Place a card in her hand, and see if she doesn't spread sunshine Christmas morning.

### RED CANDLE PACKAGE

A red candle package can be made in nearly the same way. Instead of using candy-striped paper, use red glossy paper. Another difference, the top of this package

must slant down and be white. Fix this by cutting it to the desired slant before wrapping. Put the gift inside. Then staple on a round paper top. Now, wrap with glossy paper. From the same paper, cut two pieces to resemble a flame. Paste these together, glossy sides out. Take a small strip of pasteboard and staple to flame. Fold the bottom of the strip under and tape to candle. Tie a big red or green ribbon bow around the candle near the bottom, and the package is completed. It, too, will stand under the tree.

If you have an oblong gift, wrap it like a little red wagon. Wrap one like a Christmas tree, another can be Santa Claus going down the chimney. There are a multitude of ideas for packages that will delight your children. Dig down into your imagination and watch the results this year.

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## *Fruitcake - - - Through the Holidays*

Marie Gifford

Director, Consumer Service, Armour and Company

Perhaps you've been too busy to make the traditional fruit cake for Christmas giving. Don't fret, for there's still time to make the cakes for giving or serving during that week between Christmas and New Year's.

Save those colorful gift wrappings, for they are nice to wrap a small cake to give your shut-in friends, next-door neighbor, or those special friends who slipped by without a Christmas remembrance.

When it comes to fruitcake we find the light variety brings many requests for another piece. Thin slices served with cups of cherry-cranberry punch, make a holiday

open house a special occasion. Fruitcake adds to the friendly, informal air when served to the family gathered about the fireplace.

You'll find this recipe calls for a minimum of ingredients as far as fruitcakes go. Then, too, it is less expensive than the usual holiday fruitcakes. At the same time, this light cake is ever so rich, for it's made with butter and eggs—two basic ingredients which add flavor to all baked products.

This fruitcake carries a wish for a "Happy and Prosperous New Year," when served during the holiday week.

### LIGHT FRUITCAKE

¾ cup butter or other shortening	1 cup chopped blanched almonds
3 cups sifted powdered sugar	grated rind of 1 lemon
8 eggs, separated	4 cups all-purpose flour
3 cups white raisins	1 teaspoon baking powder
6 ounces glazed cherries	½ cup fruit juice
6 ounces candied pineapple	

Beat butter until creamy. Add sugar and beat 1 minute. Add egg yolks and beat mixture 10 minutes. Stir in fruit, almonds, and lemon rind, add sifted dry ingredients alternately with liquid. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour batter into bread tins, 7¼" x 3" x 2½" waxed paper lined. Bake at 275°F. 1½ hours. Makes 3 loaves.





Minor White

## WINTER AT ANTHONY LAKES, OREGON



### *For Christmas Eve*

Leone E. McCune

Let there be moonlight and one star  
More brilliant than the rest, and light  
To guide a troubled world, where strife  
And turmoil live, this holy night.

Is peace on earth forever lost,  
Its golden echoes ceased to ring?  
Oh, world, give pause and heed this night  
The words of Jesus Christ, our King!

Let those who guide the destinies  
Of men, beware! Let hatred die,  
Proud heads be bent and knees be bowed  
The anguished heart, the tortured cry . . .

Dear God, in thy compassion,  
Let peace, as a gentle dove,  
Descend to join all hearts tonight  
In one white crucible of love.

# The Fabric of Christmas

Mildred Garrett Enos

**I**T was while John was home from the university for the Thanksgiving holidays that we decided he could do the Christmas shopping for the boys in Salt Lake.

There wasn't any doubt about what they wanted, and we knew I could buy their gifts at the hardware store in town. But one simply doesn't buy, and smuggle home, two pellet air rifles, and a pair of compasses, not when Johnnie, age eight, and Drew, age seven, are watching every move.

So John drew the assignment, and I let my mind relax on that score. Goodness knows I had enough to worry about, what with the ranch on my hands, two boys to see to, and a husband tied up with a course in animal husbandry at the university.

The rest of the family gifts, with the exception of John's, I had provided with my own little homespun talents at various times throughout the year. For John's grandmother, who lived alone in her little house, a box of my best canned fruit and vegetables and jam, and a warm wool shawl. For my mother, a hooked rug, and for John's sister, and mine, a white blouse each. They were all gift packed and ready for me to mail when I went into town around the tenth of December for our fresh food supply. I planned to take care of John's gift at the same time. He had needed a pair of new hunting boots for over a year. I had been saving my money since the past June.

The first light snowfall came the eleventh of December and meant little to me except that our rolling acres on the lower slopes of Thousand Lake Mountain were covered with a soft white blanket later than usual. I had laid in a good supply of food staples the day before, and provision had been made for our animals long before. So I rather welcomed the chance for some inside activities. Pete, our aged Navajo Indian helper, saw to the livestock while I checked our wood and put away our food supply.

Everything being under control, the boys and I shelled the nuts for our fruitcake. Of course the boys were more in the way than help, but they enjoyed it so much, and it did help to keep them indoors, so I let them help dice the fruit, too. It made them feel awfully important standing on chairs with towels tied around their fat little middles, dicing fruit. I saved a little of the batter and baked it in muffin tins for them. We put the finished cake in a clean cloth and tucked it carefully away.

To me Christmas is more than just a day. It is a season. And it always commences for me with the warm spicy smell of a baking fruitcake. With that smell comes the first feeling of the spirit of Christmas. And each succeeding thing—the lovely carols at church and over the airways, the cutting of the tree, the church and family activities—all add their share to the growing feeling. Christmas day is just the climax.

THE house smelled of fruitcake all the next day, and the next, which was Sunday. That day we sang again in our little chapel the old familiar songs of Christmas, and I knew for sure the Yule time season had come.

Johnnie, Drew, and I cut the tree the next day. I was sorry John was not along to help select it—it was the first time he had ever missed. But I knew he would not be home till the twentieth, and, in the meantime, the boys could occupy themselves trimming the tree.

We were on our way home when the snow started again, and as the flakes began falling, silent and beautiful, we had no idea of what was in store for us.

It snowed all night long and again the next day, with never a break. By nightfall the drifts were beginning to pile high. Pete had a worried face when I helped him with the livestock, and the animals themselves were cold and contrary.

I listened to the faint hiss of the snow till midnight before I fell into a troubled sleep. Pete awoke me the next morning when he bumped on the kitchen door. He had shoveled a path from the barn to the house through the snow. The electricity was off, and so, I discovered later in the morning, was the telephone.

We lived in a still, silent world for three days. No one got through to us, and I began to worry for fear John would not be able to get through in time for Christmas. And I thought of the boys' gifts with an uneasy heart.

I worked alongside Pete each day to feed and protect the animals.

We kept a fire going in the sheep shed and managed to save every one of John's prize sheep—the great hope of our future.

On the morning of the twentieth it started snowing again, and I knew for certain that my hopes for Christmas were finished. But how do you explain to little boys that anyone as wonderful as Santa Claus couldn't get through a snow-storm when he had Rudolf, the Red-nosed Reindeer, to carry his sleigh?

I told Pete about the gifts, for I had to share my anxiety with someone. But I couldn't bring myself to tell the boys. Somehow, some way, I hoped for a miracle. Reason told me it was impossible. But then, isn't Christmas the season to hope for miracles?

Christmas Eve the snow ceased. But it was too late. We were almost buried under the drifts, and I knew it would be many days before John could get through.

I searched through all my personal things that day, praying that I could find something to use for gifts. For the first time I regretted that the boys were not little girls, for I had several things that would have made nice gifts—the silver bracelet, the turquoise pendant, and I make beautiful Raggedy Anns. But little boys are little boys, whether it be Christmas or the Fourth of July.

I was baking mince pies about four that afternoon—for I was determined to have a Christmas dinner—when Pete came softly in the back door and laid my first miracle on the table before me. A pair of hunter's horns!

THESE were made from cow horns scraped down until they were thin as oiled silk. A hole was bored in the small end, and the mouthpiece hand-carved. A leather thong was tied to each end for carrying over the shoulder. To a hunter a horn is a real treasure. These looked exquisite.

I thought of the many hours of patience required to make the horns, and I couldn't speak. After a few moments I gathered up the box containing John's hunting boots and handed it to Pete. And, in a way, that was a miracle, too. For didn't they wear the same size? He would never know they were not bought for him.

We sang a few carols before bedtime, and I read the old, old story ". . . And there were . . . shepherds . . . keeping watch over their flocks by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them . . ."

I thought of the humble shepherds again while I helped Pete bed down our flock for the night. And I thought of the gifts to the Christ Child, and I thought, why not? Why not one of John's prize lambs to each of his sons?

I carried them to the house, covered each one with a piece of old canvas and tied a huge red bow around each neck and put them in a box of clean hay under the Christmas tree. They were glad of the warm room and lay down gratefully.

The third miracle came the next morning, and it came right straight down from the sky, where miracles are supposed to come from. Yes, it was John! He parachuted from a plane, and almost smothered before we got him dug out of the snow.

Of course, if this were a story, I could have had him jump holding the boys' air rifles and a nice gift for me. But the truth is it was just John, shaken, and much worried. I just hung on to him and wept with joy.

Johnnie and Drew were wild with happiness also. They had their daddy home, and Santa had come, leaving each of them two totally unexpected gifts. Of course, there were disadvantages, for between the boys, the horns, and the sheep, John and I were forced to retreat to the kitchen. He didn't have a gift for me, and I didn't have a gift for him, but we were happy. And that, after all, is the fabric of which Christmas is made.

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## *Your Letter*

*Della Adams Leitner*

The postman brought your letter,  
 And suddenly the rain  
 Changed from a dreary, dismal wail  
 To music once again.  
 I felt in tune with joy and love  
 And everything seemed new,  
 Transformed from drab to golden hours  
 Because I heard from you.



BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING (1858)

\* \* \* \*

## *Recipe for Date Nut Holly Wreath Pudding*

Phyllis Snow

Home Service Department, Mountain Fuel Supply Company

Temperature: 350°

Time: 30 Minutes

1. Prepare: 1 c. stoned, minced dates and 1 c. chopped nut meats
2. Combine these ingredients with:

½ c. sugar, white or brown	2 beaten egg yolks
1 tsp. baking powder	1 tsp. vanilla
1 tbsp. flour	
3. Fold in: 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and ¼ tsp. salt
4. Bake the pudding in a well-greased, nine-inch ring mold. Permit it to cool in the pan.
5. Whip until stiff 1 c. heavy cream
6. Fold in 2 tbsp. powdered sugar and 1 tsp. vanilla
7. When cold, unmold pudding onto a platter and cover it with the whipped cream mixture.
8. Garnish with holly leaves and maraschino cherries.

# The Christmas Tree

Lillian S. Feltman

“SILENT Night—Holy Night.”

The soft strains carolled thinly on the crisp December night air. Ellie, walking homeward in the snowy dusk, paused a moment to listen. “Silent Night—Holy Night.” It was almost like old times, just hearing it.

Old times—when the children had all been home and their stockings had hung limply, waiting for Santa to fill them. Tom and Ollie and Marge had married, and had gone, one by one, away from the old home. There was no one left, now, but herself and Paul. Just as there had been only Paul and herself in the beginning.

Their first Christmas had been spent at the hospital, because Tom had chosen the week before to put in his appearance. And the next year there had been a sparkling tree for him. All the other Christmases there had been a tree for the children, and last year all the children and grandchildren had come home, and there had been a huge tree for that occasion. The year before that Marge hadn't yet been married.

This year would be different. Just yesterday she had tried to tell Paul how very much they needed a tree. What a comfort it would be to them. Christmas just wasn't Christmas without a tree . . . .

But she hadn't told him all that was in her heart, after all, because Paul had said, “A tree is just an unnecessary expense. We don't need one now the children are all gone, and there won't any of them be coming home this year . . . .”

Ellie blinked back the tears. There wasn't any use thinking about a tree as long as Paul didn't want it, too. She couldn't enjoy it if they had one, knowing he wasn't.

She reached the house and went into the soft warmth of it. Paul was sitting beside the heating stove, and he said as she came in, “Cold out?”

“Not very,” Ellie answered. “The carols are lovely so that one doesn't notice the cold so much . . . .”

They had supper and the evening passed like all the other evenings nowadays. And then it was morning again, and the next day would be Christmas.

ELLIE tried to sing as she went about straightening up the house, because she always sang at her work, and Paul would think she was sick or something if she didn't. But her heart wasn't in it, and the sound was thin and sad, somehow, and she was glad when it came time for Paul to go out and tend to the chores. She could stop singing then until he came back in.

And then it was night and supper was over, and Ellie thought of the Christmas tree decorations up on the closet shelf. Tears smarted behind her eyes, and she said, “I think I'll go for a little walk—listen to the carols. Want to come along?” Knowing he wouldn't—it seemed to make his rheumatism worse if he went out into the night air, “I'll be back real soon,” she added, and went into the bedroom closet to get her coat and scarf.



Paul was reading the paper when she came into the living room again, so she didn't say anything—just went out and closed the door softly behind her.

Out there she could hear the carols faintly, and it sounded like the children singing them as they did on those long-ago nights when they were small and exuberant and dependent on her's and Paul's love.

If only they had a tree so that it would be like always . . . . She knew she wouldn't mind their not being here so much. She guessed she was being silly—but they'd always had a tree—Christmas wasn't Christmas without one. . . .

Ellie walked toward town, went slowly around the small park, once, twice. Paul would be missing her. It was time for her to turn back.

Her feet moved slowly, and she breathed in the clear night air, filling her lungs with its freshness. The night was beautiful, and there were a million stars overhead. They twinkled in rhythmic unison with the carolling.

It began to snow—huge, feathery flakes—and Ellie felt them fall softly upon her upturned face.

Suddenly, she thought of Paul again, and with the thought came an urgency for her feet to hurry.

Nonsense—Paul was all right. He wouldn't be needing her. He would

still be sitting beside the stove reading the newspaper.

Ellie walked faster, and presently she turned in at her own gate and went up the walk. She reached the step—and there in a little heap, with the snow covering him gently, was Paul. A little pine tree lay beside him, and the snowflakes, drifting down, clung lovingly to the branches.

Ellie knelt beside Paul and tugged at him. She brushed the snow from his face with her scarf and laid her cheek against his.

"It doesn't matter about the tree, Paul," she said brokenly. "Not really. We can have Christmas without the tree—but not without you. . . . Not without you, Paul.

He stirred against her. "Ellie," he muttered. "It's my lame foot. The ankle turned and I think I hit my head."

"Here," said Ellie, "let me help you into the house."

"Get the tree," said Paul, "we can carry it together. I wanted to do it alone—wanted to have it up when you got back. I wanted to surprise you. Where do you keep the trimmings, anyway?"

Ellie laughed softly. "They're on the closet shelf."

Paul held the tree tightly with one arm and put his other one about her shoulders as they went into the house together.

\* \* \* \*

## *Forget Them!*

Mary Gustafson

Troubles cannot bother you,  
That is, unless you let them,  
So, why not whistle up a tune,  
And after that, forget them!

# Christmas Aprons From Scraps

Celia Luce

**A**PRONS, for yourself or for presents, are to be had for practically nothing — from your scrap bag. The secret is in the planning and the cutting.

First, choose a plain apron pattern that doesn't take much material, if you are using a bib style, or make a smaller one that ties around the waist, with no bib.

Assemble the scraps of one color and scraps of a contrasting color for trimming. Start with the largest scraps, and lay them on your apron pattern, starting with the center of the pattern. Then decide where you must make the seams. Figure 1 is cut from an apron pattern with no seams in the top section. The bib, center front of the skirt, and two side panels of the skirt, may be cut from one color, and the rest from a contrasting or trimming color. Vary the size of the panels according to the size of your scraps. This apron can be beautiful if you use the scraps from your

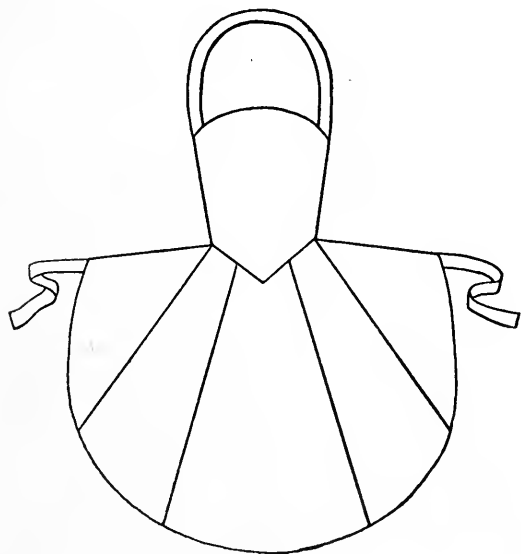


Figure 1

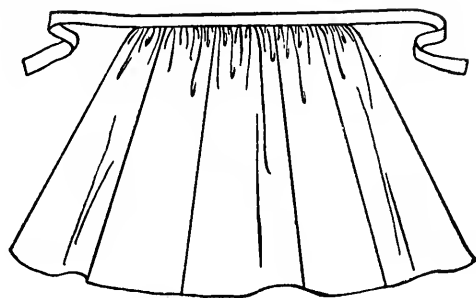


Figure 2

new house dress and make a matching apron.

Or, if the scraps are smaller, try an apron like figure 2. No pattern is needed for this. Cut the panels to fit your scraps, making sure the center panel is as large or a little larger than the others. The panels may be straight up and down and gathered at the waist or tapered from narrow at the waist to wide at the bottom, with little or no gathering. The panels may be made from all one color, with ric-rac or bias tape accenting the seam lines, or center and outside panels of one color and the other two of a contrasting color.

Figure 3 is made in much the same way as figure 2. Use the one that fits the shape of your scraps. It is made of two long pieces of contrasting colors sewed together.

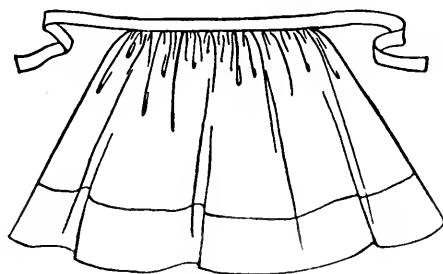


Figure 3

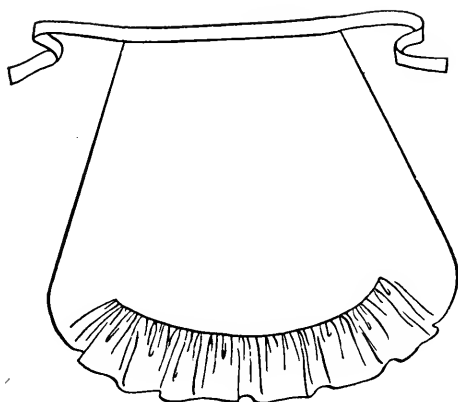


Figure 4

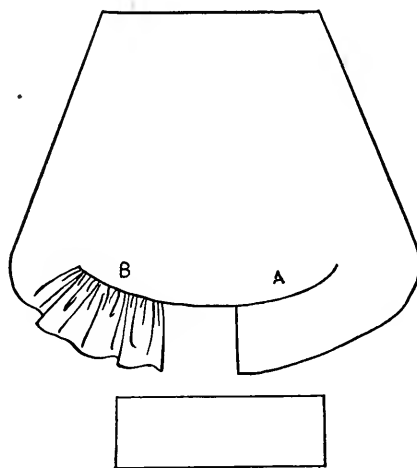


Figure 5

The belt should be the same color as the bottom.

Figure 4 is made from all one color, but the apron is small. The same idea could be used to add a ruffle to the bottom of many different aprons.

Figure 5 shows how figure 4 is made. Fold the material down the center and cut the apron to fit the material. While still folded cut the curved line from A to B to form the ruffle. Cut the ruffle in two in

the center front. Cut a straight piece the width of the ruffle and sew the two ends on to the two ends of the ruffle. Gather it and sew it to the upper part. The seams do not show, and this method gives a very interesting effect.

These drawings are merely suggestions. Get out your scraps and see what patterns they suggest to you. Beautiful and different aprons are easy to make and are wonderful additions to any wardrobe.



## *Immortality*

Christie Lund Coles

Age is no stranger to  
The skin, the hand, the eye,  
The muscle and the bone  
That mark the years go by.

Yet, somehow, this same age  
Is strangely alien to  
The mind and heart that cling  
To every joy they knew.

The spirit that can hope,  
Can dream when dreams are done,  
Renews itself in light  
Like an eternal sun;

And proves beyond despair,  
Defeat, despondency—  
Proves beyond death itself,  
Its immortality.

# A Time to Forget

## CHAPTER 6

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, lost her fiance, Jim Towers, in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits from her cousin Harriett Lester a walnut farm in the San Vicente Valley. On her first visit to the property, she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining ranch. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, offers to help Serena with the farm work, and she gratefully accepts his offer, finally becoming very much interested in his wholesome and buoyant attitude toward life. Serena learns that Jeff's wife, Beth Henley, a woman of wealth in her own right, has been dead for five years, and Jeff and David live with Beth's cousin Delia. Becoming friendly with young David, Serena recognizes his need for guidance and companionship. The first harvest is followed by torrential rains which flood Serena's land and her home. Luis and Jeff are helping her when a huge oak tree topples towards the house.

SERENA screamed in horror, her eyes dark with fright. Jeff put his arms about her and held her as in a vise, as the tree crashed on the house. It came, not towards their window, but onto the screened porch to the left, and as it broke, Serena buried her face in the warmth of Jeff's flannel shirt, expecting the roof to crash above her head, yet feeling safe in Jeff's arms.

But the roof did not quiver. There was only the torn screen where the branches pushed through, and a broken awning.

Trembling, Serena raised her eyes to look. Jeff still held her, allowing her only freedom to lift

her head. When she saw that the roof was safe, she swayed and would have fallen, save for Jeff. "I'm sorry," she said weakly, her voice muffled by his closeness, "but the tree, after the trouble with the flood, was too much. I'll be all right in a minute."

Jeff said nothing, but pressed his cheek against hers. The weakness of fear left her body, her blood rippled with a new sensation of delight.

"We've been two foolish people, haven't we?" he whispered in her ear. Then he let her go gently. Serena felt something more than the withdrawal of his arms. Jeff Landeau still felt some barrier.

He took her slim hands, warming them between his strong, work-hardened ones. "I guess I've been wanting to do that ever since the first time I saw you, though I wouldn't admit it to myself for a long time." He looked at her, searching her face. "You understand what I'm trying to tell you, don't you? I'm so inept at it."

"I think I do, Jeff." Her brain was playing a topsy-turvy game, and her voice sounded to her as if it came from the ceiling. "I think I do, Jeff, because I had to forget, too."

"What do you mean?" He asked it quickly, controlled fear in his voice.

"I didn't have as much to forget

as you, I know." Her head felt more settled now. Her voice was where it belonged. She sat down on the little chair and motioned Jeff to sit beside her on the divan while she told him about Jim and of her vow to keep him alone in her heart.

By now Jeff was kneeling beside her, holding her hands.

"I know something of how you feel, Jeff," she explained. She was thinking, for each step we take towards tomorrow, there is a tug from the past, holding us back. We have to be strong to resist the tug. Together, it will be easier; we can keep the doors to the past locked.

**B**UT to Jeff she said, "I didn't have the deep ties you had. Mine was only the promise of love, but I can understand. I'll always respect that part of your life as you will mine."

She looked at him, sensing there was still something holding him back. Releasing her hands, he rose and walked away. When he turned to her, there was both chagrin and resentment on his face.

"I've been a big fool," he said, finally, seating himself in the big chair, facing her, "and I might as well come out with it." He looked at her, begging her not to make him put it into words.

"You might as well come out with it, Jeff."

"I guess I'll have to, confound it." He frowned. "It's hard to put into sensible words, but Beth had a lot of property and considerable money. I didn't have a thing except myself and my high school teacher's salary."

"It didn't make any difference,

as long as it was love on both sides, did it?"

"Not a bit. Yet I had a hard time making myself see it that way. I finally had the common sense to understand. Beth was wonderful about it." His eyes were looking across the room, remembering. The room was very still, only the crackle of the fire. Outside, even the wind was silent.

"From the day we were married until the last, she never once made me feel in any way that the land was hers, not ours." Then his eyes clouded. "But the valley people didn't feel the same way." His face colored in embarrassment. "Oh, I'm used to it now, but I think if I live to be a hundred, the old-timers will still say it, every time my name is mentioned, that I got my land through marriage."

"You've done well by the land." Her reminder was gentle.

"We don't get things in this world without sweat. I've worked hard with the land, and I've been rewarded. And yet some of the farmers can't forgive me because I've been successful."

"I know how people are." Serena spoke with wisdom. "They respect you for treating the land well and being rewarded, but some of them can't conquer their envy." She rose lightly to her feet, looking up at him, her brown eyes soft. "But what has that to do with us?"

**H**IS face was really crimson now. "I wish I didn't have to say it." His deep blue eyes pleaded with her to understand. "You're an heiress yourself. Ever since you came, they've been hemming and hawing

and intimating—heaven only knows what they'll say when we marry.”

The color was receding from his face, showing his relief that he had spoken.

Serena's laugh was short. “I'm a queer kind of heiress. My big worry has been how to afford this place.”

“I doubt if anyone else in Mead-town thinks of it in that light,” Jeff said dryly.

“It's a lot of old woman talk,” she chided him, amused at his discomfiture. “I'm ashamed of you, Jeff Landeau.” She was close to his chair.

“You have every right to be.” He took the fingers of her right hand and pressed them against his cheek. “I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you, though you might as well know that for months when I'd want to come to see you or take you some place, I'd think of what people would say.” He looked very humble and ashamed. “I thought once was all I could stand.” She saw his dark look change. He stood up in quick decision.

“Couldn't you give this place away?” The urgency in his voice was real.

“You don't mean that, Jeff?”

“I really do. I want you and nothing else.”

“I'm glad you said that, Jeff.” Happiness made her warm all over. “But I'm not going to give my farm away, even for you. It's been my very life, and I want our children to inherit it, too.”

She watched the slow smile spread across his face.

“I guess you're right. They can talk all they want, I . . . .”

“Don't worry,” she interrupted. “I'll make them like me and they won't talk too much.”

She laughed in pure happiness. “It's been my refuge and my home. Now it will be ours.” As she spoke the words, she knew her plan.

“You mean that you want us to live here.”

“Wouldn't you rather?”

“Why not?” He laughed with the same happiness. “It's newer, we'll both like it better. Do you know I've never thought of this, even to myself, but the old house was never really mine. The land was, but the house wasn't mine.” There was wonder in his voice. “I kept looking forward to the time when I could build a new one. This one now,” enthusiasm was flowing through him, “I've always liked it. Maybe I was even a little envious when it was being built.”

His eyes took in the spacious room and traveled to the unseen corridor. “We can add another wing, one big enough to include a room for Luis.”

SHE nodded in agreement. Luis would always be part of the family.

“And if you don't mind,” the idea was newly tumbled into his head, “we'll just turn the old place over to Delia. I promised her when she came she could have a home as long as she lived. There's an elderly cousin who will be glad to come and live with her.”

Smiling down at Serena in satisfaction, he said, “I guess that about settles everything.” He pulled Serena towards him. “Except one thing, when will it be?” There was tenderness in his voice.



Serena wrinkled her nose in the contentment of his arms. "I couldn't decide anything until after Christmas," she said lazily. "The house will be jammed with people. After Christmas we'll talk about it."

"We're not putting anything off," Jeff retorted, ruffling her short brown curls with his free hand, "we'll talk about it now."

"Can't we wait until then? So much has happened today."

"I know it has," he said contritely. "I don't want to upset you any more, but couldn't we just decide on, say February? That will give time for a proper courtship and yet not be too long."

"Oh that's far too soon." She was alarmed. "I like May. It would be the anniversary of my coming."

Jeff gave her a quick hug. "You're marrying a farmer, Serena. The seasons don't wait. What do you say again to February? That will give us time to go away for six weeks or so before the spring work begins."

Serena capitulated, saying, "I suppose I could quit work then as well as later." She could see Mr. Green's astonished face when she told him, and smiled.

"What do you say to Mexico?" he asked, pressing his advantage. "I was there one summer when I was studying Spanish, and I've always wanted to go back. Would you like it?"

"It would be a dream come true." She pressed her face against his arm.

"Serena, Serena," he whispered the name softly. "Such an old-fashioned name." He pulled her closer and in his kiss Serena knew there would be no more barriers.

"I'm going now," he said later, "to give you a chance to get a little rest and to see what the storm's doing to my place. We'll fix that oak when it quits raining. Then I'm going to come back and start showing you off by taking you out to dinner."

SERENA walked with him to the door. The world outside was still dark with rain.

"When the sun came out again, I had intended to begin my quest for someone to share my home with me." Her eyes twinkled. "I didn't expect an applicant so soon."

"There are two of us, you know." His voice was serious.

"I'm glad that you have David to bring with you," she replied quietly, "and Luis, of course, will always make his home with us."

"Once you take tenants in, it's difficult to get rid of them these days." He was close to her in the doorway.

"I'm prepared to take the risk." She pushed him gently with her finger-tips. "To make you hurry home so that you will be back soon," she told him.

\* \* \* \*

SERENA was driving that bright afternoon in March when they left the main highway. She pulled the car off the road.

"I want you to drive the rest of the way, Jeff," she said, slipping from the driver's seat. She was thinking that this was her valley, her home, its walls, the hills in their soft spring green, its floor, the carpet of trapped sunshine that was the mustard in bloom. Akin to car-

rying her over the threshold was Jeff's driving.

His deep blue eyes, tender with love, smiled at her as he took the wheel. "Glad to be back?" he asked.

Nodding, she pressed her shoulder against his. "Glad, but part of me is still in Mexico."

Memories of the past six weeks were with her, like mosaics, sharp-cut and brilliant in color. There was the green water of the jungle rivers, the orchids hanging high in the giant trees along the highway. Cathedral spires floated in the golden light. In a rose-red hill village she saw light brown women in long, colored skirts, with eyes bright as forest berries. And interlacing the whole pattern was the love between her and Jeff.

No longer quietly pretty, Serena had a beauty that was almost startling. Her eyes, her skin, and even her hair had a luminous quality. Her face, that for so long had been sad in repose, was now truly lovely.

The voices of the Southland still tinkled their music in Serena's ears. She was glad that Luis would be waiting, a link between her enchanted weeks and the new life. She wondered if he would like the brown serape and the bowls of pottery she had brought him from his native Michoacan.

And Delia? There was a small wrinkle on Serena's forehead. She hoped Delia would be happy with her silver earrings and combs, for so little in Mexico had seemed to be suitable for Delia. David, ah, David, he would be the happy one. She relaxed again. Everything was right between her and David. They

understood each other. Her mind raced ahead of the engine, anticipating his delight in his gifts.

"Delia wasn't happy at our wedding." The words had been on top of her mind for a long time, but she had not said them before.

**J**EFF, his lean brown hands steady on the wheel, did not turn. "Only brides are happy at weddings. Other women cry."

"Delia wasn't crying. I thought until the day of the wedding that she liked me a little, maybe tolerated is a better word. I knew that day she didn't."

"I didn't know you had such morbid thoughts. Poor old Delia was only mourning her lost and wasted youth."

"She liked ruling the Landeau household, didn't she?" She was smiling now. "We'll have to make her happy now as mistress there."

"Don't let us ask for a miracle." Jeff's eyes twinkled. "Delia was not born to be happy."

The resentment went deeper than Jeff's diagnosis. Delia had come to the wedding dressed in expensive new clothes, provided by Jeff's liberality, willing to be affable in a patronizing way to the unknown office girl and her friends. Clutching David by the arm, she had stood there in hauteur to tell the guests that she represented David's family of the old and vast acres. She would be affable, but no more.

If my friends had been shabby or mediocre, I believe she would have accepted me, thinking Beth's place usurped, Serena told herself, recalling the lovely reception given her by Mr. and Mrs. Green in

their beautiful home. But that was being morbid. She gave herself over to the joy of homecoming.

They were turning into the lane now, past the Hale house where Mr. Hale was dozing in the sun.

"Let's unload our things here at our house before we go to Delia," Jeff suggested. "She won't be expecting us so early." He was ready to swing the car into the curved driveway, gay with daffodils.

"Shouldn't we go to her first, just as we are? She might like it better."

"I'd like to go to our own place first, wouldn't you? Besides I want a shower and a change." He swung the car into the driveway, his eyes appreciating the riot of gold. "We're not going to start pampering Delia," he added. "I've done that long enough."

SERENA had been married six weeks. She smiled in agreement. Luis had cut the lawns, but the earth was still too soaked for spring planting. As they stopped the car in the side driveway they saw that work had started on the new wing. Cement was poured, the framing begun.

"We'll be in it before summer." Jeff's voice was elated. They walked around the framework, Jeff lingering while Serena went to the car.

"Here, take it easy," he called when he saw her taking out some boxes. "That's my work."

No longer a novice, Serena set out his towels and farm browns, as clean and smartly tailored as when she had first seen them. Now he was Jeff the farmer.

Later, when they drove to the Landeau place, Delia, in her silk print dress and enveloping white apron, was waiting for them in her kitchen, odorous with baking chicken. She seemed pleased enough with the silver trinkets, letting Serena arrange the combs in her gray-ing hair. She stuck the earrings through her long-pierced ears.

"My land, you didn't have to go to all that bother for me," she protested, at the same time admiring her profile in the mirror.

Through the mirror Serena saw the clock. "David's bus is the last one. If you go right now, you can catch him."

"You come along, too." Jeff took her arm.

She wanted to go, but she said, "You go alone this time. I think David will like it better the first time."

She saw Delia looking at her and was surprised by the fleeting look of triumph that passed over the older woman's face.

(To be continued)

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## *Pageant of Night*

Eunice J. Miles

Impart  
Your secret, stars  
That calmly climb the skies,  
Untouched, unknown, flung far beyond  
The earth.

You own  
No fear of death,  
Imprint no shade, no scar,  
To mar the dome where you display  
Your light.



## *Theology*—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

### Lesson 14—Nephi

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 1 and 2 Nephi)

For Tuesday, March 3, 1953

Objective: To gain an appreciation of the character and teachings of Nephi, and to realize the value to all men in emulating them.

“I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them . . . . As the Lord liveth, and as we live, we will not go down unto our father in the wilderness until we have accomplished the thing which the Lord hath commanded us” (1 Nephi 3:7, 15). In this firm and decisive manner, Nephi spoke concerning the assignment he and his older brothers had been given to bring the brass plates from the house of Laban in Jerusalem to the tent of Lehi in the valley of Lemuel.

After one vain attempt by Laman to secure the brass plates, the older brothers, with flagging resolution, were ready to renounce their undertaking and to return to the tent of their father. Such a spiritless attitude was foreign to the character of Nephi. With inspired determination, he buoyed up their spirits to the point where they were able to accomplish their mission.

That they might fail in this as-

signment given them of the Lord was unthinkable to Nephi. He knew that they could accomplish the assigned task with the Lord's help. It is this faith in God, this determination to carry out his commandments, which dominate the character of Nephi throughout a long and illustrious life. Recognizing these qualities as basic in Nephi, we can easily understand why former President Heber J. Grant could say that Nephi exerted a more powerful influence on his life than any character in sacred or profane history, save only Jesus Christ.

Nephi was young when he made this hazardous journey to Jerusalem to secure these brass plates, but the characteristics which were to dominate his life were already formed. He grew to young manhood and received his early training in Jerusalem where Lehi and Sariah, his father and mother, had reared their family of four sons, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi. Jerusalem was in the land of Palestine, called Canaan by the inhabitants who lived there. The eastern boundary of this land

was perhaps the Jordan River; its western boundary, the Mediterranean Sea. The river Jordan, connecting the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea, extended north and south between two mountain ranges. About eighteen miles north and west of the Dead Sea was the city of Jerusalem. At that period of time it was the crossroads between the fertile crescent and Egypt. (See *The Relief Society Magazine*, January 1952, page 50.)

Because it was situated between two great civilizations, the citizens of Jerusalem came into contact with the Egyptians and Babylonians. These civilizations, especially the Egyptians, contributed to the culture of the populace in Jerusalem. (Hugh Nibley, "Lehi in the Desert," *The Improvement Era*, Volume LXIII, January, 1950, pp. 14-16; 66, 71; see also, February, 1950, pp. 102-104; 155-157). With this historical information in mind, we can readily understand why Nephi wrote that he made a record in the language of his father, which consisted of the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians.

Not only did he have a knowledge of the Egyptian language, but he read from the plates of brass, which were written in the Hebrew language, but in the reformed Egyptian characters. He quoted much from Isaiah and expounded Isaiah's prophecies.

It was not only book learning, however, which constituted the education of Nephi. He was a practical man. He knew how to smelt ore from the rocks, how to make from the skins of animals a bellows with which to blow a fire, how to fabricate bows and arrows, how to hunt

successfully, how to construct buildings of wood and cement, and how to manufacture swords patterned after the sword of Laban.

Educated under divine tutorship, for he was carried away in the spirit and saw and talked with the Spirit of the Lord and with angels, and was shown visions, he possessed a knowledge of God's dealings with mankind. He knew how to place first things first. He submitted his problems to God and received an answer.

As a young man, he was told by the Lord that he was to be a ruler and teacher of his older brothers, who were incredulous and recalcitrant like the Jews in Jerusalem. In his association with his brothers, he was firm in his attitude, for he knew his position was right, and yet he was kind and forgiving. Hatred and revenge never found expression in the life of Nephi.

His forgiving nature is aptly illustrated by an incident which occurred on the return journey from Jerusalem to the valley of Lemuel with Ishmael and his family. There was a minor rebellion in the camp because Laman, Lemuel, and part of Ishmael's family had determined to return to Jerusalem. Nephi pleaded with them to continue their journey, pointing out to them that Jerusalem would surely be destroyed. Angered against Nephi, they bound him with cords and planned to leave him in the wilderness to be eaten by the wild beasts. Miraculously delivered, Nephi again reproved his brothers. The Lord softened their hearts so that they begged Nephi for forgiveness. Nephi, recording the event on the small plates of Nephi, simply wrote

“And it came to pass that I did frankly forgive them all that they had done” (1 Nephi 7:21).

He must have experienced to the full the joy which arises in the human heart by returning good for evil. The gospel to him was something to be lived, not alone something to be taught. His conscience was so tender that sins which might not disturb the average man bore down upon him almost to the point of despair. Suffering from a feeling of his own unworthiness, on one occasion, Nephi engraved the following message on his record:

. . . my heart exclaimeth . . . O wretched man that I am! Yea, my heart sorroweth because of my flesh; my soul grieveth because of mine iniquities. I am encompassed about, because of the temptations and the sins which do so easily beset me. And when I desire to rejoice, my heart groaneth because of my sins; nevertheless, I know in whom I have trusted (2 Nephi 4:17-19).

The verses which follow are an eloquent expression of Nephi's trust in the Lord and of his gratitude for the great things he had been shown and the mercy of the Lord.

My God hath been my support; he hath led me through mine afflictions in the wilderness; and he hath preserved me upon the waters of the great deep.

He hath filled me with his love, even unto the consuming of my flesh.

He hath confounded mine enemies, unto the causing of them to quake before me.

Behold, he hath heard my cry by day, and he hath given me knowledge by visions in the night-time.

And by day have I waxed bold in mighty prayer before him; yea, my voice

have I sent up on high; and angels came down and ministered unto me.

And upon the wings of his Spirit hath my body been carried away upon exceeding high mountains. And mine eyes have beheld great things, yea, even too great for man; therefore I was bidden that I should not write them.

O then, if I have seen so great things, if the Lord in his condescension unto the children of men hath visited men in so much mercy, why should my heart weep and my soul linger in the valley of sorrow, and my flesh waste away, and my strength slacken, because of mine afflictions?

And why should I yield to sin, because of my flesh? Yea, why should I give way to temptations, that the evil one have placed in my heart to destroy my peace and afflict my soul? Why am I angry because of mine enemy? (2 Nephi 4:20-27).

In deepest humility and thanksgiving Nephi then explains:

Awake, my soul! No longer droop in sin . . . Rejoice, O my heart, and cry unto the Lord, and say: O Lord, I will praise thee forever; yea, my soul will rejoice in thee, my God, and the rock of my salvation. O Lord, wilt thou redeem my soul? Wilt thou deliver me out of the hands of mine enemies? Wilt thou make me that I may shake at the appearance of sin?

May the gates of hell be shut continually before me, because that my heart is broken and my spirit is contrite! O Lord, wilt thou not shut the gates of thy righteousness before me, that I may walk in the path of the low valley, that I may be strict in the plain road! O Lord, wilt thou encircle me around in the robe of thy righteousness! (2 Nephi 4:28, 30-33).

This complete prayer (2 Nephi 4:17-35) is in a category with the great recorded prayers of the world. It was uttered with faith in God. It came from the depths of a sin-



cere heart. It acknowledged the hand of God in all things. It requested blessings that are of true worth. This prayer reveals Nephi's beliefs and aspirations, as does the sincere prayer of any man. In all the important decisions of his life, he sought the wisdom and favor of God. Desirous to see the things his father had witnessed in visions, he prayed fervently and was caught away in the Spirit of the Lord, into an "exceeding high mountain" where he was privileged to behold much that would happen in the world to the end of time.

His account of this vision, which he received in the valley of Lemuel, together with the prophecy which he gave near the end of his life, clearly indicate the extent of his knowledge of what would happen to the various divisions of the house of Israel and to the Gentiles. These two sources, and the vision of John on the Isle of Patmos give us a prophetic history of significant events in the history of the world. Nephi's vision and his prophecy give us clear implications of his spiritual strength. Restricted space prevents further analysis of this important characteristic of Nephi.

As we delve into the life of this great spiritual leader, we find other qualities worthy of consideration. When his father led the little colony from the valley of Lemuel into the wilderness along the borders of the Red Sea, they were deprived of many of the comforts of life, which they had enjoyed in Jerusalem. The members of the group experienced conditions which tried their souls and tested their faith and intelligence. One of these experiences occurred not long after they

left the valley of Lemuel. They had camped to rest themselves and to replenish their food supply. While hunting, Nephi broke his fine steel bow. It was the last one they possessed, because the bows of the others had lost their spring.

The older brothers were fearful that they would not be able to kill the beasts of the forest. They complained about their sufferings and afflictions in the wilderness. Nephi, always able to accommodate himself to the situation at hand, conceived the idea of making a bow and arrow from wood, and of preparing a sling and stones. Armed with these weapons, he obtained food for the group. They rejoiced exceedingly. It was Nephi's initiative and Nephi's resourcefulness which had saved the little colony in its hour of distress.

His ability as a leader, as contrasted with the ability of two of his older brothers, Laman and Lemuel, is evident from the civilization which he built after separating from them in the land of promise. He taught his people to construct buildings, to work with wood, iron, copper, brass, steel, gold, silver, and precious ores. He built a temple, constructed after the pattern of the temple of Solomon and its workmanship was "exceeding fine," although it was not built of so many precious things, for they were not to be found upon the land.

He taught them the value of industry, and of employing their hands, undoubtedly recognizing the fruits of industry and the curative power of honest labor. Because of his obedience and his spiritual knowledge, Nephi built a civilization of culture and greatness.

His brothers, Laman and Lemuel, were cursed with a dark skin for their iniquity. Their descendants became "an idle people, full of mischief and subtlety" (2 Nephi 5:24).

In his second book, Nephi summarizes what he attempted to accomplish among his people. He tried to persuade them to do good. He explained the history of their fathers, the tribes of Israel, and God's covenants with them. He spoke of Jesus who was to come to earth to save mankind and exhorted them to believe in him. He reprimanded the sins of the people and encouraged them to endure in faith to the end (2 Nephi 32:4).

Near the close of his writings Nephi reveals the great charity which was in his heart for all mankind and particularly for his people, when he wrote:

But I, Nephi, have written what I have written, and I esteem it as of great worth, and especially unto my people. For I pray continually for them by day, and mine eyes water my pillow by night because of them; and I cry unto my God in faith, and I know that he will hear my cry (2 Nephi 33:3).

Scholar, statesman, man of God—these are appellations that apply to this great character who was promised by the Lord that he should be a leader and a teacher of his brothers, which promises were literally fulfilled.

### Questions on the Lesson

1. What are the two basic characteristics of Nephi? Justify your answer.
2. How did Nephi exemplify his forgiving nature?
3. Can you show that Nephi believed in the application of religious truths to life?
4. How do you know that Nephi was prayerful?

## Visiting Teacher Messages

### Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 14—"Wherefore, the Lord God Gave Unto Man That He Should Act for Himself. Wherefore, Man Could Not Act for Himself Save It Should Be That He Was Enticed by the One Or the Other" (2 Nephi 2:16).

For Tuesday, March 3, 1953

Objective: To bring to our minds an awareness of the importance of free agency, and to stimulate its intelligent use.

**P**ERHAPS never before in the history of the world has the free agency of man been so gravely threatened. Perhaps never before has the need been greater for an awakening, on the part of all mankind, to the worth of this principle.

The right to make our own decisions is one of the basic privileges

granted to man. It is God-given and an eternal principle. At the council in heaven Satan presented a plan for the redemption of man which would have denied him his agency. Our Heavenly Father disapproved that plan because it was not in accord with divine law. How we should cherish the principle of

free agency and jealously guard it against any designs which might wrest it from us! There are those in the world today who maintain that the common people are not capable of governing themselves or of making wise decisions, and who therefore would take away man's agency and presume to prescribe his way of life for him. And many seem willing to relinquish this precious right, believing their circumstances would be improved thereby.

Why is free agency so precious? Because only through the exercise of free agency can man develop and progress. Only by knowing good and evil and by choosing one or the other can man prove himself. No one can reach the exaltation which God has prepared for the righteous, and which is the purpose of his existence, by any other process than choosing the good and forsaking evil.

Often we bemoan the fact that so many obstacles are in our way, that we are beset on every hand by temptations. We chafe at the necessity of forever making choices, weighing the merits or demerits of innumerable matters. But let us remember that every choice that we make, offers an opportunity for growth.

In 2 Nephi 2:11, we read, "For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things." President Brigham Young said:

There is not, has not been, and never can be any method, scheme, or plan devised by any being in this world, for intelligence to exist eternally and obtain an exaltation, without knowing the good and the evil—without tasting the bitter and the sweet. Can the people understand that it is actually necessary for opposite principles to be placed before them, or this state of being would be no probation, and we should have no opportunity for exercising the agency given us? Can they understand that we cannot obtain eternal life unless we actually know and comprehend by our experience the principle of good and the principle of evil, the light and the darkness, truth, virtue, and holiness, also vice, wickedness, and corruption? (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 66, 1941 Edition).

Let us not look upon the problems and tribulations of life as a cruel fate dogging our footsteps, but rather as so many opportunities by which we may prove our integrity, a test by which we may gain entrance into the kingdom of our Father. "I have overcome the world," was the solemn declaration of the Savior, prior to his crucifixion. We too must overcome the world, if we would gain eternal life.

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## *The Greater Gift*

Margaret Evelyn Shingleton

In every heart the Christmas bell  
Awakens answering chimes,  
A peal of joy or a measured knell  
For the death of happier times.

Is the gift more dear when the lonely sing  
His birthday song again  
To this Child for whom the carols ring,  
This Holiest of Men?

# Work Meeting—Home Management

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

## Lesson 6—Household Cleaning

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, March 10, 1953

“Cleanliness is . . . next to godliness.” —John Wesley

A clean, orderly home is a mark of a good Christian home. It sets the background for peace of mind, contentment, clean thoughts, and wholesome relationships among family members.

A clean, orderly home is also a mark of a good homemaker. Cleanliness and orderliness save furnishings, time, and energy, and contribute to the health and safety of the family.

Since cleaning is the removal of accumulated dirt, anything you can do to keep dirt out of the house will minimize the efforts required to clean. Mats and scrapers placed near entrances serve as reminders as well as a means of removing dirt from shoes. They will pay for themselves many times over by preventing wear on floors that results when dirt is tracked in on them, not to mention energy saved in cleaning.

Every home needs a thorough cleaning and face-lifting occasionally. This doesn't mean, however, that the whole house must be put in a state of disorder and cleaned all at once.

When the urge to give your home a thorough cleaning strikes you, don't grab a pail, a mop, and cleaning cloths with the idea that you're

ready to plunge right in. Take stock of what you're going to do; when it will be best to do it, and the supplies you will need to do it really well.

Because home situations vary, each homemaker must make her own plan for cleansing, so that everything will proceed in an orderly way and with a minimum of disorder while the cleaning is being done. It can be as simple as deciding that you will first clean and put in order all the closets, cupboards, and drawers. Before you begin the big jobs, you may want to clean and store in a safe, clean place all the wall hangings, lamps, bric-a-brac and pictures.

While cleaning, take stock of needed repairs, such as electrical wiring, chairs to be reglued, loose railings, frayed edges on rugs, and other danger spots. See if light is needed in the halls or on the stairways to save someone from a dangerous accident.

Housecleaning need not be the dreaded job that it sometimes is, if you will follow a few practical, healthful work habits. Don't let your ambition run away with you! You can clean well, without driving yourself. Put into practice the following advice:

1. Wear comfortable shoes and attractive but suitable clothes for the work you have to do. A neat appearance can do wonders in keeping fatigue down and one's morale up.

2. Rest before you get tired. Take frequent, but short rest periods throughout the day. Prop your feet up and relax and try drinking a glass of cold water or milk.

The way women work is of great concern and the subject of much research, particularly of heart associations and larger factories employing women. The result of this research proves that frequent short rest periods boost production to two, and sometimes three times the output of continuous work without short rests. The strain on the heart and other parts of the body is very greatly lightened.

Women are prone to allow their own "motors" to go much faster, for longer periods of time, than they would allow their vacuum cleaners or mixers to go, for fear of burning them out.

3. Develop a kind of rhythm in your work. There is good form in housework just as in sports. Good form is simply performing a skill properly and with the least outlay of energy. Much energy can be saved and tiredness avoided if bodies are used properly. If the back is kept straight and stooping done with the leg muscles which are stronger than back muscles, another cause of fatigue will be avoided. It requires nineteen times more energy to stoop to pick up an object than to grasp it at waist level.

4. Learn to relax even while you work. Do not dash around with tensed muscles. Sit on a comfortable chair to do every task you can, such as polishing silver, cleaning lamps, etc. Learn to relax your legs, back, and neck muscles.

5. Housecleaning time is too often home accident time. A good stepladder is a necessity in most homes. Do not use as a substitute the edge of a chair, or a box or piece of furniture not made for such sturdy use. They would be expensive substitutes, if the worker slipped or if they crashed to the floor.

Many cleaning compounds are poisonous and some are inflammable. Keep them out of the reach of children and always carefully labeled. Make a practice of washing out oily cloths after you have used them; burn those that cannot be used again. Oily rags left carelessly around have been the cause of many home fires.

6. Cultivate pride in all you do. Doing a job you can be proud of provides an incentive for work and holds back fatigue. Remember, boredom causes fatigue. A study of twenty women (as nearly alike as twenty women can be) doing the same task, showed that those whose mental attitudes toward that task were good, performed it much easier, quicker, and with less fatigue than those who disliked it.

## SUGGESTIONS

Do you have a stock of the latest recommended cleaning supplies? Are the methods you use for cleaning up-to-date and in keeping with the best and easiest ways of doing each part of your housecleaning?

Have you tried:

Cellulose sponges in place of cloths?

Modern window cleaners in place of soap and water?

Easier tile and stove cleaners?

Sponge mops in place of old fashioned scrubbing brushes?

Self-polishing waxes on linoleum?

New woodwork and wall cleaners that require no rinsing?

Methods of cleaning are given in the following bulletins:

"Household Cleaning"

"Beauty Treatments"—No. 196

"Wood Finishing"—No. 171

Single copies are available without cost, and quantities for a nominal cost, from the Utah Extension Service, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah. Similar materials can be obtained from other state extension services.

# Literature—The Literature of England

## Lesson 30—John Keats (1795-1821)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 273-296).

For Tuesday, March 17, 1953

Objective: To understand more fully the relation between Keats' life, his theory of beauty, and his poetry.

“**W**HO killed John Keats?” asked Lord Byron in a bitter poem which for answer named as his murderers the critics who reviewed his poems with fierce condemnation. The passing years have revealed to us what Byron could not know—that one of his charges was almost as untrue as the other. Keats' letters tell the small influence the reviewers had upon him; likewise his continuing popularity as one of the great romantic poets proves that the real John Keats can never die.

Time has thus proved Byron wrong, and Keats wrong as well. During his fatal struggle with tuberculosis he wrote his fiancée, Fanny Brawne:

If I should die I have no immortal work behind me—nothing to make my friends proud of my memory—but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered.

And his self-composed epitaph, “Here lies one whose name was writ in water,” gives the note of finality to his feeling of futility and failure. Actually no English poet has ever accomplished so much in so short a life.



A Perry Picture  
Copyright 1909

JOHN KEATS  
(1795-1821)

### *Keats' Life*

The outward events of his simple life at once seem familiar to us, so common are they to our present reality. Born to lowly parents, he was orphaned at fifteen, and mournfully watched his brothers and sisters assigned out to relatives and guardians. At school his life was entirely normal: he had many



friends, loved a fight for its own sake, and, until his teens, was indifferent to books and poetry. For four years he was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary, but just when he was eligible to set up practice he dedicated his life to poetry.

For the next few years he knew the inspirational talk and hopes of fellow writers and painters. Publishing but little and selling less, he retreated to the country where he could write undisturbed. It was about this time he fell in love, but because of failing health he did not marry but went to northern England, then to Italy, hoping that a change of climate might save him. However, some few months after arriving in Italy he died and was buried in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, almost unknown to his own generation, and unfulfilled within himself.

### *"The Apostle of Beauty"*

It is temptingly easy to summarize the essence of Keats' life and works by referring to him as "the Apostle of Beauty," as has often been done, and justly. He loved beauty sufficiently that he gave all his mature effort to its cause, finally creating in his poems a pure, intense beauty which indeed will live forever. But although we all realize that beauty begets beauty, we should realize that the beauty of Keats' poetry has its origins within Keats himself—rather than in his life of poverty, physical suffering, obscurity, frustration in a most pure and intense life, and in the horror of a death which came just as he began to realize his faith in his own poetic destiny.

### *Keats' Character*

Because Keats was small of stature (in his letters he refers to himself with a wink as "Mister John Keats, five feet high"), handsome, gentle in manner, and universally liked, weak in body, and above all a poet, it would be easy to believe he was a weak and effeminate person. Both from his letters and from descriptions by his friends, we learn that he was vigorous, even belligerent, full of good talk and sparkling humor. But even as he inherited a tendency toward tuberculosis from his mother, he also credited her with giving him what he called his "horrid morbidity of temperament." He felt himself to be impulsive, proud, willful, irritable, and given to moods of depression and self-pity. This side of his life was always present but controlled until the last desperate months of his illness.

### *Growth Through Self-Discipline*

Through self-discipline he subdued these elements, and developed instead an attitude of cheerfulness, courage, and joy in his world of poetry. When his *Endymion* was attacked for weaknesses he had already admitted in its preface, he wrote in 1818 (text, page 294):

Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict—and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine (text, page 294, *Hessey Letter*, l. 11-20).

Earlier the same year he had confessed how much he had to learn in order to prepare himself to write poetry.

I know nothing, I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions of "Get wisdom, get understanding . . ." There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it (Letter, April 24, 1818).

In a letter written about six months later Keats wrote:

The genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man; it cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself—that which is creative must create itself.

The history of his growth as a poet is the record he left of his own self-creation, achieved through keen observation, wide reading, careful analysis of such great masters as Shakespeare, and a most severe self-criticism.

### *The Maturing Poet*

His first great discovery of his poetic powers occurred when his closest friend, John Cowden Clarke, son of the headmaster at school, led him to the joys of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "He went through it," wrote Clarke, "as a young horse would through a spring meadow—ramping! Like a true poet . . . He hoisted himself up and looked burly and dominant as he said, 'What an image that is—"sea-shouldering whales'." The sensuousness of Spenser predicted the same qualities within Keats' own poetry; throughout his life Spenser was one of his guiding stars.

When he discovered the glories

of the classical spirit he wrote his ecstasies in communicable form which we might share: "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," and "On Seeing the Elgin Marbles" (page 275). The first sonnet, one of the most famous in the language, condenses into two vast images of discovery the elation he feels when first he enters the domain of "deep-browed Homer" to drink of his wisdom and beauty. Likewise, at sight of the Elgin Marbles, his first visible contact with classical Grecian beauty, Keats feels dizzy with the pain-pleasure which these statutes, "a shadow of a magnitude," bring to him despite "the rude wasting of old Time." Probably his most famous poem. "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (pp. 281-282) is built upon the same theme: that the simple, pure beauty of Greek art, like all beauty, will endure forever, since beauty is the only truth in life, and truth alone endures. So it is that each of his poems is one of discovery, of a new aspect of self-creation as revealed to him in terms of beauty by the object being described: the sea, a tavern, death, a classical myth, melancholy, fame, a nightingale.

### *Keats' Definition of Beauty*

Keats thus worshipped beauty because he believed it to be the only reality which mortals can know. To him God, the source and center of all goodness and beauty, has extended himself into mortality in forms of beauty, that here he might be acknowledged and loved by man. Beauty, then, is the connecting link between mortals, all other beauty, and a kind and loving Father. The search for Ideal

Beauty and the creation of it became for Keats the greatest good in life. And this life, since it occurs in surroundings best adapted for man's using his mind and heart to find beauty, is for Keats a "vale of soul-making" rather than the usual vale of tears.

### *The Sensuous Material of Poetry*

The concept of beauty which Keats strove to create grew out of his belief that

. . . poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance (Letter, Feb. 27, 1818).

The material for his poetry is usually both the tangible and the common, but condensed and made more vivid through the keener perceptions and deeper imaginings of the poet. Keats' beauty is of the here and now; his great tool of communication is our senses. When reading Keats' poems our bodies and fingertips come alive to warmth and softness, motion and languid ease; and we become heady with the sweet odors he describes; but most of all we see and hear, both in what he describes and in the richness of his word-melody. For example, alert your senses, sharpen your expectations, and enjoy the following random quotes from Keats' poems:

Yet never did I breathe its pure serene.

. . . and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise.

Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass . . .

A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.

. . . have your eye-balls vexed and tired,  
Oh Yel who feast them upon the wide-  
ness of the sea;

. . . then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do  
sink.

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
quiet breathing.

When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the caked snow is shuffled  
From the plowboy's heavy shoes . . . .

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed  
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine.

Though seen of none save him whose  
strenuous tongue  
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate  
fine . . . .

Heard melodies are sweet, but those un-  
heard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,  
play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-  
deared,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone . . . .

The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth . . . .

The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
The hare limped trembling through the  
frozen grass,  
And silent was the flock in wooly fold. . . .

Candied apple, quince, and plum, and  
gourd;  
With jellies smoother than the creamy  
curd,

And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred  
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedared Le-  
banon.

At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star  
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep  
repose;

Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet . . . .

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing  
wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies . . . .

The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablation round earth's human  
shores.

If you have read these passages hurriedly, or silently, or unsympathetically, or skipped them entirely to get to the heart of the matter, reread them slowly, aloud, with a deliberate attempt to enjoy them to the full. If these universal images are successfully absorbed, they will become as old friends when they are found with the larger poems in which they occur.

#### *Method of Studying Keats*

From one point of view Keats' poetry might be compared to a holiday steamed suet pudding served with hot, honey-gold sauce. Because it is so very rich and so condensed, it cannot be gulped down against time, but must be contemplated and dissolved, a leisurely spoonful at a time. Taken in this manner, Keats is delicious and delightful rather than difficult.

From another point of view, approaching Keats is like standing before the treasure-door of the fabulous Far East with Aladdin's lamp in your hand, undecided what to wish for before the genie is summoned with a rub. While any list must be partial and arbitrary, the following might serve as useful pre-

liminary hints. If you desire a story of romance, and mystery, read "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (text, page 282), and "The Eve of St. Agnes" (text, pp. 286-291); melody is everywhere, but it is particularly powerful in "Ode to a Nightingale" (text, pp. 284-285); more strongly than almost any place else in English literature the spirit of Grecian art is felt in "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (text, pp. 281-282); and beauty of nature lives in "Endymion," (text, pp. 278-279, "On the Sea" (text, page 276), "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent" (text, page 275), and "To Autumn" (text, pp. 291-292); the pathos of Keats' own life is evident in "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" (text, page 286), "On Fame" (text, pp. 282-283), "Ode on Melancholy" (text, pp. 280-281), "Bright Star" (text, page 292), and throughout his letters, which are simple, direct, warm, intense, and pervaded by the true fears and excellences of Keats' personality.

Among all the romantic poets, the voice of Keats is one of the mildest; certainly his tone is the sweetest, his mood the most peaceful. As person and as poet he is both source and fulfillment of his famous first line from "Endymion"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

#### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Why might Keats' life be called tragic?
2. How can we account for Keats having achieved so much in the realm of poetry in so short a time?
3. What materials did Keats use in his poetry?
4. Discuss the images in one of Keats' poems.

# *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

Part III—In the Way of Destiny

Lesson 19—Preparing the Way

*Elder Archibald F. Bennett*

(This lesson is taken from a sermon delivered by Elder Orson Pratt in Salt Lake City, July 8, 1855, and printed as chapter 35 in *The Progress of Man*.)

For Tuesday, March 24, 1953

Objective: To make clear that the Constitution of the United States and other national constitutions which embody good principles are forerunners to prepare the people for the perfect government when Christ shall rule as King.

## *God's Government to Be Established*

“THE subject of the coming of the kingdom of God, and its organization upon the earth, is one of vast importance to the present generation, as well as to all past generations, who are equally concerned with the present. Ever since the day that men were organized upon the earth they have been equally concerned in regard to that period—that eventful period when God's kingdom should be established upon the earth. That day or period has been looked forward to as the perfection of their glory and exaltation.

“And when that time comes, all governments, and systems of government, that have been organized upon this little creation of the Almighty, contrary to the order of heaven, or in other words—all governments that have not been theocratical in their nature, but that have been organized in a greater or less degree by man's wisdom, will be done away.

## *Man-Made Governments Introduced*

“The Almighty in some degree

controls among mankind, as far as they will let him. He controls the destinies of the nations, as far as they will permit him; yet he does not control them so far as to destroy the agency of the human family, consequently they, through their own corrupt notions, have departed from the great principles of government given by the Lord to man in the beginning. Mankind have felt a disposition to seek after some kind of government of their own; they have all seemed to manifest a feeling to have a different government from the one established by the Almighty; and hence, they have all rebelled against his government, and they have introduced creeds and systems of their own manufacturing.

“If there had been a government upon the face of the earth, from the creation of man to the present time, according to the mind and will of God, you would not have seen in the present age, and in generations that are past, different nations, different classes of people, having different governments, as we now behold them; but there would have been a oneness of nationality—a unity existing over all

the earth. But mankind have existed for ages past in a divided state—in a broken condition, because of their rebellion against the laws and government of heaven.

“If God made this earth, and all things that pertain unto it, and if all were created for his honor and glory he has the right to govern and control them by his own laws; and he has a right to enforce that government, and show himself able to control the works of his hands, and it is the duty of all men to render obedience to his requirements. The government of heaven would not have been separated from the government of men, or in other words, there would not have been two kinds, one called ecclesiastical and the other a civil government; but inasmuch as they have rebelled, and become corrupt and wicked, governments have been introduced of a different character; and the Lord has, in some measure, sanctioned those governments, so far as there were good principles existing among them.

#### *All Good Governments and Laws From God*

“All good principles and laws have emanated from the Almighty, and have come to man by inspiration from him. For instance, the government of the United States or the Constitution, came from him; it was given, we believe, by inspiration, and there are many things connected with the various institutions of men that are very good. There are many good laws and good institutions in the government of the United States, as well as among many other governments; but the government of the United States is

one of the best that has been organized among men upon the face of the earth for many generations.

“Did the Lord have a hand in the organization of the United States government, asks the enquirer? Yes; the Lord had a hand in framing its Constitution. Why did not the Lord, at that time, introduce a perfect government—a theocracy? It was simply because the people were not prepared for it—they were too corrupt; and although they had more integrity, more virtue, more honesty, and more sympathy and feeling for that which is just, and upright, and good, than any other portion of the inhabitants of the earth, and probably more than a great many now have, yet they were far from being prepared for the government of God, which is a government of union.

“They were far from that, consequently, the Lord inspired them to introduce a government that he knew would be just suited to their capacity, and hence, it was that he inspired Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, and others, to introduce those measures which they did, and to carry them out; and they were such as were just suited to the conditions and circumstances of the people, hence, the government of the United States, we, as a people, venerate and defend!

“Why do we do this? We do it because God had his hand in the organization of it; he controlled it so far as he could do so without interfering with the agency of man.

“We have seen plainly and clearly that had it not been for the organization of this government, as has wisely and justly been said, where



would have been the liberty of Latter-day Saints?

“This government, then, was organized to suit the circumstances in which they were placed, until they were prepared to receive a more perfect one.

### *God's Kingdom to Govern the Earth*

“But will the government of the United States continue for ever? No, it is not sufficiently perfect; and notwithstanding it has been sanctioned by the Lord at a time when it has suited to the circumstances of the people, yet the day will come, (I will say it on my own responsibility and not that of this people), the day will come when the United States government and all others will be uprooted, and the kingdoms of this world will be united in one, and the kingdom of our God will govern the whole earth, and bear universal sway; and no power beneath the heavens can prevent this taking place, if the Bible be true, and we know it to be true.

“The Lord will govern all things that he has made and created, for it is entered upon the records of heaven, that all nations shall bow to his authority; and, consequently, we respect the government of the United States, because it has good principles in it, but not that we think it will endure for ever.

### *A Perfect System of Church Government*

“Many great and glorious principles are contained within the Constitution of our country. We do not say that it is perfect, but it is perfect so far as it pertains to the

rights and privileges of the children of men. But there is a nucleus of a government, formed since that of the United States, which is perfect in its nature, having emanated from a Being who is perfect.

“But some may enquire, is it right—is it lawful for another government to be organized within the United States of a theocratical nature? Yes, perfectly so! Does not the Constitution of our country guarantee to all religious societies the right of forming any ecclesiastical government they like? Certainly it does, and every intelligent man knows this to be a fact.

“The nucleus of such a government is formed, and its laws have emanated from the throne of God, and it is perfect, having come from a pure fountain, but does this make us independent of the laws of the United States?

### *The Constitution a Forerunner*

“No, this new government does not come in contact with the government of the United States. In keeping our covenants and observing our religious laws and ceremonies, or the laws that God has given to the children of men, we are not required to violate the principles of right that are contained in the Constitution and laws of the United States.

“Had not the government of the United States been framed, where would have been safety for this people? I answer, nowhere. If this republican government had not been organized upon this continent, the kingdom of our God could not have been protected; but the hand of the Lord has been in it, and

superintended its organization, and no one can hinder its progress.

"If this government had been formed in any other kingdom or nation upon the earth, except the United States, where would have been the privileges and liberties of this people?

"Without the interference of the Almighty, and the manifestation of his miraculous power for our protection, we should have been rooted out of the earth.

"God foresaw this—he knew what would take place, long beforehand, and he saw that it was not only necessary to have a day set for the preparation, and also for the beginning of the Latter-day work; but it was likewise important for the different kingdoms and nations which were in existence, and that had been organized by man to go to work and start up some religious reform, and for the people to struggle against their mother church, and to fight against her tyranny and oppressions, that religious liberty and freedom, and the right of a free exercise of their religious opinions might be guaranteed to the human family, not all at once, but gradually. We find that at the reformation, when the great struggle for freedom and religious liberty took place, some of them were wrought upon to come to this new continent for the purpose of securing to themselves religious freedom and religious right; and inspired by the Almighty, as was Columbus who discovered this land, they planted their feet upon the American soil.

"They were an humble people and God began to work in their minds, and they continued to in-

crease, for a while, in union and love, having obtained privileges which before they were deprived of; and no doubt they imagined to themselves that universal freedom was about to be ushered in, but it was not exactly so, neither was that degree of liberty to suffice which they had then secured; but it was like John the Baptist's mission, merely to prepare the way. It was said of John, that among all that were born of women there were none greater than he, and yet the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than he, and of all the governments that had arisen among men, there was none so great and good as the government of the United States, and yet the government of God in its very infancy was greater than it.

"And why was this? Because its laws emanated from a *perfect Being*.

"It was for this purpose, then, that a republic was organized upon this continent to prepare the way for a kingdom which shall have dominion over all the earth to the ends thereof.

#### *The Kingdom of God Promised*

"Hence, the prophet Daniel has told us that the kingdom of God should be cut out of the mountains without hands; in other words, when the kingdom of God should be taken from the mountains, it should be taken by the power of the Almighty, and not by human hands; it should be organized by the Lord and governed by his laws. God, who interests himself in the affairs of men, was to speak from the heavens, and inspire his servants to give laws and revelations to his people, informing them that his kingdom

was to be taken from the mountains in his own due time, and that it should increase until it should become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

“Do the people suppose that they can frustrate the designs of the Almighty, and put to death the prophets who are sent among them, and fight and war against them, and belch out their rage, and threats, and persecute them as they have done, without being brought into judgment?

“The wicked suppose they can do this with impunity, but there is a God who holds the helm of the ship of Zion, and who will carry out his purposes with regard to the Saints of Latter-days, in which the

kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom, and the dominion under the whole heavens, shall be given to the saints of the Most High, and they shall possess it for ever and for ever” (Journal History, July 8, 1855).

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. In what way may the mission of the Constitution of the United States be likened to the mission of John the Baptist?
2. Show that both are forerunners preparing the way for the greater kingdom yet to be established.
3. Discuss this statement: “All good principles and laws have emanated from the Almighty, and have come to man by inspiration from him.” Cite some specific instances.

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## *Early Sunrise*

Gertrude Kovan

Slowly, over the mountain,  
Covered with late-fallen snow,  
Crept the early morning sunrise,  
Warming all earth in its glow.

Then, as the sun climbed the heavens  
To hang in the skies above,

Each tiny, golden sunbeam  
Filled the day with eternal love.

Now, as the hours of evening  
Draw closer, and sunset is here,  
I pray that tomorrow's sunrise  
Will be always, forever near.

\* \* \* \*

## *Make Mittens From a Worn-Out Sweater*

Thalia Black

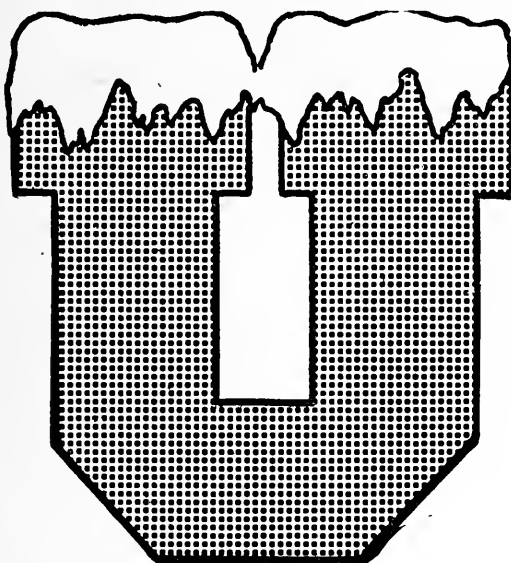
**U**SEFUL and attractive mittens may be made from a worn-out sweater. To cut the pattern, place the child's hand on a piece of heavy paper, with the fingers close together and the thumb extended. Draw a pencil line around the hand one inch from the edge, to make an allowance for the seam.

Pin the pattern on an old sweater with the wrist down, so that the bottom of the sweater may be used for the cuff of the mitten. Cut two pieces of the sweater for each mitten, one for the top and one for the bottom. Seam carefully on the sewing machine, using a small stitch and going around the mitten twice, for extra strength. Be sure that all of the ends of the yarn are securely caught in the stitching.

The mittens may be trimmed with attractive designs, using bright-colored yarn or embroidery floss. Buttonhole the edges with yarn or embroidery floss to match the color used in the trimming design.

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## Not Wholly Yourself

Kate Richards

A little sorrow, a little pain, accompanied by a stab of fear, will bring a desire for some dear one to lean upon, whose voice is a prayerful plea for your good.

You look into his eyes and gain courage from his faith, from his pleading; you think of his sacrifices and love for others, and you are lifted up by what has been transmitted from his soul to yours.

You also learn how little you are in and of yourself. Nothing is wholly and completely you, because you are affected by everyone who shares your life, and by nothing so much as their prayers and hopes for you.

✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

## Emergence

Margery S. Stewart

She is too old for lullabies,  
And I have none to spin,  
Nothing to do but mark the hours  
Her anguish entered in.  
Walk my way and hold my tongue,  
There are songs to heal the young.

She is too old for fairy tales,  
And I have none to tell,  
Though once the telling of them wound  
Her in their golden spell.  
But life has taught her princes fail  
And love proves tenuous and frail.

She is too old for childish games,  
And I have none to play,  
And all the days she romped and laughed  
Seem far and far away.  
Oh, quietly do I watch to see  
The woman pain presents to me.

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## *A New Method of Map Construction*

Rose A. Openshaw

**A**LTHOUGH oil painting and the composition of prose and poetry are major sources of delight in my life, there are other hobbies also that engross me, and map-making is one of them.

I find it a joy to construct maps, especially those of the Holy Land where Jesus trod. Time-consuming—yes, but when completed you have not only the map (and its texture is beautiful) to lend lasting interest and pleasure, but a mind filled with information as well.

My method of map construction, which I find entirely satisfactory, is all my own and is a possible shortcut over many others.

Laid over the original I wish to duplicate (maps may be borrowed from schools, churches, seminaries, libraries, etc) is a sheet of plain white tissue paper (such as is used for gift wrapping) and the map's outline, with the cities, rivers, and mountains, is carefully traced with pencil. Then, spreading warm paste (made by boiling water and flour to the right consistency) onto a piece of old sheet or other used or unused white material, and somewhat larger than the map, to allow for a hem, I lay the tissue paper, traced side up, pressing gently into the paste.

When thoroughly dried, the map may be ironed on both sides, and the edges trimmed and hemmed.

For greater clarity and permanence, which also doubly impresses the locations on the mind, the pencil marks should be retraced with pen and ink (crayons may furnish color, blue for water, etc., following the tints of the original map).



The finished production may then be tacked to a long, narrow board, and a key ring inserted in the center for hanging purposes. (An ice pick is excellent for puncturing holes.)

Several maps of this variety are in my possession, all too choice for money to buy; and I use them over and over in teaching and in talks.

For charts, too, so essential in impressing facts, all that is required for material is a poster (these can be had in various sizes and are simply a pliable cardboard from your school supply store), a ball-point pen, and a bottle of India ink (a dollar's outlay, perhaps, in all). A key ring may be used for hanging, and a bit of adhesive tape reinforces corners at the back.

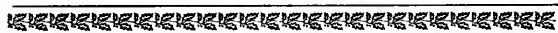
An eighteen-inch pointer, slightly larger in circumference than a lead pencil, so essential in directing the eye when using maps and charts, may be whittled by anyone handy with the knife, and will prove a most lasting treasure.




#### ADDRESSES OF SERVICEMEN NEEDED!

The Servicemen's Coordinator at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, is compiling a list of all former students who are now in the armed services of the United States. "It is our wish," the coordinator states, "to send all former Brigham Young University students now in the service a monthly letter containing campus news and describing important religious functions. In addition, we plan to send a copy of every edition of our campus paper, *The Brigham Young Universe*. To those on active duty we will send Christmas packages. Please send us the name and the full military address of the servicemen, as well as the address of his parents or guardian."

Servicemen's Coordinator, Box 2, station 1, Provo, Utah

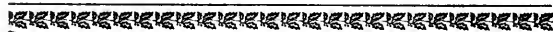



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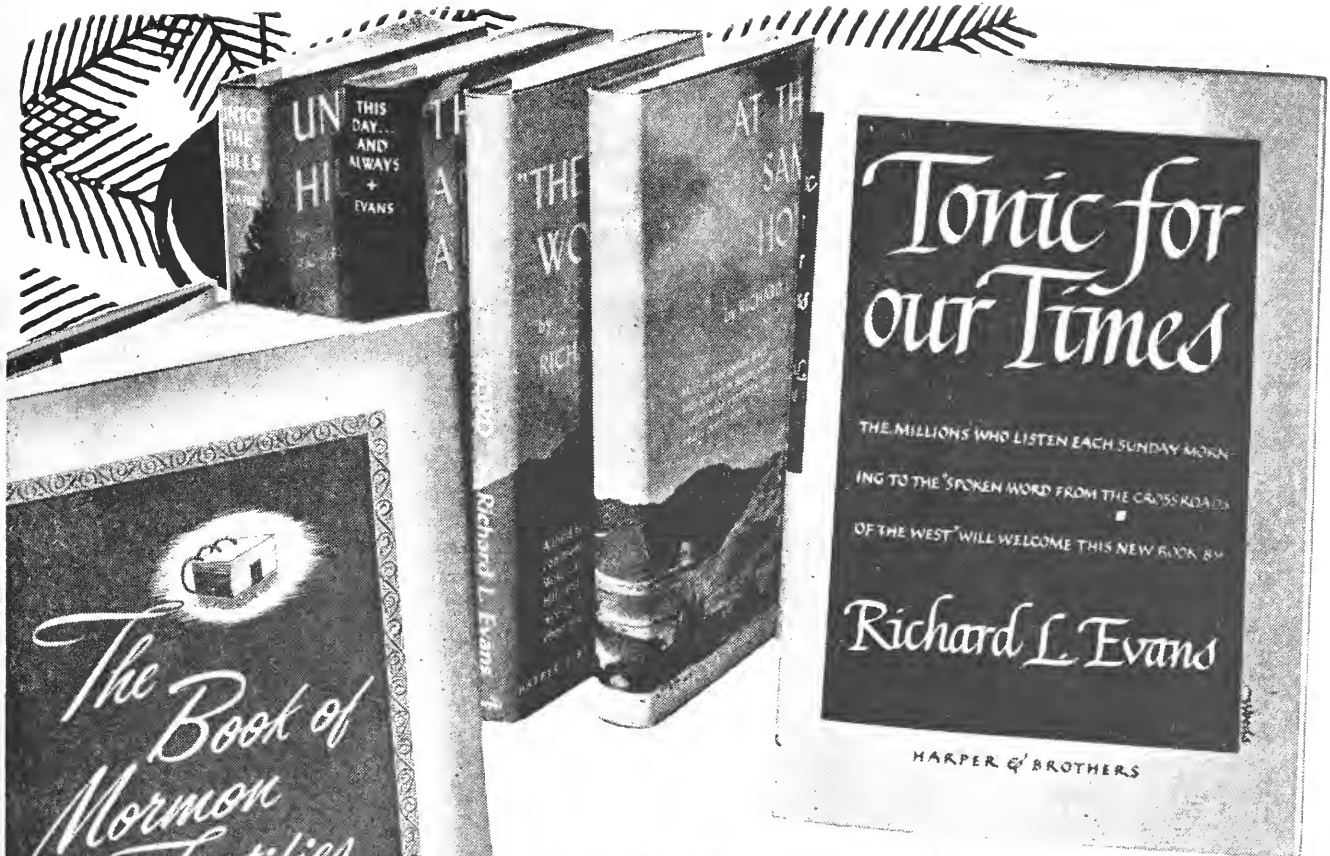


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